

The Girl in the Nightclub

by

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INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A boho-styled room with a warm atmosphere.

Four girls: MEL, slim, 5'4, attractive, a modern blonde short hair-do. Alice, tall (5'7 or taller), redhead, regal-looking. TASHA, short (5'2) short brown cropped hair, baby face. HEATHER (5'5), long brown hair, attractive.

They prepare themselves for a night out.

The bed is covered in clothes. White wine and cotton balls flow freely. They rush from bathroom to bedroom checking their progress, until they are satisfied with their appearance.

They share a joke or two. Mel dances with Alice for amusement. Heather applies her mascara while Tasha paints her toenails and starts giggling at the antics of Mel and Alice. Her hand slips and she covers her toe with the polish.

TASHA

(groans)

Fuck's sakes, man!

Tasha reaches for the nail varnish remover and clocks Heather laughing at her in the mirror.

HEATHER

(to Tasha)

You're supposed to paint the nail, not the whole foot!

(to Mel)

On the pull tonight then, are we?

MEL

(checking her cleavage  
is at maximum potency)

You never know, eh?

Mel winks.

They both giggle and clink glasses and Heather plants a kiss on Mel's forehead.

HEATHER

Mel, you may be a slapper, but  
you're our slapper, and we loves  
ya!

Mel smiles, then looks uncomfortably into her glass of wine.

A small, white pill is held between Mel's finger and thumb, engraved with a dove. Ecstasy. She places it in her mouth and washes it down with wine.

Alice also takes one, while Heather and Tasha crush theirs with an ATM card and snort it with a £20 note.

Heather follows up with a dab of white powder from a tiny bag.

HEATHER

I got a need... A need for speed!

RAP-RAP-RAP-RAP

Heather leaps up and runs to the door.

HEATHER'S POV THROUGH THE FISHEYE LENS OF THE PEEPHOLE:

On the left, Steve. Ruggedly handsome, tall, blonde hair blue eyes. On the right, Andy. Shorter at about 5'7, dark hair and eyes, "pretty" face. Both are casually dressed.

Heather opens the door, greeting Steve with kisses and hugs.

Andy looks uncomfortable. He claps his hands together and greets the girls in his usual manner.

ANDY

Heather... Alice... Mel...  
Tasha... So. You lovely ladies  
ready for a night on the town?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

They drink, dance, mingle, laugh, and drink some more.

After a while, Heather slams back the drinks given to her as the night progresses, the straighter the better.

HEATHER'S POV: Steadycam shot--Everything becomes hazy. She stumble-dances for a while.

Heather realises the group have split up, she is just dancing with Tasha now.

HEATHER

Hey, where's everyone gone?

TASHA

Well, Andy is chatting up that blonde, Steve was talking to Rob and Lucas over there somewhere, haven't a clue where Mel is, probably getting fingered in a dark, dingy corner, but Alice is chatting up the bartender. Again.

They dance some more, selecting a group of guys (who can't dance) teasing them with a flirtatious dance with each other, they touch each other's boobs and bum (this is their party trick) and even French kiss.

When satisfied, they leave to taunt another group of guys. The guys they leave behind look flushed.

Later while dancing, Heather starts feeling claustrophobic.

HEATHER

(to Tasha)

I'm going over there for a break, okay?

Tasha nods and flirts outrageously with the nearest decent looking guy.

Heather breaks away to find a quiet corner, and that is when she sees Steve and Mel kissing, rubbing up against each other.

We zoom in to Heather's face, whose colour drains. She runs toward the toilets.

INT. CLUB TOILETS - NIGHT

Heather barfs into the pan. She is disorientated, noises become muffled and her vision blurs further. Images of what she'd just seen flash before her eyes.

INT. CLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Tasha checks her watch, realises Heather has been gone a while and follows the path Heather took to the wash room. She also spots Steve and Mel still in a tryst.

TASHA  
What the--Bastards!

Tasha enters the toilets.

INT. CLUB TOILETS - NIGHT

TASHA  
Heath? You 'kay?

