

Mob Accountant

written by

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TEASER

INT. GIZELLE ANDERSON'S HOUSE- BEDROOM-MORNING

Dark, extra-curly hair covers a face in bed. A sheet shifts with sluggish movements as the morning rays enters and touches it. A lady's hand then surfaces. Reluctantly it peels away at the sheet revealing, GIZELLE, 30s, African American, natural beauty, leisurely getting up.

She passes a bookshelf showcasing some self-help books. One label reads "How to be confident and assertive". In front of a mirror, Gizelle checks out herself then catches up her Diana Ross-like coif. She picks out an outfit from a mundane, dark-colored wardrobe. Rests it on the closet door.

As she turns to her bed, a SHIH TZU mixed with poodle awakens from under it. And rubs up against her feet. She lovingly pets it. Then strips the bed bare. Revealing a stained mattress which she drags and places against the wall. The dog watches unfazed as if it's a regular routine for them. Gizelle stares at the dog frustrated. Shakes her head.

GIZELLE  
(to the dog)  
No remorse?

The dog tilts its head almost considering her words. But then trots out of the room.

INT. STAIRWAY- MOMENTS LATER

Gizelle passes a wall half-painted and filled with chips as she makes her way downstairs into the...

INT. KITCHEN

Gizelle enters and picks up a coffee pot from its station. Just as she's about to turn on the water tap; she realizes she's stepped into dog shit. She looks to her right at the back door which has a doggy hole. Just inches away from her. Then turns to the dog.

GIZELLE  
Damn it Buttons! Three more steps.  
Just three more steps.

Buttons tilts his head and wags his tail. Then trots off in the other room. She turns on the faucet. Shit, the top comes off in her hand. Water spews everywhere.

INT. GIZELLE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gizelle now soaked is on the phone. Frazzled.

GIZELLE

(in the phone)

Frank you said you were going to come by. That was two weeks ago. No. No. No. I'm not saying you're not a busy man. But the top came off this time. Yea I turned off the main. But I need it-

Gizelle pauses then...

GIZELLE (CONT'D)

Hello? Frank? Frank?

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM- GIZELLE'S OFFICE- LATER IN MORNING

A huge stack of papers sit on Gizelle's desk as she sits and reads a file. BRANDY, 20s, barges through her closed door without knocking.

BRANDY

Gizelle. I expected your report yesterday on Orbit Financials.

GIZELLE

Morning to you too Brandy.

(points to her desk)

I've been busy. And it's your client not mine.

BRANDY

James agreed with me to pass it to you. Unfortunately, you're the expert in this area. So... what. Did. You. Find. Out?

Gizelle glares at Brandy refusing to answer. Brandy intimidatingly stares a response out of her.

GIZELLE

They... maybe... laundering the money through their subsidiary.

BRANDY

Really? Well, that shouldn't be a problem for you to prove.

Gizelle unwillingly shakes her head to agree.

BRANDY (CONT'D)  
Great. I look forward to seeing  
your report within the hour.

GIZELLE  
What? Hour? I can't-. I have other  
clients to-

BRANDY  
Gizelle, if you can't handle the  
workload maybe you should think  
about switching career.

Brandy spins out of the office nearly knocking into NICOLE, a  
Junior Associate, as she enters.

NICOLE  
(to Gizelle)  
She does realize you're her senior.

GIZELLE  
Don't think she or our boss, James  
remembers.

NICOLE  
Then remind them.

Gizelle shrugs. Nicole's right.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
What did she want this time?

GIZELLE  
Orbit Financials.

NICOLE  
Expert advice about hiding money.

GIZELLE  
You mean forensic accounting.

NICOLE  
That's what I said. But I agree  
with Brandy.

GIZELLE  
With what?

NICOLE  
(she does air quotes)  
Freelance "Forensic Accounting" can  
be your back-up career. You'd be  
great at it.

Gizelle dismisses her comment.

GIZELLE  
You needed something?

NICOLE  
(concerned)  
Yea. I have to carry Nathan to his appointment. Can I leave early today?

GIZELLE  
Sure.  
(off Nicole's concern)  
How are his dialysis treatments going?

NICOLE  
It's hard and expensive. It helps that the firm's insurance covers some of the costs.

As Nicole leaves.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I'll finish up the McKella's report before I go.

