

STONE SOUP

By Kristian Kissel

Copyright © MMXVII by Kristian Kissel, All rights reserved.
Brooklyn Publishers LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC
ISBN: 978-1-61588-389-9

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

STONE SOUP

By Kristian Kissel

SYNOPSIS: A giant carrot grows smack-dab in the center of four different property lines, the result of teamwork (and some scientific achievements) between four families. Unfortunately, that teamwork has long been forgotten, and a feud has erupted over which family actually owns the carrot. The General claims it's hers, since her son provided the seed. The Fargins claim it was their growth formula, the Ornerys say their soil helped it grow so large, and the Corneliuses say that without their specially mineralized water, it would never be what it is today. Luckily, three mysterious strangers arrive just in time to help the families see the error of their ways and remind them what teamwork is what it's all about. A comedic and character-driven twist on a classic story.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females, 5 males, 7 either)

WALLY FURGIN (m).....	The nerdy scientist type. <i>(56 lines)</i>
BILLY FURGIN (m)	Wally's son. Not quite as nerdy as his dad. <i>(55 lines)</i>
ROBOT (f/m).....	The Fargin's invention. Moves and talks like a stereotypical robot. <i>(13 lines)</i>
JUNIOR ORNERY (f/m).....	Child of Ellie and Thaddeus. Southern accent. <i>(28 lines)</i>
JUNIOR 2 ORNERY (f/m).....	Child of Ellie and Thaddeus. Southern accent. <i>(27 lines)</i>
ELLIE ORNERY (f)	Wife of Thaddeus. Your typical tough Southern mother. <i>(33 lines)</i>
THADDEUS ORNERY (m).....	Ellie's husband and the juniors' dad. <i>(46 lines)</i>
GENERAL GENERAL (f)	Stiff military type. <i>(39 lines)</i>

CONRAD GENERAL (m)	General's son. Intentionally refers to his mother as "sir." Upper teens or college-aged. (29 lines)
CRAIG CROMWELL (m).....	Wealthy heir of his grandfather's fortune. (40 lines)
JEAN CROMWELL (f).....	Craig's wife. (24 lines)
BELINDA CROMWELL (f)	Craig and Jean's daughter. Home from college. (29 lines)
FRANCIS (f/m)	The Cromwell's butler (or maid). (13 lines)
ONE (f/m).....	Mysterious visitor. Silent, but the most "magical" of the three. (1 line)
TWO (f/m).....	Mysterious visitor. The spiritual member of the group. (23 lines)
THREE (f/m)	Mysterious visitor. The straightforward, construction worker-type. (30 lines)

DURATION: 40 minutes

COSTUMES

General and Conrad wear military outfits.

Robot should wear something silvery/metallic.

The Ornerys can wear overalls, cut-off jeans and t-shirts, or something similar.

Wally should look like your fairly stereotypical "crazy" scientist (think Doc Brown).

Butler or maid outfit for Francis.

The Cromwells should look very chic. Nice dresses, suit and tie, etc.

As far as the visitors go, they can really look like whatever you'd like. In the original production, we had One in a chef's uniform, Two in a flowing dress with lots of fake jewelry, and Three in a hard hat and tool belt.

MUSIC/SOUND EFFECTS

Cheesy love song

Magical sound effect

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Stone Soup had its world premiere at Live Theatre Workshop on July 22, 2016.

PROPS LIST

- Large camouflage net (or some type of cover)
- Remote control
- Phone (or camera)
- Slingshot
- Two (2) fake birds
- Rule book
- Three (3) glasses of sparkling cider
- Binoculars
- Notebook
- Tape measure
- Pot (with hole in bottom)
- Box (with hole in top, for pot to go on)
- Magic trick – long handkerchief
- Glass of water (pulled out of pot)
- Magic trick – flowers pulled out of sleeve
- Various kitchen utensils (pulled out of pot)
- Apron (for Robot)
- Rock
- Bag of lentils
- Letter in an envelope
- Chopped onions
- Container of vegetable broth
- Chopped celery
- Chopped tomatoes

