# Ron Randerson, CPA

in

# LONG TERM LIABILITIES



A RADIO DRAMA

written by:

# Patrick Edward Knoll

based on characters created by:  $\operatorname{DICK}$  PLOWLAND KARTER

L O N G

TERM

L I A B I L I T I E S

Enter the arena of accounting action with RON RANDERSON, CPA!



A RADIO DRAMA

written by:

# Patrick Edward Knoll

based on characters created by: DICK PLOWLAND KARTER

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

# A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

<u>presents</u>:

# LONG TERM

# LIABILITIES

written by:

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RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

# A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

# "Long Term Liabilities"

#### A RADIO DRAMA

	<u>Page Number</u>
Cast & Crew	1
Synopsis	3
Characters	5
CHAPTER ONE:	
Accounts and Accountability	9
CHAPTER TWO:	
The Quicken, the Dead	17
CHAPTER THREE:	
Brokeback Accountant	27
CHAPTER FOUR:	
Patriot Gains	35
CHAPTER FIVE:	
Accrual Intentions	45
CHAPTER SIX:	
When Nostro Met Vostro	53
Fan Mail	65

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# "Long Term Liabilities"

A RADIO DRAMA

# WRITEN & DIRECTED BY:

# NARRATION & SOUND FX:

Patrick Edward Knoll

Dick Plowland Karter

#### STARRING:

Chad T. Boomer, OBE as RON RANDERSON, CPA

Stacy Tart as SUZY STAPLER

Octopus Malone as FINGERS McGINTY

#### FEATURING:

Dennis W. Rodman, Jr. as ED WELSH

Oliver Pickle as LEFTY FOOT

Dallas Buyers-Club as DICK SHAW

Jack Elam as "SOURPATCH" ADAMS

#### SPECIAL APPEARANCES BY:

Kitty Sexpoodle as MADAME "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE

KITTY SEXPOODLE appears courtesy of CASH MOOLAH MULLAH RECORDS (UAE)

Rusty Huang as BOBBY PHAT (and his GENDER NON-BINARY TIGER PARENT)

RUSTY HUANG appears courtesy of INSTAPICKLE & EVIL WIZARD Management Group, LLC

# INTRODUCING:

Cindy-Lou "Leadfoot" Williams as "MARGUERITE"

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

# "Long Term Liabilities"

A RADIO DRAMA



Could this be the final adventure for RON

RANDERSON, Certified Public Accountant? After a

legendary career as a renegade freelance number

cruncher, RON RANDERSON, CPA has one last chance to

settle the score with the evil FINGERS McGINTY, and one

last chance for love.

A massive, secret corporate project in the works...

Insider information stolen under mysterious and deadly circumstances... A young, independent woman finds her career... And maybe more than she bargained for.

Underwater action! Mile high adventure! It's RON

RANDERSON, Certified Public Accountant!

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

# "Long Term Liabilities"

A RADIO DRAMA

#### THE HEROES:

#### RON RANDERSON, CPA

Our familiar hero is back at it again! He's more action than you can account for! A solid mass of liquid capital! A mean bean counter! Your asset is his liability, he's Ron Randerson, Certified Public Accountant!

#### SUZY STAPLER

An up-and-coming young woman beginning a new chapter of her life. Suzy is full figured, wearing tortoise shell glasses she is bookish yet stylish. She is frequently seen wearing hand-knit cardigans. When she puffs out her chest in rebellion she quickly recoils into awkward apology. Thrust into a world she doesn't yet understand, she is the unwitting heroine of our adventure.

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

# "Long Term Liabilities"

A RADIO DRAMA

#### THE VILLAINS:

#### FINGERS McGINTY

The long-time rival of Ron Randerson, Fingers McGinty is a cold, calculated killer. As the former GAAP manager of the AICPA, McGinty was once a respected accountant. He is now fourth on the IRS's ten most wanted list... and the number one arch-villain of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

#### LEFTY FOOT

The right hand man of Fingers McGinty, Lefty Foot is the gangs' primary muscle. He is a skilled 501(C)(3) tax-deductible henchman and a longtime rival of Ron Randerson, CPA.

#### MADAME "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE

Once the private accountant for Rodrigo Duterte, the tightly wound "Loose Lips" LaBouche is now McGinty's mercenary. For this Madame, any account is receivable... for the right price.

#### "SOURPATCH" ADAMS

The personal assistant to LaBouche, Adams is known for his red nose and permanently scowling face. In an acid test accident years ago, he failed to account for overhead and was disfigured by gross profits.

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

# "Long Term Liabilities"

A RADIO DRAMA

#### THE ENSEMBLE:

#### DICK SHAW

A veteran in the accounting game and a loyal friend of our hero, Dick Shaw returns for another adventure with his old buddy, Ron Randerson, CPA.

#### ED WELSH

A member of upper management at the Carpel Corporation and an old co-worker of Ron Randerson, CPA. The two men have a long and checkered history. They aren't enemies, but they definitely aren't friends either.

#### BOBBY PHAT

Bobby Phat is an unpaid intern at the Carpel Corporation. He lives under constant scrutiny and shame from his gender non-binary tiger parent.

#### MARGUERITE

The trusty and beloved vehicle of our hero, Ron Randerson, CPA. The slate grey Dodge Stratus "Marguerite" has been Ron's closest and most trusted associate for years.

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

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Radio static

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Cue intro music

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#### RON

#### Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter One: Accounts and Accountability

Sounds of the big city

Main Street. Traffic is jamming up in front of a massive high rise building in Smallton, USA. Named after dildo magnate John Smallton, it is one of the largest cities in the world. It is also the home of the massive Carpel Corporation.

Car horns honking

Smallton is booming. The traffic in the city is getting worse every day, and Carpel has secured the contract to fix it. The relief will come in the form of a tunnel redirecting traffic in and out of the city. The newspaper headline that day was, however, no indicator of relief. It read:

Breaking news bulletin

#### REPORTER

# "CARPEL TUNNEL: 'OUR HANDS ARE BOUND' says CEO."

Office noise and commotion

It's business as usual at the Carpel Corporation. SUZY STAPLER is settling in to her new job as an entry level email runner for the Special Accounting Projects department at Carpel. A young, appreciating asset, she came highly touted from her previous employer as a tax write-off. Her new job is to hand deliver important emails to the project manager's office as soon as they come down the pipe. It's the holiday season, Suzy knows the size of her bonus depends on the speed of her deliveries.

