

EXT. HAUNTED HOTEL

We see the HAUNTED HOTEL. Dark and scary and all that.

Rain, lightning flash!

INT. HAUNTED HOTEL LOBBY

Andrew is wearing a suit, he's walking through the lobby, through cobwebs, brushing them aside. Perhaps using an old sword to cut through them.

A bellhop walks up and hands him a hat.

He puts the hat on his head, spins it backwards.

ANDREW

You're not traveling into another dimension. You already live in this dimension. Here, no matter how hard you work, you never have enough money.

The bellhop is crazy.

BELLHOP

(frightened)

TAXES!

ANDREW

Calm down, little one.

Andrew walks into the elevator.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

No, taxes come later. You spend your money because it's your own choice. You see, in this world, you choose the floor you live on.

FLOOR ONE - S CORPS.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Andrew is at the lectern in the Haunted Conference room.

A SKELETON or SOMETHING brings him a cup of coffee.

SKELETON

Lukewarm coffee, sir. The best we have to offer.

Andrew spits it out as he drinks it.

SKELETON (CONT'D)
The flavor of the coffee is called
'Losing Money.

Andrew hands the coffee back to the Skeleton, then turns back to the camera.

ANDREW
You chose the S Corp. The flow
through tax structure. All the
money flows through to you and
therefore you have to spend all of
your money OR ELSE you'll get
taxed. You're not losing your money
because of taxes. You're losing
your money because of you. You do
what the S Corp tells you to do.

The BELLHOP enters the scene. He is holding a lamp now.

BELLHOP
But tell them about the taxes sir!

ANDREW
That's floor three!

INT. ICE MACHINE - FLOOR THREE

Show the sign for FLOOR THREE - TAXES!

Andrew is trying to get something from the ice machine.

The machine says 'NO ICE, THE TAX MAN TOOK EVERYTHING FROM
US. EVEN THE ICE. AND OUR DIGNITY, TOO.'

BELLHOP
I like this floor, there are no
goblins or monsters. Only men in
suits.

ANDREW
Those are IRS agents.

BELLHOP
AH DIOS MIO.

Bellhop takes off running.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
I'll see you on the top floor.

ANDREW

The audit. You wake up at night in fear. You ask yourself, were all those deductions I took really legit?

Andrew takes out a Three Musketeers bar.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Was the Three Musketeers bar really a business expense?

Takes a bite.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

On this floor, your enemy is penalties, IRS agents, and all of the fake deductions you've been taking to try to lower your tax burden.

Walking down the hall now, agents passing by.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Churros at Disneyland! Snickers, Three Musketeers, and Sour Patch Kids! The large bag. Roses for your spouse after the fight! The gas. The gas is always a deduction! Surely, the gas is always a deduction. And you had your best friend give you all of his gas receipts too and he doesn't even work for you.

IRS AGENT

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

He writes a pink slip.

IRS AGENT (CONT'D)

That'll be your house, your car, your life and your wife. Can I have one of those churros you wrote off?

ANDREW

Oh sure.

Hands the dude a churro.

[another joke here, AJ]

Then Andrew shows the pink slip to the camera.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Get served, Bitch.

Andrew enters the elevator.

CHOOSES THE TOP FLOOR. It's called, THE PROMISE OF FINANCIAL FREEDOM.

INT. HAUNTED PENTHOUSE

Cardboard scary cutouts of Mike Tyson are up here.

Mike Tyson's voice echoes a little as Andrew enters.

MIKE (V.O.)
How can money be freedom?...

ANDREW
This is the Penthouse Sweet of the
Haunted Financial Hotel. This is
the promise every guru makes you.
That if you just work harder. That
if you just work harder. That if
you just work harder, you'll
finally have money. You'll finally
be financially free.

[and the fake promise of generational wealth: we're lying to ourselves]

A monster pops out of a Cuckoo clock! Perhaps says the above line ^^

The bellhop is here, looking through a telescope out the window.

BELLHOP
Sir, what is that over there?

Andrew comes over.

In a hotel across the street, we see EDDIE through the window. Eddie is in HOTEL FIQ, penthouse sweet. Having a perfect and lovely time. He's ballroom dancing. And there is someone playing piano. And there are people sitting around the hot tub. Classical music. And everything good.

ANDREW
That's HOTEL FINANCIAL IQ. Hotel
FIQ, we call it. That's the hotel
you get to go to when you learn how
money works.

The cuckoo clock screams again.

CUCKOO CLOCK
I don't want to make money. I want
to learn business instead.

BELLHOP
How do we get there?

ANDREW
We can't! Because you won't tell
the truth. You'll always run from
money, dear one, because you won't
admit the truth.

We see Eddie again, doing Eddie things.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So we're stuck here. As long as we
want to be. Going back to zero and
back to zero and back to zero.

BELLHOP
Sir, there's someone in the lobby
for you.

The clock screams again!

CUCKOO CLOCK
I can keep playing this game
FOREVER and EVER.

INT. LOBBY

Andrew approaches the new guest.

NEW GUEST
I'm looking for a room. Something
halfway up. A nice view.

ANDREW
You want floor 7 - Passive Income.
Or maybe floor 8 - Shady Sales
Techniques for a Better Life. Or
maybe the most dreaded floor of
all. Floor 9 - Dave Ramsey.

NEW GUEST
Passive Income please.

Andrew hands him a key.

The key is a CORPORATE SEAL.

ANDREW

This is your S Corp flow through files. And a corporate seal. You can stamp all your shit with that but it doesn't mean anything.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(facing camera)

And there you have it. This isn't another dimension. This is where you live: A wondrous land where the boundaries are not your imagination, but the structure of your corporation. And you didn't choose the Twilight Zone. You chose the same thing that everyone chooses: Poverty, Bitch.

Andrew wakes up from the dream and he's in bed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Honey, I just had the weirdest dream.

Rolls over and Eddie is laying beside him.

EDDIE

Go back to bed.

ANDREW looks to the camera and screams.