

DOUG
You up yet?

MALLORY
Go away.

DOUG
- You gonna sleep all day?

MALLORY
- Fuck off.

DOUG
Come on, let's go.

MALLORY
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

DOUG
- Going to the laundromat.

MALLORY
- What the fuck time is it?

DOUG
It's two-fifteen in the afternoon. Come on. Let's get moving.

MALLORY
What are you doing?

DOUG
Laundry.

MALLORY
You wanna do laundry? Here, wash my laundry for me.

DOUG
- You break my heart...

MALLORY
- Why? Because you want to fuck me and you can't?

DOUG
Come on. We're going to the laundromat. Let's go!

MALLORY
Can you give me my money today?

DOUG

Put your clothes on. –

MALLORY

Give me my fucking money or get the fuck out of my house!

DOUG

Here, here's your money. You know what? You want to parade around here in your birthday suit? If displaying your vagina is the only way you can feel in control then knock yourself out. But I'm tired of your language. Especially the word 'fuck' in all of its various permutations. Now, I know it's your only adjective, but it makes you sound cheap and immature and uneducated. And that may be the truth, but why advertise it? Now, starting today I'm docking you a dollar every time you use that word. So get up, get dressed, get in the shower, brush your teeth let's go. Let's go! Let's go.

MALLORY

Don't be mad at me. I don't like being told what to do. I can't help it. And I'll lay off the curse words I will, I promise. Okay? Goddamnit, Doug, please! Don't be mad at me!

DOUG

I'm not mad at you.

MALLORY

You 're acting like you're mad at me!

DOUG

No, I'm not acting like I'm mad at you. Come on, sit down. Take it easy. Come here. Come here, come on.

MALLORY

Just.. just don't be mad at me. You can't.

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