

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.