

TEXAS CHAINSAW LEGACY
SEASON 1; EPISODE 1

By

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Based on the characters created by Tober Hooper

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TEASER

FADE IN:

Two boys, CONNOR(11) and BARRY SIMPSON(9), sit quietly with their fishing rods in a paddle boat out on A LAKE.

Birds awaken with the sun, all chirping at once.

CONNOR

(V/O)

Me and Barry was just--we went fishin' early that mornin'.

BRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

A motor home -- THEE MOTOR HOME -- it comes to a stop on the shoreline of the lake.

INT. THE MOTOR HOME - DAWN

CRIES AND RAGE explode all over the interior.

Without seeing much of him, LEATHERFACE trashes the place, crying out in a tantrum of rage. He is covered in blood.

EXT. TEXAS - DAWN

SUPER-IMPOSE:

JULY 26TH, 1982

TRAVIS COUNTY, TEXAS

A hazy early morning sky blankets over the Texas Plains.

OFFICER BURKETT

(O/S)

Once again, this is Officer Burkett at North Peril Road with a confirmed 11-44. I am still awaiting backup. Repeat: still. Awaiting. Backup. Over.

DISPATCHER

(O/S)

Officer Burkett, backup is en route. Over.

Multiple red lights flash along the horizon. A slight sound of distant sirens.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Above the trees, within the woods, BLACK SMOKE billows up into the sky.

Down in the middle of the road is OFFICER PAUL BURKETT, 50's.

OFFICER BURKETT

(V/O)

We freed the Flossenburg
concentration camp on April 23rd,
1945.

At his squad car in the middle of the street, Officer Burkett angrily tosses the radio back into the car. He then slowly turns and stares back at something he has not been able to take his eyes off of.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Burkett(now 60s) and in street clothes, sits before THE CAMERA.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

PAUL BURKETT

TRAVIS COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

OFFICER BURKETT

Even though I became a cop, I never
thought I'd relive the horrors I
had witnessed back then. That day.

He nods, somberly.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Following a trail of blood and tire marks along the pavement...

OFFICER BURKETT

What in god's name...?

Laying in the middle of the road is the VERY DEAD and DEFORMED result of multiple generations of inbreeding--

The face of DRAYTON SAWYER -- a sore sight. Rough, cratered skin. Severe acne. Grizzly facial and body hair. Dead eyes. Blood drips from his mouth into the pool around his head. The middle of his misshaped skull is blown away.

KUTCHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWUUUUH--

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

It's the filthy, blood stained interior of Hell on wheels.

OFF-SCREEN, BABY SAWYER cries hysterically.

His hunched over shadow appears across the broken wall. Though OFF SCREEN, as well, Leatherface too, can be heard weeping.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Officer Burkett looks around, pulling out his gun and beginning down the pathway toward the source of the smoke.

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

The boys continue to sit in their boat, motionless and just staring at the motor home.

CONNOR

(V/O)

We just kept hearing this baby, crying. Like, so loudly. That never stopped.

Baby's cries continue from within.

CONNOR

(V/O)

Then, like, all of a sudden, the door to the trailer swung open and he just came running out, screamin' and hollerin', but-but it wasn't any words. He was just... like goin' crazy.

From the POV of the boys:

Leatherface, in a manic state, bursts from the motor home, screaming and crying out incoherently, tearing at the hair of his earlier victim, Becky, whose face he now claims as his own.

Startled frozen, the boys continue to sit silently staring on at this mental breakdown no more than 70 yards away, on the shoreline.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY
(whisper)
Connor...

Connor is completely entranced.

BARRY
(whisper)
Connor, let's go.

CONNOR
(V/O)
Barry started cryin' and beggin' me
for us to go.

Unaware of the boys' presence, Leatherface continues his
rageful tantrum, slamming his fists into the side of the
camper.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Leatherface tires and leans up against the wall he just
dented. The baby continues to SCREAM, inside.

BARRY
Connor, let's get outta here!

He turns around, giving the FIRST FULL CLOSE UP of
Leatherface, breathing heavily, covered in blood from the
gunshot wound at his shoulder.

He notices Connor and Barry sitting out on the lake, staring
silently at him.

