FRESH BLOOD SELECT
24/7 XPRESS CLEANING

by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A van with “24/7 Xpress Cleaning” emblazoned on its side speeds down the road. Cardboard covers the driver's window. Makes a right, way too fast, fishtailing, almost turns over.

INT. VAN - DAY

TANNER DRIFTWOOD, 30s, *band-aid over his bruised and half-broken nose*, is behind the wheel. Tanner is... driving way too fast and doesn’t have time for introductions right now. He’s focused on the road, and, all in all, he’s not doing that great.

JAMIE DEMONE, female, 20s, sporting a *black eye*, short hair and tattoos, rides shotgun. She screams the directions while gripping the handle for support. Jamie has a tendency to make the wrong choices. And is a magnet for trouble. A *big* magnet.

JAMIE
DUDE, YOU JUST PASSED IT!

TANNER
Sorry, your screams confuse me!

JAMIE
(sarcastic)
Oh, I’m so sorry. Can you pleeeease turn-- RIGHT!

EXT. STREET
The van skids to the right, one wheel in the air.

INT. VAN

Papers and junk slides to the left across the dash. Glove box pops open and papers fall out. Equipment in the back falls over.

TANNER
Jesus, a little sooner?

JAMIE
It’s a fucking square! It’s not that difficult! You make a right, then another right, and another right. Right?
TANNER
Right.

JAMIE
(points at)
RIGHT!

EXT. STREET
The van skids to the right. They’re back where they started.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER
Same shot we saw at the beginning. The van drives past again, but this time...

JAMIE (O.S.)
STOOOOOOP!
And the van screeches to a halt, tires smoking. The van backs up and skids to a halt at the curb.

INT. VAN
Tanner turns off the engine and cleans the dash, stuffs a few things in the glove box and tries to close it.

It doesn’t work. Again... nothing. Again, nope.

JAMIE
The fuck you doing? We’re an express service! Deal with your OCD later!

They get out of the van.

EXT. VAN
Tanner and Jamie open the trunk and unload the equipment. On the side of the van: “24/7 Xpress Cleaning” painted graffiti style.

They hurry to the door, dropping and picking up equipment as they approach.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE
Jamie rings the bell. Tanner turns and eyes the van.
TANNER
I’ll be right back. Need to check if I locked the van.

JAMIE
You locked the van.

TANNER
I need to check.

JAMIE
Nobody is gonna steal the shitty shitty bang van!

Tanner sprints to the van.

JAMIE
CHECK THE WINDOW! I think you left it open, you idiot.

Jamie blows a bubble. It pops as the door opens to reveal LITTLE JOE (30s). He was born in Albania, but his accent is almost gone. Whoever nicknamed him Little Joe was being ironic.

His 250 pounds of fat block the door. He stares at Jamie and her black eye.

JAMIE
Are you gonna stare at me all day long or you want me to do the job?

He moves away and she invites herself in.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Jamie takes in the luminous, classic Georgian style. Little Joe closes the door.

JAMIE
Just leave it open. My partner forgot something in the van.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tanner checks the van: it’s locked.

In the driveway, in a flash-like effect, he subconsciously reads the license plates of every vehicle. He stops on a black SUV. Just the car he’d like to have.
Tanner reads the tacky plaque that hangs from the mirror. It says “Li’l Joe”. Then:

THE LICENSE PLATE: 34G FL8.

The alarm of the SUV goes off. Tanner flees as if he had been caught red-handed.

INT. HALLWAY

Jamie and Little Joe walk as the alarm blares in the b.g.

LITTLE JOE
I gotta fix that alarm...

But he makes no move to do so. Instead, he opens the door --

INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

And ushers Jamie in. There’s a table over a rug, two black briefcases sit on top of it. He approaches and points at the floor. Jamie blows another bubble.

LITTLE JOE
It’s right here.

Jamie’s eyes pop open. Her gum snaps. She turns her head to look at Little Joe. Then, she looks back at the floor.


JAMIE
Where are the -- cops?

LITTLE JOE
The cops? They’re not coming.
That’s the point.

JAMIE
There’s a dead body there.

LITTLE JOE
No shit, that’s why I called you.
Look, the ad says:
(picks up phone, reads)
“We clean what nobody wants to clean, and express!” Express spelled with just an X.
JAMIE
I know how the fuck it’s spelled!
But that doesn’t include a stiff!
We’re a domestic cleaning service!

She takes a breath, trying to calm down. Doesn’t really work.

JAMIE
Look, we don’t want to be
accomplices in this... This.

Tanner walks in. A piece of furniture blocks the body.

TANNER
I followed the voices.
(offers hand)
Tanner--

Little Joe notices his nose. Then looks at Jamie’s eye.

LITTLE JOE
Joe. What the fuck happened to you
two?

Tanner steps forward and sees the body. The alarm in the b.g.
stops.

Complete silence. Tanner starts to hyperventilate as his eyes
slide to Jamie, puzzled.

TANNER
Wha-wha -- what are we doing here?
Did you tell him we’d do this?

JAMIE
Of course not! Are you out of your
mind?

Little Joe observes the conversation, looking right, left,
right... just like a ping-pong game.

TANNER
You just got out of jail! For all I
know, you could be his accomplice.
Or the perpetrator!

JAMIE
Are you some sort of retard?

TANNER
Excuse me, but I don’t want to be
involved in a fucking murder! And
last time you said you weren’t
involved, you ended up in jail!
Little Joe silently walks backwards eyeing the two suitcases by the door.

JAMIE
Neither do I.

She whispers, hoping Little Joe can’t hear them.

JAMIE
All we have to do is call the cops! We’re obviously not involved in anything.

Little Joe’s POV - the conversation fades as he grabs the suitcases.

Jamie sneezes. Her DNA is now all over the scene. Tanner realizes this as well.

JAMIE
Shit! There’s a dog in here.

A POMERANIAN walks in. It yaps and steps into the blood. Yaps again. And again. Tanner and Jamie stare at the dog, which is now licking his owner’s blood and face.

Tanner looks disgusted at the dog and realizes he’s also stepped in the blood. Lifts his shoe out of it. He blinks, trying to stand still as his body sways back and forth.

The alarm goes off again and Little Joe sprints out, as fast as a big fat turtle. With the two suitcases.

Jamie looks at him “running” away and he gets stuck in the door with the two suitcases.

Jamie can’t believe that the guy is trying to lose them. But he finally makes it through the door. Jamie runs after him, but right then:

Tanner faints, hits his half-broken nose (now fully broken) against the table, and falls next to the body. Jamie stops and turns around:

JAMIE
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Tanner’s blood is pooling into the other dead body’s blood.

Yap yap!

END TEASER
ACT ONE

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Title: 7 days, 14 hours, 5 minutes, 38, 37, 36, 35, 34 (the seconds pass in real time)... seconds earlier.

A mellow and calm Tanner now. He talks to a GRIEVING SON.

SON
I should’ve been here.

TANNER
He wanted to be alone because some people like to live that way.

SON
But he’s gone!

TANNER
-- and to die that way. There’s nothing you could’ve done to prevent that.

SON
He didn’t have to die alone.

TANNER
You respected his last request. He didn’t want to be a burden. The most important thing is that your father knew you loved him.

Grieving Son grins, happy to hear exactly what he needed.

TANNER
Trust me. I’ve been doing this for years. We’ll take care of it.

Tanner shakes the Grieving Son’s hand.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A VAN: BIOHAZARD CLEANUP - We’ll do it for you.

And right then Tanner walks out of the van in his biohazard level A suit. He looks almost like an astronaut. As Tanner steps down, the image freezes and:
An arrow points at each piece of the equipment with a text describing it. Arrow to the mask. Super: NIOSH Approved Full-Face Mask.


An oval surrounds the suit. Level A Hazmat Suit.

Another arrow to the gloves. 15 Mil High Risk Medical Latex Gloves.

And another to a different part of the gloves. Heavy Exposure Latex Gloves.

Arrow to the boots. Super: Chemical Resistant Boot Cover.

The image unfreezes and Tanner steps on the ground and keeps walking.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door has been transformed into an improvised pressure isolation corridor made of transparent plastic.

