

"THE CLEANER"

By
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EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

GUY running, laden with luggage, late.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Rounds the corner, sees:

BUS leaving. Gone. Guy stands, shocked.

Quick cuts: Guy checking the timetable, exasperated. A long wait.

Pacing the station, lost. Kicking the ground.

Checking his PHONE. No signal.

Sitting, standing again. Restless.

Pissing in the corner. One eye on his luggage, wary.

CUT TO:

Guy sitting, looking blank. PEDESTRIAN walks by, distance -- he flicks glances, wary of strangers in the night.

Looks away, middle distance. In background a FIGURE rounds the corner, approaches. Guy surprised by him, scared.

Figure stands, looming over. Something in his hand.

Guy worried.

Figure hoists a CLEANING CADDY into view, full of bleach, rags, etc, salesman's smile.

Guy is baffled.

Figure waggles the caddy, offering the goods.

Guy shakes his head, not interested. Go away.

Figure frowns, shrugs, leaves. Guy watches him go, all the way, till he's out of sight. Breathes out, a sob of relief.

Long shot on Guy sitting alone, the dark bus station, upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

We follow the FIGURE, also upset, jangling his little caddy. Sits on a low wall, thumbs through his takings -- a pittance.

A SECOND FIGURE passes by. Knocks him, spilling the caddy's contents onto the pavement. Our Figure shouts;

the other turns, looking tough and surly. Figure backs down. The newcomer struts off.

Figure picks up his stuff, shaking. Walks away, cradling his caddy in both arms, baby-like.

We pan down: He's dropped some of his change on the ground, in a little puddle of spilled bleach.

FADE OUT