

**CHAINSAW CONSPIRACY**  
The Real Texas Massacre

a screenplay

by

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## **OPENING SCROLL:**

In the Fall of 1974, audiences bore witness to a terrifying new motion picture that quickly became the benchmark in unrelenting horror and suspense. A twisted journey into the darkest and most depraved realms of the human spirit. It was due to the film's brutal, raw realism, that rumors of the production's source material began to circulate. What followed were varied and unsubstantiated reports of a chainsaw wielding maniac's bizarre, unspeakable acts of torture, murder and mayhem.

An investigation ensued.

The evidence collected by state and local law enforcement confirmed their darkest fears...

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre was only the beginning.

## **FADE IN:**

### **EXT. TEXAS WOODS - DAY**

It's the middle of the woods as bright, concentrated beams of SUNLIGHT penetrate a thicket of live oaks. Somewhere on this forest floor sits an old, multigenerational family plot dotted with chipped, corroded headstones.

SARAH--20s, sweaty moppet curtailing her face, rests her back against a tall, flat tombstone. Her blouse unbuttoned, exposing a pair of glistening, mud caked breasts.

As she looks up...

A WHITE-HOT SUN blasts her bloody face.

Sarah is past the point of exhaustion. An almost drug-induced haze as she fights to keep awake. She tilts her head left, observing--

A PEACEFUL CREEK splitting these dense woods. Birds chirp. Water trickles onto rocks. A peaceful wind momentarily breaks the heat.

Sarah grins. Her freedom within reach.

As she feebly attempts to stand, we notice the RIGHT LEG of her flower print bell bottoms is painted a grisly dark red. Fresh wet blood.

With all the strength she can muster, Sarah pushes herself upright...rises to her feet.

But as she hobbles for the creek...

Her half-severed, bloody right leg flops to the earth.

BLOOD drips on the grass like a leaky faucet.

Immediately face plants. Thump!

But Sarah is clearly out of her mind. Confused, dizzy, not feeling the pain at all. Her eyes roll back as she loses consciousness.

Something, someone moving in on her--

A DARK SHADOW ECLIPSES the grass.

A tall, medium built FIGURE grips a CHAINSAW, observes what's left of his handy work.

Sarah cracks open her eyes, barely alive now.

The figure stands firm. He is still, quiet at first. Then finally, YANKING his saw into action.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

A live, BUZZING SAW now hanging above Sarah's head, ready to collect a grisly souvenir. Before we can witness this disgusting act of madness...

#### **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN**

A pick-up loaded down with watermelon putters along this quiet and secluded desert blacktop.

#### **INT. PICK-UP - MOVING - DAWN**

MERL (60s), a backwoods country cowboy with cracked skin and tobacco spit dripped on his chin, listens to some western love ballads on a barely audible AM radio.

His eyes squint. A WHITE BLURB ripples on the sunbaked pavement like a desert mirage.

#### **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN**

The pick-up slows to a halt about ten yards from the white lump dropped dead center of the road.

Out steps Merl. He leaves a long brown spit on the asphalt.

MERL

The hell is this now?

Merl approaches what appears to be a body tightly wrapped in a BLOOD-STAINED PAINTER'S PLASTIC.

With no real surprise or sense of urgency, Merl spits another long streak of tobacco, sucks in a tired, almost strained breath that suggests annoyance.

MERL (CONT'D)

Fuck.

**INT. BOYD COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY**

SHERIFF MEEKS (40s), a strapping bear of a man with a bit too much apple pie around the waistline, peers through a door window and into an examination room. A PATHOLOGIST (50s) has the remains laid out on a stainless slab.

He nudges open one of two double doors--

--enters with trepidation.

Sheriff Meeks is a bit timid, almost reluctant but throws on his best tough guy facade and approaches. Both thumbs awkwardly tucked in his belt.

The remains are a disturbing sight. Sarah's head and both hands have been removed. And of course, the half-severed right leg. And this work was done with a certain level of on the job precision.

PATHOLOGIST

Twenty-two years and I've never  
seen anything quite like this.

Sheriff Meeks can barely speak. He finally clears his throat, snaps out of it.

SHERIFF MEEKS

You have her clothes?

PATHOLOGIST

They're still being processed. Got  
a lot of fluids to work with.  
Blood. Urine. Even feces.

SHERIFF MEEKS

Good God.

PATHOLOGIST  
God's got nothing to do with this.  
(beat)  
Any ideas on the identity of our  
mystery girl?

SHERIFF MEEKS  
(annoyed)  
No. How would I know?

Beat.

PATHOLOGIST  
No reason, I suppose.

On the verge of breaking, Sheriff Meeks sucks in a breath,  
calms himself.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Is there anything else about the  
body that stands out?

Pathologist moves over the body. Sheriff Meeks is careful as  
he steps closer. His repulsion is evident.

Pathologist uses a thin flashlight to point out his findings.

PATHOLOGIST  
As you can see, torso's riddled  
with minor skin abrasions. Long,  
superficial scratches. Like the  
kind you get running through the  
woods, getting slapped around by  
nature.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Yeah, I see that. What else?

PATHOLOGIST  
Well. She just had an appy. And  
it was done very recently.

Motions to a dark, bruised area on her upper abdomen.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Notice the scar. And the bruising  
here around it. It's from a very  
recent incision. One that got  
infected, post-op.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Still bruised. We're talking less  
than a few days then.

PATHOLOGIST

Maybe a week. Might narrow down  
your search in case you were  
looking at anyone particular.

Sheriff Meeks takes a step back, sucks in a long breath, as  
if he'd been holding it.

SHERIFF MEEKS

Okay. Anything else?

PATHOLOGIST

Funny. I was about to ask you the  
same.

Sheriff Meeks doesn't follow.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I hear this isn't the first time a  
body's turned up with this type of  
mutilation. I guess it would help  
if I knew more about that case.  
Anything that might help.

A long, tension-filled silence.

SHERIFF MEEKS

That case is closed. But if we  
hear anything or we know something  
new, you'll be the first one I  
call.

Pathologist reads the room and backs off. A simple nod as he  
lets this subject rest.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - NEWSROOM - MORNING**

Smoke looms in the air.

It's a full house. Lots of butts in chairs while busy fingers  
tap away on Smith-Coronas. Fluorescent tube lights dangle  
from the ceiling on loop chains, covering the floor with a  
dirty yellow hue.

Or maybe it's the smoke residue and ugly nicotine stains of a  
few thousand cigarettes. A sticky substance painted over  
what used to be flat white walls.

DAVE FOLTZ--29, a super-focused Carl Bernstein wannabe with  
the fashion sense of a young Ozzy Osbourne, glides through  
the writer's room with an air of self-importance. A truly  
overconfident stride of a man secretly longing for  
professional admiration.

DAVE  
What's cooking, y'all? Sounds like something.

No answer. No one cares. All too busy to stroke Dave's inflated ego. Meanwhile, dozens of rotary phones ring incessantly.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Anyone wanna answer that?

Dave practically spins in a three-sixty, searching the room for anyone...and I mean anyone at all...who'll simply acknowledge his presence.

No takers.

He spots a full row of unoccupied desks and empty swivel chairs near the very back of the newsroom. Ash trays filled to the brim with butts.

LAUGHTER draws his attention to a CROWD OF STAFF WRITERS gathered at a corner, glass-enclosed office.

New guy's private office.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
It's a party.

In groups of two or more, these writers file out with free donuts and paper cups full of takeout coffee. All of them carrying on, giggling like school kids.

ROBERT SIMONS--40s, Chief Editor of the Austin Voice, a real counterculture cowboy with an appetite for pissing off all the right people, pokes his head out of an adjacent office -- sleeves rolled up.

Simons quietly soaks up Dave's jealous vibe. And he savors every moment with a shit-eating grin.

SIMONS  
You just getting here?

Dave snaps out of it, faces Simons--

DAVE  
I miss a meeting?

SIMONS  
You could say that. Was hoping you'd be here to show new guy around campus.

EVERY FEMALE IN THE JOINT gathered around the desk of SCOTT WHITE--30s, a long-haired, thick bearded Doobie Brother in a denim tuxedo. He's also got a mouthful of the most perfect pearly whites you've ever seen.

DAVE  
Looks like he's managing okay.

Simons observes--

SIMONS  
Oh that? Just White saying hi to the troops. Breaking the ice. Never mind that. I need to talk to you.

Simons raps the door with his knuckle, dips back inside.

DAVE  
Don't stop the party on my account.

Dave follows behind--

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - CHIEF EDITOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Simons paces his carpet, packs a fresh pack of smokes as Dave shuts the door behind them. Simons sparks one up, takes a nice, long drag.

SIMONS  
Before you get too excited, I already promised White the chainsaw thing.

Dave sulks.

DAVE  
He's been here five minutes and already taking food off my plate.

SIMONS  
Settle down, would ya? You didn't let me finish. I'm gonna need both of you on this one.

Dave stares through the glass, watches all the giggling and smitten females return to work. Leaning on his opened door frame is Scott. He watches the ladies, waves goodbye and dips back inside.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

Let's face it. His Rolling Stone review helped put that movie on the map. You know he's into that horror shit and he's got a pretty loyal following. Anyways. It's tailor-made for White, so he's the guy.

DAVE

Okay, so what's that have to do with me?

SIMONS

I'm getting there. Sit down.

Dave sighs, plops himself down on a couch.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

This Doctor Dunham. Melinda Dunham from Fair Oaks. She's been blowing up the phone lines since this story broke.

Dave shrugs.

DAVE

Who?

SIMONS

Three years ago, she contacted me about a patient of hers. Debbie Shaw. The nut case who stabbed the doctor. I know you remember.

Dave squints--

DAVE

Not ringing any bells.

SIMONS

Okay. Here's the short version. Three years ago, Debbie Shaw stumbles into the ER babbling on like a crazy person. Spouting off about a faceless man with a chainsaw.

Dave smiles, nods.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

Later claims that this guy killed her brother, boyfriend and two best friends on their way to a camping trip. Sound familiar yet?

DAVE

Yeah, just like the movie.

SIMONS

Exactly like the movie. Turns out this same Debbie Shaw happened to be under the influence of LSD at the time. Along with a ton of other hallucinogens.

DAVE

What's going on with her?

SIMONS

I'm getting there if you'd shut up.

DAVE

Okay, sorry.

SIMONS

These doctors never paid her any mind, you see. Believing she was blasted on drugs and seeing pink elephants. The rest of the staff brush her off as another schizo with paranoid delusions.

Simons reaches behind him, snags up a thick manila file of documents, hands them to Dave who accepts.

DAVE

What's this?

SIMONS

Take a look.

Dave opens and sifts through a slew of MISSING PERSONS CASE FILES. Three MALES and one FEMALE.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

The brother, boyfriend and two friends were all reported missing less than two weeks later.

Dave drops his feet to the floor, sits at full attention as things start to get interesting.

DAVE

Where did you get these?

SIMONS

Got dropped off downstairs by our Doctor Dunham. She insisted I drop what I'm doing and take a more thoughtful look.

DAVE

These are three years old. They ever find these people?

SIMONS

Nope. Still missing. Leaving Debbie Shaw the chief and only suspect. How do you like that?

Dave's demeanor turns serious. He sifts through the remaining files.

DAVE

Okay, I'm intrigued. So, what are we doing with this new wealth of information?

SIMONS

This is the deal. Our Doctor Dunham is giving us first dibs. If there's any kernel of truth to this Debbie Shaw's story, it means she's been face to face with our guy.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

A faceless guy with a chainsaw.

Simons nods.

SIMONS

Yup.

DAVE

I don't know, boss. I smell copycat.

SIMONS

Yeah, and if this story broke last year instead of three years ago, I'd never give it a second look.

Dave abruptly tosses the files aside.

DAVE

What are the odds she added the chainsaw for effect? Like a publicity stunt. And this story of hers is completely bogus?

SIMONS

Bogus or not, this is still front page material. It's either us or somebody else. Don't know about you, but I'm tired of coming in second.

DAVE

A bit of a reach, don't you think?

SIMONS

Look, I know it isn't Watergate, but we're not The Washington Post. It's not what we do here. Blood and guts sells papers. This is obviously a hot story.

Dave rises to his feet, peers through the glass at Scott's swank new office.

DAVE

What's the plan, boss?

SIMONS

From what I understand about the Shaw girl, communication is still difficult. Get what you can from her and the doctor. Records. Notes. Anything and everything. Then report back and we'll go from there.

Just outside the window, Dave spots Scott flirting with a FOOD CART GIRL.

DAVE

What about hot shot?

SIMONS

Everyone's expecting White to cover this one. So, here's how I see things going. I need my best guy on this. That's you.

Dave rolls his eyes.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

So, you take charge. He's your backup. And you guys are a two-man team on this thing.

(beat)

Whadd'ya say?

Dave sighs.

DAVE

Well okay then.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - BREAKROOM - DAY**

Dave pours what's left of the office's morning coffee pot into a stainless thermos. Scott struts in with his own thermos, and it's not any plain old thermos. This one's tricked out with heavy metal stickers. Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Blue Oyster Cult. It's almost as loud and overblown as Scott's personality.

SCOTT

So, I hear you're doing all the talking, I do the writing.

(beat)

Or was it vice versa? Still a bit foggy. Maybe you can translate.

Dave pours the last mouthful into his thermos lid, and with little enthusiasm, faces Scott.

DAVE

I think Bob just figured we could either start out stepping on each other's toes or we can find a way to work together.

SCOTT

Hey, that's me. The team player. So, who's driving?

DAVE

Depends. You know how to get to Fair Oaks Psychiatric Facility?

SCOTT

Nope. No idea.

DAVE

No problem. I'll show you.

Dave gulps down his half-full thermos lid, then tightly screws it back on. And he's taking his good old time doing it too.

Scott waits. And waits some more as Dave soaps up and rinses his hands in the sink. Then rips a paper towel and wipes each finger dry.

Scott rocks on his heels, swallows his words as he's almost out of patience.

Dave's finally done, tosses his wet towel into a trash bin.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Let's go.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - NEWSROOM - DAY**

Dave feels the eyes of everyone in the room as he and Scott make their way out. All hiding their grins, and some snickering under their breath.

DAVE  
Here's the deal. I think Bob's expecting me to take the lead on this one. At least until you get your feet wet. So just hang back when we get there.

SCOTT  
You talk, I write. Got it. You're the boss.

DAVE  
I talk, I write, you listen.

SCOTT  
How about notes? Can I take notes?

DAVE  
I already don't like you. You know that?

SCOTT  
Yeah, I can see that.

Scott spreads the love as he winks at every FEMALE WRITER parked at their desks.

Lots of giggling. Dave rolls his eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
How does a man get any work done  
around here?

DAVE  
Well. I guess we can see where  
your focus is.

