

A script from



"Neither Knows"

by
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What A retelling of the story of the two kids and the loving dad. The prodigal daughter has returned home and a feast has been prepared. But not everyone is exactly excited to celebrate the homecoming.

Themes: Prodigal Son, Bible Story, Forgiveness, Restoration,

Who Trey-20's
Dad
Erin-20's

When Present

Wear (Props) Setting is a front porch- you can go as big or as minimal with this as you want.
An idea is to just use a bench.
Plate of barbecue
Pack of cigarettes
Lighter

Why Luke 15:11-32

How Warning: There is a word used in this script that is used for character development purposes that some audiences might find offensive. Please feel free to substitute another word.

Keep the dialogue conversational and don't overact. Keep the dialogue moving and stay on top of your queues, otherwise it might drag on. There is a definite difference in all three characters, so leave plenty of rehearsal time to talk through these relationships and explore what has happened in the past. This will affect how each character approaches the other.

Time Approximately 8-10 minutes

*As the lights come up we hear the sounds of a party off stage left. A young man, Charles Howard Olson III, who is called **Trey**, sits on some steps on the patio. His head is down, his attitude is one of disgust as he hears the sounds of the party going on inside. After he sits for a moment his **Dad**, Charles Howard Olson II, comes out looking for him.*

Dad: *(Carrying a plate of barbecue)* Hey, Bub.

Trey: *(Not looking up. VERY peeved, but containing it)* Hey.

Dad: I brought you a plate of barbecue. *(He holds the barbecue throughout this entire conversation. Trey is reluctant to take it.)*

Trey: Thanks.

Dad: I know you like brisket, but they also had some great looking chicken, so I put some of that on too.

Trey: *(Not great)* Great.

Dad: And a couple of different sauces. *(A long pause, then fishing for some sort of connection)* I was really impressed that Moonlight Barbecue could get together such a big order so quickly. I usually have to give 'em two or three days notice when I'm doing something this big.

Trey: Yeah.

Dad: But, I've used 'em a lot over the years. I guess they figure they owe us one, huh?

Trey: Yeah. I guess they owe you one.

Dad: *(After a lull, where it becomes obvious that Trey is not buying into this conversation)* They DO make the best barbecue around.

Trey: *(Not committed to the conversation)* Yep.

Dad: *(After another awkward pause)* Hey, Trey...why don't you come on inside.

Trey: No thanks.

Dad: She'd love to see you.

Trey: Yeah...I bet.

Dad: I'd love for you to...to come in and have some fun.

Trey: I'm having a great time out here.

Dad: *(Now it's time to get to the point)* Trey, what do you expect me to do?

Trey: I don't know...

Dad: For all I knew, she was dead. I mean, I fully expected to get the call that they found her bones in some woods somewhere, like some kidnapped kid killed by a serial killer. But, they didn't. I didn't get the call. She's not dead. She's here...alive. Do you expect me to act like she's not?

Trey: I don't know what to expect. I guess I just expected a little...equity.

Dad: Equity?

Trey: Yes. Equity. Fairness. *(After a beat, this spills out of him)* She's like...like a vacuum that sucks all the air out of everything around her. She did it when she was here, and then she takes off to who knows where, and she does it while she's gone. I mean, she didn't even have to be here to create havoc. And now...now she magically shows up, and she's doing it all over again. Charming her way through life. Snow-jobbing you and everybody else. And meanwhile, I do everything that's expected, I follow all the rules. I work hard, and what do I get? What's the payoff? Where's the equity?

Dad: *(Not rushing. Settling into this speech)* Trey...Trey. When you were just born, and I named you...Charles Howard Olson, the Third"...your Mother said, "That's too big a name for such a small boy." "He'll grow into it," I told her. "Someday, it'll just come to him, that he's his Father's boy, and it'll fit." *(After a beat)* You know, in some ways, I'm glad your mother is not alive to have seen all the pain we've seen in the last few years. She loved us all very much. She loved you very much. She'd be very proud of you, Trey. But if your mother was here, I think she'd tell you, "It's time to grow into your name." *(After a beat)* You know...sometimes, at the office, I'll look over and see you...working...very serious...and sometimes I get the feeling, "The boy doesn't even know who he is." Sometimes I think your highest aspiration is to be some sort of super employee. You're my son, Trey...my son. You don't have to...to do anything to make that the case. You just...are. I guess I'm just waiting for the time when you grab hold of that.

Trey, you know I want you to do? *(No response from **Trey**, but he is processing this)* I want you to enjoy this. *(He hands him the plate of barbecue)* And then maybe come on inside and dance a little. It's okay, son.

Dad exits. **Trey** sits on the steps, holding the plate of barbecue. He picking at the barbecue like he's picking at his thoughts, trying to process all he's heard. He takes a small bite, chews it slowly, then just stares out into the night. After a moment **Erin** enters from the opposite side of the stage from where **Dad** exited. **Erin** doesn't see

Trey. *She reaches into her pocket for a pack of cigarettes, and lights one up. If you feel that lighting up a cigarette may be too much for your audience, just have her see **Trey** right before she lights up. She draws on it a moment, then looks over and sees **Trey**.*

Erin: *(She's dressed fairly punkish, and is pretty worn for wear, but she's not at all self-conscious about her appearance or about her "state")* Oh, hey. You sneak out for a smoke too?

Trey: *(Coldly)* No. I still don't smoke.

Erin: *(Sincerely)* Good for you. It's a nasty habit. I wish I'd never started. *(Takes a drag on her cigarette, reflects)* You know...this is where I used to smoke in high school. Of course, it was always when Dad wasn't home. I didn't dare smoke in the house. I figured he'd smell it. So, I smoked out here on the patio. Always hid my butts in those bushes over there. It was probably a good thing the yard man didn't speak English. He probably would've told Dad. *(A pause as she takes another drag)* So how've you been?

A little more than one full page has been omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

Erin: You know what he told me?

Trey: The cat?

Erin: *(Laughs)* I've smoked a lot of dope, but not that much. No, Dad. Yesterday, when he takes me out shopping (me, shopping ... that's a load, isn't it?), I say to him, "Dad, I can't pay you back for these clothes." He just looks at me and says, "Erin, sometimes I don't think you even know who you are."

Trey: What did he say? He just told me that too. It must be his latest mantra.

Erin: *(Chuckles)* Maybe. But, you know what, Trey? I think he's right...about me, anyway. All these years I've been chasing around, trying to figure out who I am, and it's been right in front of my face the whole time.

Trey: *(Now curious)* So...who are you?

Erin: I'm more than Scrappy, I'll tell you that.

Trey: No. I'm serious.

Erin: So am I. I've been living my life like the best I could hope for was to be some sort of reformed, orphan, alley cat. But, I'm more than that. ... I'm his daughter. *(Takes a long drag on her cigarette)* I guess it's time to start trying to figure out how to live like that.

Trey: *(Almost with a twinkle in his eye)* So...are you gonna give up smoking?

Erin: *(Laughs)* Sure. *(She throws the butt down and crushes it under her foot)* Right after you lighten up and we go in and eat some barbecue.

Lights fade.