HEATHER (OS)  
(slurs)  
Mmm... Fine.

TASHA  
Sure?

Heather sits on the floor against the cubicle door, She looks very pale and her skin has a sheen to it. There is some vomit in her hair.

HEATHER  
(slurs)  
Just too much drink 'n' drugs  
s'all.

TASHA  
Hold on, I'm gonna get help.

Tasha exits and looks for Alice and Andy.

Heather's eyes roll back and she loses consciousness.

INT. CLUB BAR - NIGHT

Tasha excuses herself as she butts into Andy and the Blonde's conversation.

TASHA  
(to Blonde)  
Sorry, love...  
(to Andy)  
Dude, we're gonna have to get  
Heather home, she's not well.

ANDY  
Oh, not again. Where the fuck's  
Steve?

TASHA

Over there... With Mel.

Andy peers through the smoky atmosphere and spots Steve and Mel, still in their a passionate cling, Steve's hand is now inside Mel's underwear and Mel looks like she's on the verge of an orgasm.

ANDY

Oh Christ, the dumb cunt!!!

Tasha restrains him from running over to confront Steve.

TASHA.

Fuck him--You're needed elsewhere.

She drags him to the toilets.

The blonde just stands there, stunned, then walks off, annoyed.

INT. CLUB TOILETS - NIGHT

Alice is present, talking on her phone. Tasha is trying to keep Heather awake by talking to her while people come in and out to use the toilets.

TASHA

Heath?, you 'kay?

No answer.

TASHA

Heather?

She peeps under door and sees Heather slumped against the door, unconscious.

TASHA

Shit--She's out cold!

Andy stands onto the toilet in the next cubicle and looks over the divider.

ANDY

(mutters quietly)

Why do you always do this to yourself?

He takes a deep breath and climbs over into the next cubicle. He moves Heather out of the way so he can open

the door, putting the lid of the toilet seat down so he can sit on it with Heather semi-conscious on his lap.

Tasha enters the cubicle. She attempts to clean the vomit from Heather's face.

Alice puts away her phone.

ALICE  
(to Andy and Tasha)  
Dad'll be outside in a bit, he'll  
take her to hospital, no worries.

Steve suddenly appears in the doorway of the toilets.

And Mel squeezes past him and enters as if they hadn't been together.

STEVE  
Shit--What did she take now?

Tasha turns around and both her and Andy scowl at Steve.

TASHA  
(glowering)  
Look, just piss off, yeah? I  
think you've done enough for  
tonight.

Heather stirs a little and talks gibberish. Tasha strokes Heather's face gently with the back of her fingers to try and wake her up a little.

TASHA  
(to Heather)  
We're taking you out of here.  
Now. 'Kay?

Steve helps Andy walk Heather out of the nightclub.

Tasha glares at Mel as they pass and mouths the words BITCH at her.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A taxi drives towards us. The camera dollies up to it until we are on the bonnet.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

Camera is situated on the bonnet as everyone gets in. Heather sits in between Steve and Andy in the back, and Tasha sits in the passenger seat.

Camera zooms into Heather's darkened face, she's partially awake.

ANDY

(OS)

We'll get you well again soon.

Heather groans.

STEVE

(OS)

It's okay baby, nearly there.

ANDY

(mutters to Steve OS)

You're a prick, mate!

STEVE

(OS)

It's not my fault she drunk too much!

ANDY

(OS)

Steve--You're her boyfriend! You should be looking out for her.

STEVE

Look, I'm not her father, she can do what she likes.

ANDY

What, like you do?

STEVE

If she wants.

Another shot of Heather, a tear runs down her cheek, yet he remains silent.

ANDY

(OS)

Don't I just know it. You've fucked up big time, man.

STEVE

(OS)

You're fucked up mate--you've not had a girl for what, three years now? Are you bent or something?



HEATHER

(quietly)

Stop.

ANDY

Firstly, whoa, bit homophobic.  
Secondly, what the hell's wrong  
with you? She's an amazing girl  
and you keep fucking her over!  
There are plenty of decent guys  
out there and she chose you. Why?  
I'll never know...