SCOTT  
A man's gotta have a hobby.

Dave makes for the stairs. On his way out, Scott blows a  
kiss to his all-female fan club.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - STAIRCASE - DAY**

Scott hurries to catch up with Dave, already halfway down a  
flight of metal stairs.

SCOTT  
Tell me. How does a guy go from  
Stoli martinis with Bob Dylan and  
Martha Mitchell to a rag like The  
Austin Voice?

DAVE  
You heard that story, did you?

SCOTT  
Who hasn't? Rumor around campus  
was you helped break open  
Watergate. Also heard Mitchell got  
so ripped, the two of you rode  
around Dallas in the back of a limo  
with her face buried in your lap.

DAVE  
Don't believe everything you hear.

And down the next set of stairs--

SCOTT  
I think the proverbial cat's out of  
the bag. I know she told you all  
kinds of shit. So, what was it?

DAVE  
And what do you know about it,  
anyways?

SCOTT  
I have my source.

DAVE

Yeah, well. Dylan always did have  
a big mouth.

Dave reaches the bottom. He pushes open a metal door. Scott  
laughs, follows behind.

**EXT. AUSTIN VOICE - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Dave and Scott burst through the glass double doors, head for  
Dave's flashy RED 1970 MACH 1, parked alone, near the back  
and nowhere near his co-workers' shit boxes.

The Austin city skyline visible beyond the passing traffic of  
a bustling downtown freeway.

SCOTT

Seriously, though. How'd a hot  
shot Washington insider like you  
end up back in Austin? Just  
doesn't seem like your bag.

DAVE

Same as you, I suppose. I pissed  
off all the right people.

SCOTT

Well. At least we got that in  
common.

DAVE

Only thing is...there's a  
difference between pissing off the  
right people and outright  
fabricating stories.

Scott stops in his tracks. Shocked, offended and his buttons  
pushed. But Dave continues on.

SCOTT

Figured we'd get there soon enough.  
Let's talk it out. Get it over  
with.

Dave stops, within spitting range of his Mach 1.

DAVE

I know you think this story's one  
big joke. Just plain blood and  
guts sensationalism and fodder for  
your subscribers.

Scott nods.

SCOTT

Yeah. What's your point?

DAVE

Don't know if you realize this but a girl's dead. A girl with a family. And the people working her case have guns and badges. The kind of people you don't play with.

SCOTT

Believe me, I get it.

DAVE

Do you? If we're doing this, we're gonna do it right. If there's nothing there, then that's what we report. Nothing more. Nothing less. Agreed?

SCOTT

Hey. Like you said, man. You're the boss.

Dave isn't convinced.

DAVE

Fantastic. You do know by trusting you with my car, I'm trusting you with my life.

Scott grins.

Dave unlocks the passenger door, tosses an excited Scott the keys--crawls in.

SCOTT

Always wanted a Mustang.

Scott wastes little time, gets in the driver's side. A loud, furious CRANK OF THE ENGINE. Scott leaves some tire behind as they race for the exit.

DAVE (V.O.)

Don't make me kill you, White.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Hold onto your coffee, Foltz.

And they're out of there, bolting onto the highway and zig zagging through traffic.

**INT. FAIR OAKS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY**

Dave and Scott stand on the other side of a one-way mirror as they quietly observe DEBBIE SHAW (20s), tired, strained eyes and thick, long hair full of split ends. Her skin is white with no real color or sense of life. She sits at a simple card table, nervously fumbles about with her fingers.

Scott cracks a sly grin, puts together that Debbie was a real looker at one point. Before the incident in question stole her life and soul.

Also watching Debbie is DOCTOR DUNHAM (30s), a serious-minded and professionally dressed psychologist, as worn and exhausted as her subject. With her hair thrown in a quick ponytail and no makeup, it's apparent that her obsession with Debbie occupies her entire schedule.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

I was called as a consult the night she came to the ER. Then assigned her case after she was remanded to Fair Oaks.

DAVE

Just to be clear, you didn't specifically request her case. You were assigned?

DOCTOR DUNHAM

That's right. After witnessing what happened at the hospital, I was just as convinced as anyone that Debbie was out of her mind. At least wasn't showing us any reason not to think so.

SCOTT

What changed your mind?

DOCTOR DUNHAM

The last three years.

Dave throws Scott a back off look. A finger to his mouth for good measure.

DOCTOR DUNHAM (CONT'D)

Getting to know the real Debbie Shaw, the person. Not under the influence of a mind-altering substance, but a reasonable, well-spoken young woman.

DOCTOR DUNHAM (CONT'D)  
A young woman still dealing with  
the aftermath of a severe trauma.

DAVE  
Help me understand, Doctor. If  
this violent episode was an  
isolated incident as you're  
suggesting...

Doctor Dunham nods--

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Then why keep her here for so long?

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
I share your frustration. Believe  
me. The short answer? It's here  
or prison.

Scott turns, rests his back against the glass wall.

SCOTT  
No offence, Doc, but I'd just  
assume go to jail.

DAVE  
(to Scott)  
Don't be rude.

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
(to Scott)  
At least here she can begin the  
process of actually healing. Not  
only facing what happened but  
understanding how and why. I've  
made real progress here.

Stops herself--

DOCTOR DUNHAM (CONT'D)  
We. We've made real progress.

SCOTT  
When you say progress, could you be  
a bit more specific?

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
When she first arrived, she was  
near catatonic. Her mind  
completely unwilling to face  
reality.

DAVE

Like the fact that she almost killed someone.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

Precisely. But the more we pushed, the more she began to open up. Remembering more and more details from that night.

SCOTT

You doctors did a lot of pushing, did you?

DOCTOR DUNHAM

I know what you're thinking. But you're wrong.

SCOTT

Really? And what am I thinking?

DAVE

(to Scott)

You know what? Back off.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

It became extremely apparent that Shaw's subconscious was repressing a very dark, very traumatic memory. The truth was she was being overmedicated. Practically rendered a zombie for a lack of a better word. Making her recovery difficult to say the least.

DAVE

You had no say in that?

DOCTOR DUNHAM

I suggested we halt her medication during therapy sessions. So her mind would be clear, you see. Well, this didn't go over well with my superiors.

DAVE

I don't understand. I thought you were her caregiver.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

More like babysitter. Whatever was inside of her, the powers that be wanted it buried. Trapped. Forgotten about.

(MORE)

DOCTOR DUNHAM (CONT'D)  
Treated just like any other  
paranoid schizophrenic delusion.  
(to both)  
It's easier that way.

SCOTT  
Easier?

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
Less complicated.

DAVE  
You've seen hundreds of patients,  
I'm sure. Heard every story under  
the sun. What was it about Debbie  
Shaw's story that got to you?

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
Most paranoid schizophrenics make  
it up as they go. Not Debbie. Her  
story never changed. Neither did  
the outright fear in her eyes or  
the tears that always followed.

Doctor Dunham is overcome with emotion. Her own tears  
quickly welling in her eyes.

Dave steps closer to the glass, checks in on Debbie.

DAVE  
I was hoping...

Catches himself--

DAVE (CONT'D)  
We...were hoping to speak with  
Debbie. If at all possible.

Wiping her tears, Doctor Dunham nods.

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
Of course.

**INT. FAIR OAKS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Debbie has her chair turned, facing the side window while the  
morning sunlight blasts her face. As if to get a few rays  
while she still can.

Dave sits across from her.

DAVE

My name is David. David Foltz. Do you know why I'm here?

Debbie scoffs.

DEBBIE

Yeah, I get it. Do you know why you're here?

And Dave actually gives it some thought--

DAVE

Actually, no. But I was told to be here this morning. First thing.

DEBBIE

At least you're honest. That's a good start, Dave.

DAVE

I have to tell you. I've heard the short version and, so far, I'm not too convinced.

Debbie throws him a half-intersted glance, then quickly back to the window.

DEBBIE

Well. David Foltz. I really don't care.

Behind the glass, Scott cracks up. But Doctor Dunham isn't at all amused as she chews her nails.

DAVE

That's not very nice. Most people at least pretend to care.

DEBBIE

Look, news guy. I don't expect you to take me at my word. I expect you to do your job. If I'm lying, prove it. But don't you dare make assumptions about me because of what you think you know. You don't know shit.

DAVE

Nobody's accusing you of lying. I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm just trying to understand.

DEBBIE

I told Mel everything I know. But I'm not going through this shit all over again. Not for you. Not for them. Not anyone.

DAVE

Good to know.

DEBBIE

It's all in the files. Read em. Set em on fire. Stick em up your ass. Whatever.

In pure stubborn defiance, Debbie tightly folds her arms.

DAVE

You sound pretty worn out by all of it. Doctor Dunham been pushing you pretty hard here lately?

Debbie scoffs, half rolls her eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What?

DEBBIE

You know, I don't think you're worried about me lying. I think you're worried I'm telling the truth. Then maybe you'll have to actually do your job. Open yourself up to public ridicule. God forbid. Not the one and only David Foltz.

DAVE

Well. I promise if you're telling me the truth, I'll find out. It's kind of what I do. And I'm real good at what I do. Some even think I'm the best.

DEBBIE

Yeah, I heard that about you. Mostly from you.

Dave grins.

Debbie spots his pack of Luckies.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Can I get one of those or what?

Dave grins, tosses her the pack, as well as his lighter. Debbie quickly sparks up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
So. What are you still doing here?  
Don't you guys got some reading to  
do or something?

**EXT. FAIR OAKS PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - HALLWAY - DAY**

Dave and Scott walk on each side of Doctor Dunham, carrying a box full of Debbie's case files, as they casually stroll the interior halls of the psyche ward.

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
I've gathered just about everything  
you'll need. Deb's own personal  
journals. Progress and incident  
reports. Names, dates, times.  
Police files. Recordings of all  
our therapy sessions.

SCOTT  
I'm sure we'll find everything we  
need here, Doctor.

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
You gentlemen let me know when  
you're ready to talk. I'll be  
here. For as long as it takes.

Doctor Dunham hands off the filing box to Scott, who accepts with open arms.

SCOTT  
Well, Doctor. I promise you. If  
there's any dots to connect...

With a smug grin, Scott points to Dave. Doctor Dunham follows his look.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Dave will find them. Isn't that  
right, David?

An embarrassed Dave simply grins and nods.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - CHIEF EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Simons leans on his desk as per usual. An old-fashioned reel-to-reel tape recorder next to him, playing one of Doctor Dunham's private hypnosis sessions with Debbie.

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
 I've fallen. Over something. A  
 tree limb. A trunk. Something  
 big. I can't move my leg.

Debbie's short, labored breaths turn to outright panic.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I see him! He's coming!

Her breathing quickens. As if she's running.

Scott on the couch. Dave in a chair facing Simons. All  
 three of them quiet, mesmerized.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I can't! I can't run anymore! My  
 leg!

DOCTOR DUNHAM (V.O.)  
 You have to, Debbie. He's gaining  
 on you. You have to run. As fast  
 as you can.

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
 Oh God, someone help! My leg! It  
 hurts so bad! I keep falling!

Debbie completely breaks down.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh God, he's behind me now! It's  
 like he's changing colors! He's  
 everywhere!

DOCTOR DUNHAM (V.O.)  
 Do you see his face, Debbie? What  
 does he look like?

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
 No! I can't see his face!  
 (beat)  
 Where's his face??? Oh God, he's  
 all around me now! Get away!

DOCTOR DUNHAM (V.O.)  
 You have to keep running. Go,  
 Debbie, go.

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
 I can't! The trees! The trees are  
 swallowing me!

Scott smirks.

SCOTT  
Oh, yeah. She's tripping big time.

SIMONS  
Shhh. I can't hear.

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
I see someone. Oh God, please...

DOCTOR DUNHAM (V.O.)  
What do you see, Debbie? Who is it?

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
I see lights! Oh, God, someone help me! Stop! They won't stop! Why won't anyone stop! Wait!

With blood curdling effect, Debbie SCREAMS like she's just fallen off a cliff.

Simons can't take it and slaps the STOP button.

SIMONS  
Creepy stuff. Like The Exorcist or something.

SCOTT  
Yeah. I pretty much think it's bullshit too.

DAVE  
The hospital confirmed that Debbie Shaw, did, in fact, have a sprained right ankle the night in question. Explains the busted leg.

SCOTT  
And a man with no face, changing colors points to her little acid trip. Of which she seems to have a very clear memory.

SIMONS  
This is too bizarre.

DAVE  
But hey. It's a story. Right, boss?

SCOTT  
Apparently, the big dogs at Fair Oaks weren't too keen on the idea of hypnotizing their patients.

DAVE

Most of the time, she was keeping these sessions private. Not telling her superiors about her progress with Shaw. Just business as usual.

SCOTT

Meanwhile, keeping her good and loaded on Thorazine.

SIMONS

So, what do you think? What are we dealing with here? Talk to me.

DAVE

There's over a hundred hours' worth of recordings. Those are just the one-on-one sessions with Dunham.

SIMONS

Yeah? So, put some coffee on. What's the problem?

DAVE

That's not even taking into account the half a dozen other psychotherapists who reviewed Shaw's case over the last four years.

SCOTT

Like you said, we can't just take Dunham's word for it. We have to look at everything.

Simons rubs his tired eyes, already regretting his decision to cover this wild story.

SIMONS

It would take us weeks just to transcribe them all. And even longer to figure out what stories are bullshit.

DAVE

Bingo. By then, the story is yesterday's news.

Simons nervously paces the carpet, packs a fresh carton of Lucky Strikes.

SIMONS

Why hasn't she gone to the networks? Why bring it to us? What am I missing?

SCOTT

Who says she hasn't?

DAVE

Because Dunham knows it's half the story. Right now, it's just a bunch of recordings without any evidence to support it.

SIMONS

I thought she had evidence. Doctors reports. Eyewitness accounts. All of that.

DAVE

It's been three years and these kids are still missing. If she's as obsessed as she's coming off, she's been a right pain the ass for the police and anyone else looking at this case.

SCOTT

I'd say that's a safe bet.

SIMONS

So what?

DAVE

Could be she's given up. Making Debbie Shaw someone else's problem now. Our problem.

SIMONS

Okay. You get anything else from your meeting with Shaw?

DAVE

Yeah. Something Shaw told me on the way out the door.

SIMONS

What?

DAVE

Told me to be careful with the Sheriff out in Jackson County.

SIMONS

What would she know about The Sheriff out in Jackson County if she's been locked up for the last three years?

DAVE

She wouldn't. Not unless they've been in regular contact.

Simons checks with Scott, who nods and grins.

Simons sparks up a new smoke, sucks in a nice long drag, slowly exhales.

SIMONS

Alright then. I guess you two are going to Jackson.