GIZELLE  
It needs to go out by 3pm. I need to review it before you send it off.

NICOLE  
Sure.

INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE - HALLWAY -LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

Nicole with the report in hand heads over to Gizelle's office. But Brandy beats her to it and closes the door. She returns to her desk and calls Gizelle's intercom. Line is busy. She sees Gizelle on the phone through the window. Then checks the clock on the wall. It's 2:20pm. An urgency rushes over her. She sees another ASSOCIATE walking by and stops them.

NICOLE  
Hey. As soon as Brandy gets out can you give this to Gizelle?

ASSOCIATE  
I know Brandy but who's Gizelle?

NICOLE  
 (scowls)  
 You've been here 2 years.  
 (points on Gizelle in  
 office)  
 Just hand it to her in the next 10  
 minutes.

Nicole packs up and quickly leaves.

EXT. HOUSE IN SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT

CARL, 40s, a patch shy of being bald, with Fred Flintstone's built, looks fervently over his shoulder. He approaches the front door and knocks incessantly until it opens. MATT, 40s, an perfectly aged version of Dylan Sprouse, half asleep, stands in the doorway.

MATT  
 (groggy)  
 It's late. What are you doing here?

CARL  
 (jittery)  
 I need to talk to you.

MATT  
 Talk? We haven't talked in almost a  
 year. Since you--

He stops. Then quickly switches to...

MATT (CONT'D)  
 Since you got your new job.

Matt glances over Carl's shoulder and catches his brand-new BMW SUV parked in the driveway.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 And looks like it's going well.

Matt eyes return on Carl and sees a raw fear in his eyes. His condemnatory tone turns to concern.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 Carl what's going on?

CARL  
 Matt, I messed up at work.

MATT  
 So what? You're worried you'll get  
 fired?

CARL  
Not exactly.

Carl looking pale and scared shitless hands him a key.

MATT  
What's this for?

CARL  
Insurance. You'll know what to do  
with it...after. I have to go.

Matt looks at the key, confused and worried. Carl turns to leave. As Matt opens his mouth to stop him, Carl turns back.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I did it for us you know. You...  
you're gorgeous. And me...  
I'm...me. I needed the job. I  
needed to make more.

MATT  
I didn't ask you to.

CARL  
This job. It wasn't what I thought.  
I had to protect you.

MATT  
Protect me from what?

Carl becomes hyperaware of his surroundings.

CARL  
Coming here was risky. I have to  
go.

He then tears off as if his life depends on it.

MATT  
Carl?!

Matt watches on as Carl speeds off. Not sure what to think.

INT. CARL'S HOUSE - MAIN ENTRYWAY- LATER

Carl enters and seals the door with all three dead bolts. Then walks into a beautifully restored fire station loft. An open floor plan layout accentuated by red brick walls. Stainless-steel kitchen to the left. And to the right an enclosed office.

## INT. CARL'S KITCHEN

Carl takes out a beer from the fridge and pops it open using the edge of the counter. As he drinks, he notices the door to his office left ajar. Not by him.

## INT. CARL'S HOME OFFICE

Carl, beer in hand enters slowly. A hand quickly pops out, grabs, and slams him into a chair. He manages not to spill his beer. He looks up to see his attacker, MAX, 30s, female Asian mixed with African American. Her body like La Femme Nikita. His body quickly tenses up as he recognizes her. Anticipating his fate, he slowly swivels his chair to the main guest seated across his desk. GEMINI, 30s, Turkish, urban sleek and in control. He regards Carl with his apathetic eyes for a minute before he lets out his deep voice.

GEMINI

You're late.

Carl caught off guard, thinks fast.

CARL

(Raises his bottle)

I needed to get beer.

Gemini is not amused.

GEMINI

You're celebrating? You lost me 200 grand.

CARL

Gemini, I'm sorry. I didn't know--

GEMINI

(interrupts)

My clients pay me to help them. And I pay you for your expertise. Now why fuck that up?

CARL

I'm not-. I'm not an expert at this.

GEMINI

(smiles eerily)

Of course, you're not.



As Gemini gets up, we notice his threads. Grey Italian custom-made suit that lays down on his perfectly chiseled body. In his hand, a metallic grey Italian Beretta M9A3 with a silencer. Beads of sweat instantly form on Carl's face as his eyes follows Gemini. --THUMP. Carl's head rips backwards in his chair as a bullet tears his forehead. His beer hits the ground and shatters.

