

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE '97

Written by

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Based On
An Original Screenplay
By Kim Henkel and Tobe Hooper

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OVER BLACK

A strong wind HOWLS. Eerie.

SUPERIMPOSE: August 1st, 1997. Texas.

The reverberating RUMBLE of a distant chainsaw.

Uneven, panicked BREATHS accompany hurried FOOTSTEPS.

The chainsaw REVS up.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The bright full moon peeks out from behind rolling clouds, casts light down through the tree canopies, onto the uneven terrain below. The entire area is thick with brush.

Strong winds hammer the woods.

FOOTSTEPS rapidly approach just as --

HEATHER KAUFMAN (28), slender brunette, runs out of the brush with OLLIE KAUFMAN (4), petite kid with a mess of curly hair, clutched to her chest.

Both of them are absolutely terrified. Drenched in sweat.

Ollie cries as he squeezes his mother tight.

HEATHER
(a whisper)
Shh. Quiet, baby. You have to try
and stay quiet.

The chainsaw REVS up again. It's not far off.

Heather whips her head around, spots a nearby fallen tree hidden in shadows, moves for it. She quickly ducks down, carefully places Ollie behind the tree.

HEATHER
I need you to stay right here and
not make a sound, okay? Can you do
that for mommy?

Tears roll down Ollie's cheeks as he nods.

Again, the chainsaw REVS up. It's getting closer.

HEATHER

After I lead him away, you run.
Understand? Run far away, baby.

Ollie nods again, slower this time.

Heather's lips tremble as they form a sad smile.

She reaches out and brushes a few strands of hair out of Ollie's tear-stained face.

HEATHER

I love you, Ollie. So, so much.

Heather leans forward, kisses her son's forehead.

Then, she rises to her feet and runs off into the woods.

HOLD ON the terrified Ollie, who quietly cries in the shadow of the fallen tree.

A long, uncomfortable beat. Then, from deeper in the woods --

The chainsaw REVS up, immediately followed by Heather's blood-curdling SCREAM. The SCREAMS are quickly drowned out by the aggressive BUZZ of the chainsaw.

Tears stream down Ollie's wide-eyed face as he stares out into the dark forest.

A maniacal, feminine GIGGLE creeps out from behind Ollie. He whips his head around just as a silhouette falls over him.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD -- TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE '97

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT/PRE-DAWN

The darkness is overwhelming. Only the basic shapes of trees and tombstones.

SUPERIMPOSE: 10 Days Later...

SHUFFLING is heard. Then --

The CRACK of a flashbulb camera as a bright flash of light briefly illuminates a fully decomposed corpse.

The darkness returns.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
We've got an update out of
Jefferson County. Folks, let me
tell ya... This story just keeps
getting weirder and weirder. Yet
another graverobbing...

Another CRACK, another flash of light, another grotesque
decayed corpse.

More darkness.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
This is the fourth incident in as
many months...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

The warm Texas sun beats down, casts an orange glow over the
secluded area.

CLOSE ON the rotten face of a long-dead corpse.

SLOWLY PULL OUT, revealing that the decomposed corpse is
propped up on a massive crucifix-shaped tombstone.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
And now, we're getting reports
that, this time, a corpse was left
on display. One witness described
the disturbing sight as a sort of
macabre work of art...

A crow lands on the corpse's shoulder, pecks away at the
rotten flesh on it's face.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A station wagon drives along the busy road, which is
surrounded on either side by the flat countryside.

The vehicle cruises past a dead, sunbaked armadillo.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

Seated in the back seat is AMY HARMON (17), dressed in all
black, with a sullen attitude to match. Her shirt is turned
inside out. She drips with sweat.

Bored, the moody teen stares out her window, watches as the countryside passes by in a blur.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

As of now, authorities are still
baffled by these disturbing --

CHUCK (O.S.)

Enough doom and gloom.

Behind the wheel, CHUCK HARMON (48), a chunky man with an upbeat demeanor about him, switches off the CAR STEREO. Sweat beads up beneath his receding hairline.

Beside him sits LISA HARMON (44), a homely woman with a permanent scowl on her face. She fans herself off with a science magazine, desperate to cool down.

LISA

Ugh. I think I'm actually melting.
This is ridiculous.

Chuck tinkers with the AC. It WHIRS and BUZZES, but no air seems to come out. He frowns.

CHUCK

You ain't kiddin'. I'm sweatin'
like a whore on nickel night.

Lisa makes a face at her husband.

LISA

You know, if you'd taken the car
for a tune-up last month like I
said, the AC would be working and
we wouldn't be roasting right now.

Chuck shrugs his shoulders, sighs.

CHUCK

Guess there just ain't no hope for
a simpleton like me, huh?

Amy finally pulls her eyes away from her window, shoots a look of disdain toward her parents.

AMY

I still don't understand why we
have to drive all the way down
here. Some old bones got dug up. So
what? Who cares?

CHUCK

I mean, I kinda care. Those old bones belonged to my grandparents, so... yeah. There's a little sentimental value there.

Lisa spins around in her seat, glares at Amy.

LISA

Amy Harmon! Why would you say that!?

Amy scoffs, crosses her arms like a bratty child. She turns back to her window, a scowl burned onto her face.

Lisa turns back to the front, shakes her head.

Chuck grabs his wife's hand, squeezes it. Her eyes meet his. They smile at one another.

He mouths the words "It's okay".

Lisa pulls his hand close, kisses it.

Chuck finally releases her hand, adjusts the rearview mirror so that he can see Amy.

CHUCK

Amy, do you remember when we'd go swimming at Grandma and Grandpa's? You guys only went a couple of times, but I remember how much fun you had.

Amy's scowl seems to fade as she thinks of the memory. She's almost about to smile when --

BRANDON HARMON (16), athletic-type with dreamy blue eyes, pops up from behind Amy's seat, startling her. He's also drenched in sweat.

Annoyed, Amy shoots him a dirty look.

AMY

(a whisper)
Retard.

BRANDON

(a whisper)
Slut.

AMY

Dick!

LISA

Amy!

Brandon smirks behind Amy's back.

CHUCK

Alright, enough. Jesus. Can't we just... Enjoy this sweltering heat in peace.

Amy rolls her eyes, looks back out her window.

Brandon climbs out of the trunk area, over the seat, and plops down next to Amy, who does her best to ignore him.

BRANDON

I remember swimming with Gramps. He'd put me on his shoulders and throw me.

Chuck grins and nods.

CHUCK

Yep. Your mom loved that.

Lisa scoffs, switches her makeshift fan to her other hand.

LISA

Brandon wasn't a very good swimmer. And your father wasn't exactly a world-class lifeguard.

Chuck shrugs his shoulders.

CHUCK

Meh. He survived... Anyways, my point is... Those memories you both have... I've got memories just like 'em, with my grandparents. And that's why this trip is important.

Amy scoffs again.

AMY

Whatever. Can I at least have my CD-player back?

LISA

Not. A. Chance. In fact, we still need to get to the bottom of where exactly you got that disgusting disc.

Chuck gives a slight twitch, but plays it off by pretending he has an itch on his neck.

Lisa doesn't seem to notice.

AMY

Marilyn Manson isn't disgusting,
Mom. He's actually a --

BRANDON

Total freak!

Amy gives her brother the side eye as he reaches down to the floorboard, grabs a half-full bottle of water.

He opens it up, takes a swig.

BRANDON

We should definitely stop and get
something to drink. Preferably
something cold.

Without looking away from her window, Amy raises her hand.

AMY

I'll second that.

Chuck glances at the fuel gauge. The dial is just under the quarter-tank mark.

CHUCK

Gonna have to stop for gas here
soon, anyways. We can grab some
drinks then.

He turns the car STEREO back on, switches the station. He grabs the volume dial, turns it way up.

"I Feel You" by Depeche Mode blasts through the speakers.

Brandon leans back in his seat, sighs.

BRANDON

Dude, I'm totally melting here.
When we get home, I'm taking a nap
in the refrigerator. Nobody better
try to stop me.

Amy peers out her window, watches as a flock of birds fly over the passing countryside.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The station wagon continues along the road, drives off into the distance.

The MUSIC continues to thump along as we --

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is jam-packed.

Multiple police and news vehicles are present, along with dozens of other random vehicles.

The MUSIC fades out.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE are huddled at the entrance gate. A DEPUTY (32), scrawny guy with a pencil mustache, stands firm in front of the crowd, keeps them out of the cemetery.

DEPUTY

I need you folks to step back, now.
Ya hear?

Behind the Deputy, a LAB TECHNICIAN (35), uses a white sheet to cover up the corpse displayed on the crucifix tombstone.

A CAMERAMAN (28), struggles to get video footage of the grisly scene, but the Deputy steps in front of his camera, blocks his view.

CAMERAMAN

C'mon, dude! I'm just doing my job here. Give me a break, huh?

DEPUTY

Yeah? Me too. Now step back. I'm not telling you lot again.

The station wagon pulls into the lot, parks beside a rusted-out El Camino.

An OLD MAN, 68, sits on the ground, propped up against the rear wheel of the car. A bottle of whiskey is gripped tightly in his hand.

The Harmon family piles out of the station wagon, stretches off hours of sitting down.

Brandon tosses his empty plastic water bottle at Amy, hits her in the head. She glares at him.

AMY
You're such a scab.

CHUCK
Brandon, quit buggin' your sister.

BRANDON
(sincere)
Yes, sir. Just messin' with you,
Amy.

AMY
Whatever.

Amy and Brandon lean against the back of the station wagon.

Chuck joins Lisa at the front of the vehicle. They glance back at their children.

CHUCK
You two stay put. This won't take
long.

AMY
(sarcastic)
Yes, sir.

Chuck shoots Amy an annoyed look as he and Lisa walk across the lot and approach the Deputy.

Brandon moves closer to Amy, nudges her with his elbow.

BRANDON
What crawled up your ass today? You
on the rag or something?

Amy gives him a look. "Really?"

BRANDON
You really that mad Mom made you
turn your shirt inside out and wash
your make-up off?

AMY
I'm almost eighteen. Practically an
adult. She can't control me
forever.

Brandon scoffs, shakes his head.

BRANDON
Mom's not trying to control you,
Sis. She's just looking out for --

Amy turns away, uninterested. She looks out across the road, at the vast grass field beyond.

BRANDON
(under his breath)
Whatever.

He heads off after his parents, who speak with the Deputy.

Amy stares up at the clouds, lost in thought.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
(slurred)
It's all shit. Ya' know that,
right?...

She looks down at the Old Man, who still sits against the nearby El Camino.

OLD MAN
It's all shit... But no one seems
to notice... If they do notice,
they sure as fuck don't care...

He takes a gulp from his whiskey bottle, winces.

Amy steps closer to the Old Man, holds her hand out.

AMY
Be cool and give me a drink of
that, old timer.

The Old Man shrugs, hands her the bottle.

Amy glances over her shoulder, makes sure that no one's looking. All clear. She takes a quick swig, then gives the bottle back to the Old Man.

OLD MAN
They all laugh...

He coughs, clears his throat, spits on the ground.

OLD MAN
They laugh at me.... A drunk old
fool... But... Heh...

The Old Man laughs.

Amy stares down at the geezer, unsure what to make of him. She takes a step backwards, toward the station wagon.

OLD MAN

They laugh... But... They can't see
the forest for the trees...

He laughs more, coughs again, then peers up at Amy.

OLD MAN

I see it though... I see it...

Amy leans back against the back of the station wagon, looks
away from the Old Man, who continues to laugh.

AMY

(under her breath)
Crazy old bastard.

FADE TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

A decrepit, old killing floor with a rusted, chain-link fence
surrounding the perimeter.

Multiple signs hang from the fence. They read: Private
Property. No Trespassing.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CORRIDOR

Even if it still had electricity, all the lights were broken
long ago. Decades old dried blood spatter adorns the walls.

The echo of approaching FOOTSTEPS grow louder as a faint
gleam of light appears on the wall. Then --

MARY HOOPER (16), with a backpack over a stained sundress,
cautiously proceeds forward with a Zippo lighter.