CONNOR
Oh, shit.

BARRY
Connor, let's go!

Leatherface runs to the shoreline, wilding out, once again
in a horrifying hysteria.

BARRY
Let's go! Let's go!

The boys grab their ores and paddle in the opposite
direction.

CONNOR
Come on, come on!

(CONTINUED)

With Barry's back to Leatherface, Connor watches him begin to grow smaller in the distance. His hysteric behavior continues until the Cannibal hunter jets back into the motor home.

OLDER BARRY

(V/O)

My brother couldn't stop watchin'
over my shoulder.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Barry, now 20's, sits before the camera in the midst of an interview.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

BARRY SIMPSON
EYEWITNESS

OLDER BARRY

I finally looked back just in time
when I heard the engine, ya know,
of the, uh, the camper. Then he
drove back down the path through
the woods.

Barry sits uncomfortably silent. He shrugs.

OLDER BARRY

That was it.

EXT. SAWYER PROPERTY - DAY

A hand pushes some bushes out of the way, startling Officer Burkett who is hiding -- sweaty, petrified and shaking.

CUE OPENING MONTAGE & CREDITS:

TITLE CARD:

TEXAS CHAINSAW LEGACY

ACT ONE

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

The headlights of an EIGHTEEN WHEELER tear through a background of black trees and a navy blue sky.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

MAY 19TH, 1984
24 MILES NORTH OF BENEDICT, KANSAS

INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - DAWN

Empty beer cans roll around on top of the dashboard.

The carpeting is covered in crumbs, cigarette butts and more empty beer cans. Also, two pairs of boot-covered feet.

Two men, CHARLIE BERKEN(40's) and his nephew, WILSON HUGHES(20's) sit side by side.

Charlie drives while Wilson sleeps, his head propped up against the door on the passenger side.

Wilson jumps awake, coughing, holding his mouth.

WILSON
Pull over!

CHARLIE
What? Oh, you sick, boy?

WILSON
Pull over!

Wilson wheels down the window and sticks his head out.

CHARLIE
No!

Charlie's foot slams on the break.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

The truck's speed slips back as it comes to a sudden stop right in the middle of the road -- atop of fifty foot long BRIDGE over a small, hundred-foot deep VALLEY underneath.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Out! Not in the truck!

Wilson has already puked down the side of the passenger door, but jumps out and down and straight to the side of the bridge, puking over the girder.

Charlie comes around the front, immediately noticing the open door.

CHARLIE

Goddamnit, Wil! You're cleaning that shit yourself!

Wilson continues to puke over the side, into the DARKNESS below.

CHARLIE

Told you not to eat those fish tacos, boy.

Charlie starts sniffing around.

CHARLIE

Goddamn! Your puke smells unholy, boy!

Charlie steps back, gagging, he turns to the girder and spits off.

WILSON

Ugh, the smell!

He continues to puke his brains out, barely able to take a moment to breath.

CHARLIE

What the fuck is that?

Charlie looks around. The headlights shining across the dark road ahead. Crickets chirp loudly. The sky is just a tint brighter.

Charlie leans over the girder, watching Wilson's puke drop. He follows it down with his eyes.

CHARLIE

What is that?

Wilson pulls away for second, wiping his mouth, groaning as Charlie continues to stare over.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

There's something-- Oh, fuck! Ah!

Charlie covers his nose and mouth, jumping away from the girder.

WILSON

What?

Charlie turns around and vomits onto the gravel.

Wilson looks over the side.

DOWN BELOW

TWO DECOMPOSING bodies lay, just barely visible in the early sunrise light.

OFF SCREEN, Wilson begins puking again.

CHARLIE

(O/S)

Let's git the fuck outta here!

ZOOM IN on the shadowy FACE of one GIRL.

OFF SCREEN, the doors to the eighteen-wheeler slam shut and the truck speeds away.

Continuing in on her face, the focus becomes her slightly opened EYE surrounded by a decomposing skull whose flesh was thoroughly removed. Maggots.

