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The Black Sheep
Book and Lyrics by: Lily Dwoskin
Music by: Xiaodan Zhang
Based on "The Black Sheep" by L. Frank Baum

#1 Prologue
Black Sheep, Old Ram, Peter

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
Prologue
(All)

Three Bags Full

Book and Lyrics by
Lily Dwoskin

Music by
Xiaodan Zhang

= 80

Black Sheep

Peter

Old Ram

Ba ba black sheep Have you any wool Yes sir yes sir Oo Mmm

Ba ba black sheep Have you any wool Yes sir yes sir Oo Mmm

Ba ba black sheep Have you any wool Yes sir yes sir Oo oo Mmm
(We open on a farm. It is sunny and bright with a red barn, and a white picket fence. It is morning. Enter the BLACK SHEEP. Happy and optimistic, she has just been sheared and is ecstatic.)
Shearing Day
(Black Sheep and Old Ram)

Book and Lyrics by
Lily Dwoskin

Music by
Xiaodan Zhang

Ev'ry year on this day It's time to shear Give our wool a-way

Flo-wers bloom I know it's may! We wait all year for

(We hear a rooster call.)

shear ing day It's shear ing day!

Version:17/2/6
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BLACK SHEEP
Old Ram? Old Ram?

OLD RAM
What?
(The OLD RAM has emerged from the barn, grumpy and annoyed. This day is not so bright for him.)

OLD RAM
You called?

BLACK SHEEP
Don’t you know what day it is?

OLD RAM
I try to forget.

BLACK SHEEP
Oh, come on! Feel the light spring breeze brushing over your skin. Feel the sun warming you! No more big wool coat to weigh you down! And best of all, none of it goes to waste! - MUSIC GO!
We get to give our wool to the farmer and his wife!

cue: And best of all, none of it goes to waste!

Our wool’s a pre- cious gift_ That on-ly we_ can give_ It is how_ we live and

no sur- prise_ The hu-man-s need that gift_ They need our_ wool_

Version:17/2/6
And then the summer breeze will be our prize. This day comes but once a year.

Get set Old Ram It's time to shear It's shearing day! Ev'ry year on the first of may Have no fear Hear what I say It's
OLD RAM
What kind of upstanding sheep wants to have her wool stolen?

BLACK SHEEP
Stolen?

He's an evil thief walks on two legs And begs for wool

for his own rug And you just shrug you little slug In your
Three Bags Full

43

O.R.

care-free way and to that I say "Baaaa Hum-bug!"

Pno.

46

VAMP

Life on this farm's not all that grand____

Pno.

49

O.R.

You're a sheep you don't get to com-mand. When you're old__ I'm told

Pno.

Version:17/2/6
Three Bags Full

You're buying time       Till the farmer decides you're gone.

OLD RAM
And when that happens – you don’t come back.

BLACK SHEEP
You're exaggerating.

OLD RAM
Fine, don’t come crying to me when you’re next.

BLACK SHEEP
Well, the Farmer is shearing us whether you like it or not. So, you should get excited.
Three Bags Full

It's

Shearing day!

Every year on the

Disappearing day!

First of may

Not such a steep price to pay

It's

Version: 17/2/6
(There is a shadow play, in which we see the BLACK SHEEP and the OLD RAM get sheared behind a screen. The BLACK SHEEP produces a full two bags, the OLD RAM just barely makes the quota.)
(But before OLD RAM can retire to the barn for a well
deserved nap, there is a gentle knocking at the white
picket fence. Low and behold, it is a boy, PETER. He is
ten years old and very shy, but brave enough to be here
today. While his clothes are worn, it is clear he tried to put
himself together.)

BLACK SHEEP

Hello!

PETER

Hello, I’m Peter.

BLACK SHEEP

Oh, I’ve seen you before! Down the lane with your mother!

OLD RAM

Get lost!

BLACK SHEEP

Hey! He’s sweet.

OLD RAM

He’s a human and humans have no right to be here.

PETER

I don’t mean to bother you. I can come back later.

#3 Mother and I
Three Bags Full

Mother and I

(Peter)

BLACK SHEEP: No, no. We have all the time in the world. - MUSIC GO!

(All eyes on PETER.)

PETER: Well, I wanted to know if ... what I mean is ... well...