Office noise intensifies

Tensions are high. The new tunnel project is in limbo all because of the evil FINGERS McGINTY! Fingers is in cahoots with the greedy union bosses from Old Jack City. Fingers and his right hand man LEFTY FOOT, along with the labor union, threaten a strike that will seize up the entire Carpel Tunnel.

Dial-up internet connection sound

Suzy Stapler's computer screen flashes red as it announces ...

"You've got mail"

She looks to the laminated index card she keeps tucked tightly into her boho blouse pocket to see what the color code indicated. Most of the emails came through yellow, she hadn't had enough time to memorize all the other codes yet.

#### SUZY

Urgent, sensitive eyes only? Is this about the strike?

She reads as she connects her flash drive into the USB port. Red strands form in her eyes as she inspects the email. Cursed with allergies since her childhood, her eyes were extremely sensitive.

#### SUZY

#### Oh no, it's worse... the Heath account!

A wave of tension rushes over Suzy, she knew it was one of the corporation's youngest and most profitable accounts.

A microwave buzzes

She hears the buzzing of the microwave. The five minutes that had passed since she set the timer seemed to have lasted five hours. As hungry as she was, still she valiantly cried:

#### SUZY

# The noodles can wait, this is my career!

Suzy sprints from her cubicle towards the office at the end of the hall.

Paper being thrown into the air

She sees the break area up ahead. There sits her cup of thirty second noodles behind the closed microwave door.

Fanfare

#### ANNOUNCER

# From the makers of QuickGravy and InstaPickle comes Thirty Second Noodles!

"YUM!"

# ANNOUNCER

#### Thirty Second Noodles, they don't take five minutes!

Microwave beeping

END, END, blinks the tiny screen. BOBBY PHAT, the Asian intern sits nearby, perched like a vulture. Cursed by an evil wizard into perpetual internship long ago, Bobby turned to overeating as a means to cope with the shame put upon him by his gender non-binary tiger parent.

#### **BOBBY**

# Are you going to eat your noodles, Suzy?

He asks her urgently as she rushes by.

SUZY

#### There's no time!

Microwave door opening

#### **BOBBY**

They look pretty hot, and tempting! Maybe I...

SUZY

Back off, chunk!

#### **BOBBY**

#### Aww... I'm PHAT because I Asian, not because I'm fat!

Microwave door closing

Suzy turns the corner to see her boss, ED WELSH peeking through the blinds of his office. The door is open, and Suzy Stapler swiftly makes her way through the doorframe, email in hand. Suzy speaks with shortened breath: SUZY

It's the Heath account, Mr. Welsh. Code red.

ED

Begin the transfer. All urgent transmissions must be transported transparently.

Footsteps

Suzy goes to the computer to begin the transfer.

\*click\*

The flash drive penetrates the waiting CPU. The come-hither stare of the Bruce Villanche wallpaper on the desktop captivates her sensitive eyes as her boss continues to speak:

ED

What did Phat say as you went past the breakroom?

SUZY

My noodles, sir. I... I think he's stealing lunches again.

A tea kettle hisses

**BOBBY** 

Oh! Noodles burn my mouth! Hot like Hibachi!

GENDER NON-BINARY TIGER PARENT

Hibachi Japanese, not Chinese! You bring me shame!

**BOBBY** 

I sorry gender non-binary tiger parent...

Two drops of water splashing

Ed Welsh sits down at his desk. He self-administers a dose of medicated eye drops and begins to read the urgent email. A copy of the email begins to print out via the laser printer resting on the desk. Welsh grabs the paper, reads it, then turns towards Suzy.

ED

The Carpel Corporation will reimburse you fully for the noodles.

Thank you, Suzy.

A stapler clicks once

Welsh neatly staples the email together and places it on the desk.

ED

(Forgetfully)

Suzy... I'm sorry, what's your last name?

SUZY

Stapler, sir.

Welsh hands her the stapler.

SUZY

Thank you, sir. What are you going to do about the Heath account, sir?

ED

What's that matter to you? You're just a delivery girl.

SUZY

I'm JUST nothing, SIR. Don't write me off like my last boss.

Cat hissing

SUZY

I'm sorry, it's just... It's hard to turn all this adrenaline off.

ED

I know. Maybe you could be more value than expected here in the Special Accounting Projects Office.

GENDER NON-BINARY TIGER PARENT

Why can't you be more like Suzy? She getting promotion already!

You bring me shame!

**BOBBY** 

Awww... You know about the curse!

\*thunderclap\*

ED

The Heath Company makes the special ergonomic shovels we need to dig the Carpel Tunnel. Suzy, we need the balance sheet for the Heath account if we expect to negotiate a labor contract. This looks like it could be the work of LEFTY FOOT.

Bum bum BUM

SUZY

LEFTY FOOT? The right hand man of FINGERS McGINTY?

ED

He's going to like you...

SUZY

Who? Fingers McGinty?

Dial tone

Ed Welsh presses a large, circular red button on his desktop phone.

Phone dialing

ED

# No. His worst nightmare.

Cue outro music

Who is the mysterious man on the other end of the telephone line? Could he be the answer to all the Carpel Tunnel problems? Is he *really* going to like Suzy Stapler? Find out next time on, the thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End outro music

(END CHAPTER ONE)

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#### RON

#### Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter Two: The Quicken, the Dead

Sounds of an island paradise

A small office in ANOTHER PART OF THE WORLD, St. Croix, US Virgin Islands. RON RANDERSON, CPA sits on the masculine yet tasteful duvet inside of his basement office. It was a moody shade of slate grey, just like Marguerite, his beloved Dodge Stratus parked outside. His complexion is complimented by the lack of sunlight in the windowless workspace. He sips two fingers of scotch on the rocks, no twist.

\*sip\*

As he raises the glass, he glances upon the now fading tattoos across his cybernetic rheumatic knuckles. The experiments had paid off, but they had also taken their toll. He stands and walks towards his desk.

