

Apt Pupil

by

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Based on the novel by:

Stephen King

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FADE IN:

Through the window of a moving vehicle, we see a series of small, middle-class houses. This could be any suburban street in America.

1 INT. CITY BUS - DAY

1

A boy is seated near the back of a moving bus. This is TODD BOWDEN, 16, as All-American as they come. He stares out at the other passengers indifferently. Then something catches his eye.

1A INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER AREA - DAY

1A *

TITLE: SANTO DONATO HIGH SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 1984

A banner hangs above the lockers: "Welcome Back Pirates," denoting the start of the school year.

It is in between classes. The denizens of STUDENTS crowd around their lockers. Among them is Todd. He searches through his locker and selects a book. Suddenly the door slams shut to reveal the face of Joey, his best friend, 17, standing against the lockers.

TODD

What's up?

JOEY

I got news for you. You're gonna like it.

TODD

Walk with me to biology.

The two walk down the corridor.

JOEY

Someone likes you. Someone good.

TODD

Who?

JOEY

Well, I heard my sister talking on the phone with Lisa Herman, and... well--

Two CHEERLEADERS pass them.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(lowering voice)

You didn't hear it from me.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Come on, already.

JOEY
Becky Trask.

Todd considers this.

JOEY (CONT'D)
You gonna ask her out?

TODD
I don't know.

JOEY
Come on, are you crazy? You know who I'm talking about, don't you?

TODD
I know who she is. ...I'll think about it.

JOEY
Don't think, just do it. ...and while you're at it, let me borrow your trig notes from last year. I've got Fiscarelli and she's already kicking my ass.

Joey smiles. Todd rolls his eyes.

TODD
I'll bring them in tomorrow.

JOEY
Cool. ...So anyway, Jacobsen's throwing a party next week. Ask Becky to go and you can double with me and Vanessa.

TODD
I'll think about it, I said.

JOEY
All right, man, I'm not going to push you. ...Hey, Trip's got the pick-up today, we're gonna haul both the jet-skis out to Elsinore right after last bell. You in?

TODD
No, not today.

They arrive at the door of Todd's classroom as the bell sounds.

JOEY
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

1A CONTINUED:

1A

TODD

I just can't.

Joey looks at his friend oddly as he backs down the hallway.

JOEY

Okay, well don't forget what I told you.

Todd grins.

TODD

I said I'd think about it.

Joey throws up his hands in frustration and disappears down the hall.

1AA SCENE OMITTED

1AA *

1AB INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BIOLOGY ROOM - LATER - DAY

1AB *

The class is having a quiz. Todd sits at his desk, zipping through the answers while the other students scratch their heads and try to cheat off one another. *

Todd finishes and carries his work up to the teacher. One the way, he playfully whacks another boy in the back of the head. The boy returns Todd's arrogant gesture with a polite middle finger. Todd hands his quiz to the teacher. She smiles, impressed. *

Todd waltzes out the door as the other students look on in amazement. *

2 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SANTO DONATO - DAY

2

TITLE: SANTO DONATO, CA

Todd pedals his bike down a quiet street and pulls up to an unassuming bungalow set far back on its lot. This is the kind of house one would hardly notice driving through the peaceful suburban community of Santo Donato. Todd gets off his bike and heads up the front steps. On the way, he bends down to pick up the L.A. Times.

(CONTINUED)

Two signs, in laminated plastic, are secured neatly above the door bell. The first reads: "ARTHUR DENKER". The second reads: "NO SOLICITORS, NO PEDDLERS, NO SALESMEN".

Todd rings the bell. Nothing. He looks at his watch. It is twelve past three. He rings again, this time longer. Still nothing. Finally, Todd leans on the tiny button. A voice is heard from within.

DUSSANDER (O.S.)

All right. All right. I'm coming. Let it go!

Todd lets go as a chain behind the heavy door begins to rattle. Then it opens. An old man stands behind the screen. He is KURT DUSSANDER, a.k.a. Arthur Denker. Mid-seventies. Standing there in his bathrobe and slippers, a cigarette smashed in his mouth, he looks like a cross between Boris Karloff and Albert Einstein. Dussander stares at Todd, who tries to speak, but suddenly cannot.

DUSSANDER

(continuing)

A boy. I don't need anything, boy. Can't you read? Don't be a nuisance, now. Good day.

The door begins to close. Todd waits till the last moment before speaking.

TODD

Don't forget your paper, Mr. Dussander.

The door stops. Dussander opens it slowly. He unlatches the screen and slips his fingers around the paper. Todd does not let go.

DUSSANDER

Give me my newspaper, boy.

Finally Todd lets go. Dussander takes it and his arm retreats behind the safety of the screen door. Quickly, almost imperceptibly, the old man's eyes survey the area: across the street, up and down the sidewalk, the boy's bicycle.

DUSSANDER

My name is Denker. See?

(pointing)

Denker. Perhaps you cannot read after all.
Good day.

As the front door closes, Todd speaks rapidly into the narrowing gap.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Bergen-Belsen, January '43 to June '43.
Auschwitz, June '43 to June '44. Then you
went to Patin.

The door stops, still partly open.

TODD (CONT'D)

After the war, you escaped to Buenos Aires.
From 1950 to '52 you were in Cuba... From 1952
to '58... no one knows. But in 1965, you were
spotted in West Berlin. Then you
disappeared...

The door opens wider. Dussander is irritated.

DUSSANDER

Listen, boy. I don't know what is the matter
with you. But I don't have time for this
game. Now, get out of here before I call the
police.

TODD

You can call them if you want. I'm sure
they'd love to meet you.

A car drives by. Dussander watches it over Todd's shoulder. Todd
turns and recognizes the driver. He waves and flashes a big
smile. The driver waves back.

DUSSANDER

What are you doing?

Todd smiles. Dussander eyes him coldly.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

This is illegal, what you're doing.

TODD

You know, the longer you keep me out here the
more attention I attract.

Pause. Finally.

DUSSANDER

What do you want from me, boy?

TODD

After 1965, no one saw you again... Until I
did. Four weeks ago on the number nine bus--
Look, let's not try to scare each other, all
right? I'm not here to hurt you. If you
could let me in for a minute, I just want to
talk.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Pause.

DUSSANDER

Talk?

TODD

That's all I want.

Pause. Dussander's frustration is building.

DUSSANDER

I don't let strangers in my home.

TODD

My name is Todd Bowden.

Long pause. Another car is coming down the street. ANGLE on Dussander.

3 INT. DUSSANDER'S HOUSE - DAY

3

Dussander's home is what you would expect of a single, poor, old man. Nothing fancy, nothing out of the ordinary. Todd steps in. Dussander closes the door behind him.

Todd looks around, perhaps half-expecting to find a Nazi flag or an oil painting of Der Fuehrer hanging above the mantle. But he doesn't, and moves into the living room where an old picture of a woman sits framed on an end table.

DUSSANDER

My wife, Nola. She died in 1955... of lung disease.

(offering)

...Cigarette?

TODD

No thanks.

Todd notices an old phonograph.

TODD (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

DUSSANDER

It came with the house.

Todd's attention drifts away and his fingers slip over to a lampshade next to the photograph. He begins to feel it as though he were inspecting it for something.

DUSSANDER

Stop that!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Todd jumps back a little but then recovers.

TODD

Tell me, wasn't it Ilse Koch who made the
lampshades out of human skin?

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

Now I don't know what you're talking about.

TODD

Sure you do, Mr. Dussander.

DUSSANDER

Denker. Denker. Denker. You don't listen, boy.
The television has fried your brain.

Pause. Todd looks at him calmly.

TODD

Your hands are shaking.

This flusters Dussander.

DUSSANDER

Yes, they're shaking. I'm old. We all shake.
Really, this is very tiresome. If you have a
point I wish you'd come to it.

TODD

I'm sorry, you gotta understand, I don't
normally go around to people's houses and
accuse them of being Nazi war criminals.

DUSSANDER

Oh, but for me you made an exception.

TODD

Listen, don't talk down to me. I hate that.
It just makes things harder.

DUSSANDER

Things, what things? What? Tell me what you
want, for Christ's sake. ...Money? Well, I
don't have any.

Todd sits on the sofa.

TODD

No... not money, ...Look, sit down... please.

Dussander rolls his eyes as he drops into a chair.

TODD (CONT'D)

This all started last year, in Hoskins's
history class. We spent a week on the
Holocaust. ...One week.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

He looks at Dussander as if he had just explained himself perfectly. Dussander stares back at him stone-faced.

TODD

Five days. Eleven million people were killed in under eight years and our text book was barely a hundred pages long. It was written for kids. By the end of it, all I had were more questions. I mean, who were these people? What turns an entire country into murderers? I wanted to know more.

3A INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

3A

Todd sits in a cubicle in the back corner of the library. All sorts of history books are piled up around him. Many are open to pages with pictures. Some have slips of paper sticking out where he has marked the pages.

TODD (V.O.)

I asked Hoskins about it, but he was no help. The guy is a track coach, for Christ's sake. He said it was time to move on to the space race unit, but if I was really interested, I could read up on it on my own. So that's what I did... I read everything I could get my hands on. Books, microfilm, videos... Then I found these magazines...

He gazes deeply into a photo of a marching SS regiment from a tattered magazine entitled *True War*. He handles it carefully, as if it were a treasure.

Suddenly Todd looks up from his magazine, as if he hears something. His eyes comb the library. A few people are reading, nothing out of the ordinary. He goes back to his magazine.

4 INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

TODD

They were old, from right after the war, but it was all there, ...untainted. Right from the camera to the page, no teachers to get in the way. No authors' interpretations...

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

I'm sure, at some point, perhaps before I die... you'll tell me what this has to do with me.

Pause. Todd leans in.

TODD

It was four weeks ago. I was on my way to the library... That's when it happened...

5A FLASHBACK: INT. CITY BUS- DAY

5A

Todd's voice narrates what we are seeing. Todd, seated near the back of the bus, watches Dussander climb aboard. Todd thinks nothing of it at first, but soon finds that he is unable to take his eyes off him. Todd is trying to place the old man's face in his mind...

TODD (V.O.)

You climbed on the bus wearing a rain coat, and in your right hand you carried a rolled up umbrella. You looked so familiar. At first I wondered if maybe you were a friend of my dad's, or some doctor or something. Then my mind suddenly flipped back to a picture of you taken at Patin. The one of you in your SS greatcoat, holding your dagger up to that prisoner. He was caught trying to escape, wasn't he? And to prove a point, you did him in yourself... Isn't that how it worked?

*
*

5B INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

5B

Todd looks up, thinking aloud.

TODD

I'll bet you could get some serious money for that dagger today.

Dussander stares flatly at Todd.

DUSSANDER

All of this... because you saw an old man with a rain coat and an umbrella?

TODD

Well, it wasn't that easy. I mean, this picture is forty years old at least, but when I put it next to the ones I took I knew I was close.

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

(crunches cigarette into ashtray)

You took photographs of me?

TODD

Yeah, But even then I couldn't be sure. I needed real proof. So I dusted your mailbox for fingerprints. You know, that's a lot harder than people think, I had to go back to Toytown three times to get all the stuff. Then I waited till you were at the movies...

5C INSERT FLASHBACK EXT. DUSSANDER'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

5C *

Todd uses the fingerprint kit to dust Dussander's mailbox. *

5B INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

5B

DUSSANDER

You put dust on my mailbox? For fingerprints? You took photographs of me? What else did you do?... I don't believe any of this.

TODD

I already had a copy of your fingerprints, they're on your want sheet from the Israeli government. It's all on database at UC Irvine. Can you believe that?

Suddenly Dussander is consumed by a terrible, hacking cough.

DUSSANDER

(still coughing)

...Bourbon.

His face is red as he gets up and moves toward the kitchen. He stops. From behind the curtain separating the rooms, he asks...

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Would you care for a drink, boy?

TODD

Sure, you got a Coke?

Dussander disappears into the kitchen.

DUSSANDER (O.S.)

No Kok.

TODD

Milk?

(CONTINUED)

5B CONTINUED:

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12A.

5B

DUSSANDER (O.S.)

Milk.

Todd stands alone in the living room. He lets out a long, nervous breath. He knows he has crossed into dangerous territory from which there is no going back. But after a moment he composes himself; he has come this far. The sterness returns to

(CONTINUED)

5B CONTINUED:

5B

his eyes. He is all business. He moves toward the kitchen and speaks loudly enough for Dussander to hear him.

TODD

There were two sets of prints. The first I figured were the mailman's. Once I knew what I was looking for, yours were easy to spot.

12 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

12

Dussander pours the drinks.

DUSSANDER

You should be a detective.

TODD (O.S.)

Maybe I will... Mom thinks I'm stubborn enough to figure out anything.

DUSSANDER

You told your parents about all of this, then?

Todd comes around the corner into the kitchen.

TODD

You think I'm crazy?

Dussander looks up at him.

TODD (CONT'D)

It takes eight good matches, they're called compares, actually, for a print to get accepted in court.

Todd watches him put the ice cubes into a glass.

DUSSANDER

Yes, it all sounds very exciting, boy, but I'm afraid all of your work has been for nothing.

TODD

I found fourteen compares.

Dussander's eyes drift to the collection of kitchen knives neatly stuffed in their block on the counter in front of him. He lingers a moment, then turns, wiping his brow with the sleeve of his robe.

Dussander approaches Todd carrying a tumbler of milk and a glass of bourbon. He hands the tumbler to Todd, who brings it up to his lips and hesitates. He holds the cup out to Dussander.

TODD (CONT'D)

If you wouldn't mind...

(CONTINUED)

Pause. It takes a moment for Dussander to register what Todd is doing.

DUSSANDER

Good Gott.

He snatches the cup and swallows twice.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

You see? It's milk, boy. From Dairy-Dew Farms. On the carton is a picture of a smiling cow.

Todd pauses and then begins to drink.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

(more to himself than Todd)

...And two missing children.

(pause)

Boy what you have done, I have to explain this to you because clearly you don't understand, what you have done is a violation.

TODD

A violation?

DUSSANDER

That's right.

TODD

Kind of like those experiments with the decompression chamber. Now that was a violation, Mr. Dussander.

DUSSANDER

Oh, to hell with this and to hell with you. I'm calling the police. Your father is going to beat your behind when he picks you up at the police station.

TODD

My parents don't believe in violence.

DUSSANDER

Well, they should start. I'm calling.

Dussander steps past Todd and picks up the receiver of the rotary phone hanging on the wall above the table. The boy still sits motionless behind him.

Dussander dials 9-1-1 furiously. It doesn't even have time to ring before he slams down the receiver in anger. Tiny beads of sweat roll over his forehead. Enraged, he turns on Todd.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

My name is Arthur Denker. I am an American. I have been a citizen since 1955. I vote. You have no right to come here and say lies about me.

Todd has barely moved. The outburst has not phased him.

TODD

I have your fingerprints. I have photographs. One way or another I'll get them to the right people, I think you know that.

DUSSANDER

This is unforgivable. ...Now, what do you want? Tell me.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

I want to hear about it.

DUSSANDER

Hear about what?

TODD

The stories... Everything.

DUSSANDER

What everything?

Todd gets up and moves toward him.

TODD

All the stuff they're afraid to show us in school... You were there. You did those things. No one can tell it better than you can. That's all I want.

Todd is inches from Dussander's face, speaking into his ear.

TODD (CONT'D)

...And just so you know, just so there is no misunderstanding whatsoever. Everything I have on you, the compares, the want sheet, all the photographs, are all in an envelope... in a safe place. If anything happens to me, some one will find it. Believe me--

DUSSANDER

You're a monster.

TODD

According to history, you're the monster.

DUSSANDER

Why should I even consider this?

TODD

Because you hung up the phone, that's why.

(CONTINUED)

Pause. Todd goes to the table and sits. Dussander looks like he's just had the life sucked out of him. His shoulders drop. Todd takes a sip from the milk.

TODD (CONT'D)

This won't be so bad, you know. You might even like it.

A14 MAIN TITLES

A14 *

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM CLASS - DAY

14

The boys of Todd's gym class are in the middle of a close game. The game is shirts versus skins. Todd is with the skins. He is the smallest boy on the court, but he plays hard. And the other players seem to respect his effort.

Todd is left to defend a much taller boy near the base line. He tries to steal a pass from the other team, but the long arms of the boy he is guarding prevail. Todd tries to block him, but the boy spins toward the basket and knocks into Todd, sending him flying to his butt. The shot is good and the other players dash down the court in the other direction, leaving Todd alone.

The GYM TEACHER yells out from the side line.

GYM TEACHER

Way to post-up, Winkler. Come on, Bowden, stay with your man.

Undeterred, Todd gets up quickly. Joey glances back at him.

JOEY

You okay?

Todd runs past him toward the other end.

