

National Junior High Sunday 2018
“Abundant life in Jesus,” based on John 10:10 (NRSV)

Skit: Who’s Your Shepherd?
by Emmett Witkovsky-Eldred

Characters: (5) Ewe-gena, Game Show Host, Contestants 1, 2, and 3

Materials: Four chairs.

The CONTESTANTS sit in a line of chairs in the middle of the stage, facing the audience. EWE-GENA sits in a fourth chair, a few feet to the left. Cheesy game show music blares (optional) as HOST walks on stage.

HOST: Good morning! You’re watching Who’s Your Shepherd, the only game show that helps sheep and shepherds reunite! Please put your hands together for today’s featured guest, Ewe-gena! (*applause*)

HOST: Ewe-gena, why don’t you tell us a little about yourself?

EWE-GINA: I like to eat grass. And I have a friend, well *had* a friend, named Ram-ond. This is all his fault.

HOST: Oh, how so?

EWE-GENA: You see, every night my shepherd puts our flock in a pen with a bunch of sheep from other flocks. That can make it pretty tricky to sort us all out into the proper flock the next morning.

HOST: Evidently tricky enough that they needed to make this game show.

EWE-GENA: Right. Well luckily, my shepherd has a pretty distinctive voice.

Every morning he calls out our names, and as soon as we hear the sound of his voice, the whole flock knows to come right to him.

HOST: But what happened this time?

EWE-GENA: Ram-ond happened. He's always talking. And this morning he was so distracting that I missed when my shepherd called out for me. Of course, Ram-ond didn't miss *his* shepherd. Before long, I was the only sheep left. And then I got whisked away to this studio.

HOST: And here you are! All of our sheep transportation is provided by SureShear™. Shepherds, ask any sheep, and they'll tell you that SureShear™ is the smoothest-feeling shearing razor on the market.

EWE-GENA: Actually, I prefer-

HOST: Alright! Let's get you reunited with your shepherd. As our loyal viewers know, Ewe-gena has been placed in a special chamber to keep the identity of our contestants hidden. She can't see anything.

Host waves his hands around her head, and she doesn't react.

HOST: And our voices are scrambled, so she can't recognize anyone. Ewe-gena, how do I sound?

EWE-GENA: Like a creepy robot.

HOST: Perfect. Let's meet our three contestants. He's pretty new to shepherding, but he makes up for that with a whole lot of spunk and a great sense of style. Please cheer for contestant number 1!

CONTESTANT #1: Ewe-gena, I think you're gonna have a great time in my flock. We have Taco Tuesdays, movie nights every third Friday, and on holidays, we play Twister.

EWE-GENA: That all sounds wonderful, but none of that sounds familiar. You think I'd remember that...

HOST: Contestant number 2 says he's in between flocks right now. Give him big round of applause!

CONTESTANT #2: Ewe-gena, I think your wool is really going to make me a lot of money.

EWE-GENA: First, yikes. Second, how can you be my shepherd if you're in between flocks right now?

HOST: I'm sure there's a sensible explanation. And finally, we didn't even have to hire him to be on the show, he just showed up looking for his lost sheep. Please welcome contestant number 3!

CONTESTANT #3: Ewe-gena, I am so glad I found you. I've been looking all over for you since I realized you were gone. I hope we can just get through this quickly so I can get you back to the flock.

EWE-GENA: Um. It's pretty obviously him, isn't it? Did I win?

HOST: Wow, what a puzzle! This first round is sponsored by Lamb-o-sil™, your solution for shepherd's foot. Lamb-o-sil™: Got the itch in your feet? Just give us a bleat. Ok, shepherds, let's start off easy. What's the best way to get into the pen where you keep your sheep at night? Contestant number 1?

CONTESTANT #1: Trick question. I don't keep my sheep in a pen. Free range, all the way. From sun down to sun up, the night is theirs. They know to gather 'round when I sound the gong for sunrise yoga.

HOST: Okay... Contestant #2?

CONTESTANT #2: Easy. Hop right on over the rails.

EWE-GINA (*gasping*): My shepherd says that only thieves enter by hopping the rails. Are you a thief?!

CONTESTANT #2: Technically, I'm not a thief until *after* I've stolen the sheep. So... no?

HOST: Good point. Contestant number 3?

EWE-GENA: That is NOT a good point! Like my shepherd always says...

EWE-GINA & CONTESTANT #3 (unison): “The one who enters by the gate is the shepherd of the sheep.”

EWE-GENA (*gasping*): Contestant #3! It must be you! You sound just like my shepherd!

HOST: Not so fast, Ewe-gena. The sponsors are *not* gonna like it if we don't get through the whole show.

EWE-GENA: I don't care about the sponsors, I just want to get back to my flock!

CONTESTANT #2: What's so great about your flock anyway?

EWE-GENA: What's so great? They're my friends! Wool-drow and Baa-thany, and Bleat-atrice...

CONTESTANT #3: Don't forget Yarnald. I named each of you. And I call your names every morning.

CONTESTANT #1: So you're the one responsible for all of these atrocious sheep puns?

EWE-GENA: It's more than just my flock. It's my shepherd. He keeps me safe. He makes me feel loved and special. He shows up as surely as the sun rises. He comforts us. I might just be a sheep, but he knows me by name. He

knows the best pastures for grazing and playing and relaxing. He makes
life...

CONTESTANT #3: Abundant?

EWE-GINA: Abundant. He gives us an abundant life. He's my shepherd, I'd
know him anywhere. I'm done with this game. I don't care about sponsors,
or points, or rounds. Contestant #3 is my shepherd! *EWE-GINA steps out of
the "booth." She and CONTESTANT #3 embrace and walks together off
stage.*