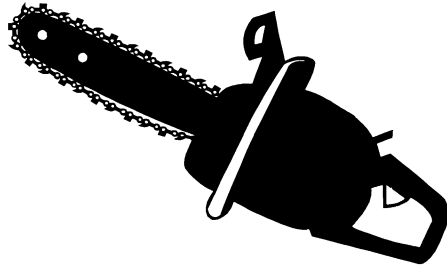


TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE



TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

by

Kim Henkel
&
Tobe Hooper

WORKING DRAFT
1973

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Kim Henkel [redacted]

Smoker's [redacted]

Bozeman [redacted]

[redacted]

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

LEATHERFACE

by

Kim Henkel
and
Tobe Hooper

Leatherface - voice a little high-pitched. Sometimes breaks.

Row
"Touls and
Hogeyes
Tastes great"
- The Hitchhiker
Quir Neal

LEATHERFACE

SCENE 1 (1 w/4 REFUGES SCENES 1-4)

EXTERIOR DAY

There is no sound. The sun is larger than the frame and white hot. A long, golden arc sweeps across the upper right hand corner; it is the explosive gaseous profile of the sun. There is a burst of light and a liquid rope of molten gases arcs into space and then slowly, heavily falls back to the sun.

The yellow white sun nearly fills the frame. There is a low, crackling noise. The sun begins to dissolve and to become an eye, the purple glazed eye of a dead dog.. Flies swarm the staring eye and the crackling noise becomes the buzzing of the flies.

In the extreme foreground and to the right of center is the long dead and putrid carcass of a dog. The lower jaw, nearly ripped from the head, hangs wildly askew. The belly is a living, writhing mass of grey maggots; flies swarm the purple, glazed eyes. The carcass lies some feet from the shoulder of a narrow, chuckholed two lane highway. It is midday and midsummer and the brutal southwestern sun blasts the dusty, choking landscape. The air is still and heavy.

In the background is the out of focus image of a van.

The focus of the camera begins to change and as it changes a white van parked on the road shoulder in the background becomes distinct.

Before the camera has completed its change of focus the side door of the van opens and Kirk, a handsome, well built young man leaps out, turns to face the interior of the van and begins struggling to remove two long boards. He is assisted by an auburn haired girl, Pam, who remains inside the van. The thin silvery tinkling of tiny bells comes from the interior of the van.

A young man, Jerry, can be seen behind the wheel of the van and opposite him and nearer the camera is seated a blond girl, Sally.

Kirk has made a makeshift ramp of the two boards.

Franklin, a young man in a wheelchair, appears at the door of the van. He is assisted by the auburn haired

Cont..

4 REPLACES OLD SCENE 4; ALSO INCLUDES VOICE OVER

INTERIOR VAN; DAY

The van is a carnival of junk; it is littered with camping and fishing gear, its walls crudely sprayed with polyurethane foam.

Jerry, a young man, 25, with short curly red hair, drives. Sally is seated opposite him but has twisted in her seat and faces the rear of the van where Franklin is seated in his wheelchair directly behind Jerry. Franklin toys with a huge knife which includes a fork, sissors, a corkscrew, etc.; he has a large paper bag full of candy bars and from time to time eats one. Kirk is seated on the floor opposite Franklin. Pam is in the rear but leans over the front seat and talks to Jerry.

FRANKLIN

Did you feel my ribs?

SALLY

Yes. I couldn't feel anything.

KIRK

Your old chair could use a band aid too.

PAM

...it's like when one planet passes another one--it would have to be going faster, I guess, or be closer to the sun--and its...

FRANKLIN

Here....Put your finger here. There. You feel that space?

SALLY

No.... It feels O.K. to me.

FRANKLIN

You sure you didn't feel anything?

Sally shakes her head no.

PAM

...orbit is elliptical so it's going away from you and that makes Saturn look like it's going backward when the other planet starts catching up.

FRANKLIN

I fon't believe in that stuff.

SALLY

You don't believe in anything..

JERRY

(To Sally) You don't want to do that.
(To Kirk) Hey, man, you believe all this
stuff your old lady's telling me?

KIRK

I don't know. You got a better reason?

FRANKLIN

Ugh, it's hot. It's making me crazy.

Pam is a little hurt that they take her so lightly but
hardly shows it. She counters their scoffing.

PAM

O.K., how come everything has gone wrong
on this trip; not just the usual stuff.
Is that just a coincidence?

~~4 CONT.~~

~~RAY~~

~~I don't know, do you?~~

~~SALLY~~

~~Why?~~

~~RAY~~

~~I didn't say I was going to
just because I was going to
from around the house.~~

~~SALLY~~

~~We can't leave the house to go by our
old house, it's gone.~~

~~Franklin would be able to tell you
where the old house was.~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~Yeah, it's not far away.~~

~~RAY~~

~~How can you explain everything?
Not just one thing or another,
everything.~~

~~JERRY~~

~~(To Sally, looking)~~

~~You don't want to go out.~~

~~END CREDITS AND TITLES~~

5 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

Close up of hand and forearm of sheet covered body. The body has evidently not been dead for long as the flesh, though grey and bloated, has not yet begun to decay and the burial clothing is in good condition.

The focus changes; the hand and forearm go soft and the background comes in sharp. There is a great deal of activity, noise and confusion in the graveyard.

Uniformed sheriffs deputies scuttle back and forth; laborers are at work over several of the graves. A crowd of locals has gathered at the entrance to the graveyard. Several dozen cars are parked on either side of the highway bordering the graveyard. A uniformed deputy stands at the entry and waves slow moving gawking travelers down the highway and restrains curious locals and persistent news people.

CUT TO:

6 A group of locals has gathered around a battered pickup parked on the shoulder of the highway. A woman is in the

6 Cont.

cab of the pickup; she cradles a fitfull infant in her arms. Small children run shouting in and out of the group gathered around the pickup. In the truck bed there is a washtub full of beer and ice. At the fringe of the group are several women; they rarely speak and make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. The men include a burly middleaged red faced man, a younger man, about 35, wearing western clothing, a swarthy dark haired man with a prominent stopaon, several teenage boys, and one very old man who squats beside a car parked beside the pickup. Beer is much in evidence.

Noise from the other elements of the crowd can be heard.

CUT TO:

Closeup of swarthy, beer bellied man opening longneck bottle of Shiner beer on cab of pickup..

CUT TO:

Cut to closeup of pock marked man gesturing with stogie.

RED

I wouldn't give you jackshit for ever one o' them turds.. (He hitches up his sagging kaki trousers) And don't give me none of that civil rights crap.. Civil rights my ass.. Them sombitches sit up there in Washington ain't never seen the kind of scum they got in a county jail.

CUT TO:

Closeup of young man in western clothes..

COWBOY

Hell, Jack, you know me. I ain't got no time for them fat ass lawyers.

CUT TO:

Tightshot of entire group.

RED

I know you don't. I know your daddy and he wipped your butt when you needed it. Ain't that right.

COWBOY

You're right.

RED

Godamn right I'm right..

Cont..

BEER BELLY

I can remember my daddy taking a stick to my young ass a time or two myself. Didn't hurt me none.

RED

Done you good.

OLD MAN

They's some you can't never do nothin' with 'em..

A thin, leathery skinned, middle aged man joins the group.

THIN MAN

They done found two more empty graves..

RED

(Shakes head in righteous disgust)
Must be somebody escaped from the state hospital..

THIN MAN

They say it's got to be somebody from these parts. They just taking bodies ain't been in the ground more than a day or two near as they can figure..

WOMAN

Mrs. Culpepper said she seen some lights moving around out here not more than a week ago.

OLD MAN

It don't come as no surprise to me..

RED

What are you talking about old man?

OLD MAN

They's just some things happened in my time not many can tell about..

7 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van approaches the graveyard..

8 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

SALLY

(Looks ahead to graveyard)
What's that?

Franklin wheels around to face forward..

8 Cont.

FRANKLIN

Hey! Slow down.. Stop. I think this is where Grandpa's buried. (To Sally) Isn't that the place.

SALLY

I think so!

They have slowed almost to a stop and are now before the entrance to the graveyard.

FRANKLIN

Ask him what happened. (Referring to the deputy guarding the entry)

JERRY

Hey, what happened?

DEPUTY

(Waves then on.)

Move on. Move on.

9 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD ENTRY

The deputy waves them on and they pull away.

10 INTERIOR DAY: VAN BEFORE GRAVEYARD

FRANKLIN

Pull over. Pull over there.. Let's find out what's going on..

The van moves slowly up the highway until it comes abreast the group of locals which includes the pock faced man..

Franklin cranes his head out the window and yells to them..

FRANKLIN

What happened?

11 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

The locals look at the travelers..

COWBOY

Been somebody broke into some graves.

TEENAGER

They stole some bodies..

12 CUT TO: EXTERIOR DAY: VAN

The van has stopped on the shoulder of the road. Pam and Sally watch as Kirk and Jerry wheel Franklin down the makeshift ramp..

Cont.

13 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

Sally, Jerry, Kirk, Pam and Franklin join the group of locals. There follows various shots of introductions, exchanges of information.

FRANKLIN

What happened? My grandfather's buried here. Could we find out if anything happened to him.

RED

What's your granddaddy's name.

BEER BELLY directs Franklin to the deputy who guards the entrance to the graveyard.

BELLY

You see that old boy standing up there with the flashlight. That's the sherriff. You just tell him your granddaddy's buried here.

The cowboy speaks to Jerry. He is very much taken with Sally and volunteers to direct her to the sheriff. He takes Sally by the arm and leads her through the crowd.

COWBOY

Say, fellow, I'm going to gun off with your girl aminute. You don't mind doyou. (He smiles patronizingly and claps Jerry on the shoulder.)

The cowboy has Sally by the arm and is pulling her through the crowd. He calls the deputy guarding the entry as he moves.

COWBOY

Bill. Hey, Bill. Over here.

He speaks to individuals in the crowd as they pass.

COWBOY

Let me through. This girls granddaddy's buried here.

Sally is braless and her breasts bounce enticingly beneath the thin fabric of her t-shirt. Two teen age boys sit on top of the cab of an old truck watvh her and grin silly, adolescent grins at one another.

Those persons in the crowd nearest to the graveyard cover their noses and mouthes with handkeroniefs. The odor of the exnumed bodies is very strong.

Franklin wheels through the crowd toward the sheriff. He has some difficulty. The terrain is rough, the crowd dense and his chair badly damaged.

Occasional tidbits of conversation are clear above the general clamor of the crowd.

CROWD..

They done found more than one that's missing.. Sheriff says it must have been going on a long time.

Old Bill shore is ripe and not dead a week.. You hear that.. They just tore the head off and left the rest to rot..

Got any idea who done it.

Why in hell would anybody want to rob a poor mans grave..

There is a bar ditch between the group of locals and the deputy. Franklin lets himself down the incline and then cannot make it up the far side.. He spends the entire scene struggling to climb out of the bar ditch and calling for assistance. He is unheard or ignored.

Sally and the Cowboy talk with the deputy sheriff..

Jerry, Kirk and Pam remain with the group of locals.. They lean against a car parked opposite the battered pickup. The red faced man is speaking. Kirk nurses a beer given him by the locals.

Cont..

13 Cont.

RED

He'd done changed the tire and was about to throw the flat up in his truck when this guy come out of the graveyard dragging a body. Must have been in there all the time and didn't even know Clyde was there.. Damn near stepped on him. Let out a squeal like a bitch hog in heat.

A large, hairy bear like man guffaws and begins to do his best to imitate a pig squealing. This continues through the next several lines..

RED

(Cont.)

Hell it scared the living piss out of Clyde. He didn't know what happened..

BEER BELLY

Hell, he thought somebody'd been murdered..

Laughter from the group..

THIN MAN

The hell of it was it's his own brother. Hadn't been buried a week..

Laughter.

TEENAGER

Said he done a hundred between here and town.

SECOND TEENAGER

That old truck of his be luck to do fifty on a good day.

PAM

He didn't know it was his brother.

RED

Hell,, if he hadn't been pointed in the right direction he'd a wound up in Mexico before he knew the difference.

Sally and the Cowboy continue talking to the deputy.

Franklin is still trapped in the bar ditch.

Pam, Kirk and Jerry remain with the locals.

Cont..

13 Cont.

OLD MAN

...things happen heresabouts they don't never tell about. I see things.

BEER BELLY

Don't let thatold man scare you.

OLD MAN

You. see. They just say it's an old man talking.

Pock grins and lifts his beer bottle in a toast to Kirk; Kirk smiles and returns the toast.

OLD MAN

You laugh at an old man. They's them that laugh and know better.

PAM

I believe you..

PRE -14 → SEE OVERLEAF

14 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van moves down the same narrow highway. Jerry and Sally are up front. Kirk, Pam and Franklin are in the rear.

JERRY

Your grandfather's a vampire. That's what it is.

The van coughs, sputters and lags.

KIRK

(To Jerry)

We're going to have to fix that, man, It's getting worse.

SALLY

He is not. He's still there..

JERRY

He's the king vampire. He doesn't ever have to do anything. The other vampires bring him blood..

SALLY

(Coughs)

What's that?

Cont..

THIS SCENE PRECEDES SCENE 14 (11K. 11) 14)

The graveyard is in the background. Sally, Pam and Franklin are in the van. Kirk is in the open side door; Jerry is just outside the door and hands the ramp in to Kirk.

Franklin is fuming; his breath is still bated as a result of his struggle in the bar ditch.

JERRY

We should have stopped back there for gas.

KIRK

You think we should go back.

JERRY

Naw. There will be someplace.

14 REPLACES SCENE 14 IN PART

The van moves down the narrow highway. The principals are seated as before.

SALLY

Yes, they're sure. Stop worrying. They could tell if his grave had been dug up.

FRANKLIN

What if it happened a long time ago?

SALLY

Oh, stop it, Franklin, you're driving me crazy.

FRANKLIN

(Mutters) You just don't care.

SALLY

Yes I do.

RESUME ORIGINAL W/SALLY'S
LINE "WHAT'S THAT" P. 14

SCENE CONTINUES AS IN ORIGINAL

14 Cont.

JERRY

(Coughs, gasps.)
I don't know.

Jerry and Sally roll up their windows as quickly as possible.

PAM

What is that?

FRANKLIN

Hey, that's that old slaughterhouse. Grandpa used to sell his cattle there.

KIRK

Look at that. (Points ahead)

15 EXTERIOR DAY: SLAUGHTERHOUSE

They come abreast of huge pens. Cattle cover the hill like a brown plague. They are so tightly packed and the yards so vast that nothing but the red brown smear of their color can be seen..

FRANKLIN

We have an uncle that works at one of these places just outside of Houston. Look at those buildings. That's where they kill them. He was the guy that kills them. They even call him the killer. They used to bash them in the head with a sledge...

SALLY

Ugh. I'd hate to work in a place like that.

