

# Other People's Money

*(KATE enters his office. Hands him her business card)*

KATE. That's me. We're the investment banker for New England Wire and Cable.

GARFINKLE. (Looking at the card.) What are you – a fucking lawyer?

KATE. (Smiling.) Depends on who I'm with.

GARFINKLE. (Rises – open arms – beams.) Welcome to my life!

KATE. All of those cubby holes have lawyers in them?

GARFINKLE. Mostly. (She gives him a sad look.) It's not as bad as you think. I don't have to talk to them I just have to pay them.

KATE. You don't talk to them?

GARFINKLE. Talk to them? I'd rather talk to my mother. I write to them. (Takes top sheet from pile on desk. Writes.) "Fuck... them" (Looks up at KATE.) Sue. (Picks up the next sheet. Writes.) "Trouble." (Looks up at KATE.) Settle. (Picks up the next sheet, writes.) "They're ... morons." (Looks up at KATE.) Let them sue. Don't give them a quarter. (KATE laughs.) See? Nothing to it. Sue. Settle. Defend. Which one are you?

KATE. I came to talk.

GARFINKLE. Now that's trouble. Lawyers want to talk, it's nothing but trouble. Who are you? How come I never heard of you?

KATE. They generally keep me locked away at bond closings, due diligence meetings, good stuff like that.

GARFINKLE. Life in the fast lane.

KATE. I'm not complaining. They pay well. I meet a lot of people. (GARFINKLE yawns.) Well... It's true they don't have your... something.

GARFINKLE. (Opening desk drawer.) Want a donut?

KATE. No thanks.

GARFINKLE. Why not – you a health food freak?

KATE. No. Just not hungry.

GARFINKLE. (Incredulous.) You have to be hungry to have a donut?

KATE. ...you don't?

GARFINKLE. Are you shitting me? In all my life I never heard of such a thing. Have to be hungry? Why? It don't taste better that way.

KATE. How would you know?

GARFINKLE. My luck. A broad with a mouth.

KATE. Show me a broad worth knowing who doesn't have one.

GARFINKLE. I like you. Can you tell?

KATE. Not yet.

GARFINKLE. Hang in. You will.

KATE. That's what I came to see you about. I need a month to hang in.

GARFINKLE. Get lost.

KATE. I just got involved. I need time to get everybody's act together.

GARFINKLE. My act is together.

KATE. If you give me some time I think we can work something out.

GARFINKLE. Settle?

KATE. Work something out.

GARFINKLE. I only settle when I'm in trouble.

KATE. Or when it makes sense.

GARFINKLE. It only makes sense when I'm in trouble.

KATE. If you'd prefer we'll go to court, get an injunction, have fight, all kinds of allegations, costs them, cost you, and for what?

GARFINKLE. I live in court. You got to do better than that.

KATE. ... I won't love anymore.

GARFINKLE. . . . You got two weeks.

KATE. Standstill agreement.

GARFINKLE. Both sides.

KATE. No more buying.

GARFINKLE. Two weeks.

KATE. Thank you. (She begins to exit.)

GARFINKLE. Now let's talk about what I want to talk about.

KATE. What's that.

GARFINKLE. Your legs...your ass ...your tits –

KATE. Garfinkle, sit. (Beat.) Sit!! ( He sits.) Listen close. I don't want to repeat this. You listening? Now take your right hand out of that donut drawer and put it between your legs. (He looks at her uncertain.) Come on. They visit each other all the time. (He laughs...a little nervously.)

GARFINKLE. ...Can't

KATE. Why?

GARFINKLE. I'm a lefty. (Switches hands. Fumbles a bit, but does it.)

KATE. Good. Now look directly down at the little guy and say – “You must behave yourself when you're in the presence of a lady.” (GARFINKLE laughs.) Garfinkle, if you don't say exactly that right now, I'm resigning from this case. You'll deal with the Morgan Stanely “B” team. They think arbitraguers are fun. ( He remains motionless. She rises, begins to exit.)

GARFINKLE. All right . All right.

KATE. “You must behave yourself when you're in the presence of a lady.”

GARFINKLE. ...You must –(KATE motions him to put his chin on his chest. He does.) “You must behave yourself when you're in the presence of a lady.”

KATE. See, not so hard. (He does a double take to his crotch as she rises to Exit.) Hey Garfinkle, what kind of donuts you got in that drawer?

GARFINKLE. The good kind.

KATE. Toss one over. (He reaches into the drawer.) With the right hand. (He switches hands and tosses one over. She catches it.) See you in two weeks. ( She Exits. He rises, takes a step or two downstage. His voice filled with wonder.)

GARFINKLE. ... I think I'm falling in love...

Lights out

