

SOMETHING YOU DID

Willy Holtzman

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SOMETHING YOU DID
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Willy Holtzmans other plays include: SABINA (Primary Stages, New Jewish Theater), HEARTS (which received the Barrymore Award, the inaugural Arthur Miller Award, and was anthologized in Smith and Kraus Best New Plays; People's Light and Theater, Baltimore Center Stage, Long Wharf Theater, Northlight Theater, Alliance Theater, New Jewish Theater of Saint Louis), BOVVER BOYS (Primary Stages, Cleveland Play House, Berkshire Theater Festival, The Curtain Theater), THE CLOSER (Davie Award; The Working Theater, GeVa Theater), INSIDE OUT (New Federal Theater/Theater for a New Audience, Portland Stage Company, Nebraska Rep), THE LAST TEMPTATION OF JOE HILL (The Working Theater), BLANCO (Goodspeed Opera House Norma Terris Theater), SAN ANTONIO SUNSET (published in *Best Short Plays* and produced in New York, Los Angeles, London, Dublin, Bombay).

He wrote and produced the independent film, *Edge of America*, (2004 Sundance Film Festival Opening Night selection) for which he received the Peabody Award, the Humanitas Prize, and the Writers Guild Award.

He received the H B O Award at the ONeill National Playwrights Conference and the inaugural Walt Wangerin fellowship at the New Harmony Project. He has taught writing to at-risk teens at Bronx Regional High School in the South Bronx, and was the Lila Wallace Resident Playwright at Juilliard. He has

worked with young writers through the 52nd Street Project in New York's Hell's Kitchen and on the Navajo Reservation. He is a former writer member and present board member of New Dramatists.

SOMETHING YOU DID was originally commissioned by Center Stage (Irene Lewis, Artistic Director) in Baltimore.

SOMETHING YOU DID premiered at People’s Light and Theater Company in Malvern PA, running from 18 October to 19 November. The cast and creative contributors were:

UNEEQMelanye Finister
ALISON Amy Van Nostrand
ARTHURJordan Charney
GENE Tony Campisi
LENORA Cathy Simpson
Director Abigail Adams
Set designJames Krozner
Costume designMarla J Jurglanis
Lighting design Dennis Parichy
Original music & sound design Michael Keck
Production stage managerKate McSorley

SOMETHING YOU DID opened in New York on
1 April 2008, produced by Primary Stages in association
with Nancy Cooperstein and Betty Ann Besch Solinger.
The cast and creative contributors were:

UNEEQ Portia
ALISON Joanna Gleason
ARTHUR Jordan Charney
GENE Victor Slezak
LENORA Adriane Lenox
Director Carolyn Cantor
Set design Eugene Lee
Costume design Jenny Mannis
Lighting design Jeff Croiter
Original music & sound design Lindsay Jones
Production stage manager Samone B Weissman
Production supervisor P R F Productions
Casting Stephanie Klapper Casting

Scene One

(The present. The prison library at a Women's Correctional Facility. ALISON [white, fifties] wears prison green and shelves books. A guard, UNEEQ [black, thirties], sits at a work table and reads from a written statement.)

UONEEQ: "If I have done anything to hurt anyone, I'm sorry for that."

ALISON: Good. Keep going.

UONEEQ: "But the reasons for the thing I have done can never be known by anyone who isn't me."

ALISON: This is what you want to say?

UONEEQ: I worked very hard on that. I mean, I'm still working...shit, why not?

ALISON: For one thing, it doesn't sound like an admission of guilt.

UONEEQ: What do you mean guilt?

ALISON: Wrongdoing and accountability.

UONEEQ: I know....

ALISON: *Crime and Punishment.*

UONEEQ: I know what guilt is, okay?

ALISON: An offense. An offense that harms other people. With legal consequences and an expectation of restitution. So an admission of guilt is like saying...

UONEEQ: I fucked up. I said that. Okay, so being guilty...

ALISON: ...is ultimately not about how you are seen in the world, but how you see yourself. Are you O K with that?

UNEEQ: I ran a fuckin' stop sign! *(Beat)* It's the "if", isn't it? "If I have done anything..."

ALISON: It undercuts the premise. Conditional, you know. A Catholic in the confessional doesn't say, "If I have sinned, bless me." He says...

UNEEQ: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned." I'm not stupid, you know.

ALISON: I know.

UNEEQ: Then don't talk to me like I'm stupid.

ALISON: I'm sorry..."if" I gave that impression.

