

Goth Story

A screenplay by

Casey Dahlin

Casey Dahlin

1132 Golden Grain Rd.  
Garner, NC 27529

Phone: (919) 661-1229

[cjdahlin@ncsu.edu](mailto:cjdahlin@ncsu.edu)

June 5, 2006

INT. A BATHROOM - MATILDA'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is well kept, clean, sparsely furnished even for a bathroom, but with a wide array of cosmetics arranged on the vanity.

There are no windows, and a blue light bulb has been put in the light fixture over the mirror, and dampened with a piece of thin gauze or cloth.

The shower shuts off, and MATILDA steps from behind the curtain. She is 17, pale, beautiful, and full of depressive adolescent fantasy.

She grabs a towel from the rack and covers herself. Then she steps in front of the vanity and stares at her reflection.

MATILDA

I hope I make a pretty corpse.

MONTAGE

A) Matilda, now dry and in a black bra, brushes out her hair.

B) A tattoo on Matilda's navel depicts a raven dying on the thorns of a rose.

C) Matilda rolls on a pair of black fishnet stockings.

D) Matilda begins to apply a thick coat of makeup to her face. Ghostly white foundation, black lipstick and heavy eyeshadow.

E) Matilda now wears a black shirt bearing the word "Everosity." She begins to tie her hair in pigtails with black ribbons.

F) Matilda emerges from the bathroom in full goth regalia.

INT. MATILDA'S ROOM - DAY

Curtains diffuse the light seeping in through the windows, and cast dim shadows over the room. The walls are black, covered with Evanescence posters.

In one corner is a writing desk, wooden and medieval looking. On it is a paper, a quill pen, and an fake candle crowned by a light bulb.

Matilda sits on her bed, strapping up her boots. When she finishes, she moves to the desk, and turns on the fake candle.

She sits at the desk, and wets the quill. Her eyes grow distant as she holds the tip over the page.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A sparrow flies low over a street, and is smashed by a car.

B) A couple stands in an embrace in an empty field, both are soaking wet. The girl holds a gas can behind his back, the man holds a lighter behind hers.

C) A coroner makes the first incision of an autopsy in the morgue.

D) A woman in a flowing white dress falls backward off a cliff over the sea, a knife embedded in her chest.

E) Children play on a playground. A nuclear bomb detonates in the distance.

## INT. MATILDA'S ROOM - DAY

Matilda emerges from her dream state and begins writing.

## INT. MATILDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Matilda's father, SHERRIF Kotzebue, sits at the table in his uniform, sipping his coffee and reading the headlines. He is a squeaky clean Andy Griffith knock-off to the bone.

Matilda's MOTHER is frying bacon in her apron. She fits the mold for the perfect housewife, circa 1953.

Matilda comes down the stairs.

MOTHER

Hey there sleepy-head. What kept you this morning?

MATILDA

My soul was caught in the other realm.

MOTHER

Oh, I see.

SHERIFF

Hmm, its going to be warm out today.

MATILDA

Garbage rots quicker on sunny days.

Mother turns around, and plants her hands on her hips.

MOTHER

Aww, what has you so grumpy today?

MATILDA  
127,063 people died while you  
were frying that bacon.

MOTHER  
Oh, I don't think the bacon  
had anything to do with that.  
Its turkey bacon. Here . . .

Mother places a large stack of pancakes, posed like they're on a Denny's menu, in front of Matilda. Matilda stares at them.

MOTHER  
Eat your pancakes.

MATILDA  
I'm not very hungry.

SHERIFF  
You missed dinner last night  
sweetie. You should eat.

MATILDA  
Pancakes can't fill my hunger.

The Sheriff folds his paper and leans toward Matilda.

SHERIFF  
When your grandfather first  
started a short order  
restaurant, he sold thirteen-  
hundred pancakes a day.  
Everyone in town ate at  
grandpa Joe's restaurant. He  
was making pancakes for two  
counties. The problem was, he  
couldn't fry the pancakes fast  
enough with only one pan, and  
he couldn't just bring on  
another cook,

SHERIFF  
because anyone would have  
given anything to steal  
grandpa Joe's recipe. So what  
he did, was he got up extra  
early, and made a bunch of  
batter every morning.

He lays his hand on the table, palm up.

SHERIFF  
And he divided that batter  
into four equal batches.

He mimes dividing his palm into four quarters.

SHERIFF

That way, three other chefs  
could work off the batter he  
had made.

Matilda stares uneasily at him.

SHERIFF

Now you think about that next  
time you eat pancakes.

The sheriff smiles and returns to his paper. Matilda  
continues her nervous stare.

Slowly, without looking away from her father, she cuts a  
bite of pancake with her fork, lifts it into her mouth,  
and chews cautiously.

She swallows with some difficulty, then wipes her mouth  
and leaves the table silently.

EXT. BELLEVUE HIGH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The building is small for a high school, and mostly old  
architecture. Teenage students in all brands of colorful  
wardrobe lumber up the steps, backpacks slung over their  
shoulders.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Matilda strides down the hall with the posture of a model  
on the catwalk. She passes groups of fashionably dressed  
pretty girls and gay men, who glare at her briefly,  
burnouts who stare at her as if expecting a threat, Polo-  
clad men who grin hungrily or make cat calls, teachers  
who march by without noticing, and indy kids who seem to  
pay her no mind.

At last she arrives at a group of GOTHS, dressed similar  
to herself, and looking somewhat aggravated. Together they  
seem to be holding a sort of group pose. All of them face  
away from each other, surveying the hall. Matilda takes a  
position in this pose.

MATILDA

Fucking cogs.

GOTH #1

Yeah, pretty much.

INT. CLASSROOM 242 - DAY

A TEACHER lectures monotonously at the head of the class.  
On the board are diagrams of the internals of the female  
reproductive system.

