

WASHIN'

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A BOY (13) sits at a kitchen barstool. Behind him is a dark window. The moon is out.

TITLE: "WASHIN'"

We can hear the WHIRRING and KA-CHUNKING of a DISHWASHER and WASHING MACHINE in the background.

He stares at the sheet of paper in front of him.

CLOSE on a series of comically difficult math problems. We follow them down to the bottom of the page where a note is circled in red:

**DUE TOMORROW**

The boy groans. He stares up, away from his homework.

The rhythmic sounds of the whirring dishwasher grows louder...

SPLOSH! SPLOOSH... SPLOOSH... SPLOSH! SPLOOSH... SPLOOSH...

And louder...

**SPLOSH!** SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH! **SPLOSH!** SPLOOSH! SPLOOSH!

Until suddenly...

The boy starts FLOATING up from his chair. He begins to SHRINK and he GLIDES over toward the dishwasher.

He shrinks and shrinks and then SLIPS right through a CRACK in the dishwasher door, and we get HIT WITH A WAVE OF BLACK.

When we fade back in...

INT. DISHWASHER - NIGHT

We see a FLAT ANGLE of the dishwasher. The boy is the size of a DISH, gliding around and DANCING inside the washer... and the DISHES are dancing with him!

The rhythmic SPLOSHES and SPLOOSHES have become a PERCUSSIVE BEAT for the boy to dance to.

The PLATES bounce energetically and the SILVERWARE twirl like ballerinas. The boy flies up and around, zig-zagging through the silver and ceramic chorus line.

He soulfully throws out his legs and arms with expert timing...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A finger taps the boy's shoulder, who's closing his eyes and rhythmically shaking in his seat. He turns around.

His MOTHER gives him a stern but still gentle look.

The boy's smile fades, gives her a nod, and turns back to the sheet in front of him.

A few seconds pass...

The rhythmic sounds of the spinning washing machine grows louder...

KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK!

And louder...

**KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK!**

Until suddenly...

The boy FLOATS up out his chair. He SHRINKS and GLIDES over toward the washing machine.

He shrinks and shrinks and slips through the open compartment door

FADE TO BLACK, then...

INT. WASHING MACHINE - NIGHT

The boy is DANCING inside the drum. He runs against the spinning contraption like a TREADMILL.

The percussive beats of the WASHING MACHINE are even *more* intense than the dishwasher! The heavy spinning of the drum morphs into what sounds like ELECTRONIC MUSIC.

CLOTHES start flying off the sides of the drum and freeze mid-air.

They SHRINK down to the boy's size where they twist and contort until it appears that several invisible dancers are wearing the clothes.

A literal chorus line forms behind the boy and they start kicking. The boy flies and dances around the washing machine, with his own entourage behind him.

The boy, glee on his face, prepares for the grand finale...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The boy's mother SPINS him around in his SWIVEL CHAIR. She assertively grunts at him: *Stay focused!*

She takes him by the hand, grabs his homework, and moves him out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She walks him down the hallway. The boy looks embarrassed: *You're treating me like a six-year-old!*

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

They move into the dark study, and the boy's mother sits him down in a chair, and places his homework under the lamp in front of him.

His mother annoyedly leaves, the boy looking very sad: *My fun is ruined!*

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The boy's mother stands outside the study. She looks guilty: *Necessary... but too harsh.*

She walks back inside.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

WIDE of the boy working on his homework. His mom walks INTO FRAME with a CHAIR, sets it next to him, and sits down.

The boy confusedly looks at his mother. She takes his hand and smiles.

We hear the beats of the dishwasher and washing machine grow louder and louder.

The boy smiles back.

They look toward the boy's paper and SHRINK, smaller and smaller until they disappear into the paper.

INT. PAPER

The boy and mother dance and spin pencils like BATONS, writing and answering number problems as they twirl.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

WIDE of mother helping her son as they smile and move in unison to the loud beat.

INT. PAPER

NUMBERS BOUNCE around the empty white space with mother and son zig-zagging in between them.

CUT TO BLACK.