



THE JACK MANNING TRILOGY







DAVID WILLIAMSON is Australia's best known and most widely performed playwright. His first full-length play *The Coming of Stork* was presented at La Mama Theatre in 1970 and was followed by *The Removalists*, *Don's Party*, *The Department*, *The Club*, *Travelling North*, *The Perfectionist*, *Sons of Cain*, *Emerald City*, *Top Silk*, *Money and Friends*, *Brilliant Lies*, *Sanctuary*, *Dead White Males*, *After the Ball*, *Corporate Vibes*, *Face to Face*, *Rupert*, *Nearer the Gods*, and *Sorting out Rachel*. He has had over fifty plays produced. His plays have been translated into many languages and performed internationally, including major productions in London, Los Angeles, New York and Washington. As a screenwriter, Williamson has brought to the screen his own plays including *The Removalists*, *Don's Party*, *The Club*, *Travelling North* and *Emerald City* along with his original screenplays for feature films including *Libido*, *Petersen*, *Gallipoli*, *Phar Lap*, *The Year of Living Dangerously* and *Balibo*. The adaptation of his play *Face to Face*, directed by Michael Rymer, won the Panavision Spirit Award for Independent Film at the Santa Barbara International Film Festival. Williamson was the first person outside Britain to receive the George Devine Award (for *The Removalists*). His many awards include twelve Australian Writers' Guild AWGIE Awards, five Australian Film Institutes' Awards for Best Screenplay and, in 1996 the United Nations Association of Australia Media Peace Award. In 2005 he was awarded the Richard Lane Award for services to the Australian Writers' Guild. David has received four honorary doctorates and been made an Officer of the Order of Australia. Williamson has been named one of Australia's Living National Treasures.



From left: Geoff Cartwright as Jack, Amos Szeps as Barry and Duncan Young as Glen in the 1999 Ensemble Theatre production in Sydney of Face to Face. (Photo: Geoff Beatty)

DAVID WILLIAMSON

THE JACK MANNING TRILOGY

Face to Face

A Conversation

Charitable Intent



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Front cover shows Guy Pearce as Jack Manning and Christine Stephen-Daly as Julie Rossiter in the 2000 Playbox Theatre production of *Face to Face*. (Photo: Jeff Busby.)



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Face to Face





Damien Richardson as Glen in the 2000 Playbox Theatre production in Melbourne. (Photo: Jeff Busby)

Face to Face was first produced by the Ensemble Theatre at the Ensemble Theatre, Sydney, on 20 March 1999, with the following cast:

JACK MANNING	Geoff Cartwright
GLEN TREGASKIS	Duncan Young
MAUREEN TREGASKIS	Carol Willesee
BARRY MCLEAN	Amos Szeps
GREG BALDONI	Barry Langrishe
CLAIRE BALDONI	Sharon Flanigan
RICHARD HALLIGAN	Ian Bolt
LUKA MITROVIC	Andrew Doyle
JULIE ROSSITER	Danielle Carter
THERESE MARTIN	Lauren Clair

Director, Sandra Bates
Production manager, Melissa Gray
Assistant to the Director, Kathryn Oakman



CHARACTERS

JACK MANNING, community conference convenor

GLEN TREGASKIS, mid-20s

MAUREEN TREGASKIS, early 40s, Glen's mother

BARRY MCLEAN, mid-20s, Glen's friend

GREG BALDONI, early 50s, owner and manager of Baldoni
Exhibition Constructions

CLAIRE BALDONI, Greg's wife

RICHARD HALLIGAN, 40s, foreman at Baldoni's

LUKA MITROVIC, early 30s, Baldoni's employee

JULIE ROSSITER, Greg's personal assistant at Baldoni's

THERESE MARTIN, Greg's accountant



Nine people, three on one side, six on the other, sit in horseshoe formation facing the audience. The convenor, JACK MANNING, sits at the centre of the horseshoe facing the audience.

JACK: Hi. As you all know by now, my name's Jack Manning, and I'll be convening this community conference. Before we start let's introduce everyone. You all know Glen Tregaskis.

GLEN, a large, powerfully-built man in his middle twenties, barely looks up as he's acknowledged.

Some of you mightn't know his mother, Maureen.

MAUREEN, an attractive slim woman in her early forties, sitting next to her son, nods anxiously.

Or Barry McLean, a long-time friend of Glen's, from right back in their primary school days.

BARRY, about the same age as GLEN and wearing a bikie jacket, nods.