**EXT. CLAY ROAD - LATE NIGHT**

A dusty pick-up slowly cruises this bumpy, out of the way road on what appears to be an active construction site shut down for the weekend.

Dense trees on both sides.

Orange and yellow cones and an asphalt paver machine mark this unfinished street.

The truck comes to a swift halt.

**SUPERIMPOSE: WILBURN, TEXAS 2:35 AM**

**INT. DUSTY PICK-UP - LATE NIGHT**

JOE (20s), a day laborer, parked behind the wheel. He is nervous, awkward as he grins back at his scantily clad passenger DELILAH PROPHET (20s), a cute as a button but infamously troublesome local prostitute.

Delilah chews a fat wad of gum with a completely uninterested way about her. As if she wants to get this particular exchange over and done with.

JOE

Ain't no one bothering us out here.  
Not for a couple days at least.

DELILAH

Gee. You really know how to treat a girl to a good time.

JOE  
Yeah, so anyways. Nothing to it  
but to do it.

Joe unbuckles his pants. Delilah pinches his ear.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Ouch.

DELILAH  
Not so fast, quick draw.

Delilah opens up her palm.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
You gotta feed her first.

JOE  
Yeah, right.

Joe reaches into his pocket. But before he can pull out his cash, his attention is drawn outside. Something he can barely make out as he squints his eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Wait a sec...

DELILAH  
What's the problem?

JOE  
Someone's out there.

Delilah follows Joe's look to a GRAVEYARD some sixty or so yards away. Someone with a FLASHLIGHT poking around and checking headstones.

JOE (CONT'D)  
What's he doing?

Suddenly, a bright beaming PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS spotlight this quiet, middle of nowhere cemetery. Someone in the truck waiting.

DELILAH  
What're they doing is more like it.

Without warning, the man with the flashlight TURNS HIS LIGHT ON JOE AND DELILAH.

JOE  
Oh, shit. Come on. Date's over.

DELILAH  
That was fast.

Joe goes to crank up the engine, but the keys are missing.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Looking for these, lover man?

Delilah dangles his keys in the air. Meantime, the FLASHLIGHT seems to be moving their direction.

JOE  
That's not funny. Gimme those.

Delilah cracks up.

DELILAH  
Uh oh. He's coming.

JOE  
Fuck are you doing?

DELILAH  
I want my money.

JOE  
To Hell with this--

With an impatient ferocity, Joe jerks her direction--

KEYS GO FLYING--

--end up on the floorboard.

Joe spots the MAN WITH THE FLASHLIGHT standing in the road before them. The LIGHT pointed directly at the driver's side windshield.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

But Delilah isn't fazed as she flips open a switchblade and holds it to Joe's exposed neck.

DELILAH  
The money. Right now. Or he'll be the least of your worries, cowboy.

JOE  
Alright, alright. Gimme a sec.

DELILAH  
It's been three. I'm still waiting.

After a tense few moments, Joe pops open his door, clumsily rolls out--

**EXT. DUSTY PICK-UP - LATE NIGHT**

--Joe hits the road hard, face first. He struggles to stand, peers behind him as the MAN WITH THE FLASHLIGHT rushes his direction.

Joe manages to get upright, bolts into the surrounding woods with no real sense of direction.

**EXT. DEEP WOODS - LATE NIGHT**

Joe takes direct hits to the face as he's slapped left and right by hanging tree limbs. But determined to make it out in one piece.

A FLASHLIGHT seems to be on his heels and gaining traction with the efficiency of someone who knows these woods. Someone who's been here once or twice.

JOE  
Leave me alone! What do y'all  
want?!

SHOTS FIRED. Bullets snap twigs as Joe ducks, stays low--  
--pushes his way through the dead trees.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT**

Joe manages to find his way out of these woods as he storms out onto the open highway, out of breath, and with little regard or thought for his safety.

Cars HONK. One swerves as he's almost struck head on.

JOE  
Stop! Help!

Joe spots the FLASHLIGHT at the edge of the woods, aimed his direction. And then, a SECOND FLASHLIGHT. It's two against one and he's all but toast.

An eighteen-wheeler barrels his direction. HONK-HONK!

Joe steps out of the way...

Just in time to get struck HEAD ON by a car traveling in the opposite lane.

Joes BODY goes tumbling across the asphalt. One big, bloody lump of dead meat. He's all done.

The car comes to a SCREECHING HALT. Out steps the FEMALE DRIVER who quietly observes the TWO DARK FIGURES WITH FLASHLIGHTS looming over Joe's body.

FEMALE DRIVER

Did you see that?! He came out of nowhere!

She squints as the TWO FLASHLIGHTS blind her eyes. She steps closer and closer...unable to make out the identity of these two mystery figures.

FEMALE DRIVER (CONT'D)

Hello?!

POW! And she's struck in the chest with a single BULLET, falls flat on her face.

FLASHLIGHT #1 walks to the driver's side, shuts down the engine, removes the key, tosses them to--

FLASHLIGHT #2 who opens the trunk.

The TWO DARK FIGURES (whom we cannot identify) load the woman's corpse into the trunk, shut it.

Both figures jump in the car, take off. And they're out of there before any more late-night traffic can pass through and catch them in the act.

**EXT. HIGHWAY 59 - DAY**

Dave's red Mach 1 is well over the limit as it swiftly kicks up dust in its wake.

**SUPERIMPOSE: EDNA, TEXAS**

**INT. DAVE'S MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY**

Dave behind the wheel while Scott reads the latest front-page headline from "The Dallas Journal".

SCOTT

Sarah Pearson of The Fort-Worth Gazette was officially reported missing on Tuesday, June the tenth after her sister, Jean Pearson of Dallas, made several failed attempts to contact her at The Sheraton Hotel in Edna where she was reportedly staying. According to Fort-Worth Gazette's Chief Editor Michael Braun, Pearson was not on assignment but had recently requested a personal leave of absence. When questioned whether or not Pearson could have been developing a story on her own time, or if Braun's staff was aware of any developing stories in or around the city of Edna, Braun swiftly replied "no comment".

Scott and Dave share a collective rolling of the eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

At this time, Jackson County police have remained tight lipped as to any possible connection between Pearson's disappearance and the remains found on Highway 172 exactly one week ago today.

DAVE

So much for The Austin Voice breaking this one wide open.

SCOTT

So how many reporters you think are down in Jackson, storming the steps of City Hall?

DAVE

We can always turn around.

SCOTT

We still have Debbie.

DAVE

Yeah. Us and how many other papers?

**INT. JACKSON COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Through the swinging double doors of a simple but squeaky-clean squad room come Dave and Scott, hot on the heels of DEPUTY BABBETT (20s), a no-nonsense department yes man and daisy fresh rookie with big dreams of becoming Sheriff. He has zero chance. He's hauling a pair of twelve-gauge shotguns, on his way to a gun cabinet.

DEPUTY BABBETT

Shit, man. I could get canned for even talking to you two. So do me a favor and go, pretty please.

Deputy Babbett rests the shotguns on a desk, searches an oversized key chain for the cabinet lock.

DAVE

Look. Deputy. All we wanna know is if Sarah Pearson was working on something.

DEPUTY BABBETT

How the hell do I know?

SCOTT

We think you do know.

DAVE

(to Scott)

I'm talking. Do you mind?

SCOTT

What? I didn't come all the way out to kissing cousins county to get jerked off.

Deputy Babbett halts his search for the key, shoots Scott a long and sharp stare of disapproval. But he's as scary as a warm glass of water.

DEPUTY BABBETT

You got yourself a filthy mouth, son.

DAVE

(to Scott)

What're you doing? Show some respect.

Deputy Babbett continues his search for the cabinet key. It's in there somewhere. Scott almost loses it as he squeezes his lips closed and his face turns three shades of bright red.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look. You don't have to tell us what she was working on or with whom she was working with. Just a yes or no and we'll be on our way, that simple.

DEPUTY BABBETT

Well. We finally agree on something.

DAVE

What?

DEPUTY BABBETT

I don't have to tell you nothin.

Deputy Babbett drops the ring of keys on a nearby desk. Red hot pissed.

DEPUTY BABBETT (CONT'D)

JD, where's the fuckin key for this fuckin cabinet?!

Now Dave's losing it. Scott taps him out as Dave steps away for a moment to compose himself.

SCOTT

Come on, Deputy. We can't be the only ones asking questions. Sooner or later the cat's gonna come busting out of the bag. Might as well start cooperating now and save yourself the trouble.

DEPUTY BABBETT

Let me ask you guys something. What makes you two so special all the sudden?

SCOTT

I'll tell you why. Tell him, Dave.

Dave shoots Scott the look. An unspoken, razor sharp "shut up asshole" kind of glare.

DAVE

(to Deputy Babbett)

We have a source ready to go on record that puts Jackson County Department right in the middle of this.

DEPUTY BABBETT  
That right?

SCOTT  
That's right.

JD (30s), a fellow Deputy with a bit more seasoning, grabs the key ring from the desk, immediately finds the correct key, unlocks the glass encasement.

Dave and Scott's grin could light up a sky.

DEPUTY BABBETT  
Let me guess. Your doctor friend from the crazy hospital got to y'all. She been filling y'alls heads real good about that looney toons patient of hers. Am I right?

Dave and Scott lose their shit eating grins. Their deputy friend isn't so dumb after all.

SCOTT  
Yeah, so what? You're denying she's been in contact with your Sheriff?

DEPUTY BABBETT  
Yeah. She been in contact alright. With Jackson County and just about every other badge within a hundred miles of here.

And this sudden bit of news sucks the wind straight from Dave and Scott's bellies.

DEPUTY BABBETT (CONT'D)  
I bet all of them will tell you the same thing. Nobody knows nuthin. Nothing about Debbie Shaw, her brother or any of them. Not that it matters to this broad.

SCOTT  
What're you talking about?

From across the room, JD chimes in--

JD  
Let me tell you about your doctor friend. She's hoping for something. Anything she can add to that bullshit book of hers.

DAVE

What book?

JD

She ain't told you about her book?  
The Chainsaw Murders? Catchy  
title, huh?

Scott rubs his nose. Dave shakes his head. Their story just  
hit a brick wall.

DEPUTY BABBETT

I guess that figures. You boys  
think your reporters. Telling you  
right now. All you're doing is  
this broad's leg work.

SCOTT

(to Dave)

Starting to feel that way.

JD

Guess she figures sooner or later  
you guys might actually come across  
something useful. Take it from me.  
It'll save you a lot of time and  
headaches. There is no story.

SCOTT

No offence. But we'll let your  
Sheriff decide what's important and  
what ain't important.

DEPUTY BABBETT

Okay then. You wanna talk to him,  
you gonna have to drive on out to  
Boyd County.

SCOTT

Boyd?

DEPUTY BABBETT

It's about forty-five minutes east  
of here. Otherwise, we'll see you  
back here Thursday morning bright  
and early.

**EXT. JACKSON COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

With little spark inside them, Dave and Scott drag their feet  
across a visitor's lot and back to Dave's car, parked a mile  
away from everyone else, as per usual.

DAVE

Dunham's been blowing up every phone between here and Austin looking for breadcrumbs. Trying to get someone, anyone to listen to her patient's story.

SCOTT

So, she exaggerated. Doesn't mean she lied. Could be she actually believes this girl and wants answers. Just like us.

DAVE

That's not a story.

SCOTT

Maybe she is the story. Local doctor leads two idiot reporters on a wild goose chase.

Scott sparks up a smoke, offers one to a frazzled Dave who already has his lit--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We can get all these cops on record saying what a pain in the balls she is. Bam. Front page news. No one will care, as long as we throw in the blood and guts for good measure.

DAVE

I told you we're not touching this if it feels wrong. So far I feel like she's jerking us off.

Dave leans on his car, hands sprawled across the roof as cigarette ash speckles his flash paint job.

Scott leans on the passenger door, also rests his elbows on the roof of the Mach 1.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shaw's brother. Her boyfriend and the others. Austin PD's the only department that's listed them as missing.

SCOTT

Yeah. I read the files. So what?

DAVE

So. As far as Jackson County knows, they were never here.

Scott simply nods, becomes quickly distracted by a hot young HIPPIE CHICK on her way inside to bond out her druggie boyfriend.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Pay attention, would ya?

SCOTT

Sorry. So, what's the plan, boss?

DAVE

Don't you get it? It doesn't help us if no one actually knows when, how and where they went missing. And that means we can't actually get started if there is no real starting point on which to build an investigation. Get what I'm getting at?

SCOTT

That was a mouthful, but yes. I get the gist.

Dave gets hot pissed, chucks his cigarette, stomps it out.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You know something? I just thought of something.

DAVE

What? Spit it out.

SCOTT

You think maybe we're just coming at this from the wrong angle?

DAVE

You got any brilliant ideas you'd like to share, share them.

SCOTT

Okay. Me and you are going to Boyd County. Right now. Tonight.

Scott stomps his smoke.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The Starlite Drive-In in Wilburn.  
They just happen to be playing one  
of my favorite movies. Tonight  
only.

DAVE

A movie?

SCOTT

Yeah. It's only a forty-five  
minute drive. If we're fast, we  
can still make it.

Scott crawls in the car. Dave watches him, unsure and not  
completely trusting this new plan.

**EXT. STARLITE DRIVE-IN - NIGHT**

An original 35mm print of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* plays  
out on a giant screen. It's the famous climax.

Leatherface and The Hitchhiker chase Sally Hardesty down a  
private dirt road, quickly gaining on her as she screams in  
outright terror. Hitchhiker uses a straight razor to tear  
at her bloody, loose tank top.

An eighteen-wheeler barrels their direction. HONK-HONK!

Sally jumps out of the way as Hitchhiker is run down and  
killed instantly.

We pull away from the screen and out into a full lot of pick-  
ups, vans and vintage rag tops. Lots of SCREAMS from the  
horrified but captivated audience.

A snack bar rests dead center of the drive-in. Standing out  
front are a familiar pair of journalists with a couple cups  
of soda in hand.

On Scott and Dave:

SCOTT

So, what do you think?

DAVE

What do I think? I think I'm never  
sleeping again.

SCOTT

Besides that.

DAVE  
I'm not a film critic.

SCOTT  
It's eye opening, isn't it? The idea someone came up with something so...raw and real. Yet so disgusting. Like, how would you begin to think of something like this?

DAVE  
It's disgusting alright.

SCOTT  
It's simple but so...I don't know. Maybe too crazy to make up.

DAVE  
How do you mean?

SCOTT  
I mean what if Debbie Shaw actually saw this guy. Somebody somewhere heard her story. Someone on the crew, maybe knew someone back at Fair Oaks. Local urban legend suddenly grows in popularity until a certain movie director gets wind of her story.  
(beat)  
Crazier things have happened.

DAVE  
You wanna know what I think?

SCOTT  
No, I want you to keep bullshitting me.

