

CLASS ACTION

Father and Daughter have just finished having dinner tighter for the first time in a long while. She begins to thumb through a family photo album.

MAGGIE:

Oh, no

JEDEDIAH:

What?

MAGGIE:

Oh, my God. Look at all your hair.

JEDEDIAH:

Oh, you had a beautiful mother, Magpie. Look at that. Oh, my God.

MAGGIE:

"Magpie." You haven't called me that since... bleah... I must have been twelve.

JEDEDIAH:

Yeah. The prettiest, smartest--

MAGGIE:

Yeah.

JEDEDIAH:

Mouthiest kid... Ah, the People's Park Festival.

MAGGIE:

Oh, yeah.

JEDEDIAH:

1967, '68.

MAGGIE:

Yeah.

MAGGIE is looking at certain photo of Mom and Alice Worth—it changes her demeanor. JEDEDIAH sees it too and tries to get her to snap out of it/distract her.

JEDEDIAH:

They don't make marches like they used to. Remember this?

MAGGIE:

No, only what I read in the paper. You left Mom and me at home, of course. I remember I just turned 13. My first boyfriend had dumped me and I could have used you.

JEDEDIAH:

Well, young love was always your mother's line, Margaret. I was busy trying to keep the planet in one piece.

MAGGIE:

Burning a few bras in the process.

JEDEDIAH:

No, I was more interested in burning draft cards.

MAGGIE:

Oh, really? I thought you were more interested in the Women's Movement.

JEDEDIAH:

Relationships were more casual in those days. They were just more open.

MAGGIE:

Oh, please, please. I'm so tired of this sixties crap.

JEDEDIAH:

I was on the road for six, nine months at a time. None of this ever meant anything to me.

MAGGIE:

No? Not even Alice Worth?

JEDEDIAH refuses to go into it.

MAGGIE:

So that's it? Case dismissed?

JEDEDIAH:

You're out of order counselor.

MAGGIE:

And you are guilty as charged.

JEDEDIAH:

Alice Worth was my law partner.

MAGGIE:

Oh, please Dad. You think I didn't know?

JEDEDIAH:

This is none of your business goddamn it!

MAGGIE:

Alice Worth was very much my business. She wasn't just some nameless one-nighter. Alice was a friend. She was mom's friend—Mine. Jesus she was everything I wanted to be. She was smart and beautiful and a lawyer. I used to follow her around when she was here... just to watch how she'd cross her legs, or how she'd hold her drink, and then Mom finds her letters to you. She never cried in front of me. She wouldn't do that. But when she thought I was asleep, I could hear her... alone in her room, sometimes 3:00, 4:00 in the morning.

JEDEDIAH:

I'm really tired of this ancient history.

MAGGIE:

Well, she was never the same after that! Something in her eyes went dead.

JEDEDIAH:

Margaret, you have to know that I was committed to your mother. You have to--

MAGGIE:

No, you know, in one fell swoop, you took away the woman I admired, the mother I knew and the father I believed in.

JEDEDIAH:

Jesus.

MAGGIE:

The conscience of America. Defender of the huddled masses. The only thing you cared about, the huddled masses, was how tall you could stand on their shoulders.

JEDEDIAH:

Hey, wait a minute. There's more to this. Just hold on.
I've spent my life trying to help people! Oh yeah?

MAGGIE:

You gotten any thank you notes from Jack Tagalini recently.

JEDEDIAH:

Oh Jesus, Margaret! I had nothing to do with that!

MAGGIE:

Oh, yeah? I think you're being a little modest. Before you met Jack Tagalini, he was this nice guy who was pissed off at the cost overruns at Zembella Air. It never occurred to him to go public.

JEDEDIAH:

Well he didn't know how. I had to show him how.

MAGGIE:

You forced him or conned him or whatever it is you do to get your face on the cover of Newsweek.

JEDEDIAH:

Aw, Jesus Christ! I was on the cover of Newsweek because I was right. Goddamn it! That jury was out for two hours and twenty-seven minutes. They gave us every single point.

MAGGIE:

But what about Jack Tagalini? You turned him into a whistle-blower without telling him what it would cost. He lost his job, his friends, his professional life--

JEDEDIAH:

That case changed the law. It affects every single person who gets on an airplane.

MAGGIE:

And then you stopped taking his calls.

JEDEDIAH:

I was there for him when I could be.

MAGGIE:

No, you dumped him.

JEDEDIAH:

The world keeps turning Margaret. I had other battles to fight and other people to help.

MAGGIE:

You dumped him!

JEDEDIAH:

I couldn't hold his fucking hand, okay?

MAGGIE:

No, you didn't hold a hand, not unless it was young, female, and attractive! You're a user, Dad. You used Tagalini, you used all those women, and you used Mom! Goddamn hypocrite.

JEDEDIAH:

How dare you question my behavior, you, whose great claim to fame is being one of Quinn-Califant's young Nazis.

MAGGIE:

At least my clients don't blow their brains out.

JEDEDIAH:

If your mother could hear you now--

MAGGIE:

She can't, can she? She finally got out of here, wherever she is she's got to be happier than she was with you.

JEDEDIAH:

Why you--

MAGGIE:

So finally, words fail the great Jedediah Tucker Ward.

JEDEDIAH:

You! Get—

JEDEDIAH shoves / throws MAGGIE out the door.

MAGGIE:

(gasps)

Dad.

JEDEDIAH closes the door after throwing MAGGIE out the door