

A script from



“The Last Time I Went Fishing”

by
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- What** This monologue is a sweet remembrance of a time a son went fishing with his dad, who was suffering from Alzheimer's disease.
Themes: Father's Day, Dads, Fathers, Parenting, Sons, Family, Relationships
- Who** 1 Actor
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Pipe
- Why** Proverbs 23:24, Proverbs 20:7
- How** Take your time with the dialogue and try not to rush through it. As you perform, paint a picture with your words and take the audience to those moments that the son spent with his father. If you need an activity, or "business", while you're speaking you might consider having a tackle box and a fishing pole nearby and work on a lure. Have a small stool or chair to sit on while you are doing this.
- Time** Approximately 5-6 minutes

Actor enters and addresses the audience.

The last time I went fishing it was with my dad. It seems like such a long, long time ago. But, I remember the day, like I remember most things, not in minute detail, but in a few select pictures in my mind.

It was a hazy day... I remember that. The sun took awhile to burn through. We were in a borrowed boat. A friend of mine had an old 12 footer with a Merc 15. I think we both were a little nervous about the outing. It sorta felt like neither one of us knew quite what we were doing. I don't remember catching any... well... one little perch, but neither one of us had the heart to keep it. We had trouble getting the hook out. I remember that.

Dad had an old burl pipe. He'd tinker with that, trying to keep it lit. I remember the smell of the pipe tobacco. Mostly I guess I remember... the talking.

We'd fish for awhile, then one of us would break into the silence with some sort of comment. Usually nothing profound, mind you. A one sentence statement about the sun or the fish or the bait. But, sometimes that one sentence would launch us. And Dad, as was his age-old custom, would comment on how good it was of God to make all this water and sun for us to enjoy.

Then sometimes, a wonderful thing would happen. Something would come to the surface and the conversation would spin off, almost out of control, into wild and wonderful talk about God and life and other... stuff. And Dad would just tell me stories. All kinds of stories. From... from who knows where. Then the silence would set in again and Dad would fiddle with his pipe for awhile. I think that's the image that's stuck in my mind: The pipe. Sorta an interlude between a son and his Dad sitting in a boat... talking, then not talking, about God and fish. Nothing heroic, I guess. Just a guy and his Dad.

That was six years ago, that fishing trip. Dad was seventy. He had Alzheimer's... slowly reverting his mind back to his childhood, while his body just got older. We finally had to put him in a nursing home, just for his own protection. It was the most frustrating thing I'd ever done. Well, not frustrating... I just felt like a traitor at first. He had some real lucid days those first few months. You'd go in there and he'd be his same old self, fiddling with his pipe, joking with the help... talking about God, and you'd think, "Why in the world did we subject you to this place?" You should be out in a boat fishing with me... being a hero, just like when I was a kid. But, then you'd go in the nursing home the next day and he'd be the kid, six years old, but strangely... still fiddling with that pipe.

The day I took him fishing his mind was seventy. He was all there. It was the first time we'd been fishing together in probably twenty years. He died eight months after that fishing trip. I kept his pipe. I try to light it up some times, when I'm really missing him.

He pulls out the pipe and fiddles with it a moment. Then, after a long beat, continues...

I've got a nine year old boy. The kid loves to talk...just like my Dad...about God, about cartoons, about fast food happy meals, you name it. The kid thinks I hung the moon. We watch Andy Griffith reruns together. Last week he asked me if we could go fishing sometime, just like Andy and Opie. *(After a beat)* I went out and I got one of those home equity loans. I'm gonna buy a little boat. Be a hero. My boy and I are gonna go fishing, and see what comes to the surface.

Lights fade.

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