

DAY 1 DRAMA

Characters: GRANDPA FITZ, MOLLY, PATTY, SHANE, ERIN, VILLAIN

THEME MUSIC.

Scene opens at an Irish sheep farm, consisting of a white-washed farmhouse, an old stone barn with a “Stillwater Farm 1925” sign hung over the door, a bench, and a mailbox. There’s a “For Sale” sign in the front yard. Then MOLLY, with a grocery bag in each hand, approaches the stage. GRANDPA FITZ, with a shepherd’s staff in one hand and a grocery bag in the other, is lagging a good bit behind.

MOLLY: What a view! Even after all these years, it still thrills me!

GRANDPA FITZ approaches the stage. He appears winded.

MOLLY: Why, Aidan Fitzpatrick, are you out of breath? You know, I’m five years older than you and not a bit winded by that climb!

GRANDPA FITZ: *(glares)* Congratulations! I don’t know how you have so much energy at your age . . . it’s unnatural.

MOLLY: *(shrugs)* Ah, well . . . it’s fitness, my friend, which I achieve through healthy food and exercise. *(does a few deep squats and stretches)* C’mon, you try!

GRANDPA FITZ: Nah, I’ll just watch.

MOLLY: Oh, no, you won’t! C’mon . . . you can do it! I know you can!

MOLLY begins some exercises for GRANDPA FITZ to follow. GRANDPA FITZ tries a couple, but quickly fails, eventually lowering himself to the ground in exhaustion.

MOLLY: Oh, Aidan! What am I going to do with you?

GRANDPA FITZ: Sorry, I can only exercise early in the morning before my body knows what’s happening.

MOLLY: Here . . . let me help you up.

MOLLY helps GRANDPA FITZ get up from the ground. Then PATTY enters wearing a dirty white apron and a white chef’s hat. She’s carrying a small plate of assorted cheeses.

PATTY: *(with great enthusiasm)* Hey, friends! Guess what? It’s time to stop and savor the cheese!

MOLLY: *(as if she’s said it a million times before)* Sorry, Patty—I’m allergic to dairy, remember?

PATTY: Oh yeah.

GRANDPA FITZ: I’m still not sold on your experiments. Your last batch of cheese tasted like dirt.

PATTY: Yeah . . . sorry about that. Some dirt fell off the sheep and into the milk. And I’m convinced that filthy fluff ball did it on purpose!

MOLLY: Now hold on, Patty—don’t you go talking about dear Keely like that. She’s a good momma sheep—with the softest wool!

PATTY: Yeah—that’s full of dirt! *(to GRANDPA FITZ)* Anyway, I didn’t feel like starting over and was kinda hoping nobody would notice.

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, I did notice, and now I’ve lost my appetite.

PATTY: Oh, but this batch is clean. I made sure of it this time!

GRANDPA FITZ: *(reluctantly)* Well, all right. *(muttering)* It probably won’t kill me . . . I hope.

GRANDPA FITZ takes a piece of cheese and bites off a tiny corner only.

MOLLY: *(to GRANDPA FITZ)* Bet you’re wishing you had a dairy allergy like me right now!

PATTY: So, what do you think?

GRANDPA FITZ: I think you shouldn’t give up your day job. *(takes his handkerchief and spits it out)*

PATTY: That bad, huh?

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, now don’t get discouraged. Like Thomas Edison, you just found another recipe that didn’t work, that’s all.

GRANDPA FITZ walks away and exits into the farmhouse.

PATTY: I didn’t know Thomas Edison was into cheese making! Wow! I guess you learn something new every day!

MOLLY: No, Patty, what he meant was . . . oh, never mind.

PATTY: You know, Mr. Fitz just isn’t himself lately.

MOLLY: It's that "For Sale" sign. It gets him down every time he sees it. To be honest . . . it gets me down too. Stillwater Farm has been in his family for over a hundred years and he's never lived anywhere else. But it's finally getting to be too much for him to take care of in his old age.

PATTY: I wish I could help him more, but there's only so much one farmhand can do. If only he had a family member to pass it on to.

MOLLY: He does.

PATTY: (*shocked*) What?

MOLLY: A son. A big shot New York City lawyer with absolutely no interest in an old Irish sheep farm. He left for college years ago and never came back.

PATTY: Really? That's a shame . . . because if I were Mr. Fitz's son, I'd definitely be interested in the farm. (*gets an idea*) Hey! Here's an idea! Maybe I could put myself up for adoption. What do you think about that?

MOLLY: Seriously?

PATTY: Yeah, you're probably right. I'm sure my parents wouldn't approve—then again—maybe they would.

MOLLY: Hmm. I'm gonna miss ol' Aidan. He's been my nearest neighbor for over 50 years.

PATTY and MOLLY are silent for a moment as they contemplate the sad situation.

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

PATTY: Well, I guess I've got some sheep to tend to.

PATTY exits into the barn.

MOLLY: Yep, no rest for the weary. That's life on a farm. (*mutters*) I think I'll check on Aidan.

MOLLY exits into the farmhouse. Then SHANE and ERIN enter from the rear of the auditorium with their luggage and proceed toward the stage. ERIN's luggage is massive and has some cleaning supplies hanging on it. SHANE is a few steps ahead of ERIN, captivated by the beautiful landscape.

SHANE: (*enthralled, doesn't hear her question*) Oh, Erin! Look at the countryside! As far as the eye can see—no skyscrapers, no crowds, no traffic jams, no pollution. Isn't it beautiful?

ERIN: But I like all those things. I'm used to them. Besides, all this fresh air is giving me a headache.

SHANE: (*still not hearing her*) And listen! No noise! Just peace and quiet. Shame on me for not bringing you here until now.

ERIN: (*impatient*) How much farther? My feet are killing me!

SHANE: There it is! C'mon! (*picks up his pace*)

ERIN: (*mutters*) I guess I'm talking to myself.

SHANE enters the stage ahead of ERIN.

SHANE: Stillwater Farm! Our new home! It's a dream, isn't it?

ERIN: (*mutters*) Funny, I was thinking nightmare.

SHANE: Oh, I have such a good feeling about this, Erin. Don't you?

Hearing the noise, PATTY emerges from the barn.

PATTY: Can I help you folks?

SHANE: Oh, hi.

PATTY: (*notices their luggage*) Uh . . . if you're looking for a place to stay, there's a real nice bed and breakfast just down the road!

SHANE: Thanks, but we're staying here (*as he pulls the "FOR SALE" sign out of the ground*). I'm Shane Fitzpatrick.

PATTY: Fitzpatrick? Now why does that name sound so familiar?

GRANDPA FITZ and MOLLY emerge from the farmhouse.

SHANE: (*still holding the "For Sale" sign*) Hi, Dad!

GRANDPA FITZ: Shane? Erin? Well, this is a surprise!

SHANE drops the "For Sale" sign, then GRANDPA FITZ, SHANE, and ERIN exchange hugs.

PATTY: Oh! *That* Fitzpatrick!

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, uh . . . this is Patty. She's been helping me around the farm the past couple of years. And you know Miss Molly, of course.

SHANE: (*to MOLLY*) Yes, good to see you. It's been a very long time.

MOLLY: It has at that. And look—you're all grown up now.

GRANDPA FITZ: So . . . what're you doing here?

SHANE and ERIN exchange glances.

