

American Crime Story
The Assassination of Gianni Versace

Episode Four

House By The Lake

By

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1

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS. DAY

1

A cheerful tourist infomercial for Minneapolis: 'City of Lakes'. Establishers of the city and surrounding landscape.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The name 'Minneapolis' was formed by combining the Dakota Sioux word 'mini' for water with the Greek word 'polis' for city. And so it's no surprise that water features prominently in the identity of this remarkable city, situated on the banks of the Mississippi River, with no less than thirteen lakes.

Text reads: **'One Week Before the Murder of Lee Miglin'**.

2

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. NIGHT

2

An establisher of the Harmony Lofts condo complex: a fashionable district - a hip young neighborhood.

3

INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT

3

CLOSE on a red digital microwave clock which reads: 9:43 PM. It changes to 9:44 PM --

And passing in front of the clock is DAVID MADSON, thirty three years old. Intelligent eyes. Blonde hair.

David is ambitious, tenacious and much loved.

He's wearing branded gym clothes, back from a work out. He's on an important phone call.

The condo is a chic space, open plan, high ceilings. The kitchen is being remodeled with expensive new appliances. Protective plastic sheets and tools strewn about.

David takes a bottle of Evian from the fridge and walks from the kitchen area to the living area -- a large dining room table covered with design schematics.

DAVID (ON PHONE)

I'm not the most senior or experienced -- I know that.

The designs are for a bank being converted into a restaurant. We see various images and mock-up photographs.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
But no one has worked harder on
this project. I'd like to be the
one who presents.

And now we see - behind him - the figure of a man. David
hasn't seen him. Instead, he's preoccupied with the good
news. He can pitch. He's happy but controls his delight.

DAVID (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I promise -- I won't let you down.

And now the unidentified man finally comes into clear view.

-- It's ANDREW CUNANAN.

Andrew is directly behind David. Watching. Listening. But not
part of this scene. It's scary. David hasn't seen him yet.

DAVID (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
And thank you. For this
opportunity. Thank you so much.

David hangs up. He turns, coming face to face with Andrew.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They said yes.

Andrew is about to speak when --

A dog, Prints, runs over to David. Forgetting about Andrew,
David bends down, hugging the dog. They adore each other.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to the dog)
They said "yes". Yes they did.

David stands, glancing at Andrew. The exchange is strained.

ANDREW
I'm happy for you.

DAVID
About this weekend -- we both said
some things we regret -- can we put
it behind us? Just be friends?

ANDREW
I don't regret anything I said.

DAVID
Okay -- but can we move on?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Sure.

DAVID

I'm going to grab a shower.

David cuts an awkward conversation short, we follow him into the bathroom -- the sequence of scenes flow continuously --

4 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BATHROOM. NIGHT 4

We follow David in -- he flicks the door shut, strips, jumps into the shower. He's humming, in high spirits.

While in the shower the door nudges open and Andrew stands at the doorway, looking in. David doesn't see.

Andrew steps back as David steps out the shower, toweling quickly. He does everything fast, with boundless energy. With a towel around his waist he steps out of the bathroom --

5 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 5

David steps out. No sign of Andrew. Drying his hair, David walks into the bedroom area. We follow him --

6 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM AREA. NIGHT 6

David enters, almost bumping into Andrew standing with Prints, the dog. Andrew's holding the leash.

DAVID

You're taking her for a walk?

ANDREW

Yes.

Andrew exits with Prints on the leash. David can sense something is up. But dismisses the thought, changes into a tracksuit. Grabs some of his notes and walks back out into --

7 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 7

David enters the living room space, walking over to the design schematics, ready to do some more work.

He sees Andrew in the kitchen, a silhouette obscured behind plastic partition sheets. He pays him no attention.

Now he notices that Prints is secured to the leg of the table. The dog *isn't* going for a walk. It's odd. Puzzled, David bends down, stroking Prints.

David stands, turns around to find --

(CONTINUED)

Andrew is now very close. He seems to have no awareness of personal space in this sequence.

DAVID
You're not walking Prints?
You just said you were walking
Prints?

Andrew opens his mouth but instead of words, a buzzer rings out, shrill & harsh, as if it were a scream from his throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Who's that?

ANDREW
Jeff.

DAVID
You guys are going out?

ANDREW
He's coming up.

DAVID
But I'm working --

ANDREW
It won't take long.

Annoyed, David turns back to work. But Andrew doesn't move. David belatedly notices Andrew isn't moving. It's weird.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Can you open the door?

DAVID
Are you kidding me?

ANDREW
Jeff's very hostile at the moment.
I don't want to get into an
argument with him in your doorway.

The shrill-harsh-buzzer rings again.

DAVID
I don't have time for this.

David doesn't resist any further. As he walks to the door --

ANDREW
And it will give the two of you a
chance to talk about me.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
What did you say?

ANDREW
When you bring him up.
You'll have a chance.
To talk about me.

DAVID
Why don't you open the door?

ANDREW
He'd much prefer to see you.

David's exhausted & exasperated with this nonsense. He considers what to do.

He leaves. Andrew remains.

8 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FRONT HALLWAY. NIGHT 8

David opens the main door. And JEFF TRAIL steps inside. Jeff is extraordinarily handsome. In a wholesome way. Twenty eight. Tall. Black hair. A heroic aspect to him but someone who's fallen on tough times.

He operates at a slower pace compared to David.

In contrast to Andrew the men have an easy-natural-chemistry.

DAVID
Hey.

JEFF
Hey.
(pointing up)
How's he?

DAVID
(shakes his head)
He asked me to marry him.

JEFF
Are you serious?

DAVID
Said I was the 'man of his dreams'.
His 'last chance of happiness'.

JEFF
How did you get out of it?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
I told him it was illegal for us to
marry.

They smile. But, in truth, they find it sad.

They enter the elevator.

9 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. ELEVATOR. NIGHT 9

We follow them in. David presses fourth floor. The doors
close. The elevator rises up. David and Jeff stand close.

DAVID
He thinks you're the reason I said
no. Thinks I'm in love with you.

JEFF
Did you tell him *he's* the reason
you said no?

DAVID
He has no one.

JEFF
He should ask himself why.

DAVID
He knows about us.

JEFF
No one knows --

DAVID
He has this feline intuition.

The elevator comes to a stop. The doors open --

10 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT 10

David steps out the elevator with Jeff.

JEFF
You can't feel sorry for him.

DAVID
Why not? You do.

