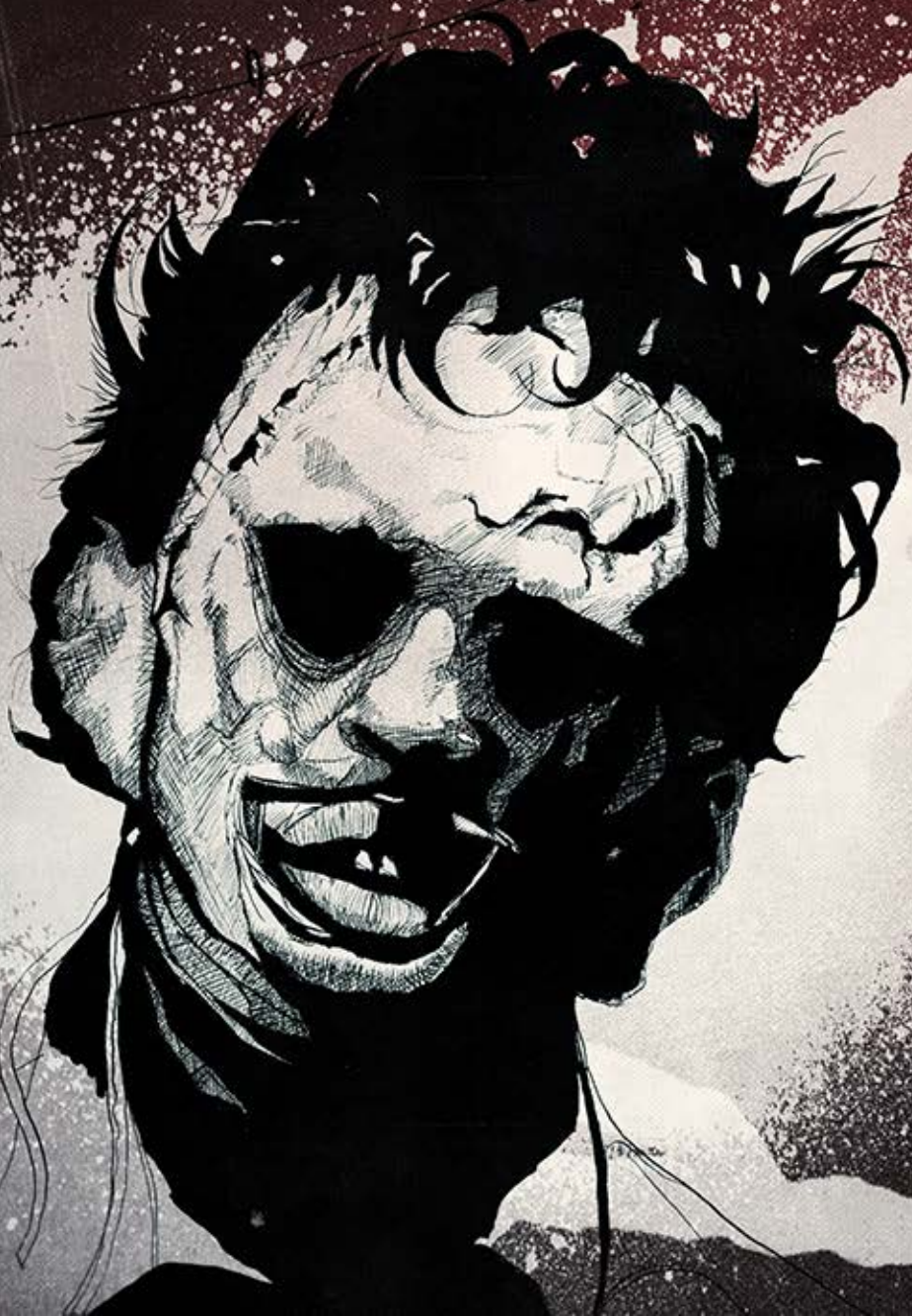


****LEATHERFACE****



BY SETH M SHERWOOD

BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY:
KIM HENKLE AND TOBE HOOPER

LEATHERFACE

WRITTEN BY:

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BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY:

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DRAFT 1A
9-15-14

FADE IN:

EXT. A DESOLATE COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A dead armadillo bakes in the sun, on its back, flies BUZZING. Stooping down to poke at it: a **LITTLE BOY** (8-10), barefoot, dressed in holed and patched hand-me-downs.

We never quite see his face.

He picks the carcass up and tucks it under his arm.

GIRL'S VOICE

Hey there!

He's startled, drops the armadillo. A truck approaches. The boy runs, vanishing into a bank of tall grass.

An old Chevy pick-up comes to a stop, its license plate gives us a setting: TEXAS -- 1955.

BETTY HARTMAN (late teens) steps from the truck. She's dressed for school-- skirt, sweater, blonde hair pulled into a pony tail.

BETTY

(searching the grass)

Don't be scared. You need help?

In the truck, the boyfriend gets impatient: **TED HARDESTY** (late teens) is well-built and clean cut.

TED

Como on, we're going to be late.

BETTY

He's just a little kid. He's lost or something. School 'ain't going nowhere.

EXT. WILD GRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Away from the road the grass merges with a large open plain-- a field of weeds, tall wild grass, brambles, low slung trees, with massive clumps of ragweed and thorn bushes.

Betty tries to navigate the mess, her hair gets caught.

A few yards away, the little boy huddles in a pocket of grass, hiding in shadows.

The truck HONKS.

BETTY (O.S.)
 Ted Hardesty, get your ass out here
 and help me.

TED (O.S.)
 Fine, fine.

BETTY (O.S.)
 Hey little guy-- you hear me? You
 lost? Let me help you.

The kid crawls out of his hole and moves away from Betty.
 He's small and nimble, able to duck down and follow a game
 trail through the snarl of weeds and branches.

Betty catches sight as he vanishes deeper into the growth.

BETTY (CONT'D)
 Wait-- Ow!

Her hair is caught again. She frees herself, goes down on
 hands and knees and crawls the game trail.

AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD

Ted looks for a way into the mess, sees none.

TED
 Betty? Where'd you go?

BETTY (O.S.)
 (far off)
 I'm here!

TED
 Where? You 'ain't going to find
 doodley shit in there, Betty.

BETTY

--crawling deeper and deeper, so much that the hot Texas sun
 is blotted out, throwing her into shadows. She GRUNTS as she
 makes her way.

The passage is tight, she stops, takes a deep breath. Then
 she hears it-- crying, soft, distant.

BETTY
 Hey-- don't cry! Are you okay?

She presses on.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Where are you?

Through a break in the overgrowth: the little boy, crying, running toward a dilapidated old barn.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I see him!

Betty moves faster, clawing her way along. She swipes away some debris-- triggering a bloody mass of fur and bones to come swinging at her face!

She GASPS, ducking-- it's some dead and rotting critter, hard to tell what exactly, caught in a snare trap. She grimaces, crawling under it, closing her eyes...

BETTY (CONT'D)
Disgusting...

Eyes shut, Betty doesn't see what's in her path: another trap, a steel clamp with a pressure plate her hand is headed for. Inch by inch she crawls closer and closer.

She raises a hand, moves ahead, the hand comes down.

TED (O.S.)
(far-off)
Betty!

She opens her eyes, sees the trap. Her hand stops short, just barely. She holds her breath and retracts.

TED (CONT'D)
Where are you?

BETTY
Go to the barn!

TED
What barn?

BETTY
Ugh-- idiot.

Using a stick, Betty trips the trap-- its metal jaws SNAP shut, cracking the stick in two.

EXT. OLD BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Betty, covered in burs, dead leaves in her hair, crawls out, pats herself clean as she approaches the barn.

The roof is bowed, large sections of siding are missing, one wall leaning dangerously close to collapse.

INT. OLD BARN - CONTINUOUS

The old doors barely hang on their hinges, giving Betty easy access. The interior is cast in cutting shadow and light as the sun finds its way through the missing siding and holes in the roof. Dust motes hang in the air. Age old farm machinery sits in disarray at every turn, rusted and forgotten.

Betty looks up, an old V8 engine block hangs from the ceiling, rusted, cobwebby. It isn't alone: several mobiles made from randomly assembled bones spin in a minimal breeze.

They give her the chills.

Betty spots the boy, hiding in the shadows along the back wall. Arms out, she encourages him to come to her.

BETTY

Hey-- there you are. Don't be
afraid, okay?

He steps deeper into the dark.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Come here. I won't--

Betty steps deeper into the garage, and the floor gives out.

She SCREAMS as she falls into darkness...

A WET CRUNCH signals her landing.

The floor wasn't a floor at all, just dust and hay arranged to hide a pit in the center of the room. Betty lays, broken and bloody, splayed out over jagged metal-- gears, old tractor parts, combine rakes.

The boy moves to the edge of the pit and looks down on her. She's not quite dead-- she CONVULSES, blood pours from her mouth and ears in torrents, she's lost an eye.

BETTY (CONT'D)

H--help...

Behind the boy, from the shadows, half a dozen others creep into the light. One of them runs to the edge LAUGHING. This is **NUBBINS**, (10-12) a twitchy kid with a red birthmark down one half of his face.

NUBBINS

Lookit that! Lookit that!

He points and laughs at Betty, who is SPUTTERING, trying to form words. Nubbins is so giddy he almost falls in.

DRAYTON

Shit howdy, she's a pretty one.

DRAYTON (20s) looks like James Dean, much more dapper than the rest of the **HILLBILLY KIN** emerging around him-- but when he smiles his face turns wicked: his teeth are ragged, stained yellow and crooked.

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

You done good, Jed.

The little boy, **JED**, shrugs, his face still obscured. Drayton musses his hair. Nubbins SNICKERS, bobs from foot to foot.

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

Still kickin' though.

Drayton motions to one of his kin, a grubby, scrawny little girl of 8 or 9 in a stained flour-sack dress.

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

Loretta-- why'nt you get that?

Drayton points to a chain tied off on a nearby post. It leads up to a pulley system that holds the ancient V8 engine block over the pit.

Betty shakes her head, tries to say something, but only GURGLES. The little girl loosens the chain and it SNAPS loose, pulley WHIZZING, chain clattering-- the engine block falls, CRUSHING Betty in an instant.

Nubbins HOWLS with laughter.

TED (O.S.)

(not far away)

Betty? You in there?

The hillbillies go silent. Nubbins bolts for the door, snatching up a rusty hand-scythe from a post on the wall.

DRAYTON

Nubbins! Get back here!

EXT. OLD BARN - CONTINUOUS

Nubbins erupts from the door, running spastically, waving the scythe. Ted is several yards away, easily enough for a head start back to his truck.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ted all but dives into his truck and guns it to life. He peels out, kicking up dust and pebbles, showering Nubbins with debris.

Watching the truck speed away, Nubbins starts to panic.

NUBBINS

That's bad. Bad bad bad bad!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - LATER

Four county sheriff police cruisers and an ambulance surround the barn. A fifth police unit speeds down the dirt road to the barn, sending a wall of dust into the air.

It slides to a stop and a deputy emerges, face locked in pain and sadness. He staggers toward the barn, intercepted by his **FELLOW TEXAN DEPUTIES** deputies.

This is **HAL HARTMAN**, (early 40s). He's lean, mean and wears his service pistol slung like a gunslinger.

HARTMAN

Out of my way, damn it.

DEPUTY 1

Hang on a tick, Hal. You don't want to go in there just yet.

HARTMAN

That's my Betty--

DEPUTY 2

I know, boss. But you don't want to remember her like this.

DEPUTY 1

We gotta figure out what happened.

HARTMAN

(seeing Drayton)

I know what happened.

Hal pushes them away, heads to where another deputy stands over Drayton, taking a statement. Drayton sits, handcuffed, on an old tractor tire. Hal SHOVES him over and tries to kick him, but is again held back.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Drayton Sawyer, you cousin lovin' son of a whore-- this time it's not Gorman House. You're all grow'd up. That means the gas chamber for you. If you're lucky--

DEPUTY 1

Easy, Hal--

HARTMAN

--if I don't put a bullet in your skull first.

DRAYTON

(from the ground)

Can't say I follow you, Deputy Hartman. Me and Nubbins found your daughter. We was just trying to help when--

Hartman draws, and he's fast. None of the deputies are quick enough to stop him from putting his gun in Drayton's face.

DEPUTY 2

Easy, Hal.

Hartman checks himself, lowers the gun.

HARTMAN

Where's Nubbins?

DEPUTY 1

Took off running, we're lookin'--

HARTMAN

He's halfway to Dallas by now.

DEPUTY 1

First on scene saw some kids running off into the scrub. We got one of 'em.

The deputy points to one of the squad cars. In the back, watching, pressed against the glass: Jed. He's short, so we only see his dull, dark eyes.

DEPUTY 2

Put it away, Hal.

Hartman looks at the gun in his hand, holsters it, then gets weak in the knees. He swallows a sob, too manly to let it out, but his legs buckle.

On the ground, he's eye-level with Drayton, who smiles at him. The deputies help him up.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Hartman finds Ted, sitting in his truck at the edge of the action, tears running down his face.

TED

I'm sorry, sir. Hand to God.

HARTMAN

I know your are, Ted.

TED

The little one, he was running down the road. She just wanted to help.

Ted turns into a snotty, crying mess. Hartman hands him a handkerchief.

The distant CRUNCHING of a car on a dirt road grabs his attention. He narrows his eyes: a beat up old truck rumbles their way.

Hartman knows the truck. His face turns to a sneer and his hand reflexively goes to the gun on his hip.

The truck arrives, dented, belching smoke. A massive man comes out from behind the wheel, white beard, cold eyes. **BOSS SAWYER** looks threatening, but the real danger comes from the passenger side.

VERNA SAWYER (30s) is small, but obviously a fire-cracker. Her simple sun dress is powder blue, her hair pulled back and severe. Her intense eyes bore a hole through Hartman.

VERNA

You let those boys go this instant.

HARTMAN

Don't count on it, Verna.

VERNA

You see them do something wrong?
Did anybody?

Hartman doesn't answer, which says plenty.

VERNA (CONT'D)
Didn't think so.

She marches up to the other deputies standing over Drayton.

VERNA (CONT'D)
Get those cuffs offa him.

The deputies exchange knowing glances, then oblige. Hartman seethes. Verna points to Jed in the squad car.

VERNA (CONT'D)
Let him out.

HARTMAN
No. Leave him.

VERNA
For what?

Hartman pushes past the other deputies to get in her face.

HARTMAN
He's not under arrest-- he's under protection. From you.

VERNA
What--

HARTMAN
I've lost count of how many crime scenes I've been to where there just happened to be Sawyers already there. Them kids ain't safe.

VERNA
Horseshit.

HARTMAN
(to deputies)
Let's get some units over to the Sawyer farm and round up any and all minors.

VERNA
You can't do that!

HARTMAN
I'll have a warrant that says I can by the time we arrive. It's called child endangerment.

Verna SCREAMS and CLAWS at Hartman's face. The deputies, and Boss Sawyer move in to break them up.

BOSS

Ease up, Verna-- ain't helping.

Jed watches from the squad car. He SLAPS his own head, over and over and over.

