

A script from



“The Parable of the Perfect Pasture”

by
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- What** Two groups of sheep try to please the Shepherd, but only one group truly understands what the Shepherd requires of them.
Themes: Works, Salvation, Obedience, Grace
- Who**
- | | |
|----------|--------|
| Narrator | Oliver |
| Eunice | Ramsey |
| Wooliam | Dorsey |
| Bob | |
- When** Present
- Wear**
(Props)
- Six black ball caps decorated with quilt batting for the sheep. The addition of floppy felt ears is a nice touch
 - A shepherd's crook
 - A ball cap with a piece of material attached to look like an old-fashioned shepherd's head-dress.
 - Three pairs of scissors for the tame sheep
 - Three forks for the wild sheep
 - A cell phone for each of the wild sheep and for Wooliam
- Why** Ephesians 2:8-9; Matthew 25:31-46
- How** This is a seven-person script, so it would be easy to get jumbled up on stage. Be sure to block (work out placement and movement) in the space you will be performing at and have a director make sure it looks good from the audience. Get creative with your space.
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

Narrator: Once upon a time there was a shepherd who owned two flocks of sheep. One was a flock of tame sheep. They lived in the broad green pasture at the bottom of the mountain. Every day the sheep went out into the meadow to clip and trim the grass.

*Three Tame Sheep— **Eunice, Wooliam, and Bob**— enter stage left and make a straight line, they look regimental and have their scissors ready.*

Eunice: Okay now, is everybody ready? Remember; even though the Shepherd has promised to take us with Him to greener pastures, there are no excuses for slacking off. The rules for pasture management must be followed exactly.

Sheep begin moving forward and snipping their scissors in time.

Sheep: Baa, baa (*snip*) Baa, baa (*snip*)...

*They continue in this manner a couple of steps, but **Wooliam** soon gets out of step and starts up his own rhythm.*

Eunice: (*Exasperated*) Wooliam, you're off beat again. Why can't you get it right?

Wooliam: But, it's more fun this way... baa baa (*snip snip snip*), baa baa (*snip snip snip*)? Why can't we all clip at our own beat?

Bob: The Pasture Management Manual says we must take good care of things. This is the way we keep our pasture neat and tidy. It's the way we've always done it. You can't change things. Now pay attention.

Wooliam: But we're sheep. I thought we were supposed to enjoy our pasture. This is no fun at all.

Eunice: Wooliam. Look, you missed a spot back there when you were fooling around. Having fun keeps us from being ready for greener pastures. Now, get it together...

The sheep move off baaing and snipping.

Narrator: The Shepherd also had another flock of sheep. These were wild sheep. They lived in the hills and loved to climb and play and butt each other.

***Oliver, Dorsey, and Ramsey** enter stage right, and climb up and down off of chair and butt each other.*

They kept their field clean but it wasn't always tidy.

Oliver: Hey Dorsey, hey Ramsey, come on over here to eat. I found some great grass.

Ramsey: *(Knocks over chair as he runs over)* Oops! I did it again. I can't believe I'm so clumsy.

Dorsey: That's okay, Ramsey, I'll help you. *(She helps him and then pulls out a fork and gives it to him)* Here. I brought an extra because I know you're always losing yours.

Ramsey: Thanks, Dorsey. You really take good care of me. Let's go eat.

Oliver: Wait. Let's call the Shepherd first and see what he wants us to do today.

All sheep pull out cell phones, nod and appear to talk, then hangs up.

Ramsey: What'd He say to you?

Oliver: He said to take care of each other.

Dorsey: That's what He said to me, too.

Ramsey: That's what He says every time.

The three sheep nod, then wander around with their forks pretending to eat.

Narrator: The tame sheep felt sure that the wild sheep were not going to make it to greener pastures, so to help them out they stood by the fence and criticized them.

Eunice: Just look at those sheep. Every blade of grass is a different height. They need to be more careful. Speaking of being careful, Wooliam, I saw you running with scissors yesterday. You take too many risks. You're going to get us all in trouble. And don't put your fertilizer over there!