TODD

Yeah.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, Todd takes a pass from a teammate and dribbles the ball down the court. The other team descends on him as he looks for someone to pass to. A tall boy guards him. Joey is suddenly open. Todd sends him a bounce pass under the arms of his defender. Joey catches it and goes in for the easy lay-up. The shot is good. He and Joey high-five each other.

GYM TEACHER

Nice assist, Bowden. Winkler, where were you?

16A SCENE OMITTED

16A

17 EXT. DUSSANDER'S BACK PORCH - DAY

17

It is late afternoon. Dussander sits in a chair facing out into the backyard. He eats a Big Mac and fries with a knife and fork. An unfinished game of checkers is spread out between him and Todd.

DUSSANDER

You must remember, boy. The twenties were a desperate time for Germany. The Treaty of Versailles left us crippled. Our currency was utterly worthless. Everywhere, factories were closing. The rest of the world? ...They stood by and watched our children starve. Until one man came along... someone who promised to return the pride to our nation. I listened. What would you have done? Hmm?

Dussander looks at Todd, who stares back at him with bored, resentful eyes. This is not what he came to hear.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Ach, you don't know. You have a life of privilege. With your... walkmans and double cheeseburgers.

(suddenly disgusted with the food)

How do you eat this? It tastes like paper.

TODD

(snapping)

So don't eat it.

DUSSANDER

What's with your mood today? You've been spitting venom since you got here. You don't want me to talk? Fine. We finish our game, then.

A large cat keeps jumping onto his lap. He brushes it away annoyed. He makes a move on the board and then leans back in his chair, preparing to light a cigarette. Todd's anger is starting to show.

DUSSANDER

It's your move.

Pause. Dussander lights his cigarette backwards. It takes him a moment to realize it, but Todd notices immediately.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

TODD

You know, this is bullshit. ...I didn't come here to play games.

DUSSANDER

I'm sorry, the checkers were your idea.

*

TODD

Yeah, to relax you. To make it easier for you to talk to me. But so far

*

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

TODD (CONT'D)

you haven't told me one thing I couldn't learn from reading the back of a sugar packet.

DUSSANDER

Boy, you asked me to talk to you, that's what I'm doing. There's no one forcing you to come here.

The cat jumps into Dussander's lap again. He throws it down, this time harder, and stares at the board.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Are you going to move or not?

TODD

I'm not playing around here. It's been two days and all I've done is beat your ass in checkers and watch you drink yourself stupid. Well, I'm sick of it... enough's enough. You hear me? Enough.

Todd swats the checker board off the porch. The pieces go flying. Todd storms back into the house.

Dussander sits for a moment stunned. He looks strangely amused. The hungry cat takes the opportunity to jump in his lap a third time. Dussander allows it to lick his french fries.

DUSSANDER

(to cat)

I guess he's had enough.

Suddenly the sound of bottles breaking erupts from the kitchen. It takes a moment for Dussander to register what the sound is. But when he does, he moves like a man on a mission.

DUSSANDER

Oh, you son of a bitch.

Dussander picks up the cat and tosses it a good six feet. The animal hits the ground and runs away. He staggers from his chair and charges quickly but drunkenly toward the door.

17A INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

17A

Todd has smashed several bottles of precious bourbon in the sink and is about to smash another when Dussander, his eyes blazing, crosses to Todd and slaps him smartly on the cheek.

Todd is too stunned to even wince. Everything stops.

Dussander nimbly snatches the one remaining bottle from Todd's hands. An instant later he grabs Todd by the collar and pins him against the counter. He pulls a broken bottle neck from the sink.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

Todd's numbness wears off and his eyes widen with the realization of his position. The jagged glass is inches from his face. Dussander's rage is punctuated by his sudden coolness.

DUSSANDER

(gripping him tighter)

Is this real enough for you, hmm? Is this what you want?

TODD

Yes.

Dussander looks at him incredulously.

Pause. Dussander pulls away from him, his anger subsiding. He puts the bottle neck in the sink.

DUSSANDER

I... wasn't going to cut you. Are you all right?

TODD

I'm fine.

DUSSANDER

Were you scared?

TODD

Should I be?

DUSSANDER

Others would be.

TODD

I'm not like others... I won't turn you in. I won't tell anyone. Just talk to me.

Pause. Dussander wipes his brow. He moves toward the back door.

DUSSANDER

Pour me a tall one.

17B INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - TODD'S ROOM - NIGHT

17B

The STEREO is on. (Sugg. Rush's "Tom Sawyer.") Todd sits on his bed rifling through a collection of papers and photographs concerning various aspects of Nazi Germany. He's organized them into a series of piles.

There is a separate dossier on Dussander himself, with several handwritten pages, some xeroxes of fingerprint data, photos, etc. Todd flips through a series of photos that he took, showing Dussander looking in a store window, waiting for the bus, etc.

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED:

17B

The camera stops on a pile of forgotten school books on the floor. They are almost buried under a pile of xeroxed photos.

We cut back to Todd. He gazes long and hard at the infamous old photograph of Dussander. It shows him holding a rare military dagger down at his side. Kneeling down in front of him, in the last few seconds of his life, is the young man who was caught trying to escape. Todd ponders the photo, perhaps seeing it in a whole new light.

17C INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

17C

A TEACHER drones on from behind the desk.

TEACHER

Judging by the results of your first quiz, I think for *most* of you, we moved a little too fast through chapter one.

Todd, already bored, begins to doodle in his notebook.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

By a show of hands, how many of you *think* you know what sociology is?

ANGLE ON what Todd is drawing- two or three small swastikas.

17D INT. DUSSANDER'S SITTING ROOM- DUSK

17D *

Dussander brings a glass of bourbon up to his lips. He stands by the table, staring out into the yard. Todd sits across from him, trying to act cool, but on the edge of his seat. They have been talking for a while.

TODD

Was it always Zyklon-B?

Dussander turns back to Todd.

DUSSANDER

For a National Merit Scholar, you haven't done your homework. Only Auschwitz and Maidanek had prussic acid. The rest of the camps used carbon monoxide.

TODD

I thought Zyklon-B was faster and cleaner.

DUSSANDER

Exactly. Which is why that shit Hoess made sure the rest of us didn't get it. He had his
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17D CONTINUED:

17D

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

nose so deep up Himmler's ass... Oh, never
mind.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

And once they were in the chamber it took how long? A minute? Five minutes?

DUSSANDER

Gott, no. The prussic acid took about fifteen minutes. But the monoxide could take an hour. Sometimes more.

This effects Todd, but he wants to press on. Dussander sits down at the table. *

TODD

(weakly)

How.. how did it work? I mean... exactly?

Dussander finds a cigarette and brings it to his lips. He lights it. Todd watches calmly as the old man takes a moment to remember. But he remembers all to well.

DUSSANDER

It was a mess. They would lose control of their bodies. They vomited and urinated and defecated themselves.

TODD

Did they panic?

DUSSANDER

Wouldn't you? ...Even though the gas came in from the vents in the ceiling, they would climb on top of each other, desperately reaching for fresh air that wasn't there. They died in a mountain of themselves.

TODD

And the children?

DUSSANDER

On the bottom.

Todd swoons. He rubs his sweaty palms against his jeans.

TODD

Fuck.

Dussander pulls deeply on his cigarette.

TODD (CONT'D)

Did anyone ever survive it?

Dussander looks away out the window. *

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

He stands to his full height and runs his hands through his hair.

DUSSANDER

One time, the gas didn't work. There was a leak, in the pipes, so oxygen mixed with the monoxide. It was horrible. They fouled themselves, as usual, but after an hour, they were still moving, stumbling around the room like drunks, their eyes glassy.

TODD

What did you do?

DUSSANDER

I ordered more gas, but we didn't know about the leak. Soon, they began to twitch all over, like they were dancing, with their arms above their heads. Some even fell to their knees, laughing this... terrible, high pitched squeal. Even the guards were frightened. But it didn't kill them. After two hours, I sent five men in with rifles to end their agonies. These were five men I trusted. It would have looked bad to have wasted so many cartridges at a time when the Fuehrer had declared every cartridge a national resource.

He crunches out his cigarette.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

It's getting dark. Your mother will be worried.

TODD

(checking watch)

Oh shit...I gotta go. ...Uh, tomorrow, I can be here by three-fifteen. I want to here the end of this.

hear

DUSSANDER

The end?

(a half-smile, more to himself)

The end.

(to Todd)

I'll see you tomorrow.

ANGLE on Todd.

A18 INT. DUSSANDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A18 *

Dussander lies awake in bed. He cannot sleep. The afternoons with Todd have opened the flood gates of his memory. He looks at a glass of water by his bed...

*
*
*

B18 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

B18

Dussander empties the glass into the sink and refills it with ice and bourbon. He takes a long drink to calm himself as a low rumbling sound comes in...

18 TODD'S DREAM: - OPEN FIELD - DAY

18

The rumbling continues as Todd sleeps in his bed. This is the unforgettable sound and feel of an earthquake. The objects on his bed table tremble toward the edge. The tiny grains of dust on the table vibrate wildly. A glass of water falls from the table onto the floor, but does not shatter. Todd's eyes fly open, terrified. The rumbling stops. We hear the distant sound of several car alarms. He sits up in the bed and slips out of the covers. His bare feet touch the ground, squooshing into the wet carpet...

As he walks across his bedroom, we realize that the size of the wet spot could not have been this big. The sound of his bare feet on the wet carpet changes as he walks. It sounds more like he is stepping in mud. Squoosh squoosh. We follow him as he moves farther and farther away from his bed. The mud seeps through his toes. Soon it is apparent that he is in a space much larger than his room. Yet he is still in darkness, as if his room has suddenly ended and he continues into a black void.

Then the rumbling returns. It is different now, less like an earthquake, more like a low scream. He keeps walking until he finds himself in the middle of a large open field. It is grassy, but certainly not beautiful. Something is wrong about this place. He looks everywhere for the source of the sound, finally down at the ground. Todd drops to his knees, frightened, but with purpose. He starts to claw away at the dirt. The noise builds, and it is clearly the wail of something alive. Todd digs frantically with his fingers. The deafening roar crescendoes as Todd feels something in the ground.

His face goes white. He brushes the dirt off and yanks the object from the ground. The noise cuts out. Todd looks down at a beautiful dagger, complete with scabbard and belt. He has seen this before.

19 OMITTED

19

19A OMITTED

19A

19B INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

19B

Todd's eyes open from his dream to the wail of Joey's car horn outside his window. He peeps groggily at his alarm clock. He has overslept. He rolls out of bed as his mother opens his door. MONICA BOWDEN is 36. *

MONICA

Joey's outside. You said you were awake half an hour ago.

Todd steps into his jeans as his mother berates him.

TODD

I musta fell back asleep.

He falls over getting into a shoe.

MONICA

Looks like you're still asleep.

The horn honks again.

TODD

Tell him I'm coming, will ya?

MONICA

I have to meet with a client at seven, but there's some left-over drumsticks in the fridge and plenty of stuff for sloppy joes....Will you be all right?

Todd laces up his sneaker.

TODD

Yeah, I can eat over at Mr. Denker's.

MONICA

Who's going to cook, you?

TODD

We'll... order pizza, I don't know. Will you not worry about it, please.

MONICA

It's just a little ...odd.

Todd flashes a smile to his mom as he collects his books.

TODD

What...? Reading books to an old man?

(CONTINUED)

19B CONTINUED:

19B

Monica thinks a moment, then gives in. She pulls a twenty from her purse and hands it to him.

MONICA

All right, but you invite him over here next week. Dad and I want to meet him.

Todd kisses her cheek, as he moves past her, stuffing the bill in his pocket.

TODD

Thanks, babe.

19D INT. JOEY'S CAR - MORNING

19D

They pull away from Todd's house. Joey has the radio playing. He looks at the disheveled Todd.

JOEY

Good morning, sweetheart. You look like you combed your hair with the bottom of a shoe.

TODD

What time is it?

JOEY

Seven till.

TODD

What year?

Joey hands him a "big gulp".

JOEY

Have a little caffeine.

Todd takes a sip. Makes a face. But just then a passing image catches his eye.

Through Todd's window, we see a WOMAN, not young, but not so old that the TWO CHILDREN with her could not be her own. Their faces are solemn as they slowly climb the steps of a waiting bus. The smallest child looks up, his eyes hauntingly connect with Todd's.

The bus sounds its horn. Todd hears the whistle of a train. He reacts, looks away.

He looks back. The image seems slightly different, the mother paler, the children more fearful. Their clothes could be from another era. The mother directs her children with a sense of urgency.

ANGLE on Todd.

21 SCENE OMITTED

21 *

21A INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

21A

TITLE: OCTOBER 1984

A fire blazes in the fireplace. The room is bathed in a warm orange glow as the autumn sun sets outside. Todd uses the poker to adjust one of the logs.

Dussander sits in his easy chair, which has been positioned in front of the hearth.

DUSSANDER

That was a dark year. ...It was shooting. All shooting. My God we must've...

Dussander can't sit still. He gets up and paces behind his chair. His face weaves in and out of the shadows.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

It was the Ghettos... We had to clean them out. The Jews, they would hide... in the walls, the sewers, anywhere they could. It didn't matter, we always found them. If the dogs didn't, the smoke and fire would. We would round them up and march them out to a large pit.

TODD

Who dug the pit?

DUSSANDER

Poles, Lithuanians. Anybody we wanted.

(beat)

At first, my men would take turns shooting them in the head, but there were so many. Sometimes a hundred a day. We started shooting two or three at a time and still there was no end to it. After a while, the shooting was no longer killing. The killing was no longer death. It was effort, noise, waste.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

Todd realizes that his face is covered with sweat. He stands up and moves away from the fire. He's rattled but he doesn't want Dussander to notice. *

Dussander doesn't notice. He's caught up in a flood of memories. He speaks almost like he's conducting the orchestra of his mind now.

Todd goes into the kitchen.

DUSSANDER

Winter was coming. We were moving father east into Russia. He had decided he wanted control of the Ukraine.

21B INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DUSK

21B

Todd goes to the sink and splashes water on his face. He runs his wet hands through his hair. He catches his reflection in the toaster. He stares at it, mesmerized for a second. *

DUSSANDER (O.S.)

We pressed on... moving like ghosts without a home. Village after village.

22 INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

22

Todd comes out of the kitchen with a glass of water. Dussander didn't know Todd had left the room.

DUSSANDER

Then in September, 1941, was Babi Yar.

TODD

Babi Yar?

DUSSANDER

Kiev. We ordered every Jew in Kiev to come to the Babi Yar Ravine in the morning. When they arrived they were stripped and marched to the edge. And there the shooting began. So many, the guns overheated.

TODD

How many?

DUSSANDER

Thirty-three thousand...

(CONTINUED)

TODD
(dumbfounded)
In one day?

DUSSANDER
Two.

Todd gulps down his water.

DUSSANDER
I will never forget the sound that night.

ANGLE ON Todd.

Dussander looks out the window at the autumn trees.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
The bodies. ...So many of them, on top of each other like that... after a few hours they began to settle. A head would fall to one side, an arm would drop. A bit like... the sound of blowing leaves.

He turns his attention back to the room, focusing his eyes on the fire.

ANGLE on Todd. He wipes the residue of water from his upper lip. This is the first time Dussander has made mention of actually killing someone.

TODD
What... What did it feel like?

Dussander looks at him puzzled.

TODD (CONT'D)
(clarifying)
...all those people?

Pause. The full darkness of Dussander's memory rises to the surface. But the result is something more disturbing-- almost a smile. Dussander stops it before it creeps across his face.

With a gulp of his drink he shakes it off and continues as before.

DUSSANDER
We were doing what had to be done. It was a door that had been opened and couldn't be shut. It was the end... oh, you don't understand... Nothing would stop us after that.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Dussander stares into the fire. Todd, wide-eyed, is locked on Dussander.

23A INT. BECKY'S TOYOTA - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

23A

TITLE: NOVEMBER 1984

Todd and Becky sit in her car outside a house where a loud teenage party is in full swing. Music from the party filters out. At 16, BECKY TRASK, is an attractive girl who has recently discovered that boys like her and she likes them. She has moved onto his lap and is kissing him, her blouse is partially unbuttoned. She stops and slides back into her seat.

BECKY

I can tell you're not into this.

TODD

(trying to be cool)

No, I am. ...It just takes me a while.

She smiles, knowing he is just trying to save face.

BECKY

Do you know why I like you, Todd? ...You're the only guy who never tried to impress me. ...So don't try now, It doesn't fit you.

Todd grins a little, embarrassed. She touches his cheek.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You're sweet.

Todd looks away. He mumbles something to himself.

BECKY

What?

TODD

Can... can I ask you something?

BECKY

Sure.

TODD

Do you ever wonder... why we do things?

She sits back, considering this. Her gum snaps between her teeth.

BECKY

What things?

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

She pauses, looks at him. Finally, she takes the gum from her mouth and tosses it out the window. She moves up to him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

No, it's better not to wonder... It's better just to do it.

