

a script from



WORSHIP

"The Prodigal"

By
Tommy Woodard

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, Hope

Who Father
Son

When Present

Costumes None

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* at SkitGuys.com.

Time Approximately 5 minutes

Lights up.

Son and **Father** are standing on opposite sides of the stage facing the audience. They address the audience.

Son: Do you ever get bored with your average, day-to-day existence? I sure do. Well, I should say, "I did". Then I decided to do something about it. You see, conventional wisdom says that you live your life and then when you're older, your parents pass away, and you get whatever they have left. An inheritance. I'm sorry, but that just isn't good enough. I mean, come on. Give me the money now so I can really enjoy it! So, here's what I did, I walked right up to my dad, and I said...

Father: "Dad, I want what's coming to me right now." That's what my younger son said to me. "What's coming to me?" Right at that moment, I'm thinking, "Yeah... I'll give you what's coming to you!" Who does he think he is demanding things from me? I brought him into this world, and I can take him out and make another one just like him! But he's my son, and I love him. And as much as it pained me, I decided to give him what he asked for and let him search for a better life on his own. Not long after that, he packed his bags and the next thing I knew...

Son: I was outta there! Kissed that boring place goodbye! There was a whole world waiting for me to discover it. So the first thing I did was...

Father: He got lost. Hey, I love him but he's no Magellan. In fact, I heard he had to stop four times for directions before he got out of our hometown.

Son: That's not true! (**Father** looks in **Son's** direction) It was three times. And one of those doesn't count because I couldn't understand what that one guy was saying, I just nodded my head and left. And besides that, the only reason I wasn't good with directions is because someone never took the time to teach me... (**Son** motions with his head towards **Father**)

Father: Don't go there.

Son: Anyway, that doesn't really matter. The point is, I *did* find my way out of town and then I began to live it up! I had it all! I had more friends than I knew what to do with. The best clothes money could buy... I was eating like a king, and the ladies... what can I say about the ladies?

Father: Here's what I can say... none of them were ladies. Oh, they may have been women, but they weren't ladies.

Son: They were too ladies! Well... most of them. Okay there was Sheila... and Nancy, yeah, they weren't really ladies... and Becca... and Margo... hmm, come to think of it - none of them were ladies.

Father: As I was saying...

Son: Wait! Connie! Now Connie was a lady!

Father: Yeah, a lady of the evening.

Son: Okay, never mind... none of them were ladies. But the friends, the clothes, the food! Man they were awesome! *(pause)* Until...

Father: His money ran out right about the time the whole country hit a recession.

Son: There wasn't any work to be found. Man I tried... I really did, but I couldn't find work. I searched and searched and finally I got a job as a manager...

Father makes a buzzer noise to indicate his son is lying) Well, not really a manager, but an associate... **(Father makes buzzer sound again)** Okay, okay, I was a bacon preparation assistant.

Father: Which means...

Son: I took care of pigs. *(pause)* I couldn't believe my life had come to this. I had wasted everything my father had given me. I wasn't really making any money to speak of, I had no place to live, and I had no food to eat. There were days that I would have eaten the disgusting scraps I had to feed the pigs... but I couldn't... they wouldn't let me. So with hunger pains as a constant reminder of how I had squandered my life away, I lived a life of misery... day after day after...

Both: ... day after...

Father: Day after day I watched, and I waited... and I ached in my heart as only a parent can for his child. Most importantly... I never gave up on him. I believed that one day he would return. I just knew it would happen one day.

Son: One day it hit me, and I realized that back at my father's house, his lowliest worker was doing better than I was! They had a place to live, they had food to eat, they were living like kings compared to me. And so I wondered...

Father: What if he never comes to his senses? What if he doesn't come back? What if I never see him again?

Son: Again and again, I ran things through my head as I made the long journey back to my father's house. I knew what I would do. I would humbly ask him to hire me as one of his workers. I couldn't ask for a handout, and I had no right to ask him to take me back as his son. But maybe he'd let me work for him... just maybe.

Father: "Maybe today he'll come home" was the thought that ran through my head every day. Maybe today I'll be sitting here waiting and watching and I'll see him appear off in the distance as he makes his journey back home.

Son: Home. It's a word that describes so many things; comfort, care, security, acceptance, love... and now I was just a few hundred yards away from it.

Father: It was a beautiful day. I was sitting out on the front porch enjoying a cool breeze when I saw him.

Son: He stood up out of his chair, looked my direction and squinted his eyes to get a better look at me. I wondered what he was thinking. I wondered how he felt about me. Would he tell me, "I told you so?"

Father: I told you so! I told you! I told you he would come back. None of you would listen to me, but I knew... I didn't ever give up on him... I knew.

Son: I just knew he was going to be angry. The closer I got to the house, the more I knew I had made the wrong decision. So I stopped...

Father: He just stood there.

Son: I couldn't move.

Father: I couldn't just stand there, so...

Son: He jumped. He literally jumped off the porch. I'd never seen him do that before. He was like a little kid all excited about something and then it hit me... he was excited about... *me!* So what did I do?

Father: You know what I did next?

Both: I RAN!

Father: My heart was pounding and all I could do was run to him.

Son: I'd never seen him run so fast! His arms stretched out as if to say, "Welcome home."

Father: "Welcome home!" I shouted, but he was still too far off to hear me. But we kept running, we both kept running toward each other. I just wanted him to jump into my arms like he did when he was a little boy so I could let him know it would be all right. As he got closer, I could see the tears running down his face.

Son: He was crying...

Father:: Tears of joy! You know what my son did next? He jumped...

Son: I actually jumped! I was so excited, so scared, so... so... so I jumped. And my father...

Father: I caught him. And then...

Son: He hugged me. My father embraced me like only a father can. "I'm so sorry," I told him. "Please forgive me. I don't deserve to be called your son."

Father: My son! My son is back. Bring him some clean clothes, put shoes on his feet. Prepare a meal... no, a feast, for my son will no longer live life as an orphan! Today we will celebrate, for all our hopes have come true.

Son: I guess it was hope that kept me going. A hope that my father would have mercy on me. A hope that in some way he would take me back. A hope that I would be forgiven.

Father: Forgiven... it's all forgiven. I'll never bring it back up again. There is no blame, there is no anger, there is nothing but joy. For my son was lost, but now he's found.

Lights out.