

TOP SILK – JANE – DAVID WILLIAMSON

Speaking to her husband

“Trevor, you can't appear for Bradley.

Well, you can't. He bought the television channels after promising he'd sell his newsprint interests, and now he wants to hang onto both.

He's not even an Australian anymore. He became an American citizen so he could buy up most of their media as well as ours!

Trevor, the essence of democracy is diversity of opinion and you're telling me you're prepared to appear for a client who controls over 50% of our media and wants more?

Well. You haven't said you're not taking it.

An Australian government gets in that he doesn't like, and there's a quick 5-minute phone call from New York and that's the end of them.

Hitler virtually gave guarantees that he had no designs on Poland!

Why are you even contemplating taking the brief?

A rule is devised to maximise a barrister's income and minimise his conscience.

It seems a little like a German engineer saying, 'I don't go along with genocide, but designing the gas chamber would be a hell of a challenge.'

Do you really believe that Bradley will allow his editors total freedom?

But why were you offered it? Why doesn't Bradley know you're supposed to have left wing sympathies?

So, are you taking the brief?

Trevor, you read Bradley's newspapers. You read his editorials. They are so right wing they're nauseating! In 10 years of reading them, the nearest thing to liberalism I came across was an editorial that admitted things weren't entirely rosy in South Africa, but that progress was being made. And he appoints the editors.

If you had any conscience you'd be forgetting Paul Bradley taking that safe labour seat you've been offered, and getting into politics.

Take a risk for once in your life. Our combined income would be up over 80. People have managed to scrape through on that.

Trevor, read that.

Poetry. Your son wrote it.

Trevor! Can you stop being evaluative for a few seconds of your life and look at the content?

Read the poems.

He still feels intense guilt when he walks into your study. For as long as he can remember, it was the place he wasn't allowed to go. Daddy was working. Daddy was important. Daddy could not be disturbed. Think what it must have done to his self-esteem. And then to compound his problems eh grows up and can't do any of the things you value.

Read the poems. I'm very worried. The tone of them...

We don't know what sort of kid he is. We thought we did but we don't. Read the poems.

They were lying on his desk.

I'm worried about him Trevor I really am.

Talk to him."