

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Laundromat
by J. Ott

EXT. LAUNDOMAT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

There are some trash cans visible at the mouth of an alley to one side. RAP MUSIC, or HEAVY METAL, or PUNK ROCK - some track that prides itself on being unlistenable.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Music becomes louder on the cut. We pan from a tight shot of the trash cans to an open door on a car (whose stereo is the presumed source of the music) to the face of...

GARY, teens, earring in his left ear, chewing gum. We follow along the graffiti'd wall to...

CODY, teens, smoking a joint, a cold look in his eyes.

Note: All people are shown only in tight close-ups. We do not know how tall they are. We do not know what they are wearing.

CODY

The dinosaurs, I bet they never saw
it coming.

He passes the joint to Gary, who nods in silent assent.

INT. LAUNDOMAT - DAY

Two or three machines in the whole place are on, loudly grinding the clothes within them.

CUT TO:

A LAUNDRY BASKET, moving down the aisles, carried by someone we can't yet see. The laundry basket pauses and hands unload from it several articles of loose hempen clothing and a yoga mat.

A hand, also holding a pill bottle, feeds quarters into the machine. Tilt up from the hand to the face of...

BHANU, a stressed-out yoga instructor. He pops a pill into his mouth and chews.

CUT TO:

Bhanu, now seated. On the wall behind him are signs like "MANAGEMENT NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHING LOST OR STOLEN." Bhanu puts a cell phone to his ear.

BHANU

Steve, I gotta tell you-- Om shanti to you too man, listen-- No. No. I'm in a...
 (looks around)
 ...An effing laundromat right now. I said, I'm in an effing laundromat. A laundromat. Yeah, it broke down. I'm probably going to be like fifteen or so minutes late to the lesson.
 (pause)
 Okay, just do some sun salutations to warm up then. Sun salutations. I said do some--

CLOSE ON THE PHONE - the display reads "Battery Low - Please Recharge".

BHANU (CONT'D)

(in lieu of 'shit')
 Shiatsu.

He pops another pill.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

The direction of the sunlight has changed.

GARY

You know how at the dentist's, they put the metal implements in like plastic?

CODY

Yeah, to show they're sterilized.

GARY

Yeah, supposedly. Doesn't fool me though.

He takes a long drag.

GARY (CONT'D)

Doesn't fool me...

INT. LAUNDOMAT - DAY

Bhanu is asleep.

CLOSE ON THE PILL BOTTLE - Tylenol PM.

Snickers of laughter off-camera. The sound of the door chime.

Bhanu wakes up. He's groggy. He looks at the clock.

Quarter after five.

BHANU
Son of a Bikram!

CUT TO:

His machine. Open. One lone shirt trails out.

Bhanu is upset. He looks around.

EXT. LAUNDOMAT - DAY

Bhanu emerges from the shop. Looks toward the sounds of bad music drifting from the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Pan from the trash cans to Bhanu, coming around the corner fast and with a purpose. His eyes light up when he sees...

Gary and Cody. They are leaning against the wall. We can see nothing different about them.

BHANU
Have you seen my clothes?

GARY
What, like other than the ones
you're wearing?

BHANU
I was washing clothes in there;
somebody took them.

Silence. Cody removes an orange from (?) his pocket and starts peeling it.

CODY

Orange?

BHANU

No, I don't want orange. I want my clothes back.

GARY

Chillax, man.

BHANU

No, I will not "chillax" until I have my effing clothes back.

CODY

I wish we could help you man.

Bhanu moves like he's going to bitch-slap Cody but at the last second decides instead to adjust Cody's posture. When he does, the camera drops down to reveal that Gary and Cody are wearing yoga clothes.

BHANU

You have a lot of tension in your shoulders.

Cody takes a deep hit off a joint.

CODY

Don't I know it, dude.

BHANU

Ok guys, here's the thing. I'm sorta into non-violence.

GARY

What, like Ghandi?

BHANU

Yeah, pretty much exactly like that.

GARY

(to Cody)

His refusal of your orange was like a hunger strike.

BHANU

I'm asking you to give me my clothes back.

GARY

Are you? Or are you just taking the present progressive tense to avoid localizing your request to a specific and definite time?

Bhanu bitch-slaps Gary.

BHANU

Give me back my clothes.

GARY

Geez, man. All you had to do was ask.

As they take off the yoga clothes, we see they are wearing other people's clothing under them. Gary wears a pregnancy dress; Cody a tuxedo shirt.

BHANU

Now where's my yoga mat?

Gary nods to the car.

Bhanu removes the mat from the car. It has black streaks running across part of it. He smells it. He blanches.

CODY

Sorry, man. We sorta converted it for weed purposes.

Bhanu walks over and bitch-slaps Cody. He then exits.

Silence.

GARY

Wow.

CODY

Did not see that coming, man. Did you?

GARY

Friggin' Ghandi pulling a Dirty Harry? No way.

Silence. Cody passes Gary some orange.

GARY (CONT'D)

Just like the dinosaurs, man. Just like the dinosaurs.

Cody nods his head in appreciation as we...

FADE OUT.

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