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You Wrecked My Car

Cultivating Lifestyles of Reconciliation

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You Wrecked My Car!

Family Confession and Forgiveness

By Ted Kober

Summary: What's a dad to do when his teenage son is found to directly disobey the rules and then deny everything when confronted by the father? This skit demonstrates how confession and forgiveness can happen in the family. In the first scene, a dispute over a car accident escalates into a yelling match between father and son. In the next scene, the father approaches his son for reconciliation through confession and forgiveness, using the pamphlet *Proclaiming God's Forgiveness*. Works well in chancel dramas for teaching families how to reconcile in conflict! Skit requires 2 actors (father and son). The first scene takes about 3 minutes. The second scene takes about 9 minutes.

Audience: Teen and General Audience

Actors: Dad and 17-year-old son Matt

Props: 2 chairs
Proclaiming God's Forgiveness pamphlet (Download two copies from on.hisaor.org/pgf-pamphlet or order copies for the entire audience at <http://www.hisaor.org/shopexd.asp?id=69>)

Scene 1

Dad has just come home after an evening out with Mom. Matt is sitting in the TV room playing video games, pretending that everything is normal. Dad enters the room and starts raising his voice.

Dad: Matt, what happened to my Jeep while your mother and I were out tonight?

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Matt: *[Continuing to play video games, barely noticing.]* Nothing, Dad. Not that I know of.

Dad: One of the taillights has been broken, and the rear bumper is scratched. There's a broken taillight cover on the driveway next to the retaining wall. How did it happen?

Matt: *[Still playing video games.]* I don't know! I haven't been driving lately.

Dad: *[Irritated.]* How can you say that? Your Mom and I were gone all evening, and you are the only person that could have been driving it. I told you that you were not to drive my car unless you asked first. Stop playing that stupid game, and stand up and look at me!

Matt: *[Stops playing and gets up. More emphatically:]* I didn't drive your lousy car. You always blame me and you don't know what you're talking about.

Dad: Oh, yeah?! Well, then explain this, Mr. Innocent. Before I got home from work earlier this evening, I stopped at the gas station to fill up with gas. I changed the trip odometer to zero, washed the Jeep, and there was no damage to the taillight or bumper. I parked the Jeep in the driveway at 6:00 tonight. We only live 1 mile from the gas station. But just now I checked the odometer when I saw the broken taillight. There are 47.8 miles on the odometer. I didn't move the Jeep. The key was hanging next to the door, and you are the only other person home. My mirror was changed and the driver's seat has been pushed back. Quit your lying and explain to me how the Jeep got moved and damaged.

Matt: I just ran out to the store to do some errands. That's all.

Dad: I am sick and tired of your constant lying. I told you not to take the Jeep without my permission. And the store isn't 47 miles away! You are lying to me again. How many times do I have to tell you to quit lying, mister! You always do that. Take someone's property without their knowledge or permission, damage it, lie about it, and then act like nothing happened!

Matt: Look, I didn't hit anything. I'm always careful. You always accuse me without even giving me a change to explain anything. Living with you is worse than boot camp. You and Mom always treat me like a baby. I'm 17, not your little kid, you know. All my friends have their own cars, and they come and go whenever they want. But not me! I live in this prison. *[In a mocking voice:]* "Where are you going?" "What time are you coming home?" "Be in by 10." What is it with you guys anyway?

Dad: Watch your tone, buster. You're in serious trouble. You still aren't telling me where you were or what you were doing. You're gonna pay for the damage to the Jeep, and you're grounded for three months. No more dates. No more parties. You can go to school, to work, and to church, but that's it.

Matt: Yeah, right. Whatever! I might as well be in prison. You always overreact. I'm going to my room.