

a script from



WORSHIP

"Dad's Still Here"

By
Dave Tippett

What In this easy-to-stage, impactful work based on a true story, Kelly is grieving as she sees her Dad slipping away mentally. As they both reminisce, it becomes clear to Kelly that her Dad... God's own... is still with her. Note: This work contains references to Alzheimer's disease and its effects on individuals and families.

Themes: Father's Day, Father-Daughter, Aging Parents, Alzheimer's, Faith, Hope, God's Plan

Who Kelly: Mid aged woman
Dad: Older adult male

When Present Day

Costumes Casual clothing

Props None

Why Psalm 37:25

How The use of creative lighting, soft underscore music, and even related projected images can enhance the work. For the specific older hymn mentioned at the end, use one of your choice.

Time 4 minutes

At curtain, **Dad** is standing downstage left. **Kelly** stands downstage right. They always address the audience until the end. After a few beats -

Kelly: I... I remember, just the other day, when I was driving Dad to the store.

Dad: I remember when I first taught her to drive.

Kelly: He was quiet, as he always was, but looking at things outside the car as they passed by.

Dad: It was, um...quite an experience. Honestly, I thought she’d never get it.

Kelly: I looked over and asked him what he was watching.

Dad: The worst was the sudden stops then quick starts (*holds his back, soft laugh*) It was a hot soak in the tub for me that night, I’ll tell ya.

Kelly: He... he looked over at me and asked that question that I still can’t get used to.

Dad: But she eventually got it. (*pause*) I think.

Kelly: He asked (*pause*) “Who are you?”.

Dad: She eventually got it. Once she remembered my lessons, that is.

Kelly: And even though I’ve heard that question before, it still took a toll. He asked again.

Dad: I think I taught some others.

Kelly: I said, “I’m Kelly, your daughter.” He just stared.

Dad: (*softly trying to recall*) Some others.

Kelly: I then said, “You have four daughters”. He stared and then said, “Oh my. Four daughters?” I said, “Yes, Dad”. He paused. Then he said, “Did I have help?”

Dad: I always helped. That was my job. My Dad job.

Kelly: I laughed and assured him he did have help *(pause)* His... his decline was faster than we anticipated, after the diagnosis.

Dad: The job. To be there. Be there.

Kelly: We could all see he was slipping.

Dad: Yes, to be there. For.... *(trying to remember, then)* them.

Kelly: The family conferences started, us helping our Mom figure out how to navigate it all.

Dad: I worked all my life. Made a decent living. Provided. It was a lot.

Kelly: It is a lot.

Dad: I... I sometimes... I wish. Sometimes I wish... *(trails off)*

Kelly: Our wish is to be able to, as best we can, work with him. On the good days and not so good ones.

Dad: Sometimes I get, um-

Kelly: The days when he gets frustrated can be the same for us.

Dad: Get mad. *(pause)* I always apologized and tried to, to-

Kelly: It's not every day, though.

Dad: I tried... to be there.

Kelly: We'll sometimes show him pictures, even old home movies. Ones he actually filmed.

Dad: I was there.

Kelly: Funny, but he's never in those as he was always behind the camera.

Dad; A long time ago.

Kelly: When he saw some of the pictures of us girls all dressed for Easter, it seemed to jog... something.

Dad: He... was there.

Kelly: We never missed a church service. A youth group meeting. He made sure.

Dad: I think I sang.

Kelly: Choir, church leadership, usher, greeter. He did it all.

Dad: Sang. For Him.

Kelly: *(longer pause)* As we drove to the store that day, I could tell he was struggling.

Dad: Who are you?

Kelly: I swallowed hard and said, “Let’s listen to the local Christin radio Station.” I turned it on. The song started to play. An old hymn.

Dad: He’s here.

Kelly: After a few moments, I heard him starting to hum along. And then... and then...

Dad starts to sing softly.

Kelly: He... he remembers. Tears welled up as I marveled at how an old hymn can still be in him. In there, waiting to come out. To give someone like me a... a reminder.

Kelly starts moving closer to **Dad**.

Dad, still softly singing softly, starts moving towards **Kelly**.

Kelly: That my Dad... is still here. Because *(gesturing up)* He’s still here. Living in my father’s heart. *(pause, halting voice)* Nothing... can separate-

Dad: *(he and Kelly are now next to each other. He looks over at **Kelly**)* Hey, can you turn that up?

Kelly: Gladly, Dad. So very glad.

They both start to hum in unison and lights do a slow fade.

Curtain.

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