

A script from



## “My Dad’s Feet”

by  
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- What** A teenage girl returns from a youth retreat to find her drunk father asleep in his easy chair. She must decide what to do with him, and choose rather to love him or not. (Themes: Forgiveness, Doing What’s Right, Parent/Teenage Tensions, Servant love in the face of pain, Loving the Unlovely)
- Who** Erin  
Ron
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** A sparsely furnished living room, with an old easy chair, and a coffee table full of empty beer bottles.  
Cell phone  
beer bottles  
backpack  
bandana  
water bottle  
bowl of chips  
trash can
- Why** Mark 11:25, Philippians 2:3
- How** The more you create the environment the better. All of the clutter and beer bottles will instantly throw people into what this young girl must deal with on a regular basis. Since this is a dramatic piece, be careful not to “over-act it”, which can be the tendency with drama. Be conversational. Many people will be able to identify with this skit.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

*Ron sleeps in an easy chair, or a recliner, with his bare feet propped up. He wears shorts and a tee shirt. He's sweaty, dirty, and very drunk. Many empty beer bottles sit on the coffee table. A bowl of chips rests on Ron's stomach. Erin, his daughter, walks in, carrying a backpack and a small suitcase. She wears jeans and t-shirt and a bandana around her head. Attached to her backpack is a water bottle. She's just returning home from a youth retreat.*

**Erin:** *(calling from offstage, tentatively)* Dad? Dad? I'm here. *(She walks into the room)* Dad? *(She sees him asleep in the chair, and says to herself)* Oh, great. Dad. *(Louder, to wake him up)* Dad! Wake up! I'm here. Dad! Wake up!

**Ron:** *(Groggy. Waking up)* What? What is it? Oh ... Erin. What are you doing here?

**Erin:** I'm staying with you for the next two days, Dad. Remember?

**Ron:** Oh ... that's good. Where's your mom?

**Erin:** She's out of town on a business trip for the next two days. That's why I'm staying with you. *(After a beat)* You were supposed to pick me up at the church. I just got back from "Challenge".

**Ron:** What's that?

**Erin:** It's the church thing I went to in this weekend. The bus got in, like...two hours ago. You were supposed to pick me up. Mom set it up with you like... three weeks ago. You were supposed to pick me up at church and let me stay here, at your house, for the next two days.

**Ron:** Oh ...

**Erin:** My youth pastor waited with me for two hours for you to pick me up.

**Ron:** Why didn't you call me?

**Erin:** I DID call you! Like ... twenty times!

**Ron:** I didn't hear the phone ring.

**Erin:** Dad, it was so embarrassing ... waiting that long at church.

**Ron:** Well, it's your mother's job to do church stuff. Remember? My job is just to... to keep the money rolling in. *(Takes a sip of beer)* And her job is to do church.

**Erin:** *(She's been through this before)* Mom's out of town, Dad. All you had to do was pick me up and get me back here. *(Almost to herself)* Can't you even get that right?

- Ron:** Hey! I've been busy ...
- Erin:** Really? Doing what?
- Ron:** Things. I've been busy... doing things. I can't remember everything, you know.
- Erin:** No, Dad. You can't remember. *(Looks around the messy room)* So... is there anything to eat in the house? I'm starving.
- Ron:** There's some chips and maybe some... some chips.
- Erin:** *(Seeing the bowl of chips on his stomach)* Yeah, I can see that.
- Ron:** So ... I'll give you the keys to my car. You can go get some pizza. *(Reaches into his wallet)* Here's some money. I'll just add it to your mom's tab. *(Looks around the table for his car keys)* My keys are here somewhere.
- Erin:** Dad... I don't have my license. Remember? I just have my permit. I've gotta drive with an adult. A sober adult.
- Ron:** Hey! I'm doing the best I can do here! I'm trying to keep up this...this apartment, keep up my payments to your mom. I'm trying, alright. *(Takes another sip of beer)* You have no idea what that's like, being under all that pressure. I'm just... tired, you know... my feet are all swollen. I just put 'em up for a few minutes and... and I must've fallen asleep. That's all. A guy's gotta... relax every now and again.
- Erin:** Well, you're pretty relaxed, Dad. The same as you've been for about the last five years.
- Ron:** Hey, don't you waltz in here preaching to me. You come back from your little... church camp, and all of a sudden you're better than everybody else. Is that what they taught you at that thing, that you're better than me?

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**ENDING:**

- Erin:** Hey, Mark, this is Erin. Is Cindy back yet? *(She waits for a response)* Well, she just dropped me off at my Dad's house. *(Pause)* Yeah, my Mom's out of town. Anyway... my Dad's in bad shape, and my deal with my Mom is that I'm not supposed to stay here if he's drunk. So... do you think it's okay for me to stay with you two? Great. Can Cindy come get me again? Great. Thanks. *(She listens to his response)* Just have her come on in. *(Listens to his response)* Nah...I'll be okay. He's sleeping.

*Erin hangs up the phone. Then she looks at **Ron** for a moment, and notices his nasty feet. Then she makes a decision. She empties the chip bowl into the trash can. Then she takes a bottled water out of her backpack, and pours the water into the bowl. Then she unties the bandana from her head and dips the bandana into the bowl. Then she gently washes **Ron's** feet. He stirs, and slightly awakens.*

**Ron:** That's nice. My feet were killing me. That's really nice.

**Erin:** Good.

**Ron:** *(After a beat, while she still washes his feet, his eyes still closed)* What's that for?

**Erin:** What?

**Ron:** What you're doing. What's that for?

**Erin:** It's for ... for everything.

**Ron:** Where'd you learn to do that?

**Erin:** *(After a short beat)* At camp.

*The lights slowly fade, as she continues to wash her Dad's feet*

*The End.*