She's a strange looking girl; pale and thin, with an odd
birthmark on her left cheek. Very fidgety.

She has an old polaroid camera with a clunky flashbulb
attachment draped around her neck.

The flickering light from her flame catches something at the
far end of the hall.

Mary closes the lighter and raises her camera. She snaps a
picture. CRACK! The flash illuminates the entire hallway.

At the far end of the hallway; piles of animal bones.
Thousands of them.

The darkness immediately returns.

Mary lowers the camera. Her mouth hangs open, in awe at what she just saw. Just then --

The soft mewl of a kitten, O.S.

Curious, Mary squats down, holds out her hand.

MARY
(softly, a slight stutter)
Here, kitty. Come here.

A raggedy little orange kitten waddles out of the darkness of the hallway, approaches Mary.

It lets out an adorable meow.

Mary reaches out, scratches behind the kittens ear.

The Kitten purrs.

MARY
So cute. So cute.

Mary smiles.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The narrow road cuts through a vast sea of grassy fields. The bright summer sun beats down on the pavement.

Birds CHIRP.

The station wagon cruises along the secluded road.

CHUCK (V.O.)
I see a color that you don't see
and the color is... Brown.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

Amy lies across the backseat, stares up at the ceiling, bored out of her mind.

AMY
Shit?

LISA
Language!

Chuck hides a grin from his wife.

Brandon sits in the trunk area, leans up against the back seat. He glances around at the mostly brown interior of the station wagon.

BRANDON
The car seats?

CHUCK
Nope. The car is off-limits. You know the rules, Butthead.

AMY
This sucks.

BRANDON
Big balls.

LISA
Enough, you two.

Brandon and Amy exchange quick smirks.

Lisa peers out her window, at the tree line beyond the massive grass field.

LISA
Trees. The trees are brown.

CHUCK
Smart and beautiful.

Lisa blushes.

Chuck reaches out, bangs his fist against the dashboard. The AC suddenly WHIRRS to life.

Amy sits up. Everyone brightens up, all smiles.

AMY
Thank God.

BRANDON
(sarcastic)
Man, I was just starting to get a good sweat going.

Lisa laughs at her son's dumb comment.

AMY
Man, this sucks. This whole trip was nothing but a huge waste of time.

CHUCK

Sorry you feel that way, Princess. But time with the family is never a waste. Not in my book. And, it's nice to know that my grandparents graves haven't been desecrated or anything...

Just then, Chuck's eyes light up.

CHUCK

Hey, check it out! That's the old slaughterhouse.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The station wagon passes by the massive, long-abandoned building. The entire property is in disrepair.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

Brandon and Amy both stare out at the dilapidated building as it passes by.

CHUCK

Ya' know, that's where your great-grandfather used to sell his cattle.

BRANDON

Thank God the windows are up. Imagine the smell.

AMY

That's horrible. How could anyone work at a place like that?

CHUCK

No one works there. Not anymore. Doubt it stinks much, either. It's been shut down for decades.

AMY

Good. Those places are evil.

Chuck scoffs.

CHUCK

It's not evil. That old slaughterhouse was one of the only places around here some people could get work...

BRANDON

You're such a hypocrite, Amy. Quit acting like you don't destroy a bacon cheeseburger every Friday night.

AMY

Screw you, sphincter breath.

Lisa frowns, taken aback by Amy's remark.

LISA

Sphincter breath?

Amy shrugs.

AMY

What? It's accurate.

Chuck laughs.

Lisa shoots her husband a dirty look.

CHUCK

Hey, at least she's creative.

Annoyed, Lisa leans back in her seat, shakes her head.

LISA

(under her breath)

What did I do to deserve this?

Chuck squints, spots something on the road ahead.

CHUCK

Are you serious? What's that girl doing all the way out here?

He slows the station wagon, despite pleas from his family to keep going.

LISA

Chuck, no!

AMY

She's a hitchhiker! No way, Dad!

CHUCK

She's just a kid! We can't just leave her out here. She could have a heat stroke or something.

BRANDON

Oh, she looks weird! Don't stop!

CHUCK
Quit it, Brandon.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The station wagon pulls off to the side of the road, where Mary awaits.

With her backpack slung over her shoulder and her camera draped around her neck, Mary hurries over to the vehicle, hops in the back seat.

After a brief moment, the station wagon drives off.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

Amy sits all the way up against her door, a not-so-subtle attempt to keep her distance from --

Mary, who is seated just beside her. She

Brandon leans up against the back seat, just behind Amy.

BRANDON
(to Amy, a whisper)
Who or what did we just pick up?

Amy doesn't acknowledge her brother.

While driving, Chuck glances back at Mary. He flashes her a warm smile.

CHUCK
Now what is a young lady like you
doing alone all the way out here?

Mary glances up at Chuck, but doesn't make eye contact. She takes a long moment to respond.

MARY
(slurred, quiet)
I was just messing around at the
slaughterhouse.

Lisa frowns.

LISA
The slaughterhouse? What are you
doing in a place like that?

MARY

I love it there. My Pa and my Grandpa used to work there, way back when...

Chuck perks up, interested.

CHUCK

Oh yeah? I was just talking about how my grandfather would sell his cattle there.

AMY

Oh my God, can we not talk about that awful place?

Mary tilts her head, curious.

MARY

Awful? Meat's not awful. It's good!

Amy rolls her eyes, turns back to the window.

AMY

I just don't want to think about what goes in those places. It's horrible.

MARY

It's not horrible, it's necessary. We gotta' eat. Just the way it is. And nothing goes to waste, if that's what you're worried about. Every bit of the animal gets used... The bones, cartilage, tendons... All of it! Nothin' gets wasted.

AMY

Can we please change the subject.

Brandon motions toward the camera around Mary's neck.

BRANDON

What's up with the camera? You a photographer or something?

Excited, Mary grins from ear to ear. She digs through her bag, pulls out some dirty old polaroid pictures.

MARY

I'm an artist! See?

She flashes the photos to Brandon.

ON THE PICTURES: Graphic depictions of roadkill displayed as macabre pieces of art.

MARY

Do you like 'em? They're good, huh?

Despite his best effort, Brandon struggles to contain a look of disgust. He swallows hard.

BRANDON

(sarcastic)

Yeah... They're great.

He briefly makes eye contact with Amy, gives her a look. A warning for her not to look.

Mary flashes the picture to Amy, who waves them off, heeding her brother's warning.

AMY

No thanks. I'm sure they're amazing.

MARY

(aggravated)

Fine. I can take a hint...

The strange girl awkwardly stuffs the pictures back into her bag. She digs around, searches for something else.

MARY

Maybe you'll like this better.

Amy turns to see --

Mary pull a bizarre make-shift crucifix out of her bag.

It's made from two nasty cow rib bones, tied together with twine. Crudely fixed to the crucifix is the corpse of the orange kitten, it's neck broken.

Amy's face twists with disgust as she recoils back up against her door.

AMY

What the fuck!?

Brandon pushes himself back against the trunk door, repulsed by what he's witnessing.

Mary lunges forward, beats the fucked up crucified kitten against Amy's face.

AMY

Hey!? No!

She throws her hands up to defend herself, but Mary's relentless. Amy cries out.

Mary lets out a maniacal giggle as she continues her assault.

Lisa spins around, screams.

LISA

Chuck! Stop the car!

Chuck looks at Mary through the rearview mirror, spots the crucified dead kitten.

CHUCK

Jesus Christ!

He slams on the brakes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The station wagon SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. STATION WAGON - PARKED

Mary presses the crucifix up against Amy's face. The dead kitten's head is practically smashed up against the terrified girl's mouth.

MARY

Taste it, Bitch! Fucking taste it!

Amy opens her mouth to scream, but instead just allows Mary to shove the dead kitten's entire head down her throat.

Mary cackles some more. Totally insane.

Chuck and Lisa spring into action. They spin around in their seats and do their best to push Mary away from their terrified daughter.

LISA

No! Quit it!

MARY

(to Amy)

Taste it!

CHUCK

Get off her!

Brandon's still pressed up against the trunk door, frozen in fear. He just watches as his parents struggle to get the crazed girl off his sister. They aren't having much luck.

LISA
Brandon, help!

Amy lets out a muffled cry. Just then --

Brandon snaps out of it. He rushes forward, punches Mary in the side of the head.

Mary grabs the side of her head, winces in pain.

Brandon cracks her again, harder this time.

Dazed, Mary falls off Amy, who finally pulls the dead kitten's head out of her mouth and gasps for air.

CHUCK
(to Lisa)
Get the door!

Without hesitation, Lisa reaches around her seat and opens the door behind Mary.

LISA
Got it!

CHUCK
(to Amy)
Kick her out! Now!

Amy pulls her legs back, then kicks Mary hard in the face, knocks the crazy bitch out of the vehicle.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Just as Mary falls onto her back on the side of the road --

The station wagon PEELS OUT and speeds away.

Mary sits up, reveals that her nose is broken. Blood drips down her face as she stares off at the speeding station wagon with crazy eyes.

She spits out a glob of blood, giggles.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

Brandon jumps over the seat, does his best to calm his sister, who is in full freak-out mode.

Tears stream down Amy's cheeks as she sobs. Blood drips out of her busted lip.

BRANDON

Relax! Amy! It's alright! It's over!

LISA (O.S.)

Here, use this.

Brandon glances over to see Lisa holding out a handful of napkins. He takes them, then proceeds to wipe the blood from Amy's lips and chin.

BRANDON

It's alright, Amy! She's gone.

Up in front, Chuck wipes his sweaty brow and sighs.

CHUCK

Jesus Christ. What the Hell was that all about? Seriously! What just happened!? Did she really just pull a dead cat out of her bag!? Or am I losin' it, here!?

LISA

It was a dead cat... On a crucifix.

As he continues to clean Amy's bloody lip, Brandon looks to his parents.

BRANDON

A crucifix made out of bones.

CHUCK

Who crucifies a cat!?

Lisa shakes her head, scoffs.

LISA

Life lesson, kids... That is why you never pick up hitchhikers.

Chuck nods in agreement.

CHUCK

Yep. Lesson learned. Lord.

Brandon finishes cleaning off Amy, turns and spots the crucified kitten laying on the floorboard. He reaches down, grabs it.

BRANDON
(under his breath)
This is so... Wrong.

He rolls down the passenger side window, tosses the bizarre object out of the vehicle.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The crucified kitten skitters to a stop on the road as the station wagon speeds off into the distance.

FADE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The small run-down building sits on a gravel lot just off the country road, with just a single gas pump before it.

A large, rusty sign above the front door reads: HOOPER FAMILY'S BBQ AND GAS

Parked between the building and the pump is a motorcycle.

The station wagon drives into the lot, pulls up to the other side of the pump. Just then --

ROGER KAUFMAN (32), a tall, country-strong man wearing a worn cowboy hat, storms out the front door.

He's pissed off.

ROGER
This is bullshit. It's absurd!

Following close behind is ERNEST HOOPER (38), a fat, greasy man with a bushy white mustache and some seriously ridiculous sweat stains.

Ernest wheezes with every breath. He points at Roger with his stubby sausage fingers.

ERNEST
You, sir, are absurd!

Roger stomps towards the motorcycle, stops and faces Ernest. He pulls out a bulky cellphone.

ROGER
My wife and son were here, dammit!
(holds up his cellphone)
And I've got proof!

Ernest crosses his arms and sneers.

ERNEST

You're as crazy as a sun sick mule.
Just move along, now. I don't want
ya' back on my property.
Understood?

Roger stuffs his cellphone back in his pocket, turns and hops on the motorcycle. He glares at Ernest.

ROGER

You haven't seen the last of me.
Understand that.

ERNEST

That a threat? Not smart to
threaten a Texan, know what I mean?

Roger spits on the ground before Ernest, then starts up his motorcycle. The engine ROARS to life.

He speeds off on the motorcycle, kicking up a cloud of dust and gravel behind him.

Ernest watches with beady eyes as Roger drives away.

