

THE ANNOYING HOLD MUSIC CONTINUES TO
PLAY AS THE LIGHTS FADE UP.

LEFTY HAS SINCE FALLEN ASLEEP IN HIS
CHAIR.

AGNES IS NOW READING THE NEWSPAPER AS
SHE RELAXES ON THE LOVE SEAT.

ANGUS HAS SEATED HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE
DINING ROOM CHAIRS, WHICH HAS BEEN
RELOCATED TO REMAIN IN PROXIMITY OF
HIS WIRED TELEPHONE.

REPRESENTATIVE: Thank you for calling North Trust Bank.

IT TAKES A BEAT FOR ANGUS TO REALIZE
THE HOLD MUSIC HAS STOPPED AND HE IS
MOMENTARILY STUNNED AND CONFUSED.

ANGUS: *(Testing)*...your call is very important to us?

REPRESENTATIVE: What?

ANGUS: What?

REPRESENTATIVE: How can I help you today?

ANGUS REMEMBERS THE REASON FOR HIS
LONG WAIT AND STANDS UP, RETRIEVING
THE BANK STATEMENT FROM THE TELEPHONE
DESK.

ANGUS: Yes, well you can help by telling me why the
hell there's a million dollars on my line of
credit!

REPRESENTATIVE: I see, let me just ask you a few validation
questions.

ANGUS Alright fine, just hurry it up.

REPRESENTATIVE: What are the last three digits of your telephone
number?

ANGUS: Uh...Six seven one

REPRESENTATIVE: OK and what did you eat for breakfast this morning?

ANGUS: Um, we had the senior's continental at Tommy's.

REPRESENTATIVE: I see. And how many fingers am I holding up?

ANGUS: I don't -- uh, four?

REPRESENTATIVE: Thank you, sir, you've been fully authenticated. Now let me take a look. Ah yes, five hundred and ninety-seven *thousand*, seven hundred and--

ANGUS: Alright, I can read it my damn self. So, you acknowledge the transaction then?

REPRESENTATIVE: Yes, sir.

ANGUS: Now just what in the hell do you think you're trying to pull here?

AGNES: Angus...

REPRESENTATIVE: I'm not sure what you're referring to, sir?

ANGUS: Don't know what I'm -- the transaction on my account is what!

REPRESENTATIVE: Ok. And how can I help you with that?

ANGUS: Look, all I want to know is what are you going to be doing about this?

REPRESENTATIVE: What would you like for me to do, sir?

ANGUS: Listen here, you sarcastic little twerp --

AGNES: Angus!

ANGUS: -- I don't know what you need to do about it. I wasn't hired and trained to do your job for you, just do whatever it is that you need to do to fix this damn thing!

REPRESENTATIVE: Sir, I'm going to have to ask that you remain polite.

ANGUS: Remain polite? *Remain polite?!*

AGNES: Alright, Angus, hang up the phone.

ANGUS: I think you and your bank have it backwards here. I am your customer. You keep my money in your pocket. So I think that you ought to be polite to *me*.

REPRESENTATIVE: Well, you don't have to be mean. I have feelings too, you know.

ANGUS: Are you serious? There's a half million-dollar charge on my account!

REPRESENTATIVE: There is a five hundred and ninety seven --

ANGUS: Alright. Goodbye.

ANGUS SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN IN
FRUSTRATION, ENDING THE CALL. THIS
STARTLES LEFTY AWAKE AS AGNES STANDS
TO MEET HER HUSBAND.