

I TOOK THE SPIN CYCLE IN NYC

Written by

Carl Coetzee

"Escúchela, La Ciudad Respirando."
("Listen, the city is breathing.")
-Unknown Sample from
Respiration by Mos Def & Talib Kweli

126 St. Marks' Place, Apt 17, New York, NY
609-960-6421
Draft IV
Dec. 22nd, 2025

INT. NEW YORK CITY LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (**ACT I**)

The day bleeds slowly into night.

Inside the laundromat, a tired SINGLE MOTHER (20s, F) wears a bright Tie-Dye shirt -- it reads "Every Day is a Gift in NYC!" -- as she folds her clothes with a hollow stare.

ANDREW (30s, M) -- middle-aged, weary, his faded old clothing thrown together from across his many past lives. His eyes are bleary, red, as he pulls absent-mindedly from a THC cart.

He watches through the front door as a man paces impatiently back and forth, almost bouncing, glancing, vibrating anxiously, holding a nearly-empty liter-bottle of Coke.

Eventually the man rushes in, making for Andrew.

This is DANIEL (30s, M) -- he has the same weary look, but is clearly in a rush. His clothing is a tapestry of the places he's been. He wears a film camera around his neck.

DANIEL

Hey, do you have my pizza?

Andrew looks up. Doesn't respond. Takes another rip from his cart. The wall of dryers behinds him serves as answer enough.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I just ordered off of GrubHub,
and...

Daniel sets his phone down on the table to show Andrew, but he can't bring himself to even finish the question.

ANDREW

Dunno. Started here last month.

Daniel looks at Andrew. Back at his phone. Looks around the room. Realizes he's just blown twenty bucks. Sighs.

DANIEL

So nobody just... sold me a pizza?

Andrew takes another hit. An awkward beat as Daniel bounces up and down -- like a toddler, about to ask for the bathroom. Eventually sighs in frustration, and heads for the door.

He walks past a display stand in the corner selling T-shirts reading "*I Rode the Spin Cycle in New York City.*"

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What kind of laundromat has merch?

Again, no response. Daniel looks around again, bouncing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Er... could I use your bathroom?

Andrew shrugs. Takes another rip from his cart. The clouds start to fill the room.

ANDREW
Don't have one.

Daniel looks across the room, to the EMPLOYEE BATHROOM sign over Andrew's shoulder.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
...for customers.

A tense standoff. Daniel shoots Andrew a look. Another tense standoff. Andrew doesn't budge, rips his cart again. Daniel looks back at the shirt.

DANIEL
*Thirty-five dollars? What a rip...
These used to be like, ten.*

ANDREW
(chuckles)
Man, when was the last time you
were here?

DANIEL
*Last time I was here, THIS WAS A
FUCKING PIZZA PLACE!*

Andrew laughs quietly to himself as Daniel storms out, leaving his phone and wallet on the counter.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT (**ACT II**)

The single mother from the laundromat struggles down the busy sidewalk, holding two heavy laundry bags.

Daniel grumbles to himself as he pushes past her, in a rush.

DANIEL
(to himself)
*Thirty-five bucks... for thirty-
five bucks, they'd better MAKE me
the fucking pizza...*

Daniel downs the last of his liter-Coke as he passes past a public trash can. Goes to throw out the bottle. Pauses.

He dances in place -- *he really needs to pee.*

Looks at the bottle. Crosses his legs, impatiently. Looks back at the bottle. Contemplates something.

Daniel goes to undo his zipper. Looks around the park. Looks up, and sees a street performer in a strange, haunting PIGEON MASK right next to him -- this is THE PIGEON MAN.

The Pigeon Man stares at Daniel -- almost like he recognizes him. Cocks his head slightly, like a bird.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Oh- hi. Er... no thanks. Sorry.

Daniel throws the bottle in the trash and hurries off.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Daniel shimmies around a group of TOURISTS who seem dead-set on blocking the entire sidewalk. Eventually gives up, and crosses the street.

As Daniel passes a bodega, a group of COLLEGE SKATER KIDS dressed in expensive vintage clothing try for his attention.

SKATER KID #1

Hey!- Wow, that jacket *really* works on you. Do you think you could hel-

He swats them off. Walks to the other side of the street again, into a corporate-looking HOTEL.

INT. CORPORATE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

We watch over the shoulder of a DOORMAN (20s, F) as Daniel speeds across the lobby towards the elevators.

DOORMAN

Sir? *SIR??*

Daniel smiles at her, but doesn't stop moving.

