

THE YOUNG TYCOONS

Darlinghurst Theatre

Satirically clinical, *The Young Tycoons* repackages the lives of Jamie Packer and Lachlan Murdoch as they rise to the top of their empires and crash in a most spectacularly public and humiliating fashion. The Voglers and the Warburtons (essentially the Packer and the Murdoch family empire's with a little poetic license) centre and swirl around the bloody waters of their own capitalistic filth in *The Young Tycoons*. Nepotism is their guiding voice without reason; contracts rule with an almighty iron fist and backstabbing is the massage therapy of choice.

Questions over loyalty constantly bubble along the surface to present the ethics of business in its most horrid state.

Cutthroat showboats, the characters are but shallow pools of ego in snappy suits and smart dresses. Brash and brimming with inexperience, the young tycoons are eating at the adults' table unbeknownst to everyone, spilling the caviar all down their shirts.

In the words of the playwright, "The first generation acquires it. The second generation builds it. The third generation fucks it all up."

Kim Vogler (Michael Cullen) and Trevor Warburton (Jonathan Gavin) respectively represent the cocky and wild eyed under-experienced tycoons. Swimming in the world of their fathers, it's obvious early on just how far they need to go in order to manage the wealth of resources at hand. A feat neither of them live up to or come even close to mastering with full confidence by night's end.

Lighting is effective in structuring the mood. Reporting hound Dave Grolsch (Christopher Johnson) hammers most of his lines under the cover of the shadows. Surely a sign of the dubious nature of the muck raking media that he so gruffly represents.

With a tinge of sarcasm and a scathing shot of venomous wit, *The Young Tycoons* is a production that leaves a cleaver hanging from between the shoulder blades.

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