Hartman leans in real close, so only Verna can hear him.

HARTMAN

You take one of mine, I'll take all of yours, Verna.

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE CARD: TEN YEARS LATER

EXT. GORMAN HOUSE - DAY

An old Victorian hospital, austere, forboding, creepy. If it has a budget, it isn't spent on upkeep.

LANG (O.S.)

In 1955 the State of Texas instituted an endangered child aid program. In its first year, nearly fifty children were taken from homes where criminal activity, genetic mishaps or otherwise unseemly behavior was the norm.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - MAIN HALL - SAME

The decor is sparse in Gorman house, a few plants, mirrors to make it less claustrophobic. Dingy white tile, cracked and peeling paint.

LANG (O.S.)

Most of these children were given new names, and entered into a foster care program.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - HALL - DAY

White patent leather shoes CLACK on worn tile. **LIZZY** (early 20s) wears her nurse's uniform well. Her posture is proper, hair pinned back, make-up angular. She hurries to keep up with: **DOCTOR LANG** (50s, austere) in the flesh.

Lang runs Gorman House. He's gaunt, bald and looks like a skeleton when he smiles, which he does often.

LANG
Others, already products of
degenerate parentage, were remitted
here to Gorman House.

Lizzy walks with purpose, note pad tucked under an arm. A southern belle gone professional.

LIZZY
Yes, sir. I've been wanting to come
on here for a long time. I had a
cousin who came through. I really
think I understand them. I think I
can help them--

LANG
(stopping)
Elizabeth--

LIZZY
Please, sir-- Lizzy is fine.

LANG
Elizabeth-- we're not interested in
rehabilitation. These kids don't
belong in society. Don't let your
guard down.

He points her to a door, and turns down a hall.

LIZZY
You aren't coming?

LANG
I'm headed to the boys dorm. You go
ahead.

LIZZY
If you're doing rounds I'd love to--

LANG
I'm not doing rounds, I'm seeing a
contractor about more bars on the
windows.

INT. COMMONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A large rec room, where Gorman House's patients? Inmates? Populace? --can watch TV, read, play board games, etc.

Some of them wear county-provided uniforms, others, their own clothes.

Lizzy enters, takes stock of the handful of teens in the room, most of them paired off or in groups.

She spots a loner: **BUD** (late teens), sitting at a table, manning one side of a checkerboard, mulling over his options.

Bud is a big boy, thick arms, heavy paunch, neck like a tree trunk. He's slovenly, stains on his shirt from his last meal. His face, disfigured: cleft lip, a drooping eye.

Lizzy sits at the other end of the checkerboard.

LIZZY
Well, hello.

Bud looks up, doesn't respond.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
My name is Lizzy, I'm new here, and
I want to get to know ya'll.

Bud goes back to looking for moves on the checkerboard.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Helllloo.

She smiles, waves her hand in front of Bud. He looks up again, unmoved. She looks down at the checker game, then points out a move for him to make.

He smiles, showing teeth only a mother could love.

JACKSON (O.S.)
That's, Bud.

Lizzy looks up to see **JACKSON**, a good looking teenage boy with the muscles of a farmer and a charming smile.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
He don't say much. Do ya, Bud?

BUD
Uh-uh.

JACKSON
You're in my seat.

Lizzy stands, offering him his chair.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Thank you, kindly.

LIZZY

I'm--

JACKSON

Lizzy. I heard.

(offers his hand to shake)

Jackson.

She shakes it, then flips open her note pad to take notes.

LIZZY

(writing)

Jackson and Bud. And what meds we have you on, Jackson?

JACKSON

Some little white pills. Sometimes red ones. Figure you'd know better than me, Lizzy.

LIZZY

You aren't going to be trouble for me, are you?

JACKSON

Not me, Lizzy.

LIZZY

There a reason you keep saying my name like that?

JACKSON

Reckon I must like how it sounds.

CRASHING GLASS behind them. Lizzy JUMPS, Jackson and Bud are indifferent. She watches as one **YOUTH** (early teens) is assaulted by another: **IKE** (late teens) is wiry, angry and animated. He's got his target shoved up against a wall.

IKE

Boy, I'll pop your eyes right the fuck out your head!

JACKSON

And I reckon that's gonna get ugly.

Lizzy checks the room: no one else in a uniform. She's solo. Courage mustered, she charges over to Ike.

LIZZY

Let him go.

IKE

Mind your business.

LIZZY
It is my business.

Ike takes her in, lets his prey loose. He smiles, but not in a friendly way.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
What's the problem?

IKE
He said some things I didn't care for. Something about a girl in a nurse uniform and what she might taste like.

YOUTH
I didn't--

Ike shoots him a dagger-stare, stops him cold. Lizzy stands her ground. Ike leans in on her, fast-- runs his wet tongue over her mouth.

LIZZY
Ugh!!

She pushes back, but he has an iron grip on her arm. He moves in for another lick, but is violently SHOVED back by Bud.

IKE
Fuck you, Frankenstein.

Bud: fists clenched, staring Ike down with his uneven eyes. Finally, **TWO ORDERLIES** (30s, burly, no nonsense) arrive.

ORDERLY 1
Break it up, pinheads!

Ike and Bud are still staring each other down.

ORDERLY 2
Back to what you were doing.

Ike puts on an innocent face as an orderly PULLS him along, headed for somewhere more secure.

IKE
I didn't do nothin'!

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy bolts to the sink, throws the hot water on full blast and splashes palm-fulls of it on her face. She examines herself in the mirror:

Lipstick smeared, perfect Liz Taylor eyeliner ruined.
Confidence and image destroyed, Lizzy takes the reality in:

Gorman House is a shit-hole. The bathroom is lit by a row of ancient pan lights, half of them burnt out. The once white tile is cracked, stained and mildewed. The pipes are exposed, rusty. Cobwebs in every corner. She catches a faint WHISPER, a distant voice.

LIZZY

Hello?

She crouches, looks under the stalls: no feet. She goes back to the sink, stoops, cups water, splashes her face again.

She comes up-- and there's a second face in the mirror. Some one is right behind her.

Lizzy SCREAMS, spins around.

At first it seems like it could be the pale ghost of a girl-- but it is just Clarice (teens), an albino girl with long stringy hair. She LAUGHS, taking a drag of a cigarette.

CLARICE

'shoulda seen your face.

(imitating Lizzy)

Ahhhh!

LIZZY

You aren't allowed cigarettes.

Clarice inhales deeply, then launches herself at Lizzy. She grabs her face, pulls her in close, as if to kiss her. Instead, she blows a heavy cloud of smoke into Lizzy's face.

The door SLAMS open: orderlies.

ORDERLY 1

Get out here!

Clarice complies, the orderly takes away her contraband.

INT. COMMONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lang is waiting for Lizzy when she emerges.

LANG

Everything all right?

LIZZY

Yes, Doctor Lang. I'm fine.

LANG

I'll have words with Isaac and Bud.

JACKSON

Bud didn't do nothing.

Lang eyes Jackson who hasn't left his seat. They lock in a stare, clearly there's a history. Lang flashes his teeth.

LANG

Looking forward to our session tomorrow, Jackson.

Jackson averts his eyes, breaking the stare down.

LIZZY

Sir, he's right actually. Bud didn't do anything. He was just--

LANG

He was just fighting.

LIZZY

Well, he was protecting me.

LANG

Elizabeth, something you should have been told: any excuse for violence is forbidden. Especially in a case like Bud. Remind me later to tell you what he did to his last foster family.

JACKSON

They took away his dog.

LANG

Yes. Which is a perfectly acceptable reason to bludgeon somebody into a coma.

JACKSON

Just sayin'.

LANG

And that's one of YOUR many problems, Jackson. You're always "just sayin'."

(back to Lizzy)

Come along, won't you?

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - SAME

Ike and Bud: strapped down into wheelchairs, centered in an otherwise empty, windowless room. The walls are stone, slick and mossy, the floor dirty cement, stained with who knows what, old blood smeared in the far corner.

A dingy bulb hangs above them, the only light. A faint DRIPPING comes from the drain in the floor. They stare nervously at the door, FOOTSTEPS draw closer.

Lang smiles his way into the room, Lizzy in step behind him.

LANG

Well. Here we are again.

IKE

I didn't do nothin'.

LANG

(to Bud)

Is that true?

Bud doesn't respond, he just stares at Lizzy.

LANG (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

Bud shrugs, Lang sighs.

LANG (CONT'D)

Lizzy describes things differently, Isaac. She says you licked her.

IKE

Just a little.

LANG

Here's the size of it boys.

He extends his hand in front of his chest.

LANG (CONT'D)

This is about the level of trouble
I consider myself capable of
putting up with.

He raises his hand above his head.

LANG (CONT'D)

This is where you currently are.

He turns to Lizzy.

LANG (CONT'D)

Elizabeth, what do you think is the appropriate censure for continued violation of rules?

LIZZY

I-- maybe less common room privileges?

LANG

Not bad, but that might impact on their socialization skills.

LIZZY

I didn't think about that.

LANG

Then again, it's not as if these two have much hope for fitting back into society.

Lizzy realizes Bud is staring at her intently.

LANG (CONT'D)

So here's what happens next. The blessed State of Texas has granted me large sums of taxpayer dollars to figure out exactly what makes the deviant teenage mind tick. Given that you two are no longer up for foster care and are legally wards of the state, I can use you however I choose.

IKE

What's that even mean?

LANG

It means, I am going to crack open your skulls and start taking out chunks of your brain to see if I can't isolate the problem.

Ike laughs nervously, he's scared. Bud is stoic. Lizzy is unsure of what to make of this.

IKE

Shit, Doc-- I think somebody beat you to it on ol' Bud here.

Lang smiles, smarmy. He checks his pocket-watch.

LANG
(exiting)
Have a good night. Come along,
Elizabeth.

IKE
Wait-- c'mon, Doc!

LANG
Prep them!

The orderlies enter as Lang and Lizzy exit, straightjackets at the ready. Ike struggles against his bonds, but it's pointless. Bud can only stare.

INT. OFFICE HALL - DUSK

Lang walks briskly through the admin hall as fellow doctors and administrators are packing up for the night. Lizzy is at his heels. Outside, the sun is low.

He points to a bench.

LANG
Wait here, this won't take long.

LIZZY
(complying)
Yes, sir.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lang's office is stately, the only room at Gorman that is plush as opposed to decaying.

Waiting at his desk, a plump young man (30s) in an ill-fitting suit. Bow tie, round glasses, nervous tic. This is **FARNSWORTH**. He stands as Lang enters.

LANG
Sorry to keep you waiting.

FARNSWORTH
Barry Farnsworth. We've been here
an hour.

LANG
We?

Lang moves to take his seat, it swivels around the reveal Verna. The last ten years have been good to her. Gone is the hillbilly chic sun dress and bare feet.

She wears a black dress, her hair is coiffed high, make-up precise, eyes intense as ever.

LANG (CONT'D)
Miss. Sawyer.

FARNSWORTH
It's Mrs. Carson now.

Verna puts on airs nicely, no doubt emulating somebody she's seen on TV. But when she speaks, her roots are obvious.

VERNA
I want to see Jed.

LANG
We've been over this. At least once every few months over the last year. You have no recourse.

VERNA
He's family.

LANG
You wouldn't even know he was here if some clerk hadn't accidentally sent you his custody remittance forms. That was a mistake, not an invitation to visit.

Verna clearly isn't giving up the chair, Lang leans against his bookshelf, goes about lighting his pipe.

VERNA
(to Farnsworth)
Show him.

Farnsworth digs out a small stack of papers for Lang.

FARNSWORTH
It's an injunction. Court says Mrs. Carson has the right to visit.

VERNA
You have to let me see him.

LANG
That's a problem. Most of these kids were given new names to hide from their degenerate criminal families. Jed is here, I'm sure, but even he probably doesn't recall you, or his real name.

VERNA
You know exactly who he is.

LANG
(smiling)
I have a lot of patients. We'd have
to check the files to be certain.

VERNA
Bullshit!

IN THE HALL OUTSIDE

Lizzy cocks an ear as Verna lets loose a colorful string of
swears and insults.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

LANG
And that's going to require an
entirely different court order. The
records are very sensitive.

Verna looks to Farnsworth who begrudgingly nods.

LANG (CONT'D)
Get the correct court order and I'm
happy to help you.

VERNA
Damn it, this'n took three months!

LANG
Then I'd get on it quick. If memory
serves, Jed will be eighteen soon.
Given how many times he's been
bounced back here, given how many
people he's hurt-- I'll recommend
he be transferred to prison.

FARNSWORTH
You don't have the authority--

LANG
My expert opinion and both the
Travis and Marto country Sheriff's
reports would be plenty sufficient.
Besides, last time I checked, I
couldn't find a Jed Sawyer on file
anywhere. Must have been lost.

Verna shoots up out of the chair.

VERNA

Why you doing this?! I did what's right! I got the papers!

LANG

Mrs. Sawyer--

FARNSWORTH

Carson.

LANG

Mrs. Carson. Ranger Hartman is a friend of mine. He told me what part Jed played in the death of his daughter.

VERNA

No one could prove he had shit to do with a girl falling in a hole.

LANG

Regardless, he was taken from you for a reason.

Farnsworth gently pulls Verna back.

FARNSWORTH

We know the first family you put him with wanted a girl. They had the boy in a dress for years. Your "expert opinion" could be called into question.

LANG

Three months, was it? Jed is eighteen in what? Four weeks?

VERNA

You're a bastard.

LANG

And you, even if you've married into money and hired a snot-nosed shyster, are still hillbilly trash.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Verna, fuming mad and being led to the front entrance by A FOURTH ORDERLY. Farnsworth is sweating.

FARNSWORTH

I have a friend, country clerk-- maybe he can push it through.

VERNA

It don't matter. They'll give us
the runaround.

FARNSWORTH

I'm sorry, Mrs. Carson.

VERNA

It's bullshit. All of it.

She stops short, sticks her finger in the orderly's chest.

VERNA (CONT'D)

Lavatory?

The orderly POINTS and she storms off to the restroom.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - SURGICAL ROOM - SAME

The two orderlies try to secure Bud, who THRASHES violently about. Ike is already strapped to a gurney, body in a straight jacket. He's in a oddly calm state, his eyes fixating on a nearby tray of SHINY scalpels.

Lang joins them, amused.

LANG

Extra straps for him.

ORDERLY 2

You think?

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - MAIN HALL - SAME

Farnsworth and the orderly wait. Farnsworth fidgets.

ORDERLY 4

Go get her. Office hours are over.

FARNSWORTH

I can't go into the ladies room.

The orderly rolls his eyes, heads down the side hall and POUNDS on the bathroom door. No reply.

ORDERLY 4

Ma'am?

FARNSWORTH

It's Mrs. Carson.

ORDERLY 4
(knocking again)
Ma'am!

He pushes the door open: the bathroom is empty. He ducks down to look under the stall-- nothing.

ORDERLY 4 (CONT'D)
God damn it!

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - DARK HALL - SAME

A less-used hall that ends at another locked metal gate. Verna slinks through the shadows, looking for a way to get deeper inside the home.

She grabs hold of the gate, RATTLES it. No good.

