

WEE LITTLE MAN

by Kevin Stone



CHRISTIANPUBLISHERS

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Christian Publishers. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Christian Publishers. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Christian Publishers.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Christian Publishers.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Christian Publishers.

Wee Little Man

A comedy in three scenes with music

by Kevin Stone

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Special thanks to Dr. Charles Rigby for his permission to use ideas presented in one of his sermons as the basis for this play. Charles and his wife Diane are missionaries in Washington State.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(5 M, 3 W, 2 either, plus choir)

ZACCHAEUS is the hard-hearted, greedy “Scrooge of Palestine.”

The unseen NARRATOR is waggishly atypical. More often than not, she is more interested in droll repartee with Zacchaeus than in advancing the story line.

The CHOIR provides the familiar musical narrative of Zacchaeus’s story and interacts with Zacchaeus throughout the play.

The four neighbors (the WOMAN, the BLIND MAN, the MAN, and the WIDOW) are desolate over life’s seeming vagaries, but when Jesus comes, their sorrow is turned to joy.

The resurrected BOY and the crutchless GIRL are witness to the healing power of Jesus.

The SOLDIER is robbed of his chance to make an arrest, but he dutifully stays in character, even when Zacchaeus is at his most facetious.

JESUS is kind and authoritative, with the ability to change lives dramatically and permanently.

The roles of Narrator and Soldier may be male or female.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This comedy in three scenes with music may be presented by upper elementary children through adults.

Props: A pencil, a scroll, and an alarm clock (on the desk); one large money bag (for Zacchaeus); a bowl containing a single coin (for the Blind Man); four smaller money bags (for Neighbors); an oversized script; and a pair of crutches (for the Girl).

Set: The set can be as simply or fully furnished as desired. You will need a desk and chair for Zacchaeus's office at Downstage Left. The four doorways that are spaced across the stage may be open frames with curtains, or they may be functional doors. One has an electric doorbell. The tree that Zacchaeus eventually climbs may be a leafy-branched representation of a real tree, or (as per the script) it may be suggested by a small stepladder.

Position the choir in such a way that they are separated from the main action of the play but are still able to converse with the actors. The choir members are a main ingredient in the play's melodrama and should interpret their songs accordingly.

Songs: Substitute your own selections as needed. These songs are widely available in Sunday school songbooks or online.

"Zacchaeus Was a Wee Little Man" (traditional)

"I've Got the Joy (Down in My Heart)" (traditional)

"If You're Happy and You Know It" (traditional — substitute "forgiven")

"Hallelu, Hallelu" (traditional)

"Seek Ye First" (music by Karen Lafferty, c 1972, Maranatha! Music)

Sound Effects: A clock alarm, a doorbell, nutshells cracking.

Costumes: Use simple biblical costuming for the On-Stage characters and contemporary clothing for the choir. The Man (with the withered hand) should have strips of cloth wrapped around one hand when the play begins.

5
Scene 1

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38

(Lights up. ZACCHAEUS enters and sits at the desk in his “office” and begins looking through a scroll.)

NARRATOR: *(From Off-Stage)* This is Zacchaeus. His story is told in the Bible, in the book of Luke.

ZACCHAEUS: Chapter nineteen, verses one through ten.

NARRATOR: Zacchaeus is good with numbers. He has to be, because he’s a tax collector.

ZACCHAEUS: *Chief tax collector. (He takes a pencil and begins making some computations on his scroll.)*

NARRATOR: Yes, and he also has a diphthong in his name. But right now, let’s demonstrate his math skills: Zacchaeus, what is forty-one plus sixty-seven?

ZACCHAEUS: One hundred eight.

NARRATOR: Divided by four.

ZACCHAEUS: Twenty-seven.

NARRATOR: Minus twelve.

ZACCHAEUS: Fifteen.

NARRATOR: To the third power.

ZACCHAEUS: Three thousand, three hundred seventy-five.

