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# The Second

By Diana Angelson

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Thank you for coming.

I don't have much time.

Press tours.

You're in demand.

Yeah, it's nonstop.

You sit there.

INTERVIEWER I just need a level  
for sound.

- One, two, three.

- Perfect.

I'm terrible  
at interviews.

Occupational hazard  
for both of us, right?

I have something to confess.

I'm a big fan. Would you mind  
signing my copy?

Of course.

Erm...

..what would you like me  
to write?

You're the writer.

There you go.

"Can't write  
without a reader.

"It's precisely like a kiss -  
you can't do it alone."

Cute. So, who do you regard  
with a mutual kiss?

I don't kiss and tell.

OK.

Your first book,  
an award-winning,  
sexually charged memoir.  
Your second,  
something entirely different...

..the story of a murdered boy.

The LA Times

Book Prize - quite a win!

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

So, how does it feel  
to be a literary darling?

I'm trying not to think  
about it, darling.  
The Times called it "an erotic  
and audacious memoir".  
What do you call it?  
Uh, well...my life.  
..what's next, a film  
adaptation? Another book?  
Well, I've been kidnapped  
by my publisher for the week.  
He's a total sadist  
in tortoiseshell glasses.  
And he's not go...  
He's not gonna let me go until  
I give him the next book.  
A week of  
no distractions, then?  
Uh...maybe one or two.  
Come on, hop out.  
Stretch your legs.  
No, I'm waiting.  
Last one.  
I'm so proud of you.  
You'd be amazed how many clients  
I have that cannot do PR.  
You calling me a whore?  
Yeah, a little.  
Thank God  
there's one of you.  
You know, the woman who wrote  
that book grew up around here.  
Her father wrote  
The Bellbird's Warning.  
Yeah, yeah. I know.  
You're her!  
"The silver-voiced bellbirds  
"The darlings of daytime  
"They sing in September  
the songs of the May-time  
"When shadows wax strong  
and thunderbolts hurtle  
- "They lie..."  
- Hide.  
They hide.

"They hide with the fear..."

- Their fear.
- With their fear.
- "In the leaves of the myrtle."
- Oh, stop it.
- I love your father's book.
- Yes.
- It's my all-time favourite.
- I don't care.
- OK, it's my second...
- Yes.
- ..favourite.
- I don't care.

Well, I do care.  
Being out here,  
seeing this landscape...  
..gets me hard.  
Gets me hard.  
Whoa.

- Do you think I should get out?
- No, don't.
- Another one of your fans?
- Just no.

Oi, move!

- Don't be an idiot.
- Me?

Well, because country people  
out here...  
You know, it's different.  
They're polite.  
That's real fuckin' polite.  
Hey, move!  
Move!  
He wants a rise out of you.  
Please don't.  
Just don't give it to him.  
What's he doing?!  
Are you deaf and dumb?

- Just go.
- Hey!

I've got your number.  
You're a hazard!

- Just go.
- Idiot!

I've sent the caretaker away  
so we won't be disturbed.

I know he sold  
a lot of books, but...  
Family money.

My mother's side.

- What was she like?

- She died when I was five.

That's his study. We...

We don't go in there.

It's locked.

It's always locked.

Huh!

- Happy now?

- Very happy.

- Who's that?

- Hmm?

You and the hottie  
lolling about half-naked.

Yeah, she's no-one.

Bit dusty.

I haven't been home  
since he died, so...

And there it is.

I hate that sound.

Is the bellbird's  
call actually a warning?

Any time a real estate  
agent tries to sell you  
a parcel of paradise with those  
beautiful bellbird calls,  
don't walk - run.

- It's a trap?

- Exactly.

You know, the bell miner -  
it looks harmless enough  
but they kill everything around  
them until there's nothing left.  
It's called dieback.

Was your father's fame a trap?

Sorry?

Was it hard to live up to?

