

The Anarchist and the Carpenter

A play

by
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SCENE 1.

A rundown section of a large city. Dawn. Ruined and abandoned buildings span the horizon behind the ANARCHIST, who is sitting in an old, decrepit newsstand. He is dressed in handmade clothes.

The Anarchist whistles softly to himself as he tidies up his stand. The CARPENTER, in overalls, hard hat and tool belt, enters. He is smoking a cigar. His clothes look new, his hat shiny.

The Carpenter walks up to the newsstand, sifting through his pocket and slamming a handful of change onto the countertop. He looks up disdainfully at the Anarchist.

CARPENTER

New York Times.

The Anarchist ducks behind his stand, pulling out a copy of the New York Times.

ANARCHIST

Have you heard about the recession?

CARPENTER

How can you not hear about the recession? Can I have my paper?

The Anarchist hesitates.

ANARCHIST

I wish you'd take me up on my offer.

CARPENTER

Will you shut up and give me my paper.

ANARCHIST

Please?

CARPENTER

I paid my money.

ANARCHIST

Your money will mean nothing soon.

CARPENTER
I hate it when you do this.

ANARCHIST
I will give this to you, free of charge, if you fix my stand.

CARPENTER
I don't want to fix your stupid stand. Give me my paper.

ANARCHIST
Free of charge.

CARPENTER
It's only fifty cents.

ANARCHIST
Look.
(he points up)
My sign fell down.

CARPENTER
So?

ANARCHIST
It blew away into the river.

CARPENTER
You should learn how to swim.

ANARCHIST
The wood on my stand is rotting. It's breaking down.

CARPENTER
I'm sorry.

ANARCHIST
Fix my stand, please.

CARPENTER
Pay me.

ANARCHIST
I don't believe in payment. The dollar means nothing. You do something for me, you fix my stand, and I will give you the New York Times free for a month.

CARPENTER
What are you, an Indian? I'm not bartering with you.

ANARCHIST
I take offense to that.

CARPENTER
Of course you do.

ANARCHIST

It wouldn't be hard. What are you working on now? A skyscraper?

CARPENTER

The tallest in the city.

ANARCHIST

And who is going to work in that skyscraper?

CARPENTER

Businessmen. Accountants.

ANARCHIST

They will be out of jobs soon.

CARPENTER

Oh, Jesus.

ANARCHIST

They'll be out of jobs before you even finish that abomination. There will be vines crawling all over unfinished steel beams, just you wait.

CARPENTER

Shut. Up.

ANARCHIST

How much do you get paid?

CARPENTER

I'm not answering that.

ANARCHIST

How much?

CARPENTER

I'm late. Can I have my paper?

ANARCHIST

How much?

CARPENTER

More than you.

ANARCHIST

I wouldn't doubt it. I get paid very little.

CARPENTER

All you do is sell papers.

ANARCHIST

And sometimes I don't even sell them.

CARPENTER

Ha, right, you just give them away.

ANARCHIST

I'll give you one if you fix my stand.

CARPENTER

Look, buddy, I'm gonna be late. I'll fix your stand if you pay me cold, hard cash. Otherwise give me the paper and get out of my way.

ANARCHIST

But paying you would defeat the whole purpose.

CARPENTER

Which is?

ANARCHIST

We set up a system. A service for a good. We eliminate the middleman.

CARPENTER

What middleman?

ANARCHIST

Money. Now there's no worry about how much money I give you, or how much money you ask to get. There's no negotiation.

CARPENTER

I can't come home to my wife and kids with an armful of newspapers. We can't eat with newspapers. We can't pay our mortgage with newspapers. I don't know what kind of revolution you're trying to start but stop it and give me my damn paper.

ANARCHIST

I'm just warning you. You keep building that skyscraper but it's going nowhere. The dollar will mean nothing soon. Money will mean nothing soon, and then you'll be here and you'll want a paper but you'll have no money for it.

CARPENTER

I'm doing fine, thank you.

ANARCHIST

How much do you make?

