

# Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

*Dramatic Publishing*

a play with music

# STONE SOUP

from an old tale by the same name

Book by  
GARY PETERSON

Music & Lyrics by  
LARRY NESTOR



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING

P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

*COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES.* This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

© MCMLXXXIII by  
GARY PETERSON and LARRY NESTOR

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(STONE SOUP)

ISBN 0-87129-581-4

## STONE SOUP

*A Musical In One Act*

For Five Men, Four Women, One Boy,  
and Extra Townspeople and Children

### CHARACTERS

HENRI DUMONT ..... a peasant  
MARIE ..... his wife  
YVETTE ..... their daughter  
CHARLES ..... their friend  
CLOTHILDE ..... his wife  
MADAME CHARDONNELLE ..... a neighbor  
PIERRE ..... her son  
JACQUES  
FRANCOIS ..... three soldiers  
GASPAR

Assorted Townspeople and Children (at least nine).

TIME: Mid-morning in late June, 1815.  
PLACE: The town square of the tiny village  
of Beaumont, Belgium.

*To Sharon and Jessica Lester*

## STONE SOUP

*SCENE: The town square of the tiny village of Beaumont, Belgium. There are three buildings, showing the boundaries of the square on the UC, L, and R walls. These are average, humble, rural dwellings and infer a populace that is none too wealthy. There are two streets coming into the square: UL and UR. A small courtyard may be seen through an archway left of the door to the UC building. There is also a window visible in this building, that will be used by YVETTE when she looks out into the square.*

*AT RISE OF CURTAIN: YVETTE opens her window and watches the TOWNSPEOPLE passing by, doing their various mid-morning chores and business, then she begins to sing.*

(SONG: "OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW")

YVETTE.

OUR LITTLE TOWN  
IS ABOUND WITH HUMBLE PEASANTS,  
AND EV'RY MORN THEY CONGREGATE  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HER OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

LOOK ALL AROUND,  
EV'RYWHERE THERE IS A PRESENCE  
OF FOLKS WITH EV'RY KIND OF GAIT,  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HER OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

MOST EV'RYONE  
IS OF AV'RAGE INTELLIGENCE,  
WORKING EARLY, WORKING LATE,  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HERE OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

LA, LA, LA, LA,

ALL.

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA-LA, LA-LA,

YVETTE.

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA-LA-LA.  
LA, LA-LA, LA-LA, LA-LA,

ALL.

LA, LA-LA, LA-LA, LA-LA.

YVETTE.

MY DEAR PAPA,

HOW HE LOVES TO HUNT THE PHEASANT,  
AND THAT'S WHY HE'S SO OVERWEIGHT,  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HER OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

LISTEN AND HEAR  
LITTLE BIRDS, SO EFFERVESCENT,  
I SING AND THEY RECIPROCATE,  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HER OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

HERE IN THE SQUARE,  
THERE'S A WORLD THAT IS SO PLEASANT,  
THEIR LIVES THEY DO NOT COMPLICATE,  
OUTSIDE MY OPEN WINDOW.

ALL.

OUTSIDE HER OPEN WINDOW.

YVETTE.

LA, LA, LA, LA,

ALL.

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA-LA, LA-LA,

YVETTE.

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA-LA-LA,



DUMONT. I trust you will be better, soon.

CLOTHILDE. We can but hope.

CHARLES. Amen.

CLOTHILDE. Charles, when you are finished with Henri, perhaps you would be so kind as to go into the market today?

CHARLES. What are we out of this time?

CLOTHILDE. Well ... *(She indicates the box she is holding.)* I'm down to my last box here, and ...

CHARLES. More chocolates?

CLOTHILDE. If you wouldn't mind ... I wouldn't ask, but they do ease my suffering so ...

CHARLES. Yes, dear ... a little later.

CLOTHILDE. Thank you, my love. *(She exits into house.)*

DUMONT. Here, I'd better get you that sack of grain.

CHARLES. But, I thought --

DUMONT. Your troubles are far greater than mine, friend. I can spare you a sack or two.

CHARLES. *(gratefully)* Why, thank you, Henri. You are a true gentleman.

DUMONT. Don't mention it.

*(Before they exit, MADAME CHARDONNELLE enters from UR, between the two houses, with her oldest son, PIERRE. They are carrying packages.)*

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. *(to PIERRE)* Pierre, I want you to go down the road there and see if our friend the dairyman has some milk for us today. Now, here is the money. Run along and be careful.

PIERRE. Oui, Mama. *(He exits UL.)*

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. And don't dawdle!

DUMONT. Ah, Madame Chardonnelles, may I assist you with your packages?

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Thank you, Henri. (*He and CHARLES each carry a package for her.*) Charles, how are you?

CHARLES. Fine, thank you.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. And your wife, she is still sick?

