

DECEMBER 12, 2023
PRODUCTION DRAFT

MONSTER(S)

ERIK AND LYLE MENENDEZ

"BLAME IT ON THE RAIN"

WRITTEN BY
RYAN MURPHY
&
IAN BRENNAN

DIRECTED BY
CARL FRANKLIN

RYAN MURPHY TELEVISION
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CAST LIST

Jose Menendez

Erik Menendez

Lyle Menendez

Kitty Menendez

Dr. Jerome Oziel

Detective Les Zoeller

Judalon Smyth

Marta Cano

Jamie Pisarcik

Dr. Laurel Oziel

Marzi

Perry Berman

Peter Hoffman

Mrs. Hoffman

Tennis Coach

Chauffeur

Tennis Umpire

West LA Gun Clerk

Old Man

Big 5 Clerk

KTLA Reporter

CBS2 Reporter

Police Dispatcher

LOCATION LIST

Menendez House - Elm Drive

- INT/EXT. Elm Drive House
- EXT. Elm Drive
- EXT. Tennis Courts
- EXT. Front Yard -- Driveway
- Erik's Room
- Bathroom
- Den
- Family Room -- TV Room
- 1st Floor Hallway
- Foyer
- Lyle's Guesthouse
- Lyle's Bathroom
- Kitchen
- Dining Room

DGA Theatre

- EXT. Theatre
- Theatre

Dr. Jerome Oziel's Office

- Office
- Waiting Room
- Dr. Laurel Oziel's Office
- Hallway

Taste of LA -- Santa Monica Convention Center

- EXT. Convention Center
- EXT. Robert Mondavi Booth

EXT. Beverly Hills Park

EXT. Tennis Invitational

EXT. Another Tennis Tournament

EXT. Coldwater Canyon Drive

EXT. Mulholland Drive Overlook

EXT. AMC Century City

EXT. Bedford Drive

INT/EXT. Lyle's Alfa Romeo

INT. Limo

INT. Erik's Jeep Wrangler

INT. West LA Gun Store

INT. Orange County Gun Store

INT. San Diego Big 5 Sporting Goods

INT. Erik's Ford Escort

INT. Perry Berman's Bedroom

INT. Beverly Hills Police Dispatch

INT. Judalon Smyth's House

CLOSE ON A HAND tousling the little front pouf of jet-black hair. Reveal THE MENENDEZ BROTHERS, LYLE (21) and ERIK (18). Erik is lankier and all jawline. Lyle of the hair pouf is stockier -- a walking, talking hair-trigger.

Light rock plays on the radio. Erik stares out the window at everything and nothing all at once, the sole occupant of a different planet. Extremely preoccupied. Lyle looks out at the storefronts as they pass.

LYLE

Look. Another TCBY. Frickin' *goldmine*. See this is --
 (suddenly animated)
 -- this is exactly what I want to do with Mr. Buffalo! *Everywhere there's a TCBY there should be a Mr. Buffalo across the street. I mean, healthy food, friendly service? C'mon. We'll be PRINTING money. Mark my words -- what TCBY did for yogurt, that's what Mr. Buffalo is gonna do for buffalo wings.*

Suddenly, another song starts. Elevator music. Lyle leans forward and SLAMS his fist against the glass divider to get the attention of the DRIVER. Erik startles.

ERIK

LYLE!

LYLE

Could you put on fuckin' KIIS FM please? FUCK.
 (to Erik and the world)
I feel like I have to tell this guy every time...

ERIK

Just. Take it easy.

The station changes and we're immediately in the middle of Milli Vanilli's "GIRL YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE." Lyle brightens.

LYLE

THANK you. THAT'S more like it. Fuckin' LOVE these guys. I told Jamie -- when these guys come to the Forum? We're like, THERE. And MUSIC!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYLE (CONT'D)

That's the other thing -- a Mr. Buffalo customer comes to eat wings and *CHILL* right? Well *MUSIC* is gonna be big part of that.

Erik has noticed something: his brother's feet.

ERIK

Are those his shoes?

(beat)

You're wearing dad's shoes?!

LYLE

What? Yeah. *We gotta fill his shoes now, right?* So I was like well *what better way to -- 'cept actually they're Alden 560s so they run narrow. I should actually try to get these in a 9 1/2 wide?*

Erik BURSTS into tears. Lyle is stunned, then pounces.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Stop it. STOP IT RIGHT NOW.

ERIK

I'm sorry -- !

LYLE

NO! Erik? NO. YOU ARE NOT DOING THIS RIGHT NOW! SUCK IT UP AND DON'T BE A FUCKING PUSSY.

A moment. Erik gathers himself.

ERIK

Sorry.

LYLE

It's okay. I love you.

ERIK

I love you too.

A beat. Lyle slaps him on the thigh, hype man.

LYLE

It's up to US now, RIGHT? They'd be PROUD of us! What did you say yesterday. What did you say to me? Tell me.

ERIK

That I think they'd be proud of us.

(CONTINUED)

Lyle looks Erik squarely in the eye.

LYLE

Erik.

(then)

I KNOW they'd be proud of us.

The limo slows as it passes A COMPLETE SHITSHOW OUTSIDE.
Newsvans everywhere and a crowd of onlookers.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Where's he going --

(slamming the divider)

*IT'S RIGHT UP HERE! DIPshit. Slow
it down..*

The limo divider buzzes down.

CHAUFFEUR

Sorry I'm supposed to drop you
around back --

LYLE

*Nonono -- no way. You're dropping
us at the curb.*

CHAUFFEUR

It's just a big crowd out front,
you know --?

LYLE

Then fucking run them over! Lay on
the horn! Jesus. Do your fuckin'
job!

*

As Lyle tousles his hair-pouf in the reflection --

2 EXT. DGA THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT

2

PETER HOFFMAN, 50s, whips his head around as he sees the
limousine blares its horn and nearly runs over several
people, insisting its way to the curb. Hurrying over:

PETER HOFFMAN

*What the fuck -- they're supposed
to go to the loading dock.*

CLOSE ON the sock-less tasseled loafer stepping out of the
limo as PHOTOGRAPHERS FLASH PHOTOS and REPORTERS SHOVE
MICROPHONES AND BARK. Lyle stands medium-tall, his chest
puffed out, a breakwater against a wave of questions smashing
against him.

(CONTINUED)

2

KTLA REPORTER
*ERIK DID THE MAFIA KILL YOUR
PARENTS.*

LYLE
No I'm Lyle. Uh, I don't know. It
certainly appears as such but
that's what we gotta find out.

CBS 2 REPORTER
*ARE YOU AFRAID THE MAFIA'S GOING TO
COME AFTER YOU?*

LYLE
Yeah -- where's the camera -- hey
Mafia...after what we've been
through? I'd like to see you try.

Peter Hoffman GRABS Lyle and Erik and PULLS them through the
cacophony towards the front doors of the DGA THEATRE.

PETER HOFFMAN
*GUYS. You are TARGETS, okay? You
can't just be -- we're getting you
full-time security, okay? 24/7.*

As they're through the doors into the lobby --

LYLE
Hey. Peter.

Handing him an audio cassette:

LYLE (CONT'D)
There's something I REALLY need you
to get right today.

3

INT. DGA THEATRE -- ONE HOUR LATER

3

A memorial service. Solemn. A lot of hugs and quiet sobs.
Muzak under A PHOTO MONTAGE plays on a large movie screen.
JOSE and KITTY MENENDEZ in happier days. A lot of vacations,
a lot of tennis, a lot of family shots with Erik and Lyle.
Peter Hoffman sits next to his WIFE. As she spots them:

MRS. HOFFMAN
Those poor boys...

PETER HOFFMAN
Lyle is OBSESSED we get this song
right.

FIND Erik, wiping tears from his eyes as he walks onto the
stage. Notecards in hand.

(CONTINUED)

Goes to start speaking and has to stop. Already crying. FIND a WOMAN, MARZI, leaning in to Lyle from behind.

MARZI

Are you sure he's gonna be able to do this?

LYLE

Don't worry. He's a great actor. He did a Shakespeare monologue once.

He gives an a-ok hand gesture then turns back to the stage. His mouth mumbles silently, rehearsing.

INT. DGA THEATRE -- MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: Erik at the podium, mid-eulogy, ugly-crying. His voice pitched up, he's hard to even understand. Pained.

ERIK

...and so I guess what I'd say to them is...thank you for being our rock...and when I see you in heaven someday...maybe we can all hit a few balls back and forth.