Any time someone's  
so universally loved,

you don't have a choice.  
You walk in a long shadow.  
What?!

Don't always want to be fucked  
and choked at the same time.  
Not what it says in your memoir.  
You scratched me.

- Fuck!  
- Sorry.

Could it begin with a song  
from their childhood?  
'Cause that's  
the fucking problem.  
Fuck off!

There she is.  
Sometimes  
I don't want to be her.  
You have  
nine new voice messages.  
Hey, it's me.  
I don't know why  
I can't get through.  
Anyway, I'm arriving  
on the 10 o'clock bus.  
I-I can't wait to see you.  
Hey, will you pick me up  
in the old car?  
OK, bye.

# They hide  
with their fear  
# In the leaves of the myrtle. #

- Did you steal them?  
- He gave them to me.  
- He loves me.  
- Gross!

Which one?  
Stars. Yeah.  
I don't know why  
she's gotta come now.  
Of all the weeks,  
this week. This "no-one".  
Well, because she's not no-one.  
And, you know,  
I haven't seen her for years.

You'd do the same  
for one of your friends.  
No, I wouldn't.  
Maybe...that's why  
you haven't got any.  
I'm an island.  
Right, you stay here  
and be an island.  
And I'll be back soon.  
Ah, and a word of warning -  
she's seductive  
and a devious liar.  
Thought she was your friend.  
She is.  
He told me to tell you  
something!  
You have to teach me a lesson.  
They don't have cars  
where you come from?  
Povvo ones,  
not like this sexy beast.  
- Don't hurt it.  
- I won't.  
Turn the key.  
Yeah, no, I'm looking  
at the pages right now.  
Mm-hm.  
I know. I know it's overdue,  
yeah.  
But she doesn't want anyone  
to see it before she's finished.  
Uh-huh. And can I just tell you,  
I don't want to oversell it  
but it's good.  
It's good, yeah. Maybe even  
better than the old man.  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah, worth every cent  
of our advance.  
Sorry I didn't come see you  
at the funeral.  
- It's OK.  
- I couldn't stay.  
I had this thing. I mean,

it's all very complicated.

But anyway, that's done now.

- Totally done.

- It's OK.

Yeah, my fuckin' boss accuses me  
of stealing their tips.

And I thought,

"I've busted my arse for years  
"fucking schlepping tables  
for that piece of shit."

- So fuck him.

- Did you steal them?

Maybe. Hey, I had to.

Rent, coke... Who knew  
life was so expensive?

What about that guy  
you were seeing?

- Lenny?

- Yeah.

Yeah, well, hard to see someone  
who's serving 7 to 10.

What did he do?

Fucked me

with an intent to ruin my life.

It's great to see you,  
it really is. But...

..you can't stay the whole week.

I've got my publisher here  
and I'm...

..trying to start the next book.

Hi.

Hey.

And don't worry.

You won't even know I'm here.

I doubt that.

- Best friend.

- Publisher.

Liar.

- She told you.

- She tells me everything.

Warned.

So which room should I take?

Usual one?

She means my old room. And...



..tongue back in mouth.  
Oh, my old bed!  
Oh, it's good to be back.  
Come on, you're gonna have to  
stay in here with me.  
- I'm working.  
- Oh, come on! It'll be fun.  
- Alright, maybe one night.  
- Yeah, it'll be good.  
- Just don't make a mess.  
- What, me?  
- How long is she staying?  
- Couple of days.  
I don't know if that's good.  
Well, she's had a rough trot,  
you know.  
I couldn't just put her back  
on a bus and send her away.  
You're the one who said  
she was a monster.  
God, look at you.  
You're already under her spell.  
What?  
Calm down.  
Mum and Dad...  
..cocktail time.  
So did she tell you about us?  
No.  
Perfect.  
"She was standing  
at the bus stop.  
"Her clothes were far too tight.  
"Far too tight  
"for her curves, to contain her.  
"They strained  
against her thighs...  
"..the parts of her  
she was trying to conceal."  
What are you,  
a fuckin' man or a mouse?  
Um...  
I still  
don't believe you.  
Seriously.

