

Pieces of Jacob

© 2012, Dorothy R. Rice

Dorothy R. Rice
7747 Dutra Bend Drive
Sacramento, CA 95831
916/421-7930
dorothy.rice@yahoo.com

1 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

SAMANTHA, a ten year old girl, is in bed. She tosses and turns, having a nightmare. There are posters of horses on the wall and horse figurines in a neat staggered row on a shelf. Out her second story bedroom window is a small backyard.

2 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT, CONTINUED 2

Samantha is standing on the wet grass, barefoot, still in her nightgown. She walks, trance like, from one end of the yard to the other. The lawn is covered with mounds of disturbed dirt, like large gopher holes. She holds a bloody knife. Her gown is bloodied. She turns to look up at her bedroom window.

3 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUED 3

Samantha wakes with a start and sits up, gasping. Confused, she holds up her hands and plucks at her nightgown. There is a shadow on the bed. Samantha turns and sees what appears in the dim light to be a man in an overcoat and hat. She screams. Close by, someone laughs.

4 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT, CONTINUED 4

JACOB, Samantha's seventeen year old brother, is lying in bed. On his closed door, a sign reads, 'Private Property - KEEP OUT'. His laughter turns hiccupy and out of control. A light flicks on.

Their FATHER, forties, thick black glasses and black hair, walks down the hall. He sighs heavily and grits his teeth as he passes Jacob's door. He stands in the doorway to Samantha's bedroom.

FATHER

Jesus H. Christ. What now,
Samantha?

SAMANTHA

I had a bad dream. And then, and
then . . .

Samantha is too upset to continue. She points at the 'man' next to her bed. In the light from the hall it is now apparent that the 'man' is an upright vacuum cleaner dressed in a coat and hat.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

It's three o'clock in the fucking morning. Go back to sleep.

SAMANTHA

Can I sleep with you and Mom?

MOTHER

(off camera, groans)

No!

FATHER

Just go back to sleep.

Father rolls the vacuum cleaner out of Samantha's room. He stops outside Jacob's closed door, raises his fist to knock and then changes his mind. He drops his hand and heaves a resigned sigh.

5 INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - MORNING 5

Samantha sleeps, curled up with a blanket and pillow on the floor at the foot of her parent's bed.

6 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME 6

Samantha tosses and turns, having another nightmare. Her neat row of horses is a toppled mess. Outside, it's raining softly.

7 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT, CONTINUED 7

In nightgown and bare feet, Samantha approaches one of the mounds of soil. A hand sticks out of the dirt, disturbed by the rain. She kneels to rebury the hand. She picks up the bloody knife, buries it too and then stands and looks up at her bedroom window. Samantha is a dirty, bloody mess.

8 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUED 8

Samantha wakes up, disoriented. She pushes her hair from her face, feels something wet and looks at her hands. They are covered with a dark liquid. She screams. Jacob laughs.

9

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUED

9

FATHER
(irritated growl)
Go back to sleep. It's just a
dream, Samantha.

SAMANTHA
No Daddy. There's something wrong.
I'm, I'm bleeding.

FATHER
(mutters)
Jesus fucking Christ.

FATHER (CONTINUED)
(to wife:)
This one's all yours.

10

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT, CONTINUED

10

MOTHER, late thirties, rollers sticking out of her head,
flicks on the light and shuffles down the hall. She pauses
at Jacob's room, startled by the open door. Jacob is sitting
on the bed, fully dressed.

JACOB
(menacing)
Can I help you with something,
Mother.

MOTHER
I, I, it's Samantha, another of her
nightmares.

JACOB
So it would seem. How unfortunate.

Jacob stands and takes a step towards his mother. Startled,
she backs up and bumps into the wall.

JACOB (CONTINUED)
Nightie, night, Mother dear.

Jacob laughs and shuts his bedroom door.

11 INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUED

11

MOTHER
Samantha, don't do this to me.
You're only ten.

Mother leans over Samantha.

MOTHER (CONTINUED)
What the?

SAMANTHA
I don't know what happened. I had a
bad dream and then I woke up
covered in blood!

Mother touches Samantha's hair, sniffs and then puts her
finger to her lips.

MOTHER
Catchup. It's only catchup.

SAMANTHA
But, but . . .

Samantha cries, her tears mix with the catchup.

MOTHER
(weary)
But nothing, young lady. It's late.
Let's get you cleaned up.

12 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHTTIME, CONTINUED

12

Mother bolts the door, and adjusts the water temperature.
The catchup stained nightgown drops to the tile floor.
Samantha steps into the tub. Mother yanks the transparent
shower curtain closed.