Greg Baldoni, the owner and manager of Baldoni Exhibition Constructions, and his wife Claire.

GREG, a man in his early fifties, athletic-looking and well-dressed, nods. His wife CLAIRE, attractive, slim, well-dressed and well-groomed, barely moves.

Two of Glen's workmates, Richard Halligan and Luka Mitrovic.

RICHARD and LUKA, sitting near the Baldonis, nod. RICHARD is in his forties, LUKA is in his early thirties.

Greg's personal assistant, Julie Rossiter, and his accountant, Therese Martin.

JULIE beams a big smile at all who will receive it. THERESE nods in an embarrassed fashion.

Thanks to all of you for making the effort to come. This is a difficult matter, but the fact that you're all here together will help us work out how you want to handle it. We're going to try and focus on the incident itself, which happened outside Greg's house at five past six on Tuesday the ninth of June, and which involved Greg and

Glen. We want to see how all the people involved have been affected, and our aim will be to try and see whether we can begin to repair the harm that's been done. [*He turns and looks at GLEN.*] Glen, you've admitted being involved in the incident. If you don't want to continue being here you're free to leave at any stage. But if you do leave, then you'll probably have to face a normal courtroom trial. You're clear about that?

GLEN, *head down, nods.*

Glen, could you start this conference by telling us all what happened?

GLEN *doesn't respond.*

Step by step.

GLEN: Youse all know already.

JACK: We'd like to hear it from you. Exactly how you remember it.

GLEN: [*indicating GREG*] I rammed his bloody Mercedes. Went right up his arse with my bullbar. Crumpled like cardboard.

JACK: Where did this happen?

GLEN: Outside his house.

JACK: How did you come to be there?

GLEN: I went there. After he sacked me.

JACK: Straight after he sacked you?

GLEN: No. I had a few drinks first.

JACK: How many?

GLEN: A few.

JACK: Would you say you were drunk, Glen?

GLEN: No.

JACK: Would you say you were sober?

GLEN: No.

JACK: Sort've halfway.

GLEN: Yeah.

JACK: So after a few drinks you went to Greg's house. Was he there?

GLEN: No. Hadn't arrived back from work.

JACK: So?

GLEN: Parked opposite, waited till he pulled into his drive and went right up his arse with me bullbar.

JACK: What were you feeling at the time?

GLEN: Great. Crumpled like bloody cardboard.

JACK: Before you hit him.

GLEN: Pissed off.

JACK: What do you reckon about it now?

GLEN: I reckon anybody who buys a Mercedes is crazy. Crumpled like cardboard.

JACK: Do you still feel good that you did it?

GLEN: No.

JACK: Why not?

GLEN: Wasn't smart.

JACK: Who's been affected by what you did, Glen?

GLEN: My mum.

JACK: How did it affect your mum?

GLEN: Made her upset.

JACK: How do you feel about that?

GLEN: Not great.

JACK: You care about your mum?

GLEN: She's had a rough enough time without this sort of shit.

JACK: Anyone else affected?

GLEN: Me sister. She's still so mad at me she wouldn't come today.

MAUREEN: She just couldn't face this sort of thing.

JACK: Anyone else affected, Glen?

GLEN: No, mainly Mum.

There's a silence. JACK looks at him, then across at GREG.

JACK: There's no one else here that's been affected by what you did?

There's another silence. GLEN shakes his head.

GREG: What's the use?

JACK ignores the intervention, his gaze remaining on GLEN.

[To GLEN] You don't think I was affected?

JACK: Do you think Mr Baldoni was affected, Glen?

GLEN: Yeah, he hurt his neck a bit.

GREG: A bit? It's only just come out of a brace.

JACK: Was ramming the car all you did to Mr Baldoni that day, Glen?

GLEN: Yeah.

JACK anticipates that GREG may intervene so he holds up his hand in GREG's direction without taking his gaze off GLEN.

I rammed his car. That's all.

JACK: You said something to Mr Baldoni, didn't you?





A Conversation





*Diane Craig (left) as
Barbara and Deborah
Kennedy as Coral in the
2001 Ensemble Theatre
production in Sydney.
(Photo: Robert McFarlane)*

Thank you to Mark Rosenblatt, who directed a reading in the UK;
Oz Scott, director of a US reading; and Sandra Bates, director of the
original Australian production for their valuable contribution to the
final version of the play.