UNEEQ: You are one smart-assed white lady. I might not be "educated," but I learned some things. Things you don't learn in a classroom. You and your "if". "If" my uncle had tits he'd be my aunt.

ALISON: You don't want me to look over the rest of your statement?

UNEEQ: I'll cut the "if"! But don't give me all this attitude doing it. You know, you remind me of my pastor.

ALISON: I doubt that.

UNEEQ: Last Sunday he was going on and on about Lazarus. That's not in the Hebrew bible. You know Lazarus?

ALISON: More or less.

UNEEQ: Then you know how Jesus raised him up from the dead and gave him a second chance at life. That was the theme of the sermon—second chances. To which I say bull-shit.

ALISON: Look, as far as the statement goes, why don't I just mark up the spelling and grammar. Past that, tell the truth.

UNEEQ: Well, there's no lie like the truth. So, we gonna do this thing?

(UNEEQ hands the statement back to ALISON. A buzzer sounds over the door. ARTHUR, seventies, enters carrying a briefcase.)

ARTHUR: I hate prisons. They're always so inconveniently located.

ALISON: This is your way of saying...

ARTHUR: I'm late?

ALISON: A little, Arthur.

ARTHUR: You're busy.

ALISON: We were talking over a legal problem. Uneeq is wondering about her chances for a favorable ruling.

ARTHUR: What are you in for?

UNEEQ: I'm a corrections officer.

ALISON: That's Arthur's idea of a joke.

UNEEQ: I ran a stop sign and they want to charge me two hundred bucks. Can you fix it?

ALISON: Arthur is a legendary fixer among lawyers.

ARTHUR: I don't fix traffic tickets.

UNEEQ: Some lawyer.

ARTHUR: Get me the name of the judge. I'll see what I can do. Might I have some time with my client, Officer...?

UNEEQ: Edmunds. Uneeq Edmunds.

(Exits)

ARTHUR: Well, she's aptly named.

ALISON: U-N-E-E-Q.

ARTHUR: Unique spelling.

ALISON: That's not what you're thinking.

ARTHUR: Probably not. You know, the tyranny of political correctness, if I might be so incorrect as to call it that, is the urge to sanitize, no no, to deny, our lower instincts.

ALISON: And that's a bad thing?

ARTHUR: It's an inhuman thing. So forgive me if I think that woman has a ridiculous name she can't even spell correctly.

ALISON: That woman's net pay after taxes is maybe twenty-four thousand. And the piece of crap car she shares with her sister the heroin addict needs a new battery, which she can't afford. So by the time she gets a jump start she's running late for work, and maybe she doesn't make a complete stop at a four-way, okay, rolls...runs the fucking stop sign. No harm, no foul. Any cop would see her Corrections badge and turn a blind eye, professional courtesy. But she's black and she's a woman. So now she has to answer a summons, and maybe pay two hundred dollars from the money she already lacks for a battery, which her sister would probably sell for a fix, anyway.

ARTHUR: Alright, I admit it—I have racist thoughts, I have sexist thoughts. I have, even at my advanced age, thoughts that would make the Marquis de Sade blush. But they're my thoughts and, along with the rare noble thought, that's what makes me human.

ALISON: Forgive me if I keep wanting humans to be humane.

ARTHUR: This Institution is precisely on the way to nowhere. The parkway was down to one lane. Somebody hit a deer. Why there are still deer I don't know. What next, buffalo? Anyway, buckets of blood. And the local traffic, forget about it. Security hasn't gotten any faster here. And for what? So you can bust my chops—is that the phrase?

ALISON: I'm an ingrate, Arthur. I'm not having my best day.

ARTHUR: What would that be, you best day?

ALISON: Any day when I could still do somebody some good.

ARTHUR: Look at all the good you're doing here —AIDS counseling, a literacy program. You're helping Uneeq.

ALISON: A statement to the traffic court. I probably gave her the wrong advice.

ARTHUR: You want me to take her on pro bono?

ALISON: I would never ask.

ARTHUR: Consider it done. You always were a snob. Compassionate, but a snob. Like your father.

ALISON: So we're done talking around that?

ARTHUR: You missed a helluva funeral.

ALISON: Did Lawrence read my tribute?

ARTHUR: Your brother's a fine surgeon, but he was never the speaker you were. Bill Clinton spoke before him. At length. Yes, Lawrence read it. The Trotsky quote got polite applause.

The warden told me you could have come.

ALISON: In shackles? That would never do, stealing Howard's thunder at his final summation.