DAVE  
I think the movie's based on a real case. That case being the Ed Gein murders. Same case that inspired Hitchcock to do Psycho.

SCOTT  
Allegedly.

DAVE  
No, actually, not allegedly. That's a fact. So, yes, as crazy as this movie is, the truth can be just as crazy if not crazier.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)  
But it's not her story. It doesn't  
belong to Debbie Shaw.

SCOTT  
Okay. It doesn't belong to her.  
So, what're we doing here?

DAVE  
Good question.

Dave sucks down the rest of his coke. A sudden realization  
hits him right in the gut. Scott notices.

SCOTT  
What's up?

DAVE  
(talks to himself)  
Their grandfather. The kids in the  
movie were headed to their  
grandfather's house.

SCOTT  
Sort of. It was kind of by  
accident, but yes.

Dave snaps out of it.

DAVE  
I just thought of something. Might  
be something. May be nothing.

SCOTT  
The suspense is killing me. What  
is it?

DAVE  
Shaw says she can't remember where  
they were headed that day. How can  
that be? I don't buy it.

SCOTT  
You don't believe her?

DAVE  
No. I'm not sure I do. But what  
is she hiding?  
(beat)  
Come on. I wanna show you  
something.

Dave heads for his Mach 1. Scott follows.

**INT. STARLITE DRIVE-IN - SNACK BAR - NIGHT**

Scott gets a refill on his soda, joins Dave at a corner booth as he pulls a xeroxed newspaper article from the belly of his file box.

The headline reads CATTLEMAN'S DAUGHTER STABS ER DOCTOR

DAVE

Grabbed a copy of this on the way out the door this morning. It's right there, plain as day.

SCOTT

What's right there.

DAVE

Start reading.

SCOTT

Debralee Shaw, twenty-one, of Rafferty Texas was remanded to Fair Oaks Psychiatric Hospital after Superior Court Judge Howard Pratt deemed her mentally unfit to stand trial.

(to Dave)

How much of this am I reading?

DAVE

It's right there. You already read it. Shaw wasn't a legal resident of Austin. Not yet. She was just cribbing there with her boyfriend.

SCOTT

No kidding.

DAVE

Somewhere between her father's death and her brother's disappearance, she moved back home to Rafferty.

SCOTT

Where and what is Rafferty?

DAVE

Big cattle town. Word is they got more cows than people. Old man Shaw, Debbie's father, was a big-time cattleman. Owned some serious property. At least that's what I'm hearing from boss man.

SCOTT  
Okay, so where is this Rafferty?

DAVE  
About ten minutes from here. Maybe less.

SCOTT  
You're shitting me.

DAVE  
No I am not.

SCOTT  
You got a plan?

DAVE  
Pearson was onto something. I believe our friends in Jackson County know what that something was.

SCOTT  
Could be they're working on something together.

DAVE  
Could be.

SCOTT  
So. Let's go ask them.

**INT. BOYD COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT**

BRANDY (20s), Joe's estranged wife and recent widow, silent and still, awaits with a true uneasiness as a curtain is pulled on a small viewing window.

Joe's remains laid out on a table. A simple white sheet pulled to his neck as his torso is heavily damaged from the head on collision.

Sheriff Meeks, dressed in some late night civies, rests a calming hand on Brandy's shoulder. He's patient, quiet and respectful as a stunned Brandy's rendered speechless. Her lips quiver, tremble, unable to find the words.

BRANDY  
Yeah. That's him. It's my Joe.

Sheriff Meeks nods to the Pathologist behind the window. He nods back, yanks the drapes closed.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
Where? How? What was he doing?

SHERIFF MEEKS  
We found his truck parked out by  
Millvale Cemetery. Out on that  
unfinished road--

Brandy already lost--

SHERIFF MEEKS (CONT'D)  
Keys were missing. Flipped his  
pockets inside out. Nothing.

BRANDY  
The keys.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Joe happen to tell you where he was  
going?

BRANDY  
No. We've been um...arguing some.  
Got pretty bad these last few  
nights. With his drinking. I been  
staying out at my brother's.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
You know of any reason Joe would be  
out on the job site so late at  
night?

BRANDY  
No, obviously, I don't. Let me  
guess. You don't either.

Sheriff Meeks is a bit shy, embarrassed as he avoids eye  
contact and shuffles his feet.

Brandy picks up on his nervous vibe--

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
What is it? You're not telling me  
something.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
One of my deputies found a hundred  
bucks cash in Joe's pocket.

BRANDY  
A hundred?

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Right now, that's about all we  
know. We've got some ideas but  
until we know more...

Brandy pieces it all together. And she looks like she's  
ready to kill Joe all over again.

BRANDY  
Sonofabitch.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (20s), Sheriff Meeks' right hand guy and  
confidant, interrupts their convo.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Pardon me, Brandy. I get a word  
with The Sheriff?

Brandy nods.

Sheriff Meeks steps away--

SHERIFF MEEKS  
(whispers)  
Yeah, dammit, what the hell is it?

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Got units on the scene. It's the  
cemetery, boss. Jeffries was  
saying they never seen nothing like  
it.

Sheriff Meeks stares back at Brandy, a sobbing mess and not  
paying him any mind.

**INT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM ELEVEN - LATE NIGHT**

Dave sprawled out in bed with Debbie Shaw's patient records  
and other printed news articles blanketing the cheap  
bedspread.

DAVE  
Tomorrow, we ask The Sheriff flat  
out. For the record. Are you or  
are you not coordinating with The  
Jackson County Sheriff's Office  
regarding the chainsaw murders.  
Yay or nay?

SCOTT  
Murders. Don't you mean murder?

DAVE

No, I mean murders. Plural. When he doesn't correct me, we'll have our answer. And you know what else that means?

SCOTT

I give up.

DAVE

It means there's a distinct possibility that Shaw isn't completely full of crap and actually saw this guy.

With a worried and almost sulking way about him, Scott takes a big pull off his fifth of bourbon.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

SCOTT

Boss man's gonna have our nuts if we don't make this deadline.

DAVE

Let me worry about the deadline. We still don't have the story and you're worried about making the deadline?

SCOTT

Just reminding you, that's all.

DAVE

How do you report on a story you don't have yet?

SCOTT

That's kind of my point. He's gonna want a play by play, and so far, we don't have it. It's making me a little nervous is all.

DAVE

I'll call him. Okay? In a minute. Take a drink and relax. You're scaring the roaches.

Distant POLICE SIRENS steal Scott's attention. And then Dave who looks to the front window. Red and blue lights flash across the translucent beige drapes in an ultra-fast, blink and you'll miss it blurb.

SCOTT  
Hell is that goin on?

Dave almost leaps off the mattress...

...heads for the door.

Scott follows him out.

**EXT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - LATE NIGHT**

Standing at the curb outside their door, Dave and Scott observe one COP CAR after the next...blowing down the desolate country road in excess speeds.

SCOTT  
It's going on three in the morning.

Dave checks his watch--

DAVE  
Two forty-five.

SCOTT  
They must have half the department out here.

Something in the right-side parking lot draws Dave's attention.

DAVE  
White. Check it out.

At the far end of the lot, a WHITE FORD BRONCO with POLICE LIGHTS slows to a stop before ROOM #3. Across the truck's mid-section reads JACKSON COUNTY SHERIFF.

Out of the driver's side steps DAN "COACH" MACGREW (60s), a grizzled but leathery, jaundiced skin man with a lean and almost sickly thin frame. A true cowboy with a white Stetson, giant buckle and snakeskin boots.

SCOTT  
Look who just dropped in. Now let's find out what the hell's going on.

Scott heads that way, but Dave firmly clasps his arm.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What? What is it?

DAVE  
Not so fast.

From out of Room #3 walks LYNNE BLACKWOOD (20s), a striking beauty with golden straight hair flowing down the small of her back. She is strangely and perfectly reminiscent of a young Marilyn Burns at the same age.

Lynn has a short exchange with "Coach" as--

Dave and Scott watch on. But it's all an incoherent gibberish from here.

SCOTT  
Who's the babe?

DAVE  
How the hell should I know?

SCOTT  
Too hot to be a pro. Definitely too hot.

Scott throws in a fresh smoke, sparks up. Dave steals it straight from his mouth, takes a long, soothing drag.

Visibly annoyed, Scott lets it go, sparks up a new one.

Lynn crawls in Coach's Bronco as they join the CARAVAN OF COP CARS burning down the road.

DAVE  
You have your keys?

SCOTT  
Yeah. Hold on a sec--

Scott chases back inside--

**INT. DAVE'S MACH 1 - MOVING - LATE NIGHT**

Dave and Scott crawl down the red and rocky, unfinished road, keeping a safe enough distance between them and the cluster of now sedentary red and blue flashing lights.

The cops have reached the scene. Whatever that scene may be is still a mystery. But we've definitely seen this piece of road before.

SCOTT  
Kill the lights.

Dave flicks off the headlights. Nothing but darkness on both sides of the road now. But the flashing cluster of police lights draws their path forward.

DAVE

Alright, that's close enough. I'm pulling over.

Dave pulls his car onto the left soft shoulder. He shuts down the engine as he and Scott struggle to identify the actual scene of the crime.

SCOTT

Okay, we're here. Wherever here is.

DAVE

It's obviously bad.

Dave spots a TALL, LEAN FIGURE headed their direction. Someone wearing a wide-brimmed cowboy hat. A puff of cigarette smoke pours from his jaws.

SCOTT

We just got made.

DAVE

I see that.

The tall cowboy pokes his head in the driver's side window. It's none other than COACH. His Jackson County star pinned to his long sleeve shirt.

COACH

You two them boys from the paper come looking for me in Edna?

SCOTT

Scott White. Dave Foltz. Pleasure. And you would be...

COACH

Shut up.

SCOTT

Yes, sir.

COACH

White and Foltz, huh?

DAVE

Yeah, that's us. You like to fill us in on what's happening up the road?

COACH

No.

DAVE

Alrighty.

COACH

Right now, I want you to keep your head down and be quiet. And stay out of sight.

(to Scott)

You hear me okay, young man?

DAVE

Yeah, we get it.

Coach coughs up a nice, fat hocker, spits it onto the ground next to Dave's door. He moves with a casual swag toward the cemetery crime scene.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Nice to meet you too.

SCOTT

We can't just sit here.

DAVE

I'll pull closer. But we're keeping the lights off.

SCOTT

Agreed.

Dave cranks the engine, moves like a snail up the rubble-ridden clay road as the shiny cluster of red and blue lights becomes bigger and bigger.

They stop behind a very busy scene of squad cars and watch as a crew of UNIFORM DEPUTIES retrieve shovels, bolt cutters, fire axes and large black lawn bags from the rear cab of a dusty pick-up.

All of them load their tools into a large wheelbarrow. As if this has become a routine for them.

DAVE

Hell are they doing?

SCOTT

It would help if I knew where we were.

As the deputies quickly disperse, they clear a path with the most perfect, unobstructed view of MILLVALLE CEMETERY.

A gated, but very old and very modestly constructed graveyard in the middle of nowhere.

DAVE

A graveyard. Here we go again.

Scott looks to his right, and parked on the soft shoulder is Coach's white Bronco.

Inside--

Lynne stays put in the passenger seat. From the corner of her eye, she spots Scott's creepy mug getting himself a real eyeful. Visibly turned off, Lynne pretends not to notice and shifts focus on the graveyard.

SCOTT

I say if the old man doesn't give us what we need, we get it from the blonde.

DAVE

You heard the man. He said sit tight.

Dave watches the local cops swarm the scene at the cemetery. Tall, portable flood lights already staged and spotlighting a most gruesome scene.

One we cannot see from this distance. At least not yet.

Dave gives up, joins Scott in gawking at the amazing blonde angel sitting just a few yards away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

My God. She is gorgeous, isn't she?

Scott watches Dave drool like a love sick puppy.

SCOTT

Focus, David. Focus.

Lynne grows tired of Scott and Dave's razor-sharp stares, crawls out of the Bronco, impatiently pushes her way through a crowd of deputies supposedly securing the perimeter from outsiders.

DEPUTY #1

Miss. You can't go down there right now. Come on back now.

Lynne ignores him. She hurries through the opened front iron gate and joins Coach as the two survey the scene.

Lynne whispers in Coach's ear as he turns, glares back at Dave and Scott.

DAVE  
Crap. Busted again.

Scott reaches in his center console, pulls out a 35mm Pentax, checks the belly for film, shuts it. With zero hesitation, he pops open his door--

Dave clasps his wrist.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Whoa whoa.

SCOTT  
Whatever's down there, we're not leaving here without getting it on camera.

DAVE  
How you plan on doing that?

SCOTT  
There's a blind spot in those woods. They won't even know I'm there.

Dave sighs, still not sure.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You want your story? It's right down there. Waiting for us.

Beat.

DAVE  
Alright. Go. But don't let anyone see you and keep your head down.

And Scott bolts. Around the back of squad cars, headed for the woods around the graveyard. He stays low, quiet and smooth like.

Dave watches as Scott loses himself in the brush. A circle of young, bored looking COPS fail to notice the rustling of tree branches.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Don't ruin this for me, White.

**EXT. MILLVALLE CEMETERY - NIGHT**

A row of rotten pine box crypts have been disturbed. Deep holes dug into the earth. Caskets opened. Bodies have obviously been removed. And they don't have to search to long and hard for their current location.

A trio of ROTTEN CADAVERS have been somehow tied together at the arms and waist as they appear to be posing for some sort of demonic family portrait.

Three wooden stakes posted in the ground seem to keep these lifeless and skeletal bodies upright. They are "holding" a large cardboard sign painted with blood:

THIS WAY TO HELL

Below the message is a large red arrow pointed down.

Standing before this grotesque, stomach churning display are Sheriff Meeks, Deputy Bradford and DEPUTY SGT. SKIP JEFFRIES (30s), a real greasy, born and bred local redneck with oil slicked hair. On the clock, Deputy Bradford is Sheriff's trusted right-hand man, but off the clock, Jeffries takes care of his dirty work.

COACH (O.S.)

Well, look at this.

All three cops turn to find--

Coach and Lynne observing the crime scene. Lynne with a hand over her mouth, her eyes locked on the three corpses but coming close to vomiting.

COACH (CONT'D)

(to Sheriff Meeks)

Any ideas on how you gonna explain this one, Sheriff? What's this one make? Five graves or six? Or was it seven now?

(beat)

Kind of losing count.

SHERIFF MEEKS

Who's the civilian and why'd you bring her to my crime scene?

Coach grins.

COACH

I said I was coming but I didn't say I was coming alone.

SHERIFF MEEKS

You haven't answered my question,  
Sheriff.

COACH

Sure I did.

Jeffries goes into protective mode as he puffs his chest and circles Coach and Lynne like a shark.