STEVE

Why? Because she loves the way I  
fuck her over, that's why. And  
like she'd ever fuck you.

Heather Starts muttering and gets louder and louder.

HEATHER

Stop it! Stop it Stop! Shut up,  
shut up, Shut up!

EXT. ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The taxi stops outside the hospital. Andy and Tasha  
support Heather as she exits the taxi.

Heather sees the bright lights outside and comes around  
fully, if a little dazed.

HEATHER

(slurs)

Oh no, I'm not getting my stomach  
pumped tonight!

TASHA

It's okay--We'll be right here  
with you.

(to taxi driver)

Thanks Bill.

Alice's Dad, Bill, salutes Tasha and pulls away into the  
night, an unsung hero.

INT. WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A nurse calls Heather's name.

STEVE  
I'll wait here--You know I'm  
squeamish.

Tasha scowls at him.

TASHA  
You selfish prick.

Heather, supported by Tasha and Andy, is led away from  
the waiting room by a nurse.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Tasha sits near Heather, while Andy holds Heather's hand  
as she has her stomach flushed. It isn't pretty.

INT. WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Tasha, Andy and Heather exit the treatment room.

Alice, who's pacing, looks relieved to see them  
approaching, while Steve casually reads a magazine.

ALICE  
Thank God!

Heather spots Mel outside through the glass doors,  
smoking. Mel flicks her butt away and walks off, but  
Heather notices.

Steve stands.

STEVE  
You okay, babe?

TASHA  
No thanks to you.

STEVE  
(to Tasha)  
I wasn't talking to you...  
(to Heather)  
Babes, you okay now?

Heather glares at him.

HEATHER  
 (holding up her palm to  
 him)  
 Just get out of my face.

Steve, Andy, Tasha and Alice begin to have an argument.

They get asked to leave by security. In the heat of it, Heather slips away, out into the cool night.

EXT. QUIET PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Heather runs to catch up with Mel, a determined look on her face. She runs along three different streets before spotting Mel. She tries to calm her breathing.

HEATHER  
 (calls out)  
 HEY WAIT UP. ARE YOU GOING MY  
 WAY?

Mel stops and turns round.

MEL  
 Erm, yeah... But shouldn't you be  
 in hospital? Or at home?

HEATHER  
 (rather breathless)  
 I'm fine, I just need to sleep it  
 off. On my way home now, anyway,  
 and fresh air's nice. I thought  
 I'd catch up with you.

They continue walking through the quiet street.

MEL  
 Really? You seemed quite ill back  
 there...

HEATHER  
 You'll be amazed how having your  
 guts pumped can revive you.  
 Things aren't always as bad as  
 they seem, anyway.

MEL  
 True.

HEATHER  
 Take you for instance.

They turn into Baker Street, mostly a non residential

street.

MEL

Me?

HEATHER

Yeah you. You're pretty, you're intelligent and let's face it, a bit of a tart.

MEL

Touche.

HEATHER

Exactly. You're a very open person, but you have hidden depths. Like your stamp collection. Didn't think you were interested in things like that.

MEL

Well, it's interesting--

HEATHER

--And there are other things, too.

MEL

Yeah?

HEATHER

Yeah. Like you being a backstabbing little whore.

MEL

(reacts)

What?

Heather pushes Mel into a dark alleyway and pins her against a wall.

HEATHER

You heard me. You're a cheating two-faced cunt!

MEL

I-I don't know what you are talking about--

HEATHER

Sure you don't... You haven't been shagging my man, then?

Mel pushes Heather off her.

MEL

Wh-No! Y-you got the wrong idea,  
we're just friends... Like you  
and me.

Heather begins circling Mel like a vulture.

Mel stays stationary as she is being circled.

HEATHER

Oh no. We're not friends. Not  
anymore.

(Beat)

You could have any guy you  
wanted. So why choose mine? Why  
break up me and Steve?

MEL

I wasn't breaking you up--

HEATHER

No, you were just having sex with  
him--right under my nose!

