

COUNTRY GIRL

Written by

Ricky King

Address
Phone Number

INT. ROOM 19 - GOODNIGHT MOTEL - MORNING

The morning sun creeps into the dark room exposing the dust.

Clothes are spread around the dated motel room.

A foot pokes out from under the bedsheets at the end of the bed. Beside it another with bright pink nail varnish.

On the beside table is; a ashtray full of butts, an empty bottle of wine and remnants of a white powder on top of a bible.

Mason stirs. He rubs his face and wakes with a groan.

Vicky sleeps next to him.

Mason rolls into her with a devilish grin.

His hand wanders under the sheets.

She doesn't move.

He kisses her head. She stays still. He leans around and kisses her cheek. She continues to sleep.

Mason smiles. He slowly pulls down the covers and exposes her shoulder. He kisses it. She still doesn't acknowledge his affection.

He tugs the sheets a little more.

They're naked.

He rolls Vicky towards him. Her body lifelessly abides. Foam and saliva spill from her mouth.

Panic sets in. Mason scrambles back, sits upright and kicks back the sheets.

MASON

Fuck.

Mason crawls to her. He shakes her. She doesn't wake.

MASON (CONT'D)

Vicky. Vicky, wake up. Vicky.

He checks her pulse.

She has died. He stares at her in shock.

He clambers out of bed and looks around the room. Mason paces the room in disarray.

He starts to shove his clothes into his holdall.

Mason throws the bag over his shoulder and stops.

He takes one last look at Vicky.

Mason turns, grabs the door handle, opens the door and...

SALLY
Morning sailor.

...Sally stands at the door dressed in her police uniform.

EXT. ROOM 19 - GOODNIGHT MOTEL - SAME TIME

The door THUDS against Sally's face. She staggers back, squints in pain and pinches her nose.

SALLY
Fuck.

Sally leans back and lifts her leg. Her face scrunches for an almighty kick...

...she pauses and chooses to try the door handle. It opens.

INT. ROOM 19 - ROADSIDE MOTEL

Sally cautiously enters the room. A designer handbag over her shoulder. She sees Vicky's body on the bed and withdraws her baton.

Sally places the handbag on the floor and surveys the room.

The wardrobe door is ajar. She approaches it, raises her baton and opens the door. No one is there.

A noise. She turns.

Mason scarpers from under the bed. He runs for the door.

Sally turns and tackles him to the ground. He groans.

Sally pins him to the floor with her knee. She closes the bedroom door with the baton.

MASON
Wait, wait, wait, wait. I didn't do anything. Honestly. Please. I promise. I don't what happened.

Sally looks over to the bed. She gets off Mason.

SALLY

What are you banging on about?

Mason sits up. Sally walks to the bed.

MASON

I woke up and found her that way.
Look we were fooling around last
night and just passed out but I
don't know how this happened. And,
and she isn't moving. She isn't
waking up and I don't know if it's,
if it's the drink or...

SALLY

Quiet.

Sally approaches Vicky. Concern sweeps over her face.

She lightly slaps Vicky across the face. Then again, slightly
harder.

Mason frowns at her unethical approach.

Sally lifts up Vicky's limp wrist.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

Mason sits up against the wall.

MASON

Oh fuck.

SALLY

She's dead.

MASON

Oh god. Fuck, fuck, fuck. How did
this happen?

Sally crashes down and sits on the bed. Her weight causes
Vicky's body to slightly bounce.

Sally moves Vicky's head from side to side. She examines her
eyes.

SALLY

You silly bitch.
(she turns her attention
to Mason)
What did you do?

Sally moves for Mason. He scrambles back, scared and defensive.

MASON

Wait. I can explain. I didn't. Look
I didn't do anything. I swear. I
don't know how this happened.
We got in. We were both just drunk
and fooled around. Then we must've
passed out. I can't remember.

Mason starts to gag. He crawls to the bathroom.

Sally inspects the room. She picks up a bag of white powder and dangles it in front of the light.

SALLY

(to Vicky)
I should've known better.
(to Mason)
Just drunk?
(Mason is sick)
I'm going to have to take you down
the station for questioning.

Mason continues being sick.

Sally grabs a glass, walks into the bathroom.

As the noise of the tap pours, Mason's gagging echoes in the bathroom while the bedroom remains still.

Vicky's foot peeks out from under the bed.

Sally exits the bathroom and stands deep in thought.

Mason gulps. He walks out from the bathroom.

MASON

I swear I didn't touch her.

SALLY

I've still got to make my best
judgement and given the present
situation I think it's best we sort
this down at the station.

MASON

Sally I can't. Please...

