

## The Deal

**Creative Note:** A father and son are in the kitchen having a conversation.

**Characters:**

KEN  
DAD

**Props:** A table; crackers; a jar of peanut butter

*(A young man, KEN, comes into the kitchen in search of something to eat. He finally discovers a jar of peanut butter and some crackers. He begins sticking the crackers down in the peanut butter jar and then eating them. He even double dips. His DAD enters.)*

DAD: Well, I guess no one else is going to want that peanut butter.

KEN: Oh . . . yeah . . . sorry.

DAD: Just avoid drinking out of the carton of orange juice and we'll be fine.

KEN: Sure thing, Dad.

DAD: I'm actually glad you're around today . . . I'd like to talk to you about something.

KEN: Aw, come on, Dad. Do we really have to?

DAD: Just wait a minute. I think you might like this.

KEN: *(reluctantly giving in)* Okay. What is it?

DAD: I've decided to make a deal with you.

KEN: *(skeptically)* A deal? What kind of deal?

DAD: Well, to begin, I think we've got a pretty

good arrangement going on here. Wouldn't you agree?

KEN: *(has no idea what his father is talking about)* Sure. I guess.

DAD: Think about it, son. That peanut butter you're double-dipping crackers into, did you pay for it?

KEN: No.

DAD: And the crackers?

KEN: No.

DAD: Well, where did they come from?

KEN: The pantry.

DAD: Yes. But who put them in the pantry?

KEN: Um, Mom.

DAD: Yes. She did. Your mother provided that snack for you.

KEN: Yep.

DAD: In fact, we, your mother and I, provide many things for you. A roof over your head. The clothes you wear. Your car. Spending money. Pretty much anything you need and a lot of what you just want is already there at your disposal. Free.

KEN: Dad, is this some lecture about planning for the future or something? Because if it is, let me just tell you that I think I do pretty well . . .

DAD: No. No, it's not that. Like I said, I want to make a deal with you.

KEN: Yes. But like you also said, I've already pretty much got everything I could need.

DAD: For now. But I've decided to go ahead and pay for your entire college

education in full. I'll rent you an apartment while you're there and also give you a thousand dollars a month for living expenses.

KEN: Really?

DAD: And you'll be needing a new car, assuming you get accepted to a college that's not nearby. After that I'll give you a job at my company or help you find one through some of my contacts. I'll provide a down payment for your first house and pay for your honeymoon whenever you decide to get married.

KEN: *(stunned)* Awesome.

DAD: And . . . I've set aside a little bit of money into a trust fund ever since you were born, and it has done really well. It's now valued at 1.2 million dollars and you can have it outright once you turn eighteen.

KEN: Are you serious?

DAD: As a heart attack.

KEN: That's amazing. Thanks, Dad! I gotta call Madison and tell her! *(takes his peanut butter jar and gets up to call Madison)*

DAD: Wait just a second, son.

KEN: I knew it.

DAD: Knew what?

KEN: What's the catch?

DAD: It's not a catch. It's just that if this is a deal and I think it only appropriate that you do something in return for these things.

KEN: *(sitting down)* Fine. What do I have to do? Clean my room? Keep my grades up? What?

DAD: It's all really simple. I just want you to be a good representative of everything I'm providing you.

KEN: Huh? What does that mean?

DAD: It means that, even though I'm promising to do all these things for you, it is not just for your benefit. I expect you to use all the resources to become all that you have the potential to be.

KEN: That's it?

DAD: That's it.

KEN: *(thinking)* Yeah. Yeah. Okay. I can do that. No problem. You got it, Dad. *(slaps DAD on the back)* Thanks. I'm going to go call Madison now. *(runs off)*

DAD: Hey, one more thing . . .

*(Silence. KEN is gone.)*

DAD: *(to himself)* I'll be there to help.

*(The End)*