KIRK

It's probably the only place around here people can work..

FRANKLIN

(Cont.)

...hammer or something like that. Half the time it wouldn't kill them the first time and they would start squealing and freaking out and the guy would have to whack them two or three times and then they would skin them sometimes even before they were dead.

16 INTERIOR VAN

PAM

That's horrible.

SALLY

(Shudders)
Ugh.

Cont..

16 Cont.

PAM

People shouldn't kill other animals for food.

FRANKLIN

They don't do it like that anymore. They have this big air gun thing that shoots a bolt into their skull and then retracts. (He aims an imaginary gun) Bam, bam, bam.

SALLY

I like meat..I just don't like to think about those places.

PAM

Sally! That's terrible. They're still killing them; just because you don't have to see.

Franklin mops his face with his shirttail.

FRANKLIN

It's hot..

They are approaching the main entrance to the slaughterhouse.. There is a large sign with the name of the slaughterhouse in large block letters. Beyond the entry there is a lone figure standing on the shoulder of the highway. Hearing the approaching van he turns to face it and stick out his thumb.

SALLY

Hitchiker.

JERRY

Want to pick him up?

KIRK

Yeah. Pick him up. He'll asphyxiate out there.

PAM

What does he look like?

FRANKLIN

To hell with the son of a bitch. He's going to smell like that slaughterhouse.

SALLY

He's kind of weird looking. (Enthusiastically)
Let's pick him up.

JERRY

What do you want to do?

Pam looks at the hitchiker

Cont..

16 Cont.

PAM
He is wierd looking. Kirk....

KIRK
Pick him up.

Jerry begins to deaccelerate..

PAM
...don't pick him up. (To Jerry)
Don't stop. Don't stop.

17 EXTERIOR DAY: HIGHWAY

They are almost beside the hitchiker and the van has slowed and begun to veer to the shoulder of the road. The hitchiker assumes that they are stopping and runs toward the van, a bulging gunny sack tied to his belt bangs against his legs as he runs. Jerry accelerates again but the van coughs, sputters and lags..

18 INTERIOR DAY: VAN

KIRK
Aw, pick him up.

Jerry swerves off the highway and stops the van.

PAM
I don't think we should pick him up.

JERRY
Relax, Pam, we'll beat him up if he tries to get you.

FRANKLIN
The son of a bitch is going to stink up the van.

SALLY
It's been a bad day for you hasn't it. Poor Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Aw....

Kirk opens the side door to admit the hitchiker. The hitchiker enters the van and seats himself quickly on the mattress. Kirk closes the door and sits down on the floor beside Pam.

Cont..

KIRK

Let's go.

The van takes off sputtering and coughing.

The hitchiker is a strange looking man. He is young, perhaps 25, slender and fair complected. His hair is carrot colored, fine and curly and clings tight to his bony skull. His fine boned face is marred by a strange discoloration which begins just below the right nostril and runs, increasing in breadth, down the side of his face, under his chin to his throat where it disappears beneath his kaki shirt collar. His eyes, one of which is almost covered with a thick, milky cataract, have a strange unfocused look about them. His face and arms are covered with a number of small scabby sores. He wears faded bluejeans tucked into ancient combat boots; a battered old polaroid flash camera hangs from a leather thong around his neck. A strangely bulging gunny sack is tied at his waist and drags behind him. He is a bit breathless from his run.

Franklin does not give him a chance to recover.

FRANKLIN

You getting off on the smell of all that blood, man?

The hitchiker looks at Franklin in a vague way but does not respond for a long moment.

HITCHIKER

It's a good smell.

SALLY

Oh, I don't like it.

FRANKLIN

I think we just picked up Dracula.

Pam doesnot look at the hitchiker directly; she still feels the edge of the panic which earlier touched her..

KIRK

Where you headed, man?

HITCHIKER

South.

FRANKLIN

You could have fooled me. I thought we were headed due north..

Cont..

The hitchhiker turns his fuzzy stare on Franklin but does not respond.

KIRK

He had a little accident--still doesn't know where he is.

FRANKLIN

You work at that place?

HITCHIKER

No..

SALLY

How did you get stuck way out here?

HITCHIKER

I was at the slaughterhouse.

FRANKLIN

I have an uncle that works at a slaughterhouse..

HITCHIKER

My brother worked there, my grandfather.... My family's always been in meat..

BALLY

Don't start talking about thatplace again..

FRANKLIN

A whole family of draculas.. Hey, man, did you go into the slaughter room or whatever they call it.. The place where they shoot the cattle with the air gun..

HITCHIKER

Yes, it's nice, but the gun...

FRANKLIN

I was there once with my uncle..

HITCHIKER

...is not good. The old way, with the sledge, is better; they die better..

PAM

(To Franklin)

You like talking about morbid things.

FRANKLIN

How come? I thought the gun was better.

HITCHIKER

No,. I like the old way better.. A lot of people don't have work now with the new way..

Cont..

KIRK

You used to do that?

FRANKLIN

You do that, man?

HITCHIKER

Yes.. I was the killer. I don't do it anymore..

FRANKLIN

How come, man?

PAM

(Aside to Kirk)

I can't believe he did that..

HITCHIKER

Now I'm an artist.. With the gun and knocking box they don't need me anymore.

SALLY

You're an artist? Pam's an artist too..
She's really good..

FRANKLIN

Hey,...

HITCHIKER

Yes.. I don't like it now. With the gun it's no

SALLY

Are you a painter or what? I know this crazy artist. He never knows what he's doing.

HITCHIKER

I work with leather. I'm a sculptor too.

FRANKLIN

Hey, man, I was in there. They had blood about up to...

SALLY

(Laughing) Oh. I need one of those hammers (Motions as if chisling at Jerry's head) for Jerry; he's so hardheaded..

FRANKLIN

...your ankles covering this giant room. There were these big cow heads they had cut off sticking up out of the blood.

HITCHIKER

It's that way now. You liked it?

Cont..

FRANKLIN

Sure. Lots of blood and guts. They dump all the entrals and head and...

The hitchiker reaches into his shirt and pulls out a sheaf of yellowed polaroid shapsnots. A large pouch made of two cows ears crudely sewn together and slung around his neck with a leather thong falls out of his shirtfront. He hands the photographs proudly to Franklin.

FRANKLIN

...and stuff they don't use in one place and sell it to the glue factory or someplace like that..

HITCHIKER

Here.

Franklin takes the photos.

HITCHIKER

They don't send the heads away.

FRANKLIN

(Looks at photos)

Damn!

SALLY

Let me see..

HITCHIKER

They make....

FRANKLIN

You took these, huh?

HITCHIKER

Yes. You like them?

SALLY

Franklin.... (She fidgets to look at pictures)

Franklin shakes his head in wonder.

HITCHIKER

They make head cheese. Except for the tongue they boil the head and scrape the bone clean of flesh. All the parts are used; nothing is wasted. The jowels, the eyes, even the muscles

SALLY

Ugh.

HITCHIKER

...and ligaments and the fleshy parts from the nose and gums. They put everything into a jelly of fats....

FRANKLIN

Look at this.

He waves the snapshots in Pams face.

HITCHIKER

...the fleshy parts from the nose and...

19 Still SHOTS

There is a shot of the slaughter room ankle deep in blood; the severed heads of cattle are scattered about the room.. Another shows the Killer with the air gun firing a slug into a squealing steer and still another shows a room lined with beef halves hung on meat hooks.

20 INT. VAN

Pam waves the photos away..

PAM

Ugh.. You are making me sick. Why do you like killing so much.

Franklin shows photos to Sally.

HITCHIKER

...gums.. They put everything into a jelly of fats....

FRANKLIN

Wow.. I didn't know that's what's in that stuff..

HITCHIKER

It's very good.. You like it..

SALLY

Ugh.. I don't see how anybody could eat that junk.. Returns photo to Franklin

FRANKLIN

Oh.. I like it. It's good..

Franklin returns the photos to the hitchiker.

PAM

It sounds horrible. Talk about something else..

FRANKLIN

Aw, you would probably like it if you didn't know what was in it..

PAM

No I wouldn't and I wish you would quit.

FRANKLIN

Aw...'

Cont..

KIRK

Come on, Franklin, you're making everybody sick..

FRANKLIN

O.K., O.K..

Franklin is disappointed and sits glumly for a while. The others are silent. After a time Franklin brings out his switchblade and begins toying with it. The hitchiker watches with interest. Franklin gradually works himself into a frenzy. The hitchiker becomes more and more alert as he watches Franklin; he begins to grind his teeth audibly. Pam notices and calls Kirks attention to it; he shrugs. There is enough engine noise that Jerry and Sally do not hear. On one or two occasions it seems as if the hitchiker is going to reach for the knife but he visibly restrains himself..

JERRY

We're going to have to stop for gas fairly soon..

HITCHIKER

There is a place not far..

JERRY

Good enough..

The conversation interrupts Franklin and he momentarily slackens his frenzied toying with the switchblade. The hitchiker suddenly and deftly takes the switchblade from his hands. Pam gasps; Kirk watches warily but in silence. The hitchiker is oblivious to them. Jerry and Sally are unaware of the situation. Franklin, startled, watches with intense curiosity. The hitchiker examines the knife carefully, closes its blade, further examines the knife, presses its spring button and the blade springs open, examines it still further and then very slowly and deliberately puts the blade against the fleshy part of his hand below the thumb and seems about to test its sharpness but instead presses the blade deliberately into his flesh. Franklin is awed, Pam horrified and Kirk disgusted.

PAM

What are you doing?

KIRK

Put that knife away..

Sally turns to see the cause of the commotion; Jerry turns back briefly then returns to his driving, glancing periodically into the rearview mirror.

Cont..

20 Cont..

The hitchiker looks at Kirk briefly, then wipes the knife on his sleeve, folds the blade away and returns it to Franklin. Franklin takes the knife in reverent silence..

SALLY

What did you do to yourself.

The hitchiker puts his hand into his mout and bites down on the wound.

SALLY

Ugh. How can you do that?

The hitchiker pulls a trouser leg from his boot and reaches into the taghtly laced boot and comes out with an ancient, rusted straight razor.

PAN

(Aside to Kirk)

This is making me sick. Can't we let him off somewhere?

HITCHIKER

I have this knife.

KIRK

You can put that away too.

HITCHIKER

Yes its a good knife..

He flips the blade open, examines it briefly, then returns it quietly to his boot..

21 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The landscape is gradually changin.. It is less rocky.. Between the hills are small valleys with deep black soil; some are under cultivation. The hillsides are timbered and the trees are denser, taller and the undergrowth is green, thick and tangled..

22 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The hitchikers vague stare is fixed on Sally. He stares unwaveringly for an uncomfortably long time.. Franklin, in turn, is staring at the hitchiker. After atime Franklin realizes that the hitchiker is staring at Sally and he

Cont..

turns to look at her. Sally, sensing the stares or catching the movement of Franklins head, turn, sees the hitchiker stare and smiles uncomfortably.

HITCHIKER

This girl is your wife.

Jerry is unaware the hitchiker is speaking to him.

PAM

Jerry....

JERRY

Oh. Uh...no. My friend...my girlfriend.

HITCHIKER

That's good.. She's a good girl.

Sally is a little startled, a bit embarassed..

SALLY

Thank you.

HITCHIKER

(To Pam)

You're a nice girl too..

Pam laughs nervously.

PAM

Thanks.... You're a nice guy.

FRANKLIN

We're all nice..

HITCHIKER

Yes.. You're all nice. (To Franklin) But you are too thin.

FRANKLIN

What difference does that make..

He is upset and begins to toy with his switchblade..

Cont.

FRANKLIN

It's hot in here.

HITCHIKER

(To Franklin)

Where do you come from?

FRANKLIN

We been to Colorado, New Mexico.. Kind of a vacation, looking for land too..

KIRK

Doing a little skinz.

HITCHIKER

I mean where do you live?

FRANKLIN

Oh. Houston.. We're all from Houston..

HITCHIKER

Your parents live there too?

FRANKLIN

What? oh, yeah..

HITCHIKER

And this girl. (He nods toward Sally.)

FRANKLIN

What about Sally?

SALLY

What? What about me?

HITCHIKER

Where are your parents?

SALLY

Where are my parents?

HITCHIKER

Yes..

SALLY

(Laughs)

What kind of question is that? Where are my parents. How should I know? My mother's probably

Cont..

SALLY

(Cont.)

...about half drunk on martinis and my father's probably playing golf. Where are yours?

HITCHIKER

I mean where do they live?

PAM

(Aside to Kirk)

What does he want to know all that stuff for? We don't even know him.

KIRK

How should I know?

SALLY

Oh, oh...where do they live. In Houston. They live in Houston. Why?

HITCHIKER

Do they know you're coming to Houston?

JERRY

Who told you we were going to Houston?

HITCHIKER

(Indicates Franklin)

This man..

PAM

(Aside to Kirk)

Let's tell him we can't take him any further when we stop for gas..

HITCHIKER

My home is close to this road. You could take me there..

Pam gives Kirk a furtive warning nudge..

KIRK

Well, man, I don't know. We're in pretty much of a hurry. How far is it from the highway..

HITCHIKER

Oh, it's very close..

SALLY

Couldn't you just walk. I mean if it's so close....

Cont..

HITCHIKER

(Shrugs)

You could have supper with us. (To Franklin)
 You like head cheese.. My brother makes it good..
 He always has some.

SALLY

Not that stuff you were talking about a while ago. Ugh..

KIRK

I think we better push on, man.. Sorry.

The hitchiker shrugs sullenly and is silent for a moment then he turns to Franklin who is absently toying with his switchblade,, raises his battered camera and focuses on Franklin. There is a flash of light as one of the ancient flash bulbs pops.. Franklin looks up startled, sees the camera and smiles. Sally turns to see what is going on and Jerry glances in the rearview mirror.. Kirk and Pam watch a little startled..

FRANKLIN

You took nu picture.

HITCHIKER

Yes.

23 STILL SHOT

All wait with curiosity for the polaroid to develop.. After the necessary time the hitchiker pulls the photograph from the camera.. It is a very bad,, discolored print.. The film is evidently old. The hitchiker extends the print ot Franklin.. Pam and Kirk move to take a look..

24 INT. DAY VAN

FRANKLIN

It didn't turn out so good..

HITCHIKER

It's nice, see.. (Indicates Franklins bruised and scraped face in the dark print) It tells about your accident.

KIRK

(Laughs)

You look worse for real..

He sits back against the wall; Pam moves with him.

PAM

I think you look nice.

SALLY

Let me see..

Cont..

Franklin turns and extends the photograph to Sally

FRANKLIN

It's kind of dark but you can see
my face..

Sally takes the photo and turns forward in her seat.

HITCHIKER

(To Franklin) You can pay me now.

FRANKLIN

Huh?

HITCHIKER

Two dollars.. It's a good picture.