With that, she slides down out of frame into Todd's lap. Todd is startled at first, but lets her. After a moment, he closes his eyes.

24 EXT. DUSSANDER'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

24

Dussander sits in his chair. He smokes a cigarette and holds a near-empty glass.

Out in the yard, the large cat emerges from the darkness and moves cautiously toward the porch. Dussander watches it approach as he sips his bourbon.

DUSSANDER

Hello, kitty-kitty.

The cat comes up to the chair. Dussander smiles pleasantly at the animal. The cat seems to relax a bit, purring as it rubs against his pant leg. Then it jumps into his lap.

The two of them engage in a long stare. The camera is close on each of their eyes. The eyes of a cat-- huge in the low light, and those of Dussander-- clear and disarming. We hold for a moment until...

Something in Dussander changes. His inviting demeanor gives way to his hidden darkness. Slowly, so as not to alarm the cat, he finishes his drink and holds the glass loosely in his fingers. He lets it drop...

The glass explodes against the floor of the porch. Instantly the cat starts to jump away, but Dussander reacts faster. He snatches the animal by the neck and stands out of the chair as the animal shrieks wildly.

25 INT. BECKY'S TOYOTA - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

25

It is later. The party has quieted down a bit. Becky sits behind the wheel. Todd is next to her. They sit for a moment in silence, clearly uncomfortable.

TODD

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

BECKY

It's all right. Maybe you'll be more in the mood later.

TODD

I don't know. That's never happened before.

Becky lights a joint. She takes a puff and exhales toward Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)

Can you blow that the other way?

BECKY

Maybe you just don't like me.

TODD

No, I do.

BECKY

(exhaling out the window)

Maybe you don't like girls.

25A EXT. DUSSANDER'S PORCH - NIGHT

25A

The cat screeches. Dussander wrestles it by the neck. It flails against him for dear life.

25B INT. BECKY'S TOYOTA - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

25B

Becky looks at him oddly, as though she has just seen a flash of a darker mood in him for the first time. Todd turns away. Becky sees that her comment has hurt him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

That was a lousy thing for me to say. I'm sorry.

She kisses him on the cheek. He nods reluctantly.

TODD

Let's just go.

26 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

26

Dussander bursts through the door as the terrified animal claws him across the neck.

DUSSANDER

Oww, you mother-fucker.

(CONTINUED)

They move across the room to the stove. With difficulty, Dussander turns the knob all the way up and pulls open the oven door. We hear the gas burner igniting from within. The animal wails and claws at Dussander's neck and arms, escaping more and more from Dussander's grip with every gyration of its body. With a mighty shove Dussander plunges the cat toward the opening, but the animal braces its paws on the edge of the stove. The two are deadlocked. The cat sinks its fangs into Dussander's arm. He screams. His grip loosens just enough. With a desperate cry, the animal charges up Dussander's body, over his head, and leaps to the floor. Dussander dives after it.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Come here!

But the animal is too swift. In a second, it scampers atop the counter and out the open window above the sink. Although defeated and exhausted, Dussander cannot contain his excitement. His panting gives way to a twisted, hearty laugh.

28 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

28

We move in past a student coming out of the classroom to see that Todd is the only person left in the room. An exam is almost over. He sits at his desk, staring blankly at the paper before him. Most of the answer spaces are empty, others have been crossed out and changed several times. He knows he is going to fail another test.

30 INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

30

Thanksgiving. We cut into the scene just after the punchline of a humorous anecdote from Dussander. The adults burst with laughter.

The camera moves around the table to reveal Dussander, well-scrubbed and dapper, at the head of the table. Next to him is Monica, then RICHARD (DICK) BOWDEN, Todd's father, who at 40 is a taller, grayer version of his son, followed by Dick's parents, VICTOR and AGNES BOWDEN, both in their early sixties. Dick, and Victor smoke cigars.

The shot ends on Todd, looking morose, even a bit pouty, as Dussander entertains the family. This is not what Todd had in mind.

DUSSANDER

And the policeman said, 'Mr. Denker, if you can't see the road, you shouldn't be driving. Now how many fingers am I holding up?' And I said, 'Let me guess...'

(holds up his middle finger)

One?'

(CONTINUED)

The adults laugh again. Agnes snickers, despite Dussander's bawdiness.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

And that was the end of my driving in America.
...I've been taking the bus ever since.

VICTOR

My eyes aren't what they used to be either.

Dussander squints at a large set of white-tail deer antlers mounted on the far wall.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

That's a white-tail buck.

DICK

A remnant of our Carolina days.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Dick brought that one down up near the Yadkin river, I guess about seven or eight years ago.

DUSSANDER

Your grandson never told me he came from a family of hunters.

AGNES

Oh, Todd never took a shine to guns-

MONICA

He's good at other things.

VICTOR

Baseball is Todd's game.

Todd rolls his eyes. He looks at the wall clock glumly.

DICK

You sure you wouldn't like a cigar, Arthur?

DUSSANDER

Thank you, no. But if you don't mind, I will have one of my cigarettes. They are here somewhere...

He moves his hand around the table, searching "blindly" for his cigarettes.

MONICA

Let me help you, Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

She finds the pack near his coffee cup and takes one out for him.
Dussander takes her hand.

DUSSANDER

My dear, your generosity humbles me. I thank
you for a most enchanting evening.

(CONTINUED)

Todd checks the clock again. It is past eleven.

VICTOR

Arthur, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

DUSSANDER

Not at all.

VICTOR

What did you do during the war?

Pause. Dussander calmly pulls on his cigarette. Through the following, he speaks with a touch of somber frankness, but his eyes avoid contact with the men at the table.

DUSSANDER

(to Monica)

I was in the reserves, as were most young men, but... my poor eyesight kept me out of combat.

(to Agnes)

I spent most of the war in a hospital laundry, washing bed linen and nurse's uniforms.

Long pause.

DICK

(to Todd)

You've been awfully quiet tonight, pal.

TODD

Sorry, it's just that I've heard all these stories before.

MONICA

Todd!

Dick shoots Todd a scolding stare.

DUSSANDER

It's quite all right, my dear. The boy is just being honest, a privilege of boys that men must often give up. ...You know, that reminds me... It must have been my first year at the University. A group of maybe three or four of us stopped into a Ratskellar for a drink-- and in those years there was not always Schnaps or even beer, but on this night there happened to be both... ...

Todd sighs as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

31

Todd and Dussander walk together in silence. Todd is clearly in a bad mood. Dussander prods him.

DUSSANDER

The cat certainly had your tongue this evening. I should think you would love to lend your insight to such delightful conversation-

TODD

Oh, give me a fucking break, will you? Look who's talking to me, for Christ's sake. If you were any more charming I was gonna puke.

DUSSANDER

Heavens, boy, wasn't that precisely the point? I used the evening to our advantage.

TODD

Our advantage? Our advantage?

DUSSANDER

Certainly now they will offer no objections if you continue to come over and read to me.

TODD

You sure take a lot for granted, you know that? Do you think there's anybody forcing me to come over to your shitty hole and watch you slop up bourbon all day? Do you?

DUSSANDER

Lower your voice. People will hear.

TODD

So what?

Dussander stops.

DUSSANDER

No, nobody forces you to come. In fact, you are welcome to stay away. Believe me, boy, I have no scruples about drinking alone. None at all.

They start walking again. Dussander turns up his driveway. Todd follows.

TODD

You know, if they found out what you are, they'd spit on you.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DUSSANDER

I am sure they would have nothing but revulsion for me. But what would they say about you, boy, when I told them you had known about me for months... and said nothing?

Dussander unlocks his door and steps in.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Come and see me if you please, and stay home if you don't. Good night.

He closes the door.

31A INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN- DAY

31A

TITLE: DECEMBER 1984

Todd comes through the front door carrying a box under his arm. The TV is on. He sees the back of Dussander's chair and the old man's cold, frail hand dangling over the arm. A bottle of bourbon sits on its side, dripping onto the floor. Todd rushes to him.

TODD

Oh my God.

Dussander looks dead. A cigarette has burned down to the filter in his other hand and an empty bottle sits next to him. Todd checks him, feels him. Then he shakes him hard.

TODD (CONT'D)

Wake up. Wake up, goddammit.

Suddenly Dussander flies out of the chair, screaming and flailing from his stupor.

DUSSANDER

I'll kill you...

Then he sees Todd.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Boy... God Gott, boy... I thought... I thought you were the shwartzzen here to rob me.

TODD

I thought you were dead. You look terrible.

DUSSANDER

Today is Saturday. Since when do you come here on Saturdays?

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

TODD

(softens into an excited smile)
I brought you something.

Todd wipes up the spilt bourbon.

Todd places a brightly wrapped Christmas present on the table in front of Dussander, who looks at it skeptically. Todd turns off TV.

TODD

Go ahead, open it. Wait, I better pull down the shades, first.

DUSSANDER

What for?

TODD

Just to be safe.

DUSSANDER

(getting up)

To hell with this. You open it.

TODD

Relax. Sit down and open it.

Todd opens the refrigerator and pulls out a can of Coke.
Dussander slowly sits back down.

DUSSANDER

You wrapped it yourself, I see.

He begins to remove the bow, and then the paper. He moves very cautiously, as if the package might explode at any moment. Finally, he removes the lid and his face loses all color. His mouth drops open...

TODD

Merry Christmas!

We see that the box contains a high-quality replica of an officer's S.S. uniform, complete with hat and jackboots. Dussander is utterly shocked. Yet there is fear in his expression, conveying an understanding that is absent in Todd. He eyes the uniform cautiously.

DUSSANDER

Mary Mother of God.

Dussander's hand is trembling as he picks it up, inspecting the authenticity. He looks it over carefully.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
(excited)
Looks pretty real, eh?

DUSSANDER
How on... Where did you get this...?

TODD
I'm a persistent shopper.

Dussander peers at the label sewn into the jacket.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
(reading)
"E.F. Montgomery Costume Clothiers, Tappan
Zee, New Jersey," ...Boy, this is...

TODD
Go ahead, try it on.

Dussander drops the uniform on the table and turns away. He is sweating. He wipes his brow.

TODD (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

DUSSANDER
What's wrong...? Have you completely lost your
mind? What on Earth makes you think I would
put something like that on?

TODD
I thought you'd like it --

DUSSANDER
Like it? Like it...? My God, you're a bigger
fool than I thought. ...Maybe I'll put it on
and do a little shopping downtown. Is that
what you thought?

Todd looks dumbfounded.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
You... You have really outdone yourself this
time... my God... Look at this thing... are
you insane...? The fucking nerve you show...

TODD
That's enough.

Dussander bangs the table.

DUSSANDER
I'll die before I put this thing on--

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

TODD

I said that's enough.

Todd has never yelled this loud at him before.

DUSSANDER

The indignities I have suffered with you... I should smash you.

TODD

Do it. Please.

(pause)

Indignities? What you've suffered with me is nothing compared to what the Israelis would do to you. Remember what happened to Eichmann? You forget that, I think. And, you know, that's my fault... Well, don't you ever forget that file I have on you... ...I tried to do this the nice way, but you don't want it. So fine, we'll do it the hard way. You will put this on because I want to see you in it. Now move.

*
*
*
*

Todd pushes the uniform across the table at him.

TODD (CONT'D)

You heard me.

DUSSANDER

You are going to hell.

A33 INT. DUSSANDER'S STAIRS AND KITCHEN- DAY

A33 *

It is five minutes later. The black jackboots step slowly down the stairs. Dussander hesitates a moment before turning down the hallway. We follow him along the shadowy hall toward the kitchen, where Todd sits at the table spinning the cap of a bourbon bottle. Dussander reaches the doorway and stops. Todd looks up, a long moment as he takes the image in. Dussander steps into the full light of the room, wearing the uniform. It fits him frighteningly well.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

33 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

33

Dussander stands in the uniform. Todd is helping him with the buttons. Dussander looks at the rank insignia on the lapel.

DUSSANDER

I see I've been promoted.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Yeah, I know. It was all they had. But I think...

He steps back to look at Dussander. Todd is impressed with himself.

TODD

...That's a perfect fit. I looked in one of your suit coats.

33 CONTINUED:

DUSSANDER
It itches like hell.

TODD
Quiet. Straighten that hat.

DUSSANDER
(indignant, dismissive)
Please.

TODD
Straighten that hat, soldier!

DUSSANDER
Good Gott.

Dussander does what he is told.

TODD
Achtung!

Slowly Dussander straightens up.

TODD (CONT'D)
Now, march... Do it!

Dussander breaks into a little soft shoe to annoy him.

TODD (CONT'D)
I said march.

Dussander begins to move his feet in place.

TODD (CONT'D)
That's it. March.

Dussander has gotten into a rhythm, marching faster in place.

TODD (CONT'D)
About face.

Dussander spins sharply on his heels. He continues to march.

TODD (CONT'D)
About face.

Dussander is stomping in place vigorously. He spins on command, facing Todd. He gives a Nazi salute. Todd watches him march for a moment. At first he enjoys the domination, but as Dussander gets caught up in the marching, Todd's expression changes.

TODD (CONT'D)
Okay, that's enough.

(CONTINUED)

Dussander is still marching furiously.

TODD (CONT'D)

I said that's enough!

33 CONTINUED:

33

Suddenly Dussander stops. He collapses into a chair, exhausted. He sits there panting for a moment.

DUSSANDER

Boy... be careful. You play with fire.

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. DUSSANDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

35

Dussander wakes from a nightmare in a cold sweat. His pajamas are soaked. Disoriented and out of breath, he clicks on the lamp next to the bed. The water glass on the table is now filled with bourbon. No ice. He chugs down a long gulp. This has become the only defense against the nightmares. After a moment he climbs out of bed.

The closet. He stares at the closed closet door and then moves toward it slowly. He opens the door and runs his fingers across the assortment of shirts and jackets. His hand stops near the back.

36 INT. DUSSANDER'S BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

36

Dussander He stands in front of the mirror. He is dressed, with the exception of the boots and hat, in the SS uniform. He appears calmer, less agitated. A cigarette hangs from his lips.

He enjoys the moment, so many feelings coming back to him. He instinctively reaches down to his side and draws an imaginary dagger. Even without the weapon, it is a frightening gesture.

He crunches out the cigarette and lays down on top of the covers. *
He turns off the light. He closes his eyes, relaxed for the first time in a long while.

37 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER AREA - DAY

37

Todd stands facing his open locker. He is staring at an official school letter clipped to a series of white cards ("flunk cards"). Sweat collects on his forehead. He looks like he is about to explode. He wipes his brow with his sleeve and turns around to see if anyone notices him. TWO STUDENTS catch his eye. They are both Asian. Slinging his bag over his shoulder, he slams the locker shut and heads off down the hall.

38 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

38

It is after school. Todd is shooting baskets. Joey is with him, reading the letter that Todd just received.

JOEY

(reading letter)

'Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, this note is to suggest that we have a group conference concerning Todd's first semester grades. In light of his previous outstanding-'

(stops reading, looks at Todd)

Ooh, outstanding.

TODD

Damn right.

JOEY

(continues reading)

...'Outstanding work, the sudden deterioration in his grades suggest a specific problem which should be addressed before his academic advancement is jeopardized permanently. Such a problem can often be solved by a frank and open discussion. I am ready to work out a time for us to meet. In a case such as this, earlier is usually better. Sincerely yours, Edward French.' Jesus. ...So what are you going to do?

Todd mumbles something.

JOEY

What?

TODD

I said, fuck if I know.

Todd throws up a clumsy shot. It misses.

JOEY

You're throwing it flat. Let it roll off your fingers more.

TODD

(snapping at him)

I don't need a lesson.

Todd adjusts his grip on the ball anyway. He shoots again. No good.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Your dad, man. I don't know. I mean, I'm a fuck up. My dad is used to this crap from me.

Todd does not respond to his friend's attempt at humor. He is slamming the ball around with great force. He bounces it hard off the back wall to give himself a rebound. He is mumbling to himself.

JOEY

What?

TODD

What?

JOEY

You said something?

TODD

No.

JOEY

You're talking to yourself, Bowden. What is going on with you?

TODD

Nothing. I fucked up. I'll fix it.

JOEY

All right, man. Whatever you say.

An awkward silence. Joey watches him dribble.

JOEY (CONT'D)

So what's up with you and Becky?

TODD

Who?

JOEY

Becky Trask, you idiot.

Todd drops the ball and turns on Joey.

TODD

What did you call me?

He is right in Joey's face, although he only comes up to his shoulders.

A few cheerleaders cross in the background, giggling among themselves. Joey looks over at them.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Okay... whatever, man. You're being a dick...
I got to get to practice.

(CONTINUED)

No response from Todd. Joey turns away, obviously hurt by his friend's behavior. He stops and faces Todd.

JOEY (CONT'D)

If you want to talk, you can call me.

Joey drops the letter by Todd's backpack and walks off. Todd continues shooting the ball.

