

MONEY LAUNDERING

Written by

RW Hahn

Representative:
Alan Yott
Goodwksentp@aol.com

RW Hahn
Harw001@aol.com

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - DAY

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

Several mobiles made of beer cans hang motionless from the ceiling.

A single ceiling fan creaks, struggles to turn.

A large thermometer on the wall reads -- "*Hot. Hotter. HELL.*" The mercury runs into "Hell". It hangs above a change machine.

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

ON TV -- An afternoon Spanish soap opera. Buxom women, bad acting.

TICK! A large round clock with a red second hand on one wall.

"12:13"

BLAM!!! A jarring explosion echoes inside the mat.

EXT. LAUNDRY MAT - SAME

Sign above double glass sliding door reads -- "*STICKY RIVER WASH HOUSE*"

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

Explosion explained.

It sputters several times, protests with a last gasp, goes dead. Out of the Pinto scrambles LINCOLN(20s), tall, with 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, leans against a make shift coffin.

The shirt reads -- "*Everybody Gotta Dead One Day*"

Headphones with loud music 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 noise cuts thru the mat. SMALL HANDS wrap black hand grips. Red, white and blue plastic tassels sprout out the ends.

A tin bell clings to the right side of the handle bars. Shiny black Cowboy boots churn black pedals.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Behind Lincoln rides a small boy, DANTE(4), on a RED tricycle. A cowboy hat shoved down to his eyes.

Those eyes zeroed in on one thing.

Lincoln.

Dante zips past the large, bulky machines. The ceiling fan creaks. The television goes in and out. The clock ticks. The minute hand jerks one dot.

"12:13" ... AGAIN

Lincoln stops at a washer, sets the laundry down. Dante screeches to a halt next to Lincoln's bared toes.

LINCOLN

Whoaa!

Lincoln hops back, slides his headphones to his neck. Music blasting out. Dante stares, doesn't blink.

LINCOLN

Invasion of the space snatchers,
little dude.

Lincoln chuckles at the Sheriff's badge pinned to Dante's checkered cowboy shirt.

LINCOLN

Am I in trouble, Sheriff?

Dante shoots out his hand, palm up. Lincoln laughs. Dante stares, serious, hand still up. Lincoln shakes his hand.

LINCOLN

Pleased to meet you, Sheriff
Little.

Lincoln grabs his clothes, throws them in the washer. Dante stares up at Lincoln. His palm still up, reaches to Lincoln's waist.

DANTE

Dollar.

Lincoln stuffs the washer.

LINCOLN

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

Lincoln closes the washer door, walks away. Dante stares after him, anger smolders in his eyes.

CHANGE MACHINE

Headphones back on, 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(40s), fast asleep. The man bulges 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. Sweat blisters across his bloated face.

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.

No response.

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

Just as he gets close, Charlie's hand snatches Lincoln's wrist. His 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 a word Charlie machine guns the changer eight times, shoots his closed fist towards Lincoln's face.

Lincoln stares at the ham hock, inches from his nose. He opens his hand. Charlie drops the coins in, closes his eyes. Back to business.

INT. - LAUNDRY MAT - LATER

The clock reads -- "12:13"

Lincoln's WASHER churns. Lincoln sleeps in a chair that faces the washers. His tanned biceps glisten. His hair clings to his sweaty face. Garbled music blares out his headphones past his ears.

TICK! Clock hand jerks in place. "12:13"

BANK OF DRYERS - LATER

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.

It doesn't work. He turns the knob again. No go.

Lincoln pounds the coin slot with his fist. Twists the knob. The dryer stays silent. He thumbs the coin return button over and over.

Nope. He kicks the machine.

LINCOLN
Aaaugghh!!

He hops in a circle, grabs his busted toes.

LINCOLN
Dumb. Stupid. Not a problem
solver.

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

Fast asleep Charlie. Peaceful Charlie. Snoring Charlie.

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 sign.

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, my money.

Charlie remains still. Lincoln fumes. Waits.

LINCOLN

Please.

CHARLIE

You must have a lot of friends.

LINCOLN

I don't need friends. I need three quarters.

