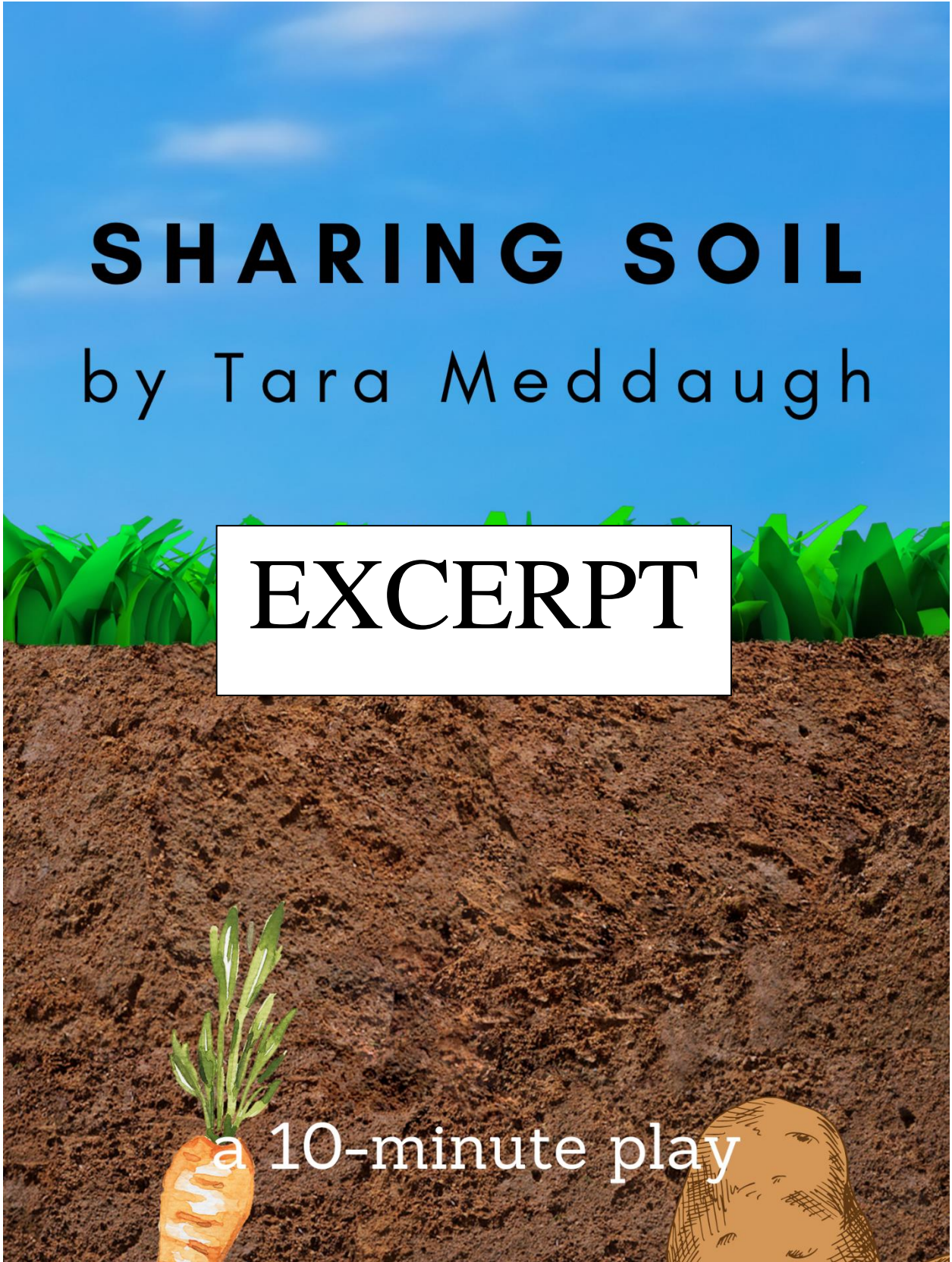


SHARING SOIL

by Tara Meddaugh

EXCERPT

a 10-minute play



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A Note About *Sharing Soil*

Sharing Soil was originally written and performed as part of the full-length play, [*Movements of the Wind*](#). [*Movements of the Wind*](#) is a 5-piece collection of short intertwined plays journeying the challenges of garden inhabitants as they confront the volatile effects of Mother Nature through their lives.

The second movement of the play is titled, “They receive a warning through the wind,” which is this 10-minute play, *Sharing Soil*. This is where we meet youthful Carrot and Potato. The fourth movement shows Carrot and Potato as middle-aged vegetables, after their children have left the home.

If you would like more information about the entire play, *Movements of the Wind* please visit: <https://www.tameddaugh.com/movements-of-the-wind>

EXCERPT

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SHARING SOIL**EXCERPT**Character Breakdown

CARROT

A young carrot.

POTATO

A young potato.

Setting

A vegetable garden.

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AT RISE: A vegetable garden. CARROT is alone, crying, trying to hide tears. POTATO enters and sees Carrot crying. POTATO pauses for a minute, then passes by. After a beat, POTATO returns. POTATO and CARROT are both young.

POTATO

What's the matter with you?

(CARROT turns away)

Hey. What are you doing?

CARROT

I'm crying, you fat brown carrot.

POTATO

I was just asking.

CARROT

Well just ask someone else.

POTATO

Well, no one else is crying.

(pause)

CARROT

I know.

(pause)

Those stupid carrots back there bit my tip off.

POTATO

They what?

CARROT

They bit my tip off! See?

POTATO

Were you underground?

CARROT

Of course I was! I'm not stupid. You think I want Cat to get me, stupid?

