

Scene 1. DOLINA *is at her lemonade stand. She has glasses, a jug of lemonade, a pen, some paper, and a sign: Fresh "lemonade" for sale.* **RALPH** *enters and holds up his own sign: Rāhina/Monday. He gives the thumbs-up to the audience, then sits in a chair at the side of the stage.* **RAWIRI** *enters.*

DOLINA. Roll up, roll up! Fresh lemonade for sale.

RAWIRI. Sweet. Yes, please. How much for a glass?

DOLINA. One dollar.

RAWIRI (giving DOLINA the money). One dollar, here you go.

DOLINA (*giving* **RAWIRI** *the lemonade*). Thank you kindly. Here is your lemonade. **RAWIRI**. Thanks. I'm so thirsty I'd drink anything! (*He takes the glass and drinks*.)

That's better. Will you be selling this tomorrow?

DOLINA. Sure thing.

RAWIRI. Great. It's very refreshing. It's nice and yellow too. **DOLINA**. It's made from real lemons!

Scene 2. The next day. **DOLINA** is back at the lemonade stand. **RALPH** holds up a sign that says Rātū/Tuesday. He rearranges the jug and glasses, then gives **DOLINA** the thumbs-up and sits down.

DOLINA. Roll up, roll up! Fresh lemonade for sale.

RAWIRI arrives with **ANDREW**.

RAWIRI (*to* **ANDREW**). Here you go, just like I told you. It's really good. Do you have your dollar?

ANDREW (*nodding*). Yup. I'll have one glass of fresh lemonade, please. **DOLINA**. Two dollars, mate.

ANDREW (*to* **RAWIRI**). Two dollars? You said it was one dollar. And I'm thirsty! **RAWIRI** (*confused*). It *was* one dollar yesterday.

DOLINA. It's gone up. Inflation.

RAWIRI. Inflation? What?

DOLINA. The price went up. Because of the ... global financial crash.

RAWIRI. That sounds bad. I hope they were wearing seatbelts!

ANDREW. But I only have a dollar.

RAWIRI. Me too.

DOLINA. Well, sorry about that, but it's twice as much today. Two dollars. **RAWIRI**. Oh, that stinks. I really want some ...

DOLINA. Well, I guess I could let you have credit till tomorrow.

ANDREW. Really?

DOLINA. Sure. I'll even let both of you have credit.

RAWIRI. OK, great! Pay you back tomorrow, promise.

DOLINA. Sure thing. Here you go. Just sign this.

She hands them a piece of paper to sign.

ANDREW. What's this?

DOLINA. Nothing to worry about. Just sign there at the bottom.

RALPH claps his hand over his mouth, looking worried. **RAWIRI** and **ANDREW** sign the paper and give **DOLINA** their dollar. **DOLINA** gives them a glass of lemonade each.



ANDREW (*drinking*). That's not bad ... RAWIRI. And yellow – remember I told you? Must be because of the vitamin C. Healthy as!

DOLINA (*laughing slyly*). Come back tomorrow, guys. It's going to be even healthier!

> Scene 3. The next day. DOLINA is at the lemonade stand. RALPH looks annoyed. He holds up a sign that says Rāapa/Wednesday, then gives DOLINA the thumbs-down. RAWIRI enters with ANDREW and JANE.



DOLINA. Roll up, roll up! Fresh lemonade ... oh, it's you again. Back for more?

RAWIRI. Yep, we've brought money to pay you back, and we'll all have a glass of lemonade, please.

JANE. I heard it's *really* good.

DOLINA. You heard right.

- **ANDREW**. Here's my two dollars for a glass of lemonade, plus the dollar I owe you from yesterday. Thanks. So now the debt's cancelled.
- **DOLINA** (*giving* **ANDREW** *the lemonade*). Sure, happy to give you more lemonade. But unfortunately, your one dollar isn't enough. You owe me more than that because of the interest.
- **ANDREW**. What? You lent me one dollar yesterday, and I'm paying you one dollar back today. We're even.

DOLINA (*faking sympathy*). Oh, no! Have you never heard of *interest*? **JANE**. Yeah, when you like someone? Or you want to go to a movie?