KIRK

You want him to pay you for that
picture?

He is amazed and angered..

Sally hands the picture to Franklin.

SALLY

It's not really a very good picture
of you.

KIRK

Not for two dollars anyway.

SALLY

Two dollars?

HITCHIKER

Yes: You can buy it for him..

KIRK

Hey, man, that's enough.. (To Franklin)
Give him the damn picture.

Cont.

Franklin returns the photo. The growing hostility has made him nervous and after returning the photo he begins to fidget.

The hitchiker takes the photo and stares at for a long moment. PAM avoids looking at anyone. Kirk angrily stares at the opposite wall.

SALLY

(Aside to Jerry)

That guy wanted Franklin to pay him 2 dollars for that picture.

JERRY

You're kidding.

SALLY

No. He was serious.

The hitchiker places the photo on the floor at his feet, and from the cow ear pouch extracts a small bundle tightly wrapped in aluminum foil. He unwraps the foil and from it pours a mound of silvery powder on the photo, rewraps the foil and places the package back in his pouch. He then moulds the powder into a cone, looks up to see Kirk watching and smiles, then strikes a match and applies it to the powder. There is a small fiery explosion of white light and the face of the photograph is seared. He spits on the lingering flames. The damp, charred powder gives off a dense malodorous smoke.

Jerry brakes hard and wheels the van to the side of the road. The passengers are thrown forward in the van and there is much confusion, scrambling for frotting, etc. Kirk picks up a ski pole and points it threateningly at the hitchiker.

FRANKLIN

What? What?

SALLY

What happened?

JERRY

Hey! Damn.

KIRK

HEY, man.

PAM

Oh..(Waves arms to clear smoke.)

Cont.

24 Cont..

FRANKLIN

Roll down the window..

KIRK

I've had enough, man.. Time for you to go.. Jerry,
stop this thing..25
EXT.
DAY
VAN

The hitchiker sweeps the charred photo into his pouch, stands and suddenly his straight razor is opened in his hand; he makes a quick slash cutting Franklin across the back of the hand.. Franklin squeals and rears back in his chair.. Kirk swings at the hitchiker as the hitchiker lunges for the side door.. The van has not yet come to a full stop and Jerry crams the brake to the floor.. Kirk is thrown nearly into the front seat and the hitchiker escapes through the side door... He tears open his wounded palm with his teeth and smears blood on the side of the van and as he moves kicks at the side of the van, the hubcaps and the tires and spews saliva over the side of the van.. Kirk recovers and leaps out of the van brandishing the ski pole..

KIRK

You little bastard... You better run your ass..

Jerry has stopped the van and leaps out his door.. The hitchiker breaks into a run and is quickly a safe distance from the van; he stops and turns to face Kirk and Jerry who have stopped at the rear of the van and blows raspberries at them..

The van pulls onto the highway; it sputters, coughs and lags as it accelerates.

26 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

Jerry drives, Sally sits opposite him. Kirk, Pam and Franklin are in the rear of the van. Sally leans over the front seat and bandages Franklin's wound.

KIRK

I'm about half ready to call a cop..

FRANKLIN

I could get tetnus. You see how rusty that old
razor way..

JERRY

That's the last damn hitchiker I ever pick up..

PAM

Hey, listen to Franklins horiscope.. "The news,
travel difficulties, long range plans and upsetting

Cont..

PAM

(Cont.)

...persons around you could make this a disturbing and unpredictable day. The events in the world are not doing much, either, to cheer one up."

JERRY

That's perfect.

SALLY

(To Franklin)

I think that will do you for now.. You feel o.k.?

JERRY

Read Sally's.. She's Capricorn..

FRANKLIN

Maybe we ought ot find a doctor.. I don't think I've had a tetnus shot in a long time..

PAM

Uhoh. Capricorn's ruled by Saturn.. Let's see....
"There are moments when we cannot believe..."

SALLY

I think you'll be alright.. till we get to Houston..

PAM

(Cont.)

...that what is happening is really true. Pinch yourself and you may find out that it is."

SALLY

Oh, you can't tell about that. Does it say anything else?

27 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van passes a narrow side road. Ahead perhaps a hundred yards are several weathered buildings; a single gasoline pump stands before one of the buildings.

28 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

FRANKLIN

I think that might be the way to Grandpas old place. Isn't that the road, Sally?

SALLY

Oh, I don't know. I don't remember.

JERRY

There's a place just ahead. We better go ahead and get some gas..

Kirk

Cont..

Find out if that's the right road

The camera dollys with the van as it pulls into a combination cafe and service station. Several cars and a pickup truck are parked in the dirt yard beside the weathered raw wooden buildings. The van stops before the single rusting gas pump and Sally and Pam leap out the side door and trot off toward the restrooms. The sidedoor covers the bloody smear made by the hitchhiker.

The camera zooms in close on Jerry, Franklin and Kirk who remain in the van.

Beyond the van the sagging screen door of the cafe bangs open and a man somewhat past his middle years exits, blinks in the light and heads for the van.

FRANKLIN

Here comes somebody.

When the old man is close to the van Jerry speaks.

JERRY

Howdy. How are you.

The old man does not respond immediately but first leans down to rest his arms on the window of the van and pokes his head inside almost into Jerry's face and looks around. Kirk and Franklin nod hello.

OLD MAN

Howdy, boys, what can I do for you?

JERRY

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ We need some gas.

OLD MAN

You need some gas, huh. How much gas you got?

JERRY

We're pretty low.

OLD MAN

That's too bad. Got no gas here.

FRANKLIN

You don't have any gas.

KEEE OLD MAN

Nope. MY tank's empty. Seen the transport on the way out, though. Ought to be back soon and give me some gas. Why don't you boys stick around a while. I got some good barbque.

Suddenly at the side of the van there appears a dwarfish, moon headed man with idiot eyes; he carries a pail filled and slopping over with soapy water, a small stepladder and a bundle of rags. He sets up the stepladder beside the van and begins to wash the windshield with great quantities of soapy water. The old man occasionally and halfheartedly tries to restrain him. The moon headed man seems obsessed with washing and after doing a sloopy job of washing one half of the windshield he begins soaping down the fender and front of the van.

FRANKLIN

(To Jerry)

Ask him how to get out to the old Seymore place.

JERRY

You know how to get out to the old Seymore place?

OLD MAN

(Seymore? ...)

FRANKLIN

It's a big old stone house up on a hill. I think maybe you take that road back there.

Franklin is toying with his knife throughout this sequence. He pick and chips at the interior wall of the van.

OLD MAN

Um. Maybe I seen something like that up that way. You boys don't want to go messing around no old house, now; those old things is dangerous. You liable to get hurt.

JERRY

We'll be carefull.

OLD MAN

Well now you ought not go messing around other folks property. They's some don't like it and don't mind letting you know.

FRANKLIN

My father owns it.

The old man gives the van a parting slap. The slap is like a signal to the moon headed man; he immediately stops his washing and gathers his gear.

OLD MAN

(Beginning to move away from the van) ...
That your daddy's place, huh. Well, I think

OLD MAN

(Cont.)

you boys ought to stick around here and have some barbque. That transport won't be too long.

The old man turns and head for the cafe. The moon headed man follows.

~~THE OLD MAN PAUSES IN THE MIDDLE~~
Abruptly the old man turns back.

OLD MAN

Them girls don't want to go messing around no old house. You best stick around here.

When the old man pauses the moon headed man darts back to the van and gives it one last soapy swab with a huge filthy rag, then as the old man continues toward the cafe, he hurries after him.

Pam and Sally return from the restrooms as the old man enters the cafe. They are seen in the background buying pop from an ancient vending machine over the following.

KIRK

We should have asked if there's another gas station close.

JERRY

He would probably have told us it there was. (Shakes head in wonder) That was a wierd little guy.

KIRK

Wouldn't hurt to ask.

Jerry shrugs, hesitates a moment, then opens the door of the van.

JERRY

I'll go ask.

In the background of the following sequence the following is seen: Jerry pauses briefly to speak to the girls before entering the cafe..

A strange looking, poorly dressed and filthy child bursts out of the cafe sobbing angrily. He sees Jerry approach and still sobbing rushes Jerry and tries to bite him on the thigh. Jerry sidesteps him and ducks into the cafe shaking his head.

The girls wander away toward the highway talking and drinking pop.

~~41 Cont.~~

~~MIKE~~

~~Yeah, I know.~~

~~MIKE~~

~~It looked a little like he might have tried to write something.~~

~~MIKE~~

~~It didn't look like anything to me.~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~What did he do?~~

~~JERRY~~

~~I got us some barbecue.~~

~~SALLY~~

~~Oh, can I have some..~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~He write something on the van?~~

42 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van pulls out of the service station and turns back up the highway. As it accelerates it sputters, coughs and lags.

~~43 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY~~

~~The van approaches the intersecting road.~~

~~MIKE~~

~~(Points to road)~~

~~That must be it.~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~Yeah. There's a creek and a swimming hole somewhere near the house. He could be swimming..~~

~~The van turns off the highway onto the intersecting road..~~

~~MIKE~~

~~Oh, yeah. Let's do.~~

~~SALLY~~

~~(She is talking with Franklin)~~

~~Oh, I think I'm a swimming hole. Oh~~

~~well, let's go swimming..~~

~~Franklin hands Sally the suitcase..~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~Sally!..!~~

~~SALLY~~

~~Mike...!~~

Inside the van Franklin is digging at the walls with him multipurpose knife.

KIRK

Franklin, you maniac, you're tearing up the van.

FRANKLIN

(Sheepishly)
Yeah, I just start doing that.

Franklin stops and is examining the knife closely.

FRANKLIN

Hey, I think there's still some of that guys blood on it. Look at that. (He hands the knife to Kirk) Think that's blood?

KIRK

(Shrugs; he does not want to either support or disagree with Franklin)
I can't tell.

FRANKLIN

(Takes knife back from Kirk, examines it again)
It's blood alright. That cuy cut the hell out of his hand. You think you could do that to yourself?

KIRK

I'm not crazy.

FRANKLIN

I don't know. It takes something to just cut yourself like that.

He presses the knife lightly against his hand and sputters a tentative, hesitant respberry.

In the background Jerry can be seen inside the cafe talking to the old man. The old man hands him something; they talk for a moment, the old man gesturing down the road; Jerry leaves carrying a greasy brown paper bag.

Pam and Sally loiter talking near the highway.

Jerry settles behind the wheel of the van.

JERRY

Newt's the closest place to get gas.
Holler at the girls.

KIRK

Hey come on..

Jerry cranks the engine and wheels the van around and heads toward Pam and Sally..

FRANKLIN

We're going out to Grandpa's aren't we.
There's a creek; you could go swimming.

Pam and Sally move quickly toward the van. The van pulls alongside them and Pam leaps into the rear and struggles to close the sliding door. Sally slams the door shut behind Pam, sees the bloody smear on the side of the van.

JERRY

Come on. Let's go.

Sally jumps into the cab as the van moves away.

SALLY

That guy smeared blood on the van..

FRANKLIN

What? What did he do?

JERRY

He's crazier than you are Franklin.

SALLY

It looked like he might have tried to write something.

JERRY

I got us some barbque.

FRANKLIN

He write something on the van?

SALLY

Oh, can I have some..

43 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

REPLACES OLD SCENE 43

The van approaches the intersecting road.

SALLY

(To Franklin)

Let me see your knife.

She takes the knife from Franklin and begins cutting the sausage.

KIRK

We should have gone back to Newt..

Franklin...if we run out of gas before

we get back to that gas station you're going to tow us in your wheelchair.

Franklin indicates intersecting road.

FRANKLIN

That's it. Turn here..

The van turns off the highway onto a narrow country road.

FRANKLIN
(Grunts absorbed in study of smear)

Kirk begins to move off.

FRANKLIN
(Looks up at Kirk)
That guy couldn't follow us..?'

Kirk stops amazed..

KIRK
What for?

FRANKLIN
(Shrugs)
Oh, I don't know....

Kirk moves off hesitantly. Franklin is oblivious to everything except the bloody smears. Kirk shrugs and moves off.

Franklin studies the bloody smear for a long moment. He continues nervously nibbling at his candy bar. After a time he feels his breast pocket and not finding his knife calls out..

FRANKLIN
Hey,, where's my knife?

He looks up and discovers he is alone.. Fear washes over his face and he wheels about and heads for the house.

FRANKLIN
Sally!

FRANKLIN
Hey you guys, come on.

JERRY
(Directing Kirk to free the chair)
Push down there.

Pam and Sally react to the struggle with Franklin and
move closer to see the bloody smear.

SALLY
(To Pam)
HE'S GOING TO
KILL

Franklin wheels himself about to face the van.

FRANKLIN
Where's that thing.

c. Jerry
Kirk removes the ramp and Jerry slides the door closed
revealing the bloody smear.

All react strongly to the smear.

KIRK
(Shudders)
That's wierd. (To Franklin) You think it's
supposed to mean something.

Franklin wheels back for a long look at the smear.

FRANKLIN
I don't know...

Pam pulls Sally aside. She is visibly disturbed by the bloody
smear. Sally says nothing; she is sickened by the sight and
gladly lets Pam pull her aside..

PAM
Ohh, that's creepy. Come on.

Sally ~~grabs Jerry's hand~~ and tugs him along as she and Pam
move away..

Sally: Come on let's go inside.
Jerry is standing staring at the smear shaking his head.

Jerry and Sally move off; Pam hesitates.

PAM
Kirk?

Kirk glances back at her.

PAM
Would you wash it off?.

FRANKLIN
Wait! Wait! a minute it might mean something.

Jerry calls back to Franklin. Pam trails behind Jerry & Sally.

JERRY
It's the mark of Zorro. He's going to get you.
You guys come on.

Kirk is anxious to join Pam

*jes brik to
jes jerry's hand
and...*

*PAULS TALKING TO PAM
Y: JERRY - CALLS
PAM*

The van stops before the old stone house. Sally exits first. Surveys old house.

SALLY

Oh, I wish they hadn't let it fall apart.

Jerry exits, joins Sally.

JERRY

It looks like the birthplace of Bella Lugosi.

Pam exits at almost the same time as Sally. She opens side door covering bloody smear.

PAM

Uh, It's hot.

Kirk begins setting up ramp.

KIRK

(To Pam) Give me a hand with this will you.

Pam moves to aid Kirk; Jerry also moves to assist.

Following Sally's 1st. line in this scene Franklin begins to sputter. He mocks Sally's line.

FRANKLIN

I wish they hadn't let it fall apart.

Franklin is eating a candy bar throughout this scene.

KIRK

(To Jerry as Jerry moves to assist.)
Give me a hand with this.

Pam moves out of the way and close to Sally.

PAM

You can hardly see it those vines are so thick..

Sally indicates window upstairs..

SALLY

That was my room when we used to come here in the summer..

Jerry reaches for the chair. Franklin jerks his injured arm out of danger.

