

Dead Clean
by
Graeme Holmes

Draft Date: June 2010

The Flick Factory
email: graeme@flickfactory.co.uk
Reg: WCAUK No: C102748
© Graeme Holmes. 2009. All rights reserved. Commercial in confidence.

FADE IN:

INT. DEAD CLEAN. OFFICE. DAY.

The office of Dead Clean is a tatty, faded, stained, nasty, cheap affair.

DILL, (45, heavy set) is currently laid out on his back on the floor. He is lying on a clear plastic protective sheet. LAURA, (35, once very pretty) is squatting. DILL is under her rear like a garage mechanic.

LAURA

How's it going down there ?

DILL

Oh my fat fucking god...

LAURA

What are you doing now ?

DILL

Experimenting...

LAURA

Yeah. What exactly are you doing ?

DILL

Experimenting ! Oh yeah. Feel alive...

LAURA

I feel a bit felched.

DILL

Yuh ? Try that...

LAURA

Oh that's good... uh !

The mobile in DILL's pocket rings.

DILL

Fuggit...

Answers it.

(cont'd)

Hello.

INT. INTERNET CAFE. DAY.

MAYA

Hello. I am looking at your company online. I am interested. You have a job for offer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILL

Yep. What's your name?

MAYA

Maya Santos.

DILL

Maya, I'm going to make this short. We don't waft feather dusters around nice, big houses. We're specialist. We clean up scenes of traumatic death.

MAYA

That I know.

INT. DEAD CLEAN OFFICE. DAY.

LAURA

Oh God. Why is that so good ?

DILL

I don't know why. Our bits just totally fit. We're like sex Lego.

INT. INTERNET CAFE. DAY.

MAYA

Are you there?

INT. DEAD CLEAN OFFICE. DAY.

DILL

Okay, listen, we do need someone tomorrow, so report to Marty at 27 Oakham Road, about 9. It's over by the park at...

INT. INTERNET CAFE. DAY.

MAYA

I know this address very well, that's where I see your sign.

INT. DEAD CLEAN OFFICE. DAY.

LAURA

So, got someone?

DILL

Yeah, maybe. It's the sheer speed of the internet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Oh shit. Dill, there's a couple of stains on my skirt.

DILL

Don't you worry about a flippin' thing, love, I'll shift those. (Into mobile) Look, brilliant Maya. I've got to rush, there's something I'm finishing off.

DILL ends the call and gets up. LAURA starts nuzzling.

LAURA

Well, are you gonna finish ?

DILL

Maybe...

LAURA

C'mon.

DILL

I'm not overly bothered. Thought I might check me emails.

LAURA

C'mon, you big kid. Four minutes, then back to work.

DILL

Would you like wonky filing cabinet or rickety desk ?

LAURA

I'd like it wonky, please.

DILL spins LAURA and manhandles her towards the cabinets.

DILL

Okay file this under "S", you highly organised minx...

They slam and "hump" against the metal cabinets causing all manner of office stuff to clatter to the ground.

TITLES

INT. SWINGERS' PARTY. NIGHT.

A normal, suburban looking beer, wine and nibbles party, people stand around making polite conversation.

PARTY GUEST1

...and what exactly do you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARTY GUEST2

Well I'm big in concrete...

On a television set on a shelf in the kitchen a house buying programme is being shown.

DILL and LAURA chat away to people. We may notice LAURA has a small sticking plaster on the bottom of her nose and is delicately eating a prawn vol au vent.

LAURA

I was always being dragged around bases, classic army brat...

PARTY GUEST3

Yeah, I was in the TA...

LAURA

Tits and arse?

PARTY GUEST3

No, all of me.

DILL munches on "hula hoops".

DILL

I don't like to say. It normally puts people off...

PARTY GUEST4

(laughs)

Oh shit, you're not a cop are you?

DILL

Nah.

DILL hands out a business card.

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MARTY (mid 40s, not bad looking, but going to seed) is alone with a beer and a part chewed block of cheese, he's half asleep and half watching the old black and white film 'Kinds Hearts and Coronets' on TV.

INT. SWINGERS' PARTY. NIGHT.

There are a couple of sly looks slinking around as people check each other out. A few people look at their watches. Then the hosts enter. Both are 50+ years old and out of condition. He has a 'Joy Of Sex' beard. Both are naked apart from boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boom. The lights suddenly go low. Red light from a table lamp fills the kitchen. The music changes to Benny Bennassi's 'Satisfaction'.

Now people have become instantly intimate. There is a lot of kissing and touching.

On a television set on a shelf in the kitchen porn is being shown.

There is a lot more laughter, the odd whoop and some groaning.

PARTY GUEST3

(to DILL)

Why don't you try kissing my neck?

DILL

(smiles)

Um?

PARTY GUEST3

Give it a go. Try kissing my neck.

DILL

I might have a small nibble, ta...

LAURA is "trapped" against the fridge by an intense "swinger".

PARTY GUEST4

I think you are really fucking sexual, really fucking sexual...

LAURA

True.

PARTY GUEST4

...really fucking sexual, I feel it...

LAURA

I am normally well up for it.

In the background, buttons are undone, flesh is bared and people are groping and lying on each other.

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MARTY a little more slumped, with a whisky, fully asleep.

INT. THE OLD LEXUS "DOGGER" CAR. NIGHT.

DILL

Terrible. Awful. Appalling. I'm shocked..

LAURA

Thank fuck you didn't want to stay either...

DILL

That's one of the dullest orgies I've ever been to.

LAURA

That man was just staring at my breasts repeating his single thought.

DILL

I met a woman with no erogenous zones.

LAURA

Give him a top hat and he was the 'dipping bird'.

DILL

Who goes swinging without an erogenous zone!? I think that's rude. What an utter apology for a knobfest!

LAURA

Let's go and nuzzle.

DILL

Yeah, you can "nuzzle" my nine.

LAURA

Yeah, I might fumble your four...

DILL

Point five...

LAURA

(beat) Who's place? Don't say yours.

DILL

Mine.

EXT. THE STREETS. DAY.

Various shots showing the early morning sun and details of this crummy town.

EXT. THE STREETS. DAY.

DILL and LAURA are in the Lexus "dogger" driving through streets, the low hard sun the only bit of cheer in this rundown, skanky area of town.

EXT. THE DEAD CLEAN OFFICE. DAY.

They pull up in an industrial estate and find a parking spot in front of a grey "communist architecture" building. DILL has a laptop case. Both LAURA and DILL carefully take clothes still in protective dry cleaner covers into the building.

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY, eating a bacon sandwich, lifts the yellow and black tape that surrounds the entrance to the front yard of a small terraced house. He approaches a policewoman who is leaving and shows his 'Mortality Operative' ID, but she barely glances at it.

POLICEWOMAN

I've put it on the latch. Have you got a set of keys ?

MARTY

Yes, ta. (taps pocket)

POLICEWOMAN

Shooter.

MARTY

I heard.

POLICEWOMAN

Ex-gun club. (Puts fingers into mouth) But from an inch, you wouldn't have to be the complete marksman.

MARTY

Messy.

POLICEWOMAN

Yeah, it's a Sis'.

MARTY

Lovely start to the week.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY opens the front curtains in the lounge area. Then goes to the second window. He is faced by shutters and a padlock. He goes round the room switching on the lights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He begins to get items out of his bag. Various cloths. Various tubes. Bleach. Mysterious liquids in odd bottles. He lays them out carefully on the plastic polythene sheet in the centre of the lounge floor. Takes out a thermos. He places and switches on a portable radio. Puts on a white forensic hooded overall which makes him look like a blimp. He smears a little "lip balm" under his nose. He pulls thin, translucent medical gloves on and using a small torch kneels and begins looking closely at the main stain on the centre of the settee.

There is a sharp, rasping noise as the doorbell rings.

INT/EXT. VICTIM HOUSE.

MARTY opens the door. MAYA looks a little bit shocked, but not as shocked as MARTY faced by this skanky, but gorgeous 23 year old Mexican. She has a "La Santísima Muerte", skull tattoo prominent on her neck.

MAYA

Marty ?

MARTY

Yes ?

MAYA

I'm Maya. I'm starting work with you today.

MARTY

You're a... girl... a woman...

MAYA

Is that a problem ?

MARTY

Er, I don't know. It depends how you're going to react.

MAYA

I can take it.

MARTY

This is a really horrible job.

MAYA

I can take it.

MARTY

Okay, stay there a second. I've just got to deal with something.

INT VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY shuts the door. He unzips the protective suit and gets out his phone.

INT. DEAD CLEAN OFFICE. DAY.

LAURA is looking through various catalogues that seems to be concerned with either 'all new fleet cars and vans' or 'futuristic designer office' spaces. DILL is getting his suit on.

DILL

Hey, don't get flamin' previous
with the planning and spending.
Are you excited ?

LAURA

I'm thinking purple.

DILL does a cartoon head shake.

(cont'd)

It hides the dirt.

DILL

That's what I like about you,
you're half practical, half
mental.

LAURA

Which is the half that fucks
you?

DILL

I'm not getting excited till the
money's in the account. I can't
raise my hopes love, to have
them dashed.

LAURA

I just can't wait to get out of
this shite-box. Get away from
the stench of dead mice and
calor gas.

DILL

We could really be on our way,
love. Ahhhh, but you never know
with bank officials. If there's
a last minute chance to come
across a wrong apostrophe on a
contract they'll find it. He's
all cheap suits and wank
stains...

The mobile in DILL's pocket rings. Answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILL (CONT'D)

Marty...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY

Dill... Dill what happened to
Brian ?

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL

He's been sent down.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY

Well he's not here yet.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL

No. He bottled a pig.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY

What...a ... Sorry. He put a,
what, a piglet ? In... what ?
Formaldehyde ? What's he done ?

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL

No. He's looking at twenty two
months in a young offender's
institute...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY

Well he was mentally unstable.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY

But now you've sent me...

MARTY turns to look at the front door.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL
Maya. Sounded Spanish.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY
Well she's not gonna last five
minutes.

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

We see MAYA waiting.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL
(Into mobile)
Look, she seemed okay on the
phone. She'd seen the website
and came across as really
interested.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY
In what!?

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

DILL
Look, no one else applied. As
she's there, give her a whirl.
I've got to rush ...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY
Yeah. Thanks.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

The phone goes. DILL answers it.

DILL
I know love, but I've told you
already, twice; you've got no
money, you've got no insurance...
no, no freebies, no freebies;
I've got just one word to say to
you: Brillo pad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Phone down.

(cont'd)

DILL (CONT'D)

How do I look ?

LAURA

Very "old school tie"

DILL

Well that's because this is
someone's old school tie.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY stands between MAYA and the lounge. He hands her
a small vial.

MARTY

Spit in this.

MAYA

What ? Why ?

MARTY

Just spit into it. A couple of
times.

MAYA

Why ?

MARTY

Cos I've asked you to.

MAYA

Yes, but why ?

MARTY

Spit in it or don't do the job.

MARTY goes to take the vial back off her. MAYA spits.

(cont'd)

Got any more ?

MAYA looks at him. Spits.

(cont'd)

Now the swallow.

MAYA

Eh ?

MARTY

Swallow it. Knock it back.

MAYA swigs and empties the vial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Now you know I spit and I
swallow. Are you a kinky ? Are
you a perv ?

MARTY

No. I'm not "a kinky".

Takes vial.

(cont'd)

This is a bonafide test; this
tells me something. Tells me if
you're easily disgusted.

MAYA

Who's round of drinks is it now
?

MARTY laughs. He hands her a plastic carrier bag.

MAYA (CONT'D)

What's that ?

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

They enter the lounge. MAYA automatically raises and
kisses the little amulet around her neck. She is hit by
a powerful, noxious odour.

MAYA

Eurgh.

MARTY

The smells's the er, worst
thing...

She retches a small amount of bile. She manages to get
most of it into the bag.

(cont'd)

Everyone does that. You okay ?

MAYA

I'm okay. I'm okay.