TANNER’S POV - through the mask, walking into the house along the pressure isolation corridor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tanner walks in. Piles of books and rubbish all over the room and cages with birds, too quiet to be alive. Yes, it’s gross.

A DECEASED MAN is in front of the TV with his brains blown on the wall. He’s in a rocking chair, in a pool of dry blood.

TANNER

Oh, shit.

His business partner, AIDAN GREYSON, is already cleaning up the scene. Aidan is tall, athletic and... Just wait until you see him without his level A biohazard suit and NIOSH full mask on. He’s basically insulting for someone like me.

AIDAN

Exactly. This guys’s been hoarding shit for years. Birds are gone too.

TANNER

How long has he been dead?

AIDAN

Two, three days.
Tanner looks at the body. He clearly doesn’t love his job.

AIDAN
You’ll be fine. Trust me. Let’s do this.

They start cleaning the books and empty soda cans, food remains with worms, etc. It’s disgusting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The living room is much cleaner now. Only the Deceased Man is there now, his dead empty eyes staring at the ceiling.

They lift the Deceased Man from the seat, and when they try to put him on a stretcher, they drop the body.

AIDAN
Oh, shit.

More blood streams from the deceased, draining into what has now become a pool. The texture and color shifts to a more vivid red, like a psychedelic painting.

Tanner stares at the blood, hypnotized by it.

AIDAN
No no no no! Look at me! Hey, Tanner, look at me! Tanner!

Aidan claps his hands in front of Tanner’s eyes.

AIDAN
Here! Look at me, here.

Tanner looks at Aidan, points at the:

TANNER
Blood.

Tanner’s body sways back and forth until passes out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Tanner and Aidan, regular clothes and masks off. Yeah, the 21st century James Dean who doesn’t even know it is Aidan. Wow. That hair, and those eyes. And the god damn cheekbones! And... you get the idea, like I said, insulting. They talk to their BOSS, a good man, but a man of business.

BOSS
I’m sorry about this, but --
Tanner looks down. He already knows the verdict.

   BOSS
   It’s your second month and I don’t see any improvement. And then Aidan needs to clean up your mess. I’m sorry your first job was so traumatic.

INT. GRAND HOUSE – FLASHBACK

A sizable mansion with luxurious ceiling lamps. Tanner lifts the victim’s face, drowned in a pool of blood. He recognizes the victim as his eyes pop open.

   TANNER
   Lexx. Oh shit.

He looks at the blood, fresh below the crusted surface.

   BOSS (PRE-LAP)
   Tanner?

INT. OFFICE – DAY – BACK TO SCENE

And Tanner snaps back to reality.

   BOSS
   You okay?

Tanner nods.

   AIDAN
   What if we put him in victim support? He’s great talking to the families. You should see him.

   BOSS
   He’s not a qualified psychologist. If I get an inspection, I’ll lose my license. I’m really sorry.

Tanner looks up at Aidan.

   TANNER
   I need a drink.

INT. STRIP CLUB – NIGHT

And Tanner downs his drink in a gulp. Aidan drinks his while swaying lightly, enjoying a show we can’t see.
TANNER
Why do we always end up here?

AIDAN
Because I’ve been cleaning shit for the last sixteen hours. Although you probably don’t remember because you were taking a nap, so let me enjoy some asssss.

Tanner forces a smile. Aidan, focused on the spectacle.

AIDAN
(to Tanner)
Can you dance?

TANNER
Fuck off. This is serious Aidan.

We now see the DANCERS. They’re males in thongs. Aidan tips one of them and winks at him.

AIDAN
This is serious money too. And this was the fifth job you’ve lost in a year. Or is it the sixth?

TANNER
I’m not gonna strip for perverts like you.

Aidan points at a BACHELORETTE party group. They’ve gone nuts with the dancers.

AIDAN
You can find some perverts more to your taste.

TANNER
I’m getting married. Hopefully.

AIDAN
(looks at Tanner)
Are you gonna tell her?

Tanner stares off... That’s a good question.

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Tanner lies in bed next to SUSAN, 30, sleepy. She might look like a nice suburban housewife, but under that facade, there’s a lot to discover. After all, she’s Jamie’s sister.
SUSAN
Hey, how was work today?

TANNER
Fine. Just the usual. Nothing out of the ordinary.

SUSAN
Did you end up in Aidan’s second home?

TANNER
Yeah, we did. Thrilling as always.

SUSAN
Hey, it’s not that bad. I like it.

He smiles as she cuddles and goes back to sleep. Tanner stares at the ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Susan tries her wedding dress on. MIA, 30s, is with her.

SUSAN
How does it look?

MIA
I think I should take up the hem a little. And I need to alter the waist.

TANNER
(walking into scene)
Morning. Hey Mia.

MIA
What do you think?

Tanner stares at Susan, awestruck. No answer needed.

SUSAN
This one is only two thousand.

This brings him back to reality.

TANNER
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS?

MIA
Plus the tweaks.
TANNER
Plus the wedding.

SUSAN
We can afford it now! I told Mia about your new job.

MIA
It’s so cool! What’s the grossest thing you’ve seen!

Tanner looks a little queasy at the mention of his job, while Susan looks at herself in the mirror.

TANNER
You don’t wanna know.

MIA
No, I do!

TANNER
-- I like talking to the victim’s families, helping them.

MIA
No, I want the gory parts. Come on!

She turns around and faces Tanner.

SUSAN
Oh! And my sister is getting out tomorrow. She will be staying with us until she finds a job. I told her you might be able to help her!

TANNER
Your sister, Jamie? She’s a criminal.

SUSAN
She’s not! It was a mistake.

TANNER
It was not. That’s why she went to jail.

SUSAN
She’s not in jail. It’s a treatment facility. And she’s an angel!
A CIRCLE OF WOMEN in prison’s clothing, cheering at what looks like -- a fight. Inside the circle: Jamie, “the angel” and NYLAH WIENER, distinctive gang badass tattoos.

Jamie punches Nylah hard. And precise. A stream of blood runs down Nylah’s nose. These girls could be UFC fighters. There is no trace of Jamie’s black eye until:

Nylah’s thrusts her fist into Jamie’s eye and throws her over a table. Jamie snatches a spoon dipped in a nasty goo and when Nylah grabs her, she nimbly spins around and puts the spoon onto Nylah’s eye.

JAMIE
I swear to God I’ll gouge your eyes out and scrape your sockets as if I were in Saigon savoring the most delicious Vietnamese pho. Ever. Not this shit.

Everyone around them nods. Yeah, that’s definitely shit.

NYLAH
You’re leaving tomorrow. You wouldn’t do it.

JAMIE
Let’s find out. Maybe you can see me naked in the showers for a few more years, you dyke!

ASHLEY, late 20s, snaps out of her dread and interrupts.

ASHLEY
But only through one eye.

Jamie and Nylah freeze and turn their heads to Ashley. Then face each other again. Nylah closes one eye... She doesn’t like the idea.

Lets Jamie go as SECURITY GUARD 1 and 2 approach.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Demone, you’re leaving tomorrow. You already missing this place?

JAMIE
Just the food. I get sick when I eat the real thing.

Security Guard 1 actually likes Jamie. She smiles.
NYLAH
We’re not forgetting, J.

Security Guard 2 takes Nylah away, where LIVY, same distinctive gang tattoos, awaits.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Can you not make trouble for one day?

Security Guard 2 walks away. Nylah, eyes on Jamie and Ashley.

NYLAH
(to Livy)
Did you contact Beatrix?

LIVY
I did. She’ll be paying J a visit as soon as she’s out. We’ll get our money back.

INT. SUSAN AND TANNER’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Money. A few twenty dollar bills, fives and singles. Next to the money, bills. Electric, rent... and Susan’s student loan for thousands of dollars.

Tanner checks the bills, shakes his head in desperation.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Ashley lies in the bottom bunk bed while Jamie checks her black eye on the mirror.

JAMIE
That bitch!

Jamie climbs up to her bed and lies down.

ASHLEY
J?

JAMIE
Yes?

ASHLEY
Did you really take their money?

OFF JAMIE, eyes open, difficult to tell if she did it, or not.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Tanner, bored to death, reads business cards from a huge jar. He’s absent from the spectacle, while Aidan drinks and enthusiastically tips another Male Stripper.

