

The Cleaners

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INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

A man, DELANEY, sits tied in a chair with a bloodied face, he has been beaten up.

Another man, HENCHMAN, stands before Delaney casually wiping blood from his rings with a rag.

His two STOOGES hover around him menacingly.

HENCHMAN
I'm not going to ask you again,
Delaney.

Delaney squirms in his seat.

DELANEY
I swear on my mother's grave, I
don't know nothing.

Henchman shakes his head.

HENCHMAN
Wrong answer.

Henchman points a pistol at Delaney's head.

DELANEY
No, please! I'll do anything--

Henchman pulls the trigger and shoots Delaney in the head. All the mafiosos grin malevolently.

HENCHMAN
Let's get out of here, boys.

The stooges snicker as they collect their things and walk out. Henchman makes a call on a cellphone.

HENCHMAN (cont'd)
(on phone)
Hey, it's me.
(beat)
Yeah, it's done. Send them in.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A car door opens and a mysterious man, THE CLEANER, steps out smoking a cigarette.

He throws the butt on the ground as he gets out of the car and crushes it underfoot.

He saunters to the back of the car and opens the trunk where he pulls out a large leather bag.

He strides confidently towards a house, he glances around him to see if the coast is clear.

He wears a smile like he knows something that they don't.

He opens the front door and walks into...

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Delaney still sits in the chair, he is dead.

The Cleaner walks into the house and puts down his bag. He stares at Delaney with a wry smile.

He opens the bag and puts on a pair of rubber gloves.

KEN (O.S.)

Okay, Bob. Let's get started.

Hearing a voice, The Cleaner's face contorts in surprise, just as a man, KEN, walks in from another room.

Ken and his assistant, BOB, are suited and booted in cleaning gear. They all jump back in surprise.

THE CLEANER

Who the hell are you?!

Ken reacts like he is offended, Bob looks bemused.

KEN

I'm Ken, this is my assistant, Bob.
Who are you?

The Cleaner rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

THE CLEANER

I'm The Cleaner. Murphy sent me to deal with this.

Ken shakes his head and wags his finger.

KEN

Uh uh, this is a union contract.
This is our turf.

The Cleaner laughs and shakes his head.

THE CLEANER

You've got to be kidding me. This is a murder clean up.

KEN

Hey, man. Union rules is union rules. Why do you deserve it more than us?

THE CLEANER
I'm literally The Cleaner.

Ken laughs.

KEN
That sounds like a you problem.

The Cleaner narrows his eyes, it's a Mexican stand-off.

THE CLEANER
You're right we do have a problem.

Ken narrows his eyes.

KEN
Fantastic, Bob and I was just saying
we haven't had breakfast yet.

The Cleaner narrows his eyes even more.

THE CLEANER
It's having had, Ken. Having had.

KEN
Who's got the time this early in the
morning?

THE CLEANER
Never heard of a McMuffin, Ken?

KEN
Bob here's a vegan.

Bob pokes his head out from behind Ken and waves.

BOB
Hey.

THE CLEANER
That's mighty admirable, Bob.

Ken throws his hands up.

KEN
Enough talking, how are we going to
solve this?

The Cleaner narrows his eyes, he has a rag in his hands
which he rings menacingly.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD HOUSE - LATER

The Cleaner runs a mop over the floor, Delaney is gone and
so are Ken and Bob.

The Cleaner puts down his mop and puts his hands on his hips, admiring his work.

THE CLEANER

That's what I call a good job.

Ken and Bob suddenly appear from another room, they look impressed by The Cleaner's work as well.

KEN

That's a fine job you did there,
even if I do say so myself.

Ken and The Cleaner give each other an acknowledging head bob. Ken's phone rings.

KEN (cont'd)

(on the phone)

Hello, this is Ken and Bob Clean
Stuff, how can I help?

(beat)

Another job you say?

Ken and The Cleaner turn to look at one another dramatically. They narrow their eyes menacingly.

THE END