

THE MISTAKEN MURDER - BY JOE BARTHORPE

INT. GREY SALOON CAR - NIGHT

The roads are empty except the singular car driving at speed through a forest surrounded road. Rain lashing down on the front windscreen and lighting strikes occurring in the background. The radio at a low volume constantly making a fuzzy sound as the driver tries to change the radio channel. The driver straightens his squared off glasses and turns to look at the back to see a dead, middle aged woman in the back seats. Lightning strikes and his hands slightly wobble at the wheel. Looking back to the front, he continues to alter the radio channels. Another strike hits only half a mile in front and the driver loses control. The car locks up as he slams on the breaks, spinning and colliding into a tree lying within an engulfing ditch. The driver left unconscious.

The driver begins coming in and out of consciousness.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Hello... can you hear me? Hello? Stay with me.

The Driver falls back unconscious shortly to be awakened by a throbbing headache as more police sirens emerge.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Can you hear me!

DRIVER

Y...y...yes.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Good, that's good try not to move to much you've been in a severe car accident. I'm officer Johnson and... well... there's no nice way of telling you this but the passenger in your car has passed.

The driver looks down to the floor and pauses

DRIVER

h...how?

OFFICER JOHNSON

We believe she died when the car impacted into the ditch. The seat belt seemed to have been placed quite high up on her neck causing her head to

lash forward.

DRIVER

I...I don't believe it.

The driver looks over towards the crash with the slightest grin on his face, he then turns back to the police changing his facial expression back to melancholy.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Can you talk me through what happened exactly?

DRIVER

Uhmmm... yes. Me... me and my... uhm.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Take your time.

DRIVER

Me and my girlfriend were coming back from the cinema, and this storm came from nowhere. The car lost control and headed towards a tree. That's all I can remember.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Okay that's fine, hopefully you'll remember more after some rest. A detective will be here shortly to check everything through, okay?

The drivers eyes widen

DRIVER

Wait, detective?

OFFICER JOHNSON

Yes, a detective... Shaw I think. Anyway I'll have a medic check you for and further injuries whilst we wait for the detective to arrive.

Officer Johnson walks back over to the area of the crash to talk to a medic. As the medic approaches, a loud, expensive sounding car approaches the crash site. A vintage Mustang arrives and out steps detective Shaw, in a full Gainsboro grey suit matching with a flat cap. He moves a speed straight under the police tape and instantly walks up to crashed car. After examining it through, Shaw walks quite slowly over to the Driver ready for questioning.

SHAW

I'm detective shaw and I will be investigating the events that have happened. I'm sorry to here about your passenger.

DRIVER

uhmm thanks.

SHAW

What was her relation to you?

DRIVER

My Fiancé

SHAW

Officer Johnson said girlfriend?

DRIVER

Oh yes we became engaged just three days ago sometimes it slips my mind.

SHAW

Ah, easily mistaken. How come she was in the back seats instead of the passenger seat with you?

DRIVER

The front seat was wet from the storm.

Shaw looks over to the crashed car briefly then back to the driver.

SHAW

Okay that's fine for now, if you can just wait here whilst I go examine further into the crash.

The driver nods in agreement as the detective turns to walk back the the crash site. Once the detective gets to the car he examines the body further for clues, no ring on her finger and the front seat is completely dry. Shaw turns back to the driver to confirm the seat was wet. However o=when he looked back, the driver was gone...