TEACHER

At this point the fertilized  
ovum embeds itself in the wall  
of the uterus . . .

At the back of the room, Matilda sits at an isolated desk. The surface is covered with bits of poems and dark sounding words, as is her forearm, where she continues writing with a sharpie.

A male goth, TREVOR, sits at a desk nearby, taking notes furtively. He is a sweaty, rodent-like boy of wafer-thin constitution.

Without warning he puts down his pen and turns to Matilda.

TREVOR

I like your drawings.

MATILDA

Hmm?

He gestures toward the surface of her desk.

MATILDA

Oh, uh, thanks. I guess  
they're more words than  
drawings, but.

She snorts. Trevor laughs nervously and a little too loudly.

TEACHER

Trevor?

They face forward.

TEACHER

Is there something you'd like  
to share with the class?

TREVOR

Uh. . .

He swallows, and shakes his head no.

INT. A SITTING AREA - BELLEVUE HIGH - DAY

Several GOTHS, male and female, sit gathered round Matilda, sitting on whatever they find handy. Those that are couples are intertwined with each other.

Mascara runs down the faces of most of the females as Matilda reads a poem.

MATILDA

You cannot smell my sadness as it reeks within me like rotting sparrow carcasses. My soul decays into a smoldering abyss. Only I know its tang, its contact. The slice of its daggerthorns. Only I have been torn from that one who I should have passed with into eternal slumber. That one who said he never saw beauty until he came upon my face.

Matilda lowers the paper and wipes her own dripping makeup. The audience sits stunned.

GOTH GIRL #1

That was so courageous.

GOTH GIRL #2

I've never seen anyone suffer as well as you.

MATILDA

Thank you. I try.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda sits by one of the members of her recent audience, CHLOE, A spindly young goth, fascinated by death, and her own sexuality.

Matilda sits on the floor, staring vacantly to one side. Chloe sits on some sort of makeshift stool, leaning against one wall of the room, eating a sandwich and watching Matilda carefully.

CHLOE

Do you want some of my sandwich?

Matilda nods, and rises to her knees to receive half of the sandwich. She attacks it voraciously. Chloe watches, fascinated.

CHLOE

Were you hungry?

MATILDA

I didn't eat breakfast.

CHLOE

Oh.

She continues to gaze as Matilda finishes off the half-sandwich.

CHLOE

You must be in so much pain.

Matilda looks up, swallowing the last bite.

CHLOE

To lose a lover. The tragedy  
of it is almost too  
unspeakable to speak of.

Matilda hangs her head.

MATILDA

He said he'd rather kill  
himself than leave my side.  
Poor soul.

Chloe clasps her hand. Matilda rises to her knees and  
moves facing Chloe.

MATILDA

It must hurt you too, to see  
me suffering.

CHLOE

It has been painful.

MATILDA

Well, as long as we're in pain  
together, I'm sure we won't  
suffer much.

Chloe stares into Matilda's eyes for a moment, then  
reaches into her lunch bag.

CHLOE

I made you something.

She pulls out a black flask on a leather cord, and hands  
it to Matilda.

MATILDA

What is it?

She takes it, and reads the label.

MATILDA

"Should life's cruel daggers  
stab too much, and bleed your  
young soul dry. Sip of this  
elixir, and soon no more will  
you cry."

CHLOE

Its mostly antifreeze, but I  
flavored it with some  
strawberry jam.

Matilda gazes at the bottle, then clutches it to her  
chest.

MATILDA

I'll keep it close.

CHLOE

Don't be afraid of it.

They embrace solemnly. When they part, Chloe allows a hand to linger on Matilda's waist.

CHLOE

It's hard to watch something  
so beautiful suffer.

She slides her fingers through Matilda's hair. Matilda goes rigid, suddenly very uncomfortable.

MATILDA

. . . Oh . . . um . . .

She swallows, and begins nodding swiftly.

MATILDA

Yeah. . .

EXT. BELLEVUE HIGH - DAY

Matilda, Chloe, and other members of the audience from the poetry reading are gathered in front of the school.

TREVOR, Another black-clad goth approaches Matilda from behind. He is apparently tweaked on something.

TREVOR

Hey, Til!

Matilda turns around.

TREVOR

Hey! I just wanted to say I  
liked your poem.

MATILDA

Oh thank you.

She inches away.

TREVOR

I mean at first it was like..  
uh-huh, but then it was like,  
oh man, and then WOW! Look  
out, it was like the mother  
fucker, Jesus!

Matilda looks confused.

MATILDA

Oh, uh yeah.

TREVOR

Hey, maybe we could hook up  
some time, get some burgers,  
talk poetry and shit. You like  
burgers? I know this place  
that sells burgers that are  
like oh my God kick your mouth  
in the ass.

Matilda is watching Trevor disturbed. Chloe moves forward.

CHLOE

Matilda is a vegetarian.

Trevor freezes.

TREVOR

Oh they have vegetables. I  
dunno what you like, they have  
broccoli and celery and  
carrots and tomatoes, and...

A voice calls from the distance. It belongs to CASH, an early twenty-something with a black Harley and most of the attitude to match. He is dressed in a black leather jacket, and sunglasses. He is not wearing a helmet.

A skull key-chain dangles from the ignition on the bike, and on the fuel tank there is an airbrushed picture of a winged woman eviscerating a medieval warrior. On the back of the bike is a leather bag.

CASH (O.S.)

Dude, c'mon!

TREVOR

I gotta go, one second.

He runs off toward Cash.

CHLOE

Freak.

Matilda's gaze follows Trevor until she notices Cash. She is instantly stunned upon seeing him.

Cash and Trevor exchange a few brief words before Cash gives Trevor a paper bag in return for a few crumpled twenties.

Matilda does not break her gaze. She glances from the skull key chain to the air-brushed design to him, and lets out a quiet, quivering gasp.

