

LEATHERFACE, CHAINSAW MASSACRE
(opening)

By

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Based on the characters created by Tobe Hooper.

FADE IN

SUPER: The film which you are about to see is based completely on facts gathered through a thorough and complete investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigations. The events taking place in the film are documented and a matter of public record.

The continuing story of cannibal fugitive, Robert Joseph Sawyer has stunned the world. This film depicts the mad and macabre years of the flesh eating and wearing killer, also known as "LEATHERFACE."

CAMERA FLASH -- *KUTTTCCCCHHHHHOOOOOWWWWWWUHH*

TITLE CARD: LEATHERFACE, CHAINSAW MASSACRE

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS BOONIES - DAY

As far as can be seen, the tops of wooded territory shine off of the sun in orange, yellow, red and brown. A shower of leaves scatter down with the slightest bit of wind.

SUPER: November 25th, 1982

A small lower class trailer home sits on the side of a two way road. Isolated for about a mile in either direction.

INT. BONNER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - THANKSGIVING DAY

CUE SONG:

The low-volume music comes from a small radio on top of a KITCHEN counter.

A young girl, BILLIE JEAN BONNER, 17, sits at the kitchen table. She has on large bi-focal glasses, her hair big and curly and dark. She appears nerdy, but is quite attractive and sorta, kinda knows it.

MRS. BONNER, early 40', a heavy set widow, walks into the kitchen.

MRS. BONNER
Whatcha readin' bout, hon'?

BILLIE JEAN
Uh, it's actually my astronomy
textbook.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BONNER

(smirks)

Always with your nose in a book.

Mrs. Bonner steps over to the counter and pours herself some coffee.

BILLIE JEAN

Well we're on the 'Astrology Theory' chapter. It's pretty interesting stuff, Ma.

Mrs. Bonner turns and leans against the counter, blowing the steam from the top of coffee mug.

MRS. BONNER

I'm sure t'is. Do you remember when we saw that Armstrong guy walk on the moon?

BILLIE JEAN

Yeah. Of course. I was five years old. It was a huge moment in my life.

MRS. BONNER

And now you're in your senior year of high school; getting ready to go to college--

BILLIE JEAN

Ah! Don't... please don't mention anything about college right now. This is suppose to be Thanksgiving Break.

MRS. BONNER

Then why are you buried in astronomy?

BILLIE JEAN

It's this chapter. It's so-- Did you know that Saturn is considered to be a planet of malice?

MRS. BONNER

How so?

BILLIE JEAN

(shrugs)

It says here: [reads] 'Amongst the Zodiac theology, Saturn is considered to be one with an energy

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN (cont'd)
of malice. Each year, when in
retrograde, Saturn's malevolence is
heightened, much to the misfortune
of humanity.'

MRS. BONNER
What's 'retrograde' mean?

BILLIE JEAN
It's when the planet moves
backwards through the zodiac...
whatever the hell that means. I
don't know. It's all interesting to
me. Bullshit. But interesting.

MRS. BONNER
(laughs)
Ugh - Billie Jean!

THREE CAR HORN HONKS.

Billie Jean immediately stands and closes her textbook.

MRS. BONNER
That Amber?

BILLIE JEAN
Yeah. We're all going to the parade
in town.

MRS. BONNER
Oh, that'll be fun.

Mrs. Bonner pulls out a bill from the middle of her bra. She
hands the money to her daughter.

BILLIE JEAN
Thanks, Ma.

The two embrace.

MRS. BONNER
I'll have dinner ready by six, so
be home in time to set the table,
understood?

BILLIE JEAN
(smiles)
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. BONNER
(kisses BJ's cheek)
Happy Thanksgiving, baby.

BILLIE JEAN
Happy Thanksgiving, Momma.

FADE SONG OUT.

They pull apart and Billie Jean leaves the room with a little wave to her mother.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
This is WTEX Radio now breaking for
the hourly news update.

Mrs. Bonner leans back against the counter and sips her coffee.

NEWS ANCHOR
(V.O.)
This your WTEX hourly new break on
this Thanksgiving, November 25th,
1982. The Manhunt Continues --
rumors abound that the FBI is now
following the case of infamous
chainsaw killer and fugitive,
Robert Joseph Sawyer, popularly
dubbed, 'LEATHERFACE' in the media.
Tomorrow marks four months since
the Travis County massacre--

Mrs. Bonner turns the dial, turning the radio off. She then sips her coffee.

