

## PROLOUGE

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The moonlight shines through the tall trees of the forest far outside the city. The only source of light until the two yellow beams of light coming from a car in the distance slowly approach, crushing leaves and twigs under the tires.

The tan early 2000s Toyota Corolla squeaks to a stop in a small clearing before the engine turns off, leaving the slight rustle of leaves and the sounds of animals off in the distance as the only sounds left to hear. That is until the car door opens.

Booted feet step out of the driver side door and make their way to passenger seat door which opens and the man retrieves a shovel. He then continues to the trunk and sticks the key in to open it.

EXT. CLEARING - SAME

The sounds of a man breathing heavily and a shovel piercing the soil echos throughout forest. A man dressed in a navy blue jumpsuit, boots and medical mask finishes digging a 4 foot deep hole about as wide as a hot tub. The man grabs a black bodybag and drags it into the whole. He then climbs out, removing his mask and takes a long deep breath, exhausted.

EBENEZER HAYES turns back to the hole and stares at his work, still breathing heavily.

A beat.

He puts his mask back on and starts filling in the whole.

ACT I: 2 WEEKS EARLIER

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The coffee shop is enveloped by sounds of cash registers opening and closing, casual conversation, the occasional light chime from the door indicating a new customer has entered, and the soft classical music being played throughout the dining area.

Seated at a table for two up against a big window which just on the other side is the chaos of the cars, trucks and pedestrians of the city, EBENEZER HAYES, a man in his mid-40s, hair disheveled and wearing round lens glasses is seemingly deep in thought staring at the empty seat across from him. He sips his coffee as if it is the only important thing in this moment, grasping it with two hands and never letting it rest on the table.

EXT SHOT, SLOW PUSH IN, LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM THE CITY STREET:

A man dressed in a black suit and blue tie carrying a brown suitcase approaches EBENEZER, startling him a bit as he taps him on the shoulder. The man says something in audible due to the loud city life and EBENEZER hesitantly shakes his hand. The man takes a step back and takes a manila envelope out of his suitcase and hands it to a confused EBENEZER.

As he stares at the envelope, the suited man says one more inaudible thing then begins to leave before being stopped by Ebenezer grabbing his forearm. The man looks at him with pity and slowly takes Ebenezer's hand off his arm, saying one more thing as he leaves the coffee shop.

Ebenezer, head still looking down at the envelope, defeated, drops his hand and begins to open the envelope.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

EBENEZER sits at his desk side eyeing the envelope on it. He quickly opens his drawer and throws it in before closing it. He takes off his glasses and stressfully rubs his eyes with his hands then runs them through his hair.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Mr. Hayes, Mr. Farley would like to  
speak to you in his office.

EBENEZER looks offscreen at the secretary and nods solemnly.

INT. MR. FARLEY'S OFFICE - SAME

MR. FARLEY, about 32, is on speaker phone with his daughter as EBENEZER enters.

MR. FARLEY  
Okay sweetie, daddy has a meeting.  
Bye, Love you!

EBENEZER begins to sit at the other side of the desk, but Mr. Farley puts his hand up as he hangs up the phone.

MR. FARLEY  
You can stay standing. This won't take long.

EBENEZER  
Oh... okay.

Farley stands up.

MR. FARLEY  
You've worked here for what 14, 15 years?

He picks up a baseball from a stand atop his desk.

EBENEZER  
21 years.

MR. FARLEY  
(chuckling)  
Damn! I was still in grade school.

Farley sits at the edge of his desk.

MR. FARLEY  
Through that time you helped New Tech become a very profitable start up. I mean shit you were once viewed as a, a legend, no?

EBENEZER  
Thanks, but I wouldn't really say that.

A beat.

MR. FARLEY  
My father, would.

He gets up off his desk and walks towards the window.

MR. FARLEY (CONT'D)

I think most of us would, well, the ones that were around for it... Winston, Gabriel, and whats his name, grey hair, those small glasses?

EBENEZER

Fredrick...

MR. FARLEY

(sarcastic)

Ah yes. The 'dream team'.

A beat as he stares out the window.

MR. FARLEY (CONT'D)

My father loved you guys... Have you had the chance to see him.

EBENEZER

I've been meaning to, something just came up that I have been dealing with though. Next Friday, I think. I will.

