

The Dakotas

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MR. DAKOTA and an AGENCY SUIT sit on opposite couches in a very lush mansion. Mr. Dakota is covered in blood. He's trembling under the blanket that's been draped over his shoulders. Mr. Dakota stares blankly at nothing.

Elsewhere in the house more AGENCY SUITS, local POLICE, and PARAMEDICS work frantically.

AGENCY SUIT

Mr. Dakota, I need you to focus for a moment please. We need information.

MR. DAKOTA

Huh?

AGENCY SUIT

The President, your wife, is dead, Mr. Dakota. You know what happened so why don't you tell us?

MR. DAKOTA

I, uh. I think I heard a noise.

AGENCY SUIT

A noise?

MR. DAKOTA

Yeah. We were sleeping and I heard a noise so I came downstairs. There was no one here so I went back upstairs and she wasn't breathing.

AGENCY SUIT

Then what?

MR. DAKOTA

I called you guys and started CPR. She's really dead?

AGENCY SUIT

Yes, Mr. Dakota. The President is dead.

MR. DAKOTA

Oh God!

AGENCY SUIT

Stay with me, Mr. Dakota. I need you here. Walk me through it. From the top. I need details.

MR. DAKOTA
I don't know.

AGENCY SUIT
You said you heard a noise.

MR. DAKOTA
That's right. A noise. We were
sleeping and there was a noise that
woke me up.

AGENCY SUIT
What was the noise?

MR. DAKOTA
I don't. I don't remember.

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota is sitting up in bed. His wife, JANE, lays in bed
beside him. The bed is covered with pristine white bedding.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I was sitting up though.

JANE
What is it?

MR. DAKOTA
I heard a noise. I think it was
downstairs.

JANE
Don't worry about it.

MR. DAKOTA
I thought I heard someone.

JANE
It's probably just security using
the washroom.

Mr. Dakota pulls back the blankets and kicks out of bed.

JANE
Where are you going?

MR. DAKOTA
To talk to them.

JANE

Let it go and come back to bed.

MR. DAKOTA

They're not supposed to be in here while we're sleeping. I'll just be a minute.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota, the Agency Suit and the bustling house.

MR. DAKOTA

I don't know why but I felt like I really needed to rip in to the security guy that was using our washroom.

AGENCY SUIT

Then what?

MR. DAKOTA

I got up and I went downstairs. I called out but no one was there so I went back upstairs.

AGENCY SUIT

But you didn't go back upstairs, Mr. Dakota. You went to the kitchen.

MR. DAKOTA

The kitchen?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota is standing in the kitchen.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)

I went to the kitchen. I did go to the kitchen. I was thirsty so I got a glass of water.

Mr. Dakota grabs a glass out of a cupboard and a jug of water from the fridge. He pours himself a glass.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)

Are you sure about that?

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
Yeah. I was drinking when I heard
another noise. There was someone
down the hallway. He ran in to the
living room.

Down the hall from the kitchen a fleeting shadow of a figure
as it darts through a doorway in to another room.

MR. DAKOTA
Hey!

He clumsily slides the glass on to the counter and starts
after the figure. He runs down the hall, through the living
room, a dining room, and right back in to the kitchen again.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I chased him but it wasn't right.
There was no where to go but I
didn't catch him.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
There was no one in the house with
you?

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
No. I didn't think so anyway. My
mind was probably just playing
tricks on me.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
And then?

Mr. Dakota grabs his glass of water, behind it on the
counter a large, full knife block with knife handles
protruding.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I-- I dumped my water down the
drain, set the glass down by the
sink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house has quieted significantly. It's just Mr. Dakota
and the Agency Suit sitting across from each other.

AGENCY SUIT
We didn't find a glass, Mr. Dakota.

MR. DAKOTA
I set it down beside the sink and
then I went back up stairs.

AGENCY SUIT
Tell me about the knife.

MR. DAKOTA
The knife?

AGENCY SUIT
You were in the kitchen, as you
say, getting a drink of water. Tell
me about the knife.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota exits the kitchen.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I'd put my glass down and started
back up stairs but something seemed
off. Wrong.

Mr. Dakota back peddles in to the kitchen. His attention
goes to the knife block. An empty hole at the top where the
largest knife should be.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
My heart sank. One of the knives,
from the block we keep on the
counter, was missing.

He stares at it blankly.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
Where did it go?

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I don't know. I panicked. I just
ran. I ran upstairs.

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM

The bedroom door flies open and Mr. Dakota charges through.
Jane lays in bed perfectly still. The bedding is undisturbed
and still a pristine white.

MR. DAKOTA
Jane?

No response from Jane. Mr. Dakota rushes to her side and shakes her. She doesn't respond. He dives over the bed and grabs the phone on his night table.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
When I got there she wasn't
breathing. So I grabbed the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota and the Agency Suit. Mr. Dakota no longer has the blanket draped over his shoulder.

AGENCY SUIT
And who did you speak with?

MR. DAKOTA
You guys. I called you guys so I
could get some help.

AGENCY SUIT
Who else did you have a
conversation with on the phone?

MR. DAKOTA
No one. As soon as I got off the
phone with you I started doing CPR
until the paramedics took over.

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota is weeping, kneeling beside his wife still in bed. He's doing chest compressions on her.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
How did she die, Mr. Dakota?

