

SMILERS

by
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FADE IN:

INT. VARIOUS CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

A series of SMILING faces in various business settings: receptionists, secretaries, and office managers. They sit in conference rooms and at desks, talk on phones and type at their computers. All of the people are friendly and warm: everyone smiles, some wave, a few reach out to shake hands.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Everyday when I go to work,
everyone I meet lies to me. They
smile. They say hello. They
pretend to be my friends. But
they're all liars... every last one
of them.

A woman smiles as she graciously offers a cup of coffee.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Look at that! Have you ever seen
such a crook? Everyone smiles.
But people are only as nice as they
have to be in order to get what
they want.

INT. CASINO COUNTING ROOM - DAY

A smiling employee counts cash. Money surrounds him - money in piles, money in an open safe, money waiting in bushel baskets. The smiling employee neatly ties off one stack of bills and discreetly pockets another.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I should explain. I'm the man you
call when there's too much loose
cash...

INT. WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Two shady men load a cardboard carton into a van.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Too many television sets falling
off the truck...

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

A laughing, middle-aged man in his underwear pops open a bottle of champagne and falls into bed with two beautiful women dressed in skimpy lingerie.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Or too many "business trips" to Las Vegas.

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

CINDY WATSON, an extremely attractive blonde talks at her desk with an unseen man. Cindy wears a short skirt. Her manner is extremely flirtatious.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I knew Cindy was a liar the moment I met her. Look how happy she is. Would you be this happy if an accountant audited your department?

INT. CINDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The other offices are empty and dark. Cindy sits alone. She looks around carefully before typing into her computer.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Cindy was in charge of payroll. She checked everyone's time card, which meant no one checked Cindy's. Cindy's job didn't pay much.

INSERT - CINDY'S COMPUTER MONITOR:

NAME	HOURS WORKED
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Watson, Cindy	40
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Cindy changes the 40 to 400. She smiles.

GEORGE (V.O.)
So Cindy put in a little overtime.

INT. BEACH CABANA - DAY

Cindy relaxes in her cabana as two handsome muscle men rub suntan oil onto her bare back.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Life had been good to Cindy. So
Cindy was good to Cindy too.

INT. CINDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cindy continues flirting with the unseen man. She feigns heat exhaustion and unbuttons her blouse. Cindy leans forward and playfully rubs the man's knee.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I knew the moment Cindy started
rubbing my leg like a cocker
spaniel that the first payroll
record I needed to check was hers.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

The bleak landscape of a women's prison. Some inmates smoke while others exercise. A few tough cons hassle a frail inmate.

Cindy sits in her cell, sadly rubbing the bare back of a tough, obese female inmate.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Now Cindy's the one giving the
massages.

INT. OFFICE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Two men walk down the hallway of a gleaming new building.

GEORGE WINTERS, the auditor, is in his mid thirties. He wears a rumpled gray suit and a hideous orange tie. George is an accountant by trade and temperament: smart, unflappable, always in control. George is always right but never tactful; diplomacy wastes precious time.

George checks off bullet points on his clipboard as he briskly leads LEON CRANE, a tradesman wearing a construction hat, through a tour of the new building.

GEORGE (V.O.)
My all time favorite liar was Leon.
Leon had a lie for everything.

LEON
Office doors in this type of
skyscraper don't need to be thick.
The harmonics of the super
structure absorbs...

George silently signals Leon to stop, and the two men pause
outside of a closed office door to eavesdrop.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Oh Mr. Kelpers! You beast!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Come here you little vixen!

The man and woman burst into laughter and giggles as George
makes another negative note on his clipboard.

LEON
That's easy to fix. Really. This
place is solid. Watch this.

Leon leads George into...

INT. AN UNOCCUPIED BUT FURNISHED OFFICE - DAY

Leon walks to an outside window with a magnificent view of
the city below. Leon throws his shoulder against the window
to prove that it will hold.

LEON
What did I tell you? Solid!

GEORGE
I really don't think that's a good
idea, Leon.

A determined Leon hits the window a second time and the
window pops out. The wind rushes in and blows papers around
the room.

Leon, too surprised to scream, gives George a puzzled look.
He teeters as he tries to regain his balance before plunging
out the window.

George stares silently at the open window and attempts to
absorb what he has just seen.

George walks to the window and braces himself before looking
down. George winces; Leon is not a pretty sight.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Everyone I meet lies to me. Leon
dropped 33 floors to prove he
wasn't lying, but he was. The
smiles don't matter: every smiler
is a liar.

EXT. MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The stylish and elegant high-rise headquarters of Brad and Earnest, the world's largest accounting firm.

INT. WILLIAM BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The panoramic view from WILLIAM BENSON'S corner office reflects his power and success. Benson, 50, is well dressed, smooth, insincere.

Benson talks with STEPHANIE CURTIS, an attractive, 22-year-old dressed in an elegant designer business suit. Stephanie is observant and personable, pleasant but precise.

George enters, wearing another gaudy tie. Benson and Stephanie rise to greet George.

BENSON
George! Great to see you again.
You're looking grand! Love the
tie!

GEORGE
Thank you, Mr. Benson. It's nice
to see you again, sir.

BENSON
I'd like you to meet Stephanie
Curtis. Stephanie is one of our
brightest young stars. I told her
she could tag along with you for a
few days to learn the ropes.

Stephanie reaches out to shake George's hand. George ignores her.

