

FADE IN:

SEP 24 2014

1 INT. CAR - DAY

1

The DRIVER's hands paw through an empty WALLET.

1-1

DRIVER (O.S.)

A twenty, a ten? I'll take anything.

The hands close the wallet, then open it. Again, and again.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Come on!...Okay, that's it.

1-2a  
1-2b

The wallet flies out of the car window.

2 EXT. BANK - DAY

2

2-1

Tattered dress shoes with a couple of toes poking out of them hurry along the sidewalk carrying...

2-2

...GINA ALLEGRETTO, 28, a determined dynamo in a pants suit that flaps faster as she speeds up.

2-3

The wallet zeroes in on the back of her head and hits her.

GINA

What the...? Who the...?

2-4

She turns. No one there. She looks down. She bends and picks up the scuffed but expensive looking wallet. She peers inside.

GINA

Not even an ID. Of course.

Gina shoves it into her pocket and hurries to the entrance.

3 INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

3

Reeks of slick pretension, like its occupant RAY FOLEY, 37, and his suit. Impatient, he works on a tablet computer.

3-1

RAY

Hold on, Mr. Brawner. I have the money...right in here...

Ray grins at MR. BRAWNER, a robust 56 and almost bursting out of his expensive suit. Brawner edges to the door. Gina peeks in. Brawner beams at his excuse to leave.

3-2

GINA

Foley, right? The loan guy?

Brawner loses his smile and nods at Ray.

GINA

Awesome. So, I've got this great idea for a food business --

3-3

RAY

How wonderful for you. Not now.

MR. BRAWNER

Foley here would rather put his money in my hedge fund.

3-4

Gina double blinks into a blank stare.

RAY

It's a private partnership for investors who can afford a very large minimum investment in an aggressively managed portfolio using advanced strategies like derivative positions.

3-5

MR. BRAWNER

It's a bet on other investments.

RAY

Got it. See?

Ray shows him the tablet and GZZZZT, it blanks out.

MR. BRAWNER

Foley, I got people waiting.

3-6

Browner heads out the door. Ray yells after him.

RAY

Mr. Browner, please. It's a temporary set...back.

Ray plunks himself into his chair, slams down the tablet, and scowls at his computer.

3-7

RAY

(sarcastic)

Oh please, sit. Ms. Allegretto...May I call you Gina?

(over her reply)

Gina, it appears that you've had more than a few jobs.

3-8

GINA

Well, that first one? That was when I was...May I call you Ray?

3-9

RAY

It's against policy.

3-10

Back to the screen and a stretch of uncomfortable silence.

3-10

Y

GINA

Anyways, that was in my junior year. The company downsized so I got another gig. Then they went tits up. I gotta cover my school debts, right? But every place says I need more education. So, I'm thinking, start my own business. Two thousand bucks and I can --

3-11

[

RAY

(reads computer screen)  
For meatballs?

3-12

[

GINA

It's the new fast food. You know, on the street? Like hotdogs?

RAY

No way I can okay a loan, not with your credit. Do you own anything?

GINA

I have my family's recipe. I'll do whatever it takes to make it work. How about you buy into the business?

3-13

[

RAY

I only buy into sure things.

3-14

[

GINA

There's no such thing.

3-15

[

RAY

You just don't understand financial instruments, Gina.

Gina, frustrated, stands.

GINA

Well, guess I'll have to get me one of those then, huh?

4

EXT. BUS STOP BENCH - DAY

4

4-1

Gina, forlorn, sits near a castoff newspaper. She sees an

4-2

ad: Connie's - SHOES - \$50. Absently, she reaches into her pocket. She feels the wallet, and something else.

4-3

She opens the wallet. A ten and two twenties. Closes it. Opens it. Incredulous yet pleased, Gina hurries off.

5

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

5

5-1

Her fast walking feet, now in new shoes, carry her in.

6 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

6

6-1 [ The MANAGER, silhouetted by the glow of the security camera video screen, watches it and sees Gina race down the hall to the stairs. He shoots out his chair.

Gina! MANAGER (O.S.)

7 INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

7

7-1 [ Gina charges in, slams the door, and locks it. She hears him fiddle with his keys and pound the door. She scans the bare room. Not a stick of furniture left to block the door.

7-2 [ MANAGER (O.S.)  
Do we have to do this?

