

“The Sheep's Clothing Store” Sample #2
Written by Frederick Passmore

Customer #1: *(With his hand on his forehead.)* I'm flabbergasted. I never dreamed there might be so many pretenders right there in the church I attend!

Mr. Wolfe: *(Turning his head quickly, he is suddenly suspicious.)* You... attend church?

Customer #1: *(Turning to look some more at the items on the table, he walks away a little with his back turned to Mr. Wolfe.)* Yes, every Sunday, and even sometimes on Wednesday. And sometimes there are special services...

(Begin Track #3, threatening music which underscores Mr. Wolfe stalking him...)

(Mr. Wolfe has suddenly become predatory, and with a wolfish expression and narrowed eyes, is slowly moving closer to the unsuspecting customer, as if stalking him.)

Customer#1: *(continuing.)* ...and sometimes there are revivals, if the speaker is good I'll go to them.

Mr. Wolfe: *(Carefully, still slowly moving toward the unsuspecting man threateningly.)* I see... and... have you made a commitment to Christ? Or do you simply... attend church?

Customer #1: *(Oblivious to the danger, he is still rummaging through the clothes on the table.)* Well, I've been to church most of my life, ever since I was a little kid. *(Looks up.)* But, now that I think about it, I can't remember ever having made a real commitment to the Lord. But being here today has opened my eyes. Maybe I've been pretending to be a Christian too, without really being one.

Mr. Wolfe: *(Moving to block his path to the exit, and turning to face him.)* You place me in a delicate situation, friend. Consider this... someone in your position, having had their eyes opened to the workings of my business, might... reveal sensitive information to the wrong persons. I need to know where you stand on what you've seen, before I can let you... leave.

Customer #1: I never realized what was at stake before. But now that I've seen what goes on, I can't play at being a Christian. What I need is to get to church and make my salvation sure.

Mr. Wolfe: Well, that makes *my* decision easier. *(Locks door.)*

Customer #1: *(Becoming suspicious and fearful.)* What are you doing that for?

Mr. Wolfe: Just closing up for... lunch. *(Moves toward him.)* Would you like to join me in the back room... for a bite?

(TRACK #3 continues: The door is opened to the sound of splintering wood. This must be timed right to work!)

Mr. Wolfe: *(Angrily at first, then changes to contritely as he spins around.)* Who the hel...lo! Mr. Shepherd!

(TRACK #3 continues: Mr. Shepherd's music under the dialog.)

Mr. Shepherd: Mr. Wolfe. Busy as always, I see.

Mr. Wolfe: *(Lightly, to cover his nervousness.)* You know what they say... no rest for the wicked.

Mr. Shepherd: Looks like I got here just in time.

Mr. Wolfe: You have an annoying habit of doing that.

Customer #1: *(Relieved.)* Mister, I don't know who you are, but I'm glad to see you.

Mr. Shepherd: This is no place for you, Alan. I believe you were headed somewhere?

Customer #1: (*Wonderingly.*) Yes... yes I was. I mean I am.

Mr. Shepherd: What you are going to do, do quickly.

Customer #1: (*As he is leaving.*) Thanks.

Mr. Wolfe: (*To himself.*) There goes another one. (*To Mr. Shepherd.*) I don't suppose you've come to shut down my business for good this time?

(Continues...)