

THE TAXMAN

by
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“The nation which had fought a revolution against taxation without representation discovered that some of its citizens weren’t much happier about taxation with representation.”

- Lyndon B. Johnson

FADE IN:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL, WASHINGTON, D.C. - EVENING

Sun blasts past the Washington Monument bathing a dozen crowded baseball fields.

Walking among them, MACALISTER "MAC" MACGUTHRIE. Not necessarily great looking, but he oozes school boy charm. Bouncing along beside Mac, a clueless, assistant-looking type. This is D.J. Who oggles the nearest field...

D.J.

Is that our field?

Players in identical sunglasses stand looking bad-ass.

MAC

Secret Service.

They walk past the next field.

D.J.

There?

A player of MIDDLE EASTERN dissent is frisked. Interrogated.

MAC (V.O.)

Homeland Security...

His sneakers are confiscated.

ANOTHER FIELD

No playing. Just fighting.

MAC (V.O.)

Pentagon...

ANOTHER FIELD

Players shrouded in a thick cloud of cigarette smoke.

MAC (V.O.)

Alcohol Tobacco...

From somewhere in the cloud, a GUNSHOT fires.

MAC (CONT'D)

...and Firearms.

More gunfire. The two pick up their pace.

MAC (CONT'D)

Here we are.

Insert proverbial cricket chirp. In sharp contrast to the other fields, there is not a spectator to be found.

D.J.

Where are the fans?

Mac unzips his sweatshirt, revealing a jersey that reads INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE.

MAC

You work for the IRS now. You have no fans.

SMASH CUT

INT. IRS AUDIT ROOM -- DAY

IRS agent FIONA DAVENPORT, equal parts sex pot and shrew, across a cold, metal table from a female professional.

FIONA

So, what got you interested in counseling troubled youth?

FEMALE TAXPAYER

It's what I've always wanted to do. I love my job.

FIONA

You really enjoy it, huh?

The taxpayer beams. She really does.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Well if that's the case, one could say you actually read all these psychology books for pleasure, not as a work expense.

FEMALE TAXPAYER

But I...

FIONA

Unacceptable expense. Disallow.

She raises an ink stamp high into the air. Brings it down on the tax return like a gavel. It leaves a nasty, red "DISALLOW" in its wake.

INT. IRS AUDIT ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

IRS agent CORBIN BEANS, ridiculously handsome, deep dark skin, shallow everything else.

CORBIN

Let me get this straight, you're a carpenter?

CARPENTER

Yes.

CORBIN

And you want to write off your tools?

CARPENTER

Yes.

CORBIN

Do you ever use them for personal reasons?

CARPENTER

No sir.

CORBIN

Not even to hang a picture.

CARPENTER

Well...

CORBIN

Change a light bulb?

CARPENTER

Come on, don't be an asshole.

CORBIN

Disallow.

INT. IRS AUDIT ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Mac in an audit.

MAC

You want to write off your kitchen as a home office, what are you, a chef or something?

CHEF

A personal chef, actually.

MAC
I'm sorry I can't allow it.

CHEF
But that kitchen is my work space.

MAC
You said personal chef, not
professional chef.

CHEF
But a personal chef cooks for other
people.

MAC
So does every mom in America.
Disallow.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Fiona, with authority... "Disallow!"

Corbin, with mock sympathy... "Disallow."

Mac, with boredom... "Disallow."

A pile of disallowed write-offs grows and swells.

Corbin brings the stamp down.

Fiona brings the stamp down.

Mac brings the stamp down.

Again, again, again. Disallow. Disallow. Disallow.

Stacks piling ever higher.

END MONTAGE

INT. BALL FIELD, IRS DUGOUT - EVENING

Team IRS prepares for play. Corbin peruses a PLAYBOY.

DANTE LEMEUX, cocky, crass, snarky in a Steven Colbert kind
of way, waltzes by. PLUCKS the magazine from Corbin. Eye
rapes the girl on the cover.

DANTE
Did her. Up the butt.

He tosses the magazine back. Corbin sets it aside.

CORBIN
There went that boner.

Fiona plops beside him. Their banter familiar and friendly.

FIONA
Remind me again, what's a boner?

Corbin peeks at the perfectly formed cleavage erupting from the plunging neckline of her skin tight T-shirt.

CORBIN
Girl, if you aren't getting laid,
it ain't from a lack of
advertising.

She hikes up her already impossibly short shorts.

