

Characters

Aydın Tuna, a 60 to 65 year old successful businessman.

İnci San, his secretary. A pretty woman aged from 40 to 50.

The Doctor, a mild-mannered man, also 60 to 65 years old.

Çelik Tuna, Aydın Tuna's elder son, 23 years old.

Erhan Tuna, Aydın Tuna's younger son, 20 years old.

Luigia Giorgio, a pretty woman aged from 30 to 35.

Vittorio Giorgio, her younger brother, 16 to 18 years old.

ACT ONE – Scene One

Aydin Tuna's study. There is a desk on the left of the stage. In front of the desk, there are two armchairs and a sofa. On the right, a meeting table. There are chairs around the table, and, on the right or the left, a bookcase. On the wall hang one or two paintings, and two sculptures stand on the floor. On the side table next to the desk, there is a computer. Papers and files lie on the desk. A few telephones. A sixty to sixty-five-year old man is sunk in one of the armchairs; he has put his feet up on the desk, and he is talking on the telephone. He is a successful businessman. He has a worn-out appearance. Sometimes he becomes lost in what is being said; sometimes he is wide-awake and alert...

Aydin Tuna: (*On the telephone, cheerfully*) So, they're in a pretty bad way, huh? Well, let's just stand back and let them carry on until they really hit rock bottom. Then we'll step in. What are the partners supposed to do with a factory that's not making a profit? Soon they'll start selling off their shares.

Voice on the phone: (*Factory Manager*) Sir, as your factory manager, I'm keeping a close eye on their situation, as well as doing my actual job. And I'm happy to tell you that some of the partners have even been offering their shares to us.

Aydin Tuna: (*On his feet and walking round the room*) Don't rush into it; don't look too enthusiastic either. We'll sit back and wait for them to go bankrupt.

Voice on the phone: Even the price they're asking for today isn't that bad; it could easily bail us out.

Aydin Tuna: In six months, they'll be grateful for half of it.

Voice on the phone: Very well, Sir.

Aydin Tuna: We'll buy up the partners' shares, one by one, softly softly, without anyone noticing. And in that way, we'll be rid of a major competitor for good.

Voice on the phone: And that's exactly what we're hoping for, Sir.

Aydin Tuna: Follow my instructions to the letter. Don't do anything off your own bat. We'll destroy them with our own intelligence and tactics. Don't make a wrong move. I don't want any slip-ups.

Voice on the phone: Of course not, Sir.

Aydin Tuna: Let the price of our products fall. Let's say about thirty percent. Make payments easier for our customers. For example, give them long repayment plans. That way, sales will fall even lower.

Voice on the phone: But Sir, in that case, we'll be making big losses too.

Aydin Tuna: So be it, losses like that aren't going to destroy us, but they'll leave our competitor in a very tight situation. And after a while, we'll have them right where we want them. And when there's only us left, then we'll raise our prices again.

Voice on the phone: Of course, Sir.

Aydin Tuna: And I want a progress report each week. Keep me up to date on the latest developments.

Voice on the phone: Very good, Sir. (*He puts the phone down*)

Aydın Tuna: (*To himself*) God, that manager's as thick as two short planks! But, then again, people like him are just what we need for this job... You can never trust people who are too clever.

(*İnci San, the secretary, enters. She is a pretty woman aged 40–50 wearing a plain dress.*)

İnci San: I've got some bad news for you, Mr Tuna. The Ministry's response about the incentives and tax breaks is a no.

Aydın Tuna: What? They've refused? Who from the Ministry signed it?

İnci San: Ahmet, the undersecretary. Here's what he said to me on the phone, (*imitating the undersecretary's voice*) "Oh, and do send my regards to Mr Tuna. Tell him he should think again about riding our wave to the top. Whatever he does, it'll have to be by his own efforts."

Aydın Tuna: Well, well, well, so that's what Ahmet the undersecretary has decreed, is it? Look, here's what we'll do: get the news out to our writer. Let him start an anti-government campaign. There's still some time to go before the elections; still, their day shall come.

İnci San: Come, come, aren't we being a little hasty?

Aydın Tuna: What do you mean?

- İnci San: Well, I think that if they don't give us the necessary permission, we should let on to the minister that we're going to *start* a smear campaign... They don't want to see you up against them. And they don't want to run the risk that you will. But if, in spite of all that, there's still no decision in three months, then we'll steam into publication. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth...
- Aydin Tuna: OK then, İnci, that's fine with me, too. Let's do it your way.
- İnci San: You know, Mr Tuna, you told me last month that you wanted to go into politics. A big businessman dabbling in politics... And they might applaud, or they might boo... Your heart is set on the Ministry of Finance, isn't it? As a first step, I mean...
- Aydin Tuna: Yes, you could say that.
- İnci San: Well, I think we should wait a little. I mean like this: let the decision for the factory come. Then, let's start building. We'll import the machinery on a loan from the Central Bank and not pay any VAT. Then we'll meet up with the party leaders and see what the lie of the land is. Who's going to offer you what... I mean, before you join any of the parties, you have to have at least some kind of guarantee of a ministry.
- Aydin Tuna: You're a very intelligent woman, İnci. Whatever would I do without you?

İnci San: And you taught me everything I know, Mr Tuna. Right here in this holding company, my school. (*The sound of the switchboard comes from the internal phone*) Your doctor has arrived, Sir.

Aydın Tuna: (*Cheerfully*) Show him in straight away.

(*İnci San exits*)