CHLOE

We could go work on that calc'  
homework at my place.

MATILDA

I gotta go.

She walks over to the bike and stands beside it. Cash is arranging his things. He moves a few things around in his bag.

Matilda watches him move, her mouth occasionally opening briefly as if ready to speak.

He turns to glance behind himself, and in doing so sights Matilda.

CASH  
Yeah?

MATILDA  
Hi.

CASH  
... Uh, hi.

He gets ready to start the engine.

MATILDA  
You have a very pretty bike.

He stops.

CASH  
... thanks.

He waits. Matilda stands silent, shifting uncomfortably.

CASH  
Is something wrong?

MATILDA  
Oh, no.

She gestures toward the bike's paint job.

MATILDA  
That's a pretty girl, who is she?

CASH  
Uh, my brother did that, so, yeah I don't know.

MATILDA  
Oh.

Another long pause.

CASH  
Listen, did you want something? Cuz I really gotta go.

MATILDA  
Take me with you.

Again a void, but this time Cash seems to be the one having trouble filling it.

CASH

W...what?

MATILDA

I'm trapped and alone and I don't know what to do anymore, and looking at you just gives me this feeling... please.

CASH

Look, I'm not here to...

He stops, and lowers his glasses. His eyes drift over Matilda's figure.

CASH

...I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.

MATILDA

Matilda.

CASH

Cash.

He extends a hand. Matilda shakes it, then withdraws slowly, staring at her palm in wonder.

Cash watches her, bewildered.

CASH

Look, if you want to come, we have to go now, so...

Without speaking she hoists herself onto the bike and pulls herself as close to him as possible.

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Matilda leans on Cash's shoulder as they drive down a street of pleasantly decorated storefronts.

MATILDA

Sometimes I get lonely, and I lie on my bed and pretend I'm dead.

CASH

That's an interesting hobby.

MATILDA

Its nice. Dead people are so at peace. You can't get hurt if you're dead. Its like a darkness so big it swallows all your troubles.

CASH

Hmm. I never thought of that.

He rolls his eyes.

EXT. A DIFFERENT STREET - DAY

Steel mills and run-down buildings line broken sidewalks.

CASH

What the hell's the president got to say about what you put in yourself. If I wanna shoot up, live like a fucking zombie, why the hell shouldn't I? That's my decision. Let evolution weed out the scum.

MATILDA

That's so amazing.

She sighs and squeezes him tighter.

MATILDA

You're so amazing.

CASH

It's a living.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - DAY

The building is obscured by trees in a lifeless corner of town, rusted corroded.

"EDEN" is spray-painted on the side of the building.

MATILDA

Where are we?

CASH

Just stopping by the office.

MATILDA

This is where you work?

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - A RAVE - DAY

Ominous industrial music thumps through the hollow metal room as barely coherent bodies undulate beneath hazy blue mood-lighting.

At the far end of the room, Matilda sits on a worn out sofa holding a martini glass full of a strange blue liquid.

She stares out at the ragged zombie like crowd, and a devilish smile creeps over her face.

In another corner, Cash ducks through a door marked "Employees Only."

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY

It is drywalled, and surprisingly well lit with flourescent ceiling lamps. A much more office-like environment.

Joe moves down the hall, trailed by SMITTY, a finicky, jittery man with disproportionately big mannerisms. Smitty carries a brown paper bag, like the one handed to Trevor earlier.

SMITTY

Why the hell'd you have to bring her here? Huh? You gotta bring the whole town through this place.

CASH

Relax, she's a messed up kid, not a snitch.

SMITTY

All the more reason, what the hell are you gonna do with her?

CASH

What'd you do with a piece like that?

SMITTY

Jesus Christ, Cash, she's gotta be 17 years old!

CASH

He billowed, righteously waving his bag of cocaine.

They come to an old, dinged up safe. Cash begins dialing in the combination.

CASH

She looks all grown up to me.

He feigns a shudder.

CASH

Talks like fucking oatmeal, but...

He pops open the safe, and deposits a stack of bills.

SMITTY

She's trouble.

CASH

Afraid of a little girl?

SMITTY  
You're a child, you know that?  
When are you gonna learn to  
protect yourself?

Cash grabs a condom from the safe.

CASH  
Got ya covered!

INT. THE RAVE - DAY

Matilda sips her drink on the couch. Cash approaches, and extends his hand to her.

CASH  
May I have this dance?

She grins coyly and gives him her hand. As soon as she stands, Cash grabs her and lifts her off her feet. She squeals, and begins giggling. He begins to carry her away.

MATILDA  
Where are we going?

CASH  
The dance floor.

They begin kissing as Cash moves through another door into a beat up back room. He drops Matilda on a couch similar to the one she was sitting on, and jumps on her. The door swings shut behind him.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - DAY

The circle is gathered again. Matilda is sitting with a poem in hand.

MATILDA  
I wrote this poem yesterday  
when I met my true love.

A younger goth, SOPHIE, lights up.

SOPHIE  
Just like the one you wrote  
for Jimmy!

A couple of nearby Goths turn and give her an evil look. Matilda just smiles condescendingly.

MATILDA

No, Sophie, not like Jimmy.  
The person I'm talking about  
is the only person I know that  
has gone unspoiled in all the  
rotting world. He isn't  
blinded by these plastic  
identities people wear. He  
sees the truth in everything.

GOTH BOY #1

He sounds like a true  
perceptive. Is he a poet.

MATILDA

Oh I'm sure. He hasn't read me  
anything, but I'm sure his  
verse strips the world naked  
and throws it off a truck into  
the gutter on the side of the  
highway.

GOTH GIRL #2

I wish I could write like him.

MATILDA

Me too. But this is called,  
"He Touched Me."

She begins to read.

INT. THE SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda and Chloe sit together again. Matilda has half of  
Chloe's sandwich in hand.