FRANKLIN

Watch my arm.

Pam and Sally react to unloading of Franklin.

As Franklin in being wheeled down the ramp he tells Kirk and Jerry he wants to see the bloody smear.

FRANKLIN

I want to see that bloody smear that guy made.

Franklin's weight and the steep decline of the ramp...

The van stops before the old stone house. Sally exits first. Surveys old house.

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FRANKLIN

Watch my arm.

Pam and Sally react to unloading of Franklin.

As Franklin in being wheeled down the ramp he tells Kirk and Jerry he wants to see the bloody smear.

FRANKLIN

I want to see that bloody smear that guy made.

Franklin's weight and the

45 EXTERIOR DAY: COUNTRY ROAD

REPLACES OLD SCENE 45

The van approaches an old stone house.

FRANKLIN

Slow down, slow down..I think that's it.

JERRY

There?

KIRK

Hey that's great..

SALLY

Oh,..look at it.

PAM

Oh,..look.

The van slows,..turns off the highway and pulls into the overgrown yard before the house..

FRANKLIN

(To Jerry)

Turn in there..

Franklin begins muttering to himself about the state of the old house. His words are unintelligible but his displeasure is evident.

REPLACES OLD SCENE 49

Pam, Sally and Jerry in a group and Kirk by himself come up opposite staircases inside the house.

At the top of the staircase Kirk glances across an area open between the two parties. Pam, Sally and Jerry do not see Kirk; they are talking amongst selves.

SALLY

I can't believe it's in such bad shape; it just doesn't seem like it's been that long..

PAM

Oh, this is great; was that side just screened in.

Jerry indicates hole in floor.

JERRY

Hey watch out!

Sally sidesteps hole in floor.

SALLY

Oh! Come on. I want to show you the nursery..

SALLY, Pam and Jerry enter the nursery.

Kirk enters the north room at the top of the stairs. Immediately upon entering he hears a fluttering noise and looks up to see a tight cluster of longlegged spiders quivering against the wall.

The sound of laughter comes from the nursery.

Kirk goes to a window which overlooks the upstairs porch; the nursery opens onto the porch and he can see Jerry, Sally and Pam laughing and talking in the nursery.

JERRY

What is this? A two headed zebra?

SALLY

No, no, you just can't see his front legs..

PAM

It is a two headed zebra!

Kirk leaves the north room, crosses the hall and enters the south room.

49 CONTINUED

Pam, Sally and Jerry ~~enter~~ leave the nursery and enter the middle room; they are laughing and talking in a high mood.

Jerry gestures about the middle room indicating the general state of the room.

JERRY

Who was your decorator? Seargent Shriver?

Pam and Sally burst into laughter.

Kirk enters the middle room. Pam brushes past laughing. Kirk turns to her.

KIRK

What's so funny?

Pam is laughing too hard and does not answer; she continues into the south room. Kirk follows her; Jerry and Sally behind Kirk.

Pam sits on window ledge. Kirk indicates desire to be alone with her; Kirk turns to Jerry.

KIRK

We're going to get out of here for a while.

JERRY

Yeah. Oh sure, take off.

Jerry and Sally are still laughing though level of hilarity has lessened.

Kirk takes Pam by hand and they begin exit. Jerry and Sally go to window seat.

JERRY

See you guys later.

KIRK

We'll be back in a little while.

Kirk and Pam exit; Sally and Jerry sit on window ledge.

Down stairs Franklin has managed to get up on the porch; he is hot, sweaty, exhausted and in a foul mood.

He wheel to center of porch, stops, looks up. Sound of Kirk, Pam, Sally and Jerry upstairs is over this sequence.

Franklin wheels across the porch, broken glass crackling and popping under the wheels of his chair. He enters room on south side of porch, comes to a halt in middle of the room, looks around. From upstairs there is a burst of laughter. Franklin looks up, his lips curl and he begins to blow raspberries at the ceiling. At first the raspberries are tentative but as he continues they become stronger and surer.

Franklin interrupts self to wine:

FRANKLIN

(Mocking Sally)

Come on, Franklin, you'll have a good time.
It'll be fun.

He blows raspberries at ceiling with renewed fury.

Sounds from upstairs begin to move into far south room.

Downstairs Franklin follows. The doorways are narrow and the floors littered, rotted and sagging and Franklin has difficulty maneuvering his chair. He makes several rushes at the doorway unsuccessfully. On the last attempt he makes it into the doorway but bangs his injured wrist painfully against the doorjamb and lets out a painful squeal. He stops in the doorway to hold his wrist and rock in his chair.

FRANKLIN

I don't know if I can take anymore fun.

He recovers as the pain diminishes and wheels into the south room. Halfway across the room he notices a pair of ancient shoes in one corner of the room. The shoes are covered with cobwebs yet somehow seem to have been deliberately placed. Franklin wheels close; a spider runs out of the shoes.

Kirk and Pam are heard moving into the hall and on the landing of the staircase.

Franklin wheels quickly into the hallway.

Kirk and Pam come down the stairs to find Franklin at the landing.

KIRK

Hey, where's that creek? Me and Pam are going swimming.

Kirk and Pam are in high mood. Franklin is openly hostile.

PAM
How's your hand?

Pam's face falls as she reads the open hostility from Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Oh, back that way... between those two old sheds.

KIRK
O.K. we'll find it.

Kirk and Pam hurry down the stairs and out the hall.

~~KIRK~~ FRANKLIN
Are Jerry and Sally going?

KIRK
No. We'll be back in a hour or so.
Back behind the van?

FRANKLIN
Yeah.

He wheels about.

FRANKLIN
Yeah, I'll bet. An hour or so.

He wheels to the porch, sees the dog skeleton with feathers in eye sockets.

Sally!

FRANKLIN

He looks up.

Sa...!

FRANKLIN

He sees the bone mobile dangling overhead and freezes.

The camera is on the old stone house. The sound of Sally and Jerry laughing and Franklin calling for Sally are heard over this shot.

The camera pans down and picks up Kirk and Pam running through the woods. Kirk carries a blanket and Pam an overshirt.

KIRK

Silly bastard. Wonder what the hell's the problem now.

PAM

Oh, he'd be miserable if he didn't have anything to complain about.

Various shots follow of Kirk and Pam moving through the woods.

Kirk and Pam slide down a ravine. They are both hot, sweaty and tired; they breathe hard after their run through the woods.

KIRK

How would Franklin ever get down here?

PAM

(Sighs, exhausted) Maybe somebody carried him when he was little.

KIRK

Huh, he was never little..

They are at a fork in the ravine and the camera pans with them as they move up one fork.

As the camera pans Leatherface's house comes into frame in the background.

As Kirk and Pam move up the ravine and almost the same moment Leatherface's house becomes visible to them the sound of the generator comes up.

KIRK

Hey! Gas! They got gas!

He hurries toward the house dragging Pam behind..

The camera is focused tight on an old pocket watch, a spike driven through its center, dangling, turning in the breeze, from a twisted, spiny mesquite tree..

Focus begins to change and the mesquite tree can be more clearly seen. It is decorated with a hodgepodge of ancient, rusting camping gear.

Focus continues to change and beyond the tree can be seen the tattered remains of a pup tent, then, beyond the tent, Kirk and Pam moving through the woods and Leatherface's house above them.

54 EXTERIOR DAY: BEFORE THE BARN

REPLACES OLD SCENE 54, 55, 56, 57

The camera pans with Kirk and Pam as they walk past the Barn. The camouflaged automobiles are hardly visible in the background.

Pam and Kirk round the barnyard and Kirk spots the camouflaged cars. Kirk and Pam are moving rapidly-- Kirk is intent on finding gasoline. The noise of the generator is terrific.

Kirk halts to look at the cars. He moves in for a close look, lifts the camouflage net.

He shouts above the generator noise.

KIRK

Look at that!

He turns to Pam who stands hot, tired and disinterested in the background.

KIRK

You see all those old cars?

They move quickly on.

Kirk and Pam move around the barnyard and into view of the generator.

PAM

What's that?

KIRK

A generator.

PAM

What?

KIRK

A generator.

He points to the gas drums.

KIRK

They have gas.

PAM

Wha... Never mind.

They move off toward the house.

58 REPLACES OLD SCENE 58, 60

EXTERIOR DAY: LEATHERFACE'S HOUSE

Kirk and Pam round the corner of Leatherface's house..

PAM

How can they stand the noise?

KIRK

They're probably used to it--probably don't even hear it.

They cross the front yard; Kirk mounts the steps. Pam sits on the steps hot and tired.

Kirk pounds on the front door, steps back to survey the house. Something explodes under his boot; he looks around, picks up a tooth..

Pam turns to see him pick up the tooth (she does not see the tooth) turns back disinterested.

Kirk examines the tooth, grins, goes to Pam and before she can resist takes her hand and puts the tooth in it.

KIRK

Here. Got something for you.

The tooth is the decayed wreck of a human tooth. A filling is apparent.

Pam jumps up, throws the tooth at Kirk. The tooth skitters across the porch.

PAM

Ugh..

She grimaces, wipes her hand on her shorts, walks away toward the swing pouting.

PAM

That wasn't very funny..

Kirk laughs, moves back across the porch, opens the screen door and pounds on the front door. The door opens under his blows. He pushes the door wide open..

KIRK

Anybody home?

Pam turns, responding to his voice but continues to the swing.

Kirk peers down the hall, sees the heads on the wall at the end of the hallway and turns to Pam.

KIRK

Hey, come look at this.

Pam shakes her head no.

PAM

We better go.

Kirk leans into hallway.

KIRK

Anybody home?

He turns back to Pam.

KIRK

Come look.

Pam has reached the swing, she turns to Kirk, sees he is on the verge of entering the house.

PAM

They might come home..

She turns to seat herself on the swing.

Kirk sees she has turned away and is disinterested. He hesitates a moment then darts into the house and down the hall.

Pam seats herself, looks up. Kirk has disappeared.

56 cont.

~~PAM~~~~Let's just go. I don't care about swimming.~~~~KIRK~~~~(Yells to her) I'll just take a second.~~~~He bounds away toward the house.~~~~57 EXT. DAY SWAMP~~~~From a huge old live oak below the barn hangs an ancient swinging bench. Pam wanders down the slope to the tree, tests the bench, then seats herself and pines off.~~~~58 EXT. DAY SWAMP~~~~Kirk has run to the house. In the porch, opened the screen door and begun to pound vigorously on the front door. To his surprise the front door is unlatched and opens wide under his blow. He peers down that in the gloom appears to be a long narrow chute like hallway.~~

KIRK

Hello. Anybody home?

59 INT. DAY HOUSE

At the end of the hall a door opens into a lighted room. The far wall of the room is crowded with stuffed animal heads. The heads cover the wall from floor to ceiling. There are deer, elk, moose and bear and various other game animals and also the heads of domestic animals; a cow, a pig, a horse and a goat and a number of heads too small to be distinguished at the distance. Kirk is delighted; he pokes his head into the hallway for a better look. The walls of the passageway are covered in cowhide. He cannot see the stuffed heads any better and withdraws, turns around to look for Pam. Pam is swinging some 25 yards away. Kirk calls to her.

~~60 EXT. DAY HOUSE~~

KIRK

~~Pam! Come look at this.~~~~PAM~~~~What?~~~~KIRK~~~~Come look.~~

Cont..

PAM

61 No. We better go.
INTERIOR HOUSE DAY

Kirk is disappointed that she is unwilling to join him, hesitates briefly then darts into the house and down the hallway. Near the end of the hallway he trips and nearly falls over and elevated wooden ramp, catches himself and moves ahead. He is at the end of the passage and about to enter the lighted room when a huge, dark figure suddenly appears. Kirk catches a fleeting glimpse of a horrible leathery mask covering the face and hair of the figure, and takes a quick step backward as he sees an arm raised to strike. There is a high pitched pig like squeal ending in a hysterical whinny as the powerfull arm flashes downward and Kirk is struck a terrific blow square on the forehead with an ugly blunt headed sledge hammer. Kirk drops suddenly and slackly, hitting the floor with a dull thud. He is still a brief moment and then his body begins to twitch and jerk in a final muscle spasm. The sledge is raised slowly, high in the air and then plummets; smashing a final terrifying blow to Kirks head.

~~62 EXTERIOR HOUSE DAY~~

~~Pam has plucked a wildflower from a patch growing beneath the eaves. She swings contentedly in the warm late afternoon sun. It is some time before she realizes that Kirk has not returned.~~

~~Pam~~

~~Kirk:~~

~~There is no response and she calls again.~~

~~PAM~~

~~Kirk: We'd better go, hon.~~

~~Again there is no response. She mounts the steps.~~

~~Pam~~

~~Kirk:~~

~~She arrives at the open doorway and is suddenly blind. She leans across the threshold and calls out.~~

Cont..

EXTERIOR DAY: LEATHERFACE'S HOUSE

On the lawn before Leatherface's house Pam swings. It is late afternoon; the sun is still bright and hot..

PAM

Kirk..

She continues to swing for a moment then stops herself.

PAM

Kirk..

She pauses for a moment then stands a bit peeved and walks to the steps.

PAM

Kirk.

Again she waits a moment then mounts the steps, crosses the porch and opens the screen door and leans into the hall.

PAM

Kirk, come on. They might come..

She hears a strange giggling noise from within the house and assumes it is Kirk playing games. She is hot and tired and Kirk's games do not please her. She steps into the hall.

63 INTERIRO DAY: LEATHERFACE'S HOUSE REPLACES 63, 64, 65,

PAM

(Irritably)

Kirk.

She moves down the hallway and through the only open doorway. She steps into the dining room. It is almost totally dark. Beyond the dining room is another room and that room is dimly lit by sunlight through heavy drapes. A curtained doorway seperates the two rooms. She can see nothing more than that the other room is better lit.

From the second room comes a fluttering sound..

PAM

Kirk. Come on..

She hurries across the first room, stumbles through the curtains, trips, tears the curtains from their rod and crashes to the floor in a heap of bones. She looks up to see a fat, mangy, half plucked chicked struggling in an impossibly small wire cage and the hitchikers goulish collection of furniture.

63 CONTINUED

She scrambles to her feet screaming.

PAM

Kirk! Kirk!

She tries the first available door but finds it locked and bolts back through the dining room. In the corner of the dining room she is now able to see a gruesome totem of human bones and she dashes into the hallway screaming.

The door at the end of the hall opens with a sudden heavy metallic clang. Pam turns to see Leatherface fill the doorway. She screams and leaps for the front door.

Leatherface is terrifyingly quick for so monstrous a man. He catches Pam just as she bursts from the house, and pins her in a bearhug. Pam struggles with a power born of terror but her struggles are futile.

Leatherface rushes back through the house squealing and whynning.

SCENE CONTINUES AS IN ORIGINAL SCENES 66 AND 67.

