

FRIENDS WITH MONEY

So, it's a 6 week course and when it's over..

-You have to take a test.

Yeah, but when I'm done, I'll get a certificate that tells me I can work in a gym.

-How was the sex?

Fun. He doesn't look at me though.

-Oh, hate sex?

No, uh, anyway...the course is \$1,800...

-That's a lot of money

Yeah, but I make it back over a period of time...

-Why don't you just go back to teaching? Teach poor kids.

It's not my calling.

-I'm just confused because you're my only friend who doesn't like exercise and you're gonna be a trainer?

I don't understand. I mean, what's the...do accountants have to love numbers? Do nannies have to love children?

-Ah, yeah.

Franny, if you had to work, what would you do?

-I feel like I work. I feel, taking care of my kids is work.

But, you have full-time help.

-That's true. Are you trying to make me feel bad?

No. I don't think. I'm sorry.

-What about Christine?

I know. What is she doing to that house. They should be in couples therapy, not expanding their home.

-You know, I would feel a lot better giving you the money if you went to a therapist and figured out what you really want to do.

So, is that a no...you're not giving me the money for the training?

-I'm not saying that. I have to talk to Matt about it anyway.

Do you have to chat with Matt about lending me the money for therapy?

-Well..

You, know, you buy your 2 year old daughter \$80 shoes from France and you're giving me a hard time. (Gathers her things.)

-That's Matt. That's not me. (Gets up to leave) You're leaving?

You know, you don't understand what it's like and, before Matt, you would have lent me the money. It's not even like it's his money. It's your money.

-Of course it's his money. We're married.

(She scoffs and leaves annoyed.)