

**ACT I, SCENE 1**

LIGHTS:

PEDESTRIANS WALK ACROSS THE STAGE. MR. KUCHING SHOUTS TO THEM, LIKE A CARNIVAL BARKER.

MR. KUCHING

Folks, do you need to make some money in these distressing times? Faaantastic! Cause I'm gonna show you how to get rich quick. That's right, I said it: *Get! Rich! Quick!* Now I know what you're thinking: nobody can get rich quick. If it sounds too good to be true, it is. A fool and his money are soon parted. Why I can hear you thinking: scam artist, hustler, bamboozler, fraud, crook, con man. Ho ho, my friends, you would be so wrong...

PEDESTRIANS 1, 2 & 3 ENTER, FOLLOWED BY MYRON.

MR. KUTCHING

...because you have stumbled onto the only Get Rich Quick Scheme that actually works!

MYRON BUMPS INTO THE PEDESTRIANS, TRIPS, & FALLS AT MR. KUCHING'S FEET.

MR. KUCHING

(Helps Myron stand.)

Sir, you have stumbled onto a fortune.

MYRON

Really? Thanks, mister...?

MR. KUTCING

Kuching, accent on the ching. You're welcome...?

MYRON

Myron. My grandmother named me, but I don't know for sure, because I wasn't there. Well I was there, but I was busy being born. Bye.

MYRON STARTS TO LEAVE.

MR. KUCHING

Hold on, Myron. You can't afford to walk away from this golden opportunity. Not in this economy. Not after you got fired.

MYRON

Me? Fired? (pause) How did you know? I haven't even told my grandmother. She's terrified of poverty.

MR. KUCHING

Simple observation, my young friend. You possess all the signs of the *nuevo poor*. Those little nicks on your face - too many shaves to the blade. That greasy hair - watered down shampoo. And you have a bloated look about you. Too many cheap carbs. Oh, the stench of poverty is upon you, Myron. It smells like dead rat.

MYRON

Dead rat? I don't smell anything. You should check the bottoms of your shoes, you probably stepped in something. Anyway, I'm not worried. I have five thousand dollars in the Government Employees Credit Union.

MR. KUCHING

Reeeally..

MYRON

Really. I swear. I'm not saying I never lie. I lied to my grandmother about my grades all through school. And I lie religiously about sex. But I never lie about money.

MR. KUCHING

Well, I'm pleased to finally shake hands with an honest man.

MYRON

Thank you.

MR. KUCHING TRIES TO YANK MYRON AWAY FROM THE THREE PEDESTRIANS.

MR. KUTCHING

Come on, Myron, my office is right down the street. I'm going to show you how to make a million dollars.

PEDESTRIAN 1

Don't be a sucker, dude.

PEDESTRIAN 2

He'll take you for a ride.

PEDESTRIAN 3

I don't mean to intrude, but I think he may have lied.

MR. KUCHING

Don't listen to those whiney little loser babies. All they know how to do is boo hoo about how nobody gave them an opportunity to get rich. Not you, Myron. You are on the verge of discovering the most faaantastic money making opportunity of the twenty first century.

MYRON

Aw, I don't know, Mr. Kuching. I need all the dollars I got. How much does it cost?

MR. KUCHING

Just one, my friend. One measly dollar. And I'll make a deal with you. I won't even take your dollar unless you ask me to.

MYRON

(to the Pedestrians)

What could I possibly lose?

MR. KUCHING LEADS MYRON AWAY FROM THE 3 PEDESTRIANS, WHO SHOUT AFTER HIM:

PEDESTRIAN 1

You could lose your life savings.

PEDESTRIAN 2

You could lose your shirt.

PEDESTRIAN 3

Don't listen to his ravings, he'll leave you in the dirt.

PEDESTRIANS EXIT.

MR. KUCHING OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE AND TRIES TO STEER MYRON INSIDE.

MYRON RESISTS.

MYRON

I'm not sure about this whole thing, Mr. Kuching.

MR. KUCHING

You are right to be cautious, Myron. There are a lot of crooked people in the world. But I can tell you're the type of man who knows the value of a dollar. Am I right?

MYRON

Not according to my grandmother. But she's almost criminally thrifty. Gets all of our ketchup and salt and pepper and napkins and straws and non-dairy creamer from fast food restaurants. Plus, she goes to the mall every weekend to eat free samples for lunch. She's terrified of poverty and loves Orange Chicken.

