

CLEANING UP

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INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

LILITH sits with her feet up on the couch, checking and cleaning her fingernails. JOHNATHAN frantically paces around picking up pieces of bone and flesh.

JOHNATHAN

You could be helping you know?

LILITH

(Sarcastically)

That's right. I could.

JOHNATHAN

Well?

LILITH

Well what?

JOHNATHAN gestures his head towards the bag. LILITH looks up at him.

JOHNATHAN

Fine.

He continues to place more pieces inside the bag. Picking up one piece at a time with the tips of his fingers.

LILITH

You have no idea what you're doing do you?

JOHNATHAN

Yeah, and I think I know how to clean up a dead body. Thank you.

LILITH

Alright, alright. Just saying.

JOHNATHAN

Yeah well, don't.

The two continue in silence. LILITH reaches over and picks up a Thai takeout menu from the coffee table. She wipes off a layer of blood from it and opens it.

LILITH

You ever had Tom Yum?

She opens the menu further as a splat of blood shoot out, hitting JOHNATHAN in the cheek.

JOHNATHAN

Hey, wha-?

He reaches his hand to his cheek. Looking at the droplet.

JOHNATHAN

Could you please try to be more careful.

LILITH

(Distracted)

Huh? Oh sorry. Do you think they eat dogs at this place?

JOHNATHAN

Is this really the time?

LILITH

No seriously. I reckon they might do. I've seen this article online about how most take outs in Chinatown take dogs and cats of the street and jus-

JOHNATHAN

Please! Don't. Don't finish that
Sentence.

LILITH

Why?

JOHNATHAN

Because. It's a fucking disgusting
Thought.

LILITH lies back on the sofa, holding the menu above her head. She puts her feet up on the arm. JOHNATHAN puts down the bin bag and wipes his brow. He walks to the kitchen area of the small apartment, slowly takes off his gloves and places them on the counter. He opens the fridge.

JOHNATHAN

Man, this guy really didn't get his
five a day.

He reaches inside the fridge and pulls out a carton of orange juice.

LILITH

Yeah well, not exactly the highest
class of people we deal with now eh.
Any beer?

JOHNATHAN

We are on a job.

LILITH

And?

JOHNATHAN turns, and rummages around in the fridge. He turns and throws the bottle towards LILITH.

LILITH

Cheers.

LILITH opens the bottle and takes a swig.

JOHNATHAN

Yeah well, I didn't exactly know how glamorous this job would be when I signed up.

LILITH

Can't believe you got the luxury of signing up.

JOHNATHAN

How do you mean?

LILITH

Hmm.

LILITH gets up to her feet and stretches.

LILITH

Jesus, this place is a mess. You've got your work cut out for you here.

JOHNATHAN

Apparently so, especially with present company.

LILITH

What was that?

JOHNATHAN

Nothing.

LILITH walks over to the wall on the back of the apartment, stepping over the body.

LILITH

Who actually buys this shit?
Like seriously, would you have
this on your wall?

JOHNATHAN

(On his knees cleaning)
I don't know, art is subjective.
Whatever it meant to him was
Obviously important.

LILITH

Well that's a bullshit answer.
Art is supposed to be good. That's
why people spend good money on it.

JOHNATHAN

Maybe he did spend good money on it?

LILITH

Look around mate, really think this
guy had good money to spend?

JOHNATHAN

Fair enough.

LILITH

Nah. This guy probably deserved what
he got. Having this bad of an eye. I
think he probably got in deep with
some underground art dealers. And
they probably had him killed for
giving them a shit deal or something.
Or maybe he was supposed to deliver
it somewhere and kept it for himself.
Or maybe-

JOHNATHAN

Do you often do this?

LILITH

Do what?

LILITH turns quickly to face JOHNATHAN.

JOHNATHAN

Talk.

LILITH

Hmm. Yeah most of the time.
Doesn't everybody?

JOHNATHAN

(Under his breath)

God I hope not.

JOHNATHAN (CONT'D)

Not like you.

LILITH

Thanks, I'll take that as a
Compliment.

A noise from the back window causes the two to suddenly turn, staring at the door to the rear of the apartment. RUFUS enters, carrying another body with a bullet wound in the left temple.

RUFUS

Bloody hell this one wouldn't shut
up. Kept crying too.

RUFUS looks around and the scene in the apartment.

RUFUS

I see you two haven't made any
progress then?

JOHNATHAN

Well we could have been, if someone
wasn't dicking around.

