

SPIN CYCLE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Dewana's laundromat is old but very clean. Ivy plants hang from the ceiling. The MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY TELETHON plays on the television that sits in the corner.

Several women fold clothes...wait for their laundry to finish drying. Small children chase each other around the room.

DEWANA CAIN (44; a woman who looks a little rode hard up and put up wet); restocks the vending machine with small boxes of detergent. She wears tight jeans and a tank top. Dewana is the type of woman who knows what she wants and always gets it.

RAY HENRY (55), wears boxer shorts, a white T-shirt and sandals. He hands Dewana the detergent boxes. Dewana looks at her watch.

DEWANA

She should've been here by now.

RAY

She's always late.

Ray lifts his T-shirt to reveal a huge scar across his belly.

RAY

Next time I have surgery I'm gonna make sure my doctor knows what he's doin'. Damn. Look what he did to me.

DEWANA

Put your shirt down, Ray. I don't wanna look at your goddamn scar.

CANDY CAIN (22, Dewana's daughter) rushes into the laundromat. She wears a backpack on her back, a short skirt and T-shirt. She is a natural beauty with great legs.

CANDY

I know. I know.

DEWANA

Every day, Candy. Every damn day.

CANDY

It's not my fault. Mr. Skakel lost track of time again.

Candy takes her backpack off and throws it onto a folding table.

DEWANA

You know you gotta go collectin' for Muscular Dystrophy. You can tell time, can't ya?

CANDY

I don't want to go.

Dewana places the last box into the vending machine and stands.

DEWANA

Ray, sugar, do you mind takin' these empty boxes out to the trash for me?

RAY

Anything for you, Dewana.

Ray gathers up the boxes and walks towards the back of the room. Dewana pulls Candy close to her.

DEWANA

I don't know why you always have to give me such a hard time. I don't ask you to do much, Candy.

CANDY

It's embarrassing.

DEWANA

How is doing something good embarrassing?

CANDY

For one thing, we both know where that money's goin', and it ain't to Jerry's kids.

DEWANA

Shhh. Don't talk so loud.

CANDY

Well, it ain't.

DEWANA

You know we need money. If we lose this place, then what'll we do?

CANDY

Can't you take out a loan or somethin'?

DEWANA

Nobody's gonna give me a loan. You know that.

CANDY

Why do I have to do it? You could go collectin'.

DEWANA

Because...because people will give more money to a pretty girl like you than they'll give to an old woman like me.

CANDY

Mom.

DEWANA

This'll be the last time, I promise. You know I'll make it up to you.

Dewana hands Candy a coffee can with a hole cut in the lid.

CANDY

Okay. Where do you want me to go?

DEWANA

I thought you could try that new neighborhood over behind the high school.

Ray walks up to the women and puts his arm around Candy.

RAY

You want me to go with you?

DEWANA

Hell, no. Ain't nobody gonna give donations to a man in his underwear.

CANDY

Okay, but this is the last time.

Candy walks out the front door.

RAY

That's a real nice thing you do for Jerry's kids. People like you are few and far between.

DEWANA

We try to do our best, Ray.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - DAY

Candy stands on the porch of an expensive home. She holds the coffee can and puffs on a cigarette. Candy rings the doorbell and throws her cigarette into the flower bed.

She glances into the window and sees a young man, ERIC, (26) in a wheelchair. Eric sits in the wheelchair and tightens one of the bolts of the wheel with a wrench.

CANDY

Oh, shit.

Eric opens the door.

ERIC

May I help you?

CANDY

Oh. Well...um...

ERIC

Are you okay?

CANDY

I'm sorry. I'm collecting for Muscular Dystrophy.

ERIC

Oh. Okay. Hang on.

Eric wheels away.

CANDY

Jesus.

A young man with a Mohawk, TOMMY, comes to the door.

TOMMY

Hey.

CANDY

Hi.

TOMMY

What's up?

CANDY

I'm collectin' for MDA.

TOMMY

Oh. Cool. You wanna come in and get high?

Candy looks at her watch...turns to leave.

CANDY  
I didn't realize it was so late. Um,  
I've really gotta go.

TOMMY  
Hold on, man. Eric's getting you  
some money.

CANDY  
Nah, that's okay. Tell him to keep  
it.

Candy walks down the walkway.

Eric rolls back to the door.

ERIC  
Miss?

Candy turns...

ERIC  
Your money.

CANDY  
That's okay. Keep it.

ERIC  
But I wanna donate.

Candy walks further down the walkway.

CANDY  
Thanks, but that's okay. Really.

TOMMY  
You better take it while you can, man.

CANDY  
I'm late.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Candy sweeps the room.

SPIDER (28, hefty and tall with a big laugh and even bigger heart) and STACY (26, a lesbian with a girlish figure and a gruff voice)... walk in with two bags of laundry. They are dirty and tired.

CANDY

Hey, guys.

SPIDER

Hi, Candy.

Stacy and Spider load clothes into separate washing machines. Candy continues sweeping.

STACY

It's quiet tonight. Where is everybody?

CANDY

I don't know. It's been like this all evenin'.

SPIDER

We brought some beer if you wanna go sit outside.

CANDY

A beer sounds great.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy, Stacy, and Spider all sit on the back of Spider's pickup truck and drink beer. Candy wears Spider's cowboy hat. A rifle hangs on a gun rack in the rear window of the truck's cab.

STACY

Why do cowboys wear denim condoms?

CANDY

I don't know. Why?

STACY

'Cause they're shrink to fit.

Candy and Stacy laugh.

SPIDER

I don't think that's funny.

STACY

Only 'cause it's true.

CANDY

Why are cowgirls bow-legged?

STACY

'Cause cowboys like to eat with  
their hats on.

They all three laugh. Spider reaches behind him and opens the ice chest... pulls out a couple of beers, opens one and hands it to Stacy.

SPIDER

We're a sad bunch. We should be  
out on dates instead of doing laundry.

CANDY

I thought we were on a date.

SPIDER

No, I mean, really. We spend all  
our time workin'. We never go out  
and have no fun.

STACY

That's the life of a piss-poor  
roughneck. Ain't ever gonna change.

SPIDER

If the money wasn't so good, I  
woulda quit a long time ago.

STACY

Candy, your mom should give you  
some nights off. You should be out  
partyin' instead of sittin' in this  
place everyday.

CANDY

I'd rather be here than in some  
stupid bar, like my mom.

STACY

I don't think I've ever seen you  
anywhere but here, Candy. You need  
to get out. Sew some wild oats.

CANDY

Why? So a bunch of drunk assholes  
can try to get in my pants? No  
thanks. There ain't nobody in town  
that my mama hasn't got to first,  
anyway.

SPIDER

She hasn't slept with me.



STACY

Or me.

CANDY

Give her time. She will.

Candy looks at the dryers through the window. They've stopped spinning.

CANDY

Your clothes are dry.

INT. CAIN FOYER - NIGHT

Candy unlocks the door from the outside and enters the foyer. She hears a moaning sound and walks into the living room.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dewana lies on the couch, spread eagle. BOOKER, a 25 year old cowboy, has his head buried between Dewana's thighs as Dewana moans.

Candy walks over to the couch and pours the money from the coffee can onto Dewana and Booker. Change and dollar bills spill all over the floor.

Dewana and Booker freeze.

CANDY

Here's your stupid money, Mom.

DEWANA

Shit, Candy.

BOOKER

Oh, fuck.

CANDY

What is wrong with you?

Booker wipes his face off and sits on the floor. Dewana straightens herself and sits up on the couch.

CANDY

Why do I have to come home to this shit?

BOOKER

Sorry. I didn't know.

CANDY

Who are you? Get the fuck out of my house.

DEWANA

Candy.

CANDY

Tell him to leave.

DEWANA

Booker, you just stay right there. This is my house. Candy, if you don't like it, you can get the hell out.

(to Booker)

She's just jealous 'cause her mama gets more than she does.

CANDY

I ain't jealous of a whore.

Candy snatches her backpack up off the floor...SLAMS the door on the way out.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The room is dark. A radio plays COUNTRY MUSIC. Candy walks around the washing machines with a beer in her hand.

She opens a washing machine and looks in.

The machine is full of water.

She closes the lid...hops up on top...slowly moves her hand underneath her skirt as the water drains and the spin cycle begins.

Candy strokes herself...MOANS as the washing machine SHAKES.

Headlights wash across the room.

The machine gyrates faster...and faster as Candy loses herself in the vibrating motion.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

The room is a converted garage and is full of easels and students of all ages.

A tall man with a beard, MR. SKAKEL (50), walks around the room and looks at the students' work. He stops, watches Candy paint.

MR. SKAKEL

Very nice, Candy. But it's average. There's nothing in this painting that you won't find in thousands of art classes.

Candy steps back and looks at her painting.

CANDY

I like it.

MR. SKAKEL

Candy, I want you to paint from within. Paint something that you care about.

CANDY

I care about lakes and trees.

MR. SKAKEL

I want you to feel what you are painting. I want you to paint a portrait. Find the joy or pain or fear in the face of someone you know.

CANDY

I don't do portraits, Mr. Skakel.

MR. SKAKEL

It doesn't have to be perfect. Paint one and see what you feel as you paint it.

CANDY

I'll think about it.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Candy rushes into the room. Several people fold clothes, load machines.

Ray, wearing his usual boxers and T-shirt, folds clothes at a table while Dewana cleans the lint out of a dryer vent.

DEWANA

'Bout time.

CANDY

I ran out of gas, okay?

DEWANA

It's always somethin'.

RAY

How was class?

CANDY

Good.

RAY

You always smell like paint when you do that stuff.

DEWANA

I was just tellin' Ray I met a real nice cowboy last night.

CANDY

You did more than just meet him.

Ray laughs.

DEWANA

Next time you come home, you need to make some noise so you won't surprise us.

CANDY

I thought you liked it when people watched.

DEWANA

Where'd you get that idea?

RAY

Maybe you should talk about this at home.

DEWANA

No. I want to talk about it right now. Candy, you are so jealous of me you can't see straight.

CANDY

Jealous? What's there to be jealous of? You haven't had a real relationship in years.

DEWANA

What do you know about relationships?  
You've never even been out on a  
damn date.

RAY

A mother shouldn't compare herself  
to her child, Dewana.

DEWANA

Oh, shut up, Ray. Why don't you go  
show your scar to somebody who cares?

RAY

I can take a hint.

Ray puts his folded clothes into a laundry basket.

As he walks out of the laundromat, his hip brushes against  
Dewana's ass

DEWANA

Tomorrow's Tuesday.

CANDY

I know.

