

# "DARIA"

INT. DARIA'S CAR - DAY (D1)

Daria and Elsie are parked on a residential street. Daria is behind the wheel. Elsie is in the passenger seat, sipping from a SODA CAN. Elsie looks like she's been crying recently and is trying to hold it in. Daria seems uncomfortable with the emotion. And dealing with a teenager. Daria's holding an open file in her lap in which we can see the FORENSIC COMPOSITES OF THE DEAD SISTERS. Elsie stares at them -

S1

START →

There are two scenes within these sides. Pick one

ELSIE

So these two missing girls - what've they got to do with my asshole father?

DARIA

They're not missing. They're dead--

ELSIE

What's with the weird missing person posters then?

DARIA

(impatient)

They're not posters, they're composite sketches based on skeletal remains.

Elsie studies them, fascinated -

ELSIE

Cool.

DARIA

(with an edge)

Yeah, well, what's not so "cool" is these women were murdered over twenty years ago and nobody's been able to identify them --

ELSIE

You've got their DNA - why don't you just test it?

DARIA

Thanks, CSI. We tried that. There aren't any matches in the system. No missing person's reports on file, and nobody's come forward yet who knew them...

1/7

ELSIE

How's that possible? How do people just go missing and nobody even notices?

DARIA

Unfortunately women go unidentified every year, there are like, ten-thousand open cases --

ELSIE

(cutting her off)

What happens to their bodies? Do they sit in bags in freezers forever? Or do they donate them to science, or what?

DARIA

Why do you wanna know that?

ELSIE

(shrugs)

Just morbidly curious.

Daria is put off by Elsie's flippancy. She's impatient, intense, holding up the sketches --

DARIA

These are real people we're talking about... and one of them was pregnant with your father's child when she died. He might be the only person out there who can identify them --

Elsie stares at her, a little startled --

ELSIE

Did you really just tell me that I have a dead brother or sister?

DARIA

(realizing)

I guess I did.

ELSIE

Wow.

(burying her face in her hands)

My life story just gets more messed up by the minute.

But a gentle bedside manner is not in Daria's wheelhouse -

2/7

**DARIA**

Did Peter ever mention an ex-wife or girlfriend?

ELSIE

You're barking up the wrong tree. He just ditched me - again. He wouldn't even tell me about my own mom - let alone whoever else he knocked up.

Elsie ditches her empty soda can in the console. Reaches for her guitar...

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the soda. Sorry I can't help you.

But something's caught Daria's attention -

**DARIA**

What happened to your mom?

ELSIE

Like I said - no idea. Peter's like: she died of cancer and she was so great... but I'm not even gonna tell you her name. Asshole.

Daria's head spins. *Has she been looking at Elsie all wrong? Could she be another one of Peter's victims?*

**DARIA**

Do you know if anyone's ever tried to locate your mother?

ELSIE

(shakes her head no)  
Maybe it's in my file... but I'm not allowed to see that til I turn eighteen.

Elsie studies Daria's face, reading between the lines, putting it together -

ELSIE (CONT'D)

You think Peter might've killed these women... and if he did... maybe he killed my mom too?

**DARIA**

I didn't say that --

ELSIE  
Your face did.

DARIA

At this point, he's just a person of interest. The police are gonna be looking for him, so if you know where he might've gone --

The idea that her father might have killed her mother on top of everything else is too much for Elsie, her anger flares --

ELSIE  
I don't. And even if I did, you'd be the last person I'd snitch to...  
(under her breath)  
... Pig.

And with that, Elsie swings open the passenger door, and we realize they've been parked in front of her foster home this entire time.

DARIA

I'm not a --

Before Daria can say "Cop" Elsie SLAMS the door shut. Shit. There goes Daria's only lead, or so she thinks, until she spots Elsie's empty soda can, resting in the cup holder...

Acting on instinct, Daria looks around her, trying to find something, anything... until she spots an old take-out bag behind the passenger seat. She uses the plastic bag to pick up the soda can.

OFF DARIA, tying the bag shut, hollowing a hunch...

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STOP

DARIA - Audition Sides Ep #208

INT. DARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

Daria slumps in the sole chair in her loft, dressed in a tank and sweats. She's focused on a FIRST-PERSON SHOOTER VIDEO GAME projected on the wall from her computer. A beer on the table beside her.

She coolly, expertly maneuvers through the violent game, needing this distraction. A knock at the door. She pauses the game to answer - revealing ELSIE (18). Daria's surprised to see her again so soon.

S2

START →

DARIA

What's up?

ELSIE

Is your neighbor a meth head?

DARIA

Never met the guy.

ELSIE

Dude smells like paint thinner. He peeked out when I knocked on your door. Looked at me like a psycho.

Elsie moves past Daria into the apartment.

DARIA

Yo, I'm kinda in the middle of something.

But Elsie continues in, carrying a GARBAGE BAG. Daria shuts the door. Elsie takes in the paused video game.

ELSIE

Killing zombies? This part of the investigation?

DARIA

Crucial. So? You need something? Money? I used up all my cash getting your guitar out of hock.

ELSIE

You're pissed cuz I smashed it.

DARIA

(shrugs)  
Cheaper than therapy.

Elsie puts her garbage bag on the floor.

**DARIA** (CONT'D)

What's that?

ELSIE

My stuff. I thought maybe I could crash here.

Daria stares at Elsie, caught off guard, her defenses reflexively going up.

**DARIA**

What?

ELSIE

You've got tons of room --

**DARIA**

No. Sorry. Not an option.

ELSIE

-- I won't be in the way.

**DARIA**

You need to go back to a foster home or a group home or --

ELSIE

You have a whole room with just a treadmill in it.

**DARIA**

I like my space. I like living alone. I like not knowing my meth head neighbor. You need a place to stay, go talk to your social worker. You're not my job.

ELSIE

So I'm a *job* to you.

**DARIA**

You're acting like it. Coming to me to find your drug addict boyfriend, find your stolen guitar, find your mom. I'm not here to fix your life. I don't know how to do that. I would suck at it. I'm not your mother - I'm a goddamn homicide detective!

ELSIE  
Ex-detective. Guess you sucked at  
that, too.

Daria stares at Elsie, stung.

DARIA  
I got my own shit to take care of.

ELSIE  
I don't need anybody to take care  
of me. I just thought you gave a  
shit.

Elsie grabs her garbage bag, heads to the front door.

ELSIE (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your space.

DARIA  
(as Elsie opens the door)  
Where you gonna go?

ELSIE  
Like you care.

Elsie exits, slamming the door. Leaving Daria feeling like  
shit.

//  
END