65 Cont.

~~The work is many kinds and the faces of the creatures
 been horrible. Some are like snakes with an
 outward, pointed teeth, but they are thin and narrow
 and their eyes and nostrils have been torn out. Even
 she is aware of the stink. It is constructed of human
 bones. The bones are many, some are like hands reaching
 to touch the stuffed seats. The legs are human legs and
 the feet are bones of human feet. Below the chair
 is a tall floor lamp. The shade, a fluted cylinder
 made of some translucent leathery substance, is suspended
 from the apex of a human spinal column, the spinal
 column rests on the butto of four complete sets of
 leg bones including the feet all crudely joined with
 a leathery binding. At the base of the lamp is a
 magazine rack made from a human skeleton. Scattered
 piled and heaped in the room are bits and pieces of
 human bones and skulls. Pam screams in horror, turns
 and runs from the room. Halfway across the dining
 room she freezes. In the corner beyond the doorway
 through which she entered is a massive lot of human
 bones and skulls, a grasping, leering, leering giant
 with a host of clattering arms and as many heads. Bits of
 leathery skin and tufts of human hair adorn the huge
 many legged doll. Leathery wings spread over its
 many eyeless heads and ropes of human teeth decorate
 its glistening frame..~~

66 INF. DAY HALL

Pam screams and rushes out the door and bolts blindly down the hallway.

PAM

Kirk!

The main door at the end of the hall slams with a thundering crash and there is a hysterical high pitched, pig like squeal. The huge masked figure stands squealing before the door. Pam screams.. Before she can move, almost before she is aware of the closing door and the presence of the leatherfaced figure, he is upon her. He wraps on long powerfull arm around her body clamping her arms to her sides and lifts her into the air with and with the other arm he forces her head back almost to the point of breaking her neck and she can only struggle weakly and gargle raggedly against the brutal force closing her throat. She tries to bite but her jaws clap futilely in the air. She can see the mask clearly now as she is rushed down the hallway. It is a close fitting hood rather than a

Cont..

66 Cont.

67
INT.
DAY
KITCHEN

mask, covering the entire head and slit to accommodate the ears. The face of the hood is human but shriveled and leathery. The hair is human hair. There is a throat piece which is tucked below the collar. Over his clothing the masked figure wears a heavy black rubber apron. They burst through the door at the end of the passage and into a large room. The room is a completely outfitted butchers shop and kitchen. With a squeal the masked figure lifts Pam high into the air and rushes her across the room. She feels a smooth warm prick and she is free high in the air impaled on the brutal steel of a meathook. A belt of meathooks runs the length of the center of the room. Kirk hangs nearby nearly stripped of flesh. Pam kicks weakly, her eyes roll in their sockets, she tries to scream but her throat fills with blood and she chokes and gags. Leatherface moves swiftly. He strips Kirks body of its remaining flesh, lifts it from the meathook and lays it on a huge butcher block. Blood pours from Pams mouth. Her hands flutter weakly; her eyes have rolled back in her head and show only white. Leatherface draws the starter rope of a gasoline powered chain saw and it coughs then roars. Pam twitches faintly. She coughs and spews a bloody mist clouding the air. The chain saw changes pitch as it bites into Kirk's flesh.

68 ~~EXTERIOR DAY STORE HOUSE~~

~~There are three about level blades from the walls here, a longer grating below, then silence. It is dark. The sun has fallen below the horizon and the light is now dim and tinged with purple and orange. Jerry and Franklin are gathered close to a small barely flickering campfire, Gally approaching the fire from the rear.~~

~~GALLY~~

~~(Galling) Think maybe they're doing something besides swimming.~~

~~JERRY~~

~~(Laughs) Sure.~~

~~Franklin is staring into the flames of the campfire. The words seem to bring him back from a state of semi-consciousness. He looks up at Jerry and Gally slightly dazed, knees wobble about and moves off in the direction of the van. He speaks as he moves and~~

68 REPLACES OLD SCENE 68

There are three short loud blasts from the van's horn. It is dusk. The sun has fallen below the horizon and the light is now dim and tinged with purple and orange.

Sally is in the cab of the van and has just honked the horn..

Franklin and Jerry are beside the van. Franklin is near the bloody smear but faced away from it and toward Jerry who is nearly on top of Franklin and dangling the bone mobile in Franklins face..

JERRY

He's going to get you, Franklin. He's coming to get you.

Franklin ducks away from the mobile.

FRANKLIN

Stop it. Stop it.

He wheels around to face the bloody smear. Sally comes around the van and Jerry moves to join her. They move off to a tiny lamely flickering campfire. Jerry shakes his head in mirth. Sally smiles tiredly.

FRANKLIN

You don't think it means anything?

SALLY

(Evidently exhausted with reassuring Franklin)
Don't worry. We'll protect you if he tries to get you.

FRANKLIN

I'm not..

He approaches the campfire.

SALLY

(To Jerry)
I'm a little worried. They should have been back by now..

FRANKLIN

I bet it's about me..

Jerry rattles the mobile in Franklins face.

JERRY

He's going to kill you, Franklin.

FRANKLIN

It probably doesn't mean anything, huh?

SALLY

You worry too much.

FRANKLIN

He'd never find us anyway, huh? He doesn't even know our names.

JERRY

I gave him your name, Franklin. I told him where you live too. He's going to get you.

He rattles the bone mobile again.

SALLY

Jerry!

Franklin laughs nervously.

FRANKLIN

Huh,, you don't even know where I live..

JERRY

It doesn't make any difference. He's still going to get you. He told me he was going to kill you.

FRANKLIN

Aw....

Franklin wheels about and heads for the van. On reaching the van he begins rummaging about as much of the van as is available to him from his chair beside the partially open side door.

SALLY

What do you need?

FRANKLIN

I can't find my knife.

JERRY

That knife won't do you any good, Franklin. He likes that knife, remember.

Franklin comes across a flashlight on the floor of the van,, flicks it on and continues his search.

SALLY

(Whispers to Jerry)
I think Franklin's really scared.

JERRY

Aw,, he loves it.

SALLY

We shouldn't be so hard on him..

JERRY

Why not? It's good for him.

SALLY

Oh, I don't know. Let's not talk about it.

There is a moment of silence between Jerry and Sally then Sally looks up to see Franklin still searching the van for his knife.

SALLY

You didn't find it.

FRANKLIN

Not yet. You don't think Kirk took it?

SALLY

I don't know. When did you have it last?

JERRY

That guy.... Never mind.

FRANKLIN

I don't know. I can't remember taking it out of the van.

JERRY

(Whispers to Sally)
Maybe I ought to walk down to the creek before it gets too dark.

SALLY

Can I go too?

JERRY

Um... maybe you better stay with Franklin.

SALLY

(Deliberates a moment)
Alright.

Both stand and Sally kisses Jerry goodbye.

SALLY

Hurry back.

JERRY

O.K. Watch out for snakes.

SALLY

Very funny. Get out of here.

She throws a twig at his retreating figure.

JERRY

Franklin.

FRANKLIN

What?

JERRY

I'm going to walk down to the creek.
Which way do I go?

FRANKLIN

That way. Between those ^{two} smokehouses.
Is Sally going?

JERRY

She's going to stay here. I'll be right
back.

FRANKLIN

O.K..

Jerry enters the forrest following the path taken
earlier by Kirk and Pam. Franklin wheels to the
campfire. He carries the flashlight but upon
arriving switches it off.

FRANKLIN

Jerry's gone down to the creek..

Sally glances at Franklin but does not respond.

FRANKLIN

Are you mad at me?

SALLY

No..I'm not mad at you.

There is a moment of silence.

FRANKLIN

You really are mad, huh?

SALLY

No....

FRANKLIN

You didn't really want me to come did you.

SALLY

I'm just a little tired. It's been a long day.

Darkness is falling rapidly..The sky is a deep purple
and a full orange moon hangs low in the sky..Crickets
are chirping in the trees. Night birds flutter erily
in the dim light and there is an occasional distant
hooting of an owl. Strange, shrill bird cries pierce
the air and then reced and in their wake a distant
floating answer comes... There are covert rustlings and
stirrings in the underbrush. Franklin suddenly flicks
on the flashlight and wheels its probing beam about.

probing

FRANKLIN

Did you hear anything?

SALLY

No.... It might be Jerry and them..

Franklin switches off the light.

FRANKLIN

Sally...? Do you believe all that stuff
Pam was telling us about retrograde? and SOURCE?

SALLY

I don't know. I guess so. Everything
means something..Franklin does not respond. Sally feeds the fire;
it is now a healthy blaze and casts an eerie yellow
bottom light on their faces..

FRANKLIN

You don't think that hitchiker would try
to follow us?

SALLY

That's absurd..

REMAINDER OF SCENE AS IN ORIGINAL

68 ~~Cont.~~~~Sally glances at Franklin but does not answer.~~~~FRANKLIN~~~~He's probably afraid Kirk will kill him.~~~~Again Sally does not respond and there is a moment of silence.~~~~FRANKLIN~~~~I never did find my knife. It's
going to grow around me now.~~~~He turns the flashlight on, shines it between his legs
and wheels about and hunts for the knife. He
the ground around him. He finds the knife
feeling the blood oozing and lets the flashlight play
over it.~~~~FRANKLIN~~~~Sally...?'~~~~SALLY~~~~What now?~~~~FRANKLIN~~~~Nothing. It's just... it's on my mind.~~~~He continues to study the blood oozing.~~69 EXTERIOR DAY FORREST

Jerry moves along the path. He has passed the tent and the car and is very near the meadow. The sound of the generator is heard. He stops and calls.

JERRY

70 EXTERIOR MEADOW DAY Kirk...Pam..

He listens for a moment then moves ahead soon breaking out of the forrest upon the meadow. Across the way are the great house, the barn and outbuildings. It is

Cont..

70 Cont.

dusk. The sun has been below the horizon for some time but yet throws a dusty red light against the purple sky. The moon, full and deep orange, hangs just above the trees behind the house. A single room in the rear of the house glows faintly with a pale yellow light.

Jerry starts across the meadow toward the house. As he walks another light appears in a second story room. He crosses the meadow and clomps loudly up the steps and across the porch and pounds on the screen door frame. The front door is opened. There is a light burning beyond a half opened door at the end of the hallway.

JERRY

Hello.

He waits for a moment then.

JERRY

Anybody home.

There is no response and he pounds more vigorously on the door frame. He waits for the sound to fade then calls..

JERRY

Hey, anybody home..

There is no response. He listens for a sound from within the house and when there is none after some time he shrugs and turns away. He has not reached the steps when he hears a sound from within. It is a low, unintelligible sound and he is almost uncertain he has heard anything. He turns and walks to the door again.

JERRY

Hello. I'm looking for some friends..!!
Can you hear me?

There is no response and Jerry waits for a long moment before turning away again. A strange noise breaks the silence; it is almost a chortling or repressed laughter.

Cont..

70 Cont.

JERRY

Kirk? That you?

'He pauses.

JERRY

You guys quit playing games. We got to go..

From the house comes a faint tingling like the bells on Pam's bracelet..

JERRY

Kirk.. Pam. You guys in there?

71 INTERIOR HOUSE DAY

He opens the screen and steps into the hallway. The light he had earlier seen comes from behind a half closed door at the end of the passage. There is no light in the hall and with daylight almost gone it is nearly black. He can see nothing but a vertical shaft of light at the end of the hall. The screen door closes behind him and he steps further into the passageway..

JERRY

O.K. You guys!...!

As the sound of his words die away he hears a bumping and thumping noise coming from the lighted room.

JERRY

Alright. Come on out!...!

He moves boldly to the door at the end of the passage. The door swings open easily and he steps into the room.

72 INT. DAY KITCHEN

JERRY

Kirk.. that you?

The room is lit by a single bulb, shaded by a thin, leathery, translucent material, hanging low over

Cont..

72 Cont.

a huge butcher block.. The bulb swings slightly as if a gentle breeze might touch it from time to time.. The far wall is covered with animal heads. The room is evidently a kitchen and butcher room.. The walls are hung with every conceivable tool of the butchers trade and there is beside the massive butcher block a powerfull band saw, a huge, long electric freezer and meat grinding equipment of various sorts. Running the length of the center of the room is a heavy steel track bolted to the ceiling; heavy sharp tipped meat hooks hang from the track.

Jerry stops just inside the door and seeing no one peers into the darkness beyond the pool of light cast by the single bulb.

JERRY

Hey, you guys.....

From the freezer comes a thumping, clattering sound and Jerry moves quickly to it and after some small difficulty with the ancient latch raises the lid. Her muscles worming, her jaws clacking mechanically, and her eyes roving wildly in their sockets, Pam sits bolt upright in the freezer. Jerry backs away in surprise, shock and horror and Pam slumps over the edge of the freezer..

From the darkness behind Jerry comes a shrill pig like squeal ending in a hysterical whinny..

Jerry whirls and sees a monstrous figure and a grotesquely masked face, a brutal arm raised high and then a heavy sledge hammer smashes into his skull and he drops heavily to the floor his body jerking in awfull agony.. Leatherface stands over the body chortling and shrilling, his breath coming in quick wet gasps choked with a hysterical inhuman wheezing.

Suddenly the heavy arm flickers, Leather face squeals, and the hammer arcs out slamming into the slumping Pam. The blow lifts her, throwing her body into the freezer.. One arm dangles limply from the box. Leatherface slaps the arm into the freezer and slams the lid. Then his excitement builds again and he begins to gurgle, chortle and wheeze and finally to squeal and shrill

Cont..

72 Cont.

and then he rushes about the room in a frenzy lifting the shades from the windows and peering out into the growing darkness.

73 EXTERIOR NIGHT: STONE HOUSE

It is very dark. The full moon has not yet risen above the trees to light the campsite. The tiny campfire is now only glowing coals.

The headlights of the van come on capturing Franklin before the van in blinding bone white light. The small beam of the flashlight Franklin carries pricks the darkness of the forrest with its feeble point. There are three long blasts from the horn and then silence..

Franklin moves toward the van.. Sally is just outside the van on the drivers side; the door is open and she is leaning into the cab.

FRANKLIN

They must be lost. They don't have a flashlight or anything..

He is visibly frightened and his voice reflects his anxiety.

SALLY

If they're not back in a minute I think we ought to go look for them..

There is a hint of anxiety in her voice..

FRANKLIN

We could build a big fire..

SALLY

Good idea. I'lll gather some wood. See if you can get the fire going again.

Sally moves off to gather wood.. Franklin watches in silence for a moment then moves toward the campfire..

Cont..

FRANKLIN

Sally....

Sally is gathering wood in the light of the headlights. She continues with her task as she speaks..

SALLY

What?

FRANKLIN

You O.K.?

Sally glances toward the campfire.

SALLY

Yes..Where are you?

FRANKLIN

Over here.

Franklin is behind the headlights and only halfway between the van and the campfire. He had stopped but now begins to move again.

