

LEATHERFACE, CHAINSAW MASSACRE

By

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(Miketees)

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 -- KUTTTCCCCHHHHHOOOOOWWWWWWWUH

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.

CINDY OF "THE SHINING"

(O.S.)

Hey, isn't it around here that the
Donner Party got snowbound?

SUPER: November 28th, 1985

JACK OF "THE SHINING"

(O.S.)

I think that was farther west in
the Sierras.

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

TOMMY OF "THE SHINING"

(O.S.)

What was the Donner Party?

INT. BONNER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old fashioned color television set shows the 1980 film, "THE SHINING" -- the movie characters, CINDY, JACK and TOMMY on their way to the Overlook Hotel.

(CONTINUED)

JACK OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
They were a band of settlers in
covered-wagon times. They got
snowbound one winter in the
mountains. They had to resort to
cannibalism in order to stay alive.

A young girl, BILLIE JEAN BONNER, 17, sits on the LIVING
ROOM couch. 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.

TOMMY OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
You mean... they ate it each other
up?

She sits there with a newspaper, not paying attention to the
movie at all.

JACK OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
They had to, in order to survive.

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

MRS. BONNER
Mornin', hun.

Mrs. Bonner plops down in the chair across from the couch,
watching the film on THE TELEVISION:

CINDY OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
Jack...

TOMMY OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
Don't worry, Mom. I know all about
cannibalism. I saw it on TV.

JACK OF "THE SHINING"
(on television)
See. Its okay. He saw it on the
television. [smiles]

BILLIE JEAN
(reads)
"There are moments when life may
not seem real. Pinch yourself and
you may just find out that it is."

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BONNER
What's that?

BILLIE JEAN
My horoscope for today.

MRS. BONNER
Oh, you Capricorns.

BILLIE JEAN
Only two months until my
seventeenth birthday. Better start
thinking about what you're gonna
get me for the big ONE-SEVEN.
[devious smile]

MRS. BONNER
(stressed)
Listen hun, we haven't even gotten
through Thanksgiving yet. I have a
hell of a lot of cooking to do
today and I could use some help.

Billie Jean throws the newspaper down on the coffee table.

BILLIE JEAN
Can't. Promised Christian and Amber
I'd go with them to the parade in
town.

THREE CAR HORN HONKS--

BILLIE JEAN (CONT'D)
(stands)
That's them.

MRS. BONNER
Ugh, Billie Jean -- your grandma
and your cousins will be here at
five o'clock!

Billie Jean throws on her coat.

BILLIE JEAN
I know.

MRS. BONNER
Well, I need you back here by two,
at the latest...

Billie Jean kisses her mother's head and goes for the front
door.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BONNER (CONT'D)
Billie Jean!

She opens the door.

EXT. BONNER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Through the open door, we see Mrs. Bonner sitting in the chair, looking back at Billie Jean who ignores her as she walks out.

MRS. BONNER
Billie Jean, I mean it! Two
o'clock--

Billie Jean slams the door behind her.

BILLIE JEAN
(to self)
Bye, mom.

She runs down the steps and across the lawn to CHRISTIAN'S PICKUP TRUCK.

Inside the Pickup is 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, broadcasting the news.

AMBER
Hey, Billie Jean.

NEWS ANCHOR
(V.O.)
The dismembered body of twenty six
year old, Cara Simon was found with
the flesh missing from her face.
Further investigation has revealed
that her wrists were slit and was
later determined to have been the
cause of death...

Amber turns it down.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Happy Thanks.

BILLIE JEAN
Happy Thanks-Thanks!

AMBER
Happy Thanks-Thanks-Thanks-let's go
to the parade.

Christian turns and pulls the gear into drive and goes to
pull the car out WHEN--

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

Christian immediately hits the break.

AMBER
Whoa!

A MOTOR HOME -- THE MOTOR HOME SPEEDS PAST THEM, tearing
down the two way road.

CHRISTIAN
Shit!

AMBER
(annoyed)
Christian, please just get me to
the parade in one piece. Please.

Billie Jean laughs. He shakes his head and pulls the vehicle
out onto the road.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

CUE SONG:

Christian drives, Amber sits in the middle and Billie Jean
stares out the window at all the dead trees.

BILLIE JEAN
(turns)
So are Donnie and Karen coming?

AMBER
They're suppose to.

CHRISTIAN
They're probably fucking in his car
right now.

(CONTINUED)

AMBER
Down by the lake.

BILLIE JEAN
Well, when are they not?

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

BILLIE JEAN
I wouldn't be surprised. Ugh. I'm
never having kids!

CHRISTIAN
I definitely wouldn't call you
the maternal type anyway, 'Jean.

