



EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT AUDITS BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

DATE: September 14, 2010

PLACE: Marlana Weinstein's Office

As the number of audits increase, so does the number of auditees relying on Marlana's expertise. Here is a transcript of her first appointment with her newest client.

MAR: Woody, the reason you're being audited is--

WOOD: Please--call me Mr. Allen.

MAR: Woody, the reason you're being audited is all these meshugenah write-offs.

WOOD: Meshugenah? My whole life is a write-off. And when I die, my *afterlife* will be a write-off.

MAR: I agree. In fact, you should start writing it off now, so by the time you're dead, you'll be fully depreciated. So--about these *fercocta files!*

WOOD: I've got three more truckloads coming.

MAR: Oy. And talk about *disorganized!*

WOOD: I'll put Soon-Yi on it.

MAR: Let's start with your *smaller* business enterprises.

WOOD: You mean like my movie studio, my jazz club, my extreme sports arena, and my relationship theme park?

MAR: Right. And your real estate?

WOOD: Let's see. There's my condo on the East Side, my co-op on the West Side, my loft in the Village, my hotel off Times Square, and my kosher deli in the meat market district.

MAR: But where do you live?

WOOD: I can't remember.

MAR: What about travel and entertainment? I don't see any logs.

WOOD: Logs? You mean like from trees?

MAR: You'll need to prove *where* you were, *when* you were there, *what* you were doing, *what* kind of business was going on, what you *ate*, what you *didn't* eat, who you were-- Wait--who are you CALLING?

WOOD: My cardiologist. I'm having a heart attack.

MAR: And you've got Outside Services up the wazoo!! I mean-- TWENTY THOUSAND 1099s!! Who ARE all these people?!

WOOD: Well...there's my property manager, my mediator, my stylist, my couples therapist, my couples' therapist's *therapist*, my Gestalt therapist, my Jungian analyst, my Freudian analyst, my Rolfier, my dream interpreter, my repressed memories specialist, my personal trainer--

MAR: YOU have a personal trainer?

WOOD: ...my dresser, my food taster, my sommalier, my bodyguards, and my lox wrangler.

MAR: Your LOX WRANG--never mind. So--you seem to be claiming exemptions for FIFTY-SEVEN CHILDREN! Whose kids *are* these, anyway?!

WOOD: That's privileged information.

MAR: And, more important--are they being raised Jewish?

WOOD: Did my mother call you?

MAR: And excuse me, but I don't think you can write off Soon-Yi as both your wife, *and* your child. Even *I* can't get away with that! Listen, Woody--Here's how I work. I treat the audit like a script--like a page-turner. Together, we will SEDUCE the auditor!! *We have* to win. I empower YOU to take control of the system, to gain the auditor's sympathy and compassion. We go for credibility, empathy, and power.

WOOD: You sound like Karl Marx.

MAR: I try to keep the auditor laughing--keep it light.

WOOD: Let's hope he didn't see *Crimes and Misdemeanors*.

MAR: So you've got some work to do before our next meeting.

WOOD: I'll put Soon-Yi on it.

Woody's phone rings, playing his clarinet solo. He picks up:

WOOD: Yes? No. REALLY?! Wow!

He bangs up, looking stunned.

MAR: What happened?

WOOD: The IRS just canceled my audit.

MAR: WHY?

WOOD: They found out YOU were representing me.

THE END

Written by Rita Abrams and Marlana Weinstein
Illustration by Michael Kirkbride
And featuring Woody Allen as himself