

The Argument

Charles Papasoff April 27th 2016

Interior café or exterior park. Boy (early 30s) waiting for girl (late 20s), girl arrives.

Boy

You're late...again.

Girl

You're nagging... as usual.

Boy

Come on, tell me the truth, for once.

Girl

The truth? You must be kidding. Coming from you...

Boy

I never lied.

Girl

No, you just omitted details...
Essential details that actually changed the whole perspective.

Boy

No, they didn't. And your perspective was decided way
before and a long time ago. You have but one perspective, yours...
And there lies the problem.

Girl

Ha! The problem lies, that's for sure!
And when things are clear, suddenly the problem vanishes,
like truth as magic...

Boy

Magic? ... You mean as in tricks?

Girl

What? Just because he is wealthy! You venom spitting,
ungrateful, son of a bitch!

Boy

How can you call my mother a bitch?
You ate her food every Sunday for a year.

Girl

Who paid our rent for a year? Was that a trick?
Like your share pulling a vanishing act!

Boy

I was saving for the down payment on our house, that was the deal...

Girl

Yeah right, and you blew all that cash in one week end.

Boy

...Getting back at you for spending it with Mr Rich.

Girl

Mr Right to you.

Boy

Mr Plight to you soon.

Girl

What?

Boy

What what?

Girl

What are you saying?

Boy

Nothing

Girl

What the hell are you talking about?

Boy

I've seen him... with other women.

Girl

You're jealous of him. Yeah, he's a popular guy. He's in the public eye. He's always surrounded with famous, gorgeous people. And contrary to you, he's faithful.

Boy

Says who? His ex-wife?

Girl

What does that have to do with anything? They have been divorced forever. And what are you doing? What are you saying? And remind me please why I am here? Why the hell did I agree to this meeting?

Boy

To talk about the stocks.

Girl

The stocks I bought with my money in your name?

Boy

Yes those.

Girl

The ones we bought on a stock tip you got from a childhood friend. The friend that got arrested for embezzlement. The friend that is now in jail. Those stocks, that friend.

Boy

Yes him. But he did not get arrested for the stocks.

Girl

Probably for some other hideous crime, like child molesting or pimping to politicians. Tell me who your friends are and I shall tell you...

Boy

We paid 19 bucks a share.

Girl

I paid 19 bucks a share... and they dropped to 87 cents within weeks. So what about the stocks? You want them, you can have them. You already do, they're in your name.

Boy

Thank you! They shot up to 37 dollars and were still climbing last time I checked. And the company's quarterly results will be announced tomorrow. There are rumours of major contracts being signed.

Girl

Great! So you make a bundle on my back on top of screwing me out of a relationship... Pardon me, screwing your secretary.

Boy

I never screwed, heh, had physical relations with my... assistant. It was and is still, just business. You were so insecure at the time that I omitted to tell you she was coming with me. And it was circumstance that when you called my room, she was there. sWe were prepping for a meeting.

Girl

I 'm sure you were prepping something...

Boy

Ok listen, about that week I blew all my savings, our savings really. I lied.

Girl

How surprising! You astound me!

Boy

I bought stocks.

Girl

I don't care what you did with the money you saved to buy us a house. I'm a full partner now, hello! And I'm dating a multi millionaire, who's car is bigger than yours, who's house is bigger than yours and who's cock is... and who proposed!

Boy

I know, I heard. I get it, he is better than me all around. Listen, the stocks I bought were the same stocks we bought. I paid 87 cents. Figured we would cut our losses. I investigated the company. They had a sound business plan, great management and I blew the whole 45,000\$ on them.

Girl

You prick!

Boy

Wait... I have one worth mentioning?

Girl

Not funny

Boy

I am here to wish you well. And give you a wedding present.
Do the math. Your first 10 grand at 19\$ a share, then my 45K at 87 cents a share.
That's at least 52 thousand shares.

Girl

Now what, your phone? Still addicted to that device?
She calling to check on you? Heh?

Boy

Just checking share price at market close....Shit.

Girl

What?

Boy

They closed at 43 bucks. That's... over 2 million dollars!

Girl

So you want to rub it in my face...

Boy

No. This money is as much yours than mine.
I want you to have your share. So you can make a clear headed decision
on if you want to marry that guy with his big... car.
Please don't marry for money, marry for love.

Girl

(speechless)

Boy

Unless, his mother is a better cook than mine, then I would understand.

Girl

But...

Boy

No ifs or buts. I will sell the stock tomorrow and send you a check.
Consider it a goodbye present too.

Girl

Why? Where are you going?

Boy

I am moving to Italy. I got a job offer over there and I really need the change.
This town is too small for both of us, well... for the three of us.

Girl

Really? I mean you are really leaving? When?

Boy

ASAP like early next week. Just going to dinner at Mom's on Sunday to say goodbye.

Girl

... Can I come?