Footsteps

Ron restarts his Newton's Cradle just as its rhythmic clicking begins to fade.

A Newton's Cradle clicking

The sound of the Newton's Cradle echoes from wall to concrete wall. Ron takes a pitcher off the desk and heads for the water cooler.

Footsteps

Ron pulls the tab of the water cooler to begin the flow of water into the pitcher.

A bubble forms inside the cooler

He takes the pitcher of water and begins to walk towards the three Ponytail Palm trees in the planters adjacent to his desk. He raises the pitcher and begins to pour as he once again looks upon his rugged hands and tattooed knuckles. Debit on the left hand, credit on the right. One letter on each finger. Balanced accounting was the name of this man's game. The ladies are squeaking over his double-entry bookkeeping. He's RON RANDERSON, CPA!

An abrupt phone ringing

ED

#### RANDERSON!

RON

Is that you, Welsh? I thought you said we were even ...

ED

We are, Ron... It's me that needs a favor this time. Like you did in Chicano City. Don't forget, you wouldn't have Marguerite if it wasn't for me.

RON

You haven't even said hello yet, where'd your manners go, Ed?

I'm sure there's probably some young secretary there you're

trying to impress.

SUZY

I am NOT a secretary. I'm an email delivery girl.

RON

Even f\*cking better.

ED

Alright Ron, easy. She only wants to help. She's shown some talent, don't write her off yet.

RON

You'll be paying double if you're trying to hire me as a tutor.

Can you afford it this time, Ed? Does the Carpel Corporation

have deep enough pockets?

ED

You know we do, Randerson, you damned pirate.

RON

You've got to pay the devil his due. What's the job?

ED

Standard deduction, the basic in and out. You've done far less pro bono.

RON

What's the catch?

ED

Fingers McGinty.

Bum bum BUM

FINGERS McGINTY, ruthless renegade accountant, has just flown in from Old Jack City. His greedy will is enforced by LEFTY FOOT, his right hand man. He recently arrived in Smallton, USA to begin the negotiations for the building of the Carpel Tunnel. Fingers McGinty had been in the papers for allegedly taking bribes from SOVIET RUSSIA, LLC in exchange for a secret arms contract. The arms were later used by LEFTY FOOT as a tax-deductible donation towards research attempting to reverse the horribly debilitating condition of carpel tunnel syndrome.

ED

We're facing insolvency here, Randerson.

RON

My father was insolvent. I had to cover his assets with a thick balance sheet so they didn't take on water. Never again, even if it's the bastards at Carpel. What do I have to do, Welsh?

ED

You're going to have to get to Smallton right away. It's the Heath account. The ledger has gone missing.

RON

The Heath Ledger?

ED

Call me insensitive, but I think it's overrated.

SUZY

I think it's sexy.

RON

I don't know what to think.

ED

It's not like the Heath Ledger ever spit on another human being or something completely inexcusable like that. It's not that it probably isn't a decent ledger when you get to know it, I just think maybe we should think a little harder about the ledgers we choose to glorify.

"You've got mail"

ED

I've sent your plane ticket directly to your office. Watch your ass, Randerson. If Lefty Foot is shuffling around, I'm sure he'll be looking to give you the boot.

RON

I'll be ready for any hand Foot can deal.

Upbeat music plays

An airplane takes off

RON RANDERSON, CPA boards a plane headed for Smallton, USA. He sips two more fingers of scotch as he scans through the Sky Mall Magazine for the latest in Sharper Image gadgetry. The giggles from the two young women next to him can be heard across the cabin. They are fixated on his bulging forearms.

Two young women giggling

The flight attendant addresses the passengers over the intercom:

#### FLIGHT ATTENDANT

We will begin our beverage service soon. You may now unbuckle your safety belts and move about the cabin.

#### RON

# Excuse me, ladies.

Ron Randerson rises and begins walking down the aisle towards the lavatory.

Footsteps

The beverage cart appears, rolling past the first class curtain. The flight attendant begins the drink service to business casual.

A squeaky cart rolling

Ron turns and makes eye contact with the tall, red-headed flight attendant.

#### RON

#### Familiar...

He turns back towards the lavatory.

The squeaky cart rolls faster

#### RON

#### Why is that cart speeding up?

Randerson thinks as he reacts by quickening his pace.

Footsteps quicken

RON RANDERSON, CPA turns to look again at the flight attendant as he opens the door to the lavatory. It was no flight attendant at all!

Bum bum BUM

It was LEFTY FOOT!

#### LEFTY

#### I've got you now, Randerson! Audit your blessings!

FOOT rips apart a can of cola and brandishes it as a weapon.

The screech of metal ripping in half

With a burst of rage, he jumps over the drink cart and lands a few feet in front of Randerson.

#### RON

# Lefty Foot. Here to do McGinty's dirty work again?

#### LEFTY

# I'm here for my revenge, RANDERSON!

Foot extends his right leg in a kick aimed at Randerson's ribs. Randerson's instincts take control. He slams the lavatory door on Lefty's right leg before he lands the kick.

\*crash\*

In one furious motion, Ron grabs the ascot tied at Lefty's collar with his debit hand and pulls Foot's head violently into the small airplane commode.

GRUNT!

The door catches on his pants and slams behind Lefty. Randerson quickly flushes the toilet.

Toilet flushing

LEFTY FOOT is coated with blue sanitary liquid as he is sucked through the trap door.

LEFTY

NOOOOOO...

RON

That's right, Lefty.

Cha-ching!

RON

Sometimes you're busted, and sometimes you're flushed.

Upbeat music plays

Randerson finishes his business and returns to his seat. The young women are once again giggling...

Two young women giggle again

Now because of the perspiration covering his body. The pens in his pocket protector twerked for them as he flexed his pectoral muscles. RON RANDERSON, CPA addresses the young women with gusto, like a young Wallace Shawn:

#### RON

# Who wants Ronnie to diversify their portfolio?

The women giggle louder

He says as he spreads their capital investments.