DEWANA

Don't forget to turn off the lights  
in the back room. You left them on  
last night.

Candy pulls her sketch book out of her backpack.

CANDY

I have to paint a portrait.

DEWANA

Yeah? Who you gonna insult?

CANDY

Somebody who moves me.

DEWANA

Good luck findin' him.

Dewana walks to the back office.

GLORIA (22), an Hispanic woman who went to high school with  
Candy) enters the laundromat with a basket full of clothes.  
She looks exhausted.

GLORIA

Hey, girl.

CANDY

Hey.

GLORIA

Take this.

Gloria hands the basket to Candy and grabs another basket of clothes from right outside the door. A craft bag full of yarn sits on top of the basket. They walk over to some washing machines...load clothes into a couple of machines.

GLORIA

What a day I had today. Little Ricky peed on the kitchen floor, and Jose slipped on it and fell. He fractured his wrist. I spent all mornin' in the E.R.

CANDY

Is he okay?

GLORIA

Yeah. He's fine. It was a hair line fracture. I swear I could kill those kids sometimes.

CANDY

You're a good mom, Gloria. Raisin' two kids alone ain't easy.

GLORIA

Tell me about it. I get so tired of cooking and cleanin' and takin' care of everyone but me. Sometimes I wish I was like you and didn't have nobody to worry about but myself.

Gloria puts quarters into the machines.

They both sit down on a bench. Gloria pulls some blue yarn out of the craft bag and crochets.

CANDY

Has Ricardo started payin' child support, yet?

GLORIA

No. He says my child support payments are the welfare checks I get.

CANDY

What a bastard.

GLORIA

It's okay. He don't pay; he don't see the kids.

CANDY

I'm closin' early today. Tomorrow's Tuesday.

GLORIA

It's nice you donate Tuesdays to the needy. God will bless you someday, Candy.

CANDY

It's my mom's idea.

GLORIA

Why does she get all the credit? Your mom don't even work on Tuesdays.

CANDY

Cause she gets uncomfortable being around those people, as she calls 'em.

GLORIA

White people are weird. I'd want to be here so I could see the good I was doin'.

CANDY

There's no explainin' my mom.

GLORIA

It's still nice she feeds 'em and lets 'em wash their clothes.

CANDY

Yeah, I guess.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dewana and JOANNA (35, a cowgirl with tattoos on her arm) sit on the floor at the coffee table and roll joints.

DEWANA

That's too fat.

JOANNA

I like mine fat.

DEWANA

You're wastin' it.

JOANNA

So you screwed both of 'em in one night?

DEWANA

Kinda.

JOANNA

Booker went home with you after you fucked Charlie in the parkin' lot?

DEWANA

Booker went down on me.

JOANNA

After you slept with Charlie?

DEWANA

Yeah. It was kind of exciting to know he was eating another man's cum.

JOANNA

That's gross.

DEWANA

Oh, Jo. At my age I need a little excitement. I've seen it all and done it all.

JOANNA

Booker didn't taste anything strange?

DEWANA

He said I tasted better than any woman he's ever had.

The women laugh.

Candy walks into the room and throws her backpack onto the couch.

DEWANA

How'd it go?

CANDY

Same as always.

DEWANA

I told Ray to bring donuts in the mornin'.

CANDY

Okay. Hey, Joanna.



JOANNA

Hey, girl.

CANDY

What's for dinner?

DEWANA

Pizza. It's on the stove.

CANDY

You never cook anymore.

DEWANA

I ain't cookin' for two people.  
It's a waste of energy.

CANDY

Did you go to the bank?

DEWANA

Yes, Candy. I made the deposit.

CANDY

I'm just makin' sure you didn't  
spend it all on pot and pizza.

DEWANA

This is Joanna's pot, if you must  
know.

JOANNA

Yeah. I'm bein' a good girl and  
sharin'.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BLUES MUSIC plays on a CD player while Candy paints a  
painting of flowers. She steps back to look at it.

CANDY

This is worse than the last one.

Candy sets the painting on the floor... picks up an empty  
canvas and places it on her easel.

A KNOCK is heard at her door.

CANDY

Come in.

Dewana enters the room. She looks around at the paintings.

DEWANA

That flower one is pretty.

CANDY

It's okay. I figured you'd be out with your new boyfriend.

DEWANA

Booker? Nah. Not tonight.

Candy sits on her bed and flips through a magazine.

CANDY

I don't know who to paint.

DEWANA

Paint me.

CANDY

I think I'll paint someone famous. Maybe someone in a magazine.

DEWANA

Why don't you want to paint your old mama?

CANDY

I don't do nudes.

DEWANA

Very funny. You know, I'm really not a bad person, Candy.

CANDY

I never said you were.

DEWANA

I've done a good job raisin' you. That's one thing I've done right. And I run a decent business.

CANDY

You don't have to sell yourself to me.

DEWANA

I get tired of us always fighting.

CANDY

We're total opposites. Opposites fight.

DEWANA

It's late. You gotta open in the mornin'.

CANDY

I know.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Several homeless people stand in front of the laundromat with bags of clothes. Candy rushes to the door and unlocks it.

Candy takes several rolls of quarters out of a bag that hangs on her shoulder and hands one to each person as they enter the laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A stack of small boxes of detergent is stacked on a table.

The homeless people take a box of detergent and walk over to the machines.

CANDY

Help yourselves to some soap.

Ray enters the laundromat with a box of donuts.

CANDY

Thanks, Ray.

RAY

Got the coffee made yet?

CANDY

No.

RAY

I need some coffee.

Ray walks towards the back of the room.

An attractive young man in a wheelchair, SCOTT, wheels into the laundromat with a laundry basket on his lap. Candy hands him a roll of quarters.

CANDY

Tuesdays are free.

SCOTT

Wow. That's nice of you.

CANDY

You need help with that?

SCOTT

Naw. I got it. Thanks.

Candy watches him as he rolls over to a washing machine. He opens the lid and throws some clothes into it. Scott strains to put the quarters into the machine.

Candy walks over and takes the quarters from him. She leans over him...places two quarters into the slot. The machine starts to fill with water.

SCOTT

Thanks. Some of them are hard to reach.

CANDY

You know, I never realized that before. We'll have to do somethin' to fix that.

SCOTT

It's the little things that make life difficult.

CANDY

That's so true.

Ray brings Candy a donut and a cup of coffee.

RAY

Here you go.

CANDY

Thanks.

They walk over and sit on a bench.

RAY

Dewana pissed me off the other day.

CANDY

She's been a pill lately.

RAY

I wish she'd be nice to me. All I've ever wanted was to make her happy.

CANDY

There ain't no pleasin' her. You ought to know that.

RAY

She needs a good man in her life.  
I would give her the world.

Candy pats Ray on the back.

CANDY

Ray, you need to face the fact that  
you're not her type.

Scott wheels over to the donuts and takes one from the box.  
Candy is fascinated with how he moves the wheelchair.

Scott finds a place to park and pulls a book out from behind  
his back. He munches on his donut while he reads. Candy  
can't take her eyes off of him.

RAY

I coulda ended up paralyzed when I  
hurt my back.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Candy locks the door and waves good-bye to some customers.  
She then walks over, turns off the front lights...takes a  
magazine from a chair...walks over to a washing machine in  
the back of the laundromat.

She pulls some quarters from her pocket and pushes them into  
the slot...hops onto the machine, hikes up her skirt up and  
waits for the spin cycle.

Scott wheels up to the window, sees his book sitting on a  
table. He notices Candy...watches her masturbate.

Candy comes to a climax as Scott hyperventilates.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candy walks through the front door.

Dewana, in her bra and underwear, sits on the floor at the  
coffee table and plays strip poker with Booker (who is  
shirtless), and Ray(who wears his boxers and a T-shirt).

DEWANA

How was it today?

CANDY

Okay.

DEWANA

How many people showed up?

CANDY

Nineteen.

RAY

(to Booker)

Dewana donates Tuesdays to the poor and needy. She gives each of them a roll of quarters to do their laundry.

BOOKER

That's nice of ya.

RAY

We had a guy in a wheelchair today, didn't we, Candy?

CANDY

Yeah.

DEWANA

Just 'cause he was in a wheelchair, doesn't mean he's poor.

CANDY

It would've been rude not to give him money and give it to everyone else.

DEWANA

You know how I feel about people moochin' off of us. Tuesdays are for homeless people, Candy.

CANDY

Yeah, uh-uh. Me and Jerry Lewis both know. How much did we collect this year, Mama?

Dewana glares at Candy.

DEWANA

None of your business.

RAY

You wanna play strip poker with us, Candy?

CANDY

No, I gotta paint a portrait.

Candy walks into the hallway.

DEWANA

She's such a soft touch.

RAY

It was just one crippled guy, Dewana.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy stands in front of an easel and paints. Dewana, still in her bra and panties, enters the room, hands on her hips.

DEWANA

Don't ever embarrass me like that in front of my friends again, understand?

CANDY

What'd I do?

DEWANA

You know damn well what you did. Don't you ever tell anyone that I keep the money we collect. Do you hear me?

CANDY

Ray and Booker were too busy starin' at your boobs to hear what I said.

DEWANA

Don't change the subject.

CANDY

Rippin' off MDA is wrong.

DEWANA

They get some of it. I send the checks in.

CANDY

That still don't make it right. We collect more in cash than we do in checks.

DEWANA

How do you know what we collect? You won't even help me count the money.

CANDY

I don't want to know how much it is, okay? It makes me sick that we even do it.

DEWANA

I told you we had no choice. We're two months behind.

CANDY

One of these days something bad is going to happen. It's called Karma.

DEWANA

I help the homeless. I give more to them than I've ever collected for MDA.

CANDY

You only help the homeless 'cause it's a tax write off, and you know it.

DEWANA

Stay out of my business, alright? And don't embarrass me like that anymore. I like Booker, and he likes me.

CANDY

He likes sex. He ain't gonna ask you to marry him.

DEWANA

How do you know?

CANDY

Cause they never do, that's why.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Candy washes paint brushes out at a sink in the corner. Mr. Skakel walks over and pours a jar of water into the sink.

MR. SKAKEL

Did you bring your portrait?

CANDY

I haven't done one..

MR. SKAKEL

Why not?



CANDY

I'm scared to do it.

MR. SKAKEL

Try. You may be pleasantly surprised.

CANDY

Does it have to be someone I know?

MR. SKAKEL

No. You can paint anyone you like.

CANDY

Can I do a self-portrait?

MR. SKAKEL

Sure, if that's what you want to do.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Candy sits on top of a washing machine and sketches an OLD MAN who is asleep on a bench. She wears her usual outfit of a short skirt and a tank top. Spider and Stacy walk in, clean and ready to go party.