DW

A Conversation was first produced by the Ensemble Theatre at the Ensemble Theatre, Sydney, on 5 September 2001, with the following cast:

JACK MANNING	Geoff Cartwright
DEREK MILSOM	Robert Coleby
BARBARA MILSOM	Diane Craig
LORIN ZEMANEK	Sandy Gore
MICK WILLIAMS	Glenn Hazeldine
CORAL WILLIAMS	Deborah Kennedy
BOB SHORTER	Greg McNeill
GAIL WILLIAMS	Bianca Rowe
VOICE OF SCOTT WILLIAMS	Damien Garvey

Director, Sandra Bates
Assistant Director, Andrew Doyle
Production manager, Melissa Gray
Technical Manager, Matt Binnie



CHARACTERS

JACK MANNING, community conference convenor

DEREK MILSOM, late 40s

BARBARA MILSOM, mid-40s

LORIN ZEMANEK, early 40s

MICK WILLIAMS, early 20s



CORAL WILLIAMS, late 40s

BOB SHORTER, mid-50s

GAIL WILLIAMS, mid-20s

VOICE OF SCOTT WILLIAMS, mid-20s

Extract (on p.76) from ‘The Sociobiology of Sociopathy: An Integrated Evolutionary Model’ by Linda Mealey in *Behavioral and Brain Sciences*, Vol.18, No.3, New York: Cambridge University Press, 1995, reprinted with the permission of Cambridge University Press.



A hotel conference room. A little on the seedy side. Mid morning. JACK, late thirties, arranges a horseshoe of chairs facing outwards towards the audience. LORIN ZEMANEK, clearly nervous, enters. JACK looks up.

JACK: Lorin, thanks for coming.

LORIN: I nearly didn't.

There's an awkward pause.

Can you...?

JACK: What?

LORIN: Can you really be—?

JACK: Be?

LORIN: Do you *really* have as much faith in this community conferencing thing as you make out. I mean the way you sold it to me, it...

JACK: It what?

LORIN: Wonder cure.

JACK: I didn't say that.

LORIN: I've been thinking this through...

JACK: And?

LORIN: I have to say I have *real* doubts.

JACK: All I can hope is that what happens here might dispel some of them. Coffee?

LORIN: Thanks. [*As JACK pours her coffee*] Not to be rude, but have you ever facilitated a conference where the tensions are as extreme as these are going to be?

JACK: No.

LORIN: I have people in therapy for years before there's change, and in two hours you honestly expect—

JACK: This isn't therapy.

LORIN: —to get positive outcomes?

JACK: This isn't therapy.

LORIN: So you said. But I'm still not sure what it *is*.

JACK: It tries to reduce conflict between people. It doesn't heal psyches.

LORIN: Tries.

JACK: Yes, tries. Tries to allow people to stop hating or obsessing or being angry and enraged and get on with their lives.

LORIN: It's going to help the Milsoms get on with their lives?

JACK: I hope so.

LORIN: I remain to be convinced.

She looks sceptical and exhales. JACK makes some marginal adjustments to the seating.

I'm going to be the scapegoat.

JACK: We talked about this.

LORIN: It's one thing to talk about it in abstract. It's another thing when it's just about to happen.

JACK: I know that. I really appreciate the fact you're here.

LORIN: I did my job to the best of my ability.

JACK: I know.

LORIN: If I'm attacked unfairly I'll defend myself. I don't accept that I'm totally to blame.

JACK: I don't think anyone will think that.

LORIN: Yes they will.

DEREK and BARBARA MILSOM enter. DEREK is in his late forties, BARBARA a little younger. DEREK is agitated and strides ahead of his wife. He sees LORIN, but ignores her and only nods briefly at JACK as he unwraps a large beautifully-framed photograph of a young woman of about twenty. He holds the photo behind his back, face towards the audience, as he ponders where to put it.

JACK: Glad you could come, Derek.

DEREK: Where will they be sitting?

JACK indicates.

JACK: Glad you came, Barbara.

BARBARA: I'm not sure what good it'll do to rake over all this again.

DEREK: I want them to see the person their son killed. It's okay if I put daughter's photo here?

JACK: You do what you feel you want to do.

DEREK: I want them to see her. I want them to see her every second they're in this room.

BARBARA: It's provocative, Derek.

DEREK: It's meant to be.

DEREK props the photo up on the ground in front of the left-hand chairs, using the backing prop attached. BARBARA feels that politeness dictates they can't ignore LORIN any longer.

BARBARA: Hi Lorin.