Cue outro music

Will RON RANDERSON, CPA find the mysterious and sexy Heath Ledger before the negotiations begin? Is LEFTY FOOT finally defeated? Will FINGERS McGINTY cut too big of a slice from the Carpel Corporation pie? Find out next time on, the thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End outro music

(END CHAPTER TWO)

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

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RON

Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter Three: Brokeback Accountant

A busy airport terminal

A Carpel limousine is waiting outside the Smallton Airport private business terminal to pick up RON RANDERSON, CPA. The driver was none other than his Latin-American friend DICK SHAW, the rickshaw driver from his old Chicano City days. Dick had it easy now, but he vowed to never forget his hard times.

DICK

Señor Ron! Is so good to see you!

RON

Dick f\*cking Shaw...

He says with a smile as the two men embrace.

RON

It's been a long time, old friend.

Car door closing

DICK

#### How's Marguerite?

Car engine revving

Ron peels a banana and gets comfortable for the ride into downtown Smallton. He reaches into his briefcase for the file marked "FINGERS McGINTY." DICK SHAW tells stories about old times.

The men laugh

DICK

So, why'd you come here Señor Ron? You surely have no love for the Carpel Corporation. What do you care about the tunnel?

RON

It's not about Carpel or the tunnel. It's about the money. I'm tired, Dick. It's time for one last mission before I can hang up my TI-83 once and for all.

DICK

What about FINGERS McGINTY? Isn't it time you dealt with him once and for all too?

RON

Of course it's about that weasel too. I couldn't pass up one last chance to settle the score.

A rush of wind sweeping by

FLASHBACK: Chicano City, ten years earlier.

Light crowd noise, a Mariachi band plays

Ron sits at a cheap plastic table outside a bustling local cantina. The Mariachi band echoes throughout the busy streets. It was a rough crowd, and everyone knows a cholo's nose could get broke by a rubber hose. RON RANDERSON, CPA is waiting patiently for his contact. He has the cash ready for the tradeoff. A conga line begins to form on the dance floor inside.

"Conga!" shouts the crowd

A young waitress is approaching Ron's table.

#### WAITRESS

# May I offer you a drink, Señor?

Randerson looks up at the waitress, realizing too late that it was none other than FINGERS McGINTY! Dressed in full drag and pointing a pistol directly at him!

#### **FINGERS**

#### Or maybe your DEATH?

Bum bum BUM

#### **FINGERS**

#### Here's the report, Randerson! My profit is YOUR loss!

The crowd noise intensifies

Just then, the recently formed conga line cuts directly in front of FINGERS McGINTY, forcing him to hide his pistol. The alcohol fueled partygoers laugh and place beaded necklaces around McGinty's neck as they pass by. Fingers is struggling to see Randerson through the passing crowd.

The tail of the conga line stops in front of McGinty, placing the last beaded necklace around his neck and planting a bearded kiss on his lips.

\*smacking lips\*

But wait... It was no tail at all! It was DICK SHAW, ready to repay his debts to RON RANDERSON, CPA!

Pistol hammer clicking

DICK

Drop the gun, Señor Fingers.

Says Shaw as reveals a pistol of his own.

RON

## Alright McGinty, where's Marguerite?

Glass breaking

Just as DICK SHAW, the rickshaw driver turns his head towards the sound of the breaking tequila bottle, Fingers unloads one shot from his pistol into Shaw's belly.

\*BANG\*

FINGERS McGINTY turns and runs into the chaos of the fleeing crowd.

Screams from the crowd

RON RANDERSON, CPA catches Dick as he begins to fall limp to the ground. He holds him in one arm as he pulls open his poncho searching for his wound.

DICK

Hurry, Ron Randerson, you must catch him.

RON

No, Dick, we have to get you to a hospital!

DICK

It's okay Señor, the vest caught the bullet. Now go save

Marguerite, and get that pendejo...

Another gust of wind

(END FLASHBACK)

Traffic

RON RANDERSON, CPA closes the McGinty file as the limousine begins to cross the Garfunkel Bridge into downtown Smallton, USA. The troubled water below sounded like silence.

RON

Are these windows soundproof?

\*tap tap tap\*

RON

This sh\*t is amazing.

Car window rolling down

Randerson rolls his window down and tosses his banana peel towards the water below.

DICK

It's the latest Carpel Corporation technology, Señor.

RON

All this tech and they still can't find one damn ledger themselves?

DICK

This situation is very delicate, Señor. The CEO of the Heath Company just died under mysterious circumstances.

Ominous storm clouds and thunder

DICK

It was the dark night. His housekeeper found his body the next day, but nobody knew where the famous Heath Ledger went. Some say its prestige never existed. Some say we created it inside of our minds, and that it never really had any real substance.

SUZY

I think it's sexy.

RON

I think it's my meal ticket out of the accounting game.

DICK

We have to have the correct prices on those shovels so we can negotiate with the union...

RON

And cram a new deal right up Fingers' McGinty!

Cue outro music

Will RON RANDERSON, CPA find the ledger in time? Will Dick get to cram it straight up Fingers' McGinty? Will Art Garfunkel ever receive the respect he's due? Find out next time on, the thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End outro music

(END CHAPTER THREE)

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

#### RON RANDERSON, CPA

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#### RON

## Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter Four: Patriot Gains

A boat horn sounds as it cuts through the water

A large yacht passes underneath the Garfunkel Bridge. The yacht belongs to the evil FINGERS McGINTY. He and his crew of crooked cronies cavorted about the cruise ship, conspiring cautiously to calculate the cost of collecting a copious cash compensation from the Carpel Corporation.

Jazz is playing on a small radio

On the top deck of the boat lays MADAME "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE, provocatively dressed in a yellow polka-dot birkini and sunbathing on a wooden lounge chair near the swing pool. "LOOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE is McGinty's private accountant. His accountant for money, she does what he wants her to do.

McGinty sits down at a table near LaBouche and begins flipping through the pages of the Heath Ledger.

#### **FINGERS**

## This guy is pretty dark.

LaBouche removes her sunglasses and reluctantly opens her eyes.

\*sigh\*

Her body laying still, she turns only her head to address McGinty.

#### **LaBOUCHE**

How much are those *fools* at the Carpel Corporation willing to pay for it?

#### **McGINTY**

Don't worry your evil little head about that, Madame LaBouche.

