

The Prodigal Sons



A musical by Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

The Prodigal Sons

Preamble.

The Prodigal Sons, is a musical retelling of the original story which the Lord Jesus told in Luke 15:11-32, in the Bible. It is not a literal retelling, but is the original story told with imagination, in a modern setting, which expresses the message which the Lord revealed of the Fathers unfailing love to his son, which parallels the depth of the love of God to His wayward children.

In this tale, the original Prodigal Son has grown up and has a family of his own now. He has invested some money for his children, but his teenage son decides he wants his money now, to go exploring the world. He travels to Australia with his best friend and wastes the money on 'cheap women and expensive booze.' Penniless, living on the streets, and eating out of rubbish bins, he finally has an epiphany and contacts his father, to beg for help to get home. Read the story.

The story is told here from the point of view of a New Zealand audience, with the son travelling to Australia, but it may be changed to suit the circumstances of those who perform it. E.g. An English audience may have the son travelling to the Continent? An American audience may have the son travelling to Canada? I do pray that I have done justice to the story, and may it be a blessing, and may all glory be to God for it.

The Play is presented in 4 Acts and 11 scenes, namely,

Act 1. Leaving home.

Scene 1. The prodigal son

Scene 2. This is my time to live

Act 2. Celebrating.

Scene 1. Celebrating

Scene 2. Living the dream

Scene 3. Downfall

Act 3. Eating humble pie.

Scene 1. Livin' on the street

Scene 2. Eating humble pie

Scene 3. A reason to live

Act 4. The prodigal returns.

Scene 1. How did it come to this?

Scene 2. The prodigal returns

Scene 3. Homecoming

Songs, Music and Chords.

The songs within the text only have the chords where the words are written. For the full music, please go to the Website www.therescueshop.org, where all of the Songs and Music can be found independently, under Free Songs, and they can be freely downloaded from there. A demo of each song is also, or will soon be, available in the same place, also freely downloadable, and a Chord Chart is also there, where each Chord used is pictured.

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The Prodigal Sons. Act 1. Scene 1.

The Prodigal Son.

Performers

Father

Jacob

Cinderella (Cindy)

Scene. At home, Father and Jacob are standing, talking together.

Father. (Remonstrating). "But...I invested that money for your future Jacob!...It's your leg-up in life, so you don't have to begin on the bottom rung, like I did."

Jac. "But I want to see the world...The world is my future...Now is my future dad?"

Fat. "The money is for your long-term good, Jacob...it's meant to be a beginning for you."

Jac. "Yes, it will be...this is what I want to do with my life...I want to travel, and see exciting things! My life is *just* beginning."

(Cindy enters, and Father and Jacob stand quietly, looking at each other).

Cin. "Why so serious guys?...Has someone died?"

Fat. "Jacob wants his inheritance to travel to Australia."

Cin. "What?...Don't give it to him dad...He'll waste it!"

Jac. "I want to see the world while I'm young...All I've ever known is the farm...I want to find the treasure at the end of the rainbow."

Cin. "Well...go and find that and take it with you...instead of dad's hard-earned money!"

Fat. "Cindy!"

Cin. "Dad...don't listen to him..." (Turning to Jacob) "If you think you're going to Aussie alone with fifty thousand bucks in your pocket...you're mistaken!"

Jac. "I'm not going alone..."

Cin. "Finally!...so you can say intelligent things sometimes?"

Jac. "Toad's coming with me..."

Cin. "Toad?...Oh well!...That guarantee's success doesn't it?...Taking that retard along!"

Fat. "Honey?"

Cin. "No dad...just tell him no!"

Fat. "It *is* his money..."

Cin. "What?...I can't believe what I'm hearing?...Dad, you're not listening to me. Don't give in to that wastrel...he'll blow the money, and come back begging for more..."

Fat. "It's his future..."

Cin. "You old fool!"

Fat. "Hey...remember who you're talking to!"

Cin. "I don't believe this?"

Fat. "It isn't your choice to make...it's Jacob's choice..."

Cin. "Dad...he'll blow it all on harlots and booze..."

Fat. "Maybe?"

Cin. "Not maybe...it's a certainty..."

Fat. "Well...let's pray he thinks a bit better than that?"

Cin. "He doesn't think...You've got to do his thinking for him...and say no!"

Fat. "It's his money...and his choice...so let's hope he makes some right ones..."

Cin. "Oh great...so you're going to let those two retards loose in Aussie then?"

Fat. "I don't think they can come to much harm..."

Cin. "No, they won't...because they'll be too stoned to do anything...especially anything as mundane as working."

Fat. "Let's hope time proves you wrong?"

