

MONEY LAUNDERING

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INT. LAUNDRY MAT - DAY

Single room. Back to back rows of washers down the middle. Large stand up dryers lining two opposite walls.

Hanging from the ceiling, unmoving, several Mobiles made of BEER CANS.

One ceiling FAN barely turns with a slight CREAKING noise.

A large THERMOMETER on the wall reads --

"Hot. Hotter. **HELL.**"

The red liquid runs into "Hell".

Mounted in one corner a TV blares. The picture snowy, flips occasionally.

ON TV --

An afternoon Spanish soap opera. Buxom women, bad acting.

TICK

A loud CLICK comes from a large round clock with a red second hand on one wall.

"12:13"

BLAM!!!

A jarring explosion.

EXT. LAUNDRY MAT - SAME

Sign above double glass sliding door reads --

"RIVER WASH HOUSE"

A beat up Pinto backs into one of the many empty parking spaces.

The car BACKFIRES.

Explosion explained.

The car sputters several times, protests with a last gasp, goes dead.

Out of the Pinto scrambles a tall, lanky, GUY.

LINCOLN, (20's)

Baggy cargo shorts, and flip flops. His long, curly, disheveled hair looks like he just rolled out of bed.

A wrinkled tank top with a caricature of a Jamaican, dreadlocks scattered, fat doobie in one hand, leaning against a make shift coffin.

The shirt reads --

"Everybody Gotta Dead One Day"

Headphones with the STYX song "Too Much Time On My Hands" bangs against Lincoln's eardrums.

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - DAY

Lincoln makes his way down the bank of large washers. Several clothing items bounce out of his basket.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

A loud grating noise cuts thru the mat like a sudden siren in traffic.

Small hands wrap black hand grips with red, white and blue plastic tassels sprouting out the ends.

A tin bell clings to the right side of the handle bars.

Shiny black Cowboy boots churn black pedals.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Riding up behind Lincoln on a RED TRICYCLE, a small BOY --

DANTE(4)

A Cowboy hat crests his golden locks. Sparkling BLUE EYES peer out from the shadow of the brown felt brim.

His icy blues zeroed in on one thing.

Lincoln.

Dante zips past the large, bulky machines.

The ceiling fan CREAKS.

The television goes in and out, sputtering Spanish.

The clock TICKS. The minute hand jerks one dot.

"12:13" ... AGAIN

Lincoln stops at a washer. He sets the laundry down and just catches Dante screeching to a halt next to his bared toes.

LINCOLN

Whoaa!

Lincoln hops back and slides his headphones to his neck. The song continues.

Dante stares unblinking.

LINCOLN

Invasion of the space snatchers.

Lincoln chuckles at the Sheriff's BADGE pinned to Gorgo's checkered cowboy shirt.

LINCOLN

Am I in trouble, Sheriff?

Dante shoots out his hand, palm up.

DANTE

Dollar.

Lincoln laughs.

Dante stares. Serious. Hand still out.

Lincoln begins throwing his clothes in the washer.

LINCOLN

Cash flow's tight little Sheriff
dude.

Dante stares up at Lincoln. His little palm reaches up to Lincoln's waist.

DANTE

Dollar.

Lincoln continues stuffing the washer.

LINCOLN

Gonna have to shake down someone
else, pardner. This citizen is
flat busted.

Lincoln closes the washer door, walks away.

Dante stares after him. Anger smolders in his eyes.

CHANGE MACHINE

Headphones back on, Styx "Boat On The River" plays. Lincoln reaches into his pocket, pulls out two balled up dollar bills.

He slips one of his wrinkled dollars into the machine slot. It gets spit back. He tries again. Spit back.

He irons the bill on the corner of the machine, slips it back in.

Rejected.

Frustrated his eyes dart around until he spies a --

FAT MAN(40's), fast asleep and bulging out of a strained plastic chair.

A well worn name tag "CHARLIE" pinned to his stained black T-shirt.

Across the front of the shirt in red letters --

"Stop Following Me"

His ample belly yawns out of the shirt.

A metal change maker peeks out from below his belly bound by a rope around his waist.

CHARLIE

Lincoln's shadow falls across him.

Charlie snores, grunts, wipes his nose with his forearm, but doesn't wake.

Lincoln cuts off his music. Pulls the earphones down. Clears his throat.

Charlie snores.

Lincoln clears his throat louder.

LINCOLN
Is there a Manager on duty?

Charlie snores.

Lincoln taps Charlie's foot with his foot.

Nothing.

Lincoln notices the change maker, lays his two dollar bills on top of his belly and gingerly reaches for the little lever of the changer.

