

LIVELIHOOD

Written by

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3rd Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

BROGAN ELDERS, thirty-eight, expresses annoyance with what stands before him.

SONNY MAXWELL, forty-two, the gaudy and short businessman type, a condescending tone coats his voice.

MAXWELL

She did some time in Lowell after trying to hit my client over the head with a microwave, that was after he ended their 'relationship'.

ELDERS

They're married, your client is cheating on her.

MAXWELL

My client has never married.

Elders face scrunches in confusion.

MAXWELL

You've been following my client and his girlfriend of three years.

Elders eyes widen and his jaw slacks. Maxwell clocks it.

MAXWELL

Mr. Stone has an active restraining order on your client dating back to their Port St. Lucie days. This means, any and all evidence collected, violates the terms of the restraining order and indeed, breaks the law.

The lawyer leans in.

MAXWELL

If you give her that file, we WILL take you to court, and I WILL take absolutely everything from you. Or? You hand deliver the file to a shredding service of my choosing, where me and my client will personally oversee it's destruction.

Maxwell adjusts his pinky ring.

MAXWELL

Good day to you.

Sonny smirks, about faces, and struts to his luxury coup.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CARISSIMA TRENCH, twenty-five, an intimidating beauty with a bomber coat and an anxiety riddled face, fidgets in her seat.

Elders lays a hand on the file that rests on the desk that separates the two. Scribbled across the file, a name...

'Frederick Stone'.

ELDERS

Try to understand, this is my livelihood.

TRENCH

Fuck your livelihood! I paid you to find my husband. So, where in the fuck is he?

Elders sighs.

ELDERS

I can't say, Ms. Trench.

TRENCH

Funny because the check I wrote your ass says you can.

He smiles to himself, as if disappointed.

He pulls out a beat up check from the breast pocket of his blazer and slides it across the desk.

ELDERS

Hiring a P.I. when you have an active restraining order, breaks the law.

Trench's eyes go wide and wild.

TRENCH

A husband is to take care of his wife, her livelihood. Don't do this.

Elders tenses up, stands up.

ELDERS
Fuck your livelihood.

Now, she stands up, stunned.

She recovers, takes a different tone.

TRENCH
How about a trade? You do me a favor,
and I do you...a favor.

She runs her finger down her low cut, bites her bottom lip.

ELDERS
No.

Trench scoffs.

TRENCH
Fuck you, Brogan. Fuck you. You
better hope I don't catch your sorry
ass on the street, it's gonna be me,
you, and my goddamn Barretta, you
dirty mother fucker!

She storms out.

Elders mumbles under his breath...

ELDERS
Crazy bitch.

He snatches up the file and peeks outside his office before
he leaves.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Elders drives his American sedan through an empty business
district.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Elders peeks at his cell phone, a GPS application navigates
him to a place called "Judge Shred's" Shredding Services.

CRUNCH!

The force pushes him and his vehicle forward.

ELDERS
What the hell?

He looks in his rear view

ELDERS POV

A small hybrid turns off the main road and slips into an alley.

CAR

ELDERS

Nope.

Elders stomps on the brake, drops the car into reverse, and punches it.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Elders accelerates down the narrow corridor.

He emerges from the alley and finds himself at a small loading dock.

He stops, looks around.

ELDERS POV

Beat up dock doors, rough metal steps, and a large dumpster overfilled with trash.

He pulls up to one of the beat up doors, puts it in park.

Then...

WHIRRRRR!!!

ALLEY

The hybrid rockets from behind the dumpster. The driver taps that ass again.

Elders head whiplashes.

Someone exits the hybrid with a billy club like tool in hand.

The person jogs to the sedan and busts out the window. The baton crackles with a million volts of electricity.

It's a god damned stun gun.

Elders body locks up for six long seconds. He involuntarily grits his teeth, and pisses all over himself.

The figure takes the file from the passenger side seat as Elders gets a glimpse...

It's Trench.

She hops in the hybrid, and whirs the fuck outta there.