CHLOE

I guess you're all head over  
heels for this guy, huh?

MATILDA

You could say that.

CHLOE

He isn't the drug dealer from  
yesterday is he?

Matilda seems confused.

MATILDA

What drug dealer?

CHLOE

Sold a bag to Trevor?  
Sunglasses, bike?

MATILDA

He's a drug dealer?

Chloe snaps.

CHLOE

Jesus, get with it! How could you be dating someone and not know they're a drug dealer?!

MATILDA

You don't know that! And besides, how do we know he wasn't trying to feed his sick brother, or save some orphanage or something?!

Chloe relaxes and pulls herself together.

CHLOE

I'm sorry, you're right. We know he can't be that way.

MATILDA

It's ok. I suppose there's nobody to be trusted in this rotten world. Thank you for your concern.

CHLOE

Really, I'm so happy for you.

Chloe seems on the verge of tears.

MATILDA

Of course you are, who wouldn't be?

Chloe stammers.

CHLOE

I have to go.

She picks up the rest of her lunch and leaves.

EXT. MATILDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matilda stands at the edge of her driveway, looking down the road. A faint rumbling is heard in the distance. Gradually it gets louder until finally Cash's bike appears. He stops in front of Matilda and she hops on. Cash guns it away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Young children play in the yards as Cash and Matilda zip by.

MATILDA

Where are we going today.

CASH

Friend of mine. I want you to meet him.

EXT. JOE BLOW'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is a single story affair, possibly built in the early 40s. It is painfully small, but reasonably well kept. The tiny yard is surrounded by a chain link fence, and a gravel driveway leads to a detached garage.

Cash's bike pulls up front.

INT. JOE BLOW'S HOUSE - DAY

MRS. B is standing in the living room, leafing through her purse. She is a woman in her early to mid 50s, with fluffy red hair. Your standard issue New England mother.

Cash enters through the front door.

CASH

Hey, Mrs. B!

MRS. B

Cash! My darling how are you!

She comes and pinches his cheeks.

CASH

I'm great Mrs. B.

MRS. B

Jesus Christ what happened to you you're a stick.

CASH

Well, you look lovely as always.

MRS. B

Oh, such a sweet boy. I haven't done much shopping, I don't have much in the house, did you want something to eat?

CASH

No, no, that's ok, thanks.

Mrs. B looks at Matilda.

MRS. B

And who is this young lady?

CASH

This is Matilda.

Mrs. B sizes up Matilda

MRS. B

You two going to a costume party?

Matilda opens her mouth, but Cash cuts her off.

CASH

I guess you could say that.

MRS. B

Oh, well isn't that fun. I like to see you kids have fun. Listen, Lucille's good-for-nothing husband left her again, and she's a mess as usual, so I'm heading over to stay with her tonight. Can you keep an eye on Joey for me? Don't tell him I asked.

CASH

Sure thing, Mrs. B.

MRS. B

Oh, such a good boy.

She kisses his cheek.

MRS. B

Joey's in the basement if you're looking for him. You don't have to stay here all day, just make sure he doesn't burn the house down while you can. I gotta go. Catch you later.

She runs out the front door.

CASH

See ya Mrs. B.

He sighs, and looks at Matilda.

CASH

To the basement.

INT. JOE BLOW'S BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is decorated with crappy furniture, crappy stereo equipment (which is blasting crappy music), a crappy TV, and posters for crappy bands. JOE BLOW sits on the couch, next to Smitty. Two other DRUGGIES sit with them.

They are all obviously high, cackling like hyenas. Drug paraphernalia lays on the table.

Cash and Matilda walk in.

JOE

Hey! Cash!

CASH

Joey!

Cash and Matilda approach the table. Smitty looks none to happy to see Matilda.

CASH

Matilda, this is Joe Blow.  
That's Smitty, and, who are  
these two?

SMITTY

Fuck if we know.

The druggies burst out laughing. One of them chokes while doing a line and coughs.

SMITTY

Cash, can I see you for a minute?

CASH

Sure, Matilda, why don't you get to know everyone.

She takes a seat. Smitty gets up and he and Cash move over to the far corner of the basement?

SMITTY

What's she still doing around here? You let her see this shit? What the-

CASH

Relax, she won't do anything.

SMITTY

You're really freaking me out with this shit, I mean this chick's gotta go.

CASH

Are you saying you don't want a piece?

Smitty stops.

SMITTY

What?

CASH

She's partying with us tonight.

SMITTY

Are you insane? We can't have her-

Cash holds up a pill.

SMITTY

What is that?

He looks closer.

SMITTY

That's not . . . no way.

CASH

She's partying with us. You in?

Smitty stares at Cash.

SMITTY

She's not. . . what if . . .  
If you . . .

CASH

Thought so.

Cash begins to walk away.

SMITTY

HEY! You listen to me.

CASH

It's gonna-

SMITTY

No, you listen to me. You're a  
Goddamned dirty worthless  
spineless filthy little son of  
a bitch. . . I like you.

CASH

That's more like it.

Smitty returns to the circle. Cash pulls a can of coke out of a nearby mini-fridge. He opens it and drops the pill in. The soda immediately fizzes over. Cash jumps and looks around for a towel. Back at the table, everyone is laughing but Matilda.

MATILDA

It's not funny.

JOE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, we just,  
we get like this, it's the  
stuff. If you try it you'll  
understand.

MATILDA

No thank you.

JOE

Hey Cash, This girls got some  
life insights, you gotta hear  
this.

CASH

I've heard it before, amazing,  
isn't it?

He rejoins the group, and hands Matilda the drink.

CASH

Here.

MATILDA

Thank you!

She drinks, as Cash takes a seat.

JOE

What else you got, princess?