ARTHUR: Howard loved you the best. You were his Gerber red diaper baby. He didn't love you any less for becoming notorious. It just got complicated.

ALISON: Is complicated love still love?

ARTHUR: You always overanalyzed things.

ALISON: Not everything.

ARTHUR: There was music.

ALISON: Pete Seeger?

ARTHUR: He and Howard went all the way back. Peekskill, the Black List. As I recall, he taught you to play guitar. A very sincere man.

ALISON: Terminally sincere. I suppose he sang *This Land is Your Land*.

ARTHUR: All seventy-five verses.

ALISON: At my funeral I want Dylan.

ARTHUR: *Subterranean Homesick Blues*?

ALISON: Aren't you full of surprises?

ARTHUR: You don't need a weatherman.... We're not burying you just yet. A number of your old friends were there.

ALISON: Friends?

ARTHUR: You know, assorted felons and mad bombers masquerading as University Professors and pundits. The underground above ground, thickening and thinning.

ALISON: They haven't aged well?

ARTHUR: Well, they've aged. And they're obviously shocked by it. Relaxed Fit slacks, tinted hair, frizzy comb-overs. The A A R P branch of the Howard Moulton fan club.

ALISON: God knows he kept enough of them out of jail.

ARTHUR: We always had the better lawyers. Those Harvard and Yale preppies couldn't conceive of some C C N Y Jewboys kicking their pampered asses. But we did. Routinely. Better lawyers, better causes.

ALISON: I thought you were the apolitical half of the operation.

ARTHUR: My politics is winning. *(Beat)* Did I mention Gene was there?

ALISON: Gene? Putting pennies on the eyes of the corpse, was he?

ARTHUR: He seemed, I don't know, choked up.

ALISON: That's an old trick of his. That little lump in the throat. He swallows compassion like an anaconda digesting a large rat. You can actually watch it go down.

ARTHUR: That's rather harsh, don't you think?

ALISON: Have you seen his columns, his sanctimonious television tantrums? He's a turncoat and he sold all our secrets to the highest bidder. I hope you told him to go haunt some other cemetery.

ARTHUR: You want me to behave discourteously at a funeral?

ALISON: Did Gene have the courtesy to stay away? To apologize for the sick joke he made of our work? Yes, rude as hell would have been minimally acceptable behavior, especially at your partner's funeral...

ARTHUR: *(Overlapping)* ...your father's...

ALISON: My father's funeral! *(Beat)* It's still not real to me. I keep thinking I'll call and he'll drop names from last night's dinner party, ask me if I'm eating my vegetables.

ARTHUR: Are you?

ALISON: No.

ARTHUR: Me neither.

ALISON: We talked quite often by phone, you know. It wasn't easy. There's no privacy.

ARTHUR: Howard was always more of a public person.

ALISON: There were things I kept meaning to say. But he seemed so confused, lately.

ARTHUR: It was the medication. Or the condition. Past a point, one's as bad as the other. The doctors say he went peacefully.

ALISON: I wonder what that means?

ARTHUR: It means his suffering was not apparent. He made us the gift of a good death.

ALISON: I said some words here. In private.

ARTHUR: A prayer?

ALISON: Now, really.

ARTHUR: People get religion. People change. Gene, for instance.

ALISON: That's twice you brought up his name.

ARTHUR: Is it? That's probably because I spoke to him.

ALISON: You're fucking kidding me.

ARTHUR: You can't expect me to maintain your feuds for you. There are too many to keep track of at my age.

ALISON: Save the "age" bit for the judges. You didn't bump into him at all.

ARTHUR: He sought me out. And I welcomed him. To help you.

ALISON: I can do fine without Gene's help.

ARTHUR: No you cannot! Your pride is astounding, really. I know you come by it honestly, genetically. But Howard exhausted every legal trick in his extensive book of legal tricks.

ALISON: Arthur, there's another parole review coming up.

ARTHUR: And it will go as badly as the last one.

ALISON: Howard never let me make my case. I wrote a statement to the Parole Board and he tore it up.

ARTHUR: He had powerful letters supporting your release. On his death bed was still soliciting letters. Madeleine Albright called to pay her respects, Nelson Mandela. And what did Howard say to them? "Could you write a little something for Alison's file?"

ALISON: It made him feel important.

ARTHUR: Nothing was more important than to see you out of here. He didn't put half as much effort into getting Mandela out.

ALISON: That was different.

