

LEMONADE STANDOFF

By Jerry Rabushka

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LEMONADE STANDOFF

A One Act Comedy

By Jerry Rabushka

SYNOPSIS: A young girl, her first lemonade stand, happy refreshed customers, all hearkening back to days of your when...wait a minute, that's not what's going on at all! Ada may be eight, but she's an astute business woman who won't take any guff. There's plenty of guff to take, with bullies threatening to kick her stand over, joggers who thing she's overcharging, and cloying new neighbors trying to spread happiness wherever they go. Full of funny one-liners and some great two and three liners too! Cast and audience alike will love getting "stirred up" with this play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 3 males, 5-7 either; gender flexible, doubling possible)

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| ADA POWER (f)..... | 8 years old, a business owner (104 lines) |
| MRS. (MR.) POWER (m/f)..... | Ada's mother. (57 lines) |
| BRADLEY POWER (m)..... | Ada's 15-year-old brother. (41 lines) |
| REILLY LEMON (f)..... | 10 years old, the neighborhood bully. (46 lines) |
| MRS. (MR.) LEMON (m/f)..... | Reilly's mother, who encourages it. (45 lines) |
| BAILEY LEMON (m)..... | Reilly's older brother, about twelve. (12 lines) |
| CONNIE DYER (f)..... | A new homeowner in the neighborhood. (27 lines) |
| STEVE DYER (m)..... | Connie's husband. (22 lines) |
| JOGGER 1 (m/f)..... | (5 lines) |
| JOGGER 2 (m/f)..... | (9 lines) |
| JOGGER 3 (m/f)..... | (28 lines) |
| OFFICER SMITH (m/f)..... | (7 lines) |
| OFFICER JONES (m/f)..... | (11 lines) |

CAST NOTE: The JOGGERS and OFFICERS can be played by either male or female. MRS. POWER and MRS. LEMON can be played by males as Mr. Power and/or Mr. Lemon if desired, with some corresponding changes in the script. Also JOGGERS ONE and TWO can double as the OFFICERS, or if desired, one performer can play all three JOGGERS, but make sure to characterize them differently. Please note all the children can be played successfully by older actors

TIME: Present on a Saturday afternoon.

SETTING: A lemonade stand on the lawn or sidewalk outside of a house.

DURATION: 30 minutes.

PROPS

- Cell phones
- Notebook
- Pen
- Pitcher, Cups, and other needs for lemonade stand
- Money (Bills and Coins)
- Sign(s)
- Bag or Container of Lemonade Powder

SOUND EFFECTS

- Alarms
- Sirens
- Screaming

COSTUMES

While this is set in modern times, one way to add to the show with costume design would be to exaggerate costuming based on who the characters are. For example, the officers may dress in uniform, the joggers can have “high fashion” but tasteless jogging suits, the parents can wear overly trendy clothing or hairstyles, ADA can be in an old-school dress because she’s doing an “old days” type activity, etc.

SET

Since the price of the lemonade changes, a variety of big signs with the different prices should be available. You can use an erasable sign and change it that way or use one sign and simply rewrite the prices. If you’re going to have ready-made signs, it should come across as funny that they’re ready-made at the specific amounts indicated. For a small set, use a small table, cups, a pitcher (*the usual things needed to sell lemonade*), and if desired you can spruce up the property with trees, a garden, or other outdoor set pieces.

AT RISE: *MRS. POWER and ADA have finished setting up the stand, and MRS. POWER is checking with ADA to make sure she has everything she needs.*

MRS. POWER: Lemonade?

ADA: Check.

MRS. POWER: Chair?

ADA: Check.

MRS. POWER: Cash?

ADA: Check.

MRS. POWER: We don't take checks. Cash?

ADA: *(Stern.)* Cash only.

MRS. POWER: That's right. Ice?

ADA: Nice!

MRS. POWER: Cups?

ADA: Yup. I think I'm good.

MRS. POWER: Do you want me to sit with you for awhile?