NARRATOR: You see what I mean? Zacchaeus was so good with numbers that he found it easy to *cheat* people. *(On the word “cheat,” ZACCHAEUS’s pencil breaks.)*

ZACCHAEUS: *(Angrily picking up a new pencil)* You’re meddling!

NARRATOR: Zacchaeus’ name means “pure,” but that’s an oxymoron.

ZACCHAEUS: Just stick to the arithmetic!

NARRATOR: OK, story problem: Someone owes twenty-five denarii in taxes. When you go to his door, how much do you collect from him?

ZACCHAEUS: Thirty denarii. The extra twenty percent is for my — wait a minute!

NARRATOR: Sorry, Zacchaeus. It’s part of the story, and it’s true. *(ZACCHAEUS shoots him a grim look and goes back to work.)* But Zacchaeus’ dishonesty was not his only distinguishing characteristic.

- 1 CHOIR: (*Singing happily*) Zacchaeus was a wee little man,
 2 A wee little man was he!
 3 ZACCHAEUS: (*Standing*) It's those singers again! They never
 4 leave me alone!
 5 NARRATOR: Zacchaeus was not a tall man.
 6 CHOIR: (*Shrilly, in a minor key*) A wee little man!
 7 NARRATOR: In fact, he was really short.
 8 ZACCHAEUS: Do we have to discuss this?!
 9 NARRATOR: The shortness included his temper, by the way.
 10 ZACCHAEUS: So I'm short! Big deal!
 11 NARRATOR: That's another oxymoron.
 12 ZACCHAEUS: How'd you like it if every week, kids all
 13 around the world went to Sunday school and sang
 14 happy little songs about *your* stature?!
 15 NARRATOR: Well, given my *height*—
 16 ZACCHAEUS: I don't want to hear it! I wouldn't mind all
 17 this, I really wouldn't. It's just that my height — well,
 18 it's a —
 19 NARRATOR: A shortcoming?
 20 ZACCHAEUS: Very funny.
 21 NARRATOR: Nothing personal, of course.
 22 CHOIR: (*Singing*) He climbed up in a juniper tree —
 23 ZACCHAEUS: Wait a minute!
 24 NARRATOR: Zacchaeus never could understand this part of
 25 the song.
 26 ZACCHAEUS: I don't climb trees!
 27 CHOIR: (*Speaking in unison*) Never?
 28 ZACCHAEUS: Never ever!
 29 NARRATOR: Especially, Zacchaeus said, juniper trees.
 30 ZACCHAEUS: Why would I climb a juniper tree? What's up
 31 there?
 32 NARRATOR: One day our tax collector was not only short of
 33 stature and of temper, he was also short of something
 34 else.
 35 NARRATOR and ZACCHAEUS: (*In unison*) Money!
 36 (*Exasperated, ZACCHAEUS walks Downstage.*)
 37 ZACCHAEUS: That was *my* line.
 38 NARRATOR: It was only one word.