SHANE: Well, believe it or not, we're uh . . . we're here to stay.

GRANDPA FITZ: Wait, what do you mean, “stay?”

SHANE: We’re going to live here.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(hopeful)* You mean you’re moving to Ireland?

SHANE: *(nods)* That’s right.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(excited)* Are you serious?

ERIN: *(sadly)* Yes . . . he’s quite serious.

SHANE: Dad, it’s a long story . . . but I just couldn’t do it anymore. I was climbing the corporate ladder—you know, getting promotions and earning more money, until I realized that ladder was leaning against the wrong wall. Having money and feeling important just weren’t bringing me happiness like I thought they would. Then I heard you were selling the farm, and I knew what I had to do.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(overwhelmed)* Wow! I can’t tell you what this means to me. I never wanted to see the day that I’d have to sell Stillwater Farm . . . but now I won’t have to?

SHANE: That’s right, now you won’t have to.

GRANDPA FITZ hugs SHANE.

GRANDPA FITZ: Wow! This is going to be a big life change for you both. *(to ERIN)* Are you sure you’re okay with this, my dear?

SHANE: Oh, yeah! She’s looking forward to it. Aren’t you, Erin?

ERIN just stares and starts to become unsteady on her feet.

SHANE: Erin?

PATTY: Suddenly, she’s looking a wee bit pale.

MOLLY: I think she’s going to faint.

As ERIN faints, SHANE catches her and then lays her on the ground.

PATTY: Nice catch. When I was in fourth grade, I fainted during a choir concert and took out the whole soprano section!

MOLLY: Poor thing.

GRANDPA FITZ: I hope she’s okay.

SHANE: She’ll be fine. Probably just tired from traveling. It’s been a big day. Erin? You there?

ERIN starts to move.

ERIN: What happened?

SHANE: You fainted.

ERIN: I did? Oh, how embarrassing! *(sits up)*
Where am I?

SHANE: You’re in Ireland. Remember?

ERIN: Oh . . . yeah. *(faints again)*

MOLLY: Maybe we should carry her inside.

SHANE: Good idea. *(to GRANDPA FITZ)* Don’t worry, Dad. She’ll be okay.

MOLLY, PATTY, and SHANE carry ERIN into the farmhouse. GRANDPA FITZ watches until they exit, then drops to his knees, looks toward heaven, and prays a prayer of thanksgiving. While he prays, the VILLAIN enters from the side and proceeds toward the stage.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(with overwhelming gratitude)* Oh Lord, my Shepherd, you’ve loved me and cared for me all these years, and now you’ve blessed me yet again—saving the farm and bringing my son back to me in my old age. Thank you! *(short pause)* Still, as wonderful as all that is, it doesn’t even compare with what you did for me all those years ago. You showed me that I was a sinner with no hope of heaven, but that your Son, Jesus, paid the penalty for my sin by dying on the cross then rising again. Just like a shepherd searching for a lost sheep, you found me, Lord, and brought me into your fold. And for that, I’ll be thanking and praising you forever!

VILLAIN: Excuse me . . . are you the owner of this farm?

GRANDPA FITZ: *(startled)* Oh, yes. How can I help you?

VILLAIN: I understood the farm was for sale, but I don’t see a sign anywhere.

GRANDPA FITZ: That’s because we just took it off the market. Our circumstances have changed, so there’s no longer any need to sell.

VILLAIN: *(disappointed)* Oh . . . that’s bad news.

GRANDPA FITZ: On the contrary, it’s the best news I’ve had in a long time!

VILLAIN: Would you consider an offer?

GRANDPA FITZ: An offer? No, I wouldn’t be interested in selling now.

VILLAIN: Are you sure? You might be surprised at how much you could get for the place.

GRANDPA FITZ: I’m sorry, but it’s not for sale.

VILLAIN: (*bold*) Oh, c'mon . . . everything's for sale at the right price.

GRANDPA FITZ: Not Stillwater Farm.

VILLAIN: Listen . . . I'm prepared to offer you a cash deal—that's money in your pocket.

GRANDPA FITZ: (*annoyed*) I've already said . . . the farm isn't for sale.

VILLAIN: Okay, then . . . just name your price!

GRANDPA FITZ: Sir, I'll say it once more. Stillwater Farm is not for sale at any price! And now, I'm very happy to say, this conversation is officially over. Good day to you.

GRANDPA FITZ exits into the farmhouse.

VILLAIN: So he's going to be stubborn about it. Hmm . . . this isn't going to be as easy as I thought. Now things are going to get a little messy, and the old man's not gonna like it one bit!

THEME MUSIC

DAY 2 DRAMA

Characters: VILLAIN, PATTY, MOLLY, SHANE, ERIN, GRANDPA FITZ

THEME MUSIC

ROOSTER CROW [SFX]

VILLAIN, carrying a clipboard, saunters confidently onto the stage facing Stillwater Farm, then stops in front of the mailbox.

VILLAIN: *(to himself as he pulls a sealed envelope from inside his jacket)* Let's see . . . how did you word it? *"Stillwater Farm is not for sale at any price."* Ha! Yeah, well . . . we'll see about that. I just wish I could see the look on your face when you read this! *(takes out cell phone and snaps a selfie holding the envelope with a big smile)* Ha ha! *(deposits the envelope into the mailbox)*

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

PATTY enters wearing a dirty white apron and a white chef's hat. She's carrying a small plate of assorted cheeses.

PATTY: *(samples some cheese)* Mmm, mmm, mmm! Delicious! Patty McPherson, you're becoming quite the cheese maker! *(she passes by the VILLAIN on her way to the farmhouse, then stops abruptly)* Oh! A customer! Sir, would you like to try a sample?

VILLAIN: What is it?

PATTY: Just the best cheese you've ever tasted!

VILLAIN: What kind of cheese?

PATTY: Sheep cheese.

VILLAIN: *(thinking)* Sheep cheese?

PATTY: *(proudly)* That's right, the finest in all of Ireland . . . if I do say so myself.

Then the VILLAIN gets the mean and nasty idea to levy a fake fine for "unlicensed food production" in addition to serving the CPO—the Compulsory Purchase Order.

VILLAIN: Hmm . . . interesting. So you made it with those filthy hands, wearing that dirty apron *(points to the dilapidated barn)* . . . in that musty old barn with all those sorry-looking sheep?

VILLAIN makes notations on his clipboard as he inspects the place.

PATTY: Uh, well . . . no . . . I mean, yes . . . I mean . . . I guess you could say that. So would you like some?

VILLAIN: I think I'll pass. *(continues to make notations)*

PATTY: *(disappointed)* Okay . . . so what brings you to Stillwater Farm?

VILLAIN: Oh, uh . . . just doing some . . . county business, that's all. *(as he flashes his ID)*

PATTY: A government official? Say, are we in some sort of trouble?

VILLAIN: *(with a sinister smile)* Trouble? Nah . . . I think everything's gonna work out just fine.

PATTY: *(confused)* Huh?

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

PATTY: Be patient, Eleanor! I'm coming!

VILLAIN: Well, my work's done here. Have a wonderful day. *(laughs as he walks away)*

VILLAIN exits toward the rear of the auditorium.

PATTY: Everything's gonna work out just fine? I wonder what he meant by that.