7-3 [ Gina pushes sideways into the door, pressing the wallet into her hip. She feels it bulge. She opens the wallet and finds a wad of hundreds. Amazed, she fan counts it.

7-4 [ She unlocks the door. He yanks it open. Gina hands him the cash. Stunned, he lets her pass.

GINA  
Lock up, will you? I've got to go pick up a few things.

8 INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

8-1 [ Gina sits on the bare floor facing her new laptop and listens to ON-HOLD MUSIC from her new mobile phone. TECH SUPPORT picks up.

TECH SUPPORT (V.O.)  
Your account's still good.

GINA  
Awesome! I got one more question.

8-2 [ TECH SUPPORT (V.O.)  
Yes, your ten free gigs are --

GINA  
No, it's about...If you found something really valuable, but, like you couldn't explain it, would you talk to anyone about it?

TECH SUPPORT (V.O.)  
Lady, I just work here.

8-2

GINA  
Sounds a little nuts, I know, but --

TECH SUPPORT (V.O.)  
(CLICK)

LATER

8-3

With the wallet on floor nearby, Gina uses her laptop to scroll through articles about wallets, magic, and money.

GINA  
Amulets, purses, runes, fanny packs?

She stands. Like a genie, she crosses her arms and nods at the wallet. She peeks in. Nothing.

8-4

She kneels and does a sign of the cross. Empty. Does a forehead-to-floor bow. Bare.

She throws up hand signs, gestures, full body contortions which leads to...dancing while chanting.

GINA  
Oh Wa Ta Goo Siam. Oh whata gooseiam.  
Oh what a goose I am.

LATER

8-5

On the laptop screen: Mental Health Hotline - We Understand.  
Gina paces and talks into her phone to a CRISIS COUNSELOR.

GINA  
Yes, it's leather. How many times --

CRISIS COUNSELOR (V.O.)  
Gina, it's a process. So this leather wallet gave you money to buy shoes. Let me ask, were they leather too?

8-6

GINA  
Yeah, but --

CRISIS COUNSELOR (V.O.)  
You spend a lot of time with leather items, don't you Gina?

Gina hits the OFF button. She holds the wallet near her mouth.

8-7a

GINA  
Okay, if you can hear me, text me.  
(blank phone screen)

8-7b

Or an email's good.  
(no new mail)

8-7c

I know what it is. What a piggy I am. Thank you for all this stuff!

8-8 Gina peers at the wallet, her phone, her computer. Nothing.

GINA  
Who's the best wallet ever? You are.  
Yes, you are. Yes, you are.  
(paces)  
What are the rules? Are you empty  
for real now? Do you, like, recharge  
over night? Where did you come from?

8-9 She checks windows and corners for mics and cameras.

GINA  
Am I being punked?...Like I know  
anybody with that kind of money.  
(at the wallet)  
What the hell do you want?

9 INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

9

9-1 Gina, sore from sleeping on the floor, wakes up and sees the  
wallet next to her. She grabs it and opens it. Empty.

GINA  
Fun's fun, but I need some real money.  
Gina opens her laptop, finds a phone number, and calls.

9-2 GINA  
Hello. Ms. Cullen? It's Gina  
Allegretto. I sent you my resume...uh  
huh...but you said...uh huh...Thanks.  
She hangs up. Composes herself. Calls another number.

GINA  
Mr. Kelm? Gina Alle...yeah. Oh...And  
there are no other...got it.  
A little less composed. Another number.

GINA  
I'd like to speak to...but Mr. Raymos  
said to call if...hello?

Gina's frustration builds as the calls meld into an incoherent  
torrent of words and sounds finishing with...

9-3 GINA  
...The ad on your website perfectly  
describes the kind of office work  
that I...  
(click)  
...need a break.

10 INT. GINA'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY 10

10-1

Gina grabs a mixing bowl from the sparsely populated shelves and sets it on the counter. She opens the almost empty refrigerator and peers into the wasteland of the freezer. She pulls the wallet from her pocket.

GINA

You up for shopping?

11 INT. BIG BOX STORE - DAY 11

11-1

Ray, holding his dead tablet, stands in the returns line.

11-2

Gina grabs a shopping cart. Ray slips in behind her.

RAY

Not so broke, Ms. Allegretto?

GINA

Hello, Ray. Maybe I found one of your fancy financial instruments.

She pushes her cart at him. He hops out of the way, waits a moment, and follows her down the meat aisle.

