

A script from



“An Essay on My Father”

by
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- What** This script shows appreciation for our fathers from the perspective of a Small Child, a Teenager, a College Student, a New Parent and an Empty-Nester in that succession. **Themes:** Father’s Day, Parenting, Family, Children, Raising Kids, Sons, Daughters, God as Father
- Who** Small Child New Parent
Teenager Empty-Nester
College Student
- When** Present
- Wear** Letter for each actor
(Props) Earbuds/Headphones
College shirt for College Student
Wearable baby carrier
Diaper Bag and “new baby” accessories (blanket, toy, burp rag)
- Why** Proverbs 20:7
- How** Each character should have a sheet of paper off which they read their short “essay” to the audience. These roles can be played by males or females except for the final part of the empty-nester who needs to be played by a man. This script can be done in its entirety as a monologue by a strong male actor who can, if not realistically, at least effectually convey the characteristics/persona of the character’s age group.
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

SMALL CHILD

A **Small Child's** essay on their father. Think quirky, childlike and a little awkward/shy while reading and speaking. Costuming should be bright pink and pigtails for girls or baby blue and hiked up pants and almost well combed hair for boys.

An essay on my Daddy: My dad is cool. He is strong. He can eat a whole pizza all by himself. He puts chocolate chips in my oatmeal... *(spoken to the audience in hushed tones like it's a secret)* when mom's not looking. He tells me really cool stories in lots of funny voices. I like the one he tells me about when God sends all the frogs and bugs and stuff to Egypt and the one with the talking donkey too. That's silly, just like my Daddy. My daddy can hit a baseball into the clouds! *(Looking up at the audience as though sensing they don't believe it.)* He really can! *(Back to reading)* My Dad is a superhero! My dad is the best dad. He is better than your dad. I love you, Daddy! *(A quick bow and an awkward quick exit.)*

TEEN

A **Teenager's** essay on their mother. Think "whatever" like a teenager who's acting too cool to be there. A teenager that might really like their dad, but is trying not to be too kind for fear of being uncool. Not a lot of eye contact and almost mumbling. Costuming for guys might be pants worn way too low and untucked, almost unkempt shirt and hair covering eyes if long enough. Girls might wear something very trendy but stage appropriate. Teenager wears headphones/ear buds.

An essay on my dad: *(removing earbuds)* My dad is pretty cool, I guess. I mean, I've seen worse. He thinks he can do celebrity impressions and he tries to do them for my friends when they come over. He's not good at them, but my friends think he's funny so it's not too embarrassing. He can make me laugh when I have a bad day too. He still calls me his "little baby/buddy" even though I'm clearly not that little anymore. I think sometimes he wishes I still was. He wakes me up way too early on Sunday mornings to get ready to go to church. But he goes to church with us too so that's ok, I guess. At least he practices what he's preaching, y'know? He's always at my games and concerts and stuff. He's just always there. Not everyone has a dad to write an essay on, but I do. So, yeah. *(Struggles to say this final line, mumbling it almost unintelligibly into the paper)* I love you, Dad. *(Quick exit)*

COLLEGE STUDENT

A **College Student's** essay on their father. Think naïveté mixed with independence for this one. For the first time, a college student can actually be more like a friend with their father and this should come across but also not lose the fact that they still look up to their dad as

an elder. Costuming could be a college jersey/sweatshirt with a very obvious school logo. Could look like they are coming or going to a "big game" on campus, all decked out for the event with face paint and such.

(Pulling out a folded up piece of paper from a back pocket, unwrinkling it and starts to read) An essay on my father: I like my dad. Now that I'm a little older...a little wiser... I look back and think wow, my Dad was always there for me cheering me on. And you know what? Ever since I was young he's taught me that God would always be there for me too. I don't think I realized 'til now how much my father impacted what I believe about my heavenly Father. My dad was always present. My God is always present. My dad loves me unconditionally. My God loves me the same way. My dad was always there cheering me on and so is my God. My Dad and God are always on my team. That's what my dad taught me. I love you, Dad.

NEW PARENT

*A **New Parent** walks in with a "baby" strapped onto their body in a wearable baby carrier. As they read, it's almost a hushed talking as they are highly aware of the sleeping baby and not daring to wake them. They are carrying an overflowing diaper bag in one hand, a blanket and burp rag and baby toy in the other and a bottle clenched between their teeth.*

*(The **New Parent** puts down the diaper bag, the handful of blankets and burp cloths, and the bottle and looks up as though ready to read and realizes they don't have the paper. They bend down gingerly looking deep, deep, deep in the diaper bag for it finally recovering it after almost waking the baby they stand, open the folded paper which drops out some cheerios and begin to read.) An essay on my father: My dad must have been a superhero to help raise four kids! I get it now. I know why he took off the training wheels when I was still a little shaky. I know why he made me play the season out until the end even though I really wanted to quit. I know why he didn't cry a lot in front of me, but always told me it was ok to cry. Now my own baby cries and I wonder, is he crying because he needs a clean diaper? Is he crying because he wants some milk? Is he crying because my celebrity impersonations are so bad? I don't always know, but I tell him it's ok to cry. I get it now. I get how my dad let me make mistakes and how each time I fell down it must have hurt him to see me fall, but he taught me to get back up...and get back up and be stronger because of it. I get how he used to pray by my bed at night while I slept. I know I have to pray to God for help with this because I'm no superhero. I can't do this on my own. I need God on my team. I mean, what I really need is an automatic diaper changer, but I need God too. *(Gingerly so as not to wake the baby picks up the baby stuff)* I get it now. I love you, Dad.*

EMPTY-NESTER

*A middle-aged **Empty-Nester**. Think wise. Very, very wise and yet, someone who may feel like they haven't lived up to who they wanted to be as a father. He wears a shirt or sweatshirt that boldly reads "World's Best Dad" or "#1 DAD" or something like that.*

An essay on my father: I know my father didn't do everything right, but he could have done a lot more wrong. I know I am who I am today in large part because of him...for better or worse. *(Looking down at his shirt)* My kids bought me this shirt a couple years ago. They insist that I wear it every father's day. I don't feel worthy of this shirt. How could I be? Just as my father didn't do everything right, I know I sure didn't. But I guess my kids must think I did alright. If they only knew how much I prayed for them. If they only knew how hard it was to not rely on my own strength but to give them over to God's strength to see them through. My kids used to think I was a superhero. I used to think *my own* dad was a superhero. I guess in some way, he was. Not because of anything he did...but because of what God did through him...for me. My father showed me Jesus through his courage, faithfulness, humility and his unconditional love for me. He taught me Jesus was on my team and now I follow him with my life. So yeah, my dad *is* a superhero!

Folding the paper carefully and starting to walk off, then turning back to the audience)

And I still think he's better than your dad! (Exit)