GEORGE
Mr. Walters said I wouldn't have to
do any more training assignments.
I'm working on Encorp. Herbie
graduated from college three days
ago and he's not ready to --

BENSON

Damn it, George, you can't coddle these kids forever. Give him your audit plan and your cell number. Herbie can handle the first few days if he keeps you posted by phone.

GEORGE

If I'm going to make partner I --

BENSON

Would you excuse us, Stephanie?

Stephanie nods and smiles politely. Benson pulls George into a corner to discuss the matter privately.

BENSON

Stephanie's uncle is the managing partner. It wouldn't hurt you to be a little smarter politically.

George looks at Stephanie with undisguised disgust. Stephanie smiles and waves back at him.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICES OF MCKAY INDUSTRIES - DAY

George and Stephanie walk through a sea of cubicles with MR. ARCHER, 50, a pudgy and nervous middle manager.

MR. ARCHER

I don't know why they called in another accountant. There's no fraud here.

MRS. BEASLY, a sweet little old lady with a grandmotherly demeanor and an engaging smile, ambles up with a plate of cookies.

MRS. BEASLY

Would you like a cookie?

STEPHANIE

Oh, thank you! Isn't that sweet?

Stephanie smiles and takes a cookie.

MRS. BEASLY

Would you like a cookie, young man?

GEORGE

No. I stuffed myself on all that fantastic airplane food, Mrs. Beasly. MMM-MMM-good. Actually, if we could get back to business --

Mrs. Beasly nods, smiles, and shuffles away. George looks out the window into the parking lot below.

MR. ARCHER

So where did you want to start? My office? The warehouse?

GEORGE

The parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MCKAY INDUSTRIES - DAY

George walks rapidly past a row of parked cars as Stephanie and Mr. Archer trail behind.

STEPHANIE

I don't understand why you didn't take a cookie. They were very good, you know.

GEORGE

This is an audit, not the Betty Crocker bake-off.

George stops at an expensive sports car and lets out a slow wolf whistle.

GEORGE

What a beauty! Who owns this one?

MR. ARCHER

That's Mrs. Beasly's car.

GEORGE

What exactly does Beasly do?

MR. ARCHER

She's in charge of accounts payable - does a super job.

GEORGE

(knowingly)
I'll say.

STEPHANIE

She writes the checks?

GEORGE

And makes a measly little salary
yet drives the sports car James
Bond would if he could afford it.

MR. ARCHER

Mrs. Beasly is my best employee.
She hasn't missed a day in thirty
years.

GEORGE

I'm sure she hasn't. What time
does Mrs. Fields go to lunch?

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MCKAY INDUSTRIES - DAY

A smiling Mrs. Beasly burns rubber as she hits the
accelerator and SQUEALS out of the parking lot in a cloud of
dust.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICES OF MCKAY INDUSTRIES - DAY

George, Stephanie, and Mr. Archer watch from the window as
Mrs. Beasly drag races out of the lot.

GEORGE

Let's go to work.

INT. MRS. BEASLY'S OFFICE - DAY

George strides confidently into the office, followed by
Stephanie and Mr. Archer. George sits down at Mrs. Beasly's
desk and attempts to open a drawer. Locked!

George coolly pulls a set of burglar tools out of his suit
jacket pocket and expertly picks the lock. The drawer opens
in seconds. George riffles through the papers.

MR. ARCHER

I don't think you should be --

GEORGE

This desk is the property of your
employer, McKay Industries, and I'm
authorized to search it as part of
my audit. You can hide under your
desk if you don't want to watch.

MR. ARCHER

But I don't see --

GEORGE
I'm sure you don't.

INT. MRS. BEASLY'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Mrs. Beasly enters and finds George, Stephanie, Mr. Archer, and a grim DEPUTY crowded in her tiny office.

MRS. BEASLY
My! So many visitors today!

GEORGE
The jig's up, Beasly. I've counted over a million dollars in bad checks. Of course, I only got as far back as '76.

STEPHANIE
That's a lot of cookie dough.

Mrs. Beasly's persona instantly transforms from sweet grandmother to Ma Barker as she opens another drawer and draws a gun with lightning speed.

The deputy tries to draw but Mrs. Beasly, her infirmities miraculously healed, easily gets the drop on him.

DEPUTY
Sweet mother of --

Everyone backs away from the gun-toting Grandma except George, who calmly takes a cookie.

MR. ARCHER
Mrs. Beasly!

MRS. BEASLY
Back up, tubby, or you'll be eating my lead instead of my cookies.

GEORGE
Do you still think I shouldn't have searched her desk, Mr. Archer?

George opens up his hand to reveal the bullets from Mrs. Beasly's gun.

An enraged Mrs. Beasly points her gun in Mr. Archer's face. Mr. Archer gasps. The gun CLICKS. Mrs. Beasly continues pulling the trigger. Empty! An infuriated Archer grabs the gun.

MR. ARCHER
Get her out of here!

Mrs. Beasly struggles as the deputy cuffs her.

MRS. BEASLY
Screw you! I'll get you for this,
Archer. When I get out, your life
won't be worth a plugged nickel.

GEORGE
Every bad check you wrote is a
separate felony count, Beasly. At
your age I wouldn't be making many
retirement plans.

MRS. BEASLY
(as she's led out)
Kiss my ass, bean counter!

GEORGE
Bean counter? Gee, and I thought
she was really starting to like me.

THANKS FOR READING!

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