COACH (CONT'D)

You know whose graves those belong  
to?

SHERIFF MEEKS

Yeah. A bunch of dead people.  
Same as the others.

(to Lynne)

Miss, no offence. But you really  
don't need to be here right now.

A rustling in the trees draws Deputy Bradford's attention.  
He squints his eyes as he tries to make out the source of  
this sudden commotion.

Scott keeps his head low. With his face practically buried  
in the grass, he reaches into his pants pocket, attaches a  
flash bulb to his Pentax.

LYNNE

addresses Sheriff Meeks--

LYNNE

I've seen the others, Sheriff.  
Those pictures may not have made it  
into the papers but I've seen them.

SHERIFF MEEKS

(to Coach)

You're sharing case files from an  
ongoing investigation with a  
civilian? This ain't what we  
agreed on, Macgrew.

JEFFRIES

(to Coach)

We were supposed to handle this  
quietly. It's best for all  
involved, that simple.

LYNNE

(to Jeffries)

Yeah. Just like my brother's case.

(MORE)

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
You buried his file just like  
you're gonna bury these bodies.  
(to Sheriff Meeks)  
Don't think I'm not onto you,  
Meeks.

As Sheriff Meeks is backed into a corner, his temper grows shorter and his tone angrier.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
(to Coach)  
Get her out of here now, or me and  
you ain't got nothing else to  
discuss, Sheriff.

Coach nods in agreement.

COACH  
(to Lynne)  
Go on back to the car. I'll be  
there in a minute.

Lynne reluctantly humps it back to the Bronco. On her way out, all of the on scene deputies take great pleasure in admiring her impressive figure.

Coach gets within whispering distance of Sheriff Meeks as he sparks up a fresh smoke.

COACH (CONT'D)  
I get it. Too big a crowd. Maybe  
if we talked this over somewhere a  
little more private. Maybe we can  
finally meet somewhere in the  
middle on this thing. Get our  
stories straight. Officially.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Okay, cowboy. Okay then.

Sheriff Meeks steps away, WHISTLES as loud as he can as his skeleton crew await instruction.

SHERIFF MEEKS (CONT'D)  
Jeffries. You're with me. Nick?  
You get these bodies out of here  
and those holes filled, you  
understand me? I don't care how  
long it takes or what you gotta do  
to make it happen. But just like  
it was.

Deputy Bradford is reluctant to accept instruction. He's not too thrilled by this idea.

SHERIFF MEEKS (CONT'D)  
Was that a yes, sir?!

Beat.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Yes, sir.

SHERIFF MEEKS  
Good. Get to it.

Sheriff Meeks leads the way out. Coach follows.

Meanwhile--

Scott sits in a fetal position, gets set up for a nice clear shot of the three corpses. But before he can squeeze off his first shot...

A pair of CANVAS GLOVES put him in a tight headlock. His camera dropped in the grass as he fights for air... arms flailing about...attempting to get a hold of his attacker but having little luck.

He's rendered unconscious.

Our mystery guy drags his limp body further into the woods and out of sight.

**INT. DAVE'S MACH 1 - LATE NIGHT**

Dave grows more and more nervous, impatient. He's been completely left in the weeds.

In between biting his nails, he looks to the woods for any signs of life but can't seem to locate Scott.

DAVE  
Come on.

A KNOCK on his roof almost gives him a heart attack.

He looks up to find Jeffries chewing bubble gum like a cow chews her cud.

JEFFRIES  
Whatchu doin here, partner?

DAVE  
Nothing. Nothing at all, Officer.  
Just made a wrong turn is all. I  
was just on my way.

Dave cranks the engine. Jeffries backs off.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Shit. Where the hell are you,  
White?

Throws a three point turn, crawls away from the scene as he takes his good old time leaving. In his rearview mirror, spots Jeffries keeping a sharp eye on him.

Dave looks to the woods but no sign of Scott.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Hope you got change for a phone  
call, White.

Dave punches the gas. He's out of there.

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

A still unconscious Scott sits at the helm of a flimsily built picnic bench that passes as a supper table.

A pillow case fitted over his head.

Hands tied and fastened to the chair he's sitting on with a simple white clothesline.

Scott slowly comes to life.

SCOTT  
What's happening?

The sound of someone pacing the floor behind him. A loud creaking of a wooden floorboard. And then...

His pillow case is removed. Scott finds another HOODED MAN at the opposite end of the table. But this isn't just any ordinary table. It's a kill table. Stained with the blood of countless victims. It looks like something out of a Jackson Pollock painting.

On the tabletop rests a blood spattered CIRCULAR SAW, plugged into a nearby outlet.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Who's there?

Without warning--

K.C.  
Boo!

K.C. TRAVIS (40s), a thick bearded, backwoods country redneck with rotted teeth, pops up directly in front of Scott's face. Scott almost shits.

SCOTT  
What the fuck?!

K.C. belly laughs. Damn near half swallows his chewing tobacco and coughs up a storm. This one's got a sick but playful sense of humor.

K.C.  
Sorry bout that. Just couldn't help myself.

Scott soaks up his surroundings.

SCOTT  
What is this? Why am I here?

K.C.  
Oh, come on, now. I think we're past that stage, aren't we?

Scott doesn't follow.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
What you should really be asking yourself is... "why am I still breathing? Why ain't I been sliced up into little pieces like them other assholes?"

With outright fear in his eyes, Scott stares down at the circular saw. Just out of reach.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Tell you why. You see, killing and torturing these scum bums loses its sting without a proper witness. Takes the outright shame and embarrassment right out of it. Leaves you feelin all empty inside.

The hooded man squirms, rocks in his chair, tries to break free of his restraints. K.C. slaps him hard in the back of the head.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
All that crying, screaming and begging. I want you to see it. To feel it. And to understand it.  
(MORE)

K.C. (CONT'D)

And I want you to tell the whole world what I'm about to do to this dirty sumbitch right here. And why I'm fixing to do it. Every dirty little detail.

A muffled cry from under the hood.

SCOTT

I still don't understand.

K.C.

Don't understand, huh?

K.C. picks up the circular saw, gives it a good spin to stir up fear in his intended victim.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Scott's repulsed by the thought. His jaw practically drops on the table beneath him.

K.C. (CONT'D)

Well now. Allow me the opportunity to demonstrate, Mister White.

# **INT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM THREE - LATE NIGHT**

It's Lynne's motel room. She sits in a corner chair near the window, keeps a careful eye on the lot. But she's not alone. Dave paces the carpet like a nervous wreck.

LYNNE

Five weeks ago, I arrive in Wilburn looking for my brother Daryl. I told a Deputy Wells that it had been ten days since I last made contact.

DAVE

Come on, White. Where are you?

LYNNE

Are you listening?

DAVE

I'm listening. I promise. Deputy Wells. Go on.

LYNNE

Wells took my statement and we filed a missing person's report, on the spot.

(MORE)

LYNNE (CONT'D)

He promised me he'd keep me updated on the progress of my brother's case. He promised.

DAVE

Let me guess. You never heard from him again.

LYNNE

I waited almost three weeks. Then called the Sheriff's Office and was told Deputy Wells had gone on a personal leave of absence.

Dave shakes his head with disgust.

DAVE

These bastards, man.

LYNNE

That's not all. According to Boyd County, there are no records of a Daryl Blackwood being reported missing on file.

Dave stops pacing. At full attention now.

DAVE

They buried it.

Lynne nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. About your brother. What they're doing isn't right.

LYNNE

So. What happened to your partner, anyways?

DAVE

Yeah. That's what I'd like to know.

Dave takes a moment to truly appreciate Lynne's stunning beauty. From head to toe. He does his best to behave but just can't help himself.

Lynne notices.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So what's the story with you and  
Macgrew? He staying here with you  
or what?

LYNNE

Excuse me?

Dave's face turns three shades of red, embarrassed. He quickly regroups.

DAVE

I mean...is he staying here at the  
motel?

LYNNE

Two rooms over. He said to wait  
here until he gets back.

Dave cracks the drapes, takes a peak outside.

DAVE

Come on, White. Please just tell  
me you caught a cab and you're on  
your way back here and not getting  
sliced up into little pieces.

Rested on the table top, a rotary PHONE RINGS.

Dave and Lynne's hearts almost spit out of their chests.  
Lynne reaches across the table, answers--

LYNNE

Yeah, it's me.  
(listens)  
Yeah, he's here.

Lynne offers the phone to Dave--

DAVE

Is it White?

Dave pops a squat across from Lynne, takes the phone--

DAVE (CONT'D)

Yeah, White. Where are you?

COACH (V.O.)

Listen carefully. There's a  
parking garage on the corner of  
Beechum and Fletcher. Meet me on  
level three. Ten minutes.

DAVE  
Now wait a minute.

COACH (V.O.)  
No questions. Just be there. And  
watch your ass.

Coach hangs up. A long dial tone. Dave sulks, angrily slams  
the phone onto the receiver.

LYNNE  
What is it?

DAVE  
I guess we're going for a ride.

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

The hooded man moans, twists and contorts. He sounds like  
his mouth has been gagged.

K.C.  
Poor prick can't breathe.

K.C. jerks off the pillow case. The mystery man's face now  
revealed. A black masking tape seals his mouth. He snorts  
air through his nose as if he's been short on oxygen for a  
good while now.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Take a good look. This here is the  
last of them bastards.

SCOTT  
Last of who?

K.C.  
Roughneck sumbitches got a few  
extra bucks in their pocket and  
think they own this town. And  
everybody in it.  
(to victim)  
Guess we got the last laugh, didn't  
we, asshole?

SCOTT  
That's what this is all about?  
Some bunch of outsiders? Who are  
they?

K.C. laughs.

K.C.  
Boy, you don't know nuthin about  
nuthin, do you?

K.C. picks up a sledge hammer rested against the wall.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
(to victim)  
Now, I'm gonna cut your hands  
loose. Don't be givin me no  
trouble now. Or I'll just assume  
bash your head in with this here  
hammer. Then cut you into little  
dog treats, feed em to my hogs.  
(beat)  
Got it?

The man nods. K.C. opens a switchblade, pops the clothesline  
restraining his right hand. His left still tied in a  
complicated knot to his chair leg.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Put it on the table.

The man spots the circular saw, then stares up at K.C. His  
eyes practically bulge from his skull. Shakes his head in  
one last desperate attempt.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
What I tell you about giving me  
trouble, boy?

K.C. slaps him across the head, forcefully grabs his right  
arm as the man puts up a good fight, resists with all the  
might left in his broken body.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Lay it on the table!

K.C. throws him a hard elbow to the nose. Blood spews. The  
man's entire body goes limp as K.C. is able to get his arm  
flat on the table.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Do it the hard way.

K.C. steps around the other side of the table, retrieves an  
electric NAIL GUN, plugged into a second outlet. A knotted  
orange cord gives him some trouble.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
(to Scott)  
You can look away if you're  
squeamish.

Scott does just that. He squeezes his eyes shut.

K.C. uses his blade to cut the man's left hand loose, places his left arm on the table with the other.

The man slowly regains consciousness.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Uh oh. Looks like someone's coming  
around. Better make this quick.

K.C. presses the nail gun over the man's right hand. ZIP!

Straight through to the table.

The man CRIES through the tape on his mouth. An excruciating growl of anguish. Before he can move his left arm, K.C. firmly holds it down, hits him with the second nail.

ZIP!

Another loud CRY. Even louder.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
(to Scott)  
It's okay. You can look now.

Scott cracks open his eyes to observe the man's arms and fingers exposed on the table.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
So you wanna know what this is all  
about, do you?

Scott is practically in tears as he observes this broken man's entire body spasm with a radiating pain he can't even begin to imagine.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
It's about lover boy here and his  
cronies puttin they fingers where  
they don't belong.  
(to victim)  
Ain't that right, lover man?

Scott notices the circular saw. And getting more and more nervous by the second.

SCOTT  
You don't have to do this. Not for  
me. Not for the story. What do  
you say we let this one go? I'll  
write whatever you want me to  
write. You're the boss.

K.C.  
I got another idea. Why don't you  
just shut the fuck up, newspaper  
man?!

K.C. flips open his switchblade, taps the sharp end on  
Scott's fat cheek, over and over.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Just shut up and watch. If you  
pardon my language.

K.C. rests the blade on the table, picks up the circular saw  
and cranks it up.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Well. Like the man said. Nothing  
to it but to do it.

And with the quick precision of someone who's done this a few  
dozen times over...

K.C. takes off all TEN OF THE MAN'S FINGERS as BLOOD SPRAYS  
the table, walls, K.C.'s face, the victim's face, and last  
but not least...Scott's entire upper torso.

K.C. shuts down the saw. A giant, shit eating grin as he  
listens to the man cry out.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Well now. Guess he won't be  
stickin nuthin no place. Not now.  
At least not no more. Ain't that  
right, newsman?

Scott squeezes his eyes closed. K.C. notices, and this fuels  
his rage even further--

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Hey!

K.C. rushes over, grips Scott by the jaw.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
You watch him! Take a good look!  
Shut them eyes again, I'll cut off  
your eyelids!

Scott cries like a baby.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Don't do that. Don't you cry over  
this piece of shit.  
(MORE)

K.C. (CONT'D)  
He ain't worth none of your tears.  
I'm gonna make you famous, boy.  
Snap out of it.

But Scott doesn't listen as tears shoot from his eyes like a full blown sprinkler.

K.C. slaps him into attention. A real loud crack in the mouth. That definitely worked. Scott is wide awake and fully upright. Totally scared for his life.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
You look at him. Look real good.

Scott reluctantly watches the half dead man and his bloody, severed fingers rested before him.

And almost instantly...

Vomits on the floor.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Shit man. Come on. Tryin to keep  
a clean place here.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - THIRD LEVEL - EARLY MORNING**

Dave and Lynne step out of Dave's Mach 1 and join Coach who is waiting patiently near his White Bronco, mid cigarette. No other cars anywhere on this level.

COACH  
Anyone try to follow you?

DAVE  
No.

COACH  
Sure about that?

DAVE  
No, not really. So, are you gonna  
tell us what's going on here or do  
I have to read about it in another  
paper?

COACH  
You're a little short on the  
patience department, aren't you,  
son?

DAVE

I'm real sorry, Sheriff, but my partner and I have a deadline. And that was about twelve hours ago.

COACH

I'm deeply sorry to hear that.

DAVE

What're you doing here in Boyd County? Did Meeks call you out here?

(beat)

What are you two hiding?

COACH

Who said I was hiding anything?

DAVE

I just did. Sarah Pearson came to see you before she died. Somehow she ended up out here.

(beat)

What was she doing here?

Coach puffs his cigarette, still unsure.

COACH

Don't you need a pad and pencil or something?

