

"in play" in the big leagues where the game is called hardball and winner takes all. So if you want to play Mr. High and Mighty, Mr. Principled, Mr. Roberts Rule of Order, better go to work for the Peace Corps where you'll be appreciated because you won't have any company left here to run. (*Begins to Exit, turns.*) And the shame of it is I would be perfect for this deal. Garfinkle is a blatant sexist. I love blatant sexists. They're my meat. But I wouldn't work for you if you begged me. I like being associated with winners.

(*Lights out in Conference Room.*)

GARFINKLE. (*fanning himself*) Phew ... some piece of work.

(*Lights out on GARFINKLE.*)

BEA. How dare you talk to him that way.

KATE. Will you stop defending him. He is making the wrong decision. He will lose this company.

BEA. He is making the right decision. We will not lose this company.

KATE. We? Since when is it "we"? He loses this company he walks away with millions. You walk away with memories.

BEA. Don't you worry about me. I'm well provided for.

KATE. "Well provided for." You have running water you think you're well provided for.

BEA. Why are we talking about my finances? What is

this all about?

KATE. Anger. About thirty five years worth.

BEA. At whom?

KATE. At him. And you. And this god awful company. It's your life. It always was. When he was happy you were ecstatic. When he was depressed you were distraught. When she died you almost moved in. It was the talk of the town. With Dad keeping the dinner warm.

BEA. I loved him.

KATE. You were married, Mother.

BEA. Listen to me, Kate. In a life filled with rumors and gossip and sideways glances — I apologized to no one. Don't expect it of me now. You won't get it. You were asked here as our attorney, not our judge. If you can't handle the position — leave.

KATE. Why in God's name did you ever marry Dad?

BEA. I was nineteen. He asked. I thought I loved him. Until one day, thank God, I walked through that door. And there stood the most beautiful, scared young man I had ever seen. Had on blue jeans and a red flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Said he just became President. I remember thinking, "How peculiar for a President. This company'll never last." And then the magic words: "How about it, Miss? I'm ready to take a chance with you. Ready to take one with me?" (*Turns to KATE.*) Sometimes life presents us with very limited choices.

KATE. I know.

BEA. Like now.

KATE. I don't believe you.

BEA. He trusts you. Don't make us deal with strangers

in three piece suits. Maybe we can't play the game the way you want us to — help us play our game the best we can.

KATE. Oh Mother, don't you think I want to. Going up against Garfinkle, he's the best. And I'm as good as he is. It's the career opportunity of a lifetime.

BEA. So?

KATE. So I said I wouldn't. Even if he begged me.

BEA. He's not. I am. (KATE pauses a beat, picks up her briefcase and crosses to her mother on the way to JORGENSEN'S office. Looks back.)

KATE. Well c'mon. (BEA moves to her and they begin their Exit.)

BEA. And you'll do something about those fees. They're horrendous.

KATE. Mom. Don't push it. (They Exit.)

(Lights up on GARFINKLE.)

GARFINKLE. (to audience:) You know what kills me? I've done maybe seven — eight deals like this. Know who I negotiate with? Skinny little joggers with contact lenses all stinking from the same after shave. Don't believe me? Ever seen an arbitrageur? Ugliest people on the face of the earth. They won't use her. You'll see. I never luck out with a broad like that. Excuse me, woman like that. I've been accused of being a "womanizer." That's someone who likes broads. I remember when that used to be a good thing ... Although when you cut through the "Woman's Lib" bullshit all it really means is you can't call them "sweetheart" and "darling" unless you're schtupping

them ... then you can't call them anything else. (Sits behind his desk, smiles.) I can live with that.

(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 card) What are you — a fucking lawyer?

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

GARFINKLE. (Rises — opens arms — beams.) Welcome to my life!

KATE. All 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.