- No.  
- How did you two meet?  
- Catholic girls' school.  
- Really?!

Mmm. It happens,  
not just in the movies.  
And pornos.  
Well, actually we met  
in the confessional, so...  
Yeah, I had  
a burning confession.  
And I was pretending  
to be a priest  
and I wanted  
to hear a secret.  
And what was the secret?  
- Well...  
- Well...  
I'd been felt up  
by one of the nuns.  
Well, it was the first time I'd  
been touched sexually, you know.  
And, well, I needed to tell  
someone the good news  
so I turned to God.  
Yes, I have, um...  
I've heard that one before.  
Yeah, well, you know...  
Jesus, it happened to  
a lot of us. She's not special.  
Dark habits and lots of canings  
in rectories.  
And instead of 10 Hail Marys...  
She invited me for the summer  
to meet her famous father.  
I came every summer  
until I stopped coming.  
And why did you stop coming?  
Well, that - that...  
I think we need more alcohol  
for that.  
You know...  
..I need to work tomorrow, so...  
- I read your memoir.

- It's brilliant, isn't it?

- Don't.

- No, no.

Look, he is right.

I mean, it's not

The Bellbird's Warning,

but it's brilliantly crafted.

Maybe next time

you'll get what you deserve.

A Pulitzer.

She hates praise.

I love praise.

I'm going inside.

- Second novel syndrome.

- Is that what it is?

I can hear you!

Hey, I'm sorry.

She's a bit distracting.

I can't do it.

Go and tell her.

I'll finish off here.

# You are an obsession

# I cannot sleep

I am your possession

# Unopened at your feet

# There's no balance

# No equality

# Be still

I will not accept defeat

# I will have you

Yes, I will have you

# I will find a way

and I will have you

# Like a butterfly

A wild butterfly

# I will collect you

and capture you

# You are an obsession

You're my obsession

# Who do you want me to be

to make you sleep with me?

# You are an obsession

You're my obsession

# Who do you want me to be

to make you sleep with me?  
# I feed you  
I drink you  
# By day and by night  
# I need you  
I need you  
# By sun or candlelight  
# You protest  
You want to leave  
# Stay  
Oh, there's no alternative  
# Your face appears again  
# I see the beauty there  
But I see danger... #  
Goodnight.  
# Stranger beware  
# A circumstance  
in your naked dreams... #  
I thought you were  
going to tell her.  
I tried.  
So she has actually read it.  
You were right. I should never  
have let her stay.  
I'm in a hole with your advance.  
I need this book.  
And your beautiful liar  
is getting in the way.  
So unless you tell her...  
..I will.  
I'll do it.  
I just need peace and quiet  
right now.  
You're taking it the wrong way.  
The wrong fucking way?  
Which way should I take it?  
What's that story about the guy  
in the attic and the painting?  
He gets younger as the portrait  
witheres and dies?  
- Dorian Gray.  
- Yes, Dorian Gray.  
'Cause I'm the withering  
fucking portrait.

You're just going through  
a rough patch.  
Oh, how fucking reassuring!  
You should write gift cards.  
So how's the writing coming on?  
- It's fine.  
- That's not what he said.  
- Yeah? What'd he say?  
- He said you're struggling.  
Well, maybe I am a little bit.  
It's normal after such success.  
"That's normal  
after such success."  
How much you want this time?  
- I don't want your money.  
- Well, what, then? Say it.  
This was a mistake.  
You should go.  
You don't have to struggle.  
Turn it up!  
So demanding.  
Ahhh!  
It's alright, I've got it.  
I've got this.  
Let's talk  
about the story.  
Two girls, a boy.  
- The boy dies.  
- Mmm. They murder him.  
I'd like to read you a passage  
for comment.  
Of course.  
Hey, you've done your research.  
Mmm. Yeah, there was  
an accident.  
A boy died on your property.  
Yeah, true.  
And you write about  
a murdered boy.  
- Everything's fair game.  
- Everything?  
And everyone.  
Don't.  
Ground rule number one -

I need to work.

