

New Beginnings

Written by

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INT. NEW BEGINNINGS LAUNDROMAT - DAY

ROSANNE(35) stares out the window, a book forgotten on her lap. Her cashmere coat, draped over the newest designer bag. Lost in thought, she toys with a diamond pendant around her neck.

Raindrops runs in winding roads down the window.

The bell behind the yellow door tingles.

TIFFANY(17), homeless, pushing a cart, steps into the laundromat.

A baby cries.

Tiffany reaches into the cart, picks up a baby. She tucks him in, safely under her jacket.

TIFFANY
Hey, it's okay. Everything is gonna
be alright.

She leans her cheek against his head. She rocks him calmly, hums a lullaby.

The baby stops crying, falls asleep.

Tiffany scratches in the cart, digs out some baby clothes, makes her way to a washer.

She adds the few items to the washer, close the door. Digs in her pocket for quarters, slips them into the machine, realizes she is short.

She pats down her pockets. Nothing.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
(Frustrated)
Dammit!

She looks around, sees Rosanne. Desperate, she approaches Rosanne.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
Excuse me Ma'am, can you maybe spare
me 2 quarters? I just wanna do my
baby's laundry.

She peeks into her jacket.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
All his clothes are either wet or
dirty.

Rosanna's heart melts. She scratches in her purse, takes out some quarters, hands them to Tiffany.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
May God bless you, Ma'am.

Rosanna looks at ADAM.

ROSANNE
How old is he?

TIFFANY
He'll be three weeks day after tomorrow.

Rosanne softly touches his cheek.

ROSANNE
Precious child.

Tiffany slips the two quarters into the washer. It starts to wash. She sits down on the bench, a distance away from Rosanne.

Adam stirs, begins to cry. Tiffany tries to rock him to sleep, he keeps crying.

TIFFANY
(Anxious)
Not now baby, please.

She holds him against her, rocks him forwards and backwards.

Adam cries louder.

Patrons looks up from their washing, disturbed.

ROSANNE
Maybe he is hungry.

Tiffany looks around anxious.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
(Shifts closer)
Do you have a bottle?

Tiffany shakes her head, looks around uncomfortable. She lifts her shirt, takes out her breast--

An OLDER MAN walks past, looks at her in disgust.

OLDER MAN

(Mumbles)

What has this world come to? No
shame...

His voice trails off.

Tiffany sags her head. Tears well up in her eyes.

Rosanne moves closer.

ROSANNE

Don't mind him, men have no clue.

Tiffany forces a smile, looks back at Adam suckling.

TIFFANY

I feel like such a failure.

Rosanne places an arm around Tiffany's shoulders.

ROSANNE

Don't, your baby is fed, he is
clothed and most importantly, he is
loved.

Adam falls asleep, content. Tiffany covers herself up,
shifts Adam into a more comfortable position.

The washer dings. Rosanne looks at the washer.

ROSANNE (cont'd)

That's mine.

She gets up, walks to the washer. Takes clothes out, folds
it, gathers her things, heads out.

She stops at Tiffany, takes a \$10 from her wallet, hands it
to Tiffany.

ROSANNE (cont'd)

I want you to take this.

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY

I can't. I...

ROSANNE

Do it for him.

Tiffany nods, takes the money.

TIFFANY

Thanks.

Rosanne nods, exits onto the crowded sidewalk.

INT. NEW BEGINNINGS LAUNDROMAT - LATE AFTERNOON

The bell rings through the silence. Tiffany enters with her cart, looks up. The laundromat is empty.

A light overhead flicker, then dies.

Tiffany finds a quiet spot, she peeks in under the covers of her cart. Adam sleeps peacefully. She rocks the cart, back and forth, her eyes fall heavy.

SOME TIME LATER

The door bell jingles. Tiffany stirs, but doesn't wake.

The MAN(45) sits down on the bench next to Tiffany, snidely grins. He slides his hand across her inner thigh.

Her eyes shoot open, she scrambles to get away from him.

He grabs her thigh, pulls her closer, unzips his pants.

TIFFANY

(Petrified)

No! No please. Don't.

(Struggles against
him)

Not again.

He forces her down, unbuttons of her pants.

She fights against him, kicks against the cart. Adam begins to cry.

The man grins, reaches for the cart.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

(Frantic)

No! Leave him alone.

Smacks his hands away from the cart, he grabs her. They struggle, he forces her pants down, turns her onto her stomach.

Adam cries, hysterically.

The man forces himself onto Tiffany. She lays lifeless, her eyes on the cart. Silent tears make their way across her face.

The man grunts in satisfaction, goes limp for a moment. Gets up, grins. He walks out. The door bell rings.

Life comes back to Tiffany, pulls up her pants, lifts Adam from the cart.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
(Rocks Adam)
Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Mama's going to buy you a
mockingbird.
(cries)
If the mockingbird don't sing...

Tiffany begins to cry softly.

Tiffany unzips her jacket with shaking hands, lifts her shirt for Adam, he finds her nipple, hungrily.

Finally asleep, Tiffany places Adam back into the trolley. She sits on the bench, pulls her knees up, wraps her arms around her legs, breaks down.