RUFUS

Lilith. Is this true? I have never heard such slander.

LILITH puts up her middle finger to RUFUS and smiles widely.

RUFUS

Very polite isn't she? Get a move on you two. This one needs cleaning as well.

JOHNATHAN

Careful, careful.

JOHNATHAN rushes over to RUFUS, and grabs the body he was carrying with one hand, blood dripping onto the beige carpet.

RUFUS

Oh, sorry Johnny.

JOHNATHAN

Just. Let me work please, this takes a certain craft.

LILITH

Craft? Who do you think you are? Michaelangelo?

RUFUS

Leave the guy alone Lil. He came highly recommended.

LILITH

By Who?

RUFUS

The boss, that's who. Now shut your Trap.

LILITH

That guy thinks he can walk all over us, sticking us here with this pompous Ass.

JOHNATHAN

I am not deaf you know.

LILITH

Yeah thanks Leonardo.

JOHNATHAN

I do hope that you are referring to Da Vinci, if you even know who that is?

RUFUS

Hey! Both of you! Shut up and get on with the job, sooner we are out of here, sooner we can get lunch. I'm thinking Italian?

LILITH

Maybe Thai-

JOHNATHAN

Absolutely not! Now let's get this Sorted.

The trio load up the remaining pieces from the chopped up carcass into the bag, as RUFUS takes the bag and walks to the back door.

RUFUS

Now get that last one sorted so we can get out of here.

He turns and walks out. LILITH grabs the remaining body and slams it down onto the kitchen counter.

LILITH

After you killer.

JOHNATHAN

Thank you.

JOHNATHAN walks back into the living room and grabs the large doctors bag. He takes out a large saw and begins working.

JOHNATHAN

Could you make yourself useful and clean up in there whilst I finish up?

LILITH

Alright Raphael.

JOHNATHAN

Are you just naming ninja turtles now?

LILITH

Ahh, so you're not completely devoid of culture.

JOHNATHAN

Hmm.

He turns and continues his work. LILITH moves next to him awkwardly as she opens the cabinets next to his knees.

JOHNATHAN

What are you doing now?

LILITH

I need to find cleaning products. Gotta be here somewhere.

JOHNATHAN

Try that one over there.

JOHNATHAN gestures with his elbow, his hands bloody from the body.

LILITH

Ahh, here we go, perfect.

LILITH takes a handful of cleaning products into the living room and begins cleaning the partially dried blood from the carpet.

LILITH

This carpet cleaner is shit, doubt
it'll do anything to this to be honest.

JOHNATHAN

Mix it with bleach. Should do the trick.

LILITH takes the bleach from the pile and pours it into the carpet cleaner. She begins to clean the rest of the blood on the carpet. RUFUS returns through the back door.

RUFUS

Bloody hell. Do my eyes deceive me
or is Lil actually cleaning up? What
have you done to her Johnny?

LILITH reaches her foot out and kicks RUFUS in the shin.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Fuck sake! Good one.

RUFUS walks around LILITH and takes a seat on the sofa, he turns on the TV. JOHNATHAN walks from the kitchen with the cut up pieces of the final body.

JOHNATHAN

Last ones now. Grab that bag Rufus.

RUFUS reaches over the table, keeping sat down and throws the plastic bag towards JOHNATHAN, it sheepishly falls down below the table nowhere near him.

JOHNATHAN

(Defeated)

Please, just..

RUFUS

Sorry.

RUFUS stands up and opens the bag, JOHNATHAN dumps the remains into the bag, the left forearm of the victim hits the side of the bag and flops onto the carpet. Hitting LILITH on the shoulder.

LILITH

Fuck!

JOHNATHAN

Shit.

JOHNATHAN reaches down and grabs the arm. As he picks it up three large bangs come from the front door directly in front of them. They all turn to each other as their eyes widen. LILITH nods at RUFUS and gestures towards the door. He looks back and shakes his head. She gestures again violently. RUFUS slowly walks to the door as the other two stand up slowly. Just before opening the door JOHNATHAN holds the limp wrist behind his back.

RUFUS

Hello.

OFFICER

Hello sir, could you open up please?

RUFUS

One moment officer.

RUFUS slowly unlatches the lock on the door and opens it. Turning round to the others as he does.

OFFICER

Howdy folks, just had a call about a domestic disturbance around here, so we're doing some checks around the neighbourhood. Everything..

The OFFICER leans over to the side to inspect further into the apartment. RUFUS leans slowly to follow him, subtly blocking his view.

