

IT'S A LIVING

Written by:

Alexander Hill

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A slow leak drips from an inoperable soda machine, SHOPKEEPER, 55, watches the leak with bated breath. It's a slow day.

The store's doors fling open and in walks a large man, draped in a leather jacket, bandages wrapped purposefully around his knuckles, BOB SLATTERY, 47, an enforcer.

Bob approaches the counter, lumbers back and forth, not looking at anything in particular. His shoulders slump over.

Shopkeeper wipes down the counter, waves his arms at the windows.

BOB

Come on, man. You knew today was coming.

Shopkeeper attempts to reach under the counter. Bob takes an enormous step forward that reaches Shopkeeper before he can.

BOB (CONT'D)

Keane's money is due, which means you're due for a visit.

SHOPKEEPER

You don't intimidate me.

Bob nods his head. His eyes wander to a newspaper stand by the register. He stares at the flyer on top, pockets it.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

You like what you do for a living,
threatening people who work for a living?

Bob pulls Shopkeeper over the counter and holds him up in front of him.

BOB

It's a living. Please don't hold it
against me.

Bob drops him to the floor and pats him on the head.

SHOPKEEPER

Is this all you're good for?

Bob inhales, walks behind the counter, opens the register.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bob sits perched on a plastic wrapped couch, photos scattered around textbooks for economics and mathematics.

Bob's living room doubles as kitchen, dining room, and bedroom.

Bob places a bag of frozen peas over his bruised knuckles. A notebook lays open on the table and it's revealed to be a ledger with numbers, multiplication tables, and spreadsheets.

Bob's hands straighten out. He breathes as his eyes wander over the flyer, which reads: "Now Hiring. Wallace Accounting. Your Future Awaits."

INT. KEANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A neon sign hangs out the open window of a second story office. It's spacious, expensive, and well kept.

A large mahogany desk sits in the middle with a small chair in front. Behind the desk sits a slender, well-dressed gangster, KEANE, 54.

Keane puffs a cigar. Bob drops an envelope on Keane's desk.

KEANE

Bob, what do you have for me?

Bob shrugs his shoulders, plops down in the way too small chair.

BOB

Boss, ever think of investing in company?

Keane puts the cigar out in a marble ashtray.

KEANE

A company or your company?

Bob chuckles, reaches in his pocket, pulls out his notebook, Keane sees this.

KEANE (CONT'D)

What is that your diary?

BOB

No, sir, I've just been doing some thinking and --

KEANE

Let me stop you there. Bob, your muscle, you beat people up and look like you can take a shot from a 12 gauge, that is all.

Bob looks away. He puts the notebook back in his pocket.

KEANE (CONT'D)

See, you don't have any fight. I can't use ideas from someone who retreats at the first sign of opposition.

Keane picks up the envelope, weighs it in his hand, then tosses the envelope at Bob.

KEANE (CONT'D)

You're light, again.

Bob scrambles to the floor and tries to pick up the loose cash spilling out of it. Keane rises from his chair, steps on the money, just misses Bob's hand.

KEANE (CONT'D)

You can't keep up anymore, Bobby. I can't use you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A SUV squeezes into a tight parking space in front of a large office building.

The parking lot is filled with many vehicles and a sign out front of the office building reads: "Wallace Accounting."

INT. WALLACE ACCOUNTING - FRONT DESK - DAY

Bob skulks into the front office of Wallace Accounting. It's well-lit, large space, open windows, warm colors, and decked out with the latest technology.

A receptionist mans the front desk. DENISE, 31, nice-looking, business casual, types on a computer.

DENISE

Welcome to Wallace Accounting.

Bob leans against the desk.

BOB

Hi. I'm Bob.

DENISE

Denise. You are Mr. Slattery, correct.

Bob nods. Denise speeds through her typing and rises to shake Bob's hand.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Great to know you. You are here for an interview with the Duchess.

Bob looks confused. Denise dismisses with a wave of her hand.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Trent is a prima donna.

A man in a business suit approaches from the back. TRENT, 28, He is a young, smart, financial analyst.

Trent stares at Bob with wide-eyed wonder. He walks to shake his hand but uses caution when approaching him.

TRENT

Bob Slattery?

Bob perks up. He waves his hand.

BOB

Present. You must be Trent.

TRENT

Unfortunately, yes, I suppose you're here for our junior accountant position.

BOB

Yes. I can't wait to get started.

Trent steps back, looks at Bob's appearance.

TRENT

Well, there's hardly anything junior about you. How old are you, Bob?

Bob counts on his fingers.

BOB

I'm 47 and I got into the business late. I mean, as of late.

Denise pats Bob on the back.

DENISE

Don't worry about it, me too. I can't tell you all the places I've been before I came here.

Trent's focus changes from Bob to Denise, then back to Bob.

He shakes his head and motions for Bob to follow him. Bob does.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trent marches ahead of Bob, the back of Trent's head, bobbling back and forth. Bob looms over him, tries to maintain his pace.

TRENT

Here at Wallace Accounting we are the little dogs who eat the big dog's chow.

Bob attempts to show him he understands, but Trent's relentless in getting where he is going. Trent takes a sharp turn into a dark room. Bob follows.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trent flicks on the lights.

Big room, with a full-length table in the middle, 12 black office chairs gathered around it.

A whiteboard on the walls is scribbled with indistinct mathematical equations. Television monitors sit at each corner, muted.

Trent offers Bob a seat. Bob takes it.

Trent walks the long way to a seat at the head of the table.