TODD

(mumbling)

You're talking to yourself, Bowden. You're talking to yourself, Bowden.

He throws up a shot. It is good.

TODD (CONT'D)

I said I'll fix it.

A strange SQUAWKING sound is heard. Todd doesn't hear it at first, but as the sound grows louder Todd stops the ball and looks around. His eyes focus on the area near an open doorway. Sunlight streams into the empty gym. Todd walks closer, seeing that the sound is coming from an injured bird that has crawled in from outside. He goes up to it. The bird is black. Its wing is damaged. It SQUAWKS loudly, looking up at Todd. Todd begins mumbling again. He starts to dribble the ball thoughtlessly.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'll fix it. I'll fix it.

Slowly the ball drifts from beside Todd to in front of him, gaining force with every bounce. He brings it up to his face and with both hands throws it down with all his might. When it comes back up, it is smeared with blood. He throws it down again, this time it comes up with feathers smeared in the blood. The squawking has stopped. Blood splatters on Todd's shirt. His eyes close.

He stops the ball, looks around. No one has seen him. He walks off.

40 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

40

CLOSE UP on the letter from Mr. French. The camera moves to show Dussander reading it. He mumbles along as he reads.

DUSSANDER

...In a case such as this, earlier is usually better. Sincerely yours, Edward French.

...Who is this Edward French, the headmaster?

(CONTINUED)

Dussander gets up from the table to make another drink. Todd sits at the table carefully practicing to forge his father's signature on the small white card in front of him. The card reads: "Interpretation of Progress Notice." This is a warning to parents that a student is close to failing a class.

TODD

French? Hell no. He's a stupid guidance counselor.

DUSSANDER

Guidance counselor? What is that?

TODD

He guides and he counsels, you read the letter.

(sniffs the air, frowning)

What stinks in here?

DUSSANDER

Ah, I burnt my TV dinner, I'm afraid.

Todd is making a mess. A piece of carbon paper taped to the back of one of his father's cancelled checks produces a likeness when he traces over the signature with a pencil. He is testing the process on sheets of notebook paper before trying to do it on the card. The results of countless tests, as well as a pile of crumpled carbon paper, litter the table in front of him. Clearly, Todd has not had to do this before. His pencil is small and dull. He pulls a pocket knife from his jeans and begins to sharpen the pencil over the floor.

TODD

We got a real problem here, you know that?

DUSSANDER

We? I'm not the one in trouble.

TODD

We'll see about that.

DUSSANDER

No, no, no, you're not turning this around on me, boy. It's not my fault your grades have fallen.

TODD

No, see... that's where you're wrong. It is your fault. I never had trouble studying until I met you, all that crap you tell me... It keeps me up half the night. I can't even think.

(the knife shreds the pencil in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

TODD (CONT'D)

half)

Dammit. ...I need a pencil. You have one?

But Dussander has just heard Todd confess something. He stares at him from the counter. He considers saying something. Finally.

DUSSANDER

What will your parents do?

TODD

They're never going to see it. That's the whole point. ...This is not just a little slip-up here. My dad will hit the roof. He is going to want to know exactly what happened... and what happened is you. Do you get what I'm telling you?

Pause.

DUSSANDER

I think so.

TODD

Well you better be sure, because it's your sorry ass that winds up in jail, not mine. Come on... a pencil, a sharp one.

Pause.

TODD (CONT'D)

(thinking aloud)

He signs his name like a fucking retard.

Dussander pauses. Slowly, he goes to the counter and opens a drawer. He rummages through it as Todd sits with his back to him. Dussander picks out a pencil with an extremely sharp point. He holds it point out and approaches Todd. He gets closer, the point moves in toward the back of Todd's head. He holds the point inches from the boy's neck. He deliberates.

DUSSANDER

Will this do?

Todd grabs the pencil. Dussander turns toward the window. He thinks for a moment. The wheels are turning...

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Tell me, does this French know your parents in a social way?

TODD

Hell, no. They wouldn't mix with a geek like him.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

DUSSANDER

How about professionally? Has he ever called them before?

TODD

Why? I've never needed it.

Long pause. Dussander stares out the window. Then he turns and approaches the table.

DUSSANDER

Why don't you turn on the light before you mess that up?

TODD

What do you know about it?

DUSSANDER

I was forging documents before your parents were born. Here, out of the way.

He shoos Todd out of the chair and sits down.

41 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY

41

Todd looks a bit nervous as he comes into the office and goes up to the desk. He holds a note in his hand. A SECRETARY notices him.

SECRETARY

Yes?

Todd holds up the note.

TODD

I'm supposed to see Mr. French.

SECRETARY

Go right in, second door.

Todd looks at the door, then back at the secretary.

TODD

Do you know what this is about?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, I don't know.

She sits back at her desk. Todd crosses to a door marked, "Edward French - Guidance." There is laughing coming from inside. He turns the knob and enters.

42 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRENCH'S OFFICE - DAY

42

Todd's eyes nearly fall out of his head. A second later he recovers. Leaning on the front of his desk is EDWARD FRENCH, early 40's.

FRENCH

Hey, Todd, have a seat.

There are two chairs in front of the desk. One is empty. In the other-- is Dussander, who looks the best he has ever looked. His hair is clean and combed. His face is shaved. And he is smartly dressed in his best blue suit. Todd is dumbfounded.

DUSSANDER

Hello there. ...Mr. French was--

FRENCH

Ed, Please.

DUSSANDER

Ed, was just telling me about his colorful shoes.

ANGLE on French's shoes, bright red converse high-tops.

FRENCH

I know they look ridiculous, but when it's your job to get confused sixteen year-olds to open up to you, you do whatever it takes.

Both men smile. Todd does not. French winks at Todd, then crosses back to his chair and sits.

Todd is still standing. He is on the verge of saying something. Dussander smiles at him cheerfully, but slowly, the grin begins to fade.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

It's okay, Todd, grab a seat. We were just talking about what's been going on at home. You want to talk about it?

(CONTINUED)

Reluctantly, Todd drops into a chair.

TODD

Not really.

FRENCH

You know, Todd, lots of couples go through tough times, it's part of being in a relationship.

French gazes at a photo of himself and his young son on his desk. Todd glares at Dussander.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Unfortunately it's always the kids who get hit the worst. Have your folks tried to talk to you about what's going on?

TODD

No.

Dussander chimes in.

DUSSANDER

I must admit, when Richard asked me to come in and discuss this business on his behalf, my immediate reaction was to say no. I was raised to believe that a man must take responsibility for his family.

Todd digs his fingernails into the arm of his chair.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

But when I thought of the boy, I realized this was not a matter to be trifled with.

FRENCH

Your concern is appreciated, Victor.

ANGLE ON Todd. The word "Victor" nearly causes him to bite his lip in half.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Todd, from what your grandfather tells me, your top two choices for next fall are Stanford and Berkeley. Is that right?

TODD

Yeah.

FRENCH

Well, your talking about two schools that don't take senior grades lightly. And looking at your record here... Todd, did you know you were on track to finish at the top of your class?

TODD

I know.

French pours over Todd's folder on his desk, almost in disbelief.

FRENCH

But this quarter, every grade is way down... Even your strongest subjects. History you went from a solid A to a... C minus? Trigonometry down to a D? I mean... I could talk to your teachers individually and explain your situation, but the bottom line is if you don't pass, you don't pass. And I assure you that the last thing a bright kid like you wants to do is spend all summer learning stuff you've already been taught. Am I right?

TODD

I'm not going to summer school.

FRENCH

Well in that case, we don't have much time. That's why I'm willing to cut you a deal.

TODD

A deal?

FRENCH

It's what your grandfather and I were talking about before you came in. He's got an idea.

TODD

He does? What?

FRENCH

Well, I imagine it's pretty tough to study at home when your folks are in the middle of an argument. Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Yeah...

FRENCH

So your grandfather has offered to let you
study over at his place everyday after school.
I think it's a good idea.

Todd looks at him oddly.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You do?

FRENCH

Yes, in fact, I offered to go a step further.
...This is where the deal comes in.

French holds up the "Interpretation of Progress" cards that Todd forged earlier.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

We take these I.O.P. cards pretty seriously here, that's why we make your parents sign them. And then they're supposed to go down on your record. ...But the real problem for you is that schools like Stanford start to lose interest with kids who can't seem to maintain a constant level of good work. And it would be a shame if you got skipped over by a school that you are more than qualified to go to.

TODD

So what's the deal?

Pause.

FRENCH

There are three and a half weeks left in this quarter. If you can pull your grades up in that time... like to where they're supposed to be... Then I'll make sure your record stays clear.

TODD

You can do that?

FRENCH

Only if you pull it off. Otherwise it's on your record for good. Look, if you were anybody else, this conversation wouldn't be happening. But for you... if you can deliver some serious results-- and your grandfather's convinced me that you can, then I won't have to bother your family any more. Believe me, I don't like doing it.

DUSSANDER

(to Todd)

He's offering to help you.

TODD

I know, but by the end of the quarter, that's not a lot of time.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

TODD

I know, but by the end of the quarter, that's
not a lot of time.

Pause. French turns to Dussander.

(CONTINUED)

Pause. French turns to Dussander.

FRENCH

Mr. Bowden, I can't thank you enough for coming down here today. But if it's all right with you, I'd like to talk to Todd alone for a few minutes.

Dussander is slightly uncomfortable, but recovers quickly.

DUSSANDER

It's quite all right. If you didn't excuse me, my desire for a cigarette would. Good day, sir.

(then to Todd)

I shall expect you after school.

French picks up a hint of something between Todd and Dussander. Dussander leaves. French comes around and sits on the edge of his desk in front of Todd.

FRENCH

He's a very persuasive man.

TODD

Tell me about it.

FRENCH

Actually, I didn't know how your grandfather would take what I'm about to tell you... Someone his age, he might not find it appropriate.

French slightly loosens the knot of his tie.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Anyway, I just wanted you to know that I understand what you're going through. My ex-wife and I went through the nastiest divorce since Henry the Fifth's.

TODD

I think you mean Henry the Eighth.

(CONTINUED)

Pause.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

Look, Todd, what's going on at home is not your fault. You're just a victim. I know it. You know it. But the reason I'm bringing it up is that... well--

French stops himself. Todd helps him out.

TODD

...Stanford doesn't care.

Pause. French softens into a smile.

FRENCH

Yeah... Todd, listen, you've got something so... extraordinary in that head of yours. I just don't want to see you waste it. Hell, if your grandfather weren't around, I'd let you study at my house. ...I'm telling you, buddy, you get past this little hurdle and I promise you, the world is going to open up for you like you won't believe. I guarantee it.

TODD

I understand.

French extends his hand to Todd.

FRENCH

So we have a deal?

Todd looks him in the eye and shakes his hand.

TODD

We have a deal.

ANGLE on their shaking hands.

42 CONTINUED:

ANGLE on their shaking hands.

TODD

We have a deal. ...But I should get back now.

Todd gets up to leave. French stops him.

(CONTINUED)

43 EXT. DUSSANDER'S BACK PORCH - DAY

43

Dussander still wears the blue suit. The tie has been loosened and top button undone. He sits in his chair, sipping bourbon.

Todd comes around the side of the house, wearing his backpack. He addresses Dussander's back before he is even on the porch.

TODD

Are you out of your fucking mind? What the hell were you thinking, grandpa?

Dussander does not turn around.

DUSSANDER

What are you so excited about?

TODD

You got some balls. I could have stumbled, I could have screwed it up... who knows what could've happened.

DUSSANDER

You played it beautifully, boy, I knew you would.

TODD

Are you drunk? I also could have busted you right there.

DUSSANDER

Yes, you could have... but you did not.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

Todd stares at the back of his head. Dussander sits up, lights a cigarette.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Now, why is that?

Pause.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Your Mr. French is going to give you no more trouble. And now you are upset because the only way you can make things right is to work.

TODD

I'm upset because you got that asshole thinking I can do something that can't be done.

DUSSANDER

Oh, but it can, and it will. You will simply have to work. No more stories, no more screwing around.

TODD

Hey, I don't take orders from you.

DUSSANDER

You do now.

TODD

Oh really? I don't think so.

(pointing inside)

I can walk right in there and pick up that phone--

DUSSANDER

(turning on him)

And do what? ...Do you really think I would stand aside and let you turn me in? Without dragging you with me? Do you? Your American self-confidence is so bloated that you have forgotten the reality of the situation. Ninety thousand died at Patin. To the whole world I am a monster.

He leans in close.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

And you've known about me... all this time. And if I'm caught, when those reporters put their microphones in my face it will be your name I'll repeat over and over again. Todd Bowden, yes that's his name. How long?... oh, for months, almost a year. He wanted to know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

everything... That's how he put it, yes--
everything.

TODD

They'd never believe you.

DUSSANDER

It doesn't matter-- You would be infamous,
boy, that's what you don't understand. Do you
know what such a scandal can do? It never goes
away, not for you. Not for your parents...
Besides, lying to judges and reporters isn't
as easy as you think, you'd have to be
brilliant. Can you do that? I know I can.

*
*

Todd is stunned. He turns away, then back again, struggling for
the right words. He is furious. He sees there is no other way,
but continues fighting.

TODD

Look, there is no way in hell that I can pull
myself out of a half-year slide in a couple of
weeks. It's just not going to happen.

DUSSANDER

Boy, the time for discussion is over. This is
the way it is. You are going to work.

45 EXT. BIKE PATH - DAY

45

Todd pedals his bike furiously toward the camera. He approaches
a steep, rock-laden hill.

DUSSANDER (V.O.)

You are going to spend the rest of this
quarter and all of your vacation studying.
During your free period you will study.
During lunch, you will study. And after
school and on weekends you will come here and
do the same.

TODD (V.O.)

You don't really think I'm going to work here,
do you?

DUSSANDER (V.O.)

Absolutely, at home you will dawdle, you will
talk on the telephone, watch TV. Here, I can
make sure that nothing distracts you from your
studies.

Todd zooms down the hill and is gone.

46 TODD'S SECOND DREAM

46

47 INT. DUSSANDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

47

Dussander is woken up by a clanking sound that echoes from the street. He looks like he could have been having a wonderful sex dream, but he turns his head toward the direction of the street. He clicks on the light. Dressed in the SS uniform, he gets up and moves toward the window.

Through the window, bathed in the glow of a street lamp, a derelict, who we will come to know as ARCHIE, rummages through Dussander's trashcans. Under his arm are a few of the empty bourbon bottles.

Dussander watches Archie collect the cans and bottles. There is something about Archie that makes Dussander wonder if he has seen him before. Archie looks up, right into Dussander's window, as if he were expecting him to be there. The two stare at one another for a long moment. Suddenly Dussander is aware that he is dressed in the SS uniform.

He quickly steps back from the window. His breathing is short and erratic as he waits in the shadows for Archie to finish. After a long moment, the noise from the street stops. We hear only the faint steps of Archie walking away.

51 INT. DUSSANDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

51

The bedroom is nearly dark except for the glowing tip of a cigarette. Dussander is in bed, wide awake. In the faint light we see that an entire bottle of bourbon sits on the table next to him. We hear the rattle of ice cubes as he brings a glass to his lips...

52 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

52

Todd sits alone at the table, eating while he studies. Dussander crosses the frame behind him, drink in hand. Todd is noticeably annoyed by Dussander's presence.

52A EXT. BIKE PATH - DAY

52A

Todd rides his bike along the path to Dussander's house. He rides past a park where some boys his age are playing baseball. He stops to watch them for a moment. They seem to be having a great time on a lazy afternoon.

ANGLE on Todd.

52B INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

52B

Todd is studying again at the kitchen table-- trigonometry. Outside it is raining. Through the door into the living room we see Dussander in his easy chair. He is watching television. Suddenly he burst out laughing. Todd looks up, irritated.

52BA EXT. BIKE PATH - HILL - DAY

52BA*

The rain continues. Todd is riding fast. He talks to himself angrily but we can't make out what he is saying. He approaches the rocky hill from before, now slick with mud and streaming water. *

Todd starts coasting down the hill, but the front tire starts wobbling out of control. The bike gets away from him and slips off the path. Todd goes flying into the over-grown weeds and briars that flank the edge of the path. Thorny, whip-like vines consume him. Todd's frustration peaks as the cold rain pelts him. He yanks out his pocket knife and starts hacking away at the vines. *

Todd is freaking out. The music builds. *Voices we have heard before come in:* (sugg. "That was a dark year," "The bottom line is if you don't pass, you don't pass," "You're throwing it flat," "I fucked up, I'll fix it," "Maybe you don't like girls.") Todd hacks away in a frenzy. The thorns cut into him. The more he flails, the more the briars slap against him.

Finally, he tears free of the briars. He climbs back up the treacherous hill and retrieves his bike. Exhausted and bloodied, Todd rides away. *

54 INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - TODD'S BEDROOM - DAY

54

Todd, still wet from the rain, charges up the stairs and into his room. He goes into the closet and comes out with a shoebox. He throws off the lid, revealing his collection of Nazi materials, including the dossier on Dussander.

