

Work Opportunity

By

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INT. SUBWAY -

A flyer stuck under the plastic protector covering up part of an ad for an online school. It reads:

WORK OPPORTUNITY (\$700+)

No experience needed

Contact Mr. Art Harmon

(365) 555-4082

A hand appears and takes the flyer out from the protector.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

CASEY (23) holds the flyer in one hand and types in the phone number with his other. He presses the phone to his ear and listens to it ring.

A click.

VOICE (O.S)

Hello?

CASEY

Hi, is this Art Harmon?

VOICE (O.S)

No.

CASEY

Oh... I found this flyer with this number about a job opportunity.

VOICE (O.S)

Oh, that. Yes, that's us.

CASEY

Well, I was wondering how to apply.

VOICE (O.S)

Will you be available for an interview tomorrow?

CASEY

Um, sure. Anytime is fine.

VOICE (O.S)

I'll pen you in for eleven o'clock is that acceptable?

CASEY
That's perfect.

VOICE (O.S)
Please write down this address...

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Casey sits in the waiting room wearing a well-worn business suit. He holds a blue folder.

A large man walks out of a door down the hall and makes his way toward Casey. This is ART HARMON (46). His face features rosy cheeks and a brown mustache.

ART
You must be Casey.

CASEY
Yes sir.

The two shake hands.

ART
Art Harmon, Come on back.

The two walk down the hall.

INT. ART'S OFFICE - DAY

Art opens and walks through the door. He is followed by Casey.

ART
(Motioning to a chair)
Have a seat.

The chair's metal frame squeaks as Casey sits down. Art lets out a grunt as he sits.

Casey rummages through his folder and produces a printed resume.

CASEY
I brought my resume with me.

ART
I don't need it.

CASEY

Oh.

ART

A job like this... we don't need any kind of proof that you've worked before. These interviews are more about getting to know your personality.

Casey perks up, putting on his fake interview face: enthusiastic and alert.

CASEY

Sounds good.

ART

So, tell me about yourself. What do you like to do?

CASEY

I moved to the city a month ago. Mostly I've been exploring the city and looking for work. I haven't gotten to know many people yet so I'm mostly doing things by myself.

ART

Do you go out to bars a lot?

CASEY

Once and awhile.

Art nods his head and stretches.

ART

What are you looking for when you go out?

CASEY

Uh... I don't think I understand.

ART

Are you looking for Something? someone? A girl? A guy? Excitement? Terror?

CASEY

Well, I think I go out to see people. Just being in a room with other people in it feels nice.

ART

You like to look at people but you don't like to talk to them.

Casey shifts uncomfortably. The chair squeaks under him.

CASEY

No, uh, I have quite good people skills.

ART

To be blunt, you won't need them. The most basic title for this job would be custodial staff, but your clients are more high-end hence the generous salary. I'm sure you've cleaned your room a couple times in your life.

CASEY

Yes sir. I was a dishwasher for a few years in college and-

Art holds his hand up to stop Casey.

ART

That's all well and good. Thank you for coming in. We'll contact you by Friday.

Art stands up and is followed by Casey.

Art holds out his hand to which Casey takes. Art's grasp is tight and makes Casey wince.

CASEY

Thank you for having me.

Art opens the door and Casey walks out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Casey walks toward the subway entrance. He talks to himself.

CASEY

"Thanks for having me"... "Thanks for having me". You fucking idiot.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey opens to door to a note written on yellow paper:

RENT DUE IN 3 DAYS!

He sighs at the sight of it.

INT. BRET'S BEDROOM - DAY

BRET (29) types on his computer as there is a knock on his door. Casey slowly opens his door and pokes his head in.

CASEY

Hey Bret.

Bret looks up from his computer. No returned hello.

CASEY

So, I'm running a little light on money right now but I just got done with an interview that I think went really well so if I could get an extra week-ish with the rent that would be a great help.

Bret stares back at Casey with a blank expression. An awkward silence.