Find Lyle in the audience, not crying. Laser-focused. Applause as AUNT MARTA CANO, 40s, embraces Erik and helps him off-stage, nodding and bawling. Lyle hugs him with a loud SLAPPING ON THE BACK, then strides onto the stage, firm and in control. Clears his throat, then:

LYLE

Hello. Thank you for being here today.

(then)

Icon. Legend. Captain of Industry. Husband. Tennis coach. Most men could only DREAM of being ONE of these things, but Jose Menendez was all of them. He was also our dad.

Erik, who has just composed himself, bursts into sobs again, a sound which echoes hauntingly in the theatre.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Anyone who knew my dad will tell you he was tough. *Just ask a line judge who missed a call at one of mine or Erik's tennis matches.*

He pauses for a laugh that does not come at ALL. Then:

LYLE (CONT'D)

Well, dad, if you're listening, and I know you are -- you can rest assured that I'm ready to take up your mantle and be the rock of this family.

(weird smattering of
applause)

And Mom -- what can I say? If dad was our foundation, well, mom, you were the wallpaper and the beautiful furnishings. It wasn't always easy having two rambunctious boys, but you made every house we lived in a home. So mom, for my final words to you, I'll leave it to two poets who are much better at this than I. In their words --
"Girl, I'm gonna *MISS* you."

He nods wide-eyed to the booth -- DO NOT FUCK THIS UP PLEASE -- and Milli Vanilli's "GIRL, I'M GONNA MISS YOU" plays as Lyle walks off the stage. He nods, savoring. Really hit the perfect note here.

MILLI VANILLI (O.S.)

*I knew it from the start you would
break my heart but still I had to
play this painful part. You wrapped
me 'round your little-bitty
finger...*

Lyle sits. Hands clap his shoulders. Some assured nods. NAILED it. He hugs a bawling Erik next to him. People in the theatre exchange nervous glances: this song is so odd and inappropriate.

MILLI VANILLI (CONT'D)

*It's a tragedy for me to see the
dream is over and I never will
forget the day we met. Girl I'm
gonna miss you...*

As Milli Vanilli plays over the montage of Jose and Kitty, Lyle rocks slightly back and forth to the beat, hypnotized almost as we: SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD. **MONSTER(S): ERIK AND LYLE MENENDEZ.**

The song "MONSTER MASH" starts up, as we SMASH TO:

5 EXT. ELM DRIVE -- DAY (OCTOBER 31ST, 1989) 5

CAMERA TRACKS along a beautiful, palm tree-lined residential street in Beverly Hills. Mansions as far the eye can see. Several homes sporting HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS.

We eventually stop at a grand Mediterranean-style house enclosed by a tall, wrought-iron gate: **THE MENENDEZ HOUSE.**

6 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- ERIK'S ROOM -- DAY 6

CLOSE ON a pair of feet in TUBE SOCKS and ADIDAS GAZELLES.

REVEAL Erik on the floor, shirtless, in skimpy shorts, DRIPPING IN SWEAT as he does a crazy set of SITS-UPS. One after the other in rapid succession. A machine.

CUT TO:

Now he's doing BICEP CURLS. Staring at himself in the full-length mirror. With each rep pushing through the pain.

ERIK
(to himself in the mirror)
Don't stop, you fuckin pussy. Fight through it! Fight *THROUGH* it!

OVER THIS --

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
It's been over two months since the brutal murders of Jose and Kitty Menendez in their Beverly Hills home, but so far the police don't seem to be any closer to finding their killers...

7 EXT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- TENNIS COURT -- DAY 7

We see one of those mechanical TENNIS BALL THROWERS as it LOBS a ball across the spacious, private court.

ANGLE ON: Erik (now in a polo shirt) SMASHING the ball with his racket. The thrower quickly lobs another one. Erik SMASHES it again. The pattern repeats. LOB, SMASH! LOB, SMASH!

The thrower frequently switches up its serving trajectory, forcing Erik to race across the court and adjust his swing. But Erik is a BEAST, SMASHING every serve that comes his way.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Initial reports speculated that it might have been a Mafia hit, possibly related to Jose Menendez's business dealings in the home video industry as an executive for LIVE Entertainment...

ON ERIK, SMASHING more balls, with each swing of the racket trying to exorcise the PAIN and ANGUISH raging inside him.

8

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

8

Post-tennis. Erik's in the shower -- fetal position. SOBBING.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

But Detective Les Zoeller with the Beverly Hills Police Department recently told reporters that they're still pursuing all potential angles...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TV: DET. LES ZOELLER, 40s, talking to reporters --

LES ZOELLER (ON TV)

I can't give too many details, but I can say that this is still very much an active investigation...

Reveal we're in --

9

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- DEN -- DAY

9

Erik, eyes puffy from crying, is eating leftovers from Spago's just out of the microwave and watching the TV news.

LES ZOELLER (ON TV)

... And I can promise you that our guys won't rest 'til whoever committed these senseless and heinous killings is behind bars...
AND FACING THE DEATH PENALTY.

That lands on Erik. He feels the walls closing in.

10

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

10

Erik walks down the parquet-floored hallway, past the staircase, until he stops just outside the closed French doors of the family room. *The room where it happened.*

(CONTINUED)

Beat. Erik puts his hands on the door handles. Hesitates. Practically trembling. Finally, he opens the doors --

11 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 11

If you looked at it at a glance, you'd have no idea this was the site of a vicious double-murder. The room's bare of furniture. The floors have been cleaned, the walls repainted. The floor-to-ceiling bookshelves lined with books. Erik and Lyle's TENNIS TROPHIES prominently displayed.

Erik looks around, taking it in. The books. The trophies. The framed photo of Martin Luther King, Jr. The room's clinically clean condition. And for a moment he seems...calm. He smiles. *No, you'd never know what happened here.*

He then reaches for something out of frame and picks it up.

It's a SHOTGUN.

He puts the gun in his mouth and FIRES --

SMASH TO:

12 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- DEN -- DAY 12

Erik STARTLES AWAKE. In a sweat, hyperventilating. The TV's still on, an episode of *The Facts of Life* playing.

And then...he sobs. It's clear he's at his breaking-point.

13 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- DAY 13

Psychotherapist DR. JEROME OZIEL (42, glasses, sandy hair) sits at his desk, eating lunch while reading a Tony Robbins self-help book, when his phone RINGS. He answers --

OZIEL

Dr. Oziel speaking.

14 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- ERIK'S ROOM -- DAY 14

Erik's on his phone. Barely holding it together. WE INTERCUT.

ERIK

Dr. Oziel, it's Erik. Menendez.

OZIEL

(surprised)

Erik. How are you, how's the investigation going? Do the police have any new leads?

Erik passes over that.

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

Dr. Oziel, I know it's last minute,
but is there anyway I can see you
today? It's important.

OZIEL

Uh, sure. I've actually got a 2
o'clock opening if you can make it.

ERIK

NO. I want to be your last
appointment. I don't want any of
your other patients to see me.

(then)

PLEASE, doctor.

Oziel can hear the desperation in Erik's voice.

OZIEL

How's 4 o'clock sound? We can talk
as long as you need.

ERIK

OK. Four o'clock. I'll be there.

OZIEL

See you then.

They each hang up.

INT. DR. LAUREL OZIEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Oziel is now with his wife DR. LAUREL OZIEL (40s, also a
therapist and who shares an office in the same Beverly Hills
building as her husband). Oziel is pacing.

OZIEL

He's fucking coming here to confess
to the murders! I just know it.

LAUREL

Jerry. You don't think Erik and
Lyle actually --

OZIEL

Laurel, you didn't hear Erik on the
phone.

LAUREL

Well...maybe he knows the real
identity of the killers. Maybe he's
been protecting them.

Oziel's convinced it's much worse than that.

(CONTINUED)

OZIEL

After you pick the girls up from school, I want you to go home, pack some clothes, then drive to your mother's, stay there for the night.

LAUREL

Jerome, you are overreacting! And what do I tell the girls? We're supposed to go trick-or-treating tonight, remember?

OZIEL

PLEASE -- just do this for me, OK? If anything happened to you and the girls, I'd never forgive myself.

Beat. Laurel relents --

LAUREL

OK.

They kiss and share a tender smile.

INT./EXT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- FOYER/FRONT DOOR -- DAY 16

Erik, car keys in hand, heads to the front door to leave.

But when he opens it -- Lyle and his girlfriend JAMIE PISARCIK (26) are standing right in front of him, holding shopping bags filled with CANDY. Erik STARTLES.

Lyle bursts out laughing.

LYLE

Holy shit -- did you see that, Jamie? He fuckin *SQUEALED*. Like a little school girl. That was classic, E.

JAMIE

Don't be a prick, Lyle.
(then, kind)
Hey, Erik.