Charlie eyes closed, guns three quarters out, punches them towards Lincoln.

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

Charlie waves Lincoln away.

CHARLIE

Invasion of the space snatchers.

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

LAUNDRY MAT AISLE

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Dante rides down the aisle. Lincoln doesn't hear him, eyes closed, relaxed, sits across from a dryer. Dante peddles right up to Lincoln, brakes just short of his toes.

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

Lincoln's eyes narrow.

LINCOLN
Boo!

Dante remains stoic. Unfazed.

Lincoln stands up, bunny ears his pockets. Nothing but lint.

LINCOLN
See? Nada. But if I had a dollar I
wouldn't give it to you. Fact, I
don't give my money to nobody.

Dante keeps staring. Lincoln gets angry.

LINCOLN
Find another sucker, Sheriff weird
kid on a tricycle.

DANTE
Dante.

His hand shoots back in Lincoln's face. Lincoln shakes his head.

Dante drops his hand down, shifts his gaze from Lincoln to the floor, to Lincoln's toes. Lincoln pushes on Dante to ride on.

LINCOLN
When you get older, Dante, you'll
find out how hard it is to earn a
buck.

Dante grips the tricycle handles tightly, shoves Red forward, runs across Lincoln's busted toes, takes off.

LINCOLN
Aaaauuuggghhh!

Lincoln kicks at him, misses and falls backwards across the chairs. He smacks the floor hard, grabs his foot and writhes in pain.

Charlie, remains sound asleep, an odd smile creeps across his face.

The clock ticks -- "12:13"

BUZZ! The dryer goes off. Clothes are done.

Like a fighter returning to the ring when the bell sounds, Lincoln struggles up, lurches towards it. Pain bolts through his body. His knees buckle. He falls forward, 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, lets out a WAIL. Lincoln flings open the dryer door, pulls himself up, yanks his clothes out, dumps them into his laundry basket.

LINCOLN
You messed with the wrong guy.
Ain't never gave nothin' to nobody
and I never will. What's mine is
mine. Even if I ain't got nothing.

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.

Angry, frustrated, he gives one last almighty yank. They tear loose. He stumbles backwards, notices a single dollar bill flutters up into the air from the dryer.

The second hand on the clock stops. It still reads -- "12:13"

Time seems to stand still.

DISSOLVE TO:

SLOW MOTION --

-- The bill reaches its apex, pauses, floats back down like a wispy feather.

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

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

-- The bill, now chest high, tumbles against his 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, crush Lincoln.

SHOUTS and SCREAMS as they brawl for that dollar bill.

INSERT:

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

BACK TO:

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - DAY

Dead quiet.

Sun rays cut through a cloud of dust. The Beer Mobile hangs stone still again. The fan stopped. Television black. Clock frozen.

The laundry mat empty, save for a fast asleep Charlie.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Metal scrapes metal. At the end of the long bank of dryers a tricycle wheel appears.

SQUEAL. The tricycle moves forward. *Dante.*

He moves Red out into the empty aisle. Stares down the row of dryers. CREAK! A dryer door opens. An ARM flaps out of the dryer.

Dante's eyes light up, spots the DOLLAR BILL in the hand of the arm that has flopped out. *Lincoln's arm.*

Dante's eyes twinkle.

DANTE

Dollar.

He starts Red forward. One by one the little sheriff rides 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 goes silent. It glides underneath Lincoln's arm. Dante stretches upward, snatches the bill.

Lincoln moans.

LINCOLN

My dollar.

Lincoln's arm flops back into the dryer. The dryer door creaks closed. Dante smiles a triumphant smile, sits down. Pedals Red. Red SQUEAKS.

Dante waves the bill like its the American Flag. The tricycle's red, white and blue tassels flutter in the breeze. RING! RING! Dante rings the tin bell on his handlebar, and makes a right turn, disappears 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, makes his way over to Lincoln's dryer, opens the dryer door.

He extracts a coin from his coiner, tosses it in, shuts it. Sticks the sign on the glass, laughs a loud laugh that rumbles through the building. 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 forward. The clock on the wall ticks.

"12:13"

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.