

EXCERPT FROM
Sharing Soil
By Tara Meddaugh
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Sharing Soil is a 10-minute play, but was originally performed as part of the one-act play, *Movements of the Wind*.

For permission to perform, contact tmeddaugh@gmail.com.

EXCERPT

AT RISE: A vegetable garden. CARROT is alone, crying, trying to hide the 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; they are children.

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!

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For more information about *Sharing Soil* and Tara Meddaugh's work, check out her website at
www.tameddaugh.com.