

Winning

Characters

Simon: An awkward geek who is very naïve – seemingly.

Rod: A self-serving lawyer who is very smart - seemingly.

If necessary, the lawyer could be female – Julie/Julianne)

Scene: Simon's flat.

Simon enters and closes the door, on turning round, he notices Rod and jumps in shock.

SIMON: Jesus! You scared me half to death. What are you doing here?
How did you get in?

ROD: I broke your kitchen window. You should get that seen to you
know, it's not very secure.

SIMON: Well not now it isn't. Why can't you just call me like normal
people Rodney?

ROD: It's Rod. It's been Rod ever since I joined Barclay & Fitch and
I'll thank you to remember that.

SIMON: Sorry, I must have forgot – just like you forgot my phone
number. I must have given it to you six times.

ROD: Yes, well, I'm a busy man Simon. Got a lot going on.

SIMON: It should be right there in your phone under 'S'. Maybe you
couldn't find it among all those stockbrokers.

ROD: Oh boo-hoo Simon, I didn't call. Should I be sending flowers
too?

SIMON: Look, just tell me what you've broken into my flat for can you?
What is this?

ROD: It's an intervention.

(A short silence while Simon looks puzzled)

ROD: An intervention. A family intervention.

SIMON: Right. So what are you intervening and where's the rest of the family?

ROD: Oh don't worry about them, they're all behind me on this.
Everyone agrees it's needed.

SIMON: What's needed? What's so important that you have to break in here to stop?

ROD: Your lifestyle Simon? Don't play the innocent with me.

SIMON: I don't have a lifestyle - you told me yourself "No style and not much of a life". All my life consists of is programming and pizza apparently, remember?

ROD: Even so, it's on a downward spiral. A downward spiral Simon and I'm here to save you from yourself.

SIMON: Save me? Since when have you had my best interests at heart? All I've ever been to you is a punching bag and an inconvenience. And I've still not forgotten all that pocket money you used to steal off me either.

ROD: That's totally unfair and you know it.

SIMON: Is it? Go on then, name me one time when you showed any level of care towards me.

ROD: What, so I suppose saving you from drowning meant nothing?

SIMON: But it was you who pushed me in the river in the first place!
And the only reason I was drowning was because you knocked
me out with the oar.

ROD: I was trying to give you something to cling on to. Anyway, the
main point is – I was there for you. Lord, you can be so
ungrateful sometimes.

SIMON: Look, just tell me what it is you're trying to save me from and
you can leave me alone and head back to your penthouse in
North Sydney or wherever it is.

ROD: Cremorne actually. And I'm trying to save you from yourself
little brother. Being such a recluse isn't good for you, for your
health. You need to ...

SIMON: But why do you care? Are you feeling ok Rodney?

ROD: ROD! And it's you who's not ok. Look at you, rings under your
eyes, unhealthy weight loss.

SIMON: How would you know – you've not seen me in two years.

ROD: I spoke to your neighbours – they all think you're too skinny.

SIMON: You spoke to my neighbours about me?!

ROD: Well someone's got to keep an eye on you. And, most
importantly, on your finances - which are in a total mess.

SIMON: How would you know?

ROD: *(Produces sheet)* Your bank statement from last month. Not a
pretty sight Simon.

SIMON: Where the bloody hell did you get that?

ROD: The file marked "Statements" in your bedroom. It wasn't hard
to find.

SIMON: Jesus! (*Grabbing paper*) Look, you've done your duty, you've spoken to me and I'm fine. So you can go and report that back to Mum and Janice and whoever else is concerned about me.

ROD: Uncle Ron.

SIMON: What would he know, he's a bloody alcoholic.

ROD: We all care about you Simon.

SIMON: Well I don't know where all this compassion suddenly sprang from, nobody's ever Hang on, what's going on here?

ROD: What do you mean?

SIMON: You know what I mean. What's this really about?

ROD: Well, to be honest, it's about this change in fortune of yours. We don't want you to stuff it up like everything else in your life. You need a steady hand on the tiller.

SIMON: What the hell are you talking about?

ROD: About this lottery business.

SIMON: What lottery business?

ROD: You haven't spoken to that friend of yours, Marco?

SIMON: Marco from work? What about him?

ROD: He phoned the house after he couldn't get you here or on your mobile. He was extremely excited and ... well, he rather let the cat out of the bag.

SIMON: About what?

ROD: Well, he said you and he had developed this system ...

SIMON: Oh yeah, just an algorithm we threw together in-between ‘World of Warcraft’ and a ‘Walking Dead’ marathon – you know the kind of thing.

ROD: *(Sarcastic)* Yes, absolutely.