CARPENTER

A lot.

ANARCHIST

How's the work?

CARPENTER
The work?

ANARCHIST
Are they laying off people?

CARPENTER
Not that I know of.

ANARCHIST
They will.

CARPENTER
Oh, shut up, will you?

ANARCHIST
I can give you freedom. I know a guy, he'll give you food.

CARPENTER
I have food.

ANARCHIST
In exchange for your expertise in building. He needs a new silo.

CARPENTER
(furious)
I have food, dammit! My house is stocked with food! Why are you being so goddamn ridiculous?! Why won't you just give me the paper!

ANARCHIST
Fine, take it! I'm sorry I asked.

The Anarchist takes the money from the counter. The Carpenter grabs the paper.

CARPENTER
Thank you.

ANARCHIST
You're welcome.

CARPENTER
You can't just tell me what to do.

ANARCHIST
I wasn't. I was suggesting a better way of life.

CARPENTER
Yeah, see, that's annoying. You're being annoying.

ANARCHIST
Aren't you late for work?

CARPENTER

My boss will understand, when I tell him that little shit from the newsstand kept trying to get me to convert to whatever-the-hell it was he was talking about--

ANARCHIST

I'm talking about freedom!

CARPENTER

We have freedom, man. We are all free. I'm free to go where I please, and I'm free to talk to you about your stupid ideas, and you're free to tell me about them.

ANARCHIST

That's only a facet of freedom...

CARPENTER

A facet? Are you gonna start telling me that the Earth is a 'grand tapestry' now or something? You damn hippies and your drug-induced delusions.

ANARCHIST

I am not a hippie, and I don't take drugs.

CARPENTER

Well you dress like one. Just leave me alone, will ya? I got a wife and kids, I got a home, I live very comfortably, and I'm happy with that, okay?

ANARCHIST

Okay.

CARPENTER

I don't need some hippie asshole telling me that it's all wrong, okay?

ANARCHIST

Okay!

CARPENTER

Cause it's not. It's worked for centuries now. People are getting along just fine.

ANARCHIST

Some are. Some sleep in gutters.

CARPENTER

Well those people should get off their ass and get a job!

ANARCHIST

How can you just get out of a gutter and get a job?

CARPENTER

You walk into a building and ask for one? It's not hard.

ANARCHIST
No, it is hard.

CARPENTER
I do it all the time.

ANARCHIST
You're not homeless!

CARPENTER
That's because I get work.

ANARCHIST
But what happens if you lose your job?

CARPENTER
Then I get another one.

ANARCHIST
How long have you been a carpenter?

CARPENTER
Ten years.

ANARCHIST
With the same company?

CARPENTER
Yep.

ANARCHIST
So you *don't* do it all the time, then.

CARPENTER
Do what?

ANARCHIST
Ask for a job!

CARPENTER
I don't need to, I got a job.

ANARCHIST
(frustrated)
Look ... what if they fire you? It *is* a recession, people will be downsizing and outsourcing eventually.

CARPENTER
You can't outsource carpentry.

ANARCHIST
Sure you can. Or you could hire cheap labor.

CARPENTER

But I'm good. I'm the best. They won't fire me.

ANARCHIST

What if they do? Hypothetically, of course.

CARPENTER

I get another job. Didn't we just go over this?

ANARCHIST

What if you can't find one? What if the economy is that bad?

CARPENTER

It won't be.

ANARCHIST

Yes, it will. What if we fall into another depression?

CARPENTER

We won't!

ANARCHIST

We're about to.

The Carpenter explodes, flinging his newspaper offstage in a rage.

CARPENTER

No, we're not! Our economy is FINE! The Dow Jones is high! There is nothing wrong with our system! Now GET OFF MY BACK!

ANARCHIST

Okay, okay! Sorry.

The Carpenter looks off. Beat.

CARPENTER

I threw my paper into the canal.

ANARCHIST

Here, let me give you another one...

CARPENTER

No way, man.