ERIK

Hi Jamie.

Jamie heads inside. Lyle notices Erik has his car keys.

LYLE

Going somewhere?

16

ERIK

Yeah. I need to run some errands.

LYLE

Well don't be long. Jamie and me just bought a shit-ton 'a candy. To pass out to the kids. And not the *CHEAP* shit. You know how much I frickin' love Halloween. We've gotta keep up the family tradition.

ERIK

(weak smile)

Yeah.

Erik walks off. Lyle looks worried.

17

INT. ERIK'S JEEP WRANGLER -- MINUTES LATER

17

Erik gets in the car and closes the door. "Girl You Know It's True" comes on as soon as he starts the car. Eric pauses, turns the music up loud so no one can hear him. The dam bursts and he breaks into a fit of gasps and then SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

18

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- AFTERNOON

18

Oziel nervously tidies up the room. The intercom BUZZES.

19

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- SECONDS LATER

19

Oziel sits in his chair, watching. Erik stands hovering by the door.

OZIEL

Hi, Erik. Have a seat.

He doesn't. He leans against the doorframe. Roiling.

OZIEL (CONT'D)

I'm glad you called. You've been feeling...what.

ERIK

I've just been. Kinda suicidal.

Oziel's leather chair squeaks as he shifts in it.

OZIEL

Okay. Erik, why don't you sit.

Erik takes a step toward the sofa but then stops, looking around. Sees several suspicious potted plants.

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

What I talk about here...like,
nobody's listening, right? You're
not recording this.

OZIEL

No.

ERIK

(as he sits)

And like, you can't tell anybody
what I tell you, right?

OZIEL

Well, when you first came to see
me, because of the burglary
conviction, that silly stuff you're
way past now, you know, the court
mandated I tell your mom and dad
what we talk about. But now,
obviously. They're. So no.

Erik nods vigorously. He starts to cry. He stands up, pacing.

ERIK

Could we go for a walk, maybe?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PARK -- AFTERNOON

Clusters of trick-or-treaters pass down the path as they
walk. Erik's voice trembles, barely holding it together.

ERIK

I've just been. You know...having
these nightmares. Like every night.
About my mom and dad.

OZIEL

Okay. And in these nightmares...
they're getting killed?

ERIK

Yeah, mostly. In the dream I'm
there and I'm reliving it, but it's
in like, slow motion. Like I'm
standing there and my mom gets shot
in the stomach and the, then the
leg, cuz her knee practically
exploded, right? But then she keeps
getting shot and she won't um. Die.
And my dad's face gets blown off
again and again. His face is just
gone. And there's smoke everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

OZIEL

And this is every night, this
dream?

ERIK

Just about. And I've lost a ton of
weight and I've --
(noticing)
-- oh that's cool. Thriller. That
kid's dressed up like Michael
Jackson. From Thriller.

Oziel stops him gently by the arm.

OZIEL

And why would you want to kill
yourself, Erik. What would that
solve?

Erik pauses, a full blown panic attack happening. He doubles
over, Oziel steadies him. Off Erik's odd guttural sobs --

CUT TO:

INT. ELM DRIVE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- THAT MOMENT

CLOSE ON LYLE in a vaguely familiar shirt handing out KING-
SIZED SNICKERS BARS to trick-or-treaters.

YODA

What are you *dressed* as?

LYLE

WHAT? I'm Tom Cruise in Cocktail.
Duh. Fuckin' ICONIC

An older kid, 12 maybe, dressed like a cowboy, holds open a
pillow case.

COWBOY

Hey, is this the murder house?

LYLE

What did you say?

COWBOY

Is this --
(realizing)
Is this where those parents got...

LYLE

Got what.

(CONTINUED)

21

COWBOY

...shot.

Lyle leans in close. Deadly quiet.

LYLE

Why don't you come inside and have
a look?

COWBOY

What? I was just asking...

LYLE

*Okay well how bout you get the fuck
off of my property then, before I
shove that fucking Snickers bar all
the way up your ass?*

Lyle watches the kid hurry off.

SMASH TO:

22

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PARK -- AFTERNOON

22

Chipper now, steadied, Erik walks alongside Oziel. Rhapsodic:

ERIK

He was a GREAT MAN, my dad. People
don't know that. He worked for
HERTZ, then moved into the movie
business, but he was more on the
money side. Behind the scenes. But
so he was every bit as influential
as like, Spielberg. *Scorsese*.

OZIEL

Sure. Yeah.

ERIK

So I thought -- maybe I should
write a book about him. Because he
had all these goals. He wanted to
be a Senator, did you know that? He
wanted to be the first Cuban-
American Senator from Florida.

OZIEL

He'd have to live in Florida,
though.

ERIK

Well, he wanted to move us there --
like the Kennedys -- we'd have a
compound and everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

ERIK (CONT'D)

See, all this would be in the book.
And he thought Lyle and me could be
President someday that's why he was
so hard on us. Just all the time,
he was so. Just REALLY...

His voice suddenly catches. Erik stops in his tracks as he
bursts into tears. Completely breaking down again.

OZIEL

What's goin' on, Erik?

PUSH IN ON Erik. He breaks, voice cracking with emotion.

ERIK

So.
(then)
We did it.
(then)
My brother and I.

OZIEL

You shot them.

ERIK

Yeah.

OZIEL

Okay. Erik, do you maybe want to go
back to the office and talk about
it?

ERIK

Yeah.

23

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

23

Oziel sits across from Erik now. There's a modicum of relief
in Erik -- not panicked now, just very anxious, looking about
the room. He sits forward on the couch, his fingers laced,
his elbows on his knees as his foot bounces.

OZIEL

Do you feel any better now? Having
told me that?

ERIK

A little.

OZIEL

Okay.
(leaning in)
Erik. I'm gonna need you to walk me
through what happened, if you can.

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

Okay.

Erik eyes the potted plant again.

ERIK (CONT'D)

But you're not recording this.

OZIEL

I'm not recording this.

ERIK

(panic rising again)

Why do you need to know that though? I just need to talk through my FEELINGS.

OZIEL

Telling me what happened is the best way to do that.

Erik sits back with a deep breath. A long beat, then --

ERIK

I guess the plan started when I was watching this movie. "Billionaire Boys Club" it was called. The plot was about these kids who have these rich parents...

Sweaty, post-tennis, in neon Umbros with Oakleys on his head, Erik chugs a Gatorade as he sits on an L-shaped sofa in a shoddily decorated TV room. This home's interior does not match its facade. It's a hodge-podge of second-hand furniture. Zero sense of style.

ERIK (V.O)

And they kill them. The kids do. That's the plot of the movie and it got me thinking. Cuz it seemed like exactly our lives, Lyle's and mine.

It dawns on Erik what he's seeing on the screen. He leans in, putting down his Gatorade. Lyle walks in, toweling off, all sweaty in Vuarnet sunglasses and a Big Johnson t-shirt.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hey Lyle. Look at this.

Lyle takes off his Vuarnets. SMASH TO:

25 INT. MENENDEZ HOUSE -- LYLE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK 25

Erik talks MOS sits on the toilet as a nude Lyle towels off, just out of the shower.

ERIK (V.O.)

And so it was like, we just started talking casually about it...

26 INT. MENENDEZ HOUSE -- ERIK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK 26

Erik lays on the bed as Lyle sits up, he's talking now MOS.

ERIK (V.O.)

Like what it would be like if this controlling negative force was gone from our lives...

27 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 27

Erik shrugs, then:

ERIK

So we quickly made a plan.

28 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK 28

Lyle and Erik both drink bottles of Pepsi Clear as they stand around in the kitchen, discussing MOS, more impassioned now.

Lyle is adamant about something.

ERIK (V.O.)

I felt like we should do it soon before we lost the nerve to go through with it, you know? But Lyle wanted to take time, really plan it out.

Erik's now nodding vigorously. Lyle's right.

ERIK (V.O.)

So we agreed we'd do it in a week. And probably on a Sunday.

BACK TO:

29 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 29

OZIEL

Why a Sunday?

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

The maid was off on weekends.
(then, casual)
We had to go to San Diego to get
the guns because there's like a
waiting period for handguns but you
can just walk in and buy a shotgun,
no questions --

Oziel sits forward, flustered.

OZIEL

Wait wait wait wait wait. So that's
it? You watched a movie, and then
decided to kill your parents?
(exasperated)
WHY?

ERIK

Why what? Why did we *do* it?

OZIEL

YES. Erik, parricide is a very,
very serious course of action to
take.

ERIK

And parricide is --

OZIEL

When you kill your parents.

Erik just stares blankly.

