

# **The Go-To Girl**

written by

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**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

MICHAEL, 30, lies on his back, stares at the ceiling.

KATIE, 30, blonde, bimchette, emerges from beneath the covers. Caresses Michael, kisses his neck.

KATIE

Wow, you are really something, mister.  
I'll never play the xylophone again.

Katie lies down beside him. Michael's gaze intensifies.

KATIE

Not that I could ever play the  
xylophone. You okay? We never get  
to talk after. You notice that?

Michael exhales, his concentration broken. He turns his head, Katie is gone. He reaches over to the bedside table, plucks some tissues from the box.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Michael, dressed in a suit and tie, sits behind his desk. He reaches for the phone, pushes a button.

MICHAEL

Katherine, I need you to take a  
letter, please.

He hangs up, looks up at the door, anticipating.

KATHERINE, 30, resembles Katie exactly, except for dark hair and glasses. She opens the door, takes a seat across from Michael. Opens her lap top, readies for dictation.

MICHAEL

The Kravitz Law Agency. Dear sirs,  
in response to your e-mail of February  
second --

Katherine's skirt rises above her knees as she crosses her legs. Michael catches a glimpse, loses his place.

MICHAEL

In response to your e-mail of February  
second, I am sorry to inform you --

Michael stands, walks across the room for a better vantage point, leans against the radiator.

MICHAEL

I am sorry to inform you--

Katherine dangles her red pumps, waits for Michael's next words. Michael stares, entranced, loosens his tie.

**FANTASY SEQUENCE**

Katherine gives a seductive look, replaces her shoe. She saunters over to him, grabs his tie, pulls him against her.

KATHERINE  
I want you, Michael. Now.

With one fell swoop, she clears the desk, office supplies fall to the floor. Pulls him on top of her, fondles him.

KATHERINE  
Your ass is on fire.

**BACK TO SCENE**

KATHERINE  
Michael!

Smoke rises behind Michael. He snaps to, yelps, jumps away from the radiator. Katherine smiles at the scorch on the seat of his pants.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The sound of running water comes from the next room.

KATIE (O.S.)  
Oh, my God. Michael.

Katie's cries of ecstasy rise above the noise of the shower.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Katie's moans become louder, more intense, until she climaxes.

The towel slung over the shower door disappears into the shower. The shower door slides open, Michael emerges, drying himself with the towel.

He checks himself in the mirror. A look of disgust.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Michael walks over to the bed, slips on his briefs.

KATIE (O.S.)  
What happened to your ass?

Michael spins around. Katie, wearing a towel, sits on a chair in the corner of the room.

MICHAEL

I had an accident.

KATIE

This is some week, huh? That makes five times. And it's only Tuesday. That must be some sort of record.

MICHAEL

You didn't know me in college. What are you still doing here?

KATIE

You tell me. Maybe you finally wanna talk. You wanna talk about *her*?

Michael pulls on his T-shirt and lounge pants.

MICHAEL

No offense, but, talking to you would be kind of pointless.

KATIE

Why? I have plenty to say.

MICHAEL

I already know everything you're going to say.

KATIE

That's impossible.

Katie ponders, then blurts out--

KATIE

Tittie fucker! I bet you didn't know I was gonna say that.

MICHAEL

Actually, yes. I did.

KATIE

How do you do that?

MICHAEL

Katie, I hate to break this to you, but you're not real. You're a figment of my imagination.

KATIE

How can I be a figment of your imagination? We're sitting here having a conversation.

MICHAEL

Yeah, that kind of worries me.

Michael lies down in bed. Katie stands, walks over to the bed, lies next to him.

KATIE

So, how come I'm here and she ain't?

MICHAEL

That's a good question.

KATIE

Thanks. You thought of it.

MICHAEL

I've never been good at the whole relationship thing. It's just easier to be with you. To talk to you.

KATIE

If you can talk to me, you can talk to her, right? Same difference.

MICHAEL

No. The difference is, I don't know what she's going to say.

KATIE

There's only one way to find out.

Michael turns to Katie. She is gone.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Katherine types at her desk. Michael peers at her through the crack in the open door. He takes a deep breath, opens the door, walks over to her.

MICHAEL

So. Valentine's Day.

KATHERINE

What? Oh, yeah. I guess.

MICHAEL

Any big plans tonight?

KATHERINE

I'm having dinner with Whiskers.

MICHAEL

Oh, you have a boyfriend?

Katherine, looks up, takes off her glasses.

KATHERINE  
No. Whiskers is my cat.

MICHAEL  
Oh, right.

KATHERINE  
What about you, Michael?

MICHAEL  
No. I don't have a cat.

KATHERINE  
No, I mean-- are you trying to ask  
me out?

MICHAEL  
No, no. Maybe. If you're not--

KATHERINE  
Okay.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry. I understand.

Michael walks toward his office.

KATHERINE  
Michael. I said yes.

He stops short, turns, smiles.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Katie and Michael stand before the mirror, she ties his tie.

KATIE  
You got nothing to be nervous about.