MATILDA

Well, I was sitting by the window the other day, writing about the dying birds, and a bug crawled up onto my notebook, as if he were looking to read. And I thought that maybe we were all like that. Insects, crawling across a dusty window sill in search of intellect and the beauty of verse.

Cash has a smirk on his face. Everyone else at the table has tears in their eyes, violently suppressing laughter.

MATILDA

So I ended his suffering with a miniature bust of Baudelaire.

Druggie #2 bursts out laughing, spitting blood across the table.

DRUGGIE #2

(slurred)

I bit my tongue!

The rest of the table erupts.

MATILDA

Hey! It's not funny! It's not.

Their voices grow distant and begin to echo, as everything becomes hazy. Matilda begins to reel. She drops the soda can, and it plunges through the surface of the table as though it were made of liquid. She falls over.

INT. AN UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Matilda bolts upright in the corner of a strange room. It seems to be in a rundown house. The room is lit by a red light bulb in a foot lamp in one corner. Graffiti covers the walls. There is no furniture, and scraps of paper litter the floor. Loud music comes from an unseen source.

A teenage boy leans against one wall, weeping uncontrollably. In another corner, a woman dressed like a peasant from the Soviet Union is trying to quiet a crying baby.

Matilda's eyes dart around. As if from nowhere, dozens of teenage burnouts begin to fill the room. They move as if in a daze, then suddenly, they all snap into a choreographed dance number to the loud music. Matilda looks at them, then drags herself to her feet.

She staggers through the crowd, which seems almost to orbit around her, then passes out the door.

## INT. A LIVING ROOM - RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is large but poorly furnished. Several hundred of the same sort of burnout are dancing. There is a clear path wound through the room. As Matilda struggles along it, the crowd gives her evil grins.

She comes to a coffee table flanked by two couches. The table is covered with drug paraphernalia, and the couches are covered with evil-looking CLOWNS.

Matilda takes a seat between two of them. All the clowns stare at her, and immediately begin moving toward her. Matilda looks around, wide eyed, but doesn't move. The clowns pile onto her, and she is covered completely. Then they recede, revealing that Matilda is no longer wearing any clothes.

Matilda shrugs this off and walks into . . .

## THE DINING ROOM

The table and chairs are nowhere to be seen, but the room gives itself away by the mini chandelier overhead. People are dancing wildly in this room as well, and several of the women are in their underwear.

As Matilda moves through, she wades through an ankle-deep layer of pills on the floor.

The people in the room seem not to notice her, but now and then men appear out of the crowd and kiss Matilda somewhere on her neck or shoulder. Eventually Matilda makes it to the other end of the room and passes into . . .

## THE KITCHEN

The kitchen appears orderly and devoid of people. Matilda, who is now wearing a swimsuit, enters.

Instantly, a burnout in a Bill Clinton mask begins to spray Matilda with a fire hose. Matilda falls over. She struggles to get to her feet under the pressure of the water, failing several times.

Finally she is able to run out of the kitchen and back into . . .

## THE LIVING ROOM

As Matilda enters the living room, she is wearing underwear. Smitty runs up and tackles her. He plucks off the bra, and opens his mouth to reveal Vampire fangs.

## A BLACK VOID

Matilda and Smitty have violent sex.

## THE LIVING ROOM

Matilda picks herself off of the ground. She is wearing her usual clothes. The burnouts are dancing all around, paying her no mind.

As soon as she gets to her feet, two night-club BOUNCERS, dressed in black suits and sunglasses, pick Matilda up and throw her out of a nearby pair of glass doors.

## EXT. A POOL - NIGHT

Matilda lands in a pool. She is wearing a swimsuit again, this one a different color. She floats upside down under water, seemingly unconscious. She drifts downward gradually.

## BLACK VOID

Matilda, in her swimsuit, floats as if in space, gently downward.

## MONTAGE

- 1) An infant Matilda in a hospital nursery.
- 3) A very young Matilda blows out 3 candles on a birthday cake.
- 4) Young Matilda at the fairgrounds on her father's shoulders.
- 5) Matilda in a car accident at age 6.
- 6) The coke can Matilda dropped in Joe's Basement tumbles silently through the black void, giving off bubbles.
- 7) Young Matilda kisses a young boy behind a woodshed.
- 8) That same young boy pushes Matilda down in the mud.
- 9) Young Matilda in her bedroom, ripping the head off a Barbie doll.
- 10) Matilda at about 12, dressed as a goth, sits at a desk in a classroom.
- 11) Matilda gets her tattoo.

## THE POOL

Cash swims up to her, grabs her head and kisses her.

EXT. THE POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda is plopped down on a pool chair, naked. She looks up at the sky. Above her is an operating room lamp. Joe Blow, Smitty, Cash, and the two druggies lean in from above her.

MATILDA

(dazed)

Bottom's up.

The 5 men begin unbuttoning their surgeon's uniforms.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) Matilda making love to the first druggie in the black void
- 2) Matilda making love to the Smitty, same.
- 3) Joe Blow and the second druggie with Matilda, same.
- 4) Matilda making love to Cash.

EXT. JOE BLOW'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

Two burnouts are kissing Matilda, now in her bathing suit, on a reclining pool chair. Matilda is laughing hysterically, with tears in her eyes. Several other burnouts are hanging around, drinking from whiskey bottles and dancing. A small children's wading pool is in the center of the yard. Several of them are wrestling in it.

INT. JOE BLOW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is packed with dancing Burnouts, until one of them, wearing a Bill Clinton mask, grabs the dish rinser from the sink and hoses them all out of the room.

INT. JOE BLOW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is packed wall to wall with burnouts, dancing violently, drinking, snorting cocaine.

EXT. JOE BLOW'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Cars line the street. All extreme junkers. The house is rattling, and a few people are scattered about the yard drinking and making out.

INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is completely trashed. Broken furniture and garbage everywhere.