After a moment, he turns and sees the Harmon family pile out of their vehicle.

Chuck approaches Ernest, reaches out for his hand.

CHUCK

How are you doing, partner?

Ernest greets him with a firm handshake.

ERNEST

Been better. But I'm still kickin'.

CHUCK

I hear that. Hey, do you mind if my
daughter uses your restroom real
fast?

ERNEST

(shrugs)

Sure. It's around back. Have at it.

Chuck looks over to the station wagon, at Amy and Brandon.

CHUCK

Brandon, restroom's around back.
Help your sister get cleaned up,
will you?

Brandon nods, then proceeds to lead Amy around the building and out of view.

Chuck turns back to Ernest.

CHUCK

Tell me you've got something cold
to drink in there.

ERNEST

Oh yeah, sure. Got drinks and the
best BBQ in Texas! Unfortunately...
I'm out of gasoline at the moment.

Lisa steps up beside Chuck. She reads the disappointment on her husband's face.

LISA

What is it? What's wrong?

CHUCK

Outta' gas.

Lisa's face drops.

LISA

Well that bites.

Ernest throws his hands up, attempts to keep everyone calm.

ERNEST

Good news is that I'm expecting a
shipment within the next hour or
so. As long as you folks aren't on
a time crunch or something, I'll
have your tank filled up in just a
couple hours time. Until then, you
folks hungry? I wasn't blowin'
smoke about my BBQ. And I'll give
y'all a discount, on account of the
inconvenience.

Chuck looks to Lisa.

CHUCK

Well, you're the boss. What'll it
be?

Lisa smiles.

INT. GAS STATION - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The small room is dark and dingy. Looks like no one's cleaned up in years. The mirror above the grimy sink is broken.

Flies BUZZ as they fly around the cramped space.

Brandon and Amy stand at the sink.

BRANDON

You know, you kicked the shit out of that psycho. Bet you knocked out some of her teeth. You definitely broke her nose...

While Brandon continues to check her face, Amy stares into the shattered mirror, at their broken reflections.

AMY

God, I fucking hope so.

Brandon moves Amy's hair out of her face.

BRANDON

Amy... I'm sorry I hesitated. I was just so... I mean, that was the craziest --

AMY

It's okay, Bub.

She smiles at her brother, playfully punches his shoulder.

AMY

Thanks for getting that crazy bitch off of me.

Brandon smiles back.

BRANDON

Yeah. Anytime.

FADE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

All cleaned up, Amy leans against the back of the station wagon. She watches as Brandon throws rocks over the country road, into the vast field beyond.

AMY

Why did she do that? Did I do something that pissed her off? Did I say something?

BRANDON

She was just crazy. That's all there is to it, Amy. And crazy never makes sense... That's why it's crazy. Just try to get it out of your head, okay?

Amy goes to respond, but bites her lip.

She turns to the Gas Station, sees Chuck and Lisa exit the front door. They each carry bags full of BBQ and drinks.

LISA

Who's thirsty?

CHUCK

(hold up his bag)
And who wants the best damn BBQ in Texas?

ERNEST (O.S.)

You can say that again!

Behind Chuck and Lisa, Ernest stands in the open front door of the gas station. A big grin is stretched across his face as he motions toward an old picnic table beside the building.

ERNEST

Why don't ya'll just hang out here?
Gas should be along before dark.

Amy and Brandon hop in the back seat of the station wagon, while Lisa gets in the passenger side.

Chuck shoots Ernest a smile as he moves toward the driver's side of the vehicle.

CHUCK

We're actually gonna head over to my grandparents old place. It's over on Henkel Road. That's just a little ways down, right?

Ernest rubs his chin as he thinks. He steps across the gravel lot, closer to the station wagon.

ERNEST

Yeah, yeah I think I know that road. But...

(MORE)

ERNEST (CONT'D)

You nice folks don't wanna go wandering around other people's property. Some folks 'round here like their privacy... And they don't mind letting ya' know it.

Chuck opens the drivers door, but doesn't get in yet. He hands the bag of food over to Lisa in the passenger seat.

CHUCK

Yeah, well... I actually own the place, so...

Ernest's eyes light up.

ERNEST

That right? Still, probably best to just hang around here. Ya' don't wanna run out of gas and get stuck out --

CHUCK

(assertive)

I appreciate your concern, but we'll be just fine. See you in a couple of hours.

Ernest gives a half-hearted wave goodbye as Chuck gets behind the wheel of the station wagon.

ERNEST

I'll be here...

The station wagon starts up, then pulls off the lot.

Ernest watches as the vehicle drives away, a look of concern on his face.

EXT. HENKEL ROAD - DAY

The summer sun beats down on the secluded road, which stretches off into the distance.

It's surrounded by grassy fields on one side and thick woods on the other.

Just then, the station wagon drives into view, cruises along the road.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

With one hand on the wheel, Chuck munches on a piece of BBQ. He practically sucks the meat off the bone.

CHUCK

Mmm. I don't know if it's the best in Texas, but this is some damn good BBQ.

In the passenger seat, Lisa flips through her magazine.

LISA

Says here that NASA actually managed to send a rover to Mars. It's called the...

(struggles)

"Sojourner"... Apparently it's gonna take the first pictures of Mars' surface, and even collect information about the soil, atmosphere, and even the wind. Pretty neat, huh?

CHUCK

Pretty lame. Let me they put a Hooters on Mars. Now that'll get my attention.

Lisa gives Chuck the side eye. He grins.

In the back seat, Brandon chews on a piece of BBQ, enjoying every bite.

Beside him, Amy sips on a bottle of water while she watches the woods pass by through her window, lost in her thoughts.

BRANDON

I think it's pretty cool, Mom.

LISA

Right? Thank you.

CHUCK

(under his breath)

Kiss-ass.

Lisa playfully slaps Chuck in the shoulder.

Chuck reaches over, plants a quick kiss on Lisa's lips.

BRANDON

(to Amy)

You sure you don't want any BBQ?

Without looking away from her window, Amy waves him off.

AMY
Yeah. Positive.

Brandon shrugs.

BRANDON
Your loss.

Up front, Chuck glances at his sulking daughter through the rearview mirror.

CHUCK
You just need to get your mind off
that girl, sweetie. Here, I know...

Chuck turns on the radio, switches the station.

"Walkin' On The Sun" by Smash Mouth PLAYS through the car stereo speakers.

Ecstatic, Chuck's eyes light up. He CRANKS up the volume, starts to bounce to the rhythm of the music.

CHUCK
Ah, yeah! Perfect! This is my jam!

Annoyed, Lisa shakes her head at her husband.

Brandon smirks, gives Amy a playful nudge. Everyone knows what is about to happen.

BRANDON
Here he goes again.

Amy rolls her eyes, hating that she has to endure this.

With one hand on the wheel, Chuck grips his piece of BBQ like a microphone and sings into it. He's surprisingly good.

CHUCK
(singing)
*It ain't no joke, When mama's
handkerchief is soaked, With her
tears because her baby's life has
been revoked, The bond is broke up,
So choke up and focus on the close-
up, Mr. Wizard can't perform no God-
like hocus-pocus!*

Chuck lets go of the wheel, double-fists the BBQ microphone as he belts out the next verse. He gets very animated, practically starts to head bang.

Lisa reaches over and grabs the wheel, keeps the car on the road while her goofball husband does his routine. She remains surprisingly calm while Chuck thrashes about.

This clearly happens way too often.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*So don't sit back, kick back, And
watch the world be bushwhacked,
News at ten, your neighborhood is
under attack, Put away the crack,
before the crack puts you away, You
need to e there when your baby's
old enough to relate!*

Chuck spins around in his seat, points a BBQ sauce covered finger at his daughter as he continues on with the chorus.

Brandon lets out a good belly laugh as he watches his immature father sing his heart out.

Even Amy can't help but smirk, despite her best efforts to keep a straight face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

*So don't delay, act now, supplies
are running out, Allow if you're
still alive, Six to eight years to
arrive, And if you follow, there
may be a tomorrow, But if the
offer's shunned, You might as well
be walking on the sun! You might as
well be walking on the sun!*

Chuck finally takes the wheel back from Lisa, who switches the stereo off, kills the MUSIC.

LISA

You're gonna get us all killed.

Amy shakes her head, red with embarrassment. She glances over at her brother.

AMY

(under her breath)
Our father is retarded.

Brandon grins, nods in agreement.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Parked off on the side of the narrow road is Roger's motorcycle. A few yards away, Roger stands before a vast wheat field.

He holds his bulky cellphone to his ear as he peers out at an old white farmhouse on the other side of the field.

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (scared, cuts in and out)
 P-please help... O-old white
 farmhouse... C-crazy!... Oh God --

BEEP. The message ends. Roger's eyes remain focused on the distant farmhouse as he stuffs his cellphone into his pocket. A worried look spreads across his face.

EXT. HENKEL ROAD - DAY

The station wagon slows and pulls onto a long gravel driveway, which leads into the woods.

AMY (V.O.)
 This is dumb. Can someone please
 tell me why we are coming here?

LISA (V.O.)
 Because your father is a nostalgic
 man child and wants to explore.

CHUCK (V.O.)
 C'mon. Where's your sense of
 adventure? This gonna be great!

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The station wagon pulls to a stop before the dilapidated two story colonial.

All the windows are broken and the roof has partially caved in. It looks like no one's been here for years.

The surrounding yard is completely overgrown with brush and weeds. A couple of large cedar elm trees cast long shadows over the property.

Chuck, Lisa, and Brandon exit the vehicle. Amy opens her door, but remains in her seat.

Lisa looks over the property, unimpressed.

LISA
What a dump.

CHUCK
Yeah... It's definitely seen better days, that's for sure.

BRANDON
How long's it been since anyone's been out here?

CHUCK
Not sure. Twenty... Twenty-five years? Not since Grandpa died.

BRANDON
Cool.

Chuck gives Brandon a dirty look.

BRANDON
Not that Grandpa died!
(motions toward the house)
It's cool that we basically have our own haunted house.

CHUCK
Heh. This place isn't haunted.

Brandon starts for the front door, eager to explore.

BRANDON
Whatever. It looks haunted.

Chuck peers over the property, soaks it in. He nods.

CHUCK
(to himself)
Yeah. I guess it kinda' does.

Lisa notices that Amy is still seated in the back of the station wagon.

LISA
What are you doing, Amy?

AMY
Just dealing with my trauma. That alright with you?

LISA
Amy...

Chuck puts his hand on his wife's shoulder.

CHUCK
(a whisper)
Let's give her some space.

Lisa nods, takes the hint.

Chuck grabs hold of Lisa's hand, leads her toward the front door of the house.

CHUCK
C'mon. You're gonna love this.

As soon they disappear into the house, Amy exits the back seat and moves to the passenger side door.

AMY
Finally.

She reaches through the open window and opens the glovebox, retrieves a portable CD player and headphones.

Amy smirks as she slides the headphones over her ears and turns on the CD player.

Muffled rock music BLASTS through her headphones as she walks off toward the overgrown --

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - BACK YARD

Amy follows a beaten path cutting through the brush, which leads to thick woods beyond the back yard.

INT. HARMON HOUSE - FOYER

The interior is in complete disrepair. Holes litter all the walls. The floor covered in dirt and leaves.

A rickety staircase leads to an upstairs hallway.

Dark shadows fill the space.

FOOTSTEPS creak overhead.

CHUCK (O.S.)
(muffled)
This is the room I'd stay in when I came to visit. Cool, huh?

BRANDON (O.S.)
(muffled, unconvincing)
Yeah. Cool.

Lisa steps into view, looks up the stairs. She waves her rolled up magazine at her sweaty face.

LISA
(to herself)
God, it stinks in here.
(calls upstairs)
You two get down here! You're gonna
fall right through that old floor!

More FOOTSTEPS upstairs, moving away.

Lisa frowns.

LISA
Hey! Are you two listening to me?

No response.

Lisa shakes her head, scoffs.

LISA
(under her breath)
Figures.

She scrunches her nose, recoils.

LISA
Jesus! What is that smell!?