MARTY

And for your first cleaning job,
you can wipe up your own mess.

MAYA dabs her mouth and exits...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

MAYA enters the kitchen, goes to the sink and takes a
swig of water. Instantly and almost without looking,
she reaches down and opens the cupboard below the sink
and puts the carrier bag into the bin there.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. LOUNGE. DAY.

MARTY

Here...

MARTY hands her a tiny tub of lip balm.

(cont'd)

This is good, it's strawberry
vanilla...

MAYA flinches, unsure as to his intentions, then lets MARTY as he dips a finger in the tub and applies balm under MAYA's nose. They are forced to make brief, direct eye contact.

MAYA

Where was he? Ah, on the couch?

MARTY

"He" ?

MAYA

I think they are aren't they?
Mostly?

MARTY

For suicide, yeah.

MAYA

And for murder...

MARTY

Yeah.

MAYA

And the Mr Bean style accidental
deaths...

MARTY

(laughs) Yeah. Senor Bean.

MAYA

So this stain is what's left,
and that's it?

[Beat]

MARTY

And the Sis'...

MAYA

Sis' ?

They look up at the spatter high on the back wall.

MARTY

(points) Sistine chapel.
Italian. He painted the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

(Deep breath) Everyone is an interior designer, these days.

MARTY is surprised. Then half smiles.

MARTY

Okay... if we're going to do this, you need to get some gear on...

MAYA

I have to wear this?

MARTY

I know it looks fattening on me, but you've got to...

MAYA starts to get into the surgical overalls and booties.

(cont'd)

And this...

Hands her a mask. She looks at it.

(cont'd)

Insurance reasons. Any cuts or sores? Cover them with plasters... Any marks? Self-harming?

MAYA

No!

MARTY

I've seen it all. [beat] Bloodborne diseases; you could get hepatitis B, you could get hepatitis C, and you ain't had a jab yet?

MAYA makes eye contact, shakes her head.

(cont'd)

Also on offer; gastro enteritis, cholera, typhoid, anthrax, HIV and in the worst case you can catch death. Do not inhale directly over any liquid secretion or discharge and do not, no matter how tempting it is, put any fecal matter into your mouth... you know "fecal matter"

MAYA

Probably not as well as you.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MAYA is on her knees looking at the stain on the settee. MARTY is checking out the "reach" of the staining and the "fragment spread" on the window shutters.

MARTY

A lot of the time the whole couch's a right off, but that's worth five hundred quid for the family and to be honest if it looks clean a lot of 'em'll still sit on it and watch telly, so give it a go. [Looks at her] You with us ?

He notices she has her gloved hand resting in the stain.

(con't)

Hey, don't do that?

MAYA slowly moves her hand out of the congealed matter.

MAYA

Just thinking about Marilyn...

MARTY

Oh yeah, her "suicide" ?

MAYA

Manson.

She closes her eyes very tight.

MARTY

You okay ?

MAYA

I'm feeling dizzy...

She mutters in Spanish.

(cont'd -

TRANSLATED)

Beloved death, I ask you that as the candle is consumed, that hatred and ill will against me will be consumed. Thank you Lady for all the favors received.

MARTY

Isn't that, like a, er, contradiction? Fighting. Marilyn Manson and a Catholic prayer?

MAYA

Is not Catholic, is Santa Muerte. The ghetto prayer. Catholic don't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA makes a decision and slowly begins to rub a cloth on the stain.

(cont'd)

I can do this. I'll be okay...

MARTY

Good. Day one. Page one.
Paragraph one. Line one.

MAYA

Yes. Word one.

MARTY

That's blood, body fluids and
the bit down there that's moving
by itself...

MAYA jumps up.

MAYA

Eeeurgh...

MARTY

That's blowfly maggots. Don't
worry, they won't eat you. Yet.
Bleach is your pal, true, but
that "corpse cocktail" you won't
shift no matter how much you
rub... use this... the secret is
enzymes ... that's what's doing
the staining and that's the only
thing that'll get them out. That
or a bloody big fire.

MAYA

I love fire.

MARTY

Yeah, well give the enzymes a
chance first.

MAYA puts the solution on a cloth and starts to rub it into the stains.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY sits on the stairs. He has coffee in a thermos.
MAYA joins him.

MARTY

Do you want one ? I don't like
to use the facilities.

MARTY cleans out the cup and pours for her.

MAYA

I don't mind.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MAYA gets up and goes straight to a cupboard.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

She returns with a bag of sugar. She pours in the rough equivalent of eight spoonfuls. MARTY observes this but makes no comment.

MARTY

What is that smell ? It's normally going by now. Maybe it's the drains.

MAYA

Didn't Leslie Nilsen put body bits in his drains ?

MARTY

You know about Nilsen?

MAYA

Yes. I came here at fourteen, long enough to know your serial killers.

MARTY

's part of "theme Britain", we parade them with pride. You know he put the "bits" down the toilet...

MAYA

Then when his neighbours' plumbing backed up, he tried to say it was Kentucky fried chicken !

A "crazy I know" gesture.

MARTY

Loco. I wonder what he used as "nuggets" ? (pause) I'll check the drains here, see if we can't drum up more business.

MARTY winks and smiles.

MAYA

Were you winking at me ?

MARTY

No. I was winking because of the... because I said about drum up... (twigs she's kidding) ... right. Take the piss, everyone else does...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Marty, are you married ?

MARTY

No. Are you ?

MAYA

Do I look married ?

MARTY

Do I ?

MAYA

Yes.

MARTY

I'm happily separated. Happy,
 apart from my sex life which is
 a desert.

MAYA

Really ?

MARTY

Empty... vast...

MAYA

Sandy?

MARTY

No.

MAYA

It's the job, yes ?

MARTY

"Hi, I'm Marty. Fun loving
 Libran. I get a kick cleaning
 decaying corpse flesh, can I buy
 you a drink ?"

MAYA

That might work with me.

MARTY looks at her.

(cont'd)

Why do you do this ?

MARTY

You don't want to know ? (pause)
 Everyone in my family commits
 suicide. My great grandfather
 topped himself, my great
 grandmother followed him in
 grief two days later. They said
 "pneumonia", but it was
 psychosomatic pneumonia. She did
 herself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Then my grandma was even snappier, did it an hour after my granddad; with pills. My mum went three years ago. So my dad stood in front of a large train...

MAYA

Some British families are ginger.

MARTY

It's what my family do best. We're great at it.

MAYA

So what are you... You're getting close to it ?

MARTY

Close as I can without actually being, er, "self-indulgent"...

MAYA

You are a funny man.

MARTY

It's true !

MAYA

I know. That's why you are funny.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MAYA is standing on the back of the settee attempting to get at the marks on the architrave and ceiling.

MARTY

Hey, you've got a lovely way with gore...

MAYA

Thank you. (beat) On the website it say the business, it is picking up. So you are making good money ?

MARTY

No! (beat) Dill says he believes in "trickledown". But that might just be something he and Laura get up to. Apparently I will get a look in, "in the future".

MAYA

Mr Dylan he is making a killing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Heard 'em all.

MAYA

What is the worst thing ? You must have seen some freaky sights.

MARTY

Mmm.

Beat.

MAYA

Oh is like that... Tell me. I want to do this job so I have a need to know. Honestly, Marty, nothing is shocking to me.

MARTY

Yeah. Well I found a whole brain. Intact. Behind a chair. I poked it...phooo...collapsed like a balloon, then shhh, slid across the floor by itself. I crapped myself. No, I mean I actually crapped myself.

MAYA

So, it was what ? Haunted ? Radio controlled ?

MARTY

Maggot power, they're a force of nature. They're very athletic. But it smelt worse than whatever this smell is...

MARTY starts walking around sniffing for the smell.

(cont'd)

... it's... I'd say five. No. No it's six days old...

MAYA

Look, look, look at this...

MARTY goes over to her.

(cont'd)

I have a piece of skull.

MARTY

That happens.

MAYA

Look at this shape.

We see it resembles a cartoon "heart".

(cont'd)

With a crack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYA (CONT'D)

Is like a broken heart. I want this. I can keep it?

MARTY

Not really.

MAYA

Marty, I fucking want it.

MARTY

Okay ! Just bloody, bloody sterilise it first.

MAYA holds it up, staring at it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's somebody's head.

MAYA

I know.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

They sit on the stairs. Marty has a lunch box.

MARTY

Chicken leg ?

MAYA

Thank you.

MAYA has pulled down the top half of the protective suit. MARTY notices a flash of skin and a black bra strap. Their eyes meet for a nanoquark. He looks away. He looks into the lounge and at the remaining stains on the ceiling. A sound distracts him. MAYA is crying. MARTY is momentarily thrown.

MARTY

Oh christ...

Then he reaches over, he wipes her face.

MAYA

Are you caring for me ?

MARTY

Not caring, cleaning... wiping off a mix of mascara and chicken grease... you know...

MAYA

My step father was all over me in my teenage. I said that my mother and I should swap our rooms. That made her so mad she threw me out. Maybe should have thrown him out. That cunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY looks at her. Continues eating. The door bell rings.

MARTY

'scuse me.

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY opens the door. It's DILL in his "cheap expensive looking" suit. In the background the Lexus. In the car LAURA reads "Heat" magazine. DILL brushes past MARTY.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

DILL

Alright...

DILL meets MAYA who's make up has run.

DILL (CONT'D)

I'm Dill.

He shakes her hand.

DILL (CONT'D)

Marty, can I have a word.

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

DILL escorts MARTY outside the front door. DILL gestures for MARTY to shut the door. MARTY taps his pocket. We hear the merest clink of keys. MARTY shuts the door behind him. Dill "tents" his fingers as though in thought before...

MARTY

Suit ?

DILL

Off to hopefully get the bank loan. (gestures towards the door) I may well have made a big mistake here.

MARTY looks quizzical.

(cont'd)

She's all wrong. She's not up to it.

MARTY

But ...you've hired her now.

DILL

I'll unhire her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Well don't do that.

DILL

I can't have my operatives crying. It looks appalling.

MARTY

I don't think that's about the gloop. I'm getting the impression she's had a hard life...

DILL

Boo fucking hoo. Who hasn't? Nah, bad for business.

We may notice MAYA through the glass of the front door. MARTY and DILL don't.

(cont'd)

I'll give her a tenner and she can fuck off back to Madrid.

MARTY

She's Mexican.

DILL

Exactly. (Beat) Appearance is all too important these days...

Marty points to the signage on the van.

MARTY

What? For a company called 'Dead Clean'?

DILL

Hey 'Dead Clean' is clever. That's branding.

MARTY

Well who would...? Who you gonna get me ?

DILL

Okay, we aren't beating them off with a shitty stick, but you know...

MARTY

I think she could be good. She's doing well. She's bright...

DILL raises a hand to stop MARTY

DILL

Is that useful ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY

She's not the usual criminal spamhead. She seems quite keen on death, and ooze, which, you know, is no bad thing. She's been working hard. She's really into it... Should give her a chance. (beat) You must be paying her pennies...(beat) Please...

DILL

Please? Did you say "please"?

MARTY

(small)

Yes.

They look at each other. MARTY looks down. DILL spins on his heels and heads for his car.

DILL

Just get rid of that fucking smell.

MARTY

I know. It's a bit of a mystery.

DILL

She's probably pissed her pants.

MARTY turns and goes to put his key in the door. He notices MAYA through the frosted glass of the door as she rises and moves her ear away from the letterbox.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY enters the lounge just in time to see MAYA getting up on the back of the settee. She quickly regains her poise trying to look like she's been there a while. MARTY goes with it.

MARTY

How's that coming off ?

MAYA

Yes, I think I am getting the way of this.

MARTY

C'm here. I'll have a go. It's pretty achy on the arms after a while.

As MARTY gets up onto the back of the settee there is a moment of mutual wobbling and they fall, still standing, onto the settee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds her round the waist, just for a second, before lumbering up onto the back of the couch.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Mask!

MAYA

Sorry.

