

*(Lights come up on an office in a lofty, well-decorated, Manhattan high-rise. Behind a desk sits Eteocles, son of Oedipus, lounging but filled with tension. He pulls out a bottle of pills – Ritalin – and pops two into his mouth. As he does this, Actor, one of Eteocles' confidants and a rising executive at Rex Ltd., enters in through the SR door.)*

ETEOCLES. Jesus fucking—knock next time for fuckssake.

ACTOR. It's done. Also, what the fuck are those?

ETEOCLES. These? Uppers. Help me get through the workday. Why? You need one?

ACTOR. No, I don't take meds while working. I think it's unprofess— *(Actor trails off. Pause.)*

ETEOCLES. Suit yourself. *(Eteocles puts the bottle of Ritalin in the drawer of his desk.)* So, it's done?

ACTOR. Yeah.

ETEOCLES. And how did dear old Esau take it?

ACTOR. Well, when I last saw him... *(Checks watch.)* five minutes ago, he was being escorted downstairs by security.

ETEOCLES. Fantastic. *(Eteocles starts to pull something up on his computer.)* Oh, this is good. Look. *(He turns the monitor toward Actor.)*

ACTOR. This is the front doors?

ETEOCLES. Yep.

ACTOR. Who the fuck called the press?

ETEOCLES. I did.

ACTOR. Oh, that is evil.

ETEOCLES. No. Not evil. Effective. Learn the difference.

ACTOR. Well, it certainly is that. We have our PR department watching this, right?

ETEOCLES. Yes. Our return statement will make good use of whatever he gives us here.

ACTOR. It looks like he's giving us a lot to work with.

ETEOCLES. Well, he never has been known for his calm demeanor, now, has he?

ACTOR. True. Is it a bit much though?

ETEOCLES. A bit much... A bit much. Right... Is what a bit much? The calling the press? What? The voting to dismiss him last night? The fact that he didn't know? The fact that he's my only brother? The fact that dear old dad wanted us to split the business even? You're going to have to be more specific.

ACTOR. I mean... It's just, the press... seems a bit cruel... on top of everything else. *(Pause.)*

ETEOCLES. I appreciate you saying that.

ACTOR. You do?

ETEOCLES. I do. I really do. But look at it this way, for just a moment. You know why we had to fire him from his position. You know, I know you understand what's required to be in corporate leadership. You're smart. He was never going to be a good CEO. You know this. I know this. The board—they know this. And Rex was gonna suffer if half of it was being managed by an utterly incapable ape. Again, we all know this. Now, I assume you are also familiar with the situation – hell-storm, I should say – we are currently in thanks to my father's...very publicly known exploits and his early departure from his post? Do you think we can really afford to waste time trying to teach Polynices how to run a business properly? Because I don't. We sit tenuously upon a precipice. And if we are not careful, we will all come crashing down. I mean, do you want to see Rex become the next Enron? 'Cause I sure as hell don't. As for the not telling him he was being voted out, that too was necessary. You know what would've happened if he was in the board room during that meeting? It would've been this huge fuckin' thing, and he would've talked how he always talks—you know, stirring up trouble and winding up the board members that used to suck off my dad – reminding

them how it tastes and blinding them to what is truly best for this company. He couldn't know because I needed the board to act rationally... not out of some dead-and-gone sense of obligation to a fucking motherfucker. And the press? It would just be more bad press for Rex if we let him form what few thoughts he has in his tiny little peanut-sized joke of a brain into a semi-cohesive sentence. This way – right? – he has no time to do that. And his departure from the company is more understandably justifiable because now, the world will see him for the raging, emotional fucking idiot that he is. Everything I do has a reason. And I don't ever want you to doubt that I have the best interests of this company at heart. *(Creon enters through the SR door.)* Fucking KNOCK! Oh hi Creon.

CREON. Eteocles. We need to talk.

ETEOCLES. Have you met Actor yet?

CREON. No.

ETEOCLES. Well, let me introduce you. Actor, this is my uncle, Creon. A senior board member here at Rex. He served under my father and now he is serving under me. He's a great resource to go to if you have any questions about upper management.

CREON. Oh, I am now?

ETEOCLES. If you ever want to know how to make a birdie, just ask this guy here. Hell, I bet he'd even be willing to take you out for a day on the links. And Creon, this is Actor. He's a rising star in Rex, I think.

ACTOR. It's a pleasure to meet you sir. *(Actor extends his hand to shake Creon's. Creon begrudgingly obliges.)*

CREON. Sure, kid. Eteocles. Talk. Now. In private.

ETEOCLES. Sure, sure. Actor, could you give us the room please? *(Actor goes to exit SR.)* Oh, and, uh, I enjoyed our talk today. *(Actor exits through the door SR.)*

CREON. What the fuck was that bullshit about?

ETEOCLES. What?

CREON. Golf? I'm not gonna take that fucking kid golfing.

ETEOCLES. Oh, but uncle, as a senior board member, shouldn't you be concerned about helping propel the professional development of this company's rising executives?

CREON. Fuck off, you little shit. We have business to discuss.

ETEOCLES. What now?

CREON. Some fucking tart filed a complaint yesterday. Talked about pressing charges. Said you had paid to fuck her, and things got out of hand. Had to go to the Urgent Treatment for some cuts and bruises. Any of that ring a bell?

ETEOCLES. No. I did not hit her. It's not true. It's bullshit. I did not hit her. I did naaaht!

CREON. Don't fucking quote *The Room* at me, you little shit!

ETEOCLES. Creon, do you think I'd lie? About this?

Seriously? When I know how much shit this company is in already? You think I want it out on social that I beat up hookers in my free time? You know, she probably just did herself up with some makeup. Or gave herself bruises after the fact. All she wants is some cash, is all.

CREON. So, you did have a hooker!

ETEOCLES. Who the fuck doesn't? Look, what I do with my salary is none of your goddamn business, alright?

CREON. It is if what you do affects Rex!

ETEOCLES. You think I'm fucking stupid? I know that! That's why I would never do something that would reflect poorly on this company or would impair my ability to function on the job. Right? Now, would you please fuck off. I have business to attend to.

CREON. Cut the bullshit, would ya? I know you don't give a shit about this business. But I do. And you're on dangerous ground right now.

ETEOCLES. Ooooooh. Did anyone else just feel a chill? What are you gonna do? This company has seen so much shit while you've been here, I—you know, I honestly—I'm surprised that you haven't gotten sacked. I mean—what are you gonna do? Go bitch about non-existent problems to someone who hates your guts?

CREON. I better not see any hookers on the premises, understood?

ETEOCLES. Roger, roger. Now fuck off. *(Creon goes to exit through the SR door. As he does, he mutters to himself.)*

CREON. Little bastard.

ETEOCLES. Prick. *(Pause. Eteocles gets out his bottle of Ritalin and pops a couple more.)* Oh, Karen, why'd you have to see a doctor. *(Pick up phone.)* Yes. I need you to take care of something for me.

End Scene.