TCM'97 TEASER

Written by

Zackary Akers

FADE IN:

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

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

OLD MAN (V.O.)

(slurred)

It's all shit. Ya' know that, right?

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

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CORRIDOR

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

OLD MAN (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

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

OLD MAN (V.O.)

They all laugh... They laugh at me... A drunk old fool... But... Heh...

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

OLD MAN (V.O.)

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

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

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

The darkness immediately returns.

OLD MAN (V.O.) I see it though... I see it.

Mary lowers the camera. Her mouth hangs open, in awe.

SMASH TO BLACK.

The reverberating RUMBLE of a distant chainsaw as the TITLE CARD fills the space.

TITLE CARD -- TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE '97

FADE OUT.