The Carpenter reaches into his pocket, grabs more change, and slams it onto the counter.

I'm paying for this one too.

ANARCHIST

It was my fault.

CARPENTER
 You're tricking me. I don't like being tricked. Give me my paper.

ANARCHIST
 Fine.

The Anarchist gives the Carpenter another paper. The Carpenter storms off. The Anarchist watches him go.

A piece of the newsstand falls off.

Blackout.

SCENE 2.

Dawn, sometime later. The Anarchist sits in his newsstand. It looks even worse, about to collapse on him, even. The cityscape behind him looks worse off as well.

The Carpenter enters. His hat is gone. His overalls ripped and ruined. His hair disheveled. He walks up to the newsstand, seemingly out of breath.

ANARCHIST
 Are you okay?

The Carpenter slams money on the counter.

CARPENTER
 New York Times.

ANARCHIST
 Are you alright?

CARPENTER
 New. York. Times.

The Anarchist looks at the money.

ANARCHIST
 That's not enough.

CARPENTER
 What? That's fifty cents.

ANARCHIST

It's a dollar now.

CARPENTER

A *dollar*? For a paper?! It's not even Sunday!

ANARCHIST

It's a recession. Are you okay?

CARPENTER

I'm fine. I walked here. Since when do you care how much the paper costs?

ANARCHIST

Since you asked me to. Don't you always walk here?

CARPENTER

No. I used to park my car over there, but ... And I don't have money for bus fare, and...

ANARCHIST

And what?

CARPENTER

Nothing. It's nothing. I'll ... can I just take a look at the paper?

ANARCHIST

I don't give out reading copies.

CARPENTER

Why not?

ANARCHIST

Because people steal them.

CARPENTER

But you give them away.

ANARCHIST

In exchange for something. Not for nothing.

CARPENTER

Please, I just need to look. I ... like to catch up on the latest news. You know.

ANARCHIST

Watch TV.

CARPENTER

I can't.

ANARCHIST

Why not?

CARPENTER

I ... don't have a TV anymore.

ANARCHIST

You. You, of all people, don't own a TV? Did you suddenly turn green or something? What happened to your TV?

CARPENTER

It doesn't matter, okay? I just want to look at the paper. Take the fifty cents and let me look at the paper.

ANARCHIST

I can't do that.

CARPENTER

Please, I'm begging you.

ANARCHIST

You're *begging* me?

CARPENTER

As a figure of speech, yes. I'm not literally going to beg. But ... I really want to look at the paper.

ANARCHIST

Why? Why not just go to the library, they have free papers there that you can read.

CARPENTER

It's too far. I don't have a car or enough for bus fare back and forth, and--

ANARCHIST

Wait. You don't have a *car*?

CARPENTER

(quietly)

I sold it.

ANARCHIST

Holy shit. You *have* gone green!

CARPENTER

No I haven't--

ANARCHIST

Did you install solar panels on your roof as well?

CARPENTER

No, goddammit, I--

ANARCHIST

It's good to see you taking a step in the right direction.

CARPENTER
I'm not stepping in any direction! I sold my car because I
needed the money!

ANARCHIST
Why?

CARPENTER
Because.

ANARCHIST
Because why?

CARPENTER
None of your goddamned business!

ANARCHIST
I'm just curious...

CARPENTER
Gimme a fucking paper!

ANARCHIST
Jesus man. What's wrong?

CARPENTER
Nothing!

ANARCHIST
I don't believe you.

CARPENTER
Well start!

ANARCHIST
What's wrong?

CARPENTER
NOTHING!

ANARCHIST
Did you lose your job?

CARPENTER
(struggles)
YES.
(beat)

CARPENTER
They let me go. I'm out of a job.

ANARCHIST
Why?

CARPENTER
It's a recession.

ANARCHIST
I'm so sorry.

CARPENTER
Please, I don't want your sympathy.

ANARCHIST
I'm not ... trying to be rude, or--

CARPENTER
Well you are! You're rubbing it in and you don't even know it.