Joe, Cash, Smitty, and the two druggies enter the room from various doors. Their clothes are rumpled and dirty. They are staggering and rubbing their eyes. The druggies lean on a door frame. Joe falls face first into a couch. Smitty just lies down on the floor. Cash stands in the middle of the room.

JOE

I've pumped some hard core  
shit, but Jesus. My blood  
hurts.

DRUGGIE #1

That was totally sweet.

SMITTY

Whoa last night was killer,  
man. Do you remember all those  
bitches man? Have you ever  
seen that much ass in your  
life?

Cash freezes.

CASH

Oh shit.

SMITTY

What?

CASH

. . . She's still here.

Everyone looks at him.

INT. A BEDROOM - JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

The five cautiously open the door and peek in. The room is decorated as if it belonged to an older woman. Against one wall lies the man who was crying in Matilda's dream. He is crying now.

Matilda lies face down next to the bed. She is asleep, fully dressed except that her panties are around her thighs.

The five come in.

CASH

Wake up, Matilda.

She stirs. Then slowly, painfully gets herself up. She rubs her head, then notices her underwear. Embarrassed she quickly pulls them up.

MATILDA

Why is he crying?

CASH  
Him? Oh, he's just crying,  
that's all.

MATILDA  
Oh.

She stretches, and continues to rub her head.

MATILDA  
(yawning)  
I do that sometimes. I like to  
cry. It's spiritual.

CASH  
I know. Listen we have to get  
you home-

MATILDA  
Sometimes I think up new ways  
to cry. . . for some reason  
today I feel like doing it in  
the shower while I wash myself  
over and over again. . . I  
wonder why?

Joe, Smitty, and the druggies look ashamed. They begin to  
back out of the room.

EXT. MATILDA'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is getting lower in the sky. Cash roars up in  
front of the house. Matilda dismounts from the bike.

CASH  
That's yours?

MATILDA  
Yeah, not much is it?

CASH  
Seems nice enough.

MATILDA  
Yeah.

She stands quiet for some time.

MATILDA  
What happened last night?

Cash shifts and looks away briefly.

CASH  
You got a little messed up.

Matilda stands quiet for a long time.

MATILDA

I'm worried I might have hurt someone.

CASH

No, everyone's fine. Don't worry.

MATILDA

I just hope I wasn't unfaithful to you.

Cash snorts.

CASH

That's what you're worried about?

MATILDA

Of course.

CASH

Relax. Its fine.

Matilda smiles. There is another long silence.

MATILDA

Lets get married.

CASH

What?

She grabs him.

MATILDA

This was the most incredible two days I've ever had, and I've never been so in love in my life, and I want to be with you for ever and ever until we're both killed.

CASH

Killed?

She releases him.

MATILDA

Well, probably. Listen, this didn't happen by accident. I know we didn't plan it but fate wanted us to be together and we can't let ourselves be torn apart.

CASH

Well uh.

MATILDA

Oh please don't go!

She collapses onto him, sobbing.

CASH  
Well, uh... I'd love to but  
uh, the horizon is... calling,  
and I have to answer it  
because... it doesn't have  
call waiting.

He cringes on hearing his own words. Matilda looks up.

MATILDA  
That's beautiful.

CASH  
Yes, its very beautiful. Yes  
it is. So you see, I have to  
go. Now.

MATILDA  
I know... good bye.

She kisses him, then backs away from the bike.

MATILDA  
Try not to kill yourself over  
me.

CASH  
Uh, yeah, sure thing.

He speeds away. Matilda gazes after him.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - BELLEVUE HIGH - DAY

The audience from Matilda's poetry reading sit exactly  
where they did previously.

Title Over: "One month later."

GOTH GIRL #1  
And you haven't seen him  
since?

MATILDA  
He disappeared into the night,  
never to be heard from again.

GOTH GIRL #2  
It must be agonizing. Its so  
dark and romantic.

MATILDA  
I know, it really is.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe and Matilda again sit together.

CHLOE

I don't know how you can stand it.

MATILDA

Its not so bad, once you get used to the pain. I just hope that fate might bring us together again.

CHLOE

It might... you still have that vial of antifreeze, don't you?

MATILDA

Yes.

CHLOE

You haven't used it, have you?

Matilda just stares.

INT. MATILDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Matilda lays asleep. The moonlight casts strange shadows around the room.

A hand appears on the sill of an open window, then a head and a body, then Cash in his entirety flops into the room. He lands with a thud.

CASH

Ow!

A siren squawks outside, blue lights flicker through the windows. Cash squats down and peers out into the street.

A hand grabs his shoulder. He spins around and receives a violent kiss from Matilda. He starts and slams his head into the window sill.

MATILDA

I'm sorry, did I frighten you?

Cash rubs his head and looks up.

CASH

Aww, shit!

MATILDA

I knew you'd come back! From the moment I. . .

He covers her mouth with his hand.

CASH

Shhh! Not so loud!

Matilda gets quieter.

MATILDA  
What's wrong?

CASH  
The cops.

MATILDA  
What?

CASH  
They're right outside.

MATILDA  
What did you do?

CASH  
I- What's that?

Loud voices seem to be coming from downstairs.

MATILDA  
You're in a lot of trouble,  
aren't you?

CASH  
I gotta get out of here.

He gets up.

MATILDA  
Wait!

Before she can stop him, he flops back out the window.  
She looks out after him.

MATILDA  
Good bye my love.

She waves somberly. Then she turns toward the door,  
looking puzzled.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with wooden oval picture frames with  
photos of ugly relatives, dated 70s furniture and  
wholesome coffee-table books.

The Sheriff stands facing the front door, looking  
determined, and holding a massive revolver. Mother  
clutches his arm.

MOTHER  
Its late, you're barely awake.  
Let the other officers take  
care of it. Come back to bed.