INT. HYBRID - NIGHT

Trench, parked on a side street, violently weeps as she rummages through the file.

A manic tune assaults the cab.

She stares behind the passenger seat at the floor for a beat.

She then focuses on, and fidgets with, something in her lap.

She brings a fist to her face and snorts a small mountain of coke off it.

A sweaty mask of bat shit insanity poisons her attractive face. She pokes at her phone, the music stops.

Silence and her erratic breathing haunts the cab.

Trench pulls away from the curb.

GPS

In...two hundred feet, take a
right...onto...Portland...avenue...
south.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

A nice and humble home stands among others in a culdesac.

Trench pulls into one of the short driveways and parks.

INT. HYBRID - CONTINUOUS

Trench, now wearing yellow leather driving gloves, looks behind the passenger side seat again.

This time, she reaches and grabs a box of high end whiskey with a nice yellow bow around it.

A nice pink note on it reads: "For my love..."

She opens it, reaches in, and pulls out a raggedy REVOLVER, with a make shift silencer on the barrel.

She cocks it, and places it back inside the box.

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

She steps out of her vehicle, and scans the peaceful and pricey area.

Trench marches to the front door.

She readies her 'gift'. Her finger barrels down on the bell, then--

The garage door opens.

She spins around, and out comes a man in 'around the house' clothes.

He chit chats on his cell phone as he wheels a dumpster to the curb.

FREDERICK STONE, thirty-five, well groomed, well built, genuine smile on his face, the favorite big brother type.

STONE

The fine ones, man. It's always the fine ones.

He sets the garbage at the curb, turns around, and heads back inside.

STONE

She tried bopping me over the head with a microwave, so no, I wouldn't mess with that one again.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Stone hits the garage button, the big door clumsily slides to a close.

He turns.

Trench stares at him, like a long lost relative finally found.

Stone freezes.

TRENCH
Your favorite, remember?

Trench presents the 'whiskey'.

TRENCH
We can finally pick up where we left
off.

She smiles psychotically as she unzips her coat.

TRENCH
I want you to bend me over, right
here. Like you did in Florida.

STONE
No.

Trench explodes into a furious, all body, sob. She
frantically speaks through her clenched teeth.

TRENCH
You fucking dirt bag, I loved you and
you knew it. You disappear on me when
things got a little tough and find
some other bitch to replace me? To
replace ME? You're gonna regret this,
you upptiy fuck.

STONE
You tried to kill my ass.

TRENCH
That's a lie, that's a lie, that's
lie. I love you, let's forget about
this. Forget about the past and start
over.

Stone shoots her a confused look.

STONE
I'm calling the police.

She calms herself.

TRENCH
No, please, Freddie, no--

STONE
Leave and I won't call the police,
and we can just part ways.

Trench sighs.

TRENCH

Can I at least have a hug?

Stone takes his time, but obliges.

The two separate.

TRENCH

Please take the whiskey. I was up all night trying to get it, had to go through a friend of a friend. You sure me and you cant work something out? Friends with benefits, anything?

STONE

I'm one hundred percent positive.

TRENCH

Okay.

She aims the box and spits four bullets through the bottom.

He clutches his stomach and neck, then stumbles to the floor.

She stands over him as blood escapes from his wounds.

TRENCH

Stupid mother fucker, could of had some pussy.

BANG! BANG! click, click, click...

All signs of life cease in an instant.

Trench hits the garage button, it slowly lifts.

FOOTSTEPS run towards her position from inside the home.

Elders, wet pants and all, rips open the door between house and garage and finds Stone's lifeless body. A WOMAN, mid thirties, cute and in a fashion robe, stands behind him.

He sees Carissima's figure slip underneath the lifting door.

ELDERS

Stay inside.

The woman screams, pulls her cell phone, dials.

Elders chases after Trench.

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Trench's hybrid backs out, and takes off. Elders runs after her, but the hybrid pulls away, into the night.

Elders stops, hunches over, and sucks in air.

Sirens wail in the distance.

END.