Three Bags Full
The Musical
BY
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**Introduction:**

*Three Bags Full* is based on an L. Frank Baum story, “The Black Sheep”. It is shearing day again! Every year, the sheep on the farm are sheared of their wool, and the Black Sheep couldn’t be happier even though the Old Ram is less than enthused. He believes all humans to be evil. So, when a young, human boy, Peter comes to ask them to grow extra wool, the sheep must adjust their worldview to be able to accept friendship, and face sacrifice.

**Characters:**

Black Sheep: Big eyed and bushy tailed, she is the ultimate optimist. She is bright, and sunny, played by someone in her early to mid twenties, with a lot of pep.

Old Ram: He’s a grumpy old man. In his sixties. He uses humor to cover up his sadness at the loss of his child. So, he comes across as mean and selfish, but inside he is heartbroken.

Peter: He is a young twelve year old boy, very quiet and shy. He is extraordinarily kind and innocent.

Lily Dwoskin and Xiaodan Zhang
#1 Prologue

Black Sheep, Old Ram, Peter

ALL

BA BA BLACK SHEEP
HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?
YES SIR, YES SIR
OO, OO, MHMM

#2 Shearing Day

Black Sheep, Old Ram

(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 is excited for this day in particular.)

BLACK SHEEP

EVERY YEAR, ON THIS DAY
IT’S TIME TO SHEAR, GIVE OUR WOOL AWAY
FLOWERS BLOOM
I KNOW IT’S MAY!
WE WAIT ALL YEAR
FOR SHEARING DAY!
IT’S SHEARING DAY!

(We hear a rooster call.)

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! We get to give our wool to the farmer and his wife!

OUR WOOL’S A PRECIOUS GIFT
THAT ONLY WE CAN GIVE
IT IS HOW WE LIVE.
AND NO SURPRISE
THE HUMANS NEED THAT GIFT
THEY NEED OUR WOOL
AND THEN THE SUMMER BREEZE WILL BE OUR PRIZE.

THIS DAY COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.
GET SET, OLD RAM, IT IS THE TIME TO SHEAR.

IT’S SHEARING DAY!
IT’S SHEARING DAY!
EVERY YEAR ON THE FIRST OF MAY.
HAVE NO FEAR, HEAR WHAT I SAY.
IT’S ALL OKAY
ON SHEARING DAY!

OLD RAM
What kind of upstanding sheep wants to have her wool stolen?

BLACK SHEEP
Stolen?

OLD RAM
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 CAREFREE WAY
AND TO THAT I SAY, “BAAA HUMBUG!”

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I don’t know, I kind of like him.

Like him? Next thing you know, you’ll be jumping over the fence to help him sleep!

Oh, you’re just in a BAAAAAD mood.

LIFE ON THE FARM’S NOT ALL THAT GRAND
YOU’RE A SHEEP YOU DON’T GET TO COMMAND
WHEN YOU’RE OLD, I’M TOLD
YOU’RE BUYING TIME
TILL THE FARMER DECIDES YOU’RE GONE.

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

You’re exaggerating.

Don’t come crying to me when you’re next.

Well, the Farmer is shearing us whether you like it or not. So, you should get excited.

IT’S SHEARING DAY!

DISAPPEARING DAY.

EVERY YEAR ON THE FIRST OF MAY!
NOT SUCH A STEEP PRICE TO PAY.

IT’S NOT OKAY!

IT’S SHEARING DAY!
OLD RAM

IT'S SHEARING DAY.

BOTH

IT'S SHEARING DAY!

(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.)

OLD RAM

I need a nap.

(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.

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BLACK SHEEP

No, no. We have all the time in the world.

(All eyes on PETER.)

#3 Mother and I

MOTHER AND I, WE LOVE TO WATCH THE SUNRISE
MOTHER AND I, WE LOVE TO WATCH THE RAIN
SHE AND I ARE HAPPY
HAPPY WITH OUR LIVES
LIVING IN OUR HOME DOWN ON THE LANE

MOTHER AND I, WE DON’T HAVE MUCH BETWEEN US
MOTHER AND I, WE DON’T HAVE MUCH TO SPARE
STILL, I THINK WE’RE HAPPY
WE DON’T MAKE A FUSS
LIVING OUT ON THE LANE WE GET TO SHARE.

STILL THE WINTER GETS SO COLD, MY TEARS FREEZE WHEN I CRY
LUCKY THAT YOU’VE GOT WOOL COATS, TO KEEP YOU WARM AND DRY
MOTHER TELLS ME NOT TO BEG, BE HAPPY WHERE I AM
BUT WELL, I DON’T OFTEN MEET A LAMB

MOTHER AND I, HAVE ALMOST NEXT TO NOTHING
BUT MOTHER IS PROUD, SHE DOESN’T KNOW I’M HERE
I WANT TO BE HAPPY
AWAY FROM WINTER’S STING
IS IT SO WRONG TO WANT A COAT THIS YEAR?
YES, A COAT WOULD BE NICE, A WOOLLY COAT THIS YEAR

OLD RAM

No!

BLACK SHEEP

I’ll give you a coat!!

PETER

Oh, thank you, thank you!

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BLACK SHEEP
Come back in a year! I’ll have a whole extra bag for you!

(PETER runs off down the lane.)

OLD RAM
You can’t promise him that!