You'll see the bottom line when the check comes in. The real
prize here is finishing off that scumbag RANDERSON once and for
all!

#### LaBOUCHE

And how do you plan on doing that, my dear?

### **FINGERS**

I've sent Mr. Foot to attend to his needs, and steward him to a mile-high demise!

The two villains laugh

"SOURPATCH" ADAMS, LaBOUCHE's personal assistant, approaches the two villains carrying a wireless rotary phone sitting atop a silver platter. He is dressed business casual. Adams has a frightfully somber look on his already scarred face. The two villains settle as they prepare for an interruption. Adams stops next to "LOOSE LIPS" Labouche.

#### Labouche

## (scoffing)

## What is it, Adams?

Falling unexpectedly from above, a freshly discarded banana peel lands squarely on "SOURPATCH" ADAMS' red nose.

\*splat\*

Adams sheepishly wipes the banana off of his face. His bitter face puckers further in embarrassment.

Mocking laughter

#### **ADAMS**

## An urgent phone call, Madame LaBouche.

LaBouche takes the phone off the hook and places it to her ear.

\*click\*

An unintelligible, hysterical voice through the telephone

#### Labouche

## What's that you said?

The voice continues

### **LaBOUCHE**

## He flushed who's foot?

The voice shouts two indistinct syllables

#### Labouche

# He flushed Foot? Get back to the yacht right away, you incompetent imbecile!

LaBouche slams the phone back on to the hook, knocking Adams slightly off balance.

A slide whistle

Fingers McGinty looks wide-eyed at Madam "Loose Lips" LaBouche. She witnesses a rare moment of vulnerability, making it even more difficult for her to break the news to her employer.

#### **LaBOUCHE**

Mr. McGinty, its Foot. Randerson flushed him down an airplane commode.

#### McGINTY

WHAT? That bastard! I'll put MY foot straight up his asset!

McGinty slams his fists down on the table.

\*thud\*

#### McGINTY

LaBOUCHE! Call Ed Welsh and set up the ransom payment! ADAMS!

Take the Heath Ledger and put it in the MONSTERSBALL<sup>tm</sup> for safe keeping! It's time for the year-end report, RANDERSON!

The members of the evil gang separate and begin their wicked work. FINGERS McGINTY, the evil genius, is holding more cards than even his associates are aware of. There is a traitor in the midst of the Carpel Corporation, ready to throw a monkey in the calculator of our hero, RON RANDERSON, CPA!

Bum bum BUM

Meanwhile, RON RANDERSON, CPA and DICK SHAW are arriving at the Carpel Corporation International Headquarters.

Sounds of traffic in the big city

They enter the building through the private parking garage.

After exiting the vehicle, the two men walk down a long hallway and through a glass double door. They enter the atrium of Carpel Headquarters, a massive and futuristic skyscraper.

Inside a corporate lobby

Heads turn. The hip, trendy secretaries at the front desk all put down their fashion magazines as the busy lobby notices Randersons' signature crew cut.

\*whispers\*

#### **SECRETARY**

## Oh, my god, is that HIM?

Says one young secretary as she lifts her magazine to show the other women RON RANDERSON'S picture on the cover.

The women giggle like teenagers

Randerson notices the women at the desk. He nudges the shoulder of DICK SHAW and says:

#### RANDERSON

## Senoritas. You know what I mean, amigo?

#### SHAW

## Dios mio...

The two men walk through the lobby and enter an open elevator. Shaw presses the button and closes the elevator door. It begins to rise.

#### SHAW

Señor Ron, do you think Fingers McGinty will trade us for the Heath Ledger? Does he just want to stop the Carpel Tunnel? Which is it?

#### RANDERSON

I'm sure he wishes he could do both.

The elevator arrives

SUZY STAPLER, the young email delivery girl for the Special Accounting Projects office was waiting patiently for Ron's arrival. She had prepared a spread of packed sardines, salted pork, pimento loaf, and several others of Carpel's flagship products from the Processed Meats Division. Suzy's boss, ED WELSH told her that Randerson's help always comes with high demands. Welsh seemed to be attempting to give her a bad impression of Randerson, but Suzy Stapler was already intrigued.

#### SUZY

## I wonder where Bobby is with the cheese?

BOBBY PHAT, the Asian intern was never far away when there's food involved. His only hold up today is the line at the Sticky Bun Shoppetm next door to The Cheeserytm.

#### **BOBBY**

Oh, hurry up with my sticky buns, prrrease...

Inside the conference room in which Suzy has prepared the smorgasbord, a voice sounds off over an intercom. The slightly distorted words fill the small, isolated room. It is her boss, Carpel's SAP manager, ED WELSH.

\*click\*

#### WELSH

## Is everything ready, Stapler?

#### SUZY

Yes sir, Mr. Welsh.

#### WELSH

## Good, Randerson is coming up the elevator as we speak.

\*click\*

Suzy checks herself in the mirror over the small hand sink at the corner of the room. She adjusts herself in preparation and anticipation. The door to the conference room is open.

Footsteps

#### **SECRETARY**

## Right this way, Mr. Randerson.

The secretary giggles

RON RANDERSON, CPA saunters unsuspectingly into the room. Just as our hero crosses the threshold, the door automatically shuts behind him! As soon as an electronic lock on the door begins to latch, the metal blinds on the windows shift and lock into place.

SUZY

Oh my goodness, we're trapped!

#### RANDERSON

It's nice to meet you as well. You must be the secretary from over the phone.

SUZY

I told you, I am NOT a secretary.

#### RANDERSON

Oh that's right, Welsh said you were an asset. Seems like he undervalued us both. What's your name, gorgeous?

SUZY

Is that how you talk to all women?

#### RANDERSON

Just the gorgeous ones.

Suzy Stapler gives a reluctant smile. Just then, ED WELSH breaks in over the intercom.

\*click\*

WELSH

Who's in charge now, Randerson?

**RANDERSON** 

Apparently you are, Ed. What's the deal here?

Listen fast, Randerson. This all goes way above my head. So high up neither of us would ever want to reach. I'm only doing what I have to do to get the Heath Ledger back. I'm sorry...