She straightens his tie, slips his jacket over his shoulders.

KATIE  
Look at you, all handsome. Pretty  
soon, you won't need me no more.

MICHAEL  
What if I--

KATIE  
Don't worry. You'll be fine. And  
if you fuck up, I'll be right here.

Michael gazes into the mirror. Katie is gone.

**INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Katherine rushes to the door, checks her hair in the mirror before she opens it. Michael stands outside, holds roses and a heart-shaped box.

KATHERINE

Oh, my God. You shouldn't have.

MICHAEL

Well, it is Valentine's Day.

KATHERINE

You're so sweet. Come in. I'll put those in water.

Michael steps in, hands her the roses and candy. She gives him a hug. Michael gives her an awkwardly long hug in return. Katie pulls away, smiles.

KATHERINE

I'll be right back.

Katherine goes into the kitchen. Michael examines the living room. Katie sits on the sofa, waves to him sheepishly. Michael waves back, then realizes --

MICHAEL

What the hell are you doing?

KATHERINE (O.S.)

I'm just getting a vase.

MICHAEL

No, I wasn't -- I mean, can I use your bathroom?

KATHERINE

Sure, it's down the hall on the left.

**BATHROOM**

Michael pushes Katie into the bathroom, closes the door. They have a hushed argument.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you doing here?

KATIE

You tell me.

MICHAEL

What makes you think you can just pop up like this?

KATIE

It's not my fault. I don't pop up unless you pop up. So, that's her? She's very pretty.

MICHAEL

Would you just please leave?

KATIE

How do I do that? You're the one who gets a chubby every time there's a breeze. Have a little self control.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

MICHAEL

Just leave me the fuck alone!

#### **HALLWAY**

Katherine stands at the bathroom door.

KATHERINE

Excuse me?

#### **BATHROOM**

Michael's face turns white.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, I didn't mean-- I'll be right out.

Michael turns to Katie.

MICHAEL

Now, look what you did.

KATIE

Don't look at me. I'm just a figment of your imagination.

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Katherine sits on the sofa, her arms crossed. Michael and Katie shuffle into the room, heads hung low. Katherine glares at Michael.

MICHAEL

Katherine, I owe you an apology. And an explanation.

Michael sits down at the far end of the sofa. Katie goes to sit next to him, Michael shoots her a look. Katie sits in a chair on the other side of the room.



MICHAEL  
I'm sorry. I don't blame you if you  
never want to talk to me again.  
But, I have to tell you the truth.

**INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

Michael sits on the sofa, his head in his hands. Katherine  
paces the floor, speechless.

MICHAEL  
I know it sounds crazy. But, I had  
to be honest with you.

KATHERINE  
Oh, it sounds crazy, all right. So,  
she's sitting right there?

Michael nods. Katie waves to Katherine.

KATIE  
Please, don't be too rough on him.  
He's really a sweet guy.

KATHERINE  
And you --  
(motions stroking)  
With her, because you love me.

MICHAEL  
That sounds about right.

KATHERINE  
Oh, I could think of a much better  
word than crazy.

Michael sighs, deflated.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry, Katherine.

Michael rises, nods to Katie.

KATIE  
Are we leaving?

Katie stands, follows Michael to the door.

KATIE  
(to Katherine)  
I had a great time.

KATHERINE  
Michael, wait.

Michael and Katie stop, turn towards Katherine.

KATHERINE

I said I thought it was crazy. I  
didn't say I didn't believe you.

(calls)

Miguel!

MIGUEL, 30, thick mustache, spitting image of Michael, except that he is Latino, steps into the room from the kitchen.

MIGUEL

Si Senorita Katrina?

Katie nudges Michael.

KATIE

That guy looks awfully familiar.

**INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Michael and Katherine lie in bed under the sheets, naked. The vase of roses sits on the nightstand.

KATHERINE

You are really something, mister.

MICHAEL

So, I've been told.

KATHERINE

So, like, what about me? How do I  
compare to Katie?

MICHAEL

Oh, there's no comparison. What  
about me? How do I compare to Miguel?

KATHERINE

Definitely better. But, I have to  
be honest. I do miss that mustache.

MICHAEL

Really? Let me see what I can do.

Michael disappears under the sheets.

Katie and Miguel sit at the foot of the bed. Katie eats from the box of chocolates. She offers the box the Miguel, he chooses a candy, nibbles it.

The bed shakes. Michael and Katherine giggle, moan O.S.

KATIE

Come on, you two. Cut us a break.

MIGUEL

Ay, caramba!

Katie and Miguel begin to bounce. Katie almost dumps the candy box.

KATIE

(to Miguel)

You wanna get out of here?

Miguel nods. They stand, walk off. Michael and Katherine continue their love making O.S.

KATIE (O.S.)

Hey, you're like Mexican, right?

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Si.

KATIE (O.S.)

You know about dirty Sanchez?

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Que?

KATIE (O.S.)

Don't worry. I'll teach you.

**FADE OUT**

