

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Bohemian Grove

by Jeremy Johnson

EXTRACT

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This script is distributed by The Australian Script Centre
77 Salamanca Place Hobart 7004 Tasmania Australia
email admin@ozscript.org
www.ozscript.org
ph +61 3 6223 4675
fax +61 3 6223 4678

CHARACTERS

GILES DE DOOD : early 50's (*A wealthy businessman*)

DAMMEAUX DE DOOD : late 40's (*his wife*)

IMOGEN JOLLY : 19 (*her daughter*)

AWWAL : 27 (*her boyfriend*)

JUNKET BREATH : mid 60's (*CEO Trading bank*)

YOLANDA : 50 (*Maid for the De Doods*)

COUNT MANFRED ZUCATUR : 33 (*a mesmerist*)

NEON GREEN : early 20's (*communications technician*)

LLOYD BOYD : 52 (*a lobbyist*)

SOPHIE : 30 (*Giles Secretary*)

THE GHOST OF COLONEL SANDERS

Minimum cast (8)

BOHEMIAN GROVE

ACT ONE

SCENE I : Boardroom, World Trade Center, New York.

SCENE II : De Dood Residence Houston, Texas.

SCENE III : Houston/New York.

ACT TWO

SCENE I : De Dood Residence Houston, Texas.

SCENE II : Boardroom, World Trade Center, New York.

ACT THREE

SCENE I : De Dood Residence Houston, Texas.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I : Boardroom. Washington DC

SCENE II : De Dood Residence Houston, Texas.

NOTE: The play can be performed on one set as the action takes place in three distinctive areas. It is up to the discretion of the Director and Designer to decide how much is actualized and how much can be tricked through masterful lighting and sleight of hand..

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: BOARDROOM, WORLD TRADE CENTER, NEW YORK CITY.

Early Evening.

NEON, a tall gangly black man in his early 20's, is installing a new fax machine in the boardroom of a multi national corporation. NEON is strikingly attired in shiny mint jelly green pants with black Nikes and multi colored tee shirt. A box with the old fax is on the floor next to him. A large framed portrait of an elderly gentleman marginally resembling Colonel Sanders looms above him.

The new fax machine is an artful technological masterpiece, it rests on a sleek modern credenza.

GILES enters holding a book in great excitement. His secretary, SOPHIE, is hot on his tail, livid and grapples with him to get hold of the book.

GILES

No! No! No!

SOPHIE

Give it back to me! It's not funny!

GILES

No! No way! How dare you bring a fucking bible into this building!! I don't care if you do *only* read it during breaks. There are no breaks!-

*GILES is a barrel-chested thug in his early 50's;
his senses devour everything and his presence
in any room invites chaos.*

GILES speaks in an broad Australian accent.

He never sits or shakes hands.

SOPHIE is a conservative nimble minded 30 y.o.

SOPHIE

Get a life, Giles.

GILES

This is the 80th floor of Trade Central, sweetheart. If God had meant bibles to be on Manhattan it wouldn't be the world's financial Capitol, now would it??

SOPHIE

I'm out of here, Giles. I quit.

(moves to leave)

GILES

What if I double your salary?

SOPHIE

Ha!

GILES

A million a year clear Think Sophie National Heritage, Save the Children; reverse the poverty cycle for entire states in Bangladesh.

SOPHIE

(after a considered pause)

Two million. Eighteen month contract, full benefits, unlimited use of all company facilities, references, securities, gratuities, bonuses, and six weeks paid vacation.

GILES

Staggered.

SOPHIE

Seven, actually. Lucky, lucky seven, Giles. Seven weeks paid vacation.

GILES

What's up this year? A deluxe tour of war torn Asia Minor, staying at five star refugee camps; bandaging the infected stumps of limbless children out digging for sticks in the land mined playgrounds of Kabul? - Please send us a postcard!

(holding up bible)

Let me hang on to this. Go on. Go home. I'll treat you and your cats tonight to Le Cirque home delivery.

(jerks his thumb at NEON)

Just tell me what this blackfella's doing with the fax copier? Stealing it?

SOPHIE

He's putting in a new one.

GILES

Oh! .. Well, tell Beetle to direct Junket up here to the boardroom - And you gotta try the brain and truffle fritters. Yum yum yum yum yum yum Yum! Goodnight.

SOPHIE

Giles?

GILES

Yes.

SOPHIE

I get alot of comfort visiting third world countries because they happen to be the only expanding market in existence that's in no danger of collapse. Goodnight.

GILES shuts door after her. Rips bible and tosses it in a trash can by the door.