OZIEL (CONT'D)

And of course -- Erik -- it's not
unheard of, it *happens* -- one in
four murders involves a family
member.

ERIK

Wow. Okay.

OZIEL

-- and of course, every one of
those cases is different, but most
do involve *aggravating factors* --

ERIK

Yeah well they were *REALLY*
aggravating --

(CONTINUED)

29

OZIEL

No, I mean there's *abuse*, there's disputes over *money*. I know your father was controlling, we've talked about that -- but you saw a movie then decided to kill your parents, Erik?

(then)

Most people don't do that.

ERIK

Yeah, well, they don't know my dad.

30

EXT. TENNIS INVITATIONAL -- FLASHBACK -- DAY

30

A hushed crowd. Erik stands at the service line. He tosses the ball -- and serves into the net. Double fault.

UMPIRE

Game. O'Connell leads 5 games to 1...

JOSE MENENDEZ STORMS DOWN THE STAND STEPS ONTO THE COURT AND STORMS OVER TO ERIK.

JOSE

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!? YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT!!

Erik cowers as Jose RIPS the racket from his hands and SMASHES IT over and over against the hardcourt.

JOSE (CONT'D)

WHAT HAVE WE BEEN WORKING ON?! HUH?! WHAT HAVE WE BEEN WORKING ON?!

The Umpire shouts into the mic over the pandemonium, as Erik's COACH tries to intervene.

UMPIRE

EXCUSE me. EXCUSE me.

COACH

Mr. Menendez, *please* --

Jose WHIPS the Coach's hand from his arm, WHEELING ON HIM.

JOSE

DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH ME. TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FUCKING DOLLARS. YOU'RE FIRED!!!

SMASH TO:

31 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 31

Oziel cocks his head a bit, searching. He senses something.

OZIEL
Was your father physically abusive,
Erik?

FAST JUMP CUT
MONTAGE:

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. ELM DRIVE -- DINING ROOM -- FLASHBACK -- FAST MONTAGE 33

The Menendez dinner table. Jose is quizzing the boys.
Aggressive but maybe playfully so? To Erik:

JOSE
South Dakota.

Before he can answer:

JOSE (CONT'D)
ENNNNH. PASS.
(to Lyle)
South Dakota.

Lyle opens his mouth but hesitates. Jose stands, EXPLODING.
He HURLS HIS PLATE AGAINST THE WALL.

KITTY
(drunk) WHOA. HU-U-U-UNEY! WHOAAAA.

JOSE (CONT'D)
*YOU DUMB FUCKING SHIT IT'S
PIERRE! CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GO
TO PRINCETON --*

The violence echoes out as we SMASH BACK TO:

34 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 34

Erik shifts, as if scouring his memory.

ERIK
No, not really.

SMASH AGAIN TO:

35 EXT. ANOTHER TENNIS TOURNAMENT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK 35

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Jose literally drags Lyle now by the shirt
collar towards a waiting limousine in the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

35

JOSE

THAT WAS YOUR LAST CHANCE, YOU HEAR
ME?! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?! AND THEN
YOU FUCKING PULL THAT SHIT LIKE A
LITTLE BITCH?!

LYLE

STOP IT! DAD!! THAT WAS A BAD
CALL!! MY FOOT WAS BEHIND THE
LINE!!

Jose THROWS Lyle into the limo and climbs in after him.

BACK TO:

36

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME

36

Erik shakes his head.

ERIK

Just. Very domineering.

OZIEL

Okay.

(then)

And why would you kill your mom?

A beat. Erik exhales. Tries to explain.

ERIK

She was...

(then)

Um...

37

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MID-DAY -- FLASHBACK 37

VERY CLOSE on KITTY MENENDEZ, 47, as she stares right at us.
Camera pushes in VERY SLOWLY.

Her hair is bleach-fried, her face is booze puffy. The beauty
of her youth LONG gone, but also a complete lack of joy in
her eyes.

ERIK (V.O.)

She was addicted to our dad. He had
an affair and she started drinking
a lot and taking pills...

Reverse on what she's staring at: A CUPBOARD ABOVE THE STOVE.

We see she's alone in the dim interior light of an empty
house in LA when the sun is high.

(CONTINUED)

37

ERIK (V.O.)
She'd been suicidal.

She can't resist. Kitty opens the cupboard. WE SEE IT IS FILLED WITH DOZENS AND DOZENS OF PRESCRIPTION MEDICATIONS.

CUT TO:

38

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- FLASHBACK

38

CAMERA HOLDS FROM BEHIND HER, MOTIONLESS as we watch Kitty, wine glass in hand, try to make it down the hall away from us. She's mumbling to herself.

ERIK (V.O.)
So we kinda thought of this as a sign her life had no value. This was kind of...you know...

She cannot walk straight. She keeps banana-ing into the wall. She steadies herself against it, takes a sip, then continues to recede down the hall, gingerly.

BACK TO:

39

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME

39

CLOSE ON Erik.

ERIK
Putting her out of her misery.

Erik looks up and STARTLES.

KITTY IS STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO DR. OZIEL. STARING AT HIM.

KITTY
You're not telling the truth, Erik.

Oziel catches the shift in Erik. Kitty is not there as Oziel squeaks forward in his chair.

OZIEL
Where did you just go?

Something changes in him. Erik becomes deeply unnerved, as if leading down a path he won't ever return from.

ERIK
There was this thing that happened. Lyle was home. He'd gotten kicked outta Princeton for plagiarism...

CUT TO:

40 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK 40

Jose and Lyle SCREAM AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS. RED-FACED. But Lyle isn't cowering anymore. He stands up to Jose, like he could take him if he had to.

JOSE

YOU FUCKING LOUSY PIECE OF SHIT THE AMOUNT OF FUCKING WORK I PUT IN TO GET YOU INTO THAT SCHOOL! THE MONEY!!

LYLE

AND WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, DAD?! HIT ME?! GO AHEAD AND FUCKING HIT ME!! DO IT!! GO AHEAD AND FUCKING DO IT!!!

SMASH TO:

41 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK 41

Now the dinner table. And more screaming. But it's Kitty now who's in Lyle's face. Erik pushes food across his plate.

Jose is more talking in a singsong voice, really, a loud dirge from the head of the table -- not listening to the argument, rather painting the proceedings with a thick coat of the facts as he sees them:

JOSE

She's a WHORE who is after our MONEY who does not come from a good FAMILY and it is never in a million years going to HAPPEN --

All the while, Kitty and Lyle are SCREAMING PAST ONE ANOTHER.

LYLE

BECAUSE I LOVE HER, OKAY?! I LOVE HER! AND YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHY WOULD I LISTEN TO YOU TWO WHEN YOU GOT MARRIED AT EXACTLY MY AGE!! YOU'RE HYPOCRITES!! I'M MARRYING HER I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY!! NO I SAID I'M FUCKING MARRYING HER YOU DON'T GET A SAY WHEN YOU DID EXACTLY THE SAME THING!

KITTY

YOU'RE TWENTY ONE YEARS OLD YOU'RE NOT GETTING MARRIED!! NO WAY! NUH-UH. OVER MY DEAD BODY YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! YEAH WELL LOOK HOW IT TURNED OUT FOR ME!! LOOK AT MY HAPPY MARRIAGE YOU ARE NOT DOING IT! HYPOCRITE?? DON'T YOU DARE CALL ME THAT I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU YOU'RE THE HYPOCRITE WHAT ABOUT THIS HUH??

Like a drunk cobra suddenly striking, Kitty grabs at Lyle's hair. Erik whips his head up at Lyle's YELP of pain and a

(CONTINUED)

41

RIPPING SOUND as SHE BRUTALLY TEARS THE TOUPEE FROM HIS HEAD REVEALING FOUR SMALL BOLTS WHERE THE WIG WAS ATTACHED ON THE SEVERELY BALDING SCALP BENEATH.

SILENCE YOU COULD DRIVE A TRAIN THROUGH.

Erik's face goes white. Lyle's bluster disappears. He is a completely different person. A child with a tiny, wavering voice about to burst into tears. Jose is sympathetic.

JOSE

Gimme that. Please. Gimme it. Right now.

Kitty does an "oh, this thing?" gesture as she drops the furry toupee carelessly against the table.

Lyle snatches it up and runs out. A beat.

The sound goes fuzzy in Erik's ears. Complete shock.

Kitty gives an eye-roll and a snort-chuckle to no one as she shrugs as if to say "well, what the fuck do I care."

Erik looks to her, then to Jose, who has gone back to eating as if nothing unusual just took place.

Erik cannot believe it. The Earth has just shifted beneath him. His fork clangs against his plate as he hurries out.