ORDERLY 4
Hey!

The Orderly lumbers down the hall, pissed, Verna ignores him and keeps pulling at the gate.

ORDERLY 4 (CONT'D)
Get away from there! You have to
leave right now!

He SLAPS a hand on her shoulder and turns her around. Verna looks coy, innocent. At the end of the hall Farnsworth is all hands, more nervous than ever.

FARNSWORTH
Please, Mrs. Carson.

The deputy looks back at the lawyer... and Verna suddenly lashes out, BITING DOWN HARD On the Orderly's hand.

He SCREAMS, staggers back. Farnsworth is shocked. Verna turns back to the gate.

VERNA
(screaming)
Jed! You hear me, boy!? Get over
here! All you kids-- your families
are waiting for you!

The orderly grabs her shoulder, watching her mouth. She FIGHTS BACK, SCREAMING OBSCENITIES and calling for Jed.

FARNSWORTH
Mrs. Carson, this isn't going to
help your case!

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - SURGICAL ROOM - SAME

Verna's cries echo through the old place, even here.

ORDERLY 1
What the hell is that?

LANG
Damn that woman. I'll be back.

Lang exits. Bud is down to only one free arm.

ORDERLY 1
Hold him, damn it.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - MAIN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Lang emerges from a side stair into the hall. He joins a nurse and two orderlies to combine forces to usher Verna down the hall toward the door.

FARNSWORTH
My client was acting in self
defense! She was-

LANG
Get out!

Verna smiles, and licks the blood from her lips, then vanishes through the door.

Lang cocks an ear: from the depths of the home, SHOUTING, SCREAMING. Verna has incited a riot. The orderly's blood covering her face.

LANG (CONT'D)
Lovely.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - SURGICAL ROOM - SAME

AN ALARM BELL RINGS in bursts of three. The orderlies are distracted, Bud's flailing hits home.

One orderly is sent stumbling onto Ike, who immediately BITES DOWN on the orderly's ear, BLOOD SPILLS.

ORDERLY 2
Hey!

The other orderly tries to help, but Bud catches him around the waist and HURLS him against the wall. Bud is loose, tearing off the few restraints he was held down by.

He grabs the first orderly and PULLS him off Ike, leaving the ear behind, and SLAMS him against his partner. Both men go quiet. Bud PANTS like an animal.

IKE
Hey genius-- give me a hand.

EXT. GORMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Farnsworth rushes Verna to a Caddy parked out front.

FARNSWORTH
I can't believe you bit him. They
could sue us!

He gets her into the car, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes the sweat from his brow.

BREAKING GLASS gets his attention. Above, in a window, an inmate LAUGHS, dangling himself into the open.

FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
God all mighty.

Farnsworth gets behind the wheel and FLOORS IT.

INT. BOY'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson watches the room, chaos now that Verna has everyone fired up. Another window SHATTERS and he flinches. Something gets everyone's attention, every boy in the room is rushing to the gate. They start CHEERING.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - BOY'S DORM HALL - CONTINUOUS

In the hall outside Ike tussles with an orderly. The Boys at the gate CHEER HIM ON as they scramble about.

Ike is shoved back, the boys BOO. The orderly moves in to put Ike down-- But GASPS... looks down... his front is covered in blood. Ike TWIRLS one of the scalpels in his hand and grins.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy and the two nurses struggle to close and lock the gate. A hand reaches between the bars and PULLS her hair.

LIZZY
Stop!

The gate locks into place and they stagger back.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
What's going on!?

NURSE
Listen!

They do-- boys: CATCALLING and WHOOPING, getting closer.

LIZZY
They're loose in the hall.

NURSE
They'll maul us!

The nurses take off. Lizzy doesn't want to abandon her post, but follows.

INT. MAIN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The delinquent boys are loose-- bolting down the hall, whooping, cheering, upturning every potted plant, breaking whatever they can.

INT. GIRL'S DORM - SAME

Clarice leads a crush of bad girls to the gate blocking their exit. They can hear the boys getting closer, they SCREAM and CHEER in encouragement.

The boys hit, and it's like a party. One of them has keys, springs the gate-- anarchy.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Ike leads a small crowd into the kitchen, which has a back door. He tries the keys on the ring, no dice.

The fridge is opened, ransacked. The degenerates are LAUGHING, cramming their faces while Ike works the door over.

Clarice has joined them and can't stop giggling.

IKE
(cocking ear)
Anyone hear that?

Clarice goes through drawers, smiling: finds a box of matches.

CLARICE

Sounds like somebody is praying.

Ike pulls his scalpel and zeros in on the pantry door. He throws it open: inside, the COOK (female, 50s) terrified, clutching a Rosary. She SCREAMS.

Ike puts the blade to her throat.

IKE

You're going to open this door.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - SAME

Lang paces the width of his office, stretching the phone cable taut as he all but screams into the receiver.

LANG

I don't know, I've told you people
a thousand times we're under-
staffed. Just get here before--

Noise in the hall beyond the door, something heavy, hitting the floor. Lang freezes, voice caught in his throat.

LANG (CONT'D)

I-- just hurry.

INT. OFFICE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lang pokes his head out of the office. The long hall of the admin floor is empty. Doors ajar, wallpaper worn, carpet frayed. Lang looks both ways and steps out.

At the end of the hall: an open security gate. He creeps toward it, stopping to check every office along the way.

Office one, empty, he closes the door. Office two, holding his breath, peering in... empty. He closes the door.

Office three-- pokes his head in, but jumps out when a faint CREAK in the hall behind him fills the air.

Office two's door is ajar again. Lang inhales, terrified, but putting out his authority voice.

LANG

Back to the dorms. Enough of this.

Nothing. He reaches for the door, slowly, ready for somebody to leap out. Hand inches from the knob, he snags it, SLAMS the door closed, and this time uses a key to lock it.

No time to waste, he bolts to the end of the hall, grabs the security gate, folded against the door jamb. It doesn't budge. He struggles with it, muttering under his breath.

Finally it gives and he slides it into place... and at the last second a thick hand reaches out from the darkness beyond and catches the door before it latches.

Bud THROWS the gate back, fills the door frame. He shows Lang his hands, they are covered with blood.

LANG (CONT'D)
What did you do?

BUD
Accident--

Lang turns, hurls ass back to his office.

BUD (CONT'D)
Wait--

Bud is fast, lumbering down the hall, floor creaking.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lang hurries and grabs the first weapon he can find-- a golf club behind his door. He turns, swinging, BASHING Bud in the neck as he rounds the corner.

Bud sinks to his knees.

LANG
How the hell did you get loose?
What did you do!?

Lang raises the club to strike again. He brings it down-- but Bud CATCHES it. Anger washes over Bud's face and he pulls the club away, flinging it aside.

He rises, towering over Lang, who realizes he's brought out the beast. He takes a step back.

LANG (CONT'D)
Don't! They'll never let you go!
Think about it!

Lang staggers back, gets behind his desk. Bud simply shoves it out of the way.

Lang tries to go for the window, but Bud snags him by the back of the neck, SLAMS his face through the window.

Lang's face is lacerated to shit, he's SCREAMING in pain. He tries to pull back, but Bud keeps him in place, putting pressure on the back of his head... slowly pushing him down on the jagged glass, shards slowing gouging into his throat, tearing the jugular, spilling blood in torrents.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Lizzy hides in the dark under the last flight of stairs, the other nurses have fled. FOOTSTEPS bang down the stairs above her, getting closer. She huddles into the shadows.

A WEASEL-FACED PUNK and HIS FRIEND come bounding down the last flight of stairs. They don't look friendly. Weasel-face catches sight of Lizzy.

WEASEL-FACE
Helloooo, nurse.

FRIEND
Git 'er!

Weasel-face has found a letter-opener, he cocks it above his head, ready to stab.

LIZZY
Stop!

Somebody else is on the stairs above, taking them two at a time: Jackson. HE sees Lizzy, cornered.

JACKSON
Let's leave her be-- come on.

WEASEL-FACE
No way.

Weasel-face makes his move, but Jackson snags his collar and whips him back around.

FRIEND
Hey!

Jackson slams his fist into the friend's face, a powerful blow, it spins him around. Weasel-face makes his move, STABBING Jackson in the leg from the ground.

LIZZY
Enough!

Jackson WINCES in pain, turns back to Weasel-face, and raises his foot.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Jackson, stop!

Jackson doesn't listen. He STOMPS Weasel-face's hand, knocking the letter opener away... and he keeps stomping on the hand, over and over.

Lizzy pulls him back, and he savagely shoves her away. His eyes are wild, face bestial-- no one is home. He takes a step to Lizzy, menacing, rage-filled.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Please--

She raises her hands and he catches himself. Jackson's face softens, a balloon releasing air, he shifts back to himself.

JACKSON
Sorry. I'm-- sorry.

The door behind Lizzy FLIES open, making them both jump. Bud covered in even more blood.

EXT. GORMAN HOUSE - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

A door is thrown wide, open to the outside world. Who knows how many have already taken off into the night. Jackson emerges, followed by Bud, the fresh air hits them--it's been awhile. Lizzy, in the doorway, nervous--

LIZZY
You can't go-- it'll just make things worse.

JACKSON
Sorry.

HEADLIGHTS wash over them, a car SCREECHES to a stop.

VOICE
HANDS UP!

Jackson complies, as the voice devolves into CACKLING. Ike and Clarice behind the wheel of an almost new Plymouth Fury.

IKE
Doc has a nice ride.
(to Bud)
Hop in, Stupid. I owe you one.

Bud doesn't move until Jackson nods.

IKE (CONT'D)

Hang on--

Ike jumps out, goes for Lizzy.

LIZZY

Don't touch me!

JACKSON

Ike-- don't!

Bud grabs Ike by the collar.

CLARICE

(from car)

They'll think twice about shootin'
us down with a pretty girl along.

Jackson considers this.

LIZZY

Please don't--

Bud thinks it over, gives Lizzy a sad look, then drags her toward the car. She SCREAMS in protest, terrified, frantic.

MOMENTS LATER the Fury peels out, racing away from the approaching fleet of police cars.

CUT TO:

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - DAWN

Sunrise and no one has moved Lang's body from where Bud embedded it in the jagged window frame. **A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER** takes a shot, his flashbulb POPPING.

POLICE DEPUTIES are spread out around the room, looking for details and evidence. In charge, is **DEPUTY SORELLS** (20s) good looking, but stressed out and in over his head.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, I'm good.

SORELLS

You sure? What about the other side? Get some of those.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I can't rightly float outside the window, now can I? This'll do.

Walking slowly into the room, taking in every detail, Hal Hartman, now in his early 50s. Still lean, still mean, his badge now identifies him as a Texas Ranger.

HARTMAN
You Sorells?

SORELLS
Yes, sir. Glad you came.

They shake hands.

HARTMAN
We know which one did this?

SORELLS
No, but we know who's missing.
They're pulling the files for us
right now.

Hartman crouches, removes his hat, examines Lang.

HARTMAN
All mine?

SORELLS
All but one of them were brought in
by you, yes.

HARTMAN
Got roadblocks set?

SORELLS
Ten and twenty miles out.

HARTMAN
You're going to want to extend
that, I think.

Finished with Lang, Hartman stands to face Sorells.

SORELLS
We got a report that Driscoll's
department store was busted open.
Looks like they got fresh clothes.

HARTMAN
Anything else?

SORELLS
Just that it's a pleasure to work
with you. You give the word, my
guys will jump. Count on it.

HARTMAN
(not impressed)
Good to know. Let's push the
roadblocks out, and make sure every
local cop from here to New Mexico
is on the lookout.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

The Fury bombs down the two-lane highway, weaving over the lanes more than once. It slows as it gets caught up in a long line of slow-moving traffic.

INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy is terrified, sandwiched between Bud and Clarice. Bud stares vacantly out the window, Clarice holds a lit match under the door handle on her side. Sufficiently hot, she presses her arm against the metal. It SIZZLES quietly.

LIZZY
Stop that!

CLARICE
What?

LIZZY
Where are we going?

IKE
Home.

Ike is behind the wheel, spastic, grinning like a fool. Jackson rides shotgun, he reaches out to steady the wheel.

JACKSON
Slow the hell down before you rear-
end somebody.

Ike relents, they fall into the slow traffic line.

They've all changed into new clothes, though Bud's hands are still bloodstained.

CLARICE
I ain't got a home no more.
(strikes a match)
There was a little incident.

JACKSON

We can't stay on the road, they'll
be looking for us.

CLARICE

By incident, I mean a fire.
(to Lizzy)
Confidentially, I set it.

Lizzy stares at Clarice's terrible yellow teeth, fixated.

IKE

My parents are in Austin. They'll
be pleased as punch to see me.

LIZZY

I doubt that.

IKE

No really, they love it when I make
it home. I always do. So unless you
got somewhere's else to be--

JACKSON

I don't. Couldn't even tell you
where I was born.

IKE

(to Bud)
How 'bout you, Einstein?

BUD

(shrugging)
Uh-uh.

IKE

Austin it is.

LIZZY

You won't make it to Austin. We
need to go back and--

IKE

Shit!

Two cars up, an OLD COUNTRY COP is asking questions, walking
down the line of stopped cars.

Ike reaches under the seat, pulls his scalpel.

LIZZY

Don't! This is it, we're done.

He spins, the blade stops fraction from Lizzy's face.

IKE
Remember why you're here? You start
bleeding, they back off.

The cop is one car ahead.

IKE (CONT'D)
Stay. Quiet.

He hands the blade to Clarice, who gleefully puts the point
to Lizzy's side, then blocks it with her body.

CLARICE
You guys hear that?

IKE
Sshh!

Ike rolls down his window for the police officer.

IKE (CONT'D)
Howdy.

OLD COP
Where you kids headed?

IKE
Austin. Home sweet home, officer.

OLD COP
We got a little accident up ahead,
we're clearing it off. Ya'll might
want to shut your car off so'in you
don't overheat.

Ike complies.

OLD COP (CONT'D)
Shouldn't be long.
(notices Bud's hands)
That blood?

BUD
Uh-huh.

Ike is ready to leap through the window.

JACKSON
He gets nosebleeds in the car.
Makes a mess every time.

IKE
He's a bit simple. You understand.

The old timer looks them over, looking at details, possibly deducing something is up. He meets Bud's eye-- simple... but deadly. Jackson's hand sneaks to his door handle.

ANOTHER COP, up ahead, SHOUTING SOMETHING. The older cop steps away to listen. Ike clenches his fist, ready to grab the him. Clarice twists the tip of the knife at Lizzy's side.

IKE (CONT'D)

Here we go...

The old man returns.

OLD COP

Things'r moving. Drive safe, now.

Traffic starts moving slowly. Lizzy stares at the old cop as they pass him, pleading with her eyes for help... but he doesn't notice. On the passenger side, Jackson and Bud are distracted by the accident scene.

A tractor is over-turned, massive bloodstain on the cement below it, and no clues as to what went down.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A run down gas station at the edge of a Texan desert-- Farnsworth in a phonebooth, on the line, door stuck, sweating. Two feet away, a Caddy, Verna laying on the HORN.

FARNSWORTH

(plugging ear)

Say again?

VERNA

Let's go!

