

EXT - NIGHT

FRANK and MARCIA descend the outside stairs of a TAMMY's house. A MARCIA and TAMMY have been out, and a new guy has brought them both home. FRANK notices a new BMW parked on the street.

FRANK

What, that's his?

MARCIA

Yeah. Well, company car.

FRANK

What kind of company?

MARCIA

Internet startup.

FRANK

Earning what?

MARCIA

A couple mil a year. High school dropout. Got a job as a janitor in this small tech firm... within a year, he owned it. Made his first billion by twenty. Two jets, controlling interest in the Red Wings... ten thousand employees kissing his ass. "Yes, boss. No, boss." Why shouldn't he ride around in style?

(a beat, then MARCIA can't hide a wicked smirk)

FRANK

Oh, you just made that up.

MARCIA

(a snicker turns into a laugh)

FRANK

What--? Why do you do that?

MARCIA

You face!

FRANK

How is that funny? It's not even funny.

MARCIA

How the fuck would I know how much he earns, you twisted dumb prick?

FRANK

I'm not a dumb prick.

MARCIA

Frank, I just met the guy an hour ago.

FRANK

Take back "dumb prick."

MARCIA

Hi, nice to meet you, I'm Marcia. What's your pre-tax income?

FRANK

You sure didn't mind watching him take his shirt off now, did you? Huh?

MARCIA

Not one bit. In fact, if you hadn't walked in... Tammy and I were gonna knock him down and tag-team him. Now I guess I'm stuck with you.

FRANK

Hold on. The Tammy tag team, is that an option?

MARCIA

(laughs)

FRANK

(returns the laugh)

Because, you know, you could throw that in any day of the week.

MARCIA

Anytime you like it too.

FRANK

I'll do it! Alright...
(he playfully slaps her
butt)

CUT TO: