

CRYSTAL scene

5 INT HOTEL ROOM MORNING 5

So as not to wake her mother MARY, CRYSTAL moves quietly around the room getting ready for work. She makes her way to her bed, lifts the mattress and reaches for her purse. She checks the contents, a look of contempt creeps across her face as she counts the money. Looking to her mother, Crystal makes her way over to her and in a soft voice gently rouses her.

CRYSTAL
Mum...Mum.

Hung over, Mary rolls over and half opens her blood shot eyes and closes them again.

Crystal gently shakes her mother's shoulder.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Mum...Mum.

Opening her eyes Mary responds to her daughter and rolls over putting her back to Crystal.

MARY
What?

Crystal recoils slightly at the residue of stale alcohol on Mary's breath.

CRYSTAL
Mum, can I borrow some dollars? Please, for lunch and stuff.

Mary's in no mood for a conversation, she just wants to sleep.

MARY
I got nothing, ask your father.

CRYSTAL
I'm asking you Mum.

MARY
And I told you I got nothing. Now leave me alone and ask the Detective.

Looking hard at her mother Crystal's disdain for Mary grows.

CRYSTAL
You take my money?

MARY
What?

CRYSTAL
My money. You take it?

Mary rolls over to face her daughter, her lips dry, her eyes blood shot.

MARY
What are you talking about?

Having no time for games Crystal lets her mother know exactly what she's talking about.

CRYSTAL
Don't bullshit...My money, in my purse under my mattress has had an unauthorised withdrawal.

Clinching her eyes in frustration Mary sits up disgusted at her daughter's accusation.

MARY
You accusing me of taking your money?

CRYSTAL
That's right Sherlock.

Flopping back down on the bed Mary feigns hurt at her daughter's accusation.

MARY
You got a lot of cheek you know. Wake me up, berate me...after everything I've done for you...let me remind you I'm your mother Crystal,...you wouldn't be here without me and now you accuse me of stealing your money...lovely, just lovely.

Mary rolls over putting her back to Crystal.

MARY (CONT'D)
It was probably the cleaners.

With a look of pity and contempt Crystal wants to continue the conversation but she's running late for work so this will have to keep for another time. On her way out Crystal slams the door pouring fuel on Mary's hangover.