AIDAN
So you didn’t tell her?

TANNER
(keeps reading)
If she finds out I lost another job... I’m afraid that wedding dress won’t be of any use.

AIDAN
That bad, huh?

Tanner shrugs, still reading. A WAITRESS, tray full of drinks, hands Aidan his. She winks at him.

AIDAN
Get out!

WAITRESS
Fuck off, faggot!

This brings Tanner out of his “reading”, while Aidan shivers and shakes his body in disgust.

AIDAN
Vaginas creep me out. Enjoy the spectacle and stop being Rain Man, Rain Man! Even I could’ve memorized all those cards already! No, not really.

Aidan takes the business cards. Puts one in front, so he can see the info, but Tanner can only see the logos/names.

TANNER
Robert Stuart. 310 4998315.
Rstuart@blueman.com

Aidan takes another card, hiding the info from Tanner.

TANNER
Tyrell Walton. 212 456 7914.
Tyrelenterprises@tyrelenterprises.com. Probably a megalomaniac.
AIDAN
I don’t know how do you do it. If I had your memory, I’d be retired in southern Europe.

TANNER
Well, I’m not a millionaire. And the dress is two thousand dollars.

AIDAN
Two-thousand-dollars for a dress! I should be the one passing out right now.

(beat)
Man, work for the CIA, facial recognition or something!

TANNER
I told you, it doesn’t work like that. I have to read it.

AIDAN
Then go back to psychology school and get your degree!

TANNER
We can’t get another loan. I need something right now. I really need the money.

AIDAN
What about... Golf ball diver?

Tanner throws him a fuck off look.

AIDAN
Chicken sexer?

Aidan winces in disgust when he pictures it.

AIDAN
Yeah, that’s a pretty gross one.
(thinks a second)
You know how much the cleaning lady charges my mom?

TANNER
No.

AIDAN
25 an hour. 35 on the weekend.

TANNER
Whaaaaaaaaat? American dollars.
AIDAN
Correct.

TANNER
Just sweeping? Left to right and --

AIDAN
She also vacuums. But with your OCD you could be the best domestic service, ever!

TANNER
You’re not serious, right?
(Aidan’s staring at him)
You -- are.

OFF TANNER, realizing that maybe it’s actually not such a bad idea.

OUTSIDE JAMIE’S CELL – DAY
Security Guard 1 waits to escort Jamie out.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Congratulations Demone. It’s your big day. Let’s see how long can you stay out.

IN JAMIE’S CELL
Jamie stands next to Ashley’s bunk.

JAMIE
I’m not coming back.

SECURITY GUARD 1
We’ll see about that. You attract trouble.

JAMIE
It’s my sex appeal. Can’t help it.
(to Ashley)
Hey, gotta go. Give me hug!

Ashley, in her bed, is actually very upset about her friend leaving. Refuses to look at Jamie.

JAMIE
Don’t make me go there because I’ll kick your skinny ass. And I’ll hurt my foot when I hit bone.
Ashley chuckles. She jumps out of her bed and hugs Jamie.

ASHLEY
I fucking hate you.

JAMIE
It happens, trust me.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Let’s go.

Jamie pulls away from her friend and follows Security Guard 1. The doors slide close.

JAMIE
You will be fine. And I’ll visit as often as I can. I promise.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY

Jamie and Security Guard 1 pass Nylah and Livy’s cell.

NYLAH
You better watch it J. You’ve already been here. They won’t go easy on you next time.

Jamie stops and looks at her, severe.

JAMIE
You don’t fucking get it. There won’t be next time.

Security Guard 1 shakes her head. She doubts it. Pulls Jamie away and they keep walking.

INT. PRISON – STORAGE ROOM

Jamie picks up her stuff. Sneezes when Security Guard 2 approaches.

JAMIE
You seriously need to brush your clothes when you sleep with your ten dogs. Or better, just sleep with a man. Open your legs for something other than getting into those hideous pants. It feels gooooood.
SECURITY GUARD 2
I’m not discussing my sex life with you.

JAMIE
Please, don’t. I just finished dealing with a bout of insomnia.

SECURITY GUARD 1
I can’t believe you grew up without a puppy. That’s probably why you’re a psychopath.

JAMIE
You’re probably right. I know you girls are gonna miss me, but I won’t miss you. No hard feelings, okay?

Both Security Guards smile. Jamie hugs them in a casual dude way and walks off.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Jamie looks around, the sky, the vast extension of empty land in front of her, mountains, freedom.

Her sister Susan waits for her leaning on her car. They eye each other. No scenes, just a light grin. Jamie approaches and embraces her sister tightly.

INT. CAR - DAY

Susan drives on the highway. Jamie rolls down the window. Pulls out a cigarette.

SUSAN
No smoking in my car.

Jamie rolls her eyes and unwillingly puts the cigarette back.

JAMIE
You still dating the loser?

SUSAN
Have you ever met someone who hasn’t used you, dumped you for your friend, betrayed you, robbed you...

Jamie looks away. She has not.
SUSAN
Exactly my point. Tanner’s a good man. You’d be surprised. And he’s smarter than he looks.

JAMIE
Alfredo was smarter than that!

SUSAN
(laughs)
You’re a dork. Who was Alfredo?

JAMIE
I can’t believe you can’t remember poor Alfredo!

SUSAN
You had twenty goldfish, two tarantulas and one snake.

JAMIE
I always wanted a dog.
(both chuckle)
The Black Ocellaris.

SUSAN
Oh! I remember now. He was cute.
It’s great to have you back. But --

Susan slams on the brakes and stops the car in the middle of the highway. Cars honking and dodging Susan’s car.

Susan looks at Jamie, serious, making a point. It’s not the Susan we know. This one is scary. The honking won’t stop.

JAMIE
Are you out of your fucking mind?

SUSAN
For the first time in my life I’ve been out of trouble. And I intend to keep it that way, so, don’t get into any. Is that clear?

Jamie nods, scared.

SUSAN
Great!

And that’s it. Susan smiles and hits the gas again as if nothing had happened. Jamie breathes again, relieved.

JAMIE
And I’m the psychopath...
SUSAN
Plus we’re getting married in October. And I want you to be there.

JAMIE
I can’t believe...

And her line goes VO as we see:

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Tanner, scanning a graveyard of sad, dilapidated vehicles. One’s missing a wheel. Another a door. That one doesn’t even have a roof.

JAMIE (V.O.)
You’re marrying that loser!

A SALESMAN walks right next to Tanner, who is opening the door of a van. It falls off. He looks at the Salesman.

TANNER
I thought you guys were a dealership, not a scrapyard.

SALESMAN
With your budget, maybe try the Mercedes-Benz dealer on Beverly.

Tanner looks at him and ignores the joke. Keeps checking the vans.

SALESMAN
I’ve got something for you. I’ll give you a good price because you seem like a nice guy.

The Salesman ushers Tanner to our soon to be “24/7 Xpress Cleaning” van. It’s white. And rusty.

TANNER
It’s garbage. With wheels.

SALESMAN
It has a new clutch.

TANNER
That changes everything.

SALESMAN
It’ll look like new with a lick of paint.
TANNER
I wouldn’t say like new, but --
(sighs)
How much for this one?

SALESMAN
Because I like you, I could do
fifteen hundred

TANNER
Fifteen hundred for that?

SALESMAN
Plus tax.

Tanner lets out a long exhale. Not sure at all, but finally
takes a wad of money from his pocket. When the Salesman sees
the money, he adds --

SALESMAN
And registration. And the license plate.

Tanner looks at him, boiling inside. He knows he’s being
ripped off. He wants to speak up...

SALESMAN
Is there a problem?

JUMP CUT - TANNER’S MIND

Tanner’s somebody else for a moment.

TANNER
YOU THINK I’M STUPID? FUCK YOU! A THOUSAND OR NO DEAL!

REVERSE SHOT

Just where we left. The Salesman, slightly shaking his head,
looks intently at a shy Tanner, waiting for an answer.