PATTY exits into the barn as ERIN enters from the farmhouse. She has a broom in hand, a feather duster in her back pocket, and a bucket with other cleaning supplies.

ERIN: *(groans as she runs a finger along the outside of the door)* My goodness. I figured farms were dirty, but I had no clue they were this bad! Well . . . not any longer! If I'm going to live here, the grime has got to go!

SHANE enters from around the side of the farmhouse wearing a pair of disguise glasses, a hat, and a trench coat. ERIN stops and looks at him like he's crazy.

ERIN: What in the world? *(walks over and lifts the glasses off his face)*

SHANE: Shh!

SHANE quickly pushes his glasses back into place and puts his finger against her mouth to "shush" her. Then he turns to watch the skies.

ERIN: *(stage whisper)* What do you mean, "shh"? There's nobody out here!

SHANE: Oh yes, there is!

ERIN: Who?

SHANE: Not “who” . . . what.

GOOSE HONKS [SFX]

SHANE: See?

ERIN: What was that?

SHANE: Geese.

ERIN: (*loud*) We have a flock of geese?

SHANE: Shh!

ERIN: (*stage whisper*) We have a flock of geese? I thought this was just a sheep farm!

SHANE: Not a flock of geese. Just one goose.

ERIN: But “geese” is more than one. I’m confused.

SHANE: It’s a goose named Geese.

ERIN: (*incredulous*) A goose named Geese? Are you kidding me? Don’t you think that’s a bit confusing?

SHANE doesn’t answer as he’s on the lookout for Geese.

ERIN: Shane?

SHANE: Stop saying my name! Geese will hear you!

ERIN: Don’t be silly. He doesn’t know English!

SHANE: Oh, yes he does!

ERIN: Okay, fine. So how long is all this going to go on—whispering and wearing disguises?

SHANE: Not long, because Stillwater Farm isn’t big enough for the both of us. It’s gonna be me or him!

AGGRESSIVE GOOSE HONKS [SFX]

ERIN: (*with a hopeful look*) Oh! So, we’re moving back to New York, then?

SHANE: Very funny.

GRANDPA FITZ enters the stage. He’s been out in the fields with the sheep.

SHANE: Dad, I can’t believe Geese is still around after all these years!

GRANDPA FITZ: He isn’t. That Geese passed a long time ago. This is Geese Jr. Jr. the Third, to be exact.

ERIN: Geese Jr. Jr. the Third? Say, who’s naming the animals around here?

TAUNTING GOOSE FLYING AWAY [SFX]

GRANDPA FITZ: There he goes.

SHANE: Sounds like he’s got Geese’s wild disposition, though.

GRANDPA FITZ: That he does, I’m afraid.

ERIN: (*exasperated*) Well, that’s just great. If quitting our jobs and moving to Ireland to run a 100-year-old sheep farm that we know nothing about wasn’t enough, we also have a crazy, psychotic goose on our hands . . . whose name is Geese and speaks English! (*takes a deep breath*) I think I need to lie down. I’m feeling lightheaded again!

ERIN exits into the farmhouse. SHANE watches her leave.

SHANE: (*to himself*) I didn’t mean he *speaks* English . . . just that he understands it.

GRANDPA FITZ: I hope Erin knew what she was getting into before she moved across the ocean. She knew it was a sheep farm, right?

SHANE: (*shrugs*) Sorta . . . I alluded to it. I told her we’d be farming . . . fluffy white puffs.

GRANDPA FITZ: Fluffy white puffs?

SHANE: I know . . . but she was already iffy about the farming part . . . and the living in the country part.

GRANDPA FITZ: So Erin flew across the Atlantic thinking she’d be a cotton farmer?

SHANE: Maybe, but I only said “fluffy white puffs.” Sorry, Dad. It looks like it’s going to be harder to get used to than we thought.

GRANDPA FITZ: You didn’t think it would be easy, did you?

SHANE: I guess I was hoping it would be.

MOLLY enters the stage carrying a picnic basket.

MOLLY: Good morning, you two!

GRANDPA FITZ: (*looks at his watch*) Morning? It’s almost time for lunch!

MOLLY: Which is what I’ve got right here. (*taps the top of the basket*) I just need a few minutes in the kitchen to get it ready.

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, that’s the best news I’ve heard all day! And would this meal happen to include some of your famous—

MOLLY: Soda bread? Of course!

GRANDPA FITZ: Shane, my boy . . . we are in for a treat!

MOLLY: So why don't you boys carry on with your conversation, and I'll let you know when lunch is ready.

GRANDPA FITZ: That sounds like a plan.

MOLLY exits into the farmhouse.

SHANE: Dad, why is it called "Stillwater Farm?" I've looked at that old sign so many times, but I've never thought about it before.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(walks toward the barn)* Funny, I remember asking my dad the same question.

SHANE: Really?

GRANDPA FITZ: Yeah. When your great-grandparents came to this area 100 years ago, newly married and looking for a place to start a life together, they immediately fell in love with this spot.

SHANE: *(looks around)* It is beautiful. I can see why they chose it.

GRANDPA FITZ: Then they built the house and barn and had to come up with a name. It's customary for farms to have names, you know.

SHANE: Like Green Acres farm down the road.

GRANDPA FITZ: That's right. So their first thought was "Pleasant View" because of its beauty. But then your great-grandfather, being a sheep farmer and a lover of the Bible, decided that something from his favorite psalm would be better. Psalm 23. You know it, of course.

SHANE: Hmm, I'm not sure.

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, c'mon . . . "The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not want"? They sometimes read it at funerals.

SHANE: I haven't been to many funerals lately.

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, that's a good thing. But, now that you're a sheep farmer, you really should learn it. It was written by David, the shepherd boy who later became king of Israel.

SHANE: Yeah, I've heard of David and Goliath.

GRANDPA FITZ: Right, that's him. Anyway, the psalm talks about how the Lord is like our shepherd and that he cares for and protects his sheep. The second verse is what inspired the name. "He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside *still waters*."

SHANE: Still waters . . . like the pond behind the house?

GRANDPA FITZ: Exactly . . . it was your great-grandfather's favorite spot on the farm. And you'd often find him there thinking or praying or reading his Bible. So . . . that's the story.

SHANE: *(satisfied)* Hmm . . . thanks, Dad.

GRANDPA FITZ: But seriously, Shane . . . I really hope you'll read Psalm 23 . . . and the rest of the Bible too. It's God's Word, so it has the answers you need for life, and it'll help you stay on the right path. You do have a Bible, don't you?

SHANE: *(a bit embarrassed)* Uh . . . well, I need to get one.

GRANDPA FITZ: That's okay, I've got one you can have. You know, there's no other book like it in the whole world. It's like a priceless treasure.

MOLLY steps out from the farmhouse.

MOLLY: Lunch is ready!

GRANDPA FITZ: Great! Shane, would you check the mailbox? I forgot to check it yesterday.

SHANE: Sure. *(walks to the mailbox, opens it, and finds the sealed envelope)*

GRANDPA FITZ: Did we get anything?

SHANE: Just one letter. It's from the county.

GRANDPA FITZ: County?

MOLLY: It's probably just a newsletter or something.

SHANE hands the envelope to GRANDPA FITZ. He immediately opens the envelope and reads the letter. Then his countenance drops.

MOLLY: *(concerned)* What's wrong?