SALLY

How's the fire.

FRANKLIN

I don't know yet.

Sally has gathered an armload of wood and is walking toward the campfire. Franklin is now beside the fire and hurriedly feeding small twigs and leaves to the coals. Flames flicker and catch the leaves and twigs.. Sally dumps her armload of wood beside the fire and begins feeding twigs to the flame.

FRANKLIN

We might get lost.

Sally glances at Franklin but does not respond and continues to feed the fire gradually increasing the size of the material.

FRANKLIN

I think we ought to go back to that gas station and get help.

SALLY

I don't want to go back without Jerry.

73 Cont..

Her face is showing the strain of her anxiety. It is pale and now seems tired and a bit harsh. The firelight flickers over her features highlighting her forehead, nose and chin and leaving her eyes pinpoints of light gleaming from dark sockets.

FRANKLIN

They'll probably be here in a minute.

SALLY

I hope so.

FRANKLIN

It would just take a minute to get to that gas station. We wouldn't be gone long.

Sally does not answer and there is a brief period of tense silence.

FRANKLIN

Sally.

SALLY

What? (Her voice is tense and hard)

FRANKLIN

(Timidly) I think we ought to go.

Sally stares into the fire but does not respond.

FRANKLIN

The keys in the van?

SALLY

You still have the flashlight?

FRANKLIN

Yes. (He blinks the light)

Cont..

73 Cont..

SALLY

Could I see it for a minute.

Franklin guesses her intentions and is reluctant and deliberately stupid.

FRANKLIN

What for?

SALLY

I'm going to look for them.. You don't have to go.

FRANKLIN

Don't go..I don't think it's a good idea..

Sally stand and extends her hand for the flashlight.

Franklin sees she can not be detered,, nevertheless he begins to move..

FRANKLIN

Let me honk again..

He wheels away toward the van, the flashlight between his knees.

SALLY

Will you give me the flashlight?

FRANKLIN

Let's try one more time, O.K.?

He wheels around the side of the van and strains to open the cab door on the drivers side..

FRANKLIN

Just a minute.. If they don't come we'll go.

He has managed to open the cab door and manuvered his chair alongside the seat and now hoists himself high

Cont.

73 Cont.

in the chair in order to reach the horn. Sally starts toward the van. Franklin glances at the ignition; there are no keys!

FRANKLIN

Sally! They took the keys.

He honks the horn furiously. Sally moves faster toward the van finally breaking into a run. She shouts to Franklin her voice lost in the din of the horn..

SALLY

Stop it. Stop it..

Franklin sinks into his chair exhausted by his effort. He is breathing heavily. He gasps as Sally reaches his side.

FRANKLIN

Jerry must have taken the keys.. We don't have any keys.

Sally takes the flashlight from between his knees..

SALLY

You wait here and keep the fire going..

Sally turns on the flashlight and begins searching the perimeter of the clearing for the path taken by Kirk, Pam and Jerry.. Franklin wheels close.

FRANKLIN

I better go.

Sally does not answer and having found the path moves toward it.

FRANKLIN

Sally..... I'm going too..

Sally moves rapidly away; she does not respond to Franklin..

Cont..

73 Cont.

Franklin is close behind, laboring desperately to keep up. His chair wobbles awkwardly and he has difficulty in steering.

FRANKLIN

Sally..... I can't keep up.

Still Sally does not respond and Franklin begins to drop behind. She enters the forrest; Franklin is desperate..

FRANKLIN

Sally..Sally. I think I hear something.

Sally stops and turns the flashlight on Franklin who quickly makes up the distance.

74 EXTERIOR FORREST NIGHT

FRANKLIN

I thought I heard something..

SALLY

Let's go. (She turns to go)

FRANKLIN

Let me hold the light.

Sally turns again, hands the flashlight to Franklin, steps behind the wheelchair and wheels Franklin rapidly down the path. They move in silence for some moments. The moon is high overhead now, ripe and a deep red orange. The shrilling of insects fills the night air.

Sally stops suddenly.

SALLY

There's a light. Look.

She points down the path. A light from the house in the meadow can be seen glimmering beyond the trees.

FRANKLIN

Yeah....

Cont..

74 Cont.

They move off.

SALLY

It's a house.

FRANKLIN

I can't see it very well.

SALLY

That's O.K.

They continue in silence.

FRANKLIN

Sally! Sally, I heard something. Stop a minute.

Sally halts the wheelchair and they listen carefully.. Franklin wheels the flashlight about. The guttural cough of a gasoline engine suddenly fills the air.. It seems almost upon them. Both whirl to face the noise and see a massive, hulking figure roar down upon them wheelding a chain saw. The ugly steel fangs of the saw flash in the moonlight and the wavering beam of the flashlight. Sally screams and dodges the figures rush. Franklin is caught in an awfull slashing, gouging bite of the chain saw.. Red hot sparks and bits of steel schrapnel are flung into the night air as the powerfull say easily passes through Franklin and mangles the frail steel of the wheelchair.

Leatherface wastes not a moment on Franklin and is off before the saw has done its one terrible swipe.

Sally has seen the saw begin its work and is overwhelmed with horror and panic. Screaming hysterically she runs for the lighted house..

Leatherface is close behind the guttural revving of the chain saw smashing the night air..

Sally has left the path and run into the forrest,, seeking the shortest most direct route to the lighted house. The forrest floor is tangled and choking with grasping, tearing vines and brambles..

Cont.

She claws her way through the undergrowth.

Behind her, Leatherface, wielding the chain saw, is able to make greater headway and is rapidly closing the gap.

Suddenly Sally is caught in a net of vines and thorny brambles and screaming and begging for help she claws desperately at the clinging growth.

Leatherface is almost upon her. The chain saw roars like a thousand oceans.

Sally is crawling, scratching, scrambling beneath the web of prisoning vines and as the ugly saw bites into her rosy prison she breaks free and upon the meadow. She is off at a dead run.

75 EXTERIOR MEADOW NIGHT

Squealing and whinnying Leatherface follows with a speed which seems to overwhelm the small progress Sally makes. The racket of the generator joins the screaming of the chain saw.

Sally screams, begs and sobs for help.

SALLY

Help! Help! Open the door. Please!

. Her lungs scream for relief; her breath comes in rasping, choking gulps. She reaches the porch and leaps up the stairs, Leatherface hardly a dozen yards behind. The front door of the house is open though there is a closed screen. She swings wide the screen and leaps into the hallway and slams the front door behind and begins a frantic struggle to bolt the door before Leatherface can smash it open. She is sobbing hysterically, her lungs heave, her hands tremble violently and she is hardly able to direct them. She manages to close the heavy bolt securing the door at almost the moment Leatherface throws his weight against it; the door buckles but holds. Sally steps back knowing the door is only a temporary barrier.

76 INTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT

The pitch of the chain saw changes as it bites into the heavy door. Leatherface screams, shrills and squeals frantically.

Sally turns and runs down the hallway. The rooms on either side of the hallway are dark with a single exception and Sally rushes into the lighted room.

77 INT. NIGHT GRANDFATHERS ROOM

Inside the room is a large overstuffed rocking chair and sunk in the rocker is a tiny, very old and shriveled man. He is motionless, his eyes shut. He is

Cont..

so small that his legs dangle above the floor like a child's though his are slack and lifeless. Sally rushes to him, throws herself at him begging for help.

SALLY

Help! Oh, please, please, help!

The old man does not respond; he is like the dead. Sally abandons the ancient man and looks wildly about the room. Scattered randomly about the room are crudely stuffed and bloated cats and dogs their mouths and eyes sewn shut. Sally gasps in horror, turns and charges into the hallway.

78 INT. NIGHT HALL

Leatherface stands in the open doorway wielding the chain saw and squealing and shrilling like a mad pig.

Sally turns and runs for a flight of stairs near the end of the passage.

Leatherface rushes and is nearly upon her at the base of the stairs. A wild swipe of the saw grazes her side as she scrambles up the steps losing her footing briefly on the worn, slick wood of the steps. Leatherface is on top of her as she reaches the first landing. A mad swipe of the saw rips through the bannister. On the landing large double windows look out over the meadow. Sally turns. She is cornered. Leatherface raises the saw for a final cut. Sally screams and plunges through the window in a shower of glass.

79 EXTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT

High shrubbery below the window breaks her fall somewhat and she hits the ground cut and scraped from the glass and shrubbery but otherwise unhurt. She glances at the window and sees Leatherface turn and leap down the stairway as she bolts for the forest.

She crosses the meadow and enters the forest running desperately. She does not scream or cry out for help now; all strength, all energy is consumed in running, running, running.

As she enters the forest Leatherface rounds the corner of the house and leaps after her covering the ground in monstrous strides, squealing and shrilling, the

Cont..

79 Cont.

chain saw growling. It seems as if Leatherface enters the forrest only moments after Sally disappears into its darkness. He seems to have gained half the distance lost in a matter of moments.

80 EXTERIOR FORREST NIGHT

The light of the full moon now high filters through the ragged cape of the treetops and dapples the forrest floor in an erie phosphorescent light. Sally runs blindly, low hanging branches claw at her face, throat and arms, thorny undergrowth rips at her flashing legs and thick ropy tendrils snarl her feet. She stumbles, wavers, charges ahead.

The ugly bark of the chain saw fills the night air and above it comes the thin, high shrilling.

Ahead and to one side the movement of headlights on the highway. Sally alters her course for the headlights and crashes full face into a rough barked tree. She is stunned. She fights waves of nausea and dizziness. She plunges ahead with desperate, savage determination. Fallen, rotting trees, the choking, grasping undergrowth, and the loose mouldy soil slow her progress.

The chain saw screams close behind and she throws herself into a dead run and suddenly bursts from the forrest upon the highway.

81 EXTERIOR HIGHWAY NIGHT

The lights of the service station glow dimly a mile up the highway and Sally leaps the bar ditch and runs out onto the highway and races for the station.

Leatherface bursts from the forrest.

Distant headlights break upon the darkness of the roadway and bear down upon Sally. She screams and pleads of the approaching car to stop. The headlights approach at high speed and catching the running figure in their beams swerve wildly, fishtailing but never slowing or altering course and are soon winking distant red pinpoints of light.

Sallys breath comes in long ragged gasps. She is on the verge of collapse. The lights of the service station are a watery glimmer in her blurring vision.

Cont..

81 Cont.

Leatherface is back on the blacktop and descending on the faltering Sally with terrifying rapidity.

Suddenly she is before the service station, pounding on the door and pleading, sobbing for help..

Leatherface stops in the darkness at the edge of the forrest opposite the service station. The chain saw is suddenly still. Leatherface is visibly frightened. He ceases his squealing and begins to pad in animal frenzy from the protection of the dark forrest to the edge of the light cast by the service staion and back again, tittering nervously.

There is no response to Sallys cries and she runs for a lighted outbuilding. She pounds on the door pleading for entry but does not wait for an answer and pushes the door open and rushes inside. The old man is just inside the door apparently himself on the verge of opening it when she rushes in. Sally falls back against the door slamming it shut.

82. INTERIOR COOK SHED NIGHT

Sally tries to speak, gags on her word, her breath coming in long shrill gasps. She manages to wimper..

SALLY

Help!

Her body begins to tremble violently and she lurches as if she might collapse.

SALLY

Man's trying....' (She gags) to...to kill me.

The old man is at her side supporting her. He holds her, bolts the door and glances out the window.

OLD MAN

Woah, now. You're O.K..

He leads her to a bench.

OLD MAN

What happened?

He helps Sally take a seat, She is now sobbing hysterically, gagging on her cries, her breath

Cont..

82 Cont.

still coming in long wheezing gasps.. She trembles violently..

SALLY

He...he... (She begins to cough and is unable to speak for the moment)

OLD MAN

Take it easy. Take it easy..

The old man is nervous.. He darts to the window and peers out again, then returns to Sally.

OLD MAN

There's nobody there now.

Sally has regained her composure somewhat. She has brought her sobbing under control and now concentrates her efforts on getting her breath and trying to talk between long gasps. She still trembles visibly.

SALLY

Call the police. Ugh...(She gasps)
He might come.

OLD MAN

What happened?

SALLY

He... (She gasps for breath) He killed Franklin. I don't...(She gags again)
...know...'

The old mans arms are around Sallys shoulders;; he tries to calm her and to still her trembling. She is on the verge of going into shock and is struggling to maintain control over herself.

SALLY

Owww.

She begins to sob quietly but violently her body wracked by sobs. Abruptly she stops determined to control her emotions..

Cont..

83 Cont..

SALLY

Jerry...I.... (He eyes fill with tears)
We have to call the police. I don't
know what happened to the others.

OLD MAN

There's no phone here.. (He nervously strokes
Sallys head)

SALLY

No phone...?

OLD MAN

We have to drive over to Childress.'

He grasps her by the shoulders and leans close.

OLD MAN

I'll get the truck. You take it easy now..

Sally nods uncomprehending but comforted by his strength and assurance and the old man is away and out the door before she realizes she is again alone. She rises with a start but the door has slammed behind the old man and she hears his footsteps on the graveled drive.. She starts for the door then hears the door of the truck open and reassured that he is close by returns to her seat. The truck roars to life;; the engine revs and fades as the old man warms it up.

The tiny cook room is bathed in a red glow from a huge open cooking pit over which large chunks of meat are suspended on several spits. Sally sinks to the bench. She has managed to bring her breathing under control and now only gasps occasionally. She trembles violently from time to time; her eyes are beginning to glaze as shock sets in; her pupils are dialated. She rests her head on her arms and stares vacantly into the glowing red fire. Long ropes of sausage hang before the brick and cast iron cook pit; the iron of the pit glows red with the heat. Sallys arms rest on a massive chopping block. Before her she dimly sees portions

Cont.

83 Cont..

of cooked meat and sausage and a large butcher knife. The old man had been slicing meat when she came to the door.

The truck pulls up before the cook shed; there is the sound of a door opening and closing.. then a second opening.. The old man enters the cook shed.. He is nervous.. He steps forward a pace or two.. Sally turns and smiles.. The old man is carrying a gunny sack; his behavior is strangely ominous.. Sally senses something is amiss and looks more closely at him.. The old man moves forward silently.. Sally stands apprehensively. The old man pulls a length of heavy rope out of the gunny sack.

SALLY

What are you doing?

The old man moves closer.. He is frightened and unsure..

OLD MAN

Now, now.... (He waves her to sit down)
...just take it easy.

Sally backs away..

SALLY

Oh.. no.....

OLD MAN

Now you just cooperate young lady and we won't have no trouble.

Sally backs up against the butcher block.

SALLY

What do you want?

Her hands move over the butcher block and come upon the butcher knife; her fingers curve around the handle..

Cont..

OLD MAN

Now, now, no need to do that..

He picks up a long handleed broom.

OLD MAN

Nobody's going to hurt you.

SALLY

No....!

