

# GOTH GIRL

by  
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Second Draft  
01/04/14

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INT/EXT. BUILDING SITE -- ENTRANCE -- MORNING

At the threshold of a building site, a feisty Asian woman, TIFFANY CHU, is being prevented entry by a big man in a hard hat, ROB MONTRUCCIO, both in their 20s.

TIF

Look, if you'd just give me a chance --

ROB

We asked for The Kwon.

TIF

I know, but --

ROB

Tyson Kwon.

TIF

I know, I understand. But you gotta believe me -- I'm just as good.

ROB

You?

TIF

Yes.

ROB

Just as good?

TIF

Yes! Maybe even better!

ROB

Even better?

TIF

Well, no. But it's not like you have a choice.

ROB

Why's that?

TIF

The Kwon -- he's indisposed.

ROB

How so?

TIF

He's indisposed.

ROB  
How so!

TIF  
He's in rehab.

ROB  
Rehab?

TIF  
Yes. Rehab.

Rob struggles to process this.

ROB  
But...but he's The Kwon!

TIF  
I know.

ROB  
The Kwon in rehab?

TIF  
It's unexpected, I know.

ROB  
But the man's a genius!

TIF  
I know.

ROB  
The man's a freak!

TIF  
He is!

ROB  
Man's got access to parts of his brain  
the rest of us don't!

TIF  
He does. But going off the deep-end isn't  
a right reserved only for the stupid.

ROB  
That's a very good point -- but rehab?

TIF  
He's -- get over it! He's in rehab! And  
it's not just 28 days anymore. They can  
go for months these things. Years!

Projecting from behind Rob, a male voice:

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)  
Well, fucked if we're waitin' *that* long!

ROB  
(glancing to the source)  
So we lettin' her in, Uncle Ray?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)  
Damn it, Rob!

Rob steps out of the way.

ROB  
So it's come to this...

Tif ducks in. A wider view reveals a huge lobby under construction: exposed brick, concrete floor, hanging wires...

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Standing in the middle of the room with his massive back turned to Tif and Rob is RAY STRITSKY (50s), his hunched shoulders and dipped head indicating a preoccupation with something on the ground...

TIF  
(approaches)  
If I don't take this call, the agency goes under...

STRITSKY  
Easy, hun. No need to explain yourself to me.

Tif join him, looks down. Blanches.

TIF  
Oh.

The floorboards, partially stripped, reveal SKELETAL REMAINS draped in dusty black clothing.

STRITSKY  
A situation like this I'd normally keep in-house, but what with the election and the federal crackdown...

TIF  
 (understanding)  
 Keep things separate. Compartmentalize.

STRITSKY  
 Exactly. Tiffany, right?

TIF  
 Tiffany Chu.

STRITSKY  
 Tiffany Chu. Me and your boss -- we go way back. West Point mostly. Lot of good that did me, but The Kwon? Kid was lightyears ahead. Started that office of his in the hopes of banding together an elite team of detectives -- but so far I can only vouch for The Kwon, *and one elite detective does not a team make.*

This last line seems practiced, a detail not lost on Tif.

TIF  
 Okay...

STRITSKY  
 But seeing as we're already here...

Stritsky gestures down at the remains. Tif promptly drops her gaze, examines intensely...

TIF  
 (almost immediately)  
 She's a woman.

Rob, keeping in the shadows, scoffs jealously.

ROB  
 Already...

TIF  
 (again, with added certainty)  
 She's a woman.

Stritsky looks over at Tif, then back down at the bones.

STRITSKY  
 (squints)  
 All right, all right... I think I can see it. All that jewelry.

ROB  
 Suppose he was one of them transsexual deals? With the wigs and the dressing up.

Tif, never taking her eyes off the bones...

TIF

The word is transvestite -- and she wasn't one because of the eyebrow ridges.

ROB

What ridges?

TIF

Exactly. And the size of the pelvic bone is also suggestive of gender. Now, moving up to the skull, you'll notice all her teeth have erupted.

STRITSKY

Erupted?

TIF

Not one of them is still partway in -- they've all *erupted* into view. A strong indication of age.

STRITSKY

Teenager?

TIF

Maybe. I don't imagine someone approaching middle-age to be wearing what she's wearing. All that black and leather.

STRITSKY

Right. Those boots, that shirt...

Rob is bristling with envy.

ROB

But nothing below deck?

TIF

Clearly they've decomposed. But you can still see bits of fabric here and there. Cotton pants I'd say. Denim maybe.

ROB

Pants, eh? How d'you know she wasn't wearin' a skirt?

TIF

In those boots? Ew.

Stritsky briefly smiles at this.

TIF (CONT'D)

And that vinyl shirt -- I think it used to be lined with lace. Cobweb lace. The material has since decomposed but I've seen those shirts before, that style. And if you look even closer, going past the shirt...

(a deliberate pause)

STRITSKY

Yeah?

TIF

See that?

STRITSKY

See what?

TIF

That -- underneath. All shrouded and dusty.

STRITSKY

What is it?

TIF

It's a corset.

STRITSKY

A corset?

TIF

Leather corset.

(a beat)

At this point it should be clear the type of person we're looking at.

She turns to face Stritsky.

TIF (CONT'D)

A Goth.

EXT. BUILDING SITE ENTRANCE -- LATER

Stritsky, Tif and Rob all standing outside. Cups of coffee in hand.

STRITSKY

Like one of those punk-rock types with the acid and the spiky hair...?

