

The Texas Chainsaw Massace  
(SCENE)

By

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Based on the characters created by Tobe Hooper.

INT. CAMPER - DAY

The sun casts a yellow glaze through the windows of the camper.

The camper bounces over the various bumps in the road, moving at a high speed.

Bound and gagged, Tyler, Pete and Dani lay hysterical on the floor of the camper. They scream out under the duct tape wrapped tightly around their mouths. Struggling to set themselves free is to no avail. They lay nearly soaked in their own sweat.

Tears stream down Dani's moist cheeks.

CLETUS

(driving)

Don't you kids worry now. We're almost home. Momma and the kids are just gonna be thrilled to have you for dinner... HA! [laughs]

Pete kicks the heels of his boots repeatedly off the floor of camper.

RRRRRRRUUUUUUHHHHHMMRRRRRAAAHHHHH!

The cries and screams continue to sound like the static of the out of the range radio.

Cletus glances back at them.

CLETUS(CONT'D)

Hey, Bobbie! Shitface, git your fat ass out here!

The door to the back room aggressively slides open, catching the attention of the three victims.

The sight of the bulky masked Leatherface furthers their hysteria as he stares down at them.

CLETUS(CONT'D)

Git over here.

Leatherface stomps by Dani who closes her eyes and screams as his shadow flashes over her.

CLETUS(CONT'D)

Git me of them fingers to chew on. I wanna little taste. [devious smile]

(CONTINUED)

RRRRRRRUUUUUUHHHHHHMMRRRRRRAAAHHHHH!

Leatherface turns around, looking down at them. He reaches into the pocket of the leather apron and pulls out a rusty old scalpel.

CLETUS(CONT'D)  
(glances back)  
Yeah, the boy... the white one...

Leatherface bends down, shoving Pete down onto his stomach and stepping on the back of his neck. Pete shakes and screams hysterically as Leatherface begins cutting behind him.

All three have no other way to react to this horror they are experiencing but to cry, scream and attempt to pull themselves loose.

Leatherface removes Pete's left pointer finger, standing upright and stepping over to Cletus.

Leatherface holds out the finger in the palm of his hand.

CLETUS(CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Ah, yes.

Cletus takes the finger and sticks the severed end into his mouth, sucking out the blood as he drives.

CLETUS(CONT'D)  
Mmmm... salty.

Leatherface turns and looks down at them. He stands in between the driver and passenger's seats, gripping the bloody scalpel in his hand. He breathes heavily under the dried flesh mask.

RRRRRRRUUUUUUHHHHHHMMRRRRRRAAAHHHHH!