He pulls his arm away.

SHERIFF

Dear, I appreciate your concern, but its out of a question. When a man's called to defend the town he grew up in, its his responsibility to answer.

MOTHER

Well at least have some coffee before you go.

His gaze softens briefly.

SHERIFF

I'll take it to go.

Mother turns for the kitchen, and spies Matilda coming down stairs.

MOTHER

Sweetie, what are you doing up?

MATILDA

What's going on?

Mother walks toward her, and strokes her head affectionately.

MOTHER

Nothing, you should be in bed.

MATILDA

Why does dad have a gun?

MOTHER

Your father's been called in, there's a deranged killer on the loose.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Not on my street! Nosiree!

Matilda tries to look past her mother. She restrains her.

MOTHER

You should go back to bed.

MATILDA

I can't sleep.

SHERIFF

Mother, I can't wait all day.

Mother looks back at the sheriff.

MOTHER

Could you get your father some coffee?

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matilda walks in, and flops against the wall, gazing dreamily at the ceiling.

MATILDA

Oh, Cash, what have you done?  
I'm not worth getting so  
desperate over. Don't worry,  
love, I'll protect you.

She produces Chloe's vial from her bosom, pops the cork, and crosses the room to where a coffee maker and thermos are sitting on the counter.

She fills the thermos with coffee, and the contents of the vial. Then caps it decisively and walks back out.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sheriff is in his previous position, reciting the Gettysburg Address. Mother looks on, fearful.

Matilda approaches the sheriff with the thermos. He halts in mid sentence, takes the thermos, uncaps it, and chugs it down.

He spikes it to the floor, wipes his mouth on his wrist, and creeps toward the front door. Matilda and her mother look on in silence. Matilda fascinated, mother in horror.

Cautiously, the sheriff opens the front door, and cautiously he closes it behind him.

INT. MATILDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is decorated slightly differently. The theme is the same but it is overall less elaborate. Much more light is getting in through the window.

Matilda wakes from a deep sleep in her bed. She sits up, rubbing her head, and looks around, slightly disoriented.

She sits on the edge of the bed and rubs her eyes.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

The room is the same, but the lighting is no longer blue. The room is still under-lit, but by a pure gray color.

The water stops in the shower, Matilda steps out in a towel. She goes through the motions of preparing herself absentmindedly.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mother sits on the sofa, dressed in a turtle-neck sweater and dark pants. She appears distressed, and her face is tear-stained.

Two police OFFICERS sit across from her in chairs commandeered from the kitchen. They hold legal pads and pens.

Matilda begins to come in the room, but seeing the company, hides in the doorway.

OFFICER #1

Now, can you think of anyone who might have wanted to harm your husband?

MOTHER

No, I. . . I mean he arrested a lot of criminals in the past but. . .

OFFICER #2

We've been pursuing that path, but was there anyone else? An estranged relative, a jealous girlfriend?

Mother seems shocked

MOTHER

Girlfriend?

OFFICER #1

I understand its difficult, extra-marital affairs commonly breed this sort of. . .

MOTHER

No. Never. Jimmy would. . . no.

OFFICER #1

And no one else had access to the house?

MOTHER

. . . no.

The officers write on their pads for some time.

OFFICER #1

Ma'am I know this is hard, but I need you to describe the last time you saw your husband.

Mother swallows, and attempts to straighten her appearance.

MOTHER

My husband had just come home.  
He was after some teenager  
that robbed a convenience  
store. He was about to go  
change when we got a call that  
someone had attacked a family  
down the street.

OFFICER #2

So your husband had been out  
once already.

MOTHER

Yes, and I had made coffee for  
him the first time. I still  
had the pot going. Black, no  
sugar, like always. I got him  
his coat and all his things,  
and. . .

She swallows.

MOTHER

I had my daughter refill that  
same thermos, with the same  
coffee. It had been fine just  
an hour ago. And then . . .

She struggles for a long time, then collapses into tears.  
The second officer gets up and kneels in front of her.

OFFICER #2

Its alright ma'am. Its ok.  
Just relax.

The first officer spies Matilda, looking both stricken  
and puzzled.

OFFICER #1

Is this your daughter, ma'am?

Mother looks up and sees Matilda.

MOTHER

Oh, God, sweetie.

She rushes to her and grabs her, sobbing into her  
shoulder. Matilda is visibly shaken.

MATILDA

Are. . . are you alright?

Mother withdraws for a moment.

MOTHER

It's your father. He. . . Oh  
God.

She grabs her again.

MATILDA

I. . . I don't understand.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

Matilda is moving toward her room with a bowl of cereal and a glass of milk.

As she passes her mother's room she hears a laugh, and stops.

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

Mother sits on her bed with her back turned to the door. Matilda climbs up behind her.

MATILDA

What's up?

Mother holds a box of old photos in her lap. In her hand is a photograph.

The picture shows the Sheriff lying on the living room floor, eyes closed as if ready to fall asleep. YOUNG MATILDA, no more than 2, in a tutu and diaper, placing a mickey mouse hat on the Sheriff's head.

Matilda blushes and grins.

MOTHER

Ha! Look at you!

MATILDA

Mommm!

They giggle.

MOTHER

He'd just come back from a hunting trip. He just wanted to pass out right there in the living room, and you just came over, and plop!

She squeezes Matilda.

MOTHER

You were daddy's girl. Always were. He couldn't make it in the front door without you latched to his ankle.

Matilda looks troubled. She remains still and stares at the photo.

## MOTHER

Do you have any idea how much that man loved you? He would have died for you. Its hard to explain that sometimes, but he really would. He would have died for you.

Matilda crumbles, and begins to weep bitterly. Mother buries Matilda's face in her shoulder.

## MONTAGE

A) Matilda is in the bathroom, somberly putting on her lipstick, the last touch in her usual array of cosmetics. She moves slowly, her limbs seem heavy.