SHANE: Dad? What is it?

GRANDPA FITZ: *(stunned)* "The LORD gave, and the LORD has taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD."

SHANE takes the letter from GRANDPA FITZ.

SHANE: Bad news. It's a CPO.

MOLLY: A Compulsory Purchase Order?

GRANDPA FITZ: Yes. Looks like we may lose the farm after all.

GRANDPA FITZ and SHANE exchange glances.

THEME MUSIC

INTENTIONALLY BLANK

DAY 3 DRAMA

Characters: ERIN, SHANE, MOLLY, PATTY, GRANDPA FITZ, VILLAIN

THEME MUSIC

Scene begins with ERIN at the barn with her cleaning supplies. She's dusting the outside walls with a feather duster.

ERIN: *(groans as she tries to get the dirt off the outside of the barn)* I'll bet this barn hasn't been dusted in 100 years! Maybe 200! *(a bit overwhelmed, she stops to take a breath)* There's probably a better way to do this *(then starts dusting again)*.

SHANE, wearing a ball cap, enters from the farmhouse. When he sees ERIN dusting the barn, he stops and stares.

ERIN: What are you staring at?

SHANE: Sorry, I've just never seen anyone dust the outside of a barn before.

ERIN: Well, now you have!

SHANE: Do you really think that's necessary?

ERIN: It is if I'm gonna live here.

SHANE: Okay. Well, I guess that's reason enough.

ERIN: Listen, we need to raise the standard . . . and maybe—just maybe—it'll catch on and everyone's farms will be clean like ours.

SHANE: *(looks up toward roof)* So, how're you gonna do the high parts?

ERIN: I'm not. You are.

SHANE: Oh . . . I guess I deserve it, huh? Dragging you away from the big city.

ERIN: Yeah, that's kinda what I was thinking too. Any sign of you-know-who?

SHANE: You mean—*(makes a puppet goose motion with his hand)*? No, thankfully. Maybe he flew south for the winter . . . a little early.

ERIN: Or maybe you just overreacted. Boy, the original—*(makes a puppet goose motion with her hand)* you-know-who, must have traumatized you something awful when you were young.

SHANE: Oh, you have no idea.

ERIN: Well, anyway, I'm glad to see you're not wearing that silly disguise.

GOOSE HONKS [SFX]

SHANE immediately looks up and sees Geese Jr. flying overhead, so he quickly ducks into the barn and out of sight. While he's there, globs of white toothpaste are applied to the back of his hat and shirt.

ERIN: *(rolls her eyes)* Oh great, here we go again.

SHANE cracks the door open and peeks out.

SHANE: *(stage whisper)* Is he gone?

ERIN: *(as she looks around)* I don't know, but I don't hear or see anything.

SHANE cautiously steps out of the barn, facing the audience so the back of his shirt and head aren't seen.

SHANE: Whew! That was close!

ERIN: *(skeptical)* Well, maybe it's just me, but I think you're being ridiculous.

FLY-BY GOOSE SPLAT [SFX]

SHANE looks up at the sky and feels something on the back of his head. Then he turns so that the "goose droppings" are visible to the audience.

SHANE: There! Did you see that? Did you? That was definitely no accident!

ERIN: Yes . . . I saw it. But do you really think it was directed at you?

SHANE: Oh, absolutely! There's no doubt in my mind.

GOOSE SPLAT FLY AWAY [SFX]

SHANE: He did it again!

ERIN: Okay, I admit it . . . that seemed like it was on purpose.

SHANE: *(looks up in the sky and shakes his fist)* Geese! I'm gonna get you for this!

ERIN: Shane, that's probably not going to help. He must see you as a threat.

SHANE: Oh, I'm a threat all right—goose season or not! *(tries to look at the back of his shirt)* Disgusting.

ERIN: Here . . . stand still and let me clean you up *(proceeds to go overboard cleaning SHANE up with her cleaning supplies)*. Wow! He got you good.

SHANE: You know, I'm beginning to wonder if it was a mistake to move here.

ERIN: I know, but let's give it more time. *(then to herself)* I can't believe I just said that.

MOLLY enters the stage.

MOLLY: Good morning! Just came to get some wool from Patty. My yarn supplies are getting dangerously low. *(to SHANE)* Say, what happened to you?

SHANE: Geese Jr. Jr. the Third happened to me.

MOLLY: Eww . . . I'm sorry.

ERIN: He seems to be fixated on Shane as a target for some reason.

MOLLY: Well, you know . . . at one time, he did seem to go after the men on the farm. But it hasn't been a problem for a while.

SHANE: Until now.

MOLLY: So how's your father this morning? I've been worried about him.

SHANE: Actually, I haven't seen him. He got up early.

MOLLY: Hmm . . . poor Aidan. I think I know where he is.

SHANE: Where?

MOLLY: It's a place he goes whenever he's facing a problem and needs time to just think and pray. He calls it the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

ERIN: Valley of the Shadow of Death? Sounds creepy to me.

MOLLY: It's a phrase from Psalm 23. I'm sure you've heard it . . . "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me . . ." It means that when we go through difficult times in life—times that seem like dark, scary valleys—we don't have to fear because God is with us.

SHANE: It's because of the letter he got yesterday, isn't it?

MOLLY: Yes, I'm sure it is.

ERIN: You really think he's going to lose the farm?

MOLLY: Yes, maybe so.

ERIN: Hmm . . . it just seems so unfair.

MOLLY: I know . . . I've heard of the government taking people's land for public use, but I never thought it could happen here.

SHANE: You know, I think I'll contact the county. We need a better explanation about all this. Maybe they can send someone out to talk to us. *(starts toward the farmhouse)*

ERIN: That's a good idea. And while you're at it . . . a shower and a change of clothes would be a good idea too!

SHANE exits into the farmhouse.

ERIN: *(to MOLLY)* No doubt, Shane's gonna want to fight this thing.

MOLLY: People do sometimes . . . but, they don't usually win.

ERIN: Hmm, well . . . *(gathers up her cleaning supplies)* . . . I'm going to go wash up. Nice talking to you, Miss Molly.

MOLLY: Nice talking to you too.

ERIN exits into the farmhouse. Then MOLLY walks to the door of the barn and calls for Patty.

MOLLY: Patty, are you in there?

Then a hysterical, wild-eyed PATTY bursts out of the barn almost knocking MOLLY over. She has sheep shears in one hand and a wad of sheep's wool in the other. Add smoke effect from inside barn as an option.

PATTY: *(talking fast and starting to rhyme—emphasize the rhyming words)* Oh no! Where'd she go? She was just here a second ago!

MOLLY: Who?

PATTY: Cotton Ball, the little brat! I've never seen her run like that! She went berserk just like a cat!

MOLLY: Say, what's gotten into you? You sound like a Dr. Seuss book.

PATTY: Well, I made a potion for the sheep, to make them strong and not so weak!

"Sheeperade" is what they call it. I tried it myself, but it made me vomit!

MOLLY: Eww!

PATTY: *(distracted)* So I think I got the recipe wrong, and now that goofy ewe is gone!

MOLLY: Patty, I don't know what to do, you've made a mess, and that is true.

Oh no! You've got me rhyming too!

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

PATTY: (*excited*) I hear her now, she's over yonder,
I'll run and run until I find her!