POTATO

Maybe I should just bite the rest of your tip off!

CARROT

No!

(pause)

I mean, I'm sorry. No, I just...it's my tip and it still hurts and...

POTATO

I wasn't really going to do anything.

CARROT

I know. You don't seem like, well, like them.

POTATO

Of course I'm not like them.

(pause)

CARROT

They're always picking at me. The carrots at the north end. Just because I'm beautiful, and strong!

POTATO

Maybe it's because you're mean.

CARROT

I'm not mean!

(pause)

Well, they make me mean.

(pause)

I usta be nice. Too nice, I guess. You know, when Carrot 92's mother got taken away, I offered her some of the moistest soil I had. I'd been guarding that soil ever since I can remember. And I'm still young and growing, you know? But I offer it to her anyway! And you know what she does?

POTATO

What?

CARROT

She laughs at it. Says she never would share soil with me, take my useless second-hand dirt. Then they all come around—the north end carrots—and poke at my soil saying it's got germs and—oh, I hate those carrots!

(pause)

POTATO
Potatoes are nice. Where I live.

CARROT
Potatoes! Ew! Those brown blobs?

POTATO
Hey—

CARROT
They're the ugliest things I've ever seen!

POTATO
What are you—

CARROT
So fat and round and dirty with dry soil!

POTATO
What's that all over your greens? Butterfly dust?

CARROT
I'm not always dirty. That's just because of those carrots. They were chasing me. I had to get away—so I got a little dirty. I don't like being that way. Potatoes like being dirty. They roll around in it on purpose because they're filthy ugly selfish vegetables.

(pause)

POTATO
Why did you call me a brown fat carrot?

CARROT
Because I was mad. Sorry.

POTATO
You really think I'm a carrot?

CARROT
Well, what else would you be?
(looks up and sees Potato well for the first time)
Aren't you a carrot?

POTATO
Are carrots brown and fat?

CARROT

Weird ones might be, I guess. I haven't seen all the carrots.

POTATO

I'm a potato.

CARROT

No, you're not.

POTATO

Yes, I am.

CARROT

You don't—but you're not—I mean, well...I guess you are kind of ugly.

POTATO

Maybe I think you're ugly!

CARROT

I'm sorry—I'm sorry. I just—you're not ugly. You're—I don't know. You're different, I guess. But, maybe it's not ugly.

POTATO

Everyone says the carrots are the selfish ones.

CARROT

I'm not selfish!

POTATO

They say they get the best soil and spread their roots as far as they can so no one else can get it.

CARROT

I like to take a stroll every now and then, but—

POTATO

They say you push us out. Make us have the shady spots.

CARROT

Don't potatoes like shade?

POTATO

I don't know. It's all we ever get.

(pause)

CARROT

I've never met a potato before.

POTATO

I've never met a carrot.

(pause)

CARROT

You know we're not supposed to talk to each other.

POTATO

I know.

CARROT

I mean, if they bit my tip off because they heard me singing about earthworms being cute—they didn't like that—they called me a pota—it doesn't matter—I mean, can you imagine what they'd do if they saw me talking to you?

POTATO

I saw a potato once, totally skinned. Every eye was cut out, every layer rubbed off. I asked my mom what he did, and she said he was caught sharing soil with a carrot.

CARROT

That's awful. I mean, cutting the eyes out!

POTATO

One or two grew back, but he still didn't look anything like a real potato. He looked more like a rock than anything else. Rocks are dead, you know.

(pause)

CARROT

Well...

POTATO

Yeah.

CARROT

They're going to come by here again. Soon.

END OF EXCERPT

For the complete play, *Sharing Soil*, please visit:
<https://www.tarmeddaugh.com/sharing-soil>

For more information on the full-length play, [***Movements of the Wind***](#), from which *Sharing Soil* was originally presented, please visit:

<https://www.tameddaugh.com/movements-of-the-wind>



ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Tara is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University's MFA program in Dramatic Writing. Her work has been presented by Fusion Theatre, The Directors Company, Le Petit Theatre de Terrebonne, Theatre One, Westchester Collaborative Theater, One Armed Man, Oracle Theatre, Inc, the Bobik Theatre Ensemble, The Acme Theatre Company, The Harlequin Players, *Woman Seeking...*, and numerous schools, universities and colleges including Gardner-Webb, Prince Williams, and Colgate. Her work has also showcased at the Artists of Tomorrow Festival in NYC, The Bangkok Community Theatre Fringe Festival, the Pittsburgh New Works Series and the Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Alaska. Students, teachers and actors world-wide have utilized her plays and monologues for competitions, Directing, Acting and Dramatic Literature courses and workshops in schools, colleges and theatres. Serial monologues she wrote were performed for two years by the internationally recognized receptionist-robot, Valerie. She has taught Playwriting and Screenwriting at Carnegie Mellon, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, and for The Westport Country Playhouse, and she has led Creative Dramatics Workshops for children in underserved areas throughout New York and New Jersey. Additionally, she toured in a Children's Theatre Troupe, which she wrote for, co-directed, and performed in. Tara's work has been published by YouthPLAYS, Oxford Press South Africa, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA), The Hunger Journal, Meriweather Publishing and Applause Theatre & Cinema. She is a two-time recipient of the Shubert Fellowship in Dramatic Writing, the Sloan Screenwriting Fellowship, the New Works for Young Women [Actors] Award, The Write Stuff Award, and is a member of the Dramatist's Guild. Tara has written children's books, short stories, a novel, and writes and records music in the chick-core rap band, [Girl Crusade](#). She lives in Westchester County, NY, with her husband and two creative kids.

For more information about Tara Meddaugh or her work, visit her website at www.tameddaugh.com.