- 1 **ZACCHAEUS:** *(Taking his position again)* **My cue?**
- 2 **NARRATOR:** *(With a perfunctory air)* **He was also short of**
 3 **something else.**
- 4 **ZACCHAEUS:** *(With gusto)* **Money!**
- 5 **NARRATOR:** **I liked it better when we said it in unison. More**
 6 **emphatic.**
- 7 **ZACCHAEUS:** **It's *my* line!**
- 8 **NARRATOR:** **And you say it well.**
- 9 **ZACCHAEUS:** **Could we get on with the story?**
- 10 **NARRATOR:** **To continue —** *(SFX: The clock alarm rings.)*
- 11 **ZACCHAEUS:** *(Picking up the clock and turning it off)* **Finally!**
 12 **Tax time!** *(He sets the clock down and begins preparing for*
 13 *collection.)*
- 14 **NARRATOR:** **Tax day was Zacchaeus's favorite day. It was**
 15 **even better than his birthday — probably because on his**
 16 **birthday he never got anything, but on tax day he got**
 17 **everything he wanted. Full of anticipation, he took his**
 18 **largest money bag and went in search of cash.**
 19 *(ZACCHAEUS approaches the first door.)*
- 20 **ZACCHAEUS:** *(Knocking)* **Tax Collector!** *(A WOMAN answers.)*
- 21 **WOMAN:** **Hello?**
- 22 **ZACCHAEUS:** **It's tax time.**
- 23 **WOMAN:** **But — I have no money.**
- 24 **ZACCHAEUS:** **Wrong answer.**
- 25 **WOMAN:** **I have been very sick. A chronic ailment —**
- 26 **ZACCHAEUS:** **Spare me the inventory. All I need is money.**
- 27 **WOMAN:** **I told you, I have none. I've spent my last mite on**
 28 **the doctors.**
- 29 **ZACCHAEUS:** **If you saw the doctors, then you'll get better.**
 30 **End of problem.**
- 31 **WOMAN:** **They cannot help me. They said I will not get**
 32 **better.**
- 33 **ZACCHAEUS:** **I'll give you one week to pay up.**
- 34 **WOMAN:** **Please! The doctors —**
- 35 **ZACCHAEUS:** **One week. Cough up the cash or go to jail.** *(The*
 36 *WOMAN shuts the door. ZACCHAEUS approaches the second*
 37 *door and knocks. A BLIND MAN answers, holding a bowl.)*
- 38 **BLIND MAN:** **Yes? What is it?**

- 1 **ZACCHAEUS:** I'm Zacchaeus, Chief Tax Collector. Pay your
 2 tax.
- 3 **BLIND MAN:** I'm sorry, sir. I cannot work because I am
 4 blind. (*He shows his nearly empty bowl.*) And this has been
 5 a very bad week for begging.
- 6 **ZACCHAEUS:** I'll take this. (*He pulls the only coin from the bowl*
 7 *and drops it into his bag.*) And I'll be back in one week for
 8 the rest of your tax.
- 9 **BLIND MAN:** (*Feeling his bowl*) But you took all I have.
- 10 **ZACCHAEUS:** Get some more by next week.
- 11 **BLIND MAN:** How can I?
- 12 **ZACCHAEUS:** Beg hard. (*The BLIND MAN shuts his door.*
 13 *ZACCHAEUS begins to leave, muttering:*) **Oh-for-two.** (*He*
 14 *comes to the third door and pushes the doorbell.*
 15 *SFX: Ding-dong!*) **Open up! Tax Collector!**
- 16 **MAN:** (*Answering*) Yes?
- 17 **ZACCHAEUS:** It's that time again! I'm here to collect your
 18 taxes.
- 19 **MAN:** Oh, no. I must ask for your leniency. I do not have
 20 enough to pay.
- 21 **ZACCHAEUS:** This is getting old. Why not?
- 22 **MAN:** I've been losing business because of my withered
 23 hand. (*He holds up his right hand, wrapped in cloths.*) It
 24 slows me down.
- 25 **ZACCHAEUS:** Another excuse! I'll give you until next week
 26 to have the full amount plus interest.
- 27 **MAN:** But my hand —
- 28 **ZACCHAEUS:** That's your problem. Don't make it mine. (*He*
 29 *leaves. The MAN shuts his door. ZACCHAEUS approaches the*
 30 *fourth door and knocks.*) **Tax Collector!** (*There is no answer,*
 31 *so he knocks again.*) **Tax Collector!** (*The door opens, and the*
 32 *limp form of the BOY falls out.*)
- 33 **ZACCHAEUS:** (*Nudging the BOY with his foot*) **Hey, what's**
 34 **wrong with you?**
- 35 **WIDOW:** (*Running through the door*) **Help me! Sir, please help**
 36 **me! My boy — I think he's dead!**
- 37 **ZACCHAEUS:** You *think*? You aren't sure? Is he dead or only
 38 dying?

