

# "Arguing Man"

FREYA } Freya now has a tray of SPECIAL COLORFUL DRINKS. She walks } \*  
from behind the bar and Ingrid trails her as the conversation } \*  
continues. Freya points to an ARGUING COUPLE at a table. } \*  
Freya and Ingrid watch from a distance. } \*

FREYA (CONT'D)

Example. Those two have been } \*  
fighting since they got here. } \*  
They're in love -- it's all over } \*  
their auras -- they're both just } \*  
stubborn as hell. Now, observe as } \*  
I step in. } \*

Freya walks over, puts down two drinks, smiling at them both. } \*  
They don't notice her, too deep in argument. } \*

(CONTINUED)

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**START →**

ARGUING MAN  
You know that's not what I meant!  
Stop twisting my words!

ARGUING WOMAN  
You're the one who said it! Take  
some responsibility, for once!

FREYA  
(interrupting, cheerful)  
-Hey. Hi. I know you ordered an  
apple martini and a beer, but we  
are fresh out of both. So I made  
this for you instead. It's called  
a "Love-rush. With lime."

They look at the drinks, confused.

ARGUING MAN  
You're out of beer?!

ARGUING WOMAN  
What's in it?

FREYA (CONT'D)  
Well I can't reveal my trade  
secrets, but if you don't like it --  
it's on the house.

ARGUING WOMAN  
Okay. Thanks...

They look confused, but start to drink a little. Freya keeps  
moving, heads to a table where there's a SHY WOMAN, sitting

**STOP.**

FREYA (CONT'D)

She's been sitting there for an hour staring at that guy. Now watch...

They look at the ARGUING COUPLE and watch as the argument clearly subsides. The woman reaches her hand across the table, takes his hand. An apology. He smiles at her. Leans over and KISSES HER. Progress.

INGRID

Wow.

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