

A script from



## “What a Father”

by

Far From Ordinary  
ffministries.com

- What** This is the story of the Prodigal Son told from the perspectives of two brothers.  
**Themes:** Prodigal, Duet, Forgiveness, Mercy, Grace, Bible Story, Redemption
- Who** Prodigal  
Brother
- When** Present
- Wear  
(Props)** Modern day clothes
- Why** Luke 15:11-32
- How** This scene works best when both actors speak directly to the audience throughout the piece. When an actor is not speaking, they should try to maintain focus and not draw the audience’s attention. The intention is for the skit to seem almost like one monologue told from two perspectives.
- Time** Approximately 8-10 minutes

*Both characters speak directly to the audience.*

**Prodigal:** Growing up I was always...

**Brother:** Arrogant. That's the best way to describe my brother. Prideful, contrary, disrespectful...do you need me to go on? He never wanted to listen to anyone.

**Prodigal:** If my father told me to go left, I'd go right.

**Brother:** If you told him to sit still, he'd do jumping jacks.

**Prodigal:** If my dad told me the sky was blue, I'd argue it was green or purple or polka dotted, it didn't matter, I just wanted to be right. I thought I knew what was best. I thought I should be the one calling the shots, making the decisions. I wanted to be in control.

**Brother:** Then one night, we were eating dinner and my brother made an announcement. In fact, he tapped his glass like he was going to give a toast or something. Like this was his defining moment and he wanted to make it special.

**Prodigal:** "There comes a time in a man's life when he has a decision to make. Will he follow the path set before him, or blaze a new trail. Dad, I know you say that you have my best interest in mind, and maybe you do, but I feel it's time for us to go our separate ways. It's time for me to blaze my own trail. What I'm saying is this, I would like my inheritance now, and I'll be on my way."

**Brother:** Can you believe that?

**Prodigal:** They couldn't believe it. I mean their faces were...

**Together:** ...stunned...

**Brother:** Did he really just have the audacity to ask for his inheritance early? I expected my dad to refuse, to punish him, to laugh him out of the room, something! But he didn't. He gave him exactly what he asked for and then my brother walked out of our lives.

**Prodigal:** I didn't just walk out. I ran. I sprinted as fast as my legs could take me. I didn't know where I was going, and I didn't care. I was going somewhere different; somewhere that I could be in control, and that's what mattered.

**Brother:** For the next year or so, we didn't hear much from him. Every now and then someone would come by who had seen him or talked to someone who had, and the reports were all the same. They said he was "living wild" and we could only guess what that meant.

**Prodigal:** At first it was fun, living on my own. No one could tell me what to do. I was young, I was rich, and I was ready to have fun. I would drink anything, smoke anything, go anywhere, sleep with anyone, do whatever I wanted to do, when I wanted to do it, because I was free. *(Pause. Thinking over that word.)* Free. You see I had always thought that life at home with my dad was like slavery. You know. Having to follow his lead, and do what he said. I never saw how much he provided for me, how he always had my best interest in mind and was working for my good. I just saw him as a slave master, ordering me around, and I resented him so much for that. But now, now that I was calling the shots, I was free. That's what I thought.

**Brother:** *(Almost joyfully)* I'm sure you can guess what happened next. Exactly what I thought would happen. It all blew up in his face.

**Prodigal:** I lost it all. Everything. Every last penny my father had given me was gone and it wasn't coming back.

**Brother:** That was just about the same time the famine hit. We were fine, of course, because we had planned ahead. Dad always had great foresight. But my brother, well he could never see more than two feet in front of him.

*About one page has been omitted from this script preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com)!*

**ENDING:**

**Brother:** I obviously refused to go to the party. And when my dad tried to talk with me about it I told him the truth. I told him, "Look! All these years I've been slaving for you and I never disobeyed your orders. Yet, you never even gave me a young goat so I could celebrate with my friends. But when this son of yours who has squandered your inheritance with prostitutes comes home, you kill the fattened calf for him!" And you know what my dad said, "My son, you are always with me, and everything I have is yours. But we had to celebrate, because this brother of yours was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is now found." *(Sarcastically)* What a father.

**Prodigal:** *(Beat; Sincerely)* What a father.