



FRESH BLOOD SELECT

24/7 XPRESS CLEANING

by

Raul G. de Miguel

raul.de.miguel@gmail.com
310 499 8314

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TEASER

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 pleeeeeease
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.

A DEAD BODY. Surrounded by a pool of blood. Jamie looks at the body, at Little Joe. Body, Little Joe. Little Joe, body.

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.**

Arrow to *Full-Face Respirator*. Super: **MODEL NO. H-3396.**

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!

INT. JAIL - DINING AREA - DAY

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.
Tyrejenterprises@tyrejenterprises.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

Whaaaaaaaat? 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 goooooood.

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 waaaaaay 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

Oookay... 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
Yesssss!

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 --
(long 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.

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

Mr. Sullivan hangs the "Help Wanted" sign, as Beatrice 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, 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

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.