

Dirty Laundry  
by  
Illuminati Member #39

**INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT**

A shitty apartment laundry room, with old machines, bad florescent lighting, peeling linoleum, and water stains. HARPER (mid-30s, loose casual clothes) folds laundry at a folding table, the most modern thing in the room.

The elevator dings weakly. The door slides open for ZACH (late-20s, sweat pants, undershirt) carrying a laundry basket full of clothes. He gives Harper a friendly nod and dumps his clothes into a washer.

ZACH

You're new to the building, right?

HARPER

Very first load of laundry.

ZACH

What do you think so far?

HARPER

(looks around)

It's glamorous. No wonder they charge so much for a load.

ZACH

Whatever you do, don't buy soap from the dispenser. You might have to take out a loan.

HARPER

So that's how they get you. I was wondering what the catch was.

Zach smiles as he inserts coins into the machine.

Harper neatly folds a pair of slacks.

HARPER

So, are you a throw-it-all-together kind of guy or did you separate those first?

ZACH

Two machines? I can't afford that.

Harper she picks up a suit of men's boxer shorts to fold. Zach tilts his head at them questioningly.

ZACH

Relative or significant other?

Harper holds up her left hand, showing her wedding ring. She studies it a moment with a sad look.

HARPER

He isn't around much. You wouldn't know it from the amount of laundry he has though.

Zach politely nods. There are other fish.

ZACH

Well, see you around.

Zach presses the elevator button and the door opens. She gives him a little wave as the elevator door closes.

**INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY**

Zach, in different casual wear, sits in a broken plastic lawn chair scrolling on his phone when the elevator dings. He looks up to see Harper, slightly better dressed, carrying a basket of laundry.

HARPER

Strange place to be hanging out.

ZACH

Waiting for the dryer to...

He notices the dryer isn't running and gives her a sheepish look. He opens the dryer and throws clothing into his basket as Harper unloads into two washers.

HARPER

You live alone, don't you?

ZACH

What gave it away?

HARPER

What about family? Anyone to be concerned about how bad you are at doing laundry?

ZACH

That's why I left home. They were too anal about laundry.

Harper gives him a mock hurt look.

HARPER

Are you calling me anal?

ZACH  
I would never say that.

Zach goes to the elevator and presses the button.

HARPER  
Aren't you going to fold those?

The elevator door opens. Zach steps inside with a smirk.

ZACH  
See? I don't have to say anything.

Harper can't help but smile at the jibe.

**INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT**

Zach, in a button-down shirt, boots and boot-cut jeans, piles clothes from the dryer into his basket. He goes to the elevator and presses the button, listening to the sound of it approaching.

It dings and the door opens to reveal Harper in a low-cut blouse, short skirt, and heels, laundry basket in hand.

ZACH  
We keep meeting like this. People  
will talk.

Harper sees his messy pile of clothes. She tsks at him, takes his basket into hers, and leads him to the table.

HARPER  
I love a good gossip. Now, do you  
even know how to fold?

Zach pulls a pair of jeans from his basket and proceeds to fold them. Harper rolls her eyes, takes them away, and re-folds them along the leg seam.

ZACH  
Seriously?

She picks up a pair of boxers and holds them out like it's a test.

ZACH  
I feel like I should know  
someone's name before they get  
their hands on my underwear.

HARPER

(winks)  
Then you aren't as much fun as I  
thought. Harper.

ZACH

Zach. With an 'h' in case you ever  
want to write it down.

HARPER

All right, Zach with an 'h'.  
Enough stalling.

She thrusts his boxers at him. Zach folds them neatly and  
sets them in the basket. She shrugs approval and they  
start folding clothes together.

HARPER

Were you kidding about leaving  
your family?

ZACH

It's not like I abandoned my kids  
or anything. I moved out of my  
parents' basement to come here.

HARPER

To this glamorous place? How bad  
was their basement?

ZACH

You'd shudder. They're back east,  
I moved a whole time zone away.

HARPER

Whereabouts? No, let me guess.

She hands him a folded shirt, looking him over.

HARPER

Oklahoma.

ZACH

Close. Idaho.

HARPER

God. No wonder you left.

ZACH

Hey! I resent--no, you're right,  
it was awful.

HARPER

What's awful are these underwear.

She holds up a pair of boxer-briefs, poking her fingers through a couple of holes. Zach snatches them away.

ZACH  
They keep the important bits in place.

HARPER  
(glances at his crotch)  
I'm sure.

Harper holds out another folded article of clothing. Zach takes it, their fingers brushing.

Another folded article, and when Zach reaches for it she covers his hand with hers. She smiles at him.