FIONA
Right? Maybe one of your whore
d'oeuvres can give me a lesson.

Mac and D.J. join the fray.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Who be the nubee?

D.J.
I'm training!

MAC
What are we talking about?

CORBIN
Nothing.

FIONA
My love life.

CORBIN
Like I said, nothing.

TWAK! She packs a good punch for a girl.

MAC
Love. Please. Who needs it?

CORBIN
Those of us who don't get
completely off on our jobs. ...Not
that I'm complaining, mind you.

DANTE

Huddle up, my little wombats. It's that time again...

The team gathers.

DANTE (CONT'D)

The taxpayers have been pillaged, the numbers tallied...and the team that brought in the most money and therefore receiving this little prize is...

He pulls out a wad of cash. Draws out the wait...

DANTE (CONT'D)

For the forty seventh continuous week...

A collective groan.

FIONA

Yesssss...

Dante tosses the cash to Mac who divides it between the three of them. Corbin flips through his wad....

CORBIN

Like I said, not complaining.

D.J.

Wow!

Mac gives half his portion to D.J.

MAC

Here, you're on the team now.

FIONA

Hey, he didn't earn that.

MAC

What can I say, I guess I'm just a nice guy.

CORBIN

And I'm a British nun...

UMPIRE (O.S.)

Baaaaater up!

Mac takes to the field. D.J. is in awe...

CORBIN
 Watch and learn, kid. Watch and
 learn.

EXT. BATTER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Mac steps to the box. Nods to the umpire.

MAC
 How are you this evening, Mr.
 Leritz, isn't it?

The umpire looks a little surprised to be called by name.

UMPIRE
 Do I know you?

Mac takes a few practice swings.

MAC
 And how are your two little
 dependents, Michael and Chloe?

He takes position.

MAC (CONT'D)
 I saw you wrote off a total of
 eighteen thousand dollars toward
 them on your last return. Seemed a
 little steep... I was thinking
 about having our audits department
 look into it...

The pitcher throws a perfect fastball. Right down the middle.

UMPIRE
 Ball!

The pitcher looks confused. Mac looks pleased.

MAC
 And I saw you had a rather large
 business dinner write off the night
 of your wife's birthday. Quite a
 coincidence, don't you think?

The pitcher zings another in. Mac SWINGS and misses.

UMPIRE
 Ball two!

INT. IRS DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

D.J.
Woo hoo! Woo hoo!

CORBIN
What is he, a WaMu commercial?

FIONA
Maybe if I put my breast in his
mouth he'll shut up.

Corbin doesn't hear her. He's having a moment with the hot girl playing third base.

EXT. BALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Mac pops a fly. From outfield to catcher, a series of purposeful errors ensue as nobody wants to be responsible for the out. Mac crosses home plate without challenge.

UMPIRE
Safe!

MAC
...And so are you.

INT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

D.J.
Neato...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The shop is cool. Eclectic. Think anti-Starbucks. And it's run by LIV. She's cool. Eclectic. Think anti-establishment. D.J. and Mac step to the counter.

LIV
Good morning, you dirty, dickless,
stink-between-my-toes IRS douche
bag, what can I get you today?

Other patrons look surprised, but Mac seems used to this.

MAC
I'll have...

LIV

All my profits? Sorry, you repugnant, socially sanctioned extortionist pig-dog, you already got those in the audit you put me through.

Patrons get it now. And they love it...

MAC

Can I have a cappuccino, please?

LIV

You betcha. That's one grande asshole soul sucking shit bag cappuccino with an extra shot of fuck you coming right up.

She disappears behind espresso machines. Pounding. Whirring.

D.J.

Geezo, why do you come here?

MAC

It's the only coffee place around that will actually serve me. Plus, it's just a little verbal abuse, it's not like she's spitting in my coffee or anything.

MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE COUNTER...

Liv artfully dangles a big, foamy luggie above the cup. It drops. Blends masterfully into the froth.

She presents the cup at the counter.

LIV

Here you go. Extra hot so your testicles shrivel into oblivion. Assuming you actually have any.

He takes a big sip. She gives D.J. a little wink. And like an arrow straight from cupid's bow, D.J. falls in love.

INT. IRS OFFICES - MORNING

D.J. walks down the hall. Takes a single sip of his coffee.

D.J.

She loves me...

Another sip.

D.J. (CONT'D)
She loves me not...

He lifts the coffee to his mouth again. But before he sips...

FIONA
There he is!