MR. FARLEY

Good. It'll be nice for him to have some company. I can barely bring myself to, especially since we let go poor ol small glasses. It took him three hours to recognize me last time.

A beat.

EBENEZER

Um... why, did you call me in.

MR. FARLEY

(deep breath)

Fredrick.

Mr Farley shakes his head in pity.

MR. FARLEY (CONT'D)

We're getting younger, more efficient, so we're making cuts. Moving around our quarterly budget for the new downtown office.

Ebenezer furrows his brow.

EBENEZER  
(in disbelief)  
Are you firing me?

MR. FARLEY  
Let's call it a leave of absence. And  
who knows maybe when the new office is  
up we can talk about a position.

EBENEZER  
But I-- let me speak to James about--

MR. FARLEY  
Its done, Ebenezer. I'm sorry. My  
father is no longer capable of making  
decisions for this company. Pack your  
things. I'll give you until the end of  
the day.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

EBENEZER meanders to a white Honda Civic carrying a box with his belongings from the office. He fumbles for his keys, dropping them before he can put them in the key hole. He bends over and picks them up then unlocks the car and sits in the passenger seat, taking a breath.

EBENEZER then tries to close the door but it gets jammed. He opens and closes it again and again getting more frustrated with every try.

EBENEZER  
AHHH!

He slams the door shut and it finally closes. After taking a moment to rest his head on the steering wheel he starts the car and drives off.

INT. MOTEL 6 LAUNDROMAT - EVENING

Ebenezer loads up a washing machine full of his clothes and puts some coins in it.

Ebenezer takes a beat as it does not start. Puzzled he shakes it then when that does not work he hits it hard, starting the cycle. He hangs his head in depression but notices someone staring at him. He looks over to see a woman dressed in corporate attire staring at him by the door.

A beat as they lock eyes for a moment.

She walks out the door and towards the rooms as Ebenezer's confused gaze follows her until she can no longer be seen.

INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM 5 - SAME

Montage:

- Ebenezer opens the door and enters carrying a hamper filled with his clothes. He places the hamper at the foot of the bed and heads into the bathroom

- Ebenezer takes a shower gets out and puts on an old and faded gray cat shirt and some red and black plaid pajama bottoms from out of the hamper.

Montage End:

Ebenezer takes out his phone and pauses a moment when he sees the lock screen image, a photo of himself, his wife and their son on a skiing trip. He swipes the screen to unlock it then dials up a number and puts the phone to his ear.

The phone rings six times with no answer.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Hi! It's Cameron sorry I missed your call. Leave a message and I'll try to get back to you soon! Bye!

In the background you can hear a baby's voice, then the beep.

EBENEZER

(clears throat)

Hey um... so I am going to come by tomorrow morning to take Benny to school... um. I'll be there around 7:30. I uhh... hope we can get a chance to talk then.

He itches right above his eyebrow.

EBENEZER

So um yeah! I'll... see you then.  
Okay. Yeah. Bye.

He places his phone on the bed beside him. Then walks towards the door.

EXT. HALLWAY BALCONEY - DUSK

Ebenezer opens the door and steps out into the dusk air. He

leans onto the railing parallel to the motel doors and takes a deep breath, taking a moment to stare out into the faint, blue hour sky.

ISABELLE

Rough day?

A bit startled, Ebenezer turns towards the voice. The lady from the laundry room stands two doors down from him now dressed in silk pajamas. Isabelle (28) holds a lighter and a pack of cigarettes in one hand, tapping the pack against her other hand in order to retrieve one from the pack.

EBENEZER

That obvious, huh?

ISABELLE

Eh, I know the look.

Isabelle approaches Ebenezer and leans against the railing next to him. She sparks the cigarette.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

And given my week's been pretty  
shitty-- sorry you don't mind do you?

She holds up the cigarette. Ebenezer shakes his head.

EBENEZER

May I..?

Isabelle's eyes widen a bit then she shrugs and hands him the pack. Ebenezer slides one out of the carton as she holds it. He slips it between his lips and she lights it for him.

ISABELLE

Wouldn't take you for it. But hey,  
living here, you probably need it.

Ebenezer exhales smoke.