FARNSWORTH

I see. Thank you.

Farnsworth hangs up, stumbles out of the booth.

FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)

Jedidiah. He's loose.

VERNA

What you mean, loose?

FARNSWORTH

He broke out with some other kids.

VERNA

Cops looking?

FARNSWORTH

Of course they're looking. We should get to the courthouse.

VERNA

Find me a cop that'll tell us what's what.

FARNSWORTH

Why would they do that?

VERNA

Cause I'm going to feed them enough bills to choke a goat.

FARNSWORTH

And what if he hurts somebody?

VERNA

Then they had it comin'.

INT. HARTMAN'S CRUISER - DAY

Hartman sits behind the wheel, engine off. Outside: deputies check cars as they pass through a checkpoint. Hartman holds a picture of Betty. It's worn, corners creased. He's held it like this many times.

Sorells comes to the window.

SORELLS

Local PD in Crane got the APB late, says they went through town no less than twenty minutes ago.

HARTMAN

Which way?

SORELLS

South on 385.

Hartman guns his car to life.

SORELLS (CONT'D)

Right behind you.

HARTMAN

Sorells.

SORELLS

Yes, sir?

HARTMAN

Knowing these kids the way I do--
they ain't giving up easy.

SORELLS

I understand.

HARTMAN

I don't think you do. Just cause
they're kids, I don't want your men
going easy. If they have to shoot
first and let God sort it out,
that's permissible. Copy that?

SORELLS

Copy.

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Lang's Fury is in a ditch well away from the road, chunks of
tall grass and weeds thrown over it in disguise.

Lizzy is trapped between the rest of them as they walk single-
file through the head-high wild grass.

Jackson leads, using his foot to stomp a path. Lizzy behind
him, Ike next, a hand on her shoulder. Clarice follows,
prancing and humming to herself, Bud trails behind.

IKE

We're too far away from the road.

JACKSON

Thought that was the idea?

IKE

We go too far we can't get a new
ride, can we? Not like we can walk
to Austin.

JACKSON

Right. Austin

Ike lets go of Lizzy to argue.

IKE

That is right. My parents--

Lizzy breaks off to the side, carving her own path.

IKE (CONT'D)

Get her!

She pushes through the grass as fast as she can, it parts in front of her and she YELPS, stopping short, suddenly facing a BLOODY COW HEAD.

Ike catches up, slaps his hand over her mouth and pulls her back. The cow is alive, wounded somehow, it backs away from them, weak knees.

Ike pulls her to the rest of the group.

YELLING in the distance-- they freeze. Jackson hunkers down, Bud sees this and follows suit. Ike PUSHES Lizzy to the ground, grabs the dancing Clarice, pulling her down as well.

They wait, the distant voice gets closer with a new sound: the JANGLING of cowbells. Another moment, a COW MOOS.

The bells and moos become a chorus as not 30 feet away a **FARMER ON HORSEBACK** herds a cluster of cows.

Bud peeks through the grass, catches a glimpse of a cow. He's entranced, fixated almost. Jackson puts his hands over his ears as the herd gets louder, shuts his eyes.

Clarice GIGGLES and Ike slaps a hand over her mouth. Lizzy slowly gets to her feet.

IKE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Get your ass down!

He shows her his scalpel.

LIZZY

You going to kill me?

FARMER (O.S.)

(whistling)

Hup, hup, get along!

IKE

No--I'll kill him.

Now Bud is up.

IKE (CONT'D)

Damn it, I said down!

Jackson opens his eyes, sees Bud is moving. He crawls to his friend, pulls him back to the ground.

JACKSON

He didn't see us, let it go.

BUD

Too loud.

Bud puts his hands over Jackson's ears, and Jackson holds him in place until the cows have moved on.

IKE

You fruits done?

CLARICE

Why'n'ch ya'll just kiss?

Ike is up, takes point, glares at Lizzy as he passes her.

IKE

Watch yourself. You might think I need you, but I can get by without.

Clarice follows and they vanish ahead into the grass. Jackson holds out a hand for Lizzy as he passes her.

LIZZY

(off Bud)

What was that?

JACKSON

Sometimes noise gets to him. Me too. Guess that's why Bud trusts me and why I look out for him. I try to keep him from losing it and hurting somebody.

LIZZY

How often you do that?

JACKSON

When I can, which isn't enough.

LIZZY

You keep him down, what about you? What keeps you from doing bad?

JACKSON

Myself, I reckon.

LIZZY

Like back at Gorman, when you beat that guy--

JACKSON

He would've hurt us. Hurt you.

LIZZY

But you kept going on him when you didn't have to.

JACKSON

Maybe I wanted to be sure.

LIZZY

Or maybe sometimes you lose control. Which is what being at Gorman, on your meds keeps from happening. Maybe that's what will help you be good--

JACKSON

Or maybe I was born bad, and no matter what they try, eventually that's all I'll do-- what's bad.

IKE

Psst!

Ahead, Ike gestures them to get low again. In the distance: a small BBQ joint.

CLARICE

Man oh man, am I hungry.

JACKSON

The plan was to not be seen.

IKE

People are looking for a group with a mongoloid. We go in separate.

(off Bud)

He stays outside.

(off Lizzy)

She stays quiet.

JACKSON

Not going, Ike.

IKE

There's food, there's money and there's cars to grab.

CLARICE

Blah blah fuckin' blah!

Clarice takes off, full tilt for the BBQ joint.

JACKSON

They'll also be looking for damn albino girl!

INT. BBQ JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

The bell DINGS as Clarice crashes into the diner. The joint is half-full of farmer and trucker types. They all stare at the odd-looking girl.

CLARICE

Howdy!

EXT. BBQ JOINT - SAME

The back of the restaurant is butted up against the field. Bud lingers in the grass, watching the **COOK** (40s, grizzled) as he checks on his barbecue smokers.

The cook pulls some meat, filling a tray, then vanishes inside. Bud eases into sight and approaches the smokers.

He lifts the lid of the closest to peer inside-- MEAT, a ton of it, SIZZLING away.

INT. BBQ JOINT - LATER

Ike and Clarice in one booth, Jackson and Lizzy in another, on opposite sides of the room. Jackson is nervous, Ike and Clarice are LOUD, obnoxious, calling attention to themselves.

Jackson and Lizzy sit on the same side of their booth, him blocking her exit.

A **WAITRESS** (40s, sassy) refills Jackson's ice tea.

WAITRESS

You all right darlin'?

LIZZY

Ma'am?

Jackson eyes her carefully, shakes his head.

WAITRESS

You haven't touched your food.

Lizzy's plate is full compared to the scraps on Jackson's.

LIZZY

Actually-- I'm not all right.

Ike COUGHS, getting Lizzy's attention. He SMILES at her, then looks to the booth next time where an old couple eat their breakfast. Ike pantomimes STABBING them.

When the waitress tracks to Lizzy's gaze, Ike looks down. Jackson never looks up from his plate.

WAITRESS
They bothering you?

LIZZY
I'm... just not hungry I guess. I
don't feel well.

WAITRESS
I'll bag it up for you.

The Waitress takes the plate, vanishes into the kitchen.

At Ike's table, he happily fondles a steak knife. Clarice turns on a dime, face going serious.

CLARICE
You hear that?

IKE
Nope?

Clarice notices on of the PATRONS staring at her. She RAPS the side of her head with a fist.

CLARICE
(to patron)
Got a metal plate in my head, see?
It picks up radio voices. K-OKLA,
playing Texas' best rock hits.

Back at Jackson's table, Lizzy shakes her head.

JACKSON
Please don't go hating me for this.
I promise you can go soon.

LIZZY
When, Jackson?

JACKSON
When I'm safe.

IKE
The fuck you looking at?

Behind them, Ike stares down a **TRUCKER** sitting at the counter, giving them the stink eye.

TRUCKER
Nothing.

IKE
That's right, nothin'.

Jackson's calm rapidly deteriorates.

JACKSON
(sotto)
Damn it, shut up.

LIZZY
You really think Ike's parents will
take you in? Like the police aren't
there already?

JACKSON
I know, I know.

LIZZY
Jackson, this is crazy. They're
going to get you killed.

Jackson finally looks up from his plate to meet her eye. For
a moment the world goes quiet, the noise Jackson is so
unnerved by drones to nothing.

Lizzy smiles at him, and he smiles back.

A GLASS SHATTERS on the floor, SNAPPING back to reality.

Jackson spins. Clarice LAUGHS hysterically.

CLARICE
Sorry, ya'll-- that was my fault!

Jackson turns back to Lizzy, nerves frayed.

JACKSON
We got to get them out of here.

LIZZY
I have to use the restroom.

JACKSON
Hold it.

LIZZY
(pointing)
It's right there, where could I go?

Jackson peers to the kitchen entrance, straight back, a
single toilet bathroom, one door, a small window.

JACKSON
Fine.

Ike watches Lizzy from his table, meeting her eyes and shaking his head as she heads for the bathroom. Clarice GIGGLES across from him, she's found a pen and has drawn a ball-point masterpiece on her place mat:

The very diner they sit in, covered in flames.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy locks the door and moves directly to the window. It's very small, but she might fit through. Standing on the toilet she raises herself up.

She slides it open, JUMPS back in surprise. Bud stares back, right outside.

LIZZY

Bud--

Will he help her? Turn on her?

BUD

L--Lizzy.

INT. BBQ JOINT - CONTINUOUS

The waitress sets a tab down in front of Ike, over his shit.

WAITRESS

Think it's time you cleared out.
Pay up and go.

CLARICE

(sing-song)
We ain't got no money.

WAITRESS

You little shits--

Ike GRABS the waitress by the hand, his knife comes out, SLASHES through the flesh of her forearm.

She SCREAMS-- hell breaks loose. DINERS YELL in protest and stand, but Ike pulls the waitress close, knife at her throat.

Clarice CHEERS and jumps to her feet.

JACKSON

Oh shit-- shit shit shit.

Jackson slides out of his booth, an unwilling participant.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy jumps down, hurries back to the door, cracks it, trying to see what is happening.

INT. BBQ JOINT - CONTINUOUS

The Cook emerges from the kitchen to investigate.

COOK
Hey-- Let go of her!

Clarice leaps from her hiding spot behind the counter, SCREAMING as she bashes him over the head with a coffee pot.
The Cook goes down. The Trucker panics and runs. The only thing between him and the door-- Jackson.

JACKSON
Please--

Jackson's hands are over his ears, a pained look on his face. The Trucker is close. Reticent, Jackson stands in his path.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Hang on. You-- you can't go. Sorry.

The Trucker freezes, terrified.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Everybody--

IKE
Everybody just go ahead and put
your keys and cash on the edge of
the table. Clarice-- get a bag!

Clarice gets up from her seat on the unconscious cook and heads into the kitchen.

IKE (CONT'D)
Let's go!

No one complies.

IKE (CONT'D)
Every second you wait, I'ma take a
bit of her off, you understand!?

The blade goes down, slicing a chunk out of the Waitress's arm, she CRIES OUT in pain, blood SPLATTERS over white tile.

TRUCKER
Holy Jesus--

The Trucker has seen enough, he PUNCHES Jackson across the face to get him out of the way. Jackson staggers back, blood flows from his nose.

LIZZY

Door cracked, she can only see Jackson. Rage fills his face, he TACKLES the Trucker and starts beating his face to a pulp.

IN THE KITCHEN

Clarice has found a sack-- but she's distracted. Transfixed by the flames of the grill her wicked smile gets bigger.

IKE

Clarice!!

CLARICE

Coming!

Clarice SHOVES a stack of towels onto the grill, they burst into flames. She grabs one, it burns her hand, but she doesn't care.

OUT BACK

Bud hears the commotion. He's confused, not sure what he should do.

IN THE DINER

Clarice returns, flinging the burning towel onto the cooks back. He wakes SCREAMING. Clarice laughs and kicks at him every time he tries to stand.

Ike takes the sack, pulling the bleeding waitress table to table to make sure people drop their valuables in.

Jackson is on the floor, still beating the Trucker who has gone still and silent.

Lizzy watches in horror from the bathroom. The front door is in sight. She runs-- past Jackson, out the door.

IKE

Hey!

EXT. BBQ JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy runs her ass off, unsure which way to go. She slides between two parked cars and stays low. A moment later Clarice bursts out of the diner, arm singed and still smoking.

CLARICE
Where the fuck you go!?

INT. BBQ JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Ike shoves the bloody screaming waitress into a booth and KICKS Jackson off the trucker.

IKE
You coming or not?

Ike exits leaving Jackson to stare at his bloody fists and wonder what just happened.

IN THE KITCHEN

The fire has built up. The heat builds enough that a grease bucket under the grill EXPLODES into flames. It CRACKLES, SPLATTERS.

EXT. BBQ JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Out back, the kitchen window EXPLODES outward with a burst of fire. Bud is caught up in the flame. He BELLOWS, covers his face and tumbles back, knocking over one of the heavy smokers, BURNING himself in the process.

Debris hits his face, he SLAPS his hands over the wound. Blood spills between his fingers.

Hiding behind a parked car, Lizzy watches as Bud crawls blindly, getting closer to the flames. She clearly wants to call out, but Clarice is on the opposite side of the car, looking for her.

Jackson stumbles out of the joint into the parking lot. He sees Bud in trouble. A chunk of the burning roof collapses, pins Bud's legs. He HOWLS in pain, and Jackson tries to pull him free.

Lizzy has a choice-- Clarice has moved down the line looking for her. She could escape to the field and hide in the grass, get away. She considers this, heads for the tall weeds.

JACKSON
(seeing Lizzy)
Help me!

Lizzy keeps moving, freedom calls. She bolts. At the edge of the grass she hears Bud--

BUD
Help! Please!

Lizzy stops.

LIZZY
Damn it.

She bolts back to Jackson's side, Clarice spotting her.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Hang on--

Lizzy spots a shovel in the debris. She grabs it and uses it as a wedge to lift some of the debris off of Bud.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Pull!

They pull Bud from the mess his legs seem intact.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Let me see!

She pulls Bud's hands away from his face: the damage is actually slight, just a cut on his forehead.

JACKSON
Pretty as ever.

Ike has found a car, a wagon. He HONKS once as Clarice grabs Lizzy by the back of the neck, ending all chance of escape.

EXT. BBQ JOINT - LATER

Hartman surveys the carnage: the BBQ joint is blackened and steaming, soaked down by **FIREFIGHTERS**, four bodies are laid out, covered with sheets.

A **MEDIC** (30s, male) tries to wrangle the Waitress into an ambulance, but she's manic, SCREAMING, cut up and burned, now practically a mummy in bandages.

HARTMAN
I need to talk to her.

MEDIC
Ain't going to happen. She's in shock and we need to go.

Denied, Hartman surveys the scene. Sorells hovers over the Trucker, on a gurney, conscious, but barely. His face swollen and deformed from his beating.

SORELLS
It was them, no doubt.

HARTMAN
What happened?

TRUCKER
They went bugshit crazy, started
cutting up the waitress-- oh, God.

The trucker starts weeping.

HARTMAN
You see which way they went? What
car they took?

The trucker doesn't respond.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Hey-- I'm talking to you!