JEFF
Not any more.

DAVID
So why did you come over?

JEFF
He took something.
From my apartment.

DAVID
What did he take?

JEFF
My gun.

DAVID
Your gun?

JEFF
I never want to see him again.

David opens the door to apartment 404. He walks in.

Jeff follows behind --

11 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 11

David steps into the loft. There's no sign of Andrew. Prints --
-- the dog -- is secured to the table. Laying flat. *Cowering.*

And then Andrew appears, from the blind spot to the side of
the door, with a steel claw hammer in his hand.

And for the first time in this sequence Andrew is moving
fast, striding forward, he lifts the hammer up --

12 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 12

The gloomy corridor. The door to apartment 404 is ajar, a
crack of light, and then, suddenly, it slams violently shut.

13 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 13

CLOSE ON the bloody cracked face of a cheap wrist watch,
glass smashed, second-hand motionless, time frozen at 9.55PM.

CLOSE ON David's eyes. Blood across David's face: a fine
spray. David in shock. But unharmed.

We turn to see Andrew, sweaty, out of breath, holding the
bloody hammer, standing over the body of Jeff.

Andrew seems relieved, like it was something that he'd needed
to do for years, violence and rage building and building.

Closeted fury finally expressed he sighs, a deep-long sigh
and now turns his attention to David.

(CONTINUED)

Andrew steps towards David. David is convinced he's about to be killed. His speech is survival-instinct-raw.

DAVID
No-no-stop-please!

David can retreat no further and slumps against the wall.

Instead of killing him, Andrew wraps his arms around him, still holding the bloody hammer.

With his free hand, Andrew tenderly cups David's head, the blood on his hand marking David's cheek.

ANDREW
It's okay, I promise, it's all going to be okay.

TITLE SEQUENCE: AMERICAN CRIME STORY

14 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 14

Andrew helps David up -- guiding him, step by step, away from the bloody corpse of Jeff, which lays against the door.

David is shivering, numb, ghostly-pale, as though he's been rescued from the freezing ocean. Not resisting, not in control of his body, unable to speak.

Andrew is tender with him, slowly, carefully, protectively, walking him towards the bathroom --

15 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BATHROOM. NIGHT 15

Andrew and David enter. Andrew helps take off David's bloody T-shirt, addressing him like he's a child.

ANDREW
Arms up.

David, too scared, too shocked to disobey, lifts his arms up. Andrew pulls the T-shirt up over his head.

Andrew then takes off his own bloody T-shirt, putting them together -- the two bloody shirts -- in the bath.

He helps David into the shower and follows him in, turns the water on, checking the temperature.

Blood seeps from Andrew's jeans. From David's track suit. From Andrew's black hair. From David's blonde hair.

They're both still wearing their trousers, now wet and skin tight. Sex & death disturbingly muddled.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
I understand.

DAVID
Call the police.

ANDREW
Yes.

DAVID
Call them!

ANDREW
I'll call them.

DAVID
Do it now.

David stands. He slips, unsteady, as if he's also lost basic motor functions. He steadies himself, learning how to walk.

16 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 16

David walks out. He stares at the wall directly ahead, the kitchen, the plastic, and then, slowly, he turns to look --

He sees the body of Jeff against the door, on the floor, a horrific sight. And in the way of an exit.

David turns in the opposite direction, unable to look, let alone cross the body. He retreats into the bedroom.

17 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 17

David hurries in. He shuts the door. Locks it. He slumps on the bed, shivering, pulls the blanket around him.

He watches as the door handle moves. Andrew trying to enter. Discovering that it's locked, he leaves the door alone.

18 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 18

The digital clock beside David's bed now says: 10:40 PM. It changes to 10:41 PM.

David, numb, snot hanging from his nose. He belatedly wipes it with the back of his hand.

He's changed out of the pants he was wearing at the time of the murder. They're on the floor, drying.

On the wall are a spread of family photos -- his father, his mother. Lovely photos. A small town called Barron.

(CONTINUED)

David glances at the door. No movement on the handle. No sign of Andrew. No sound. No noise. No police.

David slowly stands. He unlocks the door. He steps out --

19 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. NIGHT 19

Scared, David checks the blind spots -- Andrew not waiting. The room is dark. Lights are off. We're tense.

David shuffles through the space, searching --

And then he sees Andrew seated in the dark, at the dining room table, holding the phone.

 DAVID
Did you call?

 ANDREW
If you want me too, I will.

 DAVID
You haven't called?

 ANDREW
I've been worrying --

 DAVID
Give me the phone.

 ANDREW
About you --

 DAVID
Give me the phone.

 ANDREW
And what will happen to you.

 DAVID
Give me the phone.

 ANDREW
I'll tell them you had nothing to do with it --

 DAVID
Give me the phone --

 ANDREW
Will they believe me?

 DAVID
Give me --

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

This is your apartment.

DAVID

Give me the phone.

ANDREW

You brought Jeff up.

DAVID

Give me...

ANDREW

You opened the door.

DAVID

Give me...

ANDREW

You let him in.

DAVID

Give me. The phone.

The first burst of resistance from David. Andrew falls silent, sharply, his mood darkening.

He stands walking towards David. Who is now afraid. Andrew places the phone on the table. An offer. Or a challenge?

David slowly reaches for the phone. He picks it up.

Andrew places his hands in his pocket. And now we see, under his T-shirt, tucked into his trousers -- Jeff's gun.

David holding the phone, staring at the gun.

He presses 9. Presses 1. About to press 1 again.

ANDREW

I'll get thirty years.
But you'll get ten.
I can't allow you to go to jail.
I can't allow it.
I can't.

Anguished, Andrew scratches his head.

David stares.

After an excruciating wait David presses a button on the phone: the off button. And he places the phone back down.

Andrew seems to relax.

20

INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

20

David stands flat against the wall, observing.

Andrew opens David's drawers: he knows the space well, finding items and laying them out on the bed.

David watching as Andrew lays out explicit porn magazines, sex toys, handcuffs, lube, steroids, restraints, rolls of tape, as seen in Episodes Two and Three.

To David, this is a mix of madness and logic from Andrew. Whenever Andrew's eyes are away from him, he's looking to escape, by the door, by the window, assessing options.

ANDREW

When the police open the door --
They'll see two suspects.
Not two victims.

DAVID

I had nothing to do with this --

ANDREW

They won't believe you.

DAVID

You'll tell them?

ANDREW

They won't listen to me --

DAVID

You'll confess.