ARTHUR: The difference was Nelson Mandela did not commit murder.

ALISON: That's what you think I did?

ARTHUR: What I think doesn't matter. In the eyes of the state you contributed to the death of another human being.

ALISON: There are dozens of women in here for murder. And they'll all get out before I will.

ARTHUR: Because they did it for what? Drugs? Money? Revenge? You did it for politics, excuse me, "revolution". The governor has personally selected your board—a fundamentalist preacher, an ex-cop. The

P B A is crucial to his re-election. And these born-again McCarthy's will never stop making you pay.

ALISON: You think you can make them stop?

ARTHUR: If you let me. But we both know that Howard's way was getting you nowhere. Saint Alison of the Left did not play in Peoria. Sanctimony is for white shoe lawyers. I'm from Brooklyn—I'm a street fighter. We do this my way.

ALISON: Not if your way is Gene.

ARTHUR: Whatever else you think of the guy, he's connected. And his connections go all the way to the Oval Office. Be practical, for once. Don't tie my hands, Alison.

ALISON: I love you, Arthur. But I refuse to let you shake hands with the devil in my name. Don't ever talk to Gene again about me. I forbid it.

ARTHUR: There, just then, that's Howard's voice. High-minded, self-important, self-sabotaging. That's why he had me for a partner. To get things done. Look at me—I can get this done. Let me.

ALISON: You've got a smudge on your glasses.

(ARTHUR *cleans the wrong lens*)

No, there. I caught my reflection in the lenses. It's a game I used to play with Howard when I was a kid. "I can see myself in your glasses. I can see myself in your eyes!" The day he died, I woke up and thought *I've been a reflection all these years*. Well, that's over. I'm not Daddy's little felon anymore. I see what I have to do.

ARTHUR: Are you firing me?

ALISON: That would be crazy. No. I'm arranging a meeting with her.

ARTHUR: Her?

ALISON: Officer Renshaw's daughter.

ARTHUR: Now *that's crazy!* We're not talking a traffic ticket here.

ALISON: I know perfectly well what's at stake.

ARTHUR: I've handled hundreds of paroles. You have to know how to play the game. How to tell your story.

ALISON: Now you want to muzzle me, too? I've already written her.

ARTHUR: If you're trying to send a message to your father, it's a little late.

ALISON: Do me a favor and don't psychoanalyze me. If I make mistakes they'll be my mistakes.

ARTHUR: You'll only make it worse.

ALISON: What could be worse? A man died thirty years ago. And my father died without so much as a daughter at his graveside or a grandchild to carry his name.

ARTHUR: Killing yourself with incarceration will not set the ledger straight.

(A loud bell rings.)

ALISON: That's lunch. There's a turkey sandwich still in the hall vending machine. Or maybe it's roast beef. We could split it.

ARTHUR: Got to run—traffic. I almost forgot. This was on the nightstand next to Howard's bed. *(He removes an old cardigan from his briefcase and hands it to ALISON)* I thought you might want it.

ALISON: Doesn't exactly go with prison greens.

ARTHUR: I can drop it in the Goodwill bin.

ALISON: It does get chilly here. Someone will use it.

ARTHUR: Just to be on the safe side. (*Sets the sweater on the library cart*)

ALISON: I never told him I was sorry.

ARTHUR: He knew. He never stopped loving you. (*Exits*)

(ALISON *walks towards sweater on the library cart then turns away.*)

Scene Two

(*The consulting office of GENE BIDDLE. GENE cradles a phone against his shoulder. ARTHUR enters and stands.*)

GENE: ...we would be crazy to take less than seven figures as an advance... (*Gestures for ARTHUR to sit*) But it *will* be a best seller, the Foundation guarantees that...So the *Times* puts a little dagger thing next to it on the list, who gives a shit? ...But Ben...Ben...*Ben*, I'm going to put you on the speaker phone...It's not a cheap power play. I've got a crick in my neck... Okay?

BEN: (*Voice on speaker phone*) I know a good chiropractor.

GENE: I'll send you the bill. The bottom line is...

BEN: (*Voice*) Did you actually say "bottom line?"

GENE: Grow up, Ben. The point is I will not sign to write the book for less than a million up front.

BEN: (*Voice*) I published your first book. Abbie Hoffman was already on the shelf with *Steal This Book*. But they stole yours.

GENE: I'm making up for lost time. And royalties. Best to Martha. (*Hangs up. He crosses to ARTHUR and shakes his hand*) Arthur Rossiter in my office. I'm honored. Please, sit.

