

ALL FOR ME

by

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Cast of Characters

Topsy Bottomsworth	The richest man in the world
Jimmy Fingers	Bottomsworth's valet

Notes

This is a ten-minute play but there are three scenes, which can be separated simply by lights down, lights back up, to indicate passage of time. The actor playing Jimmy Fingers will need to become increasingly disheveled before scenes 2 and 3: hair messed, clothes dirtied and/or torn, bloodied a bit, etc. He begins each scene off stage, creating the necessary opportunity.

ACT I

SCENE 1

TOPSY BOTTOMSWORTH, THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN, SITS READING A REPORT WITH AN AGITATED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. HIS VALET, JIMMY FINGERS, STANDS BY PATIENTLY. FINALLY BOTTOMSWORTH STANDS UP AND SHAKES THE REPORT AROUND ANGRILY.

TOPSY: This is appalling! Absolutely appalling! Have you read this thing?

FINGERS: I compiled the report for you personally, Mr. Bottomsworth.

TOPSY: Are you sure about these figures?

FINGERS: I'd stake my reputation on them sir.

TOPSY: But it says here that the top one percent of the population controls forty percent of the wealth. Forty percent!

FINGERS: That's correct.

TOPSY: Well, I mean! Not even half?

FINGERS: Not yet. The percentage is always rising though.

TOPSY: Forty percent. That is disgusting. That leaves sixty percent in the hands of the bottom 99. Those plebs are actually doing better than we are! What the hell are they complaining about?

FINGERS: That's one way of looking at it, sir.

TOPSY: Is there another way? And what's my share, Fingers, my personal share, me, Topsy Bottomsworth, lifelong member of the top zero point zero zero zero zero zero zero one-th percent?

FINGERS: You've got twenty eight percent of all the wealth in the world, sir.

TOPSY: That's it?!

FINGERS:: You are by far the wealthiest man on the planet, sir.

TOPSY: Let me tell you something, Jimmy Fingers. You don't get to be the wealthiest man on the planet by sitting around saying oh golly I guess that's good enough. You know how you get to be the wealthiest man on the planet, Fingers? Do you?

FINGERS: By not ever saying anything is good enough.

TOPSY: Bingo. No matter what happens, it's rubbish. So I've got twenty eight percent, eh? Twenty eight percent. You know what that makes me in my eyes, Fingers?

FINGERS: I wouldn't presume to...

TOPSY: It makes me like some kind of retarded Jesus Buddha figure or something. I'm home pacing around talking to my valet while I'm leaving seventy two percent on the table out there! Do you know how I get that figure, Fingers, seventy two percent?

FINGERS: I would venture to suppose...

TOPSY: Wrong. Subtraction. You've got a hundred percent, right, that's the total, that's everything, you can't get anything more than that, that's the tops, and you already told me I had twenty eight. You take twenty eight away from a hundred and what do you get?

FINGERS: Seventy two?

TOPSY: Bingo. That's mathematics, Fingers, pure mathematical gold. I'm a numbers man, always have been. That's how you get to the top. Always work the numbers. You know what I like about numbers, Fingers?

FINGERS: Tell me.

TOPSY: No matter how high you count, there's always more.

FINGERS: That's why you're the boss, sir.

TOPSY: Exactly. Exactly. That is precisely true. Now. I've got a few little jobs for you. Here's what we're going to do.

ACT I

SCENE 2

TOPSY BOTTOMSWORTH SITS ALONE,
COUNTING PILES OF THINGS. JIMMY
FINGERS ENTERS, SERENE BUT
DISHEVELED, AS IF HE'S BEEN IN A
HELL OF A FIGHT. HE IS CLUTCHING A
NEW REPORT.

TOPSY: Ah. You're back. Report.

FINGERS HANDS OVER THE REPORT. AS
BOTTOMSWORTH READS IT HE BECOMES
MORE AND MORE ENRAGED.

No. No, no no no no. No!

HE CRUMPLES UP THE REPORT AND TOSSES
IT FORCEFULLY TO THE GROUND.

FINGERS: Sir, I...

TOPSY: Silence!

FINGERS: Fine.

BOTTOMSWORTH POINTS A WARNING FINGER
AT FINGERS. HE KEEPS STARING AT HIM
AS IF TO ENFORCE A CERTAIN PERIOD OF
SILENCE, LASTING PERHAPS FIVE OR TEN
SECONDS, ALL THE WHILE TAPPING HIS
FOOT IMPATIENTLY.

TOPSY: Speak.

FINGERS: You're unhappy.

TOPSY: Me? Topsy Bottomsworth? Unhappy? How dare
you!

FINGERS: Oh, I'm sorry, it's just you seemed...

TOPSY: Of course I'm unhappy! Have you even read the
report? It's shocking!

FINGERS: Is it that bad? I confess I had thought you
might actually be pleased.

TOPSY: Pleased, he says! Let me tell you how I,
Topsy Voluminous Bottomsworth, view a report
like that. Here's how I look at it. The
bottom 99 still have twenty percent of the

pie. That's a fifth, Fingers! One fifth! Do you have any idea how much that means the top one percent is left with?

FINGERS: Eighty percent, sir.

TOPSY: [SURPRISED] That's right, eighty percent. Not bad. Been studying, Fingers? Angling to take over my position? I eat fifty men like you for breakfast, Fingers! Every day! Don't you ever forget it!

FINGERS: I won't, but honestly sir, to get this type of performance, actually it's not that easy. Do you know how many uprisings we've had to put down?

TOPSY: Oh, poor little Jimmy Fingers, had to put down a few uprisings, boo hoo hoo. You worm!

FINGERS: [VERY HEATED] C'est assez!

TOPSY: What is that?

FINGERS: French.