And when I do, I'll sheer that sheep and bring you
back a great big heap!

Patty quickly exits the stage, running like a cartoon character toward the rear of the auditorium.

MOLLY: Oh my! Sheep cheese and now Sheeperade.
Well, one thing's for certain . . . Patty and recipes
don't mix!

GRANDPA FITZ enters the stage with his shepherd's staff and notices PATTY running in the distance.

GRANDPA FITZ: Is that Patty running like that?
What's going on?

MOLLY: Well, all I can say is . . . if she offers you
something to drink, whatever you do, DON'T drink
it, or you'll be sorry!

GRANDPA FITZ: Thanks for the warning.

MOLLY: (*mutters*) I guess I'll come back tomorrow
for my wool.

MOLLY exits.

GRANDPA FITZ: I wonder what that was all about.

SHANE emerges from the farmhouse with an umbrella to protect him from Geese's droppings.

GRANDPA FITZ: (*noticing SHANE with an umbrella, he looks at the sky*) Shane? Is there rain in the
forecast?

SHANE: It's not water I'm worried about . . . it's
Geese's droppings.

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, I see. Well, don't worry . . .
after a while, he'll get used to you.

SHANE: I hope you're right.

GRANDPA FITZ: He's just protecting the farm,
that's all.

SHANE: Dad . . . I called the county, and they're
sending someone over to explain what this CPO
letter is all about. Just so you know.

Both sit on the bench, if there's room, or just Shane sits.

GRANDPA FITZ: Shane, you remember what a
"cast" or "cast down" sheep is, right?

SHANE: Oh, sure . . . that's when a sheep is on its
back and can't get up. I remember when you'd
send me out to look for sheep that might have
wandered off and were stuck on their backs.

GRANDPA FITZ: Right . . . and that's because it's
really bad for them and makes them easy prey for
wolves and coyotes. Remember when I'd say that
people are often like sheep—prone to worry and
wander and become easily cast down?

SHANE: I do remember. But Dad, what are you
trying to say?

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, I just wanted you to know
that I've been pretty cast down myself lately . . .
worrying about the farm and the future. But
someone once challenged me, "Don't worry, just
pray." So I spent time in prayer with God this
morning, and like a good shepherd, he picked me
up and put me back on my feet.

SHANE: How did he do that?

GRANDPA FITZ: God comforted me like only he can
do. And so, now I'm at peace with the situation.
If we're able to save the farm, great . . . but if we
end up losing it, I'll be okay, because I trust God.
He dearly loves his sheep, but his ways are higher
than ours; sometimes we just can't understand
completely.

VILLAIN enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds toward the stage.

SHANE: Okay. Well, I'm glad you're feeling better.
But I want you to know that I'm going to fight this
as best as I can. I may not know much about sheep
farming, but I think I'm a pretty good lawyer.

GRANDPA FITZ: I know you are . . . and I
appreciate it.

VILLAIN approaches the stage.

SHANE: Oh, this must be the man from the county.

VILLAIN: Hello, everyone!

GRANDPA FITZ: So . . . we meet again.

SHANE: You know each other?

VILLAIN: Yes, I was here a couple days ago when
the farm was for sale.

GRANDPA FITZ: But, now it's not, so you're using
your government power to take it from us?

VILLAIN: Well, I wouldn't put it so crudely, but, yes
. . . I guess you could say that. You see, the county
wants—actually, *needs*—to put a new road through
here, and your farm is in the way. It's really
that simple.

GRANDPA FITZ: But it's my home . . . the only place I've lived for 74 years!

VILLAIN: Well, you're going to be paid for it. It's not like we're just going to steal it from you.

GRANDPA FITZ: I don't want your money.

VILLAIN: Listen, I understand how hard this is for you. I really do. These decisions are never easy for us at the county.

SHANE: *(sarcastic)* Yes, you seem very upset about it.

VILLAIN: Oh, we are! But we can't stand in the way of progress now, can we?

SHANE: Progress? How is it progress to build a new road out here in the country where there's already plenty of roads and no traffic? And what's the purpose of this new road? Have any other routes been considered?

VILLAIN: *(starts to get flustered)* Questions, questions . . . so many questions!

SHANE: Well, that is why you're here, isn't it? To answer our questions?

VILLAIN: *(annoyed)* Listen, I'm sorry if you can't accept it, but there's nothing I can do. The wheels are already in motion. I suggest you start packing.

SHANE: Packing?

VILLAIN: *(looks at his watch and interrupts)* Oh, look at the time! I'm sorry, but I must get back to the office. *(starts to exit, then remembers the food fine)* Oh, I almost forgot.

VILLAIN pulls an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to GRANDPA FITZ.

VILLAIN: Here you go. Just another little present from the county. Have a nice day!

VILLAIN exits the stage and heads toward the rear of the auditorium.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(opens the letter)* A fine for unlicensed food production?

SHANE: What?

GRANDPA FITZ: Patty's cheese.

VILLAIN: *(happy, he looks back over his shoulder and laughs as he rubs his hands together)* Ha ha! My plan is working! It won't be long now until I'm rich! *(skips his way out of the auditorium)*

THEME MUSIC

DAY 4 DRAMA

Characters: GRANDPA FITZ, MOLLY, PATTY, SHANE, ERIN

THEME MUSIC

Scene begins with MOLLY sitting on a bench knitting, with her knitting basket on the floor beside her. She's patiently waiting for PATTY to arrive with her wool. Soon, GRANDPA FITZ walks up holding a personal journal.

GRANDPA FITZ: Top of the mornin' to ya!

MOLLY: Well, Aidan . . . you're sure bright and chipper!

GRANDPA FITZ: And why shouldn't I be? I've got so much to be thankful for!

MOLLY: Yes, God is good, isn't he?

GRANDPA FITZ takes a seat next to MOLLY.

GRANDPA FITZ: So what brings you to the farm this morning?

MOLLY: Just waiting for Patty to arrive. She still owes me an order of wool, and my supplies are getting really low.

GRANDPA FITZ: Uh-oh.

MOLLY: Yep . . . so low I can't sleep at night!

GRANDPA FITZ: *(smiling)* Well, we can't have that now, can we? Let *me* get it for you.

MOLLY: No, wait here she comes.

PATTY enters the stage holding an open box with a box turtle in it.

PATTY: Sorry I'm late! Slept through my alarm. *(big yawn)* I don't know why I'm so tired this morning.

MOLLY: Probably because of that Sheeperade concoction you made. After it wore off, nothing was going to wake you up!

PATTY: Think that was it?

MOLLY: I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, I'll let you two conduct business. I need to go count my sheep and count my blessings.

MOLLY: Well, you better get going then, 'cause that's gonna take a while!

GRANDPA FITZ exits.

MOLLY: What's in the box?

PATTY: Huh? Oh, I almost forgot! This is my new friend, George the box turtle. We met on Bailey Road this morning. Isn't he cute? *(holds him up toward MOLLY)*

MOLLY: *(leans away)* He's a reptile.

PATTY: He's still cute. *(then sees MOLLY's knitting basket with a bed of yarn inside)* Say, Miss Molly . . . would it be okay if I let him rest on your yarn? It's a whole lot softer than the bottom of this box.

MOLLY: But that's my good yarn.

PATTY: Oh, don't worry, I got all the dirt off of him, so he's clean as a whistle.