OFFICER

...Alright here?

RUFUS

Thank you for the concern officer, we are all fine out here, just doing some clean up here.

OFFICER

Clean up? Something happened?

RUFUS

Oh. No not at all, we've been hired.

OFFICER

Oh I see. Cleaning company eh?

RUFUS

Exactly. Start up. I've had a passion for cleaning all my life. This is Johnny and Lilith. My er, business Partners.

RUFUS turns and gestures to the others. They both sheepishly wave to the OFFICER, JOHNATHAN still with his cleaning gloves on.

OFFICER

Hey folks, well mind if I take a quick look around inside anyway? Need to sign off this one from our list. You know how it is. Is the owner of this apartment here?

RUFUS

Err not at the moment he stepped out and left us to it. Not sure when he will be back.

OFFICER

Well, this shouldn't take too long Anyway.

The OFFICER pushes past RUFUS and enters the apartment. JOHNATHAN clings onto the hand still behind his back as LILITH pushes the full bag under the coffee table with her foot.

OFFICER

Oh, before I forget, you guys got some I.D. on you?

The group all quickly look at each other.

RUFUS

Of course, here you go.

RUFUS reaches into his pocket and hands the OFFICER his ID, dropping it purposely before handing it over.

RUFUS

Damn, butter fingers.

OFFICER

No problem.

The OFFICER bends down to get the I.D. as RUFUS shoots a look to LILITH. She reaches into JOHNATHANS pocket and grabs his wallet, quickly removing the card from it. The OFFICER gets up and turns to them.

LILITH

And here's ours.

OFFICER

Thank you very much Ma'am.

LILITH cringes, the OFFICER looks at all 3 I.D.'s.

OFFICER

Brilliant. All seems to be in order here. Just need to take a quick look around the place and I'll be on my way.

As the OFFICER finishes his sentence JOHNATHAN looks to the kitchen, his bloodied knives and tools strewn across the counter. He nudges LILITH, who looks herself and jumps across to block the doorway to the kitchen.

LILITH

Of course sir. The bedrooms are down the corridor there?

OFFICER

Ok then. Thank you.

The OFFICER looks slightly confused at her behaviour, but continues down the corridor. RUFUS follows and points to the kitchen. LILITH rushes in. She frantically gets the knives and saws together in a pile and wraps them up in the bag JOHNATHAN had brought.

As she continues to look for a place to put them JOHNATHAN coughs loudly, alerting her. She turns and slams the bag into the cupboard under the sink.

OFFICER

Well all looks good in there.

The OFFICER and RUFUS turn the corner as LILITH turns and quickly leans on the counter, trying to look relaxed. JOHNATHAN continues to keep his back hidden from the OFFICER as blood slowly drips down his hand.

RUFUS

See, not much to worry about in here.

OFFICER

(Covering his nose)

Oh, wow. You can really smell those cleaning products. What do you guys Use?

RUFUS

Clearly chemicals that need..
Revising.

RUFUS shoots JOHNATHAN a look. The OFFICER walks past JOHNATHAN and towards the door. The blood from the severed hand starts to run down and drop onto the carpet below. JOHNATHAN shifts his weight to hide the spots.

LILITH notices a smear of blood on the door handle where RUFUS let the OFFICER in. She rushes in front.

LILITH

Here. Let me get that for you.

OFFICER

Well, thank you Ma'am.

LILITH cringes again at the sentence.

LILITH

No problem.

OFFICER

Well, all looks good to me here.
You folks be careful now. No doubt
there are some questionable people
around this neighbourhood. And good
luck with your cleaning business!

The OFFICER places his hat on and walks away from the door.
RUFUS slowly closes it behind him. The moment the door closes
JOHNATHAN lets go and drops his cramping hand. The severed hand
falls onto the coffee table with a splatter.

RUFUS

Shit! That was way too close. We
need to move.

RUFUS walks and grabs the bag, he snatches the hand from the
table and waves it at JOHNATHAN.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Next time. Try to bag up the body
before the cops come knocking on the
Door-

Just before he finishes his sentence the door swings open.

OFFICER

Oh, I almost forgot to give you back
Your-

The OFFICER stops in stunned silence, staring at the sight of
RUFUS with the body bag in one hand and a severed arm in the
other. JOHNATHAN with his hands bloodied, and LILITH cleaning
the rest of the splatter from the carpet.

JOHNATHAN

Ah, fuck.

CUT TO BLACK

