

## 31. The Agreement

- #2:** How can you say that?
- #1:** How many times have you been arrested for drunk driving? How many programs have you gone through? None of it mattered. You just didn't care!
- #2:** You're happy about this. Aren't you?
- #1:** Someone's dead. How can I be happy? What I feel is guilty.
- #2:** What are you guilty about?
- #1:** Because I got you off those other times. Maybe if you had done some jail time, or had been locked up in some clinic, that little girl would still alive.
- #2:** I see now. You don't like me and you want to see me put away.
- #1:** You're right, I don't like you. I think you're a waste and you're getting what you deserve.
- #2:** Why, because I have money?
- #1:** Stop trying to see yourself as some put-upon minority. A lot of people have money. You cavalierly go about doing whatever you please without thought one to anyone else and now it's come crashing in on you.
- #2:** What am I going to do?
- #1:** Try accepting some responsibility for once. Try apologizing to your parents and the family of that little girl. I don't know. You figure it out. *(Rises and starts to exit.)*
- #2:** Where are you going?
- #1:** You're being arraigned in two hours. I'm going to talk to the DA and see what I can do.
- #2:** Please help me. I'm terrified.
- #1:** Good! *(Exits.)*

*(In a restaurant. #1 is sitting at a table having a drink. #1 checks the time. #2 enters and goes over to #1's table.)*

- #1:** You're late!
- #2:** I wouldn't have come at all, except your voice-mail message sounded very ominous.
- #1:** It wasn't ominous.
- #2:** No? Then what would you call a message that says, "I'll be at Mario's at 12:30. It would be in your best interest to meet me there."
- #1:** I'd call it watching out for a friend.
- #2:** Maybe, if we were friends. What do you want?
- #1:** Oh, relax. Sit down and have a drink.
- #2:** *(Sits.)* I don't want a drink, I don't want to relax, but I do want to get out of here. What do you want?
- #1:** OK – we can play this any way you want.
- #2:** Just get on with it. I've got a lot of work to do.
- #1:** I'm sure you know that Matt Johnson is retiring.
- #2:** So?
- #1:** Well, his Vice-President spot is opening up and I want it.
- #2:** Yeah, you've got a prayer.
- #1:** Actually, I have much more than that.
- #2:** How's that?
- #1:** Because you're going to help me get it.
- #2:** Sure I am. Right after I get back from my vacation on the moon.
- #1:** Then blast off. I'm serious.
- #2:** You know what's so funny? I don't like you, which everyone knows, and I don't think you're qualified for the job you have now. So why would I lift a finger to get you promoted?
- #1:** *(Reaches into the briefcase, pulls out a large envelope and hands it to #2.)* Because of this.

**#2:** What is it?

**#1:** Open it.

**#2:** *(Opens the envelope, looks at the documents and is somewhat taken aback.)* How did you get these?

**#1:** That's not important. I have them.

**#2:** What are you planning?

**#1:** That all depends on you.

**#2:** Meaning?

**#1:** At next week's board meeting you are going to bring up my name as a replacement for Johnson and give me your personally written recommendation. Don't worry, it won't have to be too glowing. We wouldn't want to overdo it.

**#2:** And if I don't?

**#1:** Then Mr. Cromwell is going to get this packet and an anonymous letter detailing how his up-and-coming vice-president is selling company secrets to our competitors. I don't know our CEO too well, but I have a hunch he won't take this news lying down.

**#2:** You can kiss my...

**#1:** Fine! And you can kiss your career good-bye.

**#2:** You're bluffing.

**#1:** The unemployment office opens at eight A.M. *(Gets up and starts to leave.)*

**#2:** *(Leans across the table and pulls #1 back down.)* Just who do you think you are?! I have worked my fingers to the bone and I'm not going to let my life go down the tubes because some unqualified fly-by-night can't cut it in the business world.

**#1:** I can't cut it?! I'm not the one photocopying files and selling them to the highest bidder. Is that in some class I missed at Wharton's?

**#2:** You have no idea what this is all about.

**#1:** Oh I think I do. Let's see, you came here with an MBA from Harvard. Started working and got mad that you weren't advancing fast enough and being passed over. So

you decided to take matters into your own hands. Then when you finally did make Vice President, the "extra" money was too good to let go.

**#2:** You're wrong!

**#1:** Look, I'm a lot of things, but stupid isn't one of them. When I first came here I knew it would be rough, but after awhile I started to get along with everyone. Except you. Then I started hearing all the things you said behind my back to the suits...

**#2:** That's just office gossip...

**#1:** No it's not! So I checked you out and when I saw that the "golden one" was a little tarnished I saw my chance to protect myself.

**#2:** "Protect yourself"? You're just the same as I am. Fine, I'll admit that I took an...opportunity, but as far as you were concerned – you weren't qualified and, bottom line, you were getting in my way!

**#1:** Well now you're in mine.

**#2:** Cut to the chase.

**#1:** I already told you. I want Johnson's job and you off my back. There is no negotiation because I've got you by the...well, I've got you. You know it and I know it!

**#2:** And when you get the promotion?

**#1:** You get your files back. Deal?

**#2:** *(Stands.)* No, it's not a deal, but...I'll do it.

**#1:** I know.

**#2:** *(Starts to leave.)* I'll write the recommendation this afternoon. OK, Donato?

**#1:** Miss/Ms./Mr. Donato.

**#2:** What?

**#1:** It's Miss/Ms./Mr. Donato and don't forget it.  
*(#1 watches #2 exit. #1 smiles and takes a drink.)*