

A script from



“The Prodigal: Abridged Version”

by
The Skit Guys

What In the parable of the Prodigal Son, we see a father welcome home his son, who has thrown away his inheritance. In this inspirational retelling of their story, we hear what may have been going on in the minds of the father and the son.
Themes: Love, Forgiveness, Grace, Parents, Mercy, Children, Father, Acceptance, Redemption, Prodigal

Who Father
Son

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** None

Why Luke 15:11-32

How The dialogue takes careful timing since the stories are somewhat overlapping. There are two perspectives and it's important that the pacing and tone of each actor works together. The joy and excitement of their reunion should build. Be careful not to overact!

For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch the video *The Prodigal: Abridged Version* at SkitGuys.com.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Father and Son are onstage and address the audience.

Son: Do you ever get tired of your boring, day-to-day life? I do. I should say I did. Then I decided to do something about it. Conventional wisdom says "you live your life, you grow up, your parents die and leave an inheritance for you". That wasn't working for me.

I wanted to enjoy that inheritance now, so I decided to do something about it. So one day I walked straight up to my dad, I looked him square in the eye and I said—

Father: "Dad I want what's coming to me right now." That's what my youngest son said to me. At that moment, all I could think of was, "I'd like to give him what's coming to him right now."

But he's my son. And I love him. As much as it put an ache in my heart, I gave him the money and I told him he could go search for a life on his own. Not long after that, he packed his bags. And the next thing I knew—

Son: I was out of there. The friends, the food, the clothes...it was great! Until—

Father: My son's money ran out about the same time the country hit a recession.

Son: It was bad. Really bad. I'd squandered everything my dad had given me and I didn't have anywhere to live. Anything to eat. It was the hunger pangs that were a constant reminder of how I'd squandered my life away. I lived in agony day after day after day...

Father: *(overlapping with Son's line)* After day after day after day I would watch and I would wait. And my heart would ache as only a heart can. From a parent to a child. But hear me on this...I never once gave up on my child. I knew that he would come back one day.

Son: One day it hit me. I realized that my dad's lowliest worker was living like a king compared to me. So, I had an idea. See, I would go up to him and I would humbly just ask him for a job. I couldn't expect him to take me back as a son, but maybe he would give me a job...just maybe.

Father: It was a beautiful day. I was sitting there on the porch just enjoying the cool breeze and that's when I saw him.

Son: He stood up. And he looked in my direction. He squinted his eyes to try and get a better look at me. I wondered if he would take me back. *(As if he's reliving it. Tone changes)* And then my dad jumped off the porch.

Father: *(excitement building)* You know what I did next? I ran!

Son: I've never seen him run so fast! He was like this kid who was excited about something and then...and then I realized *(becoming emotional)* ...he was excited about me.

Father: My heart was pounding so fast, I just had to get to him!

Son: He was running at me with his arms stretched out as if to say "welcome home"!

Father: *(arms stretched out)* Welcome home! Welcome home! And as I got closer to him I could see tears in his eyes.

Son: My dad was crying!

Father: Tears of joy. And you know what my boy did next? He jumped!

Son: *(joyfully)* I couldn't help it! I jumped right into my dad's arms and you know what he did?

Father: Well, I fell backwards, he's a big boy.

Son: He held me. He held me like only a father could. I just kept saying to him over and over again, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I don't deserve to be called your son."

Father: My son! My son is home! *(Motions to an unseen servant)* Get him some clean clothes. *(Motions to another)* Get him some shoes for his feet. Let's prepare a meal—no. No. Let's prepare a feast. For my son will no longer live as an orphan. Today we will celebrate, for all my hopes have come true.

Son: I guess...I guess it was hope. Hope that kept me going all those days. Hope that my father would show me mercy. Hope that...somehow...he would take me back and I would be...forgiven.

Father: Forgiven. It is all forgiven. It is all forgotten. And I will never bring it up again. There is no anger, there is no shame, there is no blame. All that's left is just pure joy.

For my child was lost. And now he's found.