SIMON: It looked promising at the time, based on a confluence of chaos theory and fluid mechanics. Marco said he’d give it a try on some lottery and just got twenty bucks off me every couple of months. Why, did it win?

ROD: I believe it did, yes.

SIMON: Much?

ROD: The Powerball?! *(Covering up quickly)* Erm, I can’t remember, I shouldn’t think so.

SIMON: Great, maybe I’ll ring Marco.

ROD: No, no, don’t do that! Well, not yet anyway. You know how mercenary people can get when there’s money involved – even those you think you can trust. I’d like to help you get everything settled and secure first. I am a lawyer after all.

SIMON: Oh, okay. Do you think that’s necessary?

ROD: Absolutely. Er, who holds the tickets for the lottery?

SIMON: Sometimes it’s Marco, sometimes he gives them to me.

ROD: But this last one, who’s got that?

SIMON: Not sure I remember, I may have it.

ROD: *(Urgently but recovering)* Well think! We need to get your life in order a bit more Simon.

SIMON: Why?

ROD: So it's not like this constant train-wreck. Now where's that receipt?

SIMON: Er, maybe it's in the biscuit tin. *(Looks inside biscuit tin)* Yes, here it is. You want a Tim-Tam?

ROD: No thanks. Is that the sum total of your diet – Doritos and Tim Tams? No wonder you have the complexion of Joan Rivers.

SIMON: Joan Rivers? Isn't she dead?

ROD: Yes, she is.

SIMON: *(Handing Rod the ticket)* But Marco must have given you a figure?

ROD: Possibly but I wasn't really listening, you know how he talks when he gets emotional – all wheezing and wet, flapping noises. Disgusting. Here, I've drawn up this form for you to sign.

SIMON: What's that for?

ROD: Oh, it's just a regular executor of trust form, standard lawyer stuff to keep everything organised. I'll just set up a separate account for you, cap unauthorised withdrawals etc. etc., very attractive rates, you'll have nothing to worry about.

SIMON: I don't know Rod ...

ROD: It's just routine.

SIMON: *(Getting an idea)* Wait a minute!

ROD: What?

SIMON: Do you think I'd have enough to buy a new car?

ROD: Well, maybe but you shouldn't go overboard with ...

SIMON: I'll just call Marco – see how much we won. *(Calls on mobile)*

ROD: I'm sure there's no need to ...

SIMON: Hey Fat-Boy, what's the news with this lottery thing, how much did we win? ~ Get the fun-bus outta here, are you serious? Holy shit, imagine the kick-arse screens we can get with that, floor-to-ceiling 'Call of Duty' here we come! Yeah, live-long-and-prosper alright. Just talking to Rod, seeya soon buddy. *(To himself)* Well, that's definitely enough for a new car.

ROD: Just slow down a bit Simon ...

SIMON: I'm surprised you didn't remember one point eight million Rod. *(Sudden thought)* Oh my God, how much is a Ferrari?!

ROD: See? This is exactly what I was worried about. Well, me and the family I mean.

SIMON: Take it easy Rod, how quick could I spend nine hundred thousand dollars?

ROD: *(Considering his own losses)* You'd be surprised. Look, I really think you should sign this before you do anything else Simon. *(Hold up form)*

SIMON: Yeah, sure. But first I need some pocket money to get my new car and sound system and the mother of all screens.

ROD: I'll just put some into a current account for you when the Powerball pays out.

SIMON: But that could take weeks Rod, I can't wait that long, I don't have any money and I want my stuff now.

ROD: Don't whine Simon. Ok, look I'll temporarily transfer ten thousand to you from my personal account, just to get you by.

SIMON: A hundred.

ROD: What?!

SIMON: A hundred grand – then I'll sign the form and you can look after all the rest for me however you think best.

ROD: Oh, right ... very well. Give me your account number.

SIMON: *(Searches through untidy desk)* I've got it on a piece of paper here somewhere I think – oh here, it's on that bank statement. Give me that form then. *(Signs form)*

ROD: *(Starts transferring money on his phone)* Remember, this is just a temporary loan from me to you because I want to help you through the tough times. I'll be subtracting it from the Powerball winnings when they come through. There. *(Carefully takes form from Simon)*. Well, I must be going.

SIMON: Got to report back to the family?

ROD: Report? Oh, yes, of course. Yes I do. I'll be in touch. *(Exits)*

SIMON: Ok, seeya. *(Calls on mobile)* Marco! Worked like a dream mate. I told you he's a greedy bastard. ~ Yeah, he transferred *(short beat)* ten grand, so that's five for you. Sweet hey? ~ Nah, I'll be up in tropical Queensland spending it all on Doritos and Tim-Tams before he realises there was no winning ticket. ~ Exactly, live long and prosper alright.

Lights Out