B) Matilda ties her hair, again with great severity.

C) Matilda, dressed but without makeup, toys with her lipstick, and sighs.

D) Matilda, fully dressed and made up, stares directly into the mirror. She reaches up, and tugs on one of the ribbons in her hair. It comes loose, and her hair tumbles down her face.

E) Matilda, fully dressed, begins to open her makeup box. As soon as she lifts the lid, she begins trembling. She slams it shut.

F) Matilda, still wrapped in her towel, sits on the floor against the wall, staring at the floor.

G) Matilda, fully made up, sighs at her reflection and leans on the sink. Her hand falls on one of her neatly arranged razor blades, and she jerks back and gasps.

H) Matilda, fully made up, holds a waste basket. She picks up the razors from the edge of the sink and throws them in.

I) Matilda, dressed more plainly than usual, delivers a hard jab to her makeup box.

## INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

Matilda stands before the mirror. Her hair is lighter. It has been combed simply, and bears no ribbons. She wears no makeup, and despite wearing all black, she is dressed in a fairly typical fashion for a young girl.

She looks at her reflection and snorts. She shakes her head and smiles, but she seems on the verge of tears. Then she sighs and leaves the room.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - BELLEVUE HIGH - DAY

Matilda sits in a far corner, away from the area occupied by her former poetry audience. She takes a minuscule bite out of a sandwich, and glances over at the group.

One of the members glances away quickly.

In another area, a group of alternative-looking teenage GIRLS sit huddled over their own sack lunches. They are chatting secretively, and several of them keep glancing at Matilda.

Finally one of them, ALEX, a born social butterfly with green hair and an unpredictable personality, stands up, and walks over to Matilda.

ALEX

Are you new here?

Matilda looks up.

MATILDA

Hmm?

ALEX

I don't remember seeing you around before.

MATILDA

Oh, uh, no, I've been here 2 years.

ALEX

Oh! Heh, I'm sorry. I guess I'm just . . .

MATILDA

That's fine.

ALEX

Yeah.

She laughs. Matilda drifts back to eating her sandwich.

ALEX

I'm Alex.

She extends a hand.

MATILDA

Huh? Oh, I'm Matilda.

They shake.

INT. THE SITTING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda is now nervously nibbling her sandwich at the head of the group of girls. They sit on assorted couches around a coffee table in the corner of the room.

ALEX  
So, what kind of music do you like?

MATILDA  
I . . . I don't know really, just whatever.

ALEX  
Ahh.

One of the girls, reclined on a couch on one side of the group, lifts her hat from over her eyes.

GIRL #1  
I've been listening to a lot of Consonant lately.

The girl next to her shudders exaggeratedly.

GIRL #1  
Hey!

GIRL #2  
Look, lyrics aren't usually that big a thing for me, but if you're literally retching when you read the jacket . . .

GIRL #1  
True, but when you can't hear the words its good. I like it.

GIRL #2  
That's true. If you're deaf, and you can't hear the words, its good.

GIRL #1  
Hey!

GIRL #2  
Ask her! Do you like them?

She gestures toward Matilda.

MATILDA  
. . . uh, who?

GIRL #2  
Consonant. You've never heard of them, right?

MATILDA  
Uh, no.

GIRL #3  
Neither have most people. We're weird like that.

Girl #1 produces a CD from her jacket pocket and slides it toward Matilda.

GIRL #1  
Try 'em. You'll like 'em.

GIRL #2  
Don't do that to her! You'll scare her off.

GIRL #1  
Quit being so self-righteous.

Girl #2 rolls her eyes.

GIRL #2  
Here.

She slides another CD towards Matilda.

GIRL #2  
At least you won't kill yourself to that.

Alex leans over and looks at the disc.

ALEX  
Lodger?

GIRL #2  
Finish band. I've been on an obscure foreign kick.

Alex smiles at Matilda.

ALEX  
We all listen to weird alternative stuff. Sorry. I know its kind of hard talking to us sometimes.

Alex giggles.

MATILDA  
Alternative. You know I never really understood what that meant.

Three more CDs come sliding down the table.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Matilda walks down the sidewalk past white 5 over 4 houses and green lawns. She is flanked by Alex and two of the other girls.

ALEX  
So, we're having a party next weekend, if you want to come.

MATILDA

Oh, I don't know if I . . .

She trails off. In the yard next to her, Cash is playing catch with a young BOY.

ALEX

What's wrong?

MATILDA

Oh, uh . . .

Alex looks over at Cash.

ALEX

. . . Is that that drug dealer guy?

GIRL #2

Ugh. He's creepy.

ALEX

Do you know him?

Matilda just stares.

MATILDA

I kinda thought I did.

ALEX

Oh yeah?

MATILDA

He's a jerk.

ALEX

Oh, sorry to hear that.

They watch for awhile, then resume walking.

ALEX

So like I was saying, about this party. It's Jade's birthday, so we were going to go down to the . . .

Without warning, Matilda darts across the lawn and punches Cash straight in the face. The girls stop stunned. Before Cash can fully recover, Matilda Lays into him, swinging violently.

MATILDA

Look what you made me . . . piece of fucking . . . I did that for . . . mother fucker!

The boy who cash was playing with stares petrified. He drops the football and runs.

BOY

Mom!

A particularly hard blow knocks Cash far away enough to buy him a moment's breath. The girls run over to restrain Matilda.

CASH

Jesus Christ! What the fuck is  
your problem, you crazy  
bitch?!

Matilda breaks free, and connects with Cash's face one more time, leaving him sprawled on the ground. She stares at him, panting, tears streaming down her face. The girls grab her arms again. She collapses onto her arrestors, sobbing violently.

Alex bends down to comfort her, and the other girls let go of her arms. She buries her face in the grass.

THE END