Hartman SHAKES the trucker.

TRUCKER
I don't-- I don't know!

He shakes him HARDER, the Trucker CRIES.

SORELLS
He's got some busted bones--

HARTMAN
Want this to be for nothing? Tell
me something I can use to find
them, damn it.

TRUCKER
I-- I don't... Maybe they left in a
wagon? Yeah-- a wagon. I saw it
when I was crawling out--

HARTMAN
What color?

TRUCKER
Blue I reckon. Or gray. A Ford.

Hartman releases the Trucker who collapses.

HARTMAN
(to Sorells)
Blue or gray Ford Wagon. Get it out
there. Right now.

Sorells nods and heads for his cruiser.

Hartman lifts one of the sheets to examine a corpse. Burned beyond recognition, the body resembles barbecued meat.

Sorells finds his patrol car in the line of black and whites, reaches in for the shortwave radio.

SORELLS

(into radio)

Dispatch, this is Sorells. We need an APB on a Ford wagon, gray or blue in color, likely within 30 miles of Oink Oink Barbecue on 380.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(over radio)

Confirmed.

He replaces the receiver and a moment later the radio repeats this info as the APB goes out. Instead of heading back to the diner, Sorells walks down the road a clip where a dozen or so people are watching.

He spots the Caddy on the side of the road, approaches it. Farnsworth, behind the wheel, nervous. Verna smiles.

FARNSWORTH

Make it obvious why don't you?

SORELLS

(to Verna)

He's in a Ford wagon, left here no more than a half hour ago.

Verna pulls a wad of cash from her purse and hands it to the young officer. He tips his hat, walks away.

VERNA

Start driving. You see an unpaved road, turn on it.

FARNSWORTH

How do you know that--

VERNA

I said drive!

EXT. UNPAVED ROAD - DAY

A 1962 blue Ford Falcon, bouncing its way hastily down a dusty unpaved farm road. Headlights busted, side panels scratched to hell.

INT. WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Ike and Clarice up front, Bud SNORES in the back, face pressed against the glass. Lizzy runs her fingers over Jackson's bruised hands, checking for breaks.

LIZZY
Don't seem broken.

Jackson shrugs, he's distant, elsewhere.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Anything else hurt? How's your leg?

JACKSON
I'm okay.

LIZZY
Well, don't hit anything else. If we can find some gauze I'll tape them up.

JACKSON
It's fine. Leave them.

Jackson seems almost offended.

LIZZY
What's wrong?

IKE
Gentlemen such as ourselves tend to respond unfavorably to henpeckin'.

LIZZY
What?

JACKSON
Just drive, Ike.

IKE
Mother-types tend to bring up bad memories if you've bounced through foster care.

Jackson shakes his head, meets Lizzy's eye.

JACKSON
I'm okay. Thank you.

He clams up again, staring at his hands.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(off knuckles)
You reckon he's dead?

LIZZY
I don't know.

JACKSON
I almost killed my last foster dad.
He popped me one and I just went
blank. Like white-hot in my head.

LIZZY
You beat him down, bad?

JACKSON
It just takes over.

LIZZY
What does?

JACKSON
That big white nothin'. I don't
even remember doing what I do, not
until something shakes me back. And
I don't remember even doin' it.

LIZZY
When did that start?

JACKSON
Don't know. Every time it happens,
less and less of me comes back.
(off Bud)
Bud too. He used to talk, used to
have a thought in his head.

LIZZY
We have to go back. If you are off
your meds it's only going to get
worse, Jackson.

JACKSON
Just don't let me kill anyone.

No one sees Bud's eyes are open.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
I don't want to be a monster.

Bud closes his eyes again.

EXT. HARDESTY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hartman's cruiser pulls into the long drive of a two-story farmhouse, passing a mailbox that reads: HARDESTY.

At the end of the drive, Hartman stays behind the wheel taking a heavy slug from a whiskey bottle.

He examines the well-manicured lawn. Ted Hardesty (now in his late 20's) LAUGHS as he plays with a **BLONDE GIRL** and a **PUDGY BOY** in a wheelchair. (Sally and Franklin). He and the girl run circles around the boy.

On the porch, Ted's parents, a couple in their 50s. Everyone looks so fucking happy it turns Hartman's guts. He starts the car and angrily SLAMS it into gear.

EXT. HARTMAN'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

Hartman's cruiser parks in a garbage strewn alley behind a liquor store. He emerges and climbs a rickety staircase to an apartment above the shop.

INT. HARTMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is dismal. Clean in that everything is arranged and clutter free with military precision, but at the same time, covered in dust and devoid of any character or life.

BERT HARTMAN (early to mid 20s) is parked in a moth-eaten recliner, old school TV tray in his lap. He's watching a static-filled black and white TV.

HARTMAN
(entering)
Get out of my chair.

BERT
Yessir.

Bert moves to a tattered couch, but Hartman doesn't sit. He heads down the hall, passing an old family photo: Hartman, smiling and young, a RED HEAD WIFE who must be long gone, Betty, youthful, and bright, and a adolescent Bert, with the same haircut he has now.

BERT (CONT'D)
Saw you on the news.

No reply.

BERT (CONT'D)
Hey pop!

HARTMAN (O.S.)
Huh?

BERT
Said I saw you on the news.

Hartman returns, gun bag over his shoulder, rifles poking from its end.

BERT (CONT'D)
There's a TV dinner in the oven
still you want it.

HARTMAN
Ain't hungry.

BERT
News said you was-- what's going on
out there?

HARTMAN
Sawyers. What else. The little one
I took from them, the day Betty
died-- he's loose. And he ain't so
little anymore.

BERT
Need my help?

Hartman gives his son the once over-- openly disgusted. A fair amount of Bert's meal is still on his shirt.

HARTMAN
With what?

Hartman shakes his head and leaves.

HARTMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stay out of my chair!

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - DUSK

An old Airstream trailer, bleached and worn by the Texas sun. It sits on a small hill, butted up against the wild grass and woods. It overlooks an endless expanse of desert scrub.

The escapees approach the trailer cautiously. Clarice bounds up the rickety wooden stairs and KNOCKS. No answer.

IKE

Go on.

She tries the door, it CREAKS as she pulls it open. Clarice reacts to a horrible smell, covers her face-- then starts LAUGHING. Ike peers in.

IKE (CONT'D)

Smells like an old barn.

(off Lizzy)

You first.

Lizzy doesn't argue, but she's clearly not a fan of the idea.

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The inside is furnished, but dusty and worn. Somebody lived here, then didn't, and no one has come through since.

IKE

Good a place as any for the night.

LIZZY

Is it?

IKE

We rest up, let cops pass us up,
leave at sun up, enjoying my mama's
barbecue by lunch time.

The sun is setting, they're losing light fast. They split up to check the trailer. Ike and Clarice go forward, checking the kitchen. Bud, Lizzy and Jackson head back to the bedroom.

Cobwebs and darkness thicken as they go back, Lizzy hesitates as Jackson pokes his head into the dark bedroom.

JACKSON

Nothing in here.

Lizzy steps back to let him pass, and stumbles back into the tiny bathroom.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You okay?

LIZZY

Yeah.

She grabs a tattered shower curtain to right herself, it falls apart in her hands and shakes loose a desiccated corpse, hanging by a noose in the shower.

She gasps, jumping into Jackson's arms. Jackson looks at the dry corpse, it's been here for ages, cooking in the heat, the Airstream a giant oven.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Ike comes running.

IKE
Guess he died of loneliness.

Jackson takes Lizzy out, Bud remains to stare at the corpse. Something about it strikes him as amusing, and he smiles. He NUDGES the body, causing dozens of INSECTS to burst out of the dried leathery skin.

IKE (CONT'D)
Dibs on the bedroom.

Ike passes, jumping onto the ancient, stained, dusty bed, not caring how filthy it is. Clarice follows him, kicking the door closed.

EXT. SAWYER FARM - NIGHT

The Sawyer homestead is a mid-sized white farmhouse, flanked by long fenced in pens. The moon rises over a windmill out back. No electricity, the house is lit by kerosene lamps hung on the porch and in some windows.

At the end of the drive, Hartman's cruiser is hidden in shadow. He sits behind the wheel, watching the house, checking the action on his revolver.

He hears distant LAUGHING, and RAPID FIRE TALKING coming from the house, but he's too far away to quite make out the words.

Shadows dart by windows, more shrill LAUGHING.

HARTMAN
(drunk)
Inbred trash.

He SPINS the chamber on his revolved and holsters it. He takes a swing from his bottle and steps out of the car.

Deep breaths. Hartman wants to move but his legs won't let him get any closer.

A CAR comes down the road.

Hartman ducks back into the shadows as the Caddy swerves onto the drive, blazing right past his squad car, HORN blaring.

Hartman watches Verna climb out of the Caddy as it stops.

VERNA

Drayton!

Drayton, now in his 30s, emerges, hunk of meat in his hands.

DRAYTON

What're you on about now, Verna?

They draw close, converse, but Hartman is too far away to make anything out. Drayton explodes into a rousing YEEEEHAAA and heads back inside.

VERNA

Hang on a tick, damn it!

Verna goes in after him leaving Farnsworth by the Caddy. Something is up. Hartman slinks back to his car, and waits.

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - NIGHT

A fire CRACKLES in the middle of the trailer, venting through a large hole in the ceiling. Lizzy warms her hands. She tries to meet Jackson's eye, but his are lost in the fire.

The unease is compounded by the over-the-top MOANS of pleasure coming from Clarice in the bedroom.

CLARICE (O.S.)

Fuck, yes... Yes... Yes!

LIZZY

Know any campfire songs?

Jackson shakes his head.

JACKSON

Never went to camp.

(looking to bedroom)

I wish they'd shut up.

He moves closer to her. Part of her wants to back away, but more of her doesn't.

He leans in, until his face is inches from her, she holds her breath. Clearly she's finding him more and more attractive.

She's motionless, eyes narrowing as Jackson seems like he might kiss her. Instead, he speaks quietly in her ear.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(sotto)

As soon as Ike is out, I'll get the keys. You should go. Tell them you were a hostage.

LIZZY

(sotto)

Wait--

JACKSON

Me and Bud will head out after Ike is asleep. I ain't chancing him taking that blade to me by arguing with him.

LIZZY

Let's leave together.

Jackson pulls back, unsure of what she means.

JACKSON

Together?

LIZZY

Yeah.

JACKSON

(smiling)

I'd like that. Where could we go?

Lizzy's turn to be confused. Jackson has misunderstood.

LIZZY

No-- honey, I'm sorry. I mean let's go back. We'll tell them we were all hostages.

JACKSON

(crushed)

You can't do that-- lie for me. You saw what I did to that man in the diner. I'm just as guilty as Ike.

LIZZY

You're nothing like Ike.

Jackson shakes his head, pulls away from.

JACKSON

Just go Lizzy.

She takes his hand and stops him.

LIZZY
I'm not leaving without you.

JACKSON
Why not?

LIZZY
It's my job. To take care of you.

JACKSON
That all?

Lizzy opens her mouth to reply, but isn't sure.

She puts his hands over his ears, as he did for Bud, blocking out the sex noises. They lock eyes again, and she can't help but kiss him. He pulls away slowly.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Why'd you do that?

LIZZY
Cause I think you're good.

JACKSON
I'm not.

Bud GRUNTS, turning over in his sleep. They separate until he SNORES, then they pull close again.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
There's nothing good about me.

LIZZY
That's what they keep telling you.
I'm not saying you're a saint, but
I don't think you mean to be cruel.
I don't think you--

He cuts off with another kiss. Then--

JACKSON
I can't go back.

LIZZY
We'll figure something out.

JACKSON
As soon as Ike is asleep.

He nods, and they kiss again.

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ike writhes on top of Clarice, both of them naked, neither of them caring that the bed is stained, filthy, tattered, bug infested. Clarice's dead white skin collects the moonlight through a hole above. Her yellow teeth cut a wicked grin.

Ike grunts, and she MOANS in pleasure, matching each of his thrusts with digging her own nails into the burns on her arm. They ooze blood and pus, dripping on Ike's back.

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - LATER

Quiet now. Lizzy watches the fire as Jackson nods off. Bud stares at her, silent as ever. He leans forward, crawling across the floor to Lizzy.

Her fists clench, ready for Bud to strike. Instead, he lowers himself to the floor again, resting his head on her legs. She's frozen, unsure what to do.

Lizzy looks up as Ike emerges from the bedroom, satiated, shirtless, scalpel in hand, something on his mind. He stares her down, walking straight for her.

LIZZY

Oh no...

JACKSON

Ike-- don't.

Jackson is up, Bud too, making a wall in front of Lizzy.

IKE

Just figured it was time she told us the truth.

JACKSON

About what?

IKE

'Bout us. She's seen our files.

JACKSON

So?

IKE

So she knows secrets. She knows where all the moms that gave you shit live now.

Jackson considers this, but doesn't back down.

LIZZY
I don't. I swear.

JACKSON
Thought you knew where to find your family, Ike. You said they'd be thrilled to see you.

IKE
I got other ideas. Like finding the "daddy" that decided to send me back to Gorman.

LIZZY
I didn't see any damn files!

IKE
She's lying. No shocker. But when I start cutting, people tend to change their ways.

Ike steps forward, leading with the blade, but Bud slaps his hand over Ike's wrist, like a metal vice.

Lizzy meets his eye over Jackson's shoulder. His face part lust, part violence, and all mean.

IKE (CONT'D)
Ow-- Christ, Tiny, alright, alright! Let go!

Bud does not. He tightens his grip, the scalpel falls away.

JACKSON
You leave her be.

IKE
Ohhh, you're sweet on her now? Fine, lover boy. Whatever you say.

Bud, still not releasing.

IKE (CONT'D)
(to Bud)
I said I got it, retard. Let go.

Jackson nods, and Bud releases. Ike heads back to the bedroom, mumbling.

IKE (CONT'D)
Sleep tight, assholes.

CLARICE (O.S.)
Gawd dang, my pussy is on fire.

IKE (O.S.)

Shut up.

JACKSON

The second we fall asleep he'll
kill us.

LIZZY

Let's just go.

JACKSON

On foot in the dark? No-- we have
to wait.

Jackson and Lizzy move back to the floor, but Bud moves down the hall. From the shadows he watches Ike and Clarice have sex.

Ike eventually notices and kicks the door closed.

IKE

Beat it!

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Hartman, returned to the scene of his daughter's death. The barn is mostly collapsed now, open to the night sky and full moon. The pit where Betty fell has been filled in with cement. Hartman trudges over it, turning circles.

He goes for another swig, but his bottle is empty. He chucks it into the scrub and falls to his ass with a SOB.

He runs his hands over the cement, blubbering like child.

A NOISE: something in the wind, CLICKING, like loose stones in a bag. Silence now... he turns a circle. Then he hears it again, faint.

Turning again he looks up into the warped, collapsing rafters of a small section of roof still standing.

Hanging from a beam: an odd mobile, made of bones, spinning in the wind, CLATTERING its creepy sounds.

Hartman scowls, drawing his gun, aiming and firing in one fluid motion. The mobile is DESTROYED as the round tears through it.