DANIEL

Hey, sorry, need to use the can-

DOORMAN

Sure! If I could just get your name and room number?

Daniel stops. Sighs. Walks over to the desk.

DANIEL

Uh, of course. I'm *Daniel LeHeiro*,
I checked in this morning, there
was another guy--

He reaches for his pocket. Pats around. Realizes something.

DOORMAN

If I could just see your room card?

DANIEL

Shit, sorry. Must have left it at
the place.

DOORMAN

No worries. If you could just go
get that for me.

DANIEL

Er... do you think you could let me
in now? I *really* need to pee, and I
know just right around the corner-

DOORMAN

Of course, but... I'm sorry, I've
never seen you around here.

DANIEL

Yeah, I'm from out of town, just
checked in this morning, with that
other guy... James, his name was?

DOORMAN

Yeah, but... we get a lot of
strange people here. Just want to
make sure.

Daniel searches for an ounce of sympathy in her face. He
finds none.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

There are public bathrooms in the
park I can point you towards.

Daniel looks down the hall -- *the bathroom is right there.*

He weighs his options. Sighs. Walks out sheepishly.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT

Daniel grumbles to himself as he walks back through the park.
He walks up to a group of TOURISTS.

DANIEL

Hey, do you know where the bathroom-

The tourists give him a slightly-freaked-out-look and walk away.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Dammit.

We see Daniel's reflection in the eye of the PIGEON MAN as he walks out of the hotel and into the park, frustrated.

Pigeon Man starts to walk towards Daniel -- it seems like he wants to help -- but he's sidetracked by the FLASH of an iPhone camera.

He sees a YOUNG CHILD (8-10, F) and her TOURIST MOTHER (30s, F) pointing at him with a wide smile.

YOUNG CHILD

Mom, mom, look! That man's a bird!

The Pigeon Man flaps his wings a few times. Goes to pose for a picture. Cocks his head as the mother hands him a \$5 bill.

We cut back to Daniel as he walks up to the public bathrooms. He pulls on the door - locked.

DANIEL

7 PM? Eric Adams, suck my BALLS.

The Pigeon Man walks to help him, but is stopped by a strange man wearing a button-up shirt, slacks, and a cowboy hat. This is COLIN (30s, M).

COLIN

Hey, can you help me out?

Pigeon Man tries to push past him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

No, wait! I'll make it worth your while.

Colin starts digging in his backpack for something to give; Pigeon Man stops and turns back around.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Oh, god, thanks. So... the library there. Do people ever *sleep* there? I don't want to get haunted again.

Pigeon Man cocks his head. Meanwhile, Daniel tries to walk up to DAVID (40s, M), clearly homeless, sitting on a bench.

DANIEL

Hey, where do you usually go to...
uh...

David looks up at him, skeptically.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The bathrooms are all closed.

David motions over to a set of bushes.

DAVID

I mean, *you're a guy*, right?

Daniel clearly looks disgusted at the thought. Bounces around a bit. Looks back at the bushes. Puts his head down, and starts his way over.

We watch Daniel sneak into the bushes from the perspective of the Pigeon Man, as Colin digs in his backpack.

COLIN

I was reading, this park used to be a mass grave or something. That means ghosts. I got possessed once, back in Texas... not doing *that* again. *Hold on... you like absinthe?*

Daniel slips in between the bushes. Walks in a good bit. He's finally alone. He goes to unzip his fly.

Suddenly, he looks up. Sees the gates of a children's playground. His face falls.

From Pigeon Man's perspective, we hear a commotion as Daniel comes FLYING out of the bushes.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Trust me, it's good stuff. Was banned in Europe for years... hits like a Mack truck.

TOURIST MOTHER

What the fuck are you doing?

DANIEL

Sorry... didn't know... didn't think anyone would see... sorry.

Daniel hobbles back onto the path, and *books it* out of the park. Colin takes the bottle of Absinthe out of his backpack.

COLIN

Geez, what's with *that* guy? Weirdo.

Almost at the gates of the park now, Daniel finds himself back near the trash can from earlier. Sighs. Starts digging around in the trash can for the liter-bottle. Can't find it.

Hears a chuckle from behind him as David walks past, holding the liter-bottle.

DAVID

Jackpot.

Daniel sighs, HITS the trash can as David walks off.

Daniel WINCES. He *really* needs to pee, now. He walks off in the opposite direction.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY BODEGA - NIGHT

Daniel walks past the bodega from earlier, desperate to pee. As he walks past, the college skater kids plead with the single mother from the laundromat.