Then, a BUZZING catches her attention. She steps out of the foyer, follows the BUZZING into the --

INT. HARMON HOUSE - DEN

Lisa pinches her nose as she walks into the small, poorly lit room. As she moves forward, the BUZZING grows louder.

She squints as her eyes scan the darkness.

LISA
(calls out)
Hey, Chuck! Get down here! Now!

Soon, her eyes adjust to the darkness and she spots it. Her eyes go wide.

Hidden in shadows, a long-dead horse is propped up in the corner. Hundreds of flies BUZZ as they hover around the grotesque totem.

Lisa covers her mouth with her hand, disgusted. She wretches.

LISA

Oh... God!

Chuck and Brandon rush in behind Lisa, stare in horror at the horse carcass.

Brandon recoils in horror, while Chuck wraps his arms around his wife, who hides her face in his chest.

CLOSE ON maggots buried inside the dead horse's eye-sockets. They wiggle around and crawl over one another. Disgusting.

Chuck turns his head and gags.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and Chuck hurry out the front door, with Brandon close behind. They all retch as they head for the station wagon.

Brandon only manages a few steps before he doubles over and pukes on the ground.

BRANDON

(spits out phlegm)

Oh, man!... I can still taste it in my mouth! Gross!

Chuck can't help but laugh at his son's expense.

Lisa notices that Amy isn't in the station wagon. She turns to her husband, a scowl burned on her face.

LISA

We leave her alone for five minutes and she disappears.

(scoffs)

Why am I not surprised?

CHUCK

Relax. I'm sure she didn't wander off far.

Brandon wipes the bile from his chin, then steps beside his father. He nods in agreement.

BRANDON

She probably just needs some time to herself, know what I mean?

Lisa scoffs again as she walks over and gets in the passenger seat of the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - PARKED

Lisa notices that the glovebox is open and that the CD player is missing. She shakes her head.

LISA
Figures.

EXT. WOODS - BEATEN PATH - DAY

Amy walks along the trail, which cuts through thick brush. Her shirt is now turned back right side out, revealing a crucified Marilyn Manson.

Muffled rock music BLARES from her headphones as she carelessly strolls along the path.

She rounds a cluster of small trees, steps into --

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

The massive back yard looks more like a junkyard. Dozens of vehicles are scattered throughout the yard, creating a sort of maze.

Amy steps out of the woods and into the graveyard of vehicles. She turns off her music, slides the headphones off her ears, and peers out at the vehicles.

Beyond the junkyard, an old white two-story farmhouse stands tall. It's the same house that Roger was scoping out earlier.

A large, rusty generator sits off to the side of the house, HUMS as black smoke billows up from the machinery.

Curious, Amy moves through the metal maze. She looks around at the various vehicles.

A particular 1970's Hippie-van catches her eye.

What looks to be old, dried blood is spattered all over the inside of the windshield.

AMY
(under her breath)
Now that is fucked...

Somewhere in the junkyard, metal CLANKS.

Amy whips her head in the direction of the sound, nervous.

AMY

Hello?

No response.

Cautiously, she moves forward. As she steps past an old rusted out pickup truck --

A large crow flies out of the trunk, scares Amy so much that she stumbles backwards, trips over an old hubcap, falls on her ass.

AMY

Shit. Fuck you, crow.

She pushes herself to her feet, pats the dirt off her jeans.

ROGER (O.S.)

You alright, Miss?

Amy turns to see Roger standing nearby, beside a newer red sedan. She recognizes him from earlier.

A look of concern is spread across Roger's face.

AMY

I'm fine. You... You were at that gas station, arguing with the fat man...

Roger nods.

ROGER

I was. What are you doing out here?

Amy glances back in the direction she came from, at the woods behind her.

AMY

Sorry, I didn't mean to intrude. I was just --

ROGER

Don't worry, Miss. You're not intruding on my property.

Amy frowns, confused.

AMY

What do you mean?

ROGER

My wife and my son disappeared around here... Ten days back.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

The last time we talked, she said she was at that gas station. That fat bastard said he hadn't seen them. But... I could tell he was lying. I could just tell...

AMY

But why are you here?

ROGER

Heather, my wife, she left me a voicemail on my cellular phone, just a few hours after we last talked. She... She was scared. I've heard her like that before... She mentioned a white farmhouse right before the message ended.

He turns to the red sedan, looks through the windows at a child's car seat in the back.

There is a sadness behind his eyes.

ROGER

This is Heather's car.

Amy steps closer, a worried expression on her face.

AMY

I don't understand. What are you saying?

Roger pulls out his cellphone, attempts to call nine-one-one.

No signal.

ROGER

Dammit.

He stuffs the cellphone back into his pocket, looks over at the farmhouse.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

This is a very bad place to be, Miss. It's time for you to go.

He turns back to Amy, dead serious.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You get out of here and go find some help. Get the Sheriff out here, you understand me?

Before Amy can respond, Roger pulls out a revolver and storms off toward the farmhouse.

AMY

Wait! What the Hell are you doing!?

ROGER

(glares at the farmhouse)

I'm going to find my family.

Amy watches as Roger moves out of view.

After one final glance at the farmhouse, she turns around and sprints back into the woods.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Crouched low, Roger hurries alongside the generator, his weapon at his side.

He moves across the overgrown yard, onto the wooden patio.

The patio floor CREAKS beneath his boots as he steps up to the slightly ajar front door.

Besides the pulsating HUM of the generator, the property is dead silent.

A long dirt driveway leads from the house to the BACK ROAD.

Roger peers around, spots a rickety hardwood hanging porch swing surrounded by some weeds and bushes at the edge of the front yard.

His eyes move from the swing to a creepy windchime hanging from the patio roof. It appears to be made out of small animal bones.

Flies BUZZ around the windchime.

ROGER

What is this?

Then, a strained SQUEAL comes from inside the house.

Roger hesitates for a moment, then raises his revolver and pushes the heavy front door open.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Carefully, Roger steps inside.

His attention is immediately drawn to a massive metal sliding door positioned at the opposite end of the foyer. The door is halfway open.

Behind the door, a bleached bull skull hangs on the wall.

Adorning the walls of the foyer are dozens of mounted animal heads. Deer, cows, pigs, horses, even an armadillo.

ROGER
Heather!? Ollie!?

No response.

Roger peers into the room off to his right, the LIVING ROOM.

Bones, feathers, and other trash, cover the rooms hardwood floor. All of the furniture seems to be made from bone.

Roger takes the bizarre sight in, shudders.

ROGER
Jesus Christ...

Another SQUEAL. Louder this time. Closer.

Roger whips his head around, only to meet CLETUS "LEATHERFACE" HOOPER (27), a massive brute of a man wearing a hand-stitched mask made from dried human skin and a blood-stained apron over a pair of dirty overalls.

The face he's wearing appears to be that of a wrinkly old man. Equal parts horrifying and disgusting.

The hulking man towers over Roger, a club hammer raised high above his head.

ROGER
Fuck --

Roger moves to aim his revolver as Leatherface slams the hammer down onto the base of his skull.

His forehead caves inward with a sickening CRUNCH.

As his body seizes up, his finger squeezes the revolver's trigger. BOOM! Fires a round off into the wall.

Leatherface lets out another squeal as Roger collapses to the floor and twitches uncontrollably. His feet repeatedly BANG against the hardwood floor.

Blood pours out Roger's nose and ears as he spasms.

Frightened, Leatherface continues to squeal as he grabs hold of Roger's legs and drags him to the end of the foyer, past the metal door.

Then, Leatherface drops the still twitching man's legs, turns, and pulls the massive door shut with a loud metallic CLANK. It almost sounds like THUNDER.

EXT. WOODS - BEATEN PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Amy stands motionless on the trail, stares off into the woods and listens.

She looks nervous. Then --

A hand claps down on her shoulder, startles her. She spins around to see Brandon grinning at her.

BRANDON

Mom's pissed at you. Kiss the rest
of your summer goodbye.

Brandon notices how worried his sister looks. His grin quickly fades to a concerned frown.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Amy? Hey, what's wrong? Are you
alright?

CHUCK (O.S.)

Good. You found her.

Amy and Brandon turn to see Chuck approaching. He is very sweaty and out of breath.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What was that? Sounded like a gun.

AMY

We need to get out of here right
now.

Chuck frowns.

CHUCK

Why? What's going on?

AMY

Something very bad.

CHUCK

That's vague.

AMY

The man we saw back at that gas station... The cowboy on the bike...

BRANDON

Yeah? What about him?

AMY

There's a house just over there...

She points off in the direction she just came from.

AMY (CONT'D)

The back yard looks like a junkyard. It's weird. Super creepy. I saw... Blood... I think something really bad happened there...

Chuck and Brandon exchange looks of skepticism.

Amy notices.

AMY (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

The cowboy was there! He found his wife's car! He asked me to get help! We have to get the Sheriff! You have to believe me! We have to go --

Chucks grabs her by the shoulders, attempts to calm her.

CHUCK

Alright, alright! Calm down. Breathe. Now... Where is this house?

Amy shakes her head.

AMY

No. No, no, no. Let's just go and get the police!

CHUCK

I'm just gonna take a quick look. No one will even know I'm there.

AMY

No! Seriously, Dad. Let's get out of here. The police can deal with it.

CHUCK

I'm not getting the police out here unless I'm certain there's a need for 'em. Is the house back that way?

He points to the woods behind Amy.

Frustrated, Amy rolls her eyes and sighs.

AMY

Just follow the trail. It'll lead you right there.

Chuck looks to Brandon.

CHUCK

You help your sister get back to the car, and let your mother know that I'll be right back.

BRANDON

No way. I'm coming with you.

AMY

I'm not helpless. I can get back to the car on my own.

Chuck takes a deep breath.

CHUCK

(to Amy)

Fine. You head straight to the car and stay put. Got it?

(to Brandon)

You. Stay behind me and keep quiet.

Brandon smirks as he nods.

BRANDON

Yes, sir.

Amy steps past her father and brother, starts down the trail.

AMY

Just, please hurry. I wanna get out of here as soon as possible.

Chuck and Brandon watch as Amy disappears from view, then they turn and hurry off in the opposite direction.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Lisa sits in the passenger seat of the station wagon, which is still parked in front of the dilapidated house.

Her car door hangs wide open.

She fans herself with her magazine, but it's hopeless. The heat is too much.

Lisa leans her head back against the headrest, closes her eyes, and groans. The woman is absolutely miserable.

Amy runs out from behind the house, hurries over to the station wagon.

Lisa stares daggers at her, but doesn't say a word.

Amy doesn't seem to care. She hands her CD player and headphones to her mother, who proceeds to stuff them back into the glovebox.

AMY

Be mad at me if you want. But I'm pretty sure something very bad is happening over at the neighbor's house.

LISA

What are you talking about? And where's Brandon and your idiot father?

Amy gives her a look. "You really have to ask?"

AMY

You already know Dad just had to check it out.

Lisa shakes her head, sneers.

LISA

Figures.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD - DUSK

Chuck tiptoes past the generator, quickly moves toward the front door.

Brandon follows close behind. He stays low to the ground as he moves.

BRANDON

(hushed)

I thought you said you were just gonna take a look. What are we doing, Dad?

CHUCK

(hushed)

Gonna get a good look. You get out of sight.

Brandon frowns, then ducks behind a nearby bush.

He peeks around the bush, has a good view of his father as he steps onto the wooden patio.

BRANDON

(under his breath)

This seems like a really dumb idea.

The patio floor CREAKS under Chuck's weight as he steps up to the closed front door.

He moves to a window beside the door, but filthy curtains block the view inside.

Chuck glances around, spots the bone windchime, gives the odd ornament a dirty look.

Brandon continues to watch from behind the bush. He taps his fingers along his legs, anxious.

Then, a crow CAWS.

Brandon turns to see a large crow perched upon the wooden porch swing a few feet away.

With beady black eyes, the bird glares down at the young man.

It CAWS again. Ominous.

After staring at the crow for another moment, Brandon looks back to the farmhouse --

Only to see that Chuck has disappeared and the front door is now hanging wide open.