TANNER
... No. No problem.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP ENTRANCE - LATER

The white van with the black door pulls off in a cloud of
smoke, like a squid in an ocean of asphalt. Salesman waves
his hand shaking his head, checks the money. Smiles.

SALESMAN
What an idiot.
INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM – DAY

Susan ushers Jamie to her bedroom.

SUSAN
Most of your stuff is here. (eyes Jamie)
No smoking. No hard drugs. Music off after eleven. No graffiti. I’m done bailing you out. And no sleeping with a different guy, or girl, every night.

JAMIE
What about the same one?

Susan looks at Jamie. Clearly that’s a no.

JAMIE
Geez. I don’t think I had so many rules in the joint.

INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

Jamie and Susan prepare dinner when Tanner walks in.

SUSAN
Hey. The man of the house.

TANNER
Hey. (kisses Susan)
Hi Jamie. How you been?

JAMIE
Hi yourself. Good. Thanks for asking. I couldn’t believe that this day would ever come. You finally got a job!

TANNER
(forces a smile)
Ah -- yeah. I did. I couldn’t believe this day would ever come either. You got out of jail. How was it?

Susan looks at them. Can’t believe they’ve already started.

JAMIE
It was great. You should give it a try.
Jamie bites her sandwich.

EXT. STRIP MALL - THE NEXT DAY

Jamie window-shops a few stores. Her black eye is almost gone behind the makeup and her sunglasses. She notices a sign:

INSERT - “HELP WANTED”.

Jamie pushes the door open.

INT. STORE 1

An OLD LADY reads a magazine in a rocking chair.

   JAMIE
   Hi there. I saw you were looking for help.

The Old Lady looks her up and down. Jamie is waaaaaaay too alternative for this Old Lady.

   OLD LADY
   We’re not.

   JAMIE
   But the sign says --

   OLD LADY
   It’s old. I forgot to take it off.

   JAMIE
   Seems everything here is.

Jamie stomps off.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. STORE - Jamie pushes another door.

B) OFFICE 2 - Another MAN 2 shakes his head.

C) INT. STORE - Jamie sits in a chair. INTERVIEWER 1 signals her to remove her sunglasses. She does, showing her black eye. Interviewer 1 shakes his head no.

D) SUSAN’S HOUSE - Jamie going through Susan’s clothes. She clearly doesn’t like what she sees, but finally picks something.

E) EXT. STREET - Tanner parks his “new” van.
F) INT. BATHROOM - Jamie applies more makeup to her eye. Almost fully masked.

G) INT. OFFICE - Tanner shakes hands with a CLIENT.

H) INT. BATHROOM - Client smiles and shows Tanner a flooded "Trainspotting bathroom". Tanner retches, covers his mouth.

I) EXT. VAN - Tanner opens the back door of his shitty van. His biohazard suit is there.

J) INT. BATHROOM - The Trainspotting one. Tanner, in his HAZMAT suit, unclogging the bathroom with a plunger.

K) EXT. STREET MALL - Jamie, in Susan’s formal outfit, walks into another store. On the window; a “Help Wanted” sign.

INT. WOMEN’S CLOTHING STORE - DAY - END OF MONTAGE

MR. SULLIVAN looks Jamie up and down. He weighs in, while Jamie’s mind is somewhere else, looking out the window, hopeless, clearly expecting the worst.

MR. SULLIVAN
Okay.

Jamie snaps back to reality, her expression shifts. A wide grin illuminates her beautiful face.

JAMIE
Ooookay... You mean, yes?

MR. SULLIVAN
But I don’t want any problems. All that make-up doesn’t fool me. If you bring a black eye one more day--

JAMIE
I totally understand. It was an accident.

Mr. Sullivan throws her a look: Don’t bullshit me.

JAMIE
I mean, not an accident in that way. It was a one time thing. I’m not that person anymore. I left her behind.

MR. SULLIVAN
Good to know. I think everyone deserves a second chance.
JAMIE
You won’t regret it.

MR. SULLIVAN
You start next Monday.
(signs at Jamie’s eye)
We still need a few more days for your --

Then offers his hand. Jamie hugs him. Mr. Sullivan wasn’t expecting that, but hugs her back. Lightly.

MR. SULLIVAN
You’ll have to be less... impetuous with our clientele.

JAMIE
Yes, sorry.

Suddenly self-conscious, she clears her throat and pats down her clothes. Offers her hand.

Their handshake.

INT. VAN - DAY

Three 20$ bills in Tanner’s hands.

He’s not happy at all. Hits his head against the wheel. Beeeeeep! As --

EXT. WOMEN’S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Jamie walks out, fist pump and jumping.

JAMIE
Yessss!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A block away, BEATRIX, 30, smokes a cigarette, observing Jamie. Her chopper is next to her. She has the same badass tattoos that Nylah and Livy, from the prison, had. She flicks her cigarette and steps on it.

She scrubs her boot across the asphalt, making sure the job is done. She always does.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Susan, Tanner and Jamie at the table. Jamie opens a bottle of wine.

SUSAN
What are we celebrating, that I’m leaving?

JAMIE
(grinning)
I got a job!

SUSAN
Oh my god! I can’t believe those words. I’m so proud of you!

JAMIE
Yep! The new J. is here. You’re gonna be my li’l sister now. I’ll take care of you.

Tanner feels small. Stung. A light jealousy attack.

TANNER
We. Will. Both.

SUSAN
I never thought I would hear that.

Susan raises her glass for a toast.

JAMIE
To --

SUSAN
The grown ups! Finally. Stay out of trouble while I’m away, please? It’s just five days.

The glasses clink!

EXT. WOMEN’S CLOTHING STORE – DAY

Through the glass, Jamie attends to MRS. GARRICK. She’s an attractive woman in her 40s. Just a tiny bit old fashioned.
INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE

It’s a high-end and tastefully decorated place. Mrs. Garrick spins in front of the mirror, checking her new dress. Jamie attends with, until now, unknown excellent manners.

JAMIE
I think it looks great. It fits like a glove.

MRS. GARRICK
I don’t know. I can’t think straight.

Mrs. Garrick sighs. She’s angry, and hurt. She looks straight into Jamie’s eyes.

MRS. GARRICK
I think my husband is having an affair.

JAMIE
Ouch. I’m sorry.

MRS. GARRICK
She’s his partner’s girlfriend. A young hottie.

JAMIE
Oh! That’s a ticking bomb.
(beat)
Can I ask you something?

MRS. GARRICK
Sure.

JAMIE
Is he rich?

MRS. TREMAINE
I’d say he’s wealthy, yes.

JAMIE
And -- are you in love with him? What I mean is, do you want to fight for your marriage or --
(beat)
Do you do want to crush him and take his money. And his house and his car, of course.

MRS. GARRICK
-- I have no idea. I haven’t thought about that. Why?
JAMIE
Well, men, can’t be fully trusted.
But they can be controlled. Now, if
you want to crush him, I’d wear
something like this.

Jamie walks to an outfit and shows it to her. It does show
more skin Mrs. Garrick is used to.

JAMIE
This shows a woman with self-
confidence. Now, if you’re in love,
and want him back, this could be
too much. Nobody likes easy things.
And routine could lead him to
mistake confidence for desperation.

Mrs. Garrick looks at the outfit, then at Jamie.

MRS. GARRICK
And we don’t want that, right?

JAMIE
Never. Now, for a man who doesn’t
know you, this will attract his
eye, but he still has to test the
waters. You follow me?

Jamie grabs another outfit. Mrs. Garrick listens as if she
were listening to Buddha himself.

JAMIE
Remember, short enough to let them
dream, but long enough to keep them
dreaming.

Mrs. Garrick takes the outfit and drapes it over what she’s
wearing, looking at her new self in the mirror.

MRS. GARRICK
I think I’m going with the crush
plan.

JAMIE
Excellent choice.

Mrs. Garrick’s reflection, smiling. She likes her new self.

INT. STORE 4 - LATER

Jamie puts several bags in Mrs. Garrick’s hands. More bags. A
few more. Mr. Sullivan is there now, clearly impressed.
MRS. GARRICK
Thank you so much.

JAMIE
You’re very welcome.

MR. SULLIVAN
We hope to see you soon, Mrs. Garrick.