So there is

no more boozy soirees -

I need six hours of quiet  
every day.

- No more boozy soirees.

- And no more music.

- Come on, that's not fair.

- Uh-uh-uh!

- Fine. No music.

- Good.

If I hear so much as a peep out  
of either of you, you're out.

You got it?

Got it.

Good.

I'm just going for a run.

You're keen.

You want to do something?

Six hours a day.

Just so precious.

Yeah.

I'm just gonna lie here  
and do nothing.

Fuck!

There's a dead snake.

How can I use that?

There's a snake...

Hey. Hey, listen, mate. Mate.

I'm not sure if I offended you  
the other day,

but if I did,

I'm really sorry, OK?

I'm from the city. I'm not...

Got to be careful of snakes.

Definitely.

Not here.

Back there, where you came from.

Those two girls.

Fuckin' snakes.

What? What?

You tell 'em I hate snakes.

Cut their heads off.

Fuck!

Oh, hi.  
I won't look over your shoulder.  
I will just quietly...  
..quietly, quietly  
drop that there.  
Hey, wait.  
Sit with me.  
So what's with the publisher?  
Don't know.  
He seems self-entitled to me.  
Mmm.  
Pretty nice and smart,  
once you get to know him.  
- Well, I won't get to know him.  
- Thanks.  
I've missed this.  
Me too.  
I'm going to sell the property.  
You can't!  
I hardly ever come here...  
..and there's too much history.  
So I'm going to give you  
some money.  
You can go back to school.  
You set yourself up.  
That...  
..country...  
..fuckface  
threw a dead snake at me.  
It could have been alive.  
It's not finished, you know.  
Course it's not.  
Hey, you OK?  
I'm far from OK.  
Hey, sorry for...for laughing.  
He threw a dead snake at me!  
What the fuck?!  
Is that a thing out here?  
No, not that I remember.  
Oh, he called you a snake too.  
Wants to cut your head off, FYI.  
- Charming.  
- We have history, so...  
- Oh, God, no. Really?!

- Not that kind of history!  
And anyway, I've got something  
that's gonna cheer you up.  
Having a snake thrown at you  
is a bit of a boner killer.  
I don't mean that.

I mean this.

- Pages?

- Yeah.

Well, it's the beginning  
of something.

- He hates it.

- Oh, relax, will you?

Well?

Well, come on.

Don't hold us in suspense.

It's not landing for me.

- Really?

- What does he mean?

Sorry, what does that mean?

It means I can see potential.

Two women...

..a dark secret,  
away for the week.

One a writer with  
a publisher boyfriend - cheeky.

- The other, a muse.

- But?

It lacks that  
raw emotional honesty  
that your readers  
have come to expect.

Maybe you're right.

- Second novel syndrome.

- So how does it end?

Right now, I'm thinking  
of a death.

- The muse?

- The publisher.

My own.

God, can we have some fun now?

- What's taking her so long?

- She's angry at you.

Holy Jesus! Is that real?



Yeah, and it's loaded.  
In case we meet any  
unwanted locals or snakes.  
She's a great shot.  
Oh, look at her.  
She loves an audience.  
- You're very protective of her.  
- Somebody has to be.  
I can control myself.  
That's interesting, 'cause most  
men prefer her, you know.  
My father, for one.  
He called her  
his little bellbird.  
And that makes you angry?  
You'd love that, wouldn't you?  
Next minute,  
we'll be mud-wrestling.  
It shouldn't, you know. You have  
everything and she has nothing.  
OK, so...  
..you've got to jam it  
into your shoulder really tight.  
Now, don't focus on the tip  
of the barrel - focus here.  
- Got it?  
- I got it!  
Listen, I'm sorry about before.  
- I like the pages, OK?  
- No, you don't.  
Anyway, it's OK. They're shit.  
Come on.  
Fuck!  
- Attaboy!  
- Let me.  
Told you -  
it's all in the shoulder.  
What happened to your foot?  
I just stepped on  
a piece of glass. It's nothing.  
You're in the wars, aren't you?  
Don't worry, I'll protect you.  
Do you know why Butch Cassidy  
likes to throw snakes?