42

I/E. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- GUESTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 42

Camera PULLS Erik, still stunned, out to the guest house.

ERIK

LYLE???

No answer. Erik opens the door and heads up the stairs to see Lyle sitting down on his bed, staring at the floor. Wig in his hands.

Erik sits down on the bed next to Lyle. Lyle goes to put the wig back on. Erik stops him. Profoundly intimate.

ERIK (CONT'D)

No no. Let me --

Lyle puts the wig back down. Heaves a deep sigh of raw humiliation feeling his brother looking at his scalp. Erik is at once horrified and fascinated.

ERIK (CONT'D)

How long have you had that?

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

Like. Three years ago. Four.

ERIK

(stunned)

I never knew that. How come I never knew.

LYLE

Cuz I didn't want you to know. Anybody. Jamie doesn't even know. That's the point. It's down on Wilshire -- the Hair Replacement Center. They're the best in the world when it comes to hair loss solutions.

Erik has completely left his body.

LYLE (CONT'D)

This is top of the line, it's the 124 EX, 100% human hair.

But the bolts in his scalp?

ERIK

So it like -- screws in?

LYLE

More like it hooks on.
(then)
Dad made me.

Silence.

Then Lyle starts to cry.

He tries to stop it and does. Then bursts into quiet sobs. Contained but there's no stopping it. Quiet and stinging. It's physically painful for him to cry.

Erik doesn't touch him or comfort him, he is frozen in fear. He can only watch his brother sobbing.

BACK TO:

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME

CLOSE ON Erik, deep in thought, staring laser-focused on a point in space between he and Oziel.

ERIK

And something about that. Seeing my brother --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

ERIK (CONT'D)
(voice starts to waver)
-- who I idolized, right? Who was
so strong, who always protected me,
being vulnerable like that?
(eyes welling)
I just *saw* him. Like suddenly I saw
how *cruel* it was. What went on in
that house and I just...I finally
told him!

CUT TO:

44

INT. GUESTHOUSE -- THAT SAME MOMENT -- FLASHBACK

44

Erik watches Lyle crying.

Erik's body begins to tremble.

Something enormous is brewing inside him. So much so that his
voice is LOUD when he finally manages:

ERIK
LYLE???

Lyle looks at him. His crying stops when he sees his
brother's face, wide-eyed, looking back at him with complete
terror. Erik looks like he's about to explode with something.
Almost a whisper:

LYLE
What?

ERIK
I GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING.

Erik inhales sharply then goes to answer but we SMASH BACK
TO:

45

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- RESUME

45

Erik's frozen, looking down. CLOSE ON Oziel, his ear cocked.
Waiting for it. What is he about to say? A beat.

OZIEL
What did you tell him?

Erik looks up and sees the therapist in the room with him.

His face goes stony. Nope. Not going to do it. No way. No.

(CONTINUED)

45

ERIK

Just that -- that I loved him.
And that from now on, I was gonna
always choose my brother over my
parents.

Oziel senses he just missed something big. Erik just looks at him and gives a small shrug as if to say "anything else?" The leather in Oziel's chair shifts as he changes tack.

OZIEL

So that was when it all changed for
you? That moment?

ERIK

Yeah. Then I saw the movie.

SMASH TO:

46

INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- TV ROOM AGAIN -- FLASHBACK 46

We see this scene again, from different angles. SQUARELY on Erik's face as recognition washes over it. He puts down his Gatorade. Lyle walks in.

ERIK

Lyle. Look at this.

47

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 47

ERIK

In that moment, I knew it was going
to happen. I knew we were gonna go
through with it. Before either of
us had said a word about it.

(then)

It had its own gravity.

SMASH TO:

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE HAS MOVEMENT AND MOMENTUM A LA
THE COCAINE SEQUENCE IN BOOGIE NIGHTS or Goodfellas.

48

INT. GUN STORE -- WEST LA -- DAY -- FLASHBACK 48

ERIK (V.O.)

So we went to this gun store in
West LA...

Lyle tousles the front of his wig in the reflection of a
glass counter. Rack focus to the ROW OF HANDGUNS beneath.

(CONTINUED)

GUN STORE CLERK (O.S.)
Okay for a handgun, though, that's
a two-week waiting period.

ERIK
What? No way.

LYLE
That's like, my right.

GUN STORE CLERK
PREACHIN TO THE CHOIR, dude. Thank
Jerry Brown for that. *Fuckin'*
California Uniform Firearm Act.
Complete bullshit.

LYLE
FUCK!!!

ERIC (V.O.)
So we tried this *other* place in
Orange County.

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. ORANGE COUNTY GUN STORE -- LATE AFTERNOON -- FLASHBACK 50

Two PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS sit on the counter with boxes of
ammo. But Lyle is arguing with the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN
All I need is a California Driver's
License.

LYLE
But I don't understand! Why do you
even fuckin' need that???

OLD MAN
It's just the law. Y'each gotta
show me your license and then you
get the guns.

LYLE
FUCK that! No! FUCK that! That's
illegal. I'm an American citizen
and an American citizen has certain
RIGHTS.

ERIK (V.O.)
The problem was, Lyle's license was
suspended for all his speeding
tickets and I didn't have my real
license on me, just my fake.

(CONTINUED)

50

LYLE

FUCK!!!

ERIK (V.O.)

Finally we found a Big 5 in San Diego.

51

OMITTED

51

52

INT. BIG 5 SPORTING GOODS -- EVENING -- SAN DIEGO

52

Erik fills out paperwork over the counter for a FEMALE CLERK as Lyle pumps a SHOTGUN and AIMS IT, practicing.

ERIK (V.O.)

-- where you could get a shotgun with just one ID.

LYLE

And these would be good against intruders?

BIG 5 CLERK

Oh hell yeah.

ERIK (V.O.)

At Big 5 you need two forms of ID to cash a check but just one to buy shotguns.

BIG 5 CLERK

Okay and then I'll just need your ID...

Erik hands over his fake.

ERIK (V.O.)

So I used my fake.

53

INT. ERIK'S FORD ESCORT -- DRIVING -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK 53

Erik and Lyle drive NORTH now on the 5. ELATED. They sing along to "BLAME IT ON THE RAIN" at the top of their lungs.

ERIK

*BLAME IT ON THE RAIN THAT
KEEP FALLIN' FALLIN'! BLAME
IT ON THE STARS! THAT SHINE
AT NIGHT! BUT WHATEVER YOU DO
-- DON'T PUT THE BLAME ON YOU
--*

LYLE

*BLAME IT ON THE RAIN THAT
KEEPS HNNNNH NHH HNNNH NHH.
BLAME IT ON THE STARS! HNNN
NNN NNN NIGHT! BUT WHATEVER
YOU DO -- DON'T PUT THE
BLAME ON YOU --*

(CONTINUED)

53

ERIK (V.O.)
After that we got the alibi all set
up. Lyle's friend Perry Berman...

PRE-LAPPED RINGING as we CUT TO:

54

INT. PERRY BERMAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK 54

PERRY BERMAN picks up the phone, all feathered hair and
popped Izod collar. Preppy preppy preppy.

PERRY BERMAN
Hello? *WHAT'S UP BUTT-FACE???*

As camera PUSHES IN:

PERRY BERMAN (CONT'D)
*FUCK YEAH I'll meet you at Taste of
LA! I haven't been there in years!
We'll get our WINE ON, get our
CHEESE ON -- RIGHTEOUS!*

55

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 55

Erik sits, calm. Matter-of-fact.

ERIK
So it was set. And it was Sunday.
So we had to do it then.

SMASH TO:

56

EXT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NIGHT 56

The brakes of Erik's Ford Escort squeal as he pulls up into
the driveway in front of the house.

57

INT. ERIK'S FORD ESCORT -- CONTINUOUS 57

Erik turns off the engine.

There's cars in the driveway. They're home.

It's a quiet hot August night. Just crickets in the early
evening hour. A single car passes, then quiet again.

The air inside the car is suddenly heavy with portent. Both
Lyle and Erik just stare ahead.

A reflex, Lyle pulls down the shade, fixes his hair, then
puts the shade back up.

Lyle takes a deep breath as he looks down. Deeply unsure now.
He looks to Erik.

(CONTINUED)

57

LYLE
And we're really gonna do this.

ERIK
Yeah.

Lyle looks back at his lap. Then starts nodding, psyching himself.

LYLE
Yeah. Okay.

ERIK
Okay.

Erik is still, Lyle's nodding gets more vigorous, rhythmic. Like what he does before a tennis match.

LYLE
C'mon...