Wooliam who is starting to squat, jumps up.

Wooliam: Oops. I forgot again. There are just so many rules I can't seem to remember them all.

Bob: No kidding. You're always making a mess. I'm not helping you clean this one up. In fact, I'm tired of your messes. I think you should leave

the flock. You never remember any of the rules, and you're making us all look bad.

Eunice: I agree. All in favor of kicking Wooliam out of our flock raise your right hoof and say baa.

Bob and Eunice say "baa".

Bob: Well, Wooliam. Hand them over.

Wooliam gives his scissors to the sheep and wanders to the middle of the stage where he sits down sadly.

Narrator: Every day, after lunch, the Shepherd came to visit his sheep. First he went to see his tame sheep, but they were a very busy flock, so they had devised a simple greeting to speed up his visits.

Shepherd: *(Entering)* Good morning, lambs! Just a few more days and we'll all go on to greener pastures.

Eunice and Bob:

The Shepherd's great, the shepherd's good, the shepherd makes sure we get food. Thanks, Shepherd!

Eunice: Thanks for coming. Lots to do. We're keeping our pasture neat for you.

Bob: Grass to trim, weeds to pull, my afternoon is really full. Ready Eunice?

Eunice: I'm ready.

They walk away from the Shepherd baaing and snipping in unison.

Shepherd: *(Walking over to the wild sheep)* Good morning, lambs. Just a few more days until greener pastures.

Dorsey: *(Running over with the others to hug him)* Hey, Shepherd! We can't wait. But look at Wooliam over there. The other flock kicked him out for not following rules. He's so sad. What should I do?

Shepherd: What did I tell you this morning?

Wild Sheep: You said to take care of each other.

Dorsey: Oh! I get it. (*She runs over to **Wooliam**, pats him on the back and hands him a fork before dragging him over to the others*) Everyone, Wooliam is going to join our flock.

Sheep high five, hug etc...

Shepherd: I gotta go. See you tomorrow. Don't forget that we'll be leaving for greener pastures soon.

Wild Sheep: See ya, Shepherd. Bye! We're ready for greener pastures whenever you are.

Eunice: (*Looking over as the **Shepherd** leaves*) Hmmph! Look at that uneven grass. They haven't followed every rule of pasture management. I bet the Shepherd will leave them behind until they get it right.

Narrator: Wooliam was very happy in his new flock. Dorsey and Ramsey looked after him, and if he lost his fork, everyone helped him look for it. And if he fertilized in the wrong place...

Ramsey: Hey, you know what they say...the grass is always greener...

Dorsey: ...where the fertilizer falls!

Narrator: Wooliam got his own phone and every day he called the Shepherd just because he could.

Wooliam pulls out his phone and pretends to talk.

Eunice: Look! There he is again, slacking off. Those wild sheep are always on the phone. What do you suppose they are talking to the shepherd about?

Bob: I bet the Shepherd's trying to get them to be more focused on trimming their field.

Narrator: One day, the Shepherd visited his flocks and made an important announcement.

Shepherd: (*Enters*) Could I have your attention please?

The wild sheep run over, but the tame sheep stop to recite "The shepherd's great, the shepherd's good" ...and then resume working with their backs to the Shepherd.

It's time. I'm ready for you to go to greener pastures with me. Are you ready?

Wild sheep: Yes! (*They all jump up and walk out with Him.*)

Narrator: The tame sheep were so busy working that they didn't even notice when the Shepherd left.

Eunice: (*Turns around as she clips*) Hey! Where'd the wild sheep go?

Bob: I don't know. You know, they let Wooliam join their flock. He's probably gotten them off on some wild adventure. You know what a dreamer he was.

Eunice: Yeah. They'll miss the Shepherd when he comes to take them to greener pastures.

Bob: (*Smugly*) If only they had followed every rule in their pasture management manual. When the Shepherd comes he'll probably leave them behind to learn how to follow the rules better. Too bad they couldn't be perfect like us. (*They turn their backs and clip their way off stage*)

Lights fade.