SPIDER

Hey, Candy. We're goin' out. You wanna come?

CANDY

Can't. Got a customer.

STACY

Why don't you close up when he leaves and meet us at Calico's?

CANDY

My mom'll be there. I'd rather go home.

SPIDER

Okay. If you change your mind you know where to find us.

STACY

I'll buy you a beer if you come.

CANDY

I'll think about it.

SPIDER

Try to come, okay?

CANDY

I'll see.

As Stacy and Spider leave, Candy hops off of the washing machine and walks over to the table. She places her sketch pad down, picks up Scott's book.

Candy walks over to an empty bench and opens the book.

The old man wakes up, stretches...walks over to the dryers...takes his clothes out of the machine...throws them into a basket that sits on the floor.

Candy is engrossed in the book.

The old man carries his laundry basket out the door as Scott wheels in.

SCOTT

Excuse me.

Candy looks up from the book.

CANDY

Oh, hi.

SCOTT

I left my book here yesterday.

CANDY

Is this it?

SCOTT

Uh-huh.

Candy hands him the book.

Candy gets up from the bench and stretches. Scott stares at her legs.

SCOTT

So, you own this place?

CANDY

My mom does.

SCOTT

You work here every night?

CANDY

Yeah.

SCOTT

Don't you get tired of it?

CANDY

Sometimes.

SCOTT

A pretty girl like you should be out on dates.

CANDY

There's not anyone in this town worth dating.

SCOTT

I know what you mean. It's hard for me to find a girl to go out with.

CANDY

It's hard for me, and I'm not a cripple.

Scott looks away, flustered.

CANDY

I'm sorry. That sounded rude, didn't it?

SCOTT

A little.

CANDY

So, like, what happened to you?

SCOTT

High school football injury. My senior year.

CANDY

That's terrible.

SCOTT

First game of the season.

CANDY

Wow.

SCOTT

I thought my life was over. Wanted to die. But eventually I bought into the 'you'll-find-someone-who-loves-you-for-you' business, and I decided to live...just to prove people wrong.

CANDY

You seem like a nice guy. You'll find someone.

SCOTT

A nice guy in a wheelchair doesn't cut it for most women.

CANDY

Most women are jerks.

Scott holds up the book.

SCOTT

Thanks.

CANDY

Yeah, sure.

Scott wheels a little closer to Candy.

SCOTT

Did you get to the part where the guy and girl hook up?

CANDY

Uh, no.

SCOTT

I skip those parts.

CANDY

Why? They're the most fun to read.

SCOTT

Too painful. I never had sex with anyone.

CANDY

Sex ain't all it's cracked up to be.

SCOTT

I guess I'm lucky in one way. At least I'm a para and not a quad. I can use my hands.

CANDY

That's good.

Scott wheels in closer.

SCOTT

I know you think about sex. I came by last night to get my book.

CANDY  
Last night?

SCOTT  
I saw you.

CANDY  
Ya did?

SCOTT  
Uh-huh. On the machine. Touching  
yourself.

Candy steps away from Scott.

CANDY  
Oh, God.

SCOTT  
It was the most beautiful thing  
I've ever seen. You were so hot.

Scott reaches out and touches her waist.

CANDY  
I think you need to leave, okay?.

SCOTT  
I want to watch you again. Tonight.

CANDY  
No.

Candy brushes him away. Scott reaches out and fingers her  
waist.

SCOTT  
Please. Let me watch you. I think  
you're beautiful.

CANDY  
Oh, God.

Scott wheels over to a washing machine and puts two quarters  
on top of it.

SCOTT  
Turn off the lights. Lock the door.

Candy hesitates.

SCOTT  
Please. I wanna to see you touch  
yourself.

Candy walks over to the door and locks it...turns the lights off, leaving the porch lights on.

SCOTT

Come here.

Candy walks over to the washing machine. She puts the quarters into the machine.

SCOTT

It'll be okay.

Candy pulls herself up onto the machine. She closes her eyes. Scott caresses her legs. Candy FLINCHES.

Scott slowly spreads her legs. He moves his hand underneath her skirt.

Candy GASPS.

SCOTT

You're so damn sexy.

Candy BREATHES heavily.

SCOTT

I want to taste you.

Scott buries his head between Candy's legs. Candy MOANS as the machine shakes.

INT. CALICO COUNTY BAR - NIGHT

The bar is packed. Glowing, Candy walks into the bar. She wears the same clothes that she had on at the laundromat, but she looks glorious.

Spider and Stacy sit at a table next to the dance floor. Candy walks over to them.

STACY

I don't believe my eyes. You're here.

SPIDER

Hey, girl. You want a drink?

CANDY

Yeah, a Sex On The Beach would be cool.

SPIDER  
(to Stacy)  
You want another one?

STACY  
Yeah.

Spider gets up from the table and walks over to the bar.

CANDY  
I hope my mom doesn't see me.

STACY  
I wouldn't worry about it. She's  
too busy with her new boy toy to  
even notice you.

Dewana sits at a table with Booker. They kiss and whisper  
in each other's ears. Dewana looks up and sees Candy. Booker  
notices Candy across the room.

BOOKER  
Ain't that Candy?

Dewana pushes his arm off of her.

DEWANA  
Go get me another scotch.

Booker stomps to the bar.

Stacy lights a cigarette and puts the lighter on the table.

CANDY  
You havin' fun?

STACY  
I guess. Spider's been buyin' the  
drinks all night.

CANDY  
He's a nice guy.

STACY  
Yeah, for a retarded redneck.

CANDY  
You know he's crazy about you.

STACY  
Why are guys so stupid? He should  
know I'm gay.

CANDY

I don't think he's stupid. He likes you. What's wrong with that?

STACY

Well, for one thing I'm a lesbian. I wear a wallet in my back pocket. If that's not a sign that I'm gay, I don't know what is.

CANDY

You've got a good figure, Stacy. He probably doesn't even notice your wallet.

A good looking blond cowboy, TROY, walks up to the table.

TROY

Would you like to dance?

CANDY

Sure.

Candy and Troy walk to the dance floor and two-step.

Dewana gets up from her barstool and walks over to Stacy.

DEWANA

Why's she here?

STACY

'Cause she wants to be here.

DEWANA

Tell her her mama's lookin' for her.

STACY

Why don't you leave her be?

Dewana walks back over to her table. Booker hands her a drink.

LATER

Candy is surrounded by men. They laugh and drink.

DANCE MUSIC blares overhead.

Dewana watches the men talk to Candy. Dewana drunkenly gets up from her table. She walks to the middle of the dance floor and unbuttons her blouse and dances.

The crowd HOOPS and HOLLERS as the dance floor empties.



TROY

Take it off.

SPIDER

Shut up. That's Candy's mom.

TROY

I never seen a mother with a body like that before.

Candy shakes her head.

Dewana pulls her shirt off and swings it over her head, revealing a purple lace bra.

STACY

I think she's drunk.

CANDY

She's always got to be the center of attention.

STACY

She's gonna get herself thrown out.

CANDY

She fucks the owner. He'd never throw her out.

Candy stands and finishes her drink.

CANDY

Hey come on. I'm goin' home.

STACY

Don't go.

SPIDER

Hang with us.

CANDY

She makes me wanna puke. I'm outta here.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy paints a sign that reads "The Only Wheelchair Friendly Laundromat In Town." Another one that sits on the floor reads "Wheelchair Wednesdays-Free Laundry for our Handicapped Friends."

She steps back and looks at her work.

CANDY

Perfect.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Candy walks along the sidewalk carrying her signs.

She turns a corner and sees a basketball court full of men in wheelchairs playing basketball.

Scott and Eric are among the men.

Scott sees Candy and waves. Candy smiles and waves back.

CHARLES, a beautiful Black man, wheels over to Scott. He holds a basketball in his lap.

CHARLES

Hey, man. Who's that?

SCOTT

The girl I met at the laundromat.

CHARLES

No shit?

SCOTT

No shit.

CHARLES

She's fine.

SCOTT

I told you.

CHARLES

She gave it up for free?

SCOTT

Yep. With a little persuasion.

CHARLES

Nice.

SCOTT

She's there every night. You oughta go get you some.

CHARLES

Yeah?

SCOTT

Uh-huh.

Candy holds up the "Wheelchair Wednesday" sign and points at it.

Scott smiles and waves. The other players look at the sign.

CANDY

All of you come, okay?

SCOTT

We'll be there.

The other players watch Candy wave and walk away.

CHARLES

You were so good she wants more.

SCOTT

What can I say? I know how to please my women.

Eric watches Candy walk away. He holds his hands up. Charles tosses him the ball. Scott wheels over to Scott and Charles.

ERIC

Hey, we're playin' a game here, alright?

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

The "Wheelchair Wednesday" sign hangs on the front door. Candy hangs another sign on the window.

Ray comes into the laundromat. He watches Candy hang the sign.

RAY

A little to the left.

Candy adjusts the sign.

RAY

That's better.

CANDY

Thanks, Ray.

RAY

Wheelchairs, huh?

CANDY

Yeah, why not?

RAY

You're gonna stir up a hornet's nest with your mama.

CANDY

So? It's my laundromat, too.

Dewana walks up to the door...reads the sign...walks through the door and looks around the room. Ray walks to the back of the laundromat to avoid being stuck in the middle.

DEWANA

You'll do anything to spite me, won't you?

CANDY

No.

DEWANA

We can't afford to give two days away.

CANDY

There aren't that many handicapped people that come in here, Mama. We won't lose that much money.

DEWANA

We don't have room for a bunch of people in wheelchairs. Can't you find some other group to give your charity to?

CANDY

No. I can't. I look at it like we're making up for all the times you've ripped off Jerry Lewis.

DEWANA

You look at it however you want, little girl. And I'll look at it how I want.

CANDY

What do you mean?

DEWANA

I'm lookin' at it like I got two days off in a row. You'll have to work all day Tuesdays and Wednesdays. I ain't comin' in.

CANDY  
That's fine by me.

Dewana gets in Candy's face.

DEWANA  
I told you to never bring Jerry up  
again. Did you forget or what?

CANDY  
No, I didn't forget.

Dewana walks to the back of the laundromat. Ray crosses her path. His elbow rubs against her breast as they pass each other. Dewana shoves him away from her.

DEWANA  
Stop it, Ray. I'm not in the mood  
for your bullshit today.

Ray walks over to Candy.

RAY  
Told you she'd be pissed.

CANDY  
I don't care. She needs to be  
taught a lesson.

Dewana walks back to the front and stands in the doorway.