She moves around the butcher block to the far wall..
The old man approaches cautiously, nervously. His
breathing is shallow and rapid.

OLD MAN

(Almost-pleading, whining) Don't make
it hard on me, young lady.

SALLY

Please don't..

There is no avenue of escape. She is cornered in the
tiny cook shed. She waves the knife threateningly..
The old man suddenly charges, swats the knife from her
hand and beats her about the head and shoulders with
the broom. The broom handle breaks and he beats her
with the short, jagged length of stick that remains..

SALLY

(Screams) No, no, please!

She tries to escape but the blows confuse and batter
her.. The old man manages to knock her feet from under
her and she falls and the old man quickly pounces
on her.

SALLY

Ugh..

He plants his knees in her back pinning her to the
floor and driving the air from her lungs. He gives

Cont..

her a couple of stunning blows to the head with the broom handle.. Sally nearly blacks out; she is dazed, paralyzed for lack of oxygen.. The old man wastes not a moment.. Before she can recover he has bound her hands behind her back, stuffed her mouth with a soiled rag and slipped the gunny sack over her head and shoulders..

84 EXT STATION NIGHT

He struggles to get her to her feet. She sags against him, dead weight. He drags, half carries her across the room, pauses at the door briefly to look out, then rushes her from the shed to the truck, hoists her to the floorboard and slams the door shut. He is breathing heavily, exhausted by his struggles. He moves with an old man's shuffling run back to the cook shed, disappears inside, the shed goes dark and exits, the length of broom handle in hand, padlocks the door and climbs into the truck cab behind the wheel..

85 INTERIOR TRUCK NIGHT

He settles into the seat, gives a sigh of relief, releases the handbrake and the truck moves out onto the highway. The old man speaks to Sally. His voice is pleasant and light as if they might be old friends passing time.

OLD MAN

Had to lock up and get the lights.
(He pauses, shakes his head disparagingly)
Cost of electricity's enough to drive a man out of business..

Sally mumbles through her gag. She struggles against her bonds but they hold fast.

They move down the highway at a slow but decent rate.. The old truck is moving as fast as is comfortable. The old man prods Sally gingerly with the stick. He is still nervous and seems almost afraid of her reaction.

OLD MAN

Hope you're not too uncomfortable down there.

Sally cries out against the gag..

The old man again pokes her with the stick. He seems to enjoy torturing her and at the same time to be afraid that the torture will produce some terrible reaction with which he will be unable to cope..

OLD MAN

No need for you to worry yourself, now.
You just take it easy. We be there soon..

85 Cont..

Sally cries out against her gag..

OLD MAN

Now,,now, there.

He deaccelerates the truck, then brakes and they turn off the highway onto the road earlier taken by the van.

OLD MAN

That won't do you no good.

The truck rattles down the rutted overgrown road. The springs have long since lost their tension and the shocks are ancient and useless and the truck bounces over the road like a pogo stick..

OLD MAN

Hang on..We be over this stretch in a bit. (He giggles)

The headlights pick up a figure walking along the road. The old man slows the truck and honks the horn.

OLD MAN

(Angrily) Halfwit!

The figure on the road is the hitchiker. He saunters willy-nilly over the road slapping lazily at the trees with the long dead and limp carcass of a rabbit he carries.

The old man lays on the horn as the truck is upon the hitchiker. The hitchiker moves slightly to one side of the road but otherwise ignore the truck..

OLD MAN

Little coonshit..

86 EXT. NIGHT ROAD

The old man jams on the brakes; the truck slides to a halt and he grabs the stick and leaps out of the cab and runs toward the hitchiker. The hitchiker turns, sees the old man approach and begins to back away.

Cont..

strength and direction into the blow and it strikes Sally a glancing blow to the head; blood gushes from the wound.

HITCHIKER

Hit her. Hit her

SALLY

Ahhhhh!!!!

LEATHERFACE

Aba do hil li ito giba giba

*That's it
not her name.
get her.*

OLD MAN

He's the best. Look at that.

Sally squeals and her struggles become superhuman. The hitchiker can no longer hold her still and she is a difficult target for the grandfather. The grandfather is grinning broadly and toothlessly now evidently the motions have awakened some dim memory of times past. Leatherface has the hammer again in his hand and the grandfather now lends some of his feeble strength. Together they lift the hammer and together bring it down on Sally's head. The hitchikers inability to hold Sally still causes the blow to be off target nevertheless it is a viscious blow. Sally squeals and this time it is an inhuman sound and her struggles are all the more furious.

SALLY

Oooeieeee!!!

The hitchiker is exhausted and infuriated.

HITCHIKER

Let me have it. Give it to me. Damn..

Leatherface struggles to recover the hammer amidst the confusion of the grandfather's childlike flailing arms and Sally's violent struggles. The hitchiker suddenly releases Sally and makes a grab for the hammer.

Cont:.

EXTERIOR ROAD NIGHT

OLD MAN

Come here,. you nap haired idiot.

HITCHIKER

(Whines) I didn't do anything..

OLD MAN

Where you been?

He is upon the hitchiker and beating him with the stick.. The hitchiker cringes, covers his head and face with his arms and retreats from the blows..

HITCHIKER

Out on the road. I been on the road.

OLD MAN

You damn fool. You nearly got caught over at Newt..

HITCHIKER

They don't know nothing.. They didn't catch me.

He breaks and runs from the old man. The old man hollers after him.

OLD MAN

I told you to stay away from that graveyard..

He runs back to the truck.

The hitchiker takes the fork off the road, unlocks the gate and swings it open.

87 INT. NIGHT TRUCK

The old man drives the truck through the gate. As he passes the hitchiker jumps on the running board..

Cont..

OLD MAN

Your damn fool brother got after a bunch of kids.

88 INTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT

They enter the meadow before the big house, now brilliantly lit. The noise of the generator fills the air. They stop the truck before the house and together unload Sally and drag and carry her to the house. The old man leaves the hitchhiker to the task outside the door, pausing to hold the screen wide for him to enter through the splintered remnant of the door, and then moves down the hall.

The door at the end of the hall opens and Leatherface appears. He is a huge man with heavy shoulders and enormous hands. He wears an old baggy flannel pinstripe suit and a starched shirt open at the throat. The suit front is covered by a large gingham apron. Over his face he wears a leathery mask. The mask is distinctly different from the one he earlier wore. It is the tanned facial skin of an elderly woman; it has been stretched over a rigid form to give it the proper shape. It is apparent that behind the mask Leatherface is smiling broadly; there is a flash of filed teeth. He is excited and pleased with himself; he approaches wiping his hands on the apron. He speaks but his words are unintelligible snorts, chortling, guttural and shrill coughs and squeals.

LEATHERFACE

A a b e y o b e r e w e o b e r . .

*(Greeting. How are you
welcome home)
Supper almost ready*

The old man is angry and attacks Leatherface.

OLD MAN

You damn fool.

The old man draws back his hand to cuff Leatherface and Leatherface is transformed to a cringing whining child. He slinks fearfully back through the doorway. The old man follows.

89 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM NIGHT

The hitchhiker has managed to maneuver Sally into the dining room of the house and has seated her and

Cont..

89 Cont.:

bound her securely in a large overstuffed chair at the dining table. The table has been set for four persons but Sally has not been placed before a table setting. Before one of the settings there is no chair. The hitchiker removes the gunny sack from Sallys head.

HITCHIKER

I thought you was in a hurry.

Sally gags at the sight of the hitchiker.

HITCHIKER

Decided to come by my house after all, huh.

Sally chokes in horror. The dining room is not brightly lit. She sees the giant totem of human bones and skulls. The dining table is constructed of cow bones and the room is lit by a huge chandeleer made of human finger bones. In the living room beyond she can see the grisly collection of furniture made of human and animal bones. The lampshade on the spinal column lamp can now clearly be seen. It is made of the flesh of human hands ingeniously woven together.

90 INTERIOR HOUSE BUTCHER ROOM

OLD MAN

You better damn got them other kids..

Leatherface retreats to the far end of the butcher room. (He has evidently been preparing supper) He is nervous and shrinking, evidently terrified of the old man though he is much larger and stronger. He busies himself fussily and noisily with his pots and pans as if his service might sooth the old man. The old man persues him, following close on his heels as he moves about the kitchen yelling all the while in his ear.

OLD MAN

Where them kids?

Leatherface answers with a rush of sounds, high pitched and timorous.

LEATHERFACE

Iba goba igee em a

(I've been a good boy
and I got 'em all)

Cont.

OLD MAN

How come you didn't wait for bubba.. You damn fool. Fool. I ever catch you out on the road.....Where's them kids? Show me where they are.

Leatherface answers with a barrage of sounds and points at the butcher block on which there is a small quantity of newly made sausage and at the freezer. Franklin's battered wheelchair stands beside the freezer..

LEATHERFACE

1. Ib abe e de yce me abge.

*ive - one then you
then me. be been a
good by.*

OLD MAN

None of them get away? (He draws back his hand to cuff Leatherface.

LEATHERFACE

Fu iba u sob moer e coshe. (He shakes his head vigorously) *(pleading
if you never hit me
so I never...)*

OLD MAN

You sure.

Leatherface shakes his head vigorously yes.

LEATHERFACE

I iba i i iba i. *(eyes, shrew...)*

The old man draws back his hand once again and Leatherface cringes before him but seems ready to receive the blow. The old man lowers his hand.

OLD MAN

You damn fool,, you ruined the door..

The old mans anger has abated and Leatherface seeing his anger has passed begins to chortle nappily and turns to his dinner preparations.

91 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM NIGHT

The hitchiker returns to the dining room and opens the door as wide as is possible then again disappears..

Cont..

There is the sound of something heavy being drug across the floor and suddenly the andient man, the grandfather, in the heavy rocking chair appears in the open doorway; the hitchiker, is behind the chair shovcing it through the doorway.. The grandfather still looks dead. He has not moved and does not respond in any way to anything about him.. The moving of his rocker has set it in motion but the old man rocks lifelessly with the chair.

Leatherface enters the room from another door, evidently leading to the kitchen. The door is left open and the kitchen can be seen beyond. He is carrying a dish of cold cuts which he places on the table then turns toward the kitchen, sees the hitchiker with the grandfather. He speaks in a kindly and welcoming tone to the grandfather, approaches the chair and bends to kiss him on the forehead then straightens to speak to the hitchiker; he accompanies his garbled sounds with gestures..

LEATHERFACE

Aba de ah du o dey; ;erik beaka obida tey..

How do you do to day. You will see them

His gestures indicat that the grandfather should be placed beside Sally. He is smiling graciously beneath his mask; filed teeth flash behind the loose lips of the mask. The hitchiker nods vigorously indicating his understanding and manuvres the old man into position close to Sally but facing the opposite direction. On the back of the grandfather's chair is painted the symbol the hitchiker scrawled on the van.

HITCHIKER

You did good.

Leatherface beams broadly from beneath his mask. He assists the hitchiker in positioning the grandfather and chortles a response.

LEATHERFACE

Abe do, aba do.

Thank you

Sally watches and listens to the proceedings in wide-eyed horror. She has exhausted her energy in struggling futilely against her bonds and now no longer struggles but jerks away whenever one of the brothers appraoches.. She is frightened now certain that something is about to happen. Her chair is positioned beside and facing the grandfather and Leatherface is fussing over her and occasionally strokes her hair. Leatherface speaks to the hitchiker again seeming to give instructions his words accompanied with gestures.

LEATHERFACE

Aga does uh er.

you get beside her.

The hitchiker moves behind Sally's chair and from behind and to one side grasps her arm just above the wrist in both his hands. Leatherface picks up a knife from the table and approaches. Sally begins to struggle and scream as best she is able though she is securely bound and gagged. Leatherface speaks to her in a reassuring tone and strokes her hair then cuts the ropes that bind the arm held by the hitchiker, turns her her palm up and quickly and expertly cuts deeply into the tip of her index finger. Sally struggles violently on the verge of fainting but is firmly held by the hitchiker. Leatherface lifts her hand and with the hitchikers assistance they force it into the grandfather's mouth. Leatherface must open the slack toothless mouth himself and insert the finger. Once the finger is in his mouth the grandfather begins to suckle like an infant his arms and legs suddenly have life and begin to squirm. He butts Sallys finger with his hands as if it were a reluctant breast. Sally looks on with horror. The cutting of her finger had nearly brought on a faint and the horror and revulsion of the service she has been made to give are too much and she blacks out.

92 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM

Sally regains consciousness. The first thing she sees is Leatherface seated opposite. He now wears a new mask. It is the face of a woman who might once have been beautiful. The process of tanning the flesh has shrunked the size of the features and given them a deep mahogany tint. The mask has been made up with a white powder and has some of the starkness of stage make up. The lips are heavily ringed with a dark red lipstick, the eyebrows penciled in darkly with mascara, the lashes have been covered with false ones and around the eyes there is a greenish eye shadow. The hair on the mask is long and flows down over his shoulders. On his wrist Pam's bracelet jingles. Sally screams. Her gag has been removed. The hitchiker joins her screams with a howl and Leatherface, suddenly delighted, joins his howls to theirs. The old man looks peeved, then begins to howl, then as abruptly stops seemingly distressed. Sally suddenly stops. The hitchiker begins to giggle but Leatherface continues to howl. The grandfather does not respond to the racket.

SALLY

Oh, please, please....!

Cont..

892 Cont.

|The brothers are having a snack of cold cuts and headcheese..

OLD MAN

Shut up..

|The howling continues drowning his command.

OLD MAN

Quiet!

|By this time Sally has stopped screaming and the hitchiker is giggling; only Leatherface continues to howl. The oldmans voice penetrates his howling and he stops abruptly, crestfallen and suddenly timid.

OLD MAN

You act like a pack of hounds.

|Leatherface is intimidated and does not look at the old man.. The hitchiker is more aggressive..

HITCHIKER

We's just having fun.

OLD MAN

You think this is a party?

Sally addresses herself to the old man.

SALLY

Please, help me. You can make them stop..

HITCHIKER

He can't..

|Leatherface leans forward and pats Sally comfortingly on the hand.. Sally shrinks back.

OLD MAN

(To hitchiker) Shut your mouth. (To Sally)
Can't be helped, young lady.

Cont..

92 Cont..

The hitchiker begins to giggle again.

OLD MAN

(To hitchiker) Shut up. (To Sally)
Don't pay him no mind.

Leatherface breaks a tidbit from a slice of headcheese and inserts it into the oldman's mouth. The grandfather begins gumming the headcheese in childlike fashion but the headcheese works itself out of his toothless mouth and slides down his chin on a rope of syrupy saliva.

SALLY

Please, you can't let them kill me.

The old man does not look at Sally.

OLD MAN

Can't be helped..

The hitchiker leans forward and wipes his hand across Sally's face. Sally shrieks and shrinks away from the hand. The hitchiker giggles..