EBENEZER

It's temporary.

ISABELLE

Same.

Ebenezer takes another puff then turns to face the sky again only now it is black.

EBENEZER

Do you ever wonder why when one thing starts to go bad its like a snowball. The bad just keeps growing and growing until... I don't know.

Takes puff. Isabelle brushes off the statement.

ISABELLE

I know what you mean.

EBENEZER (CONT'D)

I lost my job today. Worked there over twenty years, can you believe that. Basically helped build the place, and still... Kicked to the curb like some old trash on garbage day. Said I, 'wasn't efficient enough... in my old age', I'm 44 for gods sake.

Takes puff.

EBENEZER

I don't know maybe it's me. Maybe I've been preoccupied and that was just an excuse... My wife doesn't love me anymore... (chuckle) You know what she did? She kicked me out of the house, my house. For seemingly no reason, wouldn't talk to me for weeks. Then, when she finally says she's ready to meet... the only person to show up is her fuckin lawyer... serving me divorce papers.

ISABELLE

Jesus.

EBENEZER

Couldn't even have the decency to give them to me herself.

Ebenezer shakes his head and puts the cigarette out on the railing.

ISABELLE

Yeah, I don't think she's allowed to.

EBENEZER

So what about you? What's screwing up your life? Your 'shitty week'.

ISABELLE

My house is being tented for termites.

Ebenezer cocks his head to the side, furrowing his brow and turns around to face Isabelle.

EBENEZER

What the fuck?

ISABELLE

I know, sucks right.

She drops the cigarette and puts it out with her slipper.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Hey well, if you're desperate for work give me a call. We just had a position open up.

Isabelle hands him a business card.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

It's pretty hands on and the hours are shit but it pays pretty well.

EBENEZER

Yeah I don't know...

Isabelle walks back to her door and sticks her room key in the lock.

ISABELLE

What was you're name again?

EBENEZER

Ebenezer.

Isabelle looks up as if to think about it for a moment. Then shrugs slightly.

ISABELLE

Hm. Don't worry about it, Ebenezer.  
Call. Don't call. Won't make any  
difference to me.

She unlocks the door and walks into the room leaving Ebenezer with just the business card and the night air.

ACT II

INT. CAR - MORNING

Ebenezer, dressed in a tucked in white button up and some navy blue slacks, drives down a town road listening to blues then turns left into a suburban neighborhood. He sips some hot coffee with one hand as he drives with the other. He puts the coffee back in the cup holder as his phone in the other cup holder starts to ring. The contact says Cameron followed by a heart.

Not looking at the road he presses the off button, hanging up the phone then reaches for his coffee again. As he takes a sip the car bounces from a speed bump and the coffee spills all over his clothes.

EBENEZER

Ah! Shit.

He reaches for the glove box, fumbles for the handle, then takes out some napkins and starts dabbing the stained clothes.

*Crash!*

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ebenezer stumbles out of the car to see that he has rear ended an Audi Sedan. The owner of the Sedan, AARON (27) dressed in a nice suit, gets out of his car too.

EBENEZER

Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I spilled my coffee and-- are you okay?

Ebenezer approaches Aaron. There is significantly more damage done to Ebenezer's car than Aaron's.

AARON

Yeah, I'm fine. I guess let's just exchange info.

They exchange information.

AARON

How about you, are you okay?

EBENEZER

Yeah... sorry do you live around here?  
I swear that speed bump is new.

AARON

Oh yah I fucking hate that thing. They put it in a week or so ago. My girlfriend lives up the road and I usually don't drive this way anymore cuz it scrapes the shit out of my car.

EBENEZER

Well shit...

AARON

Hey where u headed, you need a ride the rest of the way?

EBENEZER

Its okay thank you. I'm kind of in a hurry. I think it's mainly just body damage anyway.

Ebenezer gets his info back from Aaron who is finishing taking pictures of it then gets back in his car and starts it. He drives alongside Aaron and rolls down the window.

EBENEZER

Just let me know about the car, sorry again.

AARON

Will do, have a good one.

Aaron waves goodbye as Ebenezer drives off.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Ebenezer is parked about 100 feet from the driveway to his house. He holds open his eyelids as he drips a couple eye drops in each eye, then slaps his cheeks a couple times before unbuckling his seatbelt and grabbing his jacket off of the passenger seat.