DEWANA  
Today's Wednesday. I'll see you  
two later.

RAY  
We gonna play cards again tonight,  
Dewana?

DEWANA  
Nope. I'm gonna go get laid tonight,  
Ray.

RAY  
Oh, okay. Have fun.

Dewana leaves as Gloria walks in.

GLORIA  
Hey. What's this?

CANDY  
My new charity.

GLORIA

Nice.

CANDY

I have something for you.

Candy walks over to her backpack and pulls out a bumper sticker. She hands it to Gloria.

GLORIA

(reads)

'Ask Ricardo Hernandez if he's paid  
child support this month.'

(beat)

Ha, that's funny.

CANDY

That might embarrass him enough to  
make him pay you something.

RAY

You gonna put it on your car?

GLORIA

Hell, yeah. I'm gonna go do it  
right now.

Candy and Ray watch through the window as Gloria goes out to her old beat up station wagon and places the sticker on the back window.

Gloria rubs it hard so that it will stick. She steps back and looks at it.

She gives Candy and Ray a big thumbs up.

RAY

You girls are crazy.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Candy rolls quarters... listens to BLUES MUSIC on the radio. A college guy and a college girl hang out while their laundry dries. They kiss and laugh and talk.

Candy glances at them and smiles.

Charles rolls in with a basket full of laundry. Candy grabs a roll of quarters, hops up from her chair and walks over to him.

CANDY  
Hi. You need help with that?

CHARLES  
No, I'm fine.

CANDY  
I don't know if you noticed the sign, but you get to do laundry for free.

Candy hands him the roll of quarters.

CHARLES  
That's cool. Thanks.

CANDY  
You're welcome.

Charles rolls over to a washing machine. Candy follows him.

Charles shoves clothes into the machine. Candy puts some quarters into the machine. Charles holds up the roll of quarters.

CANDY  
Keep those for later.

CHARLES  
Okay, thanks.

CANDY  
So, how long?

CHARLES  
How long what?

CANDY  
How long have you been in a wheelchair?

CHARLES  
Four years.

CANDY  
What happened?

CHARLES  
I was a fireman fighting a fire and a beam fell on top of me.

CANDY  
Oh, man.

CHARLES

An old woman died in the fire. I was the lucky one, I guess.

CANDY

I don't know how you do it.

CHARLES

You gotta. You have no choice but to keep going.

The college couple leaves the laundromat.

CANDY

Good night, y'all.

Charles wheels over to the back of the laundromat. He turns around and looks at Candy's legs.

Charles' foot falls off of its' rest. Candy bends down and places his foot back onto the rest.

CHARLES

Thanks.

CANDY

You're welcome.

CHARLES

You work here alone at night?

CANDY

Yeah.

CHARLES

Seems like a boring job.

CANDY

Not really. I like to watch people.

Candy picks up an "out of order" sign from the ground and sticks it onto a washing machine. Charles stares at her legs.

CHARLES

You got great legs.

CANDY

Thanks.

CHARLES

I would love to have those legs wrapped around by neck.

Candy looks him.



CANDY

Right now?

CHARLES

Yeah.

Candy walks over to the machine that Charles loaded and hops on top.

CANDY

Go lock the door.

Charles wheels over to the front door and locks it.

CANDY

Turn off the light. The switch is to the right.

Charles turns off the lights. The room gets darker.

CANDY

Come here.

Charles rolls over to Candy. Candy hooks her feet through the arms of the wheelchair and pulls him closer.

Charles lifts her legs onto his shoulders.

CANDY

Is this what you wanted?

CHARLES

Yeah, baby.

Charles kisses her knees. Candy runs her fingers through his hair.

Charles rubs Candy's thighs and kisses them. He raises her skirt, pulls down her panties and buries his head beneath her skirt.

Candy pulls him closer. Her legs hang over the back of the chair as he moves his head back and forth.

CANDY

Oh, yeah. That's it.

Candy leans back and MOANS.

The wheelchair shakes as the washing machine kicks into the spin cycle.

INT. CAIN FOYER - NIGHT

Dewana stands against the wall with her skirt hiked up around her waist. Troy kisses her with his pants down and thrusts his hips. Dewana kisses Troy and grabs his ass.

Candy opens the door from outside...she squeezes past Dewana and Troy while they continue to thrust and moan.

DEWANA

Night, Candy.

(to Troy)

Don't stop. That's it.

CANDY

Night, Mama.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Every parking space has a bright new "Handicapped Parking" sign.

Spider, Stacy and Candy all sit on the back of Spider's pickup and drink beer.

SPIDER

It was freaky, Candy. You should've seen it.

STACY

Scariest thing I've ever seen.

CANDY

So, what happened?

SPIDER

Troy was throwin' the chain and somehow got caught up in it.

STACY

The rig pulled his damn leg right off.

CANDY

His whole leg?

SPIDER

From his knee down. He was screamin' like I've never heard anyone scream before.

STACY

We didn't know what to do.

SPIDER

There was blood everywhere.

STACY

Spider pulled his shirt off and used it as a tourniquet.

SPIDER

That's the only thing I could think to do. I was workin' the tongs and it happened so fast.

STACY

You saved his life, Spider.

CANDY

Who was this guy?

STACY

He was the blond that you danced with at the bar the other night.

CANDY

The cute one?

STACY

Yeah. Troy.

CANDY

Damn. My mom was with him last night.

SPIDER

He'll be in a wheelchair for a long time, poor bastard.

CANDY

I didn't know your job was so dangerous.

STACY

I didn't either. Makes me want to go work at a burger joint or somethin'.

SPIDER

So much for his sex life. At least he got a little last night.

CANDY

A man doesn't have to have legs to have sex. He just needs to know how to use his tongue.

STACY

And his nose.

Candy and Spider look at Stacy like she's crazy.

SPIDER

I don't even want to know what you're talkin' about.

STACY

Haven't you heard that when your tongue gets tired you use your nose?

SPIDER

No.

STACY

I knew a girl that had a scab on her nose from going down on her girlfriend.

SPIDER

A girl went down on a girl?

STACY

She's a lesbian.

SPIDER

Let's change the subject, okay? I don't like talkin' about queers.

STACY

Why? Are you homophobic?

SPIDER

No. I just don't like gay people, okay?

STACY

You know, Spider. Queers are everywhere. You never know when you could be sitting right next to one.

Spider hops off of the truck and throws his beer in to the trash can. Stacy follows suit.

SPIDER

Let's go. We got an early mornin'.

CANDY

Let me know how he's doin'.

A van pulls up in front of the laundromat.

STACY  
Looks like you got a customer.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Candy sits on top of a washing machine. A BIKER with a gruffy beard, tattoos and a Harley Davidson T-shirt sits in his wheelchair with his head buried between Candy's legs. Her underwear hangs around her ankle.

Candy MOANS and thrusts while the machine shakes. A funny look crosses her face. She sits up and smells the air.

Candy lifts the Biker's head and pushes him away.

CANDY  
What's that smell?

BIKER  
Huh?

CANDY  
I think my sewer line busted.

Candy hops down from the washing machine, straightens her clothes and walks towards the bathroom and sniffs the air.

CANDY  
That's weird. It ain't the bathroom.  
Damn, I hope it's not a line  
underneath the floor.

BIKER  
I don't smell anything.

Candy walks back towards the Biker. She sniffs the air. The closer she gets to the Biker, the worse the smell gets.

CANDY  
Did you pass gas?

BIKER  
No.

Candy walks up to him and sniffs. She covers her nose with her hand.

CANDY  
It's you.

BIKER  
 Oh, jeesh. It must be my bag. I  
 haven't changed it today.

Candy looks underneath his wheelchair to see a puddle of  
 liquid shit.

CANDY  
 Your bag is leaking!

BIKER  
 Shit!

The biker wheels his wheelchair backwards, a little stream  
 of shit goes with him.

CANDY  
 Don't move anymore! You'll have  
 crap everywhere.

Candy runs over to a closet, pulls out a mop and bucket and  
 hurries back over to the wheelchair.

BIKER  
 I gotta go to the bathroom.

Candy grabs a towel out of the a spinning dryer and throws  
 it to him.

CANDY  
 Here. Use this.

The Biker wheels over to the bathroom as Candy mops up the  
 disgusting mess. Candy gags a little at the smell.

CANDY  
 Oh, my god, that's disgusting.

Candy wrings out the mop and mops up the last bit of shit.

The biker wheels out of the bathroom, holding the towel in a  
 big wad.

CANDY  
 You okay?

BIKER  
 No.

CANDY  
 It's no big deal.

BIKER  
 Whatever, man.

Candy places the mop into the bucket and walks over to the biker as he heads towards the front door.

CANDY  
You're leaving?

BIKER  
I have shit all over me, lady.

CANDY  
You'll come back some other time?

The biker grunts and rolls out the door. Candy watches as the biker rolls away.

CANDY  
Hey. Don't shave. Your beard felt good.

The biker laughs and shakes his head.

CANDY  
(to herself)  
Well, shit. I was enjoying that.

Candy walks over to the door and locks it...walks around the room.

Candy grabs the mop and bucket and wheels it into the bathroom. She dumps the smelly water into the toilet and flushes. After she pushes the bucket back into the closet, she sprays the room with Lysol.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Candy looks up to see Scott smiling and waving.

Candy walks over, flips the locks, opens the door. Scott wheels in.

CANDY  
Hey.

SCOTT  
Hi.

Candy smiles at Scott as he wheels into the laundromat.

SCOTT  
I was afraid you'd be gone.

CANDY  
Just been waiting on you, sweetie.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Dewana unlocks the back of a washing machine and scoops the quarters into a bucket.

A skinny older man, DOC, walks over to Dewana. Dewana motions for him to hold the bucket while she locks the box.

DEWANA

Thanks, Doc.

DOC

That's a lot of quarters.

DEWANA

Yeah.

DOC

You take 'em to the bank and put 'em in the countin' machine?

Doc hand the bucket back to Dewana.

DEWANA

No, we roll 'em ourselves. What you been up to, Doc?

DOC

Same ole, same old. You know how that goes.

Dewana opens another box and scoops quarters into the bucket.

DEWANA

Yep. Life in a shitty small town.

DOC

How long have you lived here, Dewana?

DEWANA

All my life.

DOC

I thought you were a big-city girl.

DEWANA

Nope.

DOC

You act like a big-city girl.

DEWANA

Why do you say that?



DOC

Oh, you know. You're different than most of the women that live around here. More sophisticated.

Doc takes some Tic-Tacs out of his pocket and opens the container.

DEWANA

Thanks, doc.