She pops the mask over her face.

(cont'd)

What do you want me to do ?

MARTY

Check the other rooms. I'm pretty sure this is it, but sometimes people cut or poison themselves first so have a thorough look around.

MAYA

Why bother?

MARTY

Because I've asked you to...

MAYA

No, pardon, why bother if you just take your gun and shoot yourself in the head ?

MARTY

Because if you've swallowed half a litre of bleach first, then there's an extra incentive to see it through.

MAYA blinks a second, then wanders off.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY.

The BANK MANAGER is looking at the Dead Clean file on his laptop.

BANK MANAGER

Hmm. Cleaning.

DILL and LAURA nod.

(cont'd)

And death.

DILL and LAURA nod.

(cont'd)

Well it's going to come to us all. Garibaldi ?

LAURA

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILL

Might in a minute. Ta.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Looks good on paper. My issue is with this business plan is your anticipated growth.

DILL

Look, Mr McEwan, this isn't 'Only Fools and Corpses'

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Sorry ?

DILL

It's all about urban density and CPM.

LAURA

Corpse per minute.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Oh my gosh.

DILL

What newspaper do you read ?

BANK MANAGER

Er, the Financial Times, Telegraph... on the weekends I take delivery of...

LAURA

Not the Daily Mail or the Daily Express ?

BANK MANAGER

I may glance, occasionally...

DILL

Okay... Society, yes, as a whole today...

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

I know it.

LAURA

What are those issues ?

Mr McEwan goes to speak, but is cut off.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Well...

DILL

The widespread use of hand guns and gun related violence..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

Inc' black on black action...

DILL

It's an "alarming" and therefore promising increase...

LAURA

Plus your game....

DILL

Unsecured loans, credit cards..

LAURA

£1.3 TRILLION of debt. The credit crunch and this recession is rocket fuel for our industry...

BANK MANAGER

We are a completely responsible lender... one of the few...

DILL

Laura, "The Chart"... do you mind if I put the telly on ?

DILL flips the remote control to find a rolling 24 hour news channel which plays it's menu of death and disaster as a background soundtrack to the rest of this meeting. LAURA unfolds "the chart"... They use the diagram on the chart to cue their observations. They seem rehearsed with many tight segues, but not totally slick.

LAURA

Large financial institutions putting the squeezing on the "little people".

DILL

Repossessions.

LAURA

Foreclosures.

MR MCEWAN instinctively starts to take notes.

DILL

Skanky loan sharks with metal baseball bats...

LAURA

In the nuts, then one in the skull. Dropped him.

DILL

It's hospitalisation, IC units, drip feeds...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA

Or just critical NHS
underfunding...

DILL

Driving people to fatal
depression.

LAURA

Plus chronic obesity. Your basic
fatties. You've got 34 stone
blobs, lying in bed eating their
own bodyweight in Mars bars...

DILL

...or Topics...

LAURA

And when they die it all
dissolves into a lake of gloop.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Ewww.

LAURA

Like a very large maroon
blancmange.

DILL

Plus rampant alcoholism...

LAURA

Cirrhosis, extended opening
hours...

DILL

Georgie Best.

LAURA

... alco pops...

Both LAURA and DILL take a quick swig of their teas.
DILL half eats a biscuit...

DILL

Don't forget psychiatric care
homes spewing their untreated,
homicidalists onto our streets.

LAURA

A plague of drug abuse...

DILL

Smacked up, crackhead scum doing
B&E and GBH to fill their few
remaining viable veins with
miserable low grade skag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA

Oh... and terrorism...

DILL

Suicide hi-jackers, suicide bombers, suicide passengers... suicide on a scale not seen since 'Tora! Tora! Tora!'

LAURA

Raging, fundamental mullahs ripping our hard earned decadence apart.

DILL

If I had to get up at 5am every morning to pray I'd be a bit tetchy? It's understandable.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Isn't that very arrogant and dismissive?

DILL

Exactly.

BANK MANAGER - MR MCEWAN

Don't you believe in anything?

DILL

Yes, of course. I am a religious fanatic of the sacred cow.

LAURA

Don't look at me. It's the cash cow...

DILL

That's our company.

DILL sits back down at the desk.

DILL (CONT'D)

Eric, it's black. Black, nothingness.

LAURA sits back down at the desk.

LAURA

Life is shitty and pointless, Eric.

DILL

And once that pretty, penny drops...

LAURA

It's dropping straight into our pockets.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY cleans.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

MAYA looks in a bedroom. She looks under the bed.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY.

MR MCEWAN is worn down. He has loosened his tie. He looks battered. DILL and LAURA are just a blur, as they pummel him fast with their thoughts.

DILL

...plastic surgery going wrong.

LAURA

Or just going on. At all.

DILL

Paedos.

LAURA

Suicide and/or lynching gold dust.

DILL

And take love affairs.

BANK MANAGER

(looks up)

Love affairs ?

DILL

Yeah, crimes of passion.

LAURA

Le crime passionel.

DILL

Massive.

LAURA

Massif.

DILL

Sexphyxiation.

BANK MANAGER

Sexphyxiation ?

LAURA

Yeah, like Michael Hutchence...

BANK MANAGER

Hutchings ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Rock god, (gestures) big hair...

BANK MANAGER

Do you mean Mick Hucknall ?

DILL

If it was Hucknall, I'd have sponsored the fucking rope...

LAURA

Aussie, half naked, you know [sings] "Elegantly wasted"...

No reaction from MCEWAN.

(cont'd)

...getting his jollies while hanging in a door frame...

Still blank from MCEWAN.

DILL

In an ideal world, at the point of unconsciousness you ejaculate.

BANK MANAGER

I'm more of a Dido man.

DILL

And with ultra jizzin' hardcore pornography so accessible everywhere now...

LAURA

Many people just toss themselves to an early grave.

DILL

We call it "cock death"

LAURA

Plus smoking, emphysema...

DILL

The "classic" cancer...

LAURA

...and generally just lonely geriatrics carking it. A hardy perennial.

DILL

It's death, death...

LAURA

... death, death...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILL

Death, death, death, death,
death...

LAURA

And it all needs cleaning up.

DILL

No stain. No gain.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY has removed the ceiling and wall stains.

MARTY

Okay, I reckon that's pretty
much ...

He looks around. He walks out to find MAYA.

(cont'd)

It's funny, but for me it's
pleasing to do a good job...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY walks upstairs.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY looks in the bathroom. She's not there.

(cont'd)

I said it's pleasing to do a
good job... really get it
"minty", because the impact on
the victim's family can be...

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

MARTY walks into the bedroom. We hear a jingle of keys.

(cont'd)

...devastating...

MARTY is astonished. A number of drawers are open.
MAYA, her protective suit half off, is attempting to
stuff a wad of money inside her pants.

(cont'd)

What are you doing ?

MAYA

I... nothing...

MARTY looks at her. MAYA pushes past him and heads
downstairs.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

We follow hand held as they rush down, ending up in the kitchen.

MARTY

What were you up to ?

MAYA

I... oh no... forgive me I was touching myself... okay ...I'm sorry. I was... surrounded by this death and gore... it is so erotic... and I... I start to...

MARTY melts into her. They kiss. She is shocked, but something has happened to her / for her. She returns the kiss with a passion. They remove the face masks. Then they explode around the room; grabbing at each other's body suits, desperately trying to unzip them. They stop when the zip gets caught. They struggle with the zipper. Free it. Explode back into the lust frenzy which carries them into the kitchen area. They fall and knock into the oven door which flips open. A cloud of black pours into the room along with a blast of putrid air and the sound of five thousand buzzing wings. They both flap their arms attempting to swat. They're laughing. MARTY looks back into the oven. He sees the decaying remains of a large chicken. MAYA looks at him. Despite the flies they snap back into the passion.

INT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY and MAYA are now on the lounge floor. In the throes of passion they are kissing. He has his hand in her pants, but they take a pause.

MARTY

So the... money...

MAYA

You can't have any. It is not yours.

MARTY

No. I was going to say; "keep the money". I'm having a good day.

There is a loud rapping on glass. They snap a look to see DILL at the window.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Dill!!!!!!!???

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. DAY.

DILL and MARTY outside. DILL jabs with his finger.

[*Dialogue overlaps*]

DILL

My god !

MARTY

It was... we just ... I
couldn't...

DILL

My fat fuckin' god...

MARTY

It was me Dill. Me, all me.
Don't blame her... she..

DILL

I'm not surprised she's trouble,
but you Marty ? Marty, you ?

MARTY

She's... she's great...

DILL

Are you sick in the head ?

MARTY

No, no I'm not. For the first
time in...

DILL

This is a very serious
disciplinary matter.

MARTY

I feel totally positive... I
think... I'm feeling I have
feelings for her...

DILL

You do not shag at a suicide...
on my time !

Pause

MARTY

It's not going on the worksheet.

DILL

No it is not... Ever.

We may see MAYA's face through the glass of the front
door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

I, I...didn't shag her...

DILL

Marty, please, I saw you...

MARTY

...only got to fingering...

DILL

Oh well that's okay then. Sorry,
my mistake... fuuuuuucken
hell...

MARTY

So... so am I sacked ?

MAYA bursts out of the front door.

MAYA

Don't sack him, Mr Dill... it
was my fault...

MARTY

I kissed you...first...

MAYA

I let you.

MARTY

I ripped your "blimp" off...

MAYA

It felt very good...

DILL

Hey, hey...

MAYA

I really wanted you to...

DILL

Hey! Hey excuse me, I'm having a
private reprimand with my
employee...

MAYA

Please don't be very crazy at
him. It was just a madness...

MARTY

Oh.

Car door opens. Laura gets out of the Lexus "dogger"

MAYA

Oh no, no, it was fantastic...
but I think you have bruised my
pubic bone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILL reacts.

MARTY

I'll take it from here, Maya...

LAURA

What the fuck is that ?

DILL

Stay in the car, love... get
back in the Dogger...

LAURA

What the fuck has happened to
you?

MAYA

Who the fuck are you ?

DILL

Ladies ! Shut the fuck up, shut
the fuck up... We've all shut
the fuck up... and that's good.

MARTY

Laura - Maya. Maya - Laura.
Laura's Dill's er...

DILL

Marty, I realise how difficult
it is to resist carnal
temptation. I myself am lead
sexually by the nose into all
manner of dark cul de sacs on a
weekly basis. I'm currently
exploring the human sphincter.
Last week;

DILL/ LAURA

[simultaneous] Nostril tugging.

DILL

But I'm laying down the law and
the law says you train her fast -
at cleaning... If you're gonna
knob her...

LAURA

He knobbed her ?!

MARTY

Well not technically...

LAURA

Shagging ? At a suicide ? That's
so unprofessional.

MARTY

As opposed to ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA

Professional.

DILL

If you're gonna knob her, you do it out of hours...

LAURA

Or in official breaks.

Pause.

MAYA

So you're not sacking us ?

MARTY

You're not sacking me ?

DILL

Of course you're not sacked you mong. We got the money from the bank, so we're in an expansion kind of mood. We're not in a sacking kind of mood.

MARTY

Good.

LAURA

We're in a empire kind of mood. The McDonalds of death.

MAYA

That's seems cool...

DILL

Have I made myself absolutely clear ? Jeez...

EXT. VICTIM HOUSE. EVENING.

Rain falls at dusk as MARTY locks the front door. Lifting a police cordon tape MARTY and MAYA head towards the van.

MARTY

Can I give you a lift ?

MAYA

Yes, of course.

MARTY

I think we can safely say that's a promising start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Oh yes, you know, just "a
typical day at the office"...
mierda...

MARTY

What?

MAYA

Oh shit, I forgot, sorry
Marty... I lost my skull-
heart... down by the settee...

She runs to the front door. MARTY is twenty yards
behind her.

MARTY

Here, I'll let you in...

MAYA

No need. I have got my step-
father's keys...

A half smile. The sound of keys in the lock as MARTY
approaches. He stares; weighing it all up.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN VAN. EVENING.

