

CLOROFORM

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FADE IN

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING AND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Downtown an office building is shoulder to shoulder with parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NOON

MR. TWEEN, (30s-40s, bumbling, perpetually in mid-life crisis) in a maintenance uniform empties trash from a bin on a middle floor of the parking garage.

An elevator BINGS. The door opens, and out steps MISS. CIBLE (20's, pretty) in a nice secretarial dress suit with highheels.

Mr. Tween politely smiles and nods a greeting to her as she passes.

Giving him passing acknowledgment she fusses with her purse.

As she walks away, her high heels CLICK, fading slowly with the distance.

Mr. Tween watch her pass by.

MR. TWEEN  
(to himself)  
Lunch.

His hungry smile becomes an excited giggle as he rubs his hands together.

He goes to leave but remembers the duty of his bag of collected trash.

Shifty-eyed, he makes sure no one is around, before tolling the bag of trash into the elevator.

The elevator doors closes.

He hurries away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mr. Tween, hurries along the street in an excited and awkward gait. He stops in front of a drug store, looks around to see who might be watching, then goes in.

EXT. DRUG STORE - MINUTES LATER

So caught up in his excitement, Mr. Tween nearly passes the Drug Store, before reversing direction and going in.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Mr. Tween hurries to the pharmacy counter.

There is a CUSTOMER#1 (older woman) is ahead of him at the counter, as a PHARMACIST waits on her.

Frowning, Mr. Tween checks the time. Then he looks over the Customer's shoulder and nervously looks around, before checking his watch again.

Her transaction is complete. Before she has time to step away from the counter, Mr. Tween is pushing his way past her. She walks away giving him an offended look.

Mr. Tween pulls out a pocket full of small paper notes. He excitedly sorts through them. Some of the notes read "ROPE," "DUCK TAPE," and "STRAPS."

The Pharmacists looks on impatiently.

CUSTOMER#2 queues in line behind him. Impatient, Customer#2 looks over Mr. Tween's shoulder to see what's the slow down.

Mr. Tween gives Customer#2 a glower making them back a way.

Finding the right note, Mr. Tween hands it to the Pharmacist.

The Pharmacist reads the note, then gives him a questioning looks.

MR. TWEEN  
(nervously)  
For a friend.

The Pharmacist goes to his shelves of stock.

Returning the Pharmacist hands Mr. Tween a brown bottle of liquid. The label reads "CHLOROFORM."

Mr. Tween smiles excitedly, then nervously looks over his shoulder to makes sure Customer#2 isn't watching.

The Pharmacist rings up the purchase.

Mr. Tween sees the amount, his mouth drops open. He points at the amount shown on the cash-register, and glowers at the Pharmacist.

The Pharmacist holds out his hand to take the bottle back.

Holds the bottle protectively to him, Mr. Tween shakes his head. Then he digs money out of his pocket. As he surrenders each bill and coin, his scowl worsens.

The Pharmacist collects the money and hands Mr. Tween his receipt.

Mr. Tween snarls as he takes the receipt.

Checking the time, his anger changes to worry.

Bottle clasped in both hand, he pushes his way past more CUSTOMERS who have gotten in line.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Awkwardly, Mr. Tween hurries down the street back the way he came, checking the time again.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Mr. Tween hurriedly looks around, and pockets the bottle. He takes a sloppily hand written OUT OF ORDER sign and tapes it to the elevator door.

Another sign saying "DETOUR," is taped to the wall beside the elevator.

A door label reading "STORAGE" is covered by another sign saying "STAIRS."

Back at the elevator, Mr. Tween sweeps up nothing, pretending to whistle.

The sound of HIGH HEEL SHOES approach. Mr. Tween pretends not to notice Miss Cible as she walks up to the elevator.

Seeing the sign, Miss Cible expresses frustration. She looks to Mr. Tween.

He shrugs and shakes his head.

He points out the detour sign to her.

She looks at it uncertain for a moment, then walks the direction it pointing.

Mr. Tween tosses his broom aside, then rubs his hands together excitedly, his face wearing an evil smile. He rushes over and removes the "DETOUR" sign from beside the elevator.

Miss Cible reads the last "STAIRS" sign, then she opens the door and steps inside.

#### STORAGE ROOM

The storage room is cluttered with scrap boards, boxes, and cleaning supplies.

Miss Cible trepidly proceeds deeper into the room, looking around. When she reaches a wall, she stops. There are no stairs here.

In turning she finds Mr. Tween standing between her and the door. On his face is a wry smile. He holds the brown bottle in one hand, and a thick wad of cloth in the other.

Miss Cible's eyes widen, the perfect expression of a damsel in distress.

Mr. Tween pours the liquid from the bottle, wetting the wad of cloth. He grins wider.

Miss Cible's wide-eyed expression changes to an empty gaze.

She logs over in faint. There are the sound of BOARDS AND BOXES being fallen into.

Miss Cible is unconscious on a pile of clutter.

Mr. Tween's expression melts from victory to one of confusion.

He looks at the soaked cloth still in his hand. Then he looks back and forth between the bottle and the cloth.

Rolling his eyes, Mr. Tween begins to carefully squeeze the liquid out of the rag, back into the bottle.

The bottle on a shelf Mr. Tween wrings the cloth with both hands, careful that it all goes into the bottle.

He works the rag, top to bottom, with his fingers to get every last recoverable drop of the expensive fluid.

Satisfied with his conservation efforts, he tightens the cap on the bottle, and pockets it.

A roll of heavy tape in his hands, he PEELS out a length. A giddy smile has returned to his face.

He turns back toward where Miss Cible had fainted. His smile drops.

She is no longer there.  
Confused Mr. Tween spins full circle looking for her.

She's escaped.

Snarling, he wipes his brow with the only thing at hand, the wad of cloth.

Getting a look of realization as he sniffs the rag. His expression goes blank as he logs over.

There is a CRASH of more clutter being scattered.

FADE OUT.

THE END