



DAVID WILLIAMSON's first full-length play, *The Coming of Stork*, premiered at the La Mama Theatre, Carlton, in 1970 and later became the film *Stork*, directed by Tim Burstall.

*The Removalists* and *Don's Party* followed in 1971, then *Jugglers Three* (1972), *What If You Died Tomorrow?* (1973), *The Department* (1975), *A Handful of Friends* (1976), *The Club* (1977) and *Travelling North* (1979). In 1972 *The Removalists* won the Australian Writers' Guild AWGIE Award for best stage play and the best script in any medium and the British production saw Williamson nominated most promising playwright by the London *Evening Standard*.

The 1980s saw his success continue with *Celluloid Heroes* (1980), *The Perfectionist* (1982), *Sons of Cain* (1985), *Emerald City* (1987) and *Top Silk* (1989); whilst the 1990s produced *Siren* (1990), *Money and Friends* (1991), *Brilliant Lies* (1993), *Sanctuary* (1994), *Dead White Males* (1995), *Heretic* (1996), *Third World Blues* (an adaptation of *Jugglers Three*) and *After the Ball* (both in 1997), and *Corporate Vibes* and *Face to Face* (both in 1999). *The Great Man* (2000), *Up for Grabs*, *A Conversation*, *Charitable Intent* (all in 2001), *Soulmates* (2002) and *Birthrights* (2003) have since followed.

Williamson is widely recognised as Australia's most successful playwright and over the last thirty years his plays have been performed throughout Australia and produced in Britain, United States, Canada and many European countries. A number of his stage works have been adapted for the screen, including *The Removalists*, *Don's Party*, *The Club*, *Travelling North*, *Emerald City*, *Sanctuary* and *Brilliant Lies*.

David Williamson has won the Australian Film Institute film script award for *Petersen* (1974), *Don's Party* (1976), *Gallipoli* (1981) and *Travelling North* (1987) and has won eleven Australian Writers' Guild AWGIE Awards. He lives on Queensland's Sunshine Coast with his writer wife, Kristin Williamson.



*Gary Day as Jim and Tony Llewellyn-Jones as Dick in the 2004 Sydney Theatre Company production. (Photo: Tracey Schramm)*

David Williamson  
*Amigos*



Currency Press, Sydney

## CURRENCY PLAYS

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Front cover shows Gary Day as Jim and Tony Llewellyn-Jones as Dick in the 2004 Sydney Theatre Company production. (Photo: Tracey Schramm)



## Contents

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<i>Introduction</i>	
<i>Chris McLean</i>	<i>vii</i>
AMIGOS	
Act One	1
Act Two	36

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*Wendy Hughes as Hilary and Garry McDonald as Stephen in the 2004 Sydney Theatre Company production. (Photo: Tracey Schramm)*

*Amigos* was first produced by Sydney Theatre Company at the Drama Theatre, Sydney Opera House, on 8 April 2004, with the following cast:

JIM	Gary Day
DICK	Tony Llewellyn-Jones
STEPHEN	Garry McDonald
HILARY	Wendy Hughes
SOPHIE	Natasha Elisabeth Beaumont

Director, Jennifer Flowers  
Set Designer, Michael Scott-Mitchell  
Costume Designer, Fiona Crombie  
Lighting Designer, David Walters  
Composer, Paul Charlier

## Characters

JIM  
SOPHIE  
DICK  
HILARY  
STEPHEN



## ACT ONE

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### SCENE ONE

*Jim's apartment. Sydney. Evening.*

JIM, *mid fifties, stands looking down at Sydney Harbour.* SOPHIE, *mid thirties, looks at him, a frown on her face.*

JIM: Ferries, speedboats, yachts. Always something happening. You know what Captain Phillip said when he first sailed in here? A thousand ships of the line could anchor here. Or something like that.

SOPHIE: Two weeks? You asked them to stay two weeks?

JIM: This Mexican stand-off thing has got to be worked through.

SOPHIE: Fine for you.

JIM: Hilary's okay.

SOPHIE: She's a real sweetie. Practically accused me of ruining your ex-wife's life.