NEON

Man, don' trash it!. Ah Give it ma ole lady. - Thass a nice bible, leather an' shit, Man Hey, maybe I ain't ben in no church since I was 8, but for most folks that bible's all they got to hang on to for guidance and faith and jest plain ole gettin' on survivin'.

GILES

Hasn't this book screwed you over enough? - You really think that one verse of one chapter of one book of either testament is worth the million lives lost to make it heard?

NEON

.... Ask Aretha!

GILES

(laughs)

Who are you?

NEON

.... Neon.

GILES

Neon? Your parents named you Neon?

NEON

Ma dogs call me Neon. Ma name name is Leroy.

GILES

Leroy! Now, *there's* a black name if ever there was?

NEON

(bristling)

It ain't a black name. It become a black name; a southern black name.

GILES

Uh huh.

NEON

We stole it from the French slavers, who went on talkin' all the time about dis person "Le Roi" - an' this *Le Roi* they were goin' on about was de king. Leroy 'live. Leroy dead. Ev'rthing was Leroy, so tha bruthers an' sisters began callin' their own Leroy. - Dr King was de king in a nation o' kings. Get tha picture?

GILES

King of the Leroy's! ... Free at last, free at last.

NEON

Thass right - an' U still be waitin' fer yor king.

GILES

All our kings are dead.

(looking out window)

Jesus, Neon, look at the size of that tanker! It's a mechanical whale. Real whales used to swim up and down the Hudson, you know.

NEON

Yeah, an' Indians lived in Central Park.

GILES

And still do. On the 97th parallel as we speak lives the Nocturnal Algonquin. An indigenous tribe who still have no idea that man has built a city on their island.

NEON

Shyeah-

GILES

An anthropologist from the History Museum swears to me on the skull of Crazy Horse it's true.

NEON

(bemused)

Oh U da Crazy Horse motherfucker, man. Talkin' this Juju shit at me. Who U anyway?

GILES

Oil, food, interactive software, television ...

NEON

Uh huh. One of them shadows who like to move the light! So what the hell kind of a name is Giles. Where'd that name come from?

GILES

French ... maybe Scottish something-

NEON

You don't know where your own name come from? - Man, the name is the game an' it who U be. I be, U be, we be, it be! - Has been, gonna be, Na ah, it be!!

GILES

"To be *and* not to be" - So perhaps the question is: "To *do* or not to *do*?" right?

NEON

Well what I do is done. Is ready to roll.

GILES

Yeah, our new fax. Just like the other I assume.

NEON

Got more memory, thassall.

GILES

Mega rams with a bigger paper tray.

NEON

Yeah man, de muther of all paper trays.

GILES

So show me how it works.

NEON

See where I put the date - You press copy, number-

GILES

(impatiently)

How many copiers do you install, in say a week?

NEON

Urrrm - Anywhere between twenny an' thirty.

GILES

So how do they work?

NEON

I'm tellin' ya-

GILES

No no. The installation of telecommunication equipment is your livelihood, I believe. I want you to tell me how a written transcription passes through a green light in *this* machine, causing an exact copy to spit out of another machine less than a minute later in Houston, East Timor, The Hague, or wherever. How is this possible?

NEON

Satellites, man.

GILES

Satellites.

NEON

Yeah. Somethin' to do with satellites.

NEON picks up the box with the old fax inside. GILES opens a drawer in credenza

GILES

But you're unsure.

NEON

Listen, I don't wanna offend U, but ah wanna go home too.

GILES pulls out a semi automatic pistol and aims it at NEON who starts but quickly regains composure.

NEON

What tha fuck you doin', Bitch!

He goes to leave carrying the box

GILES

(brusquely)

Door's locked.

NEON stops and looks at GILES with a calm weariness

NEON

They're gonna hear the sound and bust in this room like it a crack house at a pre-school.

GILES, without averting his eyes or the gun away from NEON, whisks out a silencer from the credenza that he clicks on the firearm.

GILES

Silence is golden, Neon.

NEON

(slowly and deliberately)

Open tha mutherfuckin' door, man.

GILES

Gimme your money. All of it. Go on, put the box down.

NEON

I-

GILES

(emphatic)

Box down on the table.

NEON

(reluctantly heeding the request)

Hey - I got change, man, thassit!! Coin!!

GILES

Well give it to me. Empty your pockets!

NEON

Just put the fuckin' gun down, man!

GILES

How dare you try and sell me something you know nothing about. You audacious ignorant nigger! Calling yourself a king for fuck's sake!

NEON

(throwing a fistful of coins at GILES)

So fuck this!

GILES

(barely flinching)

.... Coin! How pathetic.

NEON

Go on then, shoot me!