He tears open Dussander's file and begins to rip up everything-- the photos, fingerprints, etc. He pauses a moment on the infamous snapshot of Dussander. Todd's eyes narrow. Seething with rage, he shreds the picture to bits.

With finality he dumps the box and its tattered contents into his trash can.

54A EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - SIDE ENTRANCE - RAINY - DAY

54A

It is still raining as Todd comes out of the side entrance and dumps a trash bag into the large can near the door.

55 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

55

TITLE: JANUARY 1985

Dussander sits at the table. He holds Todd's report card out at arm's length to read it. The grades are as follows: Trigonometry, A-, Biology, A, American History, A-, Physical Education, A, Sociology, B+, Advanced French, A-, and Economics, A-. The bourbon bottle next to him is empty. He is more drunk than usual. Todd sits across from him.

DUSSANDER

This calls for a celebration, no? *

When Dussander gets up and goes to the refrigerator we see how drunk he really is. His movements are slow and unbalanced, as if with the next step his feet might betray him.

TODD

I guess. *

DUSSANDER

(eyeing him cautiously)

'I guess,' Hmm. *

(pause) *

How about some whipped cheese and melba toast? *

TODD

Sure.

Dussander goes about his task, taking items from the cabinets, etc. He starts to sing, (sugg. "The White Cliffs of Dover.") Todd watches all of this intently, but without expression.

DUSSANDER

I would have expected you to be doing back
flips down the hallway after such good news.
You are so quiet.

Todd does not respond.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Today, I think, I give you the day off from
studying. How's that? How about one of my
stories instead? I still have a few good ones
saved up.

TODD

I don't care. Whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

Todd is wringing his hands together nervously under the table. Dussander places a can of cheese-whiz-like spread on the table and goes back to the counter.

DUSSANDER

Let's see. I could tell you about the special soap we made. Or there is always the story of how I escaped from Berlin after I was foolish enough to go back. That was a close one, I promise you.

TODD

Anything, really.

DUSSANDER

No, none of these I think. You don't seem to be in the mood.

Dussander uses a knife to slice the wrapper of a pack of melba toast. He dumps a few of the crackers onto a plate.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

I think today I will tell you the story of an old man who was afraid.

He puts the plate of melba and a Coke in front of Todd and goes back to the counter. The sink is full of dishes. He wipes down the counter with a dish cloth.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

He was afraid of a certain young boy who was, in a queer way, his friend. The boy proved to be a very good student, but perhaps not in the way his mother or his teachers had envisioned. At first the old man disliked the boy intensely, but then he grew to... to enjoy the boy's company. Of course, there was still a great deal of distrust between them.

He opens a drawer, takes something out, closes it.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Each knew something that other wanted to keep secret. But over time, the old man began to feel that things were changing. He felt his hold on the boy slipping away from him, and thought that the day might come when the boy no longer needed him at all.

Dussander goes to the cellar door. His back is to Todd. He opens the door and clicks on the light. Todd stands up silently.

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

So, one sleepless night the old man got out of
bed and wrote down the story of his
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

involvement with the boy. Everything he could remember, from the first day forward.

Todd has moved across the floor, careful not to let the floor creak under his steps. He is right upon Dussander. Dussander reaches out with one arm for a fresh bottle, grasping onto the railing with the other. His body hangs over the steep staircase.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

When he finished his hand was stinging from arthritis but he felt good for the first time in weeks. He felt safe.

He gets his balance again and turns to face Todd. Dussander holds the kitchen knife he was using earlier down at his side where Todd can see it. A tense silence passes between them. Todd is frozen. Dussander steps past him and back into the kitchen. He closes the cellar door behind him. Dussander sits down in Todd's chair, cutting the seal on the fresh bottle.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

On the following day the old man put on his best suit and went down to one of the local banks and rented a safe deposit box. The bank officer explained to the old man that he would have a key and the bank would have a key. To open the box both keys would be needed. No one but the old man could use the old man's key without a signed letter of permission from the old man himself. With one exception.

Todd sinks into Dussander's chair and takes a sip of Coke.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

That exception is made in the event of the box-holder's death.

TODD

Then what?

DUSSANDER

Then the box is opened in the presence of a bank official and a representative of the Internal Revenue Service. The contents of the box are inventoried. In this case they will find only a twelve-page document. Non-taxable... but highly interesting.

Todd understands what the old man has told him.

TODD

You didn't do this. I don't believe you.

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

My boy, it is already done.

Todd jumps out of his chair.

TODD

But... Christ! Look at you. You could go at any time.

Todd stares at Dussander in disbelief. After a moment he storms out the back door to the porch.

56 EXT. DUSSANDER'S BACK PORCH - DAY

56

Todd is leaning over the rail looking out at the yard when Dussander steps onto the porch. He carries with him the bottle of bourbon and a glass.

TODD

Then there's nothing for me.

DUSSANDER

Now, Boy, don't be so dramatic... A man five or ten years older than I worries more about his ailing heart than being extradited to Israel. And there will come a day - if I live long enough - when I decide what you know no longer matters. Then, and only then, I will destroy my document.

TODD

But... but so many things can happen to you in between. Accidents. Sickness. You could slip in the shower, for Christ's sake...

Dussander shrugs and lights another cigarette. He begins to sing softly. Todd turns away, angry.

DUSSANDER

Que sera, sera... Whatever will be, will be... The future's not ours to see... Que sera, sera...

Pause. Dussander sees he has pressed Todd's button. He moves closer.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

My boy, I see you thinking about it, even now. It is in your eyes. Killing me. It would take only a flick of a knife. Or maybe push me down the steps, make it look like an accident? I am old. You are strong. You are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
angry. Good assets for killing. But there is something missing...

Dussander speaks with a near whisper in Todd's ear.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
To have some one in your control. To have them know that they are alive because you have not decided to the contrary. Do you have that power? Ask yourself. It is no easy question. I think you know that.

There is a long pregnant pause. Then Todd lets out a sigh, as if to dismiss what he has just heard. He turns to face Dussander.

TODD
You know this means we're through. You won't be seeing me around here anymore.

DUSSANDER
No, I suppose I won't.

TODD
I'm never coming here again.

DUSSANDER
And so it comes to an end. Here.

Dussander pours a splash of bourbon into the boy's glass.

TODD
What are you doing?

DUSSANDER
A drink. To our lives together, the beginning... and the end.

Todd picks up his glass.

TODD
I think you should fuck yourself.
He clinks his glass against Dussander's.

DUSSANDER
My boy, don't you see we are fucking each other?

He drinks. Todd, reluctantly, does the same.

FADE TO BLACK.

56A EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

56A

TITLE: MARCH 1985

Todd is in his school uniform. He is on the mound pitching. The scoreboard shows that the Santo Donato Pirates are leading 6-5 in the top of the ninth inning. The other team has a runner on third. Joey, in full catcher's gear, gives Todd a signal from behind the plate. Todd shakes it off. Joey flashes another signal. Todd nods. He pitches.

UMPIRE

Strike!

The batter is out. The CROWD CHEERS. Cheering loudest of all is Dick Bowden. Becky sits next to him. She rubs her hands together nervously.

Joey trots out to the mound to talk to Todd.

JOEY

Okay, baby. One more and it's yours.

TODD

I'm thinking low and away.

JOEY

Let's do it, then. Smoke this fucker.

Joey hands Todd the ball and jogs back to the plate.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(to team)

Two down. Two down.

Todd throws a fast-ball to the plate and the BATTER knocks a hard grounder right back to Todd.

He catches it and tosses it to the FIRST BASEMAN. The FIRST BASE UMPIRE signals the runner out. The game is over. Joey and the rest of the team congratulate Todd as he comes off the field.

Todd looks up in the stands. Dick gives him the big thumbs up. Todd grins. He looks at Becky. She is beaming. Todd smiles back.

56B INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

56B

The CAMERA MOVES across an aisle of seats near the back of the theater. We see Joey, his GIRLFRIEND, Todd and Becky sitting next to each other watching a film. Joey and his girlfriend are making out. Becky is munching from the tub of popcorn in Todd's lap. After a moment, Todd turns and looks at her intently. He

(CONTINUED)

56B CONTINUED:

56B

puts his arm around her. From her reaction, it may have been a while since Todd last did that. She smiles at him. He smiles back. She lets her head fall to his shoulder and he lightly strokes her hair.

She brings her mouth slowly up to his. Their lips touch, cautiously at first, then stronger. They kiss for several seconds. Todd seems to be into it, Becky definitely is. Suddenly the audience laughs at something in the movie. The distinct cackle of an old man is heard above all the others. Becky and Todd pull apart. Todd looks toward the screen.

After a moment Becky comes up to kiss him again. But something catches Todd's eye a few rows in front of him. She tries to kiss him but he is distracted. Finally, he mashes his lips into hers to appease her, but his eyes never close.

The camera moves to show what he is looking at. The back of an old man's head, four rows in front of them. It may be Dussander, it may not be.

56C EXT. MAIN STREET - LIQUOR STORE - SANTO DONATO - DAY

56C *

TITLE: APRIL 1985

Dussander, dressed smartly for a day out of the house, emerges from a liquor store. A car passes...

CAR WIPE TO:

57 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

57

Dussander sits at an empty bench to wait for the bus. Archie sits down next to him. At first Dussander doesn't pay attention to him, but Archie's behavior tells us that he is keenly aware of Dussander's presence. Dussander stares out into the street, but Archie fidgets about, his eyes roaming, and finally slides a little closer to Dussander. Dussander looks at him flatly. Archie grins. Dussander turns away, prepared to dismiss this odd behavior as that of a crazed derelict. Then Archie speaks...

ARCHIE

(leaning over)

I notice the kid don't come around no more.

Dussander doesn't respond. He catches Archie in a glance and sees that he is staring at him.

DUSSANDER

What?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

ARCHIE

The little boy. ...What's the matter, you
ain't his friend no more?

*

Dussander is like stone, flashing the eyes of a man who is not to
be harassed. Finally...

DUSSANDER

You mistake me for somebody else. ...Pardon
me, my bus is coming.

Dussander stands, slightly rattled only to those who know him
well. He looks down the street for the bus. Archie doesn't
move. Rather, he inspects Dussander from head to toe, paying
close attention to the jacket.

ARCHIE

Damn... Cuban jacket. Nice one, too.
(hikes up his own pants a bit)
You see the boots? Got 'em in Miami.

*

*

The squeal of brakes grows louder as the bus comes to rest in
front of Dussander. He has become perceptibly more nervous as he
waits for the passengers to exit. He climbs up the first step.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I used to run me a charter outta Key West.
Marlin fishing, big ones. But they don't make
small ones. Had one slash me right here-
(pulls down his sock)
He didn't like my boat one bit. I didn't
either. But I ain't the one who blew it up...

The door closes behind Dussander. The bus pulls away. Through the
window of the bus Dussander watches Archie as he continues his
speech to no one.

58 INT. HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

58

TITLE: MAY 1985

Todd sits nervously in a chair next to a tough, leather-clad
trouble maker. He thinks he might be in trouble. A SECRETARY
sits behind a long desk. Her phone beeps and she picks it up.

SECRETARY

Go in, Todd. They're waiting for you.

Todd approaches a door marked: "Dr. Walker T. Morgan -
Principal."

59 INT. HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

59

Todd opens the office door. As his eyes scan the floor he notices a familiar pair of yellow high-tops. He looks up to see Ed French leaning against the wall. Seated at the desk is MORGAN, a thin, stern man, around 50. Todd's face shows a moment of trepidation, but he regains his composure almost instantly.

MORGAN

Have a seat, Todd.

Todd does as Morgan pours over Todd's files.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I see from your records here that after that minor slip up last semester you're right back on course. And from what Mr. French tells me, the little dip in your grades didn't bother the folks up at Stanford a bit.

FRENCH

A good break for you, Todd.

MORGAN

Congratulations on that, you'll like it up there. ...Well, we don't want to keep you too long. I'll let Ed here tell you.

FRENCH

Well, it seems Sally Chang didn't do to well in A.P. biology.

MORGAN

She failed it.

FRENCH

I'm afraid so. She refused to take part in the fetal pig dissection. The teacher begged her to drop the class, but Sally thought she could pass anyway.

MORGAN

Stubborn girl... What we're telling you, son, is that because Sally Ching -

FRENCH

Chang.

MORGAN

That's what I said. Because Sally wouldn't hack up a baby pig, you snuck by her in the rankings. So if you can keep your grades up
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MORGAN (CONT'D)
for another month -- any reason that shouldn't
happen?

TODD
No.

MORGAN
Then you'll make valedictorian, Todd.
Congratulations.

FRENCH
Congratulations, Todd.

French shakes Todd's hand, an uneasy moment passes between the
two of them.

60 INT. HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

60

Todd comes out of Morgan's office. French bounds after him
excitedly.

FRENCH
Todd, wait up. ...You see? I told you, you can
do anything you set your mind to.

TODD
(coolly)
I think you're right.

FRENCH
You know I am, you just proved it. How about a
little enthusiasm.

TODD
I guess it hasn't hit me yet, I don't know. I
should get to practice.

He starts to walk away, but French stops him.

FRENCH
Todd, wait.

He steps up to Todd and lowers his voice, as if he were hedging a
touchy subject.

FRENCH (CONT'D)
I know this doesn't make everything magically
okay with your folks. These things take time
to work out-

TODD
Can we not talk about it in the middle of the
hallway.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH

All right, all right, I'm sorry. It's just that I'm really proud of you. And I'd like to drop a note to your folks and let them know what a great job you've done. It might make them feel better.

TODD

(snapping)

It won't... Please don't.

French is taken aback. Todd realizes he is not going to get out of this easily. He tries to placate French.

TODD

Look, I really appreciate everything you've done for me. You were a big help-

FRENCH

I'm not here for thanks, Todd. This isn't about me, it's about you. This is supposed to be a great time in your life and you don't seem to be enjoying it. ...Is there anything else I can do?

TODD

You've gone out of your way already for me. I hate feeling like I'm a problem, okay? ...I know you have other kids to deal with.

FRENCH

Hey, don't worry about what I'm doing.

TODD

And don't you worry about me. ...Please. I'm right back on track. Now I have to get to practice.

Todd walks away. French is left standing a little stunned, a little hurt.

FRENCH

Okay, Todd. ...You let me know if you need anything.

But Todd does not turn around. French stares after him. The BELL RINGS, and Todd is swallowed by the stream of students emerging from the class rooms.

61 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - DAY

61

It is after practice. Todd, wrapped in a towel, comes into the changing room outside the showers. He hangs his towel on a hook

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

and goes in. A dozen other boys are in there, yelling, joking, splashing each other. The room is filling up with steam. One TEAMMATE sees Todd.

TEAMMATE

Hey, Bowden. I heard about Stanford. Congrats, dude.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Thanks.

Todd gets under the nozzle and allows the warm water to blast the top of his head. He closes his eyes. Against the high tile walls the boys' voices echo loudly. A dozen running shower heads contribute to the din. Todd opens his eyes...

Writhing bodies, thin, malnourished. These are bodies he has seen before. The room is darker, concrete. The steam rises. Or is it steam? Smoke, thick smoke, surrounds him. The voices of the boys are more like screams.

One by one the boys file out of the shower. Through the heavy steam we see Todd virtually motionless under the raging stream of water. His eyes are clamped shut.

Finally, Todd opens his eyes, realizing, suddenly, that he is alone. He turns the shower off. His skin is red and steaming from the prolonged exposure to the hot water. He gazes out into the changing room and beyond into the locker room. Both rooms are silent and deserted. Some of the lights have been turned off and the darkened windows show the arrival of night. Clearly, he has lost track of time, absorbed by the dream-like trance that consumed him.

62 EXT. MAIN STREET - TWILIGHT

62 *

TITLE: JUNE 1985

*

Dussander emerges from a liquor store carrying two bags.

*

63 EXT. DUSSANDER'S STREET - BUS STOP - EVENING

63 *

Dussander steps off the bus and plods down the sidewalk with his sacks of groceries. He is a little more winded, moves a little slower than previously.

*

Suddenly Archie emerges from behind a group of trees. He moves quickly up to Dussander, catching him off guard.

ARCHIE

I can do that. I can help you carry those.

Dussander jumps back. Archie stops.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

You don't gotta be afraid. I can carry those.

Dussander does not move. But slowly his face changes and we realize that he remembers Archie from the bus stop.

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

I don't need any help. ...Excuse me.

He starts off again. Archie follows.

ARCHIE

Hey, I ain't a bad guy. You don't gotta worry.
I'm a veteran. I just want-

DUSSANDER

(snapping at him)

What? What do you want? Why do you bother me?

Archie is taken aback by the sudden viciousness.

ARCHIE

(plaintively)

You got a nice face.

