FOUND MONEY

MS. ROCHESTER

(Enters the room. Speech is formal/pompous.) I would like to speak with a Mr. Ryan Taylor.

RYAN

That's me. Who are you?

MS. ROCHESTER

The name is Eleanor Rochester. And I am here because the set of golf clubs you purchased yesterday evening belonged to my beloved father. May he rest in peace.

CHRIS

Oh my God. You're the golf buddy's daughter? Really? Really?!

CHRIS dramatically stabs himself with an imaginary dagger. He then staggers to MS. ROCHESTER and puts his index finger and thumb close together in front of her face.

CHRIS (CONT.)

We were this close. *(Staggers to RYAN.)* Speak of me as I am. Do not make my misdeeds sound less severe. *(Staggers to the table and then turns to RYAN.)* On second thought – just say the good stuff. *(Pretending to die, he drapes himself across the table.)*

MS. ROCHESTER

What's with him?

RYAN

Theatre major in college. Still has flashbacks. But how did you know I bought the clubs?

MS. ROCHESTER

(Taking a check from her purse.) Your name and address are on this check.

RYAN

The Duke gave you my check?

MS. ROCHESTER

The Duke? Don't be absurd. His name is Rudoff Keller, and he was my father's golf companion.

RYAN

But he acted so craz ... never mind, it's not important. So, I guess you know about the money.

MS. ROCHESTER

Yes. My dear mother relayed the entire story just before she passed. She wanted me to have it but was unaware of its location. I searched everywhere. Then, late last night, it hit me—the golf bag. So, this morning I had my driver take me to Mr. Keller's home and, well ... here I am.

RYAN

I'm so glad you figured it out. The money is still in the trunk of my car. I'll go get it.

MS. ROCHESTER

The trunk of your car? Isn't that it on the table?

RYAN

What?

MS. ROCHESTER

The coin. On the table next to your friend. Isn't that a 1963 Washington and bald eagle quarter?

RYAN

I don't know. *(Gets the coin and looks at it.)* Yes. 1963. How'd you know that?

CHRIS

(Raising up from the table.) Doesn't matter, Ryan. She wants the coin. She. Wants. The coin! Ms. Rochester, I could plant a big, fat, juicy kiss right smack dab on those rosy lips of yours!

MS. ROCHESTER

Try it, sunny boy, and I will place my shoe firmly into—

RYAN

Could everyone chill for just a minute?! ... Ms. Rochester, what's so special about this coin?

MS. ROCHESTER

That is a personal family matter. One that I do not wish to share with the two of you.

CHRIS

(Speaking and moving like a stuffy professor giving a lecture.) Ah, if I might intrude for just a moment. *(Taking the coin from RYAN.)* Ms. Rochester, if this coin has some value, I think that, legally, it belongs to the two of us. After all, Ryan did make an honest purchase.

MS. ROCHESTER

I think my lawyers could easily overcome that technicality. But I would prefer to avoid a drawn-out legal battle, so I'll be blunt. How much do you want for it?

CHRIS

Well, it's always difficult to put a price on such a beautiful and rare piece of art. *(Holding it up above eye level.)* Just look at its magnificent roundness.

RYAN

Chris, let me handle this, Okay? ... Ms. Rochester, although it may be difficult, could you please tell us why this coin is so important to you?

MS. ROCHESTER

(Hesitant.) Very well. I feel as though I have no choice. My parents came from a lineage of large families. So, when they married, they wanted to have a house full of children. But seven years went by with no little tots anywhere. My mother became so distraught and embarrassed, she wanted to stop trying. My father pleaded that they continue the quest for one more year. Unable to agree, they ... they decided to flip a coin.

RYAN

They flipped a coin? You mean ...?

MS. ROCHESTER

Indeed. That coin. Sixty-two years ago. If Washington had reared his ugly head, I wouldn't be here. In fact, I would not be anywhere.

CHRIS

(No longer speaking like the professor.) Wow. What a story.