TOPSY: Clever boy. All right, I'll listen. My father once told me always listen to a man who has his outbursts in French.

FINGERS: Why?

TOPSY: My father taught me everything I know, not everything he knew. You've got twenty seconds.

FINGERS: OK. Here it is. To get this much pie, it's not just paid-off politicians and insider trading. You need an entire police state, OK? And this is global, remember, too. We've developed a new doctrine called Aggressive Repression, and I think you'd be impressed with the results. Absolutely grisly. I mean this is a total effort, inventing new enemies, all-out propaganda, total surveillance, and I must say you've done extremely well on detention center construction. And, I don't know if you heard, we blew up Antarctica.

TOPSY: Antarctica?

FINGERS: Nuclear weapons. We hit the place with about twelve hundred megatons. It's gone.

TOPSY: Why?

FINGERS: It's complicated. Did we absolutely *have* to do it? No, not really. Arguably things got a little out of hand.

TOPSY: All right. Let's move on. We're not still paying out for any welfare are we?

FINGERS: Oh god no.

TOPSY: Support for the arts?

FINGERS: [DISMISSIVE SOUND] Pffft.

TOPSY: Well, thank god for that.

FINGERS: There is one other thing you ought to see.

HE HANDS HIS BOSS ANOTHER SHEET OF PAPER. BOTTOMSWORTH READS IT AND GETS ANGRY AGAIN, FINALLY CRUMPLING IT UP ONCE AGAIN AND HURLING IT TO THE GROUND.

TOPSY: What's the meaning of this?

FINGERS: You're no longer in the top zero point zero zero zero zero zero one-th percent sir.

TOPSY: But this seems to indicate...

FINGERS: You're in the top four percent now, sir.

TOPSY: But my wealth has increased by a staggering amount!

FINGERS: Yes, but the population has decreased by an even more staggering amount.

TOPSY: Oh I see.

FINGERS: In other words if there were only two people left, even with all the money, you'd only be in the top fifty percent of the population.

TOPSY: Yes, yes, because fifty percent is half and I'd be half the people.

FINGERS: Precisely, sir. So this is a bit like that.

TOPSY: You're getting pretty fancy with the numbers there Jimmy Fingers. I could use a man like you in my organisation.

FINGERS: I am your organisation, sir.

TOPSY: [ANGRILY] I'll eat you! I swear I will! I'll eat you for breakfast! [CALMS DOWN.] Right. Now here's what we're going to do.

ACT I

SCENE 3

BOTTOMSWORTH SITS PLAYING SOLITAIRE AND SIGHING. FINGERS STROLLS IN SLOWLY WITH A MELANCHOLY AIR, LOOKING EVEN WORSE THAN LAST TIME, PERHAPS COVERED IN BLOOD, HIS CLOTHES TORN.

TOPSY: Ah! There you are!

FINGERS: [MOROSELY] Yes.

TOPSY: Well, let's see it, let's see it.

FINGERS HANDS OVER THE LATEST SHEET OF PAPER. TOPSY READS IT AND BEGINS TO SMILE, AND THEN TO LAUGH.

Now, that's more like it! That's more like it! Is it really true? One hundred percent?

FINGERS: Yes, sir, for all intents and purposes, you've got it all now, the lot of it. Everything.

TOPSY: Now wait a minute, hang on. What's this "all intents and purposes" business? You don't get to own the entire world by letting an obvious weasel clause slip by unnoticed, Mr. Fingers. Out with it.

FINGERS: Well, there is me, sir. I do have these clothes. And you've been good enough to let me have the car, sir.

TOPSY: Have I?

FINGERS: You said it was the least you could do, sir.

TOPSY: Hm. I'm sure I could have done a bit less.
But, what's done is done.

FINGERS: The point is that there are so many point
nines after your ninety nine that no
mathematician would quibble over it being less
than one hundred percent.

TOPSY: But it is, just ever so slightly, less.

FINGERS: I suppose so, sir. You'd need the car back,
and my clothes, to make it utterly true.

TOPSY: I'll not do that.

FINGERS: Thank you sir.

TOPSY: Just the car will do. There are limits. You
may continue to drive it, but it shall
henceforth be mine.

FINGERS: Thank you sir. There are, in any case, no
more mathematicians. Present company
excepted.

TOPSY: You mean...

FINGERS: It's just the two of us now sir.

TOPSY: Just the two of us?

FINGERS: I'm afraid so, sir. It's, may I say it, a bit
lonely out there. I find myself feeling
strangely blue.

TOPSY: Sentimental hogwash.

FINGERS: Fair enough sir. In any case, you've got all
the wealth, and population-wise, you are in
the top fifty percent of the two of us.

TOPSY: And I'm afraid that puts you as the bottom
fifty percent, doesn't it Mr. Fingers?

FINGERS: It does. You're the top, and I'm the bottom,
and you've got everything, with nothing at all
for me.

TOPSY: Now now. There's your clothes.

FINGERS: Indeed. Still, technically I am now the most downtrodden man in the world, and yet I'm still a member of the inner circle of power, and not at all bad off, considering. Strange, no?

TOPSY: Yes. Isn't life funny, Jimmy Fingers?

FINGERS: It is.

FINGERS STARTS TO MOVE AROUND BEHIND
BOTTOMSWORTH.

TOPSY: Ironically, even though I've taken everything there is to have, I've also spread the wealth around in a sense. One can no longer speak of the top one percent having disproportionate wealth. Now it's the top fifty percent. I sound almost socialist. I don't feel nearly as elitist somehow. What a comedown it all turns out to be.

FINGERS PRODUCES A LENGTH OF ROPE
AND GRABS IT BY EACH END, TESTING
ITS STRENGTH.

FINGERS: Oh, I don't know. It could be worse, sir. It could be worse.

CURTAIN