ARTHUR: That was a cheap power play.

GENE: Yes. But it worked.

ARTHUR: Ben Clarkson?

GENE: Friend of yours?

ARTHUR: Client. This is going back years. I helped him clear up a little accounting unpleasantness with Simon and Schuster.

GENE: Ben is a significant shareholder.

ARTHUR: It worked out pleasantly for him in the end. Hell of an advance you're demanding.

GENE: I'll settle for three quarters of it.

ARTHUR: Still real money. But I guess if the subject matter sells...

GENE: You bet it sells.

ARTHUR: Might I know the subject?

GENE: You might, in which case you might tell me.

ARTHUR: You're bargaining like that when you don't even know what you're going to write?

GENE: Something always comes up. Maybe I should write about you.

ARTHUR: Oh, that'll sell like hotcakes.

GENE: You never know—successful lawyer with crypto-Commie connections. Besides, it's my name they sell anyway.

ARTHUR: I might own that, once I get done suing you.

GENE: Okay, tough guy, put your guns back in the holster. I was just having some fun with you. How do you like the office?

ARTHUR: (*Looks around*) This is very...grown up. You're obviously doing well for yourself.

GENE: All rented—it's nothing.

ARTHUR: A book advance of "seven figures" is not nothing.

GENE: Take away performance bonuses, commissions, tax, it's not so much as all that.

ARTHUR: And this foundation you were talking about?

GENE: The book will sell on its own. I have a loyal, literate readership and they're not shy about buying books.

ARTHUR: But if they don't, in sufficient numbers to put you on the Times list? The what Foundation fills in.

GENE: Allard. The Allard Foundation.

ARTHUR: Didn't they sponsor a series of cross burnings?

GENE: Do you want an answer to your question, or do you want to take liberal potshots? The Allard Foundation is prepared to make bulk purchases and distribute them at conventions and fundraisers. Instant bestseller.

ARTHUR: With a dagger.

GENE: Okay, it's not strictly individual retail purchases. So what? The way books are hustled and whored these days, they all should have daggers—O'Reilly, Coulter, Hillary.

ARTHUR: If Hillary had a real dagger...

GENE: She'd cut my balls off. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I take it you read my latest column?

ARTHUR: I didn't want to bring up the Hillary bashing. I might have said it's misogynistic, gutter politics and it's been done to death by radio talk thugs who don't have a fraction of your intellect.

GENE: That's what you might have said?

ARTHUR: But I didn't want to be rude.

GENE: You invented rude.

ARTHUR: If I might be uncharacteristically polite—congratulations. This is some operation you've created. Books, on-line opinion columns, magazine pieces, speeches, political consulting, foundations. You're omnipresent. The first time you came into the office, hair down to here, jeans hanging by a thread, a nobody wanting legal advice for what? I'm trying to remember...

GENE: Inciting to riot.

ARTHUR: You threw something. A brick.

GENE: A paving stone. Sounds more classically revolutionary that way.

ARTHUR: Ah, poor Bank of America. So much inviting plate glass.

GENE: They were underwriting a half-dozen brutal dictatorships.

ARTHUR: We pled you down to unlawful assembly.

GENE: Your memory is better than you think.

ARTHUR: You stood in front of Howard and me and lectured us about how the judicial system was the corrupt oppressive arm of an illegitimate fascist regime.

GENE: Your memory gets better and better.

ARTHUR: You said you were going to turn that courtroom into a circus. You even rented a clown suit. And I told you...

GENE: To "shut the fuck up". You wanted to put it in terms I would understand.

ARTHUR: You understood the term "pro bono" well enough.

GENE: What do you want? I was broke.

ARTHUR: And now you're grown up.

GENE: Arthur, if I didn't know better I'd say you're giving me shit.

ARTHUR: That you would even suggest such a thing.

GENE: Now you're giving me shit about giving me shit. You have a hell of a way of reminiscing.

ARTHUR: You put an old friend in the ground, where else are your thoughts going to go but backwards?

GENE: I didn't know you and Howard were friends, exactly.

ARTHUR: I meant you. He was your friend, no? In any case, it was very gracious of you to attend.

GENE: A man is known by his friends.

ARTHUR: And enemies. Were you expecting to run into a certain old friend turned mortal enemy?

GENE: I'm not going to talk about Alison.

ARTHUR: You'll admit it would have been a notable encounter.

