

Dirty Money

By: Shamil Fattakhov/Ian Reed
Place: Russia
Date: 1994
Topic: Dirty Money
Message: *That no matter how grave the problem, no one has to resort to crime to solve it—creative and honest solutions can always be found.*
Characters: Darrin, Cindy, Chris
Setting: Library

Darrin is sleeping at the table. Cindy enters.

Cindy: Hey, sleepy head, wake up!

Chris enters.

Cindy: Hi Chris!

Darrin: Hey Chris, why do you look so down?

Chris: I got problems.

Cindy: Oh, I understand! Love. Broken heart. Am I right? Am I right? Or no... maybe, father and son, a tragic misunderstanding between generations. Am I right? Am I right?

Darrin: Oh, I see! You have a headache! Were you out late last night?

Chris: No, no, it's more complicated than that. I've no money.

Darrin: Psh... no money? We all have no money! Is there a problem? It's not a problem, it's a challenge!

Chris: It's not that I don't have any money; instead I have less than no money!

Cindy: I think we should listen to him seriously. Go ahead Chris. Share with us your tragic story.

Chris: Okay. You know that neighborhood I walk through on my way home from school?

Darrin: Yeah.

Chris: Well, I was walking with my basketball and saw this huge house that had a basketball hoop above the garage door, so I thought I'd just

shoot some hoops. But... And you know that Alan Iverson half-court shot that he always makes?

Darrin: Of course I do.

Chris: I thought I did too. But I missed. And there was this huge window right above that basketball hoop, I missed, and it just broke the window into **billions of** tiny pieces.

Cindy: Wow!

Darin: Whoa!

Chris: And that's not the worst of it. A big guy came out yelling, and he grabbed me, and started yelling at me!

Cindy: Poor Chris. Did he hit you?

Chris: Well, actually he was pretty okay once he calmed down. He said he wouldn't call the police or my parents...

Darrin: Is that all? What a nice guy!

Chris: He wasn't that good, he said I owe him four hundred bucks by Monday!

Darrin: Four hundred bucks!

Cindy: Oh, that's tomorrow!

Darrin: And if not?

Chris: Problems. Police, parents, prison, penitentiary.

Cindy: Pity.

Darrin: Okay, so did you tell your parents?

Chris: What? Do you think I want to die at the age of 18?

Darrin: Let's see. Okay Chris, there is this one option. There is this guy on my football team, he knows how to get things done, you wouldn't believe it, last week he bought a new Porsche like that! One time he told me that I can work with him, and he can make me a very rich person. I can give him a call and you could be working with him next week, and making a big money.

Chris: What's the deal?

Cindy: It could only be one of two things, gambling or drugs.

Darrin: C'mon, this isn't the really bad stuff, that's what he said. Anyway, it's an option.

Chris: No, I can't do that. It's illegal.

Darrin: Listen Chris; don't be silly, it's not just words. Money is money! Just a few small jobs and you're free, like a bird! And you'll have some money left over to take us out for ice cream! Okay, does someone have a cell-phone?

Cindy: I've got one.

Darrin: So, I'll call. I'm calling.

DISCUSSION

Chris: Stop, Darrin. Not all money is good money. I think I'll just tell my parents and let them kill me on the spot.

Cindy: You know guys, I have an idea. Why don't we all go home and get a loan of a hundred dollars each? And there is a really big house next to mine. The people are really nice, they'll let us mow their lawn, and it's worth at least a hundred dollars! **And then that will give you the four hundred dollars for tomorrow night!** And slowly we can start paying back our debts.

Darrin: Makes sense!

Cindy: Yeah, and I think you should go and tell your parents, and we can come along with you to help you explain. You know how much they like and respect Darrin!

Darrin: That's true!

Cindy: And maybe they won't kill you in front of us!

Darrin: And if they do kill you, at least we'll be there to witness your last will and I can get your guitar, your amplifier, and that Kermit the Frog doll that you always sleep with.

Cindy: No, I want Kermie!

Darrin: I called Kermie first!

Chris: Thank you, thank you guys, you really helped me out this time!

Cindy: Guys, I think we deserve ice cream!

Both guys show empty pockets.

Cindy: I've got special money for tender moments of my life!