SETTING: *The stage floor has a large “+” on it, essentially dividing the stage into four areas. At first, each family should (to the extent possible) try to stay in their assigned quarter of the stage. Smack in the center of the “+” is the top of a very large carrot. Somewhere offstage is a large camouflage net (or any covering). GENERAL and CONRAD are beneath it.*

AT RISE: *After a beat, WALLY FURGIN and BILLY enter. BILLY carries a remote control, like the kind that would drive an RC car. They look around to see if anyone is there. When they are satisfied they are alone.*

WALLY: All right son, this is it! Bring it out!

BILLY: Sure thing Pops!

Both stand aside as BILLY begins to manipulate the controls on the remote. A ROBOT appears from upstage left and crosses center stage, over carrot. The ROBOT moves and talks stiffly – like a stereotypical robot.

WALLY: That's it, son... Not too fast now... Watch its arms... Ease it just over the center... Perfect!

ROBOT: Arrived at destination.

BILLY: All right Robot—

WALLY: We really need to give it a better name.

BILLY: Time to do your thing! *(He pushes buttons.)*

ROBOT: Prepare to extract. *(Bends over, grabs some of the leafy part.)*

WALLY: Wait!

ROBOT freezes.

WALLY: Son, do you realize what a big moment this is for us? The whole world is about to marvel at OUR invention! Just wait until they see this carrot and finally witness what our Super Special Vegetable Growth Stuff can do!

BILLY: You know, if there's anything that needs a new name—

WALLY: We are about to make the cover of Chemistry Journal! My dream! Wally and Billy Fargin are about to become the hottest names in the scientific community! And it won't stop there! The Guinness Book of Records! Farmers Weekly! Teen Scene!

BILLY: Well, I don't think Teen Scene will really care—

WALLY: They'll all be clamoring for an interview with US! We'll be known as the most gifted father-son team since the Wright Brothers!

BILLY: I don't think they were—

WALLY: *(Looking him directly in the face.)* Son, I just want to take this moment to tell you what this means to me. Just know that someday, when the bright lights of fame are twinkling in your eyes, and we get caught up in the emotions that accompany celebrity fortune, and you find that special someone, that good looking blonde from the entertainment world who I don't approve of, which causes a rift between us and results in us going our separate ways for years until you eventually go through a nasty tabloid break-up that leaves you both emotionally and financially broke and you realize that I was right and you come back to pick up the pieces... just know, through it all, that at this moment, I couldn't be prouder to call you my son.
(He hugs him.)

BILLY: Wow. You've given that a lot of thought. Look, I'm proud of you too Dad. I don't really know about all the other stuff, though.

WALLY: *(Releasing his hug. Wiping tears from his eyes.)* All right son. Time to see what this baby can do!

BILLY: Sounds good! One, two—*(Just as BILLY is about to push a button.)*

WALLY: —oh, wait! I almost forgot! We need a picture of the “magic moment!” Get over there, son! *(Takes his phone out.)*

BILLY: Oh. OK, sure.

BILLY moves to stand next to ROBOT, who is still bent over, its rear facing WALLY. BILLY poses.

WALLY: That's great son, but don't you want to – you know... *(He makes a “turn around” motion with his hand, indicating ROBOT.)*

BILLY: Oh, right. *(He pushes some buttons.)*

ROBOT: Releasing target. *(Lets go, stands up and turns around.)*

BILLY: *(Still pushing buttons.)* And, picture pose...

ROBOT puts its arm up and around BILLY, squeezing him to it.

BILLY: Ah! Too tight, too tight!

WALLY runs to him and grabs the remote. He pushes some buttons and ROBOT releases his grip a bit.

BILLY: Much better. Thanks Dad.

WALLY: One final touch.

He plays with the remote and ROBOT puts its arm in the air, hand in a fist. It then springs its thumb up.