Parked up in the van MARTY and MAYA are lit by passing
headlights through the rain spattered windscreen. They
sit a while in silence.

MARTY

I'm ... someone should...I'm
trying to take it all in... I'm
looking at you and wondering
what kind of a person you are...

MAYA

What kind of person I am? What
kind of person do you think I
am?

MARTY

Disturbed.

MAYA

Oh I like that. That's like very
English for psychotic.

MARTY

Very... disturbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Off her head. What is her loco motive?

MARTY

(laughs, then serious) I mean, your dad... did you... were you... how could you...?

No response from MAYA.

(cont'd)

...when you went in there, you must have been thinking...

Still no response. Pause. Cars swish by on the wet road.

(cont'd)

Is that it then? Just the one isolated, sick, perverse, step-father cleaning episode... you're done are you?

MAYA

He's gone now. He can't touch me again in this realm.

Pause. Then MAYA turns her head and looks at MARTY.

(cont'd)

I'd like to keep working with you.

Beat.

MARTY

Well the sex was fun...

MAYA

Marty I smell too much of death. Can we go back to your place and take a shower?

MARTY

My place? Erm...

MAYA

I understand if you don't want to...

MARTY

If I don't want you to know where I live?

MAYA

Yeah...

MARTY

Um. I'm less worried about you than I am about the state of, er, my flat...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY (CONT'D)

you know even as a certifiable
 mentalist you've probably got
 standards...

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Water cascades down as MARTY and MAYA kiss and touch in
 the tatty, cracked tiled shower.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

A sparkling water bottle is opened by PHIL, the
 restaurant manager. There is a distinct hiss...

DILL

Eh, eh, eh... You don't expect me
 to pay for that do you?

PHIL MANAGER

I'm sorry, sir?

DILL

I am not shelling out for fizz I
 haven't had.

PHIL MANAGER

Naturally sir, some "fizz" escaped
 on opening.

LAURA

You could have done it in little
 twists.

PHIL MANAGER

Well I...

LAURA

You didn't even try.

DILL

Well I'm not paying full price,
 comprende... if you came round and
 splashed red wine willy nilly what
 would people think?

PHIL MANAGER

It's hardly the same thing, sir.

DILL

Put the fizz back in or get me a
 free one and a complimentary
 bottle of champagne.

PHIL MANAGER

And you sir, can go fuck yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILL

Hello Phil, how ya doing?

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

In Marty's tiny studio flat MAYA is astride MARTY on his pulled out sofa bed.

MARTY

So me living in a hole hasn't put you off...

MAYA

Shh, shh. I'm from Tepito...

MARTY

Tippy toe?

MAYA

The roughest, shittiest of the roughest, shittiest barrios. Believe me Mexicans are the world experts of squalor.

MARTY

You're supposed to say "Not at all. I like what you've done with the place."

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Champagne cascades into a glass as DILL and LAURA have dinner.

DILL

To life and love and death and cash.

LAURA

May we have it all. And to us.

DILL

Who?

LAURA

Us.

DILL

Yeah. Give us a kiss.

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MAYA

Slowly, slowly, slowly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Is this tantric?

MAYA

No, bruising.

MARTY

Sorry.

MAYA begins to gyrate and grind her hips. She stops.

MAYA

No. That's hurting too much. We have to stop.

MARTY reaction.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

The restaurant has emptied. PHIL the restaurant manager has joined DILL and LAURA for a nightcap. DILL is pretty drunk.

DILL

...Hefner's even got a type of rabbit named after him. How brilliant is that?

PHIL MANAGER

It's up there.

DILL

He smacked nudity onto coffee tables.

LAURA

Just slapped it down there.

DILL

Yes he slapped it, Phil. Hugh Hefner took a taboo and turned it into a conversation piece. The man is a revolutionary. Refill?

DILL pours more champagne into PHIL's glass. Then refills LAURA's.

(cont'd)

Yes, Martin Luther King released the slaves, but Hef freed us all. No one was nude before he said it was okay. And what he did with bunnies, we're gonna do with bodies. We're all in the stiffs business.

PHIL MANAGER

To your empire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toasts. They all clink and drink.

(cont'd)

...Or should I say "this"
empire. After the newsagents,
the pubs and the office cleaning
ventures. Don't fuck it up again
(laughs).

DILL

Piss off, Phil. Yeah, my friend
Phil.

PHIL MANAGER

What you in for?

DILL

Worst part of 120 grand...

PHIL whistles.

LAURA

We'll do anything to make it
work.

PHIL MANAGER

I've got faith... and alcohol.

PHIL refills his glass.

(cont'd)

So, in a beautiful world:
Empire. Make a ton of money.
Then what?

LAURA

Then we retire.

DILL

And get to do fuck all. A lot.
Cheers.

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. DAY.

Daylight streams in through the faded net curtains.
MAYA is lying on the sofa bed with her eyes still
closed. We may notice she has added the "skull heart"
to the amulet she wears round her neck. MARTY is on his
mobile and flying round the tiny studio flat trying to
get his clothes on.

MARTY

...I'm there, I'm there, I'm
there... text me the address...
yes, I can get hold of Maya... I
know you don't mean "that
way"...leave it to me Dill...
(to Maya) C'mon clothes on...
d'you want to borrow a T shirt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

So you're not making me
breakfast...

MARTY

Honestly Maya, we've got to get
over there, Dill says it's like
something from the Mansons...
the real Mansons.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE. DAY.

The Dead Clean van squeals to a halt in front of a well
kept, large suburban house. There is a police car out
front and a POLICEMAN opens the front door when MARTY
rings.

POLICE1

Okay I'm trying to get the
family out, but you can go
through and make an assessment.
I'm warning you it's multiple
and very messy.

MARTY

What happened?

POLICE1

The father went beserk, just
started killing everything...

MARTY

So we should go, I mean, it's
still SOCO? You want it
preserved?

The near hysterical MOTHER, pushes past MARTY and the
POLICEMAN, her three kids are in floods of tears and/or
shaking, clutching at teddy bears, clothing, blankets
and some hastily thrown together bags, plus the
inevitable portable Nintendo style games.

POLICE1

No. This family want it cleaned.
Now. Mrs Crompton...

The POLICEMAN follows the MOTHER and KIDS to their car.
They start piling their stuff and themselves into it.
MARTY looks at MAYA as they drive rapidly away.

MARTY

Er, don't know what's going on,
don't touch anything, but let's
take a look...

INT. FAMILY HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY and MAYA slowly make their way through the lounge. MAYA quickly kisses her little amulet. There is water all over the carpet and fish flapping. In the corner of the room a large, broken aquarium. There's a lot of fresh blood streaks and a lot of fur. The french windows are open.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE. DAY.

On the patio there's feathers, blood, fur and a smashed up rabbit hutch. MARTY bends down and picks something up. He examines it closely.

MAYA

Who knew what was inside a tortoise?

MARTY

Sorry Maya, this is more disturbing than usual.

MAYA

And I'm an animal lover.

MARTY

I don't think the father was.

INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. DAY.

LAURA is wearing sober "business" clothes, but somehow subtly opened or unbuttoned or split to deliver hints of her body. She is accompanied by a COUNCIL JUNIOR who walks her past messy desks and drab suited, drab people to an office.

LAURA

Hi Les.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Hello Laura.

LAURA sits. The nameplate CLLR LESLIE ACTION is on the desk in front of her.

(cont'd)

Can I get you a styrofoam cup of warm brown styrofoam tasting liquid?

LAURA

I'm fine thanks.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

So Laura, any problems?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Opposite really Les. Just an update. A big FYI.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

New word out of an acronym FYI. Sounds like a romantic place; Fawaii. Surf crashing in, 'From Here To Eternity'; Deborah Kerr and Rita Hayworth in the spume on the beach... but I'm dreaming and I open my eyes and I see ... concrete !!!

LAURA

Well just to tell you that D.C....

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Washing Bums D.C.

LAURA

Yup. We're on the cusp of moving to new offices, getting a few more operatives, upping our capacity.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

You're going to be better, more efficient and altogether cleaner.

LAURA

That's right, so if there are any issues from your end, I could try and iron them out, we're obviously hoping for yours, the council's continued support...(more confidential)... we just want to make sure we are a preferred supplier...

Without getting up, CLLR Action stylishly kicks the door shut.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Cut the crap then Laura! In a straight choice between you and 'Spotless' who'd get it?

LAURA

Yes and is there anything we could do to make you or the council look more favourably on us rather than... those bastards...

COUNCILLOR LESLIE ACTION claps his hands in glee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

You know (fast) "as a public body we constantly monitor our contractors and review all tenders". So Laura, can't think of anything right now but ta for the Fawaii!

LAURA gets up to leave. She shakes his hand and holds it a fraction too long.

LAURA

Send me a postcard.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

It'll be dirty.

Swishing out of the office.

LAURA

Oh, I can handle it.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE. DAY.

MARTY and MAYA are on the patio. He pours her a coffee from his trusty thermos.

MARTY

Here you go. I'm glad that's done.

He removes some tiny feathers from her face mask.

(cont'd)

Feathers. Sorry. I think this is one of the worst. Not to clean up, but... to take...

MAYA

It's fine.

MARTY

My parents got me a hamster. Snoopy. They knew it wouldn't live too long, but they thought I'd learn about life and death. One evening I went to take him out for a "play" and he was just a stone cold lump. I cried for two days. I don't know what it taught me. Death is a cruel joke? (beat) But this seems excessive.

MAYA

Is real though. Not just killing virtual things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

That's true. These kids can't press restart and Flopsy, Mopsy, Topsy and Flipper all come back to life.

MAYA

In Britain, people also call their pet something, something political like Che Guevara or Margaret Thatcher...

MARTY

I just know people who call their cat 'Cocksucker' so they can have a laugh shouting for it.

MAYA

You know I'm not upset, Marty. I'm a little bit twisted. I'm more interested in this than shocked. What triggered this? What's this "dad" like? Is hard on the kids, probably, but maybe they were little bastards who fucked up his mind? We don't know... A few bits of blood and death they don't bother me, that's what I grew up with. Every week a dead body and more in the street. Everyone hustling and stabbing. Look at this a nice house, a big garden. Everything green. This is Eden and a bit of rage doesn't snake that for me.

INT. THE LEXUS DOGGER CAR. DAY.

DILL sits in the driver's seat reading a local newspaper and drinking a cup of coffee. There is a tiny knock on the window of the passenger door.

DILL

Petra!

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY opens the door and slides into the car.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Helloo.

DILL

Ta for meeting me, Petra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
I was glad you called Dill. Any
chance to get away from the
station is tops right now.

DILL
Oh?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
It's all gone bad again, Dill.
They're moving in together and I
can't stand it.

PETRA starts crying. DILL puts his arm around her.

DILL
Hey, hey, c'mon...

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
Is it me Dill? Is it me?

DILL
Well I think the appeal of a
twenty two year old former "Miss
Brummie Bikini", now WPC on
attachment has been well
remarked Petra. It's not that
you're so terrible, more that
she's... she's fucking
fantastic!

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
Oh!!!

PETRA bursts into more tears. DILL puts his arm around
her.

DILL
Hey, hey, c'mon. Now you've got
Bill Clinton.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
I know.

DILL
How's the training?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
His training or his "special
training"?

DILL
Special training?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY
That's excellent because I've
been putting the hours in. You
were absolutely right Dill, a
pooch like that is a comfort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILL

Hey, hey, here to serve. Which reminds me, we're expanding, more staff, bigger office, bigger capacity all round, so I'm touching base, we're all on a push to see if there's anything else we can do, or be. We do everything we can to deliver a deep clean, make it really "minty", but is there, heaven forbid, anything we aren't doing well?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Look Dill if it's a toss up between you and Spotless don't worry. They certainly live up to their motto: 'No grief', but you've been so faithful to me and I'm nothing if not loyal.

DILL nods.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

DILL

Bloody hell.

MARTY

I know. Kids crying. Bit of a warzone.

