

## **Play SCRIPT**

Play Name: All For Dinar

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Readers Theater Play Script and Performance Notes

All For Dinar

## **CHARACTERS**

NARRATOR

MERCHANT

WIFE

SON

Salma

## Scene 1 – The Merchant's House

[Stage Set: The backdrop shows the interior of a merchant's house in Village. Beside the house, trees and fields of golden grasses.]

NARRATOR:

Greetings, everyone. This play is "All for a Dinar," ,  
brought to you by Stories to Grow by. A Dinar an coin,worth, maybe a 5 shekels.

[NARRATOR steps forward.]

NARRATOR:

Long ago in Small village there lived a wealthy merchant. He and his wife were very happy. Well, except for one thing.

[MERCHANT and WIFE enter.]

MERCHANT:

You always make excuses for him!

WIFE:

He doesn't think like you. Our son is a musician, not a businessman.

MERCHANT:

Bah! He says he's a musician because he doesn't want to put in the time and the work it takes to be in business!

WIFE:

He puts in PLENTY of time practicing his Guitar.

MERCHANT:

Exactly! Avoiding the real work of life.

He's embarrassing himself, me, the whole family. When I try to talk sense into him, he won't listen!

WIFE:

You're not the best listener in the world either, you know.

MERCHANT:

(not looking at her) What did you say? No matter. And that's not the worst of it.

WIFE:

What are you talking about?

MERCHANT:

You know that's the way it is, and it's his own fault. Does he want to learn how to set up a shop? No. Does he want to learn how to track accounts? No. Does he want to learn how to keep inventory? NO!

WIFE:

Husband, listen. I know our son can prove himself. Can't we give him one more chance?

MERCHANT:

He's had too many chances as it is! (rubs chin) Though, maybe there IS a way.

[SON enters.]

SON:

Hello, Father. Hello, Mother. Lovely day, isn't it?

MERCHANT:

How would you know? You've been in your room, since dawn.

WIFE:

Husband, is that how you should--

MERCHANT:

(waves her off) Whatever. Fine, fine. Listen, son. There is something I'd like you to do for me.

SON:

Sure. What is it?

MERCHANT:

I am going to give you this Dinar. I want you to go to the bazaar. With this Dinar, I want you to buy something to eat, something to

drink, something for the cow to chew on, and something to plant in the garden.

SON:

What? It's not possible to buy all of that with only one Dinar.

MERCHANT:

Did you hear me? That is what you must do.

SON:

But it's not fair!

MERCHANT:

LOTS OF THINGS IN LIFE AREN'T FAIR!

WIFE:

That much is true, son.

SON:

(to audience) When both my parents agree, there's no fighting it. (to his parents) All right, all right. (takes the Dinar) I'll try to figure out something. (to audience) Somehow.

[MERCHANT, WIFE and SON exit.]

NARRATOR:

(to audience) Something to eat, something to drink, something for the cow to chew on, and something to plant in the garden. All for one Dinar. About a dollar, in today's currency. Any ideas? (looks to audience & takes suggestions, if any) (after few moments of suggestions, if any...) It's a challenge, to say the least. Well, let's see how the merchant's son is getting on.

## Scene 2 - Outside The Bazaar

Stage set: A new backdrop. This backdrop shows a few market stalls at one edge that offer goods for sale such as woolens, iron tools, jewelry, or baskets. The rest of the backdrop shows a path lined with bushes. Place two "rocks" (stools that are covered with cardboard) by the path.

SON enters. He is carrying his guitar

SON, went to every stall in the marketplace, every shop in town. To buy something to eat, that alone costs more than one dinar. And something to drink alone is more than one dinar. Not to mention something to plant in the garden, and – what was that other thing? – right! something for the cow to chew on.

Augh!! (sighs in exasperation and sits on the rock) I'll get my mind off of this for a few minutes. (gets out guitar ) [SON starts to play the guitar, or pretends to play with guitar music playing from offstage.

SALMA enters. She walks by SON, stops, and turns back.

SALMA

That's nice music. Though maybe a little sad.

SON:

I'm having a tough day.

SALMA:

What's the matter?

SON:

My father gave me one Dinar ONE (holds it up) Dinar

NARRATOR:(steps forward to audience) And he explained to the maiden all that he had to buy with it. (steps back)

SALMA:

Why would your father ask you to do that?

SON:

I have no idea. To make me miserable? To get me out of the house? To prove I'll never meet his expectations?

SALMA:

That's a lot of purposes served by one little DINAR

SON:

He always loads it on.

SALMA:

Wait. Maybe there's something you can buy that does more than one thing, too.

SON:

Not likely. (after a pause, wipes his brow) It's so hot!

SALMA:

Here, do you want a slice of watermelon?

SON:

That would be great, thanks!

[SALMA sits on the rock next to SON. She takes out two slices of watermelon and hands him one.]

SON:

(takes a bite) Mmm. That hits the spot.

SALMA:

(takes a bite) I know, right?

[They eat for a moment, then look at each other.]

SON:

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

SALMA:

I think I'm thinking what you're thinking

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