ANDREW

They hate us!
They've always hated us.

DAVID

I'm not a killer.

ANDREW

You're a fag.

DAVID

I've never hurt anyone.

ANDREW

(with understanding)
I know that.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I need... to phone my dad... I need
to ask him what to do... I need...
(crying)
I need to talk to my dad.
I need my dad. My dad.
I need my dad.

ANDREW

If you speak to your dad he'll have
to turn you in. Or he'll be
committing a crime. And he's never
going to turn you in. You can't put
him in that position.

The shame hits David powerfully. He clutches his head.

DAVID

(crying)
Andrew? I'm going to leave...
Now.
Okay? I'm going to leave.
I'm going to leave.
I'm going to leave.

David walks to the door. He's going to leave!

ANDREW

You can leave -- you can.
Once you've thought it through.

Andrew is in the way of the door.

DAVID

I'm going to leave --

ANDREW

Once you've thought it through.

A stand off. Afraid for his life, David backs down.

21 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. SUNRISE 21

Sunlight creeps into the condo -- catching the blood, the
slumped bloody body of Jeff still against the door.

The digital microwave clock says -- 5:34 AM. It changes to
5:44 AM.

22 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM. SUNRISE 22

David exhausted, seated on the floor, back against the wall,
as sunlight enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

Andrew seated on the floor, near the door, on the opposite side of the room. Neither have slept.

With the warmth of the sunrise, Andrew's eyes finally close.

David stands, walking silently towards the door. He's almost there when Andrew's eyes open. He stands up sharply.

Fury at this perceived betrayal. In the face of Andrew's fury David is trying to placate him.

ANDREW

Were you going to leave me?

DAVID

No --

ANDREW

You were going to leave me.

DAVID

She needs a walk.
She'll start to bark.
People will knock on the door.

ANDREW

You're going to walk the dog?

DAVID

Yes.

A lie. But a good excuse. Andrew nods. He opens the door.

23 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. SUNRISE 23

David enters the living area, staring at the front door. Jeff's body still blocking the way.

Andrew enters the room, standing beside David, considering how best to handle this. He grabs an oriental patterned red rug, pulling it over to Jeff's body.

ANDREW

Turn away.

David obeys, turning his back on the scene.

Andrew rolls Jeff's body onto the rug. And then proceeds to roll the rug around the body, wrapping him up.

With the body rolled up, Andrew tries to drag it away from the door. But it's too heavy. Or is it? He looks at David.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

David?

David turns, appalled that he's being asked. But Andrew seems sincere, this is too heavy, they need to move it.

David considers, finally he helps Andrew, pulling the rug, dragging the body away from the door, behind the sofa.

There's a large amount of blood. Andrew grabs kitchen paper and making a patchy attempt at cleaning up.

With Andrew busy, David moves quickly. He unfastens his dog. He walks over the blood smeared floor.

He's at the front door, almost out, almost free, unlocking it, a tiny chink of hallway outside visible --

Andrew washing his hands in the kitchen. Seeing David about to leave Andrew hurries over. Putting his hand on the door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'll come with you.

DAVID

You don't need to.

ANDREW

You don't want me to come?

DAVID

If you're tired --

ANDREW

You want to walk her without me?

DAVID

No, no --

ANDREW

Yes you do --

DAVID

I thought you were tired!

ANDREW

Do I seem tired?

DAVID

Let's walk the dog. You and me. I want to walk the dog with you. I want to do everything with you.

(CONTINUED)

David puts a reassuring hand on Andrew's arm. Andrew nods, softening, content again.

They open the door, glancing out --

24 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. SUNRISE ~~24~~

David and Andrew step out with the dog. They press the call button for the elevator. The doors open --

25 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. ELEVATOR. SUNRISE 25

David and Andrew step into the empty elevator with the dog in between them. The doors close --

At the last moment a hand catches the doors. And KAREN, twenty eight, clever, friendly neighbor joins them, smiling at both, heading off to work. She's a burst of sunshine.

KAREN
Morning David.

DAVID
(on the brink of crying)
Hi. Karen.

KAREN
(to Andrew)
Morning.

Andrew says nothing. Which Karen thinks is rude. She assesses David and Andrew as a couple. She's assessing too much, paying them too much attention -- she's in danger.

The doors to the elevator close. It descends.

David turns to look at Andrew, worried he might hurt someone else. Andrew staring at Karen. She's becoming uncomfortable. His hands move behind his back.

David can see the gun, tucked into Andrew's pants.

The dog, Prints, starts to whimper. Karen strokes her head.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(to David)
Someone doesn't like the elevator today?

DAVID
No. Guess not.

David assessing his options. Should he just run now?

He stops walking. He lets go of the leash, hoping Prints will run away, cause a commotion, a distraction. *Anything.*

The dog sits beside him, obedient. Doesn't run. David looks at her imploring. Andrew bends down, picking up the leash.

David see, up ahead, a MOTHER walking her little SON. They're coming towards them. The mother waves to him.

DAVID
Let's go back.

ANDREW
There's no going back. You understand that, don't you?

David puts an arm around Andrew, walking him back, away from the mother and her son.

27 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. DAY 27

Andrew packing some items. A clean pair of clothes. David stands watching him, confused, tormented, in turmoil.

And then -- a knock on the door. David and Andrew both turn.

LINDA (O.S.)
David?

28 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 28

LINDA, a kind, bright work friend of David, stands outside the door with JENNIFER, the building's caretaker.

Linda represents his old life. Dressed for the office, carrying a leather satchel. She looks at Jennifer.

LINDA
He'd never miss work and not call.
It would never happen.

Inside the dog begins to whimper. They both hear.

29 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. DAY 29

Another knock. Prints barks. David moves to the door. Andrew grabs his arm. Prints barks again. The dog is unsettled.

LINDA (O.S.)
David!

(CONTINUED)

David struggling with the dilemma. Linda is in danger. He looks at Andrew, totally lost.

ANDREW

Do you want to be here when they
open that door?
When they scream?

David must decide.

30 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 30

Linda looks at Jennifer. Jennifer nods: something is wrong.

JENNIFER

I'll fetch the keys.

Jennifer walks off alone. Linda, afraid, hurries after her.

31 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 31

Jennifer and Linda return to apartment 404.

Jennifer holds a huge bunch of spare keys. She fumbles, finds the right one and unlocks the door. She nervous.

The door opens -- and Prints races past, causing Linda to start. And then she turns.