DILL

(to MAYA)

Were you crying?

MAYA

No.

DILL

So you were useful were you?

MAYA

(gesture taking in MARTY)
Yes, I think so.

DILL

Well keep making yourself useful and get me a refill on this tea, ta...

MAYA does not react.

(cont'd)

Sorry, that was rude. I would like a refill of my cup of tea, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

I'm not your waitress.

DILL

Okay. My darling Maya, would you be so awfully kind as to get me a refill of my cup of tea because I need to talk to Marty about you behind your back.

MAYA keeps prolonged eye contact as she picks up his cup and goes to the counter.

(cont'd)

You're happy to keep her on?

MARTY

Definitely.

DILL

Well she's... I was going to say "feisty", but she's just "hot". Are you banging her?

MARTY

I hope I will.

DILL

Oh. Well not tonight. Tonight you're a really good listener. Again.

MARTY

Tonight!?

DILL

Yeah, make it worth your while, bung you an extra £30...

MARTY pulls a "sour lemon" face.

(cont'd)

...£35.

DILL (CONT'D)

C'mon Marty we need that edge.

INT. SAMARITANS OFFICE. NIGHT.

Samaritans logo on the wall. Various worthy Christian looking types manning phones along with MARTY.

MARTY

...yes, no that sounds awful... well there probably is hope... no, I think there always is, if you look for it... ah... okay...

MARTY leans in and picks up his pen and paper.

(cont'd)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY (CONT'D)

...well if you are serious,
would you mind giving my your
name and address and some sort
of, I know it's difficult to be
precise, but ... anticipated
place, time, date?

MARTY's mobile rings

...Oh...(to land line) Sorry,
just a sec', gonna put you on
hold... (to mobile) Maya, what's
up? Oh, I miss you too, yeah...
what you wearing?

Other volunteers in the office look up.

(cont'd)

Fuck, wish I was there... oh
don't do that... no... oh god,
you're making me horny... well
c'mon of course I don't care
about your period...

MARTY realises he is the centre of some concerned
attention in the office.

(cont'd)

Maya, gonna have to call you
later... yeah... maybe I could
come round? Sure, sure... see
you at work... see you
tomorrow...

MARTY ends the call. Fences the stares in the office.
Then remembers the original phone call. Lunges for the
receiver...

(cont'd)

Hello ? Hello ? Hello ?

INT. OFFICE FURNITURE SHOWROOM. DAY.

LAURA

I'm going with the purple.
Colourful, but not crass. It's
21st century, yet slightly
religious.

DILL

And that's important.

DILL hands out a business card to a couple in the
showroom.

(cont'd)

Hi, Dead Clean, traumatic and
hazardous death scenes. Body
parts, bio gloop, you know. Give
us a call. (To Laura) How d'you
feel about Maya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Waste of time training her. Can you really see her sticking around? Seems to me she has options in her life, which is the last thing we want in a recruit.

DILL

The sticky bit is Marty is 100% gone on her.

LAURA

That's just his helmet ruling his head. He's in the first throes of frantic shagging sex-slavery. It's been a while, poor little lamb, if it wasn't for peeing, his willy would have cobwebs.

DILL

Or "knobwebs". (beat) I think it's more than that. Something, dare I say, "deeper"...

LAURA

Yeah, right.

DILL

For the first time in ages, there's a spring in his step. Or if not a spring at least a late winter.

LAURA

Yeah, he is a miserable sod.

DILL

Exactly! And I don't want him upset, cos right now his experience is bloody crucial.

LAURA

Well I don't trust her as far as I could spit, oh look lilac mesh-back swivel chairs.

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. DAY.

The new office is larger than the old one. It has more glass and an airy sense. It is filled with block purple or purple streaked furnishings. DILL and LAURA are interviewing the dregs of humanity.

DILL

So what else have you done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSSIBLE RECRUIT1
Loading beer kegs.

DILL
Oh yeah. I used to be a
landlord.

POSSIBLE RECRUIT1
Bloody hated that.

LAURA
Anything cleaning related?

POSSIBLE RECRUIT1
Not really.

LAURA
Okay then... Trev'... thanks for
coming in, we'll let you know...

POSSIBLE RECRUIT1
I did car washing.

LAURA
Oh yes?

POSSIBLE RECRUIT1
Bloody hated that.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. DAY.

POSSIBLE RECRUIT2
...it can fold like a lock
knife, but ... bigger...

DILL
Bigger. Yeah. Did you take out a
patent?

POSSIBLE RECRUIT2
No I shoulda.

DILL
Cos I can see it does solve a
problem... I mean I've never
been able to hide my samurai
sword either.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. DAY.

LAURA
B-E-E-B...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY BEEBIE

An I. Then an E.

LAURA

Bobby Beebie.

BOBBY BEEBIE

Yes.

LAURA

Don't look so nervous.

BOBBY BEEBIE

Oooh. Oooh.

DILL

Are you okay there?

BOBBY BEEBIE

My tummy's tightening up. Ooh. I don't like... ooh... I don't like tests.

LAURA

It's more of a chat, really, Bobbie.

BOBBY BEEBIE

Ooh. I normally do it online. Ooh.

DILL

You've certainly done a lot of cleaning... schools, offices, hospitals, Marty, our senior operative, was a porter...

BOBBY BEEBIE

Ooooh.

LAURA

Would you like some water?
(now shaking and swaying)
Oooooooh...)

DILL

(whisper)
He's gonna kark it and we'll have to fucking clean him up.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. DAY.

An olive skinned, jet black long haired rough trade adonis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANKO

When we got the independence,
yes, I felt my heart burst. My
whole life...yes. I drive a car
and "baaa baaa" on the horn. And
drinking...

LAURA

I can imagine how that must
feel.

RANKO

(hot eye contact
with LAURA)

Yes. Felt very sexual. Like sex.

DILL

So if you love Kosova so much,
without wanting to sound like a
fucking old racist, how come
you're over here?

RANKO

I send a little money back to my
mother. She is old now and her
times are, they are not good.
The hand (scrunches up his hand
and grimaces)

LAURA

Arthritis?

DILL

Or wanking. Thank you very much
we'll let you know.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. DAY.

LAURA

Dill!!!!

DILL

Oh bollocks! What a fucking con
artist. "I love my laaaaand"

DILL writes "Lame-o" next to Ranko's name on their
applicants selection sheet.

(cont'd)

What a bunch of terrible, saddo,
no hoppers.

LAURA

I agree. Let's pick two.

EXT. ARTIST'S STUDIO. DAY.

DILL and MARTY and two Dead Clean vans outside a sculptor's studio. All manner of weird fibre glass and foam "concepts" lurk, many of them look like underwear. The artist is on the roof of one of the vans fitting scarlet coloured, open "sponge coffins". A third sponge coffin is visible.

DILL

I think it looks like a coffin.

SCULPTOR

I'm jazzed with the way they turned out. Death is a great "bag" to be into.

DILL

Er, thanks.

SCULPTOR

I'm into Y-fronts. You know humans started wearing Y-fronts 840 years before Christ.

DILL

That's good to know.

MARTY

Great, yeah.

MARTY moves DILL aside.

(cont'd)

Dill think about it, the Y only became necessary once legs holes were elasticated. That was not 800BC. I don't think he's a serious artist (beat) and we're not undertakers.

DILL

That's why the coffins are made of sponge.

MARTY

I think it's a confusing message.

DILL

We can hardly put a decomposing sponge body on the roof, can we?

MARTY

Why not!

DILL

This'll really get noticed round town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Will you be driving a van?

DILL

Not often. That's not the point.

MARTY

I mean it's gonna cause significant drag.

DILL

Yeah, well it's never really played a big factor in coffin design, has it, "aerodynamics" ... This is not fucking Formula One.

MARTY

What happens when it rains. The sponge is going to weigh a ton. It'll kill the mpg.

DILL

We'll put a chamois tarp' on it.

MARTY

A what?

DILL

Chamois tarp'. Act like a coffin lid. Trust me, this is an idea who's time has come.

MARTY

Why have we got a spare one?

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

Open on a sponge coffin filled with ice and bottles. This is the "objet d'art" centrepiece of the Dead Clean "office warming" party. There is a "cleaner theme" and most people are wearing housecoats, hankies on heads, washing up gloves, wellies, carrying mops, dusters etc. Some are in biohazard blimps. The party is in full swing.

DILL slides over to the drinks table. BOBBY BEEBIE is hiding alone and nervous in the shadows.

DILL

Hey, Bobby, get you a drink?
(whisper to self) You mad, crazy
out of control beast.

RANKO is dribbling over MAYA. MAYA looks stunning in a dress and make up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANKO

...I wasn't going to come... I thought, you know, what would a party be like with these morbid fuckaas, but seeing you I am now very glad. In my laaand I...

DILL interrupts and ends up next to MAYA.

DILL

Sorry Lameo, can I just get there... So you scrub up.

MAYA

Thank you. I think. This is fun.

DILL

Ah, all tax deductible and I like parties otherwise it's all death really isn't it?

RANKO thinks about saying something but moves away, continuing to look at MAYA.

(cont'd)

The English. Bit boring aren't we? Pasty, whey faced, bovine moochers. If it wasn't for foreign bloodlines we'd still be wondering if "maybe this Spring we might peck the girl in the next mud hut on the cheek".

LAURA looks over and notices DILL playing and flirting with MAYA.

(cont'd)

Special needs sexually, aren't we? Special needs. Whereas your lot, bloody hell...

MAYA

Mexican?

DILL

Beautiful Central America. Latinate... the Spanish tongue... Arriba, arriba, Speedy Gonzalez. Cancun. La Cucaracha. Oh yes, I'll have a bit of that.

MAYA

You don't know anything about it do you?

DILL

No. (pause) And, er, I don't know what a girl like you is doing with 'Dead Clean'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILL (CONT'D)

I mean the father stunt was an outrageous and queasy move, but that's done. So? I'm sorry but I can't believe it's now all about Marty?

MAYA

You know maybe on your leaflet, 'Mexico Made Simple For The Simple' you also read about the Day of The Dead?

DILL

I don't know, I, er, I only glanced at one side...

MAYA

I grew up with street players, killers, knives, guns, drugs, 's not a joke, I have seen evil take human form. And when young I was in a death cult. Yes. And I pray for my life, for miracles to save life or for the death of my enemy.

DILL

Keeps you busy.

MAYA

My father, not my step father from the house, my real father in Mexico City, he drove a little taxi and every day he prayed to the Santa Muerte to protect him. I lost many friends, you know...

DILL

So wouldn't that put you off?

MAYA

It did the opposite.

LAURA looking even more worried now as "flirting" has become something more like "intense discussion".
Councillor LESLIE ACTION walks over to LAURA.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Hello Laura. I love work related themed parties. Everyone feels they can be so much more expressive.

LAURA

Hi Les.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Who's Dill with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA

Oh, that's Maya one of our new operatives. The others are Lameo... over there... and Bobby... er, don't know where he is?

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

She does death? Bloody hell. I wouldn't mind getting wiped up by that...

LAURA

Put your tongue away, Councillor, that's not a good look for you...

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Who'd have believed Dead Clean would be babe central?

MARTY to MAYA

MARTY

Soft soaping the boss?

MAYA

Just trying to get him to see me as a person. Have a normal conversation.

MARTY

Good luck with that. We used to be really close... before all this (looks around) "purple". What next? Is he going to call himself "Squiggle" the cleaner formerly known as Dill? When we started out, we used to have a laugh and bang on about bollocks for hours, but now he only properly talks to Laura.

MAYA

And you resent?

MARTY

I miss it. yeah, and resent him. He's patronising.

MAYA

Why don't you tell him? Stand up to him?

MARTY

Nah, cause too much shit. (beat) If you're on a goodwill mission you should try to get to know Laura.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAYA

Ah, no, it's a female thing. We still prowling around each other... she got her dagger claws, I got my machete. I fuckin' chop her up. (laughs)

DILL is talking to POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY.