MOLLY: *(reluctant)* Well . . .

PATTY: You don't mind, do you? *(as she lowers the turtle into the basket)*

MOLLY: *(annoyed)* I guess it's okay. But if he does—you know what—on my yarn, you're gonna owe me.

PATTY: Oh, don't worry, he'll be good. *(leans down to talk to the turtle)* Won't you, buddy? *(pauses as she listens to the turtle)* What was that? Oh . . . *(to MOLLY)* He said thank you and that he'd be on his best behavior.

MOLLY: Right. I'm sure he did.

PATTY: Let me go get your bag of wool.

Patty exits into the barn, then MOLLY warns the turtle.

MOLLY: You better behave yourself or we'll be having turtle soup for dinner! You got that?

MOLLY turns up her nose, pushes the basket away with her foot, then continues to knit. Soon, PATTY returns with a very large bag of wool.

PATTY: Here's your wool! It's a pretty big bag. Want me to carry it home for you?

MOLLY: No, thank you. That's not necessary.

PATTY: Really, I will.

MOLLY: No, I *want* to carry it myself. That's how I keep myself fit—staying active and doing hard

things. *(lifts the bag over her head and performs a couple squats before setting it down)*

PATTY: Well, it's obviously working.

MOLLY: Thanks.

MOLLY resumes her knitting.

PATTY: So what are you knitting today?

MOLLY: Oh, this? It's gonna be a winter hat for my granddaughter.

PATTY: Hmm . . . I sure could use a winter hat. My old one looks like a cat in need of a hairbrush.

MOLLY: Well, I'd be happy to make you one.

PATTY: Really?

MOLLY: Sure . . . on second thought, maybe you should give it a whirl.

PATTY: Me, knit? Are you serious?

MOLLY: Of course, I'm serious! It's not hard to do. In fact, I think I've got an old project I started a while ago. Let me see . . . *(tentatively reaches into the basket, not wanting to touch the turtle)* Yes, here it is. *(gives her old project to PATTY, then her basket suddenly moves a foot or so in the direction of the farmhouse, but they don't notice)*

PATTY: Are you sure?

MOLLY: Absolutely. It's already started for you.

PATTY: Well, okay.

While MOLLY helps PATTY hold her knitting correctly, the basket moves another foot or two.

MOLLY: So, you hold the needles like this and then . . .

SHEEP SOUND [SFX]

PATTY: Oh . . . for crying out loud! Can't those sheep see that I'm busy? Wait! That sounds like Rosie! She's supposed to give birth today! Sorry, Miss Molly . . . I gotta go!

PATTY runs into the barn, taking her knitting with her. MOLLY's basket moves again.

MOLLY: Poor girl . . . so many responsibilities.

MOLLY's knitting suddenly gets yanked right out of her hands as it was somehow tied to PATTY's.

MOLLY: Hey! That's mine! *(lunges after it and falls)*
Come back here!

As MOLLY follows her knitting into the barn, her basket starts to slowly move more steadily in the opposite

direction, passing the farmhouse as ERIN emerges from the front door with a vacuum cleaner.

ERIN: *(notices the moving basket)* Hmm . . . I guess you just never know what you're gonna see on a sheep farm. *(goes from curious to impatient)* Well, hurry up! I've got work to do. *(watches it move along)*
That's better! *(starts to vacuum the front yard)*

SHANE enters from the rear of the auditorium and proceeds toward the stage while ERIN vacuums and the basket continues to move until it's offstage. When SHANE enters the stage, he stops and stares at ERIN.

ERIN: *(seeing SHANE staring, she stops vacuuming)*
What are you staring at?

SHANE: Sorry, I've just never seen anyone vacuum their front yard before.

ERIN: Well . . . now you have!

SHANE: Do you really think it's necessary?

ERIN: Of course, how else do you clean it?

SHANE: *(scratches head)* Uh . . . you don't.

ERIN: You don't? *(becomes upset)* Well, how was I supposed to know that? I'm from New York City. I've never even *had* a front yard before! *(sets the vacuum aside)*

MOLLY emerges from the barn with her knitting project. She grabs the large bag of wool, then notices her basket is missing, so she starts looking for it.

SHANE: *(consoling ERIN)* I'm sorry, things are just different on a farm. But I sure appreciate all you're doing to make everything neat and tidy.

ERIN: I guess it is silly to work so hard since we're going to lose the farm anyway. *(then notices MOLLY)*
Miss Molly? Did you lose something?

MOLLY: *(puzzled)* Yes . . . my basket of yarn was there by the bench, and now it's gone.

ERIN: Oh, yes! I saw it! It went that way! *(points offstage)*

MOLLY: Did you say it "went" that way?

ERIN: Yes! It couldn't have gotten far. It was moving pretty slow.

Befuddled, MOLLY looks at SHANE for an explanation.

SHANE: *(shrugs shoulders)* Don't look at me.

MOLLY: *(suddenly figures it out)* Oh, wait . . . George! You said this way? *(points offstage)*

ERIN: Yes, that way!

MOLLY quickly exits in the direction of the basket.

ERIN: Hope she finds it. And who's George?

SHANE: *(confused)* I have *no* idea what you two are talking about. But anyway, I need to find Dad. Do you know where he is?

ERIN: Yeah, he's either in the barn or out in the fields.

SHANE: Thanks.

ERIN exits into the farmhouse with the vacuum cleaner as SHANE strolls to the barn. When he gets near the partially open door, it seems to close by itself. SHANE grabs the handle to open it, but it won't budge.

SHANE: Hmm . . . that's strange. I didn't know this door could lock. Hello? Is anybody in there? Patty?

GOOSE LAUGH 1.0 [SFX]

Then GEESE THE GOOSE (puppet) appears in the barn window mocking SHANE.

SHANE: *(irritated)* Geese? Did you do that? Did you lock the door?

GOOSE LAUGH 2.0 [SFX]

SHANE: That's not funny! I have something important to talk to Grandpa Fitz about. Now, you open the door!

GOOSE LAUGH 1.0 [SFX]

SHANE: I mean it! Open the door right now, or you're going to be sorry!

Suddenly, the barn door pops open.

SHANE: That's better. Thank you . . . I mean . . . oh, never mind.

As soon as SHANE enters the barn, a big crash is heard.

BIG CRASH [SFX]

SHANE: Ow!

GOOSE SPLAT FLY AWAY [SFX]

SHANE emerges a bit disheveled and with goose droppings on his shirt.

SHANE: *(fist in the air)* Geese Jr. Jr. the Third! I'm going to get you, if it's the last thing I do!

Then GRANDPA FITZ enters from around the side of the barn and sees SHANE in a sorry state.

GRANDPA FITZ: Shane? What's wrong?

SHANE: Geese Jr. Jr. the Third is what's wrong! *(then feels the bird droppings)* Disgusting!

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, did he do it again? I'm sorry. Let me get a towel. *(ducks briefly into the barn to grab a towel)* Here.

SHANE: Thanks. *(wipes his head and hands)*

GRANDPA FITZ: What are we going to do about that crazy bird?

SHANE: It's okay, Dad, I'll deal with it. But I wanted to talk with you.

GRANDPA FITZ: Yeah, I wanted to talk with you too.

SHANE: Really? What about?