AMBER
Well you need to have sex in order
to get pregnant and you need to
have a man to have sex...

BILLIE JEAN
(rolls eyes)
Oh, shut up.

As they come around a corner, the 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.

AMBER

Maybe they're stalled.

BILLIE JEAN

And deaf?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. And what'd they stall in the middle of a U-turn? I'm gonna see what's going on.

He opens the car door.

AMBER

Christian, come on. Just drive around it.

CHRISTIAN

No.

He steps out.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

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

CHRISTIAN

(calls out)

Hello?

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

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V.: 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 some serial killer on
the loose?

Both girls laugh until 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 grunge 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 HATCHET over his head. He swings it down 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.

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 hatchet still in the center of his head.

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

(CONTINUED)

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 as Christian FINALLY DIES.

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.

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... playing Pong 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 up 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Sshh.

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

DONNIE

What is that?

(BEAT)...

PUSHST--BBBBRRRRRRRIIIIIIOOOOOOOWWWW!!!

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.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 instantly 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.

Bonnie and Amber stare up at her, screaming out under their gagged mouths.

BONNIE&AMBER

Karen! Karen!

Both girls continue to cry as they resume the cutting.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DUSK

Billie Jean, free from her bounds, cuts Amber's wrist free.
Both no longer gagged.

AMBER
(hysterical)
Hurry! Hurry!

BILLIE JEAN
Done!

Billie Jean helps Amber to her feet and the two girls go to
run out when we hear another cry from the BABY.

Amber runs out first, but Billie Jean stops. She stares at
the BACK ROOM door.

BILLIE JEAN
Amber, wait!

EXT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amber, hysterical and crying turns around.

AMBER
Billie Jean, come on!

Billie Jean stands in the doorway to the camper.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
Wait. There's a baby! There's a
baby in here!

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Billie Jean lets go of the door. It slams shut as she eases by Donnie's dead body, walking toward the sliding door to the back room where a Baby's cries are continuous.

AMBER
(O.S.)
Billie Jean! Billie Jean!

Billie Jean steps up to the paint chipped, blood stained door. She reaches for the handle.

AMBER(CONT'D)
(O.S.)
Billie Jean! Get the fuck out here!

BEAT.

The Baby's wails pick up.

Pulling the handle, the heavy door barely budes. She pulls harder... it moves slightly.

AMBER(CONT'D)
(O.S.)
[screaming] Billie Jean! Billie
Jean!

With all of her strength, pushing off the door frame, she slides the door all the way across the track.

Billie Jean's face DROPS. She falls backward onto the floor of the motor home. Though delayed, she lets out a horrifically disturbed scream and covers her mouth.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

A paranoid Amber stares around like some crazy person just waiting for something bad to happen... though clearly, Amber is no crazy person.

She hears her friend's screams on the inside and immediately TAKES OFF screaming, herself.

INT. MOTOR HOME - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billie Jean steps into the room, terror and fear in her expression as she steps forward. *She repeatedly pinches herself*, while unable take her eyes off of what's right in front of her--

The BABY, a chubby and filthy toddler, about 4, in his HIGHCHAIR, BLOOD ALL AROUND HIS MOUTH and all over his clothes. Blood is smeared across the surface of his highchair. He cries out before sticking a piece of BLOODY FLESH into his mouth, chewing.

Laying on a table behind the high chair is [what's left of]Christian. The flesh from his face and scalp missing, his torso hallowed out and his kidneys swinging on hooks just above.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

Amber weakly runs along the path to the main road, hysterical crying and constantly looking back to see if Billie Jean is behind her.

Guilt over taking her, Amber stops and turns around. She contemplates going back, wiping the never ending tears from her face.

She takes a few steps going back and then stops again. She shakes her head and then turns around--

BBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Amber shakes in fear as she startled by Leatherface who appears RIGHT BEHIND HER.

With the chainsaw, Leatherface rips into one of Amber's legs. This is when she finally SCREAMS.

Blood explodes from her thigh as the chainsaw severs it from the rest of her leg.

Amber immediately goes down.

Leatherface stands over her, winding up the chainsaw, spraying blood all over him and Amber. She continues to scream out before he brings the chainsaw back down to her severed leg and finishes the job, cutting it completely off.

Amber screams and cries as blood drains from her wound.

(CONTINUED)

Leatherface turns the chainsaw off and puts down. He reaches into his classic SLICKER-APRON and pulls out some METAL WIRE.

Bending down, Leatherface tightens the wire around her severed leg in order to stop the blood loss. He then lifts her up and throws her over his shoulder.

The chainsaw in one hand and the Amber in the other, he walks down the dark road back to the camper.

INT. CAMPER - BACK ROOM - DUSK

Billie Jean cries as she struggles to break the Baby free of his chains.

