

© 2004. Anne Phelan. **It's Called Development** (one-act version). For scripts and performance rights, contact anne@annephelan.com.

Characters:

Amy	executive director of a large charitable foundation; 30s-40s
Ms. Teufel	a mysterious potential donor with close connections to Satan; looks 40s, but as old as time <i>Teufel</i> means “devil” in German
Kasparina	Ms. Teufel’s willing and able assistant; looks 20s-30s, but at least as old as the cockroach; there’s a Goth look to her In Goethe’s <i>Faust</i> , his assistant is named Kaspar

Setting:

Ms. Teufel’s lair. The present. There is no natural light, even though it’s a Monday morning.

A non-Equity workshop of an earlier draft of the play was directed by Cindy Ohanian for the Looking Glass Theatre Lab in December 2001. This draft received a non-Equity production at the Newgate Theatre, Providence RI, directed by James P. Robinson in 2004.

(MS. TEUFEL's lair- a corporate office, expensively furnished. KASPARINA enters, leading AMY)

KASPARINA:

Any trouble finding this dump?

AMY:

(Unnerved by HER)

Your directions were perfect.

KASPARINA:

(With a big grin)

You'd be amazed at who's found their way here. Presidents, little old ladies who feed pigeons, small boys who torture pussycats.

AMY:

(Looking around)

Isn't it a little dark?

(Goes to a shaded window and starts to pull back the shade to look at the view)

KASPARINA:

(Shrieking)

Don't do that!

(AMY stops dead in HER tracks)

AMY:

All right, then. That'll teach me to be nosy.

KASPARINA:

(Finds this hilarious)

That's not your problem.

AMY:

(Curious)

What do you mean?

KASPARINA:

I meant to say I doubt that's one of your failings.

AMY:

(Thinks SHE's a nutcase)

No doubt you enjoy a vivid inner life. It's dry as the Sahara in here.

Is it?

KASPARINA:

Goodness! My hands are a fright.

AMY:
(Looking at HER hands)

Rupert, get back here and bring up my moisturizer sac. Pronto.

(Whips out HER cell. Pushes a speed dial number.
Into the phone)
(Closes the phone. KASPARINA stares at HER)

You're very sensitive.

KASPARINA:

You might offer me a beverage.

AMY:
(Coughs)

The delivery didn't come.

KASPARINA:

Sparkling water, juice, a *latte*-

AMY:

Nope.

KASPARINA:

Poland Spring?

AMY:
(Reluctantly)

Not even.

KASPARINA:

It's warm in here.

AMY:
(Pulls at HER collar)

I don't think so.

KASPARINA:

Maybe I'm coming down with something. There's that flu going around.

AMY:

KASPARINA:

Naw, too early for bird flu. Give it another year. Or move to Indonesia if you can't wait.

AMY:
(Recoiling)

Smells like sulfur.

KASPARINA:
Aren't you the sensitive plant?

AMY:
I'm refined.

KASPARINA:
Yeah, refined as Domino's Sugar.

AMY:
With your attitude, I don't know how you keep your job here.

KASPARINA:
I wouldn't want your job. Professionalized begging, that's all fund raising is.

AMY:
It's called "development."

KASPARINA:
Ben Franklin used to call the outhouse the "necessary." Don't make it smell any sweeter.

AMY:
(Belittling)
One can't expect someone of your kind to understand.

KASPARINA:
Fund raising makes you feel important. Throwing galas, getting your picture in the *Sunday Style* section-

AMY:
That's hard work.

KASPARINA:
You're a debutante!

AMY:
I was on the cover of *Town and Country* last month. I don't need to justify myself to some *nouveau riche's* secretary. I checked- your boss isn't even in the Social Register.

KASPARINA:

She don't need to be, doll.

AMY:

Do you speak to every guest like that?

KASPARINA:

What's the difference between you and the guy outside Commerce Bank with the paper cup? At least he's the genuine article. You people gussy it up with cosmopolitans and expensive stationary.

AMY:

You couldn't begin to understand. Is Ms. T- Too- how do you pronounce it?

KASPARINA:

Toy-ful.

AMY:

Sounds foreign.

KASPARINA:

Old German family. Very old.

AMY:

Are they important?

KASPARINA:

Essential to the world as we know it. They've endured since the Garden of Eden.

AMY:

Is she here? I'm very busy.

KASPARINA:

Sure. Can't you smell her?

(AMY sniffs, and coughs. KASPARINA laughs)

AMY:

(Nearly choking)

What - is - that - stench?

KASPARINA:

Your potential benefactress! I've gotten used to it. Along with everything else.

AMY:

What do you mean?

KASPARINA:

I'm a highly adaptable species.

AMY:

Like the cockroach?

KASPARINA:

Smarter than I thought. You're awfully frail to be such a big honcho. *Trés* Junior League. How'd you get where you are?

AMY:

I inherited G.I.G. from my uncle.

KASPARINA:

Huh?

AMY:

G. I. G.: Giving Is Good. It used to be the Orphans' Benevolent Society, but that sounded so over. I hired an image consultant to come up with something sexier.

MS. TEUFEL:

(Enters wearing a business suit. To AMY)

I was unavoidably detained. Kasparina's been entertaining you?

AMY:

(Looking at KASPARINA)

That's your name? What kind of a name is that?

MS. TEUFEL:

(To KASPARINA)

Hold all my calls. We mustn't be disturbed. Amy's time is precious.

KASPARINA:

(With a grin)

You betcha.

MS. TEUFEL:

And don't listen in over the intercom.

(Disappointed, KASPARINA exits)

MS. TEUFEL (CONTD.):

Amy, do sit down. I've been so looking forward to meeting you. What a darling suit you're wearing!

AMY:

(Opening HER expensive briefcase)

I've brought some materials-