ACT TWO

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

THROUGH THE LENS OF 1980's STANDARD DEFINITION TELEVISION:

The assembly room is full.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

APRIL 15TH, 1985

TAMNEY COMMISSION HEARINGS

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Sitting at the podium is AGENT RAMONA DIAZ, 33. She sits up straight, though comfortably and relaxed.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

AGENT RAMONA DIAZ, FBI

CHAIRMAN

(O/S)

Now, Agent Diaz, you testified that the FBI was not made aware that a child was involved in this case until April of 1983, correct?

AGENT DIAZ

Correct.

CHAIRMAN

Shortly after the discovery of uh, the bodies of, uh--Walter Jennings and Carolynn Messer in Benedict, Kansas. So, almost nine months after the massacre on the, uh, Sawyer family property, correct?

AGENT DIAZ

Correct.

CHAIRMAN

And when... was it, uh, confirmed that there was a toddler in the possession of Robert Joseph Sawyer?

AGENT DIAZ

I believe I recieved that confirmation around December 20th of last year -- 1984.

CHAIRMAN

Around three weeks after the, uh, tragedy... at Tamney?

AGENT DIAZ

Correct.

CHAIRMAN

So, for nine months, the FBI had no knowledge of an infant child in the custody of this extremely dangerous and highly publicized killer. And then it would take more than two years before the existence of this child was confirmed. Why is that?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DIAZ

Other than the fact that there has never been any documentation of the child's existence, I don't know the answer to that question, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN

Well, you are the lead investigator on this case. One would assume that you would be aware of the cause in the delay in the communication of such pertinent information.

AGENT DIAZ

Yes, but that question is misdirected, Mr. Chairman. And poorly worded, I might add. I'd suggest that you ask the members of the Travis County Sheriff's Department why they failed to document nor communicate the eyewitness reports that were made by the Simpsons brothers around August, the first of 1982. That would be probably be where that answer lies... Mr. Chairman.

The room erupts into CHATTER.

EXT. CHESTERFIELD, OKLAHOMA - 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-IMPOSE:

NOVEMBER 28TH, 1984

CHESTERFIELD, OKLAHOMA

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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(16), 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. You're up early.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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."

MRS. BONNER
 What's that?

BILLIE JEAN
 My horoscope for today.

COMMERCIAL
 (on TV)
 Watch the Dallas Cowboys versus the
 St. Louis Cardinals live at 12:30.

MRS. BONNER
 Horoscope?

BILLIE JEAN
 You know, it's in the paper
 everyday... almost like your
 fortune. It's all based around your
 zodiac sign. Like, I was born in
 December, so I'm a Capricorn. You
 were born in late March, so
 you're--

Billie Jean locates her mother's horoscope in the newspaper.

BILLIE JEAN (CONT'D)
 You're an Aries.
 (reads aloud)
 "Sometimes there is no payoff.
 Don't expect too much."

MRS. BONNER
 That's my fortune?

BILLIE JEAN
 Well, it's not *really* your
 fortune, but--

MRS. BONNER
 Listen hun, I have a hell of a lot
 of cooking to do today and I could
 use some help.

(CONTINUED)

Billie Jean throws the newspaper down on the coffee table.

BILLIE JEAN
Can't. Promised Chris, Lenny 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! I can't do everything
alone.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Inside the Pickup is LENNY and AMBER, both 17, waving her over.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Billie Jean gets into the car. Amber slides into the middle, closer to Lenny who is driving.

BILLIE JEAN
Hey, guys.

The radio plays low, broadcasting the news.

AMBER
Hey, Billie Jean.

NEWS ANCHOR
(V.O.)
Investigators still have not confirmed whether fugitive, Robert Joseph Sawyer is suspected of killing and dismembering twenty-six year old, Cara Simon of Wayne, Arkansas. Her body was discovered on November 2nd, right over the Texas border near Waskom.

Amber turns it down.

LENNY
Happy Thanksgiving.

BILLIE JEAN
Happy Thanksgiving, guys.

AMBER
Did you tell Chris we were on our way?

Lenny turns, pulls the gear into drive and goes to pull out WHEN--

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

His foot immediately hits the BREAK--

AMBER
Whoa!

(CONTINUED)

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

LENNY

Shit!

AMBER

(annoyed)

Lenny! Get us to the parade in one piece. Please.

