

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Capital

by Van Badham

EXTRACT

© 2003 Van Badham



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

CAPITAL

A play by Van Badham

Characters:

- **Jim:** a senior director of a multinational PR company. Older than Bob.
- **Bob:** a creative consultant in a multinational PR company. Younger than Jim.

An intercom is required.

For James Beach & John Thorpe.

JIM: Something about (*pointedly*) “A.A.” always makes me need a scotch. You up for a drink, son?

BOB: Not at work, sir.

JIM: You understand this is medicinal. (*He belts one down*). I’m suing the bastards. Breach of contract. Stress. Terminal fucking stupidity. Of course the last isn’t a crime in this country.

BOB: Or we’d be out of a job, sir.

JIM: So would the President. How’s your ass?

BOB: Sore.

JIM: (*Brandishing the bottle*) I can personally vouch for its therapeutic properties.

BOB: I got some wheatgrass juice in the studio fridge...

JIM: There’s a cushion, if you –

BOB: I’m just not used to getting a fist up my ass before noon. (*laughs*) Not at work (*laughs*). Not from a stranger, sir.

JIM: You’re private life is your own business, Bob, but you understand there’s security involved. National security.

BOB: I was just taken from my office to a consulting room.

JIM: You haven’t been briefed?

BOB: I may have been a bit distracted while that happened, sir.

Scene:

Jim's executive office in a Manhattan high-rise. Morning (a beautiful day). The furniture is expensive and stylish, the equipment is state of the art.

The play proceeds in real-time.

Jim, on a cordless phone.

JIM: Terry – don't start with – I told ya fix it, Terry. I said clean it up – I offered you my people and you – well, I've stuck to the contact, Terry. Clean it up – three expendable account clerks with coke habits, I said – one year of rehab and no-one in prison, but you – Who said shredder? I said I'd fix you a patsy and you make enough packing paper to post all the anthrax in fucking America. Don't worry, I'm not sending you a Christmas card - you'd probably shred the damn thing – Yeah?

A voice intercom.

INTERCOM: Jim, Bob's out here.

JIM: Send him in, Reba. *(back to the phone)* Yeah, well I'll see you in court after Congress does, Terry –

Bob enters the room, physically uncomfortable for reasons that have nothing to do with Jim. Jim waves him to a seat.

JIM: My lawyer will be lining up with the rest of them this afternoon. For the hell of it, Terry – for the goddamn nickel your momma shoulda kept between her knees. Yeah, fuck you, too.

He slams down the phone.

JIM: I'm sorry about that, Bob.

He fixes himself a drink from a discreet liquor cabinet.