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - LATER THAT NIGHT

The fire is nothing but cherry embers, casting a dull amber glow through the trailer. Lizzy sleeps, back against the wall, head on Jackson's shoulder.

Bud is gone.

Ike lumbers down the hall, bleary, half asleep. He takes in Jackson and Lizzy, considers doing something, then decides against it.

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Ike staggers away from the trailer, unzipping his pants. He urinates against the side of the trailer SIGHING.

Not so far away, a COYOTE YIPS, then goes quiet. Then, everything goes quiet.

The CHIRPING CRICKETS, the BUZZING CICADAS, and other sounds of the country at night go quiet one by one.

He zips up, looking over his shoulder, feeling something is not right. He moves away from the trailer, scanning the night with his cold eyes.

Something catches his eye: the Wagon, hidden at the edge of the scrub, with an open tailgate.

He goes to the car, examines the back-- empty. No sign of who opened it. The dead quiet is unsettling. He slams the gate, turns to head back to the trailer...

Bud: right behind him, tire iron in hand. Before Ike can say a word, Bud bludgeons him.

BLACKNESS.

One by one, stars emerge, as do the returning sounds of the night. Ike struggles to breathe.

EXT. DESERT SCRUB - NIGHT

Ike: on his back, being drug across the ground courtesy of the hook of the tire iron being embedded in his chest.

IKE
St... sssssttop.

Bud drags him several more yards before stopping at the edge of a long-dried up stream. All he can see is the nearby corpse of a freshly dead horse, bloated from the heat, FLIES BUZZING around it. He stares into the dead horse's eye socket, gulping for air.

He GURGLES blood when Bud pulls the blunt end of the iron from his chest. More blood BUBBLES out of the SUCKING CHEST WOUND. Ike CLUTCHES his chest, trying to stem the flow.

Bud raises the tire iron high above his head, then brings it down, HARD.

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - SAME

Lizzy's eyes snap open. Jackson sleeps next to her. She silently gets to her feet and tiptoes for the door. Left ajar by Ike, she peeks outside: the coast is clear.

She spares a look back at Jackson, then SIGHS. She goes back, crouches, looks at his face closely. His eyes DART under the lids, his breath-rate INCREASES. A bad dream.

She touches his forehead and he calms.

She looks around the room, no sign of Bud.

She creeps down the hall and peeks into the bedroom: Clarice, naked, passed out on the bed, filthy, stringy hair in her face. She SNORES like a congested pig.

Lizzy turns her head slightly, peering into the bathroom. A hole above cuts a swatch of moonlight over the corpse in the shower. Lizzy can't take her eyes off of it.

She moves closer, anger crossing her face.

LIZZY

(sotto)

I'm not afraid of you.

But she is, the closer she gets, the harder she breathes. Forcing herself to get tough, she puts her own face inches from the corpse.

Chin up, she sneers at the body, courage building. She POKES it with her hand, lightly first, then again with gumption, SHOVING it hard.

Holding her breath she SLAPS the face. Then again, only this time she digs her fingers into the leathery flesh, easily pulling it away from the skull.

She EXHALES, shivers and drops the face to the floor.

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - MORNING

Clarice squints as she steps from the trailer, blocking the morning sun with her hand.

CLARICE
Where's Ike?

Jackson and Bud are crouched over a dead rabbit, Ike's scalpel in Bud's hand. Lizzy watches, arm crossed.

JACKSON
Haven't seen him.

CLARICE
(shouting)
Ike!

JACKSON
Maybe we shouldn't be yelling in
case somebody else is out there?

CLARICE
Maybe you should kiss my Texan ass.

She cocks her head.

CLARICE (CONT'D)
You hear that?

Clarice stomps off into low trees and wild grass.

JACKSON
(to Lizzy)
Ever skin a rabbit?

LIZZY
No. Of course not.

JACKSON
You hungry?

LIZZY
Well... Yes.

JACKSON
Survival. Look here.

Bud holds the carcass up by the legs. Jackson cuts around an ankle of a hind leg.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Right around here, see? Just
through the hide, don't go deep.
You try.

Lizzy CRINGES slightly, but watches intently.

LIZZY
What? No chance.

He hands her the blade.

JACKSON
Think of it like an operation.

She crouches, unsure.

LIZZY
There's hardly any blood.

JACKSON
That's why we call it a hide and
not skin. Layer of fat keeps it
loose on the muscle.

LIZZY
My daddy used to hunt. I guess I
always thought it was more violent
and bloody than this. Not that it
stopped me from eating it.

JACKSON
If you're going to kill it, you
shouldn't let it go to waste. Cut
there.

He points and she raises the scalpel.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Clarice, pale and barefoot, tromps through the woods, filthy
from her night on a rotting mattress.

CLARICE
Ike?

She goes deeper, branches pulling at her hair.

CLARICE (CONT'D)
Where you at?

A TWIG SNAPS, behind her. Clarice freezes, listens.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Ike?

A GUN BARREL touches the back of her head.

SORELLS

Nope. Hands up, darlin'. It's over.
(over shoulder)
Got one!

Clarice complies, slowly turns.

SORELLS (CONT'D)

Where's everyone else?

CLARICE

What you mean everyone? Just me and
Ike, and I can't find him.

Hartman emerges from the trees, headed for them.

SORELLS

(sotto)

Tell me now where the others are,
and you'll be safe and sound.

Clarice sees Hartman and begins to panic.

CLARICE

Hartman--

Hartman, almost in earshot.

SORELLS

(nodding to Hartman)

Girl, he won't ask but once.

Clarice swallows her fear, then grins, winks at Sorells.

HARTMAN

(drawing gun)

What she say?

SORELLS

That it's just her and Isaac, and
she don't know where he is.

HARTMAN

So nothing but bullshit then?

Hartman raises his gun and BASHES the butt of it against
Clarice's skull. She falls, arms flailing, catching him
around the waist.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Good to see you again, Clarice.

He pistol-whips her again and she's on the ground, blood oozing over her face.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Get everyone to spread out. They're close. Dogs are on the way.

SORELLS
(off Clarice)
Jesus H., sir. You could have killed her.

Clarice LAUGHS quietly, Hartman crouches down and turns her over. Tears of pain run from her eyes, mixing with the blood. Her scalp has been laid open gruesomely, exposing a METAL PLATE affixed to her skull.

DEPUTIES join the scene, Sorells quickly directs them away.

SORELLS (CONT'D)
Fan out, wide circle, they're somewhere close. Send word to block every road in the area.

Sorells joins them as they fan out, leaving Hartman and Clarice alone. She's still GIGGLING.

HARTMAN
Laugh it up, girl. Let's see how funny this gets.

She bites her lip, quivering.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Last chance, where... they... at?

With each word he TAPS the tip of his gun to her plate and she CONVULSES, as if orgasming.

Clarice nods her head in agreement, takes a breath... then SPITS BLOOD AND MUCUS into Hartman's face.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Gah!!!

He wipes his face, taking the gun off her-- and she moves fast, rolling away and taking off into the trees.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
She's loose! Grab her!

CLARICE

--running through the woods, ducking branches, screaming as loud as she can:

CLARICE
Cops! Fucking, cops!!!!

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - SAME

Another fire has been made, this one outdoors. Jackson roasts the rabbit on a stick over the flames. Lizzy watches the flesh sizzle and brown. Bud cocks his head.

BUD
Hear it?

JACKSON
What?

LIZZY
Somebody yelling.

They all strain to listen-- Clarice's voice comes cutting through the trees, over and over: "cops!"

JACKSON
Shit!

Jackson is up, kicking dirt over the flames and hurling the rabbit into the scrub.

LIZZY
No-- don't run. Let's just--

She wants to stay put, but he pulls her along, leading her under the trailer. Bud crawls in after them.

They watch Clarice bust from the trees, face bloody, arms cut up from running through the low branches and weeds.

Jackson is about to call to her when Hartman appears, gun drawn, face locked in a sneer. He KICKS her feet out from under her and she hits the ground.

HARTMAN
Don't fucking move!

Under the trailer, Jackson tenses seeing Hartman. He and Bud exchange nervous glances.

JACKSON
Hartman.

LIZZY

Who is he?

JACKSON

He's the guy that rounds up kids
like us. He's bad news.

LIZZY

He's a police man.

JACKSON

He broke my nose once.

Above, one by one, Sorells and his men find their way to the trailer. They fan out, Sorells leads two into the trailer.

Jackson FREEZES as their heavy footsteps POUND over his head.

HARTMAN

What you got in there?

SORELLS (O.S.)

Nothin!

HARTMAN

Look again! They're--

SORELLS (O.S.)

Aw shit! We got a body!

HARTMAN

Describe!

Sorells returns, sucking in fresh air.

SORELLS

Been there awhile. Long while.
Don't think it was them.

Hartman eyes the smoldering fire, not quite out.

HARTMAN

Either way, the rest are close.

Clarice rises to her knees, head still bleeding, metal plate and white skin shimmering in the sun. She tries to hold it in, but can't help but LAUGH again.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Wanna let me in on the joke?

CLARICE

Lick my plate, pig. You're the
fuckin' joke. You ain't law.

(MORE)

CLARICE (CONT'D)
You ain't justice. You're just a
sad old man crying over his little
girl. Everyone knows it.

HARTMAN
Stop talking. Right now.

CLARICE
Was she bad too? That why you hate
us? Was she like me? Did she like
fucking every bad boy she met?

Clarice busts up into her SHRILL LAUGH. Hartman aims, fires a
single shot into her head before anyone can say otherwise.

UNDER THE TRAILER

Lizzy watches in horror as Claire's head EXPLODES, fragments
of her metal plate flying like shrapnel.

She SCREAMS, but Jackson SLAPS a hand over her mouth. She
RESISTS, freaking out, and he holds her tight.

JACKSON
(sotto, in her ear)
If you go, me and Bud'll be next.

Lizzy nods, struggling to breath.

The deputies are SHOUTING at each other now over what Hartman
has done. Now is their only chance.

EXT. DESERT SCRUB - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy, Jackson and Bud haul ass with the trailer at their
backs, momentarily blocking them from view. Lizzy cries open
and hard, terror-stricken.

JACKSON
(out of breath)
Lizzy-- I have an idea. We go... to
a hospital. You check us in. He
can't touch us if others are
around.

Lizzy RUNS HARDER putting distance between them.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Lizzy--

She looks back and he sees the terror on her face. Turning front, she cuts through the scrub, only to come face to face with the dead, bloated horse and the cloud of flies that surround it.

She stops short, SCREAMING again, but covering her own mouth.

In the distance: BARKING DOGS.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Shit-- blood hounds.

Bud suddenly GRABS Lizzy by the arm and pulls her to the rotting horse.

LIZZY
Let go of me!

JACKSON
Quiet! Bud

Bud SHOVES Lizzy into the horse, the swollen carcass BURSTS, pus, bile and blood explodes over Lizzy's body.

She is too shocked to speak. She nearly vomits. Bud scoops up a handful of gore and SLAPS it on Jackson's front.

BUD
Smells.

JACKSON
The dogs-- the dogs won't smell us!
Down! Get down!

MOMENTS LATER

The **BLOODHOUNDS** and their **HANDLERS** (3, all men, all cops) arrive. The dogs ARK and YOWL, nosing around the gutted horse, not sure where to head next.

HANDLER 1
Jesus wept, that smell--

HANDLER 2
(to dogs)
Get outta there! Go on!

They drive the dogs ahead, over a small hill. As the barking fades, Bud stands, lifting the carcass off of Jackson and Lizzy. Lizzy scrambles out of the muck, GAGGING, scrambling away from them.

EXT. STREAM BED - MOMENTS LATER

Once a strong stream, now nothing but a gouge in the land with a few inches of brackish water. Lizzy jumps down from above, cups handfuls of the water and splashes it over her face and body, still **WEeping**, still **GAGGING**.

She looks up, face clear-- only to find herself staring directly at Ike's body.

She shoots to her feet-- no scream, just silent terror.

JACKSON
(seeing body)
Damn it-- Bud?

Bud **SHRUGS**.

LIZZY
You do this?

Bud nods, embarrassed.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Cause he threatened me?

Bud nods again.

JACKSON
Let's go.

He reaches for her, but she backs away, shaking her head. She can't take her eyes off Ike.

HIS EYES SNAP OPEN.

Ike **GURGLES**, **TWITCHES**, somehow still alive with the tire iron going into his mouth and popping out the side of his neck.

Lizzy runs away, headed downstream. Jackson follows.

Ike tries to speak, but Bud doesn't care. He grabs either end of the tire iron and **TWISTS**, **SNAPPING** Ike's neck.

EXT. CROSSING - MOMENTS LATER

Where the old stream and road cross-- a very small wooden bridge. Only one car length long, less than six feet off of the ground.

Parked at the edge above, a police cruiser and a **LOWLY DEPUTY** (20s, bored) with a shotgun. Lizzy approaches, spotting the deputy.

Just as she's about to call out, Jackson catches up and slaps a hand over her mouth. He pulls her along, ducking down and slinking under the bridge.

JACKSON
(sotto)
Shhh!

Lizzy is coming undone, she fights against him and he hugs her close. Bud catches up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Lizzy, you got to calm down! We got
to get around the cop.

Lizzy BITES his hand.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Ow!

Above, the deputy hears him, and COCKS his gun.

LOWLY DEPUTY
Come on out!

Bud scrambles up the embankment on the opposite side.

JACKSON
Bud--

The deputy hears Bud coming from a mile away. He turns.

Bud: lumbering toward the deputy like a monster, deformed face locked in a growl, arms raised high.

LOWLY DEPUTY
Don't you fuckin' move!

Bud does not comply. Jackson and Lizzy climb the embankment in time to see the deputy pull the trigger, emptying one barrel into Bud's torso. Bud staggers into him, bleeding.

The gun touches his chest, the other barrel FIRES sending a cloud of red mist and chunks through a sizable hole through Bud's back.

Bud hits the ground, dead, and Jackson's world turns white.

He SCREAMS, scrambling to his feet and tackling the deputy before he can chamber another round.

The shotgun goes flying and Jackson grabs the deputy's head and starts slamming it against the ground.

Lizzy is SHOUTING, but there are no words in his world, just white noise and rage.

Lizzy gathers her wits, the cruiser's door is open. She climbs in and guns the engine to life. The siren BLEEPs once, shaking Jackson back to reality.

He looks between the car and the blood on his hands.

The car's gears GRIND as Lizzy pulls back. Jackson moves quick, diving into the passenger side.

LIZZY

Get out!

Jackson pushes his foot down on hers, flooring the gas.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The police cruiser blazes down the road not paying much mind to where the yellow lines are painted.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy: behind the wheel, white-knuckling it. Jackson: riding shotgun, eyes dead ahead, hands clamped over his ears, deep breaths, in and out.

His foot is still on hers. She tries shoving him back, but can't take a hand off the wheel out of fear of losing control

LIZZY

Jackson, stop!

Jackson lets out a PAINED SCREAM, almost child-like. He begins SLAPPING the side of his own head.

Lizzy FLINCHES as each slap gets harder and harder and his screaming gets louder and louder until finally-- he stops.