Cin. "Do you really believe that?...Listen to what you're saying?"

Fat. "It's his life...and his money...and his choice to make...so he will leave here, with my blessing..."

Cin. "I can't believe I'm hearing this from you?" (Shaking her head). "I know I'm going to wake up soon...and find out this was all some horrible nightmare..."

Fat. "Honey?"

Cin. "Just because you were the Prodigal Son...and disgraced the family's name...that retard thinks he can go and do the same!"

Fat. "Cindy, you know it's not like that...When I was his age..."

Cin. "No Dad...I've heard the story so many times, I know it off by heart!...When you were his age, you took your inheritance before Grandad died...and went overseas and wasted it on cheap women and expensive booze...then when the money ran out, you got a job at a pig farm...and you had an epiphany in the pigsty...and went home with your tail between your legs...and Grandad came running when he saw you...and you all lived happily ever after...until today...when it came back to bite you!"

Fat. "Cindy...I don't have to explain myself to you...This is not a democracy...I'm the head of this house...and any decision I make is in the best interests of the family...All we have here is mine...and I will do with what's mine, as it pleases me."

Cin. "Oh, great!...Yes!...I should have known!...Once again the spoiled brat gets what he wants...Why doesn't that surprise me?...Like Father, like son...here goes!"

Fat. "It's not like that..."

Cin. "You know better, dad!"

Fat. "Cindy..."

Cin. "Okay...Yes!" (Holding her hand out). "I'll take mine too then...and I'll go to Aussie and blow it all on you-know-what...and You-know-who!"

Fat. "You couldn't do it...you aren't like that!"

Cin. "No...I'm not like you...I'm like Mum was...My brains are in my head...not in my pants..."

Fat. "So...when do you want to leave...Jacob?"

Cin. "I'm not listening to this...I'm going to drown myself..." (She walks off).

Jac. "Do you need any help?"

Cin. (Loud). "Ohh!"

Fat. "Come into my office...and we'll work this out...I'll need to get the money out of the Trust...But, Jacob...please don't make my mistakes...It isn't worth it...If you're going to make any...make your own...Cheap women and expensive booze just aren't worth the price you pay for them...I learned that lesson personally!"

Jac. "I won't dad...I'm going there to have adventures!"

(Jacob walks off).

Fat.

C G Am Em
"I had a dream...I dreamed my son would be me.
 Am D F C
He would sit in my chair, and breathe in my air,
 Am D F C
And look out my window, and see what I saw.

C G Am Em
But he looked beyond, to where my world ends.
 Am D F C
He sees far-off places, and distant faces,

Am D F C
And he hears his own song, with his own ears."

C G Am Em
But what can I do? Is there room here for two?
Am D F G C
Two dreams in one world? Can that ever be?"

(Father walks off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 1. Scene 1.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 1. Scene 2.

This is my time to live.

Performers x 2

Jacob
Toad

Scene. At the Airport, in the Departure lounge.

Toad. "Well...this is it Buddy...We're gonna fly!" (Walking around with his arms outstretched, tilting to one side, then the other, making aeroplane noises). "This is the Captain speaking...Flight JL462 coming in to land at Sydney...The weather is fine...The future is bright...so make the most of it...and don't look back..."

Jac. (Laughing). "Ha...yeah...but I don't know what we're going to do when we get there?"

Toa. "It's a clean slate man...We can do anything we want to!"

Jac. "Yes, you're right!...This is my time to live, isn't it!"

Toa. "Yeah...This is my time to live!...I couldn't have put it better myself, man..."

Jac.

D

"To everything there is a purpose and season

G A A7

A time to take and a time to give

D

I've spent all my life being 'little-mister-good'

G A D F#m

Now this is my time to live.

G F#m Gm G#m Am

This is my time to let down my hair

G F#m Em

I'm gonna go while the goings good

G F#m Gm G#m Am

I've kept all the rules now I'm com-ing a - live

G F#m Em

'Coz this is my time to live.

D

I'm gonna bo-ogie with tho-se who par-ty

G A A7

I'll make the foun-da-tions shake

D F#m G
 I'll break all the rules, and I'll wake up the dead
 A7 D Fm
 And keep all the neighbours awake
 G F#m Gm G#m Am
 I'll be the life of the par-ty, and kick up my heels
 G F#m Em
 I'll be the mo-ver and sha-ker of the beat
 G F#m Gm G#m Am
 And the wor-ld will know there's a man on the prowl
 G F#m Em D (ad lib)
 When I'm cruising the streets

To everything there is a purpose and season
 G A
 And this is my sea-son to live
 D
 I'm gonna be really cool and write the new rules
 G A F#m G
 'Coz this is the time I'm break-in ou-ou-out
 A F#m Em
 This is the time I'm gonna sho-out it
 G A F#m G
 This is the time they'll hear all about it
 G A F#m G
 'Coz this is my time to li-i-i-ive
 A D
 This is my ti-ime to live"

Toa. "That's right...We're gonna break all the rules...and rewrite the rule book...and there's only one rule in that book!"

