

ACT TWO

1.

New York, 1965. An auditorium, backstage.

Halberstam studying some papers. Stewart enters.

HALBERSTAM. Hello. This is a surprise. To what do I owe the — Are you coming to my talk? I'm honored.

STEWART. No. I need to speak with you.

HALBERSTAM. Well. We could get a drink after, I guess.

STEWART. No, now. Your talk can wait. *(Beat.)*

HALBERSTAM. No, it can't. Excuse me.

STEWART. David.

HALBERSTAM. Excuse me. You're welcome to go out front and listen. I'll be taking questions after.

STEWART. I got your package. *(Beat.)*

HALBERSTAM. I'm sorry?

STEWART. That was a goddamn shitty thing to do. Is that how you people do things now? Is this how you prove a point?

HALBERSTAM. What?

STEWART. A friend at the AP brought it to me. He took me to lunch, he didn't know what to say, he's a church-going man, he was mortified. You put him in a terrible position. I thought a lot of things about you, David, but I didn't think you were a coward. You should have had the guts to put your name on it.

HALBERSTAM. I have no idea what you're talking about, Stewart.

STEWART. Bullshit. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You set yourself up as some sort of righteous, truth-telling ... it turns my stomach. These kids out there might fall for it, but I don't. *(Stewart starts to go.)*

HALBERSTAM. Stewart. *(Stewart stops.)* They didn't come from me.

STEWART. Who then?

HALBERSTAM. I don't know.

STEWART. I don't believe you.

HALBERSTAM. Fine, but I got a set too. *(Beat.)*

STEWART. You did.

HALBERSTAM. Four or five guys got sent the package. That I know of. How many do you —

STEWART. Three.

HALBERSTAM. Yeah, they're really circulating.

STEWART. Who sent them, David?

HALBERSTAM. I told you, I don't know. How the hell should I know? Why would you think it was me?

STEWART. Or one of your cohorts. To ... show me. To prove a point.

HALBERSTAM. What point?

STEWART. That what you told me in Saigon about Joe was true.

HALBERSTAM. You knew it was true. *(Beat.)*

STEWART. All right. Then ... to push back. Against Joe. A warning shot.

HALBERSTAM. Now that makes a little more sense. But no. I don't think so. Come on. Give us a little more credit.

STEWART. I'd like to.

HALBERSTAM. No one I know had even seen the photographs before a few days ago.

STEWART. That's not what you told me in Saigon. You said you knew people who had seen them.

HALBERSTAM. Okay, so I was exaggerating a little bit. There were rumors, but it was just guys winding each other up. Like those stories in high school about the cheerleader and the whole football team. Somehow you never actually met anyone with first-hand knowledge.

STEWART. Not anymore. *(Beat.)*

HALBERSTAM. Yeah, well, I think you owe me an apology. You barge in here, I'm about to give a speech —

STEWART. I'm sorry. *(Beat.)* ~~Who do you think sent them out?~~

HALBERSTAM. Well, who had them? I dunno. The Russians, I guess?

STEWART. *(Mock-dramatic.)* The KGB.

HALBERSTAM. Maybe. Or our guys? I just don't know.

STEWART. Not our guys.

HALBERSTAM. Why not?

STEWART. Who?

↓
END