

THE CLEAN UP CREW
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL. ROOM 445 - NIGHT

The door opens; light from the hallway pours in. Wearing painter's overalls, GUS (30's) and RICK (early 20's) look inside.

Gus pushes a mop and bucket with him, Rick with a crossword puzzles magazine stuffed in his pants pocket.

They are joined by CASSIE, (mid 20s). Dressed like her male counterparts, she's the only one of the three wearing a painter's hat and safety goggles. She doesn't carry anything but a clipboard and ball point pen.

CASSIE

God said, let there be light.

With the flick of a switch, the light reveals nothing out place.

RICK

One of these days, we should see what room four-four-four and four-four-six look like.

GUS

No one's died in either one of them.

RICK

Not yet.

Gus and Rick stop at the closed bathroom door..

GUS

(takes out a quarter)
Flip you for it.

RICK

Heads.

Gus flips the coin. Before it lands on his wrist and he can uncover the result, Cassie opens the door to the bathroom, goes inside.

INT. BATHROOM.

The light turns on by itself.

The entire room is a four color scheme: pale white, chalk white, light grey and deep black.

His back to Cassie, SAM (late 30's) is dressed like a cheap private eye from the 1940's.

He stands in a stream of dark crimson, in front of the blood filled tub. He hears Cassie enter, but doesn't turn around to look her in the face.

SAM

News travels fast.

CASSIE

We got here as soon as we could.

SAM

Hotel's policies, I swear to God. Someone stubs a toe, you give them free breakfast.

Sam lights a cigarette. Wiggles out his match. Cassie catches a brief glimpse of a scar on his wrist.

SAM

Fella loses a toe, you make sure there's no blood on the carpet before the heat shows up with the papers.

Sam takes a long drag off the cigarette.

SAM

This one lost his head.

(pause)

What are you doing in here anyway?

CASSIE

Just doing my job.

SAM

They don't pay you enough. Rick and Gus, I expected one of them. Not a woman.

CASSIE

(light sass)

Sorry to disappoint. There's no smoking -

SAM

Things will kill you. Yeah, yeah. Heard it before. Put your best foot forward please.

She shrugs, comes closer. She gets a better look at the dead body in the tub. She discovers Sam was right about the corpse. She puts her hand over her mouth.

SAM

Rick and Gus should have filled you in on a few things. Like when they told you about me. But you're better than them right? Got something to prove, and even though they respect you, you treat them like a pair of fools.

Cassie casually lifts up the toilet seat with her spare hand, catches her breath.

SAM

Flush when you're done.

CASSIE

(nervous)

I'm alright.

She isn't. Her knees buckle on the turn to the right, her dinner drops down into the stool.

SAM

Stinks worse than the stiff. I'd like to tell you now that there's good news and there's bad news, but sadly, it's all bad.

She looks up to him. Standing over her is a half decomposed zombie-ish like man, and he's dressed like Sam. He is.

INT. HOTEL. ROOM 445 - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie screams, rushes out of the bathroom and rams right into Gus, who catches her.

CASSIE

Oh my God!

From the main room, Sam looks like a normal looking man in his late 30's. Sam watches the trio as he stays in the bathroom. He never leaves the confines of that space.

SAM

Hey, she going to be okay?

RICK

We told her the room was haunted, but she's our new supervisor, transferred from the day shift.

SAM

New supervisor? She's in charge over you guys?

RICK

Yeah. We told her, a two man job is fine, she wouldn't listen.

SAM

Well, it don't shock me in the least. You and Gus have your moments, but it's obvious you guys ain't doing something right.

RICK

Hey...

SAM

You two have been in this room more than the stiffs. You and Gus should have told her about me.

GUS

We did.

SAM

Well she sure as hell wasn't asking for my autograph. What's her name?

RICK

Cassandra. Everyone calls her Cassie.

SAM

Cassie.

(pause)

Listen, Cassie. I...dammit, Gus. Turn her around.

CASSIE

I'm not looking at him!

GUS

As long as we are out here, from in there, he looks like anyone else.

RICK

He's not going to hurt you.

CASSIE

There's a dead body in there!

SAM

And he ain't gonna hurt you either.

GUS

You'll have to give us a minute.

SAM

She can't leave.

GUS

I know.

CASSIE

What's that supposed to mean?

RICK

Means what it means. It's part of the rules.

CASSIE

A dead body without a head is
in the bathtub! And a ghoulish
zombie standing in the same
room!

SAM

Zombie? Ghoul? Listen, you dumb
broad, I'm a phantom, dead for
half a century or so, but I
don't eat human flesh and I
sure as hell don't rip people's
heads off.

(to Rick)

This ain't gonna take all
night, is it?

Sam walks up to the bathroom door, slowly closes it.

SAM

(from behind the door)

Better hurry. Remember the last
time the clock ran out.

MINUTES LATER

A tearful eyed Cassie seated on the bed. Gus next to
her.

