

TRUE STORY

*Longo enters*

Finkel  
Thank you for seeing me, Mr. Longo.

Longo  
Call me Chris.

Finkel  
Nice to meet you, Chris.

Longo  
Yeah, nice to meet you too.

*Finkel begins writing in his notebook.*

Longo  
What are you writing?

Finkel  
Sorry, it's a uh...it's a habit.

Longo  
First impressions?

Finkel  
Yes, first impressions.

Longo  
What'd you put down?

Finkel  
Blue eyes.

Longo  
That's not very remarkable. Lots people in the world have blue eyes.

Finkel  
I guess so. I don't.

Longo  
You know there's a mathematical technique that will determine how ordinary of a person you are. Not just your looks, but your whole life.

Finkel  
Really?

Longo  
By my calculations, I'd say I'm pretty ordinary. I've been decent and regular for 92.88% of the time, but you couldn't tell that from reading the papers. They write about me and I'm just another—

Finkel  
Pariah.

Longo  
Yeah, exactly.

Finkel  
So why me? You picked up the Times and thought the name sounded funny?

Longo  
No, I followed your whole career.

Finkel  
What?

Longo  
I always found your writing appealing. The adventure. The way you stand up for people who don't have voices. I've probably read everything you've done. I guess I felt like I knew you. *(Beat)* So I read the paper. Did you do it?

Finkel  
I should be asking you the same thing.

Longo  
I'm gonna take that as a yes. *(Beat)* Why?

Finkel  
I don't know. I needed the story to be ahead of the game, but deep down I don't know.

Longo  
And now you're here. *(Beat)* Well, all the networks have been chasing me and I've gotten a bunch of requests from different newspapers...

Finkel  
The Times?

Longo

Not yet. I know I'm very valuable to people like you and not everything's been said yet. Most journalists are only interested in writing what their readers wanna hear, They don't wanna take the time to find out the truth about what really happened. Maybe at this point, it doesn't matter.

Finkel

Of course it matters. The truth always matters.

Longo

It always seems to matter to you. You know, when I was being you, it was the happiest I'd been in a long time. Do you think you could ever imagine being me?

Guard

Longo! Time to go!

Longo

Mike, I wanna tell you my side of this. Only you. And I know that you're eventually going to write about it, so I need two things in return.

Finkel

What?

Longo

I need your word that you will not tell anyone what I tell you until after the trial, and in return, I will grant you exclusive access. Okay?

Finkel

I promise. But if I write about you, you may not like what you read.

Longo

I understand.

Finkel

What's the second thing?

Longo

I want you to teach me to write.

*Longo exits.*