EXT. EBENEZER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ebenezer puts the jacket on then tries to put his key into the door lock, however, it does not fit. He stammers around, confused, then see's the Hide-A-Key rock and lifts it up. After retrieving the key he unlocks the door and opens it.

INT. EBENEZER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ebenezer pokes his head in as if it is not his house.

EBENEZER

Hello! Cameron?

Ebenezer walks in and takes his shoes off at the door. BENNY, a little boy no more than 7 years old, comes running from the other room and hugs the legs of Ebenezer.

BENNY

Daddy!

Ebenezer ruffles Benny's blonde curly hair as Cameron (35) rushes from the kitchen the other direction.

CAMERON

Eb... hi.

A beat. Cameron walks over and takes Benny's hand, prying him off of Ebenezer's legs.

CAMERON

Sweetie, me and daddy have to talk a minute, but breakfast is on the table, go eat then you can talk to daddy after, okay?

BENNY

Okay...

He looks back at Eb as he walks into the kitchen.

Cameron and Eb walk the opposite direction into the living room. Eb sits in a cushioned chair and Cameron sits on the couch to the left of him.

EBENEZER

House looks great...

CAMERON

Eb...

A beat. Eb takes out a folded up packet of documents from his inside jacket pocket. He unfolds them before placing them on the coffee table between them.

EBENEZER

So...

CAMERON

I mean you had to have seen this coming right?

EBENEZER

No. Im gonna be honest, no, I didn't.  
I expected a lot of things... but not  
this.

CAMERON

Well, there it is.

EBENEZER

Can I at least ask why? I mean we were  
good right?

CAMERON

Do I really have to go into it? Maybe  
it's just as simple as I don't love  
you anymore.

EBENEZER

Well that was obvious from when you  
sent lawyer what's his face. I thought  
you wanted to talk.

CAMERON

We thought it would be best if you  
didn't see me. I decided this a long  
time ago, it was just a matter of  
time.

The door opens and footsteps can be heard walk into the  
kitchen. Eb, as if he has seen a ghost, looks towards the  
door then at Cameron, who is visible cringing, then back at  
the door.

EBENEZER

We..? What do you mean we?

Ebenezer gets up and walks back through the foyer into the  
kitchen.

CAMERON

Eb wait...

In the kitchen, Aaron is placing two coffees and a box of  
donuts on the counter. Aaron notices Eb as he walks in.

AARON

Fuuuuck...

A beat. Eb is frozen in his tracks. Cameron not far behind  
him. The tension is momentarily broken by Benny running into  
the room.

BENNY

I'm done, I'm done! Hi Aaron!

Cameron walks past Ebenezer into the kitchen and kneels down to talk to Benny.

CAMERON

Daddy's gonna take you to school today. Go grab your bag I left it by your bed.

BENNY

(Grinning)

Really? Okay!

He runs past Eb. Cameron walks up to Eb and hands him the divorce papers.

CAMERON

Don't want to keep him waiting.

Eb's face is twisted, undistinguishable between anger, confusion, and despair. He slowly takes the papers as Benny runs and opens the door in the foyer.

BENNY

Daddy let's go!

Eb follows him out the door.

AARON

Well shit...

CAMERON

He was gonna find out sooner or later.

She walks over to Aaron and kisses him on the cheek.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Ebenezer drives his white Civic with Benny sitting in the back seat. The front bumper is caved in and the hood is slightly bent up so Eb has to sit a little taller to see over it. He looks back at Benny in the review mirror to see him looking out the window.

EBENEZER

How \*clears throat\* how you doing back there?

BENNY

Fine!

An awkward beat.

EBENEZER

You excited for school?

BENNY

Yeah. I'm excited to see my girlfriend.

EBENEZER

Girlfriend!? Oh really? And what's her name?

Benny stays silent as he starts to fidget with his shirt.

EBENEZER

Benny?

BENNY

I dunno...

Eb smiles to himself.

EBENEZER

Well if you like her you should talk to her.

BENNY

That's what Aaron said but I dunno.

Eb's smile quickly disappears.

EBENEZER

What do you think of Aaron? Do you like him?

BENNY

I dunno. Aaron is nice but...