- There's history.
- Yep, there certainly is.
- We were 14...
- We were here.

Just as we are now.

Sunny, his younger brother, was standing over there on the shore and he tried to swim out to us. But he didn't make it.

- Actually, he...
- He drowned.

He just drowned?

You couldn't jump in and save him?

Doesn't seem like it's that far. We tried, but... No, it all just happened so quickly.

Well, that's the story.

No, it's not just a story.

It's a statement of fact.

You know, I gave a statement to the police.

Father helped us sort it out.

So you knew him.

What?

The other day on the road, when we arrived.

You acted like you didn't know him, but you did.

You know,

if I remember correctly,

I was protecting you from yourself.

"You know why...

"..he likes to throw snakes?

"Because there's history."

Fuck you!

What are you doing?

You have such expensive taste.

Let me see. Um...

What about this one?

It's expensive.

You're angry.

No.

It's McQueen.  
You should have it.  
It's gonna look better on you  
anyway.  
Thanks.  
Nice dress.  
Does she know you have it?  
Now, what's the one thing that  
you want to see most of all?  
I don't have time for games.  
Think about it, fanboy.  
I know where all the bodies  
are buried.  
Oh, God, that smell.  
It's exactly the same.  
I can feel him  
watching us.  
I can too.  
Why are the windows  
all boarded up?  
I don't know. It was probably  
done after his death.  
Keep out the elements, fans.  
- Like a shrine?  
- More like a tomb.  
Ah!  
Look.  
My youth.  
- So it's true.  
- What's true?  
- You were his favourite.  
- Why do you say that?  
That's him in the reflection,  
right?  
He always said  
I was destined for greatness.  
Stupidly, I believed him.  
You're a waitress, aren't you?  
I got fired,  
so technically I'm nothing.  
I'm sure  
you're good at something.  
Yeah.  
Living in the shadow

of greatness.  
There is no sun without shadow.  
Camus said that.  
Fuck Camus.  
Yeah. Fuck Camus.  
Although she would  
agree with him.  
So would the old man.  
He used his...  
sunny powers of celebrity  
to help us with  
the dead boy problem.  
What are you saying?  
- What, he lied for you?  
- El scandalo.  
She said it was an accident.  
You said it was an accident.  
She avoided the question.  
What are you doing?  
I'm shining light  
on the shadow of greatness.  
So, if it wasn't an accident...  
..what happened?  
Why don't you ask her?  
And while you're at it...  
..ask her about her memoir.  
For someone who trades in lies,  
you're pretty dim.  
Are you saying  
she didn't write the book?  
Tap-tap-tap on the keyboard.  
Hmm?  
Pretty easy to make that sound.  
You're un-fucking-believable.  
- Don't you laugh at me.  
- Look at you.  
You're wearing her dress,  
claiming her story.  
- Fuck you.  
- You even tried to hit on me.  
- I don't want you.  
I want you to get the fuck out  
before I smash  
your fucking face in.

