

*THEY sit on the ground, gathering around a board game. CHIRAG starts handing out fake money from the game.*

CHIRAG GUPTA

Now, we all start with two-hundred dollars. For you, for you and for me.

*GREG stares at his fake money, shocked.*

GREG

Wait a minute.

*(to Chirag)*

These are Mom Bucks.

CHIRAG GUPTA

Mom Bucks?

GREG

This money. These are the exact kind of bills my mom gives us for chores.

ROWLEY

C'mon! Let's play! So, how do we play?

CHIRAG GUPTA

Hold on. You mean, your mother will exchange this FAKE MONEY money for REAL MONEY money?

GREG

*(pointing to the box)*

How much more of this do you have in there?

*CHIRAG grabs a fistful of bills from the game box.*

CHIRAG GUPTA

*(profound realization)*

About a hundred thousand dollars.

GREG

*(thunderstruck)*

O. M. God.

ROWLEY

*(suddenly paying attention)*

What are you guys talking about?

GREG

Do you have any idea what this means?!

ROWLEY

What?

GREG

We just became filthy rich!

ROWLEY

We did?

CHIRAG GUPTA

We are independently wealthy!

ROWLEY

We are?!

GREG & ROWLEY & CHIRAG

Awwwwwww, yeahhh!