DILL

So glad you could, er, make it out tonight, Petra.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

The chance to drink out of a bucket is a bit hard to miss.

DILL

Oh it's going to get better... excuse me...

DILL goes over to the DJ booth. The music is cut and Dill awkwardly takes the microphone.

(cont'd on mic)

Alright. Alright. Thank you all for coming to this shindig to celebrate our new Dead Clean premises and to have a piss up. Yes. Yes. I know. I am blessed with the common touch. (fields comment from heckler) Or afflicted, yes. Ours is a funny game, cos we're at the dirty, painful end of the spectrum, so I can't say "thanks to those who've given us business and helped sew the seeds of our success" I can only say "where there is a need, we will get stuck in with everything we've got and we hope we can make a difference"...

DILL draws a breath, takes a drink.

(cont'd)

One of my heroes, Hugh Hefner has a rabbit named after him...

LAURA

Oh no.

DILL glances at crib sheet.

DILL

... Sylvilagus palustris hefneri, how brilliant is that? Latin. And why?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DILL (CONT'D)

Because he slapped nudity onto people's coffee tables, he turned a taboo into a talking point. Now me 'n' Hugh, we're both in the stiffs biz and what he did with bunnies, I am going to do with bodies... You could say, I have a dream...

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

The party continues.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Ahh Dill, never a dull moment with you, is there?

DILL

Steady.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Oh I think I've got a little tipsy. Regrettably I'm going to have to go now and get back to Bill.

DILL

You can't go.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Can't I?

DILL

No. Petra, my pal, not till you've told me who's getting "the cult"?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Will you do me a favour?

DILL

Name it.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Meaties.

DILL

When?

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Tonight.

DILL

Tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

I'd love it.

COUNCILLOR LESLIE ACTION approaches LAURA.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Brilliant. What imagination you two have. Very, very entertaining and oddly life affirming.

LAURA

Thanks Les, next week you'll really see...

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

But, unfortunately, I don't think your company is doing a very good job.

LAURA

Really?

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Devil may care. Neglectful. Shoddy. Sloppy..

LAURA

Oh?

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

So I'm calling for a crisis summit. My place. Midnight.

LAURA

Oh.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

And bring a friend.

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

The office is now empty. MARTY is switching off the last of the lights, there is a rattle of keys as he approaches the door.

MAYA

How is it that you are closing?

DILL

Dill and Laura had somewhere to go. I don't know. Better not to ask. They're pretty nocturnal.

MAYA

Lock the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

I'm just about to. Come on.

MAYA

Lock the door on the inside.

MARTY looks at her.

INT. POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

DILL rings the bell. PETRA opens the door. Pyjamas and dressing gown. Brings him in.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Drink, Dill?

DILL

Just a cup of camomile, ta
Petra. Driving.

DILL immediately starts to take off his coat. Without a word PETRA hands him a man's striped pyjamas set which he slips on as she makes the tea. Then the two of them sit side by side on the settee and watch the TV. PETRA slides her hand into DILL's and he gives it a little squeeze. And they sit looking very chaste. Just a middle aged couple watching TV.

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

The remnants of the ice are on the floor. MAYA is sitting in the coffin. MARTY is standing on the floor. They are holding hands.

MARTY

I wouldn't say it's a specific
fantasy. I've thought about
doing it in a coffin, sure. Who
hasn't? Never saw it as a red,
spongy one...

MAYA

Come here...

MAYA pulls MARTY awkwardly into the sponge coffin. She kisses him and forces him to lie down.

MARTY

I've got the wet patch.

MAYA

It's all a wet patch.

MAYA lies on top of MARTY and they kiss, laughing and starting to remove clothes.

INT. CLLR LESLIE ACTION'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION opens his front door and gestures for LAURA to go in. He turns on the lights, but dims them. He picks up and hits a remote control with a swish of his hand. KD Lang comes on the stereo. He disappears into the kitchen and returns in one movement with a bottle of wine and three glasses. He proceeds to unscrew the wine bottle top with a practised flourish. It's all set up for classic seduction.

LESLIE goes to a door and knocks.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION
 Angelika? (pause) Angelika? Ah.
 She's not in.

LESLIE tries to call Angelika's phone. Nothing.
 (cont'd)
 Her phone's off. Damn it.

He pours two glasses of wine. Hands one to LAURA, takes a big swig himself.
 (cont'd)
 I am not about to give up hope.
 We will summon lesbianism from
 the jaws of defeat.

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

MARTY and MAYA are naked. He is behind her, trying to keep his footing.

MAYA
 It's very soft for my knees.

MARTY
 Do you know Eros and Thanos?

MAYA
 From the pizza kebab shop?

MARTY
 No, no. Do you think working close
 to death makes us more sexually
 charged up?

MAYA
 No. I think everyone's just
 randy.

MARTY
 Have you ever read anything by
 the Irish writer, Samuel Beckett?

MAYA
 (shrugs)
 I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

He said "we are all born astride the grave"... isn't that an image...

MAYA

Are you trying to kill the mood?

MARTY

No. I don't know why... it just struck me that...

MAYA

You know what that sounds like to me? Six feet of fun...

MAYA kisses MARTY.

MARTY

This is less like necrophilia, more like bonking in a bouncy castle...(beat) I would imagine.

INT. POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

On the TV is some kind of history programme about "allied landings". DILL and PETRA are now kneeling on the settee facing the backwall. Both have their pyjamas trousers around their ankles and PETRA's dog, Bill Clinton is now licking merrily behind them. DILL occasionally glances at the TV and helps matters along by holding PETRA's hand as she gently repeats the "command" word...

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Meaties. Meaties.

DILL

No teeth. No teeth.

POLICE SERGEANT PETRA JOY

Meaties. Meaties.

DILL

Hmm. Not unpleasant.

INT. CLLR LESLIE ACTION'S FLAT. NIGHT.

LAURA looks in her bag for her mobile phone.

INT. DEAD CLEAN NEW OFFICE. NIGHT.

MARTY and MAYA try to have sex but the sponge coffin is squelching in rhythm with every move. MARTY stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

...I can't... I can't... it just sounds like an orchestra of fanny farts...

They both collapse, laughing.

MAYA

Let's not do this...

MARTY

Whaaa !!?

MAYA

I want our first time to be so special. Not a sex in a sponge coffin soaking joke...

MARTY looks at her as her wet dress clings to her body. He is devastated.

(cont'd)

Hey Marty, you know...

MARTY

What?

He kisses her. Their faces stay close.

MAYA

Thank you. Thank you to La Santisima for sending you to me.

MARTY

I know I'm your angel. Keeping you safe.

MAYA

We see. I haven't truly tested you yet.

MARTY's phone rings. MARTY looks towards his clothes.

(cont'd)

Leave it. Let it ring.

MARTY

Okay. (beat) I can't...

MARTY gets out of the coffin and retrieves his phone.

INT. CLLR LESLIE ACTION'S FLAT. NIGHT.

LAURA

Hi Marty you with Maya? Can I have a word with her?... Hi Maya, how you doing? Good...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (CONT'D)

Er, Maya, I realise that we haven't particularly spoken and in fact we may not even get on, and under those circumstances this may appear to be optimistic or just plain ludicrous, but would you be prepared to come over to a man from the town council's flat to join me in a lesbian sex session? (Pause. Listens) Okay... just thought I'd ask. See you at work. Ta. Yeah, bye.... She's with Marty and, er, it's a bit late.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Oh, that's a total crying shame because she'd have been a totally spicy burrito. Anyone else you know?

LAURA

Not really. Not now.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

Oh, well that might be the end of that. I realise it's not the simplest fetish to live with... Annoyingly because a fetish is really just a form of obsessed focus. Something has triggered a sexual association. Some people like lingerie, pvc, pain, taking a poop on a willing, or unwilling, partner and to be honest if I was in control I'd rather select something like "a leaf falling from a tree" or "a slowly moving car", then I could walk out my door and be in ecstasy. Can you imagine it; autumn or heavy traffic; a Niagara of cum.

LAURA

There's a lovely image. (beat) Initially I thought it was a joke. With you being called Les Action.

CLLR LESLIE ACTION

This is my thing and I have to live with it. What troubles me is I'm not sure if it's auto suggestion or if my parents really had a lot of foresight.

LESLIE hands her a dvd.

(cont'd)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLLR LESLIE ACTION (CONT'D)

Either way, if we're going to salvage something of this evening stick 'Back On The Strap-On 6' in the machine will you...

EXT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. DAY.

Police tape everywhere. A real energy kick. Everything is fraught. DILL is like Field Marshall Montgomery, he climbs the stairs finishing a phone call...

DILL

(on mobile phone)

...oh yeah, kudos, kudos Petra, "you da bomb", we won't let you down...

DILL joins the rest of them of the Dead Clean crew on the upstairs landing.

DILL (CONT'D)

Okay quiet. Large, important job. This is going to be a baptism of bleach for you two, but that's how life is in the dead remains cleaning game. The owner wants this on the market this week. He hopes to shift it before this address becomes as infamous as 25 Cromwell Street or 10 Rillington Place. Most of this house is bio clean, the gloop's all up here. Marty, you and Bobby take the big room. Maya and Lameo, in there... Open the windows straight away, it pongs... and let's not be precious people, this is all about making a big clean dent in this; fast...

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BUNK BEDROOM. DAY.

The bodies were mainly on the beds, but some gloop has made it onto the floor and carpets. While laying out their cleaning materials which includes big polythene sheets, the Dead Clean "gang" can't help but take in the designs on the walls. Bright multi-colours, quite a lot of astral imagery, a couple of happy looking Roswell style aliens. Oddly the overall impression is of a children's playgroup. MAYA raises and kisses her little amulet as she and BOBBY go into the bunk bed room.

BOBBY BEEBIE

How many people were here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

In all? Perhaps fifteen.

BOBBY BEEBIE

They just laid themselves out here, and used what? Poison?

MAYA

I don't know. Marty thinks it was sleeping pills, mix wid alcohol and then there were bags over the head, you know, to suffocate.

BOBBY BEEBIE

And why would they do that?

MAYA

A better life.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

MARTY

What are you thinking when you enter a room like this?

RANKO

I am thinking how stupid must these people be...

MARTY

Yes. Well they must have had their reasons.

RANKO

They were slave sheep... like miserable communists, throw the lives away...

MARTY

Police said for a suicide cult they were remarkably jolly, all totally believed it as the next step up... to, er, nirvana...

RANKO

Arseholes.

MARTY

What about the room though? What would you do?

RANKO

Burn it. Blanket: Burn. Bed: Burn. Carpet: Rip up. Burn. If a stain has gone through, burn floorboards...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Sort of "one size fits all"
scorched earth policy. Maybe
just gasoline, torch the whole
place?

RANKO

Yes, or bulldozer.

MARTY

You know we're called Dead
Clean? Clean?

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BUNK BEDROOM. DAY.

BOBBY has his back to MAYA.

MAYA

Bobby did Marty tell you how to
make it clean and with what?
Bobby? Bobby we just have to
wrap the bed first. Bobby?...
Bobby are you crying?

BOBBY BEEBIE

(wiping tears)

No.

MAYA

Bobby! I know is disgusting...

BOBBY BEEBIE

(very upset)

I thought I could do this, but I
can't do this. It's like all the
other jobs. There's always
something difficult. I can't do
it.

MAYA

Don't think of it like it's
bodies, Bobby, just like
cleaning.

BOBBY BEEBIE

(blubbering
hysterical)

I slipped on the plate and
knocked out my teeth on the
restaurant sink. All the soapy
water got in the car because I
left the window open. In the
glue factory I was stuck for
that whole weekend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY BEEBIE (CONT'D)

They said I had to kill twelve chickens every minute but I could only kill four because they were all flapping. I gave that lady gonorrhoea...

MAYA

Bobby. Bobby. Bobby. Bobby.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

MARTY and RANKO are wrapping polythene around the mattress and trying to tape it.

RANKO

...you having the sex? With her? She is your woman?