---

Peter

Mo-ther and I we love to watch the sun rise

Mo-ther and I we love to watch the rain
 She and I are ha-ppy Ha-ppy with our lives

Li-ving in our home down on the lane
 Mo-ther and I we don't have much between us

Mo-ther and I we don't have much to spare
 Still, I think we're ha-ppy

---

Version: 17/2/5

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We don't make a fuss
Li-ving out on the lane we get to share

In the winter it gets so cold my tears freeze when I cry
Luc-ky that you've got wool coats to

keep you warm and dry
Mo-ther tells me not to be happy where I am

But well I don't of-ten meet a lamb
Mo-ther and I have almost next to
no thing_ But mo-ther is proud she does-n't know I'mhere  I want to be ha-ppy a-
way from win-ter's sting  Is it so wrong to want a coat this year?  Yes, a
coat would be nice a woo-ly coat this year._
No!

I'll give you a coat!!

Oh, thank you, thank you!

Come back in a year! I'll have a whole extra bag for you!

(PETER runs off down the lane.)

You can't promise him that!

Well, somebody's got to! He'll freeze without that wool.

#4 Man’s World

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
OLD RAM: He's deceiving you. That's how the humans are. They don't care about you. They just want to use up all that's good about you for their own selfish needs! This is the real world!

Way back in the early days of man, man had to walk on all fours.

Nature's limit to what he explores but he stopped walking on all fours.

Start-ed

Version: 17/2/12

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grasping with his hands And now all nature bows to his demands

In man's world he is in charge of the world
In man's world he's the star of the show

in man's world he owns the whole world It's a man's world

sheep are living low
Way back in the early
days of man_ Man had a nice coat of fur_ And nature's laws were

what they were But he lost the fur_ So he took our wool And

now his e-go is fi-nal-ly full_ In man's world he is in

charge of the world In man's world he'll go where he will go

Version:17/2/12
In man's world he owns the whole world
It's a man's world

sheep are living low
We are far below
BLACK SHEEP
That little boy is living out in the cold, the least I can do is grow some extra wool for him to wear.

OLD RAM
You do what you want. But I want no part of it.

(The OLD RAM exits with a huff. BLACK SHEEP calls after him.)

#5 My Wool will Grow  Black Sheep, Old Ram, Peter
My Wool will Grow

Book and Lyrics by
Lily Dwoskin

BLACK SHEEP: Hey! - MUSIC GO!
If that boy wants a coat, he'll get a coat!

B.S.

\[ \text{O-ver there that's the sun-ni-est spot on the} \]

\[ \text{farn} \]

\[ \text{Right o-ver there where the light shines a-against the} \]

\[ \text{fence} \]

\[ \text{So that's where I will go the} \]

Copyright © Lily Dwoskin & Xiaodan Zhang
sun-ni-est spot on the farm And then

my wool will grow

(The BLACK SHEEP runs to begin her work. Enter the OLD RAM.)

OLD RAM
So, a month’s work? How’s the peach fuzz coming?

BLACK SHEEP
You’re standing in the only bit of sun.

OLD RAM
What good is standing in the sun going to do?

(The BLACK SHEEP gives him a look that says nothing more or less than “Get out of the way...now.”)

OLD RAM
Fine, if that’s how you want to be.

(He moves.)

BLACK SHEEP
I’m very busy.

(She moves to where he was standing.)
OLD RAM
Don’t you know what happens to sheep who don’t grow enough wool?

BLACK SHEEP
Stop worrying! There are more important things! Peter needs me.

OLD RAM
(Chuckling)
Well, those are an awful lot of clouds.

(OLD RAM exits.)
Three Bags Full

Over there where the farmer spills grain by the barn, I'll eat nice and slow from the juiciest grass in the yard, And then my wool will grow.
Three Bags Full

(PETER enters.)

PETER
How are you?

BLACK SHEEP
(Biting)
I'm fine, Peter.

PETER
(Trying again)
It looks like you've grown an awful lot of wool.

BLACK SHEEP
Please don't mock me.

PETER
No really! It must be a whole bag!

BLACK SHEEP
It should be more by now. Why is the grass so brown?

PETER
Don't worry. I'm sure you can do it!

BLACK SHEEP
I don't know. - MUSIC GO!

PETER
Hey... you can do anything.

(PETER exits.)

Verison: 17/2/12
I'll even stomach some salt
I'll stretch and I'll run
I'll lay in the sun
And I know that it's tough
But the look on his face will be enough
(A clap of thunder. The BLACK SHEEP sighs and exits, determined. PETER enters once again. He runs to the stream and begins to pick the flowers that grow around it. The OLD RAM sees him.)

OLD RAM
What do you think you're doing?

PETER
Mother grounded me for sneaking out.