DUSSANDER

No I don't.

ARCHIE

Look, we're practically neighbors. I stay
right over there most nights.

(pointing across the street)

I see you walking down the street. I come up
to help. It's called being *neighborly*.

They are nearing Dussander's yard.

DUSSANDER

Piss off.

Fed up with his belligerence, Archie strips the bags from
Dussander's hands with ease. Dussander knows he is outmatched.

ARCHIE

Ain't no reason to be rude. You see, I know
something about you. ...I know your a nice
guy. I'm nice too, ...just like the kid.

Dussander looks up and down the street. No one is around.

DUSSANDER

I see.

ARCHIE

And I know you got some bourbon in these bags.
I ain't ashamed to say I could use a drink
about now. But I don't need no charity. If you
want to invite me in, like a friend, we could
have a nice drink.

(CONTINUED)

DUSSANDER

A drink.

ARCHIE

That's what I'm saying.

Long pause.

DUSSANDER

You smell like a toilet.

ARCHIE

Maybe you let me use your shower. But first a drink. After that I'll do anything you say.

64 INT. DUSSANDER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

64

Dussander and Archie come through the front door. Archie scans the room. Dussander attempts to take Archie's coat, but Archie holds on to it. *

ARCHIE

Yeah, this is nice. Real nice.

DUSSANDER

Let me take those.

Dussander takes the bags and moves toward the kitchen. Archie watches him walk away. A smile crosses his face as he follows him to the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN & BASEMENT - EVENING

66

Archie, seated, is in the middle of a SPRAWLING MONOLOGUE about his life to which Dussander half-listens. He watches Archie closely. Dussander pours the remainder of the bottle into the glasses. Archie picks his up and is about to drink.

Music plays softly in the background.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Ah-ah.

Dussander picks up his glass to toast Archie. Archie CLINKS his glass to Dussander's and downs the shot.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

I believe we need another bottle, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

ARCHIE

Well if you're offering, I'm accepting.

(CONTINUED)

Dussander gets up and goes to the basement where he grabs another bottle. He stares at the back of Archie's neck as he moves toward the counter. *

DUSSANDER

No trouble at all. Now where is my bottle opener? ...Ah, here it is.

Dussander pulls something out of a drawer. He goes to the table and stands right behind Archie. *

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Why don't you drink mine?

Archie picks up the glass and begins to drink, slower this time. Dussander pulls Archie's tattered hat off his head and sets it on the table. He then begins to stroke the matted knots of Archie's hair.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

You don't mind do you?

ARCHIE

No. I don't mind. ...Maybe in the morning - everything goes okay - you could let me have ten dollars.

DUSSANDER

Perhaps.

ARCHIE

Maybe even twenty.

DUSSANDER

Perhaps. We shall see.

Pause.

ARCHIE

You can relax, you know, I've done this before.

DUSSANDER

It's all right. So have I.

Dussander raises a long, serrated carving knife with a sharp point up to the back of Archie's neck. He starts to plunge it in just as Archie straightens up. *

ARCHIE

First, I gotta pee. *

The knife goes in crooked, just below the shoulder blade. Archie explodes from the chair, howling, his good arm flailing like that. *

(CONTINUED)

of a grizzly bear. The other arm is rendered useless by stab wound. With the knife protruding from his back, Archie tosses the table to the side. Dussander is terrified. The empty bottle tumbles to the middle of the floor and shatters. Archie spins and slams a fist into Dussander's temple. Dussander collapses against the counter. Archie moves about wildly, trying to grab the knife and pummel Dussander at the same time. Blood is streaming freely from his wound. *

Dussander grabs a stainless steel percolator from the counter. As Archie approaches, Dussander swings it into Archie's descending fist. Archie winces and staggers backward. His guard falls briefly. Dussander is upon him. He swings the coffee pot again, catching Archie squarely in the face.

Archie brings his hand up to his face, which now oozes with blood. Blinded by the blow, Archie charges Dussander, who crouches to the side, and as Archie passes, hurls himself into the man's back, sending him through the open door of the cellar. Archie flies down the stairs face-first, tumbling into the packed dirt floor like a derailed train. Dussander, exhausted and bloodied, exhales deeply. Looking down at the crumpled body below, he straightens his tie, brushes the hair from his face, and then surveys the kitchen.

DUSSANDER

What a mess.

He rises slowly and brushes himself off before heading down the steps to finish the bum for good. After about three steps he stops abruptly. He appears puzzled, but after a moment the expression changes. A look of searing pain rushes across his face. Dussander brings his hand to his chest. He collapses on the stairs. He is having a heart attack and knows it.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

He looks down at Archie, up to the kitchen, then back down to the cellar. A moment of decision.

The stairs appear ten times longer in each direction than they did a minute ago. Getting to his feet, he turns slowly toward the kitchen. He starts up the steps at a painfully slow pace, counting with each step.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

Eins... Zwei... Drei...

67 INT. LIVING ROOM - BOWDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

67

Dick sits at his desk going over bills. Monica reads a magazine. Todd sits on the couch studying a textbook.

DICK

Monica... how long did we rent those jet skis in Hawaii?

MONICA

About two hours. Why?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

DICK

This receipt says we had two jet skis for twenty-three hours a piece. The bill is fifteen hundred dollars. Didn't you look at the bill before you signed it?

Todd doesn't look up from his textbook.

MONICA

That bill was written in Japanese. I told you that.

DICK

Numbers are numbers, Monica, in any language.

MONICA

That guy didn't speak a word of English. I told you not to rent from him.

The phone rings. Monica gets up to get it.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

DICK

That's not the point. You should always read the bill before you sign. I've told you that a hundred times.

(to Todd)

Fifteen hundred dollars.

TODD

Maybe it's in yen.

Pause. Dick looks at the bill.

DICK

Hey, maybe you're right.

Monica comes back into the room.

MONICA

Todd, it's Mr. Denker. He sounds excited about something. You better speak to him.

Todd rises from the couch. His mood shifts instantly.

TODD

(into phone)

Mr. Denker?

INTERCUT: between Todd in his living room and...

68 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

68

Dussander leaning against a wall in his blood-stained kitchen.

DUSSANDER

Come over right away, boy. I'm having a heart attack, a bad one, I think.

TODD

Gee, that sounds exciting, Mr. Denker, but I was studying for my trig final --

DUSSANDER

I understand that you cannot talk, but you can listen. I cannot call an ambulance... at least not yet. There is quite a mess here. I need help... and that means you need help.

TODD

Well if you put it that way --

DUSSANDER

Tell your parents I've had a letter, an important letter, and I need you to read it to me.

TODD

Yeah, sure. I'll be right there.

70 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

70

Todd's driving reflects his state of mind: erratic and out of control. He meets a police car at an intersection and almost runs a red light. The police car doesn't bother him, however, and a moment later he pulls the Honda up to Dussander's house.

71 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

71

Todd appears in the door of the kitchen. His face tells us that what he sees is ten times worse than whatever he expected. The room is a gruesome sight. Blood and broken glass are everywhere. The table has been knocked to the side. Dussander, barely conscious, is slumped on the ground. *

TODD

What the fuck...?

Todd moves to the center of the room, careful not to step in any blood. He doesn't know what to do. His attention falls on Dussander. Suddenly he rushes to him and begins to inspect his body carefully.

(CONTINUED)

TODD (CONT'D)

Where are you bleeding?... Wake up.

Dussander does not respond. Todd shakes him harder.

TODD (CONT'D)

Wake up, goddammit!

Dussander stirs a little, aggravated.

TODD (CONT'D)

I thought you said you had a fucking heart attack.

DUSSANDER

It's not my blood.

Pause.

TODD

What did you say?

DUSSANDER

It was self-defense, boy. Go downstairs.
You'll see what needs to be done.

Dussander points to the open cellar door.

TODD

Fuck you. I'm not going down there. What happened? What did you do?

Dussander only stares back at him, then looks away, almost smiling through his incredible pain, as if to challenge Todd.

TODD (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

Dussander does not respond. Todd stares at him for a moment, then moves toward the cellar.

Todd clicks on the light and is half-way down the stairs when he freezes. Sprawled out on the ground below him is Archie, motionless. The knife still protrudes from his neck like an antenna. *

TODD

Jesus Fucking Christ.

73 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

73

Suddenly Dussander is more awake than we realize. He slides his chair over to the cellar door and slams it shut. His face is red with pain as he pushes the dead bolt into place, locking Todd in the cellar.

74 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT & KITCHEN - NIGHT

74

Todd races up to the door. He tries the handle and then pounds on the door with his fist. The following conversation cuts back between Todd and Dussander on opposite sides of the door.

TODD

Open the fucking door! Right now. Right now!

Dussander shoves his chair under the doorknob. He hooks his foot around the leg of the table and tries to drag it against the door, but he is too exhausted. He collapses, sliding to the floor with his back against the door. Todd is screaming on the other side and begins to kick at the door violently.

DUSSANDER

You give me no choice, boy.

TODD

What are you doing? Open the door.

DUSSANDER

If you won't help me, then I'll make you help me. If you don't, we are finished.

TODD

Fuck you, old man. This is your problem. I didn't do this. Open the door!

Todd pounds away at the door. Tears now stream down his cheeks.

DUSSANDER

What's wrong with you...?

TODD

You're fucking nuts. OPEN THIS DOOR. ...OPEN IT.

His relentless pounding has Dussander enraged. Dussander pounds back at the door to shut Todd up. It works.

DUSSANDER

Enough. Enough. Enough. If you don't stop screaming like a school girl I'm going to--

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

A surge of pain from his chest silences him.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

(winded)

Don't be afraid, boy. ...Can you hear me?

TODD

I'm not listening to this.

75 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

75

Todd charges down the steps and leaps over Archie's body. Under the dim glow of a single naked bulb hanging from the ceiling, he searches for a way out. He crosses the dirt floor toward a tiny window high on the opposite wall.

76 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

76

DUSSANDER

(to himself)

You must be at the window, now. I had it barred a few years ago. A bad element started to move into the neighborhood, you know how it is.

TODD (O.S.)

Fuck.

77 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

77

Todd realizes he can't get through the bars. The camera is tight on him as he scurries back and forth looking for something, a way out, anything. He moves across the basement, the staircase visible in the obscured background, once, twice, each time more panicked. Finally he crosses back towards the window... right in front of Archie, who stands dazed and bloodied two feet from him. Todd screams in terror and jumps back.

DUSSANDER (O.S.)

We are wasting time now, boy.

(switches to a loud whisper)

Come back to the door. You are not going to find anything down there to help you.

Todd staggers away from him to the far corner. Archie is severely disoriented. He moves slowly toward Todd. Todd sinks farther into the corner. His hands grope through the clutter for a weapon. A moment later Todd emerges from the shadows holding a shovel, a fresh confidence on his face. He holds it like a sledge hammer.

78 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

78

Dussander, puzzled by the commotion, presses his ear against the door.

79 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

79

Archie blocks the stairs from Todd.

TODD

Get out of the way.

But Archie is too disoriented to move. Summoning all his courage, Todd pokes the shovel into him, as if to prod him out of the way.

But when the blade of the shovel touches him, Archie counters violently, grabbing the metal end and swinging it to the side. Todd holds the handle for dear life. The two of them struggle for control. But Todd is no match and falls to the ground. The shovel stays with Archie, and now he wields it like it were a child's toy. He slashes it viciously through the air. Todd takes cover under the stairs. Archie hears him. Through the slats in the staircase we see Archie jabbing the shovel at Todd.

TODD

Stop it! Stop it!

80 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

80

Alarmed, Dussander reaches for the lock, but hesitates, forever mindful of the chance of being duped. His ear goes back against the door.

DUSSANDER

What are you doing, boy? It's not going to work, whatever it is.

81 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

81

Archie pushes the shovel in too far and can't retrieve it. Todd grabs the other end and pulls it through.

TODD

Fuck this.

Fed up, he comes around from under the stairs and confronts Archie. Archie sees him and takes a step toward him.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

TODD (CONT'D)

I mean it get the fuck away from me.

Archie steps closer. Instantly, Todd tightens his grip on the shovel. He is no longer afraid. He swings the shovel at Archie's head, striking him. Archie staggers back, stunned, but then charges forward. Todd strikes him again, this time with more force and anger. A huge slit opens up across Archie's temple. Todd lifts the shovel to strike again, but this time catches the ceiling light with the metal blade. The glass shatters. The room goes black.

A second later we hear a sharp, authoritative blow, followed quickly by another, then another.

82 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

82

Dussander knows something is wrong. He slides the bolt back and slowly turns the handle. He opens the door slightly and speaks into the darkness.

DUSSANDER

Hello?

83 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

83

A shaft of dull light from the kitchen cuts across the cellar floor, revealing Archie's slain body. An expanding pool of blood seeps out from his head. As the door upstairs opens wider, the light falls on Todd standing over Archie, the shovel still in his hands, his face spattered with blood.

Todd puts the shovel down and comes slowly up the stairs.

*

84A INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUING

84A

Dussander falls away from the basement door, letting it swing open, and settles against the wall of the kitchen. A moment later Todd emerges from the darkness of the cellar.

Todd stops in the middle of the bloody kitchen floor, deep in thought.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED:

84A

DUSSANDER
Call an ambulance.

TODD
Quiet.

Todd is working on something in his head. After a moment he speaks.

TODD (CONT'D)
The key... to the safe deposit box. Where is it?

DUSSANDER
Boy, I need a doctor, now.

TODD
Give me the key.

DUSSANDER
First you call an ambulance.

Todd walks over to the counter, his mind racing.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)
What are you thinking, boy? ...I'm dying.

TODD
I know.

DUSSANDER
No, boy, ...not like this. Please...

Pause. Todd looks down at him. Dussander is about to die. A moment later, Todd pulls down the shade above the window.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

85-93 SCENES OMITTED

85-93

85 CONTINUED:

He looks around, finally focusing on the crawl space above the back wall. Archie's body still lies where it fell. Todd lifts him by the shoulders and drags him slowly toward the crawl space. He hoists the body awkwardly up the few feet to the dirt covered crawl space and tosses it in. Todd climbs in after it and shoves it behind some boxes. He finds a tarp and covers the body. He slips out of the crawl space and runs upstairs, hopping over the bloody spot where Archie's body used to be.

86 OMITTED

86

87 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

87

Todd bursts through the door. Dussander is still on the floor. He doesn't look good. Todd levels his eyes at him. His voice snaps with the authority of an S.S. commander.

TODD

Rags. I need rags.

Dussander points to the cabinet under the sink. Todd throws the door open and pulls out a few old rags and bottles of cleaner.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm going to need more than this.

DUSSANDER

Cellar. Under the stairs.

Todd gets the rags, bottles and a bucket and goes for the cellar.

88 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

88

A SERIES OF SHOTS showing Todd cleaning up the mess. He is on the stairs sponging up the blood. Then we see him skimming the area where the pool of blood was with the shovel. The NEXT SHOT has him sprinkling fresh dirt over the same area. Then, on his knees, he carefully picks up bits of broken glass from the light bulb and drops them into a bucket. In the FINAL SHOT, Todd stands on the steps as his eyes comb the cellar. The shovel has been cleaned and replaced. The floor looks smooth and even.

Todd is sweaty, dirty, and tired. But his manner is cool and efficient as he concentrates intently on the matters at hand. Satisfied, he goes upstairs.

89 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

89

The table has been put back in its spot. Todd is in his boxer shorts. A SHOT of a washing machine, somewhere else in the

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

murky pink. He pulls the carving knife from the suds and holds it up. *

TODD

I ought to run this through your chest, you know that?

DUSSANDER

It couldn't hurt more than a heart attack.

Todd dries the knife and puts it away. For a moment he slows down. Dussander sees Todd caught up in thought. *

DUSSANDER

What are you thinking?

The sound of Dussander's voice snaps Todd out of his funk. He is all business again.

TODD

Don't talk to me.

90 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

90

Todd is back in his clothes. He wears a white T-shirt. He brings a knife up to Dussander's neck and slices down his suit, still stained by Archie's blood.

TODD

Your pants are okay. The shoes... no.

Todd takes off Dussander's shoes and balls them up in the tattered suit.

TODD (CONT'D)

Put this on.

He holds up Dussander's bathrobe. The old man slips into it with difficulty as Todd dumps the bloodied clothing into a trash bag. Dussander looks at Todd's T-shirt.

DUSSANDER

Is that my undershirt?

91 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

91

The blood and glass have been removed. Todd runs a mop over the floor. His job is almost over.

Todd puts the mop away. He surveys the room as before. Dussander does the same. There is a strange silence as Todd looks around the room for anything damning.

(CONTINUED)

97 INT. DUSSANDER'S FOYER - NIGHT - LATER

97 *

A PARAMEDIC straps Dussander onto a stretcher. Todd is talking to the other one. Dick is next to him.

PARAMEDIC

Well, we'll take care of him now. It's a good thing you called when you did. You saved his life.