SKATER KID #1

Look, it's like ten bucks, I'll give you twenty! That's dinner.

SINGLE MOTHER

It just doesn't feel good...

SKATER KID #1

No, come on, you can trust us! Come on, look at us! What's gonna happen?

The question could be answered by the desperate gleam in his eye.

INT. NEW YORK CITY BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

We watch the single mother shake her head sheepishly as she escapes inside the bodega. Inside, the two owners -- GRACE (30s, F) and RAMIREZ (30s, M) argue loudly *in Spanish*.

RAMIREZ

(in spanish)

Look, I don't get why you're up my ass - Fred is fine! He's just odd.

He gestures at a plump cat, sitting on the counter.

GRACE
 (in Spanish)
 No, that's the problem. *That* is not
 Fred.

Ramirez rolls his eyes. Grace throws up her hands.

Suddenly, the skater kid walks, his head down, into the bodega. Both owners' heads shoot up; they react in unison.

GRACE & RAMIREZ
 NO. NOT AGAIN. NOT TONIGHT. SORRY.

The skater kid walks out sheepishly as they jump back into the argument without missing a beat.

As the door closes, Daniel walks in, and we start to follow him as we overhear the owners' conversation resume.

RAMIREZ
 (in Spanish, again)
 What do you *mean*, that's not Fred?
 Look at him! Are you crazy?

GRACE
 Crazy? I'll make *you* crazy-

They start bickering over each other as Daniel walks into one of the back aisles, past the single mother buying food.

Daniel sees a bathroom in the back, marked *employees only*. Looks at the single mother. She sees the look in his eyes... looks back down.

Daniel waits for the owners' bickering to reach a fever pitch. Makes a break for the back.

Suddenly, their heads shoot back up again.

GRACE AND RAMIREZ
 NO. SORRY. NOT FOR CUSTOMERS.

The skater kid, now without his Carhartt jacket, uses the moment to slip into the store. Daniel throws up his hands, and retreats back into the snack aisle.

The skater kid walks up to Daniel in the back as we hear the owners' argument resume. He taps Daniel on the shoulder. Points to the beer fridge.

Daniel sheepishly shakes his head no. The skater kid presses his palms together, pleading.

Daniel looks at him. Realizes something. Hands him his jacket.

DANIEL
Hey, hold this for me for a second,
will you? And get their attention.

The kid, eager for an "in", grabs Daniel's jacket. Nods.

We cut back to the counter, where Grace and Ramirez are still arguing.

RAMIREZ
What are you accusing me of? I know
Fred! That's Fred.

GRACE
Babe, I'm not saying it's not Fred.
I'm saying it's not "Fred."

Ramirez gives her a confused look.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Honey... Fred is pregnant.

Ramirez stops. Realizes. Pokes at the cat's belly a few times. His face falls. Then:

GRACE & RAMIREZ
(in English, in unison)
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Ramirez jumps the counter as he rushes to the back fridge. The Skater Boy is trying to stuff a 40-oz beer in his pocket.

Daniel sees his chance. As Ramirez chases the skater boy out of the store, he walks up coyly to the bathroom, slips inside the door.

INT. BODEGA BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel closes the door, tries to fiddle with the bathroom lock. It's broken. He sighs. Runs up to the toilet. Unzips his fly.

A few moments of peace. Then -- **THE DOOR FLIES OPEN.**

Grace walks into the bathroom. Grabs Daniel by his ear, and drags him out, her dialect slipping in and out of Spanish.

GRACE

What are you trying to pull? Crazy fucking man. Do I have to call the police on you?

INT. NEW YORK CITY BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Grace drags Daniel by his ear through the bodega, and throws him out, as we see Ramirez sheepishly trying to flip the cat over to *inspect*.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Grace throws Daniel out onto the street, and closes the door.

He shivers, feeling the cold. Realizes the kid still has his jacket.

DANIEL

Hey, do you think you could give-

He turns towards where the skater boys were standing -- they're both gone.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shit!

He searches the street. Sees something -- maybe the kids. He runs across the street after them.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop!! You have my-

Suddenly, the BLARE of a semi-truck horn. A pair of LED headlights shine bright on Daniel's face. He SCREAMS.

FADE TO WHITE:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT.

Daniel, having thrown himself out of the way of the truck, lies panting on the curb.

He reaches down. Feels his pants. *Smells it.*

The outline of a trickle stains heavy on his pants.

