



TWO BUSINESSMEN, ITCHY AND MAN, ARE CHATTING. IT'S A WATER COOLER TYPE DISCUSSION. THEY ARE JOINED OCCASIONALLY BY THEIR FEISTY FRIEND, LIZZIE.

ITCHY: Can I ask you a personal question?

MAN: I don't know. Can you?

ITCHY: How many messages are in your inbox?

MAN: That depends.

ITCHY: On what?

MAN: How many in yours?

ITCHY: I asked you first.

MAN: I got plenty.

ITCHY: What are we talking?

MAN: More than you'd expect.

ITCHY: What numeral?

MAN: A large one. A very, very high one.

ITCHY: All opened, accounted for, replies sent?

MAN: Of course – sorted, CC'd, BCC'd.

ITCHY: Do you forward?

MAN: Of course!

ITCHY: Do you flag?

MAN: If necessary.

ITCHY: Right. And do you have any trouble...

MAN: I doubt it.

ITCHY: ..with spam?

MAN: You'd have to ask my secretary.

ITCHY: Secretary?

MAN: Don't you have one?

ITCHY: (UNCOMFORTABLE.) Um, er...

MAN: Oh, here's that chick.

LIZZIE ENTERS AND KISSES MAN AND ITCHY.

LIZZIE: Hello, darlings. It's only me.

MAN/ITCHY: Hey! Lizzie!

MAN: How are you?

LIZZIE: Oh, you know me – I'm a busy, busy bee!

MAN: Like me.

ITCHY: (DEFENSIVE.) And me!

MAN: Tell me about it! I'm flat out!

ITCHY: I'm flat chat.

LIZZIE: (LOOKS AT CHEST.) I'm...just...flat.

MAN: Like a lizard drinking. I've been working 30-hour days, 8-day weeks.

LIZZIE: Nonsense!

ITCHY: I hustle!

MAN: I bustle!

ITCHY: I break my balls.

MAN: I bust my chops.

LIZZIE: Ouch! That's gotta hurt!

ITCHY: So what brings you here?

LIZZIE: I want to talk size. I need answers. Numbers. Exact figures.

MAN: Fire away!

LIZZIE: I've been wondering - really, how big does it have to be?

ITCHY: Oh, pretty big.

MAN: Rather large.

ITCHY: Quite grand.

MAN: Monstrous.

ITCHY: Enormous.

MAN: Gigantic.

ITCHY: Humungulous.

MAN: That's not a word.

LIZZIE: I mean, what measurements?

MAN: Hmm. 5 by 2.

ITCHY: 6 x 3.

MAN: 10 x 4.

LIZZIE: Is that so?

ITCHY: I am quite sure.

MAN: I am most definite.

LIZZIE: I see. And what about money? Let's talk moolah. Cash.

ITCHY: What of it?

LIZZIE: What's a good figure, a comfortable one?

ITCHY: 6 zeros.

MAN: 7 zeros. No, 8 zeros!

LIZZIE: 8 zeros?

ITCHY: (AMAZED.) That is a lot!

MAN: No, it's not. It's nothing.

LIZZIE: It's quite significant.

MAN: (TO ITCHY.) What, you a bit strapped for cash?

ITCHY: (EMBARRASSED.) Oh, no, but, um...

LIZZIE: Hey! You can be such a rude little man!

MAN: There's nothing little about me, honey.

LIZZIE: (TO ITCHY.) Ignore him. He's got no idea. You OK?

ITCHY: Yeah. Just a bit restless.

MAN: He's always fidgety. Itchy.

LIZZIE: (TO MAN.) And you're a bit scratchy, aren't you! Tell me, all these zeros - can you deliver?

MAN: Always. Right on time. I never miss a target. Never overspend. Never undersell.

LIZZIE: All above board? Below budget?

MAN: Mostly.

LIZZIE: Impressive.

MAN: I know.

LIZZIE: I must go now.

ITCHY: Oh, why so soon?