12 CHECKOUT LINE - LATER 12

12-1

Gina gets in line, her cart piled high with meatball ingredients and cooking utensils.

12-2

Ray approaches her. A LARGE GUY steps in front of him and gets in line behind her. Ray leans to see around him.

12-3

Ray sees Gina open the wallet. Empty.

GINA

So, we're playing chicken again?

12-4

Ill-at-ease, she smiles as the clerk rings up her items.

12-5

Ray leans in closer. The large guy looks irritated.

12-6

The total pops up on the register. Gina, with a relieved smile, pulls cash out of the wallet.

12-7

RAY

(to large guy)

Did you see that? It was...and then.

(off his frown)

Really? You didn't see that?

13 INT. GINA'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

13

13-1 [ Tongs nudge meatballs around the pan of sizzling oil. Immersed in the aroma, Gina aims her voice heavenward.

13-2 [ GINA  
I know, Ma. I should'a put in veal.  
But nobody eats that anymore.  
She plucks meatball. Blows, bites and savors it.

GINA  
And they taste just fine.

13-3 [ Gina loads a tray of cooled meatballs into a food cart.

14 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

14

14-1 [ Ray peeks around a corner and sees Gina roll her food cart  
14-2 [ out the door. He follows her down the street.

15 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

15

15-1 [ From around a corner, Ray watches Gina set up the food cart.  
15-2 [ A line forms. The first guy in line, a twenty-something SKATEBOARDER, steps up.

SKATEBOARDER  
Meatballs. Indeed. Load me up.

Gina piles meatballs onto a paper plate and hands it to him.

15-3 [ Ray gets into the line growing behind the skateboarder who bites into a meatball.

SKATEBOARDER  
Now that is magic.

15-4 [ Gina, nervous, touches the pocket bulging with the wallet.

GINA  
No. No magic. Really.

Skateboarder hands Gina a twenty.

GINA  
Got anything smaller? I just got started. Don't have much change.

15-5 [ RAY  
Maybe you should check that wallet.

SKATEBOARDER  
No prob. Catch me tomorrow.



15-5

He rolls away carrying his plate. Ray steps up.

GINA

You gonna buy a few balls or do I bust yours?

15-6

RAY

Just want to talk business.  
(off her stone face)  
Later then.

Ray backs off and melts into the crowd.

16 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

16

16-1

Dog tired, Gina rolls her cart to the door, finds her key, and opens the windowed door.

Ray sneaks out of the shadows and grabs her arm. She breaks the hold, charges through the door, and slams it.

GINA

(muffled by door)

Back the hell off!

16-2

Ray grabs the cart.

RAY

You forgot something.

GINA

I'm calling the cops.

RAY

Go ahead. Explain that wallet to them...Yeah, I saw it. Empty, and then you pull money out of it.

RAY

Want the cart? Give me the wallet.

GINA

I can get another cart.

16-3

RAY

I don't know what's going on, but I can get the IRS sniffing around to find out.

GINA

Go sniff yourself!

RAY

Who do think they'll believe, Gina? That wallet won't help you in jail.

Gina, defeated, opens the door. She pulls out the wallet.

16-4

GINA

You get this? You leave me alone.  
No squealing to the cops or anybody.

RAY

Deal.

He takes the wallet and strokes it.

16-5

RAY

Nowadays wealth is a number in a  
computer. A number that can be  
tracked. But this? Cash. No work or  
worry. No saving, accounting, or  
taxes. I can be the money man!

16-6

Gina, scared by his wild look, backs away.

17 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

17

SUPER: A WEEK LATER

17-1

Customers line up at Gina's cart. Ray, terrified, sprints  
towards her waving the wallet. Racing after him, Mr. Brawner.

17-2

RAY

I signed a contract for his hedge  
fund. But this blasted wallet won't  
work! He's gonna jail me for fraud!  
I'll give it back! Just help me.

Brawner grabs Ray by the collar.

17-3

GINA

I think it's for making meatballs  
not money.

RAY

Meatballs? Yes! Make stuff. I'll  
just take it and --

17-4

BRAWNER

That's enough crazy for today.

Brawner grabs the wallet and throws it down. The meatball  
loving skateboarder rolls over it, flips, and falls. He shakes  
off the pain, picks up the wallet, and opens it.

17-5

FADE TO BLACK:

SKATEBOARDER (O.S.)

What the...?