

A script from



"Never Just a Father"

by
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- What** A father and his grown child happen upon a misplaced box of treasures, and a reminder of the importance of fatherhood, all at once.
Themes: Father's Day, Fatherhood, Respect, Parenthood, Trust
- Who** Father
Grown-up son or daughter
- When** Present day
- Wear** Actors wear the kind of clothes you might put on for working around the house.
(Props) Multiple boxes, maybe with writing on them and "garage storage" items all around.
A box with a handful of family photographs in it.
- Why** Exodus 20:12, Ephesians 6:4, Hebrews 12:9
- How** This skit has been written so that the character of the grown child could be played by either a male or female. The son/daughter here could range in age from 18 to 35 or so. The age Dad mentions in his first line should be adjusted depending on the age of the son/daughter. It should be clear that this father/child relationship has always been playful, so the joking and the jabs they take at each other are never mean-spirited. The two clearly enjoy being around one another. Ultimately, the goal is to speak God's truth into the way our culture has so devalued fathers by showing just one way a father's presence, and Godliness, means so very much to a child.
- Time** Approximately 6 minutes

Son/Daughter opens a box and finds something unexpected.

S/D: This is insane!!

Dad: Helping your dad clean out the garage is NOT insane. If anything, THIS is reparations. Think of it as your chance to make amends for all the ways you've wronged your father in (#) years. Lest we forget, you were the kid who wrecked my 1965 cherry-red VW Bug. I loved that car...

S/D: No, Dad, not the cleaning. Though, again, REAL sorry about the car. And congratulations on your unstoppable ability to work that incident into conversation. Truly, it's remarkable. But it's Father's Day tomorrow, so I guess you get a pass on this one. And look what I found! How old are these pictures??

Dad: Whoaah, would'ja look at that? How did these end up here? Wow, you kids were little...

S/D: I know it! Lookit us! I was probably still in diapers here.

Dad: Tell you what, there are a lot of things I miss about when you were little, but diapers are not one of 'em.

S/D: I bet. You sure helped with your share of diaper changes. Even if you DID gag loudly through every one. Every single one. Mom told me. But you did it, anyway. And that's love. Pressing on through a sensitive yet persistent gag reflex.

Dad: How has Hallmark not snatched you up...?

S/D: It's a real puzzler.

Dad: Hey, lookit this one! Remember that fake mustache I used to wear sometimes?!

S/D: Oh, you mean the clip-on, handlebar mustache? The upper lip disaster you would wear in public...while introducing yourself as "Giuseppe" ...with what can only be described as "ALMOST an Italian accent?"

Dad: That's the one!!

S/D: We should never speak of it again.

Dad: Oh, COME ON! Remember how much we used to laugh about this??

S/D: "We??" As I recall, YOU were the only one busting a gut when Giuseppe came around. So embarrassing.

Dad: Yeah, well...that was part of my job as a parent. Builds character. Speaking of embarrassment...

He hands over a photo.

S/D: Oh, nice. That is full-fledged awkward phase, is what that is. Man, it's like my teeth were bigger than my mouth...and those clothes!! I must've been trying to draw the attention away from my teeth...

Dad: Yeah, you had a unique sense of style. You never much wanted my advice in that department. Or any departments, really.

S/D: Daw, now don't be so hard on yourself. I listened every time you gave me advice.

Dad: Right, you listened. And then you expertly ignored most of it.

S/D: Alright, alright, I'll grant you that. But you wanna know something? Whenever I find myself giving advice to a friend, it's usually something I heard you say first. Super irritating. But I grew up. And now I find myself in the awkward predicament of having to admit you were smarter than I gave you credit for.

Dad: Well, don't hurt yourself trying, kid.

S/D: Haha! You've got an answer for everything, don't you? But I'm serious, Dad, I think I get it now.

Dad: I don't know. Most days I feel like I probably played second fiddle to your mom when you kids were growing up. She's been such a Wonder Woman of a lady. I was...just a father.

S/D: Oh, no doubt, she's incredible. But..."just a father?" We can't give Mom all the credit here, Dad. You're kind of a big deal for us. Did I ever tell you about the best sleep I ever got as a kid?

Dad: Boy, you're really scraping the bottom of the story-telling barrel, aren't you?

S/D: Okay, but just listen! It was usually in the car, on the way home after a long day...when you were driving. I just knew who was at the wheel.

I knew you had your eyes open, so I didn't think twice about closing mine. I never questioned whether or not you knew the way home, and I knew you'd do whatever it took to get us there. Even if there were interruptions, I knew exactly where we were heading. I could trust my father, and somehow that made it okay to rest.

It just felt good, you know? That GOOD kind of tired? Like maybe we had been at Grandma's house together, doing some work in her yard...or maybe we just went out riding roller coasters together all day. Something about the hum of the car and knowing that I was safe...

Well, it was just the best rest I ever got. Like someone who was totally content. I knew I was covered.

So I guess what I'm saying is...the dad you've been? You helped me understand God. And trust. And resting in Him. And what's bigger than that? The word "just" ...I'm sorry, but it's way too small for a father.

*Pause while **Dad** is visibly moved and stunned.*

Dad: Would you believe I have no idea what to say?

S/D: I don't suppose you have to SAY anything, really. I just want to be sure you know that. *(Beat)* Now, c'mon. I'll help you carry some of this junk to the curb.

Dad: Better leave that box of photos here. We'll bring 'em in to your mom. They pick up a box each and begin walking. You know, I remember those rides home. You woke up with a seatbelt crease in your cheek. Every time.

S/D: That's true. I had the last laugh, though. Skin creases fade. But a drool stain is forever.

Characters exit. Lights down. Fade to black.