#### RANDERSON

Sorry? You're the one that's got our assets frozen, Ed.

ED

At least you have the lovely Ms. Stapler there to keep you company while you wait...

#### SUZY

#### Wait for what?

\*click\*

The intercom goes dead. The two captives share a look of panic. Just then, they hear a noise.

A fax machine receives a fax

The fax machine on the other side of the conference room was receiving a message. Ron rips the page from the machine and looks at it.

#### RANDERSON

## Welsh, you twisted bastard...

It was a picture of Randerson's beloved Dodge Stratus
MARGUERITE, bound in shackles and a boot! The attached text
reads:

RR, CPA - COOPERATE, OR SHE DRIVES! OFF A CLIFF! - McGINTY

An evil laugh

## SUZY

## Who's that?

An edgy 80s power ballad plays

#### RANDERSON

That's Marguerite, honey. I owe her my life. I'll do anything for her.

#### SUZY

## And I'm gonna help you do it.

80s power ballad intensifies

Will Ron and Suzy escape the analytical clutches of FINGERS McGINTY and the double-crossing ED WELSH? Is Randerson's pride and joy MARGUERITE headed for the scrap yard? Find out next time on, the thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End music

(END CHAPTER FOUR)

## RON RANDERSON, CPA

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

LEFT: Narration CENTER: **DIALOGUE** RIGHT: Sound Effects

Radio static

The thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

Cue intro music

He's more action than you can account for! A solid mass of liquid capital! A mean bean counter! He's Ron Randerson, Certified Public Accountant!

#### RON

## Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter Five: Accrual Intentions

Tense music

Our heroes remain trapped in the makeshift conference room prison cell. RON RANDERSON, CPA searches the area for a possible escape. SUZY STAPLER

## SUZY

Is accounting always this exciting in the field?

Randerson stops to address Suzy.

### RANDERSON

You're young, Suzy. You don't know the risks yet. You don't know Fingers McGinty. You don't know a damn thing. This isn't a picture show, sweetheart. This is real. Save the excitement for happy hour.

#### SUZY

I'm sorry, this is all just so new to me.

#### RANDERSON

Listen, I like you. I didn't mean to scare you. There's just no way to approach this situation other than cool, calm and collected.

#### SUZY

I'm your girl, Mr. Randerson.

Suzy says, smiling, as she is overcome by a rush of unfamiliar confidence. This was a new feeing for her, and RON RANDERSON, CPA was the cause of it all.

Rising romantic music

Just as Randerson notices the swooning of the young SUZY STAPLER, the two are jostled by a loud CHOP!

An axe splintering wood

The head of an axe appears through the center of the conference room door! It was DICK SHAW, Ron's old partner, there to help his old friend once again!

The door breaking apart

## SHAW

## I'm coming, Señor Ron!

\*crash\*

DICK SHAW breaks down the heavy wooden door and enters the room.

#### RANDERSON

Dick f\*cking Shaw.

#### SHAW

You must hurry, Ron Randerson, that gringo Welsh is getting away!

#### RANDERSON

He'll be a footnote just like Lefty. Which way did he go?

I don't know, Señor, but I did manage to put a GPS tracker on his jacket as her ran by...

Shaw says with a devious smile. He hands Randerson a small tracking device with a digital display. A green dot blinks in the direction that ED WELSH is travelling.

Blink, blink, blink

#### RANDERSON

You're a miracle, Shaw. Thanks, old friend.

### SHAW

No time for kissy face now, Ron Randerson! Take my motorcycle, you must hurry!

Chase music plays

RON RANDERSON, CPA takes the keys then grabs Suzy by the hand. The two hastily make their way out the door and down the hall to the stairwell.

#### SUZY

Which way is he going?

#### RANDERSON

#### Down.

A man screaming as he freefalls

MEANWHILE, the evil FINGERS McGINTY, sits on the deck of his yacht, awaiting the arrival of double-crossing ED WELSH and his ONE MILLION dollar payoff.

#### **FINGERS**

## Where's that traitor, Welsh?

Says McGinty impatiently to his private accountant, MADAME "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE. She looks to the port side of the vessel to see a small transit ferry bringing ED WELSH aboard the yacht, briefcase in hand.

Seagulls sound off from above

#### **LaBOUCHE**

There he is now. Soon you will have your profits, peace be upon them.

The two villains share an evil laugh as Ed Welsh climbs the stairs to the top deck of the yacht. "SOURPATCH" ADAMS, Madame LaBouche's assistant follows closely behind him. They walks past the swimming pool towards McGinty and his confidant LaBOUCHE. Welsh is visibly uncomfortable, a man of his pedigree does not fit in amongst these mongrels.

#### **FINGERS**

It's about time, Welsh! We were worried RANDERSON may have caught you in your own trap!

#### WELSH

No, he's there. He's there waiting for you, Fingers. I sent him the fax, just like your accountant told me to. Now let's get this over with.

## **FINGERS**

Excellent, Mr. Welsh! Adams! Retrieve this man his prize from the MONSTERsBALL<sup>tm</sup>!

"SOURPATCH" ADAMS rushes away to fetch the Heath Ledger.

Footsteps moving away quickly

#### **FINGERS**

That's the cash in the briefcase, I expect?

A gun hammer clicks back

#### **FINGERS**

What do you think of my generally UN-accepted accounting principles, Mr. Welsh?

An evil laugh

## WELSH

Put away the gun, McGinty. They know I'm here, you won't get away with it.

## **FINGERS**

They know you're here, and they know I have my pistol pointed directly at you! I get what I want! Now, Mr. Welsh, please give the briefcase to my lovely accountant, Madame LaBouche!

Welsh sheepishly places the case onto the table in front of LaBouche. He backs away, regretting his choice to ever get involved with these dastardly criminals. The wind gets heavier, and the passengers of the yacht all begin to feel it.

A large boat horn sounds

The yacht slows as it approaches a low drawbridge up ahead. The yacht creeps past the local harbor district, bustling with tourist activity.

Tourists taking pictures

Tourists line the pier and take photographs of the historic city. A vendor sells cheap novelties at the end of the pier. The bridge nearby begins to rise.

