

# David the Shepherd Boy

## 1 You Must Be Joking!

### Characters

David: the shepherd boy.

Larry: the Lamb.

Mister Samuel: The prophet Samuel.

Mrs Jessie: David's mother.

Scene: David is out in the pastures tending the sheep. He is sitting with Larry the Lamb.

Opening music: Pastoral Symphony

David: (taking a deep breath) Oh there's nothing like it, is there Larry?

Larry: (bleats)

David: I mean, the fresh air, the open country, the blue sky. Oh yes, this is the life you know.

Larry: (bleating) And plenty of grass.

David: Oh yes of course Larry. Plenty of grass as well. Lush green grass for you and all your friends to eat.

*(Larry bleats contentedly and snuggles up to David)*

David: (after short pause and thoughtfully) Sometimes though I wish I wasn't the youngest of the family. Sometimes I wish I was grown up and strong like my big brothers, then I could go and join them in the army and fight to defend my country.

Larry: (bleats anxiously)

David: Oh I'd be careful, of course I would. But you see Larry, they think I'm just a kid. They think I'm too small and weak to fight. They think all I'm fit for is looking after sheep. I'm sure I could do much more. Much much more than just this.

Mrs Jess: (voice off stage) David! David!

David: Oh no! Oh no! its Mum, she's probably got some job for me to do. She probably wants me to sweep the yard, or hose down the camels, or do the washing up or something. They're always on at me to do those boring old jobs while my brothers go off and have a good time with their friends in the army.

Mrs Jess: (Off stage) David! David! Where are you David?

David: Quick Larry. I've got to hide so she can't find me. You stay very still and I'll hide behind you.

*(he crouches down behind Larry, and immediately Mrs Jessie enters)*

Mrs Jess: David! David! David! Where are you David?

*(She crosses the stage and exits on the other side)*

David: (standing up) Phew, that was close. Thanks Larry.  
Larry: (bleats)  
David: I'm fed up of always being given the grotty jobs to do. Sometimes I think that they think I'm just their slave.  
Mrs Jess: (off stage and getting very annoyed) David! David! David!!! Where on earth are you? David!!  
David: Quick Larry, she's coming back. Stay very still. Don't move a muscle.

*(David crouches down behind Larry again just as Mrs Jessie enters, she goes to centre stage with Larry behind her)*

Mrs Jess: (very annoyed) David! David! (to audience) Oh where Oh where can that boy have got to. He's never around when you really need him. Sometimes I think he does it deliberately. Sometimes you know I think he must be hiding from me. (Calls) David! David!! Oh I don't know, I give up. (Looks at audience) Unless any of you can help me? Have any of you seen David around here anywhere? He's sort of smallish and he's usually with a sheep or two. Have you seen him?  
Audience: He's behind you, he's behind the sheep etc etc.  
Mrs Jess: (turns and looks behind but then immediately turns back to the audience) I can't see him. Where did you say he was?

*(as the audience are shouting their replies David runs off stage to one side and then back across to off stage the other side as if he is looking for somewhere else to hide. He stays off stage. Mrs Jessie cups her ear to the audience trying to make out what they are saying)*

Mrs Jess: (Goes to Larry and looks behind him) He's not there. (sternly to audience) Now look I've got better things to do than this so don't mess me around. I'll go and look in the house again and if you see David you give me a big big shout, shout, err... shout, we've found him, all right.

*(She exits, David enters shooshing the audience if they start to shout)*

David: Keep quiet. You don't want her to find me do you?

*(He sits centre stage with Larry, and Mrs Jessie creeps on back stage and silently approaches David from behind)*

David: I think I got away with it, I'll just stay out here a bit longer and enjoy the sunshine for a while.  
Mrs Jess: (grabbing him by the shoulders) Got yer!  
David: Ahhhhhh! Why did you do that, you made me jump.  
Mrs Jess: I knew you were hiding from me, and I've got something very important to tell you.  
David: Oh yes, the yard needs sweeping I know.  
Mrs Jess: No, No.  
David: Well probably the camels need hosing down then?

Mrs Jess: No, No. Listen. There's a special visitor come to see you. Very mysterious he is. We don't know much about him but he looks very important. He says his name is Mr Samuel, and he wants to see the youngest Son of the family, and that's you. So come on David, stand up and smarten yourself up a bit. I can hear him coming now.

*(she drags David to his feet and starts to brush him down, tidy his hair etc etc)*  
*(Samuel enters singing to himself)*

Mrs Jess: (curtsying and sounding very flustered) O Mister Samuel, you're here. Let me introduce you to my younger Son, David. David this is mister Samuel.

Mr Sam: Ah David,.... David, David, David. You don't know how long I've waited to see you.

*(David looks embarrassed)*

Mr Sam: David, I've got a very special job for you to do.

David: A Job! Oh no. Not another Job! Everyone wants me to do jobs. Sweep the yard, feed the sheep, hose down the Camels, make the beds, do the washing up, clean the shoes. I'm fed up of doing jobs! I might as well be everyone's slave. So you needn't go any further 'cause I'm not doing it!

Mr Sam: Oh David. I think you might want to do this job when I tell you about it.

David: (folding his arms) No.

Mr Sam: Well let me tell you what it is and then you can decide.

David: No! I'm not listening. (puts his fingers in his ears and starts singing: "I'm not listening!")

Mr Sam: (repeats 3 times gradually getting louder) We want you to be the King!

*(David continues singing)*

Mr Sam: (4th time he shouts at the top of his voice) WE WANT YOU TO BE KING!!!

*(David stops singing and slowly takes his fingers out of his ears, he looks straight at Mr Samuel)*

David: (Nervously) You wa wa wa want me to be K K K K King, You want little me, little me to be, to be, King. No, I think you've got the wrong chap, you want one of my big strong brothers. Any of them would make a great King. But, but, but not me, not little old me.

Mr Sam: No David, you have been chosen to be the next King of our country. You may be small, but soon you will prove yourself, and the people will ask for you to be made King. I will leave you now, but will soon see you again. Your Majesty! (he bows low before David and exits)

*(There is a pause, David and Mrs Jessie watch him leave, and then look at each other, eventually shrugging their shoulders)*

Mrs Jess: What a funny man?

David: A bit of a nutcase if you ask me. Me. King!, huh! What a laugh. Come on Larry,  
lets go and find some water.

*(They all exit)*

Music: Pastoral symphony to end.

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