

A script from



## **“Lost and Found: The Story of the Prodigal Son”**

by  
Eddie James and Tommy Woodard

- What** Through the eyes of both father and son, one of the most powerful of Jesus' parables comes to life. (Themes: Forgiveness, Mercy, Grace, Father, Son, Unconditional Love)
- Who** Father  
Son
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** None
- Why** Luke 15:11-32; 1 John 3:1; Romans 4:7
- How** This skit is like two monologues interwoven together. It is best presented with both actors facing the audience and rarely looking at each other. The stage should be completely black with the only lighting being spots on the actors. \*For more ideas see the video at [www.skitguys.com](http://www.skitguys.com).
- Time** Approximately 10 minutes

*Son and Father are standing side by side facing 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.