Linda looks in --

We see Jeff's body -- rolled up in the rug, behind the couch.

32 EXT. HARMONY LOFTS. STREET. DAY 32

Andrew and David leave the building, walking away, towards the red Jeep Grand Cherokee: the vehicle we saw in Episode Three. David waits a beat. Unsure. Andrew looks at him.

David looks at the passers-by.

The ordinary folk.

David gets into the Jeep. Andrew gets into the Jeep, smiling at David, as they were setting off on a happy road trip.

And we watch the Jeep pull away, into the distance.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

33 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. ELEVATOR. DAY 33

DETECTIVE TICHICH - pronounced Titch-Itch. Twenty four years service on the force, Caucasian, lean, unusual-looking. Clumsy in delicate situations but not spiteful.

His partner is in his thirties, PETE JACKSON, an African American ex-narc, with far better people skills. The two men like each other and banter affectionately.

A patrol officer stands between them as they ascend.

TICHICH

What do you make of the buzzer not opening the door?

PATROL OFFICER

Oh. Yeah. It's annoying.

The elevator arrives. The doors open --

34 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 34

Another patrol officer stands at the open door to apartment 404. Jennifer, the caretaker, is outside with Linda.

Tichich approaches with Jackson.

TICHICH

I'm detective Tichich. This is Detective Jackson. You're the two young ladies who found the body?

JENNIFER

(she's forty five)

I'm Jennifer - I manage the building.

LINDA

I'm Linda -- I work with David. At John Ryan Architects.

JENNIFER

I opened the door because we could hear the dog was distressed.

LINDA

David hadn't shown up to work which is so unlike him --

TICHICH

Where is the dog now?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
(you're asking about the
dog?)
She's with me.

LINDA
I saw David's body --

TICHICH
It's David's apartment?

JENNIFER
Yes.

JACKSON
What can you tell us about him?

JENNIFER
He's a nice man.

LINDA
He's thirty three. He's a
successful architect. A great guy.

JACKSON
Does he have a girlfriend? A wife?

LINDA
He's gay.

TICHICH
A homosexual?

LINDA
Right.

JACKSON
Can you two stay here?
We're going to need a statement.

Linda nods -- she's upset. Tichich and Jackson enter the
apartment, passing the patrol officer standing guard --

Tichich and Jackson assess the scene -- the partially cleaned
blood from the floor. The body rolled up in a rug, dragged
behind the brown sofa. It's disturbing and odd.

No forensics yet. Tichich and Jackson approach the rolled up
body in rug. Tichich crouches, staring at the bloody hair and
smashed skull, the only part of the body visible.

Tichich sees a wallet on the dining room table. Using a pen he opens it. We see David's driver's license. Some money.

TICHICH
It wasn't a robbery.
(to patrol officer)
Any sign of forced entry?

PATROL OFFICER
No sir.

Tichich walks through to the bathroom ---

36 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BATHROOM. DAY 36

Tichich inspects the bloody T-shirts, in the bath, the soiled towels. Jackson follows. The entire approach is casual.

Tichich leaves. We follow him --

37 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. DAY 37

Tichich addresses the patrol officer.

TICHICH
Any press here yet?

PATROL OFFICER
No sir.

TICHICH
Can we get someone?

PATROL OFFICER
I don't think they're going to send anyone for this.

TICHICH
No. Probably not.

Tichich nods, enters the bedroom. We follow him --

38 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. BEDROOM. DAY 38

Tichich enters immediately struck by the scene.

Porn, lube, sex toys, handcuffs, the rolls of tape.

Jackson follows him in, observing the scene. Using gloves, Tichich picks up the items, making fun of them.

TICHICH
(reading lube brand)
Wet and Wild. Silky pleasure.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TICHICH (CONT'D)
(reading porn title)
'Power Bottoms'.

JACKSON
What the hell is that?

TICHICH
A gay thing.
This whole thing is a gay thing.

JACKSON
What are we talking about?

TICHICH
Guy turns up. Maybe they know each other. Probably they don't. They do what they do. All this extreme stuff. High risk. It goes wrong. David ends up in a rug. The other guy runs. Doesn't steal a thing.

Jackson inspects the items, neither agreeing nor disagreeing. He finds a black sports bag. Putting on gloves he examines the contents: a set of steroids. In glass containers.

JACKSON
Steroids.

TICHICH
Bodybuilder. Makes sense. Makes you strong. Makes you aggressive too.

Jackson takes out a box of 'golden saber' bullets.

JACKSON
Golden saber. Jacketed Hollow Point Flat Base. Non coated. 40' Caliber. Maximum expansion. High accuracy.

TICHICH
Where's the gun?

A patrol officer enters.

PATROL OFFICER
Forensics are here.

Tichich nods. He exits. We follow him --

Tichich enters. DOCTOR ERIC BURTON is head of forensics.

TICHICH

Hey Eric.

FORENSIC

How are you?

TICHICH

Not too bad. You?

FORENSIC

Yeah. All good.

TICHICH

We got a weird one for you.

FORENSIC

So I see.

TICHICH

Did they buzz you in?

FORENSIC

I'm sorry?

TICHICH

The buzzer? Did you use it?

FORENSIC

No. Someone was leaving when I was arriving --

TICHICH

It's the craziest thing --
(gestures at body in rug)
This guy has a buzzer that doesn't buzz you in. You have to walk down to the front door.

FORENSIC

Is that so?

TICHICH

Jackson doesn't think it's strange.

FORENSIC

It's definitely strange.

A patrol officer approaches, tapping Tichich on the shoulder.

PATROL OFFICER

One of the women wants a word.

Tichich walks out of apartment --

40 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT 40

Tichich exits the apartment, approaches Jennifer and Linda.

LINDA

David had a friend staying with him
this weekend. A man called Andrew.

TICHICH

Do you remember his last name?

LINDA

'Ko. No. Nun'. Or something.

TICHICH

Can you describe him?

LINDA

Taller than David. He had black
hair, Latino, maybe. He said a lot
that didn't sound right to me.

TICHICH

Such as?

LINDA

That he was a Jewish millionaire
New Yorker. That his father drove
around in a Rolls Royce. That he
was building sets for the Titanic
movie down in Mexico. He talked
big. But seemed kind of small.

TICHICH

Black hair you say?

LINDA

That's right.

TICHICH

What color is David's hair?

LINDA

Blonde.

TICHICH

Blonde?

LINDA

Yes. Blonde.