BRANDON

What the Hell?

Wide-eyed, Brandon emerges from behind the bush and slowly approaches the farmhouse. He steps up onto the wooden patio, peeks inside the open door.

BRANDON

Dad?

No response.

Brandon exhales a nervous breath, clenches his fist, then enters the --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Standing at the front door, Brandon looks around, spots the large metal door at the other end of the foyer.

It's shut tight.

Brandon's eyes move from the door to the stuffed animal heads on the wall.

A look of disgust spreads across his face.

BRANDON

(hushed)

Dad?

He turns to the open doorway on his right, steps into --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

As Brandon wanders into the grotesquely decorated room, he trips over a metal bucket and falls face first onto the feather and chicken shit covered floor.

He pushes himself to his knees, spits out feathers.

Slowly, he realizes all of the furniture seems to be made out of human bones and tanned leather.

All the color fades from his face as he wretches and forces himself back to his feet.

He stumbles back into the --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

As Brandon rushes for the front door, the metal door at the back of the foyer slides open and Leatherface, still wearing his old man mask, sprints out after him.

One look at Leatherface is all Brandon needs to find another gear. He runs out the front door --

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Brandon moves too fast, trips over his own feet and tumbles down the wooden patio stairs. He groans in pain.

Leatherface is on him like a fly on shit, squealing like an excited hog as he pounces on the young man.

As Brandon attempts to get back to his feet, Leatherface stomps down on his back, knocking him back to the ground.

Before Brandon can recover, Leatherface picks him up as if he weighed nothing, then throws the breathless young man over his shoulder.

BRANDON
(struggles to breathe)
Stop... No...

Brandon thrashes about in a desperate attempt to get free, but Leatherface's grip is too tight. He finally manages to cry out.

BRANDON
Help me!

Leatherface carries the terrified young man kicking and screaming into the --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Brandon hopelessly grabs for anything he can get a grasp on as Leatherface lugs him through the foyer, past the staircase, through the open metal door and back into the --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

The large room is extremely cluttered and beyond filthy. Grease, grime, and blood, appears to be caked on every surface. It's a Health Inspector's worst nightmare.

Leatherface carries the screaming Brandon past a large island in the center of the room.

On the island lies Roger's naked corpse. His right arm has been severed. Beside his pale white body rests a bloody Homelite XL-925 chainsaw.

Brandon's eyes go wide at the grisly sight. He bangs his fists against Leatherface's back, but it's no use.

BRANDON

Wait! Stop! Let me go! Hey, get the fuck off me!

Leatherface ignores the young man's panicked cries, moves to the back wall of the kitchen where Chuck hangs off the ground, impaled in the back with a meat hook.

Chuck twitches as he dangles on the hook. His head is bashed in just above his left eye. Blood drips down his spasming legs and down into a tin bucket placed under his feet.

Beside Chuck, three more meat hooks hang from the same metal support beam. Each meat hook has it's own tin bucket placed underneath it.

Brandon catches a quick glimpse of his convulsing father and cries out in horror.

BRANDON

Dad? Dad!?

Leatherface heaves the young man up, then proceeds to drop him on the hook right next to Chuck. All of his weight falls on the hook, which stabs deep into his back.

Brandon stiffens up and howls out, in absolute agony.

He trembles as he attempts to reach out for his dying father, but he's too far away.

BRANDON

Dad!? Please!

Blood drips down Brandon's legs and into the tin bucket beneath him.

While the young man continues to wail, Leatherface steps over to the island and picks up the chainsaw.

With a yank of the start-up cord, the chainsaw REVS to life.

Tears stream down Brandon's face while he watches as Leatherface saws Roger's head clean off.

Roger's decapitated head bounces off the dirty floor with a sick THUD.

Leatherface moves around the island, goes to work sawing off Roger's legs.

All Brandon can do is hang on the meat hook and watch in horror while Roger's corpse is dismembered before him.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM CLOSET

It's nearly pitch black. A stream of light pours through a keyhole on the closet door. The light reveals --

Ollie hidden in the shadows, huddled up in the corner of the cramped space. He hugs his arms, trembles with fear.

From deeper in the house, the chainsaw REVS up again as Brandon continues to SCREAM.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

The neglected farmhouse bakes in the sweltering summer heat.

Behind the farmhouse, the sun sets on the horizon.

FADE TO:

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

High above the house, a full moon peeks out from behind thick clouds in the sky.

The station wagon is still parked out in front of the house.

Lisa sits on the hood of the vehicle, still fanning herself off with her makeshift fan.

LISA

Is it just me, or is it actually hotter out here at night? Lord.

Amy stands off beside the station wagon, her nervous eyes constantly scanning the surrounding area.

Nothing but dark shadows.

LISA

Hey, Amy. About earlier... I'm sorry about what happened... With that hitchhiker. That never should have happened to you... I shouldn't have let your father --

AMY

(focused on the woods)
It's okay, Mom. That wasn't your fault. And we can't blame Dad...

Amy turns to her Mom, cracks a grin.

AMY

Like he always says... Can't give a monkey a gun and then get mad when he eats the bullets.

Lisa laughs.

LISA

God, your father has some of the weirdest sayings.

AMY

Yeah, he does.

Amy turns back to the woods. Her smile fades.

AMY

(under her breath)

They should have been back by now.

Lisa leans her head back and stares up at the moon. She takes a deep breath, lets out an annoyed groan.

LISA

When your father gets back... I'm going to kill him. And I'm gonna do it real slow.

Amy looks off past the house, at the dark woods behind it.

AMY

This isn't right. Something's wrong, Mom.

She turns, faces her mother.

AMY (CONT'D)

I just know it.

Lisa groans again as she slides off the hood. She moves around to the back of the vehicle and opens the trunk.

Amy follows behind her, curious.

AMY

What are you doing?

Lisa rummages through the trunk, searches for something.

LISA

Well, in case you haven't noticed, it's very dark out.

She pulls out a bulky flashlight, switches it on.

LISA (CONT'D)
We're gonna need this if we're
gonna go find them.

Amy crosses her arms and shakes her head.

AMY
No way. I'm not going back there.

LISA
Fine. Stay here with the car. I'll
go find them.

Lisa steps past Amy, heads for the backyard.

Frustrated, Amy follows after her mother.

AMY
Have you just been ignoring me?

LISA
I tune in and out.

Amy grunts, annoyed.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - BEATEN PATH - NIGHT

Using the flashlight to guide her way, Lisa leads her
reluctant daughter along the trail.

Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS.

The flashlight's beam of light bounces along the path as they
move through the darkness.

LISA
(calls out)
Chuck! Brandon!

Amy follows close behind her mother. Her nervous eyes dart
back and forth, scanning the woods.

All she sees are a bunch of twisted shadows.

AMY
Let's head back...

LISA
Can it, Amy.

AMY
I'm serious, Mom. Something isn't
right here --

LISA
I said can it.

Amy bites her lip, frustrated.

They press on.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - BEATEN PATH - LATER

Lisa continues to lead her nervous daughter along the trail.

AMY
Dad!

LISA
Brandon!

Amy looks up past the tree tops, at the bright full moon up
in the night sky.

AMY
Mom, I've got a really bad --

Somewhere in the woods, a branch SNAPS.

Both Lisa and Amy stop in their tracks.

Using the flashlight, Lisa searches the immediate area.

Frightened, Amy huddles up behind her mother.

AMY
(hushed)
Let's get out of here. Please!

Lisa ignores her daughter, continues to search the woods with
her flashlight.

Nothing but trees and bushes.

LISA
(calls out, desperate)
Chuck! Brandon! Where are you!?

No response.

A look of concern spreads across Lisa's face. She faces Amy, who looks like she's gonna piss herself.

LISA
This's the right way, right?

AMY
I'm positive.

LISA
We're gonna search just a little longer, then we're gonna head back and go get some help, okay?

Amy exhales, attempts to put on a brave face.

AMY
Yeah. Okay.

Lisa smiles warmly at her daughter.

LISA
Hey. Everything's gonna be --

Another twig SNAPS, much closer this time.

LISA (CONT'D)
What's that?

Lisa shines her flashlight as she turns and sees --

Leatherface, now wearing a young Hispanic man's stitched-up face as a mask, chainsaw in hand. Haunting.

He REVS up his chainsaw and lunges at Lisa.

Absolutely horrified, Lisa drops her flashlight to the ground and throws her arms up to defend herself.

Leatherface buries the chainsaw into Lisa's collarbone. He REVS up the power tool, saws deeper into the screaming woman.

Chunks of flesh, muscle, and bone, fly into the air.

Blood spatters all over Amy and the surrounding bushes.

Wide-eyed, Amy grabs her hair as she screams out in terror.

AMY
(hysterical)
No! No! Stop it!

Lisa's screams turn into a choked gurgle as Leatherface continues his brutal assault.

A few drops of blood land on the flashlight, which turns the yellow light it projects to a dark red.

Unable to bare any more, Amy sprints off the trail and disappears into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - THICK BRUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Amy's shoes pound against the ground as she runs as fast as she can. Tears stream down her face as she screams out.

The chainsaw REVS up in the woods behind her.

Amy dares to peak over her shoulder. She doesn't like what she sees.

About twenty yards back, Leatherface is giving chase, his bloody chainsaw gripped in his hands.

Low hanging branches claw and scrape at Amy as she blindly runs farther into the woods.

Behind her, a glint of moonlight gleams off Leatherface's chainsaw. He's gaining ground fast.

Leatherface squeals as he closes in on his prey. He's only about ten yards behind her now.

Amy takes a sharp turn, runs straight through a thorn bush.

She cries out in pain as the thorns scratch and tear at her clothes and skin.

With a head full of steam, she barrels through the bush and falls down a steep --

EXT. WOODS - HILLSIDE

Amy careens down the incline, smashes her shoulder into a tree stump.

She bounces off the stump, spins awkwardly, then falls backwards down the rest of the hill.

Above her, Leatherface shuffles down the hill as quickly as he's able to, the chainsaw IDLES as he descends.

EXT. WOODS

Amy finally rolls to a stop on her stomach. She grits her teeth and winces in pain.

The chainsaw REVS up from the darkness above her.

AMY
(to herself)
Get up!

She pushes herself to her feet, dashes off into the darkness.

A few moments pass, then --

Leatherface reaches the bottom of the hill, looks around for Amy. No sign of her anywhere.

Frustrated, Leatherface swings the chainsaw around wildly. Like a kid throwing a temper-tantrum.

He squeals as he saws into a thick tree.

Sawdust kicks into the air, all over Leatherface. He lets out another squeal.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Amy runs out of the tree line and right into the front yard. She turns, faces the woods she just escaped from.

From deeper in the woods, the chainsaw REVS up as Leatherface continues his assault on the tree.

Amy turns back to the farmhouse, recognizes it from before. Her face drops.

The chainsaw REVS up again. Louder this time. He's coming.

AMY
Shit!

She books it across the front yard, practically jumps up the patio steps, pushes the front door open, rushes inside and SLAMS it shut behind her.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Amy slides the dead bolt home, locks the front door shut.

AMY
(to herself)
Breathe... Calm down... Breathe...

She sucks air, attempts to slow her breathing.

AMY (CONT'D)
Think... What do I do?

The reverberating RUMBLE of the chainsaw outside grows louder and louder.

Amy pushes herself away from the front door, moves past the wall of mounted animal heads as she moves toward the back of the Foyer.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Amy hurries into the filthy room, looks around in disgust.

There is blood everywhere, but no bodies.

She spots a sharp chef's knife on the blood-caked counter, runs over and picks it up.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - WOODEN PATIO

With the chainsaw still RUMBLING, Leatherface steps up to the front door. He grabs the handle, turns it.

The door is locked.

Leatherface growls in anger.

He REVS up the chainsaw, then thrusts it into the front door.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Gripping the chef's knife tight, Amy whips her head in the direction of the foyer, where the chainsaw REVS and BUZZES.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

The chainsaw cuts through the wooden front door. It's not gonna hold for long.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Amy turns, spots the back door just a few yards away. She moves for it when --

BANG! BANG! A rapid BANGING SOUND comes from a large storage freezer against the far wall.