INT. LIVING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Gemini heads to the front door with Max behind.

GEMINI

Where did we get him?

MAX

Chris sent him.

GEMINI

Chop him up. Return to sender. Then find out where he stopped.

TITLE CARD: **MOB ACCOUNTANT**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ACCOUNTING'S OFFICE - HALLWAY- MORNING

Brandy checks in Gizelle's office. She's not there. She approaches Nicole with a smirk lining her face.

BRANDY  
Gizelle's not here yet?

NICOLE  
Clearly no. Why?

BRANDY  
John McKella called and fired the firm today. He didn't receive his report. Tell Gizelle, James wants to see her asap.

Panic spreads across Nicole's face as Brandy saunters away.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - LATER SAME MORNING

Gizelle, somber, wanders about aimlessly along the trail. Her phone rings. She stops beside two ELDERLY MEN playing chess to answer it.

GIZELLE  
(in the phone)  
Nicole.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
I didn't see you leave.

GIZELLE  
I left without packing.

One of the elderly man gets up from the chess game frustrated he just lost. The other man eavesdrops on Gizelle's call.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. It's my fault. I'll talk to James.

GIZELLE  
Don't. I should've stood up to him. You have Nathan to think about.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
And you have a home renovation to cover.

GIZELLE  
 If that'll end. Besides, I'm a CPA.  
 I'll get another job.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
 Probably not at a top firm.

GIZELLE  
 What? Why?

NICOLE (O.S.)  
 I overheard Brandy say that James  
 won't give you a glowing  
 recommendation.

GIZELLE  
 But I'm the best they have...had.

NICOLE (O.S.)  
 Just look outside of the firm's  
 circle. And you'll be fine. I have  
 to go. I'll talk to you later.

GIZELLE  
 Yea. Later.

Gizelle is about to walk off when the elderly man stops her.

ELDERLY MAN  
 I'm sorry about your job.

Gizelle stops. Turns to him.

GIZELLE  
 Excuse me?

ELDERLY MAN  
 I'm sorry. At my age the lives of  
 others are far more interesting  
 than my own.

The elderly man raises a piece and waves his hand at the  
 board.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)  
 Do you play?

GIZELLE  
 Yes, but I'm not--

ELDERLY MAN  
 Just one. Indulge an old man.

He offers her the seat in front of him. She caves into his kind demeanor. As she sits, he resets the pieces on the board. Meticulously placing each piece dead center of each square. He gives her white to start.

GEORGE  
I'm George.

GIZELLE  
Gizelle.

A deep concentration falls on Gizelle's face as she makes her first move. George counters quickly.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Gizelle has the advantage in the game. George is stunned that his prized piece is now checked by her.

GEORGE  
You're always three moves ahead.

GIZELLE  
Occupational hazard.

GEORGE  
Then I'm confused. Why are you unemployed?

GIZELLE  
I hate confrontation.

GEORGE  
You took down my queen and backed my king in a corner.

GIZELLE  
It's just a game.

The elderly man shakes his head in disagreement. Then points at each piece as he explains.

GEORGE  
Each chess piece is like a person. A pawn is easily blocked if you put your piece in front of it. A knight can jump over others to get to its destination. But needs a pawn to do it. A bishop is an influencer over the king and queen. And a rook always stays close to its King. Ready to sacrifice itself.

He pauses and then picks up the queen. Hands it to her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 You're the queen. The most powerful  
 piece. A warrior. The only one that  
 can confront every piece on the  
 board.

INT. GIZELLE'S BEDROOM-NEXT MORNING

Gizelle drags herself out of bed and heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN

As she's about to open the fridge...

GIZELLE  
 Oh shit!! Shit! Shit!

She races back upstairs.

INT. GIZELLE'S BEDROOM - DOORWAY

Gizelle reaches just in time to be a witness. Buttons cocks  
 his left hind leg up as he gets ready to...

GIZELLE  
 Buttons! No!

He ignores her and finishes up. He's about to make his grand  
 exit when Gizelle snaps. Grabs him.

GIZELLE (CONT'D)  
 Oh no you don't!