BILLIE JEAN
Come on! Come on!

She desperately tries to rip the chains from the makeshift highchair.

AMBER
(O.S.)
[screams] Billie Jean! Billie Jean!

Billie Jean immediately turns around at the screams of her friend.

She makes a run for the camper door, but before she can push it open, LEATHERFACE opens it.

She SCREAMS and turns, running back down the aisle to the back room -- him chasing after right behind her.

BILLIE JEAN
(screams)
No! No!

As he comes up behind her, he wraps his arms around her and lifts her up. She kicks and screams as he drags her back down the aisle toward the door.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the camper flies open and Billie Jean is flung out like a doll.

She skids across the ground on her stomach, landing next to Amber who just lays, weakly crying.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
Ah! Amber!

She crawls to her legless friend, blood continuing to leak out.

BILLIE JEAN(CONT'D)
(cries)
Amber -- oh, god!

Looking back, she sees Leatherface standing in the doorway of the camper, staring out at them with the bloody gutting hook in his hand.

BILLIE JEAN(CONT'D)
(screams out)
What do you want?! What do you want
with us?! Please, leave us alone!

He takes a step down and slowly proceeds toward them.

BILLIE JEAN(CONT'D)
No! No! Get away! Get away!
Nooooooooo!

Her screams--

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A campfire burns healthily. A pair of skewered, burnt hands are revealed over the fire.

Billie Jean sits on the ground around the fire, clutching Amber in her arms, her face buried in her friend's shoulder. With one hand, she holds a piece of cloth at Amber's severed leg, clotting the blood as best as she can.

Leatherface approaches. He picks up one of the skewered hands. Turning around, facing his back to the girls, he lifts his mask from over his mouth and feeds himself.

Hearing him munch, Billie Jean reluctantly lifts up her head and looks up at him. She immediately breaks down into tears at the sight of his large, slouching back.

BILLIE JEAN
(cries)
Please...

Leatherface spins around, still chewing. He pulls the mask back down under his chin.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN (CONT'D)
She's gonna die. What do you want
from us? What?!

He pulls what's left of the hand off of the skewer and
tosses it. He then throws the sharp, needle-like skewer
right before them.

She reaches down and picks it up.

He then walks over and pulls out his cutting knife, placing
it in her weak grip. But before he can even move back far
enough, she drops it, unable to hold it.

BILLIE JEAN
Stay back!

They stare back at each other for a BEAT before he turns and
walks away.

AMBER
(weakly)
Billie...

Billie Jean looks down at Amber's leg. A pool of blood
surrounds the wound -- the rag completely soaked.

BILLIE JEAN
(hysterical)
Oh god, Amber... please...

AMBER
It... hurts.

(BEAT)

Billie Jean pulls the rag away and then loosens the wire.

AMBER
It hurts so bad.

BILLIE JEAN
Just go to sleep.

Amber nods as she closes her eyes.

Billie Jean begins to rock her friend before pinching
herself one last time. She then reaches for the knife on the
ground.

BILLIE JEAN
Just sleep, honey. Just sleep. This
is all... gonna be over soon.

She picks up the knife, still rocking Amber back and forth and petting her head with her one free hand. She raises the knife above her, fighting back the rawest emotions. She shakes her head and mouths an "I'm sorry."

EXT. ACROSS THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Through the spaces of pitch black between the trees, the dim light from the campfire can be seen.

(BEAT)

Billie Jean SCREEEEAAAAMSSSS!

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

CUE SONG: "ACROSS 110TH STREET" by BOBBY WOMACK

EEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRR

A black 1985 Mercedes-Benz convertible beams into a parking space in the very crowded lot in front of the FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATIONS' HEADQUARTERS.

ENGINE TURNS OFF - CUT SONG.

AGENT PHIL RONSON, 36, steps out of the vehicle. He wears a fedora on his head and a black eye patch over his right eye. His right arm is disabled and twisted in an upward position, which he keeps close to his chest.

He looks up at the building.

RONSON
(disgust)
Ugh.

He begins toward the entrance with a very noticeable limp in his right leg. He coughs up a wad of phlegm which he's not embarrassed to chuck out of his mouth, despite the various people walking about.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Ronson sits in a lonely, dreary looking office all by himself, sitting on the visitor's side of a desk. His head starts to droop as he succumbs to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT WILLIS, 55, enters the room with determination. A rather fit man for his age, you can tell this job is his life.

WILLIS
Jesus Christ!

Ronson's eye pops open as if he were not asleep. But there's no hiding it.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Sorry to keep you waiting, Phil.
Have you been here long?

RONSON
(nods)
Long enough.

Willis sits at the edge of his desk.

WILLIS
How have ya been, old friend?

