I-92 THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF
A Shared Reading Script by Lois Walker
Based on a Well-Known Folk Tale

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8 Solo Readers: Narrator, Shepherd Boy, Sun, Goatherd, Villager 1, Villager 2, Villager 3, Villager 4.

Readers Chorus: Flock of Sheep

This version of the old tale, The Boy Who Cried Wolf, may be read and performed by a combination of ages and/or reading levels. Because the Flock of Sheep may consist of as many sheep as you'd like to include, you might use a whole kindergarten class for the Sheep Readers Chorus lines, then assign individual solo reading parts to the appropriate readers of varying ages.

Simple costume pieces and/or props, creative gestures, and use of facial expressions work well with this script and will help define each character.

Narrator: There once lived a shepherd boy who tended sheep out in

                   the sun.

Shepherd Boy: Oh gee, I'm bored. I wish I could have some fun.

Narrator: The sun looked down into the sheep pasture and felt sorry

                   for the boy. She called to him:

Sun: Hello there shepherd boy! What am I going to do with

                   you? The day has just begun and you are already

unhappy.

Shepherd Boy: I need to have a little fun! I think it's time, don't you?

Narrator: Even the sheep thought it might be time for a little fun.
                They stopped chewing, nodded their heads, and chanted.

Sheep: Baah, baah, Yes it is.
                Time to have some fun!
                So tell us, shepherd, what to do.
                We're sheep, so we don't have a clue.
                But we are glad to follow you.
                It's time to have some fun!

Shepherd Boy: I know! Let's play a joke on the village folk. We'll pretend
                to see a wolf and cry for help. When the villagers come
                running to help us, we'll all laugh ourselves silly.

Sheep: Baah, baah! Great Idea. Time to have some fun!

Narrator: A wise goatherd was sitting with his goats nearby. After
                he heard what had been said, he walked over to the sheep
                pasture.

Goatherd: Excuse me, I am a wise goatherd and I have something to
                tell you.

Narrator: The goatherd cleared his throat and recited a poem.

Goatherd: We all have fun in different ways,

                       Each Penny, Pat, or Paul.

                       What's fun for one and fun for some,

                       May not be fun for all.

Sun: That is a very wise poem, indeed.

Narrator: But the boy wasn't listening. He quickly herded his sheep

                       to the other end of the pasture.

Shepherd Boy: Attention sheep! It is time to have some fun.

Sheep: Baah, baah, Yes it is.

                       Time to have some fun!

                       So tell us, shepherd, what to do.

                       We're sheep, so we don't have a clue.

                       But we are glad to follow you.

                       It's time to have some fun!

Narrator: The boy cupped his hands to his mouth and cried out:

Shepherd Boy: Wolf, wolf! The wolf is near. I need help, I fear!

Sheep: Baah. Help! The wolf is near. We need help right here!

Narrator: The village folk heard the cry and ran to the pasture.

Villager 1:   Where's the wolf? I'll give him what for!

Villager 2:   Where's the wolf? I'll give him some more!

Villager 3:   Where's the wolf? I'll declare war!

Villager 4:   I'll just kick him out the door!

Narrator: The shepherd boy fell to the ground laughing.

Shepherd Boy: Ha. Now that was fun! You've put on quite a show.

Sheep: But village folk, it was a joke.

Shepherd Boy: It was a joke, you know.

Narrator: The villagers where very angry.

Villager 1:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll give him what for!

Villager 2:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll give him some more!

Villager 3:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll declare war!

Villager 4:   I'll just kick him out the door!

Narrator: The shepherd boy and his sheep laughed and laughed and laughed. When the villagers had all gone home, the goatherd climbed to the top of a high rock, looked down on the pasture, and loudly called:

Goatherd: We all have fun in different ways,
Each Penny, Pat, or Paul.
What's fun for one and fun for some,
May not be fun for all.

Sun: That is a very wise poem, indeed.

Narrator: But the boy wasn't listening.

Shepherd Boy: Sheep, it's time to have some more fun.

Sheep: Baah, baah, Yes it is.
Time to have some fun!
So tell us, shepherd, what to do.
We're sheep, so we don't have a clue.
But we are glad to follow you.
It's time to have some fun!

Narrator: The boy cupped his hands to his mouth and cried out:

Shepherd Boy: Wolf, wolf! The wolf is near. I need help, I fear!

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Narrator: The village folk heard the cry and ran to the pasture.

Villager 1:   Where's the wolf? I'll give him what for!

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Villager 4:   I'll just kick him out the door!

Narrator: The shepherd boy fell to the ground laughing.

Shepherd Boy: Ha. Now that was fun. You've put on quite a show.

Sheep: But village folk, it's still a joke.

Shepherd Boy: It's still a joke, you know.

Narrator: The village folk were now very very angry.

Villager 1:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll give him what for!

Villager 2:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll give him some more!

Villager 3:   If he pulls that joke again, I'll declare war!