TICHICH

Will you excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

Tichich returns to the apartment --

41 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. DAY 41

Jackson and the forensic doctor are assessing the body.
Tichich meanders over, taking down a photo of David with his
father from the wall, studying the photo.

FORENSIC

I don't want to unroll the rug
here. Might lose valuable evidence.
Much better to carry it whole, back
to the lab, unroll it there.

Tichich crouches down again, examining the crushed head,
while the conversation continues. Comparing it to the photo.

TICHICH

Gentlemen, what color would you say
his hair is?

JACKSON

Black.

FORENSIC

That is black hair.

TICHICH

David's hair was blonde.

(shares photo)

This isn't David. This is his
friend. Andrew Ko. Nan. Noon.

The three of them stare at the smashed head, sticking out of
the rug. Black bloody hair.

JACKSON

What are you going to do?

TICHICH

It means David is alive. It means
we're in his apartment without a
search warrant. And it means we've
entered the premise illegally. We
have no choice. We pull out.

FORENSIC

I'm not sure we need to leave --

TICHICH

We come back with a search warrant.
We do this by the book.

(CONTINUED)

FORENSIC
We have a crime scene --

TICHICH
I don't want my case falling apart
in court.

Jackson, Tichich, the forensic doctor, and the patrol
officers retreat to the front door. We follow them out into --

42 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 42

The small police team exit the apartment, locking it after
them. Tichich turns to the baffled two women.

JENNIFER
What's going on?

TICHICH
David Madson isn't the victim.
He's the killer.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 EXT. WISCONSIN. LAKE. DAY (PAST) 43

CLOSE on a young boy's hand passing through tall reeds.

David, as a scrawny-happy-young boy, seven years old, bright blonde hair, dressed for a country expedition with his father, HOWARD, a craggy & wise figure.

They're walking beside a remote & picturesque lake. Howard carries a hunting rifle. And a backpack.

They approach a simple timber hunting shack by the water. Not a house, a basic hut to shelter from inclement weather.

44 INT. WISCONSIN. LAKE. HUNTING SHACK. DAY (PAST) 44

Inside a simple timber shack. LITTLE DAVID sits, watching his father pour him a hot chocolate from a thermos. He hands it to him. He pours himself a black coffee. They both sip.

45 EXT. WISCONSIN. LAKE. DAY (PAST) 45

Little David crouched, in the reeds, waiting, excited, silent. Up ahead he watches his father take aim.

And then -- a tremendous bang. His dad fires. Little David startled by the noise.

His father takes him by the hand. They walk together, arriving at a dead duck by the water's edge.

Little David bends down and touches the duck, the broken feathers. He tries to fix them, putting them back together

And when he realizes the duck can't be fixed he starts to cry. His father doesn't know what to do.

DAVID'S FATHER

We spoke about this.

I explained.

He picks his son up, hugging him.

46 INT/EXT. PICK UP TRUCK / WISCONSIN. LAKE. DAY (PAST) 46

After the hunt, both back in the truck.

Howard turns to his son, little David.

LITTLE DAVID

Are you angry?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID'S FATHER

No. Of course not. Hunting isn't for everyone. That's all. And that's okay. I enjoyed my coffee with you. Very much. We can still go for hikes. By the lake. I don't want you to be sad. I never want you to be sad.

BACK TO:

47 INT/EXT. JEEP CHEROKEE / REMOTE ROAD. DAY (PRESENT) 47

David's eyes on the road as it slips past.

Andrew driving through the countryside outside of Minneapolis. Lakes. Rivers. Forests. Sparsely populated.

Andrew glances over at David. But David has his whole body rotated away from Andrew.

Trying to lure David out of his introspection, Andrew turns on the radio, flicking through the stations.

He hears a song that he likes. He sings along, trying to lure David out.

It fails. He gives up. He flicks through the stations. We hear fragments of news but nothing about a murder. Andrew tries a different approach, outlining his plan.

ANDREW

I know a man. In Chicago. Very wealthy. Lee Miglin. He's a property developer. We've worked together on a couple of projects. He's a close friend. He'll give us more than enough money to make it to Mexico.

(silence)

You're worried about the border? I've been moving product across it for years. I know people.

(silence)

It's a long drive but we stay under the speed limit. We change the plates. We'll be okay. You should start thinking about your new life. What you want to do with it.

DAVID

My life?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I know you probably want to part ways once we're there -- I'd respect that -- but we make a great team. And the truth is we have no one else.

David looks at him.

48 EXT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENTS HOUSE. DAY 48

David's father parks outside a small row house. A well kept house in a friendly town.

He steps out the car and heads to the porch.

He doesn't notice the unmarked police car pull up on the other side of the road.

49 INT. DAVID'S PARENTS HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 49

David's father sitting down to eat dinner. CAROL, his wife, is on the phone. He reads an anniversary card.

"Happy Anniversary Mom & Dad. I hope to match you guys one day! You're the best. Lots of love, David".

Carol hangs up the phone.

DAVID'S MOTHER

David's not answering.

DAVID'S FATHER

He's working. He's always working.

DAVID'S MOTHER

He always returns my calls.

David's father considers that fact.

50 INT. DAVID MADSON'S LOFT. OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA. DAY 50

Tichich, Jackson and the forensics team re-enter the apartment with a search warrant.

51 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. FOURTH FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 51

Two FORENSIC OFFICERS carry out the rolled-up rug with the body of Jeff still inside.

52 INT. MINNEAPOLIS. FORENSIC LAB. DAY 52

The forensic team finally unroll the red oriental rug. Revealing the body of Jeff. His face is unrecognizable. A savage attack on this man's identity.

They cut away his clothes. We go CLOSE on various details --

A Marvin the Martian tattoo on ankle. A toe ring. A pierced nipple. A wallet pulled from his trousers.

It's opened. We see the driver's license. Jeff's handsome photograph. Eric Burton stares at it. He picks up the phone --

53 INT. HARMONY LOFTS. SECOND FLOOR. COMMUNAL CORRIDOR. DAY 53

Tichich and Jackson interviewing the dog walker who passed Andrew and David. Her well groomed dog sits beside her.

DOG WALKER

David's dog, Prints, was on the leash. Normally he'd allow her to run freely. So that was odd. But other than that...

TICHICH

And what was David's attitude towards the other man? Did he seem angry? Aggressive?

DOG WALKER

Neither of them seemed angry. They were... well... walking the dog.

Tichich's clunky cell phone rings. He steps away from the dog walker and takes the call.

