

A script from



“Graceland: The Homecoming”

by
Eddie James

- What** This is the final installment of a three-part “Prodigal Daughter” one-act. The daughter comes home to find the grace and love she’s been seeking for so long. (Themes: Forgiveness, Grace, Pride)
- Who** Kelly Dad
Shelly
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** Make the living room very cozy (Sofa, pictures of the cast when they were younger, lamps, etc.)
- Why** Luke 15:20-31; Matthew 11:28-30
- How** If you have an older actor to play Dad that would be best. Remember with scenes like this one, honesty and sincerity are the keys for effectiveness. Don’t over play the drama. Less is more.
- Time** Approximately 7-9 minutes

Kelly walks into the living room with backpack in hand. The house is dark. Only the moonlight makes anything visible. She sits on the couch and looks around. She turns on a lamp.

Kelly: I can't believe I ever left this place. So warm.
(Picks up picture of family) Everything's the same as when I left. (She really takes in her environment, and what it means to her. Pause) What have I done? (She breaks down. After a few moments, she attempts to shut down her emotions) This was a stupid idea. (She starts to leave. Stops. As if she's fighting the biggest internal battle of her life) Alright, Kelly, get a hold of yourself. Even if he kicks you out, you have to at least look him in the eye and make your peace.

Dad: (Offstage) Who's there? Shelly? Is that you?

Kelly: No, Dad, it's Kelly.

Dad: (Enters) Kelly? (Embraces her) You've come home! Oh, you startled me. I was out on the porch and heard a noise in here and thought it might be your sister coming in from...

Kelly: (Interrupting, breaking the embrace) Dad, I know how upset you must be at me, but please let me explain. I rehearsed this all the way up here on the bus so I would know exactly what to say.

Dad: Kelly, you don't need to explain anything.

Kelly: No, Dad, I do. I feel I owe it to you.

Dad: Sweetheart, you don't owe me anything. You're home. That's all that matters to me.

Kelly: Hold on a minute. In all fairness, I've done some things while I was here and out on my own. Some...things. And I've spent all the money you and mom saved up for me. So if you want to kick me out of...

Dad: Listen to me, Kelly. You're forgiven. It's gone. You will never hear me bring up your past mistakes. I'm more than willing to listen if you want to talk things out, but what you did makes no difference to me.

Kelly: But, Dad...

Dad: Yes, there will be consequences to your mistakes. But your place in this family cannot be removed or replaced.

Kelly: You're not gonna get mad at me? I mean if my kid ran away, spent a lot of my money, did things, I'd be very mad at them. You're just gonna let it slide?

Dad: There is no need for me to do any of what you just said.

Kelly: Why not?

Dad: Because you've already done plenty of that to yourself a hundred times over.

Kelly sits on sofa.

Kelly: Sometimes when I look in the mirror, I can't believe the person I've become. For a while there I thought I was doing pretty good. The money was fine, had a great place, great friends. But then all that dried up... (*Pause*) I guess nothing is really what it seems.

Dad: Honey, you don't have to say that anymore.

Kelly: It all ran out, Dad. I mean all. Nothing left. The bus ride home took the rest of what I had. Even so, when all my money and friends were gone I was so determined not to come back home. I was totally going to make it on my own...

Dad: I understand.

Kelly: (*Pathetic*) I even worked at Piggly-Wiggly, Dad. I had to wear this pig hat, and smile and say to people as they left the store, "Have a Piggly-Wiggly day." (*Dad chuckles*) It's not funny.

Dad: You're home now.

Kelly: Dad, seriously, I just don't see how I can just walk back in here with no questions asked? I mean, aren't you the least bit curious about the horrible stuff I got into? I can assure you most of what you'd think of I probably did. It can't be that simple. You can't just allow me to come back after everything I've done.

Dad: What do you mean?

Kelly: Well, every time I was doing something, or going somewhere I knew I shouldn't, I kept thinking about what you said to us when we were kids, "You're a McKenzie. A McKenzie wouldn't do that."

Dad: But McKenzie's admit when they're wrong, and they set things right. You've done that. You're the only one beating yourself up. Your

reputation with others will take some time to recover, but you can recover it.

Kelly: How?

Dad: By doing the things McKenzie’s should do; by not settling for someone else’s cheap imitation of happiness. And like I said, if you’re struggling with something, talk to me. We’ll get through it together. That’s what a father’s for.

Kelly: You don’t understand!

Dad: I don’t understand?

Kelly: I’ve let you down.

Dad: You’re gonna make mistakes, Kell. My world does not crumble around me when I find out one of my children has gotten into something they shouldn’t have. My love goes so much deeper for you than just what you do. I care about who you are, and who you’re becoming. It pleases me so much that you’ve got the courage and character to admit you don’t have it all together. You don’t have it all together.

Kelly: I wasn’t expecting you to react like this, Dad. Well, I was hoping, but...

Dad: I know. The hardest part for you will be working through your consequences. I’m here for you, you know that.

Kelly: Thanks. (*Beat*) Thanks.

Dad: You hungry, because I’m starving.

Kelly: It’s kinda late, Dad.

Dad: I thought it was never too late for a banana split.

Kelly: Banana split? (*Like a kid*) With marshmallow, hot fudge, and sprinkles?

Dad: The works. You go ahead. I’ll be in in a minute. (*Kelly starts to leave*)
Kelly?

Kelly: (*Turns*) Yeah?

Dad: Welcome home, Sweetheart.

Kelly: It’s good to be home. (*Pause*) Dad?

Dad: Yeah?