MR. KUCHING

Who doesn't? But the difference between me and your grandmother is that I actually pay for a complete Orange Chicken meal.

MYRON

Really? With the fried rice and the egg roll?

MR. KUCHING

It's delicious. Choose your path, Myron. Are you going to be the old, smelly man in dollar store trousers begging samples at the mall, or will you buy the Orange Chicken meal, with extra meat?

MYRON

Hell, I want the Orange Chicken meal, with extra meat. Here's my dollar.

MYRON THRUST THE DOLLAR AT MR. KUCHING, WHO ABRUPTLY PUSHES HIS HAND AWAY.

MR. KUCHING

Keep your dollar, Myron. I don't want it. Goodbye.

MR. KUTCHING STEPS INSIDE HIS OFFICE AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

MYRON STANDS OUTSIDE FOR A MOMENT, THEN KNOCKS.

MR. KUTCHING OPENS IT.

MR. KUCHING

Yes? May I help you?

MYRON

It's me, Myron. We were just talking. You convinced me to give you a dollar for the secret of becoming rich.

MR. KUCHING STEPS OUT OF HIS OFFICE.

MR. KUCHING

I can't take your dollar, Myron. Do you know why?

MYRON

No, not exactly.

MR. KUCHING

I won't take your dollar because I'm not convinced you have the motivation to succeed.

MYRON

What? What are you talking about? I have lots of motivation.

MR. KUCHING

Sorry, Myron.

MYRON

It's only a dollar, for goodness sake.

MR. KUCHING

Only a dollar? Myron, do you know what it says on that dollar bill? *In God We Trust*. In GOD we trust. I don't take something with God's Holy Name written on it lightly. I'm sorry, but you just don't have the proper motivation to succeed.

(pauses)

Unless...

MYRON

Unless?

MR. KUCHING

Myron, do you believe in charity, in helping the poor?

MYRON

Absolutely. Not as much as my grandmother, though. She gets a mailbox full of letters and flyers from all kinds of charities begging her for money. I tear them up before she can see them. She's a real sucker for every sob story out there. But I do believe in charity and helping the poor as long as you're not on a fixed income or unemployed.

MR. KUCHING

Is that your motivation?

MYRON

Sure, that's my motivation.

MR. KUCHING

Forget it, Myron.

MYRON

What?

MR. KUCHING

Not enough. Nobody wants to get filthy rich just to help the filthy poor. Dig deep, Myron, tell me why you want a million dollars. What would you do with the money?

MYRON

Well, grandmother's car has a saggy roof. It is fourteen years old, which grandmother says is seventy two in car years. I'll fix her car.

MR. KUCHING

(Sarcastic)

Well that's faaantastic. You're a millionaire, Myron, and all you can think to do is fix your grandmother's broken down wreck of a car?

MYRON

Fine, I'll buy my Grandmother a new car. A Lexus. Okay? That's my motivation!

MR. KUCHING

Perfect. Your grandmother will be thrilled.

MYRON

Actually, she's terrified of opulence. Maybe I need a different motivation.

MR. KUCHING

Right. A different motivation. A better motivation. Something that sparks your passion! What sparks your passion, Myron? (pauses) Anything? Anyone? (pauses) You have a girlfriend?

MYRON

Yes, yes, that's who I'm passionate about. Terri-Belle. My girlfriend. She's a cheerleader.

MR. KUCHING

Great. Everyone needs a cheerleader.

MYRON

We're soul mates. Her father hates me, though. Not the real me, just the poor, unemployed me. Maybe he hates the real me, too. I don't know. I can't stand that rich, snobbish bastard. All he cares about is money, money, money. Terri-Belle is nothing like him.

MR. KUCHING

Really? She doesn't care about money?

MYRON

Not at all. Her father makes her life miserable, so she spends as much of *his* money as she can, just to get back at him. He's always yelling at her to spend less, spend less, spend less, but she just ignores him and keeps on spending and spending. It's very brave of her, don't you think?

MR. KUCHING

Yeah, she's a real hero. So, is that your motivation? You want to support your soul mate's shopping habit more than anything else in the world?

MYRON

Well not when you put it that way. But we're only talking about a dollar. I know it's got God's name on it, but come on, it takes three Gods just to buy a cup of coffee at Starbucks.