FORENSIC (V.O)

The victim isn't Andrew. And it isn't David. He's someone called Jeff -- Jeffrey Trail.

TICHICH (ON PHONE)

Who the hell is Jeff Trail?

54 EXT. BLEAK GAS STATION. SUNSET 54

David stands, utterly lost.

A ramshackle out-of-the-way gas station. Road movie iconic, not modern. Andrew filling up with gas.

A station wagon at the other pump. A neat & orderly middle aged COUPLE have paid and are leaving.

(CONTINUED)

The WOMAN glares at Andrew. Then at David, purposefully manifesting disdain at this rag-tag gay couple.

David catches her stare. It cuts through him. She gets into her car & drives off. David hurries round to Andrew.

DAVID
She recognized me.

ANDREW
Who?

DAVID
That woman.

ANDREW
Impossible.

DAVID
I'm telling you --

ANDREW
She can't have --

DAVID
The way she looked at me --

ANDREW
There's been no news coverage --

DAVID
Why would she look at me like that?

ANDREW
Like what?

DAVID
Like she hated me.

ANDREW
(warming to idea)
Let's go after her.

DAVID
What?

ANDREW
Let's run her off the road and ask
her --

DAVID
No --

ANDREW
Why did you look at my friend like
that?

DAVID
Andrew --

ANDREW
When he's done nothing wrong!
When he's the nicest, kindest man --

DAVID
Stop!
No one else gets hurt.
You promised.

ANDREW
Whatever you say, David.

They get into the truck.

55 EXT. MINNEAPOLIS. STAR TRIBUNE OFFICES. 3RD AVENUE. NIGHT 55

An establisher: the green star sign of the Star Tribune.

56 INT. STAR TRIBUNE. NEWS FLOOR. NIGHT 56

A grizzled overworked underpaid female journalist working
hard on a story. Smoking. Her phone rings, she answers,
taking notes. We see her scrawling on a tatty scrap of paper.

*"Murder. Harmony Lofts. Warehouse District. Victim -- Man.
Twenty eight years old. Unmarried."*

JOURNALIST (ON PHONE)
It will run tomorrow.
Inside pages.

She hangs up, returning to her front page story about traffic
problems in the downtown area.

57 INT/EXT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENTS HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 57

A loud knock on the door. David's father opens it. Carol, his
wife, joins him.

Standing on the porch -- Tichich and Jackson.

58 INT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENTS HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 58

Carol has made coffee. Her hands are trembling as she pours.
David's father stands, watching her. Tichich is brash.

(CONTINUED)

TICHICH

No parent wants to hear that their child is involved in a crime --

DAVID'S FATHER

David didn't do this.

TICHICH

People saw your son with this other man -- Andrew Ko Na Non. They were calmly walking the dog while in his apartment was Jeffrey Trail, skull smashed from twenty seven blows from a steel hammer. That hammer belongs to your son --

Carol leaves the room, visibly upset.

DAVID'S FATHER

I don't know this man Andrew --

TICHICH

His friends in San Diego say he's reliable. Intelligent. Generous is a word they use.

DAVID'S FATHER

I know my son. *I know him.*

(voice breaks)

I'm telling you -- he didn't do this. I'm telling you.

TICHICH

I can say with certainty there's a great deal you don't know about your son.

David looking out the window at the night road passing by. The white lines in the jeep's headlights.

Andrew driving. He's given up trying to entice David into conversation. He's flicking through news radio stations.

ANDREW

I'm so glad you decided to come with me.

DAVID

I'm playing over...
Everything the police are going to find out about me.
And I realize...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've been doing this my whole life... Playing over and over the moment people found about me... The police will knock on my parents' door.

They were so proud of me.

And the police will tell them:

"That boy you're so proud of... he's a suspect..."

Barron is a small town.

Everyone will talk.

"Did you hear?".

"The boy's a suspect".

And they'll say...

"There was always something suspect about that boy."

How are they going to live there now? My parents? With all that talk? Who's going to buy from my dad's shop?

(silence)

Was I really afraid? When I got into this car with you? That you were going to kill me?

ANDREW

I could never hurt you.

You're the love of my life.

DAVID

Or was I afraid of the disgrace? Is that what I'm running from? The shame of it all. I'm a coward.

ANDREW

You're not a coward.

You're my last chance of happiness.

DAVID

Happiness?

(laughs then cries)

Happiness...

ANDREW

You need to look forward.

DAVID

To what?

ANDREW

Mexico.

David stares at the road.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
(a whisper)
Crash it.

ANDREW
What?

DAVID
Crash it.

David unbuckles his seat belt, climbing up on the dashboard.
His body against the window. Precarious stuff.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Crash it! Crash it! Crash it!

Andrew slows down, sternly awaiting David to calm down. Which he does.

David climbs back into the seat.

INT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENTS HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

David's father holding open the door, Tichich walks out.
Jackson is about to leave. David's father catches his arm.

DAVID'S FATHER
You seem like a fair man.

JACKSON
I try to be, sir.

DAVID'S FATHER
If my son's with this man, he won't
stay with him, he'll try to stop
him, or get away. When he does try,
something awful might happen.

JACKSON
It's possible.

DAVID'S FATHER
I don't want that man phoning this
house --
(points to Tichich)
You send the Pastor, you hear me. I
don't want my wife to hear the news
from him.

JACKSON
That isn't our policy, sir.

DAVID'S FATHER

I don't give a damn about your
policy, promise me, I won't hear
the news from that man. Promise me?

Jackson nods.

61 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR / BARRON. NIGHT 61

Jackson climbs into the car. Tichich turns to him.

TICHICH

Tomorrow we go to Hennepin County
attorney's office and ask for a
warrant charging David Madson with
murder.

62 EXT. ROADSIDE BAR. NIGHT 62

A middle-of-nowhere run-down drinking establishment. Timber
walls. A neon sign. A purgatory place.

Andrew parks the jeep. They step out and walk towards the
entrance, Andrew trailing David.

63 INT. ROADSIDE BAR. NIGHT 63

A noir and moody atmosphere with spherical tables arranged
around a spotlit stage.

A gleaming steel old-fashioned microphone awaits a singer.

Andrew and David enter, taking a seat at one of the tables.
Many of the tables are empty. A few are taken, populated with
peculiar marginal FIGURES, smoking in the shadows.

David remains desolate. Andrew trying to be upbeat.

ANDREW

You should try to eat.
You'll feel better after you eat.

