

START

Quick blackout, then full lights back up. Jim Fingal (mid-20s) now sits opposite Emily, as she reads his résumé.

EMILY. Okay, Jim Fingal, so you're interning with Bob down in Editorial?

JIM. Yes.

EMILY. How long you been with us?

JIM. Ah, just under six months.

EMILY. And what's Bob got you doing?

JIM. Apart from making coffee, which I think he makes me do as a joke, research, copy-editing, that sort of thing.

EMILY. Tell me about yourself—

JIM. I was a joint concentrator in Computer Science and Journalism.

I wrote a few stories and some editorials for the *Crimson*.

Beat.

Harvard.

No reaction.

And whatever jobs I got after college were just marking time until I got here.

Beat.

Where I'm really happy.

His eyes survey the walls/shelves, noting knick-knacks, awards, framed magazine covers.

Wow! Is that the Wall of Fame? (*Looks closer; a bit starstruck.*) What is that, fifty years of autographed covers...?

EMILY. Fifty-two.

He looks at another spot on the wall.

JIM. What's...KanKAKee?

EMILY. KANKakee. Illinois. Our beloved production facility. The largest in the country. They do everyone—us, Hearst, Condé Nast, Time Inc., Simon & Schuster. The ones that are left.

Beat.

Now then, why are you here?

JIM. Why am I—?

EMILY. What do you want to do?

JIM. Well, whatever it is you want me to do.

EMILY. That's a cute answer. But what plans—?

JIM. Where do I see myself in five years?

EMILY. Something like that.

JIM. Well, my next step is *this*. Trying to get a chance to fact check this article.

EMILY. Bob tells me you're talented and trustworthy.

JIM. That's very kind.

EMILY. So you're looking to stay at the magazine?

JIM. Absolutely. Particularly given the kind of work I've seen this

magazine is capable of.

A beat.

EMILY. You don't like the direction?

JIM. That's not—

EMILY. No, I think it's wonderful that you have standards. Just as long as you understand the compromises we often have to make between material that pushes the envelope—

JIM. —and the stuff that sells magazines. Absolutely. And ads.

EMILY. You get it.

JIM. I try to.

END