ADA: Thanks Mom, but I think I'll be fine.

MRS. POWER: I'll be watching from the window. If anything happens, you let me know.

ADA: If you'll be watching, you should know before I let you.

MRS. POWER: You know what I mean.

ADA: Not really, but OK.

MRS. POWER: This is so exciting. My daughter Ada Power in her first business venture! I want you to make a lot of money! If you sell sixteen thousand cups we'll put it away for your first semester of college.

ADA: If I don't...

MRS. POWER: *(Loses it for a second.)* Don't disappoint me. *(Recovers.)* And most of all, I want you to enjoy yourself. Because if you don't get a good education, you're going to be doing this for the rest of your life. *(MRS. POWER exits.)*

ADA: *(Sits for awhile, then begins to hawk her wares.)* Fresh lemonade! Fresh lemonade! *(To herself.)* This is boring! *(Loud again.)* Fresh lemonade and don't make me come after you!

JOGGER 1 approaches.

Fresh lemonade! Fresh lemonade!

JOGGER 1 stops by the stand but keeps jogging in place.

Do I have to repeat myself or should I just trip you?

JOGGER 1: *(Stops jogging.)* Oh all right. How much?

ADA: A dollar.

JOGGER 1: A dollar? A... dollar? When I was your age lemonade was a dime.

ADA: When you were my age women didn't have the right to vote. Besides, I need to make a profit. I'm doing this for college.

JOGGER 1: You'll need to sell sixteen thousand glasses.

ADA: I know, but I've got ten years.

JOGGER 1: One glass please. *(Hands over a dollar.)* A dollar. Gotta keep up with the times. *(Drinks it up really fast.)* Ugh. It's powder.

ADA: The leading brand.

JOGGER 1: Disgusting! Have a nice day. *(Jogs away.)*

MRS. LEMON enters.

ADA: Hi Mrs. Lemon. Would you like a glass of lemonade? How about a glass of *(Emphasizing the name.)* Mrs. Lemon-ade? It's a dollar. But for you it's 98 cents. Mom says you're cheap.

MRS. LEMON: *(Examining everything with disapproval.)* From where are they sourced?

ADA: What?

MRS. LEMON: Your lemons! From where are they sourced?

ADA: I don't know what that means. I'm young and still somewhat vocabulary challenged.

MRS. LEMON: Where do the lemons come from? *(With rising intensity.)* I want to make sure you're selling lemons from a country and company that treats its workers fairly. I want to make sure you're using lemons that have no pesticides and are organically grown. I want make sure you're not trying to kill me.

ADA: We don't use lemons. It's a mix. It's Back County Old Fashioned Lemon-Scented Ade. See? (*Shows a bag/container.*) Powder. (*Reads.*) Totally artificial, no real lemons included.

MRS. LEMON: (*Grabs the bag/container, scandalized.*) There aren't any lemons!? It's all artificial. You're not selling lemonade; you're selling cancer in a cup! (*Tears the sign off the table, or tries to erase it.*) This is false advertising and I won't have it!

ADA: (*As she calmly puts a new sign up that looks just like the old one, or rewrites.*) Mom prepared me for bullies and haters. I really don't care what you think.

MRS. LEMON: You're insolent. Everyone cares what I think! Or at least, they should.

ADA: Either you buy lemonade from me or you get it from that bully down the street.

MRS. LEMON: That *bully* is my daughter.

ADA: That makes sense. (*Pours some in a cup.*) Here. Have a sample. If you like it, you can pay for it. If not, you're free to review me on social media.

MRS. LEMON: Hmm... All right. I'll behave age appropriately. Your age, not mine. (*Takes a sip.*) Mmmm! It's pretty good. For powder! But only for powder, Miss Power.

ADA: (*More to herself.*) This isn't as easy as I thought.

REILLY enters.

REILLY: (*Bratty, and immediately comes across and spoiled and unlikeable. She is upset to see MRS. LEMON drinking the lemonade.*) Ada, what do you think you're doing? Mom are you drinking her product? Mom!!!!

