

## Money, Money, Money

**By Lucy Houbart**

Cast:

Marigold – girl around eight years old

Mum

Dad

Marigold is sitting on the settee of a family living room, holding a toy rabbit, buttoning up its jacket. She is a child of eight-years-old and is dressed in her school uniform. Marigold's Dad enters through the front door which is behind a curtain.

Marigold: Did you get me anything?

Dad: I just got the milk, sorry. We've got plenty of food to eat in the cupboard if you're hungry.

Marigold: Oh, Dad! I did tell you how good at school I was today. I tried so hard and got all my spellings right! You could have bought me some sweets.

Dad: So you did. (He pauses) Ok, I was going to keep this for myself but, as you did so well, I'll give you my Scratchcard. (He hands it to her from out of his pocket.)

Marigold: Thanks, Dad, I might win! (Calling) Mum. (Mum enters the room a few moments later.) Look, Mum. I could be rich. (She waves it at Mum and both parents watch as she scratches the silver off the card.)

Marigold: (She gasps then shouts) I've won, I've won! (She jumps up and down waving the card while her parents roll their eyes, irritated)

Mum: Calm down! Stop getting so excited. It's unlikely you've won, hand me the card. Stop jumping. (Dad sighs and then leaves the room.)

Marigold: Look! (Marigold hands Mum the card who looks at it) It's top prize, a thousand pounds, I think! I'm rich! (She dances around the room swinging her toy rabbit by its ears.)

Mum: Stop being silly. (Mum is frowning, whilst examining the card. Then she leaves the room. Marigold talks to the rabbit.)

Marigold: A thousand pounds, what shall we buy with a thousand pounds? (She puts the rabbit to her ear as if he is whispering to her.) What? Yes, I can have whatever I want now that I'm rich. It's my reward. I'll ring Daisy and tell her. (She picks up the phone and dials a number.) Hi, could I speak to Daisy, please? It's Marigold. (She waits for a moment. Then her parents enter the room.)

Mum: Get off the phone. (Mum hisses quietly.)

Marigold: Oh sorry, Daisy. I can't talk, Mum needs me. But I've got some very exciting news...I'll tell you tomorrow. Bye. (She puts the phone down.)

Mum: (Speaking quietly) We've looked into it, made a phonecall....and it seems, amazingly, you have won.....£20,000! (Mum and Dad both look stunned at each other in disbelief and then gradually start to smile.)

Marigold: (Gasps) Yipeeeeeeee! I can buy a new house, my own car.....and a horse!

Dad: (Laughing) Hold on....you're not a millionaire. It's only £20,000.

Marigold: But that's loads of money....isn't it?

Dad: Well, let me explain. A house could cost £200,000.

Marigold: ..and a car?

Dad: a car around £5,000.

Marigold: Well, I'll have a car then. And a horse?'

Mum: I'm sorry, dear, you can't keep a horse. It's far too expensive.

Marigold: (Looking cross.) Oh,no. Are you sure? I really wanted a horse.

Dad: ....and you're too young to drive a car, I'm afraid.

Marigold: That's crazy! (Pauses, cross.) Ok, ok, you can drive me about in it until I'm older. But I'm getting an orange car.

Dad: Look, it's a lot of money and you're only eight. Come on, it's not sensible to buy things like cars or horses. It's great that you've won but this sort of money needs to be in a bank..... to use when you're older .....to go towards something like a house. It's too much money for someone your age.

Marigold: A bank? No! It's my money, I'll do what I want with it ....NOW! It's my money!

Mum: You're too young. Children aren't even allowed to buy scratchcards.

Marigold: But Dad gave it to me, he said it was mine. How mean to take it back now I've won!

Mum: Dad's not mean, you just don't understand, dear.

Marigold: I won it, so it's my money!

Dad: Yes, it is your money but you just have to let us look after it. We can go to the toy shop and buy a special toy. Maybe a new outfit! (Marigold is still looking angry) .....we'll go out for a meal together... (Marigold hides her face in the settee cushions.) Look, we can put some of it towards the family holiday too!

(Pause. Then Marigold puts down the cushion.)

Marigold: (Firmly) I've won £20,000. You may think it's too much for little ole me. Well, listen up. I've decided. (Speaking slowly) I'm going to share it with my friends. Five thousand for me, four thousand for Daisy and the rest shared equally amongst all of my class. There! That's fair. (She stands on the settee, looking at them.)

Mum: You can't do that! (Quietly, looking at Dad) Do something!

Dad: That wouldn't be allowed. The parents wouldn't like it.

Marigold: (Louder now) You're lying, you just want the money for yourself!

Mum: We only want the best for you. Let's calm down.....I know....., we'll make your favourite chocolate cake. All this talk of money....it's frankly upsetting.

(Pause)

Dad: 'I know, why don't you talk to Nana on the phone? Tell her what's happened. Special, wise Nana always knows best. See what she says.

Mum: ....and remember, darling. We love you very much, and only want the best for you. We haven't actually got the money yet so no point being unhappy, that's not what money's for.

Marigold: (Putting her nose in the air.) I will talk with Nana and see you later. (She picks up her Mum's mobile phone from the table and leaves the room. Mum and Dad look at each other and Mum holds up her hands and crosses her fingers.)