Just as he gets close, Charlie's hand snatches Lincoln's wrist.

Charlie's eyes slowly open like a tortoise from a long nap. A cold glare greets Lincoln.

CHARLIE

Never mess with another man's
coiner.

LINCOLN

Didn't wanna wake you, dude.

Charlie grunts, releases Lincoln's wrist.

Lincoln points to the dollar bills.

Charlie doesn't look down, eyes fixed on Lincoln.

Without saying anything, he machine guns the changer eight times, shoots his closed fist towards Lincoln's face.

Lincoln stares at the ham hock, inches from his nose.

Lincoln opens his hand.

Charlie drops the coins in, closes his eyes. Back to business.

INT. - LAUNDRY MAT - LATER

The clock reads --

"12:13"

The WASHER churns.

Lincoln sleeps in a chair facing the washers. His tanned biceps glisten. His hair clings to his sweaty face. Another Styx song, "Fooling Yourself" crashes out.

TICK!

Clock hand jerks in place. "12:13"

BANK OF DRYERS - LATER

"Fooling Yourself" continues under this scene.

Lincoln tosses the last of his wet clothes in a dryer. He inserts the remainder of his coins into the coin slot. Turns the knob.

Nothing.

He turns the knob again. No go.

Lincoln pounds the coin slot with his fist. Twists the knob.

The dryer stays silent.

Lincoln vigorously thumbs the coin return button.

Nope.

Lincoln kicks the machine.

LINCOLN

Aaaugghh!!

He hops in a circle grabbing his throbbing toes.

LINCOLN

Dumb. Stupid. Not a problem solver.

Lincoln catches his breath. Massages his foot, winces, then glares at Charlie.

Sleeping Charlie. Peaceful Charlie. Snoring Charlie.

The music stops.

CHARLIE

Lincoln darkens his beached form, clears his throat extra loud.

CHARLIE

What's your problem now?

LINCOLN

Put three quarters in that third dryer over there. It ain't working. Just stole my money.

Charlie keeps his eyes closed.

CHARLIE

Don't blame the machine cause you can't read.

LINCOLN
What read?

CHARLIE
Sign on it big as Leviathan.

Lincoln strides back to the dryer. Looks across several of the machines.

LINCOLN
Ain't no....

Lincoln glances down. A corner of a paper sticks out underneath the machine next to his dryer. He bends down, snatches it out.

Scribbled on the paper --

"NOT WORKING"

Lincoln heads back to Charlie.

LINCOLN
It was under the machine. I want my money back.

Charlie doesn't budge.

LINCOLN
Hey, can I have my money back?

Charlie remains still.

Lincoln's eyes burn. Waits.

LINCOLN
Please.

Without opening his eyes, Charlie guns three quarters out and punches them towards Lincoln.

Lincoln gives him a look of disgust, holds out his hand. Charlie drops the quarters, one by irritating one.

CHARLIE
Guess your mommy taught you manners after all.

Charlie waves Lincoln away.

STAN
Invasion of the space snatchers.

Lincoln sets his jaw and slaps the "NOT WORKING" sign on the wall above Charlie's head.

IN FRONT OF DRYERS - LATER

Lincoln sits in a chair, eyes closed. The song, "Grand Illusion" blasts his ears.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Dante rides down the aisle.

Lincoln doesn't hear him.

Dante peddles right up to Lincoln, brakes just short of his toes and glares.

DANTE

Lincoln.

Lincoln opens his eyes. Rears back. Snatches off his headphones.

LINCOLN

How'd you know my name?

Dante thrusts his hand in Lincoln's face.

DANTE

Dollar.

Lincoln eases Dante's hand away, gets into his face, studies the child.

Dante doesn't flinch. Their eyes lock for the longest moment.

Lincoln's eyes narrow.

LINCOLN

Boo!

Dante remains stoic. Unfazed.

LINCOLN

Look, kid...Sheriff...Whoever you are.

DANTE

Dante.

LINCOLN

Well, Dante, I ain't got no dollar
for you. Ain't even got one for
me.

Dante does not relent. His hand shoots back in Lincoln's
face. Lincoln shakes his head.

LINCOLN

You're a hard giver-upper that's
for sure.

Lincoln stands up and bunny ears his pockets.

LINCOLN

See. Nothing. Nada. Empty. No
dollero...get it?

Dante drops his hand down, shifts his gaze from Lincoln to
the floor.

Lincoln softens. Pats the young sheriff's hat.

LINCOLN

Now I feel really rotten. Wish I
did have a dollar to give you.

The boy doesn't look up. Lincoln holds his hand down.