Jac. "What's that?"

Toa. "No rules, man...That's our only rule!"

Jac. "No rules...That's a good one...Yeah!...But we will need to get set up when we arrive?"

Toa. "Well...we need somewhere to stay, obviously...so that's prob top of the list?...Get some food organised?...What else?...That's the basics...look around a bit...I'm sure we'll make friends easily...We haven't really thought this through have we?...Should be straight forward though...just follow our noses..."

Jac. "No, we haven't planned anything...apart from getting there...we won't even know where we are...anywhere?"

Toa. "Google maps...we'll sort it!"

Jac. "Yeah...Well...the adventure begins as soon as we get on that 'plane...There will be nothing behind us except the past...and nothing before us except the future...and what we make of it...are you scared Toad?"

Toa. "Scared?...What of?...I thrive on uncertainty!"

Jac. "Really?"

Toa. "Nah...I think I heard that on a movie once...but I'm not worried...I feel quite excited because we have a whole new world before us...It will be an adventure!"

Jac. "I'm a bit apprehensive...because of the uncertainty...but at least they speak English..."

Toa. "With an Australian accent...so it's not exactly English as we know it...but yeah...right..."

Jac. "I'll go get some Aussie currency...in case we have to bribe the Customs guys at Sydney..."

Toa. (Worried). "Why...what have you got in your bag?"

Jac. "Jokes man...Nah...we should arrive ready for any situation...cash always helps!"

Toa. "You sure you aren't carrying anything?...Like contraband?"

Jac. "Come on Toady...I want to get into the country...I don't want any surprises..."

Toa. "Good...We've got two more hours to wait before boarding...we should go and have a coupla beers?"

Jac. "Yeah...or a coupla-coupla?"

Toa. "Yeah...as long as we can walk onto the 'plane...and off at the other end we'll be right...This is exciting!"

Jac. "You said it!...Yeah...let's go get those beers...the suspense is killing me!"

Toa. "And me...be the longest two hours I've ever lived otherwise!"

Jac. "Me too...let's go..."

(They pick up their carry-on luggage and walk off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 1. Scene 2.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 2. Scene 1.

Celebrating

Performers x 9

Jacob
Toad
Mikey
Francine
Rollo
Karen
Pete
Jenny
Matty

Scene. Jacob and Toad walk into a Bar in Sydney.

Mik. "Hey Jacob!...Jacob!"

Toa. "Who's that?...Someone's calling you?"

Jac. "Oh...it's Mikey...remember, we met him last night...Yeah...Hi!"

Mik. "How are you guys?...We're out on the town too...come and join us!"

Jac. "Okay...Where you headed?"

Mik. "Anywhere that's fun...Come on...we're at the table over there..."

Toa. "Good..."

(They join the others).

Mik. "This is Rollo...and Karen...and Pete...and Jenny...and Francine...You all know Jacob and Toad, we met them last night."

(All greet each other).

Mik. "So...who's buying this round?"

(All turn to look at Jacob).

Kar. "Newbie buys the first round of the night...that's the rule..."

Jac. "Looks like I'm elected?...Name your poison?"

Mik. "That's very decent of you Jacob..."

(Jacob and Mikey go up to the bar and return with the tray of drinks).

Mik. "Here you go...and a toast to Jacob...for being so generous!"

Jac. "Maybe just ask them for a tab...and I'll pick it up later?"

Jon. "That's real sporting of you mate..."

Fra. "Yeah...real good stuff!"

Jac. "It's what friends do!"

Fra. "Yeah...it is...sit here by me!...Come on sport!"

Jac. (Sits by Francine and she shuffles up to him).

Fra. "Toad said you're a pretty good singer...you can carry a tune pretty well?"

Jac. "Everyone likes music...I do...and when I get lubricated, I like to sing...but I prob sing better without the lubrication?"

Kar. "Don't we all?...Can you sing us something?...Do you write 'em...or you sing some type in particular?"

Jac. "Well...yeah...I write a few...so I can express how I feel in my own way..."

Kar. "Ya wanna sing us one?"

Toa. "Sing Passion...that's epic..."

Jac. "Yeah...sure...this one expresses the way I look at life...I don't believe in being half-hearted...you have to put your all into whatever you do...do everything with passion...that's what I say..."