David stands up. Andrew stands up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

DAVID

To the restroom.
Is that okay?

Andrew considers. He nods. David goes alone. Andrew watches.

64 INT. ROADSIDE BAR. MEN'S RESTROOM. NIGHT 64

David enters, alone. And waits by the door, to see if Andrew is going to follow. *He doesn't.*

David assesses the room. There's a small window at the back, a panel, barely small enough to crawl out.

65 INT. ROADSIDE BAR. NIGHT 65

Andrew sits alone at the table.

He looks at the restroom door.

Staccato applause as tonight's performer walks on stage.

The SINGER is a woman, older than fifty. She has a swollen black eye, several days old. No make up to hide it.

She takes her place in the blazing bright spotlight. And she sings with a hoarse raspy intensity, the lyrics from: "Hurt".

FEMALE SINGER

I hurt myself today.
To see if I still feel.

CLOSE on Andrew, at the table, listening.

66 INT. ROADSIDE BAR. NIGHT 66

The singing continues, traveling through the walls.

David climbs up, on the cistern, wrapping his hand in his shirt, carefully smashing the glass window panel.

FEMALE SINGER (V.O.)

I focus on the pain.
The only thing that's real.

He looks out the window, through the smashed glass, at the world outside. And stands there, a breeze in his hair.

David takes a moment to watch the cars passing by. The people walking by. The ordinary world.

The energy of his escape changes -- he contemplates the world he'd be escaping to.

67 INT. ROADSIDE BAR. NIGHT 67

Andrew, alone at the table, gun in his hands, under the table, entirely fixated on the singer.

FEMALE SINGER

The needle tears a hole.
The old familiar sting.

Andrew begins to cry, honest tears, sincere, tears from a deep dark place -- some distant remnants of his humanity.

FEMALE SINGER (CONT'D)

Try to kill it all away.
But I remember everything.

And then to Andrew's surprise, David returns. He stands for a moment. And then sits back down, taking his place.

David looks at Andrew. To his amazement he sees that Andrew is crying: the first tears since the murder.

FEMALE SINGER (CONT'D)

What have I become.
My sweetest friend.
Everyone I know goes away.
In the end.

With his free hand Andrew reaches over the table, taking David's hand and holding it tight.

David doesn't pull his hand away.

FEMALE SINGER (CONT'D)

And you could have it all.
My empire of dirt.
I will let you down.
I will make you hurt.

Andrew and David watch together -- holding hands.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

68 EXT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENT'S HOUSE. YARD. DAY (PAST) 68

David father working in the yard. He looks up to see --

David, aged twenty six, returning home. David is dressed in branded clothes, contrasting with Howard's worn work clothes.

David's father warmly embraces his son.

69 INT. BARRON. DAVID'S PARENT'S HOUSE. GARAGE. DAY (PAST) 69

David unrolls a diploma.

His father puts on his spectacles, reading it.

DAVID'S FATHER

"The University, Minnesota-Duluth,
President's Award, for the
architecture student with the most
outstanding thesis."

DAVID

Top of the class.

DAVID'S FATHER

This is really something. But you
did the work. You always have. You
put in the hours. You deserve this.

DAVID

Dad, I'm gay.

Silence.

DAVID'S FATHER

Do you mind if I take a moment? I
don't want to... say the wrong
thing... Is that okay?

David nods. Long silence. Howard contemplates.

DAVID'S FATHER (CONT'D)

I won't lie. And say it doesn't
make a difference. You know what I
believe. And maybe this isn't what
you wanted to hear. Maybe you
wanted to be told I don't have a
problem with it. I can't say that.
But I can say I love you more than
I love my own life --

(David - emotional - nods)

Don't cry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Go to the table: Andrew eating eggs. David doesn't eat, watching Andrew, intently. Andrew doesn't like being watched. But something inside of David has changed.

DAVID

You remember where we met?

ANDREW

Market Street --

DAVID

San Francisco --

ANDREW

November 1995 --

DAVID

You were wearing expensive clothes.
And drinking expensive wine.

ANDREW

You were alone at the bar.

DAVID

And you were surrounded by your
high society friends.

ANDREW

I sent you a drink.

DAVID

I thought to myself -- who does
that? Who sends a stranger a drink?

ANDREW

You looked lonely.

DAVID

I was lonely.

ANDREW

That's why I asked you to join our
table --

DAVID

You had everyone laughing. Your
friends. The waiters. I thought: I
want to be like you. Sophisticated.
Rich. 'Erudite' -- that's the kind
of word you'd use, isn't it? You
were throwing money around like it
didn't matter. Only the best.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was hoping you'd ask me back to your hotel but I figured -- what's this man going to see in me? A small town boy?

ANDREW

I couldn't wait to invite you.

DAVID

My God -- that hotel --

ANDREW

The Mandarin Oriental.

DAVID

A thousand dollars a night!

ANDREW

A bay suite --

DAVID

You told me you'd changed rooms three times because you wanted to see the Golden Gate Bridge.

ANDREW

It was the best night of my life.

DAVID

I took my pair of white slippers home with me. They were only supposed to be used once. But I didn't care. As I walked away from that beautiful lobby with my slippers in my pocket, I asked myself: how hard do I have to work to live like that -- like Andrew -- because I'll do it, I'll work any number of hours. Except it was all a lie. You've never worked for anything. It was an act.

Andrew is taken aback by this turn -- he thought they were sharing a happy memory. He darkens.

ANDREW

What's wrong with you?

DAVID

Is that why you killed Jeff?

ANDREW

Why are we talking about Jeff?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

You loved him.
I know you did.
It was so obvious.
Except he figured you out. In the
end. Didn't he? Took him a few
years, but, finally, he saw the
real you.
And you killed him for it.

In this moment we haven't a clue how Andrew will respond, he
could kill David right now, instead, he spins off into a lie.

ANDREW

You think that night in San
Francisco was good? Wait until we
reach Mexico.

DAVID

What's going to be different in
Mexico?

ANDREW

I can make more money there than I
ever could here. And there's a
Mandarin Oriental, in Cancun, we'll
stay, not for a night, for a week,
a month, we'll have the best room,
a patio terrace with an ocean view.

DAVID

You can't do it - can you?

ANDREW

Can't what?

DAVID

Stop lying.

David in the process of emerging from the fog. But it's a
dangerous thing to do. Andrew can only live in the fog.

Andrew driving. David beside him, looking directly & intently
at Andrew. Andrew doesn't like it. He's uncomfortable.

