

SHAWN. I could frame these. Hang them up.

MATT. They're good tickets. They were my dad's. He's had them since I was six. We went to basically every game together. They're mine now.

SHAWN. Oh. I'm sorry man.

MATT. What? No, he didn't *die*. Jesus.

SHAWN. Oh.

MATT. He can't go to games anymore. He got some inner ear thing, and loud places make him crazy. He can't handle the crowd noise.

(*So bitter.*) So he's giving up his season tickets NOW. *As soon as LeBron comes to town.*

*He sighs, as if this whole situation is killing him.*

And now I'm sitting here selling these tickets for twenty cents on the dollar.

SHAWN. What happened?

MATT. I dunno, it was an ear infection. He doesn't really talk about it.

SHAWN. No I mean—why are you selling them? I mean: Why do you need money so bad?

MATT. It's nothing *lurid*. I made a bad investment. That's all. Borrowed some money. *Lost* some money. I just need cash ASAP.

*Beat.*

You're not the only motherfucka round here with a dream, yo. You wanna be a writer, I wanna own an establishment.

SHAWN. Okay.

MATT. I mean, that's the ultimate goal.

Start

Downtown. Something cool. Like where players go after games. (*Proud.*) I was part of this investment team. We wanted to create this high-end bowling alley—like with bottle service and DJs and stuff. Exclusive shit. But it fell through, because another bowling alley got put up in there.

And that one, it's more like a regular bowling alley.

Our idea was so much better.

But I lost a lot of money and my parents were pretty pissed, 'cause

they'd pretty much lent me all the startup funds on my end. Which I know sucks for them, but it sucks for me too. Because I'm like, in other debt too, credit cards and such.

And are my parents of any help? Not really.

They were adamant, they weren't bailing me out again.

So then I had to beg.

Which I hate that, I hate begging them, but that's like the only time they ever give in. So finally, they're like *take the season ticket package*, since my dad wasn't going to games anymore.

They were like, *sell these. Whatever money they fetch, that's what we're giving you.*

*But that's it. You made your bed et cetera.*

*Beat.*

My parents are so full of shit.

They literally get this perverse delight out of watching me fail.

It's not nice.

You should see how they...

Things go wrong for me a lot, I get it, I had to drop out of college, I don't have excellent luck most of the time.

It doesn't make me a total incompetent asshole, as my parents would have you think!

*Beat.*

They have this store they run, my folks. Dumb little fuckin' reupholstery store. They're like, "*Come work here if you can't get a job,*" which you think is nice of them? But they say it with this little evil twinkle in their eyes that says, "*Ah ha, Matthew, come waste your life away here doing reupholstery!*" Like they know that working in that stupid little shop would destroy my soul, because it would. Kill me if I ever end up there.

*Beat.*

They also sell antique furniture and random tchotchkes. Like if you want a globe with a bar in it? They have that. **End**

SHAWN. Wait... Is their store called... "Armand's"?

*Matt is embarrassed Shawn knows the store.*

MATT. How would you...

Yes. It's...