LORIN: Hi Barbara, Derek.

DEREK *glares at LORIN with patent hostility, then turns to JACK.*

DEREK: So where are they? They called this conference, so where are they?

JACK: They've got further to come.

DEREK *unloads a pile of books and folders from a briefcase he is carrying. JACK looks at him. DEREK looks at JACK.*

DEREK: Maybe they stopped off to rob a few houses on the way.

[*Indicating the pile*] I'm going to talk straight on all of this. If anyone tries to dispute what I say I want to have all the facts on hand.

BARBARA: Derek, all the facts in the world aren't going to bring her back.

DEREK: I want that family to understand what we've lost.

JACK: [*looking at his watch*] Is the traffic bad out there?

LORIN: } *simultaneously* Yes, terrible.

DEREK: } Traffic's fine.

There's an awkward silence as they work out how to deal with this total contradiction.

LORIN: I had to come over the bridge.

DEREK: So did we.

LORIN: Seemed heavy to me, but I don't usually do this at this time of day.

DEREK: Traffic was fine.

BARBARA: Bumper to bumper, Derek.

DEREK: But flowing. *They're* not coming over the bridge in any case. They come from out west.

JACK: [*nodding*] They've got a long way to come.

DEREK: Then they leave earlier. It's called organising your time.

There's a silence. Then CORAL WILLIAMS, a woman in her late forties, pokes her head into the room. She's not dressed well or fashionably.

CORAL: Hey, is this it? Yeah, this is it.

She turns and beckons and MICK WILLIAMS, 22, GAIL WILLIAMS, 26, and BOB SHORTER, 55, enter. There's an awkward bout of head

nodding and a few desultory 'hi's. The WILLIAMS family are ill at ease under the hostile glare of DEREK and BARBARA.

BOB: [*to CORAL*] Call me on your mobile when you're finished here and I'll come and get you.

JACK: You're Bob?

BOB: Yeah.

JACK: Recognised your voice. You're not staying?

BOB: I thought it over and—no.

JACK: It would help.

BOB: [*looking at the MILSOMS*] Scott did something I can't condone in any shape or form. I don't want to be sitting around here trying to find excuses.

JACK: I don't think anyone will be trying to find excuses.

CORAL: I didn't come to make excuses.

BOB: Frankly I can't see the sense in this and I've got a business to run.

JACK: If you stay it'll help. Believe me.

CORAL: [*to BOB*] You were his uncle for God's sake, Bob.

BOB looks at his watch, looks at CORAL, and sighs.

BOB: Okay, but I'm not making excuses.

CORAL: Neither am I. He did what he did and if there's anyone to blame it's me.

GAIL: Mum, don't keep saying that.

JACK: Okay, let's start. The Williams family—Coral, Gail, would you mind sitting here? Mick, Bob, just there. Barbara, Derek, on the other side of me, and Lorin just here next to where I'll be. Ground rules. You can get up and move around any time you feel you want to. No violence and secondly this isn't going to work if anyone walks out before it's over.

Everyone goes to their allotted seats in silence. JACK sits himself in the middle. He waits thirty seconds while the shuffling segues into total frozen silence. The WILLIAMS family stares at the portrait of Donna.

You all know why we're here. Coral was told about community conferences by one of her friends and phoned me and asked me to organise one for the two families involved. I've spoken to all of you and although some were reluctant at first—





Charitable Intent





From left: Margaret Mills as Stella, Denis Moore as Brian, Vivienne Walshe as Bryony and Michael Fry as Jack in the 2001 La Mama production in Melbourne. (Photo: David van Royen)

Charitable Intent was first performed at the La Mama Theatre, Melbourne, as part of the 2001 Melbourne Festival, on 10 October 2001, with the following cast:

JACK MANNING	Michael Fry
TAMSYN	Trudy Hellier
CASSIE	Tammy McCarthy
STELLA	Margaret Mills
BRIAN	Denis Moore
AMANDA	Carole Patullo
GIULIA	Maria Theodorakis
BRYONY	Vivienne Walshe

Director, Tom Gutteridge
Designer, Tanja Beer
Lighting Design and Operation, Richard Dinnen
Stage Manager, Jo Leishman



CHARACTERS

JACK MANNING, community conference convenor

TAMSYN, early 30s

CASSIE, mid-20s

STELLA, early 50s

BRIAN, early 50s

AMANDA, mid-40s

GIULIA, mid-20s

BRYONY, mid-30s



A meeting room in the headquarters of a large national charitable organisation. JACK MANNING, forty-ish, is setting up eight chairs in a horseshoe formation facing out towards the audience. There is nothing much other than a hot water urn and tea and coffee making facilities and a small table on which there is a plate of biscuits. AMANDA, mid-forties, and STELLA, early fifties, enter. AMANDA is overweight and is dressed in unfashionable drab clothing and looks worried and anxious. STELLA is more smartly dressed and looks more angry than anxious. JACK looks up and smiles.