WALLY: Looking good son! Everybody say cheese!

BILLY and ROBOT: Cheese!

WALLY: *(Snapping a picture.)* Fantastic! That is refrigerator-worthy for sure! OK, let's get on with it.

BILLY steps out of ROBOT'S grip and goes back to his dad, taking the remote and moving ROBOT back into place, bent over the carrot and grabbing the leaves.

BILLY: All right, and here we—

WALLY: You know son, if your mother were here today, she would be just as proud as I am. Maybe more.

BILLY: Thanks, Dad.

WALLY: Go ahead.

BILLY: All right. One. Two. Th—

WALLY: You know it was your mother who originally—

ROBOT: For Pete's sake can we get on with it already!

WALLY: Sorry! Yes, of course. What am I thinking? We need to do this before someone sees us! Son, go for it. I'll just stand here silently. You know, not getting in the way or saying anything.

BILLY: Thanks.

WALLY: No problem.

BILLY: OK. One, two, th—

JUNIOR: *(Off stage.)* Not so fast!

JUNIOR and JUNIOR 2 enter. JUNIOR 2 has a slingshot aimed directly at BILLY and WALLY. ROBOT stands up and throws its arms in the air.

ROBOT: I give up!

JUNIOR: I don't know what exactly y'all varmints think yer doin'.

JUNIOR 2: Sure don't look good.

JUNIOR: But y'all best git yer hands off our root vegetable.

JUNIOR 2: Yeah! Find yer own source of beta carotene! This here is our'n!

BILLY: Well, technically, OUR hands were not on it.

WALLY: That's correct. And, while I respect anyone's claim to property, I do believe that the idea that this is yours is highly debatable.

JUNIOR: You can take that up with our Pa!

JUNIOR 2: 'Til then, skee-daddle! 'Less you wanna git plunked!

BILLY: OK, let's deal with this another time, huh Dad?

WALLY: Now look here, Junior...s, this is a very big moment for my son and me. We've worked extremely hard to get here.

BILLY: Dad, let's just go inside, OK?

WALLY: And we really don't want to have to do anything that we would regret.

JUNIOR: What the devil are you talkin' 'bout?

JUNIOR 2: Yeah, git to the point!

WALLY: Well, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid that we have you outgunned. Billy?

BILLY rolls his eyes and reluctantly pushes some buttons on the remote. ROBOT turns toward the JUNIORS and points its fingers toward them.

WALLY: You see, Robot here is armed—

JUNIOR: Robot?

JUNIOR 2: Is that the best name y'all could drum up?

WALLY: We can set Robot's attack system to anything from "stun" to "annihilate," so I suggest that you—

JUNIOR: Are you tryin' to say that Junior 2 can't beat this here ol' rust bucket?

ROBOT: Hey! Let's watch it with the name-calling!

WALLY: Now, look, you may be a really good shot, but I'm afraid that with your rudimentary, homemade device you'd be lucky to even—

JUNIOR: Show 'em J.T.!

Without taking eyes off of WALLY, JUNIOR 2 points the slingshot straight up and shoots. (NOTE: Nothing is in the slingshot, it's just mimed.) There is a long pause. BILLY looks up. Nothing happens.

BILLY: Dad, what's going on?

WALLY: Not sure, son. *(Back to the JUNIORS.)* Now see here. I'm not sure what exactly you're trying to pull, but as I was saying—

Suddenly, a bird (preferably a rubber chicken) falls from the sky.

WALLY: Well, that is certainly impressive. Nice shot. Still, you've used up all your ammunition, so how do you possibly expect to—

A second bird falls and lands on stage.

JUNIOR: *(Picking up the birds.)* Two birds, one stone.

JUNIOR 2: Ma ain't had to buy meat in a loong time.

WALLY: Point made. Still, I believe that Robot here—

ROBOT: *(Turns.)* Leave me out of it. I never signed up for this! *(Exits.)*

BILLY: I didn't see that coming. *(He follows ROBOT off.)*

WALLY: I told you we made it too independent! Look, why don't you just have your father come and see me, OK? We can sit down, have a drink, and discuss this like adults.