DOC

You're a lot more adventurous, too.

DEWANA

Yeah, I guess I am.

Doc pours a few Tic-Tacs into his mouth and chews.

DOC

From what I hear, your girl's a lot like her mama.

DEWANA

Candy? We're not anything alike.

DOC

I hear she's a little kinky.

DEWANA

You must have the wrong girl. Candy's not interested in sex.

DOC

From what my friend tells me, she has a thing for gimps and cripples.

DEWANA

Excuse me?

DOC

She likes them boys in wheelchairs.

DEWANA

Wheelchairs?

DOC

I hear she gives it away to anyone that can't walk.

DEWANA

How? They can't have sex.

Doc laughs.

DOC

My friend who's in a wheelchair  
tells me all his friends are talkin'  
about her. They say she's easy.

DEWANA

You tell your friend he's mistaken.  
My little girl is as wholesome as  
they come.

Dewana walks away.

DOC

The apple don't fall far from the  
tree, Missy. Never does.

Dewana turns and glares at Doc.

DEWANA

I ain't no tree, and Candy ain't no  
god damn apple. So you can go fuck  
yourself.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The coffee table is full of beer bottles. Dewana sits on  
the couch. She cries and drinks a beer.

Candy walks into the room with her backpack and keys.

CANDY

What's wrong?

Dewana takes a drink of beer and stares straight ahead.

CANDY

Mama?

DEWANA

You think you're so clever, huh?

CANDY

What?

Dewana peels the wrapper off of the beer bottle and wads it up.

DEWANA

Hangin' those signs. Gettin' those  
cripples to come in to my laundromat.

CANDY

There's nothin' wrong with a little charity.

DEWANA

Charity? Ha. That's a good one.

CANDY

What bug crawled up your ass?

Dewana throws the wrapper at Candy, but misses.

DEWANA

You lure those men in by giving them quarters. You're paying them.

CANDY

I'm paying them for what?

DEWANA

So you can fuck 'em, or whatever it is you do with 'em.

CANDY

I don't know what you're talking about.

DEWANA

I know, Candy. I know about your perversion.

CANDY

You don't know nothin'. All you know is how to get drunk and get laid.

DEWANA

What's wrong with you? Why would you do something like that?

CANDY

I'm not doin' anything.

Dewana walks over to Candy and looks her in the eye.

DEWANA

You're Dewana Cain's daughter. You can have any man you want.

CANDY

Yeah, for a one-night stand, maybe.

DEWANA

What's sad is you want half of a man. You want men who can't even fuck you.

CANDY

Life ain't just about getting fucked.

Dewana takes a cigarette off of the coffee table and lights it.

DEWANA

What do they do to you, Candy?

CANDY

I'm not havin' this conversation.

DEWANA

If you want oral sex, why don't you become a lesbian, for God's sake? I could understand you bein' gay... but this? This is sick.

CANDY

Why, Mama? 'cause you didn't think of it first?

DEWANA

What?

CANDY

You're jealous of me 'cause I have a slew of men that you've never had.

DEWANA

I wouldn't call them men, Candy. They're gimps. They can't walk. They can't do nothin'. They're worthless.

CANDY

They aren't worthless.

DEWANA

Then what the hell are they, Candy?

CANDY

They're men who've had bad breaks in life. They're men who need someone like me.

DEWANA

Someone like you, huh? They don't want you, they want your fresh little pussy. They don't give a shit about you.

CANDY

Yes, they do.

DEWANA

I don't want you having sex with them in my store. You hear me? Whore yourself somewhere else.

Candy stomps down the hallway and SLAMS her bedroom door.

INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy's room is full of paintings. An unfinished portrait of Christopher Reeves sits on the easel.

Candy lays on her bed and cries.

Candy sits up and looks at Christopher Reeves.

CANDY

Would you think I'm perverted?

Candy walks over to the painting.

The DOORBELL rings. Candy hears voices coming from the living room.

Candy walks over to the mirror and looks at herself.

CANDY

Oprah says if you have to question something, then it's wrong.

Candy turns back to the painting.

CANDY

If something makes me feel good, how can it be wrong?

Candy looks at her reflection in her dresser mirror.

CANDY

Jesus. I'm talking to myself.

Candy walks over to her bedroom door and peeks out.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Booker and Dewana sit on the couch. They pass a joint back and forth.

DEWANA  
I don't get it.

BOOKER  
What's there to get?

DEWANA  
You know what I'm talkin' about.

BOOKER  
She's stuck in that damn laundromat every night. You never let her go out.

Dewana inhales and passes the joint to Booker.

DEWANA  
It's not my fault.

BOOKER  
I'm not sayin' it is. The only men she meets are the men that come into the laundromat.

DEWANA  
Cripples aren't the only ones who come in there, Booker.

BOOKER  
I know that, Dewana.

DEWANA  
Cripples? I wouldn't've cared if it was black men or Mexicans. I wouldn't even mind a chink, for God's sake. I mean, I could accept that. But someone in a wheelchair?

BOOKER  
It's not hurtin' no one, Dewana.

DEWANA  
It's hurtin' me.

BOOKER  
How is it hurtin' you?

DEWANA

I don't want to be known as the lady with the daughter who's a pervert. We'll lose customers.

BOOKER

Oh, come on.

DEWANA

It's true.

Booker reaches over and squeezes Dewana's breast.

BOOKER

I've known you to be a little perverted at times.

DEWANA

There's a difference between kinky and perverted.

BOOKER

Okay. Why don't you show me what that difference is?

Booker kisses her. Dewana unzips his jeans.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Mr Skakel holds up a painting of Dewana's bloody head in a dryer. Her eyes are open, and there's a creepy grin on her face.

MR. SKAKEL

Interesting. Does anyone have anything to say about this painting?

A chubby girl, COURTNEY (19, pink hair) raises her hand.

MR. SKAKEL

Courtney?

COURTNEY

I think someone has some issues.

The class laughs.

MR. SKAKEL

Does it tell a story?

COURTNEY

A guy killed a woman and put her  
head in a dryer.

The class laughs again.

MR. SKAKEL

Candy, would you like to tell us  
what it means?

CANDY

I don't know. It just popped into  
my head.

MR. SKAKEL

Surely it means something.

CANDY

No, not really.

MR. SKAKEL

Who is the woman in the painting?

CANDY

My mom.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The laundromat is empty. Candy sits on a table and twirls a  
sock.

Candy hops down from the table and walks around the laundromat.

A KNOCK comes from the front door. Candy sees Eric sitting  
in a wheelchair holding a laundry basket. He smiles and waves.

CANDY

We're closed.

Eric shakes his head.

CANDY

I said we're closed. Go away.

Eric knocks again.

Candy unlocks the door and pushes it opens.

CANDY

We're closed.



ERIC

Please. It won't take long.

Eric looks pathetic. Candy steps back and holds the door open for him...locks the door behind him.

Eric wheels into the laundromat and rolls over to a washing machine.

CANDY

I remember you.

ERIC

You do?

CANDY

Yeah. I went to your house. I was collectin' for Muscular Dystrophy.

ERIC

That was you?

CANDY

Yeah.

ERIC

You left.

CANDY

I know. I'm sorry. I didn't feel right takin' money from you.

ERIC

Why?

CANDY

Cause you're in a wheelchair.

ERIC

Does that mean I can't donate?

CANDY

Just didn't feel right. So, how long?

ERIC

What?

CANDY

How long have you been in that wheelchair?

ERIC

A year. Car accident.

Candy watches him load his clothes, notices his strong arms and legs.

CANDY

Your legs haven't atrophied, yet.

ERIC

Huh?

Candy puts his quarters into the machine.

CANDY

You live in a nice big house. Why do you need to come here to do your laundry?

ERIC

My dryer went out. I figured I'd wash my clothes here instead of hauling wet ones in my car.

Candy walks over to a dryer and pulls some clothes out. She folds a t-shirt.

CANDY

It's okay. You can tell me. I know people talk.

ERIC

The guys on the basketball team did tell me you were nice to them.

CANDY

Oh, really? Nice? That's an interesting way to put it.

(Candy approaches  
Eric)

Do you play?

ERIC

Yeah. I'm the coach.

CANDY

Have you seen me at the park?

ERIC

Yeah.

CANDY

Did they tell you I'm good?

ERIC

Yeah.

Candy hops onto the washing machine, reaches out and touches Eric with her foot.

CANDY  
Did they tell you I like it?

ERIC  
Yeah.

CANDY  
Did they tell you how I like it?

ERIC  
No.

CANDY  
No? Do you wanna know how I like it?

ERIC  
Yeah.

Candy bends down and whispers in his ear.

CANDY  
I like it thorough.

Eric nods.

Candy pulls Eric closer with her feet. She raises her skirt. Candy takes Eric's hand and brings it up to her thigh.

CANDY  
I want you to touch me.

Eric rubs her thigh.

CANDY  
Kiss me.

Eric leans upward and tries to kiss her face.

CANDY  
Not my face.

Eric kisses her thigh.

CANDY  
That's good. Now bite me.

Eric bites her thigh.

CANDY  
Higher.

Eric lifts her skirt to reveal her white cotton panties. He lowers his head into her crotch. Candy MOANS.

CANDY  
Yeah, that's it.

Eric pulls her panties off and buries his head. The machine begins to shake. Eric's wheelchair shakes.

His head bounces up and down while Candy works her hips.

CANDY  
More tongue.

Candy climaxes.

CANDY  
Oh, God. Ooh.

Suddenly...the machine makes a quick jerk, then stills. Eric stops what he's doing and looks up at Candy.

CANDY  
God, crippled guys give great head.

Candy pushes Eric away with her feet...brushes the hair out of her face...hops off of the machine and looks around for her underwear.

Eric wipes the wetness from his face and grins from ear to ear.

CANDY  
What?

ERIC  
Nothin'. I don't know.

CANDY  
Do you want something?

ERIC  
Yeah.

CANDY  
What?

ERIC  
Your number.

CANDY  
My number? I don't give out my number.

Eric looks hurt and wheels away from her. Candy takes his wet clothes from the washing machine and throws them into his basket.

ERIC

Did I do something wrong?

CANDY

You're leaving.

Candy places the basket in Eric's lap.

CANDY

Here's your laundry.

CANDY

Get the fuck out.

Eric wheels himself to the door...turns back and gives Candy a pathetic look.

Candy watches him wheel out to his van, open the passenger door...place his laundry basket onto the seat. He closes the door and wheels to the back of the van.

Eric opens the back door to the van, stands and loads his wheelchair into the van.

Eric walks over to the driver's side door, sees Candy watching...blows her a kiss... that turns into the "finger."