MR. KUCHING

A dollar, a thousand, ten thousand, it doesn't matter. I won't take any money from you until I am convinced without the slightest doubt that you are going to be successful. And that takes motivation.

MYRON

Ten thousand dollars...

MR. KUCHING

What about what you want, Myron? Forget the poor, forget your grandmother, forget your girlfriend Terrible. What does Myron want?

MYRON

Me? Nothing, really.

MR. KUCHING

What does Myron want?

MYRON

You know, the usual-

MR. KUCHING

What does Myron really want?

MYRON

Myron wants a brand new forty foot Fusion Catamaran with a fiberglass multi-hull and twin Yanmar diesel engines. I would take a year off and just sail into the full moon.

MR. KUCHING

That's your dream, isn't it?

MYRON

Not really. More like a crazy fantasy, like, sprouting wings and flying.

MR. KUCHING

It doesn't have to be a fantasy, Myron. It can come true.

MYRON

Now that's just ridiculous. I can't sprout wings and fly.

MR. KUCHING

The sailboat, Myron. The sailboat can be yours. If you want it.

MYRON

I do.

MR. KUCHING

Then that's your motivation?

MYRON

Yes. That is my motivation. And here's your dollar. Tell me the secret of achieving my dreams.

MR. KUCHING

A dollar, Myron. Really? Is that all your dreams are worth? One measly dollar? Let me ask you something hypothetically. Would you give me a hundred thousand dollars if I gave you a million dollars?

MYRON

Sure. I can be very generous with hypothetical money. That's why I always lose at Monopoly.

MR. KUCHING

Right. Now stay with me, Myron. Would you trade fifty thousand dollars for a million dollars?

MYRON

Sure I would.

MR. KUCHING

What about twenty five thousand dollars? For a million?

MYRON

Sure, if I had it.

MR. KUCHING

Fifteen?

MYRON

Yes.

MR. KUCHING

Ten?

MYRON

Absolutely.

MR. KUCHING

Are you telling me that you would be willing to trade ten thousand dollars for a million dollars?

MYRON

Of course I would. I'd be stupid not to.

MR. KUCHING

Then we have a deal.

MR. KUCHING GRABS MYRON'S HAND AND SHAKES IT.

MYRON

But I don't have ten thousand dollars!

MR. KUCHING

It's chump change, Myron.

MYRON

I don't have that much chump.

MR. KUCHING

Borrow it from Terrible's father. You said he was rich. Ask him with your girlfriend in the room. He won't be able to say no. Then you can help the poor, fix your grandmother's car, marry your soul mate, and sail around the world. Everything you've ever dreamed about will be yours.

MYRON

But I'm not a salesman.

MR. KUCHING

That's the best part. You don't have to be a salesman to sell. It's better if you're not a salesman. Kash is King sells itself better than you can.

MYRON

Cash is King?

MR. KUCHING

Cash with a K. It's what you want. It's what Terrible wants. It's what God wants.

MYRON

How do you know what God wants? Maybe God wants me to be poor.

MYRON

Think about it, Myron. Why would a kind and loving God want you to be poor? Do you think He enjoys watching his children suffer with lousy food, poor health, crippling anxiety, all the daily humiliations of poverty? Don't you think He wants us to enjoy the blessings of a prosperous life?

MYRON

You mean God doesn't like poor people too?

MR. KUTCHING

Oh course He does. He's just disappointed in them.

MR. KUCHING PLACES AN ARM AROUND MYRON.

MR. KUCHING

Making money is easy, Myron, like a trip to Disney World.

MR. KUCHING SINGS, TO THE TUNE OF MICKEY MOUSE CLUB SONG.

*M.A.K. - I.N.G. - M.O.N.E.Y.*

*Making Money*

*Making Money*

*Forever Let Us Hold Our Wallets High*

*M.A.K. - I.N.G. - M.O.N.E.Y.*

Sing it with me, Myron.

MR. KUCHING/MYRON

*M.A.K. - I.N.G. - M.O.N.E.Y.*

*Making Money*

*Making Money*

*Forever Let Us Hold Our Wallets High*

*M.A.K. - I.N.G. - M.O.N.E.Y.*

MR. KUCHING AND MYRON ENTER THE OFFICE.

**(LIGHTS)**

**(END OF SCENE)**