ANARCHIST
Sorry...

CARPENTER
My wife is getting an ulcer. My kids are going hungry. I don't know what to do.

ANARCHIST
Can't you get another job?

CARPENTER
There are no other jobs. The whole crew was fired.

ANARCHIST
What about the skyscraper?

CARPENTER
I don't know. It's just going to sit there, unfinished.
(beat)
Look, could I ... just ... could I take a look? At the paper?
I ... I need to look for work ...

ANARCHIST
Take it.

CARPENTER
What?

ANARCHIST
You need it. Take it.

CARPENTER
I can't just take it.

ANARCHIST
Sure you can. I understand.

CARPENTER
Take the fifty cents. I'll owe you.

ANARCHIST
No, you need it more than I do.

CARPENTER
You don't need it?

ANARCHIST
I'm doing fine.

CARPENTER
Fine? But it's a recession! No one's doing fine!

ANARCHIST
I don't need money.

CARPENTER
What?

ANARCHIST
People give me things.

CARPENTER
(beat)
What.

ANARCHIST
In exchange for papers. They give me things. Food, clothing.
It's all I really need.

CARPENTER
But--

ANARCHIST
I have this friend, Agnes, who gives me a new pair of socks
for every Sunday paper.
*(he lifts up his leg, revealing
a woolen sock)*
They're incredibly warm. I eventually told her to stop cause
now I have a drawer full of socks. I have too many socks!
(laughs)
And I get all my food from a man who lives on a farm...

CARPENTER
That's ridiculous.

ANARCHIST
I get my shirts -- how is that ridiculous?

CARPENTER
How can you support yourself without money?

ANARCHIST
 Didn't I just tell you how?

CARPENTER
 What about your family?

ANARCHIST
 I live alone. Well, not *alone*, alone. I live in a commune.

CARPENTER
 A commune?

ANARCHIST
 Yes, me and Agnes, of course, and Lawrence -- he's the farm guy--

CARPENTER
 You're a communist?

ANARCHIST
 No, no, no. Just because I live in a commune doesn't mean I'm a communist--

CARPENTER
 The root word of "communist" is--

ANARCHIST
 I don't follow communist ideologies. I would consider myself more of an ... anarchist.

Beat.

CARPENTER
 You mean, like, blowing shit up?

ANARCHIST
 No...

CARPENTER
 Sex Pistols and punk rock and all that.

ANARCHIST
 I like the Sex Pistols but no, I don't mean that.

CARPENTER
 I can't believe I bought papers from an anarchist.

ANARCHIST
 Why?

CARPENTER
 Because you're a *terrorist*, that's why.

ANARCHIST

I'm not--

CARPENTER

You're as bad as a terrorist. I want my fifty cents back.

ANARCHIST

Take it. And a paper. Take two papers, give one to your wife.

CARPENTER

(frustrated)

No, don't you spin this around ... I don't want your filthy communist paper.

ANARCHIST

It's the New York Times...

CARPENTER

I'm calling the police -- Homeland Security! I'm calling Homeland Security.

ANARCHIST

I'm not doing anything wrong.

CARPENTER

Sure you're not. How many terrorist organizations are you a part of?

ANARCHIST

None.

CARPENTER

I thought you'd say that.

ANARCHIST

I'm actually a very peaceful man.

CARPENTER

Sure.

ANARCHIST

I grow a garden in my back yard.

CARPENTER

For marijuana, I bet!

ANARCHIST

I get seeds from the farmer...

CARPENTER

I'm leaving.

ANARCHIST

Wait! Your paper.

CARPENTER

I didn't buy it! It's not mine! I don't want any part of this! Are there cameras? Am I being filmed?

ANARCHIST

I'm giving it to you as a gift.

CARPENTER

Why? Is there a bomb in there?

ANARCHIST

No! It's just a paper.

CARPENTER

I don't want it. I'll take it and the first thing I know you're accusing me of stealing! I don't want to be on some FBI Most Wanted list next to your face.

