

Clean Garage

By

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INT. GARAGE

MIKE sits in a garage. There is nothing in the garage save for Mike. No cars, no refrigerators, no cabinets. Only Mike.

MIKE  
I shouldn't have cleaned the  
garage.

Mike takes out his phone. He presses some buttons.

MIKE  
Dammit. No service.

Mike stands.

Mike sits.

Mike lies down.

Mike stares at the ceiling.

MIKE  
I missed a spot.

Mike sits, still staring at the ceiling. He looks around for a ladder. There is none.

Mike looks up at the ceiling.

He jumps and tries to grab something. He doesn't make it.

Mike looks around again. Mike stares up at the ceiling. Mike shifts his weight on his feet.

Mike walks over to the back corner of the garage.

He stares at the ceiling.

He runs towards the center at full speed and jumps.

He grasps onto the lamp.

The lamp breaks under Mike's weight and falls.

Mike sits in the darkness.

MIKE  
Damn.

Mike's phone illuminates his face.

MIKE

I really shouldn't have cleaned the  
garage.