EBENEZER

But what? Did he do something to you?

BENNY

No. I like Aaron he takes me and mommy cool places and mommy seems really happy when he's around.

Eb rolls his eyes.

BENNY (CONT'D)

He's around a lot. Like you used to be.

Ebenezer parks the car out in front of the school. He turns around to look at Benny who is looking down at his shirt.

EBENEZER

Hey, look at me. I am going to be around more. Mommy and I are just in a little fight that's all. Okay?

BENNY

Okay.

Ebenezer and Benny get out of the car and Eb helps zip up the broken zipper on his backpack. They hug each other.

EBENEZER

I'm gonna get you a new back pack.

Benny looks past Eb at the mangled car.

BENNY

What happened?

Eb looks back at the car then back at Benny with a slight smile.

EBENEZER

Maybe I'll get a new one of those too. Okay get going don't be late. Love you.

BENNY

Bye. Love you.

They wave bye and Eb watches him enter the building. He climbs back into his car and drives off.

Ebenezer's car breaks down down the road.

EBENEZER

No no no. Are you serious?

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

Ebenezer stands next to his car as a mechanic hooks his car up to the truck.

MECHANIC

You wanna pay now?

EBENEZER

Hm? Yeah.

Eb takes his wallet out and hands the mechanic his card who runs it through his machine. Eb takes a longer look at his wallet and the business card inside. He takes out the card and puts his wallet back in his pocket after the mechanic gives him back his card.

MECHANIC

Sign here.

Eb signs the document and the mechanic gets back in his car.

EBENEZER

Hey hold on one second.

Ebenezer dials up the number on the card.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Ebenezer hops out of the tow-truck and makes his way through the outdoor strip mall until he arrives at an entrance with all one way windows so he can not see inside and above the glass doors reads, Skin Laundry. Eb enters the double glass doors.

INT. SKIN LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

Ebenezer enters the lobby. The decor and architecture is very modern with a granite front desk, glass coffee tables and light fixtures. Almost the entirety of the room is White other than some black, gray and tan details strung about.

After taking in the elegance of the building for a moment, Eb approaches the black granite counter of the front desk. Behind it stands, QUINTON (60), a man who looks as if he has had extensive plastic surgery done. His cheek bones are disproportionate from his skull causing his skin to be stretched across his face.

QUINTON

Welcome in sir, how may I help you?

EBENEZER

Hey my name is Ebenezer Hayes, I'm here about the job opening.

QUINTON

A very good sir, please take a seat.  
Someone will be right with you.

EBENEZER

Thank you.

Ebenezer sits in a sofa chair next to the coffee table. On the other side of the room a woman with a lip job and an eyepatch sits reading a magazine. Quinton picks up the phone and puts it to his ear.

QUINTON

He's here.

He hangs the phone up and nods at Eb with a smile, who can not help but stare at him.

Soon after, LANA (45) with great skin for her age, struts into the lobby wearing a women's suit and her hair up in a bun. She stops in front of the front desk and spots Eb. She approaches him with her hand extended.

LANA

Hey! You must be Mr. Hayes, pleasure to meet you.

Ebenezer stands up and shakes her hand.

EBENEZER

Good to meet you too, Ebenezer is fine though.

LANA

Ebenezer... okay. Well I'm Lana, C.O.O. Here at Skin Laundry. Why don't we head into my office.

EBENEZER

Okay.

They make their way down a long hallway. There are doors on either side, almost set up like a hospital, each with a big one way window next to the doors. They enter an elevator and Lana presses the level five button.

They exit the elevator and it opens up into a huge open office overlooking the rest of the mall. Isabelle is typing up something at Lana's desk. Her acrylic nails make the key strokes even louder than usual. Ebenezer glances at her but Isabelle does not look up when Ebenezer walks in with Lana.

LANA  
Have a seat.

Ebenezer takes a seat on a sofa in the center of the office and Lana sits across from him on a matching sofa. Isabelle's finger nails can be heard from across the room.

*TAP TAP TAP*

Lana folds one leg over the other and leans back on the sofa with her arm stretched across the back rest. Her gaze does not break off of Ebenezer who is avoiding eye contact any chance he gets. Lana takes a deep breath.