D F#m G F#m
There's just one chance between making it, and losing it,
D F#m G A
That one chance may be all you'll ever get,
D F#m G F#m
First impressions, will be last impressions,
D F#m G A
If you don't give that one chance everything you've got!
Gm Bflm D
Where will it go from here?
G Bfl D
Do everything in life with passion, wear your heart outside,
G Bfl D
There's only one you, so lift your head up, and wear it with pride!

D F#m G F#m
 The half-hearted you will fall by the wayside,
 D F#m G A
 You've got to make it through, Seize the day!
 D F#m G F#m
 The things you don't attempt, you'll never win, that's for certain,
 D F#m G A
 You have to take the risk, and give it everything you've got!
 Gm Dflm D
 Where will it go from here?
 G Bfl D
 Do everything in life with passion, wear your heart outside,
 G Bfl D
 There's only one you, so lift your head up, and wear it with pride!

D F#m G F#m
 There's just one step between getting there, and failure,
 D F#m G A
 That last step when you cross the finish line,
 D F#m G F#m
 There's just one moment between now and forever,
 D F#m G A
 If you want the forevers, then you have to win the now!
 Gm Bflm D
 Where will it go from here?
 G Bfl D
 Do everything in life with passion, wear your heart outside,
 G Bfl D
 There's only one you, so lift your head up, and wear it with pride!

D F#m G F#m
 Don't be a stranger in the crowd, you're in danger,
 D F#m G A
 Of being the anonymous, who no-one ever sees,
 D F#m G F#m
 Bring the crowd to its feet, as you pass on the street,
 D F#m G A
 Bring the world to a standstill, as you walk by,
 Gm Bflm D
 You're going to the top from here!
 G Bfl D
 Do everything in life with passion, wear your heart outside,
 G Bfl D
 There's only one you, so lift your head up, and wear it with pride!

That's how I live...I do everything with passion!"

Rol. "Hey man...that's awesome!"

Kar. "You wrote that?"

Jac. "Yeah...it's one of my many sins...writing songs..."

Toa. "He's really good at it!...We hang up the 'Genius at work' sign when he picks up a pen!"

Fra. "Absolutely love it!...I think we'll fit really well!"

Kar. "Who needs a jukebox when we've got Jacob?"

Pet. "Yep!"

Mik. "So...are all your songs expressing what or how you feel about things?"

Jac. "Ah...yeah...I s'pose so...I mean, I see the world through my eyes...so that's what I write about!...Some songs are a bit more floppy, as I call it...like this one,

C G7
When your day seems kinda gloomy, your chances kinda slim,

F C G7 C
The situation's puzzling, and your prospects awful grim.

C G7
When perplexities keep pushing, till all hope is nearly gone,

C F C G7 C
Just bristle up, and grit your teeth, and keep on keeping on.

G7 C G7 C
Just, keep on keeping on, don't let it take your smile.

G7 C G7 C
Yes, keep on keeping on, you'll get there in a while.

G7
No matter how dark the night is, no matter how long till dawn,

C F C G7 C G7
Just bristle up, and grit your teeth, and keep on keeping on.

C
When your 'get-up-and-go' has got up and gone,

G7
Your 'push-on-ahead' is left way behind,

F C G7 C
And the slowest of gears is all you can find, just keep on keeping on.

G7 C G7 C
Keep on keeping on, don't let it take your smile.

G7 C G7 C
Yes, keep on keeping on, you'll get there in a while.

G7

No matter how dark the night is, no matter how long till dawn,

C F C G7 C G7 C
Just bristle up, and grit your teeth, and just keep on keeping on."

Kar. "That's really cool...you've got talent mate!"

Fra. "Real good, sport!"

Rol. "Yeah mate...that's tops...We needed a bard for the outfit...so, you're it!"

Pet. "Think you can handle the role?"

Jac. (Laughing). "Yeah...no probs..."

Jen. "You got a way with words mate...Toad was right!"

Rol. "I'll get another round...and I'll tell 'em about the tab Jacob?"

Jac. "Yeah...do that..."

Toa. "I'll help you with them mate..."

Rol. Yeah...thanks..."

Jen. "Someone said Matty was comin' tonight?"

Fra. "Matty?...I hope not!"

Jen. "Me too!"

Jac. "Who's Maddy?"

Fra. "Matty...with a Tee..."

Jac. "What's wrong with him?"

Pet. "What's right with him, more likely..."

Kar. "He tries to drink the Bar dry..."

Pet. "He thinks drinking's a competition...he who drinks the most wins..."

Jen. "He always wins...but he loses..."