RONSON
(shrugs)
Wondering why I'm here. You're literally the fiftieth person to ask how I am since I walked into the building. Ya want the answer I gave to the last forty-seven?

WILLIS
I don't think so.

RONSON
Good answer, *old friend*. You know me well. Now, why am I here? What could the FBI possibly want with a former agent whose now a half-blind cripple?

WILLIS
You're not a cripple. And the FBI wanted you to come back after all of that. You declined. Or has all the alcohol destroyed what's left of your memory?

RONSON
I wouldn't call a desk, a thrilling job offer.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS

No, the couch in your studio is a much better option.

RONSON

So what is this a second offer? Is the Bureau that desperate these days? Everyone else still too busy cleaning up after the CIA?

Willis just stares at Ronson, completely unamused.

WILLIS

I have a case for you, if you want it.

RONSON

A field case?

WILLIS

(nods)

There is field work...

RONSON

(sarcastic)

I don't believe it.

WILLIS

It's a pretty high profile case. I'm assuming you heard of what the media has dubbed, "The Chainsaw Massacre Part 2?"

RONSON

(nods)

You talking about those kids they found over in Indiana?

Willis reaches behind himself and grabs a file off of his desk.

WILLIS

(passes file)

Yup. Those kids.

Ronson opens the file to see the first photograph of Christian's mutilated body. He continues through the collection of photos.

WILLIS(CONT'D)

He's been missing for three years, but that motherfucker is still out there. ROBERT JOSEPH SAWYER. Better known as--

(CONTINUED)

Ronson looks up, now looking at the only photograph of HIM, in existence, apart of the collection in the file.

RONSON
Leatherface.

WILLIS
Leatherface.

Willis nods, the two men staring at each other for a BEAT.

WILLIS(CONT'D)
(passes more files)
Since July 26th, 1982, we've had over five thousand reported sightings of Sawyer. People have reported distant relatives, new neighbors, the homeless. More than half of these reports have been followed up on and... [shakes head] Just... no. Anyway--

RONSON
(cuts him off)
The rest of them you have no clue and-or have not investigated and any of which could actually be a real lead.

WILLIS
(nods)
Man power has died on this particular case.

RONSON
(shrugs)
Because there haven't been any real leads, that you know about, at least since 1982.

WILLIS
Well, that and... the psychological affects that this has had on a few of our agents.

RONSON
Ah, so while I thought you were pawning this crappy case off to desperate ol' me, you were really looking for someone fucked up enough to handle such disturbing realities as cannibalism and what not? What is the FBI recruiting vegans now?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS

It's pretty much both... the crappy case and the disturbing realities.

RONSON

And what am I suppose to do with this case, exactly? You couldn't possibly expect me to solve it.

He takes a long drag from his cigarette.

WILLIS

It's the only offer you got, pal.

RONSON

Willis, this fuckin' guy is probably living in a hole somewhere. His family is all dead. He's the only one.

WILLIS

Well, he's definitely not in some hole somewhere. But if you take the time to read through these files, you'd see that we believe there may be a child with him.

RONSON

A child?

WILLIS

(nods)

An infant... er, a toddler now. It's confidential. At the time, we found a cradle among other things in the remains of the Sawyer house fire; bottles, toys.

RONSON

But you didn't find any baby?

WILLIS

(shakes head)

No Leatherface. No baby.

RONSON

He probably ate it. I mean, we're talking cannibals here, Willis.

WILLIS

I know. But there is strong evidence that suggests that the Sawyers were caring for a live baby

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS (cont'd)
in the house prior to July 26th,
1982. Now, we didn't find any
recent medical records suggesting
that a baby was born to any of the
Sawyer women in the last twenty
years, but the nephew wasn't known
about either. In fact, Robert
Sawyer was the last documented
family member to be given a social
security number. And he's only one
of the three. And because of this
possibility that a child is
involved, the Bureau wanted this
case solved two and half years ago.
And now there's this missing girl
involved. [shakes head in
frustration] So, what do you say?

RONSON
So I'm somehow suppose to find this
guy and what? Kill him? [laughs]

WILLIS
Once you get your hands on him, you
do what you want. You just gotta
stop him and ideally, find the girl
and kid alive. But that's not as
big of a priority.

Ronson rolls his eyes.

WILLIS(CONT'D)
I know you can handle that.

Ronson ponders, cracking his neck.

WILLIS(CONT'D)
Come on. Don't waste my time. Take
the case.

Ronson struggles to stand with the files in his hand. He
doesn't even look at Willis, he just turns and limps toward
the door.

WILLIS(CONT'D)
Do you need me to carry those to
your car?

RONSON
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIS

Okay.

Ronson walks out.

Agent Willis looks immediately relieved.