HE SMASHES THE DASH WITH HIS OPEN HANDS, VIOLENT. OVER AND OVER. SCREAMING:

LYLE (CONT'D)
C'MON WE'RE GONNA DO THIS! WE'RE
GONNA DO THIS!

He stops, chest heaving. Pumped up.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Okay let's go do this right now.

ERIK
Yeah let's do it.

They climb out of the car.

NOTE: The following sequence is one continuous tracking shot in REAL TIME.

58 I/E. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- CONTINUOUS 58

Erik and Lyle go to the back of the car. They open up the hatchback.

They each start loading a shotgun with six rounds, looking over their shoulder to make sure no one sees but the street is quiet.

Fully loaded, Lyle cocks his shotgun. Erik does the same.

They check in with each other with a brief nod. They're doing this. Then they're already striding to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

You gotta shoot first, okay? So you
don't chicken out.

ERIK

What?! Okay.

LYLE

I love you, Erik.

ERIK

I love you too, Lyle.

Lyle takes out his keys, unlocks the front door.

Camera follows behind them as they stride through the doors --

Through the foyer --

Straight back towards a pair of double doors where there's
the sound of the TV --

JOSE (O.S.)

Hellooo -- ?

Lyle pauses and Erik throws open the double doors.

From the sofa, Jose looks to them. Kitty sits up from the
sofa next to him.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(standing)

Nonononono --

BLAM! Erik FIRES a ROUND OF BUCKSHOT into Jose's stomach. He
plops back down on the sofa.

BLAM! BLAM! A ROUND IN HIS CHEST. ANOTHER IN HIS FACE.

DEAD.

Kitty stands SCREAMING, blood-spattered.

Erik points his shotgun at her.

Lyle enters.

Kitty raises her hand, cowering to block Erik's shotgun.

Erik **FIRES** at her hand. Her hand is blown off.

Lyle **FIRES** Kitty's legs. Her knee explodes and she buckles.

Erik **FIRES TWO SHOTS** AT KITTY'S BACK AS SHE FALLS.

(CONTINUED)

Lyle comes around the couch from behind. **FIRES** AT HER BACK.

Then Lyle **FIRES DOWN** at JOSE'S STOMACH from above him.

Then Lyle **FIRES** FROM THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. HIS FACE BLOWS OFF.

Erik **FIRES** HIS LAST ROUND at Kitty, who's GROANING, CRAWLING AROUND THE FAR SIDE OF THE COFFEE TABLE.

Pulls the trigger again and he's **empty**.

Like a robot, he TURNS and camera PULLS him THROUGH THE FOYER -- WE STAY WITH ERIK.

We see Lyle **FIRE** two more shots in the BG then HE'S **EMPTY**.

-- we're PULLING ERIK through the front doors outside.

-- as Lyle strides out after him, a few steps behind.

Complete auto-pilot, they both look up and down the block.

Nothing. Literal crickets.

Erik pops the hatchback.

Lyle grabs the box of shells, reloads. A moment as he does.

LYLE
I'll finish off mom.

Erik nods. Lyle cocks the shotgun, walks back towards the house. We stay with Erik.

He tosses the shotgun into the hatchback and closes it.

Looks around. No one.

ONE LAST SHOTGUN **BLAST** FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE.

It's LOUD from out here.

Erik HURRIES across the lawn again. We follow him through the front doors. Through the foyer, into the room. So much smoke.

Kitty and Jose Menendez now lie as police will find them:
Kitty a ground-up mess curled against the carpet, Jose
sitting back deep in the sofa with a rat-hole in the middle
of his face.

Lyle is already picking things off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

58

LYLE (CONT'D)
Pick up all the shells.

As Erik starts to pickup shotgun shells we SMASH CUT TO:

59 INT. ERIK'S BEDROOM/LYLE'S GUESTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER 59

Erik quickly changes clothes. Tosses old ones in a plastic bag. Lyle whips off his clothes, puts new ones on.

60 EXT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- MINUTES LATER 60

Erik and Lyle stride across the lawn, each with a tennis bag over their shoulder.

ERIK
Can you drive, I don't think I can drive.

61 INT. ERIK'S FORD ESCORT -- SECONDS LATER 61

ERIK
I don't hear any sirens --

Lyle tries to turn over the engine, but can't. Puts the manual transmission into N, tries again.

LYLE ERIK (CONT'D)
FUCK. The clutch.

Lyle still struggling as Erik looks around, amazed:

ERIK (CONT'D)
I can't believe nobody heard -- !

LYLE
THIS FUCKIN PIECE OF SHIT.

ERIK
Hey. Look at me.

Lyle turns to him. Erik licks his thumb and wipes away a smattering of blood at the corner of Lyle's mouth.

INCREDIBLY INTIMATE as they regard each other's eyes for a the briefest moment. Then Lyle turns over the engine and grinds the car into gear.

LYLE
Let's go up Coldwater.

62 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON DRIVE -- NIGHT 62

From above, we follow the Ford Escort jerking and grinding, shouting from within.

LYLE

I can drive stick. I can't drive
your piece of shit stick, OKAY?!

63 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE OVERLOOK -- NIGHT 63

Lyle stands at the car looking out for anyone. Nobody.

JUMP CUTS as Erik scurries down the loose slope.

Digs a shallow grave with his hands; dumps the two shotguns in a bag. Covers them up.

Races back to the car.

LYLE

Now YOU'RE fuckin' driving.

64 EXT. AMC CENTURY CITY -- BOX OFFICE -- 10:40 PM 64

Lyle is practically crawling through the glass to get at the GIRL in the ticket booth.

LYLE

*I don't understand! The 9:50
screening of BATMAN!*

GIRL

Yeah but it's 10:40 now --

LYLE

*I KNOW BUT THAT'S THE ONE WE WANT
TO SEE! MY GIRLFRIEND'S IN THERE!*

ERIK

Tell her the last half is the best.
(to the girl)
*We heard the first half is no good,
that it kinda ruins the rest of it.*

GIRL

It's theatre policy that we can't
sell tickets after 15 minutes

LYLE

Fine -- FUCK!

GIRL

PLEASE stop swearing at me.

(CONTINUED)

64

LYLE
Okay okay, two tickets to the
fucking 10:55 I guess.

As they enter the theatre --

LYLE (CONT'D)
Let's just get to Taste of LA.

SMASH TO:

65

EXT. TASTE OF LA -- SANTA MONICA -- NIGHT

65

JUMP CUTS. Perry sips some wine. Cranes his neck, looking everywhere. Finally climbs into his Mercedes, shaking his head.

NOBODY STANDS PERRY BERMAN UP.

SMASH TO:

66

EXT. TASTE OF LA -- SANTA MONICA -- NIGHT

66

Erik and Lyle enter, Lyle rips up the movie tickets, throws them in the air like confetti.

ERIK
What you doing?

LYLE
They're useless now Erik!

67

EXT. ROBERT MONDAVI BOOTH -- TASTE OF LA -- 11:05

67

We're close on Lyle having a bite of cheese as relaxing MUZAK plays. Really savoring this flavor.

LYLE
Wow. Oh, wow...

Camera widens to reveal he's at a cheesy, rustic-themed wine and cheese booth, very 80s, very Olive Garden. They're trying to close up. All the other booths are getting packed away.

LYLE (CONT'D)
What is this, Edom?

WINE REP
Yeah, that's a smoked Edom.

LYLE
MMMMM. It's *creamy* is what it is.
Erik -- try this.

(CONTINUED)

67

Erik is craning his head, desperately looking for Perry. He's panicking. Lyle looks back to the woman.

LYLE (CONT'D)
You know what, though?

He taps his wine glass with a finger, disappointed:

LYLE (CONT'D)
Wouldn't pair it with a Chablis.

ERIK
(a frantic whisper)
We should just go.

Lyle turns to privately address his brother, his anxiety bubbles through a clenched smile:

LYLE
Calm. The fuck. DOWN.

ERIK
We were too late! Perry's not here!

LYLE
*SO? I'm enjoying some fine wine and
some fine cheese and making sure
people SEE us.*

Louder now, to Erik but so the woman can hear:

LYLE (CONT'D)
*Because we've been here now --
(checking his watch)
-- FOUR HOURS NOW? SHEESH!!!
(to her now)
I mean, you know what they say --
'time flies when you're at The
Taste!'*

68 EXT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- 11:55 68

The Escort turns onto Elm then rolls up to the house slowly.

69 INT. ERIK'S FORD ESCORT -- DRIVING -- INTERCUT 69

Lyle and Erik look around. No cops, nothing.

Astonished, he looks to Erik then back at the house.

LYLE
Nobody's here.