MRS. GARRICK
I hope so too. You should’ve hired this young lady long ago.
(to Jamie)
Do you have a card?

JAMIE
Ah -- a card? No.

MR. SULLIVAN
We do.

He opens a drawer with a stack of cards. Jamie takes one, crosses the previous name and writes JAMIE on top of it.

JAMIE
There you go.
(gives card)
Have a wild night.

She looks at Mr. Sullivan and corrects herself.

JAMIE
I mean, have a wonderful evening.

MRS. GARRICK
I will. Thanks again.

As Mrs. Garrick walks out Beatrix walks in. Mr. Sullivan can already smell trouble. And the smoke of her cigarette. Jamie walks to her, as fast as she can without being too obvious.

JAMIE
Hi, good afternoon. I’m sorry, you can’t smoke in here.

Beatrix blows the smoke in Jamie’s face. Jamie’s real self surfaces, but she hides it with a wide smile.

JAMIE
(hushing)
What the fuck are you doing here?

Mr. Sullivan comes and offers an ashtray.
MR. SULLIVAN
Ma’am.

Beatrix puts her cigarette out.

BEATRIX
Where’s the doooough J?

JAMIE
(to Mr. Sullivan)
Will you excuse us?

Jamie grabs her arm and steers her out of the store.

EXT. STORE 4 – CONTINUOUS

Jamie and Beatrix walk away from Mr. Sullivan’s view.

JAMIE
The fuck you want?

BEATRIX
Fifty thousand dollars?

JAMIE
Do I look like a Silicon Valley philanthropist?

Jamie turns and walks back to the store. Beatrix grabs her by the arm, spins her around and punches Jamie in her black eye. Beatrix produces a butterfly knife.

Puts it on Jamie’s neck. The knife sticks to her neck.

BEATRIX
We want our money. Two weeks. Are we clear on that? Don’t nod please. Just say yes.

JAMIE
I don’t know --

The butterfly knife knicks the skin and a trickle of blood runs down Jamie’s neck.

BEATRIX
Yes, or no. A single syllable. You can make it J.

JAMIE
Yes.
BEATRIX
Fifteen days. I’ll give you an extra one. ‘Cause we’re pals, right?

JAMIE
Right.

Beatrix walks away and hops on her chopper as Jamie walks back to the store.

Mr. Sullivan hangs the “Help Wanted” sign, as Beatrix rides out of the frame.

OFF JAMIE, fuming --

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Checks her eye in the mirror. It’s the same spot Nylah hit, and tomorrow it will be exactly the way it was a week ago.

JAMIE
That bitch!

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tanner reads a book: Chemistry. A knock on the door. The door opens and Jamie peeks in. Just half of her face can be seen, so her black eye remains covered by the door.

JAMIE
Where’s Susan?

TANNER
Still at that criminal law seminar. She won’t be back until tomorrow.

JAMIE
Thank God.

Jamie walks in, but sneaks her head back into the hall, checking left and right, and closes the door.

TANNER (O.S.)
I’m telling you, she’s not here.

Jamie sits next to Tanner with a bag of ice on her eye.

JAMIE
You need to tell me about this job of yours.
Tanner looks at her. His eyes pop open when he understands.

TANNER
Oh, shit. You’ve lost your job.

Tanner puts the book on the table. Walks to the door that Jamie just came through. Opens it, checks left and right. Walks back. Sits next to her. A long pause.

JAMIE
You -- You’ve lost your job as well.

Now it’s Tanner the one who nods.

JAMIE
What the fuck did you do this time! Jobs are not fucking school quarters, dude! You’re not supposed to change every ten weeks.

TANNER
I have a job! Just not the one Susan thinks.

JAMIE
If she finds out we’ve lost our jobs, she’ll kill us.

(a long beat)
I never thought I’d say this --

TANNER
We’re not working together.

Jamie grabs her cell phone.

JAMIE
Susan won’t like to know that you lost another job. And it’d suck to pay for the wedding dress of a wedding that might be not happening. Right?

Tanner closes his eyes... it’s a yes.

JAMIE
Awesome! When do we start?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The remains of a long and out of control party. It is as bad as you can imagine. Probably worse.
Tanner and Jamie scrub the filth with gloves, closely observed by CLIENT 2.

CLIENT 2
A little bit here.
(points at wall)
And there, please.

Jamie stops. Looks at a part of the wall that we _never_ see.

JAMIE
Is that -- human feces?!?

Tanner stops. He looks up, closely. So does the Client 2. The three of them squinting at the wall (us).

CLIENT 2
No. Of course not.
(faces them)
Maybe?

JAMIE
How the fuck can somebody shit horizontally?
(to Tanner)
You do it!

They look around. Torn trash bags over a sticky puddle of dry alcohol. A cockroach hides inside one of them.

CLIENT 2
Maybe I can help you with that.

JAMIE
Sure. Thanks.

Jamie hands the Client 2 a few bags. He walks out.

A kiddie pool full of burned marshmallows and gummy bears. It’s a nasty mush with melted plastic blended in.

JAMIE
I’ll never eat a gummy bear again.

They start scrubbing when the OWNER walks in. His jaw drops to the ground. He goes berserk.

OWNER
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED IN HERE!

Tanner and Jamie have no idea what’s he talking about.

TANNER
We were just hired to clean up.
OWNER
To clean up what? I live in this house!

A car skids away in the distance and Jamie understands. They’ve been played out by the Client 2.

JAMIE
Motherfucker!

OWNER
Excuse me?

JAMIE
No, not you! I mean, the guy who hired us to clean just left. I assume he’s the one responsible for this misunderstanding.

OWNER
Well, I only see you two here, illegally. So I’m calling the cops for breaking and entering.

Jamie turns white when she hears “cops”.

JAMIE
No no no, no cops. We were just leaving.

OWNER
Leaving? Ha! And who is gonna pay for this mess?

The Owner takes the phone and stops. He squints at the wall, noticing...

OWNER
Is that human feces?

Jamie uses the moment to take some cleaning products, unscrews the lid, and sniffs it. Not enough. Takes a sip. Tanner sees her. He’s freaking out.

TANNER
Of course not!

Jamie gets pale, eyes swollen. The Owner spins, outraged, and sees Jamie.

OWNER
What is wrong with her now?

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

Jamie taps her watch. Her speech comes difficult, broken.

JAMIE
My medicine.

TANNER
Which medicine?

OWNER
Which medicine?

Jamie’s mouth foamy now.

TANNER
Oh, shit. Your medicine.

She throws up.

OWNER
Should I call an ambulance?

JAMIE
It’s in the car, no time.

OWNER
You’re not going anywhere!

JAMIE
You don’t want -- a dead body in your living room, right?

OWNER
A dead body? Hell NO!

JAMIE
I need Milk!

OWNER
Milk?

TANNER
Milk?

JAMIE
For the pills!

TANNER
Oh, milk of course!

Tanner runs to the fridge, opens it. Grabs the milk. He takes Jamie’s arm, wraps it over his shoulder and they leave.

The Owner looks at them sprinting out, too disconcerted to react.

A hanging ceiling lamp falls to the floor.
EXT. VAN - DAY

Jamie anxiously drinks the milk, spilling it over her mouth. Her eyes are back to normal.

TANNER
Are you out of your mind?

JAMIE
We used to do that in the can whenever we needed to stay a few days at the infirmary. It’s safe.

(pause)
How much did we get?

Tanner looks at her... A pause until she understands.

JAMIE
You didn’t take the money!?

Tanner shakes his head.

JAMIE
Oh my god. You’re useless! That’s the only important thing! Money!

Jamie clenches her fist, but closes her eyes and breathes in, trying to remember whatever she’s learned about Zen culture.

JAMIE
I promised my sister I’d stay out of trouble. So just open the van.

Tanner taps his pockets. Can’t find the keys.

JAMIE
Can you open the damn van?

TANNER
I -- I think I forgot the keys. Upstairs.

If human beings could explode with hatred, Jamie would be the 4th of July fireworks. She clenches her hand into a fist, but breathes out and keeps cool for a bit longer.

Walks to Tanner’s window.

JAMIE
I’m taking the business side.

TANNER
You’re not taking anything, you’re a psychopath!
She punches him in the nose. Ouch!