- 1 WIDOW: Please help me! He's not breathing! It's my only
2 son!
- 3 ZACCHAEUS: Feigning death. A common ploy of tax
4 evaders.
- 5 WIDOW: *(Feeling her son's pulse)* He's — he's gone! *(She cries*
6 *bitterly.)*
- 7 ZACCHAEUS: *(Feeling the pulse on the other wrist)* So he is. *(He*
8 *drops the wrist.)*
- 9 WIDOW: My only son!
- 10 ZACCHAEUS: Tell you what. I'll only charge him half the
11 amount he owes. You, however, are still responsible for
12 the full amount.
- 13 WIDOW: What am I going to do?
- 14 ZACCHAEUS: I can see you're busy, so I'll come back next
15 week. Based on your amount due, I'd recommend the
16 budget burial this time. No frills, no flowers. *(He begins*
17 *to leave, muttering.)* These people will be the death of me
18 yet! *(He returns to his desk and chair. Lights fade out, except*
19 *for a spotlight on ZACCHAEUS.)*
- 20 NARRATOR: And that day Zacchaeus went home
21 empty-handed.
- 22 ZACCHAEUS: I'd forgotten this play had a narrator.
23 Where've you been?
- 24 NARRATOR: Your actions speak louder than my words.
- 25 ZACCHAEUS: Right. You were probably stuffin' your face
26 with those chocolates you keep up there.
- 27 NARRATOR: You're just upset because no one gave you any
28 money.
- 29 ZACCHAEUS: Whatever. *(He sits.)*
- 30 NARRATOR: No one came to visit Zacchaeus that night, but
31 then, no one ever did. Sometimes it seemed to
32 Zacchaeus as if his only friends in all the world were
33 the coins in his bag and the numbers on his paper.
- 34 CHOIR: *(Singing softly, as a lullaby)* Zacchaeus was a wee little
35 man,
36 A wee little man was he —! *(The spotlight fades out.)*
37
38

10
Scene 2

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38

(Lights up. ZACCHAEUS is asleep at his desk.)

CHOIR: *(Singing slowly)* He climbed up in an apricot tree —
(They pronounce “apricot” with a short “a,” as in “apple.”)

ZACCHAEUS: *(Snapping awake)* Hold on! I said I don’t climb trees!

CHOIR: *(Speaking in unison)* Really?

ZACCHAEUS: *(Standing)* And I don’t like apricots. *(He elongates the “a.”)*

CHOIR: *(Correcting his pronunciation)* Apricots.

NARRATOR: How about peaches?

ZACCHAEUS: Oh no, not you again.

NARRATOR: A light sleeper, aren’t you?

ZACCHAEUS: How can I sleep when a certain narrator insists on asking me questions about temperate-zone drupes?!

NARRATOR: “One-seeded indehiscent fruits —“

ZACCHAEUS: Indehiscent?

NARRATOR: “ — having hard endocarps, fleshy mesocarps, and thin exocarps.” You thought you’d throw me with that word “drupes,” but I have a dictionary up here.

ZACCHAEUS: Why are we defining peaches and apricots?!
(The long “a” again.)

CHOIR: *(Together)* Apricots. *(These guys are quick.)*

NARRATOR: Because fruit is good for you.

ZACCHAEUS: What does that have to do with this play?!

NARRATOR: Did I mention that your name is spelled with a diphthong?

ZACCHAEUS: *(Evenly, keeping his composure)* Has it been a week yet?

NARRATOR: “Double-c-h-a-e-u-s.” Definitely a diphthong, and the “a-e” could be considered a ligature. A diphthong and a ligature in the same name —

ZACCHAEUS: *(Losing control)* Has it been a week yet?!

NARRATOR: In fact, it has. One week exactly, and I was going to say as much if you had just been a little more patient.

