

FADE IN

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The laundromat is covered in stark white tiles, and is filled with a stale, harsh fluorescent light. There are staggered rows of washing and drying machines throughout the room. A dozen people mill about the machines, ironing clothes, leaning against the wall and chatting. When the front door opens, a few people turn to look.

BECKY, well-dressed, late twenties, walks into the laundromat lugging a large bulging bag of laundry. Her girlfriend, GALE, holds the front door open for her. Gale is frazzled, also late twenties, wearing sweat pants. Both Becky and Gale have bags under their eyes.

GALE

Do you need help?

BECKY

No, I got it.

GALE

Are you sure--?

BECKY

I got it.

Onlookers turn back to their chores and conversations.

Becky drags the bag with her down the line of washing machines, all of which are in use. She and Gale check the timers on each machine.

GALE

This one has eight minutes left.

BECKY

This one has five.

Becky sets the bag down in front of a machine in the back corner. She opens it up and starts taking clothes out.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Here. Let's sort these while we wait.

(CONTINUED)

GALE

Here, this'll be faster.

Gale picks up the bag.

BECKY

No, don't--

Gale dumps out all the clothes onto the floor.

BECKY (CONT'D)

This is why we keep losing socks.

Gale kneels down and starts separating the clothes into two piles.

GALE

Well, they're out now, so lets just start sorting.

BECKY

Fine. Give me the whites.

Becky kneels down next to Gale in front of the laundry. Gale hands Becky the white clothes, which she places into a pile in front of her. Becky hands Gale non-white clothes, which Gale uses to form a pile in front of her. The rumble of the washing machines sits heavily over their silence.

Becky picks up and examines a floral silk blouse from the laundry.

BECKY

Is this yours?

Gale doesn't look up from her task.

GALE

Yeah.

BECKY

(suspiciously)

It looks expensive....When did you get this?

GALE

There was a sale so I got it.
Figured it looked more
professional.

Becky snorts.

BECKY

Professional? For what? Since when
do you need to look professional?

Gale silently sorts laundry. She looks up at the timer on
the machine.

GALE

Two minutes left.

They work in silence for a few moments.

BECKY

Where did you get it?

GALE

Banana Republic.

Becky opens her mouth to speak.

GALE (CONT'D)

There was a sale for fifty percent
off, so I figured it would be cheap
enough.

BECKY

You don't need another blouse,
Gale!

A few people glance up at Becky and Gale in the corner.

GALE

Yeah, but I figured this would look
more prof--

BECKY

Professional? Why, Gale? Why do you
need to look professional?

GALE

In case I need to do an interview.

Becky snorts derisively.

BECKY

Right.

The timer beeps and the washing machine stops. Becky, still holding the blouse, climbs up. She looks around at the other people in the laundromat.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(calling out)

This load is ready. Does it belong to anyone?

The other people in the laundromat look away and return to their laundry.

GALE

Guess we'll just have to wait 'til someone comes and picks it up.

BECKY

We'll give them a few minutes.

Becky leans back against the row of dryers behind her and holds a free hand out to Gale.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hand me the non-whites.

GALE

You're already doing whites.

BECKY

Yeah, but there are delicates in there, and they're expensive. (holding up the blouse) And I don't want you messing them up.

Gale roughly hands her a few pieces of non-white clothing. Then, she stands up and kicks the pile of non-whites towards Becky.

BECKY (CON'D)
Careful!

GALE
(not sorry)
Sorry.

They both stand silently leaning against the dryers behind them for a few moments.

BECKY
Did you send your manuscript yet?

GALE
...Not yet.

BECKY
What do you mean, 'Not yet?'

GALE
I'm still working on it.

BECKY
How long have you been working on it? You keep working on it but nothing ever happens!

GALE
It takes a lot of time--

BECKY
You don't have time, Gale!

The laundromat falls silent as everyone looks up at them.

BECKY (CON'D)
I'm tired, Gale! I'm so fucking tired!

Gale slumps over frowning. Becky turns to address everyone in the laundromat, gesturing to the washing machine in front of her.

BECKY (CON'D)
Does this fucking belong to anybody?!

Everyone stares, nobody answers. Becky rips open the washing

machine door, and roughly throws out the clean laundry inside. Gale stands behind her, hunched over. She walks briskly away toward the front door. Becky stops and looks back at her.

BECKY (CON'D)

Gale! GALE!!

Without looking back, Gale shoves the front door open and leaves.

Becky leans back against the open washing machine door. Water from the wet laundry seeps into the back of her shirt, but she doesn't react. Still gripping the blouse, she tilts her head up and squeezes her eyes shut. One by one, the other people in the laundromat go back to their business.

FADE TO BLACK