GENE: You know, getting you to the fucking point... it's still three dimensional chess, and as far as I can tell you haven't lost anything off your game.

ARTHUR: All those phony radical intellectuals. You were the only one could keep up with me. That's why I came to like you, in spite of yourself.

GENE: And now there's no end of things to dislike about me. Have I become "impure"? Whored myself?

ARTHUR: Depends who's writing the checks.

GENE: Who's writing your checks, Arthur?

ARTHUR: You know, Howard mostly saved the virtuous cases for himself. The ones that got him A-list

invitations, awards, testimonials. A half page *Times* obituary above the fold!

GENE: And you got?

ARTHUR: Drug dealers, delinquent landlords, corporate miscreants, ambulances to chase. I got to pay the bills for Moulton and Rossiter.

GENE: I'm just paying some bills here.

ARTHUR: Does that include moral debts? I mean, I have to say I was surprised to see you at the funeral, considering the colossal right turn you made in your politics.

GENE: It did have a certain shock value.

ARTHUR: It was nothing less than electrifying. Joan Baez actually walked to the other side of the grave.

GENE: Oh, like she's the conscience of the nation because she sang *Joe Hill* at Woodstock?

ARTHUR: Why did you come up to me at the funeral?

GENE: I came to pay my respects to your partner.

ARTHUR: Bullshit. You came to me to see if partners share files. To see if certain secrets were buried with the corpse.

GENE: Secrets, conspiracies. The great bugaboo of the Left.

ARTHUR: This is some highway you drive, my friend. Right side, left side, don't cross the center line. What could be simpler?

GENE: Spare me the self-righteous bit. I've heard it before.

ARTHUR: Alison Moulton is sitting in a prison cell going on thirty years. That's wrong.

GENE: And a New York City cop is rotting in a grave, only he's never coming out. Tell me what that is?

ARTHUR: Also wrong.

GENE: You can read about it in my next column.

ARTHUR: Blocking Alison's parole is not going to bring that man back to life.

GENE: Letting her out would kill justice. It would insult every cop who ever gave his life in the line of duty.

ARTHUR: You called cops "pigs". In open court.

GENE: That was harmless rhetoric.

ARTHUR: You don't see a little inconsistency here?

GENE: Oh, come out and say it.

ARTHUR: Hypocrisy! You were a spoiled little post doc with smooth hands and contempt for real working men. Now you're a man of the people.

GENE: You just can't stand that I speak for the folks.

ARTHUR: Yeah, rich folks. I can name at least six corporations that fund the Allard Foundation with lawsuits pending on environmental abuse, worker safety, product safety, people drinking rancid groundwater, dying in leukemia clusters—folks, Gene. The ones you champion, when it's convenient. Like it was convenient in the sixties.

GENE: You know, I get so sick of people telling me about the change in my politics. You want to know about change? Go down to Ground Zero. Take a look at the hole where there used to be shining towers. Take a good look around the neighborhood—they're still finding bone fragments! Then take a look at the kids coming out of Walter Reed with titanium rods where there used to be arms and legs. And tell me a bomb is just a symbol. Tell me terror is a legitimate

tool for change. I didn't change. The world changed. If you want to insult me, be my guest. But do not insult my intelligence. And don't even think of asking me to support Alison's parole appeal as some sort of dirty little quid pro quo. Because I would sooner die.

ARTHUR: You've got all this media at your beck and call. So you use a little of it for a good cause.

GENE: She's a cop killer. She was there when the bomb went off!

ARTHUR: I see, there's guilt in proximity. What precisely was your proximal guilt, Gene? Before you answer, you should know there are other records.

GENE: There is nothing in the public record on me.

ARTHUR: Private records that could be made public. Howard and I might have fought. There were times we couldn't stand the sight of each other, right to the bitter end. But we were partners. We shared files. I know your secrets.

GENE: This is a clear breach of the attorney-client privilege.

ARTHUR: This is advocacy. Documents show up in dumpsters, on email.

GENE: You're bluffing. I'll have you brought up on charges.

ARTHUR: You'll never lay a hand on me. I only want you to do what's right. See her. Is that asking so much?

GENE: Don't lawyer me, Arthur. You can't force me to advocate her release, and you know it.

ARTHUR: I'm just an old man. What can I do? Starting Monday morning, I clean out Howard's files. I sit at his desk, a trash can on one side, a box for the New York Times on the other. One right, one left. All very simple.

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SOMETHING YOU DID

That's what I'll be doing next week. What you'll be doing is your business. (*Exits*)