

JORGENSEN.

What do you want of me Kate? Want me to say "I'm sorry?" For what? For loving your Mother? I'm not. Look, we are fighting for our lives — here and now ... Why are we even talking about this?

KATE. Because it still hurts.

JORGENSEN. Well, what do we do now? Go over it — resolve thirty some odd years of hurt in the next fifteen minutes? Is that what you expect?

KATE. No I don't. But I'll tell you what I do expect. I expect not to be lectured to about "family" by my mother and not be abused by you.

JORGENSEN. Abused?

KATE. I turned my life upside down to come up here to help you out. I don't even get to take off my jacket and you're ready to have me "bodily thrown out of your office." Well I'll make it easy for you. I'll leave. *(She turns to Exit.)*

JORGENSEN. Well go ahead then and leave. You're a lousy lawyer anyway.

KATE. *(returning)* Lousy lawyer! I want to tell you something. I'm a god damned good lawyer. You are a lousy client. You say "No" to everything. You say "No" to what ninety nine per cent of other corporations say "Yes"

to. If this was any other outfit they'd put a statue out there in the yard of the woman that saved this company.

JORGENSEN. Saved this company? You're not looking to save this company. You're looking to save your own ass.

KATE. ...What?

JORGENSEN. Being beaten by Garfinkle wouldn't look so good on your resume, would it? Damn it Kate — you want to win so badly, you don't even know what this fight is all about!

KATE. Oh yes I do. It's about your incredible — pigheadedness.

JORGENSEN. OK. Sure it is. But it's more than that. It's also about the 1200 men who work here and their families. Let's ask them if you're trying to "save this company."

KATE. Why ask them? They're not stockholders.

JORGENSEN. Does that mean they don't matter?