MRS. LEMON: Sorry Reilly, I'm sampling the competition. Now I'm going to slam her on Yelp!

REILLY: Again, Ada, what do you think you're doing – to me, specifically.

ADA: I thought I was selling lemonade but apparently this has much broader implications

REILLY: You're in my sales territory. I set up a stand two blocks down and everybody knows that you're not allowed to sell within a six block radius of my business.

ADA: I didn't know that. Plus I'm eight and you're ten, so we serve a different demographic. I don't like fifth graders, and looking at you, I shudder at what it portends for my future twenty-four months hence.

REILLY: (*Threatening.*) Either this stand comes down or I kick it down.

ADA: (*Not afraid, remaining calm through REILLY'S threats and bluster.*) I really wouldn't do that if I were you.

REILLY: I'll spill all your lemonade and then I'll kick you too.

ADA: You must think I don't have a mother monitoring your every move.

REILLY: My mother can beat your mother anytime she wants.

ADA: Okay.

REILLY: Okay? Mrs. Gardner didn't say *okay* when it happened to her.

ADA: They don't call my mom Mrs. Power for nothing.

REILLY: Be that as it may, this stand cannot stand. I'll expect removal and apology.

ADA: Depression is often the result of unmet expectation, but whatever.

REILLY: I want you to take your lemonade and go inside right now!

ADA: This isn't lemonade. It's a powdered lemony-flavored mix. So again, we're not really competing.

REILLY: Spare me your legalistic jargon.

ADA: It's not a jargon, it's a pitcher.

REILLY: I want that jar gone!

MRS. LEMON: Ada dear, my daughter is used to getting what she wants. I suggest you not buck the trend.

ADA: Well aren't you a candidate for mother of the year?

STEVE and CONNIE DYER enter, they are out exploring the neighborhood.

STEVE: (*Stopping by the stand.*) This is good news, I'm glad you're here. It's hot and I'm thirsty. We waited at that other stand for several minutes – eight and a half to be exact – and no one came to take our order. What do you have for sale here?

ADA: It's a lemonade stand, so you tell me.

CONNIE: Such a rude little girl.

ADA: I'm a fast learner. But you're right. Let's start again. (*More upbeat and sales-oriented.*) It's a lemonade stand so I can sell you a delicious glass of Back County Old Fashioned Lemon-Scented Ade. It's deliciously refreshing, plus unlike the competition, I'm at your service.

REILLY: But my lemonade has real lemons.

STEVE: I hate real lemons. They're sour.

ADA: Kind of like you, Reilly Lemon. Plus real lemons means that people are probably picking them for low wages and under horrifying working conditions. With a completely artificial product, the human misery factor is drastically reduced, and we're not taking lemons out of their natural habitat for a wasteful human pastime. Just goes to show what kind of people you Lemons really are.

REILLY: I'll show you exactly what kind of person I am when I kick over your lemonade stand. No lemons will be hurt, and I don't really care what happens to you.

CONNIE: (*Condescendingly consoling to REILLY.*) You weren't at your stand, honey. We waited and called and put in an order, but there was no one to take it. So whatever kind of lemons you had weren't for sale. And if they're not fair trade, we're out.

REILLY: Then come with me now and I'll sell you real refreshing lemonade made in our own home.

MRS. LEMON: My maid and her assistant spent all morning squeezing lemons with their bare hands.

REILLY: And they came from my grandmother's house in California.

ADA: Shipping ads to the cost. You're not paying for lemonade; you're paying for freight. And Reilly...I am not a-freight of you.

CONNIE: And we're too tired to walk back all that way. (*To ADA.*) So young lady, you win our business.

REILLY: What are you doing in this neighborhood anyway? Just sampling lemonade stands? We're not a tourist destination.

CONNIE: We're Connie and Steve Dyer. New to the neighborhood, just checking out the sights.