He shakes his head.

EXT. BONNER RESIDENCE - DAY

The pickup pulls away.

Mrs. Bonner stares out the window from behind the curtain.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

SUPER-IMPOSE:

MAY 16TH, 1985

TAMNEY COMMISSION HEARINGS

Mrs. Bonner sits at the podium, tears in her eyes and a tissue constantly wiping her nose.

ASSEMBLYMAN 1

Mrs. Bonner, when was the last time you saw your daughter, Billie Jean?

MRS. BONNER

It was that morning of the 29th. She was goin' out with her friends, I told her to be back early... and... that was it.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean lies bound and gagged and covered in blood. Her body shakes with fear. Her eyes are exhausted with everlasting tears from the unstoppable weeping.

The vehicle in which she is in is moving. A news report broadcasts over the radio.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER

(O/S; on the radio)

Four teenagers have been reported missing from the Chesterfield, Oklahoma area.

She glances to her right for a quick reminder of what lies next to her--

NEWSCASTER

(O/S; cont'd)

Sixteen year old, Billie Jean Bonner,

THE CORPSE of her boyfriend, CHRISTOPHER DONNELL, eyes open, jaw locked, skin graying -- he's been dead long enough to attract the one fly that hover over him.

NEWSCASTER

(O/S; cont'd)

Nineteen year old, Christopher Donnell,

She whimpers and looks away, only for her eyes to meet the sight of the DECAPITATED HEAD of Lenny. It rests atop a counter. No one would recognize him, for the flesh from his face and scalp has been removed.

NEWSCASTER

(O/S; cont'd)

Seventeen year old, Lenny Simmons, and Seventeen year old, Amber Terrence.

SCREAMS and CRIES come from within a chest behind the driver's seat. It's padlocked with Amber inside, screaming and kicking, desperately fighting to escape her cramped dungeon.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The motor home speeds down a stretch through the GREAT PLAINS.

NEWSCASTER

(O/S; cont'd)

The four teens were last seen by their parents before they were all suppose to meet. They never returned home for dinner and so far there are no other eye-witnesses.

It's the early morning and the sun has risen over the horizon. Miles and miles of flatland lies ahead.

ACT THREE

EXT. RONSON'S HOUSE - DAY

A cozy little house on a street of fall shades sits surrounded by acres of land and the sound of chirping birds.

RONSON

(V/O)

It was no different from any other day.

INT. RONSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A clock reads the time at about 6:20 AM.

PHIL RONSON(28), the impeccably handsome and fun-loving man is awoken by the tickle of his red-headed wife, JENNY's(20s) finger across his face.

RONSON

(V/O)

I woke up a married man.

His eyes shoot open and then quickly squint as he turns to Jenny.

JENNY

The kids are still asleep.

She rubs his muscular, tone chest, her hand moving ever-so-slowly down his torso.

Phil smiles and kisses his gorgeous wife. He wraps his arms around her and rolls over on top of her.

The husband and wife begin passionately making love -- the chemistry between the two instantly apparent.

INT. RONSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

PHILIP JR.(5), runs into the kitchen ahead of his father who holds his infant baby sister, KATIE(4 Mo).

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Woah. Woah, slow down there,
Junior. "Goodmorning, Mom."

Jenny cracks open an egg into the pan on the stove. A small TV set rests on the counter beside her. It's muted, but a news report is showing photographs of Billie Jean, Christopher, Lenny and Amber.

JUNIOR

Morning, Mom.

JENNY

Good morning, Boy. And hello, Baby!

Jenny gushes over Katie and then takes her from Phil's arms.

Phil immediately reaches for the coffee.

EXT. RONSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Phil leaves his house, the light sound of Katie crying, inside.

EXT. TAMNEY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Phil runs to catch the closing door of the station, entering.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As Ronson enters the police locker room, he is met with three of his comrades. They each give him a pound as he makes it to his locker.

OFFICER TOM LARTH(30s)--

OFFICER LARTH

Hey, Ronson, here at the the cusp
of the hour, as usual.

OFFICER LEIGH TEMRIN(20s)--

OFFICER TEMRIN

Hey, still gittin' use to two kids
at home, eh? How are ya, Ron?