JIM: Annette was her best friend.

SOPHIE: Your ex-wife's never been happier according to that interview she gave. Huge house in Byron Bay—

JIM: Courtesy of me.

SOPHIE: Doing her lithographs and having tantric sex with an advertising dropout ten years younger than she is.

JIM: On my money.

SOPHIE: That bloody ex-wife of yours has landed right on her feet.

JIM: Very rarely on her feet by the sound of it.

SOPHIE: And Hilary has the gall to say that the whole subtext of that interview was a cry of pain! Hour long orgasms? I'll take a little of that sort of pain.

JIM: It wasn't just Annette. Hilary saw you as a threat. Older man, young wife. Dick's surrounded by sexy young theatre nurses every day.

SOPHIE: Then she's still going to feel threatened.

JIM: Frankly, tough luck for her. Dick's my oldest friend .

SOPHIE: I can't co-exist with that woman for two weeks. I can't.

JIM: Try for my sake, honey. Dick and I won an Olympic medal together.

SOPHIE: Relive it in a bar.

JIM: I'll speak to Dick. I'll make it quite clear to him that if they come up to Port Douglas with us, then you're not to be humiliated.

SOPHIE: Sure.

JIM: Sophie, men don't make friends as easily as women. The ones you do hang onto are precious. When the four of us got up on that dais and they put the medals around our necks, and the tears were flowing—that's lifetime bond territory. Unbreakable. And now Roger's dead and Stephen's gone all weird, there's only Dick left. It's really important to me to heal this thing, Sophie. It really is.

SOPHIE: You promise you'll speak to him?

JIM: Absolutely. It'll be great. I was thinking of bringing a top chef up from Sydney to cook for us—

SOPHIE: Jim.

JIM: Yeah, they'd probably resent it. I mean Dick's well off, but he hasn't done nearly as well as I have.

SOPHIE: Mainly because of that dud investment you talked him into, apparently.

JIM: That was a long time back.

SOPHIE: If you *have* to do this, let's keep it simple.

JIM: I'll speak to Dick. It'll be fine.

SOPHIE *looks at him. Not convinced.*



## SCENE TWO

*A city bar. Some days later.*

DICK, *the same age as JIM, sits at the bar and looks up as JIM approaches. They shake hands warmly.*

ACT ONE

3

JIM: When was the last time we did this?

DICK: Too long, mate. Too long.

JIM: Looking well. And happy. Have a good day?

DICK: One of the best.

JIM: Yeah?

DICK: Operated on a six-year-old with heart defects like you wouldn't believe. Blood sloshing around everywhere. Wouldn't've lived more than another couple of years at the most.

JIM: Tough job?

DICK: Never seen anything quite like it. Had to improvise.

JIM: Kid's okay?

DICK: Fine. We were all tense as hell when he came off heart-lung. But off went the heart like clockwork. Pure sinus rhythm up there on the screen. The whole theatre cheered. Students observing up above cheered.

JIM: Great moment.

DICK: The best is walking out to the parents. They're sitting there terrified. White. Trying to read my face. Too scared to speak.

JIM: What do you say?

DICK: 'Mr and Mrs Wallach. I'm very pleased to tell you your son's going to live sixty years longer than he was yesterday.'

JIM: That's awesome.

DICK: He hugs me. She hugs me. And my eardrums are nearly shattering because she's screaming with joy.

JIM: Awesome.

DICK: After a good one like that you're on a high for days afterwards.

JIM: I envy you.

DICK: You make people pretty happy when you decide to invest in their businesses, surely?

JIM: [*nodding*] I remember you telling me once that it doesn't always work out so well though.

DICK: No. Sometimes the heart doesn't start up again and mum and dad are still out there in the corridor.

JIM: Wouldn't be fun, I guess.

DICK: Lost a kid last week.

JIM: Sorry, mate. You come in feeling like a million bucks and I remind you of a downer. Sorry.

DICK: [*shrugging*] Sometimes you're God, sometimes you're a... lot less than that. [*Pause.*] Hey, look, this holiday—

JIM: You'll come?