    JAMIE
    I am. And I’m taking the business side.

Tanner’s too intimidated to say anything.

Jamie looks at the ground. Nabs a rock.

That breaks the van’s window.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BUCK RILEY, late 40s. If you dressed up like a gangster for Halloween, you’d be Buck. His back leans against the door as he adjusts his tie real tight. And I mean, real tight.

A closer looks reveals that the tie is actually not Buck’s. It comes through the door’s frame.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Because it belongs to a MAN, whose face is smashed against the door as his tie strangles him. The tie disappears through the door’s frame --

BACK AT THE OTHER SIDE

As Buck continues to tighten it, while checking his watch impatiently.

    BUCK
    Where the fuck is Billy.

Muffled words come from the other side of the door.

    BUCK
    Can’t understand a word you’re saying. Just shut up!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

The Man tries to produce words. But his face is too white to have much blood left.

BACK AT BUCK

Keeps checking the watch. Finally lets the tie go.
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

The tie comes loose, so the Man gets free, falls to the ground, gasping for air. The door opens, revealing Buck.

BUCK
Must be your lucky day. My partner should’ve been here an hour ago. And I don’t like my shoes to get dirty unless it’s strictly necessary. You know what I mean?

Man shakes his head.

BUCK
I mean that since he’s not here to clean your brains when I splatter them on the wall, you get to live one more week.

MAN
THANKS!

BUCK
The money, plus ten per cent, in seven days. Six. I never miss a game. Don’t do anything stupid. Again.

The Man nods. Bucks tweaks his hair and tie and walks out.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jamie at the wheel.

JAMIE
We need business cards. It feels more personal. And something catchy for the business.

TANNER
Catchy? It’s a domestic cleaning service!

Jamie rolls her eyes. Ignores him.

JAMIE
What was special about your old job?

TANNER
We cleaned dead bodies! There’s nothing special about it!
Jamie finds a parking spot. A few blocks away from home.

JAMIE
You’re not being helpful. How’s here?

TANNER
Here’s good. Susan won’t see it.

Jamie parks the van. They exit.

EXT. VAN

When Jamie closes the door, more glass falls off the window.

TANNER
At least things can’t get worse, right?

She throws him a look... no response.

TANNER
Okay. See you later.

Tanner walks off as Jamie looks at the blank side of the van.

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie opens her closet. A spray graffiti can.

Another one.

And another one.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Jamie sprays the van wearing Tanner's NIOSH Full-Face Mask.

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE - SUSAN’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tanner walks on tiptoes trying to avoid Susan, who walks out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped on her head.

TANNER
Hey, you’re back.

SUSAN
Hey to you! Oh my God, what happened to your nose!
TANNER
You wouldn’t believe it. I was cleaning a scene with Aidan, and --
(improvises)
There was a body on the floor and a puddle of blood, and then, Aidan... he passed out and --

SUSAN
Aidan passing out? He’s a sadist. And a pervert. You’re right, I don’t believe it. I can tell when you’re lying to me, so don’t.

TANNER
(forces a smile)
I slipped with the blood and hit my nose with a table.

SUSAN
So clumsy. You’re hopeless.

They kiss.

EXT. VAN – NIGHT
Jamie removes her mask. Steps back. A wide grin on her face.

REVERSE SHOT
The 24/7 Xpress Cleaning graffiti style logo on the van.

INT. SUSAN’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Susan and Tanner chill on the couch. She watches TV, he reads a book. Jamie walks in, hoping Susan doesn’t notice her eye.

JAMIE
Hey, how was your trip?

SUSAN
Hey to you. How you been?
(sees Jamie’s eye)
Oh my god! Your eye is exactly as it was when I left! Have you seen a doctor?

Jamie’s relieved after a brief moment of panic.

JAMIE
Ah-I-did. He told me I’d be fine.
No worries.
SUSAN
You two are a mess. I can’t leave you alone. Can you believe Tanner slipped in a pool of blood and hit his nose?
(to Tanner)
You gotta be more careful honey.

JAMIE
Yes, you definitely gotta be more careful, honey.

Tanner is totally intimidated by Jamie’s threat.

SUSAN
Well, I’m going to bed. It’s been a long trip. You two spend some time together. Maybe --

They look at each other. Clearly not the most exciting way to spend the evening.

SUSAN
Precisely. Get to know each other. You may find you have something in common. But don’t plot the end of the world, okay? Have a good night.

Susan walks out. Jamie walks to the door. Her ear over the door to make sure Susan has left. She has.

Jamie sits on the couch and opens her laptop.

JAMIE
Okay, we need a plan. If we do six works a day and...

TANNER
We’ll never make enough.

JAMIE
Stop whining! You wanna sit here and do nothing?

He does nothing, but it means he wants to do something.

JAMIE
Exactly. So what was so special about your job? Anything that could be beneficial for our business.

TANNER
Not much. We clean what nobody wants to clean. Anything.
JAMIE
And besides that?

TANNER
That’s basically it. I mean, people die all the time. There’s no schedule, so you gotta be flexible. You must be available 24/7.

Jamie thinks a bit... types on her computer. Shows to Tanner.

JAMIE
What do you think?

Tanner shrugs. He clearly doesn’t like this. At all.

JAMIE
Very helpful. I like it.
(presses enter key)
Fingers crossed.

The ad on the computer screen: 24/7 Xpress Cleaning. We clean what nobody wants to clean.

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - DAY

A nightmarish noise stirs Jamie awake. It’s actually her cell’s tone: an incoming call. She looks at it.

INT. SUSAN’S BEDROOM

Susan and Tanner sleep in bed. Jamie sneaks in, approaches Tanner. Sways him back and forth, but Tanner is knocked out.

More swaying. Whispers to him, trying not to wake up Susan, but he’s a deep sleeper.

JAMIE
Dude, wake up.

SUSAN
(sleepy)
Tanner?

Jamie crouches down behind the bed until Susan is asleep again. Jamie stands up again, thinks for a beat. Tanner is knocked out until... Jamie **slaps**! Tanner, who startles awake.

TANNER
(hissing)
What is wrong with you?
SUSAN
We just got a call.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Right when we started at the teaser. The van drives past the place, but this time...

JAMIE (O.S.)
Stoooooop!

And the van screeches to a halt, tires smoking. The van backs up in a nimble maneuver and skids to a halt at the curb.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

From Tanner and Jamie’s perspective now, as Little Joe silently walks backwards eyeing the two suitcases next to the door.

TANNER
For what I know, you could be his accomplice. Or the perpetrator!

JAMIE
Are you some sort of retard?

TANNER
Excuse me, but I don’t want to be involved in a fucking murder! And last time you said you weren’t involved, you ended up in jail!

JAMIE
Of course I was involved!

TANNER
Ha! I knew it!

Jamie sneezes over the body. Her DNA all over the scene.

JAMIE
Shit! There’s a dog in here.

A POMERANIAN walks in. It yaps and steps into the blood.

Tanner looks disgusted at the dog and realizes he’s also stepped in the blood. Lifts his shoe out of it.

The alarm goes off and Little Joe sprints out with the two suitcases, gets stuck in the door. He makes it through and Jamie runs after him, but right then:
Tanner faints, hits his half-broken nose (now fully broken) against the table, and falls next to the body. Jamie stops and turns around:

JAMIE
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

She approaches Tanner, so does the Pomeranian. Blood streams from Tanner’s fully broken nose.

JAMIE
Oh, shit shit shit shit. Okay, okay, calm down. Think positive.

She does some yoga bullshit breathing, in, out, in, out, in --

JAMIE
FUUUUUUUCK!

She moves Tanner away... the dog follows every movement she makes and she sneezes again.

The dog is there, looking at her.

JAMIE
GET THE FUCK OUT! Please?

The dog sniffs Tanner and Jamie. She picks up the dog, which won’t stop yapping as she carries it, as far from her body as possible, and looking away. Jamie’s eyes getting swollen and watery.

She walks to a room with a door... with a doggie door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Little Joe’s SUV skids away. The alarm, still on --

INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE

Fades as the car drives away. Jamie walks to another door... with another doggie door.