JUNIOR: Fine.

JUNIOR 2: Fine.

WALLY: Good. Just have him stop by when he's ready.

JUNIOR: Fine.

JUNIOR 2: Fine.

WALLY: OK. I'll just... bye. *(He exits. Pause.)*

JUNIOR: That feller sure is odd.

JUNIOR 2: That there is an understatement.

ELLIE: *(From offstage.)* Juniors! Supper's on! Where in tarnation did ya get to?

JUNIOR: Over here, Ma. By the carrot.

ELLIE: (*Entering.*) I have been lookin' all over creation for the two of you! What on Earth are you doin' over here? You haven't seen any critters tryin' to get to it, have ya?

JUNIOR: Sorta.

ELLIE: What? We gotta tell yer Pa! He just treated the soil yesterday!

JUNIOR 2: Not that kind, Ma. Two-legged critters!

ELLIE: Ah! The Fargins at it again?

JUNIOR: Yup.

ELLIE: They still got that robot?

JUNIOR 2: Yeah.

ELLIE: They ain't given it a better name yet?

JUNIOR: Nope.

ELLIE: That's a shame. Well, ya'll c'mon. Supper's gettin' cold. I cooked up that fish that J.T. got last week, and it... (*She starts looking around distractedly.*) is... gonna... be... delicious...

JUNIOR: Um, Ma?

JUNIOR 2: Somethin' wrong?

JUNIOR: You're all spacey.

JUNIOR 2: Yeah. What's goin' on?

ELLIE: Shh! (*Pause.*) You hear that?

JUNIOR and JUNIOR 2: (*Pause.*) No.

ELLIE: Exactly! Juniors, it don't sound like there's anyone within a hundred yards of this here place.

JUNIOR: It *is* kinda peaceful.

ELLIE: Y'all thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

JUNIOR 2: Yup. That Duck Dynasty [Or any other popular show.] marathon is gonna be awesome!

ELLIE: Yes. Yes, it is J.T. But that ain't what's on my mind. I'm thinkin' we ought'a start diggin'.

JUNIOR: Oh yeah. (*Pause.*) Fer what?

ELLIE: The carrot, Junior.

JUNIOR: Oh! Ya mean you wanna—?

JUNIOR 2: Yer gonna make the Fargins awful mad.

JUNIOR: And the Generals.

JUNIOR 2: And the Cromwells.

ELLIE: Children! If we can get that carrot, then yer Pa can take it to the store and everyone can see how amazin' Thaddeus Orner's

Organic Soil is. And then maybe they'll start to sell it at them stores, and yer Pa can start makin' some real money, and the Ornerys can finally move to Beverly Hills, where we belong!

JUNIOR: I don't know Ma...

ELLIE: We'll have to deal with everyone else later, Junior. This... this is fer yer Daddy.

JUNIOR: Fer Pa!

JUNIOR 2: Fer Pa!

ELLIE: Start diggin'!

They move toward the carrot. Before they even get a step or two, GENERAL GENERAL and her son, CONRAD, step out from under the netting and onto the stage. They are both dressed in military clothing.

GENERAL: STOP digging!

ELLIE: Diggin' what?

JUNIOR: We ain't diggin' nothin'!

JUNIOR 2: Yeah, not even the carrot.

JUNIOR nudges JUNIOR 2.

JUNIOR 2: What?

GENERAL: Nice try Mrs. Ornery, but we heard the whole thing. Conrad?

CONRAD: We have a violation of neighborhood code 42 dash 5, section 2. Conspiracy to remove vegetational property from an area or land not belonging to the perpetrator.

ELLIE: Now, now, we ain't perpetrated nothin'. And besides, this here carrot is clearly on property that *does* belong to us!

GENERAL: Mrs. Ornery, I believe if you take another look, you will see that the carrot is clearly on the property belonging to me!