He hops into the van and drives away.

Candy looks across the parking lot and is startled to see Stacy and Spider parked in the back of the parking lot. They sit on the bed of his truck and drink beer.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy walks over to Spider and Stacy. Spider hands her a beer.

STACY

Who was that guy?

CANDY

How long have y'all been here?

SPIDER

You don't even know him, do you?

CANDY

Sort of.

STACY

That explains why you like to work nights.

Candy squeezes in between Spider and Stacy.

SPIDER

You do this a lot?

CANDY

No.

Candy reaches over and pulls a pack of cigarettes out of Spider's shirt pocket. She takes a cigarette and lighter out of the package and lights a cigarette.

STACY

My God. That's what those signs are for, huh?

SPIDER

Shit, Candy. One of those guys could hurt you.

CANDY

How? They're paralyzed.

SPIDER

That guy wasn't.

CANDY

Yeah. I really need to screen 'em better.

STACY

Screen 'em better? You've got to be kiddin' me.

CANDY

What?

SPIDER

How many guys have you done it with?

CANDY

I don't know. Not very many.

STACY

What you're doing isn't normal, Candy.

CANDY

What do you know about normal?

Stacy looks away and takes a swig of her beer.

SPIDER

You can't go around spreading your legs for any old cripple that comes along.

CANDY

I know. I'll stop. I don't know what's wrong with me. It just sort of happened. Then all these guys started showing up.

SPIDER

It's not like they started showing up out of the blue. You do have signs.

STACY

If you wanted someone to give you head, why didn't you come to me?

SPIDER

Stacy...

Stacy hops off of the truck with beer in hand.

STACY

What? I want to know why she picked them over me.

SPIDER

Don't talk that way. That's gross.

STACY

You're so stupid, you know that?

SPIDER

What?

CANDY

She's gay, Spider.

SPIDER

Yeah, right.

STACY

I am. Why else would I work on an oil rig and dress the way I dress?

SPIDER

You're not gay. You're lyin'.

STACY

Yes, I am. When was the last time you saw me go out with a guy?

SPIDER

I thought you didn't date 'cause  
you had a thing for me.

STACY

God, you're so dumb. I've been  
letting you spend your money on me  
for all these months knowing that  
you thought you were gonna get lucky.

SPIDER

I don't believe you.

STACY

God, I'm so pissed.

Stacy tosses her beer bottle at the trash can...misses...glass  
shatters on the pavement. Stacy stomps down the street.

SPIDER

Where are you goin'?

STACY

To a gay bar, okay?

SPIDER

There ain't no gay bar.

(to Candy)

There ain't no gay bar in town, is  
there?

CANDY

Don't ask me.

SPIDER

She's gay. You're a slut. Am I  
the only one who isn't twisted  
around here?

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Candy stands in front of the Christopher Reeves portrait.

Mr. Skakel stands behind Candy and looks at the painting.

MR. SKAKEL

Very nice, Candy. I think it's  
your best yet.

CANDY

Really?



MR. SKAKEL

Yes, I do. He looks hopeful, but you can see that he's tired of fighting. I think it's wonderful.

CANDY

Thanks, Mr. Skakel.

MR. SKAKEL

So, tell me. Why him?

CANDY

Facing life as a quad had to be the hardest thing in the world. To know he fought so hard and never lost faith, is amazing to me.

MR. SKAKEL

He was a fighter.

CANDY

It breaks my heart he died. But I guess he's in a better place.

MR. SKAKEL

I'm sure he is. Nice job, Candy.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Gloria walks in...watches as Candy and Ray stand at the window and hang blinds.

GLORIA

I parked in a handicapped space since there aren't any for normal people anymore.

CANDY

That's okay.

GLORIA

You could've at least left a few for us, Candy.

Ray uses a drill and screws in a screw while Candy holds the blinds. Candy's shirt raises to reveal her belly. Ray stares at her stomach.

RAY

That's the last one.

Candy and Ray step back and look at the blinds. Ray lowers them and raises them.

CANDY  
That'll do just fine.

Candy walks over to the door and rips down the "Wheelchair Wednesdays" sign.

RAY  
Why'd you do that?

CANDY  
It was a dumb idea.

GLORIA  
I thought it was a nice thing to do.

Candy shoves the sign into the trash can.

RAY  
You shouldn't let your mama get her way with everything, Candy.

CANDY  
This doesn't have nothin' to do with my mom.

RAY  
I know how stubborn she can be.

GLORIA  
Hey, I never told you about the sticker. People love it. They pull up next to me at traffic lights and ask me if he's paid child support yet.

CANDY  
They do?

GLORIA  
I have to tell them no, of course.

RAY  
Has he seen it yet?

GLORIA  
Yeah. He got pissed and cussed me out. But I don't care. I'm keepin' it until he pays.

CANDY  
Good. You should.

GLORIA

The paper heard about it. They  
want to write an article about me.  
I meet them tomorrow.

RAY

You're gonna be in the paper?

CANDY

That ought to get him to pay.

GLORIA

That's what I'm hopin'.

CANDY

I need to run home and get my sketch  
pad. Will you watch the store for me?

RAY

Yeah, sure.

GLORIA

We ain't goin' nowhere.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Candy walks past the park. The handicapped basketball  
players are practicing. Candy watches as Eric sits down in  
a wheelchair and rolls over to the players.

Scott and Eric see Candy and wave. Candy smiles at Scott  
and throws Eric the finger.

Scott wheels over to Eric.

SCOTT

What was that about?

ERIC

I don't know.

INT. CAIN FOYER - DAY

Candy enters the house. VOICES can be heard from the living  
room. Candy reluctantly walks into the room and stands in  
the doorway.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dewana and Booker sit on the couch. They eat pizza and drink beer. Dewana flips through a photo album.

Candy stands in the doorway and watches them.

DEWANA

Look how cute she was when she was a baby.

Dewana points to a picture of Candy sitting in a baby seat on top of a washing machine.

DEWANA

I used to put her on the machine when she cried. She would be happy for hours sitting on that washing machine.

Dewana flips the page and points at a picture of Candy on a coin-operated horse.

BOOKER

That's cute.

DEWANA

I thought I'd never get her off of that damn horse. I finally unplugged it and told her it was broken.

CANDY

It wasn't broken?

DEWANA

Oh, hi, Candy.

BOOKER

Hey, Candy. We're looking at your baby pictures.

CANDY

Uh-huh.

DEWANA

You look tired.

CANDY

I am.

DEWANA

Who's watching the store?

CANDY

Ray. I came to get my sketch pad.

DEWANA

You done a portrait yet?

CANDY

Yeah.

DEWANA

I was thinkin' you should do one of yourself as a baby.

CANDY

I painted Christopher Reeve.

DEWANA

Figures.

CANDY

What's that supposed to mean?

DEWANA

You know what it means.

CANDY

I painted him because he was brave, alright?

DEWANA

And in a wheelchair.

BOOKER

I liked him as Superman.

DEWANA

I decided I'm gonna work nights for a while.

CANDY

Why?

DEWANA

I think you know why.

CANDY

What about my art classes?

DEWANA

You'll have to skip art.

CANDY

But it's paid for. I can't just quit.

DEWANA

I'll start working the night shift tonight.

CANDY

No, I like the night shift.

DEWANA

That's too bad. I'm workin' it.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Dewana picks up trash and throws it into the trash can. A woman folds her clothes. Two men sit and watch a baseball game.

Charles rolls into the laundromat holding a basket of clothes. He looks around, then wheels to a washing machine.

Dewana watches him.

Charles looks up at her and smiles.

DEWANA

Lookin' for Candy?

CHARLES

Ma'am?

DEWANA

Candy doesn't work nights anymore.

CHARLES

When does she work?

DEWANA

None of your business.

CHARLES

Excuse me?

Candy walks into the room from the back.

DEWANA

I don't want you guys comin' in here anymore.

CHARLES

What did I do?

DEWANA

I don't want you and your gimp  
friends comin' in here takin'  
advantage of my daughter, understand?

CANDY

What's goin' on?

DEWANA

Don't worry about it. I'm takin'  
care of it.

Dewana walks over to the washing machine and takes Charles'  
clothes out. She drops the clothes back in his basket.

CANDY

Quit it.

DEWANA

Stay out of it, Candy.

CHARLES

What is your problem?

Dewana looks down and kicks Charles' ankle.

DEWANA

I'm not the one with the problem.

CANDY

You can't discriminate against  
handicapped people.

DEWANA

Oh, no? Watch me.

Dewana grabs the handles of Charles wheelchair and wheels  
him to the door.

CHARLES

Lady, get your hands off my chair.

Candy pulls Dewana's hands off of the handle.

DEWANA

Tell your friends Candy's not  
puttin' out anymore.

CANDY

Leave him alone.

DEWANA

Don't you come back here, you hear  
me?

Dewana pushes Charles outside.

CANDY  
You are such a bitch.

Candy follows Charles outside.

Dewana closes the blinds as Booker walks into the room.

BOOKER  
What's goin' on?

DEWANA  
That asshole thought he was gonna  
get lucky tonight.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy helps Charles climb into his car.

CANDY  
I'm sorry she's such a jerk.

CHARLES  
It's not your fault.

CANDY  
She won't let me work nights anymore.

She folds his wheelchair and puts it in the backseat of his car.

CHARLES  
Bitch.

CANDY  
Uh-huh.

CHARLES  
So, you know, there's no other  
place we can hook up?

CANDY  
Nah. I never should've started  
this in the first place.

Charles takes a pen and a small piece of paper out of his ashtray and writes his telephone number on it.

CHARLES  
If you ever change your mind.



INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The laundromat is empty and the blinds are closed. Dewana and Booker stand in the back and kiss.

Booker lifts Dewana's shirt and tries to undo her bra while she gropes his ass.

DEWANA

With the blinds, we can do anything  
we want.

Dewana pulls Booker over to a washing machine.

DEWANA

I'm not sure how this works.

BOOKER

What works?

DEWANA

The washing-machine thing that Candy  
does.

BOOKER

You got quarters?

DEWANA

I always have quarters.

Dewana pulls some quarters from her skirt pocket and puts them in the machine... hops up on top.

DEWANA

I don't feel nothin'.

BOOKER

Open the lid.

Dewana hops off of the machine and opens the lid. Booker lifts her skirt and pulls her underwear down. Dewana steps out of them.

DEWANA

Help me get up there.

Booker helps Dewana up onto the machine. Dewana has a hard time finding a good position. Water SLOSHES onto the floor.

DEWANA

What do I do?

BOOKER  
Put your clit on the spindle.

