

## **THE ASSASSINATION OF GIANNI VERSACE**

### Episode 4: A house by the lake

*David and Andrew are having breakfast at a diner.*

David: Remember where we met?

Andrew: Market Street.

David: San Francisco.

Andrew: It was a year and a half ago.

David: You were wearing expensive tailored clothes and drinking vintage wine.

Andrew: You were alone at the bar.

David: You were surrounded by your high society friends.

Andrew: I sent you a drink.

David: I thought to myself, "Who does that? In real life, who sends a stranger a drink?"

Andrew: Well, you looked lonely.

David: I was lonely.

Andrew: Well, that's why I invited you to join our table.

David: You had everyone laughing. Your friends, the waiters. I thought, "I want to be like him-- rich, sophisticated, erudite." That's the kind of word you'd use, isn't it? I mean, you were

throwing money around like it didn't matter. I was hoping you'd invite me back to your room. But I figured, what's this man gonna see in me? Small-town boy.

Andrew: I couldn't wait to invite you.

David: My God, the Mandarin Oriental.

Andrew: \$1,000 a night.

David: That hotel...

Andrew: Well, we had a bay suite.

David: You told me you'd changed rooms three times - because you didn't like the view.

Andrew: [laughing]

David: You wanted to see the Golden Gate Bridge.

David: Uh-huh.

[sighs] Best night of my life.

Andrew: Oh, I never told you this, but I took my pair of white slippers home. I felt so cheap. They were only supposed to be worn once, and anyone who belonged in a room like that would never take them. I remember thinking, "How hard do I have to work to live like him, like Andrew? 'Cause I'll do it."

Except it was all a lie. You've never worked for anything. It was an act.

Andrew: What's wrong with you?

David: Is that why you killed Jeff? You loved him. It was so obvious. But he figured you out in the end, didn't he? Took him a few years, but he finally saw the real you. And you killed him for it.

Andrew: You think that night in San Francisco was great? You just wait till we get to Mexico. I can make way more money there than I ever could here. And there's a Mandarin Oriental down there. We can stay there for more than a night-- for a week, for-for a month, however long we want, with the best room. Patio terrace, ocean view. We can tell the cute little Mexican waiters that we're movie stars from L.A.

David: You can't do it, can you?

Andrew: I can't what?

David: Stop.