DAVID

Why did you ask me to open the
door?

ANDREW

What?

DAVID

Why did you send me down to bring
Jeff up?

ANDREW

I don't want to talk about it.

DAVID

You knew?

ANDREW

I don't want to talk about it --

DAVID

You knew you were going to kill
him? *You knew.* And you wanted me
there. You wanted me to see. You
wanted me to be part of it. You
planned it. Didn't you? You didn't
lost control. You planned it!

ANDREW

I don't want to talk about it.

DAVID

All weekend? While we were eating
and drinking and dancing is that
what you were thinking about?

ANDREW

I don't want to talk about it.

DAVID

What? Are we outlaws? On the run?
Together? You and me? With no one
else -- is that it?

ANDREW

(furious)

I don't want to talk about it!

DAVID

(furious)

I'm nothing like you!

ANDREW

I don't want to talk --

DAVID

Stop the car!

And now, furious, David grabs the wheel. Andrew and David
struggle for control of the car.

(CONTINUED)

David is strong and motivated by a sense of injustice. He's going to overpower Andrew.

Andrew pulls the gun -- the 40' caliber gun -- the gun that he'll use to kill Versace.

He points it directly into David's guts. It's scary. He's on the brink. And David can see that clearly.

ANDREW

Why are you talking about the past?
We had a plan! We had a future!

DAVID

Andrew --

ANDREW

We had a future!

Andrew is distraught, as if someone had broken up with him, he pulls off the main road, at speed, racing along, faster and faster, searching for somewhere to stop.

He sees a mud track up ahead.

74 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DAY 74

Andrew skids the jeep to a halt in the long grass, near the shore of a lake. The countryside is lush, rugged, not quaint.

There's a small hut by the lake, a simple fishing lodge, rundown. It's empty. The windows are dark.

This is NOT the same place that David went with his father when he was a child, but it's similar. A basic timber hut.

David steps out first, his arms up, as if this were a bank hold up. Andrew gets out, holding the gun, heartbroken.

ANDREW

We had a plan!

DAVID

We still have a plan.

ANDREW

No -- no --

DAVID

Yes, yes, we do --

ANDREW

No, no --

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
We have a plan --

ANDREW
(furious)
Tell me! Convince me!

DAVID
(his life depends on it)
First... we'll go see your friend.
Miglin? Lee Miglin.
The property developer.
In Chicago.
He'll give us some money...
Then we'll drive. Across the
country. It will be an adventure...
We'll sleep in cheap motels...
We'll use made-up names...
And when we're near...
Mexico...
You know people... who can help
us... cross the boarder...
(David starts crying)
We'll find work.
And a place to live.

ANDREW
You don't believe it?

DAVID
Yes, I do, I believe it, I believe
it, Andrew, I believe it.

ANDREW
No, you don't.

DAVID
(storytelling as a form of
pleading for his life)
I can see it.
Clearly.
The place where we'll live.
A simple little house.
With whitewash walls.
Next to the sea.
And we'll eat fish.
We'll drink wine.
We'll learn Spanish.
You're so smart...
You'll speak it fluently in no
time. I'll be struggling. But
you'll help me... You'll help me
learn... You'll help me... You've
always helped me.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
We'll be happy?

DAVID
Yes.

ANDREW
It could've been true.

David realizes he's failed. He stares at the house. And the lake. He's a coward no longer. With remarkable bravery --

DAVID
Andrew? Listen to me.
It's over.
We need to go to the police.
We need to face up to what we've done. Together. You and me.
This has to stop.
Before someone else gets hurt.
This has to stop.

ANDREW
Why couldn't you run away with me?
If it had been Jeff? You would've run off with Jeff? But not me.
You'd rather go to prison?

DAVID
It's not real.

ANDREW
It could've been.

DAVID
No. It couldn't.

Andrew turns away. David waits.

And then Andrew turns back --

David has seen that look before, when Andrew attacked Jeff -- so he knows. David doesn't wait any longer, he turns and runs, fast, towards the water, as fast as he can.

Andrew calmly raises the gun. With a remarkable steady aim.

David still running, trying to make himself a hard target, he crouches, zigzags, running, running --

We're desperately hoping he'll get away...

Andrew waits and waits, lining up the shot.

He fires --

David sidesteps, towards the house by the lake, towards the door, which he barges full force with his shoulder.

The door smashes open. David runs in --

75 INT. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DAY 75

David slams the door shut, face pressed close to the door. He locks the door and steps back, to assess his escape --

Except --

This is now the simple hunting shack from his childhood. We've switched locations in David's mind, merging the two.

His father is sitting on a little stool, with the thermos, waiting for him. A seat is empty opposite his father.

After a beat, David slowly walks forward, the floorboards creaking underneath him, taking the empty seat.

His father hands him the cup.

David accepts.

He brings it up, to his lips, and sips --

BACK TO:

76 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DAY 76

In reality, the bullet impacted in David's back, between the shoulder blades, and he's in process of tumbling to the ground, face first.

David lands in the long grass. The air knocked out of his lungs. He rolls over, looking up at the sky.

The beautiful clouds.

He turns his head to the side, looking at the long grass, and reaches out, clasping at it --

77 EXT. WISCONSIN. LAKE. HUNTING SHAKE. DAY (PAST) 77

Little David running his hand through the reeds as he follows his father, his hand passing over the tall reeds.

BACK TO:

78 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DAY (PRESENT) 78

The beautiful clouds.

And then Andrew appears in frame, looking down at David.

Andrew points the gun directly at David's face. David raises a hand, defiant fingers in front of the barrel.

79 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. DAY 79

A view over the lake. Stillness. Not a flicker of movement.

The peace is broken by the sound of two gunshots. No birds fly up, nothing changes. Water still like glass.

80 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DAY 80

Andrew sits beside the body of David, staring at the water. He puts the gun down in the grass.

He lays beside David's body and rests an arm around him, as though they were a couple, sleeping together.

Andrew closes his eyes.

81 EXT. EAST RUSH LAKE. HOUSE BY THE LAKE. DUSK 81

Andrew opens his eyes. His face is in the damp grass. He's been asleep. There's a cricket nearby, staring at him with alien black eyes. Andrew sits up, looks down at David.

Andrew collects the gun and returns to the jeep.

The jeep does a slow circle, round and round, as if unsure what to do, or where to go, round and round.

Then, after several circles, it drives away.

And we're left with a view over the lake.

END OF EPISODE