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INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

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Machines rattle under fluorescent lighting as a few PATRONS scatter the otherwise empty laundromat. Some fold shirts and pants while others shake out sheets and towels.

We meander through the environment as a WOMAN folds clothes and a GUY listens to music. The sole LAUNDROMAT OWNER mops the linoleum floor. It's a typical night, all very routine.

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We land, Muppet Babies-style, onto a dryer. The clothes spin within, turning round and round and round.

A DAD, mid 40s, pops open the dryer. He begins to pull out clothes as his DAUGHTER, 6-8 years old, sits sunken in a nearby chair. Eyes glued to her dad's smartphone, her pink Chucks hover just above the ground.

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Patrons begin to exit as her dad quickly shoves warm clothes into a worn-out laundry bag.

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DAD

Let's go kiddo.

He exits with his daughter, their conversation now muffled behind the glass windows. They head into a local pizza joint.

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KEYS JINGLE as the owner locks the door. Wet mop in hand, he exits out a back "Employees Only" door. It SLAMS shut.

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The empty laundromat remains still. Then...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. It's coming from inside the room.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. The room seems empty, a few washer/dryer doors left ajar, abandoned laundry carts strewn about...

1A

INT. DRYERS - LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

1A

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK, now a little faster and louder. It's coming from within a closed dryer. We get closer and closer. The door flies open as...

A TUBE SOCK flops out "gasping" for air. He looks up into the empty laundromat.

This is RIGHTY.

Save for the few green stripes at his open top, he's freshly clean, crisp, and white.

Righty peers out of the open dryer, no eyes, no mouth, just a green striped bottom leaning against the rim.