Sally stands and withdraws her handcuffs. Mason cowers back.

SALLY

Mason Parker I am arresting you
on...

Mason drops to his knees and pleads.

MASON

Sally.

SALLY

I am arresting you on suspicion of
murder...

MASON

Murder? No, I didn't do this. I
don't know what happened. Please.

Sally grabs Mason's arm.

SALLY

If you don't know what happened how
can you be sure you didn't do
anything?

MASON

Hear me out.

SALLY

That's the courts job.

Mason pulls away from Sally and collapses into a heap on the
floor. She frowns at him.

MASON

I can't get arrested. I can't.

Sally puts the handcuffs away and squats to Mason.

SALLY

Hey, I don't have to put the cuffs
on if you come quietly. We can go
down the station and get this
straightened out.

Mason looks up defeated.

MASON

I'm fucked.

SALLY

We'll just ask some questions. Keep
you detained, gather evidence and
start the investigation.

MASON
And then what?

SALLY
Come on Mason.

MASON
What? Prison.

SALLY
That's the worst possible outcome.

MASON
What for? Surely the evidence will show up.

SALLY
Depends what evidence there is. Manslaughter is ten years. Second degree murder is twenty odd years or worst outcome is first degree murder which is life.

MASON
Murder? She clearly overdosed.

SALLY
But the question will be 'did she take the drugs of her own free will?'

MASON
So you're saying I brought her back her, forced her to get high and have sex.

SALLY
Err...yeah.

MASON
(takes deep breathes)
I can't go to prison. I can't, I shouldn't. I didn't do it. Get forensics in. Examine the room, you'll see.

SALLY
We will but my gut feeling is we're going to find illegal substances in both your bodies, your prints all over her, your semen in her. Well yours and half the towns.

Sally stands, Mason scurries back out of her reach.

MASON
Wait. I didn't take anything.

SALLY
What?

MASON
That powder shit, that was Vicky's.
Do a blood test.

SALLY
You didn't take anything all night?

MASON
Just booze. I don't do that shit.

SALLY
Why?

MASON
Why don't I do drugs?

Sally holds the pouch of white powder in the light once more.

SALLY
You got a lighter?

MASON
(checks his pockets)
No. By the bed.

Sally grabs the lighter. She picks up a spoon from the coffee set nearby.

Mason curiously gets to his feet.

Sally taps some of the powder onto the spoon.

She burns the underside of the spoon. Slowly the powder bubbles into a dirty grey liquid.

SALLY
It's heroin.

Mason looks over her shoulder.

MASON
Fuck.

Sally turns to Vicky's body.

SALLY
Vicky didn't touch heroin.

MASON
She was sniffing that last night.

SALLY
Not knowingly.

MASON
Am I in the clear?

SALLY
Fuck no. That's not how this works.

MASON
But the drugs killed her.

SALLY
Doesn't mean you weren't involved.
Where are you supposed to be today?

MASON
I have a couple of meetings but
that's it.

SALLY
Okay, gimme your phone.

MASON
Why?

SALLY
Because at the moment you're an
accessory to murder so you're
staying with me.

Mason hands Sally his phone.

MASON
To do what?

SALLY
We're going to find out what
happened and also clear your name.
We have twenty-four to seventy-two
hours before her internal organs
decompose then she'll start to
bloat. In twenty four hours she can
become a missing person so I'd say
we have about that amount of time
to find out who did this.

Mason frowns.

MASON
She didn't just OD?

SALLY
Not intentionally.

Mason lets out a sigh.

MASON
Okay, great. Lets go to work.

Sally walks over to him and squeezes his jaw.

SALLY
If you try to run or try to fuck me
over I promise to make sure you
spend the rest of your life getting
fisted in a prison cell.

MASON
(mumbles)
I promise.

Sally releases her grip and ponders.

SALLY
How long do you have this room
booked for?

MASON
Two nights.

SALLY
Right, move her so it looks like
she is sleeping.

MASON
The body?

SALLY
Yes, the body.

Mason hesitantly begins to move her body.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You're going to have to do
everything I say, understand?

Mason gently pulls the covers over her.

MASON
Understand.

SALLY
Did anyone see you last night or
this morning?

Sally switches on the TV. She turns the volume up.

MASON

Just you.

SALLY

Good. Unpack your bag, it looks suspicious.

Mason pulls clothes from his bag and tosses them around the room.

Sally looks around the room. She opens the curtain slightly and checks outside.

SALLY (CONT'D)

We're all clear.

MASON

Where are we going?

Sally opens the door and checks again.

SALLY

To work.

They leave.

A sign hangs on the door knob that reads 'DO NOT DISTURB'.