ANARCHIST

I'm giving it to you for free. You need to look for a job, remember? You need to work, to support your wife and kids.

CARPENTER

Then take my *money*. I don't want it for free.

ANARCHIST

It doesn't matter if you give me the money or not.

CARPENTER

Why? Are you going to blow me up?

ANARCHIST

No. Money is a burden. In a few months it'll be just a bunch of wasted cotton and metals anyway.

CARPENTER

What do you mean?

ANARCHIST

Don't you see? This country's not coming back. We're about to hit rock bottom, and when we do, our money will mean nothing.

CARPENTER

We'll both be out of a job then.

ANARCHIST

Not me. I don't use money unless I absolutely have to. I barter. I have everything I need. I'm not restrained by money. I don't even own a credit card.

CARPENTER

How do you get all these papers and magazines then?

ANARCHIST

They're given to me. Look, I tell you what. I'll make the same deal I've made for months now. That way we can be even. I'll give you a month's worth of papers if you fix my newsstand. I'll even give you some food, and some seeds, too, if you want to learn how to grow your own food.

Beat.

CARPENTER

I don't want to fix your terrorist newsstand.

ANARCHIST

Fine. Then go home to your hungry wife and kids.

Beat. Carpenter turns, starts to walk away. He stops, lowers his head.

CARPENTER

What kind of food do you grow?

ANARCHIST

Corn. Onions. Carrots. Whatever's in season, really.

CARPENTER

I don't want to help you.

ANARCHIST

I understand.

CARPENTER

But I'm desperate.

ANARCHIST

I understand.

The Carpenter turns around and surveys the newsstand. Beat.

CARPENTER

Alright, here's what I'll need.

The lights start to shift again. As they do, the Carpenter fixes the newsstand. The Anarchist goes off and returns with lumber and other building supplies. Soon the two of them are repairing the newsstand together.

As it becomes night, the newsstand is fixed. The two shake hands and exit as the lights dim to black.

SCENE 3.

Dawn, Sunday, sometime later. The Carpenter is in the newsstand, attending a small potted plant. The stand looks pristine, better than it ever has.

The Anarchist enters, carrying a load of newspapers.

ANARCHIST
Hey, could you help me out.

CARPENTER
Sure.

The Carpenter runs off to grab a load of papers. The Anarchist drops his on the ground next to the newsstand.

The Carpenter reenters.

ANARCHIST
Whew! Boy! The Sunday paper...

CARPENTER
This is heavy as shit!

ANARCHIST
Full of useless coupons.

CARPENTER
At least it has the Sunday comics.

ANARCHIST
Which aren't very funny.

CARPENTER
(begins stacking newspapers)
Yeah, you're right.

ANARCHIST
So, how's the garden?

CARPENTER
It's great! I have my wife working on it, and I do a little bit after I'm done here. Our tomatoes are coming in beautifully.

ANARCHIST
I love tomatoes.

CARPENTER

I used to hate 'em, but now that they're growing in the garden I thought I'd try them out again. They're not bad.

ANARCHIST

Organic tomatoes are much better than store-bought.

CARPENTER

Aren't all tomatoes organic?

ANARCHIST

No.

CARPENTER

Are they making them in labs now?

ANARCHIST

Sort of. They're genetically altered. Pumped full of pesticides and artificial fertilizers.

CARPENTER

But they come outta the ground.

ANARCHIST

Sure.

CARPENTER

That's organic, right?

ANARCHIST

No way.

CARPENTER

Well they don't come out of the sky, do they?

ANARCHIST

Organic is just a name for the process of natural growth, not using artificial--

CARPENTER

You know what? I'm sorry I asked.

The two are stacking papers. The Carpenter grabs a paper and starts reading the front page.

CARPENTER

Wow. I think you're right.

ANARCHIST

About what?

CARPENTER
(pointing to an article)
 The recession. It looks really bad.

ANARCHIST
 I told you.

CARPENTER
 We're all gonna turn into the goddamn Indians, trading for everything.