REILLY: Well you better not be moving in next to me. I'll make your life miserable. We'll get three Chihuahuas and a parrot. *(To ADA.)* I'm going to kick that stand over, just you wait.

MRS. LEMON: Come back with me, Reilly. Your ice is melting and flies are defecating in your inventory. We'll need to make a new batch.

REILLY: Make her take her stand down. Or I'll do it myself.

REILLY starts to kick, but MRS. LEMON stops her.

MRS. LEMON: I think we'll have to let the market decide for now.

CONNIE: I think the market has. Powdered drink mix. Easy, clean, safe.

MRS. LEMON: Cancer. Death! America as we know it, undermined by an eight-year-old girl under the watchful approval of her mother!

Notices MRS. POWER coming.

Oh here she comes now, what a treat!

MRS. POWER: Excuse me, but what's going on out here? I'm trying to teach my daughter the value of a dollar and- *(To REILLY.)* little girl, if you're not going to buy you need to move out of the way.

REILLY: I'm browsing. And I'm not a little girl.

MRS. POWER: Wrong on both counts, *(Digging.)* little browsing girl. There is only one item for sale here, so you know exactly what is in stock. Let these nice people purchase and you go home.

MRS. LEMON: Not fair. We made our threat, then we let the market decide, and we lost on both counts. Now we're going to devise a new plan of attack which we're going to implement and facilitate in order to change the market back to our favor.

ADA: What does that mean?

MRS. LEMON: What does what mean?

ADA: Fimplement and macilitate? Are you speaking English?

REILLY: She's in third grade. She's stupid.

ADA: What's your excuse? You might terrorize the other kids in the neighborhood, but not me.

REILLY: We'll see about that.

MRS. POWER: Both of you, go home! Or do I need to call the neighborhood board?

MRS. LEMON: We'll go for now. But this isn't over. This is far from over.

MRS. LEMON and REILLY exit.

STEVE: While we're here, we wanted to ask you, what kind of neighborhood is this?

MRS. POWER: This block is peaceful. Her block is a war zone. Soccer parents. Type A executives. Dirtbag dads with sons in football, makeshift moms with daughters in beauty pageants. Self-entitled children. Home schooling with no drama department. You're better off living (*Points the other way.*) over there.

CONNIE: (*Has a sip of lemonade.*) This is good, Better than the real thing! (*To everyone.*) I just don't know if we can live in a neighborhood with such dissention.

ADA: You're already married, so you probably won't notice the difference.

STEVE: (*Laughs.*) I'll say!

CONNIE: Excuse me, but I thought you didn't know much vocabulary.

ADA: I don't, but it forces me to tell the truth simply and succinctly.

STEVE: They say the best way to learn about a neighborhood is to come on a weekend afternoon and watch what happens. For one, there seem to be a lot of lemonade stands.

MRS. POWER: This is my daughter's first venture. Hopefully she's successful, but there seems to be a lot of ugly competition. It's like putting a Home Depot next to a Menard's. Or worse, a Wal-Mart next to a locally owned mom and pop.

CONNIE: I think we'll be on our way. We have a four-bathroom house. It takes a lot of upkeep with Steve's digestive problems.

MRS. POWER: My husband doesn't even know about two of our bathrooms. I hate to run down men, but... oh, no I don't. *(To ADA.)* Honey, it looks like you need some more ice! You wait right there and mind the store. *(To the DYERS.)* It's been a pleasure to meet you.

STEVE: Likewise.

MRS. POWER goes back inside while the DYERS also nod good day and exit.

ADA: Fresh lemonade! Fresh lemonade!

REILLY, BAILEY and MRS. LEMON enter.

Oh, great, reinforcements.

REILLY: It is great. I've brought help. This is my brother Bailey Lemon, who as you know is feared by everyone under twelve years old and by small-build children under fifteen. He taught me everything I know. I'm gonna kick this monstrosity over! Kick. It. Over.