Get the fuck out.  
I don't believe it.  
Good, because it's not true.  
- She's jealous of you.  
- She always has been.  
I said to you, don't trust her.  
But no, you're like  
a cartoon wolf.  
It's not my fault  
her life's a fucking mess.  
The hangovers, the losers!  
And then, just when she thinks  
something's going to happen...  
Franklin...  
Sunny.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
What do you want?  
Hey, I...I don't want a fight.  
Seems like you do.  
Just trying to figure out  
the truth.  
About?  
Your brother.  
I think she's writing about him.  
It's a free country.  
Did he drown in the lake?  
Do you know why  
we called him Sunny?  
He was fuckin' terrified  
of water. He couldn't swim.  
Like the Sundance Kid.  
That was his nickname.  
I should've been there for him.  
How much justice can you afford?  
That's how it goes round here.  
Didn't you get the memo?  
Jogging can kill.  
I'm heading back to the city.  
What? What's wrong now?  
- Just confused.  
- About?  
Us. You. Everything.  
You know, I can't believe

you're still going on about it.  
I spoke with Butch Cassidy.  
So?  
He tells me  
his brother couldn't swim.  
If he couldn't swim,  
what was he doing in the water?  
He was a horny boy.  
I don't know.  
What happened to the kid?  
You know what?  
Maybe I need  
a different publisher,  
one that believes in me.  
Why don't you stay out here?  
I hope a snake does bite you.  
Ever heard the expression  
"A work of art is a confession?"  
No.  
Guess who said that.  
Fortune cookie?  
Albert Camus. I'm surprised  
you didn't know that.  
Yeah, well, fuck Camus.  
Why would I write a confession  
and hide it in a story?  
I don't know. That's what  
I'm trying to get straight.  
Well, it wouldn't be much  
of a confession, would it?  
Not unless  
there's another reason.  
But then,  
you don't kiss and tell.  
- Well, that depends.  
- On?  
The kiss.  
"I was in Moscow after Glasnost.  
"Such wealth and poverty,  
"all entirely without rules.  
"A powder keg of depravity.  
"I was staying in a hostel  
"near the train station.  
"I'd run out of money,

knew no-one.  
"But I thought, a girl like me  
can always find  
"the sharp edge of a knife."  
So I found an underground club.  
It was some abandoned remnant  
of a hotel -  
it was full of oligarchs  
and hookers.  
The Hotel Rossiya.  
I danced and I drank  
whatever they gave me.  
And then I wasn't in  
the Hotel Rossiya anymore...  
..and I wasn't dancing.  
When I woke up,  
all I could see was a forest.  
Trees and shadows.  
There were lots of shadows  
moving around me,  
with torchlights.  
And they were  
pushing me forward.  
One of them, he took my hand.  
The other, he stripped me naked.  
He forced me onto the ground  
and he spread my legs.  
My whole body burned  
from the fallen needles  
of the fir trees.  
They were cutting into my skin.  
And then I felt  
the first shadow.  
And then when he finished,  
the next started.  
And then the next.  
The funny thing was,  
I wasn't thinking...  
I thought, "This isn't an orgy.  
This isn't rape.  
"This isn't dirt in my mouth.  
This is theatre.  
"I need to play my part  
and play it well."

So I stared straight into those  
flashlights and I didn't flinch.  
It's so hard to imagine  
that terror can be so erotic.  
But it can...  
..when you're being fucked  
by shadows.  
You don't think she could have  
come up with that, do you?  
I mean, she's good.  
But she's not as good as me.  
I'm ruined.  
Welcome to the club.  
Hey!  
Now who's the pathetic one?  
Go on.  
Take it out on me.  
Be a man! Huh?  
It's hard to imagine...  
..terror can be so erotic.  
But it can be, when you're being  
fucked by shadows.  
Now you have the real thing.  
Don't you see that one lie  
leads to another?  
- You know...  
- The fake memoir, the dead boy?  
..I didn't know  
he couldn't swim.  
I don't think you know  
what's true anymore.  
That would be fine,  
except for the fact that  
you have destroyed my life,  
stolen someone else's  
and quite possibly killed a boy.  
So...  
So you come here,  
you assault her,  
and then you try to leave.  
You're kidding me.  
Can I do that? Can I do that?  
Fuck it. Yes, I can.  
OK. Go to the police, then.