LINCOLN

High five?

Dante's eyes stare out blankly. He grips the tricycle
handles tightly, shoves Red forward running across Lincoln's
busted toes as he takes off.

LINCOLN

Aaaauuggghhh!

Lincoln tries to kick him. He misses and falls backwards
across the chairs, smacking the floor. He grabs his foot and
writhes in pain.

Charlie, remains sound asleep as an odd smile crosses his
face.

The clock ticks --

"2:15"

BUZZ!

The dryer goes off. Clothes are done.

Like a fighter returning to the ring when the bell sounds, Lincoln struggles up and lurches towards it.

Pain bolts through his body. His knees buckle. He falls forward and catches himself on the dryer handle.

LINCOLN

I had to pick this place.

His face presses up against the hot dryer glass. He jerks back, letting out a WAIL.

Lincoln flings open the dryer door, pulls himself up. He yanks his clothes out, dumping them into his laundry basket.

He pulls out the last of the clothes, except for one pair of jeans stuck in the dryer tumbler.

He yanks and yanks. They don't give.

One last almighty yank, they tear loose. He stumbles backwards.

As he regains himself he notices a single dollar bill flutters up into the air.

Time seems to stand still.

The second hand on the clock stops. It still reads --

"2:15"

DISSOLVE TO:

SLOW MOTION --

-- The bill reaches its apex then floats back down like a falling leaf or a wispy feather.

-- Lincoln's eyes grow wide. He staggers towards it, reaches up to grab it.

-- His hand starts to wrap around it. It escapes his grasp. He snatches at it again. Again it eludes him.

-- The bill, now chest high, tumbles against Lincoln's sweat soaked body.

BACK TO:

A BEER CAN MOBILE

The mobile jerks violently as a sudden wind catches it.

A MOB of PEOPLE --

Construction Workers, Judges, Doctors, Nurses, Plumbers, Police, Business people, High Society, Low Society, and everything in between

Steam into the little laundry mat crushing Lincoln.

SHOUTS and SCREAMS as they greedily grasp for that dollar bill.

INSERT:

An old black and white movie showing an ANIMAL STAMPEDE running away in a cloud of dust.

BACK TO:

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - DAY

Deathly quiet.

Sun rays stream in through the settling dust.

The Beer Mobile hangs stone still again.

The fan stopped. The television black. The clock frozen.

The laundry mat empty, save for a sleeping Charlie.

No sign of Lincoln.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Metal scrapes metal.

At the end of the long bank of dryers the tricycle wheel appears.

SQUEAL.

The tricycle pulls forward.

Dante

He moves Red out into the empty aisle. Stares down the row of dryers.

CREAK!

A dryer door opens. Styx song "Come Sail Away" plays. An ARM flaps out of the dryer.

Dante's eyes light up.

He spots the DOLLAR BILL in the hand of the arm that has flopped out. *Lincoln's arm.*

Dante's blue eyes twinkle.

DANTE

Dollar.

He starts Red forward.

One by one the little sheriff eases past the massive drying machines.

He pedals faster and faster. The hand grip tassels flap.

Dante draws closer to the bill, stands up, balances himself on Red's saddle and handlebars like a surfer riding a great wave.

Sunlight glints off his sheriff's badge.

Red stops squealing as it glides silently underneath Lincoln's arm.

Dante stretches upward, snatches the bill from Lincoln's grasp.

Lincoln MOANS.

His arm flops back into the dryer. The dryer door CREAKS closed. The music cuts off.

Dante smiles a triumphant smile, sits back onto Red, and resumes pedaling.

Red resumes SQUEAKING.

Dante waves the bill like its the American Flag.

The tricycle's red, white and blue tassels flutter in the breeze triumphantly.

RING! RING!

Dante rings the tin bell on his handlebar, and makes a right turn disappearing past the bank of dryers.

Charlie's eyes pop open.

He struggles up out of the chair. Takes the "NOT WORKING" sign off the wall and makes his way over to Lincoln's dryer.

Charlie opens the dryer door, the song blasts out again.

He extracts a coin from his coiner, tosses it in, shuts it, and sticks the sign on the glass. He laughs a loud rumbly laugh as he ambles back to his chair.

Charlie forces his great bulk back into the chair, closes his eyes.

The television flicks back on.

The ceiling fan creaks on.

The clock on the wall ticks.

"2:15"

HONK HONK

Through the mat front window a TOW TRUCK with FIERY FLAMES painted on the side jerks Lincoln's car away.

The sign on the tow truck --

"HELL ON WHEELS TOWING"

FADE OUT.