DAVE

It depends. Are you going on record?

Coach stomps his smoke, avoids the question. Lynne stares him dead in the eye, also short on patience.

LYNNE

(to Coach)

Just tell him.

COACH

How much did she tell you?

DAVE

Not too much. Just her getting the run around from our Sheriff Meeks. Kind of like the one I'm getting from you.

Coach grins, nods.

COACH

Pearson was looking for her brother. Just like our friend Blackwood here. The two of them were part of a drilling crew that's been setting up shop between here and Jackson County. Hired on through a company called TexCorp.

DAVE

TexCorp. The oil company.

COACH

Maybe you didn't notice them couple dozen pumpjacks between here and Edna.

DAVE

I noticed. What about them?

COACH

They've all but taken over. Buying up all kinds of land. Out go the cattle and in comes the oil rigs. TexCorp's CEO, Wilhem Degroat, he's personally handpicked about a hundred men to work them oil rigs. Got em set them up in double wide trailers, right there on the job site. Not only they getting free room and board, they got a nice hefty salary for their troubles. Around 4K a month.

DAVE

Four thousand?

COACH

Highest in the land for drill work. Unheard of.

DAVE

Why so much?

COACH

My guess would be loyalty. Loyalty to the company. These guys supposedly were the best there is.

DAVE

Were the best? What do you mean were?

COACH

Four thousand. It's the kind of money that, left in the wrong hands, can get kind of dangerous. You see, there's not a lot of women in their line of work. Things can get a bit lonely out there on those pumpjacks. Degroat's men started getting a bit handsy with the locals. Especially one girl in particular.

DAVE

Who?

COACH

Local prostitute by the name of Delilah. Delilah Prophet. She was kin to one of those cattle farms that went under. Decided she'd churn up some much needed business with Degroat's crew.

DAVE

Business?

COACH

I gotta draw you a picture? She was bringing them back to her farm, one at a time, ya see.

DAVE

What happened?

COACH

Degroat's men. Well they started taking advantage of Delilah's generosity. Started getting real aggressive, violent. Possessive. Even stopped paying for her services.

DAVE

Raping her.

COACH

Yeah. Pretty much on a regular basis from what I understand.

DAVE

What happened to the crew?

COACH

No one knows. At least nothing they can prove. Just a bunch of mutilated bodies scattered all over Jackson and Boyd County. One piece at a time.

DAVE

Who's doing this?

COACH

Delilah's kin most likely. The Travis brothers. Bunch of toothless pig farmers. They were enjoying that money same as Delilah. Until things took a turn. They been making examples out of Degroat and his crew ever since.

DAVE

How do you know all of this? Meeks tell you this?

Coach is strangely silent. Dave studies his eyes, his face, gets a good read on him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No. It wasn't Meeks but you got someone on the inside. At least tell me that. Tell me you have a source here in Boyd County.

COACH

I got a responsibility to the people of Jackson County. Same as Meeks. Truth is, Degroat's facing some serious financial loss unless he gets someone on those rigs and keeps em there.

DAVE

Yeah, so what? What's that have to do with you and Sheriff Meeks?

COACH

After taking a real careful look at things, Meeks and I came to an agreement. One I've come to regret deeply.

DAVE

What agreement?

COACH

That Degroat hire all local crew.  
Three thousand and free room and  
board. Come to the table with an  
offer or he sticks them pumpjacks  
up his ass.

DAVE

You went along with this? They're  
killing people.

COACH

Yeah. And they got enough support  
behind them to kill me and the two  
of you and nobody will even know  
about it. Or care.

(beat)

Starting to get the picture now?

Dave goes for a short but brief walk, ponders all of this new  
information, as well as his next move.

COACH (CONT'D)

What're you thinking, Foltz?

DAVE

Debbie Shaw. Her brother was one  
of Degroat's crew. Had to be. Or  
maybe it was the boyfriend.

Lynne looks to Coach for answers. But doesn't get one. Dave  
grows tired of his silence.

DAVE (CONT'D)

How else does she play into this?  
Please. Tell me.

Coach returns to his Bronco, opens the passenger door, pulls  
forward the seat, reaches inside...

Dave and Lynne growing more and more anxious.

Coach pulls out a thick mound of paperwork tucked into a file  
folder...hands it to Dave who accepts.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's this?

COACH

These pig farmers managed to wipe  
out Degroat's entire crew, plus an  
undisclosed number of other  
victims, mutilated and dumped all  
over South Texas.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Including Shaw's brother, fiancé and her two best friends. But somehow, little Debralee Shaw, all ninety five pounds of her, managed to escape unscathed. Just doesn't ring true, does it?

DAVE

No. Now that you put it that way, I guess not.

Dave flips open the files, studies them. A look of total, complete shock.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where did you get these? And how?

COACH

Everyone involved in this is angling for something, Foltz. Shaw was no different.

He stares back at Coach, very matter of factly, and with no more patience or fucks to give.

DAVE

We're running the story, Macgrew. All of it. You can officially go on record or deny the whole thing if you want, but we're running the story.

Dave turns to leave--

COACH

Who's we?

Dave stops.

COACH (CONT'D)

Your friend White is still MIA. Unless you're planning on leaving him here, you're gonna need my help, Foltz. We do this my way.

Dave checks with Lynne, who nods in agreement.

DAVE

Okay. Help me find my partner. Please.

COACH

Okay, then. You two head on back to the motel. Pack your things.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)  
And you get her out of here. Back  
to Austin. And don't look back.

Dave's hit with a stomach churning realization.

DAVE  
White's dead, isn't he?

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING**

K.C. finishes taking a leak, flushes, stares at his blood spattered face in the mirror. A real proud grin of accomplishment. Behind him, Delilah passes in the outer hallway.

K.C. spins around--

K.C.  
What're you doing up? Told you to  
stay in your room when we got  
company!

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Scott takes in some scenery as he awaits K.C.'s return.

The walls are well decorated with the Travis family lineage and photos of the large farm's early construction. The raising of the barn. The actual home's wooden foundation being nailed together. A masculine figure squated on a picket fence overlooking a hog corral.

It's all very respectable in a blood, sweat and tears work ethic kind of way. These people weren't always bad. They've simply been pushed too far.

From behind a corner wall, Delilah peers in at Scott.

SCOTT  
Miss. Hello? My hands are  
hurting. These knots are too  
tight. Can you help me?

Delilah is unsure as she checks behind her. The coast is still clear. She moves into the dining parlor.

DELILAH  
He ain't hurt you none, did he?

SCOTT  
No. He's been a real gentleman.

DELILAH

Good. He's got nuthin against you,  
ya know?

SCOTT

Could have fooled me.

DELILAH

Those boys that hurt me. They all  
gone.

Delilah observes the man at the table, bleeding out and  
barely holding on.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

This one ain't got nothin to do  
with it. But he can't stop, ya  
see?

SCOTT

Somebody hurt you? Who?

DELILAH

He's all up in here acting like  
this got something to do with me.  
Or what they done. It ain't. It's  
about what he can't do. Not no  
more, at least.

SCOTT

I don't understand.

Standing safely in the kitchen, K.C. eavesdrops on their  
conversation. Delilah's flagrant disloyalty turns his  
face red with resentment.

DELILAH

We were a thing, way back before  
all this. Before the killing  
started. Up until Momma told him  
the truth about me. About where I  
come from. About us being kin.  
Well. Not all the way kin. But  
like halfway.

SCOTT

You're losing me, sweetie.

DELILAH

I told we couldn't no more. On  
account of us being...well. Sort  
of brother and sister.

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

He act like he cares about those  
men laying their hands on me. But  
I know better. It's jealousy, you  
know?

Scott looks sick at the thought.

SCOTT

Oh, God.

DELILAH

Watching all those men laying hands  
on me in ways he ain't allowed no  
more. It was enough to drive him  
mad.

K.C.

Why don't you shut up, Delilah!

K.C. interrupts their convo. Delilah all but wilts in a  
fetal position. As if reverting to the part of the shy  
wallflower.

K.C. (CONT'D)

Ungrateful ass. I'm only doing  
this for you. You just told the  
whole world about us. You're  
embarrassing us!

DELILAH

Well maybe the world needs to know  
the truth!

K.C. grabs her by the throat.

K.C.

Will you shut up! Shut up, go  
upstairs and get a wash like I done  
told you twice now!

K.C. shoves her hard--

Delilah takes a tumble on the carpet.

SCOTT

Hey, take it easy!

K.C. turns to Scott. Angry at first, but then bursts into  
hysterics.

K.C.

Thatta boy, White. Good boy.  
Stickin up for my baby sister.  
Good for you.

Scott cracks a sigh of relief.

SCOTT  
You're welcome.

The man across the table lifts his head...screams some angry profane rant at both Scott and K.C. Something we can't hear under the tape on his mouth.

K.C.  
Whatchu say, asshole?

K.C. rips the tape off--

MAN  
I said fuck you and your whore sister.

K.C.  
Fuck me, huh? We'll see about that.

K.C. reaches for the circular saw, powers it up.

MAN  
Get it over with!

But before K.C. Can finish the job--

A hand clasps his wrist.

It's the hand of BEAU TRAVIS (40s), baby faced, no front teeth, a filthy Rangers ball cap. And Beau's about as rural country redneck as it gets. All work, no play, all business. The patriarch of the Travis clan.

BEAU  
Turn it off!

K.C. powers down the saw.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
What're you torturing him for? Get his ass out to Jimmy Ray and get on with it.

K.C.  
Jimmy ain't back yet.

Beau motions to Scott--

BEAU  
This ain't what he's here for.

K.C.  
He needs to see it!

BEAU  
Well he saw it. You happy now?  
Now get him outta here.

K.C.  
I ain't done yet.

BEAU  
You aint done?

Beau snags the switchblade from the table, jams it straight into the man's neck. Blood spits from his throat like a paint sprayer. And he's all done.

Beau releases the blade. The man's head falls limp on the table. Thump! Enough is enough.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
Now you're done. Now get him out  
to the barn and get started on  
those trees like you said you was  
goin to.

Beau excuses himself. Enough playing around. Time for work.

K.C. looks all but deflated now. As if the school bully just stole his lunch money.

K.C.  
(to Scott)  
You stay put now. Don't go doin  
nuthin stupid. Like tryin to  
escape or somethin.

SCOTT  
I promise. After all. You're my  
story, right?

K.C. grins.

K.C.  
Might wanna shut your eyes.

Scott obeys. And squeezes them tight.

Once again, K.C. cranks up the saw. And with another clean and precise sweep, takes both of the man's HANDS.

**INT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM ELEVEN - EARLY MORNING**

Dave unlocks the door, rushes inside. He notices Scott's luggage, still zipped up, rested in the same exact spot near his bed.

DAVE

He never came back. This isn't good. Definitely not good.

LYNNE

You heard what Macgrew said. They'll be after us next. We can't wait any longer.

DAVE

Yeah. I'm getting that feeling. How much do you have to pack?

LYNNE

How's five minutes sound?

DAVE

Sounds about right. Go on. I'll pull the car around and meet you.

Lynne rushes out the door. Meanwhile, Dave stares down at Scott's luggage, still very much unsure. It's loyalty to the story and the paper, or to his new friend.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You had to get your stupid pictures, didn't you, White?

**EXT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - EARLY MORNING**

On her way back to her room, Lynne is stopped in her tracks by the sight of Coach's White Bronco, parked in front of Room Three. Her room. She is hesitant and moves with caution as she slowly approaches.

Stopped in front of Room Three, Lynne can't bring herself to go further. She quietly turns the doorknob, already unlocked, nudges open the door--

**INT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM THREE - EARLY MORNING**

Lynne steps inside. The sound of a shower running in the corner bathroom.

LYNNE

Coach? Sheriff Macgrew?

Lynne moves further inside. The door left wide open.

Steam shoots from the open bathroom door.

LYNNE (CONT'D)  
Coach? Are you there or not? Say something!

Nothing.

Lynne moves for the bathroom...

#### **INT. BATHROOM**

Lynne is swallowed up by the white fog. A hot shower runs behind a closed curtain.

LYNNE  
Coach, say something!

Lynne yanks back the curtain. Nothing but an empty tub almost filled to the brim with hot water.

Sheriff Meeks steps up behind her, chokes her with a white cloth soaked in chloroform. Within mere seconds, Lynne collapses on the wet tile.

#### **EXT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM THREE - EARLY MORNING**

Sheriff Meeks has Lynne's limp body thrown over his shoulder as he rushes to the already opened back hatch of Coach's White Bronco.

He loads her inside. Coach lay next to her, completely out cold. Coach's department issue cuffs clasped around his wrists.

Sheriff Meeks pulls out his own personal cuffs to fasten Lynne's hands together. He checks the motel grounds for witnesses.

The coast is still clear. All but for one lone car that putters along the highway.

After a moment, Sheriff Meeks crawls out, slams the long rear door shut. In a hurry now, he jumps behind the wheel. Tires squeal the pavement.

SCREEECCHHHH!

And they're out of there.

Dave pokes his head out of room eleven. He spots the White Bronco barreling down the dusty highway. It's all but a white spot at this point.

DAVE  
Oh no. Lynne.

Dave rushes to ROOM THREE. The door left wide open. A moment's hesitation...then races inside...

**INT. CACTUS MOTOR LODGE - ROOM THREE - EARLY MORNING**

The room still filled with WHITE STEAM as the shower continues to fill the bathtub.

Water spills into the outer room. The carpet soaked.

DAVE  
Lynne! You in there?!

Dave rushes to

**THE BATHROOM**

No one there. Just the overflow of hot, steaming bathwater now soaking his expensive loafers.

Dave turns around and finds Coach's perfectly shiny and well maintained service revolver, and holster, rested on an outer sink area.

He unfastens the holster, pulls out a three fifty seven magnum. He checks for shells. All six loaded, ready for action.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You forgot something, asshole.

Shuts the cylinder.

**EXT. ARGO GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING**

It's almsot dawn as Deputy Bradford spills out the door with his usual morning donut and coffee, ringing a pair of clanging door bells.

He heads for his squad car, still parked at the pump. With no more hands left at his disposal, he throws the donut in his mouth, ditches the bag in a trash bin and crawls in the driver's side.

**INT. BRADFORD'S SQUAD CAR - EARLY MORNING**

Deputy Bradford chews on his donut as he cranks the engine. And before he can throw it in drive...

Dave puts the magnum to the back of his head.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Foltz. What the hell are you  
doing?

DAVE  
Delilah Prophet. You're taking me  
to her place. It seems me and her  
got a lot to talk about.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Are you out of your mind? You  
shouldn't be here.

Glances in the rearview mirror. Dave's exhausted mug glaring back at him.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (CONT'D)  
And why are you here, by the way?  
You should be halfway to Austin by  
now.