HITCHIKER

(To Leatherface) You like that face?

Leatherface seems to see Sally's face for the first time. He studies it briefly and then nods happily.

LEATHERFACE

Un va uhm.

(I like it)

He strokes Sally's hair and pats her hand reassuringly..

SALLY

They're crazy,,,,. You have to help.....

HITCHIKER

He can't do anything.. He's just a cook..

OLD MAN

Shut up, you bitch hog.

Cont..

Cont..

92 The hitchiker wheezes and chortles..

HITCHIKER

He and Leatherface do all the work.
He don't like it. Isn't that right.
You ain't nothing but the cook.

OLD MAN

Shut your mouth. You don't understand
nothing..

Leatherface is distressed by the developing hostility.
He busies himself slicing additional meats and cheeses
and feeding the grandfather..

HITCHIKER

I understand you're nothing. Me and him
do all the work..

OLD MAN

I can't take no pleasure in killing!

The hitchiker snorts..

Leatherface stands, much distressed, and leaves the
room; he can be seen in the background through an open
door; he is freshening his makeup before a large framed
mirror. Hung on pegs set into the mirror frame are
several dozen masks of the type he wears; there is also
on the dresser before the mirror an extensive collection
of cosmetics.

tittering a
← babbling
to himself
"You're so
pretty!"
"Ibc!"

OLD MAN

(To Sally) There are just some things you
have to do. Don't mean you have to like it..

SALLY

Oh, please.. You can't....

The old man looks away from Sally's plea..

SALLY

(To hitchiker) Why do you want to kill
me? I never hurt you..

Cont..

The hitchiker giggles fiendishly..

SALLY

(To hitchiker) Please.....I'll do anything you want.

She begins to sob..Leatherface reenters the room; he goes to Sally and pats her hand. The hitchiker mocks her sobs..The old man begins to titter then suddenly stands, throws his napkin down on the table and mutters angrily.

OLD MAN

No need to torture the poor girl.

HITCHIKER

You just the cook, remember. Me and him take care of this.

OLD MAN

You get on with it..I won't have this.

The hitchiker ignores him..He looks directly at Sally..

HITCHIKER

We in no hurry. You ain't going nowhere..

SALLY

No.... (She sobs)

The old man draws back his hand to cuff the hitchiker.

OLD MAN

You hear me!

The hitchiker raises his arms to protect himself from the blow but he is bold now.

HITCHIKER

I heard you but it don't mean much..

Cont..

92 Cont..

The old man drops his hand.

OLD MAN

No sense in waiting. I got to open up soon.

HITCHIKER

I'm thinking about letting old grandpa have some fun. You always told me he's the best.

Leatherface begins fussing and cooing over the grandfather.
The grandfather is as usual lifeless.

OLD MAN

He's the best alright.

HITCHIKER

Let's let him have a whack.. Hey grandpa we going to let you have this one.. (He yells into the grandfathers unresponsive ear)

OLD MAN

I don't think he's much up to it any more.

Leatherface looks at the old man and begins jabbering what seems to be a reprimand; he then speaks soothingly to the grandfather.

LEATHERFACE

(To the old man) Ewe neber da at idowanher, no! (To grandfather) udo pay e bannam e ellweigh.

*reprimanding
dont you see
do it. I don't
want to hear
You don't pay
any attention
everything's
always*

HITCHIKER

He don't think so. Let's give him a whack.

SALLY

No,, no, please. You can't do this..

She is struggling against her bonds; she sobs uncontrollably but quietly. She labors furiously and desperately

Cont.

but to no avail.

The hitchiker rushes out of the room apparently to bring the necessary equipment. Leatherface still fusses and coos over the grandfather, stroking his hand and from time to time kissing him wetly on the cheek.

The old man turns to Sally.

OLD MAN

Now hush your crying. It won't hurt none..

SALLY

Oh, please.. Deon't do it, please.

OLD MAN

(To himself as much as to Sally) Best damn Killer they ever was. They say he never took more than one lick. (He shakes his head in wonder)

The hitchiker returns dragging, with much clatter, a huge galvanized tin washtub. The tub is stained with dried blood. A small sledge hammer clangs about in the bottom of the tub as the hitchiker yanks it across the floor. The hitchiker drags the washtub over to grandpas chair.

OLD MAN

Did 60 in 5 minutes once.. They say he would have done more if the hook and pull gang could have got the beeves out of the way faster..

HITCHIKER

(To Leatherface) Help grandpa with the hammer.

The hitchiker goes to Sally and with a carving knife from the table cuts her bonds.. Sally tries to break away but the hitchiker grabs her hair in his fist close behind her head and yanks one arm behind her and close up under her shoulder blades.

Cont..

SALLY

Ahhh!

OLD MAN

Now, now. You hush.. Old grandpa's the best.. You won't feel a thing.

Sally is unable to struggle. The hitchiker forces her to her knees before the tub and pushes her down over the rim. He then releases her hair and puts his foot behind her head still forcing her arm high on her back..

HITCHIKER

Give him the hammer.. Let him have it.

The old man has retreated to the doorway of the kitchen and watches timidly from there. He has become somewhat hysterical and occasionally breaks into giggles though he quickly husheshimself.

OLD MAN

They still talk about grandpa down at the slaughterhouse. Nobody ever bested him..

Leatherface has pushed grandpa's chair into position beside Sally and is laboring to place the sledge hammer in grandpa's limp fingers.. Grandpa's eyes begin to flutter from time to time as if the excitement of the moment might have affected him. Leatherface wraps grandpa's fingers individually around the hammer handle and lifts grandpa's shriveled arm and lets it fall. The hammer falls from his fingers and crashes to the floor missing Sally.

HITCHIKER

Help him.. Help him.

Leatherface chortles in excitement.

LEATHERFACE

Li_o_ba_fu gapa_gil

you can do it
grandpa... hit her.
Cont..

Sally is struggling mightily. She screams though with her neck pinned against the rim of the washtub she only chokes. The hitchiker is tiring and becoming impatient.

In the background the old man is giggling and hopping nervously from foot to foot, occasionally stopping to squeal and squeak and wring his hands and call encouragement to grandpa.

OLD MAN

Get her, get her.

Leatherface has again wrapped the grandfather's hands around the hammer and lifted his arm; this time he does not release the arm but tries to give it direction as it falls..

OLD MAN

That a boy;; go to her..

Grandpa's eyes are open dimly now; his eyes are weak and watery. It is doubtfull he sees clearly what is happening; he is however visibly affected by the excitement and is slobbering and blubbering.

The blow falls missing Sally's head and striking her a painfull blow on the shoulder; she squeals in pain and struggles all the more violently..

SALLY

Ahhheee! Ugh..

The hitchiker is having difficulty holding her.. Leatherface squeals and chortles in excitement

LEATHERFACE

Ob bo bo bo oe o daba_daba..

get her!

HITCHIKER

Hit her.. Hit the bitch. Help him.

Again Leatherface has the hammer in grandpa's hand and has lifted his arm high.. This time he puts some of his

Cont..

strength and direction into the blow and it strikes Sally a glancing blow to the head; blood gushes from the wound.

HITCHIKER

Hit her. Hit her

SALLY

Ahhhhh!!!!

LEATHERFACE

Aba do hil li ito giba giba

*That'll do it
and he'll have it
get me.*

OLD MAN

He's the best. Look at that.

Sally squeals and her struggles become superhuman. The hitchiker can no longer hold her still and she is a difficult target for the grandfather. The grandfather is grinning broadly and toothlessly now evidently the motions have awakened some dim memory of times past. Leatherface has the hammer again in his hand and the grandfather now lends some of his feeble strength. Together they lift the hammer and together bring it down on Sally's head. The hitchikers inability to hold Sally still causes the blow to be off target nevertheless it is a vicious blow. Sally squeals and this time it is an inhuman sound and her struggles are all the more furious.

SALLY

Oooeieeee!!!

The hitchiker is exhausted and infuriated.

HITCHIKER

Let me have it. Give it to me. Damn..

Leatherface struggles to recover the hammer amidst the confusion of the grandfather's childlike flailing arms and Sally's violent struggles. The hitchiker suddenly releases Sally and makes a grab for the hammer.

Contt.

Cont.
EXT. HOUSE DAWN

93

In that instant Sally is up and running, squealing in pain, blinded by the flow of blood and in a state of shock. She trips in the washtub but such is her frenzy that she is not slowed and hurtles across the room crashing through the windows in a shower of glass. She does not fall beyond the windows and is in motion the moment she touches the ground.

The hitchiker squeals in rage and surprise and is instantly in persuit, hardly hesitating before leaping through the shattered window.

Leatherface panics and begins to squeal and whinny and rushes for a moment helplessly about the room before rushing into the kitchen. The old man stands beside the doorway in distress; he moans and wrings his hands. From the kitchen comes the guttural cough and then the savage revving of the chain saw then Leatherface rushes out the the window on the trail of Sally and the hitchiker.

EXTERIOR HOUSE DAWN

Sally is only 30 yards ahead of the hitchiker; she is running blindly and with animal strength and instint.

The hitchiker charges down on her squealing and screaming madly. The chain saw roars in the background and then Leatherface emerges from the house squealing shrilly.

94

EXTERIOR FORREST DAWN

Sally is across the clearing and into the forrest. It is dawning; the sun is not yet up but the sky has a purple grey predawn cast with a tinge of red at the horizon. The dense undergrowth of the forrest makes progress difficult, clutching and snaring at Sally as she runs. She pays no heed to the clawing growth, crashing through the green jungle unheeding. Suddenly she is in a net of ropy vines and clutching brambles; she claws and flails to free herself but only seems to become futther entangled. The hitchiker is all but upon her; Leatherface has closed the distance and the roar of the chain saw hammers at her ears. She scratches, claws, scrambles and writhes in the prison of grasping foliage and suddenly she is free even as the hands of the hitchiker are upon her.

95

EXTERIOR HIGHWAY DAWN

She breaks out of the forrest and upon the highway, leaps the bar ditch and sprints up the embankment to the hardtop as the hitchiker breaks out of the forrest.

95 Cont.

Leatherface is close behind hacking his way out of the jungle. The sky now has a tinge of morning red. Sally runs out onto the roadway.

96

NEW ANGLE

The distant headlights, wan in the morning light, of a car approach. Sally runs away from the hitchiker and toward the approaching car; she waves her arms wildly and pleads for the car to stop..

SALLY

Help! Help! Please stop.

97

NEW ANGLE

The driver of the car sees the wild and bloody figure of Sally rushing toward him the hitchiker in pursuit and then Leatherface breaks from the forrest squealing and slashing the air wildly with his chain saw and he accelerates swerving to miss Sally and roars down the highway. A loaded cattle truck is close behind the car. The hitchiker is close upon Sally, less than a dozen yards behind. Sally darts into the path of the oncoming truck begging the driver to stop..

SALLY

Please.. Oh, please.. please help me!

98 NEW ANGLE

The huge cattle truck swings awkwardly to avoid Sally and the driver finds himself upon the hitchiker and unable to react before the huge bulk of the truck rushes over the screaming hitchiker. The driver yanks on his air brakes bringing the truck to a lurching, skidding, careening halt in the roadway.. The cattle panic and begin to bellow and mill about wildly. The driver throws open his door to see Sally racing for the truck with leather face squealing and snorting his chain saw flailing the air bearing down on her. The driver jumps aside and throws Sally into the cab and leaps in after her and tries to turn the engine but Leatherface is hacking at the glass and steel of the cab with the savage chain saw. The window glass shatters with a savage thrust of the saw and the thin steel door is shredded.. The driver opens the far door and shoves Sally out and she rushes up the road; the driver then grabs a big wrench from the floorboard, leaps from the cab and follows Sally. He sprints a half dozen yards then suddenly halts, plants his feet and hurls the wrench..

99 NEW ANGLE

The wrench catches Leatherface full in the face and he is sent sprawling. As he falls his grip on the saw

Cont.

99 Cont.

is broken and it jumps free biting deep into his thigh and skitters crazily about the blacktop. Leatherface squeals and shrills in pain and hysteria. Fury, pain and bewilderment drive him beserk and he scrambles after the chain saw.

100 NEW ANGLE

The driver leaves the road and runs into a field bordering the highway.

101 NEW ANGLE

Leatherface recovers the saw, sees Sally and the driver running in nearly opposite directions and squeals in terror, rage and pain, and flailing the saw wildly in the air and now hobbling and bleeding profusely, he charges after Sally.

102 NEW ANGLE

A battered, old pickup approaches beyond Sally.

103 NEW ANGLE

Sally waves her arms wildly and pleads for the driver to stop and again the horror of the scene terrifies the driver and he seeks to avoid the approaching figures.

Sally is now far beyond the limits of human endurance. Her cries are no longer human sounds. She knows she can go no further and in desperation plants herself squarely in the path of the oncoming pickup.

104 NEW ANGLE

The driver swerves and jams on his brakes. The tires squeal, the truck whips, then spins, hurtling toward Sally.

Sally does not move. She sees the truck floating toward her in slow motion, spinning gracefully in her cloudy vision; the tires squeal in an extended moan. The tail of the truck swings slowly around and whirls softly closer. She begins a slow dive for the truckbed.

105 NEW ANGLE

The tail of the truck catches Sally as she dives and tosses her into the air as the truck comes to a screeching, spinning halt. She is thrown into the truckbed.

106 NEW ANGLE

The pickup slides to a final jolting halt beyond Leatherface and facing the direction opposite the one in which it was headed.

Leatherface charges the truck clawing the air with the chain saw.

107 NEW ANGLE

The driver pops the clutch and the truck spurts then dies.

108 NEW ANGLE

Sally crawls to the rear window of the truck, pounds weakly on the glass and begs the driver to go.

SALLY

109 NEW ANGLE Go, go go!!!

The driver cranks the engine.

109 Cont.

Leatherface is upon the truck. The chain saw rakes the fender. He squeals madly and rushes for Sally.

110 NEW ANGLE

The driver pops the clutch and the pickup lurches away.

111 NEW ANGLE

Leatherface has mounted the truck and is sent sprawling but this time clings tenaciously to the saw and rolls agilely to his feet.

112 NEW ANGLE

The pickup moves rapidly away. Sally sees Leatherface dwindly in the distance and sinks to the bed of the truck and huddles there sobbing quietly. The driver of the cattle truck is a 1000 yards away across the field.

113 NEW ANGLE

Leatherface stands in the center of the highway squealing in maniac rage and whirling the chain saw with savage, idiot fury.

114 NEW ANGLE

The open staring eye of the dead hitchhiker, his lower jaw nearly ripped from his head by the collision is in the foreground. Beyond the hitchhiker, Leatherface squeals and slashes the morning sky with the chain saw. The pickup with Sally in the bed is a distant mark against the horizon. The full red morning sun rests just above the rim of the earth. From the cattle truck comes the bellowing of frightened cattle.

THE END