MOTHER
(hushed whisper)
How many times do I have to tell
you? I honestly think if you just
wouldn't react, Jacob would stop.

Mother speaks to the silhouette of Samantha through the
curtain. She glances nervously at the locked door, bites her
ragged nails.

MOTHER (CONTINUED)
(still whispering)
Please, just try not to antagonize
him.

(CONTINUED)

Samantha glares through the shower curtain at her mother and then down at her own feet. Red stained water runs down the drain.

SAMANTHA
(muffled)
I wish he would just die.

MOTHER
What did you say?

Mother throws the shower curtain open.

SAMANTHA
(covers nonexistent breasts)
I said 'I'll try'. But geez Mom, I didn't do anything. I was just sleeping.

MOTHER
(agitated)
Shh, shh. He might hear you.

13 INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

13

Mother and Father are seated at a table with Army and Navy recruitment brochures and a *San Francisco Chronicle* from 1968 with a headline about the escalation of US troops in Vietnam.

MOTHER
(nervous whisper)
We need to do something.

FATHER
(shrugs)
What's the use. He's almost eighteen. He'll be gone soon.

MOTHER
What if he needs some kind of help?

FATHER
No way! No kid of mine is going to see a shrink, ever.

Father puts on his jacket, grabs his lunch pail off the counter. The front door slams shut behind him.

Samantha sits cross-legged on her bed playing with two plastic horses. She holds Blackie in one hand, Starlight in the other and has them gallop on the bedspread and rear in the air. She make horse sounds.

SAMANTHA

(animated, play-acting)

Are you ready for the big race,
Blackie? How about you Starlight?
Don't be scared. You'll do great.
I'll go get Paint. He needs to
practice too. Now wait right here.
Don't go anywhere.

Samantha sets the horses down and steps off the bed to get another horse from her shelf. When her foot touches the floor, a hand reaches out from under the bed and grabs her ankle. She screams, really loud. Under the bed, Jacob laughs.

MOTHER

Samantha, you get in here right
this instant. Come eat your lunch.
You too, Jacob. Then I want you
both out of this house for the rest
of the afternoon. I'm sick of your
games. You're giving me a headache.

Samantha sobs. Jacob's laughter turns hiccupy. Pans clatter in the kitchen. Mother stands in Samantha's doorway. Samantha's pant legs are wet. Jacob is extracting himself from under the bed.

JACOB

(laughing)

Can you believe it? She peed
herself. Can't take a fucking joke.

MOTHER

Jacob, don't talk like that.

JACOB

Dad does.

MOTHER

Aren't you a little old for this?

JACOB

(crouching, menacing)

Watch it, Mother dear. So far, it's
just fun and games.

(CONTINUED)

Jacob stands up. He is a full head taller than his mother and looks like his father, same hair and thick glasses.

JACOB (CONTINUED)

(menacing)

You don't want that to change, do you?

Mother backs out of the bedroom and retreats to the kitchen.

15 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHTTIME 15

Samantha digs a deep hole. She picks up what looks like a head wrapped in a bloodied pillow case, drops it into the hole and covers it with dirt. She wipes her hands on her nightgown and looks up at her bedroom window.

16 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 16

Samantha sits at the table. She plucks nervously at the front of her nightgown. Dad is reading the *Chronicle*, drinking coffee. Mom is at the stove flipping pancakes. There are two empty chairs.

MOTHER

How many Samantha?

SAMANTHA

(anxious)

Where's Jacob?

Mother and Father exchange nervous glances. Father peers over his glasses. He lowers the newspaper to speak.

FATHER

He's gone away for awhile.

SAMANTHA

(confused, panicky)

What do you mean? When will he be back?

Agitated, Samantha stands. She clutches the front of her nightgown, balling up the fabric in her hands. Mother stares at her; her nose wrinkles with distaste.

MOTHER

What's that on your nightie?

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What?

On the front of the gown is a nasty reddish stain. Samantha runs from the kitchen.

17

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY, CONTINUED

17

Samantha glances at the 'KEEP OUT' sign, hesitates a moment and then steps over the threshold. The small room is spare and tidy. On the desk are a book about Hitler and a swastika paper weight. There is a sheet of white paper weighted down by the knife from her nightmares. Samantha squints at the indecipherable words. She lifts the knife and sets it aside and then holds the paper up to the mirror over the dresser. The words, written backwards, can be read in the mirror.

SAMANTHA (READING OUT LOUD)

Little sister, never fear. I'll be
back for you. In your dreams.