EXT. BONNER RESIDENCE - DAY

The horn is honked twice more before Billie Jean comes running out of the front door, pulling her coat on.

A late 70's style PICKUP sits on the side of the road, in front of Billie Jean's house.

Inside the car are CHRISTIAN and AMBER, both 17, waving her over.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Billie Jean gets into the car, Amber in the middle and Christian driving.

BILLIE JEAN

Hey, guys.

The radio plays low. Also broadcasting the news.

AMBER

Hey, Billie Jean.

NEWS ANCHOR

(V.O.)

CHRISTIAN

Happy Thanks.

BILLIE JEAN

Happy Thanks-thanks!

Christian pulls the car away.

BILLIE JEAN

So are Donnie and Karen coming?

AMBER

There suppose to.

CHRISTIAN

They're probably fucking in his car right now.

AMBER

Down by the lake.

BILLIE JEAN

Well, when are they not?

AMBER

She's gonna wind up pregnant. Just you wait and see.

As they come around a corner, a MOTOR HOME is revealed to be sitting idly across the two way road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The motor home rests between both lanes. Silent.

The pickup approaches, slowing down.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Christian's foot lets up on the gas pedal.

CHRISTIAN
(annoyed)
Ah, what's this?

AMBER
Hey, what's that camper doing in
the middle of the road?

They all stare out of the windshield as Christian slowly brings the car to a stop - twenty or so feet from the camper.

Christian honks the horn.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Other than the sound of the pickup's engine, a crow circles over above. It's crowing echoes.

GAWH-GAWH-GAWH-GAWH

INT. PICKUP - DAY

With little patience, Christian honks again and again.

BILLIE JEAN
Maybe they're stalled.

AMBER
And deaf?

CHRISTIAN
I'm gonna see what's going on.

AMBER
Christian, come on. Just drive
around it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

No.

He steps out.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Christian gets out of the pickup and begins toward the camper, perpendicular to the road.

CHRISTIAN

Hello?

No car appear to be coming in either direction. It's *just* the pickup and the camper.

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

We peak out through one of the windows of the CAMPER, watching Christian slowly walk toward us.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Amber and Billie Jean stare out as Christian disappears around the side of the camper.

AMBER

(jokes)

Hasn't he ever heard of curiosity killing the cat. [laughs]

BILLIE JEAN

Isn't there a serial killer on the loose?

Both girls laugh, but Billie Jean notices one of the curtains move slightly, in the window of the camper.

BILLIE JEAN

(concerned)

Wait. There's someone in there.

Amber stops laughing and looks.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Christian comes upon the door on the side of the camper, knocking.

CHRISTIAN
Hello? Is everything alright?

Christian knocks again and looks around, noticing the grudge and rust all over the old motor home.

Out of nowhere, a faint cry of a baby is heard. Immediately, Christian's attention is caught.

CHRISTIAN(CONT'D)
(knocks again)
Hello? Hello? Is everything alright
in there? Is anyone home?

The baby cries out again.

Christian pulls open the door -- it's unlocked. He goes to step in, but looking up, Christian's eyes are met with the sight of LEATHERFACE holding a HAND-AX over his head. He swings it at Christian's head before a word could be spoken.

WHACK!

Christian's body falls inward.

Leatherface catches him, dragging the body inside. The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Both girls notice the motor home shift back and forth as they watch through the windshield.

They turn to each other before Billie Jean opens the passenger side door. Amber scoots over and gets out on the driver's side.

EXT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Both girls stand on either sides of the pickup.

AMBER
(calls out)
Christian?

No response. They again turn and look to each other.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
He better not be fucking with us.
[calls out] Christian!

They both leave either sides of the car and walk around the camper. Billie Jean around the back and Amber around the front.

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Christian lay shaking on the floor of the camper, barely alive -- the ax still in the center of his head.

AMBER
(O.S.)
[calling out] Christian, answer me!

Leatherface's legs stomp by him. His hand reaching down and ripping the ax out of Christian's skull. Blood pours down his face and chest, pooling on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - LATE AFTERNOON

A blue 1982 Ford Taurus sits on the side of a FROZEN LAKE surrounded by dead winter trees and patches of icy snow on the ground. FOG obstructs the view through the car windows.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Donnie and Karen sit in the back seat of the car, intensely making out as he goes from unbuttoning his own shirt, to unbuttoning hers.

