

A script from



“The Prodigal”

by

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- 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.
- 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...

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
SkitGuys.com!*

ENDING:

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.

The end.