

# The Prodigal Son

A simple drama

Characters

Narrator

Son 1

Father

Lady

Son 2.

Son 1: I'm BORED!! I'm really fed up! We spend all day working on this silly farm. Feeding the chickens, cleaning out the pigs, its stinky and its hard work. I'm so fed up I can't wait to get out of here.

Narr: So the son went to see his Father.

Son 1: (As whining as possible) Dad, I'm bored. I can't stand it here any more. I need to get out of here so give me my money and I'll get on my camel and go!!

Father: I'm not too sure about this Son.

Son 1: (Angry) Oh I knew you'd say that! You never want me to do anything that I want to do, you're just a spoil sport!

Father: And you never let me finish a sentence! I'm not sure about this Son, but if its what you really want then you can have it, half of my money is yours, so you can do what ever you want with it.

Son 1: (Very surprised) What! You mean it? You mean I really can go?

Father: Yes, although it makes me very sad. If that's what you really want to do then you can.

Son 1: Yipee! At last I can get out of here!!! Yipeeeeeee!!

Narr: So the Son took the money, packed his bag and went off to the big city, where life was one big PARTY.

Son 1: (Go to side and "dance a bit) Wow, what a PARTY!!

Narr: Meanwhile, back at the Farm, the father was not happy. He spent a lot of time staring into the distance, hoping that one of the little dots on the horizon might turn out to be his son on the way home.

Father: Oh I do miss him. I don't care what he's done. I don't care if he's lost all the money. I just want him back.

Narr: The Son was having a great time, but even a lot of money doesn't last long if you're Partying all the time.

Lady: (talking to Son 1) It's time for you to pay the rent! You didn't pay me last week so you owe me five thousand migmogs this week.

Son 1: (Puts his hands in his pockets) Oh no, I haven't got anything left.

Lady: Well you'll have to go then! Right now!!

Narr: The son walked the streets with nowhere to go. Eventually he managed to get a job feeding the pigs on a farm. Not only did he have to feed them, but he had to live with them as well.

Son 1: This is really yucky! Oh why did I ever leave home! I was comfortable and warm and had all I could ever want there, and look at me now, smelly, and dirty and hungry. I know! I'll go back to my Father and ask him to take me on as a farm hand. Even they have somewhere to live and food to eat. Nothing could be worse than where I am now.

Narr: So the Son set off for home. But meanwhile back at the farm.

Father: It's no good, I still miss him. I really really miss him! Hang on a minute, what's that in the distance, there's someone coming along the road. (shouts) Its him, its him!!!

Narr: The Father ran off towards his son. When he reached him he threw his arms around him and hugged him. The son tried to ask to be just a farm hand, but his father wouldn't listen.

Father: Quick, get the best robe, get some sandals and put a ring on his finger. for this is my son who was lost, and now he is found again. It was like he was dead, and now he is alive again. Quick lets have a feast and celebrate.

Narr: So the Party began! Everybody stopped work on the farm and there was a great feast. But the father had another Son, he had always worked hard on the Farm and had never asked for much for his wages. When he heard the noise of the party and found out what was going on he was angry.

Son 2: What's all this! I work hard all my life and never get a party thrown for me! My brother though is a lay-about and a waster who has thrown away loads of money, and just because he decides to come home they go and throw a party for him.

Narr: The father tried to explain.

Father: Son we need to be happy! In the end it doesn't matter what he has done, it's just important that we are all together again.

Narr: But the other son would not listen. He went off on his own and would not join the party. And the Father sighed...

Father: Oh no! It look's like I've got some more waiting to do!

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