CASEY

Okay, cool! I'll let you know how the interview went and get back to you on the rent. Have a good one.

Casey exits and closes the door. Bret goes back to his computer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Casey flips through a book, too unfocused to read when his phone goes off. He picks it up and unlocks it.

CASEY

Hello?

ART (O.S)

Casey, Art Harmon calling.

CASEY

Hi Mr. Harmon, how are you?

ART (O.S)
Fine, fine. I wanted to call you to let you know that we have a position to offer you. The only condition is that it starts tonight. Would you be interested?

CASEY
Yes! That sounds great!

ART (O.S)
Okay then, you'll receive an email soon with information. It's a late shift so we'll need you there at nine-thirty. Please wear loose fitting clothing.

CASEY
No problem, I'll see you then!
Thank you so much!

ART (O.S)
See you then.

Casey hangs up the phone and smiles. He begins to laugh as he pumps his fist.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Casey walks into the lobby through tall glass doors.

INT. ELEVATOR -

Casey watches the floor number increase until it reaches the thirteenth floor and the elevator comes to a halt.

The doors open and waiting for him in the dark hallway is Art, dressed in a black suit.

ART
Right on time, Casey.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -

Bare light bulbs illuminate the grey room. Strange streaks of something stain the walls.

Art leads Casey into the room and to a locker with his name written on it.

ART

This is where you'll pick up your gear. Don't worry about putting them back, you'll receive a new set every shift.

Art opens the locker to reveal a heavy duty hazmat suit, thick rubber gloves and boots. Casey looks over the items and back at Art.

CASEY

Pretty heavy duty.

ART

Heavy duty job.

INT. HALLWAY -

Casey's heavy boots echo across the dark hallway. He is led to a single door in the middle of the hall.

Art turns around to address Casey.

ART

This clean up should take about four hours. I know you're new, so take your time and you'll soon learn how to groove with it.

Art opens the door.

Casey looks inside and horror washes over his face.

INT. CHAMBER -

Blood everywhere; splattered on the walls, in dark pools across the floor and still falling steadily from a mutilated body tied to a chair.

A man dressed like a butcher is cutting off the last remaining appendage: an arm.

He rips the remaining piece of flesh off with a tug and looks over to Art and Casey.

ART

Vincent, Times up.

VINCENT

Naw, come on! I just need a couple more minutes! I'm almost done!

Casey is frozen in terror and disbelief. VINCENT takes a couple steps closer to them.

ART
Rules are rules Vincent.

INT. HALLWAY -

Casey begins to stagger back. He swallows down vomit.

CASEY
Wha... what is this?

ART
It is that it is.

Art walks towards Casey. Casey turns to run but is grabbed by Art and is thrown into the wall. Art blocks off any chance Casey has to escape.

Casey begins to hyperventilate. Art slaps him across the face.

ART
Oh no, not now. You cannot afford to lose it now.

CASEY
I want to go home.

ART
No.

CASEY
I don't want to do that!

ART
Casey, you don't understand. You've stumbled across a very special business. We have specific clients who seek specific thrills. It is our job to meet the pinnacle of expectations, All Expectations. You are a very important part of our company now. Do you understand?

CASEY
I can't- I, I-

ART
You walked in here of your own free will and put on that suit. There

(MORE)

ART (cont'd)
are things you just cannot back out
of.

(Leans in closer)
And you should know that the last
person who refused their work is
sitting in that chair right now.

Casey doesn't blink, he's too afraid to.

A lock clangs and a door farther down the hallway opens to
reveal a muscle bound man named CLARENCE with a rolling mop
bucket and attached trash can.

Clarence stops in front of Casey and Art leaves the mop
behind as he walks away.

ART
Thank you, Clarence.

Art takes Casey by the shoulder and leads him toward the
mop. Behind them Clarence and Vincent walk away from the
chamber and down the hall.

ART
Take the mop and do your job.

Casey takes hold of the mop and pushes it into the room.

INT. CHAMBER -

Art blocks the doorway and watches Casey move farther in.