INT. GIZELLE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Buttons whimpers behind a locked pen at the side of the room.  
 Gizelle smiles.

GIZELLE  
 Pawn... I'll let you out when you  
 learn to behave.

Gizelle turns and opens the fridge door. Something is wrong.  
 She sticks her hand in to test the temperature. Then takes  
 out her leftovers. Spoilt. She checks the freezer section.  
 Everything inside is spoilt.

## INT. GROCERY STORE- MORNING

Inside is busy with WORKERS moving seamlessly in choreographed unison to serve their CUSTOMER. A SUPERVISOR is in the middle of reprimanding JIMMY, a worker.

SUPERVISOR

Jimmy, you forgot to restock poultry. We're losing paper.

JIMMY

Oh. I forgot.

SUPERVISOR

You've been forgetful and absent minded. It's becoming a problem.

JIMMY

Sorry. I've got a lot--

SUPERVISOR

(sternly)

I don't care. Just fix it.

The Supervisor and the rest of workers immediately shift their focus to the front door. Gemini has entered, they greet him enthusiastically. He barely acknowledges them, then walks past them to enter one of the doors to the right.

## INT. HALLWAY

Gemini makes his way down a long hallway. Stops. Then reaches for the handle of an office door on his right. He stalls. Changes his mind then continues down the hallway. He arrives in front of a Janitor's closet then swipes to enter inside.

## INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

Standing in front of a wall Gemini removes the electrical panel. Then scans his thumb print and eye. A wall breaks away to the right and reveals a secret elevator. He jumps in and heads down to the...

## INT. BASEMENT OPERATION

The structure of the room forms part of the city's underground tunnel system (Shanghai Tunnels). Now blocked off for complete privacy. There is a huge bank vault opened showing a quarter of it filled with cash. In front of it a handful of FEMALE COUNTERS counting money at their station.

Among them, one empty station and in front, a big empty space where at least a dozen more can fit. Hovering over each station, an air tube system extends up into the ceiling and bends horizontally through the enclosed wall. As money is sucked down via each tube it's quickly counted, recorded in manual ledgers and placed in the vault. Gemini walks pass them without a salutation and enters into...

INT. GEMINI'S SECRET OFFICE

A glass walled room lacking charm and style but fully equipped with state of the arts surveillance equipment. A huge monitor sits on a desk giving Gemini full view of all his property including his people. As he surveys his kingdom, Max enters.

GEMINI

Max.

MAX

It's taken care of.

GEMINI

Good. What did the Trinity say?

Max shakes her head "no". Gemini boxes a cup of coffee off his desk. It smashes against the wall. Max doesn't even flinch.

GEMINI (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Where else can they find an operation like this?

MAX

We can't handle the amount of paper they run.

GEMINI

That's what Carl was for.

MAX

I sent out word to get someone else.

GEMINI

No. No more hand me down. I want a professional.

MAX

What about Mitch's offer--

GEMINI  
 (holds up hand)  
 Don't.

MAX  
 (points to money counters)  
 Gemini, we need to think beyond  
 this. Sooner or later, we'll get  
 caught.

GEMINI  
 Not with both our connections.

Realizing an impasse Max changes topic.

MAX  
 Tomorrow is the Gala.  
 (off his nod)  
 Is Sanem coming?

GEMINI  
 It's a business event not a social  
 one.

INT. GEMINI'S GROCERY STORE- DRY GOODS AISLE- LATER MORNING

Gizelle frustrated and dressed dowdy as a factory worker  
 fills her basket. A familiar voice disrupts her flow.

VOICE  
 Gizelle?

She turns to it.

GIZELLE  
 Brandy. Hi.

Brandy with shopping bag in hand marks Gizelle's appearance.

BRANDY  
 Oh. I see you're not coping well.

The comment for a minute confuses Gizelle. But then she  
 realizes her shoddy appearance.

GIZELLE  
 No. No, I'm--. My fridge bro--.

BRANDY  
 (cuts her)  
 I'm actually glad I ran into you. I  
 need your help with the Mckella  
 report.



GIZELLE

Wait. What? But they fired the firm.

BRANDY

They fired the firm because you didn't send their report. They rehired us after I explained it was a misunderstanding. And now I'm taking over their case.

Gizelle shakes her head in disbelief.

