

A script from



“Only Ewe”

by
Barrett Huddleston

- What** Only Ewe is a simple, humorous script designed to explore Jesus Christ’s metaphorical role as the “good shepherd.” Through the exchange of three different sheep, the drama showcases how believers may overcome excuses used to ignore a personal calling to follow the cause of Christ.
Themes: Evangelism, Missions, Service
- Who** Big Bo Sheep
Curly
Fluffy
- When** Present
- Wear** White sweatshirts, stocking caps, and black socks for ears.
(Props)
- Why** John 10:11
- How** Keep the pacing and the energy up and the dialogue conversational.
- Time** Approximately 8 minutes

Big Bo enters from offstage and surveying field.

Big Bo: Good. Good. (Noticing **Curly**, **Big Bo** approaches the sleeping sheep) Baa-ad! (**Big Bo** "bleats" and awakens a startled **Curly**).

Curly: Oh, hey Bo!

Big Bo: Big Bo.

Curly: Hey, Big Bo!

Big Bo: Nice nap, Curly?

Curly: Oh, yeah, I guess I must have been counting myself again. You know how it is.

Big Bo: Well you sure picked a sweet spot.

Curly: Oh yeah, the best!

Big Bo: Soft grass.

Curly: Like lanolin this grass!

Big Bo: Not too dry, not too much dew— just right.

Curly: If this grass were porridge Goldilocks would be eating it!

Big Bo: Yeah. Nice. So nice you'd think it belonged to somebody else. Somebody important.

Curly: Oh! (**Curly** stands, realizing in error he is accidentally sleeping in **Big Bo's** "spot") Well, I was just keeping it warm for you, boss. It should be ready for you to sleep on, now. See? I got it nice and smooth, just how you like it.

Big Bo: Sure.

Fluffy: (**Fluffy** eagerly enters from Stage Right and abruptly stops upon spotting **Big Bo**) Bo, is that you?

Big Bo: For the last time, it's Big Bo!

Fluffy: Big Bo?

Curly: Hey, it's Fluffy! (**Curly** rushes between **Big Bo** and **Fluffy**) Back from the flock!

Big Bo: Fluffy! Come here you! (**Big Bo**, **Fluffy**, and **Curly** exchange hugs and glad hands). Welcome back! How's my girl?

Fluffy: Bo that was a long time ago. I'm not your girl anymore.

Big Bo: What are you saying? Has some ramrod been after my honey lamb?

Fluffy: Nothing like that, Bo. I'm just wandering with a new herd, now.

Curly: Pretty rough herd, from the looks of it.

Big Bo: I'll say. You look like you lost a fight with a loom: what happened sweet chops?

Fluffy: I found a good shepherd. You have to let me tell you all about him. He's kind and he always says the right things and—

Big Bo: How kind can he be if he lets my girl go around looking like she's been dragged through a feeding trough? (**Big Bo** notices a bandage on **Fluffy's** arm) And what is that?

Fluffy: Oh! This? This is nothing. I got attacked by a lion when I—

Big Bo: A lion!

Curly: She said the "L" word!

Fluffy: Really, it's fine. Well, it was a little scary at the time—

Curly: Scary-scary or just scary?

Big Bo: Cram it, muttonhead. (*Speaking to **Fluffy***) You. Dish. Now.

Fluffy: Well, it was a dark and stormy night. The herd was scattered all around a meadow. And we started to hear growling from over the hill—

Curly: This is already scary, scary, scary.

Fluffy: (***Fluffy** takes Center Stage between **Big Bo** and **Curly***) I was alone. Most of the other sheep had fled to higher ground or under a tree, but I hadn't had enough to eat that day and was too weak to walk for so long, and that's when the lion leapt out at me.

Curly: She said it again!

Big Bo: Pipe down!

Fluffy: I tried to fend it off but I wasn't strong enough. And then, before I could say "three bags full" the lion threw me across the crest of the hill and cornered me against the edge of a cliff. It opened its mouth – bore its fangs –

Curly: Always with the fangs!

Fluffy: But, then, just in time, the shepherd came and rescued me! He stood between me and the lion – all he had was a crook staff! But after a while, the lion got the message and ran away (**Fluffy mimes the shepherd fending a lion off with a staff**). The shepherd tried to mend my leg, but, you can see, I've still got a souvenir.

Big Bo: You say souvenir. I say war wound! And you call this shepherd good? What was he doing taking you to some meadow where there were lions and tigers and –

Curly: Don't say it – not the "B" word, too!

Big Bo: What? Has this shepherd got a head full of steel wool? What use is a shepherd that doesn't keep his sheep safe!

Fluffy: He keeps me plenty safe, Bo! Did you know he pulled me out of a pile of brambles?

Big Bo: What was he doing leading you by a pile of brambles in the first place!