BLACK SHEEP
Well, somebody’s got to! He’ll freeze without that wool.

#4 Man’s World

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
STARTED 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 PUTS ON A SHOW
IN MAN’S WORLD HE OWNS THE 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 THAT FUR
SO HE TOOK OUR WOOL
AND NOW HIS EGO’S FINALLY FULL

IN MAN’S WORLD HE IS IN CHARGE OF THE WORLD
IN MAN’S WORLD HE WILL GO WHERE HE WILL GO
IN MAN’S WORLD HE OWNS THE WORLD
IT’S A MAN’S WORLD, SHEEP ARE LIVING LOW
WE ARE FAR BELOW

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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

BLACK SHEEP
Hey! If that boy wants a coat, he'll get a coat!
OVER THERE, THAT’S THE SUNNIEST SPOT ON THE FARM
RIGHT OVER THERE, WHERE THE LIGHT SHINES AGAINST THE FENCE
SO THAT’S WHERE I WILL GO
THE SUNNIEST 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.)

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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.)

BLACK SHEEP
OVER THERE, THAT’S THE JUICIEST GRASS IN THE YARD
RIGHT 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

(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!

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BLACK SHEEP

I don't know.

PETER

Hey... you can do anything.

(PETER exits.)

BLACK SHEEP

I'LL DRINK FROM THE CLEAREST PARTS OF THE BROOK
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 THAT 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.

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PETER
Yes, it will. She promised.

OLD RAM
Promises don’t mean anything.

(After a moment.)

PETER
You’re very bitter.

OLD RAM
I’m a realist, kid.

PETER
Well, I’m a dreamer.

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#6 In my Dreams

OLD Ram, Peter

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 ROARING, BUT I’M SOARING
CAUSE I BELIEVE DREAMS DO COME TRUE.
I KNOW MY HOUSE IS A SHED.
BUT IF I DREAM IT, IT COULD BE A CASTLE TOO.

IN MY DREAMS MY MOTHER’S A PRINCESS
A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS WHO IS DEFIANT
AGAINST THE GIANT WHO ENSLAVED HER
IN MY DREAMS, I WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO SAVE HER

GIANT’S ROARING, BUT I’M SOARING
CAUSE I BELIEVE DREAMS DO COME TRUE
I KNOW I’M SMALL AND I’M SHY
BUT IF I DREAM IT, I COULD BE A HERO 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

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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?

   OLD RAM

My little lamb.

   PETER

You had a lamb?

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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.

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
SLEEP NOW AND DREAM OF ME.

(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.)

PETER

YOUR HEART’S ROARING, TEARS ARE POURING
BUT I BELIEVE DREAMS DO COME TRUE
I KNOW YOUR LAMB ISN’T HERE.
BUT, IF YOU DREAM IT, I COULD BE A FRIEND FOR YOU.

OLD RAM

No, no, no. This is wrong. You need to leave.

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

(The OLD RAM shakes his head. PETER exits.)

OLD RAM
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

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 MAKE GOOD ON THAT, JUST WAIT AND SEE
HEALTHY SHEEP WHO GROW WOOL
SURELY GROW THREE BAGS FULL
THAT’S THE KIND OF SHEEP, I SAID I’D BE

I DRANK FROM THE CLEAREST PARTS OF THE BROOK
I TRIED ALL YEAR, GAVE MY ALL,
DID MY VERY BEST
DIDN’T STOP TO HAVE A REST
I WAS RUTHLESS AND TOUGH
I REALLY THOUGHT WHAT I DID WOULD BE ENOUGH
No, I have to stick with it until the end.

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.

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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.

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.

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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.

BLACK SHEEP
Please, don’t leave.

OLD RAM
I miss him.

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

PETER
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

PETER AND OLD RAM
LET THE SOFT GRASS BE YOUR PILLOW
AS YOU LIE BENEATH THE WILLOW
AND YOU DREAM OF ME
SLEEP NOW, MY LITTLE LAMB
SLEEP 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

OLD RAM
THIS IS THE DAY THAT I’LL REMEMBER
THE WARM MAY SUN SETTING ABOVE OUR LITTLE FARM
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT WILL BE SEPTEMBER
AND ALL OF THIS WILL BE A MEMORY

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BUT I’M WITH YOU NOW RIGHT HERE ON THE FARM
WITH A WHITE PICKET FENCE AND TONS OF CHARM
AND 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
WITH YOU ON THIS FARM FOR ONE MORE DAY

MOMENTS ARE HERE AND THEN THEY’RE GONE
I’LL TREASURE MY LIFE, AND EVERY MINUTE.
BEFORE WE BLINK IT WILL BE DAWN
SO LET ME SAY, I WILL REMEMBER YOU.

BLACK SHEEP
AND I’M LUCKY TO BE WITH YOU ON THE FARM
WITH A WHITE PICKET FENCE AND TONS OF CHARM

BLACK SHEEP AND OLD RAM
AND WHEN THE ROOSTER CROWS AT DAWN
WE WILL GREET THE SUN, WITH A STRETCH AND YAWN

ALL
AND I’LL THANK MY LUCKY STARS I GOT TO STAY
ON THIS FARM FOR ONE MORE DAY
FOR ONE MORE DAY

BA BA BLACK SHEEP, HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?
YES SIR, YES SIR, THREE BAGS FULL.

(Blackout. We hear a rooster call. The end.)