KAREN
I can't believe they didn't show up
to the parade.

A few words fly out between kisses.

DONNIE
Oh, Karen... Fuck 'em.

KAREN
They said... they'd... be there.

Donnie proceeds down her neck and to her chest.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN
(laughs)
Donnie! Come on.

She pushes him off.

DONNIE
Come on, babe. We're all alone out here.

KAREN
Maybe we should've called and made sure they're all okay.

DONNIE
What for? Chris and Amber probably got into a fight and Billie Jean's probably fucking... studying or something. Who cares?!

He dives in and kisses her neck. She is reluctant at first, but caves into passion quickly.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The old, rusted jalopy of a motor home pulls out from the trail through the woods like a ferocious beast. It irks with concern as it stops only meters from Donnie's car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Karen lay up against the car door, Donnie passionately kissing down her chest, pulling at her clothes. She notices the distorted image of the camper drive up through the fog on the window.

KAREN
Donnie, wait.

Much to his dismay, she pushes him off of her and wipes the window clear with her hand.

KAREN(CONT'D)
There's someone here.

DONNIE
Shoot, the cops?

They both peer out of the window, staring at the camper parked by the side of the lake.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

Ah, who cares. They won't bother us.

(BEAT)

KAREN

No... We should go.

DONNIE

Come on, Kare'. They're probably just passing through.

KAREN

Wait. Did you hear that?

DONNIE

What?

KAREN

Sshh.

They listen silently for a moment. The faint sound of yells or cries can be heard.

DONNIE

What is that?

(BEAT)...

PUSHST--BBBBRRRRRIIIIIIOOOOOOOWWWW!!!

A CHAINSAW SHATTERS THROUGH THE WINDOW BEHIND THEM.

Leaning up against the car door, they stare back, frightened and shocked, Karen screaming.

They watch as Leatherface, grizzly and ferociously runs around the back of the car.

Donnie and Karen SCREECH, glancing back for only a moment before Donnie pulls the handle on the car door, releasing it open.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The two spill out of the car onto the ground, screaming under the BUZZING CHAINSAW.

Karen hysterically and instinctively jumps on to her feet and takes off running.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
(inaudible)
Karen!

Trying to stand, Donnie's leg is caught in the backseat seat belt. He watches Karen disappear behind the camper. His cries are unheard as the chainsaw comes upon him. He turns and looks up in sheer terror.

Without hesitation, Leatherface drives the chainsaw down toward Donnie. Donnie screams and throws up his arm as if to block himself from the winding blades which tear through, right below his elbow. Blood from his arm bursts all over Donnie's face before the chainsaw proceeds on -- ripping into his nose and shooting blood and fleshy matter all over.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Karen is sprinting through the woods -- a dark blue, just-before-night tone in the air. Dead leaves of all colors beneath her feet. She cries through her heavy breathes.

She runs until she finally stops, suddenly. She takes in deep breathes she looks back and listens. Fear consumes her every expression.

She looks all around, clearly unsure of her exact location.

After a few moments of listening to only crickets, she has finally caught her breath. Karen begins a slow jog back toward the lake.

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

Faint cries.

The door to the camper slams shut.

Leatherface approaches Donnie's armless, lifeless body laying outside his blood sprayed car.

In The Beast's dirty, blackened hand is a GUTTING HOOK. He swings it down into the body, gaining a solid grip on the corpse. He bends down and picks up the severed arm in his free hand. He then proceeds back to motor home, dragging Donnie's bloody body across the ground.

Reaching the camper, Leatherface opens the door and tosses in the arm. He then lifts the body over his shoulder and goes inside.

The door slams shut behind him.

(CONTINUED)

Karen comes creeping up, laying low as she scopes out the scene. She runs around the side of the motor home, hiding under one of the windows.

She doesn't immediately notice the blood trail extending from the camper door to Donnie's car where the backseat door remains open. But when she does, Karen has to cover her own mouth in order to silence her screams.

SCREAMS... cries -- Karen hears them through the thin walls of the vehicular abode. She stands, trying to get a view inside, only the window is too high up.

The camper sways slightly back and forth with every stomp of Leatherface inside.

Karen runs around the back of the camper, staring down at the blood as she steps over it. She runs around the other side, coming under another window. She jumps up and down, trying to get a view in and remain silent and unseen at the same time.