TRENT

Bob, tell me why you want to work here?

Bob pulls out his notebook, places it on the table.

BOB

I've been thinking --

Bob pauses mid thought, Trent looks confused.

BOB (CONT'D)

About a career change. I see you guys,
suit and ties, and I figure why not?

Trent claps his hands.

TRENT

I'm 28, Bob. I've been working as a CPA
for almost a decade now. Do you know what
that makes me?

Bob shakes his head. Trent stands up.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Less than. I am less than the average
worker here because I either lack
experience or I'm a million dollar
account away from the prize.

BOB

A million dollars at 28? I had a Buick.
Trust me, all things considered, you're
doing fine.

Trent walks over to the whiteboard, grabs a red marker.

TRENT

You are 47, correct.

Bob nods his head. Trent draws a huge "47" over the
handwriting on the board.

TRENT (CONT'D)

What experience do you have with the
private sector?

Bob shakes his head. Trent writes "None" in big red
letters.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Any notable references or clients we can
add to the firm?

Bob lowers his head. Trent doesn't wait for Bob to
respond, writes: "Nobody".

BOB

I learn fast. I work hard and I have
experience in bookkeeping and money
management.

Trent puts down the marker and sits across from Bob.

TRENT

From where?

Bob smacks the table. Trent jumps. Bob breathes in, calms himself.

BOB

I was an enforcer for 14 years with a few outfits and I learned --

TRENT

-- Wait, you've got to be kidding me. Denise put me in the room with a felon.

Trent's eyes glaze over. He rubs his face.

BOB

No, I'm not a felon. Well, I guess I've never been caught.

Trent puts his hands over his head.

Bob stands up, grabs his notebook from table, and tries to walk over to Trent.

Trent moves away from the table.

BOB (CONT'D)

Listen, if you just look at what I've got here. I'm sure you will be impressed.

Trent moves as far back as he can, almost melding into the whiteboard.

TRENT

Look, Bob, I can't be seen hiring your type. This is a legitimate business. If I need an executive clipped, I will call you.

Bob holds out his notebook. Trent runs for the door, leaves Bob in the conference room.

INT. WALLACE ACCOUNTING - FRONT DESK

Bob walks towards the door. Denise catches him before he reaches it.

DENISE

Bob, what happened? Did you get the job?

Bob bounces from side to side, agitated.

BOB

I'm getting out of here. I thought maybe if I he saw what I could do then maybe I might get a chance.

Denise grabs Bob's hand, sees the damage condition them in.

DENISE

The same rules apply.

Bob scratches his head.

DENISE (CONT'D)

If you want this job, then you're going to have to fight for it.

Bob stares at Denise.

BOB

Kick his ass?

Denise laughs, shaking her head.

DENISE

Not a bad idea, but how about just sticking up for yourself?

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Corner office, immaculate, neatly presented, and client files are thumb tacked to the walls.

Trent reclines in a chair behind his desk.

Bob bursts through the door, causing Trent to almost collapse.

TRENT

Mr. Slattery, what are you doing here?

Bob walks behind Trent's desk. Trent holds his hands in front of his face.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Mr. Slattery, please don't take what I said personally. I have money.

Bob reaches into his pocket. Trent folds in his seat, ducks for an incoming attack, but it doesn't come.

Bob's notebook dangles in front of Trent's face.

Trent comes out for air. Bob's eyes pierce daggers at Trent's.

BOB

You are going to give me a chance. I
might not have the qualifications, but
I'm not as dumb as I look.

Trent takes the notebook, pauses before opening.

TRENT

What do you expect me to say?

BOB

Whatever it is. I will accept it.

Trent nods, leans back upright, composes himself, then scrolls through the pages of the notebook.

His eyes move from page to page. He's wearing a poker face, gives nothing away.

Bob exhales, leans by the doorway, waiting.

Trent turns his head to Bob and closes the book.

He stands to his feet and hands Bob back the notebook.

BOB (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

Trent shakes his head. Bob nods his head.

BOB (CONT'D)

Well, thank you for letting me take up
your time, Mr. Conrad.

Bob turns to leave, but a hand grips his shoulder.

TRENT

You have an excellent eye for
bookkeeping. Your margins. The accounts
payable with receivable going back 14
years. You've done fine work.

Bob's shoulder loosens. Trent extends his hand and Bob shakes it.

BOB

Does that mean I get the job?

Trent places his hand over his chin. He looks at Bob.

TRENT

I think it can work as long as I'm not getting beaten up in the parking lot.

Bob chuckles.

BOB

That depends on how much you're paying.

Trent laughs, nervously.

TRENT

14 years with K.S. Industries? Who is that?

Bob reaches back in his jacket pocket, unfolds newspaper from the convenience store. Trent fans out the paper. The newspaper reads: "Crime Wave. Keane Crime Syndicate."

Trent stares at Bob. Bob holds his finger to his mouth.

INT. WALLACE ACCOUNTING - BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

A small open space, quaint, desktop computer, blue walls, and a window overlooking the parking lot.

Piles of folders sit on top of a desk, Bob wears a suit and tie, and sorts through them.

Denise walks past and waves. Bob waves back.

Trent enters the office with a bigger pile of folders, lays them on Bob's desk.

TRENT

Bob, we have to get through each of these piles by sundown. Can I count on you?

Bob takes the folders from Trent and gives him a thumbs up. Trent gives Bob a thumbs up and leaves Bob to his work. Bob reclines in his chair, looks out the window at a sunny day.