

Screenplay

FADE IN:

**INT. HIGGINS' RESIDENCE, FOYER: NIGHT**

It's a grand ol' foyer, one with high green walls and a wooden floor that's been polished to a shine. The furniture is old and antique, looking like it came straight out of a collectors magazine.

To our right is the dinning room, to our right the living room, and directly in front of us down the hall is the kitchen.

There's a body on the kitchen floor. A middle-aged woman with an unruly mane of brown hair and a body to die for. This is **GLORIA HIGGINS**, a woman who was once crowned Miss California.

She stares up at the ceiling, her brown eyes glazed and unfocused. It takes us only a second to notice the several stab-wounds that cover her torso, the biggest and roughest one being directly over her heart.

**FEMALE [O.S.]**

(*ENVIOUS*)

*She's so pretty...*

**MALE [O.S.]**

(*MUMBLES*)

*If you're into colored girls, I guess.*

Out of the shadows steps **MARISSA BROWN**, a young girl no older than twenty. Her long, blonde braid of hair sways as she crouches down beside Gloria's motionless head. She tilts her head to the side before reaching out and gently stroking the woman's curly locks.

**MARISSA BROWN**

Don't be like that. No one likes a racist.

She pulls a pair of scissors from her pocket and, without a moment of hesitation, starts hacking off Gloria's curls and stuffing them in her bag.

**MALE [O.S.]**

*What the fuck are you doing?*

**MARISSA BROWN**

Gathering hair for my baby's dolly, of course. This should go perfect with the it's little maid outfit.

Just then a large, dark shape appears in the doorway of the living room. It trembles and shakes as it slowly drags itself from the dark room into the dimly lit foyer.

It's **GAVIN HIGGINS**, Gloria's workaholic of a husband. He's a handsome man who's dark skin and suite are currently soaked in blood, some of it has dry but most of it still wet to the touch.

There's a gash on his face, going from his left ear to the corner of his lips. And someone has taken it upon themselves to stitch it crudely shut, leaving giant gaps between each stitch.

**MALE [O.S.]**

*You can't be serious.*

**MARISSA BROWN**

What? No one back home will let me use their hair, so what choice do I really have?

Gavin stares at Marissa's back for a moment, his eyes sheeting with anger, before turning and starting for the front door.

**MALE [O.S.]**

*You're so fucking weird... You know that, right?*

**MARISSA BROWN**

*(SCOFFS)*

Says the guy who shoved a TV antenna up a man's ass.

Gavin is now fully in the foyer, which allows us to see the series of stab wounds that cover his back. Some are small though most are both deep and jagged.

His leg catches the corner of the hall table, causing a couple picture frames to topple over. Marissa whirls around in surprise.

**MARISSA BROWN**

The Pig's trying to escape!

**MALE [O.S.]**

I got him!

The man finally steps into view, revealing himself to be **ROBIN BERNE**. He's a twenty-three year old Scottish boy, one with unkempt hair and completely crazed blue eyes.

He rushes down the foyer and jumps onto Gavin's back, causing the poor man to scream in pain.

**ROBIN BERNE**

Where do you think you're going, Piggy?

**GAVIN HIGGINS**

(PAINED)

Why the fuck are you doing this to me? What did I-- what did we ever do to you?

**ROBIN BERNE**

I guess that's what makes this all so fucked up, huh? You've never done anything to us, not a damned thing. Yet here I am, about to mercilessly slice your throat open from ear-to-ear.

**GAVIN HIGGINS**

(PANICKING)

Y-You don't have to do this. I-I can pay give you anything you want: money, girls, fuck I can even get you drugs!

**ROBIN BERNE**

All I want, my dear sir, is to finish what our grand Lord couldn't.

**GAVIN HIGGINS**

"Grand Lord"?

**ROBIN BERNE**

Our lord and savior, Charles Manson. A man who not only suffered, but died for the greatest cause in the world. His little fuck-job minions couldn't do it right, but I will.

**GAVIN HIGGINS**

Y-You people are insane! Charles Manson w-wasn't a savior, he was a lunatic with an ego problem!

**ROBIN BERNE**

And you're just a pig who needs to stop squealing and accept that the fact that the God he believed in has abandoned him.

**GAVIN HIGGINS**

You're all psychopaths.

**ROBIN BERNE**

*(SMILES)*

We know.

And without uttering another word Robin slides the blade of his butcher's knife across Gavin's throat, slicing it open from one ear to the other.

Gavin gasps and shudders as buckets of blood begin to gush from his neck, quickly forming a thick pool around him. Robin stands up and backs up, smiling as he watches Gavin's body convulse and squirm.

**MARISSA BROWN**

He lasted a lot longer than I expected him too.

Marissa approaches them, her bookbag now overflowing with Gloria's crudely cut curls.

**ROBIN BERNE**

*(SCOFFS)*

Gary Hinman last three days before forcing Manson's lackeys to kill him. This ass and his bitch of a wife barely last a day.

**MARISSA BROWN**

Well considering how badly Suki sliced his face open, I was expecting him to croak hours ago. You gonna write the message?

**ROBIN BERNE**

Way ahead of you.

He waits till Gavin's body goes still before dipping his fingers into the still growing pool of blood. He then goes up to the wall and starts writing, making his letters big and bold.

**MARISSA BROWN**

Where is Suki anyway? I thought she was suppose to be watching him.