LIZZIE: People to meet and greet. Hire and fire. Gotta brown nose. Take some no-doze.

MAN: Don't forget the handshake. Firm. Like a man.

ITCHY: Like a man?!

MAN: And look 'em in the eye like you mean it.

ITCHY: Yeah, you knock 'em dead, cowboy!

LIZZIE: Ciao, ciao!

LIZZIE KISSES MEN GOODBYE AND EXITS.

MAN: There she goes.

ITCHY: Did I just call her a cowboy?

MAN: You did indeed.

ITCHY: What the hell am I talking about?

MAN: You panicked. She's a good-looking chick.

ITCHY: Did I sound like a...like a dick?

MAN: You did.

ITCHY: Oooh! (PAUSE.) What do you think of her?

MAN: She's alright. A bit femmo, though. Not my bag.

ITCHY: She's not a bag!

MAN: I mean she doesn't do it for *me*. Too much testosterone, you know. Like a bloke.

ITCHY: But you just told her to be like a bloke!

MAN: I just...I think maybe she doesn't...shave.

ITCHY: (EXCITED) I think she's pretty.

MAN: You gotta be cool. Relax. Like the song.

ITCHY: Or what?

MAN: Or you will lose in the most important game of all.

ITCHY: What's that?

MAN: You know. (SLEAZY.) *Ladies*.

ITCHY: It's not a game.

MAN: Oh, yes it is!

ITCHY: Is it?

MAN: It's a battle – an absolute shitfight!

ITCHY: Perhaps you're right.

MAN: And if you don't take my advice, you'll lose every time, at every turn.

ITCHY: (SITS DOWN AND TAKES NOTES.) OK, I'm ready.

MAN: Get this all down: Keep your standards high. Keep your profile low. Keep your mind open. Keep your doors and windows closed.

ITCHY: Why?

MAN: Keep out the slackers. It's all in the manual.

ITCHY: Oh. Anything else?

MAN: Play the field. Work the room. Remember who's boss. And um...don't forget to floss.

ITCHY: Why?

MAN: Not sure. But it always works for me. And I do alright, if you know what I mean...

ITCHY: You play dirty!

MAN: You gotta!

ITCHY: Well... I don't know if I wanna play anymore.

MAN: Fair enough. Loser.

PAUSE.

ITCHY: Do you have kids?

MAN: 12.

ITCHY: 12! That's a... I mean, how do you... When do you...

MAN: I know. It's extraordinary!

ITCHY: It really is!

MAN: And I'm doing my bit for the country. None of this 2.2 bullshit! I've upped the ante!

ITCHY: But how on earth do you...

MAN: Easy. It all comes down to time.

ITCHY: And money.

MAN: Do you have any? Any at all?

ITCHY: What?

MAN: Cash?

ITCHY: Oh, I've got a super saver account...

MAN: Time is money. And it can be bought.

ITCHY: Are you sure?

MAN: Of course. Everything has a price.

ITCHY: Incredible.

MAN: That's me.

ITCHY: There's just never enough of it.

MAN: Rubbish!

ITCHY: And I'm always running out.

MAN: Poor time management skills!

ITCHY: That's not true, I...

MAN: ..need a secretary!

ITCHY: Oh, Lizzie's back!

MAN: Try not to act like a knob.

LIZZIE ENTERS.

LIZZIE: Hey, guys! What are you doing?

MAN: We're brainstorming. Collaborating. Corporate...planning, scheming. You know, business talk.

ITCHY: Yes, business. Important business.

LIZZIE: Business? Who's business?

ITCHY: (NERVOUS.) Oh, not your business. I mean, oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

MAN: Relax!

ITCHY: Actually, we were talking about time.

MAN: He says he never has enough.

LIZZIE: Either do I! I'm always short.

ITCHY: (EXCITED.) Me too!

MAN: You just have to know where to start.

LIZZIE: I can't even find time to fart.