A bell begins to ring

Fingers McGinty notices the tourist activity up ahead.

#### FINGERS

## Adams! Please escort Mr. Welsh below deck. We'll deal with him later.

The villains and their captive all head below, into the interior of the yacht. The ship is passing by the pier, and closing in on the bridge up ahead.

A motorcycle engine revving

The tourists on the pier begin to scatter as RON RANDERSON, CPA appears! SUZY STAPLER has her arms tightly wrapped around Randerson's midsection as he weaves expertly through the crowd on a speeding motorcycle.

The tourists are screaming and scattering

#### RANDERSON

## Hold on tight, Suzy!

The motorcycle revs to maximum speed as it leaps off the end of the pier. Using the novelty cart as a ramp, the two heroes fly through the air towards the passing yacht of FINGERS McGINTY!

#### SUZY

#### OH... MY... LANTAAAAA...

She screams as they coast gracefully through the air.

\*splash\*

The two daredevils splash down safely in the swimming pool on the top deck of the yacht! The tourists snap more pictures and look on in wonder and disbelief.

Begin outro music

This might have been the closest call yet for our seasoned hero! Will this unexpected turn of events lead to disaster, or to new romance? Where is Ron's trusty automobile, Marguerite? Find out next time on, the thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End outro music

(END CHAPTER FIVE)

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

## RON RANDERSON, CPA

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

LEFT: Narration CENTER: **DIALOGUE** RIGHT: Sound Effects

Radio static

The thrilling freelance adventures of RON RANDERSON, CPA!

Cue intro music

He's more action than you can account for! A solid mass of liquid capital! A mean bean counter! He's Ron Randerson, Certified Public Accountant!

#### RON

## Your asset is my liability.

End intro music

Chapter Six: When Nostro Met Vostro

The insides of a small submarine

We return to our adventure, underwater, and under pressure!

McGinty and his crew ready their SECRET SUBMARINE below the deck
of their evil yacht, making for a quick getaway.

#### FINGERS

## Quickly, LaBouche! Enter the coordinates!

FINGERS McGINTY is in the cockpit with "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE behind the controls. "SOURPATCH" ADAMS sits in the back with ED WELSH at gunpoint.

#### **FINGERS**

#### Back to the hideout!

On the top deck of the yacht, RON RANDERSON, CPA has just crash-landed into the middle of the swimming pool on top of McGinty's party boat, with SUZY STAPLER along for the ride. The heavy motorcycle they had been mounted on moments before sinks to the bottom of the swimming pool.

Water splashing

Suzy and Ron gasp as they ditch the bike and break above the surface of the water.

\*gasps\*

SUZY

You're f\*cking crazy!

RON

You sound like you've never cursed before.

SUZY

I've surely never done that before!

RON

Neither have I. Now quick, Suzy, we've got to stop these bastards.

Ron and Suzy exit the pool and head across the empty deck towards the bridge of the ship. Ron removes his soaking wet jacket. Suzy left her shawl behind in the swimming pool. They stop just near the quarterdeck and place their backs against the wall. They hear McGinty's voice over an intercom:

#### FINGERS

CAPTAIN! Prepare to launch the submarine!

#### **CAPTAIN**

## Yes, sir!

At the helm, the Captain and two of McGinty's henchmen are communicating with the submarine below. The choppy water combined with preparing for the submarine launch has left the crew oblivious to the arrival of RON RANDERSON, CPA. The yacht is back on track after pulling past the drawbridge.

\*crank\*

The captain pulls a large lever.

#### CAPTAIN

## Doors locked, sir. Cabin is pressurizing. Standby for launch.

The Captain stands at the controls of the ship, preparing to torpedo launch the small submarine out of its tube. The panels in the cabin are flashing orange and blue lights.

A meter measuring pressure beeps as it rises

One henchman stands behind the Captain. He watches him manipulate the controls from over his shoulder. The other has moved, and now stands near the door. He has a machine gun at his side.

\*crash\*

RANDERSON'S foot comes crashing through the door. Before the henchman with the machine gun can react, Ron cracks him across his jaw with a right hook.

\*Ka-POW\*

As the henchman falls limp to the floor, Suzy enters the bridge and quickly retrieves his weapon. Ron tackles the Captain just as he stretches out his arms to release the lever. The men roll wrestling over the wheel of the ship, turning the vessel hard to starboard. Suzy and the other henchman lose their balance, but quickly recover. Suzy raises the machine gun...

#### SUZY

#### Don't move!

Shouts Suzy to the henchman. Unarmed, he rolls over quickly and thrusts his hands into the air. McGinty once again cuts through on the intercom:

#### **FINGERS**

## What's taking so long, Captain? I have deadlines to meet!

He says, unknowing of the brawl that has broken out on the bridge. As Suzy watches Ron struggle with the Captain, she doesn't notice the henchman slowly reaching for the hidden pistol in the holster behind his back...

\*THWACK\*

Ron cracks the Captain across the forehead with a brutal elbow. The henchman, still focused on SUZY STAPLER, begins to draw his weapon...

\*BANG\*

A single gunshot. The unsuspecting body falls lifelessly to the deck.

\*thunk\*

Suzy didn't even see the gun. She was so relieved that Ron had knocked out the Captain and escaped his own danger that she was unaware of her own...

CRASH!

The yacht, knocked off course by the struggle, collides with a patch of rocks as it slides onto a small local beach. Citizens on folding chairs quickly run screaming as the large vessel approaches.

The sound of metal screeching against sand and rocks

The collision rattles the boat. McGinty and the others inside
the waiting submarine are shunted from their seats.

The submarine passengers yell in panic

RON RANDERSON, CPA drops the gun he removed from the Captain's hip during the struggle. He runs to assist Suzy, now laying on the floor of the bridge. Suzy struggles to speak. She whispers:

## SUZY

That crash got me pretty good, Ron. I bumped my head on the chronometer... I think it's going to leave a mark...

Suzy looks across the room to see the henchman now lying dead on the floor, pistol still in hand.

#### SUZY

## You saved my life, Ron...

#### RANDERSON

Yeah, but I almost killed you earlier with the whole motorcycle thing...