- 1 ZACCHAEUS: (*Brandishing an oversized script*) Well, if you
 2 would follow the script every now and then —
 3 NARRATOR: All right, all right. “It is now exactly one week
 4 later.” How was that?
 5 ZACCHAEUS: (*He checks the line.*) Good. (*He tosses the script.*)
 6 You can read.
 7 NARRATOR: Are you going tax collecting again?
 8 ZACCHAEUS: (*Shouldering his money bag*) What do you think?
 9 NARRATOR: You really do love money, don’t you?
 10 ZACCHAEUS: Avarice runs in my family.
 11 NARRATOR: That, and small clothing sizes.
 12 ZACCHAEUS: Watch it!
 13 NARRATOR: What if they still don’t have the money?
 14 ZACCHAEUS: Then they’ll be sorry. (*He snaps his fingers and*
 15 *a SOLDIER enters.*)
 16 NARRATOR: And with a snap of his fingers, Zacchaeus
 17 summoned the guarantee that things would go his way.
 18 ZACCHAEUS: His name is Gordon, and he’s a centurion.
 19 SOLDIER: Who are you talking to? (*ZACCHAEUS pauses as if*
 20 *to reply, but then decides against it.*)
 21 ZACCHAEUS: Never mind. Let’s go. (*They begin approaching*
 22 *the first door.*)
 23 NARRATOR: So Zacchaeus set off with Garden, his armed
 24 gourd.
 25 ZACCHAEUS: (*To the NARRATOR*) The name’s Gordon!
 26 SOLDIER: Really? That’s my name, too.
 27 ZACCHAEUS: (*To the SOLDIER*) What?
 28 SOLDIER: But I thought you were Zacchaeus.
 29 ZACCHAEUS: I *am* Zacchaeus! I was — oh, never mind! (*To*
 30 *the NARRATOR*) Thanks a lot!
 31 SOLDIER: You’re welcome.
 32 ZACCHAEUS: (*To the SOLDIER*) Not you!
 33 NARRATOR: I’m sorry. What did I do now?
 34 ZACCHAEUS: (*To the NARRATOR*) Forget it!
 35 SOLDIER: Forget what?
 36 ZACCHAEUS: (*To the SOLDIER*) Not you!
 37 SOLDIER: (*To the audience*) I hope this job pays well.
 38 NARRATOR: The two of them reached the first house, little

- 1 **knowing that a surprise awaited them. (ZACCHAEUS**
 2 *knocks. The WOMAN exits her house with a money bag.)*
- 3 **WOMAN: (Singing jubilantly) I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy**
 4 **Down in my heart!**
- 5 **ZACCHAEUS: Where?**
- 6 **WOMAN: (Singing) Down in my heart!**
- 7 **SOLDIER: Where?**
- 8 **WOMAN: (singing) Down in my heart!**
 9 **I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy**
 10 **Down in my heart!**
- 11 **CHOIR: (Together) Where?**
- 12 **CHOIR and WOMAN: (Singing together) Down in my heart to**
 13 **stay!**
- 14 **WOMAN: (Handing ZACCHAEUS the money bag) And here's**
 15 **your money, Zacchaeus, plus the interest I'm sure you'll**
 16 **charge. Thank you! (She shuts the door.)**
- 17 **ZACCHAEUS: I didn't know this was a musical when I**
 18 **auditioned. (He looks to the SOLDIER at a loss.) I need**
 19 **some answers. (He knocks on the first door again.)**
- 20 **WOMAN: (Opening the door and singing) And I'm so happy! So**
 21 **very happy! I've got —**
- 22 **ZACCHAEUS: Excuse me!**
- 23 **WOMAN: Yes?**
- 24 **ZACCHAEUS: As much as I hate to interrupt a musical**
 25 **number, I must say that you're feeling much better.**
- 26 **WOMAN: That's an understatement! (She spins around for joy.)**
- 27 **ZACCHAEUS: So the doctors helped after all.**
- 28 **WOMAN: The doctors? Oh, no, they're as confused as ever. I**
 29 **met someone else — I touched the corner of his robe —**
 30 **and he healed me!**
- 31 **ZACCHAEUS: With his robe?**
- 32 **WOMAN: This man has more power in one stitch of his**
 33 **clothing than all the medicines and potions in the**
 34 **world! How strange to think he was my last resort. Well,**
 35 **gotta run. Good to see you again! (She shuts the door.)**
- 36 **ZACCHAEUS: (To the NARRATOR) Do you mind telling me**
 37 **what's going on here? (Pause) Where's that narrator**
 38 **when you need her?**