GIZELLE

(under breath)

Knight.

BRANDY

Huh?

GIZELLE

Nothing. Just thinking out loud.

BRANDY

I have to go. But you should consider seeing someone.

GIZELLE

For what?

BRANDY

(waves at her clothes)

To help with your depression.

GIZELLE

I'm not depre—

BRANDY

(cuts her)

Call you about the McKella case later?

Brandy leaves without waiting for a response. Gizelle quickly scrapes a big bag of chocolate chip into her basket.

INT. GEMINI'S STORE - POULTRY AISLE- MOMENTS LATER

Gizelle searches but can't find an item on the shelf. She sees Jimmy packing away some items behind the fresh meat counter.

GIZELLE

Excuse me.

Jimmy hasn't acknowledged her. She waves her hand to get his attention. He finally sees her. He takes one look at her continues to pack.

JIMMY  
(without looking up)  
Yea. What do you need help with?

Gizelle is annoyed but keeps it to herself.

GIZELLE  
I'm looking for the rotisserie  
chicken.

Jimmy now finished with packing heads around the back. As he leaves, he quickly points to a door without facing her.

JIMMY  
It's around the back there.

GIZELLE  
Around where--?

He disappears before she finishes. Gizelle looks around for someone else to help. Everyone else is busy. She takes a guess at which door he pointed to and sees a door ajar. She sets down her basket then goes through it.

INT. HALLWAY

Gizelle wanders down the hallway looking for assistance. She stops at Gemini's office on her right. Knocks. But no answer. She continues ahead. JOYCE, a female counter enters from a side door. Then stops at the Janitor's closet. Gizelle waves to get her attention.

GIZELLE  
Hey, excuse me. Can you help me?

Joyce looks Gizelle up and down. Then stares behind her at the security access door now closed.

JOYCE  
You're the new hire?

GIZELLE  
Actually, I wanted help with--

JOYCE  
Name's Joyce. Come with me.

GIZELLE  
I wanted to get--

She quickly loses her train of thoughts when she sees Joyce scans her card and opens the door. Gizelle glances back at the sign "JANITOR'S CLOSET" to confirm where they are.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET

Joyce removes the electrical panel cover. Scans her finger and eye. Gizelle is both confused and curious.

GIZELLE

Where are we going?

JOYCE

Down.

Gizelle, stumbles back, as the wall opens up in front of her. Her eyes mimics the elevator doors as they open. Joyce hops in. Gizelle impulsively follows.

INT. BASEMENT OPERATION- PASSAGE WAY

Gizelle stays closely behind as Joyce leads them down to their workstations. Gizelle slowly picks up where she is. She first clocks the vault, then the air tubes and finally the women counters entering into their ledgers. She now realizes what she's stepped into. Joyce shows her the empty station.

JOYCE

You're here. I'll get you set up.  
Just give me a-

Joyce pauses as she sees an unfamiliar woman appearing from the vault. The woman takes a seat in the empty chair. Joyce now realizes she's the NEW HIRE not Gizelle. Then turns to Gizelle who's visibly shaking. Gizelle backs up to leave. Her escape abruptly thwarted as she backs into someone. Joyce's face changes from shock to fear as she stares at Gizelle's obstacle. Chills run down the back of Gizelle's neck as a deep voice speaks.

VOICE (O.S)

Who are you?

Gizelle faces the voice. Then gazes up to Gemini's cold untellable face.

GIZELLE

I'm-I'm sorry. I just wanted  
chicken.

Max moves next to Gemini. Leans in.

MAX  
(whispers)  
I'll take care of her.

Gizelle quivers as Max readies to take action on Gemini's order.

GIZELLE  
(whispers)  
Rook next to king.

Gemini hears her. Then shakes his head for Max to yield.

GEMINI  
What did you say?

Gizelle tries to swallow back her words. Glances around at the workstations. Thinks fast.

GIZELLE  
I-- I can help you.

GEMINI  
Help?

MAX  
Gemini.

Gemini raises his hand to Max. Then stares at Gizelle to weigh his options. Gizelle pleads profusely.

GIZELLE  
I won't say anything. I promise.

Gemini comes closer to Gizelle and leans in.

GEMINI  
Of course, you won't.  
(To Max)  
See to it that she gets home.

END OF ACT ONE