JACK: Hi Amanda. Hi Stella. First here.

STELLA: I hope this sorts out this mess one way or another.

JACK: That's what we're here for.

AMANDA: I don't even know if I care anymore.

STELLA: I care.

BRIAN enters. He's in his early fifties wearing an expensive business suit and with the kind of set look on his face that declares that life is an unending battle against inefficiency and complacency.

JACK: Brian. Thanks for coming.

BRIAN looks askance at AMANDA and STELLA who nod greetings, which he perfunctorily returns.

BRIAN: Things can't go on as they are.

JACK: So it seems.

BRIAN: I hope this doesn't end up as yet another exercise in employer bashing.

JACK: That's not what it's intended to do.

BRIAN: [*looking at AMANDA and STELLA*] There seems to be a lingering feeling in some quarters that charitable organisations shouldn't be efficient, businesslike and accountable. It's an attitude I don't share.

JACK: So you said.

BRIAN: We're attracting millions of dollars in donations from a public that expect those dollars to be used wisely and efficiently and effectively.

JACK: They do. Help yourselves to coffee or tea.

BRIAN *nods and helps himself to a coffee.*

BRIAN: I just hope this isn't going to drag on too long. In my other life I've got a company to run.

JACK: These things tend to be a bit unpredictable, but I'm aware that everyone has time pressures.

TAMSYN, *early thirties*, CASSIE, *mid-twenties*, and GIULIA, *mid-twenties enter together. They're all attractive, slim and very well-groomed.*

Tamsyn, Cassie, Giulia. Thank you for coming. Help yourself to coffee or tea.

TAMSYN, CASSIE *and* GIULIA *smile warmly at BRIAN, who nods back, and nod evasively at AMANDA and STELLA, who nod back.*

BRIAN: [*to the three of them*] You're all looking very smart.

ALL THREE: Thank you.

BRIAN: Beautiful morning out there.

GIULIA: It really is.

CASSIE: You're really in the news *this* week, Brian.

BRIAN: I wish the financial journalists would just leave me alone.

CASSIE: It's a huge merger.

BRIAN: It hasn't happened yet, and I never count my chickens until they're hatched, grown and laying themselves.

CASSIE: It'll be a great feather in your cap if it *does* all happen.

BRIAN: The financial pages are carrying on as if it's a stroke of genius. The truth is that it's a move that was staring anyone in the face if they'd cared to look.

GIULIA: Yes, but you were the one who *did* look.

BRIAN: [*pleased at the flattery, despite himself*] All I can say is that that doesn't say much for my competitors.

BRYONY *enters. She's mid-thirties, impeccably dressed in a power suit and conveys an air of purpose and direction overlaid with an icy calmness. She wears a fixed false smile which hardly ever leaves her face.*

BRYONY: Sorry if I'm late.

JACK: You're not.

BRYONY: I had a string of calls, but I've turned my mobile off.

JACK: Thank you.

BRYONY: Brian. You really are the man of the moment. I'm amazed you've got the time to bother about our little problems.

BRIAN: I'm the Chair of your Board and I take that seriously.

BRYONY: Thank you. Many wouldn't.

BRYONY: [*nodding*] Giulia, Cassie, Tamsyn. I'm sorry this has dragged you away from your work. I just hope it's for good reason.

JACK: I hope so too.

BRYONY *nods formally at STELLA and AMANDA.*

BRYONY: I have to say, Brian, that I don't really see the need for this exercise. I *am* the Chief Executive Officer and I *am* perfectly capable of dealing with these sort of problems.

BRIAN: Personally I agree. But certain Board members felt that the levels of conflict you're experiencing might be best addressed by a workplace conference. I really appreciate your co-operation.

BRYONY: [*to JACK*] I hope it doesn't drag on. I'm not running an organisation on the scale of Brian's, but we do distribute over a hundred and seventy million dollars worth of charitable aid and that's what I'd rather be doing than this.

JACK: The conference might help you to do it more effectively, Bryony. At least that's the plan.