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh . . . just about today. I've had the most wonderful time recalling all the ways God has blessed Stillwater Farm over the years. Like when the barn caught on fire. You were pretty young, but do you remember that?

SHANE: Oh, yeah . . . I remember you throwing buckets of water and praying at the same time. But the flames kept getting bigger and bigger. Then suddenly, it started raining and put the fire out. That was pretty amazing.

GRANDPA FITZ: Or how about the terrible sheep plague that swept through the valley, but not one of our sheep was affected. That was another answer to prayer. Then again, it wasn't always happy endings, was it? We've had our hard times too.

SHANE: Oh yeah, like the swarms of bugs that destroyed our crops. But you never complained. I'll always remember that.

GRANDPA FITZ: Well, that's because your mom and I wanted to focus on God and who he is, and not on our circumstances.

SHANE: Still . . . I'm sure it wasn't easy.

GRANDPA FITZ: No, it wasn't. And now, we're facing the loss of the farm, but I'm asking God to help me turn any grumbling into gratitude. God is always good, no matter what happens. And he's already filled my cup to overflowing and blessed me far beyond what I could ever ask or imagine. *(short pause)* So anyway, I practically filled this journal with praises! *(holds up his journal)*

SHANE: Wow . . . I'd really like to read that sometime.

GRANDPA FITZ: Here, take it! *(hands SHANE his journal)* Now, what was it that you wanted to talk to me about?

SHANE: Oh, never mind. We can talk tomorrow.

GRANDPA FITZ: Really? Are you sure?

SHANE: Yes, I'm sure. It can wait.

GRANDPA FITZ: All right, well . . . I think I'll go lie down for a bit before dinner.

SHANE: Good idea.

SHANE watches GRANDPA FITZ as he exits into the farmhouse.

SHANE: *(to himself, with feeling)* I love you, Dad.

THEME MUSIC

DAY 5 DRAMA

Characters: ERIN, PATTY, GRANDPA FITZ, MOLLY, SHANE, VILLAIN

THEME MUSIC

Scene begins with ERIN emerging from the farmhouse ready to explore the great outdoors with boots, backpack, safari hat, sunglasses, and a camera around her neck. She also has a small spray bottle and rag hanging from her belt.

ERIN: Okay, let's take inventory—backpack, camera, hand sanitizer, cleaning supplies . . . oops, I forgot to tie my boots. Can't have that. Wouldn't want to trip and fall into anything stinky.

ERIN walks to the bench to tie her boot laces, but before sitting, she sprays and wipes the seat. Then PATTY emerges from the barn wearing a dirty white apron, a white chef's hat, and safety goggles.

ERIN: Hello, Patty.

PATTY: *(turns away from ERIN)* Who said that?

ERIN: I did! Over here.

PATTY: *(turns toward ERIN)* Oh, hi, Miss Molly!

ERIN: It's Erin.

PATTY: *(confused)* You changed your name?

ERIN: Here, let me clean those for you.

ERIN grabs a spray bottle (with water) and sprays PATTY's face liberally, then wipes her goggles. PATTY sputters from the spray then raises the goggles to her forehead.

PATTY: Oh, it's Miss Erin! Sorry, I guess I need to get some new goggles. I can't see anything with these.

ERIN: So you're making cheese again?

PATTY: Yes, how'd you know?

ERIN: Oh, I don't know . . . apron, chef's hat . . . but, I didn't know you needed safety goggles for cheese making.

PATTY: You don't. I was chopping firewood earlier and forgot to take them off.

ERIN: Wait . . . so, you were chopping wood with safety glasses that you can't see through?

PATTY: *(suddenly occurs to her)* Uh, yeah, probably not a good idea, huh?

ERIN: I wouldn't recommend it. *(grabs her things to go)*

PATTY: Where are you off to?

ERIN: I just thought I'd explore the farm a little. There's so much I haven't seen yet, and if I don't go today, I might not get the chance because of the sale.

PATTY: Yeah, I guess they could kick us out any day now. Hard to believe this is all coming to an end.

ERIN: Well, I'll let you get back to your . . . uh . . . cheese making.

PATTY: Cheese making? *(short pause)* Oh! Right! I almost forgot! *(quickly puts her goggles back on and stumbles her way back to the barn)*

ERIN: Watch where you're going!

PATTY: Yeah, remind me to get some new safety goggles! *(she finds the door, opens it, and rushes inside).*

PATTY CRASH [SFX]

PATTY: *(from backstage)* I'm okay!

ERIN: All right, here we go, out into the wild blue yonder. Hmm . . . I probably should have asked if there are any wild animals I should know about. *(as she exits behind the barn)* Oh, well, too late now.

GRANDPA FITZ, with a grocery bag in each hand, approaches the stage. MOLLY, also carrying grocery bags, is a few steps behind, slowly jogging as she goes.

GRANDPA FITZ: What a view! Even after all these years, it still gives me a thrill!

Then MOLLY enters the stage. She's a little winded from her exercising.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(proud of himself)* Why, Molly Quinn, are you out of breath? I'm not a bit winded by that climb!

MOLLY: Really? Have you been exercising behind my back? *(sets the grocery bags down and does some squats and jumping jacks)*

GRANDPA FITZ: *(smiling)* Hardly!

MOLLY: Then what's your secret?

GRANDPA FITZ: *(joking)* Bacon . . . lots and lots of bacon!

MOLLY: You mean rashers?

GRANDPA FITZ: No, bacon . . . American bacon. Erin's been cooking it every morning, and it's delicious!

MOLLY: *(joking)* So you mean to tell me that I've been wasting time doing squats and jumping jacks, when all I needed was a few strips of American bacon?

GRANDPA FITZ: *(joking)* Sorry! I thought you knew! No, seriously, the secret is the time I've been spending with God lately. It's been so good, it must be putting a pep in my step.

MOLLY: That's wonderful! What have you been reading?

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh, an old favorite that this lifelong shepherd has read so many times, but it never gets old.

MOLLY: Psalm 23? It's my favorite as well.

GRANDPA FITZ: I love it because it reminds me of what a good shepherd God is. And you know what? His goodness and mercy really have followed me all the days of my life. I've got so much to be thankful for! And, as much as I'm going to miss this place . . . *(suddenly pauses as he becomes emotional)* . . . someday, I'm going to dwell in the house of the Lord forever! *Forever!*

MOLLY: That's right, Aidan. And no compulsory purchase order will ever take it away!

GRANDPA FITZ: Praise the Lord!

PATTY enters carrying a small plate of cheese samples.

MOLLY: Uh-oh. Didn't you tell Patty about the fine?

GRANDPA FITZ: Not yet . . . why?

MOLLY: Well, don't look now, but I believe there are some cheese samples in your future.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(rolls his eyes)* Oh no!

PATTY: *(with great enthusiasm)* Hey, friends! Guess what? It's that time again! Time to stop and savor the cheese.

MOLLY: Patty, I'm allergic to dairy . . . remember?

PATTY: Oh, right.

GRANDPA FITZ: I thought you gave up cheese making?

PATTY: *(joking)* Oh, no, not by a long shot! You were probably just wishing I did!

GRANDPA FITZ: *(mutters)* Well, I can't deny that.

PATTY: *(excited)* But, you know, I think I've really done it this time!