Dave squints--

DAVE  
How did you know about that?

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
About what?

DAVE  
About us heading back. Who told  
you that? Was it Macgrew?

Deputy Bradford rendered speechless. He dodges the question with a long, overexaggerated sigh.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

DAVE  
You're his source, aren't you? You  
spilled your guts.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Where's Macgrew? And where did you  
get that gun?

DAVE

We can protect you, ya know.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Oh yeah, how's that? By going out there and getting us both killed? I think I'll pass.

DAVE

There's still the matter of my partner.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Who?

DAVE

You know who. What are they gonna do with him?

DEPUTY BRADFORD

What do you think they're doing? Making love to him?

(beat)

They're gonna kill him.

Dave all but wilts in defeat, collapses his back against the cracked leather seat.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (CONT'D)

And they'll do the same to you. Too stubborn to know it yet.

DAVE

Dead or alive, I'm not leaving him here. Or the girl. Even if I gotta call in the state fucking police to get it done.

Deputy Bradford pops the lid on his coffee, takes a generous swig to wash down his mouthful of donut.

Click! Dave has the hammer yanked back as he forcefully shoves the magnum into the headrest.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Don't even think about tossing that coffee in my face.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Wasn't planning on it.

DAVE

Dump it out.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Huh?

DAVE

Out the window.

Deputy Bradford sighs, and with his left hand, dumps the still steaming cup out the window.

PUTY BRADFORD

Okay, boss. So what's your plan?

DAVE

We bring in Delilah. Sheriff's orders. Not yours.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Okay, great. And when they ask why?

DAVE

Well you can shoot them if you have to. But we're going. That's the deal. All other deals are off the table. So get driving.

Deputy Bradford turns around, grins back at Foltz. The size of the balls on this kid.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Hell, you're crazier than they are, Foltz. You know that?

DAVE

Yeah. You just drive.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Yes, sir. Boss.

Deputy Bradford pulls away from the pump. And they're officially on their way.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS FARM - DAWN**

Somewhere lost amongst the tall, unkempt blades of grass sits a handcrafted wooden hog corral. Dozens of squealing pigs and boar hogs scurry about under the protective cover of aluminum canopy roofs.

The sprawling property is a ghostly shell of what used to be. A multi-generational work ethic has unfortunately gone straight to hell.

A wired horse fence on the opposite side of the hog corral marks the once impressive horse farm. But not a single pony to be found grazing in this mess.

A second wire fence separates the horse field from the actual Travis family mansion. And to the left of the mansion sits a two story barn and horse corral. And it's, by far, the ugliest thing on this farm.

Coach's White Bronco coasts over a bumpy and gravel ridden dirt road and slows to a swift halt.

Out steps Sheriff Meeks. He walks to the rear of his Bronco, pops open the hatch.

Still no signs of life from either Lynne or Coach.

The sound of a large BARN DOOR OPENING.

Sheriff Meeks looks up to find...

JIMMY RAY TRAVIS (30s), tall, lean, blood stained tank-top and donning a leather apron, safety goggles and a construction worker's white respirator mask. His true identity all but hidden behind the protective face gear.

SHERIFF MEEKS

Got two more for you. Make them quick. In the ground. No funny business. Ya hear me, Travis? Quick and quiet!

Sheriff Meeks steps aside as Jimmy Ray, without missing a beat, drags out Lynne by the feet and clumsily tosses her over his shoulder.

Into the barn they go.

Sheriff Meeks takes a moment, uses a hanky to wipe the terrible sweat from his brow.

#### **INT. TRAVIS BARN - DAWN**

Jimmy Ray clicks a long chain dangling from the ceiling as a single bulb lights his work space.

It hangs above a mobile woodworking bench stained with the blood and tears of hundreds of victims. But this is no ordinary work bench. This one is operated by some sort of hand-built hydraulic system. A simple hand crank system moves this table up, down, left and right, or in a total three hundred sixty degrees.

Jimmy Ray gives one of the levers a pull as the table sinks lower and lower...almost floor level.

Sheriff Meeks drags in Coach by his legs. He's somehow still hanging on as he mumbles incoherently.

SHERIFF MEEKS

Like I said. No funny business  
with this one.

Jimmy Ray lifts up his mask, spits on the floor. Sheriff Meeks winces with disgust, heads out.

Lynne starts to come around, stares up at Sheriff Meeks as he dips out of the barn. The morning daylight creeping in, illuminating the pitch dark space.

A rustling happening over her shoulder.

Jimmy Ray digs Coach's keys from his pants pocket, unlocks his cuffs. And proceeds to lift him from the floor, drags him over to the workbench...loads him flat on the table.

He pulls a second lever as the table slowly rises...throws it in stopping position about waist high.

First, Jimmy Ray fastens Coach's hands to a pair of iron cuffs bolted onto the wooden board.

He pulls another lever, a third lever, as the table swings Jimmy Ray's direction and stops as Coach's head meets his waistline.

Meantime...

Lynne quietly watches from the floor. Coach's head dangles off the edge of the table. As if he was carefully and purposely positioned this way.

From a hanging arm dangles a circular saw on yet another hand-crafted apparatus.

Lynne grows anxious. Her heart beating faster. She watches in horror as...

Jimmy Ray powers up the SAW and RUNS IT OVER COACH'S EXPOSED NECK...

Coach's severed head collapses into a metal bucket, waiting at Jimmy Ray's feet.

The filthy floor near Lynne soaked with her tears. And most likely urine.

Without warning, Jimmy Ray steps her direction, but Lynne quickly squeezes her eyes shut. Playing dead.

Jimmy Ray steps right over her body as he heads for the cracked open barn door.

Lynne watches him step out.

**EXT. TRAVIS FARM - WOODS - DAWN**

Jimmy Ray unzips and lets out a nice, long, morning piss. And he's been holding this one for a while.

**INT. TRAVIS BARN - DAWN**

Lynne manages to get upright. She reaches up, gives a good yank on the dangling bulb chain. The room goes pitch dark.

Jimmy Ray appears at the doorway.

Lynne ducks down, crawls out of sight. Somewhere behind some old living room furniture. She feels the fabric of an old, beaten up, spider infested couch.

As Jimmy Ray cautiously enters...

With nowhere left to run or hide, Lynne quietly lays flat on the dusty couch cushions. Keeping as still as humanly possible.

Jimmy Ray finds the bulb chain, yanks it back on. Lynne is gone. Officially escaped. Or so it seems.

Jimmy Ray surveys every corner of this dark and congested, overly crowded dumping ground of crap.

He turns his attention to--

A sizeable work station in the back corner. Various tools hang from an almost petrified pegboard. Below the board sits several metal drawers.

Jimmy Ray throws one open, pulls out a large flashlight. **TURNS IT ON.**

And spotlights every corner. Piece by piece.

Behind the couch...

Lynne quivers with fear. She squeezes her hands together to keep the metal cuffs from clanking.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Ray gives up, rushes back outside.

Lynne exhales a sigh of relief.

**EXT. TRAVIS FARM - MORNING**

Lynne pops her head out. The coast is presumably clear. But first, she surveys the overall landscape. The complicated hog corral looks more like a maze. The Travis home to her immediate right.

She takes a moment to contemplate her decision.

And finally bolts in the direction of the empty horse field.

And popping out of the fields, as if he's been patiently awaiting her escape, is Jimmy Ray...gas powered CHAINSAW BUZZING and ready to dice her into pieces.

But Lynne is quick on her feet as she makes him work for it. She follows the fence line into the...

**EXT. TRAVIS FARM - WOODS - MORNING**

With her hands still cuffed together, Lynne ducks under a sea of dead tree limbs, and pushes her way through.

Jimmy Ray reduces these limbs to matchsticks as he's gaining traction and on Lynne's heels.

Lynne snaps, kicks and punches her way through, cutting and scratching up her arms and face. Even her forehead takes a beating from the harsh tree limbs.

Eventually, she falls. Her arms over her head, cuffs now wrapped around a complicated root. One she can't seem to negotiate or break free of.

LYNNE

Come on! Fucker! Come on!

Jimmy Ray draws closer and closer, clearing out a path with his monstrosously powerful saw.

Lynne instinctively, violently KICKS in his direction. Desperate and out of options.

And then...A LARGE SPARK as the chainsaw gets snagged a thick branch and conks out completely.

Lynne belts out a taunting LAUGH.

This buys Lynne some time as she attempts to pull her hands free from the root.

Jimmy Ray tries like hell to yank start the saw but is having ZERO success. Now furious, Jimmy Ray dumps the saw... retreats.

Lynne still hung up.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Come on!

K.C. (O.S.)

Need some help there, darlin?

Lynne looks over her shoulder...

About ten yards out...

K.C. brands a machete, awaiting Lynne at the other end of this short patch of dead oak trees.

LYNNE

Fuck you!

K.C. swipes the long blade left and right, cutting away the debris as he closes in. And having himself a ball, laughing like a gitty school boy.

#### **INT. TRAVIS BARN - MORNING**

From off of the pegboard wall, Jimmy Ray pulls down a SECOND CHAINSAW. And this one is even bigger, longer and more powerful.

Wasting little time, he moves for the barn door.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS FARM - WOODS - MORNING**

K.C. hovers above Lynne, finds her cuffs caught in a medusa of tree root. Instead of carefully working out these knots or breaking her free, he simply and forcefully drags Lynne from the woods by her feet.

Lynne SCREAMS in sheer agony.

And after a rough twenty seconds or so, he's finally pulled her free and into the open.

K.C.

We'll see how far you get after I cut them pretty legs off.

Lynne gives him a good, swift kick to the groin.

Ouch!

K.C. stumbles...

Lynne rolls herself over, attempts to crawl back into the trees but K.C. yanks her right back.

K.C. (CONT'D)  
Playing hard to get, huh?

Enough of this shit. K.C. two fists the machete, reaches it back, ready to finish this bitch...

POW!

K.C. knocked backward. A BULLET lodged in his shoulder. He looks up...spots...

Deputy Bradford and his magnum.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Drop it!

K.C.  
You're fuckin dead, you know that?  
Boss man's gonna kill you, sure  
enough.

K.C. laughs, complies, drops the machete in the dirt.

Good for him. Deputy Bradford unloads another three shots center mass as...

K.C. stumbles further and further back...

And finally...

Into an open water well. His SCREAMS echo the tight corridor as his body eventually SPLASHES into the abyss.

Deputy Bradford nods to Lynne, still on the ground, catching her breath and badly scratched.

Somewhere in this field sits Bradford's SQUAD CAR. Dave steps from the passenger side...

DAVE  
I'm gonna check on White.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Not without me you're not. Just  
hold on.

He turns to Lynne--

DEPUTY BRADFORD (CONT'D)  
Let me see your hands.

Lynne sits up, offers her cuffed hands--

Deputy Bradford unlocks them. Lynne rubs down her bruised up hands, as if to give them some much needed life.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (CONT'D)  
Where's Macgrew?

LYNNE  
Dead. I think.

Deputy Bradford nods. No surprise there.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
You see that fence line over there?

Lynne spots a wired fence that runs through the far end of these private woods.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (CONT'D)  
You follow that line until you reach the highway. And don't stop to smell the roses.

LYNNE  
Yeah, I'll try not to.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Get out of here.

Lynne books it for the fence line.

Dave patiently waits by the car.

DAVE  
She gonna be alright?

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Just stay behind me. And be quiet.

Moving with caution, and on high alert, Deputy Bradford takes the long way around these dead trees, keeping low, out of sight. Dave follows behind.

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING**

Scott still sitting tight. His eyes locked onto the dead body across from him. Both hands severed.

The heat is almost unbearable as Scott starts to dip out. Sweat falling from his eyes, dripping from his chin.

And out he goes. Total exhaustion.

DEPUTY BRADFORD (O.S.)  
White.

Scott snaps to attention.

SCOTT  
What?

Scott spots Deputy Bradford at the foot of the table, magnum in hand, about to rescue him.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
I'm here with Foltz. Just sit tight a little bit longer and we're getting out of here.

SCOTT  
Sit tight? I've been sitting tight. Get me the fuck out of here.

DEPUTY BRADFORD  
Shhh.

The first floor clear. Deputy Bradford moves up a nearby set of steps, ready to sweep the second floor.

SCOTT  
Yeah, okay. So, I'll just wait here then.

**INT. TRAVIS HOME - SECOND FLOOR - MORNING**

Deputy Bradford moves up the hallway, gun gripped in both hands as he quickly ducks his head in and out of the multiple open bedrooms.

He comes upon the--

BATHROOM

--and ducks inside. He spots an old-fashioned cast iron bathtub full of bubbles and a row of candles still lit. Hanging above this tub is a WIDE OPEN WINDOW.

Someone has just escaped.

Deputy Bradford rushes in, yanks the plug on the bottom of the tub as the water quickly drains out.

He loses patience and crawls into the tub. The water tickling his shins.

Out the window, Deputy Bradford spots Delilah, wrapped in a bath towel, making a run for it. Into the surrounding trees she goes.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Hey!

And before he knows what's happening, *he's jerked backward*, away from the window and onto the tile--

He looks up to find Beau hovering over him. And before he can sit up, Beau's got a boot in his neck.

Deputy Bradford gasps for air.

BEAU

You dropped your gun, pig lips.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Fuckin hillbilly. You kill me, Meeks will put a bullet in that little bitch's skull.

BEAU

You mean kinda like this?

Beau takes aim...cocks the hammer.

DEPUTY BRADFORD

Fuck you!

POW!

Some fresh brains paint the bathroom floor.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS FAMILY GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Lynne maneuvers her way through the trees, follows the fence line across a peaceful creek. And then stumbles into a wide open family graveyard. We've seen this place before. It's the same exact site of Sarah Pearson's death at the very beginning of our story.

Lynne moves through the corroded headstones, stops here and there to check behind her. The coast seems to be all but clear as freedom is well within her reach.

A cranking CHAINSAW draws her attention. She turns around, faces forward--

Hidden behind a tombstone, Jimmy Ray sideswipes the buzzing saw across her LEFT LEG...severing it completely.

Lynne face plants.

Jimmy Ray stands up. Takes his time as Lynne desperately crawls toward the running creek.

Jimmy Ray places a foot on each side of her, runs the CHAINSAW straight down her back.

From behind a row of tombstones, we witness BLOOD SPIRT FROM LYNNE'S BODY AND SHOOT HIGH INTO THE AIR.

Her CRIES are lost in a muffled GARGLING OF BLOOD.

**INT. TRAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Dave quickly turns a corner, gun aimed and ready for action. He finds Scott awaiting him at the table.

SCOTT

Foltz. You're still alive. Get me out of here.

DAVE

Yeah. What're you, like, tied to the chair or something?

SCOTT

Yes! Now get a knife and cut me the fuck off, please!