Amy freezes in her tracks, stares at the freezer.

BRANDON (O.S.)
(muffled, terrified)
Let me the fuck out of here!

Her eyes go wide.

AMY
Brandon!?

BRANDON (O.S.)
Amy!? Oh, thank God! Please! Get me
out of this fucking thing!

Amy runs over to the freezer, unlatches the lid's lock. She lifts the lid and Brandon practically jumps into her arms.

The chainsaw continues to REV and BUZZ at the front door.

Brandon shakes uncontrollably, his skin practically blue. He's so cold that his muscles are barely functioning.

There's a bloody stab wound on his back.

BRANDON
W-where is he!? The big guy with
the mask... Amy... He killed Dad!

Amy fights back tears as she helps her brother out of the freezer. She puts her arm under his to help keep him upright.

AMY
He killed Mom too...

BRANDON
No... Shit...

Amy snuffles as she leads Brandon toward the back door.

AMY
None of that matters right now. We
have to get to the car, got it?

Brandon trembles as he nods his head.

BRANDON
G-got it.

They reach the back door, push it open and run straight out into the --

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Amy runs as fast as she's able while practically dragging her sluggish brother behind her.

AMY
Shit! We need the keys!

BRANDON
Y-yeah? Well, where are they?

She shoots Brandon a quick look of sadness.

AMY
Mom has them.

The look on his face says it all. "Shit."

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Leatherface finally BURSTS through the front door, chainsaw RUMBLING in his hand.

He lets out an angry squeal as he charges toward the kitchen.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Amy and Brandon both hear the chainsaw's terrifying RUMBLE growing louder.

BRANDON
Oh, God... He's coming!

AMY
Run!

They run into the maze of vehicles.

Brandon struggles to keep his legs moving. He stumbles, but catches himself.

BRANDON
I c-cant... I can't do this...

AMY
You have to!

BRANDON
My legs... I can barely move them...

Amy whips her head around, spots a rusty old Mustang nearby.

AMY
I've got an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Leatherface slowly stalks the vehicle graveyard, the chainsaw RUMBLING in his hands.

He comes to a stop, shuts off his chainsaw, and slowly scans the junkyard.

An eerie silence fills the space.

The hulking man grunts as he steps beside the old Mustang.

INT. OLD MUSTANG - TRUNK

Brandon lies huddled up in the cramped, dark space.

He shivers as he grips a crowbar in his shaky hands.

The trunk lid is barely cracked open, just enough for Brandon to see Leatherface standing right outside.

He squeezes the crowbar tight, ready to defend himself.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Leatherface stands before the trunk. He scans the yard for any sign of movement.

Nothing. Just a whole lot of abandoned vehicles.

TINK! Leatherface turns, peers down at the trunk. He starts up the chainsaw, REVS it up.

Shoes tiptoe along as Amy creeps up behind Leatherface. She clutches the chef's knife in her hand, prepares to attack.

As Leatherface gets ready to assault the trunk, he catches a glimpse of movement in the reflection of the Mustang's cracked rear windshield. His eyes narrow.

Amy raises her blade when --

Leatherface spins around and kicks her hard in the gut.

Amy drops her blade and crumples to the ground. She holds her stomach as she gasps for air.

Leatherface REVS the chainsaw, slowly inches the blade towards Amy.

Behind the chainsaw wielding maniac, the Mustang's trunk pops open and Brandon climbs out. He charges up behind Leatherface and CRACKS the tire iron against the back of his head.

As he stumbles, Leatherface releases a frightened squeal. He drops his chainsaw to the ground as he grabs at the back of his head.

Brandon hammers the tire iron down against Leatherface's leg, drops him to his knees.

Amy COUGHS as she slowly pushes herself off the ground.

With a furrowed brow, Brandon steps in front of the dazed and kneeling Leatherface.

He raises the tire iron high for a final blow.

BRANDON

This is for killing our parents,
you sick fuck!

Brandon slams the tire iron down and --

Leatherface grabs his wrist and stops the attack. He tightens his grip around Brandon's wrist, BREAKS the bone. CRACK!

Brandon cries out as Leatherface grabs hold of him, spins him around and tosses him ass-first into the Mustang's trunk.

Amy finally manages to get to her feet. She watches in horror as Leatherface picks up his chainsaw.

AMY

No! Don't!

Leatherface approaches Brandon, readies his chainsaw.

BRANDON

(to Amy)
Run! Go now!

Pure terror falls across Brandon's face as he raises his arms in a desperate attempt to defend himself.

Leatherface thrusts his chainsaw into the horrified teenager.

Brandon screams out in agony as the chainsaw rips through his arms and torso.

BRANDON
(choking on blood)
Run, Amy! Run away!

Blood, guts, and severed limbs fly all over Leatherface as he continues his brutal assault. He squeals with joy.

Amy CRIES out in horror while she watches her brother get sawed into pieces.

She turns, runs past various abandoned vehicles, and disappears into the woods beyond the backyard.

Leatherface lets off the gas, the chainsaw's engine IDLES. He turns, faces the woods Amy just ran into.

Angry eyes glare out from behind his blood-spattered skin mask. He grunts, then charges forward, REVS up his chainsaw.

EXT. WOODS - BEATEN PATH

A disgusting pile of meat, flesh, and bones sits on the trail. It's Lisa's remains.

FOOTSTEPS quickly approach just before --

Amy runs around a bend in the trail. Tears stain her cheeks under her bloodshot eyes.

She slows as she approaches Lisa's decimated corpse.

AMY
Mom...

Amy covers her mouth and wretches as she kneels beside her mother's remains.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry...

From deeper in the woods, the reverberating RUMBLE of the distant chainsaw grows LOUDER.

Amy gives a quick glance over her shoulder, then turns back and plunges her hands into the pile of gore before her.

She sobs as she digs through the blood and guts.

The chainsaw REVS up from the darkness behind her. He's very close by.

Amy sweats profusely as she continues her frantic search. Just then --

Something JINGLES in the gore.

She pulls the car-keys out of her mother's remains, holds them up before her. There's a look of hope in her eyes.

Moonlight glints off the blood-drenched keys.

Amy stands just as --

Leatherface charges around the bend in the trail, sprints toward her while REVVING UP his infamous weapon.

Without missing a beat, Amy spins around and runs along the trail in the opposite direction.

CLOSE ON her bloodshot eyes as she runs for her life.

Behind her, Leatherface starts to slow. He breathes heavy as he attempts to keep pace with the terrified girl.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Besides the RUMBLE of the distant chainsaw, all is calm and quiet at the Harmon House.

The station wagon remains parked out front.

Amy runs out from the shadows behind the house, hurries over to the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - PARKED

Amy jumps behind the drivers seat, attempts to puts the keys into the ignition, but drops them down to the floor board.

AMY

Shit!

She bends down, reaches for the keys, grabs them and then finally puts them in the ignition.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD

The station wagon's engine TURNS OVER, then the vehicle kicks up dirt and gravel as it speeds down the driveway, towards the secluded road. Just then --

Leatherface emerges from the bushes beside the driveway and drags his chainsaw along the passenger side of the vehicle.

Sparks fly into the air as the chainsaw tears through the side paneling and the front right wheel.

The tire EXPLODES.

INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING

Amy loses control of the wheel. She screams out as she braces for impact.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - FRONT YARD

The station wagon veers off the driveway, SMASHES head on into a large tree.

Smoke billows up from underneath the crunched hood.

A few moments pass, then --

The driver's side door opens and Amy stumbles out. A gash on her forehead drips blood.

She grunts in pain as she steps away from the wreckage. As her wobbly legs carry her forward, she looks over and sees --

Leatherface standing motionless in the driveway, about twenty yards away. The chainsaw IDLES at his side.

His angry eyes stare right back at Amy. He lets out a guttural growl.

Amy's face twists with anger. She spits a glob of blood in Leatherface's direction.

AMY

Yeah? Fuck you too!

Leatherface replies by REVVING up his chainsaw and sprinting right toward her.

Amy turns and runs across the overgrown lawn. Exhausted, she wheezes as she pushes forward.

Leatherface quickly closes the distance between himself and his would-be victim. He's only a few feet behind her now.

Amy reaches the front door of the house, rushes into the --

INT. HARMON HOUSE - FOYER

She quickly moves up the stairs, Leatherface right behind her every step of the way.

The chainsaw BUZZES and RUMBLES in the madman's hands.

Amy reaches the top of the steps and --

INT. HARMON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

She runs down the dark hall, toward a partially broken window at the back of the house.

Leatherface is right behind Amy. He lashes out with the chainsaw, grazes her shoulder. Blood squirts out.

Amy cries out as she stumbles forward and nearly falls down, but she's able to maintain her balance. She lunges for the window and SMASHES through it.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE - BACK YARD

Amy falls from the second story window, lands on the overgrown yard below with a loud THUD.

For a few seconds, she remains still. Then --

She gasps for air as she rolls over on her back.

Leatherface stands at the broken second-story window and glares down at her. He lets out an angry squeal, then moves out of view.

Amy groans in pain as she forces herself to her feet.

AMY
(to herself, exhausted)
Move... You can't give up now...

She stumbles forward, moves toward the woods beyond the backyard. Every step seems to take everything she's got.

AMY
Keep moving.

Amy seems to gain a burst of energy, picks up her pace, runs into the woods and out of view.

A few moments pass, then --

Leatherface rushes out of the backdoor like a bat out of Hell. He REVS his chainsaw as he races into the woods and chases after Amy.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The full moon shines bright behind fast-moving clouds.

From the shadowy woods below, a chainsaw RUMBLES and BUZZES.

Shoes pound the dirt as Amy runs through the wooded area.

Sweat drips out of every pore of the battered young woman's body as she forces herself to press forward.

About twenty yards back, an equally exhausted Leatherface chases after her.

He wheezes with every step he takes.

They run deeper and deeper into the sea of trees.

Leatherface slowly but surely closes the distance between him and his fleeing victim.

Just then, passing headlights shine over Amy and the surrounding woods. Her eyes light up, a glimmer of hope.

She turns toward the headlights, runs as fast as she can.

AMY
Oh God... Help me!

EXT. BACK ROAD

A rusted out pick-up truck cruises along, then --

Amy runs out of the tree line and right into the middle of the road.

She frantically waves her arms and screams.

AMY
Stop! Please, help me!

The truck brakes hard, nearly hits Amy, but swerves out of the way and just misses her.

The vehicle SCREECHES to a stop.

Without missing a beat, Amy rushes over, opens the passenger side door, and jumps inside the truck.

The truck speeds away.

A few moments pass, then --

Leatherface stumbles out of the tree line and into the road. He spots the truck's taillights fading away in the distance.

In a fit of rage, he REVS up the chainsaw and swings it around in the air. Like a child throwing a fit.

He lets out a frustrated squeal as he continues to flail around in the road.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - TRAVELING

In the passenger seat, Amy laughs hysterically as she watches Leatherface grow smaller and smaller in the rearview mirror.

Behind the wheel, Ernest gives the bloodied and battered woman a concerned look, unsure what to make of her.

ERNEST

Jesus... What and the holy fuck
happened to you, Miss?

Amy finally peels her eyes from the rearview mirror, meets Ernest's curious gaze.

She goes to speak, but instead she just bursts into tears.

AMY

(hysterical)

Thank you so much! You saved my
life! Thank you, thank you, thank
you! Oh, God --

ERNEST

Now, now. Calm down, Miss. You're
safe now. Everything is okay.

AMY

No! No... He killed them. He killed
them all! He...

She continues to sob.

Ernest shakes his head in disbelief.

ERNEST
(under his breath)
Stupid bitch had one job...

Amy stares at Ernest. She heard him.

He chuckles.

ERNEST
Not you. Sorry. Heh. My good for
nothin' daughter. She's supposed to
keep an eye on him...

Amy tenses up, presses herself against her door.

AMY
Him?