ANARCHIST
 It's a better system.

CARPENTER
 What do you trade for these newspapers, anyway?

ANARCHIST
 I don't barter for these.

CARPENTER
 How do you get them?

ANARCHIST
 I take them.

CARPENTER
 Take them? From who?

ANARCHIST
 The printers.

CARPENTER
 Oh. How much does that cost?

ANARCHIST
 Nothing.

CARPENTER
 They give them to you?

ANARCHIST
 No.

Beat.

CARPENTER
 I don't get it.

ANARCHIST
 Could you hand me that stack of tabloids?

CARPENTER
 Sure.

The Carpenter grabs a bundle of tabloids and hands them to the Anarchist.

Thanks. ANARCHIST

Beat. The Carpenter suddenly realizes.

You *steal* them? CARPENTER

Steal? ANARCHIST

From the printers? CARPENTER

ANARCHIST
"Steal" is a harsh word. I liberate them from our capitalist overlords.

Beat.

CARPENTER
Is 'liberate' a fancy way of saying you steal them?

ANARCHIST
I'm like Robin Hood.

CARPENTER
You steal these papers!

ANARCHIST
Corporate America will be fine.

CARPENTER
No it won't! It's in a recession!

ANARCHIST
Exactly. It's perfect. I steal from the rich to give to the poor.

CARPENTER
You didn't tell me you're a thief.

ANARCHIST
Is that wrong?

CARPENTER
You're denying people their hard-earned money!

ANARCHIST

Corporations have billions of dollars. I'm not denying anyone anything. I'm giving the thousands of poor people who are oppressed by this societal structure a chance to read, a chance to do something with their lives.

CARPENTER

By reading *tabloids*?

ANARCHIST

I gave *you* a job, didn't I? You're not burdened by this government, or by money, or by oppression anymore, are you?

CARPENTER

I didn't know I was being oppressed before!

ANARCHIST

Well you were.

CARPENTER

People *made* these newspapers. They spent time and energy on them. They slaved away in a hot printing press. They should be rewarded.

ANARCHIST

With what? Useless money?

CARPENTER

If that's what's we use, yes!

ANARCHIST

Why give them money when I can give them freedom? Absolute financial freedom. Freedom from want, freedom from need. Freedom from debt--

CARPENTER

But you're stealing!

ANARCHIST

Capitalism steals from the poor all the time, and gives it to the rich. If there were no money, this would not be a problem, but--

CARPENTER

Oh, it would too. You can't change people's personalities. You can't give a man who saved a child's life the same amount of bread you would give a man who picks up your garbage once a week!

ANARCHIST

Of course you can, and you should. You're thinking in terms of money, where one man is rewarded with more money because he supposedly does a more important job than someone else.

But if money is abolished, then all that's left are goods and services. Those can and should be given out equally to the masses.

CARPENTER

I can't help you anymore.

ANARCHIST

Why not?

CARPENTER

Because you steal! There's no trade in that. You can't substitute freedom for an item. You can't say, "Give me newspapers and I'll give you economical freedom." That makes you a dictator. Suppose one day you're right, and we revert to a system of bartering. How will you get your newspapers?

ANARCHIST

I'll negotiate with the printers. They'll give me papers to give to people from my newsstand. I will help circulate their information.

CARPENTER

And what do they get in return?

ANARCHIST

Millions of people reading their newspapers?

CARPENTER

How will they eat? How will they survive?

ANARCHIST

It's not that hard to imagine if you think about it on a larger scale ...

CARPENTER

You're the reason this country's in a recession.

ANARCHIST

I am.

CARPENTER

How can you say that?

ANARCHIST

Because it's true! I am changing this country.

CARPENTER

You can't single-handedly change an entire country! You're depraving people the opportunity to live in the conditions they *have* to live in. You can't create Utopia!

The Carpenter begins gathering newspapers as he says this.

ANARCHIST
What are you doing?

CARPENTER
I'm taking these back.

ANARCHIST
No you're not.