ELLIE: Now, General—

GENERAL: I will also remind you that it was Conrad here who provided the seed.

ELLIE: We all know—

GENERAL: Right Conrad?

CONRAD: Yes, sir! I acquired the seed exactly 47 days ago at oh-nine-fifteen hours from the hippie-ish librarian at school whom you don't exactly care for, sir!

GENERAL: Right! All of it! I'm not sure exactly what that guy puts in those seeds to make them grow so big, and I don't want to. Don't ask, don't tell, understand?

CONRAD, JUNIORS and ELLIE: Understood.

GENERAL: What I *do* know is that 47 days after Conrad here acquired this seed, we have one behemoth parsnip!

ELLIE: It's a carrot.

GENERAL: Semantics...

ELLIE: No, actually they're different—

GENERAL: Do not interrupt me, ma'am!

ELLIE: I didn't.

GENERAL: Semantics...

ELLIE: That's not what that means.

GENERAL: In any case, possession is how much of the law? Conrad?

CONRAD: Nine-tenths, sir.

GENERAL: Nine-tenths, Mrs. Ornery. And that is a law that isn't even in the neighborhood code.

CONRAD: Actually, it is, sir.

GENERAL: Not now, Conrad.

CONRAD: Sorry, sir.

GENERAL: That is a law, ma'am, that dates back to the 16th century.

So, given that the seed was *clearly* in our possession—

ELLIE: But, the *carrot* was not!

GENERAL looks over at CONRAD, who frantically flips through a book he's holding. CONRAD looks up.

CONRAD: She's got us there, sir.

GENERAL: Hmm! (*Softly, to Conrad.*) At the next neighborhood meeting, remind me to propose an amendment: whatever a seed becomes is still the property of whoever owned the seed, no matter where it is planted. Got that?

CONRAD: Noted, sir.

GENERAL: All right, Mrs. Ornery. You win this round. But I warn you, do not try to pull that vegetable from the ground!

ELLIE: Well, we was just gonna have supper anyway. Right, Juniors?

JUNIOR: Yup.

JUNIOR 2: Yup.

ELLIE: Fish. No carrots involved. J, JT, let's go.

GENERAL: Very well. Just the same, I will leave Conrad here to guard the vegetable in question.

CONRAD: Um, I have homework, sir.

GENERAL: Later, Conrad. (*Quietly, to ELLIE.*) I don't understand that new math anyway.

ELLIE: Me neither. C'mon, Juniors. (*They exit.*)

GENERAL: Son, if necessary, you guard this carrot with your life! America (*Or "your country."*) needs you. Understood?

CONRAD: (*Not so sure.*) Yes, sir.

GENERAL: Excellent! If you need me, use your radio.

CONRAD: Roger, sir.

GENERAL: I'll be inside polishing my boots. (*Pauses. Looks down at boots.*) Again.

CONRAD: Got it, sir.

GENERAL: Very well. Good lad! (*Exits.*)

CONRAD is left alone. At first, he stands very stiff and alert. Gradually, his posture slackens. He starts to nod off, wakes up, nods off, etc. Finally, he falls to the floor, curls up in a ball, and sleeps.

After a moment, CRAIG, JEAN, and BELINDA enter. BELINDA ends up closest to center stage, facing away from the carrot. FRANCIS, follows. As they talk, FRANCIS hands out glasses of sparkling cider to each of them.

CRAIG: Sweetie, I am SO delighted that you were able to come home for a visit!

JEAN: Yes! Your professors weren't too upset, were they?

BELINDA: No mother. I have straight As, remember?

CRAIG: Well, you'd better! Why do you think I donate so much money to the school?

CRAIG and JEAN laugh.

BELINDA: Actually, I work really hard...

JEAN: *(Blowing her off.)* Of course you do, sweetie!

BELINDA: But I do. Just last week in Art class I sculpted a—

CRAIG: Francis, we need some celebratory drinks! Sparkling cider, please.