MARTY

Er, no. She's not my woman. Take the end. Pass it back.

RANKO

Oh. I thought she was yours. Here.

MARTY

It doesn't work like that. Thank you.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BUNK BEDROOM. DAY.

MAYA

Why are you like this?

BOBBY BEEBIE

(head in hands)
I don't know.

MAYA

What has happened to you?

BOBBY BEEBIE

Everything. I don't know. I'm just rubbish at being a person.

MAYA

No you're not. No you're not. Just tell me now, Bobby, tell me now, look at me, tell me some things you can do, somethings you are good at...

BOBBY BEEBIE

Nothing. I'm just a small piece of shit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From outside a grinding of gears and hydraulics is heard.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

DILL, finishing a phone call, enters the main bedroom.

DILL

Okay, the big bio bins are here
and I tracked down an old
refrigeration truck, so let's
get the splattered mattresses
downstairs...

INT. / EXT. VERY BIG HOUSE. EVENING.

The mattresses have been wrapped in clinging polythene and taped. Everyone helps to move them down the stairs and out into the former refrigerator van.

MARTY

They fit fine Dill.

DILL

Shame, cos I really enjoy using
the chainsaw.

There are shouts from inside the house. DILL and MARTY investigate. RANKO decides to launch his mattress like a toboggan, it momentarily traps Bobby on the stairs then whacks him to the floor and slides over him.

MARTY

Bloody hell!

MAYA

Hey!

DILL

That is not how we do that. If
this splits then we've got to
clean it's whole route.

MARTY

C'mon Lameo think about it.
Bobby are you okay?

BOBBY BEEBIE

(small)

No.

DILL

Get up Bobby, stop pissing about
for fuck's sake.

BOBBY looks up in total dejection. He walks towards the door and keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Hey Bobby! Bobby! Where's he going?

BOBBY walks away from the house and turns down the street.

MAYA

He's having a bad day.

MARTY

Brilliant.

DILL

Go and get him back Marty I guaranteed we'd finish here tonight...

EXT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. EVENING.

DILL and MARTY walk out of the front door. They pass the refrigerator truck half filled with mattresses and the large bio bins,

MARTY

I'll find him.

DILL

Yeah, I'm off now. Going to pick up me dry cleaning for tonight.

DILL gets into his Lexus as MARTY breaks into a half run and calls back over his shoulder.

MARTY

Oh yeah. Knock 'em out.

MARTY is off in the direction BOBBY went.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BUNK BEDROOM. DAY.

RANKO is dealing with a stain on the carpet. He suddenly seems very interested in procedure.

RANKO

...like this?

MAYA

Use that enzyme cleaner. That clear one is the best...

RANKO

More?

MAYA

Yes you can use more of it. Cover the whole area...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANKO
You scrub?

MAYA
Yes.

RANKO
Like this?
Pathetic little motions.

MAYA
More strong.
More pathetic little motions.

RANKO
This?
MAYA comes over to RANKO.

MAYA
No. You weak?
RANKO slips her in front of him, with his arms around her.

RANKO
Show me...
They struggle.

MAYA
Get off me...
MAYA stands and backs off him.

RANKO
Baby you see these dead people,
uhh, life is short. You gotta
have your fun...

MAYA
I'm working...

RANKO
Yeah? I hear that's when you
like it. You and that other
twisty fucker.

MAYA
Yes? What's it to you? Marty's
my boyfriend.

RANKO moves towards her and she moves towards the door.

RANKO
That little ball o'dough wid
little eyes? You ain't serious.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RANKO (CONT'D)

You could do better, baby. You should be dancing. Be international model. I know a couple o'guys who know a guy wid a club... he's hoping to buy... so I could set you up there; dancing or the lady bring the men in, who say "hello"...

MAYA

Don't come any closer...

MAYA has picked up a brush, but RANKO keeps moving towards her. MAYA is out of the room backing towards the landing as RANKO closes in on her.

RANKO

You know it's better than being elbow up in some dead guy's guts like this... You be nice to me, I be nice to you...

MAYA

(fast, fevered -
some hint of past)
Don't ever try to make me do something I don't want to do...

RANKO

Come on, baby, put a wire brush down, I have a pain in my heart for you. You're the only reason I come to work...

MAYA

Get the fuck back off me.

RANKO

You about a seven baby, so that means I don't mind if you put up a fight...

RANKO grabs MAYA. In the struggle he pulls her amulet off her neck.

(cont'd)

...you worth it...

RANKO and MAYA grapple at the top of the stairs. She manages to hit him in the groin with the business end of the wire brush and as he doubles over she elbows him in the ear. RANKO stumbles and falls backwards down the stairs. His body bounces then slams into the ground, neck breaking with a crack. At the top of the stairs MAYA picks up her amulet and holds it in her hand as she mutters a few words of Santa Muerte prayer.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. EVENING.

MAYA

...I think it terrible too.
Terrible he didn't land on his
cock...

MARTY sits on the stairs, head in his hands in total shock.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

Middle and old aged people in smart suits, evening dresses and underpowered bling, circulating around the bar. DILL and LAURA looking a million pounds, raising their glasses, drinking, chatting. Shaking hands. Smooching butts. Gripping and grinning. Working the room. PHIL, LES ACTION and PETRA JOY identifiable among the throng.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. EVENING.

MARTY and MAYA sit on the stairs. She is now holding him.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL and LAURA being seated for a formal dinner.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. EVENING.

MARTY

...I mean, you had no choice,
did you ? It was him or you. He
was going to attack you or
worse... you had to use your
street fighting skills and it
all went a bit Phil Spector...

MAYA

No, it was more like Miss Piggy.
Hie-ya!

MARTY

(tries to laugh,
but can't)
You're still pumped... you may
be hysterical...

MAYA

I know... I am shaking on the
edge...

MARTY gets out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

You know we have to report
this...

MAYA and MARTY look at each other.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

MAYOR

...so it gives me enormous
pleasure to welcome this month's
recipient of the 'TownHall
Tankard' for industry.

The MAYOR hands a small silver tankard to DILL. There
is a polite smattering of applause.

(cont'd)

Our entrepreneurial keynote
speaker on the theme of 'Vision
and Excellence'... Dylan
Grimshaw, Laura Barnes...'Dead
Clean'...

Applause.

DILL shrugs as though embarrassed by the applause and
the tankard. Then he gets to his feet. DILL's phone
rings. He glances at the caller ID...He decides to take
the call. He gestures to hush the room.

DILL

Excuse me everyone...

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

MARTY looks at MAYA and the body of RANKO.

MARTY

Dill...(pause) Knock 'em dead,
mate.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL looks stunned.

DILL

...My senior manager. Just
called to wish me good luck. But
that's the thing isn't it? When
you're building your business
you're never not on call. It is
a calling. And my business...
frankly, 24/7 we're making this
a better world by bringing out
your dead...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Applause into...

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

The roar of a chainsaw as MARTY sets about chopping up RANKO in the white tiled bathroom. MAYA helpfully holds the body as the two manoeuvre in the tight space, trying to keep as much blood and bits as possible in the bath.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

Distasteful to some. Maybe. But graft is graft and coin is coin and businesses work on the same principles whether you're an Aston Martin showroom or the rat catcher.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

Roar of a chainsaw.

MARTY

Please hold his head up!

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

Pride.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

MARTY

Pull at that arm.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

Service.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

MAYA

There go an eye...

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

Attention to detail.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

MARTY and MAYA's once white "protective blimps" are now scarlet. MARTY wipes dripping blood from his eyes.

MARTY

Jesus. I fucking hate gristle...

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

And those often neglected values; honour...

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

MAYA

Marty! Marty! Stop! Stop!

MARTY looks around very worried.

MARTY

What!?

MAYA

Thank you.

MARTY and MAYA look at each other. A brief bloody kiss.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

DILL

...and loyalty.

DILL looks at LAURA and beckons her to stand up.

(cont'd)

For some these are dirty words in today's bottom lined, cutthroat, and supremely savage business world. But not for us. Not for us. We believe "in muck there's brass", but more important than keeping an eye on the pennies, I would ask each and every one of you here tonight to look into your hearts and ask yourself a simple question: Are you making your mark? Or are you leaving a stain?

DILL pauses to let the words sink in.

(cont'd)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A smattering of applause that builds to whoops and cheers. DILL and LAURA bask in the noise.

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

MARTY

Right, that's the fucking chunks done. So let's get cleaning!

CUT TO:

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. BATHROOM NIGHT.

Montage of tight shots showing cleaning in action. Body bits bagged. Intercut with...

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

LAURA

Oh fuck... Dill. 'Spotless' alert.

DILL

Oh I thought this was a twonk free zone...

STEVE SHEEN

Laura... Grimshaw.

DILL

Mandy... Sheen.

LAURA

Mandy.

MANDY SHEEN

Laura. Bank loan equals fake tits?

LAURA moves to strike.

LAURA

These are all me, Mandy. Would you like to wear a pair?

The men hold back their women who continue to jostle.

STEVE SHEEN

Well what a "special" night for you.

DILL

Yeah, I think it says we're a force to be reckoned with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE SHEEN

I think it says you haven't got
and never will get leading death
cleaning market share in this
town.

MANDY SHEEN

C'mon Steve, or I'll need to treat
this toxic waste.

STEVE and MANDY turn and walk away.

LAURA

Oh sashay back to your bucket...

DILL

(shouting)
You're all Moonie wimps with
wetwipes... Ah Mayor Trollope...

INT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

Shots in upper bunk bed room. Landing and stairs.
Effectively obliterating all CSI style traces of
RANKO's demise.

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HALL. EVENING.

LAURA and DILL are at the bar. DILL is now very drunk.
LAURA is totally sober. DILL is talking to a ultra
respectable looking couple.

DILL

...oh good god no, apart from
sex, we're not "hands on"...

The room has "thinned out".

LAURA

Well done you...

DILL

Thank you.

LAURA

...for not mentioning Hefner and
the "stiffies" in your speech...

DILL

It was a struggle. I was biting
back "the bunnies"...

LAURA

I've got something for you.

DILL looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(cont'd)
Put your hand on it.

DILL "indulges her" and reaches for the tankard.

DILL
Thank you. But it's both of
ours. We built...

LAURA
Shut up.

DILL
You shut up.

LAURA
Put your hand on it.

LAURA takes DILL's hand and places it on her stomach,
just about where her womb is. They look at each other.

DILL
Oh.

EXT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

Trying to be quiet, but making inevitable noise, MARTY
and MAYA get the last of the protective bags into the
bio bins. MARTY locks down and tape seals all the bins.
They kiss. It is their best ever kiss. They touch.
Kiss. Touch. Suddenly they are having incredibly
intense sex amongst the body bits bins. Wide shot: the
bins are rocking.

INT. DILL'S FLAT. NIGHT.

DILL and LAURA are in bed. DILL is half asleep, cuddled
up to LAURA who sits against the headboard. His arm,
possibly subconsciously, definitely protectively,
across her stomach.

LAURA
...the thing is Dill...

DILL
Hmmmh.

LAURA
I mean I'm sure your sperm cos
they're your sperm would be the
strongest swimmers, the maddest,
most determined little fuckers,
longing to make life the most...

DILL
Whadda...fu...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

...I've had so much random cock up there, it may not necessarily be yours...

DILL

...Hmnmnmnh DNA...

LAURA

Yeah. Yeah we could test. Do you want to test ?

DILL

No.

LAURA

Good. What I think... what I think is more important, beyond any stuff like that, is that I want you to be the dad, you know, to do the dad role, to raise a kid, for you and I to raise a kid...

DILL

...Hmmtiming?... very bad timing...

LAURA

Yeah, I know. But I've thought about it and I think we can have it all. Can't we?

DILL

(still mumbly)

Oh yeah. Don't you worry about a flippin' thing, love. We'll sort it...

LAURA

I want that more than I've ever wanted anything... (Pause) When you say "love"... is that just northern?

DILL

Yes... just a turn of phrase... but... don't mean I don't mean it.

LAURA

Ooh someone's heading for an oral seeing to.