CHARLES. Oh yes, very sick, madame.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. I am, of course, very sad indeed to hear that. But, Charles, you should consider yourself extremely fortunate that you have a companion at all. I tell you, ever since the untimely death of my poor bereaved husband, Auguste, I have felt that loss sorely.

DUMONT. We miss him, too. Auguste was a fine man.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. I tell you plainly, were it not for the very large insurance policy that my late husband had made out for me, my children and I would be in dire straits.

CHARLES. He always did look out for you and the children.

*(They carry the packages inside the house R, then return quickly.)*

DUMONT. There you go, madame. Come on, Charles, let's see about that grain, shall we?

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Thank you, Charles, Henri.

CHARLES. Anything to be of help. (*DUMONT and CHARLES go through the archway.*)

*(PIERRE enters excitedly.)*

PIERRE. Mama! Mama!

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. What is it, Pierre? Did you see the dairyman?

PIERRE. No, I didn't ...

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. But I distinctly told you --

PIERRE. Wait! Let me tell you what I did see!

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. What?

PIERRE. I saw three soldiers coming down the road.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Soldiers?

PIERRE. Yes, Mama. I ran back as fast as I could.

*(CLOTHILDE appears at her door again, without the chocolates.)*

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Were they coming this way?

PIERRE. Yes, mama.

CLOTHILDE. Madame Chardonnelle, have you seen my husband?

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Pierre says he's seen soldiers.

CLOTHILDE. What?

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. A whole column of them ... coming this way.

CLOTHILDE. We'd better warn the men. *(She goes to the UC house door and knocks.)*

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. *(to PIERRE)* What color were their uniforms, Pierre?

PIERRE. They were red with gray pants, Mama.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. *(with a gasp)* Napoleon!

*(MARIE answers her UC door.)*

MARIE. *(cordially)* Good morning, Clothilde, how are you today?

CLOTHILDE. No time for that, Marie. Listen! Pierre says he's seen a full company of soldiers coming up the road towards us.

MARIE. No!

CLOTHILDE. With Napoleon at their head!

MARIE. Napoleon?

*(DUMONT and CHARLES enter from archway L.)*

DUMONT. What? What's this?

CHARLES. What's going on?

MARIE. Madame Chardonnelle's little boy says he saw an entire regiment of French soldiers marching up the road --

CLOTHILDE. With Napoleon at their head!

DUMONT. No! Really?

CHARLES. Napoleon? I thought he was fighting up north.

MARIE. I'd heard he was in the East ... in Russia.

DUMONT. *(knowledgeably)* That was years ago, Marie.

CLOTHILDE. Whatever shall we do?

DUMONT. Wait! Wait! *(To PIERRE.)* Son, are you sure? Are you sure you saw those soldiers?

PIERRE. I saw three soldiers coming up the road, monsieur.

DUMONT. Three?

MARIE. Only three?

CHARLES. What happened to the rest of the regiment?

CLOTHILDE. Most likely they are in hiding ... coming to invade our town in secret.

MARIE. And those three are scouts! Of course!

CHARLES. *(to PIERRE)* But you did see Napoleon, did you?

PIERRE. Who's Napoleon?

CLOTHILDE. Who's Napoleon? Why, only the wickedest man who ever lived, Pierre! He burns down cities with his eyes!

PIERRE. And he's coming here?

CHARLES. We'd better do something, Henri, don't you think?

DUMONT. Yes, yes, of course you are right.

MARIE. *(upset)* Where is Yvette?

DUMONT. She's out in the back. You'd better go get her,

Marie. *(She exits through the archway.)* Then ... then we'll all have to hide, I guess.

CHARLES. We'll lock ourselves in our cellar.

CLOTHILDE. Yes, good idea.

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. Don't forget to hide all your valuables as well!

DUMONT. Yes, right! If they think this is a poor town, they will leave us in peace, perhaps.

CHARLES. *(as he and CLOTHILDE go off into their house C)* I hope you are right, Henri.

CLOTHILDE. Come on, I only hope there's time.

DUMONT. You'd better get going, too, Madame. Will you need any help?

MADAME CHARDONNELLE. No, thank you, Henri. My children will help me bar the door. *(She and PIERRE go off into her house R.)*

*(YVETTE and MARIE enter through archway.)*

YVETTE. Papa, what on earth is going on?

DUMONT. You get into the house, little lady, and bolt your door ... I'll let you know later.

YVETTE. But --

DUMONT. Get going! *(She does.)* You too, Marie.

MARIE. Aren't you coming?

DUMONT. Yes, in a moment. I really should lock the pigpen in back.

MARIE. Leave it! I can hear drums coming up the road!

DUMONT. You do? *(Silence for a moment. A single drum [Gaspar's] is heard from off UL. DUMONT becomes frightened.)* Mon dieu! Come on! *(They go in the house UC and lock the door just as the music for "IN RETREAT" begins.)*