JAMIE
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY

Finally she finds a door without a doggie door. Opens it and throws the dog inside. Closes the door. Breathes out.
INT. TOWNHOUSE - DOG ROOM

The room has another door... With a doggie door.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - CRIME SCENE

Jamie drags Tanner a few feet away and treats his nose. She spins around, puts a pair of gloves and checks the cleaning products. The image freezes:

- An arrow to an Ozone machine. Caption: Removes odors. Step 3; deodorization. A red X is manually “traced” next to it. (This is not the right product).

- An arrow to a spray bottle. Caption: Eco-friendly Enzyme solvent. 24 Oz. Step 1; cleaning. A green check mark right next to it.

- An arrow to another bottle. Caption: Adenosine triphosphate (ATP) 100 mM aqueous solution titrated to pH 7.3-7.5 with NaOH. Step 2; sanitation. A red X next to it.

- An arrow to a bottle. Caption: Azo Bacterial Wipes 70% V.V. solution of Isopropyl Alcohol B.P. Step 1; cleaning. A green check mark right next to it.

- An arrow to a bottle of bleach. Caption: One gallon of sodium Hypochlorite at 5.25%. A red X next to it.

The image unfreezes and Jamie, clueless, grabs the bleach as we hear one of those buzzer sounds when you make the wrong choice in a cheesy game show. Bzzzz! With a chorus: Oh!

She starts scrubbing. Her eyes swollen and teary from her allergy. The Pomeranian approaches behind her. Yap yap!

She turns around and winces in desperation.

JAMIE
Please, just go away.

The dogs keeps yapping and approaches the blood that hasn’t been cleaned yet. Dips its nose, all red now.

A siren approaches. She freezes... hoping it goes away, but it only gets louder. As loud as it’d be if it were in front of your house. Because it is.

The doorbell rings. The dog yaps. Doorbell again.

Jamie’s heart about to explode. Looks at Tanner, who might as well have received a punch from Mike Tyson himself. Someone slams the door. It’s loud. Urging. Jamie panics.
The dog stares at her, tongue out, happy, unaware of Jamie’s reality.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT DOOR

A COP pounds the door. Rings the doorbell again.

    COP
    Open up! Police!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER

Jamie approaches the front door.

TROUGH THE PEEPHOLE - She sees the Cop banging the doors.

Jamie gasps loudly and puts her back against the door. She checks her hand, trembling terribly. Tears streaming down her swollen eyes. She’s about to collapse.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The Cop awaits impatiently. His radio roars to life.

    RADIO (O.C.)
    Are you responding to that code 3 on 1625 Boulevard?

    COP
    (to radio)
    I’m right here!

He bangs ferociously one last time. Then, checks the number of the house: 1525.

    COP
    Oh, shit!

INT. FOYER

Jamie can’t stand the tension and crumbles. Opens the door in tears.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The Cop is leaving the house. This brings Jamie back to reality: “What the fuck have I done?” But it’s too late and the Cop spins when he hears the door opening.
He sees Jamie, her eyes drowning in tears, her black eye.

    COP  
    Ma’am, are you all right?

    JAMIE  
    -- Sure. Why are you asking?  
    (dries her tears)  
    I’m terribly allergic.

    COP  
    Did the allergy give you that black eye as well?

    JAMIE  
    Oh, no. That was...

The Cop squints, trying to see in the dark hall. Jamie notices, and turns to see:

INT. FOYER              
Tanner, with his broken nose. He’s put something on to cover his bloody T-shirt.

EXT. FRONT DOOR
Tanner approaches them, still dazed. He notices the Cop.

    TANNER  
    Oh, sh -- hi there.

The Cop looks left and right. Broken nose and black eye. Takes his hand to his gun and tries to calm Jamie down.

    COP  
    Ma’am, you just have to say it.

    TANNER  
    To say what?

Cop looks at Tanner. He can’t fucking believe this guy is playing dumb. Takes a step closer. His boot right on the frame of the door.

    JAMIE  
    Really, there’s no need.

Behind them, the Pomeranian yaps. Jamie and Tanner turn.
INT. FOYER

And get petrified when they see its nose and face coated in blood.

The Cop, behind them, can’t see the bloody dog yet.

    COP
    I’m almost there. Just one word.

They spin back and:

    JAMIE
    Warrant! You don’t have a warrant, you don’t step in here!

And slams the door in front of the Cop.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE – FRONT DOOR – CONTINUOUS

His nose almost gets the same result as Tanner’s.

    COP
    Fucking nuts!

    RADIO (O.C.)
    Where the fuck are you officer?

He bolts off to his car.

INT. FOYER

Tanner sees:

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE – The Cop driving away.

BACK TO FOYER

Tanner takes the Pomeranian and carries it away.

INT. HALLWAY – DOG ROOM

Leaves the Pomeranian in the same room Jamie left it.

INT. TOWNHOUSE – OFFICE

Jamie, scrubbing the floor with a brush. The body is still there. Tanner walks in and the doorbell rings again.
TANNER

It can’t be him. He left. What did you use to clean?

The doorbell again. Jamie is in a trance. Panic thermometer has exploded.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT DOOR

A pair of hands manipulate the lock.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE

A creak, as the front door opens in the b.g. Tanner and Jamie’s eyes go like saucers, terrified.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER

A pair of spotless men's shoes walk in. The door shuts.

IN THE OFFICE

Tanner and Jamie pull out the rug under the table and wrap the body in it.

IN THE STAIRS

The wood creaks with every step the men’s shoes climb.

IN THE OFFICE

Tanner and Jamie tremble, but manage to hide the body behind the couch and clean the blood stains on the floor when Buck walks in.

They all stare at each other, in silence for a few seconds, until:

BUCK

Who the fuck are you, and where the fuck is Billy?

Jamie and Tanner trade worried looks, then, covertly look at the body. Maybe they know where Billy is after all.

And the Pomeranian walks in... Yap yap!

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

Buck looks at them, Jamie’s eye. Tanner’s nose.

BUCK
And what the fuck happened to you?

Jamie and Tanner look at each other, then at Buck. None utters a word.

Yap, yap! Buck turns to face the Pomeranian.

BUCK
I’m not talking to you, please.

Buck notices its nose, coated in blood. Draws his gun at them. Tanner steps in front of Jamie, protecting her.

And something changes in Jamie’s eyes. She looks at Tanner and understands her sister. She is right: He’s a good man.

BUCK
What did you do-

Yap yap! Every time Bucks tries to talk he is interrupted by the dog. He speaks fast and in short sentences, trying to convey the information between yaps.

BUCK
Where’s Bi --

Yap yap.

TANNER
We didn’t --

Yap yap!

JAMIE
We have no ide --

Yap yap!

BUCK
Enough.

Yap yap! Buck turns to the Pomeranian. Tongue out, happy.

BUCK
I said ENOUGH!

Buck steps towards them and presses the barrel against Tanner’s nose. Ouch! Buck tries to speak louder.
BUCK
WHERE-IS-BILLY!

Yap yap! It’s difficult to make the words out. It’s annoying. Yap yap! Buck turns his face. The gun goes out of frame -- Zing! And silence. Jamie and Tanner are freaking out.

BUCK
I always hated that fucking dog. That dick paid five thousand dollars for it. (sighs) Anyway. Where’s --

JAMIE
He was already dead when we arrived!

Buck’s eyes go wide now. He takes Jamie’s neck and shoves her against the wall. The gun to her temple.

BUCK
What did you just say?

JAMIE
I swear he was already dead.

TANNER
(points at body) He’s right there!

Buck approaches Tanner and the Dead Body, aka Billy. Crouches down. Pulls the rug away from the face.

BUCK
That’s definitely Billy. Mr. Waldgrave won’t like this. Where’s the smack?

JAMIE
Probably the guy who called us took it. He ran away with two suitcases. We just came to clean and... we found your friend. Dead.

BUCK
He wasn’t my friend, he was my partner. And where the fuck is that guy who supposedly called you?

JAMIE
He ran away and drove off in that car with that obnoxious alarm. I swear that’s all I know.
BUCK
Not enough. Sorry.

