

Deep Roots

by Rod Belt

Theme The parable of the sower is well known but in our urban world the idea of crops failing has lost its original impact. Here it is presented from the plants' point of view to create some human interest.

Cast: CORN: An ear of corn.
 WEED: A weed. Common.

Notes: The actors should be dressed as an ear of corn and as a bright but straggly weed (a dandelion?) maybe using masks, arms dressed as leaves, bodies wrapped in green (or gold for the corn) etc. They should not move their feet throughout the sketch (they are rooted in the ground!), but can twist, point etc.

(The two plants stand centre stage.)

WEED Hello! Do you come here often? *(waits for answer, which doesn't come)* I said...

CORN Yes yes, I heard you. I heard you now, I heard you yesterday, I heard you the day before, every morning the same question *(impersonates in drippy way)* "Do you come here often".

WEED I was just being polite...

CORN Of course I don't come here often! I'm a plant! You're a plant! We're rooted to the spot! I've been standing here next to you since you arrived!

WEED Oh... so, do you have any interests? *(Waits for an answer which doesn't come)* Mine's bird spotting. I'm an ornithologist!

CORN Oh do shut up!

(WEED looks offended. BOTH plants look away from the other. WEED looks around, then suddenly grabs hold of CORN and pushes/pulls him down into a crouch.)

BOTH Yaahhhhhh!

CORN *(pushing his head back up again)* What was that for?

WEED It's that man! The one with the long choppy thing! He's trying to chop our heads off!

CORN The farmer? Oh, well - thanks.

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- WEED That's OK. So, do you have many brothers and sisters?
- CORN What?
- WEED Do you have many brothers and sisters? I've got loads! See that field over there? *(points)* All those bright colours? They're my family! *(shouts over to field, like at a football match)* Come on you yellows!
- CORN *(suddenly sad)* Well, there aren't many of my kind here.
- WEED Yeah? Why's that then? How come you're on your own?
- CORN Well, there were supposed to be thousands of us. See, the farmer came along here with a whole bag of seeds and sowed them all over the place.
- WEED You're lucky, I don't have anyone to give me a good start like that. I just fell here by chance!
- CORN Yes, I was lucky, but the rest of us weren't. Some landed over there *(points)*, on that path. They never stood a chance.
- WEED Why not? It looks like a nice spot for a picnic!
- CORN Oh, it was! The farmer had hardly turned his back when dozens of birds swooped down and had all the seeds for breakfast.
- WEED That's dreadful! But surely they didn't all fall on the path?
- CORN Oh no, some fell on that ground over there *(points in a slightly different direction)*.
- WEED *(looking hard)* I can't see them.
- CORN No. They did a bit better. They weren't eaten, and they started to grow fast. They were doing alright. But then the sun came out.
- WEED Ooh, I love a bit of sun! Sun's good, right?
- CORN Wrong. The soil wasn't deep so their roots were near the surface. The sun dried the soil, the plants got thirstier and thirstier and, well, you can guess the rest.
- (WEED looks sad, then suddenly grabs CORN and pulls him down again)*
- BOTH Yaahhhhhh!
- CORN *(once again pushing himself back up and looking around)* There was no-one there that time! Will you stop doing that!