INT. NEW BEGINNINGS LAUNDROMAT - DAY

The door bell rings out, door opens. Tiffany and her cart enter. She lifts Adam from the cart. He is sleeping.

She makes her way to the window, sits down. Softly she hums a lullaby. She stretches out on the bench, lays her head back. Her hand rhythmically taps Adam's bum.

ROSANNE (O.S)
Hi, I was hoping to run into you.

Tiffany sits up in shock.

ROSANNE
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

TIFFANY
(Laughs it off)
It's not you. Lack of sleep.

Rosanne leans in, looks at Adam.

ROSANNE
Hey young man, I brought you something.

Rosanne hands a few items of clothing, price tags still attached to Tiffany.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
I hope you don't mind, still had these.

Tiffany looks intently at Rosanne.

TIFFANY
They got price tags on.

Rosanne nods.

ROSANNE
They were for my son. He was born prematurely... never made it out of hospital... He had pneumonia, was born with it... Turned into sepsis.

Tiffany places a comforting hand on Rosanne's shoulder.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
He lost the fight on the sixth day.

TIFFANY
I can't imagine the...

ROSANNE
He died in my arms.
(Stuffs the items
onto Tiffany's lap)
Take this, for him.

A sob tears from Rosanne. She storms out of the laundromat, past the window, Tiffany sits at.

INT. NEW BEGINNINGS LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The door bell breaks the silence. Tiffany peeks inside, sighs in relief. The laundromat is empty. She enters, looks around, finds a chair in a corner.

She peeks into the cart. Adam sleeps peacefully. She sits back, stretches her legs out, falls asleep.

HONK

Tiffany wakes from horn blowing outside. Sits upright, checks on Adam.

INT. NEW BEGINNINGS LAUNDROMAT - DAY

The doorbell chimes. Adam cries. Tiffany steps into the laundromat.

Patrons glance up.

Tiffany lifts Adam from the cart, tries to console him, the crying continues. She rocks him back and forth. The cries continue.

She bobs him up and down. Adam cries louder.

The glances become judgmental.

Tiffany paces up and down, tapping Adam anxiously on the back. The cries slowly tone down. Patrons continue with their washing.

Tiffany sags down on one of the benches, drained. Adam settles, falls asleep.

Tiffany looks up, closes her eyes for a moment.

In the back of the laundromat, something drops with a loud BANG.

Adam starts wailing again.

TIFFANY
(Loses it)
Please stop...
(Bobs Adam)
Just stop.

The doorbell chimes.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
Stop... just stop.

She melts down.

ROSANNE
Tiffany? Do you need help?

Tiffany looks up through the tears, her arm desperately rocks Adam.

TIFFANY
I can't do it. I tried... I can't...

ROSANNE
May I?

She extends her hands to take Adam from Tiffany.

Tiffany hands Adam over, sags into a bundle, cries softly.

TIFFANY
I can't do this anymore. I can't...

Rosanne rocks Adam gently, he settles down. She sits down next to Tiffany.

ROSANNE
Are you alright?

Tiffany shakes her head *No*.

She leans into her hands, shakes her head.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
Is there anyone I can call?

Tiffany shakes her head *No*

TIFFANY
I only have my mother... we don't speak anymore. She chased me away when she found out I was expecting.

ROSANNE
The father?

Tiffany looks at her.

TIFFANY
There is no father. I went out with friends. I wanted to go home, we argued. I walked. On my way home a car pulled up, offered me a ride. I declined... but he insisted.

Tiffany wipes tears off her face.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
He grabbed me, dragged me to his car...
(Breaks down)
Seven weeks later, I kept being sick. Mom was the first to realize... she wouldn't believe me. Said if I wanna act like a grown-up...

Tiffany looks sharply at Rosanne

TIFFANY (cont'd)
I tried to explain... she wouldn't listen.

ROSANNE
Did you report the rape?

TIFFANY
He... He threatened to hurt my little sister. He knew her name...
(Cries, desperate)
He knew her name.

ROSANNE
Why didn't you get an abortion?

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY
I couldn't. He had a heartbeat, he was... alive. I couldn't murder him.

Rosanne pulls Tiffany closer.

ROSANNE
You are remarkable. You have been through so much, and still you think about his needs first.

TIFFANY
I have to, I am his mother.

Rosanne gets up, extends a hand to Tiffany.

ROSANNE
Come, let's go!

Tiffany looks at Rosanne, shaking her head confused.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
Come, you're coming home with me.

Hesitantly, Tiffany places her hand in Rosanne's.

TIFFANY
I can't. What will your husband say?

Rosanne smirks.

ROSANNE
Dear child, my house and my heart has been empty for many years. That is why I am always here. It helps me fight the loneliness.

Rosanne drags Tiffany to the door. Tiffany pauses at the cart.

ROSANNE (cont'd)
Leave it, we'll get what you need.

TIFFANY
I need something.

She scratches in the trolley, finds--

a PICTURE, looks at her mother, younger sister and herself, folds and stuffs it into her pocket.

The door bell chimes. Rosanne and Tiffany steps out and disappears between the people on the walkway.