Fiona and Corbin pounce. D.J. spills all over himself.

FIONA (CONT'D)
We need to talk to you.

D.J.
I...I...

He points down the hall.

D.J. (CONT'D)
...Mac.

CORBIN
Exactly. He's our ace in the hole
and we can't have you cramping his
style. So it's quiz time.

They flank him. Escort him down the hall.

FIONA
Let's start with an easy one. When
the IRS needs to hit a particular
cash quota, who pays?

D.J.
The American Taxpayers?

CORBIN
That's right. And when bankers need
a loan?

D.J.
The American Taxpayers...

FIONA
Excellent. How about when the auto
makers need a jump start?

He's getting confident...

D.J.
The American Taxpayers!

CORBIN
Mortgage payments for millionaires?

D.J.
What should I do?

MAC
Just sit there and look like an
asshole.

D.J.
Come on, at least give me a job.

MAC
I told you, being an asshole is our
job. Whatever it takes to
intimidate the taxpayer and up the
government's cut. That's our job.
So pop a squat there and get ready
to stare daggers into...

He rifles through the file looking for a name...

MAC (CONT'D)
Mrs. Mansfield.

MISS MANSFIELD (O.S.)
Oh, call me Miss Dottie, dear. All
my kiddies do.

The two turn to what may be the sweetest little old lady on
the planet Earth standing in the doorway. AKA: MISS DOTTIE.

You can't help but smile when you see her. D.J. glares.

MAC
Have a seat, Miss Dottie.

She shuffles her way across the room. D.J. stalks her every
move. Mac consults her file. We get a GOOD LOOK at the IRS
letter she was sent before he flips the page.

MAC (CONT'D)
So, I see you teach first grade?

MISS DOTTIE
Oh yes, forty two years. Of course,
I'm only part time now. I started
back in...

She can't seem to remember the date.

MISS DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Well, back when my boobs were still
up here.

She gestures to her collar bone. Which, for the record, is way north of where her boobs happen to lie. Mac tries hard not to look. D.J. stares daggers into her nipples.

MAC

Well, um, anyway. The reason we called you in today is to discuss a discrepancy in your tax return.

MISS DOTTIE

I know, I owe you nine hundred dollars. I've been saving and have most of it right here.

She reaches into her purse.

MAC

Actually, according to our numbers, you owe an additional nine thousand dollars.

MISS DOTTIE

Nine thousand? But that's nearly half my yearly salary. Oh honey, I'm no math teacher, but that just can't be right.

MAC

The IRS Commissioner doesn't make mistakes, ma'am.

She starts to get upset...

MISS DOTTIE

But I don't have nine thousand dollars. Is there someone I can talk to?

MAC

Well, you could hire a CPA, but I gotta warn you...they can get awfully expensive.

Her upset grows.

MISS DOTTIE

What am I possibly going to do?

Her impossibly sweet face pleads for help. Mac stares her down. She looks to D.J. He actually growls.

MAC

You're going to pay, Miss Dottie. Or we'll take your home.

MISS DOTTIE

I...I...oh, my...

She grabs her chest where her boobs used to be. Has a heart attack right on the spot.

EXT. IRS BUILDING - LATER

EMTs loads Mrs. Dottie into an ambulance.

FIONA

I can't believe you killed her.

MAC

She's not dead.

CORBIN

Not yet.

MAC

Knock it off, she is not going to die. Please, lady...don't die.

DANTE

You kidding? The inheritance tax is more than fifty percent. Pray that old bat dies.

MAC

Jesus...

He storms off. D.J. follows. They pass Liv in the crowd of onlookers that have gathered.

LIV

Well, well, well...the germ has at long last become deadly.

MAC

SHE'S NOT DEAD!

D.J.

I, um, I like your blouse.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT

Mac looks into the room. Ventilators huff. Monitors beep. But much to Mac's dismay, Miss Dottie doesn't move.

MAC

I'm so sorry.

He takes in her frail body.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

He doesn't notice an ICU nurse enter behind him.

ICU NURSE

Are you responsible for this woman?

He's startled by the voice and the question.

MAC

Yes. No. I mean I did it but...I didn't mean to...

ICU NURSE

I take it you are not family then?

MAC

No, not.

ICU NURSE

Then you'll have to leave until visiting hours.

MAC

Don't worry, I won't be back.

ICU NURSE

Suit yourself.

She checks the monitors.

MAC

Um...is she going to be okay?

ICU NURSE

Please, if I was God I would not be working the night shift.