CARPENTER
So what if we have a system based on money? It's still there, you can't just get rid of it.

ANARCHIST
Put those down!

The Carpenter has an armload full of papers. He tries lifting another bundle, but it's too much. He drops all of the papers on the ground.

CARPENTER
(starts exiting)
I'll just call the printer.

ANARCHIST
Where are you going?

CARPENTER
To find a payphone.

ANARCHIST
Well, while you're at it, you might as well call the lumberyard, and the supply store where I got the nails and the glue that holds this newsstand together.

CARPENTER
You stole all that, too? Good Lord! I've been helping you all this time, working under a stolen newsstand! I touched stolen goods! I'm an accomplice to a thief!

ANARCHIST
Now calm down, it's not a big deal.

CARPENTER
Not a big deal?! The economic world is crashing down all around us and you're *helping it!* You're the reason people are losing their jobs!

ANARCHIST
If they would just follow my system, they wouldn't have a problem.

CARPENTER

People are starving out there. Who's going to give them food?

ANARCHIST

I am, in exchange for their services!

CARPENTER

Well you haven't done it yet, have you? Look, I can't work for you anymore. I can't support this.

ANARCHIST

We can work this out.

CARPENTER

No we can't.

ANARCHIST

You're a good worker. You keep my shop clean and strong. I respect that.

CARPENTER

Good, I'm glad.

ANARCHIST

What is it you want? Huh? Do you want money? I can give you money.

The Anarchist dips behind the newsstand. He returns with a wooden box.

CARPENTER

What is that? Anthrax?

ANARCHIST

Don't be an idiot.

He opens the box. It is full to the brim with money.

CARPENTER

Holy shit.

ANARCHIST

Take it. Take all you want. I don't need it.

CARPENTER

How do you ...?

ANARCHIST

I told you, I don't need it. I collect all the money that's given to me. I don't use it except to give people change.

CARPENTER

Why didn't you give this to me before?

ANARCHIST

Because, I was *trying* to get you to see the truth of things! This money is useless. It's a symbol of a bygone capitalist regime.

CARPENTER

Then why didn't you give it back to the people? Why not give it to charity?

ANARCHIST

Because that would perpetuate capitalism!

CARPENTER

What's wrong with capitalism?!

ANARCHIST

Have you not been listening to me for the past few months?

CARPENTER

Give me that box.

ANARCHIST

(pulls the box away)

What are you going to do with it?

CARPENTER

I'm going to pay the lumberyard and the printers and the supply store, that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to fix our goddamn economy. That's what I'm going to do.

ANARCHIST

I can't let you do that.

CARPENTER

You just said you'd give me that money.

ANARCHIST

I thought you would use it selfishly.

CARPENTER

What?

ANARCHIST

I thought you would use it to buy stupid things.

CARPENTER

Do you think I'm a bad person or something?

ANARCHIST

No, just misguided.

Give me that box. CARPENTER

No. ANARCHIST

Fine! CARPENTER

The Carpenter grabs a hold of part of the newsstand, ripping it down.

What are you doing? ANARCHIST

I'M TAKING THIS LUMBER BACK! CARPENTER

He rips another part off. The Anarchist scurries out of the newsstand, wooden box in hand.

Stop it! ANARCHIST

I won't let you steal from innocent people! CARPENTER

They're not innocent! ANARCHIST

Yes they are! CARPENTER

(ripping more parts off)
Some people might be corrupt, but not everyone! Simple, honest people cut down these trees. Simple, honest people cut this lumber! And those people deserve to have jobs! They deserve to live!

He pulls a key piece off, and the newsstand collapses. The Carpenter starts to gather lumber.

Meanwhile, the Anarchist pulls a small box of matches from his pocket. He opens the wooden box and lights the money inside. It starts to burn.

What are you doing?! CARPENTER
(looking up)

The Anarchist drops the flaming box onto the fallen newsstand. It is aflame instantly.

The two step back, away from the smoke and the flames. They look at each other, then back at the bonfire.

Fade out.

THE END.