ITCHY: Oh, I hear you, sister! I mean, not *my* sister...

LIZZIE: I run on empty.

MAN: I run on adrenalin. I never get a minute to, you know, smell the roses and all that shit.

LIZZIE: Oh, that's so sad!

MAN: That's the way it is, honey. Life in the fast lane!

ITCHY: Well, I rarely have a moment to scratch myself.

MAN: That's why you're always on edge.

LIZZIE: But surely if you have an itch, you need to scratch!

ITCHY: I don't. I simply don't.

MAN: C'mon. Everyone needs to scratch!

ITCHY: You don't understand. (SCRATCHES HIMSELF.) Once I start, I can't stop. It's a real time waster.

MAN: That's bad for business!

LIZZIE: But you're itchy!

ITCHY: I know, I know.

LIZZIE: But if one has an itch, one must scratch. One simply must!

ITCHY: But there's no time.

MAN: (FRUSTRATED.) Enough! We have ample time! There's no lackage whatsoever!

ITCHY: Not true.

LIZZIE: Lackage?

MAN: The language is evolving. You two have got to keep up.

ITCHY: Um, maybe he's right.

MAN: You must learn to work within the framework you have been given.

LIZZIE: But really, we could do with more time. A few extra portions...

MAN: Can I make one thing clear?

LIZZIE: (ANNOYED.) Oh, what now?

MAN: Time doesn't go fast or slow. (SPEAKS SLOWLY.) It travels at the rate at which it was designed to go, OK?

LIZZIE: Sometimes it drags.

ITCHY: And sometimes it passes by in the blink of an eye!

MAN: Well, of course it does, you silly people!

LIZZIE: That reminds me, I've gotta run. Gotta fly!

MAN: Goodbye, Lizzie.

ITCHY: Where... Where are you going?

LIZZIE: Oh, you know. Back to the grind. Got lists to write, people to fight. Gotta wheel and deal. Make up some stupid spiel.

MAN: (SHAKES LIZZIE'S HAND VIGOROUSLY. TALKS GIBBERISH.) See you, champ. All the very best and I do hope you meet all your deadlines and exceed your targets and achieve all the goals you've set for yourself in your endeavours to...

LIZZIE: (PULLS AWAY.) OK, OK. I must get back. Back to the rat race.

MAN: Whoa! It's a fast pace!

ITCHY: (AWKWARD.) I hope you win the, um, the race.

LIZZIE: Thanks.

ITCHY: Um, Lizzie...

LIZZIE: Mmm.

ITCHY: Maybe sometime we could...

LIZZIE: Meet up?

ITCHY: That'd be... Yes, we could...

LIZZIE: (EYES MAN. WHISPERS) Without him.

ITCHY: We'll check our schedules.

LIZZIE: Yes, consult our agendas.

ITCHY: Goodbye, Lizzie.

LIZZIE: 'Bye.

ITCHY: Maybe I could email you a text or...

LIZZIE: SMS my inbox!

ITCHY: What does that mean?

LIZZIE: I don't know. Something. I think.

ITCHY: (PAUSE.) Perhaps I could telephone you on your telephone.

LIZZIE: So it'll be a casual, informal...

ITCHY: Non-threatening...

LIZZIE: Friendly...

ITCHY: Relaxed...

LIZZIE: Meeting.

MAN: I'll take the minutes! (SITS AT DESK WITH PEN AND PAPER. OBSERVES ITCHY AND LIZZIE CLOSELY. WRITES FURIOUSLY.)

ITCHY: We could catch a...

LIZZIE: Or grab a...

ITCHY: Low-key cappa frappa...

LIZZIE: Mochaccino latte!

LIZZIE: Or maybe, instead...

ITCHY: Yes?

LIZZIE: We can just...

ITCHY: We could...

LIZZIE: Now.

ITCHY: Yes, I think so...

LIZZIE & ITCHY KISS. MAN CONTINUES TAKING NOTES.

LIGHTS FADE.