Jackson is not all right. His face has gone completely blank. He catches sight of himself in the visor mirror. He reacts as if looking at a stranger, confusion almost.

JACKSON

I killed him.

LIZZY

Obviously!

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Get off my foot!

JACKSON
I thought you understood.

LIZZY
Get off!

She screams at him, angry, full of hate. He sees it and sadly relents. He removes his foot from her own.

JACKSON
Of course. Why'd you be any
different from the rest?

The rear window EXPLODES as a bullet tears through it. As Jackson/Jed turns to look back, another bullet TEARS THROUGH HIS CHEEK, exploding out of his mouth, splitting his lip, shattering teeth.

He SCREAMS, clapping his hands over the blood.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Behind them, another cruiser: Hartman's. Sorells is behind the wheel, Hartman leans out the window, rifle in hand. He takes aim and FIRES another shot.

HARTMAN
Come on!

ANOTHER SHOT, and a tire is blown. Sorells slows as Lizzy loses control. The cruiser swerves back and forth.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy fights the wheel for control and loses. Jackson continues to scream his inhuman, baby-like wail and the car FLIPS over.

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

INT. OLD BARN - FLASHBACK

The little boy from the side of the road, walking out of the shadows, joining his siblings at the edge of the bit. He's a cute kid. He looks down to see Betty's twitching broken body.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - FLASHBACK

The same boy, in the back of Hartman's car, watching Verna and Hartman argue. The noise upsets him to the point that he SLAPS his own head, over and over.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Sometime later, the boy is seated at a yellow Formica table in large, pristine, full on Leave it To Beaver kitchen.

He's wearing a sun dress.

Looming over him: **JUNE**, an obese 50's housewife in an obnoxious pink dress.

JUNE

Well aren't you just a little
angel! I could just eat you up!

June's face has a metric ton of make-up on it. Bright blue eye shadow, pink cheeks, bright red lips... it matches the make-up worn on Leatherface's "Pretty Woman" mask the day he tries to kill Sally Hardesty.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Lizzy lays in the grass on the side of the road, dazed, blood trickling down her face. She watches as Hartman drags Jackson from the smoking, wrecked car.

HARTMAN

Wake up, you inbred sack of shit!

He yells and kicks at the prone form on the ground and it stirs, rolling over.

LIZZY

Jackson--

HARTMAN

That ain't his name.

Jackson is gone. His face impossible to make out, too much blood-- a thick curtain of it.

He opens his eyes, but focuses on nothing.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
This here is Jed Sawyer.

Hartman KICKS him in the chest and draws his gun.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Look at me, Jed.

Jackson/Jed's eyes are still vacant.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you!

Jackson/Jed looks up at Hartman, eyes still unclear.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
I know you remember me you little
shit. Yeah, you remember this face.

Hartman points at his own face.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
This here? This is the face of
vengeance, boy. You get that? You
comprehend?

Hartman points his gun at Jackson/Jed's destroyed visage.

SORELLS (O.S.)
Hartman-- hold on.

Hartman looks back, Sorells waves his arm a few yards down
the road. Behind him, firetrucks, more police cars,
ambulances.

SORELLS (CONT'D)
Staties and rescue is here, put it
away, sir. They'll bury you.

Hartman looks between his gun and prey, wondering it is worth
it. Lizzy starts LAUGHING, sounding a lot like Clarice.

EXT. SAWYER FARMHOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Sorells slowly mounts the steps of the Sawyer home, catching
ODD NOISES from inside: pig squeals, chicken clucks, children
singing off-key.

He raises his hand to knock, but the door is flung open. He
jumps back and his hand goes to his gun as Nubbins (now in
his late teens, early 20s) leaps from the porch and sprints
spastically down the drive. Drayton emerges next.

DRAYTON
You better run you little shitbird!
(seeing Sorells)
What do you want?

SORELLS
I'm looking for Verna.

DRAYTON
Other side of town. The Carson
estate. It's the big fancy brick
house whut's full of rich assholes.

SORELLS
She's not there.

DRAYTON
Well, then I can't help you.

SORELLS
It's about Jed.

Drayton looks Sorells up and down.

DRAYTON
What about him?

SORELLS
Where's Verna?

Drayton considers the situation for a moment.

DRAYTON
(into house)
Verna!

They stare at each other in silence for a moment as Verna
comes to join them.

VERNA
What are you doing here?

DRAYTON
Jed.

VERNA
He ain't come home yet. You're
supposed to keep an eye out for--

SORELLS
Hartman caught up to him.

VERNA
He back in?

SORELLS

No.

DRAYTON

Suppose you stop playing dumb.

VERNA

He ain't playing.

Verna goes into her purse and finds another wad of cash. The bills are crumpled and wet, as if she could care less about them. She throws the wad at Sorells.

VERNA (CONT'D)

Spill it.

SORELLS

There was an accident. A car crash.

DRAYTON

Dead?

SORELLS

No, but the medics said it looked like there was some brain damage. Unresponsive they said.

VERNA

Let's go-- which hospital?

SORELLS

Well, that's the thing. He didn't make it to the hospital. Something happened.

VERNA

What? What happened?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DUSK

A flashbulb POPS as the same police photographer takes shots of back of an ambulance wagon that drifted off the road.

The crime scene is brutal-- one medic, head bashed in by some blunt object. Another medic, scalpels jammed into his eye sockets. The driver, head pulled back into the wagon bay through a tiny window, neck snapped at an obscene angle.

The road is covered with police. A **STATE POLICE CAPTAIN** (50s, gruff) has taken charge of the scene, directing both the tan-uniformed county sheriffs as well as his own blue-uniformed men. Hartman watches, arms crossed, unhappy.

CAPTAIN
--I want check points on every
road, at every crossing.

HARTMAN
Done that.

The captain looks back at Hartman, ignores him.

CAPTAIN
Dogs in the field, a line of men
behind each.

HARTMAN
Did that too.

CAPTAIN
Get to gettin' boys.

The police fan out, Hartman remains.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
What's your pervue on this'n,
Ranger Hartman? Can't see Texas
Rangers taking much interest in
some escaped mental kids.

HARTMAN
It so happens that I run the police
end of the program that gets these
kids out of trouble and to--

CAPTAIN
Out of trouble? You got yourself a
hefty body count, Hartman. A bona
fide murder spree.

While Hartman and the Captain continue to argue...

AT THE ROADBLOCK 30 FEET AWAY

A truck-full of Sawyers pulls up to the **STATE OFFICER** manning the line. Drayton is behind the wheel, Verna rides next to him. Nubbins, Boss, and a few others **SAWYER COUSINS** ride in the back bed.

OFFICER
Evening folks, where ya'll headed?

DRAYTON
Prairie Dell.

OFFICER
Mind if I ask your business?

DRAYTON
Well, sir, I have me a batch of
prize winning chili that's in
competition.

VERNA
First prize is a color TV.

OFFICER
No kidding?

DRAYTON
Yessir.

OFFICER
Mind if I take look in back?

DRAYTON
Go right ahead.

The officer inspects the truck, Boss gives him a calm nod while Nubbins BLINKS and FIDGETS. There are several rifles in the bed of the truck, but this is Texas so...

OFFICER
Go on ahead. Good luck.

DRAYTON
Thank you, kindly.

Drayton pulls ahead and Verna sinks down in her seat as they pull by Hartman and the Captain, still arguing.

HARTMAN
Either way-- I got this handled.

CAPTAIN
With three of them kids dead?

HARTMAN
I got it.

CAPTAIN

Well, somebody in Austin disagrees. You want to run one of the search parties I'm obliged to give the okay-- but personally I think you should just head home and wash off whatever moonshine you've been soaking yourself in.

HARTMAN

You see this badge?! Texas Rangers hold jurisdiction wherever they god damn well please!

INT. DRAYTON'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

The last light of the day fades. Drayton and Verna look over the wide open desert fields on either side of the road, teams of police combing in several directions.

DRAYTON

All right Verna-- what now.

VERNA

He's out there.

DRAYTON

Maybe so, that don't mean we can find him before the law does. We don't know where to look.

Nubbins pokes his twitching face through a window.

NUBBINS

I know where I'd go--

He points: a sign on the side of the road, it reads: TELLAR HILL CEMETERY NEXT LEFT. Drayton lays on the gas.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Lizzy nervously waits in the back of a patrol car foot-tapping, nail biting. She sees Hartman approach.

HARTMAN

(opening door)

You got some version of the truth for me yet?

LIZZY

I told you already-- I don't know where Jackson--

HARTMAN

Jed.

LIZZY

Jed, fine. I don't know where he'd get off to. Can I go?

HARTMAN

You think I don't know you was sweet on him? The way you cried when I pulled him outta that wreck?

LIZZY

That doesn't mean I know--

HARTMAN

Get out here!

EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Hartman drags her from the car as Sorells pulls up.

LIZZY

I want to leave!

HARTMAN

(to Sorells)

Where the Hell you been?

SORELLS

I was halfway back to station when I heard about the ambulance. They find him?

HARTMAN

No. Go with them. They find him, get me on the horn.

Hartman pushes Lizzy toward his own car.

LIZZY

He was right about you.

HARTMAN

What? He referred to me being a decorated officer of the law?

LIZZY

No, he said you were bad. Way worse than any of them. I saw what you did to Clarice.

HARTMAN
She resisted arrest, didn't she
Deputy Sorells?

SORELLS
(sweating it)
Uh--

HARTMAN
Didn't she?

SORELLS
Yes sir, that's what happened.

Hartman opens the back of her car, shoves Lizzy inside.

HARTMAN
In!

The door slams and Sorells watches Hartman speed away,
rubbing the bridge of his nose.

EXT. TELLAR HILL CEMETERY - SAME

The sun has set, but the night is alive with shadows. The
graveyard is old school, tall stone markers dating back
hundreds of years in some instances.

Drayton's pick-up rolls onto the grounds, headlights casting
long shadows off the gravestones. Nubbins, Boss and the
others climb out of the back, lurk off into the darkness.

DRAYTON
Jed! You hear me, boy? You remember
me, don'tcha?

ELSEWHERE IN THE CEMETERY

The young man formerly known as Jackson, henceforth known as
Jed, hides himself inside of a dug grave. He can hear the
Sawyers, calling his name-- but it's one he doesn't remember.

He's a mess: grimy from the dirt in the grave, clothes still
stained from the dead horse, still covered in blood from both
the officer he killed and himself. His head, wrapped in
filthy bandages, blood leaking though.

He huddles down in terror as a Sawyer passes above,
WHISPERING his name. Once they've moved on, Jed scrambles out
of the hole.

He darts between the shadows, staying out of sight.

Flashlight beams cut the darkness, waving to and fro, Jed begins to panic. He spots a new hiding place: the groundskeeper's shed.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Jed pushes the metal doors open and squeezes inside. He pulls them shut then cowers in the corner. Somebody is close, a flashlight beam cuts through the cracks in the shed's walls. The light catches chrome, glitters for a moment.

Jed's eye travels to the glittering reflection-- A CHAINSAW.

A new voice cuts in:

STATE TROOPER (O.S.)
Hold it, Junior!

EXT. TELLAR HILL CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the shed wall, Nubbins is caught in the spot of a heavy flashlight. He raises his arms as a **STATE TROOPER** (30s, cleancut) trains a rifle at him.

STATE TROOPER
What are you doing out here?

NUBBINS
N--nothin!

STATE TROOPER
Don't seem like nothing. Place is closed for the night.

VERNA
We're looking for somebody is all.

The trooper turns his gun on Verna as she emerges from the shadows. The rifle doesn't seem to bother her.

Sorells joins the party.

SORELLS
It's all right trooper, I know these folks. Just concerned locals is all.

STATE TROOPER
They're shouting for "Jed," that's one of the aliases our boy uses. How'd they know that?

SORELLS

Mrs. Sawyer, you and your family
should go.

VERNA

That ain't happening.

Sorells pushes the trooper's rifle down, gets close to Verna.

SORELLS

I can't help you now, you gotta
leave and let this play out.

VERNA

I ain't letting nothing play out. I
got a lawyer now, he's fixing it.

SORELLS

You can't fix this--

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Jed cocks his ear, listening closely to the conversation.

SORELLS (O.S.)

People are dead.

VERNA (O.S.)

That's the fault of whatever they
been callin' him. Our Jed ain't
done nothing wrong.

SORELLS

Doesn't matter much what name he's
using if he's killed--

VERNA

Dr. Asshole lost Jed's file. Ain't
no proof of who he is no more.

EXT. TELLAR HILL CEMETERY

Sorells is losing his patience with Verna, **TWO MORE STATE
TROOPERS** have joined the circle.

SORELLS

Witnesses, you inbred moron. We got
witnesses, such as myself, that
have seen what he's done!

DRAYTON
(joining circle)
Well, I guess you got us there.
Course, you got to be able to tell
somebody what you seen.

The sound of guns **BEING COCKED** surrounds the police from the darkness. Nubbins SHAKES with glee.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Jed BREATHES deep, staring into space, rocking slightly. He wants to slap himself, but refrains.

SORELLS (O.S.)
You really want to do that? We got
men all over these hills, they hear
one shot, they'll come running. You
won't make it out of here alive,
much less with your boy.

EXT. TELLAR HILL CEMETERY

Sorells crosses his arms and leans against the shed wall. Smug, he's got them and he knows it.

SORELLS
If any of you live, you'll be
behind bars.

He looks between Drayton and Verna.

SORELLS (CONT'D)
So what's it going to be?

The answer comes: the ROAR of the chainsaw coming to life,
and a fraction of a second later, its end EXPLODES out of the
center of Sorells' chest.

The cops and Sawyers: both in shock, Sorells GURGLES. The chainsaw stalls.

IN THE SHED Jed pulls the cord to start the saw again, once, twice-- each time the blade engages slightly, SPINNING to life embedded in Sorells chest-- he SCREAMS as it sprays his face with viscera.

Third time is a charm, the chainsaw ROARS back to life, plunging in and out of Sorells torso until he falls forward. One trooper comes to his senses FIRES a shot into the wall.

The Sawyers take their cue, and OPEN FIRE, dropping the cops.

The wall of the shed explodes outward as Jed cuts himself out. He lumbers to Drayton and Verna, chainsaw RUMBLING. He stops short, brings the blade up.

DRAYTON

You want to come home, or what?

Jed kills the chainsaw, the cemetery goes silent. One by one, the Sawyers emerge from the darkness, surrounding their prodigal son.

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

Come on, boy. Telling me you don't remember this mug?

Drayton points to his own face, smiling his snaggle-toothed grin. Jed moves closer, looking.

VERNA

Boy, we've been looking for you for years, know that?

Jed turns his attention to Verna.

VERNA (CONT'D)

Let's get you home.

Jed looks between them, then up and Boss and the others. Finally, he gives them a single nod.

EXT. SAWYER FARM - SAME

Meanwhile, back at the Sawyer ranch... Hartman pulls up to the farm house and all but falls out of his cruiser, drunk.

He staggers to the porch, mumbling and swearing under his breath. He BANGS on the door with his fist.

No one answers. He BEATS HIS FIST against the door again-- and once more, no reply.

HARTMAN

Sons a bitches...

