

Sides—VINCE

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VINCE. Look — Jon, only you two know what happened, so only you two can "interpret" your actions. So why don't you just tell me the facts and interpret them later.

JON. I'm telling you — I argued her into it —

VINCE. You're fucking *lying*, Jon! (*Silence.*)

JON. What is your problem?

VINCE. How can you sit here with your oldest friend in the world and continuously tell lies?

JON. What makes you think I'm lying?

VINCE. Because only *you* would come up with the term "excessive linguistic pressure."

That's not a normal expression, Jon, it's a clear sign of excessive bullshit. If you had really done only that, you'd be more specific. You'd say that you told her that if she didn't put out you'd start telling people she had VD, or smelled bad, or had a penis, or any of the *normal* things that guys say. But *you* come up with your typical crap, which *sounds* mature but contains *nothing!* But it's bullshit, because the reason you are where you are today is because you always insist on getting things your way. It's what you're good at, Jon, so why don't you just own up and admit what you did?!

JON. (*beat*) Fuck off, Vince. (*Jon heads for the door.*)

VINCE. Fine. *I'll* call her. (*Vince reaches for the phone.*)

JON. Don't do that.

VINCE. Why not? —

JON. Because I would like you not to —

VINCE. Why not? —

JON. Because you've already made your point —

VINCE. What's my point? —

JON. Your point is that nobody's perfect, including me.

VINCE. That's not my point —

JON. It should be —

VINCE. It's not —

JON. Why? —

VINCE. Because I haven't gotten to my point yet—

JON. So then get to it.

VINCE. Maybe I don't have one —