

## **Cookie Rally Round-Up: Round 3, Cookie Booths**

### *Booth Sleuth – The Case of the Missing Cookies Script*

#### **Scene:**

It's a chilly February morning. The sky is gloomy and the forecast is calling for stormy weather. Outside of the Food Lion, shoppers come and go with bags of groceries. Some of them linger around the front of the store to check out a booth being set up nearby the entrance. A city bus pulls up and lets out a group of people. Two of them stop to watch as well – a man in a brown jacket and a woman in an orange coat. A group of Girl Scouts set up a table and begin laying out cookie boxes – one by one. All the favorites are there – Thin Mints and Samoas, Tagalongs and Trefoils. They've also got S'mores and Lemon-Ups, Do-Si-Do's and Toffee-Tastics! Everything looks so great and then...

*BAM!*

A loud roll of thunder booms and lightning cracks across the sky, scaring the Girl Scouts, who duck underneath the table for safety. A few moments pass by before they peek their heads up again. All but a few shoppers have scattered to their cars, hoping to make it home before the rain starts.

"Oh no!" cried one of the Girl Scouts.

"I can't believe it!" says another.

Upon hearing the commotion, the store owner, Tom Trefoil approaches. He seems to have been hanging out just inside the store entrance. "What seems to be the problem?" he asks.

"Our cookies – they're gone!" the Girl Scouts told him. "They've been stolen!"

A hush falls over the group. The only thing that can be heard is the squeaky wheel of a grocery cart moving fast away from the Cookie Booth.

"You there!" Tom Trefoil calls out to the customer pushing the cart. "Wait just one moment, please."

“Me?” the shopper asks, stopping next to her yellow convertible. She was a young lady wearing a yellow raincoat and rainboots. “I’m sorry, but I need to get home before it rains so I can put my convertible in the garage.”

“Nobody leaves until we solve this case!” Tom Trefoil said sternly.

The customers still lingering let out a collective groan. The young lady in yellow, Lucy Lemonups, begins to pile her groceries into her convertible with haste. A gentleman named Steve Smore, who wore a brown jacket, shoved his hands in his pockets and took a seat on the bench nearby. He’s joined by a woman in an orange puffy coat whose name is Desi Dosido. Desi places her very large purse gently on the ground, as if she was afraid it might fall over from being too full, and slides it behind the bench. Finally, Samantha Samoa stands near the Cookie Booth and crosses her arms. She’s wearing a lumpy purple snowsuit that looks very uncomfortable.

“I’ve got a bunch of friends waiting on me! I can’t be stuck here all day. I’m supposed to be bringing snacks for the bus ride to the Ski lodge.” Samantha Samoa said.

“I’ve already called the best people for the job – The Booth Sleuths.” Tom Trefoil said. “You’ll all have to wait until they get here and do a full investigation!”

----- \*breakout rooms, pull up google form “The Case of the Missing Cookies”, facilitator will read prompts and be available for help with questions/riddles but girls should work together as a group to solve.