*TAP TAP TAP*

LANA  
Your nails.

She turns to Isabelle.

ISABELLE  
(GLANCING UP)  
What?

LANA  
Your NAILS. They are very annoying. I mean, I'm trying to run an interview over here and all I hear is "TAP TAP TAP" from those ugly, plastic, claws.

ISABELLE  
(STRESSED)  
Sorry.

LANA  
Quite alright dear, please take notes.

ISABELLE  
Of course-

She starts typing again for a moment.

LANA  
(sternly)  
ON PAPER. No typing

Lana winks at Isabelle, but Isabelle looks like she just witnessed a murder...

LANA

So tell me about yourself? Who are you, what are your skills?

EBENEZER

Yes of course, so, my name is Ebenezer Hayes. I've worked in the corporate tech space for the last 2 decades and...

(Nervousness sets in)

I- I'm looking to try something new as I get back on my feet. I'm a very hard worker even though some call me old fashioned but I make sure what needs to happen, happens.

LANA

So you're employed right now?

EBENEZER

Well, um, no I am not.

LANA

When was the last time you were employed?

EBENEZER

About... A week ago?

LANA

Isabelle. Paper.

Lana glances at Isabelle who makes a quick note.

LANA

Why were you terminated? I mean you were terminated, I assume.

EBENEZER

I... Had some differences with the management.

LANA

Is that something you frequently encounter? Difficulties with authority?

EBENEZER

No, not at all-

LANA

Because that will definitely not be tolerated here. In case you were wondering.

EBENEZER

I can assure you it won't be a problem.

LANA

(EYES NARROWING)

Are you being honest with me right now? I can tell you're getting up in arms with me-

EBENEZER

(Boiling over)

Look. This is unprofessional of me to say two minutes into this interview but my wife is leaving me, probably going to take half my stuff.

EBENEZER

My kid barely sees me, he likes his "NEW DAD". I lost my job, I lost my wife, I lost my house. She wouldn't even let me grab my toothbrush after she kicked me out. I'm living out of a motel that smells like a homeless shelter.

Isabelle glances up briefly.

EBENEZER

I can run numbers for you, I can be an assistant, I- I would even be a JANITOR for the time being, I just need something.

LANA

That's great!

EBENEZER

(PAUSE)

I'm sorry-

LANA

You're just what we have been looking for. We need someone to get their hands dirty, our last cleaner,

unfortunately, had to be terminated about a month ago.

EBENEZER

No I wasn't- I mean I can also do a lot MORE than be a janitor-

LANA

OH this is just GREAT! Perfect perfect perfect. Alright, Isabelle I need you to go grab the onboarding documents.

EBENEZER

Wait I'm... You don't want to talk more about my decades of experience-

LANA

(BLUNTLY)

No not really. WOW! I'm so happy to have you joining our team. Can you start tonight?

EBENEZER

(HESITANTLY)

Yes... I can, but--

LANA

Beautiful, Isabelle work him through the documents, and make sure EVERYTHING is signed.

ISABELLE

Yes ma'am.

Lana begins to exit but stops when she's halfway through the door.

LANA

Also... EBENEZER... How deeply are you attached to that name?

EBENEZER

I mean, it's my name.

LANA

Great, well you mind if I call you Eb? Keep it short? Rolls off the tongue better?

EBENEZER

That's what-- Sure. That's fine.

LANA

Great, great, you know, it's so important that we keep an idea of youthfulness in the air here, it's a huge part of our brand.

EBENEZER

What exactly is the... Brand? Forgive me I'm a little out of the loop on what happens here. Some sort of plastic surgery or..?

LANA

(Clicks her tongue and checks her watch)

You know I'm late to my treatment, but I'm sure Isabelle can fill you in after you sign everything. See you later!

Lana slams the door behind her. Isabelle approaches Eb and gives him a packet to sign.

ISABELLE

Here.

EBENEZER

Um... thanks.

ISABELLE

So I have seven documents here, traditional onboarding, don't disclose any company secrets, or your will be subject to company punishment, etc.

EBENEZER

What the-

Ebenezer looks down at the documents and the text is almost as small as his fingernail. He contemplates for a moment, but signs.

ISABELLE

Great.

Isabelle gathers all the documents and throws them in a locked safe.