DEWANA  
It's moving too fast.

Booker pushes a button. , The machine slows down.

BOOKER  
Now it ain't. Sit on it.

Dewana tries to lower herself onto the moving spindle. She straightens her legs out behind on both sides of the lid. Her crotch rests on the spindle.

BOOKER  
How does that feel?

DEWANA  
Weird, but good, I guess.

Suddenly, she slips. Her buttocks falls into the machine, causing her to be stuck. Her legs and torso stick straight up out of the machine.

The machine continues to SHAKE.

DEWANA  
Help! Get me out, get me out.

BOOKER  
Oh, shit.

Booker pulls on Dewana's arm, but she doesn't budge.

DEWANA  
Stop the damn machine.

BOOKER  
I'm trying to.

Booker pushes on some buttons, but the machine continues to run. Water flies everywhere, while Dewana struggles to get out.

DEWANA  
Oh, God.

Booker runs around to the back of the machine and pulls the plug.

The machine stops.

Dewana tries to pull herself out. Booker around to help her.

DEWANA

Pull harder.

Booker pulls harder, but his hands slip on the wet machine.

BOOKER

Shit, Dewana.

DEWANA

Go call someone.

BOOKER

Nine-one-one?

DEWANA

No. Call Candy.

BOOKER

Candy might be outside.

DEWANA

Go look.

Booker runs over and peeks out of the blinds.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Candy waves as Charles' car pulls away.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Booker knocks on the window and waves at Candy. He unlocks the door and opens it.

BOOKER

Candy, we need your help.

Candy enters the room.

CANDY

What's wrong?

BOOKER

Your mom's stuck.

Candy glances over at Dewana.

CANDY

What happened?

DEWANA

Get me outta here.

Candy and Booker stand and look at Dewana. Dewana is stuck in the tub of the washing machine. Her legs and torso stick straight up out of the machine. She tries to pull herself out, but can't budge.

CANDY

What the hell were you thinkin'?

DEWANA

Just shut up and get me out of here.

CANDY

How?

DEWANA

I don't know. You're the expert.

CANDY

Expert? I don't even know what you were doin'.

BOOKER

We were trying to see what all the fuss was about.

CANDY

What fuss?

BOOKER

You know, you and your friends.

CANDY

You don't get in the machine.

BOOKER

We didn't know. I thought her clit should be on the thingy that gyrates.

CANDY

That's disgusting.

DEWANA

Would you two get me out of here? My fuckin' back is killin' me.

CANDY

We're gonna have to call EMS.

DEWANA

No. Don't call anyone. I don't want anyone seeing me like this.

Candy walks over and picks up the phone. She dials 9-1-1.

CANDY  
 (into the phone)  
 Yeah. We have an emergency at the  
 Dewana's laundromat on 10th street.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Dewana sits in a wheelchair and signs some papers. Booker and Candy stand and watch her. A NURSE waits for Dewana to hand her the papers.

NURSE  
 You can make an appointment with  
 one of the specialists.

DEWANA  
 Okay.

NURSE  
 You should get your prescriptions  
 filled right away. The doctor  
 doesn't want you on your feet at  
 all for two weeks.

DEWANA  
 Two weeks?

NURSE  
 You need to give your back a rest.

DEWANA  
 I have to stay in bed?

NURSE  
 You can use a wheelchair when needed.  
 The doctor also said if you want to  
 be adventurous, use a vibrator like  
 everyone else.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dewana lays on the couch with a heating pad under her back. Candy places a glass of iced tea down on the coffee table.

CANDY  
 You want your pills?

DEWANA  
 This is all your fault.

CANDY

Do you want your pills or not?

DEWANA

You put that idea in my head.

CANDY

I didn't put nothin' in your head.

DEWANA

What is it you like about it, Candy?

CANDY

You were doing it wrong.

DEWANA

We didn't know.

CANDY

It's just something I like. I can't explain it. It's no different from you doing whatever you do with your guys.

Dewana takes a sip of tea and winces.

DEWANA

Fuck. I can't believe this.

CANDY

You'll be fine.

DEWANA

You can't run the place by yourself.

CANDY

I'll open late and close early.

DEWANA

Our busiest times are in the mornin' and evenin'.

CANDY

Then I'll close in the afternoons.

DEWANA

God, I'm glad you put those blinds up. I'd've died if anyone saw me in that machine.

CANDY

(laughing)

It was a sight to see, that's for sure.

DEWANA

Booker thinks I'm a crazy old broad.

CANDY

Well, you are.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Candy walks around the laundromat and opens the lids of the washing machines. Ray enters the laundromat carrying a cup of coffee and smoking a cigarette.

An Hispanic woman sits and watches television.

RAY

Where's Dewana?

CANDY

She's takin' a couple of weeks off.

RAY

She goin' somewhere?

CANDY

Nope. Just needs a break.

Ray looks around the laundromat.

RAY

Looks kinda dull without your signs.

CANDY

Yeah.

RAY

I guess I'll go. I came in to see if Dewana wanted to go get some lunch.

CANDY

I'll tell her you came by.

RAY

Is she still involved with that kid?

CANDY

I'm not sure.

RAY

I guess he's better than some of the guys I've seen her with.

CANDY

Yeah.

Ray walks out of the laundromat. Candy hops on top of a washing machine.

Spider enters with a bag of laundry.

SPIDER

Hey, Candy.

CANDY

Hey.

Spider walks over to the washing machine next to Candy and dumps his clothes into it. He puts quarters into the machine, pours some detergent in, closes the lid.

SPIDER

Have you seen Stacy?

CANDY

Nope.

SPIDER

She hasn't shown up at work.

CANDY

She quit her job?

SPIDER

I guess. The foreman said he'd take her back. We're real short handed. I gotta find her.

CANDY

Have you called her?

SPIDER

She ain't answerin'.

CANDY

You can call her from here. Maybe she'll think it's me.

SPIDER

She's pissed at you, too, remember?

CANDY

Oh, yeah.

SPIDER

I can't believe she just got pissed like that.



CANDY

She's pretty hot-tempered.

SPIDER

I thought she did laundry with me because she liked me. But she just wanted to be around you.

CANDY

She likes you, Spider.

SPIDER

No, she doesn't. I cared for that girl. I would've done anything for her.

CANDY

Spider...

SPIDER

Come to find out she's a big old dyke. How was I supposed to know, huh?

CANDY

She can't help what she is, Spider. There's nothin' wrong with bein' gay.

SPIDER

But I love her. I can't love her if she's gay.

CANDY

I don't know what you can do about it.

SPIDER

Me neither.

Candy hops off of the machine.

CANDY

You wanna go get somethin' to eat? I'm hungry.

INT. BURGER KING - DAY

Candy and Spider walk into the Burger King. A few people sit at tables, eating.

They walk over to the counter. A sales person has her back to them. Spider stares at her ass. A wallet protrudes from her pocket.

SPIDER

Stacy?

Stacy turns around. She wears a Burger King shirt and hat.

STACY

Hey. What are you guys doin' here?

SPIDER

What are you doin' here? Fast food? Really?

STACY

It beats workin' in the oil field.

SPIDER

The foreman says he'll take you back.

STACY

Nope. Not interested.

SPIDER

We don't have to hang out together anymore if that's what you're worried about.

STACY

It's not that. I'm tired of working hard. I need a break from the dirt and grime.

CANDY

We've missed seeing you.

STACY

I drove by, saw you took all the signs down.

CANDY

Yeah.

STACY

That's good. Did y'all want to order something?

SPIDER

Why don't you come back, Stacy? You were a good hand. I don't care if you're gay.

Stacy looks around to make sure no one heard him.

STACY

Shhh. I don't want everyone knowin',  
alright? You want a burger or not?

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candy and Spider walk into the room. Dewana sits in a  
wheelchair. Ray sits on the couch and massages Dewana's foot.

CANDY

Hey.

DEWANA

You're late.

CANDY

I know.

DEWANA

We wanted you to go eat with us.

CANDY

I ate with Spider.

DEWANA

Hi, Spider. You're lookin' good.

SPIDER

You feelin' okay?

DEWANA

I'm not feelin' anything at the  
moment.

CANDY

I see you're using your chair.

DEWANA

Yeah.

CANDY

Have you taken your medicine?

DEWANA

Ray's makin' sure I'm stayin' all  
pilled up.

CANDY

What are you doin' here, Ray?

RAY

I came by to see what she was doin'  
and found her laid out on the couch.

Ray puts Dewana's foot down and brings her other foot up to  
her lap.

RAY

I knew somethin' was wrong. Dewana  
never misses work.

DEWANA

Ray thinks I should sue.

CANDY

Sue who?

DEWANA

The washing-machine manufacturer.

CANDY

Why would you want to sue them?

RAY

Because their machines are dangerous.

CANDY

They're not dangerous. You can't  
sue someone else for your stupidity.

RAY

They'd settle before it went to  
court. They wouldn't let it be  
publicized.

CANDY

That's an awful idea.

DEWANA

I never said I was gonna do it.

CANDY

Good. You'd just embarrassed  
yourself more.

DEWANA

I'm tired. Spider, take Candy to  
get a beer. I need to get some sleep.

CANDY

I don't wanna go out.

DEWANA

It'll do you some good.

SPIDER  
Just one beer, Candy.

DEWANA  
Have one for me.

INT. CALICO COUNTY BAR - NIGHT

The bar is dark and smokey. Several couples dance on the dance floor. Candy and Spider dance a slow dance. Spider runs his hand down Candy's back, pulls her closer.

SPIDER  
This is nice.

CANDY  
Yeah.

SPIDER  
You feel so good.

CANDY  
Thanks.

SPIDER  
I want to kiss you.

CANDY  
You're drunk.

SPIDER  
No, I'm not. I only had four beers.

CANDY  
And three shots of tequila.

SPIDER  
Shots don't count.

Spider leans down to kiss Candy. Candy turns away.

SPIDER  
C'mon. Look at me.

Candy looks up at Spider.

CANDY  
What?

SPIDER  
It should've been me and you all  
along.

He kisses her.

CANDY  
Spider...

SPIDER  
Shhhh.

Spider kisses her again.

Candy kisses him back.

INT. SPIDER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Candy lays across the seat with Spider on top of her.  
COUNTRY MUSIC plays on the radio.

Spider kisses her neck and caresses her breast.

Candy breathes heavily. Spider's hand moves down towards  
her thigh.

CANDY  
Spider...

SPIDER  
I wanna do it with you.

Candy struggles to push him off of her.

CANDY  
Stop.

Spider kisses her. Candy turns her head away.

CANDY  
I said, stop.