Nah.  
I don't think you will.  
Maybe I will.  
Come on, Sunny. Sing!  
You were there.  
You tell me what happened.  
# When shadows wax strong  
# And the thunderbolts hurtle  
# They hide with their fear  
# In the leaves of the myrtle. #  
Sunny!  
What the fuck is that?  
The last words he ever heard.  
Get fuckin' off me!  
Get off me!  
I can call her back. I called  
her here the first time!  
No, I asked her to come.  
The muse - I asked.  
Then he gets her and he THROWS  
her up against the wall  
and he says,  
"You fuckin' bitch!"  
Forgot my phone. Just a sec.  
Hey.  
Oh...  
Hi! Sorry, he's decided to stay.  
Suit yourself.  
Long way to come  
to change your mind.  
That's what I said.  
She knows  
what she's going to do.  
She's just waiting now.  
The study window.  
It's boarded up.  
Shafts of light  
through the boards.  
And he's yelling,  
"You fucking bitch!"  
- "Let me out."  
- Let me out!  
He's trapped.  
Little bellbird.

Come inside.  
Where's the other one?  
She's down at the lake... No.  
She's with Butch Cassidy.  
And she is covered in blood.  
She's got a very...  
..faint smile.  
I want to refer to  
a term you used earlier -  
"dieback".  
When the bell miner takes  
everything good from the tree,  
leaving it to rot  
from the top down.  
How do you stop it?  
Well, you have to start again.  
Burn everything to the ground.  
Something new  
has to go in its place,  
something living  
to replace the dead.  
It occurs to me that you've done  
the same thing with your book -  
erased the past and  
replaced it with something new,  
a new story about  
the murdered boy.  
No, you can't change the past.  
But you can rewrite it.  
He's got a gun.  
Yep.  
And so have we.  
Like to beat up women, do you?  
I'm talking to you!  
I just don't want  
any more trouble.  
This is what happens  
when you make up stories.  
"I just don't want  
"..any...more...trouble."  
Can you  
read this out loud for me?  
Take your time.  
"First it was just us.

"It was a driving lesson.  
"Then we decided to go swimming,  
turned onto the track,  
"the one that leads to the lake,  
and that's when we saw him."

Could you hold it there  
for just one second?

Do you mind  
if we take a short break?

No.

I'll be right back.

Hey.

- How's it going?

- Good.

What's she like?

Classic narcissistic personality  
disorder,  
plus daddy issues.

- Sounds like fun.

- Barrel of monkeys fun.

Where were we?

That's right - you were reading.

"At first it was just us.

"A driving lesson, but then  
we decided to go swimming."

I don't get it. Maybe you can  
clear this up for me.

One is a sworn statement  
of truth

and one is a complete fiction.

But which one is which?

Please, isn't it obvious?

At this point in our interview,  
I would like to read you  
your rights.

- You don't need to do that.

- I do need to do that.

Because what happens  
with someone like you  
is you get a high-priced lawyer  
to come in and say that  
I didn't follow procedure,  
and then the whole thing gets  
tossed out on a technicality.

Do you understand?

Yes.

OK, I'll talk to him and  
get a sense of how mad he is.

- Pretty mad, I'd say.

- Tries anything, shoot him.

- I can't shoot...

- Take it!

Hey, it's me.

Um...

I'm sorry if I hurt you earlier.

But what do you say -  
could we...

Could we work towards  
an amicable resolution?

- What the...

- Fuck?!

Go.

Be careful!

Come out, come out,  
wherever you are.

Oh!

Don't shoot!

He's running!

Why write a different version  
of the same events?

Which one is true?

Which one is the lie?

One of them couldn't exist  
without the other.

I'm talking about a murder,  
not a...a literary device!

The coroner

ruled it inconclusive.

But he didn't know

that the boy couldn't swim.

He was terrified of water.

You had it removed

from the record.

My father did.