GRANDPA FITZ: *(mutters again)* Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

PATTY: Anyway, I'm so excited! I made up a new recipe, and I'm calling it "Patty's Surprise." So, who'd like to go first? *(looking at MOLLY)* I'm dying to know how it tastes!

MOLLY: *(annoyed at her forgetfulness)* Patty.

PATTY: Oh, yeah . . . dairy allergy. So I guess you're up, Mr. Fitz!

GRANDPA FITZ: Wait . . . don't you know that any good chef always tries her food before serving it to the public?

PATTY: Really? Okay, then I'll go first. Do you mind?

GRANDPA FITZ: No, no . . . by all means, please do!

PATTY takes a sample and bites down.

LOUD CRUNCH [SFX]

MOLLY: Uh, you know cheese isn't supposed to crunch, right?

PATTY: *(holding the side of her mouth)* I think I chipped a tooth!

PATTY quickly takes her cheese samples and returns to the barn. Then MOLLY and GRANDPA FITZ look at each other with relief.

GRANDPA: Hopefully, she'll finally give up this time.

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

Suddenly, a frantic ERIN springs from behind the barn looking for a place to hide.

ERIN: Help! They're chasing me!

GRANDPA FITZ: What?

MOLLY: Who's chasing you, dear?

ERIN: The animals! The white and black ones!

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

MOLLY: You mean the sheep?

ERIN: Yes, the sheep!

SHANE and the VILLAIN enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed toward the stage.

MOLLY: *(smiling)* Don't worry, they can't get beyond the fence.

ERIN: Are you sure?

GRANDPA FITZ: Yes, that's why it's there. But still, you don't have to be afraid, sweetheart. If they're following you, that just means they like you. Sheep are very gentle animals.

SHEEP SOUNDS [SFX]

ERIN: Really? Oh, that makes me feel better.

Then SHANE and VILLAIN approach the stage.

MOLLY: Oh no, here comes trouble.

GRANDPA FITZ: Ah yes, the man from the county. *(quickly prays)* Lord, give me strength.

SHANE: Dad, wait . . . our friend here has something very important to tell you.

VILLAIN: *(humbled, he clears his throat)* Right . . . uh . . . good morning, everyone. It recently came to my attention that some people think my plan to improve the roads in our beloved county is a selfish trick. Of course, I was horrified to hear this!

SHANE rolls his eyes, reacting to the hypocrisy.

VILLAIN: Therefore, I did the only thing I could do as your trustworthy representative.

SHANE reacts with a cough.

VILLAIN: I immediately asked the county to reconsider its decision. And so, Mr. Fitzpatrick, I'm here to tell you that after much thought and many hours of discussion . . . the county has changed its plan and has chosen another route for the new road.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(confused)* I'm not sure I understand.

VILLAIN: We're withdrawing the compulsory purchase order. *(as he holds up a copy)* We're no longer interested in buying Stillwater Farm.

GRANDPA FITZ: *(astonished)* What?

SHANE motions to the VILLAIN, then he tears up the CPO notice.

GRANDPA FITZ: I can't believe it! So the farm is safe?

SHANE: Yes, Dad. The farm is safe!

Everyone starts to cheer, except the VILLAIN.

SHANE: But wait, that's not all. *(then to VILLAIN)* Keep going.

VILLAIN: *(has trouble making eye contact)* Right . . . and . . . you can also forget about the fine

for unlicensed food production. There was no violation. I, uh . . . made that part up.

GRANDPA FITZ: Really?

SHANE nudges him to continue.

VILLAIN: *(to SHANE)* What? *(then to GRANDPA FITZ)* Oh, and uh . . . here's some humble pie . . . I mean apple pie as a peace offering.

GRANDPA FITZ: Wow! I can't believe it! So much good news all at once. Thank you, sir! *(shakes VILLAIN's hand)*

VILLAIN: *(flat)* Don't mention it.

Then SHANE escorts VILLAIN to the edge of the stage.

SHANE: That was some performance you put on there.

VILLAIN: It did the job. Satisfied?

SHANE: For now. But you better behave yourself, because I'll be watching. I won't go easy on you next time.

VILLAIN: *(humiliated)* I understand.

Then the humiliated VILLAIN quickly exits the auditorium.

GRANDPA FITZ: Tell us what happened, son. How'd you manage this?

SHANE: *(lets out a deep breath)* Well, it wasn't easy, but I did some digging and . . . let's just say our "trustworthy representative" from the county stood to gain quite a bit of money for himself from all this.

MOLLY: What? No!

GRANDPA FITZ: So you confronted him?

SHANE: I did. I told him I was a lawyer and that I'd turn him in unless he made it right. And so he did.

ERIN: Just like that?

SHANE: Just like that.

GRANDPA FITZ: That's my boy! *(gives SHANE an affectionate slap on the shoulder)*

ERIN: Yes, I'm so proud of you!

MOLLY: It just goes to show, crime doesn't pay!

GRANDPA FITZ: I'm so thankful right now. Why don't we pray?

SHANE: Dad . . . can I?

GRANDPA FITZ: Of course! I'd love it if you would!

SHANE: Okay . . . *(a bit of an awkward silence, then he clears his throat and begins)* Dear heavenly Father, I know I haven't been following you for a very long time, and I'm really sorry about that. But I just want to thank you for saving the farm. This is a special place for our family. And thank you for opening my eyes to see how good you are and how much I need you. And, finally . . . thanks for my dad, because I know he prays for me. Amen.

GRANDPA FITZ hugs SHANE.

GRANDPA FITZ: I love you, son.

SHANE: Dad, guess what?

GRANDPA FITZ: What?

SHANE: I finally read Psalm 23 . . . but I didn't just read it. I memorized it.

PSALM 23 SLIDES

Slides of Psalm 23 appear onscreen as SHANE recites the entire psalm.

Then PATTY emerges from the barn carrying a shallow wooden crate.

PATTY: Hey, everyone! Good news! We have a new member in the family!

GRANDPA FITZ looks into the crate and sees a baby goose.

GRANDPA FITZ: Oh no. *(looks at SHANE)*

BABY GOOSE SQUEAK [SFX]

SHANE: Oh, please! Don't tell me it's a goose.

PATTY: Yes! It's Geese Jr. Jr. Jr. the Fourth!

ERIN: *(mutters)* These names are getting ridiculous.

MOLLY: Aw . . . look at him. He's so cute! I'll bet he's as soft as sheep's wool!

ERIN: *(as she pets him)* Oh, he is soft! *(to SHANE)* Shane, come here. Feel how soft.

SHANE: *(timid)* No, that's okay.

MOLLY: Oh, c'mon . . . you're not scared of a tiny little gosling, are you?

PATTY: Yeah . . . he's only like 10 minutes old. He couldn't hurt you if he tried.

SHANE: Of course, I'm not scared. Don't be ridiculous. *(he looks into the crate)*

MOLLY: Isn't he adorable? Feel how soft he is.

SHANE reaches down to touch the gosling.

ERIN: Aw, I think he likes you!

SHANE: Huh . . . you really think so? *(smiles, then suddenly yelps in pain)* Ouch! What on earth? Did you see that? He bit me! The little rascal bit me! *(as he shakes his injured finger and then holds it up)* I can't believe it!

BABY GOOSE LAUGH [SFX]

Then EVERYONE, except SHANE, looks at each other and laughs.

THEME MUSIC