A pencil rested behind his right ear, Rick relaxes in a
nearby recliner, with a magazine dedicated to crossword
puzzles in his hands.

CASSIE

So let me get this right. The
rules. First person in the
bathroom and talks to Sam has
to be the one to clean up the
blood on the floor and drain
the blood in the tub without
assistance.

GUS

Yes. In the bathroom, Sam looks
like something out of Dawn Of
The Dead, but from out here, he
looks normal.

CASSIE
He mentioned a time limit?

RICK
Yes. We just missed it once.
Once was enough.

CASSIE
So what happened?

Rick is about to answer the question. He changes his mind, and goes back to the crossword puzzles.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Cassie's hands squeeze out the mop, blood and soapy water drain in the bucket.

Seated on the toilet, Sam, posed like The Thinker only with a lit cigarette in his hand, observes.

SAM
It's not the kind of thing you talk about.

CASSIE
Did it really happen?

SAM
Time is of the essence. You have less than two minutes.

CASSIE
I'm sorry. I looked at the books, I thought Gus and Rick were screwing around on the job. Who would make up a story like that?

SAM
You're doing good. Now to pop your cherry.

CASSIE
What did you just say?

Sam laughs. She can't stand to glance back to him.

CASSIE

Least you can do is put a towel
over your face or something.

She goes to the tub, kneels down. Turns away her head as
her elbows go into the tub of thick blood and beside one
headless corpse.

SAM

If it makes you feel better, I
think they were screwing
around. I give out the do's and
the don't's. Gus gets a little
nausea, his world gets turned
upside down for a few hours. He
got lucky, caught a break. He's
an alright guy, don't get me
wrong, but I'm just saying, you
know, I can't have crazy
mistakes like that. It's a huge
pain. You know?

CASSIE

Bet they didn't have to drain
the tub.

SAM

Yes they both had their turn.
Even cross word puzzle man
Rick. You know he actually
asked me what's a eight letter
word for reflecting light that
starts with an 'r'? In the
middle of cleaning up this
mess. The nerve.

CASSIE

Well, it's going down. I
don't...think I should have
done this. The police...

SAM

What part of this don't you
understand? Even if Gus and
Rick took turns cleaning the
mess, what do they do with the
dead bodies?

CASSIE

I'm not going to have to...

SAM

Hell, no! Sweet mother of mercy! I'm not a sadist, woman! "Drag the body out". Did I say anything about taking the body out of the tub?

CASSIE

No.

SAM

Do you want to?

CASSIE

No. Not really.

SAM

Glad to hear it. Now, you're doing good. Now, when that tub is completely drained, take the mop and bucket out. Not one drop of blood should remain in the room.

CASSIE

Who is he?

SAM

Who do you think he is?

Now she looks back to him.

CASSIE

Can I go now?

SAM

I'm sure it's okay.

Cassie pushes the mop and bucket out of the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL. ROOM 445 - CONTINUOUS

....and she hands them over to Gus.

CASSIE

Wipe that smirk off your face.

GUS

I'm not smiling.

CASSIE

Deep down inside you are.

Rick rolls up his unfinished crossword puzzle magazine, stuffs it in his back pocket.

RICK

You get it all?

CASSIE

Yes. I got it all.

(looks down at bucket)

Wait. If he's a ghost and the guy without the head is a ghost, then this blood should disappear by the time we leave the room if not shortly after, right?

RICK

Uh, no. The blood kind of seeps through a time line or other dimension or something like...

CASSIE

Speak English.

GUS

Think of it like red ectoplasm.

RICK

Red goo.

CASSIE

So it comes out of the clothes, shoes?

From inside the bathroom: an otherwise silent Sam checks his shoes.

GUS

Of course. Now are you absolutely sure you got it all?

CASSIE

Yes. I just said I did.

GUS

Even I missed a drop or two.

From inside the bathroom: Sam inspects his left shoe more closely. He has a bad thought, He glances to the tub.

Cassie's hand reaches for the door knob.

CASSIE

So what? We travel back in time to when the murder happened? Go to hell? Go to the moon, what?

GUS

Well, no, nothing like that, thank God.

CASSIE

So why the time limit if there's no danger? What a cheat.

Inside the bathroom: Sam gets up and stands in front of the tub, just like we first met him.

Gus gives Cassie a blank stare.

CASSIE

Not that I would be looking forward to going to hell or the moon or anything.

Gus leans in, whispers something in her ear. Her face goes pale. She swallows.

Cassie backs up, and goes back to the bathroom. The door to the bathroom slowly closes.

CASSIE

Give me your shoes!

SAM

It's too late, Cass.

To her horror, the blood rises in the tub once more, a small stream of crimson flows towards Sam's feet.

SAM

You have to do it all over
again. And this time...

The blood overflows out of the tub, more of a mess than
before.

FADE OUT.