Candy pushes him... squirms out from underneath him. She  
straightens herself.

SPIDER  
What's wrong?

CANDY  
You want Stacy, remember?

Candy scoots close to the passenger door.

SPIDER  
A guy can't love a lesbian.

Spider leans over, pulls Candy by the arm. Candy yanks her arm away.

CANDY  
No, take me home.

SPIDER  
What'd I do?

CANDY  
Nothin'. I wanna go home.

Spider straightens himself and starts the engine. He looks at her.

SPIDER  
I didn't mean to hurt you.

CANDY  
You didn't. I couldn't breathe,  
that's all.

SPIDER  
I'm sorry.

CANDY  
It's not you. I don't like having  
men on top of me.

Spider reaches over and puts his arms around Candy.

SPIDER  
You could be on top. I like it  
better that way.

Candy grimaces. Spider kisses her on the forehead, wipes a tear away from her eye and smiles.

SPIDER  
If you ain't up for it tonight,  
I'll take you home.

CANDY  
I think I'd rather walk.

Candy opens the car door.

SPIDER  
You sure? It's too late for a girl  
to be out on her own.

CANDY  
I need some air. It's just a couple  
of blocks away.

SPIDER

Call me when you get home so I'll  
know you made it okay.

CANDY

Okay.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Candy walks along the sidewalk...sees Scott at the the  
basketball court.

Scott wheels up to the basket and throws a basketball.

The ball misses the net.

Candy strides over and picks up the ball. She throws it at  
the basket and misses. She picks it up and hands it to Scott.

SCOTT

Thanks.

CANDY

You're out late.

SCOTT

I'm trying to get used to this new  
wheelchair.

CANDY

Oh.

SCOTT

You goin' home?

CANDY

Yeah.

SCOTT

You wanna hang out for a while?

CANDY

No, I can't. My mom's sick.

SCOTT

Sorry to hear that.

CANDY

She'll be okay. It's nothing serious.

SCOTT

That's good.



CANDY

Can I ask you something?

SCOTT

Sure.

Scott chunks the basketball and misses the basket again.

CANDY

Do you and your friends think I'm a whore?

SCOTT

What?

CANDY

Do you guys talk about me like I'm a slut?

SCOTT

God, no. Is that what you think?

CANDY

Well, yeah.

SCOTT

We admire you.

CANDY

Yeah, right. You admire my crotch.

SCOTT

No. We admire you. You see us as men. Most people don't see us at all.

CANDY

You are men.

SCOTT

People don't know what it's like when everyone treats you like you're invisible just because you're in a wheelchair. It sucks. They look right through you. But you treat us like we're normal.

CANDY

So, it doesn't bother you that I'm doin' it with all of your friends? You don't think it's sleazy?

SCOTT

I don't think about it.

CANDY

How could you not think about it?

SCOTT

We really don't talk about it.

CANDY

You don't?

SCOTT

No. We just say we did our laundry last night. That's all.

CANDY

I don't want to be a joke.

SCOTT

Oh, Sweetie, you're not a joke at all. You're something to look forward to.

CANDY

Not anymore, I'm not. I'm quitting.

SCOTT

Why?

CANDY

'Cause everyone in town thinks I'm some kind of pervert.

SCOTT

You're not. More like an angel.

CANDY

What's up with that Eric guy?

SCOTT

Eric?

CANDY

Yeah. He's not crippled. Why did he come into the laundromat in a wheelchair?

SCOTT

He did that?

CANDY

Yeah.

SCOTT

What a prick. He's our coach.

CANDY

I didn't know he could walk until afterwards. He asked me for my number.

SCOTT

You didn't give it to him did you?

CANDY

No, no way.

SCOTT

Good. I'll talk to him, okay?

CANDY

You don't have to.

SCOTT

I want to.

Scott wheels over to Candy...reaches out and takes her hand.

SCOTT

You mean a lot to me, Candy.

Scott pulls Candy down to him and kisses her. He runs his hand down her back and strokes her ass.

Candy pulls away.

CANDY

I gotta go.

SCOTT

Don't go. Stay.

CANDY

I can't.

Scott pulls Candy down to sit on his lap. They kiss. Scott rubs Candy's thigh.

SCOTT

You're the best thing that's happened to me in a long, long time.

Scott moves his hand underneath Candy's skirt. Candy spreads her legs. Scott kisses Candy's neck while his hand moves gently underneath her skirt.

SCOTT

Am I hurting you?

CANDY

No.

Candy breathes heavily as Scott touches her and whispers in her ear.

SCOTT

I need you, Candy.

Spider's truck pulls up into the parking lot. Candy pushes Scott's hand away and hops up off of his lap.

SCOTT

Shit.

CANDY

I gotta go.

Skipper flashes his lights at Candy.

SCOTT

Who's that?

CANDY

A friend.

Candy picks up the basketball and hands it to Scott.

SCOTT

Your boyfriend?

CANDY

No.

Candy walks over to the truck and talks to Spider through the passenger window.

SPIDER

I thought you were goin' home.

CANDY

Are you followin' me?

SPIDER

Hell, yeah, I was following you. I can't let nothin' happen to you. Who's that?

CANDY

None of your business.

Spider reaches over and opens the passenger door.

SPIDER

Hop in. I'll take you home. It's late.

CANDY

I told you I want to walk.

SPIDER

Get in.

CANDY

No.

Candy shuts the door.

SPIDER

What is it with you? You freak out because you don't like men, and then you turn around and hook up with some guy in the park.

CANDY

I don't have to explain anything to you. You don't own me, Spider.

SPIDER

Goddamn it, Candy. I'm only trying to help.

CANDY

No, you're trying to fuck me.

SPIDER

Candy...

Candy walks away from the truck.

CANDY

You ain't no better than anyone else.

INT. CAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candy walks through the living room and into the hallway.

INT. DEWANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy stops by Dewana's room...quietly opens it. She peeks into the room and sees Dewana and Ray naked. Dewana lays on her back. Ray cuddles up next to her.

The wheelchair stands near the doorway.

CANDY  
You're sleeping with Ray, now?

Ray sits up.

RAY  
Hey, Candy.

Candy stands in the doorway and stares at them.

A tear flows down Candy's cheek.

CANDY  
What about Booker?

DEWANA  
We didn't fuck. My back couldn't  
take it. Go to bed.

CANDY  
No. I wanna know why you can fuck  
anyone you want, and I can't?

Dewana adjusts herself and winces.

DEWANA  
I'm forty years old, Candy. I don't  
want to change.

CANDY  
You've treated me like shit all my  
life.

DEWANA  
I haven't treated you like shit.

CANDY  
You've screwed hundreds of men right  
in front of me and never once  
thought of how it affected me.

DEWANA  
It hasn't been hundreds.

CANDY  
You don't even care how many men  
you've slept with, do you?

DEWANA  
Shut up.

CANDY

The whole town calls you a whore.

DEWANA

I don't give a shit. They can call me whatever they want. It's nobody's business what I do. I'm happy. That's all matters.

Candy shoves the wheelchair towards the bed violently.

CANDY

You make me sick!

Candy stomps out of the room.

DEWANA

You forgot to turn the light out.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Candy walks around the empty room and opens the lids of the washing machines. She notices something behind one of the machines and pulls it out.

It is the sign which reads "The Only Wheelchair Laundromat in Town". She holds it up and looks at it.

CANDY

Jesus.

Candy props the sign up on a bench and walks backwards. She stands back and looks at it.

CANDY

Fuck it.

Candy picks up the sign and walks over to the counter and grabs some tape. She tapes the sign onto the front window.

CANDY

I'll show Mom what happy is.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Candy paints a wheelchair on the window.

Gloria stands back and watches Candy paint.

GLORIA

Hey, that's good.

CANDY

Thanks.

GLORIA

You could make money paintin' windows. You could paint my mom's restaurant.

CANDY

You think?

GLORIA

Sure. She's always tryin' to find ways to promote her specials.

CANDY

Tell her I'll do it cheap.

GLORIA

You know, you could paint snowmen and Santa Claus at Christmas. You could make a killin', girl.

CANDY

I never thought of that, I guess it's worth a try.

GLORIA

Maybe you'll make enough to quit running this place.

CANDY

I wouldn't quit workin' here, but it'd be nice to have extra money.

GLORIA

I thought you were sick of this place.

CANDY

You know, Gloria, there comes a day when you have to accept your life for what it is.

GLORIA

If you say so.

CANDY

It is what it is.



EXT. PARK - DAY

Candy walks over to the basketball court. She carries a tote bag on her shoulder.

The basketball players stop playing.

Scott wheels over to Candy.

SCOTT  
What are you doing here?

CANDY  
Handing out quarters. Today's  
Wednesday.

SCOTT  
Are you sure?

Candy looks at her watch.

CANDY  
Uh-huh. That's what my watch says.

Candy takes a roll of quarters out of her bag and hands it to Scott. Scott grabs her wrist and pulls her down to him.

SCOTT  
I thought you were giving it up.

CANDY  
Me, too, but business sucks on  
Wednesdays, and I miss you guys.

Scott laughs.

Candy sits on his lap and kisses his cheek.

SCOTT  
You sure this is what you want?

CANDY  
Yeah. I'm sure.

SCOTT  
All right.

Scott wheels over to the other players.

SCOTT  
We got our girl back, guys.

The guys cheer.

Candy hands a roll of quarters to Charles.

CANDY  
Hey, Charles.

Charles kisses her wrist, bows his head.

CHARLES  
Candy, baby. We missed you.

The Biker rolls over to Candy. She smiles and leans over and gives him a peck on the cheek.

CANDY  
You smell nice tonight.

The Biker beams and takes a roll of quarters from Candy.

BIKER  
Thanks, Candy.

Eric rolls over to Scott and Candy. He reaches his hand out. Candy kicks him away. Scott protects Candy from Eric.

SCOTT  
I don't think so, asshole.

ERIC  
What? Only handicaps can get a little? I didn't do anything wrong.

CANDY  
Why don't you go play crippled somewhere else?

Eric stands...shoves his wheelchair across the basketball court.

ERIC  
Okay, that's it. I'm not coaching your stupid team anymore.

SCOTT  
Good, we don't want you to. You sucked as a coach, anyway.

Eric throws the group the "finger" and stomps away.

CHARLES  
That's right, walk your sorry ass away.

The men laugh.

Candy hops off of the Scott's lap...grabs the basketball...shoots...dunks it.

CANDY

Yes!

The men cheer as Candy high-fives Charles...then Scott.

ERIC

Let's go do some laundry.

Candy grabs her bag, and walks down the street...wheelchairs following close behind.

FADE OUT.