

A brief hint of sentimentality washes over Borman; his lip quivers briefly before he stone-faces up again. Anna, Dana, and Mindy all melt just a little bit at Vic's suggestion.

VIC

Norm, we need a tear-jerker of a script for voice-over. Check with the ladies when you're done; if it doesn't make them cry, it's not good enough yet.

NORM

I excel at making the ladies cry.

DANA

Perfect! We'll have a new spot ready to show the day after tomorrow, Mr. Borman.

Borman slips back into his monotone, deadpan delivery.

BORMAN

(points at Vic)

9 am sharp. I want HIM to present.

(at Cash)

Not THAT guy. He has... too much face. THIS guy. I like him, he's exciting and dynamic, like me.

Cash is VERY "what the fuck?" but the women seem to agree with Borman. There is more than a hint of "sigh" in the air as they gaze at Vic.

VIC

Done. We good?

DANA

It's in your hands, Vic. Just know that if we don't pull this off, there will be actual casualties.

With nods of support, the meeting disperses. Cash stays behind, shaking his head at the suddenness of the proceedings. The three women converge and talk, almost giggling. They simultaneously brush at the backs of their pants and dresses. Are there wet stains?

CASH

No fucking way.

He looks towards one of their chairs and reaches a hand out to a shiny area on the seat...

CUT TO: