

A script from



## **“Trusting the Father”**

by  
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- What** A father marvels at how fast his daughter has grown up as she prepares to graduate from High School. Themes: Fathers, Daughters, Parents, Children, Growing up, Graduation, High School, Teenagers, Letting go
- Who** Dad  
Daughter (18 years old)  
Younger Daughter (7-9 years old)
- When** Present-Around Graduation
- Wear (Props)** Books  
Laptop  
Study Material  
Graduation Cap  
Table and Chair
- Why** Jeremiah 29:11, Isaiah 41:10, Deuteronomy 11:19
- How** The **Younger Daughter** should be dressed identically as the **Older Daughter** (Blue jeans and a solid colored t-shirt would be simple to find for both.) The bond between the **Dad** and his **Daughter** should be very clear. He is extremely proud of her, and she admires him greatly.
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

Scene opens with **Dad** on one side of the stage, and on the opposite side is a table covered with books, laptop, and study materials. 18-year-old **Daughter** enters excitedly, wearing a graduation cap.

**Daughter:** Dad! Daddy! Look, look! Whaddya think? *(She pauses to model the graduation cap with a flourish)*

**Dad:** Oh, that looks great, sweetie. You look like a pretty little genius with a...with a bathroom tile on your head.

**Daughter:** DAD!

**Dad:** Okay, no, I'm kidding! You look great. Really. You pull off square-shaped headgear better than anyone I know.

**Daughter:** Alright, but seriously, which side is the tassel supposed to be on? Do you know? I can't remember.

**Dad:** I think it starts here on your right and then moves to your left... like this... *(He demonstrates)*

**Daughter:** Oh, yeah...that sounds right. Thanks. Dad, can you BELIEVE I'm gonna be done with high school? FINALLY. It's CRAZY, right? Speaking of which, I better get back to studying. I need a snack and then it's straight back to work...

**Dad:** *(Jokingly)* Or don't. You could skip it and stay here with us for another year.

**Daughter:** Daaaad!

**Dad:** I'm kidding! Go. Finish well.

**Daughter:** *(Practically squealing)* Okay. It's just so CRAZY! *(She quickly exits to find a snack.)*

**Dad:** *(As she leaves)* Yeah...yeah, it really is.....

Off stage **Older Daughter** passes of cap to **Younger Daughter**, who is wearing same t-shirt/jeans as **Older**. Identical caps would be even more ideal to streamline the switch.

**Dad:** *(Addresses the crowd)* Man, it IS crazy. When did they start letting babies graduate? Surely she skipped a grade or two somewhere, because there's no WAY it's been 12 years already. I mean, LOOK at her... she's barely old enough to be potty trained! Or maybe that's just the way I see her.

*Younger Daughter* – 7-9 years old -- enters with snack in hand, sits down to "resume" work. Pretends to type and read. **Dad** continues to address the audience and doesn't look over at her. We're getting a glimpse of how he views her.

I'm willing to admit that I probably see her differently than everyone else. I've known since before she was born that it was MY job to protect her. God entrusted her to me. So when we drove her home from the hospital, I was in the slow lane. There were little old ladies in power chairs waving as they passed us on the sidewalks. But did I care? NO.

**To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at [SkitGuys.com](http://SkitGuys.com)!**

**ENDING:**

So I've talked to God about it. A lot. I'd love to tell you that I'm totally okay with this adjustment. I'm not entirely there yet. But my Heavenly Father is teaching me, and I will, by His grace, learn to live in the truth: My little girl, ultimately, is not mine. Yes, she's my daughter, but we both belong to the same Father. As a dad, it means everything to know that even when she's out of my reach, she's NEVER out of His.

*Older Daughter enters. She talks as she heads back to the study table.*

**Daughter:** Hey, Dad, what do you know about calculus?

**Dad:** *(Walks toward Daughter's table)* I know enough to know that I shouldn't help you with calculus. I guess I'm not much help to you at all these days, huh?

**Daughter:** Oh, stop it! Are you kidding me? You're...well...you're my Dad. You're the one God picked for me. And I'm glad He picked you. 'Cause I'll always need my Dad.

**Dad:** Are you too old for a cookie break?

**Daughter:** NEVER.

*They start to exit. Dad puts his arm around Daughter. As they walk he talks.*

**Dad:** Good. But don't tell your Mom I ate cookies twice today. She'll freak.

*Lights fade. The end.*