

A script from



“My Father’s Apple Trees”

by
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- What** A man reflects on the first present he gave his father, and how just like that gift, everything we give back to God is already His. **Themes:** Love, God, Relationships, Father, Childhood, Giving, Omnipotence, Father's Day
- Who** Man
- When** Present Day
- Wear (Props)** No props are necessary. However, an option is the actor can be holding an apple while he delivers the monologue.
- Why** Deuteronomy 6:5, Psalm 50:10-12, Psalm 50:23, 1 John 3:1
- How** Keep the dialogue casual and reflective. While this script is a metaphor for loving God, it can also be used for Father's Day.
- Time** Approximately 2-3 Minutes

Man enters and addresses the audience.

Man: I was five, and it was my dad's birthday. Only child. Dad's birthday (*or Father's Day*). Five years old.

It was the first time I remember being conscious of wanting to give my dad something that was just from me. I mean really just from me, you know? Not from my mom with, like, my name on it, but from me. I was obsessed. Which is how I get when I really care about something. And I really cared, because Dad was, well, my hero. He was huge—five foot seven, with tattoos.

Okay, so he was a cocky little scrapper, and almost too young to be a dad. But he had a heart for what he believed in. And he believed in me and mom. So he was big.

Anyway, his birthday was in a week. And I was trying to figure out what to get him. What do you get a hero? I didn't have money. And I wasn't allowed to cross the street. So unless they moved the mall to our block—to our side of the street—and started giving out free stuff, I wasn't going to be buying him anything. I could have asked Mom for help. But that would have been cheating. I had to do this myself.

So I was out in the backyard, looking up at one of the six big apple trees my dad had planted two or three years before. They were huge—four or five feet tall, with tattoos (my work).

Okay, so they were cocky little scrappers, and almost too young to be apple trees. But they actually did produce fruit. Sort of. A couple years later I understood that those tough little apples—which looked more like large cherries—were the first efforts of trees that were still learning how to make fruit. But at age five I thought they were perfect.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

He smiled. And laughed.

And then his eyes got red like when he was mowing the lawn. And he said it was the greatest gift he ever got. Of course. But I believed him. They were beautiful apples.

A few years later, I thought back on the first present I ever gave my dad, and laughed. I realized then that everything I'd given him already belonged to him, not just the mushy, wormy apples, but the card, the envelope, and even the box I put them in. Except for what I wrote on the

card. That was mine to give. And I'm pretty sure it was why he liked the gift so much.

It definitely wasn't the apples.

Lights out. The end.