**ROBIN BERNE**

The weed she found in the bathroom wasn't agreeing with her, so I sent her back to the ranch.

*(BEAT)*

*(MORE)*

**ROBIN BERNE** (cont'd)

And we're done.

On the wall he's written: **FUCK POLITICAL PIGS**. Robin smiles proudly at his work before licking the blood off his fingers, causing Marissa to frown in disgust.

**MARISSA BROWN**

(*DISGUSTED*)

And you say I'm weird.

**ROBIN BERNE**

Oh, fuck off. Let's go.

He goes to her and, side-by-side, they walk to and through the kitchen and out the back door. We linger on Gavin and Gloria's bodies, both still as stones and brutalized.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**THE MANSON COPYCATS**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ROSEWATER HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT HALL: DAY**

It's a wide and spacious area, one full of stairs and trophy cases. It's freshly waxed floor shines in the vibrant luminescent lights.

Sitting on a bench outside the principle's office is **JACOB TATUM**, an eleven-year old whose once endearing personality is morphing into that of a moody preteen with sleep deprivation.

He stares quietly down at the floor as he swings his legs back and forth, looking up only when he hears the entrance doors swing open.

Walking towards him is **SHELBY TATUM**, his thirty-year old mother. She's a former Beauty Queen-turned-Single Mother, one who traded her life as head cheerleader in for the life of motherhood at the age of 19.

She keeps one hand on her seven-month pregnant belly as she walks up to him, an apologetic look on her face.

**JACOB TATUM**

Where were you?

**SHELBY TATUM**

Stuck in dead stopped traffic,  
thanks to some incompetent cop who

(MORE)

**SHELBY TATUM** (cont'd)  
had no idea which hand signal meant  
what. You ready?

**JACOB TATUM**  
I've *been* ready.

Jacob stands up and grabs his backpack out from under the bench. He slings it onto his shoulder.

**JACOB TATUM**  
Let's go.

Shelby opens her arms for a hug only to have Jacob brush past her and continue on his way down the hall. She's about to follow when the door to the principle's office suddenly swings open. Standing there is **PRINCIPLE JOSEPHINE TATE**, a British middle-aged woman dressed in a floral print pantsuit and a pair of matching glasses.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**  
Oh, Mrs. Tatum, I'm glad I caught  
you. Would you mind speaking with  
me for a second?

**SHELBY TATUM**  
(*SURPRISED*)  
Of course. You go ahead Jake,  
Auntie Brie's should be waiting for  
us in the car. Tell her I shouldn't  
be more then, what, ten minutes?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**  
Not even that.

Jacob stares at Principle Tate for a second or two before shrugging his shoulders and walking on out. Shelby looks at the the principle.

**SHELBY TATUM**  
What can I do for you, Mrs. Tate?  
Nothing's wrong with Jake, is  
there?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**  
I was hoping you could tell me.

**SHELBY TATUM**  
(*BLINKS*)  
Excuse me?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

Jacob used to be one of the brightest, most active student at this school. He was at every game, in every theater production. Now he does nothing, attends nothing...

Shelby deflates upon hearing this. She had noticed Jacob was isolating himself from her, but she had no idea he was doing it at school too.

**SHELBY TATUM**

Jacob's been under a lot of stress lately. My husband and I, we divorced earlier this year and Jake hasn't taken any of it very well.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

I'm so sorry to hear that.

**SHELBY TATUM**

Don't be. The divorce was for the best, Jake's just-- he's too young to understand that now.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

I see... Well, you've met our art instructor here at Rosewater, right?

**SHELBY TATUM**

Mrs. Campbell? Of course. I met her at the school's last art function. What about her?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

She came to me this morning with this.

She grabs a painting off her desk and hands it to Shelby. It's of a group of people dressed in black on a fiery red backdrop. Each person, there's four in total, has a frown on their face and red splotches on their hands.

**SHELBY TATUM**

What's this?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

It's Jacob's last art project. Now I don't know about you, but I find this quit disturbing.

**SHELBY TATUM**

Jacob watches a lot of scary movies--

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

Then I suggest you put an end to that. Immediately.

Shelby blinks, clearly taken a bit aback.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

This isn't the only picture he's done like this, Mrs. Tatum. There are others...

**SHELBY TATUM**

If there are others then why am I only just hearing about this now?

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

Mrs. Campbell didn't think the situation was all that serious until he turned in this one.

**SHELBY TATUM**

That wasn't her decision to make, just like what my son can and can't watch isn't your decision to make.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

*(SURPRISED)*

Mrs. Tatum, I didn't mean to offend. I'm only trying to help.

**SHELBY TATUM**

And I appreciate that, I do. I'll talk to Jake about this out in the car; which I left running. So I really should be going.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

If I've truly offended you in anyway--

**SHELBY TATUM**

Oh, you didn't. I just really have to go. I have an appointment and I just, you know, I can't miss it. But really I do appreciate this talk.

Without waiting for a reply, Shelby turns and starts for the front entrance. Principle Tate stares after her in shock.

**PRINCIPLE TATE**

Mrs. Tatum--

**SHELBY TATUM**

I'll see you at the next book  
fundraiser!

And she's gone, letting the door slam shut behind her. Principle Tate sighs before shaking her head, clearly wishing the conversation had ended better.