BRYONY: Can we get on with it then?

JACK: Absolutely.

BRYONY: [*looking at AMANDA and STELLA*] I have to issue one warning. If I'm subjected to unwarranted abuse of the sort that's become all too commonplace in this organisation, then I'm leaving.

JACK: I'm sure there'll be some strong words said, but try and hang in there.

BRIAN: I have to say I share Bryony's feelings. No CEO should be subjected to unwarranted attack from their staff.

JACK: Brian, Bryony isn't here today as a CEO and you're not here as Chair of the Board. Hopefully we're here as eight people whose feelings and ideas are listened to equally.

BRYONY: I don't want to be part of a process that generates ill will.

JACK: It seems like there's a lot of ill will around already, Bryony. All right. Let's get started. Amanda and Stella, if you can sit on this side of me here. [*He indicates.*] And Tamsyn next to me, then Cassie, Giulia, Brian and Bryony.

They settle themselves. There's a tense silence.

I've spoken to you all individually and you all are well aware of the reason you're here. It's obvious from what I've heard that the workplace atmosphere has become, in the words of almost all of you, 'poisonous'. I'll just take a second to explain again the rationale behind a workplace conference such as this. In some workplace situations there's a disagreement about facts, but people don't necessarily have negative feelings about each other. That's just a dispute. In this case however people do feel negatively about each other so we have a full-on conflict which is causing most of you distress, and affecting the efficiency of the whole organisation. Conflicts like this often arise out of misperceptions. We often attribute to other people far worse motives than they actually had. It seems to be a human failing. If we're frank and honest with each other today, we might just be able to unravel the causes of what's happened around here, and get things back to normal.

BRIAN: That sounds all very hopeful, but what if the bad feelings *aren't* due just to 'misunderstandings'?

JACK: That'd mean that the negative feelings around here have some real basis and then that becomes a problem for you and your board. Either way there'll be some clarification of what exactly is going on.

BRYONY: I know already what's going on.

JACK: From your perspective, Bryony. Another human failing is that we always tend to see things from our perspective. *Our* version of history is always slanted our way.

BRYONY: It's my job to see the picture from all perspectives.

JACK: And I'm sure that's exactly what you've tried to do, but hey, none of us are perfect. Okay, here's my understanding of the situation to make sure I've got it right. 'Enabling and Caring' is a long-established charitable organisation, collecting public donations for a range of different programs which you provide and oversee. These include youth services, disabled services and sheltered workshops, suicide prevention services, drug counselling, detox, emergency accommodation, family crisis intervention and so on. Two and a half years ago your CEO Alan Twomey retired after long service and the Board appointed Bryony to replace him. Shortly after Bryony took over she appointed Giulia as head of Public Relations and

Marketing, a role that Amanda had performed by default up to then, as Amanda's job is actually to head up Program Management. Shortly after Giulia's appointment, the workplace atmosphere started to deteriorate and has since got progressively worse.

GIULIA: I hope there's no inference there that I'm the cause of all our problems.

BRYONY: That's what it sounded like.

JACK: If it did, I'm very sorry. I was just trying to establish the chronology.

GIULIA: I'm not denying that my appointment was the cause of the onset of all this, but I am denying that I caused it.

AMANDA: I know I've been accused of having my nose put out of joint by Giulia's appointment—

BRYONY: By whom?

AMANDA: By you.

BRYONY: I'm sorry. That's not true at all.

AMANDA: Well whatever. All I'm saying is that if it was said, it wasn't true. When Bryony first took over I was frank and told her I'd had no formal training in PR and marketing and that any successes I'd had were due more to good luck than good management.

STELLA: Rubbish. You got on really well with the media and they all liked you.

GIULIA: Meaning that they don't like me?

STELLA: Amanda was a natural. She didn't need training.

GIULIA: Meaning that I'm not? I'm not a natural?

STELLA: If we're being frank, you can be a little too pushy.

GIULIA: Well 'hello', Stella. The world doesn't come to you these days. You have to go to it.

AMANDA: Look, I'm not trying to say I was any better or worse than Giulia. The truth is I was relieved when she was appointed because my workload was getting out of hand.

BRYONY: Which I perceived immediately, and which is why I brought Giulia in.

JACK: And you felt that Amanda accepted this?

BRYONY: She told me she was relieved, but it does seem that a new atmosphere developed around the place shortly afterwards. An atmosphere I've characterised as the 'culture of resistance'.