

(Lights up on a bench outside the financial aid office. DANE twiddles his thumbs. FELICIA storms onstage speaking into her cell phone)

FELICIA

(Into phone)

Yes, Dad. I'm going to the office now. Three thousand dollars, I know. Trust me. I'm going to raise hell.

(Hangs up and turns to DANE)

Is this the Financial Aid office?

DANE

Yeah, but they're busy. I've been waiting for fifteen minutes.

FELICIA

Did they take away your money too?

DANE

(In one breath)

And then I started a GoFundMe on Facebook, and my Grandma gave me two dollars, but I got hungry on the way here and spent it on a yogurt, and now I'm broke. My name's Dane.

FELICIA

Uh, Felicia. Do you think they'll listen to you? You know...about getting more money?

DANE

Oh, yes. Because I got this really, really thoughtful email from the head of the office. At the very bottom it said, "Best wishes..." and...and they wouldn't have been *that* nice if they weren't planning on giving me money, right? That makes sense, doesn't it? I think they're looking out for me.

FELICIA

Uh, yeah.

DANE

Thanks. Because, this totally isn't giving me an existential crisis and making me question my longevity in the universe. No, I must be crazy. What's your major?

(MISS BEZZLE, mid-fifties, perpetually cheerful, enters with a bucket of candy)

MISS BEZZLE

Hello! Welcome to the Business Office. I'm Miss Bezzle.

FELICIA

I thought this was the Financial Aid office.

MISS BEZZLE

Actually, they've been merged, because helping you is our *business*. Who wants some candy?

(Offers the bucket)

See, I call this my Pot of Gold, because kids come here asking for money, but you know what's better? Candy!

FELICIA

Right. So, I had three thousand dollars taken out of my—

DANE

(Reaching into the bucket, cutting her off)

Thank you, Miss Bezzle. I'm Dane.

MISS BEZZLE

Glad to meet you, Dane. What's the problem?

DANE

Well, they took ten thousand dollars away from me. I woke up one morning, and it was all gone! All of it!

MISS BEZZLE

Oh, wow! Just — poof!

DANE

Yes — poof.

MISS BEZZLE

That is really something else. Well, don't worry. With our new financial aid emergency program, neither of you should have a problem.

FELICIA

There's an emergency program?

MISS BEZZLE

Oh, yes — and it worked miracles for the other students. Hold on one second.

(MISS BEZZLE heads offstage. DANE and FELICIA are ecstatic)

FELICIA

I'll get to be a marine biologist.

DANE

I'll get to be an undecided major!

MISS BEZZLE (O.S)

Where did I put that - oh - here it is!

(MISS BEZZLE returns with a gigantic knife)

MISS BEZZLE (CONT.)

Who wants to donate their kidney first?

FELICIA

Um - what?

MISS BEZZLE

We don't have any anesthesia, but I hear it helps if you bite down really hard on your tongue.

FELICIA

Sorry! I'm...I'm going to need an explanation.

MISS BEZZLE

Well, that makes sense, because you're a student, and good students are naturally very curious about things. We have so many students in debt that we partnered with the local hospital. If you don't have enough financial aid to make it through the year, you can donate your kidney. In fact, we have a whole freezer full of kidneys just down the hallway.

DANE

But we need our kidneys.

MISS BEZZLE

No, you just need *one*. And if things get really bad, you can use the second kidney for sophomore year.

FELICIA

But then we'd die!

MISS BEZZLE

But you'd be in college, and that's much more important.