TIF

Exactly. The bling, the black, the corset...

STRITSKY

I tell ya, Tiffany, it's a helluva thing you got. All that in two minutes.

TIF

But two minutes is a slow parade compared to what the state can offer. They have the means to stage this area for a proper excavation.

Stritsky offers a hollow smile.

STRITSKY

And preserve the scene?

TIF

Sorry?

STRITSKY

That's what you mean, right, when you say "proper excavation?" They'll preserve the scene. Like a glass display in a museum.

TIF

I'm not saying there won't be drawbacks, but you might wanna consider going aboveboard on this.

STRITSKY

Why? So a crew of lab-coats with their little face masks and brush-thingies can "preserve the scene" and delay construction? Do you know how many investors I got tied to this development?

TIF

But to lay it all on me? The state can give you more. The state can give you a time of death -- I can't. The state can give you a *cause* of death -- I can't.

STRITSKY

Yeah, but --

TIF

The state can X-ray the dental and run it through a database -- surely you can see what I'm getting at, no disrespect.



STRITSKY

The state can also disembowel the entire lot looking for microscopic fibers then stiff me for the remodeling bill!

TIF

Actually, I think they might reimburse you there.

STRITSKY

Will they pay for our cost overruns too? Or chip in for bribes to that fat bastard city inspector, always throwing fits over every little site change? Not to mention the publicity.

TIF

But that's --

STRITSKY

It never ends this madness! It's a wonder why I haven't had a heart-attack, the rate things keep happening to me.

Rob, who has been uncharacteristically quiet, suddenly brightens with an idea.

ROB

But maybe this *didn't* happen to you?

Stritsky whips around on Rob. A quiet ferocity elicited.

STRITSKY

Say what?

ROB

Just sayin', boss. I mean, outside the three of us and the site manager --

STRITSKY

Hold up, hold up --

ROB

-- no one knows about this thing.

STRITSKY

-- Hold up, I said! I already know what you're gonna say, Rob. I do. Why don't I just pretend I never came by this, right? Why don't I just bundle up the bones into a little potato-sack and dump 'em down a storm drain somewhere?

ROB  
I'm just sayin'--

STRITSKY  
Look. Enough. I've been puttin' up with your shit all morning. What someone like you will never understand is that you don't get to where I am without ever feeling the need -- the *vicious* need -- to satisfy every curiosity! Even the little ones!

Then, a touch of haughtiness from Tif...

TIF  
And that's all she is to you? A curiosity?

Stritsky whirls on Tif.

STRITSKY  
She's an itch! One I can't scratch. And that's more credit than I give most people I know. Including dipshit over here. To be an itch in my world is a privilege!

TIF  
Look --

STRITSKY  
*A privilege!* So believe me when I say this is important to me.

TIF  
(not convinced)  
How important?

Stritsky pauses, regathers himself.

STRITSKY  
I'll save your agency.

ROB  
What!

STRITSKY  
I'll bankroll your overhead for however long your boss is in that nuthouse. And is it true you took a bus here today?

TIF  
Two exchanges.

STRITSKY

We'll have no more a' that. I'll have a car sent over. German built, turbo diesel, lotta room in the trunk...

TIF

There might be a problem there.

EXT. GOLF COURSE FAIRWAY -- DAY

PAT

She doesn't drive!?

Stritsky, handling a nine-iron, stands on the fairway with Rob and another young goon, PAT TENNERELLI.

STRITSKY

Why the look of surprise? So she doesn't drive! If that's the most shocking thing you hear today, then I envy your stability.

ROB

Come on, Pat, this is Hollywood. All these actresses not knowing how to drive, you know how it is.

PAT

And so I'm supposed to just chaperone one a' them?

Stritsky points with his nine-iron.

STRITSKY

Jesus, what is it with you? Kicking up a shit-storm over every little thing.

ROB

To be honest, I thought you'd be chomping at the bit! All those detective movies you watch...

(thinks)

I mean, who was it you had on your wall? That 20-by-30? Ann-Margaret or some shit?

STRITSKY

(to Pat)

Hell's he talkin' about?

PAT

I dunno, Uncle Ray.

ROB

Play dumb, why doncha'! Seven years you had her on your wall -- you know, Bogie's wife?

Pat clenches his teeth, seethes.

PAT

Bogie was married to Lauren Bacall, *not* Ann-Margaret! And that wasn't Lauren Bacall on my wall -- that was Faye fuckin' Dunaway!

ROB

All right, all right, easy!

PAT

Jesus, Uncle Ray, don't tell me the only reason you're putting me on this is 'cause I happened to have a poster of --

STRITSKY

We're puttin' you on this 'cause we're keeping the circle small.

Stritsky turns his back to the boys, aligning himself for his next swing.

PAT

How about Mikey?

STRITSKY

Very small.

PAT

Rob then!

ROB

Hey! He already picked you!

STRITSKY

THAT'S ENOUGH THE BOTH A' YOU!

Stritsky abandons his shot and fumes over to the boys.

STRITSKY (CONT'D)

I should knock your heads together, getting all worked up over petty shit! But a word to the wise, Pat. It pays to be a little less eager when it comes to judging people.

PAT  
(petulant)  
What did I do?

STRITSKY  
You haven't even met this girl and  
already you're getting all uppity! Anyone  
would think I was asking ya' to screw  
her.

PAT  
That, I don't have a problem with.

END OF EXCERPT