

STRANGER THAN FICTION
HAROLD & ANA

EXT. BAKERY

Ana is kneading dough

ANA

Damn it, Damn it, Damn it!
You miscreant.

HAROLD

I understand.

ANA

Get bent... TAX MAN!

bakery customers all yell 'Tax man' & 'Boo' at random

ANA

(yells) "BOOOOOOO!"

HAROLD

Listen, is there somewhere else we can
talk about this?

ANA

Umm... No. (chuckles)... we're gonna talk
about this right here.

HAROLD

Okay. It says in your file that you
only paid part of your taxes for last
year.

ANA

That's right.

HAROLD

Looks like only 78% percent.

ANA

Yep.

HAROLD

So, you did it on purpose?

ANA

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(smiling) Yep.

HAROLD

So you must have been expecting an audit?

oven timer beeps, and Ana attends to it

ANA

Umm... I was expecting... a fine... or a sharp reprimand.

HAROLD

A reprimand? This isn't boarding school Ms. Pascal, you stole from the government.

ANA

No, I didn't steal from the government. I just didn't pay you, entirely.

HAROLD

Ms. Pascal, you can't just not pay your taxes.

ANA

Yes. I can.

HAROLD

You can if you want to get audited.

ANA

Only if I recognize your right to audit me, Mr. Crick.

HAROLD

Ms. Pascal, I'm right here, auditing you. I now have to go over your past three years of return to make sure that's all you haven't paid.

ANA

Fine... actually, no, it's not fine. Listen, I'm a big supporter of fixing pot holes and erecting swing sets

ANA (CONT'D)

and-and building shelters.
I am more than happy to pay those taxes. I'm just not such a big fan of the percentages the Government for national defense, corporate bail outs and campaign discretionary funds. So... I didn't pay those taxes.
(excitedly)
I think, actually, I sent a letter to that effect with my return.

HAROLD

Would it be the letter that begins, "Dear Imperialist Swine"

ANA

Yes.

HAROLD

Ms. Pascal, what you're describing is anarchy. Are you an anarchist?

ANA

You mean, am I a member of - -

HAROLD

an anarchist group, yes.

ANA

anarchists have a group?

HAROLD

I believe so, sure.

ANA

They assemble?

HAROLD

I...I don't know.

ANA

(leaning towards Harold)
Wouldn't that completely defeat the purpose?

VOICE OVER - {It was difficult for HAROLD to envision Ms. Pascal as a revolutionary...}

HAROLD

Not now

VOICE OVER - {... her thin arms hoisting protest signs}

ANA

What?

HAROLD

Huh?... nothing.

VOICE OVER - {her long shapely legs, dashing from tear gas. HAROLD wasn't prone to fantasies so he tried his best to remain professional but of course, failed. He couldn't help but imagine Ms. Pascal stroking the side of his face with the soft blade of her finger, he couldn't help but imagine her immersed in a tub, shaving her legs and he couldn't help but imagine her naked, stretched over his bed}

ANA

Mr. Crick? ... Mr. Crick?

HAROLD

Yes, what is it?

ANA

You're staring at my tits.

HAROLD

Uhh... I was... I don't think I was.
I don't think I would do that. If I was, I can assure you, it was only as a representative of the United States Government.
Sorry, I'm just having issues today.

ANA

Mr. Crick... you must have a lot of people to distort.

HAROLD

No, no just you... Actually, should just take the day to make sure 22% percent is all you owe.

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ANA

Well I won't be paying no matter the percentage, Mr. Crick.

HAROLD

I know. But the percent determines how big your sale is... (smirking) heh.

Ana says nothing and continues doing bakery work

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You know, you can call me Harold.

ANA

Yeah... I know, but I don't want to.

HAROLD

Ohh.

ANA

What is that? What are you marking?

HAROLD

Oh, this is nothing. Why don't we start with, uh, you're back up documents and uh, the receipts for the past three years.

ANA

(smiling)
Sure.

Ana brings over a huge box with unorganized paper files

HAROLD

What's this?