And SERGEANT STEVE JESPAR(40s)--

(CONTINUED)

SGT JESPAR
Just wait till number five comes
along.

RONSON
Ah, no, Jespar. Some us like to
give our wives a break, every once
in a while.

Ronson begins undressing.

OFFICER TEMRIN
The only break Jespar and his wife
know of is the one in the rubbuh.

The men all laugh and joke amongst each other.

CHAIRMAN
(V/O)
Please state your name for the
record.

OFFICER TEMRIN
(V/O)
Officer Leigh Temrin, uh... Tamney
Police Department.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Officer Temrin sits at the podium. His face shows despair.
His body, tense.

INT. POLICE LOUNGE - DAY

Officers file into the lounge, gathering coffee and taking a
seat for the morning meeting.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN(50s) hands Sargeant Jespar a stack of
paper to pass out and then steps to the podium.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN
Alright, gentlemen. Hope you all
had a good Thanksgiving with your
families. Those of you who worked,
we thank. Last night, fourteen
D-U-Is came in--

OFFICER LARTH
There goes half the population of
Tamney.

One or two laughs burst out.

(CONTINUED)

The Lieutenant reaches over and turns on a projector, placing a transparency onto it.

The reflection shows the photographs of Billie Jean, Amber, Lenny and Chris with their names. Underneath is a photo of Lenny's pickup with the make and model written out in pen.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN

Alright. Now some of you may have heard that these kids were reported missing yesterday from way over in Chesterfield. Parents said they were meeting to go to the parade in town and they never came home for dinner. Now, they may have just run away together -- some kind of orgy relationship or what-not--

The officers laugh.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN

I don't know what these kids are into today. But anyway, with that Texas Chainsaw fuck on the loose, we gotta be extra vigilant.

RONSON

Hope he didn't get all excited 'cause Dallas won last night -- decided to kill off another couple of people.

More collective laughs.

The Lieutenant shamefully laughs, shaking his head.

LIEUTENANT GRIFFIN

Alright, you guys are too much. Get outta here.

Ronson stares down at the faces and descriptions of the four missing teenagers.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ronson sits on the passenger side of the car outside of a gas station, sipping his coffee.

Temrin comes walking up with a coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He tosses the butt and gets in on the driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

TEMRIN

This fuckin' guy -- every time I go
in there.

RONSON

Old O'Daniel?

TEMRIN

"Reagan's gonna be puttin' me out
of business any day now."

RONSON

Ah, Reagan's always the scapegoat
with guys like him.

Temrin pours liquor into his coffee from a flask.

RONSON

Should I drive?

TEMRIN

No, I'm fine. I just gotta kill
this delayed hangover.

He sips the hot coffee and nip before putting it between his
legs and starting the engine.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sky is dreary over this two way road cut straight
through the woods.

The squad car jets down the lonely road.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ronson stares out the window, while Temrin sips his coffee
with one hand as he drives with the other.

RONSON

How was dinner last night?

OFFICER TEMRIN

Ah, it was damn good, that's for
sure. You and Jenny still gotta
come over one night, sometime.

RONSON

We definitely need a night out,
soon.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER TEMRIN
So how's the baby doin'?

RONSON
She's good. She's good. The colic
days seem to be behind us--

The radio scrambles up:

OFFICER LARTH
Officer Larth requesting backup at
the quarry. Checking out an 11-54
on the north side. Repeat: north
side of the quarry. An 11-54. Over.

RONSON
10-4. Temrin and Ronson en route.
Over.

OFFICER TEMRIN
Suspicious vehicle at the quarry...
Let's see what this is about.

Temrin lights another cigarette.

EXT. THE QUARRY - DAY

The place is desolate. Cut bricks of stone lay stacked all
around. Ditches, trucks, piles of stone, everywhere.

In the far corner is the MOTOR HOME.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

It's parked. Quietly.

Officer Larth closes the door to his squad car and
approaches the vehicle. His sirens are left flashing, but
without sound.

He stops and pulls out his notepad and pen, copying down the
license plate number.

Larth sneaks slowly around it. He attempts to peak into the
windows on his way to the door.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK--

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

KNOCK-KNOCK

OFFICER LARTH
Hello? Police.

Billie Jean awakens, still bound and gagged on the floor.
She perks right up--

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

IT'S LEATHERFACE

holding a brick of stone over his head before BASHING it
into the back of Officer Larth's head.

WHAM!

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean is able to free herself just in time to hear the
stone hit Larth and then for Larth's body to crash into the
motor home.

THUMP!

She gasps under the duct tape around her mouth.

She pulls it down under chin, crying again.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface throws the brick down and grabs Larth's DEAD
BODY from off of the floor, dragging it away from the
camper.

Leatherface goes to search the body when suddenly he hears
RUSTLING--

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean pulls out the key and then lifts open the chest
Amber is locked in.

Amber lies their half unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
(whisper)
Amber. Amber, we gotta go. Amber!

She shakes her.

Amber's EYES SHOOT OPEN.

SHE SCREAMS OVER AND OVER,

shoving Billie Jean out of the way, hysterically jumping up
and running straight for the door--

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface approaches the door just as Amber BURSTS through
it, evading her captor and making A RUN for it.

Leatherface cries out before glancing over to see Billie
Jean as the door slams shut.

He lunges at the door--

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean screams out, jumping across the narrow room to
grab and hold it shut.

BILLIE JEAN
No!

She immediately locks herself inside.

Baby begins to cry in the back room.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface screams and yells out under the mask,
desperately trying to pull the door open as he watches Amber
run down an exit path from the quarry.

LEATHERFACE
AAAAHHH!

He gives up on the door and begins chasing after Amber.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean holds onto the door, crying, unaware that he has already run off.

Baby continues to scream behind the back room door.

With heavy breathes, Billie Jean begins to look all around her. She hears nothing outside, anymore.

Her eyes meet the driver's seat where the keys sit in the ignition.

EXT. QUARRY PATH - DAY

Amber, a sweaty, snotty, crying mess runs down the pathway through the trees.

She begins to slow before glancing back...

She stops.

AMBER

Oh god.

It's silent and clear...

BEFORE LEATHERFACE TEARS AROUND THE CORNER--

AMBER ROARS and makes a break for it.

Coming around another curvature in the path, Amber spots the road up ahead and begins running even faster.

While in pursuit of her, Leatherface snatches up a heavy, round rock, which he CHUCKS like a baseball at her head.

WHACK!

Amber CRIES OUT and spills into the yellow, brown and red leaves.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Temrin sips his coffee, the officers sitting quietly as they cruise down the road.

The car comes to a short stop and Amber's body ricochets back toward the front of the vehicle, landing many away.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Temrin and Ronson stare out the windshield at Amber's body lying in the road.

TEMRIN

Oh, fuck!

RONSON

What in the...

The car sits perpendicularly to the path, giving Ronson a full view in.

He sees NO ONE.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean sits at the drivers seat desperately trying to get the engine started, but failing.

BILLIE JEAN

Come on, start! Come on!

Baby is still crying OFF-SCREEN.

She turns the key in the ignition over and over.

Glancing in the side mirror, she sees Leatherface come running back up.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface comes running back to the motor home just in time for the ENGINE TO START.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie Jean grabs ahold of the gear and struggles to pull into place.

BILLIE JEAN

Come on!

MOVED. LOCKED IN.

She slams her foot on the gas pedal.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

The camper REVERSES.

Leatherface jumps out of the way as it slams into the front of Larth's squad car.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Billie moves the gear back and locks it in--

EEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR--

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

The motor home careens out of the quarry and down another pathway ahead.

Leatherface lies on the ground. He looks across at Officer Larth and notices THE GUN in his holster.

Leatherface cries out in anger and runs over to retrieve the gun.

With a bit of doubt in his mind and body language, Leatherface climbs into the drivers side of Larth's squad car.

The engine starts before the wheels shoot back a trail of smokey dust.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ronson approaches the body, Temrin still inside the squad car.

As he approaches, her condition becomes more clear -- she is DEAD. Her eyes WIDE OPEN. Her neck broken, her head a bit caved in. A lot of blood.