Todd leans over the stretcher to see Dussander, half-conscious and beneath an oxygen mask, as the medics wheel him out the front door. A long moment as an understanding passes between the two of them. *

Dick has an air of uncertainty about him.

DICK

You did real good, son.
(looking around, as if searching
for something)
You did real good... *

Dick moves curiously down the hall toward the kitchen. He can see the kitchen table, the chairs in place, the phone. Everything seems to be in order. *

REVERSE ANGLE: From the kitchen we see Dick peering in. What he cannot see is the far side of the phone, and the several drops of blood that have dried there. *

Todd is suddenly at his side, tugging at his arm. *

TODD

C'mon. Let's make sure he gets checked in all right.

FADE OUT. *

LONG BLACK. FADE IN. *

98 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

98

A man in his late thirties, DAVID KRAMER, stands over an old man in a bed. The old man is BEN KRAMER, 70. David kisses him on the forehead and starts for the door.

DAVID

I'll be back in the morning with the girls.

BEN

I can't wait to see them.

(CONTINUED)

David smiles warmly and exits.

Ben stares at the TV for a moment and then notices his roommate in the next bed. It is Dussander, who has been watching a game show quietly.

BEN (CONT'D)

My nephew, David.

Dussander smiles politely.

BEN (CONT'D)

David is very protective of me. Of course, I don't mind. ...My name is Ben, by the way.

DUSSANDER

Arthur.

BEN

A pleasure, Arthur. And what do you do, if I may ask?

DUSSANDER

I'm retired.

Pause.

BEN

These tubes in my arm. No one said they would itch like this.

DUSSANDER

You will find, in time, you don't notice.

Ben looks oddly at Dussander. The wheels of his memory slowly, very slowly, begin to turn.

BEN

Well, we'll see. Looks like I'll be here for a while.

DUSSANDER

I'm afraid you must forgive me, my medication has made me drowsy. Do not be offended if I fall asleep.

BEN

Don't be offended if I keep talking anyway. It beats wondering if I'm ever going to walk again. I tell you, my friend, the ways of God are not meant to be understood.

But Ben's words are lost on a sleeping man. He continues to stare at Dussander.

99 SCENE OMITTED

99 *

A100 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - DAY

A100*

Todd's face is suddenly illuminated as he screws a fresh light bulb into the dangling cord. He goes to the crawl space and climbs in. He pulls back a tarp to see that the last twenty-four hours have not been kind to Archie's body. Todd nearly vomits from the stench as he drags the body to an open area of the dirt-covered floor. He retrieves the shovel from where he left it and with a forceful stomp, plunges it into the dirt. He starts to dig...

*
*
*
*

100 INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

100 *

Todd cleans off the blood stain on the phone that he missed earlier. He looks around the kitchen to make sure everything is in place.

*
*
*

101A SCENE OMITTED

101A*

101AASCENE OMITTED

101AA

101B EXT. WOODS - DAY

101B

Todd drops the SS uniform and the shirt Dussander was wearing when he stabbed Archie into a hole he has dug. He squirts in some lighter fluid, tosses in a match and watches it burn.

*
*

102-4SCENES OMITTED

102-4

OMIT

89A.

107 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

107

Todd stands next to the bed holding a small clump of flowers. Dussander has just had his surgery. Tubes run through his nose and arm. He looks tired. He notices the bouquet.

DUSSANDER

You shouldn't have.

Todd is aware that Ben is listening, even though he is pretending not to. Todd goes to put the flowers in a glass of water.

TODD

They're from my mother.

DUSSANDER

They say the operation was a success. They say I've got another twenty years, a new lease on life.

Todd drags a screen over to prevent Ben from hearing. Pause.

TODD

I went back. Everything's taken care of.
...Except one thing.

Dussander knows without being told.

DUSSANDER

There is no safe deposit box. There never was.
...I lied.

TODD

Why should I believe you?

DUSSANDER

I had to protect myself from you, boy. You understand.

Pause.

DUSSANDER (CONT'D)

And now, I suspect we will never see each other again.

TODD

No, we won't.

(CONTINUED)

Dussander looks almost hurt to hear Todd say it. Pause. *

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go now. *

DUSSANDER

Wait, boy... There is something I want to ask you.

TODD

What?

Dussander waves him over with his finger. Reluctantly, Todd brings his ear an inch from Dussander's mouth.

DUSSANDER

...Was it like you thought?

Todd pulls his head back, stands up. He contemplates the question for a long moment. Then, leaning in...

TODD

I better go.

Dussander looks at him oddly, as though slightly disappointed. Todd touches him on the shoulder. He turns for the door. Dussander grabs him around the wrist.

DUSSANDER

Perhaps... perhaps I could persuade you to wait here just until I fall asleep. This medicine makes me quite woozy... please.

Todd resigns himself to stay. He picks up a magazine and begins to read, not even looking at Dussander.

DISSOLVE TO:

107A DAY DREAM - INT. DUSSANDER'S KITCHEN - DAY

107A

An image flashes by: Dussander, illuminated by the shifting orange glow of his fireplace... *His voice comes in...*

DUSSANDER (V.O.)

We were doing what had to be done... It was the end...

We see into Dussander's kitchen sink from above. Todd's pale fingers pull a piece of glass out of the frame. The tap is running. A moment later a red swirl of blood mixes with the water and curls down the drain.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

It doesn't matter, I suppose. It was a long time ago, the war. Soon in this country we may have a president born after the war was over. How about that?

Todd starts to leave.

TODD

I'm sure you're right.

BEN

Your friend is lucky to have you. A great man once said, 'No man is an island entire of itself.'

TODD

John Donne. Good-bye, sir.

BEN

Good-bye.

Todd heads for the door. He stops, turns back to Dussander's bed. He contemplates something... waking him. He decides against it. He leaves.

Ben sits quietly for a moment, thinking. He turns on the television-- "The Price is Right". We hear it over the following. Ben glances over at the screen which separates him from Dussander. Slowly his eyelids begin to get heavy. He starts to nod off. But as sleep begins to envelope him, his eyes suddenly fly open. A surge of terror burns across his face.

He sits up frightened. A single crutch stands next to the bed. He grabs it. He strips away his covers and the restraints on his leg, once or twice shoving his hand over his mouth to quell a painful scream. He gets to his feet awkwardly, hobbling, half-dragging his bad leg. Every step he takes is a study in agony.

ANGLE on the screen. It slides out of the way, revealing Ben staring down at the sleeping Dussander. In the pained struggle to keep silent, he brings his face right up to Dussander's, close enough to smell his breath.

109 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

109

Ben stumbles out of his room into the hall. The crutch falls to the ground. He slides against the wall toward the nurses' station. Tears stream down his face. As he clutches the wall, we glimpse the faded green numbers on his forearm.

He reaches the nurse's desk. She is on the phone. He grabs her by the shoulder and pulls her face up into his. She lets out a

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

startled SCREAM. But Ben's emotion stops her from resisting. He is sobbing uncontrollably. Orderlies appear and pull him off of her. He collapses to the ground, consumed by grief.

BLACK.

110 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

110

Dussander slowly wakes up. A large black man, DARREN, stands above him changing the IV bag. He notices Dussander is awake. Dussander's voice is low and hoarse from hours of sedation.

DUSSANDER

Where's the nurse?

DARREN

My name is Darren. I'll be taking care of you from now on. I'll tell the doctor you've woken up.

Darren finishes with the IV unit and goes to the door. Dussander watches him, a bit puzzled, but his eyes are closed again before Darren is out of the room.

111 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATER

111

Dussander wakes up again. Something is different in his room. He looks to the table next to him. All his magazines are gone. He looks to the other side of the room. Ben is gone, his bed stripped of all linen. Finally he looks to the door. It is cracked open. Two men in suits are talking in the hallway. One we will come to know as Inspector GETTY. The other is a subordinate. Dussander is clearly bothered by what he sees. He reaches over for the call button and rings it several times.

A moment later Darren comes in. Getty sees this and stops talking. He watches Dussander from the hall.

DARREN

Did you need something?

DUSSANDER

What is going on here? Where is Ben?

DARREN

Mr. Kramer has been moved. I'm going to give you something. It will help you sleep.

Darren readies Dussander's arm for an injection.

DUSSANDER

I don't want it. Who is that man?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

Before Dussander can protest, Darren sticks him with the needle.

DARREN

Just try to relax.

FADE TO BLACK.

112 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

112

WEISKOPF (O.S.)

(in German)

Wake up. Wake up, old man.

Dussander's eyes open. The first thing he sees are three men, all in suits, standing over him.

DUSSANDER

(in German)

Are you speaking to me?

The voice comes from WEISKOPF, 40's. His suit is dark gray, well tailored, probably European. He speaks eloquently despite an accent that shows roots of Europe and the Middle East.

WEISKOPF

(back in English)

No one else is here.

Dussander looks over at Ben's former bed.

WEISKOPF (CONT'D)

Mr. Kramer is recuperating elsewhere. Are you awake now, Dussander?

DUSSANDER

Yes, of course, but you seem to have me confused with someone else. My name is Arthur Denker. Perhaps you want a different room --

Weiskopf sits on the edge of the bed. Dussander notices the pin on his lapel. A small, silver Star of David.

WEISKOPF

My name is Weiskopf. You are Kurt Dussander.

DUSSANDER

I know no one by that name. Shall I ring for the nurse?

Dussander reaches for the Call button and stops in horror. He looks at his hands. His fingertips are smeared with black ink. He looks up at the men in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

WEISKOPF

The man in the next bed was Benjamin Kramer. He was imprisoned for ten months at Patin. You were responsible for the death of his wife and two daughters. His identification of you was quite specific. I'm sure his reward from my government will help offset the burden of his broken leg.

DUSSANDER

My name is Arthur Denker. I am an American--

WEISKOPF

Please don't bother. Your papers will not stand up to serious examination and you know it.

The Sheriff's inspector, GETTY, snaps a few pictures of Dussander. The other man is FBI Special Agent DAN RICHLER.

RICHLER

We have all we need here, Isaac.

DUSSANDER

Who are you men? What are your names?

RICHLER

I'm Special Agent Dan Richler with the FBI. This is Inspector Getty from the Orange County Sheriff's Department.

WEISKOPF

And I think you know who I work for. When you get your strength back, you will be moved. Until then, this entire ward will be under guard. You can expect to be in Jerusalem by the end of the summer.

The three men are out the door.

113 INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

113

Todd's room is dark as he lies on the floor, writing something on a pile of index cards. The only light comes from the hallway through the open door of the bedroom. Todd is deep in thought, but from the bits of shredded index cards we can tell the writing is not coming easily.

Monica appears in the doorway.

MONICA

Todd?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

Todd doesn't notice her. He stares down at the card. Finally he looks up, as if it took her voice a few seconds to register in his mind. His response is hardly audible.

TODD

Huh?

MONICA

What are you doing there in the dark?

TODD

Oh, ...working.

Monica reaches in to his room to turn on the light. She touches the switch but then pulls her hand back. Todd is back at the note card. She looks at him oddly, worried, but then steps away from the door and goes downstairs.

Todd's lips are moving, as if he were speaking to himself. He pauses. Then, in a sudden gust of inspiration begins to write furiously. He finishes and stands up, catching his reflection in the mirror above his desk. In the eerie half-light, he stares at the ghost-like image of himself.

114 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT (GRADUATION) - DAY

114

Todd and his parents pull up in their car. Todd gets out, wearing his gap and gown. Monica and Dick follow.

TODD

They said they would hold two seats in the second row for you guys.

Dick is fussing with his camera bag. Monica checks her make-up in the side mirror.

DICK

You're gorgeous. Knock it off.

Ed French comes up to Todd from behind and puts his hand on his shoulder. Todd is startled.

TODD

Mr. French.

FRENCH

Hello, Todd. It's your big day, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

They shake hands. French sees Dick and Monica standing behind him. Before Todd can stop him, he introduces himself.

FRENCH (CONT'D)

These must be your parents.

(extends hand)

Hi, Ed French. It's good to finally meet you.

Dick and Monica are the picture of happiness, hardly the sparring partners that French believed them to be. They all shake hands.

DICK

Dick Bowden, nice to meet you. This is my wife, Monica.

MONICA

Are you one of Todd's teachers?

French is a bit puzzled.

FRENCH

No. I'm his guidance counsellor.

MONICA

Nice to meet you, Ed.

FRENCH

Gee, Todd, I was looking forward to seeing your grandparents.

Todd starts to cover. Dick cuts him off.

DICK

Oh... it's a long trip for them. They only get out here about two or three times-

French is a bit puzzled. Suddenly, the band strikes up the opening notes to "Pomp and Circumstance."

DICK

(looks at watch)

...Already?

Todd grabs French by the arm.

TODD

That's us, Mr. French. We better line up.

FRENCH

Oh, I guess so.

(to Dick)

It was nice meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

DICK

You too.

(to Todd)

We'll find our seats, Todd. Good luck. *

Todd and French dash inside. Dick looks after French oddly. *

116 EXT. DUSSANDER'S HOUSE - DAY

116

Several police cars are in front of the house. One OFFICER is blocking off the entire yard with yellow tape.

118 INT. DUSSANDER'S HOUSE - DAY

118

Weiskopf and Richler, both wearing rubber gloves, are carefully looking through the contents of Dussander's dresser. They pour over everything, placing some items in clear plastic bags. Weiskopf picks up one of the checker pieces with a pair of tweezers. A few DEPUTIES are milling around. Richler picks up a small photograph of a young woman. Todd's voice comes in:

TODD (V.O.)

All great achievements arose from
dissatisfaction. It is the desire to do
better, to dig deeper, that propels a
civilization to greatness. All of us have
heard the story of Icarus, the young boy who
took the wings his father built for him, wings
that were meant to carry him over the ocean to
freedom, and used them, instead, for a
joyride.

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RICHLER

What about this?

WEISKOPF

Yes. All photographs.

Inspector Getty comes in.

GETTY

You boys better come down to the cellar.
You're not going to believe this.

118A EXT. GRADUATION - DAY

118A

Todd stands at the podium addressing the crowd. Principal Morgan sits next to him. In the b.g. is the graduating class, Joey is among them. French sits among the faculty, who are lined up to the right of the podium.

TODD

For a brief moment, Icarus felt what it was
like to live as a God, to touch the sun, to
soar above the common man. And for doing so...
he paid the ultimate price.

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119 INT. DUSSANDER'S BASEMENT - DAY

119

Getty comes down the steps followed by Weiskopf and Richler. Weiskopf gazes across the cellar. Whatever he sees disturbs him. He turns away and goes back up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

TODD (V.O.)

Like Icarus, we too have been given gifts:
knowledge, education, experience.

*
*

Richler, moves to the rail and looks out, disgusted. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and covers his nose and mouth. A DEPUTY, wearing rubber gloves, carries the shovel up to him.

120 EXT. GRADUATION - DAY - CONTINUING

120

As Todd speaks, he notices his parents, grandparents, Becky, various teachers. His eyes stop on Ed French.

ANGLE ON FRENCH. He looks over at Todd's family for a moment. Todd sees him, but then French looks back at Todd as if nothing was wrong. Todd continues.

TODD

But with these gifts comes the responsibility
of choice. We alone decide how our talents are
bestowed upon the world. ...This is our
destiny, and we hold it in the palm of our
hands.

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*

* ANGLE on: Dick, puzzled. He claps his hands.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

121 EXT. GRADUATION - DAY - LATER

121

In unison, the graduates move the tassels of their caps to the other side. The crowd cheers.

*

ANGLE on Todd.

DISSOLVE TO:

121A INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - TODD'S ROOM - DAY

121A

The next morning. Todd awakens from a dream. There is a sense of normalcy about him, as if a huge weight has been lifted from his shoulders. We hear birds singing outside.

He climbs out of the bed and pulls on his blue jeans. Hanging on the closet door behind him are his cap and gown. He sees on the desk the imitation leather folder that is meant to hold his diploma. He opens it and reads; "Your diploma will be sent to you by mail in four to six weeks. Congratulations."

121B INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - STAIRS - KITCHEN

121B

Todd comes down the stairs and into the kitchen. Coffee is brewing.

Todd's parents sit with their backs to him as he comes in. They stare at a small television on the counter. Their faces are hollow. Todd looks on...

NEWSCAST- Images of the hospital, Dussander's house, the infamous picture of him from Patin--

REPORTER (V.O)

...it is believed that Denker's real name is Kurt Dussander. The police have still not released a statement concerning the body that was discovered in his home...

Finally, there is a shot of a covered body being wheeled out of Dussander's house.

Todd's attention moves from the screen to his parents. He has to look convincing. A moment of crucial decision is upon him. He has one shot at this...

Monica turns to see Todd, standing there mortified. He starts to wobble...

MONICA

Dick, he's fainting!

Dick hops up and catches Todd as he collapses.

