

MICHAEL TAKES A MAGAZINE OUT OF HIS BAG AND PLACES IN DOWN ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER FEET.

MICHAEL - Alright. Mrs. MacDaniel, let's see you open the magazine.

SARAH - I can't reach that. I'll fall.

MICHAEL - With your feet.

SARAH - My what?!

MICHAEL - Your feet. Come on. Open it up with your feet.

SARAH SLIDES AROUND IN HER CHAIR. SHE SHIMMIES AND MOVES UNTIL SHE GETS A FOOT ON THE COVER AND THEN MANAGES TO OPEN IT.

MICHAEL - There you go ! I knew you could do it. Now turn the page.

SARAH - How the Hell am I gonna turn the page?

MICHAEL - With your feet.

SARAH - You turn the page if you wanna see it so bad.

MICHAEL - Come on, try it.

AGAIN SARAH TWISTS AND SHIMMIES AROUND. SHE MANAGES TURNING TO THE NEXT PAGE. SHE LOOKS UP WITH A SMILE

MICHAEL - Excellent. Well there's nothing wrong with your eyesight.

SARAH - Look at that smug man. I hate him. I didn't vote for him, you know.

MICHAEL - You don't like him?

SARAH - Not one bit.

MICHAEL - Not even a little teeny bit.

SARAH - Not one bit.

MICHAEL - Then he's got to go.

SARAH - You're damn right.

MICHAEL - So take him out.

SARAH LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY

MICHAEL - Take him out. Rip that page right out.

SARAH - What?!

MICHAEL - You can do it. Grab the page with your feet and rip it right out.