DOLINA. Not quite. Every time you borrow money from a bank, you have to pay them back a little extra, called interest. You borrowed one dollar from me, so now you owe me a dollar plus the interest on that dollar. The current interest rate is ten percent, so that's one dollar and ten percent of one dollar ... I'm sure you can do the maths. **RAWIRI**. One dollar and ten cents? That's criminal. Besides, you're not a bank. **DOLINA**. That's just the cost of borrowing – it doesn't matter who it's from.

She hands them a pamphlet with the words "Money Matters" on it. RAWIRI takes it and reads it.

JANE. Let me get this straight. So if I didn't have any money, you'd lend me two dollars, and tomorrow, I'd pay you back two dollars and ten cents?
DOLINA. Not quite. Interest is charged for every dollar you borrow. So if you borrow two dollars, you'd have to pay two lots of ten cents. That's twenty cents! And that's why I'm going to own a new skateboard by the end of the month. Does anyone want to borrow some more money from me?
RAWIRI (*reading from the pamphlet*). Hang on! It says here "per annum".
DOLINA (*acting super casual*). Don't worry about that bit. Gets pretty tricky.
RAWIRI. I can do tricky. Ten percent per annum ... that means the interest rate is ten percent for borrowing money *over an entire year*. But I only borrowed off you for *a day ...*

JANE (*nodding*). So he actually only owes you ... what's ten cents divided by three hundred and sixty-five?



RAWIRI, **JANE**, and **ANDREW** try to work it out in their heads, muttering and counting on their fingers.

RAWIRI. Ten divided by three hundred and sixty-five is ...

JANE (*confused*). Half of three hundred and sixty-five is ... one hundred and ...

DOLINA (*teasing*). Six plus five ... times one hundred ...

ANDREW (totally lost). Ten ... plus ten ... minus ten ... I'm not very good at maths.
RAWIRI. Well, I am, and it's about zero point zero three something! Just a tiny part of one cent! That's nothing!



- **DOLINA**. Well, actually, I have financial targets, so I'd prefer to receive the whole ten cents. I plan to buy multiple skateboards, then I'll sell them for more than I paid for them, and I'll buy an e-bike, which I'll rent to people for fifteen dollars an hour ... you get the picture! Basically I'm gonna be rich! And you signed my contract, so there's no getting out of it!
 - She holds up the contract to taunt them. Meanwhile **ANDREW** has been looking closely at the lemonade.
- ANDREW. Excuse me, but how did this lemonade get so yellow?



RALPH reaches under the lemonade stand.
DOLINA. What? Oh, it's because of all the fresh lemons – as you know. So healthy!
RALPH holds out an empty bottle of yellow food colouring.
ANDREW. Hang on, what's this?
He takes the bottle and looks at it. He passes it to JANE.

JANE (*reading off the bottle*). Yellow food colouring? What? RAWIRI. You cheated us! Your sign says this is lemonade. DOLINA (*shrugging*). It's wet, it's yellow. It's practically lemonade ... JANE. It's not lemonade. This is false advertising!

- **DOLINA** (*pointing at her sign*). I don't think so. See those quote marks around lemonade? They indicate it's not real.
 - **RAWIRI** grabs the contract and pen from the table and draws quote marks around the word "contract".

RAWIRI (*holding up the contract*). Well, your contract has quote marks around it now. They indicate it's not real, either.

JANE. So we're not legally obliged to pay!

ANDREW. Awesome!

RAWIRI. See you later, entrepreneur!

RAWIRI, **JANE**, and **ANDREW** laugh and walk away, high-fiving each other. They also high-five **RALPH** as they pass. **RALPH** holds up a sign that says "The End" (with quote marks!).



An Interesting Situation

by Jo Randerson

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RAVIRI, Igning DOLINA, Igning RAVIRI die Innorpholie Duula, inter you guo.
DOLINA (giving RAVIRI die Innorphole), Thank you kundy. Here is your lemonade.
RAVIRI. Thanks. Im so thirsty Td drink anything (He takes the glass and drinks.)
That's better: Will you be selling this tomorrow?
DOLINA. Sure thing.
RAVIRI. Great. It's very refreshing. It's nice and yellow too.





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