(CONTINUED)

69

Erik and Lyle look at one another. Then, as if on cue, they climb out of the car and we CUT TO:

70

INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DISPATCH -- 11:57 PM

70

Camera SLOWLY PUSHES IN on a reel-to-reel tape recorder as it starts recording. We hear:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Beverly Hills Emergency.

LYLE (V.O.)
Yes.
(yelling in the BG)
Some...

Sobbing.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
What's the problem?
(sobbing)
What's the problem?
(sobbing)
What's the problem?

LYLE (V.O.)
Somebody killed my parents.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Pardon me.

LYLE (V.O.)
Somebody killed my parents!

SMASH TO:

71

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- DUSK NOW

71

Close on Erik. He sits back deep in the sofa biting at a thumb cuticle, trembling. Like he's in the Principal's office. Silence.

OZIEL
How do you feel?

He leaps to his feet. Starts pacing.

ERIK
Not good. I'm -- ahhhhh --

OZIEL
Okay I think you're having a panic attack so ERIK? Just take me back to that night...

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

(pacing, full panny)

No -- NO!!!!!!!!!! WHAT THE FUCK???
WHAT THE FUCK KINDA THERAPIST ARE
YOU??? I CAME HERE TO FEEL BETTER!!

OZIEL

How can I make you feel better,
Erik?

ERIK

I CAME HERE SO YOU'D TELL ME I'M
NOT A BAD PERSON!!!! TELL ME I'M
NOT A BAD PERSON!!!!

OZIEL

You killed your mom and dad, Erik.

ERIK

(sobbing, screaming)

I KNOW BUT I'M NOT A BAD PERSON!!!!
WILL YOU JUST SAY IT????

OZIEL

You're not a bad person, Erik.

ERIK

*I have these nightmares -- I can't
sleep! I'm LIVING IN THE HOUSE I
SHOT MY PARENTS IN!!! EVERY NIGHT
I'M IN THAT HOUSE AND I HAVE THESE
NIGHTMARES!*

72 OMITTED

72

73 INT. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME

73

CLOSE ON Erik's face, panicking, gasping for breath as he
stares into middle distance, reliving these visions:

ERIK

*EVERY NIGHT IT'S A NIGHTMARE --
like I'm SHOOTING them and THEY
WON'T DIE!*

SMASH TO:

74 INT. MENENDEZ ELM HOUSE -- TV ROOM -- FLASHBACK

74

SMOKE fills the room. Erik is PUMPING HIS MOTHER FULL OF
SHOTGUN BLASTS. Jose is already dead on the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

Stylized and SLO-MO a la BONNIE and CLYDE. Horrifically violent. Erik is SCREAMING but it's SOUNDLESS.

Kitty won't die. She sways back and forth, sultry as her HAND IS BLOWN OFF. THEN HER KNEE EXPLODES. Won't die.

BACK TO:

75 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 75

Erik is in the middle of a complete and total episode.

ERIK
*AND THEY DON'T STOP! THEY DON'T
STOP UNTIL I SHOOT MYSELF! THAT'S
WHEN I CAN SLEEP IS WHEN I BLOW MY
OWN HEAD OFF!*

JUMP CUT TO:

76 INT. ERIK'S FORD ESCORT -- DRIVING -- DAY 76

Lyle drives, singing "BLAME IT ON THE RAIN" at the top of his lungs. Euphoric. Erik puts a shotgun in his mouth. Pulls the trigger. As it CLICKS we JUMP CUT TO:

77 EXT. TASTE OF LA -- SANTA MONICA -- NIGHT 77

Perry Berman and Lyle laugh and sip wine and eat cheese. Erik puts a shotgun in his mouth. Pulls the trigger. As it CLICKS we SMASH BACK TO:

78 INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 78

Oziel tries to calm him. Takes him by the shoulders but Erik is gasping, trembling, deep inside the trauma.

OZIEL
Erik? ERIK. You're SAFE. Okay?
You're safe in here.

ERIK
(nodding, frantic)
Yeah.

OZIEL
I STRONGLY recommend we do something. I think we should call Lyle and I think he should come here right now.

ERIK
(nodding)
Yeah. Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

78

PRE-LAP doorbell as we SMASH TO:

79

EXT. ELM DRIVE -- STOOP -- BEVERLY HILLS -- THAT MOMENT 79

Lyle, a bit over it by now, opens the door to almost all TEENAGERS now that it's almost dark.

TEENAGERS
Trick or treat...

LYLE
Yeah there you go --

One kid keeps holding open his pillowcase.

HALF ASSED ZOMBIE
Can I get another one?

Lyle glares at him, then brandishing a HUGE Snickers:

LYLE
THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT
THOSE ARE KING-SIZED SNICKERS YOU
KNOW HOW GENEROUS THAT IS???

HALF ASSED ZOMBIE
Just asking.

LYLE
MOTHERFUCKER WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK
TO FUCKING VAN NUYS YOU POOR
FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT

HALF ASSED ZOMBIE
(calling after)
Yeah FUCK YOU.

LYLE
Fuck YOU NICE CHEAP-ASS COSTUME YOU
PUSSY.

The phone rings inside. We follow Lyle into the now-repainted TV room. All white. He picks up. We don't intercut. We hear Oziel's voice tiny through the receiver.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Hello?

OZIEL (V.O.)
Lyle it's Dr. Oziel. I want you to
come into the office. Erik's here.

LYLE
What?

(CONTINUED)

79

OZIEL (V.O.)
Lyle he's told me everything.

LYLE
What? No. *Put him on the phone.*

OZIEL (V.O.)
Come down to my office right now
and we can talk about it.

LYLE
*PUT MY FUCKING BROTHER ON THE PHONE
RIGHT NOW.*

OZIEL (V.O.)
No, I'm not gonna do that. You can
come down and talk to him in
person. This is important --

As he slams down the phone --

LYLE
FUCKIN' FUCK!!!

80

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- THAT MOMENT

80

Oziel hangs up, looks to Erik on the sofa. Foot bouncing.

OZIEL
I think he's on his way. Erik you
did the right thing, telling me.

ERIK
Yeah. 'Kay.

OZIEL
I'm gonna ask you to stay right
here, I'm gonna go get us some
coffee because I think this might
be a long night.
(putting on his coat)
Just. Don't leave. Be right back.

SMASH TO:

81

EXT. BEDFORD DRIVE -- SECONDS LATER

81

Oziel RACES out the door down the street to a payphone. Puts
a quarter in. Dials.

OZIEL
Comeoncomeoncomeon.

82 INT. JUDALON SMYTH'S HOUSE -- INTERCUT

82

JUDALON SMYTH, early 40s, picks up the phone in a hideous room filled with crystals. She is a crazy person.

JUDALON

Hello?

OZIEL

Judalon. Listen to me. Come to my office --

JUDALON

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE. You're fucking her again. I'm SORRY let's have a better MAAAAARRIAGE let's fuck and I'll tell Judalon it's OVER well FUCK YOU JERRY!

OZIEL

SHUT UP AND LISTEN. Erik just confessed to the murders and Lyle is on his way my life may be in danger I need you to be here.

JUDALON

What? I'm NOT coming down there.

OZIEL

Yes you are!

JUDALON

No! They'll fucking kill me!

OZIEL

NO HE WON'T NOBODY'S KILLING YOU just get here NOW I GOTTA GO TAKE A FUCKING HUGE PISS DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG I HAD TO SIT THERE???

83 I/E. LYLE'S ALFA ROMEO -- THAT MOMENT

83

Lyle leans on the horn, SPEEDING through residential streets, almost running over dozens of trick-or-treaters.

He has to stop behind a car at a red light.

LYLE

COME ON!!! FUCKING GO!!!
(honking)
MOVE IT!!!

(CONTINUED)

83

The car's not moving because the crosswalk is full of trick-or-treaters. He tries to go around, but has to SLAM on the brakes. Lyle's eyes go wide. Can't believe it.

The two trick-or-treaters frozen in his headlights are a BLOODY MURDER VICTIM COUPLE IN A SWEATSUIT and TENNIS SHORTS.

They are Jose and Kitty Menendez.

Lyle peels out around them. Blows the red light. SMASH TO:

84

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- WAITING ROOM

84

Judalon sits in a waiting room. The door to the office is closed. She hears the door open and feet racing up the stairs. She is suddenly TERRIFIED.

Lyle BURSTS through the doors, a charging bull.

But he sees Judalon there and is suddenly flat-footed. Didn't expect someone to be there.

Nods to her, presses the one buzzer of the many on the wall that reads OZIEL. Forces himself to sit.

LYLE
You been. Waiting long?
(off her nod)
Doctors, right?

A beat, then Lyle STORMS through the door. Judalon exhales.

