

A script from



## “It’s a Start”

by  
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- What** A father and son at odds write letters to each other, attempting to take those first steps to reconcile.  
**Themes:** Family, Relationships, Reconciliation, Forgiveness, New Year
- Who** Father  
Son or Daughter
- When** Present
- Wear** Casual clothes for both  
(Props) Paper and pen  
Envelopes  
2 Desks and chairs
- Why** Ephesians 6:1-4, Matthew 6:14-15
- How** One idea is to have a split stage, two different sets—one for dad and one for son. Or you can go very simple and have the dad on one side of your stage and the son on the other, or side-by-side. This script can also be read. If the actors are reading, then have your scripts in black binders and be careful not to keep your eyes buried in your scripts.
- This script can be performed any time of the year. Simply take out the holiday references.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

**Father** and **Jeff** are sitting at small tables on opposite sides of the stage. Both are writing a letter. Lines reflect what they are each writing. No interaction between the two characters.

**Father:** Dear Jeff, I don't know where to begin. I just wanted you to know that I miss you, and I wish I could know where you are and if you are OK.

**Jeff:** Dear Dad, I don't know if you still want to hear from me. When I left, I was pretty angry, and said some things that I really didn't mean. *(Pause)* I do miss you and Mom, and yeah, I even miss Jenny and Eric, even though they pester me all the time. I just want you to know that I'm okay.

**Father:** I don't know why we seem to argue all the time. If you could just understand why I set rules for you. It's for your own good...you just can't seem to see that.

**Jeff:** I don't know why you can't understand that I'm old enough to make my own decisions and take care of myself. I'm twenty years old now...I'm not a child anymore.

**Father:** It was easier when you were little. You used to run up to me and hug me and say "Come on Dad, throw me the ball."

**Jeff:** Sometimes, I wish I was still a child. If I fell down, you picked me up. If I got hurt, Mom would hold me until I stopped crying. The problems all seemed so small back then.

**Father:** I know that I didn't see you as much when you got older, but I had to take on that extra job. With three children, all becoming teenagers so quickly, I had to make sure there was enough money to keep things going around the home.

**Jeff:** I guess when I got older I just wanted to have a good time. I know you didn't like a lot of my friends in high school, but you weren't home most of the time anyway, so what did it matter? Maybe we did do some things we shouldn't have done...but I made it. *(Pause)* Some of these things I'll never be able to tell you about. It would hurt too much.

**Father:** I thought I did all right in helping raise the three of you. I just don't understand how Jenny and Eric both seem to be doing so well in school and at home...but with you, I have failed miserably. I don't agree with many of the choices you make in life. I never know where you are...we can't even carry on a decent conversation without ending up yelling at each other.

**Jeff:** You just have never seemed satisfied with anything I have ever done. My school work is not good enough. I don't have the right kind of job. I go to the wrong places with the wrong people. No wonder we yell so much...we never agree on anything!

**Father:** We even went to church together. I thought that was good for our family. Didn't we all read the same Bible, and sing the same songs, and hear the same messages?

**Jeff:** And you thought that going to church would make everything all right...well I never felt much love and support there either. I don't know if you noticed, but none of the other youth would even talk to me. I wasn't hanging out with the right crowd I guess.

**Father:** I always thought that you were strong enough to make it on your own, that you would end up with a good career and set your own goals, and have a great life ahead of you. Every time I think you're just about to get on your feet, something else happens and pulls you right back down.

**Jeff:** Maybe I have made some bad choices, but I don't know how to change that. I can't change that! *(Pause)* Maybe I am a failure.

*Pause.*

**Father:** I don't know why I'm writing this letter. I don't even know where to send it. I guess maybe it's because it's the holidays, and well, we've always been together at Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's.

**Jeff:** I'm not sure if anything in this letter makes sense. It just felt strange this Christmas to be so far from you. I feel kind of empty inside.

**Father:** It would mean a lot to your mother if you would let us know how you are doing . . . and it would mean a lot to me too.

**Jeff:** I wish I could come home.

**Father:** This is always your home.

**Both:** I love you.

*Both put letters in envelopes and seal them, then stand in thought and walk away. Lights fade.*