

**CAST**  
(in order of appearance)

**FARMER**

**BIRDS** (2 or more) (script names 4)

**WIFE** (Farmer's wife)

**THORNS** (3)

**SEEDLING**

**GILBERT** – owns an automobile repair service

**MAN** - injured man

**VELMA** - pious, in charge

**MADGE** - self-righteous

**GLENNIE** - religious, whiny

**PREACHER** - overly self-righteous, pious, ala TV evangelist

**SAM** - the Good Samaritan

**BUS DRIVER**

**TOUR GUIDE**

**RIDERS** (2 or more)

**DAD** - loving, wise

**SON** - (The Prodigal Son) arrogant, self-consumed

**MOM** - sweet, clingy

**STREETWISE** (4 or more) - tough street "kids"

**PIGS** (3 or 4) (script names 4)

**TAX COLLECTOR** - nerdy

**SERVANTS** (2)

**PATROLMAN** – overly zealous

**DRIVER** ("Bucky")

**BAILIFF**

**JUDGE**

**AUNT MAUDE** – older lady

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY (DA)**

**ABIGAIL CRUMBMAKER** – a waitress

**ADVOCATE** – the "Jesus" figure



SAMPLE



## SCENE I

### Song: "State Road 47" (The Company)

*(music fades)*

*(Company exits)*

*(enter Farmer at right )*

FARMER: Yessir-ee. This here's where State Road 47 starts. It'll be quite a trip...narrow in some spots...and a little bumpy, too. But believe me, it'll be well worth your time.

I reckon I oughta tell ya somethin' right off. State Road 47 ain't a real place. It's something this writer lady made up. And uh...I ain't really a farmer neither. I'm just playing like I am so's we can tell you a story...a earthly story with a heavenly message.

Now, Jesus was the first to tell these here tales. He was tryin' to teach them hard-headed disciples 'bout His Kingdom. See, them disciples well, as the young folks say nowadays...they didn't have a clue.

So...Jesus made up some stories to get His meaning across. The stories...we call 'em parables...did help a little bit. At least them disciples were listenin'.

There was this feller in the crowd...feller named Luke...a purty smart country doctor, who was taking notes, writing down all these stories that Jesus was tellin'. We picked three of the stories to tell you tonight...on account o' they happened along the road...the place we call State Road 47. Oh...don't go worrying ya head about the meanin' behind the number 47. It don't mean nothin'...ya know... deep. It's just somethin' else that was made up...and it helps that forty-seven rhymes with heaven.

Well anyhow...our first story's 'bout a farmer...like me...who at plantin' time threw out some seeds. Now we don't know what kinda seeds they was, but we'll pretend-like that ol' farmer was plantin' ....corn!

*(enter singers at center)*

### Song: "Corn!" (an ensemble)

*(singers exit)*

*(Farmer at right)*

FARMER: Some o' the corn fell here along the road where the dirt is hard...'cause o' all the traffic. You don't have to have a green thumb to figure out what happened

then. That's right, them corn kernels laid there on the road and was soon discovered by a few of our feathered friends....

*(at center , birds enter) (sit on fence at center)*

BIRD #1: So...what'll it be today, guys? Worms...bugs...or half a peanut butter sandwich left on the school playground?

BIRD #2: Oh, I don't know. I'm bored with the same ol' menu.

BIRD #3: Yeah, I need a change in my diet. A few days ago, I got a hold of some bad night crawlers and my stomach hasn't been right since.

BIRD #4: We could fly over the city dump. There's some pretty good pickin's over there sometimes.

BIRD #3: Oh please....*(rubbing stomach)*

BIRD #1: How 'bout Mexican...

BIRD #2: Nah...too spicy. Chinese?

BIRD #3: Too ....mysterious. What about Micky D's? I could really go for a Big Mac right now.

BIRD #4: Talk about mysterious! Hey, how 'bout KFC?

BIRD #1: NO!

BIRD #2: I can't eat a fellow fowl!

BIRD #3: That's disgusting!

BIRD #4: Okay okay Let's go over to Farmer Brown's. I hear he's planting corn...and who knows we might get lucky and find a few kernels that hadn't taken root yet.

*(enter Farmer's wife from right chasing birds off left)*

WIFE: Shoo! Shoo! You...aggravatin' pesky critters. Get on outta here. Shoo!

*(birds cross stage, pick up corn and exit)*

FARMER: This here's my wife. Say howdy to the folks, hon.

WIFE: *(looking embarrassed about her appearance)* Oh..I didn't know we had comp'ny.

FARMER: It's all right. I's just tellin' 'em a parable. You know the one about the farmer plantin' seeds.

WIFE: Yeah, I know that one. You must be up to the part about the birds.

FARMER: Yeah, I was. Tell 'em what happened.

WIFE: Well, them birds had a feast...and the kernels that could've become healthy plants...were gone. But there was other kernels that fell amongst the rocks. Little plants sprouted up purty quick... but out there in the hot sun...they just dried up and died.

FARMER: Then there was the seeds that fell amongst the thorns. There were little sprouts there, too, but well, you can purty much guess what happened to them....

*(Thorns and seedling are at center. Seedling is in large flower pot.)*

THORN #1: Kind of a scawny little ol' thing aren't you?

SEEDLING: Yeah. I've been sick a lot lately. A blight or something...I think it's going around.

THORN #2: So...uh...you've felt kinda run down...chlorophyll levels are a little low maybe.

SEEDLING: Yeah, that's it.

THORN #3: Anything we can do, man?

SEEDLING: Well, you could...uh, give me a little room here. I think I'd start to grow if I could get some sunshine and some rain.

THORN #1: Think so, huh?

SEEDLING: Yeah. *(Coughs)*

THORN #2: That cough sounds pretty nasty.

SEEDLING: Yeah, I know...so do you think you guys could like move over for awhile and let me have some growing room?

THORN #1: Don't think so, kid!

THORN #2: Yeah, see, out here, it's every plant for himself. And well...*(to Thorn #2)* shall we?

THORN #3: Hey, hey...it's harvest time!!

*(thorns pick up seedling and carries him off stage)*

SEEDLING: Hey...wait! Let's talk about this! I really don't need that much room...please....wait....

*(at right)*

WIFE: Too bad! But some of the kernels found a place in the dirt and they made themselves nice and comfy. And there they stayed, growin' up tall and straight making a bumper crop o' corn. That's the end of the story, such as it is, but Jesus went on to say that the seed...was like the Word of God. The dirt on the road..is like people who maybe hear the Word with their ears...but never let it into their hearts.

FARMER: Now the rocky ground is them who believe the Word, but since there weren't no deep root...the temptations of life come along and dry up any trace of it.

WIFE: And then there's the thorns. That's them who receive the Word...but somehow along the way their faith gets choked out with worry...or even the pleasures of life.

FARMER: But in the last part of the story... the good soil is the ones who hear the Word...*(music begins)* believe it...receive it and let it grow healthy in their hearts.

*(singers enter)*

**Song: "The Good Earth" (a male ensemble)**

*(singers exit)*

WIFE: *(to audience)* Well, I need to get back in the house. I gotta cake in the oven. Can ya'll stay for supper?

FARMER: *(to wife)* No, hon. They cain't stay. They gotta be goin'. See this is a road, don't you know, and they gotta keep movin'. *(to audience)* Somebody else'll take you on the next part. Say, stop by at my cousin, Gilbert's. He runs a garage on down the way...and he knows some good stories, too. It's been nice meetin' up with ya and I hope the rest of your trip goes real good.

*(Farmer and Wife exit)*

**Segue #1**