RONSON

Oh my god.

Ronson looks back at Temrin who sits behind the windshield, all hope immediately lost in his face.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Temrin drops his head in shame and begins crying.

He goes to reach for the radio, but then stops.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Sergeant Jespar drives peacefully along the road.

THE MOTOR HOME BOLTS OUT from the woods and turns onto the road ahead of Sergeant Jespar.

INT. JESPAR'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

The sergeant is stunned.

SGT JESPAR
What the hell?

He flips on the sirens and grabs the radio.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The police car chases behind the out-of-control motor home.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

A frantic Billie Jean, desperately trying to control the steering wheel, checks her side mirror to see the squad car pursuing.

BILLIE JEAN
Oh god...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The motor home pulls off into an abrupt stop, leaving it parked on an angle off of the road.

Sergeant Jespar pulls up behind it, jumping out of the car, and drawing his gun.

SGT JESPAR
(calls out)
Exit your vehicle with your hands
above your head!

Billie Jean comes flailing out, hysterical.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
Oh, thank god! Please!

SGT JESPAR
Don't move!

BILLIE JEAN
Please! You gotta help me!

She holds up her arms, balling, pleading with him as he approaches her.

BILLIE JEAN
He kidnapped us! He kidnapped us!
He killed my friends!

Jespar is boggled and even startled the moment he begins hearing Baby's cries on the inside.

SGT JESPAR
Where is he?

BILLIE JEAN
I don't know! I don't know! I--
Watch out!

Billie Jean pulls Jespar out of the way as Larth's POLICE CAR JETS RIGHT AT THEM--

EEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!

The squad car STOPS in the middle of the road, a few yards ahead of the motor home.

Jespar, laying right next to Billie Jean in the road, reaches for his gun--

Leatherface springs out of the squad car, gun drawn--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Billie Jean screams and scurries away as Jespar is PUMPED FULL OF BULLETS.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ronson and Temrin are standing over Amber's body when they hear the nearby gunshots. Both glance around and then immediately look to each other.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

(CONTINUED)

RONSON
 Gunshots!

They look up the road -- the source of the noise.

Ronson turns and runs back to the squad car.

 RONSON
 Stay with the body!

 TEMRIN
 Ronson!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Leatherface steps over Jespar, who lies on his back in the middle of the road. Billie Jean stares over from off to the side. She covers her eyes as Leatherface takes aim--

Covered in blood and staring right up at Leatherface, Jespar let's out a weak cry before--

BANG!

As blood shoots from Jespar's face, Billie Jean SCREAMS and takes off down the road.

Leatherface bends and collects Jespar's weapon, still in the holster with the sergeant's hand on it.

SIRENS

Leatherface turns to see Billie Jean's back as she runs down the road.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, the view of the road is obstructed by a passing hill. At the top, THE SCENE becomes visible. Billie Jean is running toward the car.

 BILLIE JEAN
 Help!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The squad car comes to a stop as Billie Jean approaches, waving her arms.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE JEAN
He has a gun! He has a gun!

RONSON
Get in!

The door to the backseat opens and Billie Jean jumps in.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The motor home makes a wide U-turn and floors it in the opposite direction of Ronson and Billie Jean.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Ronson slams down on the gas pedal, watching the motor home speed away up the road.

RONSON
Stay down!

He grabs the radio speaker.

RONSON
This is--

Ronson stalls his speech as he notices Jespar's bloody corpse in the middle of the street.

RONSON
Backup requested! Backup requested!
This is Officer Ronson on route 48
by the quarry, I've got an officer
down and am in pursuit of an armed
suspect! License plate number:
3TRJJ

DISPATCHER
Office Ronson, backup alerted.

Sirens blaring, the squad car is quickly catching up with the motor home.

BILLIE JEAN
There's a baby in there!

RONSON
Alright, just put your seat belt on
and keep your head down.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The squad car rides up behind the motor home.

 RONSON
 (over speakerphone)
 Pull over your vehicle! You are
 under arrest!

SOMETHING is tossed from the drivers side window--

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Lenny's fleshy, bloody head smacks the windshield--

 BILLIE JEAN
 Ugh!

Her head peeks over the seats.

