

a script from



WORSHIP

"My Christmas Connection: Shepherd"

By
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What In this monologue the audience is challenged to guess the true identity of the character and what his connection is to Christmas. This portion of the larger script, "My Christmas Connection," portrays the Shepherd as he retells the story of the angel choir's visit to the hillside.

Themes: Christmas, Monologue, Redemption, Chosen, Shepherd, Identity

Who Shepherd

When Bible Times

Costumes The Shepherd should be dressed in black.

Props Christmas Tree, Presents, Shepherd's Staff

Why Isaiah 9:6 "For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given."

Luke 2: 8-20

How The script was originally written so that the audience would be unaware of the character's identity at the beginning of the monologue. The character's true identity is revealed throughout the monologue; however, it is never stated directly. If you would prefer to have the character directly state who he is, feel free to adjust the following lines at the end of the monologue.

Shepherd: Who am I? I'm an ignorant, foolish shepherd.

Time 5 minutes

Director's Note: The shepherd should come across as a tough, gruff character. However, he is not necessarily unhappy. This is a normal, day to day conversation for him, thus this monologue should not be somber in any way.

Upstage right there is a large decorated Christmas tree with presents underneath it. Behind the tree, unseen to the audience is a large Shepherd's staff.

A man enters from behind the audience.

He mumbles to himself, clearly agitated. He keeps looking behind him as if someone might be calling after him.

Shepherd: *(he shouts behind him, shrugging off a mocking voice)* Don't worry, I don't want to come back.

He enters center stage.

Shepherd: *(to the audience, referring to the unheard voice behind the audience)* Idiots.

Pause.

Shepherd: What? Never heard that one? They're idiots that live in the city.

Pause.

Shepherd: *(to the audience)* Don't look at me like that. They have names for me too. I'm out in the sun all day and my neck gets a little red. That's what happens when you have dirt under your fingernails and work for a living. But they're not really offended by my unique tan. They're implying that I'm stupid, ignorant, and uncultured.

He shrugs.

Shepherd: Maybe I am. But maybe they're educated beyond their intelligence so much so that they've lost all common sense.

Beat.

Shepherd: Who am I? I know who I am. And I know I don't get along with everyone - especially those guys.

Beat.

Shepherd: I know what people think of me. And most days it's not worth arguing about it. I don't need anyone else's approval. Not that I'd get it if I did. I work hard. It takes sacrifice, courage, grit. *(admittedly, smelling his shirt)* Ok. It smells. I'll grant you that. I didn't take on the family business because it made me look good -or smell good. Others may think this is a job that just anyone can do – and that may be true. But not everyone can do it well. I'm good at my job. Even if no one else wants it.

Slight pause.

Shepherd: They need me to do it. Those pretentious religious types, they need me to be good at it. Where else would they find a sacrifice?

Beat.

Shepherd: The ironic thing is: my job is messy, dirty, and it keeps me from being clean. But they need me – to make them clean.

Beat.

Shepherd: We're the dirty outcasts taking care of the spotless sacrifices. We're the outsiders. Literally. Outside. Far away from the city.

Beat.

Shepherd: They never come to us. We always have to go to them.

Long Beat.

Shepherd: *(softer)* But God – God came to us. To the outsiders. The rejects on the hillside. The watchmen that guard the sacrifices while the city is allowed to sleep. He came to us. To me.

Pause.

Shepherd: *(humbled)* Who am I?

From behind the Christmas tree he grabs a shepherd's staff.

Shepherd: I'm an ignorant, foolish man. Unworthy of the heavenly choir sent to us. Unworthy of the Son of God, King of the Universe who revealed himself to us – to me.

Shepherd turns slightly toward the tree so that the audience can still see his face.

Shepherd responds as if the angel choir has just come to the shepherds. He startles, shielding his eyes.

He kneels.

Lights down.