DISSOLVE TO:

121D EXT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

121D

The area outside the hospital has transformed into a frenzied sea of reporters, cameramen, photographers, protestors, and police officers. *

121E INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

121E

Weiskopf and Richler are speaking to the doctors. Getty stands to the side, instructing the DEPUTY who guards the door.

Through all of this Dussander lies like a fossil in his bed as the bodies whirl around him. Darren enters the room to change Dussander's IV bag.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly the door flies open and an elderly DOCTOR dashes in, presumably one who snuck in from another ward. He points an accusing finger at Dussander, screaming "murderer" and other epithets.

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(CONTINUED)

121E CONTINUED:

121E

Getty and the other officers descend upon him. The man continues to scream as he is wrestled to the ground. Pandemonium. *

Yet Dussander seems oblivious to the commotion. His eyes are nothing more than glazed slits, his mouth hangs open. Darren runs toward the door to help. Dussander's eyes open slightly. There is life behind them after all. He turns his attention imperceptibly toward his IV bag...

DISSOLVE TO:

123 INT. LIVING ROOM - BOWDEN HOUSE - DAY

123

ANGLE on a ticking wall clock.

Todd appears tired, but is holding it together as he sits down on the couch next to his mother. She puts her arm around him. Dick is especially nervous and stands off to the side, watching everyone intently. Richler and Weiskopf sit across the room in chairs.

On the table in front of the sofa is the newspaper. The headlines reads: "Fugitive Nazi Discovered-- Camp Commandant Lead Double Life, Never Stopped Killing." Next to the headline is a fairly recent photo of Dussander and the photo from his want sheet. Monica reaches down and turns the paper face down.

RICHLER

Todd, my name is Dan Richler. I'm a special agent with the FBI. This is my associate, Dr. Weiskopf.

WEISKOPF

Hello.

DICK

What kind of doctor are you?

WEISKOPF

I'm a school teacher.

RICHLER

Dr. Weiskopf is a professor at the Judaic Institute in Munich. He is assisting the Israeli government in certain matters. He is here today, only as an observer.

A moment passes between Weiskopf and Todd.

RICHLER (CONT'D)

Thanks for calling us up, Mr. Bowden. You saved us the trouble of tracking through the 911 records.

(CONTINUED)

RICHLER

Todd, let me tell you what we're really interested in here. You told the admitting nurse that Denker had a heart attack while you were reading him a letter.

Todd swallows. The off-handed lie that he had almost forgotten about now comes back to haunt him.

TODD

Yeah, that's right. ...I was.

RICHLER

And the letter, it was in English or German?

Todd glances at Weiskopf.

TODD

German.

RICHLER

You speak German?

TODD

No.

RICHLER

So you had no idea what you were reading?

TODD

No, but he seemed to understand what I was saying. He got really excited at one point and mumbled something in German. ...Then he grabbed his chest.

RICHLER

And that's when you called the ambulance, right?

TODD

That's right.

Pause.

*

RICHLER

Well, this is the part we can't figure out. The letter itself, Todd... do you remember what happened to it?

TODD

I guess it was still on the table. I couldn't swear to it, but--

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

RICHLER

Then it should still be there. This is our problem.

DICK

It isn't?

RICHLER

No. When you got there, Mr. Bowden, do you remember seeing a letter?

DICK

No, but I wasn't looking for one, either. I was worried about Todd.

MONICA

Maybe somebody broke in and took the letter.

RICHLER

Why would somebody break into his house simply to steal a letter? Unless they were trying to protect him for some reason. Maybe a close friend, or even another fugitive. I know it sounds like a bunch of Robert Ludlum stuff, but when Dussander was taken to the hospital, we think our Mr. X scooted over to the house and swiped the letter.

TODD

That doesn't make sense.

RICHLER

Why not, Todd?

TODD

Well, if he had an old Nazi buddy in town, why didn't he come over himself and read the letter to him? If you could have heard the way he corrected me at every word--

RICHLER

A good point. Except maybe this other fellow is in a wheelchair, or blind.

TODD

Guys that are blind don't normally go scooting out to steal letters.

RICHLER

(smiling)

True. Did Dussander have any friends that you knew of?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

No, not really.

RICHLER

How about phone calls?

Pause.

TODD

No, I heard his phone ring maybe five or six times in all the time I knew him. It was usually salesmen, wrong numbers, that sort of thing.

RICHLER

Did you ever hear him speak German on those occasions?

TODD

No. He hardly ever spoke German. He always said he would teach me someday, but he never got around to it.

WEISKOPF

Did he ever talk about his past?

Todd looks at Weiskopf. This is the first question he has asked and Todd is more wary of him than of Richler. Todd shrugs innocently.

TODD

Not really. Little bits, I guess.

Silence. Richler notices the tension in the room. He looks at Weiskopf. Finally, he speaks to Dick.

RICHLER

Look, I'm sure this whole thing has come as a terrible shock. I think we've done enough for today.

He and Weiskopf stand.

WEISKOPF

Thank you.

Weiskopf nods good-bye.

RICHLER

Thank you, Todd, you've been a big help. Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, we appreciate you letting us talk to Todd. We'll be in touch if we need you.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

They are almost to the door, when Richler stops.

RICHLER (CONT'D)

Oh, Todd, by the way....

(casually, pulls a photo out of a
folder he is carrying)

Have you ever seen this man before?

He holds the photo up to Todd. It is a picture of Archie in military dress, probably a blow-up of his military ID. Todd stares at it for a moment, then answers confidently.

TODD

No.

RICHLER

Okay, thanks.

He smiles. Weiskopf opens the door and the two men leave. Dick closes the door behind them.

128 INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - TODD'S BEDROOM - DAY

128

Todd watches the two men drive away. He nods his head slightly, as if going over something in his mind, and wipes his sleeve across his mouth. There is a KNOCK at the door. Two seconds later Dick comes in. Todd greets his distressed father with a smile.

DICK

(desperate)

Oh, Todd...

TODD

I'm all right, Dad.

DICK

You sure?

Dick sits on the edge of the bed.

TODD

Yeah, I just can't believe it. Even after what those guys told me, I still can't believe it.

DICK

Your mother and I feel terrible... like we let you down...

TODD

No, it's not your fault.

DICK

You know we love you, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Of course, I do.

He smiles at his father, comfortingly.

DICK

Look, ahh, your mother and I are going to go down and talk to a lawyer. He's very good. I don't want you to worry about a thing. It's just a precaution. I don't trust these cops. We're not going to be gone long.

TODD

Don't worry about me, I think it's a good idea.

DICK

Your old man is on top of things, all right? I am going to take care of this.

TODD

I know, Dad.

Dick kisses Todd's forehead. He tries to smile and goes to the door. Todd stops him.

TODD

Dad... I really didn't know about any of it.

Pause. Dick looks him in the eye.

DICK

I never thought you did.

Dick goes out.

ANGLE on Todd.

129 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

129

The garage door opens and Dick backs the Porsche into the street. Monica is with him. Todd, from the upstairs window, watches them go.

130 INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

130 *

Todd splashes cold water on his face. He dries off and gazes into the mirror. He straightens his hair, adjusts his collar. A stern confidence becomes him.

130A INT. GRAY SEDAN - DAY

130A

Richler drives and drinks coffee from a styrofoam cup. Weiskopf sits next to him, staring out the window.

RICHLER

You still thinking about the kid?

WEISKOPF

Yeah... Somehow he didn't--

(he stops, looks over at Richler)

When you were a boy, what did you do... for fun?

Richler thinks for a second.

RICHLER

I went to the movies.

He smiles.

RICHLER (CONT'D)

Why?... What did you do?

WEISKOPF

I used to chase girls.

Richler laughs. Weiskopf musters a smile that soon fades. Richler turns the wheel.

RICHLER

And now you chase old men.

ANGLE on Weiskopf- deep in thought.

WEISKOPF

I suppose you're right. ...Are you going to talk to the boy again?

RICHLER

I don't think so. ...I really want to shut the book on this one.

Weiskopf stares out the window in thought.

RICHLER (CONT'D)

We're moving him today. You want to come along or you want me to drop you back at the hotel?

Weiskopf seems distracted.

WEISKOPF

No, I'd like to be there.

132 INT. BOWDEN HOUSE - TODD'S ROOM - DAY

132

Todd is sitting on his bed listening to his radio when the door bell rings. He gets up and goes to the window. Looking out, he sees French's Volvo in the driveway. Todd doesn't recognize the car.

The bell rings again.

132AA INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

132AA

Dussander sleeps peacefully in his bed.

132A INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

132A

The chanting from outside is all we hear as Weiskopf and Richler come into the hospital through the sea of protesters. They are met at the entrance by Getty and a small man in a suit, presumably the hospital ADMINISTRATOR.

GETTY

(to Richler)

It's all right, we're bringing him out the service entrance.

The administrator is visibly shaken by what is going on. Weiskopf speaks to him as the move through the lobby toward the elevators. Sheriff's deputies mill around them, as orders are passed down the chain of command. Weiskopf looks at his watch.

133 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - FRONT YARD

133

The front door opens upon the face of Ed French, probably the last face Todd expected to see.

FRENCH

Hello, Todd.

TODD

Mr. French. What are you doing here?

FRENCH

I came by to see your parents. Are they home?

*

Pause.

TODD

No. ...What about?

136 INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

136

Dussander is asleep. A nurse carries a tray of medicines out of his room. A policeman is standing by the open door. As the nurse goes out, the policeman follows, closing the door behind him.

Dussander is alone. A moment later he comes to life. His eyes open wide and his movements are the liveliest they have been since he was discovered. He reaches over to his IV unit and begins to disconnect the tube from the bag...

FRENCH (V.O.)

That's... well, that's between me and your parents.

*

TODD (V.O.)

Why? ...Why isn't it between you and me?

*

136A EXT. BOWDEN'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

136A

French pulls a page of newspaper from his pocket. He unfolds it and holds it up to Todd. It is the picture of Dussander.

FRENCH

Do you want to tell me what happened?

Todd looks up at the ceiling, scratching his neck.

TODD

Mr. French, why don't you just forget about that? Just go home.

*

*

FRENCH

I'm sorry, Todd. I can't do that. Tell your folks I'll be back to see them later.

*

French turns to go. Todd goes after him.

(CONTINUED)

138 INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

138

Liquid spills onto the floor as the tube comes loose from the bag. Dussander sits back and pulls the free end of the tube up to his mouth. His lips wrap around it and his face tightens as he begins to blow...

TODD (V.O.)

Mr. French...?

*

139 EXT. BOWDEN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

139

FRENCH

What...?

TODD

Are you a man of your word?

*

*

ANGLE on French.

*

TODD (CONT'D)

*

I thought we had a deal. Or was that just bullshit? "Pull up your grades, and the world will open up for you." Isn't that what you said?

Todd spins the ball on his finger.

*

FRENCH

It wasn't bullshit, Todd.

*

Todd stops the ball.

*

TODD

Well, I did the work. I got my grades up.
...What else do you want from me?

*

*

FRENCH

What do you mean?

*

(holds up newspaper)

*

You want me to just forget about this?

*

TODD

I just want to go to college and get on with
the rest of my life.

Irritated, French turns to leave.

*

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH

Todd, okay... we're not gonna talk about this now. It was a mistake to come here. ...We'll do this over the phone.

Pause. Todd decides something.

TODD

Can I ask you one thing, Ed? ...You don't mind if I call you Ed, now that I'm out of your fucking high school, do ya?

French stops.

FRENCH

What, Todd?

Hold on Todd. He looks as though he is carefully choosing his words...

TODD

Does it ever work?

FRENCH

What?

TODD

I really want to know. Does it ever work, or am I the first one?

ANGLE on French.

TODD (CONT'D)

If I'm the first, I'm flattered, really. But somehow I don't believe it. Not after you coming here. My god, you got some balls. ...Is this why your wife left you?

French's mood changes instantly.

FRENCH

That's none of your business. Look, if you have something to say to me, say it—

TODD

Man, you must have really wanted to shake my hand.

French is trying to calm himself.

FRENCH

Wait a minute, just wait a minute... What are you saying, Todd? You're going to tell people I did something to you?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

I don't want to drag you down with me, but I will. ...I'm better at this than you are.

*

FRENCH

Better at what...? Todd, I'm trying to help you. Can't you see that-

*

*

TODD

(cutting him off)

You've helped enough.

*

FRENCH

So this is how you thank me? ...With lies?

*

TODD

Ed, you never knew me, you never knew a damn thing.

FRENCH

Todd, I won't just do nothing--

*

A rage escapes from Todd as we have never seen.

TODD

You're gonna have to!

*

Pause. French is stung. Todd's glare is true evil. But slowly, the monster recedes. Todd recovers.

The camera moves in on Todd.

*

TODD

Think of your job...

*

*

(busting out a laugh)

*

...Think of your son.

*

(CONTINUED)

Todd, off of French's look, goes cold. French is overcome by rage. He curls his fists, using all his restraint not to smash Todd right there. He has never been pushed this far, not by a boy.

*
*
*
*

TODD

Go ahead, hit me.

140 INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

140

Dussander blows into the tube, forcing the last of the liquid into his viens. He stops, takes a deep breath, and then blows a hard blast of air into the tube. He lets it fall to the floor and lies back in his bed...

141 EXT. BOWDEN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

141

Todd bounces the basketball.

*

TODD

So what's the story, Ed... Do we have a deal?

*

*

French is a broken man. Todd's eyes are locked on him.

FRENCH

You can't do this, Todd.

*

The ball stops dead in Todd's hands.

*

TODD

Ed, you have no idea what I can do.

TODD

You think they'll ever let you near another kid?

FRENCH

All right, Todd, look...

French is reaching for anything, but Todd is on a roll.

TODD

Think about your own kid for a second. Do you know what this will do to him? ...having a child molester for a father?

French is overcome by rage. He curls his fists, using all his restraint not to smash Todd right there. He has never been pushed this far, not by a boy.

TODD (CONT'D)

Go ahead, hit me.

140 INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

140

Dussander blows into the tube, forcing the last of the liquid into his viens. He stops, takes a deep breath, and then blows a hard blast of air into the tube. He lets it fall to the floor and lies back in his bed...

141 EXT. BOWDEN'S FRONT YARD - DAY

141

French is a broken man. Todd's eyes are locked on him.

FRENCH

You can't do this.

TODD

Ed, you have no idea what I can do.

142 INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR- DAY

142 *

Weiskopf watches the numbers light on and off above the door. Richler stands next to him, signing something for the administrator. He passes the clipboard back to him. The three men wait in silence.

143 SCENE OMITTED

143 *

143B INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

143B

Dussander lurches up in the bed in a spastic, contortive fit as the air embolism reaches his heart. His arm flails against the IV unit, sending it crashing to the floor. His food tray goes flying. The monitors next to him reflect a drastic turn in his condition. The door flies open and a pair of nurses charge in.

144 EXT. BOWDEN HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

144

Todd walks toward his front door as the Volvo pulls away down the street. Todd glances back at it...

144A INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

144A

Richler, Weiskopf, and the administrator come around the corner into the ICU area. Nurses and doctors move about hurriedly, streaming into Dussander's room. Weiskopf's face goes cold. Richler and the administrator dash toward the room. Weiskopf does not run; he knows what has happened.

145A INT. HOSPITAL - DUSSANDER'S ROOM - DAY

145A*

From above we see Dussander's eyes, wide open, motionless. Yet the expression on his face is one of odd satisfaction. A doctor pounds on his chest, barks orders.

The trauma team prepares the defibrillator, but we know they are too late. Weiskopf stands to the side. His face says it all-- he's lost his man.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

146 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

146

TITLE: SEPTEMBER 1985.

A large college auditorium. A history lecture is in progress. As the PROFESSOR speaks, the camera moves in on the students taking notes.

PROFESSOR

And it was all in the name of protecting the Colony. The Puritans needed discipline to survive, and discipline meant the church...

As we pass over the unfamiliar faces, the lecture continues. Finally, from far off, we see what we have been looking for.

Todd is different now. Perhaps it is the hair style, or maybe it is the glasses, or the icy stare.

PROFESSOR

...All in all twenty men and women were hanged for suspected witchcraft in 1692. We remember this as a black moment in our early history and yet, we saw the same thing happen in the 1950's, didn't we?

Todd listens, making a few notes in his notebook, as the voice of the professor fades out, and Todd's voice, quietly rehearsing his graduation speech, comes in:

TODD (V.O.)

For a brief moment, Icarus felt what it was like to live as a God, to touch the sun, to soar above the common man. And for doing so... he paid the ultimate price.

The camera moves tighter on his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

TODD (V.O.)

Like Icarus, we too have been given gifts: knowledge, education, experience. But with these gifts comes the responsibility of choice. We alone decide how our talents are bestowed upon the world. ...This is our destiny, and we hold it in the palm of our hands.

We are deep into Todd's eyes as we go to...

BLACK.

*