 RONSON
 Get. Down!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The police car smacks the bumper of the motor home repeatedly before the motor home is able to speed up enough to shake the tailing.

The police car pulls along side of the motor home when the latter vehicle veers precipitously into the other.

The two vehicles speed alongside each other, bumping back and forth before the motor home creates a wide gap between them and then comes crashing into the side of the squad car, sending it off of the road and over a dirt patch--

THE SQUAD CAR FLIES THROUGH THE AIR

and flips completely over, sliding upside down and across the ground, turning and then flipping over four more times.

The totaled squad car lands upside down.

It rests there, motionless... and lifeless--?

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Billie Jean wakes up to the sound of Ronson trying to pull himself free.

SMOKE unravels through the air.

RONSON

Ah!

Ronson's leg is wrapped around the steering wheel. His head is bleeding and his face cut and bruised.

Billie Jean is locked in her seat belt. She immediately unbuckles it and drops to the surface of the car ceiling.

BILLIE JEAN

Ugh...

The smoke grows thicker, a fire bursting under the engine.

Ronson and Billie Jean both let out a scream. Both struggle to move.

Suddenly a pair of bloody, dirty hands reach in and grab Billie Jean's legs--

She SCREAMS and tries to kick them away, but quickly she disappears, sliding right out.

RONSON

No! No!

Ronson listens to Billie Jean's screams OFF-SCREEN.

BILLIE JEAN

(O/S)

No! No! Help!

Ronson cannot pull himself free. He glances out the window with just enough of a view to see Leatherface.

Leatherface turns, notices the view of Ronson, making eye contact with him for a just moment.

RONSON

You son of a bitch!

He tries reaching for his gun, pulling it out, but with no shot.

His leg still stuck and now bleeding, Ronson cries out in pain.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Leatherface throws Billie Jean over his shoulder and walks away from the cries of Ronson inside the overturned, burning car.

BILLIE JEAN
(fighting)
No! No! Someone! Help!

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface enters the motor home, dragging Billie Jean into the back room--

INT. MOTOR HOME - BACK ROOM - DAY

He flings her down to the floor. Behind her head is BABY SAWYER(2), a naked, filthy, chubby toddler locked in a cage for a large dog. He furiously pulls on the bars, screaming and whining for freedom along with Billie Jean's cries.

Leatherface immediately handcuffs her to the bars.

BILLIE JEAN
Nooooooooo--ho-ooohhh!

She is battered and covered in blood. Baby grabs a chunk of her hair and pulls while he cries in frustration.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Leatherface comes from the room, slamming the door and locking in the screams.

Faint Sirens

He steps over to Christopher's dead body, now thrown around the room. He lifts the body and drags it to the door.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The motor home door opens and Christopher's body falls out. The door slams shut.

The whole scene is filled with the OFF-SCREEN sounds of Ronson, Billie Jean and Baby's desperate cries, and the sirens of those who won't make it in time.

(CONTINUED)

The motor home roars alive and then speeds past the overturned police squad car.

 RONSON
 (O/S)
 No! No!

SIRENS.

A trail of car debris stretches from down the road.

Christopher's body lies on the pavement twenty feet from the burning car.

BOOM!

THE SQUAD CAR EXPLODES.

TAG:

BLACK SCREEN

 RONSON
 (O/S)
 We were all at fault in one way or
 another. We were. We were
 responsible for killing Amber
 Terrence. And we were responsible
 for not apprehending Robert Sawyer.
 So now he's had Billie Jean Bonner
 for fifteen years, now.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

An entirely different setting, though also a CLOSE-UP on a now unrecognizable Phil Ronson. He wears big sunglasses and a fedora in this dimly lit, low-key bar. His skin is disfigured and discolored from severely bad burns.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

PHIL RONSON
1999

 RONSON
 That's my fault. I'm... almost
 solely responsible for that one.
 She's either dead or he's got
 her... out there somewhere. Still
 hiding. Still feeding.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER

(O/S)

You're a P.I., now. You must be leading your own investigation, in some form. Have you been out there looking for him?

Ronson doesn't budge for a BEAT.

A mischievous smirk grows across his heavily scarred face.

END