

Drama Ministry®

POINT. CLICK. ACTION!

THANKS, DAD!

by Robyn Berdino

GENRE: Drama/Light Comedy

SYNOPSIS: An adult daughter writes a heartfelt card to her father, as both enjoy reminiscing about her “growing up” years.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Lines should go quickly when there is interaction between Dad and his daughter. Facial expressions are very important (whether reminiscing, smiling, upset, etc.).

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Relationships, Family

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ephesians 6:1-4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service

CHARACTERS:

DAUGHTER – age 25 to 35

DAD – age 45 to 55

PROPS: Table and chair for the daughter, rocker/recliner/chair for Dad

COSTUMES: Modern dress

SOUND: Two wireless mics

LIGHTING: Two spots, making it more clear that they are in two different houses. Or general, if spots are not available.

SETTING: Two separate houses

Drama Ministry

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Lights up. The daughter is sitting at a table on one side of the stage, with card and pen, getting ready to sign a Father's Day card. The father is sitting in a rocker/recliner/chair on the other side, as if reading the card while the daughter is writing.

DAUGHTER: Okay, here we go again ... Father's Day ... the perfect card ... and this year, it only took an hour to pick it out! Not bad.

DAD sits down with a pile of mail, and opens the card. DAUGHTER writes, speaking aloud as she does.

Dear DAD ...

Words cannot begin to express what I feel. From the time I was a small child, I've always felt secure in your love. The comfort that came from climbing into your big lap, and feeling your strong arms and rough hands hold me tight. The gentle kisses on my scraped knees. Seeing you kneel beside my bed to pray, then pulling my covers up tight around my neck. You made me laugh, the way you were able to chase off monsters and twirl me around. You made time just to play. I now know how tired you were after working all day, but you would always pick up a crayon, and come into my world.

DAD: I think it was Mom who liked to color.

DAUGHTER: *(Writing)* I know when I was older I wasn't the ideal teenager. I got into a little trouble ... I blew it a few times. *(Stops writing, thinking aloud)* Okay, well more than a few.

DAD: Are you kidding? You were nuts! Your mother pulled me back from the brink more times than I can remember.

DAUGHTER: *(Writing)* We both made a lot of mistakes. But you affirmed me, Dad. You were there with me. You praised the things I did well; and the things I didn't, well, most of the time you said nothing ... but I knew you were disappointed.

DAD: What an amazing gift — a child's selective memory!

DAUGHTER: *(Writing)* And it made me love you because you cared. I never told you that, but I wanted you to care. You cared how I would turn out. You cared who my friends were. You wanted the best for me. Even though you drove me absolutely crazy at the time!

(Stops writing, just thinking aloud) You know, I remember a time when I was a teenager, and I went out to dinner with this guy that Dad wasn't crazy about.

DAD: Oh, I hope she's forgotten that restaurant incident ... definitely went over the brink that time!