HOSPITAL LOBBY

Mac heads for the exit. Runs into Liv, loading large bags of coffee beans onto a coffee kiosk.

MAC

You? What are you doing here?

LIV

Here to finish off the old lady, you murderous little flea?

MAC

I never meant to harm her. Or you,
for crying in a bucket. I was just
doing my job.

LIV

Oh, you were just doing your job,
huh? Kind of like the Nazi soldiers
were just doing their job? Well,
listen to me you crap-infested
cockless coward, your job blows
saggy ball sacks.

MAC

What is your problem? Your bill was
not that bad.

LIV

Not that bad? It's the reason I'm
stuck in this germ castle peddling
coffee all night every night just
trying to make ends meet.

That's it. He's hit his limit for the day...

MAC

You know what...

He pulls out his wallet. Flings money he has at her.

MAC (CONT'D)

This month's phone bill is on me.
Now just back the ef off.

He storms off. She watches him go. Smiles.

LIV

A prick and his money are soon
parted.

EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Clouds. Rain. Wind. The worst possible conditions for the
MOVERS hauling boxes from the obviously affluent home.

From the shelter of an umbrella, mom, dad and little daughter
watch as their life is tossed into a truck. The little girl
hugs a DOLLY tightly to her chest.

A black sedan rolls into the scene. Stops. Dante steps out.
Mac follows.

DANTE
 Surprise! Nothing like a good, old
 fashioned property seizure to cheer
 you up.

He gives Mac a "buck up little camper" chuck on the chin.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 Come on now, jump right back on
 that horse...

Mac watches the scene, apprehensive.

MAC
 I'm not sure I'm up for...

Dante barges into the family's agony with a cheery wave.

DANTE
 Good day, Mr. Penney!

Glares. Scowls. Stony silence.

CRASH. A mover's hand slips. A box drops. Family photos spill
 out. Glass frames shatter. Rain drops PUMMEL the unprotected
 images, obliterating happy memories.

Instinctually, Mac tries to save one of the pictures. Dante
 stops him. Shoots a look.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Get a grip.

Dante spots the dolly in the little girl's hand. Nudges Mac.
 Mac sees the doll. Looks at the sweet little girl. Then back
 to Dante. Shakes his head...no way.

Dante raises an eyebrow. Mac begins to reach for the doll,
 but his hand hits an invisible wall. He physically can't.

DANTE (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 What's wrong with you.

MAC
 (sotto)
 I don't know...

Dante glares. Takes matters into his own hand.

DANTE

And what do you have there, little girl? Did your daddy buy you that dolly?

An affirmative nod.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sorry to tell you, but that dolly now belongs to the IRS.

He grabs the doll. The girl tightens her grip. A TUG-O-WAR ensues. It takes just about all he's got, but Dante finally manages to wrestle the dolly from the little girl's clutches. He tosses it to Mac.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Confiscate this.

Little girl SOBS into her mother's skirt. Mac looks like he'd like to do the same.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Better luck with your tax evasion in the future, Mr. Penney.

And with another cheery wave, Dante heads back to the car.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Toodles!

With Dante's back turned, Mac quickly slips the doll back to the girl. Dante catches the whole thing in the reflection of the sedan's darkened window.

Mac rushes to the sedan. It pulls away before he can get in. He stands in the pouring rain. Movers pass by with a giant mirror. He sees his reflection staring back at him.

MAC

What the hell are you looking at?

INT. IRS BATHROOM - LATER

Mac is soaked. Splashes water on face anyway.

MAC

Get a grip. Get a grip. Get a grip.

D.J. finds him.

D.J.

Where have you been?

MAC

Don't ask.

D.J.

Our audit is waiting.

MAC

Shit! Shit, shit...alright, hold on. Give me a sec.

He stares at himself in the mirror...summoning something. After a long moment, icy steel replaces uncertainty.

MAC (CONT'D)

Right. Let's do this.

INT. IRS AUDIT ROOM

Mac and D.J. with a ragged, harried mother. Half a dozen dirty, unkempt kids overrun the tiny room. Playing. Crying. Screaming. Mac looks at her audit.

MAC

No husband?

MOM

Nope. Just me and a bunch of his kids.

D.J.

Don't think you're going to write those brats off!

One of the little kids dives on D.J. Knocks him down.

MOM

He always handled the taxes. So I'm not sure what I'm doing here. What exactly is the problem?

Mac opens her file. Starts into the old routine.