- 1 **SOLDIER:** What narrator?
- 2 **ZACCHAEUS:** You take this “staying in character” business
- 3 seriously, don’t you?
- 4 **SOLDIER:** What?
- 5 **ZACCHAEUS:** Never mind. Come on. (*ZACCHAEUS and the*
- 6 *SOLDIER move to the second door. Before they knock, the*
- 7 *BLIND MAN leaps out to greet them.*)
- 8 **BLIND MAN:** Ah, the tax collector! And I see you’ve brought
- 9 a friend!
- 10 **ZACCHAEUS:** How did you know —
- 11 **BLIND MAN:** That it was you? I *saw* you coming!
- 12 **ZACCHAEUS:** But I don’t see —
- 13 **BLIND MAN:** Maybe you don’t, but I do! I can *see*! All eight
- 14 to ten million colors discernable to the human eye! The
- 15 blue sky! Those green trees! That purple horse over
- 16 there!
- 17 **ZACCHAEUS:** That horse is brown.
- 18 **BLIND MAN:** Brown, right. Still learnin’ the *names* of my
- 19 colors.
- 20 **ZACCHAEUS:** Still, not bad for a blind man.
- 21 **BLIND MAN:** *Born* blind, remember? Here’s your money, by
- 22 the way. (*He hands ZACCHAEUS a bag.*)
- 23 **ZACCHAEUS:** I don’t understand any of this.
- 24 **BLIND MAN:** Met a man; he made some mud. Sent me to the
- 25 pool of Siloam.
- 26 **ZACCHAEUS:** Siloam?
- 27 **BLIND MAN:** Nothing magic about the water, but there sure
- 28 is something special about that man! Hey, I’m late for
- 29 work, but I’ll *see* you later! Ha — I’ve always wanted to
- 30 say that! (*He closes his door.*)
- 31 **SOLDIER:** (*After a beat*) So when do I get to arrest somebody?
- 32 **ZACCHAEUS:** Next door. I’ve wanted to see this one locked
- 33 up for a long time. I’ll subdue him, and you arrest him.
- 34 (*They go to the third door, and ZACCHAEUS again rings the*
- 35 *bell. SFX: Ding-dong! The MAN opens the door, with his hand*
- 36 *no longer wrapped. ZACCHAEUS grabs him.*) All right, you
- 37 runt! You’ve had your week of leniency, and I’m tired of
- 38 your lame excuses! Starting now — (*He tries in vain to lift*

