

# The lost son.

Here is a play based on Jesus' famous parable of the lost son (sometimes called the prodigal or the wasteful son). I use it with my classes, having first retold the parable itself. The play is set in the present time and has four scenes, involving four characters - the father, the younger son, the older son and a home help. There is a narrative to introduce each scene. I select a good reader to do this, or sometimes do it myself with a slightly younger class. The script was originally written as a radio play, but could easily be used as a puppet play.

## Scene 1.

**Narrator.** This is a play about a patient father and his wasteful son. The first scene takes place in a house somewhere near \_\_\_\_\_ (nearby street) in \_\_\_\_\_ (nearby town).

**(Younger) son.** Hi Dad.

**Father.** Yes son.

**Son.** Is it true that when you die, I will get half your money?

**Father.** Yes son. Your brother and you will share my savings in the \_\_\_\_\_ (well known) bank.

**Son.** Well I can't wait until you die. I want my share now.

**Father.** Why is that son?

**Son.** I am tired of school and living around here. I want to go to downtown \_\_\_\_\_ (nearest large city) and really party - in the Night clubs, casino and all-night bars.

**Father.** If that is what you really want, here is your share of the money.

**Son.** Gee. Thanks Dad. You are really quite a cool dude after all.

## Scene 2.

**Narrator.** True to his word, the wasteful son went to the bright lights of downtown \_\_\_\_\_ and really partied - drinking, gambling and party-going. He made many friends who helped him spend his money. However, after a few months, all his money had gone - and now his so-called friends didn't want to know him.

Unemployment was high in \_\_\_\_\_, and the wasteful son had no money, no job, nowhere to live and very little food to eat. Eventually, he managed to get a job selling hot dogs from a wheelbarrow.

**Son.** Hot dogs. Hot dogs. Get your hot dogs here.

Woe is me. Business is bad. Woe is me. Woe is me. WOE IS ME.

I am a fool. I have nowhere to live, no money, no friends, my clothes are dirty and torn, and I only have hot dogs to eat. Even my father's home help is better off than I am. I should never have left home. I know! I will return to my father. I am no longer worthy to be called his son, but perhaps he will give me a job in his candy shop.

## Scene 3.

**Narrator.** So the wasteful son returned home, wondering what type of reception he would get from his father. He thought that his father would probably be very angry and tell him to clear off. But as he neared home, he saw his father running towards him.

**Footsteps.**

**Son.** Father, I have sinned against you and against God. I am not worthy to be called your son.

**Father.** My son. My son. You have come home. Oh what joy you have given me. You were dead to me and now you are alive. You were lost and now you are found.

**Son.** But father, I am not worthy to be called your son.

**Father.** The only thing that matters is that you have come home. We must have a celebration party to welcome you home. Miss \_\_\_\_\_. Miss \_\_\_\_\_.

**Home help.** Yes sir.

**Father.** My beloved son has returned home. Make sure he has everything he needs. Give him the best coat, put a ring on his finger, shoes on his feet, and invite all my friends round for a celebration homecoming party.

**Home help.** Whatever you say sir. Come with me Master \_\_\_\_\_. I will get your old room ready for you.

#### **Scene 4.**

**Narrator.** The older son, however, was not as forgiving as his father. As he returned home from working in his father's candy shop, he heard the sound of joyful music.

**Older son.** Miss \_\_\_\_\_. What on earth is going on?

**Home help.** Your brother has returned home and your father is jumping for joy. He has given him a bicycle, a computer, a play station, and a big bag of his favourite candies. He is now having a big celebration party, and he wants you to join them.

**Older son.** No way! It sounds as though Dad has really gone crazy. Send him out to me please.

**Home help.** Whatever you say.

Footsteps.

**Father.** Yes son. What do you want?

**Older son.** Dad, have you gone completely crazy? That rotten brother of mine has dared to come home, and instead of sending him away, you have welcomed him back as though he had never done any wrong, It is just not fair.

**Father.** Son, you are with me always, and whatever is mine is yours also. But your brother was dead to me and now he is alive again, he was lost and now he is found. It is only right that we should celebrate his return.

#### **Conclusion.**

**Narrator.** Just like the forgiving father in this play, our heavenly Father waits patiently for his lost children to return home. And when we do, he welcomes us gladly. All our sins are forgiven and forgotten and there is much rejoicing in heaven.