They break contact. There are no more clothes to fold.

ZACH  
Thanks. Is there anything I can help you with in return?

HARPER  
Actually...yes. You can put my clothes in.

Zach nods, wondering if he misread the situation. He picks up her laundry basket, about to dump the clothes into a washer. He corrects course and separates the lights and darks into two machines.

Harper beams her approval at him. He sets the empty basket down and holds out his hand for coins.

HARPER  
You aren't finished yet.

She leans against the table invitingly. He didn't misread anything. He steps close, chest to chest, staring down at her. She stares back.

He slowly lifts her blouse. She raises her arms, allowing it to come off, revealing a sexy black lace bra.

He turns her around and leans her over the table. She gasps a little at his forcefulness and smiles as he slowly unzips her skirt.

His hands slide into the loosened hem and he slips the skirt over her hips, revealing matching lace underwear.

The skirt falls to the floor. She steps her high heels out and kicks the skirt away, jingling the coins stuffed in a pocket.

Zach unfastens her bra and slips the straps off her shoulders. It slides down her arms, revealing full, shapely breasts.

He spins her again, their faces close enough to feel each other's breath. Harper's lips part and she moistens them in anticipation.

They slowly close the distance until their lips touch, and they kiss. The kiss grows deeper and more intense.

Zach lowers his lips to her neck. Her breathing quickens as he kisses his way down her body. She looks down to watch his progression until she gasps and throws her head back with a shudder.

Zach rises, meeting her lips once again. He tosses her underwear over his shoulder and Harper attacks his lips with her own.

She abruptly breaks contact.

HARPER

I really do need the laundry on.  
Hand me my skirt.

#### **LATER**

Harper sits perched on top of the washer, moaning loudly with each of Zach's vigorous thrusts, his jeans and underwear around his boots.

The machine revs up for its spin cycle. It begins to shake and Harper's eyes go wide.

HARPER

Oh fuck yes! Harder!

Zach is more than happy to comply, increasing his tempo as the machine shakes louder and harder.

As Harper's moans turn into one long wail of ecstasy, we slowly pan away to the elevator.

We slowly push in on the elevator door. Harper's wail becomes a quick succession of grunts and moans almost as loud as the washer's spin cycle. Beneath it all, the faint ding of the elevator.

The door slides open on a MAN wearing an elaborate, intricately painted demonic mask. Surgeon scrubs. Latex gloves. Hospital booties.

The Man steps out of the elevator as Harper's moans and breathing quicken, the machine droning on at the height of its spin cycle. We slowly pan to Zach's back as he thrusts with everything he has and Harper clings to him with arms and legs, her eyes squeezed shut.

She cries out loudly in a long, guttural climax, her body shaking and shuddering uncontrollably. Zach groans through clenched teeth, head thrown back, his knuckles white from his grip on her hips.

The spin cycle abruptly ends, the sound rapidly diminishing until only their labored breathing is heard.

Harper's eyes flutter open.

The masked Man stands directly behind Zach, a long curved knife held aloft tightly in one gloved hand.

Harper's eyes widen--

ZACH

Holy fuck. That was incre--

Zach's words turn to a scream as the knife plunges into his back. The Man thrusts into him as powerfully as he was thrusting into Harper, over and over and over.

Harper clings to Zach's failing body tightly, holding him in place, watching the bloody knife do its work.

Zach goes limp and she releases him. He hits the floor like so much dead meat.

The Man lifts his mask, showing an ordinary but handsome face (30s.)

Harper smiles and they kiss with the familiarity and intimacy of lovers.

HARPER

Thanks for letting me finish.

MAN

Of course. I'm not a monster.

The Man removes the blood-spattered hospital scrubs as Harper quickly gathers her clothes.



HARPER

Check me.

The Man, clad in jeans and a heavy metal T-shirt, wipes blood off her legs with the scrubs. He looks her over.

MAN

Looks clean. Did you get it?

Harper flashes him the same mock hurt look.

HARPER

Did you think I wouldn't?

He grunts and tosses the scrubs, gloves, booties, and mask into an empty washer while Harper dresses.

HARPER

They're in Idaho.

MAN

Damn. I was hoping for Oklahoma.

He pulls lighter fluid from his pocket and squeezes a long stream into the washer. He continues the stream across the floor and over Zach's body, dropping the empty cannister.

A book of matches come out of the same pocket.

HARPER

May I?

The Man hands her the matches and goes to press the elevator button.

Harper strikes a match, using it to light the rest of the book, and tosses it. Orange firelight blooms over her.

HARPER

It was fun, Zach.

The elevator door slides open and she moves to join the Man inside. She blows a kiss as the door closes.

**THE END**