MR. DAKOTA
What?

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
You wife, the President. How did
she die?

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)
I don't-- I don't know. Suffocated.
Maybe she was strangled.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)
Then why was there so much blood?

Mr. Dakota pulls his hands back. His hands and arms are covered in blood. The bedding is stained with blood.

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)

Oh God. The blood. There was so much.

AGENCY SUIT (V.O.)

Who killed your wife, Mr. Dakota?

MR. DAKOTA (V.O.)

Whoever was in the house with us.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota and the Agency Suit. Mr. Dakota is cleaned up. The blood is gone and he's wearing different clothes. Resting on the table between them is a portable DVD player.

AGENCY SUIT

I'd like you to watch something, Mr. Dakota.

He turns the DVD player to Mr. Dakota and presses play. Security footage from within the house, a half dozen angles plays on the screen.

MR. DAKOTA

Oh, thank God. You have video from the house.

AGENCY SUIT

Just watch please.

The bedroom door opens. Mr. Dakota exits and heads down the stairs. He treks down the hallway in to the kitchen. He pulls a knife out of the knife block and turns to retrace his steps back up stairs.

MR. DAKOTA

What is this?

AGENCY SUIT

What does it look like, Mr. Dakota?

MR. DAKOTA

Where is that man who was in our house?

AGENCY SUIT

There was no one else in the house with you and your wife.

Mr. Dakota swipes the DVD player off the table.

MR. DAKOTA

What the hell is going on? Who's doing this?

AGENCY SUIT

There was no one else in the house with you. You and the President were the only ones in the house all night. Before we had the footage I just showed you we double checked the security system. Not a single window or door was opened until 5:10 AM when security, my team, entered the house to accompany your wife on her morning jog.

MR. DAKOTA

No. No. No. No. No.

AGENCY SUIT

That was over three hours after she was murdered.

MR. DAKOTA

I called you!

AGENCY SUIT

We did not receive any phone call, sir.

MR. DAKOTA

What took you so long?

AGENCY SUIT

When we arrived we found you asleep in bed your wife.

MR. DAKOTA

Who did this?

AGENCY SUIT

The bedspread was soaked in her blood. She still had the chef's knife you retrieved from the kitchen in the middle of the night protruding from her chest.

MR. DAKOTA

Liar! You were supposed to be there to protect her! Why weren't you there when I called?

AGENCY SUIT

You never placed any call to us,
Mr. Dakota. You did speak with
someone on the phone, however. Who
called you?

MR. DAKOTA

Nobody!

AGENCY SUIT

Someone called you. At 1:28 in the
morning you received a phone call
that lasted for three seconds. We
have a recording of it.

MR. DAKOTA

There was no phone call!

AGENCY SUIT

The man on the other line only said
one word. What does it mean to you?

MR. DAKOTA

There wasn't a call.

AGENCY SUIT

What does Holden mean?

Mr. Dakota's eyes roll back in his head and he goes rigid in
his chair.

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Dakota and Jane sleeping in their pristine white bed. A
phone RINGS. Barely awake Mr. Dakota fumbles with the phone.

MR. DAKOTA

Hello?

A MAN's voice responds.

MAN (O.S.)

(filtered)

Holden.

The line goes dead. Mr. Dakota sits up right in bed
mechanically. He hangs up the phone.

JANE

Who was that?

Mr. Dakota pulls back at the covers and gets out of bed.

JANE

Hey, are you okay? Who was on the phone.

He walks toward the door.

JANE

Where are you going?

MR. DAKOTA

I'm thirsty.

JANE

Be quiet when you come back. I need to get as much sleep as I can for tomorrow.

Mr. Dakota exits the bedroom and closes the door behind himself.

INT. KITCHEN

Mr. Dakota grabs a large chef's knife from the block on the counter and heads back upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Mr. Dakota stands beside the bed on Jane's side. The knife rests at his side, his arm limp. Jane stirs.

JANE

I said not to wake me again.

Nothing.

JANE

Is everything okay?

MR. DAKOTA

Love is you.

She smiles.

JANE

You and me.

Mr. Dakota drops to his knees beside the bed. He raises the knife and grasps it with both hands.

JANE

No!

He drives the knife deep in to her chest. He pulls it out and drives it back in again. The motions short and punctuated. A sick mockery of CPR chest compressions.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Mr. Dakota eyes roll back to their proper position. He is sitting in a chair in an interview room. The Agency Suit is seated across a table from him shouting at him.

AGENCY SUIT

Mr. Dakota? Mr. Dakota?

Mr. Dakota has a brief moment of silence before he vomits all over the table followed by barely coherent screaming and tears.

MR. DAKOTA

No! No! It can't be!

He slides off his chair to the floor. He pulls his knees tight in to his chest. Rocking in the fetal position as he screams.

MR. DAKOTA

I killed her! Oh God, I killed her!

AGENCY SUIT

Who was on the phone? Who called you?

Mr. Dakota's screams turn to indecipherable wails.

AGENCY SUIT

Goddamnit!

The Agency Suit turns to the mirror and speaks to the people behind it.

AGENCY SUIT

Can we get someone in here to scrape him off the fucking floor. I don't know who poached his fucking brain but it's gonna take us months to get this shit untangled. Fuck!