

I'LL FIX IT *by Robyn Berdino*

GENRE: Light Drama

SYNOPSIS: A husband and wife talk candidly about how they, by nature, “fix” things, but are unable to fix their prodigal daughter.

TIME: 4 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1M, 1F

THEME: Prodigal children; Prayer; Parenting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 15:11-32, Matthew 5:44, 1 Thess. 5:17

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service; Couples Retreat

CHARACTERS:

HUSBAND—40-60ish

WIFE—40-60ish

COSTUMES: Modern dress

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage lighting or spot light

SETTING: No specific setting needed

DIRECTOR'S TIP: We had our actors sitting on two stools, one on each side of the stage. We gave the illusion that though they were each telling their own story, their lives intertwined... we achieved this by directing the majority of the script to the audience, but occasionally our actors would glance and smile at each other while stating a specific line.

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Lights up.

HUSBAND: I'm a man...I'm a fixer. I enjoy fixing my lawnmower, I enjoy fixing my children's bicycles, I enjoy fixing cars, and I really enjoy fixing a good steak!

WIFE: I'm a mom...I'm a fixer. I love fixing dinner for my family, I love fixing missing buttons, I love fixing skinned up knees, and hurt feelings. I love helping my children fix the problems they find themselves in...

HUSBAND: But I can't fix this one...

WIFE: I can't fix her...

HUSBAND: I've tried everything, and I'm at a loss. I keep trying to come up with more and more solutions in my mind...there's got to be something I'm missing.

WIFE: There's got to be something I haven't thought of...

HUSBAND: Less than a month ago, my wife's minivan broke down on her...again. I worked and worked, and just couldn't figure it out...

WIFE: He was out in the driveway for hours working on the van...

HUSBAND: I was at a loss...

WIFE: He was at a loss. I stood there looking out the front window at him. He didn't know I was watching him. That look of disgust, of frustration. He'd furrow his brow, then he'd rub the back of his hand across his forehead (*Imitating him*) leaving a big black line of grease across his forehead. And all of a sudden, there would be a change, there would be this obvious expression of hope across his face. So he'd try something else.

HUSBAND: I'm a man...I'm a fixer. I don't stop until I've figured it out. Hurricane or tsunami couldn't stop me.

WIFE: He'd try something else. Then again, that familiar look of frustration...

HUSBAND: After hours and hours, I realized I was no further than when I started. And then my wife came on the scene...she gently reminded me of our really good friend who happens to be a mechanic... "You want me to call him? But I'm the fixer! I'm the man!" After two more hours, twenty-three more black stripes across my forehead, and