ISABELLE

You start tonight at 10pm sharp. Don't be late. Lana will be here to show you

what exactly needs to be cleaned and disposed of and then you should be ready to work on your own!

EBENEZER

Okay... Um... Thank you?

ISABELLE

Yeah whatever. You can check out with Quinton at the front. He will take your photo for your ID card.

EBENEZER

Okay...

A beat.

ISABELLE

Okay you can leave now! Bye!

Isabelle pulls out her phone and walks back to the desk. Eb gathers his things and walks out.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

A flash of blinding light from a camera illuminates Eb's face. Quinton drops the camera to his side and looks at the screen.

QUINTON

Perfect.

Quinton plugs in the camera into the computer in order to upload the photo. Eb makes his way around the desk.

EBENEZER

Hey is there anywhere around here I can get a cab? Had a bit of car trouble this morning.

Quinton chuckles and places a big set of keys on the counter then points out the window.

QUINTON

In the far left corner of the parking lot. Press the beeper and you should see the company car.

Ebenezer takes the keys off the counter.

QUINTON

Alright you are all set. See you  
tonight I suppose.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Eb makes his way to the left side of the parking lot and presses the car beeper. The lights on a light tan Toyota Corolla flash. He enters the car.

ACT III

EXT. MOTEL 6 - EVENING

WIDE SHOT OF PARKING LOT AND MOTEL:

Eb pulls into the driveway and enters his room.

TIMELAPSE OF THE SUN SETTING AND THE DAY TURNING TO NIGHT.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eb parks the car.

INT. SKIN LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Eb enters a low lit lobby. Quinton stands behind the desk.

QUINTON

Welcome back sir. Unfortunately Lana had something pressing to deal with but she has entrusted me with what you will be doing.

EBENEZER

Okay, and what exactly is that? Excuse me but I am still a bit confused.

QUINTON

Just basic housekeeping. On the second floor, room 206, you will find all you need. Start on the fifth floor and make yourself down. Here.

He hands Eb an ID card with his picture on it.

QUINTON (CONT'D)

When you get down to basement floor 2 you will need this to get in. There are 3 duffle bags hanging that you will need to dispose of. In the glove compartment of the car you will find directions to where.

EBENEZER

Okay.

INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM 206 - CONTINUOUS

Eb opens the door to find a small office with a just one desk in it. All other rooms are pretty modern looking except this

one. This office resembles a 1980s office. Wooden details and soft tungsten lighting. Eb opens a door behind the desk to find a shovel, cleaning supplies, a navy blue jumpsuit and black boots.

Montage:

- Cleaning Lana's office in jumpsuit and boots
- Cleaning Bathroom
- Cleaning lobby. Quinton plays himself in chess on the coffee table.
- Elevator door opens to the basement level 2

Montage end:

INT. BASEMENT LEVEL 2 - NIGHT

Eb walks into a tight dark space. He turns on his flashlight and shines it down the long room. Looks like an ordinary storage room, random tools and supplies around the room.

The dull lights flick on startling Eb. He spins around to see Quinton against the wall by the light switch. Quinton points to the end of the room.

QUINTON

Back there, sir.

Quinton exits and takes the elevator up. The doors slowly close as Eb makes his way through the room. Various hooks hang from the ceiling that Eb pushes past to get to the back where 3 duffle bags are hanging from these hooks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eb loads up the last bag into the trunk of the Corolla then sits in the front seat. A shovel is laid across the back seats.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Eb heaves the last of the duffle bags into the hole in the ground. He crawls out of the hole and turns back to look at the bags. He picks up the shovel and starts filling in the hole.

However, after two scoops of soil he stops.

EBENEZER

What am I doing..?

Eb jumps back into the hole and drags one up to the edge of the hole. He unzips the bag to find it filled with plastic. He pulls out a plastic bag but drops it before he can open it. He stumbles back and falls on his butt. Eyes wide he stares intensely at the duffle bag.

Eb slowly crawls back to the bag and slowly unwraps the plastic. His face becomes twisted as he covers his mouth in disgust. He turns around and throws up into the dirt before sprinting back to the car and speeding away.

The bag is left open in the night full of what can only be assumed to be human remains.

FADE OUT.