



NOW SERVING FRESH DRAMA

Back in the Fold

By Michael Leathers

CAST: 2 males

Demas: Shepherd, early 20s, watching his flock outside of Bethlehem.

Josiah: Father, late 40s, estranged from his son for three years.

RUN TIME: 8 minutes

PROPS - None required.

STORY

Demas, a young shepherd, is alone as he watches a flock outside of Bethlehem on the night of Jesus' birth. His father, Josiah, who hasn't spoken to his son in nearly three years, arrives. He's worried because a blinding blaze of light had appeared in the distance, where his son tended sheep. Josiah wants to know what the light was and what has happened to the other shepherds.

THEMES

Christmas. Redemption. Forgiveness.

SCRIPTURE

Luke 2: 8-20.

Back in the Fold

(We're in the fields on the outskirts of Bethlehem on the night of Jesus' birth. DEMAS sits on one side of the stage. As he stares into the distance, JOSIAH enters. He is searching for DEMAS but doesn't see him yet)

JOSIAH

Demas!

(Waits to see if he hears a response)

Anybody!

(Waits again to listen)

Son! Where are you? Answer me.

DEMAS

Here. I'm here.

JOSIAH

Praise the heavens you're well. Why didn't you answer me when I called?

DEMAS

I was working.

JOSIAH

This is what you do?

DEMAS

(Standing)

Not much to do. They're sleeping.

JOSIAH

Where are your comrades?

DEMAS

They went into town.

JOSIAH

They abandoned their work? Left you alone?

DEMAS

It was important.

JOSIAH

I'm certain to them that it was of the utmost importance. And you chose not to accompany them?

DEMAS

We all couldn't go, father.

JOSIAH

You were never one to turn down a night of revelry. I recall too many nights when you stumbled home in a drunken stupor.

DEMAS

That was then. How would you know what I do any more?

JOSIAH

News travels in a small village.

DEMAS

Why are you here, father? It must be past the eighth hour of the night. I don't need you to remind me of where I've fallen short.

JOSIAH

A father can be concerned for his son, can't he?

DEMAS

Concerned? I thought I was dead to you.

JOSIAH

Earlier in the night, I saw the horizon glow with fire.

DEMAS

You saw --? What did you see?

JOSIAH

Not only me. Many saw it. The elders were still discussing it when I traveled here. A blazing yellow burst. It burned in the horizon and then it vanished. It

JOSIAH (cont'd)

came from here, Demas. You surely witnessed it. Unless you and your comrades were drunk with wine. Is that how you pass your nights?

DEMAS

It has been nearly three harvests since you've uttered a single word to me. Not a greeting – not even a glance – when we pass by in the square. If this is why you're here – to once more question my friendships, my life – then I'd welcome a return to the silence.

JOSIAH

Forgive me. You're right. It's merely – I feared I might not find you alive and well. That I had lost you. Tell me about the light. What did you see? Is that why your comrades left? Were they frightened?

DEMAS

(His excitement builds as he recalls the events)

Frightened did not begin to describe it. It was terrifying and wondrous. I've seen what few men have been privileged to see. I gazed into Heaven.

JOSIAH

You – a shepherd – were shown Heaven?

END OF SAMPLE

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