OLD RAM
You may not be aware, but when you’re grounded, you’re not allowed to leave your house.

PETER
Oh, I know. I snuck out … again.

OLD RAM
Typical human, shirking all rules and responsibilities.

PETER
I only did it to get her flowers and say I’m sorry! Is the Black Sheep here? I can’t wait for my coat!

OLD RAM
It won’t happen.

PETER
Yes, it will. She promised.

OLD RAM
Promises don’t mean anything.

#6 In my Dreams  Old Ram, Peter

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
In my Dreams
(Peter and Old Ram)

PETER: You’re very bitter. - MUSIC GO!

OLD RAM: I’m a realist, kid.

PETER: Well, I’m a dreamer.

Music by
Xiaodan Zhang

In my dreams my house is a
castle And I have to protect it from a dragon
The situation's
growing dire. Still I save it from his blowing fire
Dragon's roar But I'm soaring Cause I believe dreams do come true

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31
Three Bags Full

know my house is a shed
But if I dream it it could be a cas-tle

too In my dreams my mo-ther's a prin cess

dam-sel in dis-tress who is de-fiant A-against the gi-ant who en-slaved her

In my dreams I was brave en-ough to save her Gi-ant's
Three Bags Full

35 roar-ing_ But I'm soar-ing_ Cause I be-lieve dreams do come true I

39 know I'm small_ and I'm shy But if I dream it I could

42 be a her-ro too_
OLD RAM
Would you stop it with your optimism? You and the Black Sheep and everyone else at this farm. Get it through your head. Dreams don’t come true, sheep will always grow wool, and humans will always take it. Nothing can change. For ten years I’ve seen sheep come to this farm, all bright eyed and bushy tailed, and then they’re gone, as soon as they don’t grow enough wool to keep the farmer happy.

PETER
Gone? To where?

OLD RAM
I don’t know. But I’ll find out soon enough. One month left to shearing day, and what do I have to show for it?

PETER
Maybe it’s a great place, with flowers, and sun and friends–

OLD RAM
–You’re so naive.

PETER
Why are you angry?

OLD RAM
I’m not!

PETER
You are!

OLD RAM
Wake up! The world is not a happy place. And being this way, you’re just going to get hurt! What right do you have to tell me I’m bitter?

PETER
I’m sorry.

OLD RAM
You’re just like him

PETER
Who? - VAMP CHANGE

OLD RAM
My little lamb.

PETER
You had a lamb?

OLD RAM
He was so small. Big eyes though, and a smile that could melt a frozen lake. I used to sing to him.

PETER
I didn’t know you liked to sing.

OLD RAM
Things were different then.
cue: Put those flowers down.

Be still be calm my little lamb,

Hush now my little lamb Close your weary eyes and dream
Close your eyes and dream of me.

Let the soft grass be your pillow As you lie beneath the willow. And you dream of me. Sleep now my little lamb.
(Pause.)

PETER
Your lamb got -- taken away -- didn't he?

OLD RAM
There are no dreams. Only heartbreak. And one day, you'll grow up to be just like them.

PETER
I promise I won't.

OLD RAM
More promises.
(Pause.)

Sleep now and dream of me...

Your heart's roaring tears are pouring... But

Version:17/2/5
OLD RAM
No, no, no. This is wrong. You need to leave.

PETER
It's okay. You can talk to me about things, if you want.

(The OLD RAM shakes his head. PETER exits.)
Three Bags Full

We were roaring, we were soaring;
But I am sure dreams don’t come true.

Nothing will bring you back;
But in my dreams I can
still be here with you.
(BLACK SHEEP enters, interrupting his reverie. OLD RAM sees her.)

OLD RAM
What's this? That's hardly enough for the farmer, his wife and -- and Peter.

BLACK SHEEP
Please. I've got lots of work to do. Not much time before--

OLD RAM
--Why don't you quit?

BLACK SHEEP
What?

OLD RAM
If you give up, you'll have enough for the farmer and his wife. You're a good, healthy sheep. You'll easily make quota. You don't need to be working so hard, not yet.

BLACK SHEEP
I made a promise. If I give up now, I'll be breaking it. I still have time. Maybe I can--

OLD RAM
Time? A week, maybe.

BLACK SHEEP
Well, then I better get busy.

#7 Three bags Full
Black Sheep

Black Sheep: Well, then I better get busy.