He was protecting me.

And your friend?

Did he protect her?

Go right!

Get up!  
Get up!  
# I will have you  
Yes, I will have you  
# I will find a way  
and I will have you  
# Like a butterfly  
A wild butterfly... #  
Get out.  
I-I won't go to the police.  
Whatever you're thinking,  
please...don't.  
Just shut up and walk.  
Walk!  
Did she do that to you?  
You did that.  
You assaulted her, remember?  
- Just tell him.  
- Tell me what?!  
He was here too.  
# The silver-voiced bellbirds  
# The darlings of daytime  
# They sing in September  
# The songs of the May-time  
# When shadows wax strong  
and the thunderbolts hurtle  
# They hide with their fear  
in the leaves of the myrtle... #  
- Go on, tell him.  
- Why?  
- Because it matters.  
- Not to me! It doesn't matter.  
He got out of hand,  
just like you have.  
Help!  
Sunny, get off.  
Sunny, get off!  
Help! Help!  
Sunny!  
Get off! Help!  
Get off, Sunny! Help!  
So you killed him  
in self-defence.  
No.

Not exactly.  
Is he dead?  
Tell him everything.  
You don't have to lie for me  
anymore.  
Grab his arms. Do it!  
- I covered it up.  
- WE covered it up.  
But not anymore.  
The truth needs to be told.  
He's alive.  
He's alive!  
He's alive!  
He's gone.  
I found a way to step out of  
the shadows and into the light.  
We went back to the house and I  
explained everything to Father.  
I told him that  
Sunny attacked me.  
And I made him  
believe it was true  
so that he would protect me.  
And did he protect you?  
Yes.  
And after she told her father,  
they made up a whole new story  
and said it was an accident.  
And I had to go along with  
the whole fucking thing.  
What the fuck's this got to do  
with me?!  
I told you,  
she needs an audience.  
Oh, not now. The show's over.  
- And you know too much.  
- You could stop her.  
I don't want to stop her.  
Your DNA.  
- Her bruises.  
- Fuckin' liars!  
It's just enough for the police  
to buy you as  
a violent sexual predator.

How do you fuckin'  
live with yourself?!

Now you know the end.  
I hope you're not disappointed.  
It's not exactly an 'up' ending.  
Best friend.

"At first, it was  
just us - a driving lesson.  
"But then we decided  
to go swimming.  
"We turned at the track,  
"the one that leads to the lake,  
"and that's where we saw him.  
"I'll never forget  
what happened.  
"We were floating around  
on the pontoon.  
"I remember him  
diving into the water.  
"But he never came up for air."  
"He just vanished."

Why isn't there a statement  
from your friend?  
- Because they believed me.  
- I don't believe you.  
You're gonna need more evidence  
than that.  
I know you killed him.  
I know it.  
But what I can't understand  
is why you would  
write a book about it.  
Mack Barton, the real boy.  
15 years old. Brother to Angus,  
son to Keith and Judy.  
You have the power  
to give the family closure.  
Did you kill Mack Barton?  
You charge me  
or you let me go.  
It's for her, isn't it?  
The book?  
Oh, congratulations - you've  
read the dedication. Well done.

I'm actually talking to  
the wrong person.  
I should be talking to her.  
If you see your friend, tell her  
that I'd like to speak to her.  
Yeah, if I see her.  
He read your book.  
Made a complaint.  
"Your DNA, her bruises -  
just enough for the police  
"to buy you as  
a violent sexual predator.  
"Now you know how it ends.  
I hope you're not disappointed.  
"It's not exactly  
an 'up' ending."  
But, of course,  
that's not how it ends.  
You'll have to buy the book.  
- Thank you.  
- Thank you.  
She loves an audience.  
Do you know her?  
Yeah, we know each other.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
- You were spectacular.  
- Aww.  
- Thank you.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
Can you sign this for me,  
please?  
Of course.  
What would you like me to write?