MAC

The problem is you owe the IRS...

A little boy sneezes.

LITTLE BOY

Mommy, I need a tissue.

MOM

Oh honey, you know we can't afford those.

She wipes his nose with her sleeve. Grabs the boy, puts him on her lap.

MOM (CONT'D)

Sorry about this. It's just that baby sitters, God don't get me started... do you know what they're charging these days? Anyway, what were you saying?

MAC

I was saying you owe...

Worry washes over her face. Mac falters. Hardens himself.

MAC (CONT'D)

Unfortunately ma'am, you owe the Internal Revenue Service...

Tears well in her eyes. And try as he might, he can't do it.

MAC (CONT'D)

...Twelve dollars.

D.J. wrestles free from the kid. Jumps up.

D.J.

Twelve dollars?

MOM

That's all?

D.J.

But...

MAC

But nothing, D.J. Show this nice lady out.

The kid takes D.J. down again.

INT. IRS HALLWAY

Mac walks. D.J. follows.

D.J.

What happened in there?

MAC

I don't know, but it is not fricking going to happen again. Whoever has the poor misfortune of sitting in that room is going DOWN.

INT. AUDIT ROOM

They enter. BUCK awaits.

MAC
Good Afternoon, Sir.

The man holds up a TINY METAL OBJECT to his throat. Then speaks. His voice an electronic monotone.

BUCK
Hello. How are you today?

Mac shows no pity. He's all business. Pulls out some files.

D.J.
What is that thing?

BUCK
Electronic voice box. Picks up vibrations from my throat and converts them to sound.

MAC
He was probably a life long smoker, D.J.

BUCK
No. Never. I had a tonsillectomy.

MAC
And they took out your voice box?

BUCK
Turns out the doctor was really just a med student.

Mac's face alights with hope.

MAC
Well, you must have gotten a nice chunk of change in the settlement at least.

D.J.
Get ready to fork it over!

BUCK
Not a dime.

MAC
How is that possible?

BUCK
Fine print.

MAC
Surely a good lawyer could get
around that?

BUCK
I tried, but in the end all he did
was take my life savings.

Mac tries to ignore this. Picks up his file.

MAC
Well, sir, unfortunately we've
discovered...

BUCK
And my wife.

MAC
What?

BUCK
He took my life savings and my
wife.

That's it. He can't do it.

MAC
Uh, we've discovered that we've
wasted your time. Further study of
your file shows you actually do not
owe any more on your return.

D.J.
Again?

Mac drops his head on the table. Bangs it a few times.

MAC
I...am...so...screwed.

INT. IRS OFFICES

Teams gather as Dante, again, holds a wad of cash in the air.

DANTE
And the winner of this week's
quotavation prize is...

CORBIN
(to Fiona)
Armani here I come...

DANTE
Team twelve, lead by Joan.

Dante tosses the wad. It sails right over Corbin's head.

CORBIN
What?
Lands in Joan's happy hands.

FIONA
Who?
All eyes turn to Mac.

CORBIN
What happened?

MAC
I don't know, man. I just, I guess
I lost my edge.

CORBIN
Well find it, I count on that extra
money.

MAC
I know. I'm sorry. It's just...

FIONA
It's just a job. They're just
numbers.

MAC
But that's just it.

CORBIN
What's just it?

MAC
They're not numbers. They're
people. Real people. Every since
Miss Dottie...

CORBIN
This is about that little old lady?
Please, that wrinkle-fest was bound
to die in a matter of minutes
anyway. You did her ragtag heart a
favor with early retirement.

MAC

She's not a wrinkle-fest, and SHE'S NOT DEAD. God just back off. I'm so sick of carrying you two. You want a bonus so bad? Then try earning for yourself for once!

Silence. Then one by one, they walk away from him. Dante glides through.

DANTE

Cheer up, I know a way you can still be useful.

MAC

How's that?

He hands Mac a DRY CLEANING TICKET.

DANTE

See to my undies, would you?

Dante saunters off. Mac stares at the ticket...

MAC

I need a new job.

INT. HEAD HUNTER'S OFFICE -- DAY

A head hunter welcomes Mac in.

HEAD HUNTER

So, how can we help you today?

MAC

I'm looking for a career change.

HEAD HUNTER

Well, let's see what we have here.

He peruses the resume. His brows furrow...

HEAD HUNTER (CONT'D)

Hmmmm...

MAC

Is there a problem?

HEAD HUNTER

What?