BAILEY: We're gonna kick it over. Two of us, and one of you. So let the kicking commence.

ADA: I wouldn't do that if I were you or you or *(To MRS. LEMON.)* especially you.

BAILEY: But you're not any of us, so I repeat: let the kicking commence.

MRS. LEMON: Wait! Before we kick. I want to savor her fear.

REILLY, BAILEY and MRS. LEMON circle the stand like sharks.

ADA: You're in on it too? You should be ashamed.

MRS. LEMON: *(Still circling.)* We have rent to pay. Bills! Mortgages! Loans! My children sell lemonade so we can hold on to our house and here you are trying to lower our standard of living by throwing up a competitive stand just two blocks away.

ADA: I like that you said throwing up. Because you make me want to.

MRS. LEMON: So yes, if we have to kick your stand over to retain our family home, kick it over we will.

ADA: I say think before you kick.

BAILEY: I don't think. Thinking slows me down.

REILLY: You're going to have a really bad week in school, Miss Ada Power.

ADA: I don't see how, since you'll be in detention, if not in court.

REILLY: When I get out.

ADA: I don't see you getting out...ever.

MRS. LEMON: You're pretty confident for having three older people threatening you.

ADA: You're pretty stupid for having three older people threatening an eight-year-old selling powdered lemonade.

BAILEY: You're going to have a lot to clean up. I hope your flowers like lemonade.

MRS. LEMON: Plus, you're not even selling lemons. You're selling powder. Artificial flavoring, artificial sweetening, artificial everything. Even the water-

ADA: Filtered.

REILLY: I don't like you. So you better be careful.

ADA: OK.

REILLY: That's it. OK? My enemies, who I thoughtfully choose at random, quake in their boots when I walk in the halls.

JOGGER 2 comes jogging in and looks over the scene while jogging in place.

ADA: (To MRS. LEMON.) How many glasses will you be purchasing? I have customers. You'd better buy or it's going to look like you're trying to intimidate me, and that would be bad customer relations to add to your already flagging sales.

MRS. LEMON: Three glasses please. But we're going to pour it out once we get home.

ADA: Once you pay I don't care what you do with it. (To JOGGER 2.) I'll be right with you. Three glasses is three dollars, please.

JOGGER 2: Three dollars! When I was your age it was 17 cents a glass.

ADA: When you were my age there were only 17 United States.

JOGGER 2: You're an insolent little girl.

ADA: It's a survival tactic. All I want to do is sell some lemonade and everyone's making it into a federal issue.

MRS. LEMON: She's using powdered drink mix!

JOGGER 2: What? Powder for a dollar!

MRS. LEMON: When we were her age we never used powdered drink mix.

ADA: When you were my age...

MRS. LEMON: I don't want to hear about it. Let's go, children. We'll retreat, regroup and return for a rematch.

MRS. LEMON, REILLY, and BAILEY exit, almost in a march.

JOGGER 2: Why should I pay a dollar for a glass of lemonade?

ADA: I don't care if you pay it or you don't, but if you want it, it's a dollar.

JOGGER 2: Don't you think you're gouging your customers?

ADA: I'm only eight years old. I don't know how to gouge.

JOGGER 2: Age is no excuse.

ADA: I think it is.

ADA notices MRS. POWER is coming with supplies.

Now if you'll excuse me, my mother's coming out to check on me and I don't think you want to be here.

JOGGER 2: I think I do...

MRS. POWER: How's it going? (*Excited.*) Ada you have a customer!

JOGGER 2: She wants dollar! What about 50 cents? An introductory offer.

MRS. POWER: Overhead.

JOGGER 2: For what? A pitcher and a chair that you bought 15 years ago?

MRS. POWER: For security.

JOGGER 2: How unsafe *is* this?

ADA: People want to kick it over. People want a discount. People want to question my pricing structure. People want to...

MRS. POWER: As I said, overhead. I have to watch from the window and I don't like what I'm seeing! So, Ada, I'm having your brother come out for a few minutes while you take a break. (*Calls towards inside.*) Bradley!

