



Mary and her Little Lamb – J. Irving 2015

Characters: Narrator Lambie
Mary Student 1
Dad Student 2
Mum

SCENE 1 Before school. Mary is eating a meal at the table.

Narrator: Welcome, everyone, to our retelling of the much-loved nursery rhyme, “Mary had a little lamb”. The story opens with Mary, who had a little lamb.

Mary: *(Finishing her meal)* Mmm. This lamb is **delicious!** Can I have a second helping, please?

Narrator: *(Frustrated)* Not **that** sort of lamb. The woolly sort.

Mary: *(Slyly)* Well, this **was** woolly – once!

Mum: You know what he means, Mary. Your pet lamb. The one with fleece as white as snow.

Lambie: *(Appearing from under the table)* Baa!

Dad: *(Coming in from the back of the stage)* Mary! Have you been at the Nappy San again? There’s none left! How am I going to soak these lamb chop stains out of my shirt?

Mary: Sorry Dad, but doesn’t Nappy San keep whites whiter? Like, **snow** white? I have to keep Lambie’s fleece as white as snow, remember.

Lambie: Baa!

Dad: *(Dryly)* I don’t think you have ever seen snow, Mary. Actually, it’s not always white. Sometimes, it’s yellow. By the way, never eat yellow snow.

Mum: *(Briskly)* Come on, Mary, it’s time for school. *(Mary gets her bag, starts to leave)*

Narrator: So, the scene is set. Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white as snow. And everywhere that Mary went...

Mum: *(Interrupting, calling after Mary)* Don’t forget to shut the door after you!

Dad: And the gate!

Narrator: *(Finishing)* As I was saying... Everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

(Parents leave, the door isn’t quite shut. Lambie nudges it open, then turns to the audience.)

Lamb: My fleece might be as white as snow, but it really needs a good shearing. I’m off to find a barber. *(Pronounces it baa-baa)*



SCENE 2 In the schoolground.

Narrator: Welcome back. Now, as you will recall, everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

Mum: *(From the side)* Especially when she doesn't shut the door properly after her!

Narrator: *(Annoyed)* Ahem! It followed her to school one day.

(Lambie follows Mary around the school ground)

Student 1: *(Pointing to Lambie)* There's a really weird dog following Mary.

Student 2: I wonder what sort it is? Look, it has really woolly hair. Maybe it's some sort of poodle cross.

Student 1: Dunno. Maybe it's a Groodle. Or a Labradoodle. It's too big to be a Cavoodle.

Student 2: Yeah. It could be a Schnoodle or a Goldendoodle. Oh, I know! Maybe it's an Aussiedoodle.

Mary: *(Turns around)* What **are** you two talking about?

Student 1: That weird dog that followed you into school.

Student 2: Yeah. It looks a bit like a sheep.

Mary: That's because it **is** a sheep!

Lambie: I'm a sheep dog!

Student 1: That's against the rules. You can't have pets at school.

Narrator: *(Annoyed)* Hey, that's **my** line. Ahem. It followed her to school one day, which was against the rule.

Student 2: You must admit, it's pretty funny to see a lamb at school.

Narrator: *(Still annoyed)* Sorry – it's still my turn. Thank you. *(Pauses)* It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb at school.

Mary: *(Cross)* I'm not laughing. Lambie, why are you here?

Lambie: My fleece.

Mary: *(Shocked)* Fleas? After all that Nappy San?

Lambie: No, not **fleas**. **Fleece**. It needs to be shorn. I have to find a barber.

Narrator: There might be one over the road. See, there's a sign that says "Lamb chops"!

Lambie: *(Suspicious)* Are you sure it's not a butcher?

Mary: *(Innocently)* Quite certain!

Lambie: Great! Thanks! Okay. See you later. *(Leaves)*

Narrator: And so to our conclusion. Why does the lamb love Mary so? the eager children cry. Well, Mary loves the lamb, you know, the teacher did reply.

Mary: Oh, yes. I really love my lamb. Especially with mint sauce.

THE END