FRANCIS: They're in your hands, sir.

CRAIG: Oh! Would you look at that! Francis, you are the best!

FRANCIS: Thank you, Mr. Cromwell.

BELINDA: So, what exactly are we celebrating, Dad?

JEAN: Oh, it is a very special family achievement, honey!

CRAIG: Yes! If your Great Grandfather Archibald Cromwell were here today, to see just what his specially mineralized water was capable of producing, why he would just be beside himself!

JEAN: *(Getting emotional.)* Oh it's just so wonderful!

JEAN moves to CRAIG and hugs him.

CRAIG: It sure is, petunia. Isn't this special, Francis?

FRANCIS: Indeed, sir.

CRAIG: Well said, old boy.

BELINDA: OK, so... is someone ready to tell me what this special thing is?

JEAN: *(Pulling away and straightening up.)* Oh my, excuse me dear! Of course, of course. *(Pause.)* Belinda sweetie, turn around.

BELINDA turns and her eyes go wide as she looks down at the carrot.

BELINDA: Oh - my - gosh!

CRAIG: Incredible, right? Isn't it incredible, Francis?

FRANCIS: Truly, sir.

CRAIG: You said it!

BELINDA: Is that a—?

JEAN: Yep, it's a carrot! Can you believe it?

BELINDA: It's... it's huge!

JEAN: We know!

BELINDA: And you guys grew this?

CRAIG: Indeed we did! I had water from our family well specially diverted this way to irrigate it.

BELINDA: And this is what happened? Mom, Dad, that's incredible! Exactly how big is it?

JEAN: Record-setting, probably. We can't really be sure, of course, because most of it is underground.

BELINDA: Well, let's find out right now!

BELINDA moves to JEAN and hands her back the glass.

JEAN: Oh, sugar, we can't—

BELINDA: Of course we can! (*Crossing to the carrot.*) This is a remarkable achievement! Let's pull it up right now!

At that, CONRAD sits up quickly. He does so in such a way that he is not initially facing CROMWELLS.

CONRAD: What!?! (*He stands and turns to face BELINDA.*) Do NOT pull that carr—

Light change. BELINDA'S and CONRAD'S eyes meet, and the chorus of a cheesy love song plays. After a few moments, we hear a needle-scratching sound as:

JEAN: Conrad! Why, I didn't even see you there!

CONRAD: (*Still looking at BELINDA.*) I mean, um, please... pretty please... if you'd be so kind... to not pull the carrot, I would appreciate it.

BELINDA: (*Equally tranced.*) Oh. I see. OK.

CRAIG: Belinda, honeybunch, I don't believe you've met Conrad. He's the General's son. They moved in while you were away.

BELINDA: A General moved in next door? Wow!

JEAN: Well, her last name is General.

CRAIG: And her first.

BELINDA: Oh. That's an unusual name. So she's *not* a real General?

JEAN: Oh no, she definitely is.

BELINDA: So, she's General General General?

CONRAD: Yeah. My grandparents had high hopes.

BELINDA: Guess it worked.

CONRAD: Yeah.

They stare at each other for a moment and sigh.

CRAIG: So, Connie my boy, what are you doing out here?

CONRAD: Huh? Well, my mom asked me to stay out here and guard the carrot. I guess I must have fallen asleep. You won't tell, will you?

CRAIG: Goodness no! Mum's the word. Right Francis?

FRANCIS makes a zipping-mouth-shut motion. CRAIG laughs out loud.

CRAIG: Ha-ha! This guy...

JEAN: Protect the carrot? My heavens! From who?

CONRAD: The Ornerys, ma'am.

JEAN: Oh, I was afraid of this. Dear, you'll just have to go have a word with Thaddeus!

CRAIG: Yes, I suppose I will.

BELINDA: Why? Mom, what's going on?

JEAN: Well, dear, you see, there is a little bit of a debate about whose carrot this actually is.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from STONE SOUP by Kristian Kissel. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com