

A script from



“Hey Dad!”

by
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- What** Each member of a family reads aloud their Father's Day card to their dad illustrating the different phases of life, and what "dad" means to each phase.
Themes: Father's Day, Dad, Parenting, Family, Legacy
- Who** Emma- 7 years-old
Travis- 14 years-old
Rick- 40's
John- 60's
Claire- 40's
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** 5 Father's Day cards for each character
Table and chair
- Why** Proverbs 23:24
- How** You can either have each character pre-planted on stage and stay frozen until it's their time to speak, or you have each character in the same place and take turns coming out. Just make sure to time those cues if you do the latter so that there is no "down time". Each character should address the audience and not actually read from the card.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

"Hey Dad!"

Emma

Emma is quite pleased with the hand-drawn card that she has created for her dad. She holds up the card, and admires it as she points out the pictures and describes them.

Hey Daddy. I made you this card. Miss Becky said that for Art we were supposed to make cards for our Dads. I said, "What do I draw?" She said, "Maybe you could draw some things that your Dad loves." I said, "Okay."

That's your golf club. I 'member one time you said you loved your Callaway driver the best.

That's Mommy. I'm pretty sure you love her. I like it when you tickle her and chase her around the house. Travis said that's stupid but he's just a booger-head and I think *he's* stupid.

That's me. See my hair? It looks just like me, right? You love me. You tell me that all the time. Travis says he thinks that's stupid too. I don't. I like it. What does Travis know? Nothing. He's just a teenager. He has issues.

So... Happy Father's Day. Maybe for Father's Day I'll let you chase **me** around the house. And even tickle me. Maybe. Love, Emma

Travis

Emma's fourteen-year-old brother. He reads, in his own teenage, slightly sullen way, from a cheesy cheap card.

Hey Dad. Mom said I was supposed to get you a card or something. I forgot. She had this one lying around, I think, just in case of an emergency. It's kind of a stupid card. But, anyway...here it is. So...happy Father's Day, and all that.

P.S. I was gonna get you some golf balls, but I ran out of money last night at the movies. Maybe I'll wash your car or something later. I'm sure Emma's already made you "smiley pancakes" or something stupid like that.

P.P.S. I think you're a good dad and all that, even though I'm pretty sure you're too strict and I wish you'd let me get an iPhone instead of your crummy hand-me-down flip phone. And, while you're at it, maybe I could have a little more allowance. Then maybe I could afford to get you some golf balls. Or something. Travis

Rick

*The forty-year-old father of Emma and Travis, reads from a letter that he has written to **his** dad. After he reads the letter he folds it and slips it into a small box with a sleeve of golf balls*

Hey Pop. First: I'm sorry we couldn't make the drive over for the weekend. I had my Jr. High group at church this Sunday and couldn't get a sub.

Second: here's your usual sleeve of Pro-V 1's. Hit 'em straight.

Third: The week of July 8th through 14 is marked off. I've already checked with Mom and your calendar is clear that week. Now that you're officially retired you have no excuses. Claire **and** Mom reminded me how much you hate surprises, so I'll just tell you now: July 9th through 13 you and me are playing the Alabama golf trail (*or whatever "golf meccas" are close to your church*) Five courses in five days. My treat. (Except for the money you'll lose to me on bets) I'll drive over on the 8th to pick you up. I can't wait.

Fourth: Happy Father's Day. You really were...well...you really **are** a great dad. I hope I can just get in the same ballpark as you.

I remember the day, thirteen years ago, when Claire told me she was pregnant. I called you that night and I was freaking out. I remember, I told you, "I'm only twenty-five! I'm not ready to be a dad! I'm gonna screw up!" And you said, "I was twenty-five when you were born, and you turned out okay. Just take it one day at a time, Son. It'll be just fine." And, you know what, Dad? It has been. Not **easy**, but fine.

Travis is about to drive me crazy. He's fourteen and thinks he owns the world. I guess I was just as obnoxious at that age, but I've managed to repress the memory of it. Emma, on the other hand, is still in the sweet phase. I can only hope it lasts another twenty years.

Here's the thing- I've only got two and they're seven years apart. And basically, good kids. And it's **still** hard. You had five, in the span of ten years. I don't know how you did it. Five kids in ten years. And you didn't go crazy. **And** somehow or other you convinced each of us that we were your favorite. **And** we all turned out reasonably okay. I think it must have been a "God Thing". Well...actually, I **know** it was a "God Thing". So here's to you Pop, and your "God Thing".

P.S. Be practicing your short game. I hear there are some killer bunkers on these courses. We'll play from the middle tees, so that you won't get

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too discouraged about me out-driving you. I love you, old man. Your oldest (and favorite) kid, Rick.

John

***John** is the sixty-five-year old father of Rick, and grand-father of Travis and Emma. On a small table in front of him there are cards and letters from his five children. He looks at each card, slowly. Then slowly picks up the letter he has written to his long-dead father. He looks at it for a long moment and then begins to softly read it out loud*

Dear Dad,

I am looking at Father's Day Cards, from each of my five children, your grand-children. Yes. You have **five** grand-children. You only knew the one, Rick, your oldest. You left too soon to know any of the others. **And** you have **great**-grand-children. Eight of them. Even though I was an only child, I am glad to tell you that your name...your lineage is continuing. And, even more important, Dad, your **legacy** is continuing. You instilled in me a great love and fear of God. I am thankful for that. Thankful for the joy that has brought me. And I pray that I have, and will, pass that on.

It's been thirty-eight years since I sent you a Father's Day card. But, today, for some reason, I wanted to actually physically write one to you, even though it can't be sent. I wanted to thank you, out loud, for your legacy. And I wanted to say out loud that I still hold you in my heart...that I remember you, with much joy. Your boy, John.

Claire

Rick's forty-year old wife reads a cheesy card to him.

Hey Rick. I found this card in my emergency stash. I know it's cheesy. I don't care. I know you always tell me I'm not supposed to give you a Father's Day card because you're not my Father. Tough. Here's your card.

Here's the deal- I think you're a great Father. You love your kids and you love their mother. (That's me, just in case you've forgotten) You haven't killed Travis yet. And that's saying something. Emma's still **easy** to love, but I suspect her time is coming. So, keep at it.

The mother of your children, Claire.

P.S. Travis wants my old iPhone. I think we should give it him. I want an upgrade.