#### FINGERS

## CAPTAIN! What the hell is going on up there?

Fingers McGinty interrupts the tender moment with the ships intercom. Inside the completely enclosed capsule, they are completely unaware of the goings on outside the darkly lit and tilted submarine.

Sirens flashing

Outside on the beach, a jagged line of police cars has formed where the rocky sand ends and the dry, cropped grass begins. Guns drawn and shielded by their open doors, the police officers wait for any signs of activity aboard the beached yacht. It's stuck on a pile of break wall rocks and its nose is pointed up in the air. Just then, a slate grey Dodge Stratus cruises up to the scene, sparkling in the sunshine.

Engine revving, tires screeching

Inside the yacht, Ron and Suzy breathe sighs of relief and begin to dust themselves off. Ron removes a lint roller from his back pocket.

\*ziiiiiiiip\*

Goes the lint roller as it runs quickly across Suzy's backside.

\*gasp\*

#### SUZY

## Ron!

She says startled, but welcoming to Ron's flirtatious gesture.

#### FINGERS

#### CAPTAIN!!!

Annoyed by another interruption, RON RANDERSON, CPA releases the lever, launching the submarine from the tube.

An explosion as the submarine flies through the air

The submarine capsule goes barreling through the torpedo tube!

The passengers scream!

The projectile cuts through the air like a Wilt Chamberlain free throw. It comes crashing down nose first on top of a public trash can.

\*swish\*

Emerging from MARGUERITE is DICK SHAW! Gun in hand, he is approaching the capsule with several police officers close behind him in military formation.

## SHAW

## Out of the sub, Fingers!

Aboard the yacht, Ron ties a rope to the bow and throws the other end down to the beach below.

#### RANDERSON

## After you, my lady.

Suzy giggles as she begins her climb down the rope. The two heroes see the villains cursing and struggling as they are thrown into the paddy wagon.

#### **FINGERS**

## I'll get you next time RANDERSON! I'm like a rubber check, I ALWAYS bounce back!

He laughs as the door slams behind him, sealing his fate.

## THREE DAYS LATER

Sounds of an island paradise, calypso music playing On the seaside deck behind RON RANDERSON, CPA's tropical island office on St. Croix, Ron and Suzy lay on lounge chairs and sip large fruity cocktails with fancy umbrellas.

## SUZY

## You want another drink, honey?

Says SUZY STAPLER as she gets up to go inside. Ron nods with a smile a she makes her way through the sliding glass door into the office.

#### SUZY

#### Ron...

As SUZY STAPLER walks through the door, she is surprised to see a metal briefcase standing up on Ron's coffee table next to the latest edition of the SMALLTON DILDO-GAZETTE. The headline reads:

#### REPORTER

"CARPEL TUNNEL: FREEDOM LOST FOR FINGERS"

RON RANDERSON, CPA, seeing his retirement security on the table, walks triumphantly inside to join Suzy. He reads the note attached to the case:

#### SHAW

Here's the dinero you earned, amigo. Welsh is busted, I'm taking my cut and going back to Chicano City. Bring your Chiquita to visit any time, Señor!

RON RANDERSON, CPA emotionally folds up the note and files it in his pocket.

#### RANDERSON

That's it Suzy, I'm out. Time to retire and start a simple little Mom & Pop tax prep shop. No more action, I've got too much to lose now.

#### SUZY

(crossing her arms and tapping her foot)

Well, there better at least be some action...

#### RANDERSON

Baby, that kind of action is guaranteed like taxes!

The two love birds laugh and embrace

## SUZY

## Ron, my account is always receivable for you...

Rising romantic music

In an embrace, the two lovers fall down to the waiting daybed below. Their vibrating bodies begin to disappear... lost between the crisp, white balance sheets.

Begin outro music

Thanks for tuning in for another action-packed accounting adventure with RON RANDERSON, CPA!

End outro music

(THE END)

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

Stay tuned...

RON RANDERSON, CPA returns next time in:

"AUDIT TRAIL"

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

#### RON RANDERSON, CPA

#### A RADIO BROADCAST ADVENTURE SERIES

## FAN MAIL



Send your letters to RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com to be included in the next FAN MAIL section!

Dear Sirs,

Why is it ever since "THE DAYBOOK BALANCE," RON RANDERSON and FINGERS McGINTY never appear together in the same scene? (except in flashbacks)

Curious in Cleveland

Dear Curious,

Unfortunately, due to a personal disagreement, CHAD T. BOOMER, OBE and OCTUPUS MALONE are now contractually unable to appear together on air during the same scene. We still try to maintain the integrity of the story for our listeners through the wonders of editing!

Hey Ron!

What do you think is better; a single-entry bookkeeper with red hair, or a double-entry bookkeeper with blonde hair?

Don Juan D'Nominal

Yo, DJ!

Provided the debits match the credits, we're fine with either! Remember to always practice safe accounting!

Mr. Randerson,

Can I file a 1042-S to deduct international purchases from my Columbian associates?

Rusty Shackleford

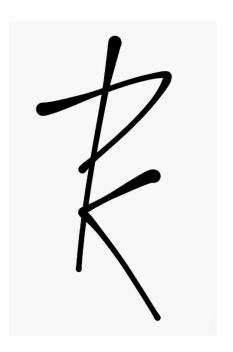
Dear Rusty,

As long as withholding is 14% and the payee has a valid TIN.

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com

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## L O N G



# T E R M

## LIABILITIES

Enter the arena of accounting action with RON RANDERSON, CPA!

The legendary radio series (based on characters created by DICK PLOWLAND KARTER) is very pleased to welcome its latest contributor,



## PATRICK EDWARD KNOLL

"Another ACTION-PACKED adventure from the Ron Randerson series! This one left my ears tingling!"

Aural Largelobe, ENT Quarterly Review

"KITTY SEXPOODLE titillates as MADAME "LOOSE LIPS" LaBOUCHE in this sexy accounting soiree!"

Sandy Muffin-Schlitz, Binky/Kitch Magazine

"Marconi? More like Mar-CORNY! This is surely the swansong from legend of the soundstage, DICK PLOWLAND KARTER!"

Nom DePlume, Anonymous Group

RonRandersonCPA@gmail.com