If I've got another week I have to try

When I make a promise then I don't lie

Still there's not much wool here To get three bags full here And the farmer won't pause to wonder

why

But I promised Peter part of me And I'll

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Three Bags Full

13

B.S.

make good on that_ just wait and see

Heal-thy sheep who grow wool

16

B.S.

Sure-ly grow three bags full

That's the kind of sheep I said I'd be I

19

Faster \( \frac{3}{4} = 144 \)

B.S.

drank from the clear- est parts of the brook

I tried all year_ give my all I

23

B.S.

did my ve- ry best

Did-n't stop to have a rest

I was ruth-less and tough I
BLACK SHEEP
No, I have to stick with it until the end. - MUSIC STOPS!

OLD RAM
You're really doing this?

BLACK SHEEP
Leave me alone.
(A week passes. The OLD RAM exists as PETER enters he excitedly knocks on the gate.)

PETER
Today’s the day! How much did you make? Three bags like you said? I bet you made even more! What am I saying? Of course you made more! How much was there? Four bags? Five–

THE BLACK SHEEP
I’m sorry.

PETER
What’s the matter?

BLACK SHEEP
I only filled the third bag half way. I tried as hard as I could!

PETER
(Clearly disappointed)
Oh. Well, you did your best, right? That’s all that matters.

BLACK SHEEP
Next year. I’ll try again. Maybe then –

(They are interrupted by the OLD RAM, sheared and carrying a bag of wool.)

OLD RAM
Next year is not good enough.

(OLD RAM hands PETER the bag of wool.)

PETER
For me?

OLD RAM
Yes, Sir. Between us, we have three bags full. Now you’ve got enough to keep you warm.

BLACK SHEEP
Is that all you grew? The Farmer, he’ll take you away!

OLD RAM
(With a wink)
Stop worrying. There are more important things.

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
PETER
You’re a good friend. Both of you!

BLACK SHEEP
Wait! You can’t take that.

OLD RAM
Don’t be silly.

BLACK SHEEP
But the Farmer.

OLD RAM
I only grew half a bag. I was a goner anyway.

BLACK SHEEP
No. This will not happen. I won’t let this happen.

OLD RAM
You weren’t there! I watched my little lamb get taken away in a truck. I told my lamb the Farmer would come back for me. But he didn’t. He didn’t! Well, tomorrow, he will. Peter, take the bag.

#8 In my Dreams B (Lullaby) Old Ram, Peter

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
Lullaby - (Reprise)

(Peter and Old Ram)

OLD RAM: Peter, take the bag. - MUSIC GO!
BLACK SHEEP: Please, don’t leave.
OLD RAM: I miss him.

Music by
Xiaodan Zhang

Book and Lyrics by
Lily Dwoskin

\[ \text{Be still be calm, my little lamb.} \]

Hush now my little lamb
Close your weary eyes and dream

Close your eyes and dream of me

Let the

Version: 17/2/5

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soft grass be your pillow As you lie beneath the willow And you dream of me_

Sleep now my little lamb Sleep now and

dream of me_
(The BLACK SHEEP is silent. For once she doesn't have anything to say.)

OLD RAM
You’re a really good boy. Promise me that you’ll grow into a really good man.

PETER
I promise.

(There is a moment. All three smile.)

#9 One More Day

Black Sheep, Old Ram, Peter

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
This is the day _ that I'll _ remember_

The warm may sun _ setting a-

bove our li-ttle farm_

Be-fore you know it it will be sep-tem-ber And

all of this_ will be a me-mo-ry_

But I'm
Faster $\frac{1}{4} = 108$

with you now right here on the farm With a white picket fence and

tons of charm When the rooster crows at dawn We will greet the sun,

With a stretch and yawn And I'll thank my lucky stars I got to stay

on this farm for one more day
Three Bags Full

Mo-ments are here and then they're gone__ I'll trea-sure my life_ and ev'-ry

min-ute Be-fore we blink it will be_dawn_ So let me_ say_ I will re-

And I'm luc ky__ to__ be with you on the_farm_ With a

mem ber__ you__
white picket fence and tons of charm

When the rooster crows at dawn

We will greet the sun With a stretch and yawn And I'll thank my lucky stars
Three Bags Full

got to stay on this farm for one more

got to stay on this farm for one more

got to stay on this farm for one more

for one more day

for one more day

for one more day

Version: 17/2/12
Three Bags Full

Slower \( \frac{\text{j}}{= 90} \)

B.S.

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

P.

\( \text{V} \)

O.R.

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

Ba ba black sheep Have you any wool Yes sir yes sir three bags full

(Blackout. We hear a rooster call. End of show.)