ART
You can begin by placing the body
into the trash.

Casey turns his head from Art to the corpse: Only a torso.
All if its limbs have been thrown about the room.

Casey walks over to the body and looks it over. It appears
to be the body of a male but the genitals have been forcibly
removed.

Casey gags and vomits on the floor. The vomit mixes in with
the blood. Art looks at the mess and then to Casey.

ART
Throw up all you want. Just more
for you to clean up.

Casey wipes his mouth and walks to the back of the chair.

He hesitates before picking the torso up. He closes his eyes and places his hands under the armpits and lifts.

Casey holds back more vomit as he walks over and places the torso into the trash can.

The torso makes a CLUNK sound as it lands in the can.

Casey holds himself up by the chair. He breathes hard and shakes from the adrenaline and shock.

Art claps his hands in a slow and taunting manner.

ART

Hard Part's over. The head's right there.

Casey looks over at the severed head lying on the ground about ten feet away from the chair. He walks over to it and slowly picks it up.

ART

I want you to look at its face.

Casey looks over at Art then back the head. He turns it in his hands to reveal a face frozen in agony. Casey gasps and drops the head.

Stepping back he slips on a puddle of blood and falls to the ground. Art snorts a laugh from the door.

ART

Get up. You'll be fine.

Casey stands and takes hold of the head again. He places it in the trash can and moves onto the other limbs.

INT. CHAMBER - (LATER)

Casey slides the mop across the room. Blood smears across the white tile floor, a queasy look on his face.

Casey places the mop in the pressure wringer and pushes the lever. Cascades of crimson fall into the water below.

INT. CHAMBER - (LATER)

Casey scrubs the blood splatter off the walls. Blood specks his face. He is wearing a face mask wet with his tears.

INT. CHAMBER - (LATER)

Casey scrubs the metal chair, removing the blood, urine and feces from the seat. His eyes are hard and vacant.

INT. CHAMBER - (LATER)

Casey makes one more sweep with the mop, picking up any remaining specks of blood.

His tired eyes look around: The room is a pristine and glowing white. Art looks around and nods in approval.

ART

Very good.

Casey walks over with the mop and bucket.

ART

You can leave that.

Art takes Casey by the shoulder and leads him down the hall.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -

Casey stands in the shower with his head under the faucet. He lets the water remove the blood from his body.

INT. OFFICE -

Art counts hundred dollar bills from a large wad of money. He places a small stack of bills on the table.

ART

You're getting twelve hundred
because it was your first time and
you did a good job.

Casey stands across the table and stares at the money, frozen.

ART

Take it.

Casey reaches out and takes the money. He puts the money in his pocket and stares blankly ahead.

ART

You have a knack for this. I hope
you'll work with us again

Casey looks at Art: His eyes are lifeless. Art smiles.

ART

We'll have someone take you home.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAWN

Casey walks up the short staircase as a black van drives away.

INT. BRET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bret sits on the bed and scrolls through the internet. Casey walks in without knocking.

CASEY

Here.

Casey places eight hundred dollars on the bed and walks out without another word.

FADE OUT.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Casey, back in his interview outfit, sits on another metal chair. He has dark circles under his eyes. He doesn't make eye contact with his INTERVIEWER.

CASEY

And I uh, moved to the city to pursue a career... but I'm just trying to get my feet in the door... keep myself here.

INTERVIEWER

Well, Casey, you don't have many working credits to your name but your GPA is impressive. We're looking for team players, people who can take constructive criticism and make the priorities of others their priorities. We don't mess around here and that's why we are the number one retail store in the country. Now, we start you off small; part time, but if you stay dedicated you can grow with us. You up for that?

Casey looks up and after a beat, shows a fake smile.

CASEY
Yeah...

INT. ART'S OFFICE - DAY

Art holds his phone to his ear.

ART
You can send him in.

Art hangs up the phone and through the door comes Casey.

Casey stops in front of the desk and looks Art straight in the eyes.

CASEY
Okay.

Art smiles.

THE END.