DICK: Two weeks? You're sure?

JIM: Absolutely. We'll have a ball. Golf, restaurants—shopping for the girls. Be fantastic.

DICK: Yeah.

JIM: The Amigos ride again. At least two of us do. We'll go to dinner every night and wear our medals.

DICK: Sounds great.

JIM: I want to feel that we're still here for each other, buddy. I know things were difficult when Annette and I broke up.

DICK: Annette was Hilary's very best friend.

JIM: Tell Hilary not to worry. My ex-wife is having a ball.

DICK: Hilary thinks all that bizarre Byron Bay Buddhist stuff is just a scream of pain. 'See, I'm having fun, damn you.' That sort of thing.

JIM: She's screaming a lot, but it ain't pain. I think you're wife's being a little over the top on this issue, frankly.

DICK: It was a shock for her. And me.

JIM: Mate, the thing with Sophie hit me like a train. Nothing I could do. I just worship that kid.

DICK: Yeah.

JIM: Dick, you're my oldest and best friend. Olympic bronze. A canvas off silver. And if the two of us had've been tougher and ditched Roger and maybe even Steve, we would've had gold. Now maybe I acted recklessly, thoughtlessly, in your eyes, in Hilary's eyes, but for me there was absolutely no choice. It had to be. Wham. And I want you to forgive me for that. Because, for me, the kind of history we've had is important.

DICK: It's just. Hilary can be...

JIM: [*nodding*] Yeah.

DICK: Two weeks?

ACT ONE

5

JIM: You can leave early if it's not working out.

DICK: Hilary can be terrific company, but... not if she's tense.

JIM: Yeah, I remember.

DICK: Not if she's tense.

JIM: Look, don't think Sophie doesn't appreciate how difficult it is for Hilary. She said to me just the other day, 'I hope someday I have a friend that's as loyal to me as Hilary is to Annette'.

DICK: Yeah?

JIM: Tell Hilary that.

DICK: She really said that?

JIM: [*nodding*] Sophie's realistic enough to know that she and Hilary are never going to be best buddies, but for our sakes she's going to do everything humanly possible to coexist.

DICK: That's really good.

JIM: She'll be especially sensitive to Hilary's dilemma.

DICK *nods, but is still patently unsure.*

Dick, this is important. How many real friends do any of us have?

DICK: Sounds like you've got thousands, if we can believe those interviews you give in the business pages.

JIM: Alliances, Dick. Strategic alliances. Not friends.

DICK: Jim, to be frank, none of the disapproval about Sophie is coming from me. I can *totally* understand how you went crazy over her. I mean—*wow*!

JIM: [*nodding*] And she's a lot more than just—*wow*!

DICK: Sure, but *wow*! But I think part of the problem is that Sophie being so... sexy, just makes Hilary madder.

JIM: Yeah, well perhaps Hilary should try and just look a bit beyond the 'wow' stuff. She's a highly intelligent, creative, compassionate and sensitive kid.

DICK: Yeah.

JIM: And warm and funny.

DICK: Sure.

JIM: So maybe you could tell Hilary she's a little more than 'wow'.

DICK: Actually I said, 'Wow'.

JIM: Yeah, I noticed.

DICK: Lucky dog, is all I can say.

JIM: Let's see if we can make this holiday work, huh? Give it a go.

DICK: [*making a decision*] Okay. Yeah.

JIM: [*slapping him on the back and smiling*] Great. Better get going.

*JIM shakes DICK's hand, turns to go, then turns back.*

Hey, and congratulations on your appointment.

DICK: Oh. That.

JIM: What d'you mean, 'Oh. That.'? It's a great honour.

DICK: Just one more committee.

JIM: A very prestigious committee.

DICK: I don't think anyone takes the honours system very seriously. I didn't when I got mine.

JIM: It still must be good to have.

DICK: If you need to have letters after your name to feel worthwhile you're in a bad way, still...



*Tony Llewellyn-Jones (left) as Dick and Gary Day as Jim in the 2004 Sydney Theatre Company production. (Photo: Tracey Schramm)*