DAVE

Right.

Dave rushes back...through the sliding door of the dining parlor and into the nearby...

**KITCHEN**

...where he frantically searches the countertop and drawers for the perfect cutting instrument. On the very bottom drawer near the sink, he discovers a pair of SCISSORS.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Dave rushes back into...

## THE DINING ROOM

...with his scissors in hand.

SCOTT

Hurry up.

Dave kneels down, behind Scott's chair, finds each hand tied to a different leg. And these knots are tight and overly complicated.

DAVE

Alright, just sit still.

Dave rests the magnum on the table as it slides just out of arms length of Scott. This will be important.

Dave tries to cut the restraint but the knot is super coiled and thick. And these scissors are dull.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fuckers won't cut.

SCOTT

Are you kidding me.

And Dave finally snaps the first knot.

DAVE

Got it.

Scott breaks his hand and arm free. He makes a tight fist, over and over, as if to bring some much needed blood flow and life to his hand and arm.

SCOTT

Now get the other one.

But before Dave can get into position...

Beau snags him up like a rag doll, tosses him onto the table with the circular saw just out of reach.

Beau's hands wrapped around Dave's throat. He gasps for air.

Scott tries like hell to reach the magnum. He can't quite get there.

Dave shoves his fingers into Beau's grill, up his nose, in his mouth. And eventually, a thumb in his eye.

Beau stumbles back.

As Dave attempts to escape, Beau tackles him into the sliding parlor door as Dave goes limp, slides to the carpet.

Beau pulls his new magnum from the rear of his pants, ready to blow Dave's head off.

POW-POW!

Beau is struck with TWO SHOTS in the back.

He turns to find...

Scott, his one free hand gripping a revolver.

Beau is almost dead on his feet, if not for one more half baked attempt at squeezing off a shot. But before he can raise his gun hand--

Dave TACKLES HIM from behind. And forces Beau face first onto the blood-stained parlor table.

Dave powers up the CIRCULAR SAW, runs it over the back of Beau's exposed neck. Blood squirts and all but paints Dave's face red.

He powers down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Good job. Now will you  
please...cut this fucking string  
off my hand?

DAVE

Yeah. Right. Sorry.

Dave snags the scissors from the floor, steps behind Scott and finishes the job.

Scott is finally free. He stands up, rubs his hands together, rubs his sore arms and shoulders.

SCOTT

Where's the calvary?

DAVE

I'm not sure. What do you say we  
get out of here first and find  
out later?

Scott rubs his sore neck, grins. A nervous laugh. As if he's happy and surprised to still be alive.

SCOTT

Man. Doesn't get any closer than  
that, does it, Foltz?

CRASH! And the entire pain glass window behind Scott's chair  
SHATTERS into oblivion. A LIVE CHAINSAW quickly removes this  
glass obstruction as...

JIMMY RAY reaches inside, one spare arm, grabs a hold of  
Scott's shirt tail, YANKS him through the open window and  
onto the grass outside.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Foltz!

DAVE

Shit!

**EXT. TRAVIS FARM - BACK YARD - DAY**

Scott still on the ground. He is dizzy, out of it, tries to  
find his bearings. His magnum dropped somewhere. Could be  
anywhere. But wherever it is, it's out of reach.

Jimmy Ray, still in his goggles and respirator mask, picks up  
the chainsaw...YANKS it back into action.

SCOTT

Can we talk this out? How about an  
exclusive?

Dave jumps through the open window...

Tackles Jimmy Ray as the two collapse in the dirt.

The LIVE CHAINSAW SPINS IN A THREE SIXTY.

Scott barely ducks out of the way. Crawls it backward, away  
from the out of control saw.

Dave has Jimmy Ray in a tight headlock as the two stumble  
back and forth. With the respirator mask still in place,  
Jimmy Ray's breathing is out of control.

Eventually, the CHAINSAW hits a fence post and stops spinning  
altogether.

Scott rises up, digs it out of the soft dirt...

...gets within reach of Dave and Jimmy Ray as they continue  
to dance around the back lawn.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Get away from him!

DAVE  
Oh, okay! I'll do that!

Jimmy Ray eventually gets the best of him and throws Dave into the trees like a ragdoll. He pulls a pig sticker hunting knife from a canvas belt holster...

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Do it! Do it now!

But before Jimmy Ray can finish the job...

Scott sideswipes him with the chainsaw...almost ripping Jimmy Ray in half as he falls limp, like a mutilated animal, onto the earth.

Blood quickly turns the dirt to a crimson mud. A tired and blood caked Dave and Scott left awestruck.

Scott powers down the saw, dumps it.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Tell me that's all of them.

SCOTT  
Let's not stick around to find out.

DAVE  
Yeah.

Dragging some ass, Scott and Dave make tracks. As quickly as their broken bodies will allow.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS FARM - WOODS - DAY**

Deputy Bradford's squad car still parked in the same spot. Somewhere between the farm and the highway.

Lynne appears to be sitting in the backseat. Awaiting their arrival.

SCOTT  
What the hell's she still doing here?

Dave spins around, faces the Travis farm--

DAVE  
Don't tell me Bradford has the keys.

SCOTT  
Keys? What keys? Like car keys?  
Gotta be kidding me, Foltz.

DAVE  
Yeah, because I'm in a kidding  
mood.

Dave pays him little mind, continues to the car. Scott follows.

Dave ignores Lynne, rested in the back, jumps in the driver's seat and inspects the ignition. No keys.

A grinning Scott opens the backseat...

SCOTT  
Surprise, we made it.

But Lynne's left leg is missing as the leather upholstery is drenched in blood. Lynne's dead eyes gazing out at nothing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, Foltz!

Scott checks Lynne's pulse...and her entire HEAD FALLS OFF HER TORSO...rolls onto the floorboard.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

Scott is so repulsed, he jumps back, trips over a rock and falls onto the dirt.

Dave checks the rearview mirror to find Lynne's headless corpse in the backseat.

He also jumps out. Then his attention drawn to a rustling in some far away trees. Out of these trees steps...

Delilah, still wrapped in her towel. She reaches out her arm, dangles the car keys in the air.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. Let's just kill her.

DAVE  
Hold on a sec.

Dave carefully, cautiously approaches. Delilah meets him halfway...still dangling the keys.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Okay, what do you want? A front  
page exclusive?

Delilah looks puzzled, not quite following.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
We can tell the whole world what  
them boys did to you. We can  
protect you. If that's what you  
want. God knows it's what you  
deserve. You can trust us.

DELILAH  
You take me with you?

Scott almost laughs out loud. Dave gives him a back off  
look. Delilah looks offended.

SCOTT  
Just knock that bitch out and take  
the keys!

DELILAH  
You take me with you. I'll tell  
the whole world what they did. Not  
just them either.

Dave grins, nods in agreement.

DAVE  
Yeah. We promise.

Delilah reluctantly hands him the keys. And with one swift  
punch, Dave lays her out cold. No more deals today.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Now. Let's go home.

Dave and Scott crawl in the car. Lynne's headless torso still  
propped up in the back. But no worries. They're out of  
there and there's no looking back.

Delilah left in the dirt. Her nose broken. Out cold.

**INT. AUSTIN VOICE - NEWSROOM - NIGHT**

And it's business as usual as all the usual players are back  
behind their typewriters, working up their completely  
mundane, everyday stories. All looking bored and totally  
unsatisfied.

In walks Scott and Dave, still caked head to toe in blood spatter and utter filth. Utter silence from everyone in the room as they all stop and watch.

Scott and Dave are also silent. A dead serious look in their eyes as they make a quick pit stop at Dave's desk.

Dave yanks open a bottom drawer, pulls out a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH and TWO GLASSES. He pours them both a healthy double shot. They toast, and down the hatch.

Simons steps out of his office, jaw open, awestruck, speechless. No one saying a word.

Dave refills both their glasses. Another healthy double shot of scotch. Dave takes their glasses, ditches them in the bottom drawer, shuts it.

Dave plants his butt in his chair. Time to get to work.

Scott heads to his corner office, straight past Simons, still rendered speechless.

Before Simons can say the first word...

Dave is typing up a storm.

Simons checks in on Scott...also hard at work.

SIMONS

Good talk.

Simons steps back in his office, shuts the door.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Dave is the only one left in the room. All the overhead lights start to shut off...one at a time. Eventually, Scott joins him at his desk.

Dave yanks the paper from the typewriter, hands it to Scott to proofread.

SCOTT

We got it.

Simons pops his head out, joins the guys at Dave's desk. He snags the story straight from Scott's fingers.

DAVE

Well?

Simons finishes reading. A giant, shit eating grin of approval.

SIMONS

Okay. Run it.

Simons hands the page back to Scott, heads back to his office. Dave and Scott grinning like a couple anxious kids on Christmas Eve.

**INT. FAIR OAKS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Dave sits across from Debbie, back in that same room by the window as the bright morning rays bleed onto the table's surface. Practically a spotlight on Debbie's no good, guilt-ridden, lying mug.

Scott in the corner, arms folded, all grins. He smiles back at Doctor Dunham, in the opposite corner, looking deflated and demoralized.

DEBBIE

Well. You guys find anything useful or what? The suspense is a bit more than I can take here, fellas. It's only been three years in this hell hole.

DAVE

Debbie, I don't know where to start. It was definitely eye opening.

Scott sparks up a smoke, shoots Doctor Dunham the kind of knowing stare that speaks volumes.

DEBBIE

(to Doctor Dunham)

Why does he keep staring at you like that?

DOCTOR DUNHAM

I think it would do you good to keep quiet, Deb.

DEBBIE

Excuse the shit out of me.

DAVE

You know, before Scott and I took this assignment, we were always just a little skeptical. Here you are, the sole survivor of what turned out to be a mass murder reaching multiple counties. What I can't quite get past is...how?

Debbie doesn't follow. She checks with Scott, who stares her down with utter contempt.

DAVE (CONT'D)

How did you of all people manage to escape?

DEBBIE

I don't know. I told you I--

DAVE

--Don't remember. Yeah, you said that already. But how can that be?

DEBBIE

I don't like this.

SCOTT

Tough shit, sweetheart. Now shut up and listen.

(to Dave)

Sorry, Foltz.

Debbie turns to Doctor Dunham for assistance. But her eyes are down, ashamed, defeated.

DEBBIE

Wow. Okay then.

DAVE

Seriously, Deb. How can it be you don't remember where you were going, or how you even made it back home to Austin?

DEBBIE

Someone picked me up. Brought me to the hospital. I told you that already.

DAVE

Yeah. That takes care of the trip back home. But everything else between here and Boyd County gets a bit foggy, don't it?

Debbie grows irritated.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But you managed to convince the good doctor here that you tucked it all away like some kind of repressed memory. Gotta say, Deb. Makes for a good alibi.

DEBBIE

What alibi?

Dave hands her the file given to him by Coach. Debbie flips it open. It's the mug shots and rap sheets of her fiance BEAU TRAVIS and two best friends, a young twenty-something couple.

DAVE

Sheriff Macgrew really outdid himself on this one. All he did was show your friends pictures around Wilburn, and wouldn't you know it...someone on a drilling crew fingered your fiance's mugshot. One Beau Travis. Of the Travis family farm.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

Mugshot?

DAVE

That's right, Doctor. Turns out he wasn't murdered after all. In fact.

(to Debbie)

You helped Beau kill your two best friends. Didn't you?

Doctor Dunham is sick at the thought. She simply stares down at Debbie with a broken heart. All of this information cutting into her very soul.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And just when things got a little too hot for you...you cut and run. Head on back to Austin screaming bloody murder.

SCOTT

Then stab yourself an ER doc and got yourself thrown in the nut house before anyone can even think about putting you in the suspect category.

(to Doctor Dunham)

No offence, Doc.

Debbie shakes her head. She's just been busted.

DOCTOR DUNHAM

(to Debbie)

What are they saying, Debbie?

(MORE)

DOCTOR DUNHAM (CONT'D)  
What is this? Is this true? Why  
would you hurt your friends?

SCOTT  
Oh, did we forget to mention that  
Debbie and her friends robbed a few  
banks in Odessa back in Seventy  
One? Turns out Debbie here was the  
getaway driver.

DOCTOR DUNHAM  
A bank robbery?

DAVE  
Guess that never came up in those  
hypnosis sessions, huh, Doc? Must  
have slipped her memory.

SCOTT  
Debbie was the only one on the  
whole entire crew who didn't manage  
to get her face on the eleven o  
clock news.

(to Debbie)  
Smart girl. Made it that much  
easier to take their share of the  
cash. I mean, who's gonna suspect  
little old you? Ain't that right?

DAVE  
(to Debbie)  
How did you find out about Beau?  
When did you find out he was  
killing all these people? Is that  
why you turned on him?

Debbie looks away, unwilling to answer. A gutpunched look of  
utter shame and disgust with herself.

SCOTT  
(to Dave)  
The bigger question is...does she  
even care?

DEBBIE  
You don't know me. You still don't  
know shit. Get out.

DAVE  
Yeah. I think we're done here.  
(to Doctor Dunham)  
You can read the rest in the papers  
tomorrow.

Dave stands to leave. Scott already has the door opened.  
Debbie stops them halfway out--

DEBBIE

Beau wasn't like that. Not like the others. Those brothers of his were crazy. Sick in the head.

SCOTT

And helping him kill your best friends wasn't crazy at all.

DEBBIE

(to Scott)

We were gonna get away from there. For good. Start a new life together. Getting them out of the way was a necessary evil.

(to both)

Anyways. He's not who you think he was. Just don't dishonor him. He doesn't deserve that.

DAVE

Don't dishonor a guy who helped dissect and mutilate over two dozen bodies. No, Debbie. He's exactly who I think he is. A murderer. Just like you. Enjoy prison.

(to Doctor Dunham)

We'll see ourselves out.

SCOTT

(to Debbie)

Don't get up.

Dave is already gone. Scott gives Doctor Dunham a sly wink on his way out the door.

Debbie left in tears. Doctor Dunham left biting her nails. A completely numb look about her.

FADE OUT.

END SUMMARY:

In December of 1977, Dave Foltz and Scott White's long awaited book chronicling their work on the Boyd County chainsaw murders was released to the public.

Chainsaw Conspiracy: The Real Texas Massacre reached number one on The New York Times Best Seller List where it remained for the next seven weeks straight.

The book's popularity eventually led to the arrests of over three dozen law enforcement personnel in South Texas. It would later go down as one of the biggest federal probes in the state's history.

Doctor Melinda Dunham sued the publishers for copyright infringement but the case was eventually thrown out.

To this day, the filmmakers behind The Texas Chainsaw Massacre have emphatically denied rumors that their production was in any way inspired by the reports conducted by Doctor Dunham and recorded by the staff at Fair Oaks Psychiatric Facility.

THE END