- 1 *the MAN by his lapels*) — **starting now, you can pay your**
 2 **taxes from your jail cell!** (*He tries again to lift the MAN,*
 3 *gives up, and releases him.*) **Officer, arrest this man!**
 4 **MAN: Just a moment, please.** (*He produces a bag of money and*
 5 *extends it. ZACCHAEUS snatches it away.*)
 6 **ZACCHAEUS: Your tax money?**
 7 **MAN: Every denarius of it.**
 8 **ZACCHAEUS: Uh — just joking about that jail term.**
 9 **MAN: Hey, no hard feelings.** (*He extends his hand for*
 10 *ZACCHAEUS to shake.*)
 11 **ZACCHAEUS:** (*Taking the MAN's hand*) **Thanks — ow!** (*SFX:*
 12 *Cracking nutshells as ZACCHAEUS wilts under the grip. This*
 13 *lasts a few seconds.*) **Your — hand!**
 14 **MAN:** (*Releasing ZACCHAEUS*) **You noticed.**
 15 **ZACCHAEUS:** (*Flexing his sore hand*) **That's some grip.**
 16 **MAN: A new rabbi in the synagogue gave me a hand.**
 17 **Literally!** (*He waves to them with his restored hand.*) **'Bye.**
 18 (*He shuts the door.*)
 19 **ZACCHAEUS:** (*To SOLDIER*) **Don't look at me like that! At**
 20 **least we're gettin' our money!**
 21 **SOLDIER: Who's next?**
 22 **ZACCHAEUS: Old widow woman; barely pays her taxes. Her**
 23 **son just died. Keeled over right in front of me. Never**
 24 **saw anything like it. He was lyin' right there, in fact.**
 25 **Right there where you're standin'.** (*The SOLDIER moves*
 26 *away from the spot. ZACCHAEUS knocks.*) **At my signal, you**
 27 **grab her.** (*He knocks again.*) **Open up! It's no use hiding! I**
 28 **want my money!**
 29 **BOY:** (*Opening the door*) **Here it is!** (*He hands him a bag.*)
 30 **ZACCHAEUS: It's you!** (*To the SOLDIER*) **It's him! The dead**
 31 **kid!**
 32 **BOY: Not dead anymore!** (*The SOLDIER turns and runs away,*
 33 *screaming in terror.*)
 34 **ZACCHAEUS:** (*To the audience*) **He practiced that exit for**
 35 **weeks.**
 36 **WIDOW:** (*Stepping into the doorway*) **Mr. Zacchaeus, isn't it**
 37 **wonderful?**
 38 **ZACCHAEUS: About your son? Yes, he looks so — lively.**

- 1 WIDOW: He's alive and well!
- 2 ZACCHAEUS: I could've sworn last week that he was —
- 3 WIDOW: Dead?
- 4 BOY: Dead!
- 5 ZACCHAEUS: (*Backing away, looking for a chance to exit*) Dead.
- 6 Yet he still pays his taxes. Good boy.
- 7 WIDOW: You should have seen the funeral, Mr. Zacchaeus!
- 8 ZACCHAEUS: (*Still backing away*) I'm sure it was lovely.
- 9 BOY: A man came up and touched my coffin!
- 10 ZACCHAEUS: (*With a nervous laugh*) Good thing you aren't
- 11 ticklish.
- 12 WIDOW: He told Junior to get up.
- 13 BOY: And I did!
- 14 WIDOW: Just like that!
- 15 ZACCHAEUS: What an obedient child. (*He exits, fairly*
- 16 *scampering.*)
- 17 WIDOW: (*Calling after him*) The man's name was Jesus, by the
- 18 way! Jesus of Nazareth! He's changed our whole
- 19 neighborhood! (*To BOY*) I wonder where he's gone off to
- 20 in such a hurry.
- 21 CHOIR: (*Singing happily*) He's climbed up in a sassafras
- 22 tree —
- 23 WIDOW: Can't. We don't have sassafras in Israel.
- 24 CHOIR: (*Speaking in unison*) You don't?
- 25 WIDOW: Keep trying. (*Lights out.*)

26

27

28 Scene 3

29

30 (*Lights up on ZACCHAEUS, who is pacing back and forth.*)

- 31 NARRATOR: He had his money. His bag was full of filthy
- 32 lucre. Zacchaeus was richer now than he had ever been.
- 33 But his thoughts were not about money. Even his old
- 34 friends, the numbers, had forsaken him. To
- 35 demonstrate: Zacchaeus, what is three plus two?

- 36 ZACCHAEUS: I have enough on my mind without you
- 37 adding to my troubles.

- 38 NARRATOR: All right, we'll subtract. Ten minus one.



CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

WEE LITTLE MAN

by Kevin Stone.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHERS

P.O. Box 248 - Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-844-841-6387 - Fax (319) 368-8011

customerservice@christianpub.com