Her eyes just make it over the bottom of the windowsill -- enough for her to see *Billie Jean* laying bound and gagged; hysterical on the floor.

Karen gasps and creeps down, leaning her back against the motor home, she has come to the realization that her friends have been abducted by this chainsaw-wielding monster.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DUSK

Donnie's body lay across the counter of the kitchen area. Facing outward, *Billie Jean* and *Amber* stare up at what looks like an explosion in the middle of his face. With duct tape over their mouths and ropes tied around their hands and feet, their cries are as restrained as their bodies.

Billie Jean squeezes her eyes closed as tears try to escape.

The Beast comes walking out from the back room, he holds a marker in his hand. He approaches Donnie's body, grabbing his head and examining the corpse's face. He begins marking around the jawline -- marking the line he'll cut along.

Leatherface glances down at his three abductees and picks up Donnie's severed arm. He steps over to *Amber*, using the hand to smack her around, purely for his own entertainment. *Amber* screams out under the duct tape, trying to pull away as she is smacked with the limp, bloody hand of her brutally murdered friend.

(CONTINUED)

Billie Jean watches in horror, struggling and as hysterical as Amber.

Leatherface laughs beneath his mask -- revealed to be that of CHRISTIAN'S FACE.

BBBBRRRRSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSTTTTTTTTTTTT--

A large rock shatters through one of the windows, startling Leatherface and sending him into a rage. He throws down the severed arm and immediately reaches for his chainsaw which sits on the counter.

Pulling the chainsaw off of the counter, The Beast unnoticingly knocks a small cutting knife onto the floor. Billie Jean's eyes catch this.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Leatherface bursts out through the door of the camper, the chainsaw roaring in his hands. He runs out aimlessly, ready to kill, but with no direction.

He stops and looks around. The chainsaw calms.

No one in sight.

He runs around the entire camper in a fury. He yells out under his mask, pure frustration released.

Suddenly there is a crackle within the trees. His head jerks in the direction. Without more than a glance, he winds up the chainsaw and takes off into the darkening woods.

Karen runs out from behind Donnie's car, running straight for the camper.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DUSK

Billie Jean and Amber work together to cut each other loose.

Karen comes running in, immediately locking the door behind her. Her sense of accomplishment is shattered when she turns around and sees her boyfriend's blood dripping body laying only feet from her.

Paralyzing screams overtake her before she turns around and rips open the motor home door, running out, literally screaming her head off.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Screams echoing out, Karen runs around the camper, past Donnie's car and down the dirt road path.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Leatherface stops instantly and turns off the chainsaw. He listens to Karen's distant screams.

EXT. DIRT ROAD PATH - DUSK

Karen cries hysterically as she exhaustively runs up the shadowy road.

She sees a car fly by the opening to the MAIN ROAD. She picks up her speed.

KAREN

(cries)

Oh god, help! Help! Someone!

As she gets closer and closer, Leatherface pops out of the woods right behind her. He squeals before she lets out a scream and begins sprinting again.

As he chases after her, he unsuccessfully tries to wind up the chainsaw.

KAREN(CONT'D)

Help! Help me!

Karen trips over a pothole, but doesn't go down. She stumbles, but is able to quickly regain her speed.

As she approaches the main road, Karen hears the chainsaw finally start up just behind her. She cries out and runs straight out onto the pavement.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As she runs out onto the road, Karen turns in time to see the grill of an EIGHTEEN-WHEELER TRACTOR TRAILER just seconds before being COMPLETELY RUN OVER by all nine wheels on the one side of the truck.

The tractor screeches into a stop just past the turn onto the dirt path road.

Leatherface steps out. He stares down at Karen's crushed body parts smeared across the blood splattered road.

(CONTINUED)

The driver, TRUCK DRIVER GARY, an aging black guy, just trying to earn a living, comes out from behind the side of the back of the truck.

TRUCK DRIVER GARY
(shocked)
Goddamn!

He looks up to see Leatherface standing in the road, chainsaw in his hands.

TRUCK DRIVER GARY(CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

Leatherface grunts and starts running toward him.

TRUCK DRIVER GARY
Oh, hell nah!

Truck Driver Gary runs along the side of his truck to the car. He steps up to the open driver's side door when he looks back and sees Leatherface is way too close for any delays. He jumps down and continues running up the road.