(Moves towards GILES slowly and fearlessly)

C'mon. C'mon. Shoot me, Ho!

He throws a final coin. GILES flinches.

NEON pounces, trying to wrestle the gun from GILES. Door opens.

JUNKET BREATH enters, a distinguished gentleman in his early 60's. He speaks in a gravelly voice. Is centered. Is calm. He commands all the respect you'd expect from the Chairman of Manufacturers Hanover

JUNKET

IN THE NAME OF- ... Give me the gun, Giles!

GILES and NEON break

GILES

(cheerily)

Junket Breath.

JUNKET

Who's this??

NEON

This guy jest taxed all ma money? He pull a gun on me fer shit, man. - I work Electric City, man. I dun nuthin'!

GILES

Junket I'd like you to meet, Neon.

JUNKET

Give me the weapon, Giles.

GILES

A loaded gift for a loaded friend. I imagine a semi automatic silenced hand gun would be the most valuable accessory one could carry into a meeting with the Governors of the Federal Reserve.

(handing gun to J.B)

Use it to my benefit.

JUNKET

Smells like a border town pawn shop in here. As you have discovered, Neon, Mr De Dood is certifiably demented, and the sad truth is that he is not an individual but a species.

NEON

Huh, like the Nocturnal Alcolquin.

JUNKET

Heh heh. Or the Corporate counterparts thereof down wind. The founding chairman, Neon, though still living in oil above your head, died eighteen months ago and left Mr De Dood here to sit alone on a very large and chilly seat.

GILES

A wet seat, Junket. At the top ones butt is never dry.

JUNKET

So in gratitude for your discretion, Neon-

GILES

Neon, the King, Junket. The king!

JUNKET

Three hundred freshly minted big ones...

*extracts three hundred dollars in cash
from his pocket and hands it to NEON.*

GILES

I see the Fed's new color copier does indeed replicate a truer denominational green than its predecessor.

NEON

(waving the bills)

What, I can't use this??

GILES

Never put money into any bank you or your friends don't control. I'm talking lumpy mattress economics 101. Not too many brothers are so adroitly remunerated by the Chairman of Manny Hanny who's buddies go from Senate Finance to God.

JUNKET

(facing the painting of Trader)

Ahh Colonel, give us a sign for we are at a loss.

NEON

NEON

You guys pray to Colonel Sanders????

JUNKET

No, Trader's name on the floor. Trader Jolly. Know who we're talking about?

NEON shakes his head. JUNKET turns his attention to the gun which he examines in close detail.

GILES

Do you just love fried chicken, Neon?

NEON

Sure, if I got watermelon to wash down the fat, massar!

JUNKET

Aaah, Desert Eagle 50 ACP.

GILES

(to NEON)

We once considered a takeover bid for Popeye's Southern Fried Chicken, but decided against it when I realized that it carried a subliminal message from the Church of Rome. You look at the sign and it reads: Popeyes, but your subconscious reads: Pope Yes! Crafty buggers them tykes - So, Junket ... What's been read into the camp fire embers at Bohofest this year? Are we slowing the earth's rotation or speeding it up? What's been decided?

NEON

It standin' still. Muther Earth jus' likes to fool y'all. - Hey, I got nuther jobs t'finish b'fore I done today.

GILES

Oh don't leave.

NEON

Neon gotta get crank and flip from yor exhalted presence - Ma baby Lac and booty be jammin' theirselves to the screw awaitin' tha return of tha Leroy.

goes to leave

JUNKET

Oh Neon. Wait!

*JUNKET BREATH unloads the firearm of ammunition and hands places it inside the box with the old fax machine
NEON is holding*

JUNKET

(good naturedly)
I don't think we'll be needing this.

NEON

Peace and love, Brother

EXITS

GILES

Why did you do that? Why did you give him my gun?

JUNKET

A decent firearm never hurt our struggle over the centuries. It's Oreos or death for them, Punk.

GILES

A prize speciman of Texas Longhorn you are, Junket.

JUNKET

Let me be brief and to the point Giles. Your creeping tender for NBC has done you in; has bruised too many nervous stockholders. So many, in fact, that you've managed to alienate the very people who underwrite your investors.

GILES

Ride the goat at lodge, Junket.

JUNKET

Come again.

GILES

This! Oh dithering Impotentate!

(Offensively exaggerating several Masonic gestures at JUNKET, singing)

Jahbalon loves me this I know for the Builders tells me so

The gestures are: joining the thumbs and forefingers to make a triangle in front of his forehead; banging the side of his fist into his forehead; placing the back of his left hand to his forehead while stretching his other arm in straight out in front.