He staggers back to the drive, looks up at the house. It's dark, no life inside. The moon rises behind it.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Drayton! Verna! Get out here!

Again, no reply, which only drives Hartman more mad. Back on to the porch, he SLAMS his fist on the door.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Open this damn door!

The old wooden door comes unlatched, SQUEAKS open. Hartman looks inside-- no one to greet him.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hartman pushes the door wide, and steps inside.

HARTMAN
If anybody is home, get your ass
out right now.

Silence. Hartman looks back at his car, knowing he should leave. He takes a step away, but changes his mind.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Hartman enters the house, hand on the butt of his gun. He moves slow, cocking his ear when he hears the distant sound of a CHICKEN CLUCKING.

He peers upstairs, but it's too dark to make anything out. He finds a flashlight on his belt and fires it up.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BACK HALL - CONTINUOUS

Red walls, animal head trophies mounted everywhere, the taxidermy skill questionable.

Something SMELLS AWFUL, Hartman uses the back of his hand to cover his nose.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is a mess, something has been slaughtered. Blood covers the basin and tile alike.

Hartman, still covering his nose, paints the room with his flashlight. Off the kitchen through a door, a back porch, meat hooks swing from the ceiling.

The light moves back and HARTMAN JUMPS AS IT HITS A SKINNED COW'S HEAD IN THE SINK.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hartman enters and stops short, shocked by what he sees: BONES, a lot of them. The flashlight cuts wide arcs, reflecting off countless chunks of white.

HARTMAN

Lord all mighty...

He pats himself down, finds a book of matches. STRIKING ONE he lights up a kerosene lamp hanging in the corner. Warm light fills the room.

There's no end to decay-- bone mobiles hang from the ceiling, furniture made from bones, skin stretched over bone frames to make furniture.

Hartman closes in on the dining table, a candelabra sits center, clearly made from a human skull.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I got you. I got you now.

Another chair, obviously made from a human ribs.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

I got you, you murdering bastards.
I got you dead to rights.

Hartman is getting excited.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Hartman moves confidently now, kicking doors open, pointing both gun and flashlight into the rooms.

The first bedroom: a four poster bed, covered in loose chicken feathers. The second: empty save for a filthy bedroll on the floor and the scattered hides of a dozen squirrels.

The third bedroom is pitch black, Hartman moves the flashlight to reveal: A CORPSE, propped up in a chair.

HARTMAN

Shit!

Hartman moves to take a closer look, then hears it: A CAR ENGINE, coming close.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

Damn it--

Hartman freezes, listening closely, looking down the stairs. HEADLIGHTS FLOOD the dark bedroom behind him... and the corpse LOOKS UP.

Not a corpse, **GRANDPA SAWYER**, ancient as ever. He raises a gnarled hand, but Hartman doesn't notice.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hartman charges out of the front door, gun ready. He's caught in the headlights of Drayton's truck.

HARTMAN
Hands up, all of you!

The Sawyers, spread out around the truck, do not comply.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
I seen what you got in there! Human
bodies-- I knew it. All these
years, I damn well knew it!

The gun points at Verna.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)
I said get your damn hands up.

VERNA
This ain't the first time tonight a
cop stuck a gun in my face.

From the back of the pick-up, Boss heaves Sorell's body out of the truck. Hartman looks at the mangled body crumpled on the ground. Hartman is at a loss of words.

He COCKS his pistol, ready to drop Verna.

The BUZZ of a chainsaw grabs his attention. Jed bursts from the shadows, chainsaw SCREAMING and through a cloud of smoke. Hartman tries to take aim, but is too slow.

The chainsaw connects with his wrist, and he SCREAMS. BLOOD SPRAYS and in an instant, his hand, and the gun, are gone. He staggers back, clutching his blood-spurting stump.

Hartman struggles to stay on his feet. He turns and runs-- not to his car, that's blocked. Not back into the house-- but the only path left-- into the woods beyond the house.

The Sawyers don't move, they let Jed have his moment as he runs Hartman down.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The thick woods at night are no place to run. Hartman stumbles through, branches SNAPPING in his path, clawing at his face. His wrist continues to spurt blood, and he's getting weaker by the moment.

Jed is on his tail, REVVING the saw like mad. He's clearly toying with Hartman, herding him left, then right, leading him somewhere.

EXT. OLD BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Hartman is too panicked and weakened to realize where he's being herded. He sees the old barn ahead and staggers to where the door once stood.

INT. OLD BARN - CONTINUOUS

Hartman tries to catch his breath. Slowly, it dawns on him where he is. He turns in circles, recognizing.

HARTMAN

You sick sons a bitches.

Hartman is shouting into the dark. The chainsaw has gone quiet. Jed has vanished.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

You ain't human. You hear me?!

EXT. OLD BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jed stands just outside, PANTING DEEPLY. Struggling to breathe, he pulls the bandages from his face- they are soaked with sweat, blood and pus.

Face exposed, it's clear that no trace of Jackson remains.

His once handsome face has been destroyed. The bullet ruined his mouth, the middle of his face has been stripped from the muscle-- nose included. He's beyond disfigured.

HARTMAN (O.S.)

Come on, then! You get scared?

Jed YANKS the chainsaw cord violently, it RUMBLES to action.

INT. OLD BARN - CONTINUOUS

Hartman can barely hold his ground. Jed fills the doorway, moonlight reflecting off the chrome of the blade and cloud of smoke the chainsaw blows.

HARTMAN

They'll come looking for me. Know that? This ain't over.

Jed runs at Hartman, chainsaw held high.

HARTMAN (CONT'D)

It ain't over! It ain't over! It--

The chainsaw comes down hard and fast, cleaving Hartman's head in two perfect halves. Jed doesn't stop there.

The puts his weight into it, muscles strain-- the blade GRINDS its way down, spraying him with all matter of blood and guts. In seconds, Hartman's body falls in two perfect halves, but right down the middle.

Jed kills the chainsaw and sinks to the floor between the two pieces of Hartman.

His breathing is strained, he puts his hands to his ears, and he doesn't move.

A moment or two later, the barn door opens behind him: Drayton and Verna.

DRAYTON

Welp-- guess that's another one. We better hide his car.

VERNA

Come on, Jed. It's all done now. You're home.

Jed SHAKES his head furiously.

DRAYTON

What's that mean?

Jed makes an INHUMAN NOISE, and continues to shake his head.

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

What's he on about?

Jed rises to his feet, chainsaw in hand.

VERNA
Guess he ain't done.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORMAN HOUSE - DAY

Windows have been boarded up, state police are parked out front, otherwise, Gorman House has tried to return to its status quo.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM HALL - SAME

Lizzy sits at the desk just beyond the gate, filling out her log. Something catches her attention: a box under the desk, CLARICE MOSELEY.

She can't resist. She places it on the desk and removes the lid. Inside, Clarice's belongings: some clothes and a stack of drawings. Everything else was either confiscated or burned. Lizzy flips through the drawings.

Mostly drawings of buildings on fire, there are several well-done, and eerily surreal self portraits that depict Clarice much prettier than she actually was.

Behind Lizzy, the gate suddenly CLATTERS as Clarice throws herself into it, reaching through the bars.

Lizzy YELPS, jumping to her feet. Looking now, Lizzy sees it is not Clarice, just another inmate, shaking the bars and reaching for her.

FEMALE INMATE
I need my medicine!

LIZZY
Back in bed.

FEMALE INMATE
I need my--

LIZZY
Now!!!

The girl relents, vanishing back into the dorm.

EXT. GORMAN HOUSE - SAME

Satisfied Gorman House is secure, the State Police Captain hitches his belt, nodding to a **TROOPER** that's just arrived.

TROOPER
We really need to be here?

CAPTAIN
Three men, and that county
lieutenant, missing. I get it.

The trooper nods.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
All right. Go check around back,
then go ahead and join the search.

TROOPER
Yessir. Thank you.

The captain heads down the walk while the trooper follows orders. As he approaches his car, the captain catches sight of somebody sitting in it.

CAPTAIN
--the hell?

He gets closer.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Hey! Get the hell out of my car!

Closer still, and the Captain recognizes who is behind the wheel: Hartman.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Hartman?

Hartman turns to look at him, and the Captain freezes in his tracks. It's NOT Hartman, it's Jed... wearing Hartman's face as a mask. It's stitched together roughly, up the middle, still fresh. Jed's ruined mouth shows through the lower half.

Leatherface is complete.

He throws the door open, clipping the captain, sending him to the ground. Leatherface steps out, a heavy metal mallet in his hand. The captain scrambles to draw his gun, but isn't fast enough. The mallet comes down, crushing his head.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM HALL - SAME

Lizzy is back to her log book. Clarice's box is back under the desk. In the distance: SCREAMING.

Lizzy looks up, cocking an ear.

Another SCREAM and what sounds like a far off power tool.

She goes for intercom mic on the desk.

LIZZY
(into mic)
Lobby?

No reply.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Lobby? Hello?

She punches a button.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Hello?

She punches more.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone?

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - HALL - SAME

The chief orderly is dead. His head, left shoulder and left arm on one side of the main hall, the rest of his body on the other, ropes of innards between them.

Leatherface stalks the hall, GUNNING the chainsaw.

The last remaining state trooper comes running around the corner, gun drawn. Leatherface is ready, catching his legs with the sawblade as he rounds the corner. The trooper hits the ground, legs spurting blood.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM HALL - SAME

Lizzy rises, hearing the troopers distant cries. She slowly walks around the desk. She slowly creeps to the end of the hall, everything dead quiet now.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - BOY'S DORM - SAME

Similar story here, the boys are up, staring at the gate. The orderly on duty SLAMS into the gate, reaches through the bars at them for help.

ORDERLY 2
Don't! Don't do it!!!

He CRIES OUT as the chainsaw BUZZES through both his hand and the gate lock.

Leatherface throws the gate back and the boys back away, slowly. The dorm is a dead end.

The orderly tries to speak, but can't form words. Leatherface dips the blade, spraying the closest boys with blood. They stagger back, panicking.

The orderly's head is kicked across the floor to their feet.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM HALL - SAME

Lizzy creeps to the end of the hall, and quietly cracks the door to the stairwell. Edging out onto the landing she looks down the narrow opening the stairs cut around. Two floors down, a DINGY FILTHY hand moving up the railing.

Then, Leatherface pokes his head up, looking up at her.

She GASPS, rushes back down the hall, grabbing her keys from the desk.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy hurries through the gate, relocking it behind her. Most of the girls are in bed, and seeing her terror keeps them that way.

FEMALE INMATE

What's going on?

LIZZY

I-- I don't know. Just--

Another girl SCREAMS as Leatherface approaches the gate. Lizzy backs to the far wall and sinks to the floor.

The chainsaw ROARS to life, making easy work of the simple lock. Leather face lets the saw idle and SLAMS the gate open.

The girls panic-- SCREAMING and backing away from him. He calm walks down the center of the room toward Lizzy.

As soon as he passes, every girl bolts for the door.

With every SCREAM and REV of the chainsaw, Lizzy FLINCHES, remembering the terror she's been keeping inside.

She puts her hands over her ears, just like Jackson and Bud.

SCREAM--

INT. BBQ JOINT - FLASHBACK

Watching through the crack of the bathroom door as Jackson's fists bash into the truckers face, crushing his nose, splattering blood.

SAW REV--

INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - FLASHBACK

Sitting with Jackson by the fire, wanting to kiss him.

SCREAM--

EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER - FLASHBACK

Jackson skins the rabbit with calm, quick cuts.

INT. BB

SAW REV--

Q JOINT - FLASHBACK

More fists, more blood.

SCREAM--

EXT. CROSSING - FLASHBACK

More beating, this time the cop at the bridge crossing, Jackson's thumbs gouging into his eye sockets.

SAW REV--

INT. CRUISER - FLASHBACK

On the run from the police, Jackson covered in blood in the passenger seat, a bullet exploding through his mouth.

SECONDS LATER they're tumbling as the car rolls over.

SECONDS LATER they're face to face, thrown together by the accident. Jackson is out cold, Hartman coming toward them in the distance.

Jackson's face is horribly lacerated, his left cheek a grotesque flap of skin.

His eyes open and he makes INHUMAN noises. She stirs, sees him, SCREAMS. She pushes him away.

LIZZY
Get away from me!

Jackson MOANS painfully at her, clawing at her with a bloody hand, trying to hold her hand.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
No-- NO!

He gets a hold of her, pulls her close. She puts her hands on his face, shoving him away.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Stop!

He's in pain, struggling for help, she's terrified, determined to make him stop touching her.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
I said, get off!!!

She slides her fingers under the flap of skin, and he SCREAMS. She slides her fingers into the cut, deeper and deeper.

Jackson's scream turns guttural, animal like as she closes her hand around the flap and PULLS THE SKIN FROM HIS FACE.

INT. GORMAN HOUSE - GIRL'S DORM - PRESENT

A FINAL REV of the saw snaps Lizzy back. Leatherface stands over her, breathing hard through his mask.

LIZZY
Wh--what do you want?

He kills the chainsaw and drops it at her feet. Silence.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Jackson?

Leatherface shakes his head slowly and pulls the mallet from the back of his belt.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Wait, don't!!

He raises the mallet and brings it down on her skull.

CUT TO BLACK

OVER BLACK, A SCROLL IS NARRATED:

NARRATION

In August of 1965, Gorman House
burned to the ground, no survivors
were found.

EXT. SAWYER FARM - DAWN

The sun rises behind the farmhouse, almost serene. Drayton's pick up is out front. The silhouette of Drayton hovers over a BBQ smoker to the side of the house.

He transfers meat to a plate.

NARRATION

It is estimated that over 30 young
degenerates escaped in the fire,
but with all remains burned beyond
recognition and all patient records
turned to ash, these numbers are
inconclusive.

INT. SAWYER FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The plate of cooked meat travels through the house, room to room. Off the porch, human remains dangle from meathooks.

NARRATION

The few eyewitness reports that
exist surrounding both the fire--

Through the dining room, where Boss, Nubbins, Verna and others impatiently BANG their fists on the table for food.

The tray keeps moving and they SHOUT their dismay.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

--and the earlier escape of five
inmates, are considered evidence of
the first of many incidents--

A small room under the stairs-- Leatherface's room, where he sits, hands on his knees, staring at the wall.

NARRATION (CONT'D)
-- of what would become known as,
the Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

The tray is dropped on the floor in front of Leatherface, and Drayton leaves the room.

Leatherface stares at the meat.

LIZZY (O.S.)
(weak)
Smells... Good.

Leatherface pushes the door closed.

Hanging on the back of it: Lizzy-- nothing but a torso, arms and legs missing, bound and set with tourniquets.

Thick leather straps keep her head in place. Her forehead is home to a sizable dent, her eyes wander, drool leaks from the corner of her mouth.

The white door behind her is stained and filthy from whatever fluids leak from her body.

Half of her face has been skinned off.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Hungry...

Leatherface stands, grabbing a piece of meat. When he turns his mask is fully exposed-- now half Hartman, and half Lizzy.

Leatherface stuffs a piece of meat into her mouth, then caresses her hair.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
(chewing messily)
...goood...

She chews faster, harder, ravenous. Under his mask, Leatherface smiles.

THE END