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# John Vandenburg, World Explorer

By Samuel Stokes (<http://www.SamuelStokesMusic.com>)

*(John Vandenburg is filming a nature TV show on Old MacDonald's farm)*

John: Hello, I am the famous world explorer John Vandenburg. I'm here to take you on an untamed journey through the wilds of the world to see exotic animals in their natural habitats. Come with me.

*(John hides behind a bush as a dairy cow walks by)*

John: We're in for a rare treat today. That large animal right there is from an exotic species known as *Bos Taurus*, or as the natives of this country refer to it, a dairy cow.

Cow: Mooooooooo.

John: Ladies and gentlemen, you can tell everyone that you saw it right here on my show. You are among the rare humans who have heard *Bos Taurus's* fabled call. Let's see if we can establish communication. Mooooooooo.

Cow: Mooooooooo.

John: Mooooooooo.

Cow: Mooooooooo.

John: Mooooooooo.

Cow: *(seeing John)* Moo? *(The cow then wanders off, confused).*

John: What a fantastic discovery, folks. Let's keep watching and see if we can spot any other rare beasts.

Pig: *(wandering into view)* Oink oink.

John: Wow, we are really in luck! It appears that we have been visited by the rare *Sus domesticus*, which the natives refer to, quite quaintly, as a pig.

Pig: Oink oink.

John: Let's see if I have any success in lulling the *Sus domesticus* with one of its favorite mantras.... *(he pulls of a shoe, and starts speaking in an annoying falsetto)* This little piggy went to the market, this little piggy stayed home, this little piggy had roast beef, and this little piggy had none, but this little piggy cried weeeeeee weeeeeee weeeeeee all the way home!

Pig: *(startled)* Weeeeeee weeeeeee weeeeeee *(runs off stage).*

John: As you can see, *Sus domesticus* has responded in exactly the expected way.

Chicken: (*Wandering on stage*) Bock bock, bock bock.

John: Wow, folks, this is a spectacular day indeed. We have now had three exotic animal sightings in under ten minutes. This rare bird is known as *Gallus domesticus*, locally known as a chicken. Let's watch as it practices its ritualistic nesting instincts.

Chicken: Bock bock, bock bock (*pecks around the yard and then sits on top of the egg in its nest*).

John: This particular *Gallus domesticus* is the female of the species. Let's see if I can get her attention by using my expert impression of the male's unique call. (*clears throat and then screeches out a rooster crow*) Cock-a-doodle-dooooooo! Cock-a-doodle-dooooooo!

Chicken: (*Running offstage, completely terrified*) Bagawk! Bagawk! Bagawk! Bagawk!

John: It appears that this particular female was overcome by the power of my call and has turned to flee until it once again feels safe enough to return to her nest.

Old MacDonald: (*Entering the stage*) Hey! What do you think you're doing spooking my chickens?

John: Well, ladies and gentlemen, it would appear that this rather large example of the species *Homo sapiens* is asserting himself, and showing that he is the dominant species to the other beasts in this region.

Old MacDonald: What are you talking about? I'm Old MacDonald, and this is my farm!

John: Having thus asserted his territorial claim, I must respond with an aggressive show of force.

(*John stands up very tall with his arms stretch up over his head in a menacing posture and then pulls a permit out of his pocket and hands it to Old MacDonald*)

Old MacDonald: What? What's this? (*He starts reading*) Filming permit? The parish of Natchitoches, Louisiana hereby grants permission to John Vandenburg, World Explorer to film his TV show on location at Old MacDonald's farm and surrounding area. Hmm, well, I guess that's okay, just stop spooking my chickens. (*He hands the permit back and walks away*)

John: Remember, viewers. Don't try this at home. Only a trained world explorer such as myself should confront a *Homo sapiens* in the wild. Please join us next time as we explore the beasts of the deep sea in their natural habitat at the Audubon Aquarium of the Americas in New Orleans. Good night!