Ernest looks at her, a slight smirk on his face.

ERNEST
I'm sorry, Miss. Truly, I am. I
tried to warn your father, but...

Amy's eyes go wide. She reaches for her door handle, but it
doesn't work.

Ernest presses on the brake, slows the truck, pulls over on
to the side of the road. He puts the truck in park, then
turns and stares at Amy.

ERNEST
(re: the door handle)
Been meaning to fix that.

Amy trembles with fear.

AMY
Please... Don't --

Ernest punches her square in the face, busting her nose wide
open. Before she can even react, he follows up with a brutal
hook to the side of her head.

Amy whimpers as Ernest proceeds to pummel her with punches.
He beats the poor girl senseless.

AMY
(struggles)
S-stop --

Ernest CRACKS her in the jaw with a fierce jab.

Amy slumps back in her seat, unconscious.

Ernest hoots and hollers as he pounds his chest.

ERNEST
That's right! That's what you get!

EXT. BACK ROAD

The truck pulls back onto the road, drives along for about a hundred yards, then turns onto a long dirt driveway, which leads to the --

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

The truck rocks back and forth as it crawls along.

Up ahead on the driveway, the truck's headlights shine on Mary, who makes her way toward the house.

As soon as she sees the light, she picks up her pace from a casual walk to a hurried jog.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - TRAVELING

Ernest stares daggers at Mary through the windshield.

ERNEST
(under his breath)
You dumb bitch.

Amy grunts and mutters.

Ernest grabs her by the hair on the top of her scalp, lifts her busted face up.

She's still out cold.

He chuckles, lets her head drop back down.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Mary skittishly approaches the pick-up truck as it parks beside the house.

She gets excited at the sight of Amy in the passenger seat, practically jumps up and down.

MARY
You got her! Oh, man! No Way!

Ernest steps out of the pick-up truck, glares at Mary.

MARY

I saw her today! On the road! I
can't believe you actually...

Mary notices the death stare that her father is giving her.

She lowers her head and goes silent.

Ernest just stares at her, his face beet red with anger. He
rubs his bloody knuckles.

ERNEST

This is all your fault.

Mary flinches.

ERNEST

You had one job...

MARY

I can't just stay here all day and
watch over --

ERNEST

One job!

(beat, calm)

Just... Keep an eye on your uncle.
A simple job. And you can't even do
that right. Typical woman. Heh.
Useless.

This stings Mary, but she keeps quiet.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

And don't think I don't know what
you've been out there doing! It's
all over the radio!

Mary looks down at her feet, afraid to make eye contact with
her father.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Graves getting dug up! Parts gone
missing! What in the Hell are you
thinking!?

MARY

I was just... Expressing myself.

Ernest scoffs, then motions toward the pick-up truck.

ERNEST

Get this bitch inside. Put her at the table. She'll be our guest tonight.

As Mary opens the passenger side door and struggles with Amy, Ernest walks over to the front patio.

His eyes go wide at the sight of the sawed-up front door.

He turns to the Mary, dramatically gestures toward the front door.

ERNEST

Look what your uncle did to the door! Her ruined it! Goddammit!

Ernest angrily shakes his head as he walks into the house.

Mary continues to struggle while carrying Amy over to the front door.

MARY

Dumb bitch... You'd be a lot easier to carry if you didn't have any legs...

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

On the stove, a pot of what looks like the grossest beef-stew ever bubbles up over the top.

Ernest enters through the Foyer, glances around in disgust.

He moves over to the stove, switches off the burner.

Something on the counter catches Ernest's eye.

It's Roger's revolver. Ernest grabs the gun, checks it. Still has five rounds left.

ERNEST

Nice!

He smirks as he slides the revolver into his waistband.

The back door opens and Leatherface steps inside, still holding his chainsaw. The engine is shut off.

ERNEST

You! You damn fool!

Enraged, Ernest reaches into the grimy sink, grabs a plate, and flings it at the chainsaw-wielding maniac.

The plate misses him by mere inches, SHATTERS against the wall beside him.

Leatherface slumps his shoulders and whimpers.

He slowly shuffles forward and sets his chainsaw down on the blood-caked kitchen counter.

ERNEST

I can't believe you almost let one
get away! What would you have done
if I weren't there!? Did any of the
others get away!?

Leatherface frantically shakes his head and squeals as he gestures toward the freezer unit on the far side of the room.

Ernest raises his hand high, threatens to strike.

Leatherface flinches, afraid.

ERNEST

You're sure!?

The terrified masked-killer nods his head as he cowers before his brother.

After he takes a brief moment to catch his breath, Ernest nods toward the bubbling pot on the stove.

He flips a switch, goes red with anger once more.

ERNEST

Ya' left the stove on! Ya' damn
fool!

(motions toward the front
of the house)

And ya' ruined the door!

Leatherface throws his hands up, begging for forgiveness.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Billions of stars dot the night sky overhead.

Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS. It's almost peaceful. Then --

From inside the house, Amy SCREAMS.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM

Amy sits in a wooden chair at the end of a long dining room table. Her left arm has been tied to the chair's armrest with barbed wire, which digs into her flesh.

Mary struggles to wrap up Amy's right arm.

MARY
Bitch! Hold still!

Amy screams as she fights to free herself.

AMY
Get the fuck off me!

Mary is barely able to hold on to Amy's arm.

Ernest storms into the room, approaches Amy and Mary at the end of the table.

ERNEST
(to Mary)
Can't you do anything right?

He winds his hand back, then SMACKS Amy across the face with the back of his hand.

Blood squirts out of her mouth.

Amy's head slumps forward. She's out cold once more.

Mary regains control of Amy's arm, is finally able to wrap it tight with barbwire.

MARY
Got it!
(to Amy)
You ain't goin' anywhere, bitch!

As she laughs in Amy's face, Ernest spins Mary around and backhands her across the face as well.

She cries out as she collapses to her knees.

ERNEST
You need to start pulling your weight around here, Mary! There will be no parasites in this family!

Mary rubs her sore cheek as she looks up at her angry father.

MARY

I could be more useful, Pa... If you'd just let me show you! Just let me kill one of them... The girl! Let me kill the --

ERNEST

Enough! I won't hear this anymore. Killin' is a man's job!

This hurts Mary more than the blow to the face.

Ernest glares down at her with hatred in his eyes.

ERNEST

Now get the Hell out of my sight.

Mary stands up, tears in her eyes.

MARY

Yes, sir.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mary storms out of the house, moves toward the maze of vehicles. She seethes with anger, kicks an old rusty bucket.

MARY

(under her breath)
Bullshit... I'll show him...

Something on the ground a few feet away catches her eye. She moves to it, bends down and grabs --

A dirty old coyote skull.

She holds the skull up to her face, admires it. Then --

Music STARTS UP from inside the house, from an open upstairs bedroom window. The song is "It's No Good" by Depeche Mode.

Mary looks up at the window, curious.

The view inside the room is blocked by stained curtains.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - LEATHERFACE'S BEDROOM

Leatherface walks past his bedroom window, moves over to an antique vanity desk, takes a seat. A small boombox stereo BLASTS music on the edge of the vanity.

Off to the masked lunatic's right is a closet door.

Hanging on the wall above the vanity are numerous stitched up face masks. Men. Women. Even children's faces.

The mirror attached to the desk is shattered, giving off a fractured reflection of Leatherface. He works on something, pulls tight on some thread.

QUICK FLASHES of flesh. An ear. A nose. Lips. Eye holes. Breasts. A belly button.

Leatherface flips his project around, goes to work with his needle and thread.

The needle pierces flesh, pulls the thread through the hole. Again, and again.

The music continues to PULSE through the speakers as --

Leatherface gives one final tug, then breaks off the thread and ties it down. Then, he reaches for the back of his head, slides off his Hispanic man mask.

Through the fractured reflection of the vanity mirror, we get our only glimpse at Cletus's face. What little bit we do see appears very normal. Almost innocent.

He sets down his Hispanic man mask, grabs hold of the mass of stitched up flesh he's been working on, pulls it down over his face and torso.

The music SWELLS as Leatherface stands up. He turns around and reveals --

His "Heather suit". Her carved up face and scalp, stitched together with her skinned breasts and navel. What. The. Fuck.

Leatherface sways his hips to the music, licks Heather's dead lips. He grabs hold of one his new breasts, pinches the nipple.

SLOW ZOOM onto the closet door. THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, Ollie watches in horror as his mother is worn by a madman.

The music FADES OUT.

FADE TO:

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER

Mary sits on the hood of a rusted out old truck, wraps some barbed wired around the dirty coyote skull. She pulls it tight, then holds it out before her, studies it.

MARY
 (to herself)
 So beautiful...

ERNEST (O.S.)
 Hey!

Startled, Mary drops the skull. She hops down off the old truck, turns and sees --

Ernest standing at the open back door of the house. He motions for her to come in.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
 Make yourself useful and get my son down here. It's just about dinner time.

He steps back inside, but leaves the door open.

Mary heads in after him, closes the door.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mary sulks as she steps up to a closed bedroom door. She KNOCKS on it.

A few moments pass, then --

The door cracks open, just enough to see a partially obscured Leatherface on the other side.

He's still wearing his "Heather suit". He appears to be in the process of poorly putting makeup on.

Mary takes one look at Leatherface's new getup and cracks a huge grin. She's genuinely excited.

MARY
 Wow! Uncle... You look great!
 Seriously, you're so beautiful! You really outdid yourself this time.

Leatherface looks down at his feet, clearly blushing underneath his mask.

MARY
 Anyways... Pa sent me up here to grab the boy.

Leatherface looks back up, meets Mary's stare. He nods, then steps out of view and closes the door.

Mary leans against the wall beside the door and waits. A few moments pass, then --

The door reopens and Leatherface steps out, revealing that he's wearing a dirty sundress. He carries Ollie in his massive, blood-caked arms.

The poor child looks absolutely traumatized.

Tears stain his pale white cheeks. He looks as if he hasn't bathed in a week.

Mary scowls at Ollie.

MARY

You'd better not be a baby and cry
all night again. That shit's
getting real old, real fast.

With that, Mary turns and walks off.

Leatherface goes to follow, but stops, reaches back and closes his bedroom door.

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

AMY'S P.O.V.

Slowly, the visuals FADE IN. Blurry at first. Just shapes.

Leatherface squeals.

The image becomes more clear. We are sitting at one end of the dining room table.

Mary sits beside us to our right.

MARY

Hey! Look who's awake! Welcome
back!

Leatherface is seated to our left. He holds Ollie in his lap.

At the other end of the table is Ernest. He stares back at us and grins.

END P.O.V.

Amy glances down at the barbed wire wrapped around her arms, then slowly looks up at the bizarre family before her.

She trembles with fear.

AMY

Let me go... Just let me go...

Mary giggles with glee.

Leatherface joins in with a guttural laugh of his own.

AMY (CONT'D)

Please... Just let me go...

Even Ernest starts to chuckle a bit.

Ollie just sits and blankly stares back at Amy. The poor kids mind is completely broken.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fucking let me go!

MARY

(mocking Amy)

Let me go! Please! Just let me go!

AMY

Fuck you!

Amy sobs as the family of psychos continue to laugh at and mock her. It's a fuckin' madhouse.

Mary grabs a fork off the table, reaches over and jabs Amy in the shoulder.

Amy cries out.

MARY

Nice and tender. Mmm. Does that hurt?

She cackles as she jabs the fork into Amy's shoulder again.

Amy cries out once more.

AMY

Fuck you! Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! What the Hell is the matter with you fucking inbred psychopaths!?

Ernest frowns, offended.

ERNEST

Psychopaths? We are just an American family tryin' to survive. It's dog eat dog out here, little Miss thing! But I wouldn't expect you to know any of that! Hmph.

Amy shakes her head, disgusted.

AMY

What the fuck ever. Make up all the excuses you want. You're all sick!

Mary bursts into laughter.

MARY

Yeah, like we haven't heard that one before.

Leatherface nods and snorts while he runs his fingers through Ollie's matted hair.

