

**STAR SEARCH 2017**  
**DRAMA MONOLOGUE LEVEL 4**

**WHAT ABOUT THE SHEEP?**

*by Justin Street*

**SUMMARY:** *The character (male or female) is a shepherd who the angel appeared to at the birth of Jesus. The scene starts just as the heavenly host has gone.*

*Lights up.*

So we're going. We're going to go. Now. To Bethlehem. Just like the angel said.

Wait a minute. The angel *did* say that, right? What am I talking about, do I even *hear* myself right now? An angel just spoke to us. An angel - of the Lord - spoke to us - from the sky. That happened, right? No, of *course* it happened, my ears are still ringing. My heart... is still...

So, I mean, we're going. There's no way we would not go. When something like that happens, when the sky opens up and a heavenly choir beings singing, or, I *think* it was singing - whatever it was, when that happens you can't just not do the thing they asked you to do? Even though, it makes no sense whatsoever that we should be asked to do that thing. Who are we? We're shepherds. Why would anyone listen to us, even if it is "great tidings of great joy for all people"? What do we know about tidings? That's sailor business. We know sheep!

Speaking of sheep - what about the sheep? We are in charge of them. They are poor, helpless, defenseless, and I'll say it, *stupid* creatures. They need us. They need their shepherds. So what about the sheep?

But the voices. I can still hear them. Like they haven't stopped singing, even though they're not in the sky anymore.

But what about the sheep? We are their shepherds. *I* am their shepherd. Not that they belong to me or anything, but I care for them. But I take great pride in being a shepherd, even though no one would be proud of me for being one. But I'm good at what I do. And they get so lost sometimes. What if something happened to them while I was gone? All the way into Bethlehem too? Something could happen. So what about the sheep? The angel didn't say anything about them.

Or did they.

A savior. Christ the Lord. For all the people.

The people. The people who have gone astray. We all go astray, don't we? Maybe we are no better than sheep. Maybe we *are* sheep.

I mean, come on, we're a little better off than sheep - what with the thumbs and all. But you get what I mean.

We're lost, aren't we?

We could use a good shepherd. We need to hear the shepherd's voice. We need a shepherd to lead us to the good path and into the sweet pastures. Maybe this baby will be the shepherd.

Then we'll go. We'll go to Bethlehem and see this baby and we'll tell everyone what has happened. And someone will say "Why? Why are you doing this? Have you lost your mind? Why are you going on about a savior? Go back to bed!"

And I will say "Friend. What about the sheep?"