DANIEL

Oh, GOD DAMMIT.

At the height of his frustration, Daniel dusts himself off and walks down the street - FURIOUS.

INT. NEW YORK CITY LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (**ACT III**)

Andrew sits at the counter, still hitting his cart. The room is filled with clouds.

Over his shoulder, we see Daniel walk in.

ANDREW

Hey, last load is 7:30. We close in an hour.

Daniel *glares* at Andrew as he walks up to the front desk and grabs his things, which are still sitting there.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Never got that pizza, huh?

DANIEL

Look, I am *begging* you. Please. I'm dying. Could I *please* use your FUCKING bathroom.

Andrew shrugs -- *sorry, man*.

ANDREW

Not the policy.

Without a word, Daniel turns around and walks towards the door.

As he walks out, his need to pee gets too great. He struggles to even move his legs.

As he reaches the door, he trips over the display stand of T-shirts, knocking the entire thing over.

Andrew, from behind the counter, looks up for a moment, chuckles, then goes back to his book.

From offscreen, we start to hear muttering.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Stupid fucking town. Stupid fucking city. Nobody wants to talk to you. No one wants to help. It's just no, no, no, now buy my STUPID fucking shirt-

Andrew chuckles again. Looks up. His face falls. Suddenly, he yells and LEAPS over the counter.

The camera flips. Daniel is pissing on the shirt.

Andrew runs up to Daniel, pulling him back. Piss flies everywhere. They both fall into a puddle, wrestling.

<p>DANIEL (CONT'D)</p> <p>People looking at me like I'm not from fucking from here, maybe I'm not, I don't know... I grew up in Queens, motherfucker, <i>where the fuck did all you people come from--</i></p>	<p>ANDREW</p> <p>What the fuck are you doing? Coming in here, pissing on the fucking shirts, I swear, no one respects anything here anymore, <i>where the fuck do all you people come from--</i></p>
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

They stop wrestling for a moment.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're from Queens?

The question seems to cut through the commotion like a knife.

ANDREW

Yeah. Grew up in Elmhurst.

They both stop wrestling. Seem to realize something.

DANIEL

Wait... Andy?

A CHIME as the door swings open again. It's Grace, holding a six-pack of beers.

GRACE

What the fuck are you two *chiflados* doing?

ANDREW

Grace. You'll never guess... it's Danny.

Grace's face lights up in recognition.

INT. NEW YORK CITY LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The three of them sit around the laundromat, now closed, as they drink the beers together.

ANDREW

Shit, man... haven't seen you in forever.

DANIEL
Yeah... left and never really
looked back. First time I'm back
here since... '94, I think.

ANDREW
Oh... that explains it.

DANIEL
Explains what?

ANDREW
Why you wanted the pizza so bad.

The two of them look at each other, and start laughing. Grace
shakes her head.

GRACE
You know, there's a good new place
a few blocks downtown.

DANIEL
Yeah, but... I think I wanted
Sal's.

A beat; everyone understands what he means. The room quiets.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
What's with this place now? It's
like... alive but dead. Zombie
town. People used to know you. Talk
to you. Help you out.

ANDREW
Yeah... you said you left in '94?

Daniel nods.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So you probably missed it.

DANIEL
Missed what?

Andrew strains to remember something.

ANDREW
Round about '96, this girl moved
in, right where Gracie used to
live. She was nice. Kinda shy, but
she was around.

DANIEL
So what happened?

GRACE

She wrote this article. NYU class project, I think. Made us sound like a bunch of hooligans, blocking the street, blocking the traffic. Said she couldn't sleep at night when we were out. She put it in some paper. People got the complete wrong idea. It was a whole thing.

DANIEL

Wow. Bullshit...

ANDREW

Yeah, it was. Thing is, if she ever was in trouble -- you, me, Gracie... we would be the first ones to help. Now... I don't think anyone would. Certainly not someone else like her.

There's a knock at the window; they look up. It's the Pigeon Man. He's drinking from an open bottle of Absinthe.

He waves, friendly, and walks on.

DANIEL

Hey, who is that? He keeps watching me. It's giving me the creeps.

ANDREW

Oh my god. Dude. That's Kyle.

Daniel recognizes the name. His face lights up.

DANIEL

Wait -- Kyle? Shit! Kyle, what's up, man?

Daniel runs out of the laundromat after him. Andrew and Gracie walk off after him.

We end on the open door of the laundromat as we hear the sounds of their reunion from the street.