Shortly after, BRADLEY comes out. He has a notebook and pen that he puts near the stand.

ADA: No! It's my stand. I mixed it, I put it together, and it was my idea! You can't make me!

MRS. POWER: But I can "break" you. It was *my* idea. I mixed it. I made the ice. I bought the lemonade. I'm your financial backing, and I say you take a break. (*To JOGGER 2.*) I'm sure she needs to poop but doesn't want to say anything. She gets so embarrassed.

JOGGER 2: If it's your stand you can give me a discount.

MRS. POWER: Why can't you just pay the dollar? Are you that cheap? Or are you just trying to steal from a little girl?

JOGGER 2: I'm going to jog up the street. Where they have real lemons.

MRS. POWER: It's two-fifty up there. You'll pay more and get nothing but hostility in return.

JOGGER 2: Real hostility with real lemons.

MRS. POWER: Lots of them. Now come on in, Ada. I want Bradley to have a turn.

ADA: I don't want to come in. I'm just catching my groove.

MRS. POWER: Come on in and I'll give you a nice glass of fresh lemonade.

ADA: I don't think that's necessary.

MRS. POWER: (*As the mom who has had enough.*) If you don't come in now you're not going to like what you get when you come in later.

ADA: All right. But when I get to be your age, I'm staying out here.

JOGGER 2: And I'd better go, so I can hold onto my money while I can.

JOGGER 2 exits, opposite from where s/he came in. MRS. POWER and ADA go inside. BRADLEY sits in the spot for a short while.

BRADLEY: Fresh lemonade! Fresh lemonade! Made from a mix!

STEVE and CONNIE enter.

STEVE: What happened to the nice young lady that was out here?

BRADLEY: She mouthed off to her mother and I'm taking her place.

STEVE: What an insolent young lady.

BRADLEY: I've been saying that for years, but she still lives here.

CONNIE: Perhaps you could tell us about the neighborhood! We're trying to decide if this is a good place to raise a family.

BRADLEY: There's me and my sister, not to mention the kids down the block....

CONNIE: So, no, then. I can see you're a bit touched.

BRADLEY takes out the notebook and writes something down, looking at them and back to writing in the notebook several times, while they become very self-conscious.

STEVE: Excuse me, what are you doing?

BRADLEY: Just taking notes.

BRADLEY keeps writing, they try to see but he holds the notebook away.

CONNIE: You're making us uncomfortable.

BRADLEY: *(Writes and talks at the same time.)* Un-com-fort-able. *(looks back to them like he just noticed them)* Oh! Where are my manners? Perhaps you'd like a comforting glass of lemonade. It's a buck fifty.

STEVE: It was a dollar last time we came around.

BRADLEY looks them over and writes in the notebook.

Oh all right, one last time for a dollar.

CONNIE: When I was your age, it was 23 cents.

BRADLEY: When you were my age, Henry VIII only had three wives.

CONNIE: I'm finding this neighborhood hostile and unlivable. I'm sorry we moved here.

BRADLEY: We're mortgage poor. If you don't buy any lemonade our house will go up for sale, and the next neighbors might just be a lot worse.

STEVE: All right, Connie. Just buy it and we'll throw it out later.

BRADLEY: *(Writes something down.)* How do you spell wasteful?

CONNIE: That's it, we're leaving! Come along, Steve.

CONNIE and STEVE exit.

BRADLEY: *(Calling off after them.)* A buck forty nine? Eight? Seven?

JOGGER 3 jogs in and takes a look at the stand.

JOGGER 3: How much for a glass?

BRADLEY: A dollar forty-six.

JOGGER 3: A dollar forty-six? When I was your age I could go to the movies for a dollar forty-six. And have change for dinner for two.

BRADLEY: You're obviously too old to jog.

JOGGER 3: I'm going to report you to your mother.

BRADLEY: Yet, I have the notebook.

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