85

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

85

Lyle paces the room back and forth, HOMICIDAL. Lasers TRAINED ON ERIK. Truly dangerous. One hand in his pocket.

LYLE
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU TELL HIM.

OZIEL
Lyle, have a seat.

LYLE
SHUT THE FUCK UP I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU.

(to Erik)
What did you say to him? About --
what, mom and dad? Because we don't
know who killed them --

ERIK
I told him everything.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

Everything about... what? How the mafia probably -- how it was probably the mob?

ERIK

Lyle the nightmares I was having -- I had to tell somebody.

OZIEL

He told me everything --

LYLE

(panicked, walls closing in)

OKAY -- WELL -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK THAT MEANS 'HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING' BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'EVERYTHING' IS AND JUST CUZ HE SAID IT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S TRUE.

ERIK

I was afraid I was gonna kill myself --

Oziel notices, suddenly TERRIFIED:

OZIEL

Lyle is there something in your pocket --

LYLE

SHUT THE FUCK UP DR. OZIEL I'M TALKING TO MY BROTHER.

ERIK

We killed them, Lyle. We shot them.

86

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- WAITING ROOM/HALLWAY 86

CLOSE ON Judalon's ear pressing against the door.

She gasps and pulls back away from it.

87

INT. DR. JEROME OZIEL'S OFFICE -- RESUME 87

Lyle's head WHIPS as he HEARS the door click back slightly against the jamb. Then sees a shadow of a figure in the crack at the bottom of the doorframe disappear.

Lyle rushes to the door and WHIPS it open to see Judalon already through the door and hurrying out.

Lyle races back in.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE
WHO THE FUCK WAS THAT.

OZIEL
(standing)
I don't -- I have no idea -- *this office is soundproof. Will you sit please, Lyle, it's okay --*

LYLE
How is it okay?

OZIEL
Just SIT.

LYLE
If Erik and I shot our parents how would that be okay?

ERIK
(scared)
Lyle you don't have a gun do you?

OZIEL
You have confidential --
(a breath)
-- this is CONFIDENTIAL. Everything you say in here, it's CONFIDENTIAL, OKAY???

ERIK
Do you have a gun, Lyle???

OZIEL
Whatever you tell me in here -- you OR Erik -- I can't tell anyone so it's okay!!! If you --

LYLE
If I WHAT. If we WHAT.

OZIEL
JUST TELL ME WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKET, PLEASE

ERIK
(standing)
Lyle please don't do this.

LYLE
SIT THE FUCK DOWN ERIK WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE I DON'T HAVE A BROTHER!

(CONTINUED)

ERIK
I had to tell *somebody* --

LYLE
(exploding)
WELL THEN TELL ME!!!
(then, emotional)
TELL ME!!!

A long silence.

Then, Lyle covers, vamping. Tries one last time to lead them out of this.

LYLE (CONT'D)
I mean -- Erik -- why would you make up something like that?

Erik doesn't bite.

ERIK
It's not a LIE, Lyle. We DID it.

OZIEL
*LYLE TELL ME WHAT IS IN YOUR
POCKET, PLEASE --*

Lyle WHIPS IT OUT AND SLAMS IT ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

LYLE
*IT'S A FUCKING KING-SIZED SNICKERS!
I JUST GAVE AWAY LIKE 300 OF THESE,
OKAY? KIDS LOVE OUR HOUSE! WE'RE
GOOD PEOPLE!*
(long beat)
Ruined my favorite fucking night of the year.

Then, a salvage:

LYLE (CONT'D)
With, you know, this *LYING*.

ERIK
It's not a lie --

LYLE
JUST SHUT UP, OKAY? LET ME THINK.

Lyle paces, his mind racing.

ERIK
Dr. Oziel can't tell anyb--

(CONTINUED)

LYLE
SHUT UP!!!

He paces again. Then abruptly stops. Looks squarely down at Oziel, the thought fully formed.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Because if we DID do it, then we would just kill you.

ERIK
Lyle.

LYLE
Wouldn't we.

OZIEL
I don't think that'd be a good idea.

LYLE
(then)
Are you afraid, Dr. Oziel?

ERIK
Lyle.

OZIEL
I choose not to live in fear.

A long beat. Lyle just stares at him. With a twinkle.

LYLE
Yeah neither did my dad.

A moment. Lyle just stands there, staring at Oziel.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Just 'cuz my brother tells you something doesn't mean it's true, Dr. Oziel.

ERIK
He can't tell ANYONE. You know that, right?

Wheeling on him, Lyle EXPLODES in frustration.

LYLE
No one was EVER gonna find out, Erik!!!

A moment as Lyle realizes he just admitted it. Deflating:

(CONTINUED)

LYLE (CONT'D)

It was the perfect crime.

Lyle seems to loosen. No hiding anymore.

LYLE (CONT'D)

He woulda been *proud*, even. YOU said so. No one was ever gonna find out.

(then)

No one IS ever gonna find out. Isn't that right? Whatever we say in here, we can't be charged with that in court. So nothing has changed.

(then)

I could say Erik was just doing a. What? A mental exercise.

OZIEL

That's correct. I can't tell anyone.

ERIK

I needed to talk to somebody.

Silence. The tension in the room feels different now. No lies anymore. It's all out. Oziel feels he has the upper hand.

OZIEL

Lyle, *PLEASE* sit down.

(as he finally does)

I think this might actually be a good thing.

ERIK

What? How?

LYLE

How is this a good thing?

OZIEL

Let's say somehow you *do* get convicted for this.

ERIK

Wait --

LYLE

-- you just said --

OZIEL

I'M not gonna tell anyone. I CAN'T tell anyone. YOU CAN'T GET NAILED FOR THIS BECAUSE OF ME, OKAY? Is that clear? If you somehow got caught, I would not be the reason.

(CONTINUED)

This calms them both.

OZIEL (CONT'D)

But let's say somebody SAW. I could
be your lifeline, okay?

ERIK

How?

OZIEL

Because I'll know what really
happened. If you tell me
EVERYTHING. I could tell the court
that...that you were scared, the
controlling dad, you just couldn't
take it. There are different kinds
or murder, you know? There's crimes
of passion, where you just snap,
rather than something planned in
advance. *Premeditated.* Like a -- a
sociopathic murder.

They look at one another, considering. Lyle looks back to
Oziel. Lyle's maybe not sold on this guy after all.

LYLE

So which is it, do you think.
(off his look)
Are we sociopaths, Dr. Oziel?

OZIEL

(then, back-footed)
Well, that's why I think you should
tell me the whole story...

Lyle's already on his feet.

LYLE

So you think so, huh? C'mon
Erik, let's go.

ERIK

(to Oziel)
Thanks for. You know.

OZIEL

I do. Yes. I think you should come
back. I could help you work through
this stuff.

He's followed them out into the waiting room now.

Lyle stops and turns. Oziel seems small now, next to them.

LYLE

So what are you gonna do now? You
gonna call Diane Sawyer?

(CONTINUED)

OZIEL

What?

LYLE

(an open threat)

I'm asking you what you're gonna do. Right now. With this information.

OZIEL

Nothing. I'm gonna have dinner with my wife.

Lyle glares at him. Nuh-uh. He doesn't buy that.

Lyle keeps glaring as he walks to the door and Erik follows.

LYLE

Good luck, Dr. Oziel.

Oziel gets smaller and smaller, watching them go as WE CARRY LYLE AND ERIK OUT THE DOOR and DOWN THE STAIRS.

They don't say anything to one another. Casual.

It's like they're leaving a shop on Rodeo or something.

CAMERA PULLS THEM OUT ONTO THE SIDEWALK.

ERIK

I'm over on Rexford.

LYLE

Ok I'll drive you.

Lyle enters the driver's side, pulls the parking ticket from under the wiper and keys into his Alfa Romeo.

Unlocks it and they climb inside. As the doors slam shut we CUT and we're:

88 INT. LYLE'S ALFA ROMEO -- CONTINUOUS

88

A moment. Total silence.

Finally alone.

Lyle stares ahead into middle distance. Erik looks down at his lap. Then:

ERIK

I'm sorry, Lyle.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

Nope. It's okay.

He touches Erik's thigh, sincere. That's all in the past. As he puts the key in the ignition:

LYLE (CONT'D)

We know what we have to do now.

Lyle turns over the engine. "BLAME IT ON THE RAIN" plays from the FM radio. Erik looks to him, puzzled.

ERIK

What?

LYLE

We have to kill him.

Lyle tousles his hair once in the rear-view mirror, puts the car in drive and PEELS OUT as we SMASH TO BLACK.

END EPISODE