DILL grunts sleepily.

INT. MARTY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MARTY sits against the headboard, MAYA asleep alongside him. He is just staring down at her. He tenderly removes a fleck of gristle from her hairline.

EXT. VERY LARGE HOUSE. DAY.

Flash. Photographs are taken as MARTY and DILL stand in front of one of a Dead Clean van in front of the Suicide Cult House. The former refrigerator truck and the bio bins have gone. Despite the heavy rain that's falling, DILL is beaming, wearing a Dead Clean logo T-shirt under his jacket. He has pulled the lapels apart for the photo. MARTY looks ashen, unshaven and stricken.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Cool. That's brilliant. Ta.

DILL

Bit horrible in the rain?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Moody. Grim. Perfect.

JOURNALIST

Okay, I think we got everything.

MARTY

What?

DILL

What d'you think? Reckon you could make a full page of it all.

JOURNALIST

Yeah, maybe, mass suicide's always a cool angle on a story.

DILL

Great. If you need any more follow up, give me a tinkle.

DILL hands out a couple of business cards.

MARTY

What?

DILL

They've finished, mate.

MARTY

Right.

DILL

You okay? You seem out of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Yeah. No. Um. I'm just wondering how, er, Maya's getting on. Bobby turned up...

DILL

After his funny five minutes. Or in his case, funny lifetime, probably.

MARTY

But Ranko... no.

DILL

Oh for fuck's sake. And Laura's going over there with contracts...

MARTY

What a drifter...

DILL

We've got more fucking flakes than Cadbury's.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. LOUNGE. DAY.

The flat is on the third floor of a high rise. It has just a couple of rooms with stripped out wooden floors and a tiny balcony off the lounge where the body was.

MAYA

Bobby you driving me crazy with the self esteem issues. I am trying to help you, but it is simple, simple. If you let people push you about then they will always do it and you will always be pushed about. That's like a human physics...

BOBBY BEEBIE

But, but I'm not like you...do I have a.... Do I have a choice?

MAYA

Yes Bobby. Don't take the crap. Stand up. Fight back. How much lower do you want to go? Scrape up that old man's gloop now?

BOBBY BEEBIE

See, you don't think I can even do this?

MAYA

No Bobby, I'm saying something that is different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA (CONT'D)

This isn't right for you. You are not the man who is going to rise above it, or to see the funny side, or to defend yourself. You are going to wallow, go right down into it, drown in it, to gargle in some old man's rotting guts. So you must get out Bobby, get out, get into the sun, I don't know, sell ice creams...(gestures) cone, pull... cone, pull...

MAYA gestures "how difficult can it be".

(cont'd)

Trust me Bobby.

BOBBY starts to cry again. He collects his little bag and starts to leave. He looks back momentarily and gives a little gesture of thanks, with his head. MAYA's phone rings.

INT. THE DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

MARTY and DILL drive. MARTY is on his phone.

MARTY

Maya, I'm going to be with you in fifteen minutes. How're you and Bobby doing? That old guy should've been a couple of scrapes and a splash 'n' dash...

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. LOUNGE. DAY.

MAYA

Bobby's gone.

INT. THE DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

MARTY turns even more white.

MARTY

(detectably slow)

What do you mean, gone?

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. LOUNGE. DAY.

MAYA

I made him go away. I think it for the best.

INT. DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

Marty snaps his phone off.

MARTY

Oh fuck.

DILL

What!? Wassamatter, mate. You look like you've seen a ghost.

A beat. Then...

MARTY

The thing is Dill, I, er, I'm in love with Maya, I love Maya...

DILL looks straight ahead.

DILL

Oh.

MARTY

But...

Pause.

DILL.

Yes?

MARTY

(blurted)

Maya's a serial killer. I think she murdered her step-father, then Ranko and now Bobby. That I know of. And last night I cut up Ranko's body and it's gone off for incineration in a number of Dead Clean "bio" bags. I'm sorry Dill I meant to tell you but I wasn't sure how to phrase it. But now I know...

DILL remains unblinkingly calm. Looks at MARTY. Looks straight ahead. Shocked. Then some strategic mulling. Then...

DILL

Fucking Laura !!!!

DILL floors the accelerator. The wheels spin on the wet road.

EXT./ INT. COUNCIL FLAT. DAY.

LAURA walks into the lobby of the concrete monstrosity council block. She pushes a button on the lift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doors creak and wobble open. She winces at the inevitable piss stench. The doors close behind her.

INT. DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

DILL hits the brakes. The van skids to a stop. Other cars honk their horns. DILL realizes there's a quicker way to deal with this. He yanks his phone out. Speed dials Laura.

INT. COUNCIL BLOCK LIFT. DAY.

LAURA as the lift ascends. With no signal, her phone does not ring.

INT. DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

DILL slams the phone onto his seat between his legs as he floors the accelerator.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. LOUNGE. DAY.

LAURA pushes the part open door to the flat and goes in. MAYA is in her protective blimp on her hands and knees working on the floor.

MAYA

Oh hi.

LAURA

Maya. Hi. Er, just brought your contract. (Looks about) Where's Bobby and Ranko?

MAYA

Gone.

LAURA

Er. Okay. When you say "gone"? For a coffee? Er, the day, or...

MAYA

No. Gone. Away.

LAURA

Er. Right. They didn't say anything to me.

MAYA

No. They just hated it. But I don't.

LAURA

You see, I'm finding this very strange...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA stands up.

MAYA

What do you mean?

LAURA

I'd have lost money. I'd have bet on you going faster than anyone.

MAYA

Or is that just what you wanted?

LAURA looks quizzical.

(cont'd)

What do you want? What was that lesbian shit you pull?

LAURA

The what? Oh that was just business. If need be I'll go dykey. I prefer cock. You're quite "do-able", but don't flatter yourself.

MAYA

Look Laura, you 'n' me. We're different. You don' like me, I don' like you. I don' even know why. I think I don' like you cos I think you don' like me. Is that fuckin' mature?

LAURA

Maybe I've got an instinct.

MAYA

Maybe your instinct stink. Maybe you getting tense and insecure. Maybe you don' like another woman coming on your little patch... or maybe we just gotta have a bitch slap and find out who's the fucking boss?

Pause. They stare at each other. Laura leads by half a second, but they both burst out laughing.

INT. DEAD CLEAN VAN. DAY.

DILL is driving like a psycho maniac.

DILL

Come on... come on... this thing's got a lot of drag... fuck ! Come on... Don't put a zebra crossing there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Dill there's no point in killing us and pedestrians while trying to save someone's life.

DILL

Laura isn't "someone"...

MARTY

Look Dill, when I said "serial killer" I may have been impulsive. Judgemental. She might just be a "spree killer"...

DILL

What the fuck's that?

MARTY

I don't think it's as bad... a serial killer does victims over time, with "cooling off periods" in between, whereas the "spree killer" goes crazy for a little "window" and then is fine again. I mean both, obviously cover it all with a mask of sanity, but...

DILL

Marty if this is meant to be helping it's not...

The van screeches to an unexpected stop as DILL lets a woman with a pram pass.

(cont'd)

We both love CSI? It's your favourite show, isn't it?

MARTY

Yes, pretty much. Certainly Vegas.

This seems like an old routine...

MARTY DILL

(together)

The original and still the best.

DILL

So it's "minty", you left house "minty"...

MARTY

Dill trust me, minty-lemony. And the good news is, I think Maya is now a fully trained cleaner...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILL looks at him. MARTY isn't sure what to say next.
Pause.

(cont'd)
It's great that we're chatting.

DILL
Just tell me the whole, fucking,
Lameo, story...

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. BALCONY. DAY.

LAURA is sitting on the flat's tiny balcony at the small set of table and chairs there. The contract is on the table. Maya stands nearby with her back to the lounge.

LAURA
Well you sign. At least that way
I know we've still got an
employee.

MAYA
Not a problem. I do it for Marty
anyway.

LAURA
You're changing him. He's
becoming sanitary and
conversational.

MAYA
You think I am a silly,
passionate, Latino broad... but
I would fucking die for that
man. I feel it in my heart... we
got a blood bond... in fact...

MAYA runs off to the kitchen of the flat.

EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK. DAY.

MARTY
Thinking logically, Maya may not
have murdered the step-father,
Bobby; just run off again? The
whole Ranko thing, self defence?

DILL and MARTY screech to a halt outside the council block and next to the other Dead Clean van.

DILL
Come on...

DILL bangs his car door open.

INT. COUNCIL BLOCK. DAY.

MAYA emerges from the kitchen with a knife.

EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK. DAY.

DILL is out of the van and hits the speed dial on his phone.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. BALCONY. DAY.

LAURA's phone rings.

LAURA

Dill? What can I... oh gord,
Maya's got a knife... Maya what
you doing with that?...

MAYA stands in front of LAURA and cuts her own hand,
accidentally nicking her arm as well.

(cont'd)

...oh shit she's hit a vein...

EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK. DAY.

DILL looks frantic and rushes towards the Council Block
entrance. A passer by also approaches the entrance. He
notices the Dead Clean vans.

PASSER BY1

Hey, eye-catching livery.

DILL doesn't pause but somehow combines wrenching open
the front door with giving a business card to the
passer by.

DILL

Thanks.

With the front door now open DILL and MARTY rush
inside.

INT. COUNCIL BLOCK. STAIRS. DAY.

DILL

Where is she? Where is she?!

MARTY

Third floor. Third floor. Flat
seven.

DILL and MARTY race up the stairs.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. BALCONY. DAY.

LAURA is getting sprayed, MAYA is staring at the blood spurt, Laura looks around her, no obvious tourniquet. She tears the left sleeve of her own blouse off and tries to wrap it round MAYA's cut arm. Blood is getting everywhere.

MAYA

I wanted to sign in my blood to prove how much this means to me.

LAURA

Yeah. Great appreciate the loyalty, can live without the flaming mess.

BANG. The door bursts open as DILL tears into the flat, closely followed by MARTY. POV DILL sees the scene LAURA on her knees, blouse ripped, blood spattered. MAYA standing over her with the knife in her hand.

DILL

Laura!!! No!!!

DILL races towards MAYA. Slides on the old man's gloop. Skids towards MAYA out of control. LAURA jumps back as DILL reaches MAYA and smashes her full in the face causing her to reel back and fall over the balcony. She's gone.

(cont'd)

You okay, love?

MARTY

What have you done?!

MARTY attacks DILL and spins him round. They lock arms in a standing mini wrestle.

LAURA is in a state of shock and slowly peers over the balcony.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You've killed her. You stupid fucking bully...

MARTY balls his hand into a fist.

LAURA trying is trying to be heard...

LAURA

Oh my god ! Dill... Dill ! Marty!

MARTY

You've got to throw your weight around until you've destroyed everything... everything and everyone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY stares at DILL, fire and fight in his eyes.

DILL

Disposing of Lameo. I'd have
done the same. For my woman.

MARTY stops. Unclenches his fist. Becomes instantly,
spookily, chillingly calm. He very smoothly stoops and
picks up a cleaning cloth.

(cont'd)

I'm going to wash her body.

MARTY strides serenely straight towards the balcony and
over... dropping like a stone.

Utter disbelief on LAURA's face.

DILL (CONT'D)

(shell shocked)

Christ, what is it with us and
staff turnover.

LAURA

(small)

She's okay.

DILL

What?

LAURA

She's okay...

LAURA peers over the balcony.

(cont'd)

... but Marty's not.

High angle shot MAYA is flat out in one waterfilled,
sponge coffin, she's coming around, rubbing her head,
battered and bruised but very much alive.

MARTY missed half the second sponge coffin, but the van
and it's windscreen broke his fall. Alive, but injured,
MARTY slowly slides off the front of the van with a
slow, burbling cry.

DILL and LAURA look down from the balcony. DILL puts
his arm around LAURA's waist.

DILL

My fat fucking god, that's
clever. That's branding.
(shouts) Hey, who's going to
clean up this bloody mess?

FADE OUT.