He pulls the hammer and puts the gun to her head as Tanner recalls in a:

FLASHBACK - DRIVEWAY

The alarm goes off and Tanner reads the license plates.
The last one is Li’l Joe: 34G FL8.
Then the Li’l Joe plaque hanging from the rearview mirror.

AT BILLY’S OFFICE

Tanner and Little Joe shake hands.

LITTLE JOE

Joe.

BACK TO SCENE

TANNER

HIS LICENSE PLATE! I got his plate.

Jamie and Buck forget about themselves and look at him: How the fuck do you know it?

TANNER

I remember things.

Buck lowers his gun again. His mood is fabulous now.

BUCK

Excellent! Little man’s a genius.

JAMIE

No, he’s not. Trust me.

BUCK

(gun to her head again)

Eh eh eh eh! Easy on him.

(to Tanner)
You’re coming with me.

TANNER

I’m not leaving her.

BUCK

It wasn’t a question. Let’s go.

JAMIE

Are you gonna kill that guy?
BUCK
I don’t know. Probably.

JAMIE
You can’t.

BUCK
Excuse me?
    (gun up again)
You telling me what I can and I cannot do?

JAMIE
No, I mean he didn’t pay for the service.

BUCK
He didn’t pay for the cleaning?
That motherfucker deserves to die.

JAMIE
But after he pays?

BUCK
Ha! I think I actually like this girl.

Buck looks at Billy. At them... Thinks for a beat, weighing the pros and cons. Maybe things are not that bad after all.

BUCK
How much did you say you charge for a cleaning job?

TANNER
We don’t do this sort of...

Bucks looks into Tanner’s eyes, tapping his gun.

TANNER
Two th --

JAMIE
FIVE! Five thousand.

BUCK
Five? You can take the dog.
    (chuckles at his own joke)
Okay. But I’m security. I’m keeping fifty per cent.

JAMIE
Ten.
Lowers his gun again. Smiles at her.

BUCK
Forty.

JAMIE
Twenty.

BUCK
I like you, but don’t push it.
Thirty.

TANNER
DEAL!

Buck laughs. It’s a deal. He dials and talks into his phone

BUCK
Hey, I need you to run me a plate.
I need the address.

EXT. LITTLE JOE’S HOUSE – DAY

Little Joe’s black SUV parked on the street. The plaque hanging from the rearview mirror.

The license plate: 34G FL8.

INT. LITTLE JOE’S OFFICE – DAY

Little Joe stands staring at the two briefcases on a table. Also his gun is next to them. Right behind him, a couch.

Little Joe opens one of the suitcases, whose content we can’t see. His eyes pop open with a smile.

INT. CAR

Buck drives by Little Joe’s SUV. Checks the rearview mirror. Jamie and Tanner drive their van.

Buck parks his black sedan next to it and the alarm goes off.

INT. LITTLE JOE’S OFFICE

Little Joe curses in Gheg. (Spoken by Albanians).

LITTLE JOE
(English sub)
 Fucking alarm.
He opens the other briefcase. His eyes go anime wide.

The briefcases covers his face, but we see him when he goes from one to the other. Again. And again.

LITTLE JOE
(English sub)
Ha! I’m rich!

BUCK (O.S.)
(walking in)
The fuck did you say?

Buck’s gun pointing at Little Joe, who eyes his gun.

BUCK
I wouldn’t do that.
(to Tanner and Jamie)
Is this stuffed croissant the one?

Tanner and Jamie nod, mute.

BUCK
Where’s the dough? Slowly.

Little Joe spins one of the briefcases. It’s full of cash. With the gun, Buck motions at the other briefcase.

BUCK
Is that the smack?
(off Joe: nods)
Lemme see it.

Little Joe spins the briefcase. The heroin is there.

BUCK
Good. Now sit your ass.

EXT. LITTLE JOE’S HOUSE

TWO KIDS walk by Little Joe’s SUV. The alarm goes off.

INT. LITTLE JOE’S HOUSE

Distracting Buck for a second. Little Joe steps back, taking his gun as he plunges into the couch with a bang! He shoots at Buck through one of the open briefcases, piercing its cover.

The bullet skims Buck, who shoots at Little Joe through the other open suitcase, piercing it before the bullet finally impacts Little Joe’s forehead.
THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE SUITCASE

A perfect hole in Little Joe’s head. His brains on the wall.

EXT. LITTLE JOE’S HOUSE

The kids look at the car, confused.

KID

That’s a fucking loud ass alarm.

They laugh and walk away.

INT. LITTLE JOE’S HOUSE

Tanner spins to avoid looking at the blood.

BUCK

Don’t look at me like that! He shot first.

Buck weighs the situation for a bit. Then speaks to Jamie.

BUCK

Take another five grand and clean that mess.

TANNER

We don’t clean bodies for the mob!

BUCK

Of course you do. Or do you want to be accomplices in a murder?

Buck’s phone rings. Jamie’s brain switching gears now.

BUCK

Excuse me.

He walks away for privacy. Jamie and Tanner whisper.

JAMIE

It can actually be an opportunity.

TANNER

An opportunity? He’s a criminal. A fucking hitman!

JAMIE

Exactly. We better do what he says.
TANNER
No fucking way!

JAMIE
You could pay Susan’s loan.

This hits Tanner, who thinks about it. Maybe there’s a way after all...

TANNER
Fuck! But just this one.

JAMIE
Sure, just this one. What’s next? What do I do?

TANNER
You mean you don’t know? How did you clean the other scene?

JAMIE
Bleach? I think.

TANNER
Bleach? Which one? Please, tell me you used the big plain bottle. (off Jamie shaking no) Oh my god, we’re so fucked! We’re so FUCKED!

JAMIE
Maybe if you hadn’t taken a nap!

BUCK
SHUT UP! Is it always like that with you two? (into phone) Yes, sir. Right away.

They look at each other. It’s kind of a yes. Buck hangs up and checks Little Joe’s wallet.

BUCK
Fuck. This guy’s Albanian. We better get rid of the body.

JAMIE
Then we need another five.

BUCK
I think I’m falling in love with this girl.

Buck walks to the suitcase, takes the money, counts it.
TANNER
Have you lost your mind?

JAMIE
I’m not going back to prison!

TANNER
This is clearly the best way to avoid that!

Buck leaves a wad on the table with a thud. They go instantly mute, staring at the money.

BUCK
Your cut. I need to leave. I’m sorry I can’t help you, Billy was the janitor. I’m just the messenger. But you guys will be fine. Right?

Moves away his jacket, so his gun can be seen. A reminder.

TANNER
Sure.
(to Jamie)
Do you want to dissolve him or -- to dismember him?

Jamie’s face suggests that she just realized what she got into. No money can be worthy this.

JAMIE
Dissolve him? Is this fucking Breaking Bad?!

TANNER
Breaking Bad? Are you kidding me? Hydrofluoric acid can’t dissolve anything. It could soften up the tissue, but if we really want to dissolve him we need an Enzyme solvent in a sodium hydroxide solution at 50%. And a 55-gallon--

JAMIE
How the fuck do you know that?

TANNER
I told you. I remember things.

BUCK
Didn't I tell you little man was a genius?
JAMIE
Okay, we’re not fucking dissolving anyone. What about dismembering him?

TANNER
We’d need a hatchet with a three inch blade and we’d have to be good at hitting the joints with a force of 125 pounds, at least. And we most likely aren’t precise. So it’s better to saw off the limbs.

Jamie is now the one about to pass out.

BUCK
I really need to get going. By the way, do you have a card?

TANNER
No, we don’t, because as I told you, we don’t --

JAMIE
I do actually.

Tanner throws her a dagger look. Jamie hands Buck the card.

BUCK
Great. We’ll be in touch.
(looks at Little Joe)
Damn, that guy is huge. I should’ve paid you double.

He laughs at his joke again and walks out. Jamie faces the body. Tanner stares at her, avoiding looking at the blood.

JAMIE
At least things can’t get worse, right? Let’s do this.

EXT. STREET
Buck gets to his car. Opens the door and looks at the horizon. Thinks for a beat, then reads the card.

INSERT - CARD
24/7 Xpress Cleaning. Jamie Demone and Tanner Driftwood.
Jamie’s bloody thumbprint covers the 24/7.

FADE TO BLACK.