Fluffy: He wasn't! I got lost. Sometimes, we get lost trying to follow the shepherd. And even when he tries to hook us back into the herd, we still wander away. That's what happened. I decided to go my own way for a while – that's when I got stuck.

Big Bo: (**Big Bo pokes Fluffy in the chest, causing Fluffy to move backwards**) You wander away from the herd then you deserve what you get!

Curly: (**Curly moves between Big Bo and Fluffy**) Yeah! It's like a whole rule and stuff.

Fluffy: Well, he didn't see it that way. I was crying out half the night. And no one came – I couldn't cry any longer. I thought that was it. And then I started to cry on the inside, where I thought no one could hear me. But he must have heard me somehow because he found me the next

morning – he carried me all the way back to the herd and I've been following him – close as I can – ever since.

Big Bo: Well, the important thing is you're back now. No more crazy shepherds or bramble bushes or ferocious—

Curly: Oh, c'mon!

Big Bo: But you're back now. Back with Big Bo!

Fluffy: Bo, I didn't come back to stay, exactly.

Big Bo: Then what's with all the—

Fluffy: We're heading out West— the shepherd, I mean. He's looking for new sheep to join the herd and I'm asking to see if anyone wants to follow along.

Curly: You mean, follow the shepherd?

Fluffy: Do you want to come?

Curly: With the brambles and the matted wool and the scary, scary, scary fangs that— oh they hurt me!

Big Bo: I think what he's saying, Fluff, is we're plenty comfy right here in the meadow.

Fluffy: But there's so much more to life than being comfy, Bo. It's about knowing you're on a great adventure and finding blessings in unexpected places and—

Big Bo: And sleeping in ditches and going hungry and nearly getting eaten and—

Fluffy: Sometimes, sure. But having a purpose in life sometimes means giving up life's pleasures.

Big Bo: You've been fleeced, Fluffy! You been cloned one too many times, that's what! Blessings? Wild animals and thorns and starving— that's blessings? Let me tell you what I know about blessings. You know what I did yesterday? I sat down in a nice soft tuffet of grass. I ate some thistles. I drank out of that stream over there and I watched a ladybug fly around. And the day before that? I sat on a tuffet, I ate some thistles, I drank some stream. The day before that— tuffet, thistles, stream. The day before that I spent under the willow tree— it rained the night

before. But I still ate thistles! And that's what I'm talking about— being your own boss! No shepherd leading you where there are too many wolves and not enough thistles. I'm not some sheepish little lamb who gets pushed around— I'm Big Bo!

Fluffy: Big mistake, Bo! There's no such thing as a boss sheep. We're sheep. We're not exactly known for our self-initiative. Sooner or later, you're going to have to choose a master. So what's it going to be? Are you going to be tied to a tuffet the rest of your life, or are you going to get off your patch and follow a real leader?

Curly: Well, I'm convinced.

Big Bo: See? You couldn't even pull the wool over Curly's eyes. And he's barely a yearling!

Curly: (*Curly pokes Big Bo in the chest, causing Big Bo to move backwards*) What are you bleating about, Bo! That's right I said it— Bo! Little! Bo! Sheep! You're not the boss of me! I'm tired of being just another face in the flock. It's time I became my own ram and it sounds like following this shepherd guy for a few seasons is just the thing.

Big Bo: But what about the brambles?

Curly: I eat brambles for breakfast. In some cases, literally!

Big Bo: And the lions? How about the lions?

Curly: How about the shepherd? He'll protect me if I need him.

Big Bo: Will he? These shepherds, they're not all crook staffs and pan pipes, Curly. I hear some of them even sacrifice fledglings.

Curly: You mean like (*mimes slitting throat*)— sacrifice?

Big Bo: Tuffet not looking so bad now, huh?

Fluffy: If that's what our purpose is then that's what our purpose is, Bo. No sheep lives forever. But we can make our lives count, even by dying sometimes.

Curly: Sounds scary, scary, scary.

Fluffy: It might be, Curly. But I'll be there with you. So will the shepherd.

Curly: Okay, then. Let's go.

Fluffy: Coming, Bo?

Big Bo: Who do you think you're talking to, some little lamb lost? You think you can just snap your hooves and I'll come frolicking? I'm Big Bo! No one bosses Big Bo around except Big Bo! And Big Bo says— (**Big Bo** realizes in mid-sentence how foolish he appears) that if a runt of the litter like Curly can join up with this shepherd then Big Bo can, too! Move out, muttonheads! That's an order!

Fluffy: Then I guess that's a start.

Big Bo: To be honest, sitting on that tuffet all day was starting to chafe my haunches.

Curly: Too much information, Bo. Scary, scary, scary. (**Curly, Big Bo** and **Fluffy** exit stage right.)

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