Amy's bottom lip quivers.

AMY

You're all gonna burn in Hell.

Ernest stands up, points a finger directly at Amy.

ERNEST

Have you got any idea where exactly you are? You're in Texas, Miss! And Texas is Hell!

Amy looks back and forth between the three maniacs.

AMY

So what are you waiting for then, huh? You're gonna kill me, right? So stop fucking with me and just do it!

Mary and Leatherface both look from Amy over to Ernest, who simply shrugs.

ERNEST

You heard the lady.
(to Mary)
Go grab the hammer and bucket.

Mary smiles and nods. She jumps up, hurries out of the room.

Amy starts to fight against her constraints, but it's no use. The barbed wire is wrapped too tight.

Blood drips out of her arms and down the armrests.

Ernest steps beside Leatherface, grabs Ollie up.

ERNEST

How's my big guy doing? Are you ready for your first kill?

Ollie responds with a blank, emotionless stare.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

You look ready to me! Heh.

Mary reenters the room with a club hammer and a tin bucket.. She hurries over, sets the bucket down beside Amy.

Leatherface approaches Amy and begins to undo the barbed wire around her wrists.

Amy kicks and screams at the masked-killer.

AMY

Bastard! Fuck you!

She spits on Leatherface's mask.

Ernest laughs as he steps behind Mary, Ollie held tight in his arms.

ERNEST

(to Leatherface)

Watch it, Cletus! Don't want her to ruin your pretty make-up! Heh.

Mary hands the club hammer to her father, then moves beside Leatherface to assist him with Amy.

Leatherface gets more aggressive, practically rips the barbed wire away from Amy's arms.

Then he grabs her forcefully by the back the neck, pushes her down onto her knees, and forces her head over the bucket.

MARY

No more running. No more hiding. It's time. To die!

Amy angrily screams out as Leatherface passes her to Mary, who has a much less confident hold on the struggling girl.

Ernest hands Ollie over to Leatherface, who then positions the traumatized boy in front of Amy.

Mary struggles to keep Amy's head over the bucket.

MARY

Bitch! Quit fighting! You're just making this harder on yourself!

AMY

Fuck you!

Ernest holds out the club hammer for Ollie.

ERNEST

Here ya' go, Son. Put her down.

Ollie responds with the same blank stare.

Leatherface grabs the hammer, then forces Ollie's little hands around the handle. He proceeds to force the child to lift the hammer.

ERNEST

Get her, Son! Brain her! Make your father proud!

Leatherface forces Ollie to drop the hammer, but he just misses Amy's head. The hammer BANGS against the tin bucket.

Amy screams as she shakes back and forth, desperate to get free from Mary's grasp.

Mary throws her knee into Amy's gut, knocking the wind out of the poor girl.

MARY

Now! Hit her now!

Amy gasps for air.

Leatherface forces Ollie to take another swing, this one a glancing blow to the side of Amy's head.

Blood squirts out of the fresh wound.

Ernest cringes and turns away, unable to stomach the grisly act of violence.

ERNEST

(under his breath)

Oh my...

Mary cackles, excited at the sight of fresh blood.

Leatherface makes Ollie swing the hammer again. BANG! Another missed swing.

Amy screams her lungs out.

Leatherface forces Ollie to take another swing. BANG! Yet another miss.

Mary grunts, frustrated.

MARY

Just let me do it! Give me the damn hammer!

Amy struggles against Mary's hold.

Ollie is forced to swing once more. BANG! He misses Amy's head and drops the hammer into the bucket.

MARY

Oh, c'mon! Give me the hammer!

Mary lets go of Amy and reaches for the hammer.

As soon as she's free, Amy winds back and elbows Mary directly in the throat.

Wide-eyed, Mary grasps at her neck as she drops to the floor and gasps for air.

Amy reaches into the bucket, grabs the hammer, then SMASHES in down on top of Leatherface's foot. CRUNCH!

Leatherface lets go of Ollie and clutches at his crushed foot. He howls in agony.

ERNEST

(surprised)

Son of a --

Ernest fumbles with the revolver while Amy charges directly at him.

She CRACKS the hammer down on his skull. The top of his head caves in and immediately oozes blood.

ERNEST

(incoherent)

Ya... Fu... Bi...

Amy grabs the revolver out of the brain-dead man's hands, then turns BLASTS three rounds into Leatherface.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Two in the chest and one in the shoulder. Blood erupts from the gruesome bullet wounds.

As both Ernest and Leatherface collapse to the floor, Amy turns her attention to Mary, who has managed to get back to her feet.

AMY

Die!

Amy aims the revolver as Mary runs and dives for the open doorway. BOOM! BOOM! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Neither bullet hits its mark. Mary ducks out of the room and runs deeper into the house.

Without hesitation, Amy drops the empty revolver and scoops Ollie up in her arms. She sprints into the --

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

With Ollie held tight to her chest, Amy runs straight for the sawed-up front door.

She steps over the busted door and escapes from the house.

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

The full moon shines down on Amy as she carries Ollie along the driveway, away from the Old Farmhouse.

Inside the house, a chainsaw REVS up.

Amy slows just enough to turn and see --

Mary run out of the front door, the chainsaw gripped tight in her hands.

She screeches like a Banshee as she REVS up the chainsaw and chases after Amy and Ollie.

Amy turns and runs as fast as her legs allow her to.

Mary gains ground fast.

Amy squeezes Ollie tight as she runs.

AMY

(to Ollie)

Keep your eyes closed!

Mary cackles as she closes in behind Amy and Ollie. She lashes out with the chainsaw, just barely misses them.

EXT. BACK ROAD

Mary chases Amy and Ollie into the road just as --

An SUV speeds into view, SLAMS into Amy and Ollie, both of whom go flying over the vehicle.

Their limp bodies land awkwardly on the road as the SUV SCREECHES to a halt.

The SUV's drivers door opens and SEAN RIVERS (34), a lanky man with thick glasses, hurries out.

He runs his fingers through his sweaty hair.

SEAN

Oh no...

Sean runs over to Ollie's limp body, bends down to check him.

The young boy is in bad shape, but he's alive.

SEAN

Hold on, little guy! I'm gonna --

Just then, the chainsaw REVS up behind him.

Sean jumps up and spins around, only for Mary to thrust the chainsaw directly into his gut.

A wicked grin stretches across Mary's face as she REVS up the weapon and mulches up Sean's insides.

Sean cries out as his guts fall out his back and SPLAT onto the road. Then, his body drops.

Mary giggles maniacally as she continues to saw away at Sean's corpse.

Behind her, Amy rises to her feet. Injured, but determined.

She limps as she slowly approaches Mary from behind. Her right leg appears to be broken.

Blood sprays up all over Mary as she continues her assault. Then, the chainsaw PUTTERS out and shuts off.

It's finally out of gas.

Mary leaves the chainsaw lodged into Sean's corpse as she steps back and admires her first kill.

She smiles from ear to ear, proud of herself. Then --

A hand slaps down on Mary's shoulder, spins her around. She comes face to face with Amy, who lunges on her and tackles her to the ground.

Before Mary can react, Amy thrusts her thumbs into her eyes and gouges them out.

Mary screams so loud that her voice cracks.

Blood and other dark fluids squirt out and drip down her face as Amy presses her thumbs deeper into her skull.

Finally, Mary falls silent. Her body goes still.

Amy pulls her thumbs out of Mary's skull, stands up. She looks down at Mary's eyeless corpse with a blank, emotionless look on her face. Then --

Ollie WHEEZES behind her.

Amy's attention snaps to Ollie, who curls up into the fetal position in the road.

AMY
(weak, to Ollie)
Hold on... Just hold on...

She moves over to the broken child, struggles to lift him up, then limps toward Sean's SUV. As she shuffles forward, her gaze rises to the full moon in the sky.

AMY (CONT'D)
We're getting out of here...

Amy reaches the SUV, carefully puts Ollie in the backseat. Then, she gets in behind the wheel.

INT. SUV - PARKED

Amy climbs in behind the wheel, shuts the drivers door behind her. She looks at herself in the rearview mirror.

Her face is stained with blood and tears.

She breaks down and sobs. The poor girl cries so hard that she loses her breath and begins to gasp for air.

After a few moments, Amy is able to catch her breath and calm herself down. She puts the SUV in drive, then presses down on the gas.

EXT. BACK ROAD

The SUV kicks up a cloud of dirt as it speeds away and disappears into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

Bold red letters begin to scroll up from the bottom of the SCREEN. As the words continue to rise, a NARRATOR begins to read them off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The film you have just viewed is an unaltered account of the horrific tragedy that befell the innocent Harmon family during the summer of 1997. You have just witnessed...
THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

BEGIN END CREDITS/EXPANDED ENDING SEQUENCE

(NOTE: The following is spliced throughout the END CREDITS while "The Beautiful People" by Marilyn Manson PLAYS over the entire sequence.)

EXT. BACK ROAD - MORNING

The bright red Texas sun dawns on the horizon, casts a warm glow over the area.

Two Jefferson County police cruisers speed down the back road, lights flashing and sirens BLARING.

They slow as they approach the Old Farmhouse's driveway.

Their headlights brighten up the bloodstained road. But there are no bodies. Just blood.

The police cruisers turn onto the driveway.

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Both police cruisers drive up to the Old Farmhouse, park behind the rusty pick-up truck.

Four POLICE OFFICERS exit out of the cruisers. They draw their weapons, approach the front patio.

OFFICER #1 motions toward the sawed up front door.

OFFICER #1
What the Hell happened here?

He looks to OFFICER'S #3 and #4.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
You two, head around back and cover the exit.

They both nod, then quickly move around the back of the house and out of view.

Officer #1 turns to OFFICER #2.

OFFICER #1
You, on my six.

OFFICER #2
Copy that.

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FOYER

Officer #1 carefully steps over the sawed up remains of the front door and enters the house.

Officer #2 follows close behind him.

OFFICER #1
This is the Jefferson County Sheriff's department!

Officer #1 peaks into the filthy living room, frowns.

He turns to the other end of the foyer, moves for the open doorway to the dining room.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
We've got a girl back at the
hospital with some pretty wild
accusations. Claims that her entire
family was --

He peeks into the dining room, immediately turns white. His
eyes grow wide with horror.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
My God!

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM

The corpses of Mary and Ernest are propped up in chairs on
either side the dinner table.

Officer #1 wretches in the open doorway.

Officer #2 pushes past his partner, steps into the dining
room. He looks on in disgust at the grisly sight.

OFFICER #2
We need to call this in! Fuckin'
shit! This is twisted!

Officer #1 nods, grabs his radio.

OFFICER #1
Dispatch, this is --

Then, the all too familiar sound of a chainsaw REVVING just
before the saw's blade bursts out of OFFICER #1's chest.

The chain spins, sprays blood all over Officer #2, who drops
his pistol in a panic. He dives for his weapon.

Officer #1 falls to the floor, dead. Leatherface is revealed
behind him, chainsaw in hand.

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Officer #3 and Officer #4 stand at the back door. They
exchange worried looks.

OFFICER #3
Is that a Goddamn chainsaw!?

Just then, gunfire ERUPTS from inside the house, quickly followed by more chainsaw REVVING.

Officer #4 opens the back door and rushes inside. Officer #3 follows close behind, weapon drawn.

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM

Leatherface swings the chainsaw, slices Officer #2's head off of his shoulders.

A fountain of blood erupts from the officer's neck stump as he falls to his knees, then slumps over.

Officer #3 and Officer #4 rush into the room, weapons at the ready. They both aim their pistols at the chainsaw-wielding psychopath standing before them.

OFFICER #3
Drop the weapon! Drop it now!

With his weapon trained on Leatherface, Officer #4 looks over at the corpses propped up around the dinner table, then over at the bloody bodies of his fellow officers.

OFFICER #4
This... This can't be real...

Leatherface REVS up the chainsaw and charges forward.

Both police officers prepare to fire.

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM

Officer #3 and Officer #4 both squeeze their triggers and open fire.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BLACK - RESUME END CREDITS

FADE OUT.