(recovering)

Oh, no. I'm sure there are dozens of places that could use your skill set. Let's see...

He pulls up some files on the computer.

HEAD HUNTER (CONT'D)
Here's an opening for a Repo Man.
That seems like it would be right
up your ally.

MAC
Uh, no.

HEAD HUNTER
Here's a gig booting cars? How
about that?

MAC
Look, I really want a new start.

HEAD HUNTER
Oh, here. The pound is looking for
someone to put the puppies to
sleep. Perfect for a guy like you.

MAC
Maybe this place isn't a good match
for me...

The head hunter shreds Mac's resume right in front of him.
Mac gets up. Leaves.

HEAD HUNTER
Ta-ta, *Taxman*.

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE

Mac across from an H.R. worker reviewing his application.

H.R. WORKER
I'm sorry, Mr. MacGuthrie, I don't
think we'll be able to help you.

MAC
Can I ask why not?

ANGLE ON JOB APPLICATION

Under the employment section, it reads IRS auditor.

H.R. WORKER
Your employment record is...
undesirable.

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE

Mac sits across the desk from the BOSS.

BOSS
You really don't recognize me?

MAC
Should I?

BOSS
You audited me last year.

MAC
I see.

Without another word, Mac gets up. Leaves.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Mac sits while SUSHI LOVE gyrates on his lap. He sips his drink listlessly. Nothing she does seems to snap him out of it. Perplexed by his lack of enthusiasm, she grabs hold of her gravity-defying Double D's. Thrusts them in his face.

SUSHI LOVE
You like?

MAC
Very nice...

She buries his face in cleavage.

MAC (CONT'D)
(muffled)
...tax deduction.

SUSHI LOVE
What's that?

Mac surfaces. Gasps for air.

MAC
They make a very nice tax
deduction.

She fondles them herself, all the while keeping the beat.

SUSHI LOVE
You saying I can write these ladies
off?

MAC
I'd call them income generators.

SUSHI LOVE
How about this?

She flips herself around. Swings her ass in his face.

MAC
You want to write off your ass?

SUSHI LOVE
Just my asshole.

She backs in even closer.

SUSHI LOVE (CONT'D)
I have it bleached. Monthly visits
to the anal brightener are like a
religion. Shit stains can be bad
for business.

His nose is all but buried in her crack.

MAC
Totally legitimate.

SUSHI LOVE
Really??! What else??

INT. BACKSTAGE - LATER

Mac is busy tallying costs on a calculator. Sushi grabs a pair of thigh high patent leather bitch boots. Holds them up.

SUSHI LOVE
Sometimes me and the girls walk the
boulevard.

Mac thinks about it for a second. He adds it to tally...

MAC
New business pitches....

Sushi holds up buttless chaps and a rhinestone thong.

MAC (CONT'D)
Business suits...

She grabs a dirty dancing exercise video.

MAC (CONT'D)
Continuing education...

She looks around for something else.

SUSHI LOVE

Oh!

Grabs her purse. Pulls out a box of Tic Tacs.

MAC

Client relations!

He taps out a grand total on the calculator.

MAC (CONT'D)

Looks like you can get about eight grand back if you refile.

SUSHI LOVE

Eight grand? Oh my God...

She throws her arms around him.

SUSHI LOVE (CONT'D)

I love you!

Mac bristles at the affection. Then he gives into it. His face reveals a new discovery - he likes being liked.

INT. STRIP CLUB, MAIN ROOM

Mac passes a bouncer. Eyes the dude's huge muscles.

MAC

FYI, your gym membership should be a tax writeoff. ... Oh!! And the steroids, too!

BOUNCER

Really?

A super drunk guy smashes a beer bottle.

MAC

Hell yes...big drunks require
(patting his own biceps)
BIG GUNS!

BOUNCER

Thanks, man!

Keeps walking. Spots a table full of men in business suits.

MAC

You guys all work together?

Hesitant nods. Yes they do...

MAC (CONT'D)

Well then, I'd call this a business meeting. Remember to write those singles off!

TABLE GUY

Seriously?

He tosses him a business card.

MAC

Seriously!!

Mac hears as he's walking away...

TABLE GUY

(to his friends)

What a cool dude.

He spots another stripper in torturously high stiletto heels.

MAC

Spending all night in those shoes must reek havoc on your back.

STRIPPER 1

It's all in a day's work.

MAC

Exactly! Call the chiropractor - it's on Uncle Sam!

He practically skips out the door.