

A script from



“Dad-uation”

by
Suzanne Davis

- What** A major milestone reminds Dad that it is God, not him, who ultimately directs his daughter’s life. A great script for Father’s Day, graduation recognition, or a celebration of both. **Themes:** Father’s Day, dads, families, graduation, trust, prayer, monologues, humor.
- Who** Dave
Jens
Livie- 5-yr-old
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Dave and Jens wear dress clothes (as if for a special event); Livie wears a dress, covered by a graduation cap and gown.
Kitchen table (and chairs)
Dish cloth
Plates/cups
- Why** Proverbs 16:9
- How** The central portion of this script is a monologue. Make sure the actor keeps it fresh and authentic so that the timing doesn’t drag.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Lights up on a kitchen table. Breakfast has just ended; Dave is gathering dishes, glasses, napkins, etc. while Jens wipes down the table with a dishcloth.

Jens: Almost that time, Daddy.

Dave: Yeah. I know.

Jens: Graduation day. *(She crosses to the other side of the table, and begins wiping it down, humming "Pomp and Circumstance" quite deliberately)*

Dave: Really? Do you have to do that? I hate that song.

Jens: I'm just gettin' you ready.

Dave: I've *been* ready. All eight hundred times you played it on your phone while she tried on the cap and gown.

Jens: I'm excited. Can't a mom be excited?

Dave: *(with a grudging smile)* I don't know who's more excited, her or you.

Jens: *(more soberly)* Hey. I know how you're not a fan of pomp and circumstance. The song *or* the show. I know you're not looking forward to the tissues and the pictures and the parties.

Dave: I'll deal.

Jens: Just remember how proud you are of her.

Dave: I don't need the reminder, Jens.

Jens: I know. Hey, speaking of the cap and gown, I'm going to head upstairs and help her with the pins. You gonna be okay down here?

Dave: Why wouldn't I be okay?

Jens: I don't know. I thought you looked a little teary making her breakfast.

Dave: *(stating the obvious)* I was cutting onions.

Jens: Riiiiight. Okay. We'll be down in a few. *(She exits)*

Dave gets up, paces a little, sits back down, and then stands back up.

Dave: Okay, God. It wasn't the onions.

It's just—this happened so fast. I don't know where all those years went. Yeah, I know, all those old people, they're like, "enjoy every moment. It goes by too fast!" And you're there with your baby, and yeah, you smile,

you nod. You know what though? You don't *believe* them. Cause you've been up half the night and when the kid's screaming at two in the morning, time doesn't go by "too fast".

But now I'm just looking back and...wow. We're here already. Except—I don't know how I got here. I'm not ready for this.

God, I'm really grateful for who she's become, how you're working in her. I pray she learns to seek You in whatever she does, and I know if she seeks You, she's going to succeed. But... it's mean out there, and I hate it but I can't protect her from everything that could hurt her. Please, watch over her when I can't. *(Pause)*

Father, over the next few years, she's going to be meeting a lot of new people. I'm asking you to help her make good choices about who to spend time with. I'm asking you to bring godly friends into her life—*(beat)*—all girls, God, just so we're clear— but God, give her wisdom for whatever challenges are ahead. She's going to be in situations where she may not know what's right and what's wrong. Give her discernment and understanding. *(Pause)*

And Father, remind me every day that you *are* Father. You care about my daughter. You love her like I do. No, you love her better than I do, I can't even comprehend it. Help me to put her in your hands, Father. You've got her, don't you? In every new place, you've got her. And you've got me, too. *(Pause)*

And Father, as I bring her before you, I think maybe you're bringing me into something new, too. You're calling me to believe you for things that are new to me. Things like... well, like you're in control. *(Beat)* You know, the old people told me that too. I guess I didn't believe that either. Forgive me, God. *(Pause)*

So... I don't know what's ahead for her, what's ahead for us. I'm just going to trust you, and I'm going to pray like our lives depend on it.

Jens: *(offstage)* Hey, honey! We're ready! How does she look?

Livie, a 5-year-old, enters, wearing a child's cap and gown over a longer dress. She spins around, admiring herself, and clacks her dress shoes against the floor.

Dave: Wow! You look like a real kindergarten graduate.

Livie: That's cause I *am* a real kindergarten graduate. Come on, Daddy, let's go.

Jens enters, carrying a large purse or handbag.

Jens: I've got the camera, a couple packets of tissues...
Jens and Livie exit.

Dave: *(praying)* And, Father? You know, if the next couple hours could go by "too fast" ...you know, I'd be okay with that.

Lights out.

PURCHASE
SCRIPT
TO
REMOVE
WATERMARK
AT
SKITGUYS.COM