Heather's eyes gives us the impression she is rather  
unstable.

MEL

(drops the facade)

Like you were giving him any  
anyway!!

HEATHER

(laughs)

Oh, is that what he told you?

MEL

He said you weren't putting out  
and he begged me... And I dunno,  
I just felt sorry for him.

HEATHER

(angry)

You felt sorry for him?

MEL

Well... Yeah.

HEATHER

Pity fucks don't last months, who  
the fuck are you kidding? And For  
your information, there was  
nothing wrong with our sex life.  
And if putting out means I

wouldn't let him cut me during our night time activities, then yeah, I did refuse.

MEL

I'm sorry, Heather.

HEATHER

No you're not. It's too late for apologies anyway. You've ruined everything.

Heather, now behind Mel, produces a small knife and holds it to Mel's throat.

Mel is too shocked to speak.

HEATHER

(A close up of Heather's lips whispering into Mel's ear.)

It's over. All over. I told him to go to you as you're into filthy, weird stuff like that, but I didn't think he actually would.

Mel shakes her head, terrified.

MEL

Please, don't do this--

We ZOOM in onto Mel's eyes, full of fear.

HEATHER

No more pain.

Heather slices open Mel's gullet.

Mel drops to the ground unable to speak, holding her throat as blood gushes between her fingers. Blood spills everywhere.

Heather reaches down and cuts a lock of hair from Mel's head and holds up the hair. A keepsake.

She backs further into the darkness, watching Mel's life fade away.

INT. HEATHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Heather enters her flat, strips and throws all she was wearing into the washing machine and selects boil wash.

She places The clump of blonde hair next to the washbasin. She jumps into the shower.

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Heather wakes up to a knock on her door. Tasha enters. It's a sunny day, birds sing.

TASHA

Hey! You're looking better.

HEATHER

I feel better.

TASHA

You scared us all leaving like that. And you've been asleep for like two whole days!

HEATHER

Have I? I caught a taxi home, just wanted to sleep, ya know? I feel like I must have blacked out. I'm sorry.

TASHA

I crashed on the sofa just in case you woke. You left the front door wide open too.

HEATHER

I did? Yikes. Thanks for having my back.

TASHA

(looks solemn)  
Heather, I've got some bad news. There was an incident...

HEATHER

(frowns)  
What?

TASHA

It's Mel. It's all over the local news. There should be a bulletin about now.

Tasha switches the TV on. Heather sits up in bed.

NEWSCASTER

The body found in Baker Street, Cosgrove, has been identified as 20 year old local hairdresser Melinda Carson. She was found at 6am yesterday morning by refuse workers. The death is believed to be another victim of The Cosgrove Killer, however, new evidence points to local video shop owner Steven Harrison, 26, who has been taken into custody after police received an anonymous tip off that Mr Harrison had previous sexual relations with all five victims, including four local women and one Swedish exchange student. This lead to a search of his residence, where the DNA discovered at Mr Harrison's home has been confirmed to match all five victims. In other news...

HEATHER

Steven--My Steve? Is he involved in this?

TASHA

The DNA was found in his flat, and his DNA was found on all of the girls. He's a murderer. And a cheat. He cheated on you with those girls yet you did nothing. It isn't a coincidence that they were all blondes and they have all turned up dead. He's a serial killer and I'm sorry, but he must be punished.

HEATHER

Tasha... Did you tip them off?

TASHA

(unconvincingly)

Me? Why would I do such a thing? Come on, it's time you got up.

Tasha exits the bedroom.

Heather lifts her pillow and under it we see a lock of blonde hair, tied up in a ribbon. Dressed in a vest and panties, she kneels down on the floor and reaches under



the bed, producing a small box. She lifts the lid.

Inside are four other locks of blonde hair, tied up with ribbons. She places the latest addition inside, stroking it.

HEATHER

(VO)

He just couldn't leave them  
alone...

Images of blood and blonde hair flash before the camera.

She puts the box under her be smiled and exits, turning to face the camera, grins a satisfied, and closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END