ANA

Uhh... my files.

HAROLD

What?

ANA

My tax files.

HAROLD

You keep your files like this?

ANA

No, actually I'm quite fastidious.
I put them in this box just to screw
with you.

HAROLD

Well... good night.

ANA

You want a cookie?

HAROLD

Oh... no.

ANA

They're warm and gooey... they're fresh
out of the oven.

HAROLD

No, I don't like cookies.

ANA

You don't like cookies?
... what's wrong with you?

HAROLD

I don't know.

ANA

Everybody likes cookies.

HAROLD

No, I know.

ANA

After a really awful, no good day, your
momma ever make you milk and cookies?

HAROLD

No... my mother didn't bake. The only
cookies I ever had were store bought.

ANA

... okay... sit down.

HAROLD

No, I'm - -

ANA

No. Sit down.

Harold sits down. Ana brings over a cookie and a glass of milk.

ANA

Now... eat a cookie.

HAROLD

No, I really can't.

ANA

Mr. Crick, it was a really awful day, I know, I made sure of it... So pick up the cookie, dip it in the milk and eat it.

Harold does as he's told... and after the first bite, takes a deep sigh of relief...

HAROLD

Wow... that's a good cookie.

Ana takes the plate and glass with a smile on her face

HAROLD (CONT'D)

When did you decide to become a baker?

ANA

In college.

HAROLD

Oh, like a cooking college?

ANA

I went to Harvard Law, actually.

HAROLD

Oh, I'm sorry, I just assumed...

ANA

No, it's fine. I didn't finish.

HAROLD

Something happen?

ANA

No... I was barely accepted, I mean really, barely. The only reason they let me come was because of my essay. How I was gonna make the world a better place with my degree.

Harold nods

ANA (CONT'D)

Anyway, we would have to participate in these study sessions... my class mates and I, sometimes all night long. And so I'd bake, so no one would go hungry while we worked. Sometimes, I would bake all afternoon in the kitchen in the dorm and then I'd bring all my treats to the study group, and people loved them.

Ana brings the rest of the cookies over to Harold

ANA (CONT'D)

Eat.

I would make oatmeal cookies, peanut butter bars, dark chocolate macadamia nut wedges, and everyone would eat and stay happy and study harder... do better on the tests... and more people would start coming to the study group and I'd bring more snacks, and I was always looking for better and better recipes... until soon it was ricotta cheese and apricot croissants and mocha bars with an almond glaze and lemon chiffon cake with zesty peach icing. At the end of the semester, I had 27 study partners, eight mead journals filled with recipes and a D average. So, I dropped out. I just figured if I was going to make the world a better place, I would do it with cookies... Do you like them?

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HAROLD

I do.

ANA

I'm glad.

HAROLD

Thank you for forcing me to eat them.

ANA

You're welcome.

HAROLD

I should go.
Thank you, for the cookies.

ANA

Why don't you take them home?

HAROLD

Oh, no.

ANA

Oh come on.

HAROLD

No really, please.

ANA

No, really please I - -

HAROLD

No, no, no, really - -

ANA

I want you to.

HAROLD

No, really, I'd like to but I can't.

ANA

You can't?

HAROLD

No, no, you see it constitutes as a gift. Actually, I shouldn't have even had those other ones, so....

ANA

Oh... okay, well, I'm not going to tell anyone.

HAROLD

No, I know, but if you did.

ANA

I'm not going to.

HAROLD

But if you did.

ANA

You think I'm gonna call the - -

HAROLD

I'll purchase them. I'm happy to purchase them. How's that?

Ana looks with disapproval and shock

HAROLD

Then there are no issues... what?

ANA

No.

HAROLD

Please... why don't I just - -

ANA

Go home.

HAROLD

No, really, it's not a big deal.

ANA

Go home.

HAROLD

Okay... Did you... you baked those cookies for me, didn't you?

Ana answers with a stare that says 'yes'

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You were just trying to be nice and I totally blew it.

Ohh... this may sound like gibberish to you, but uh, I think I'm in a tragedy.