

FLOYD

Your timing on the intercom
couldn't have been better. Make
sure you get their check cashed
tonight.

She grabs a few moving boxes from a closet, Floyd puts his gold items into one, as Lisa begins taking down the makeshift office. Floyd stacks some magazines near the window, he sees someone heading toward the office.

FLOYD

Who's that?

Lisa gives him a clueless gesture; shrugging her shoulders. Floyd drops the magazines on the side table.

FLOYD

(hushed)

Put everything back up!

He races to replace the gold ornaments to his person, tightening the tie around his neck like a noose. She clumsily hangs the pictures back on the wall. Floyd rushes into his office. Lisa returns to her desk.

The front door opens as Floyd's slams shut. GARY, a man in his late 40s, walks in wearing coveralls that read "Janitor" on the label. He removes his hat.

LISA

(pleasant secretary voice)

Hello! Welcome to Bernstein &
Goldman. Do you have an
appointment?

GARY

No, sad to say I don't. I was a
friend of Floyd's father. I'm
hoping to speak with him for a
moment.

3

INT. FLOYD'S OFFICE

Floyd cups his ear to the door, he hears the muted voices of Lisa and Gary. His face shows curiosity. Floyd stands up, checking his tie and running a comb through his hair. He reaches for the doorknob, but walks away from it. After a breath, he walks to the door and opens it.

4

INT. FLOYD'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

LISA

Mr. Bernstein isn't seeing anyone at this time. You'll have to come back some other---

GARY

Floyd! I can't believe it's you!

Lisa turns around to see Floyd. They exchange a quick, confused look. He walks around her desk to shake Gary's hand. Lisa pretends to look at documents.

GARY

Gary Keenan! I worked with your father before, well, you know...

FLOYD

Right. Well, as you heard we're shutting down for the day. Maybe you can come back next week?

Floyd picks up the briefcase near her desk, sidestepping toward the front door.

GARY

Just give me one moment, son. I took every bus in the city to get out here.

Floyd hesitates, looking to Lisa to save him. She freezes.

FLOYD

Alright, I guess I've got a minute.

Floyd opens his office door, gesturing Gary to enter. He follows Gary and shuts the door. Lisa grabs her still-smoking cigarette from the drawer as they leave.

5

INT. FLOYD'S OFFICE

Floyd walks to the window and pours a drink from the tray of liquor. Gary takes a seat at the couch.

GARY

I know you don't have much time so I'll be brief. I saw your ad in the paper and knew I recognized the name. I trust you, kid, so I'll make it really easy - I want to invest.

(CONTINUED)

Gary pulls out a check from his pocket, sliding it across the table. Floyd walks to the seat adjacent to the couch and sits. He tilts his head to read the check, then looks back to Gary.

FLOYD

Unfortunately, everything I have right now is just too risky. I'm talking deals I wouldn't even swing.

Floyd drinks from the glass. Gary leans forward in his seat.

GARY

I suppose there's always a risk when the goal is more money, right?

FLOYD

You have to believe me when I say there's nothing here for you.

Floyd's eyes look to the check, then back to Gary. Gary squints, offended.

GARY

Oh, I get it. Every penny I have isn't enough for you?

FLOYD

You don't understand, these high risk stocks are only bought by hotshots with nothing to lose. I meant no offense...

Floyd sips the last of his drink, setting it on the table as he stands.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

It's not worth it, for your sake.

As Floyd tries to walk toward the door, Gary grabs his check and stands in his way, uncomfortably close.

GARY

I'm not leaving until you take this check and promise to do what you can.

Floyd takes a breath and snags it from Gary's raised hand.