Fra. "Yeah...loser!"

Pet. "He's the kinda bloke who always goes out with a couple of mates...to carry him home afterwards..."

Kar. "And he's the sort of bloke you have to take everywhere twice...the second time to apologise..."

Jac. "Yeah...sounds like fun?"

Fra. "He's harmless...but he's an idiot..."

Rol. "Speak of the devil..."

Kar. "Matty!"

Mat. "Hey guys!"

Jac. "The illustrious Matty!"

Mat. "So...my legend precedes me!"

Fra. "Don't flatter yourself...we were warning Jacob about you!"

Mat. "That's nice of you..."

Rol. "This is Jacob and Toad, Matty...we met them the other night at Charley's..."

Mat. "I vaguely remember the names...was one of you dancing on the table?"

Fra. "No...that was you, drongo!"

Mat. "I had a suspicion it was me...but I hoped I was wrong...not one of my finer performances by the sound of it?"

Kar. "Nah...just the usual..."

Mat. "Well...we'd better get this show on the road..."

Rol. "We're already on the road..."

Mat. "I'd better play catch up then..."

Kar. "You will...and you'll overtake us..."

Toa. "What do you drink?"

Mat. "Anything that's free!"

Fra. "Water..."

Mat. "Nah...water's for sheep...and greenies...I'll have a beer...a double please mate..."

Jac. "A double?"

Kar. "He has them two at a time...saves on mileage..."

Jac. "I'll get them...Lager?"

Mat. "Yeah...Fosters...thanks mate..."

Fra. "Jacob writes songs...and he sings pretty good..."

Mat. "I sing too...after I've had one too many..."

Fra. "Or two too many?"

Kar. "Or three too many?"

Rol. "Or many too many?"

Mat. "Okay...Okay...don't rub it in...I'm a victim of my own talent..."

Jac. (Returns with beers).

Toa. "We should get some chips or something?...I'm a bit hungry..."

Jac. "Yeah...good idea Toad...we'll do that...may be a long night?"

Rol. (Holding his glass up). "Here's to Jacob and Toad...let's show them what a good night in Syds looks like!"

All. (Holding glasses up). "Yeah...let's do it...Cheers!"

Curtain falls.

End of Act 2. Scene 1.

The Prodigal Sons Act 2. Scene 2.

Living the dream.

Performers x 3

Jacob
Toad
Marcie

Scene. A seat on a quiet back street in Sydney.

Jac. "Who was that girl I was with last night?...You know...the blonde?"

Toa. "Ahh...Was it...ah...Josie?"

Jac. "Nah...that was last week...I think?"

Toa. "Greta?"

Jac. "Greta?...I don't remember a Greta?"

Toa. "Tall...long brown hair..."

Jac. "No...can't remember her?"

Toa. "Ahh...Ahh...Susan maybe?"

Jac. "Nah...she was the night before last..."

Toa. "Don't let Francie find out about any of this...or she'll wring their necks...then she'll come looking for you...and wring yours..."

Jac. "I know...this place is a whirlwind..."

Toa. "No...it's you who's the whirlwind...you can't sit still, man!"

Jac. "This is what we came here for...This is my time to live, remember?"

Toa. "Yeah...well you've got all the friend's money can buy now!"

Jac. "That's right...we're living the dream!!"

Toa. "Yeah...Living the dream!"

Jac.

C

G

"I've made all the friends that money can buy,

Am Em
 And bought everything that caught my eye.
 F C
 Now I walk down the street with my head held high,
 F G C
 This is the way to live.
 F Em F Em
 Where everything's moving and everything's pretty,
 F Em G Em
 This is the way we live in the city,
 C G C Am
 I walk down the street with a girl on each arm,
 F G C
 Yes, this is the way to live."

Toa. "How long have we been here now, dude?"

Jac. "Um...your guess is as good as mine...months...maybe six?...I don't think it's a year yet?...Or is it?...Why?"

Toa. "Don't know?...It's just...I can't remember a day when I was actually sober?...Like to drive a car type of sober?"

Jac. "Neither can I...and here..." (Passing a bottle). "Have another vodka and stop over thinking everything!"

Toa. "I used to think partying was the best...but it's been the norm here...and there's nothing to compare it with?...We're just half drunk *all* the time...it's lost some of its appeal...that's all..."

Jac. "Yeah, I know...there's no real high anymore...but it beats working!"

Toa. "I wasn't complaining...It's good to have highs...but it's also good to have lows to compare it with...or the highs even start to get boring" (Has a swig from the bottle).

Jac. "Well...I'm going to see um...whatever-her-name-is...and don't tell Francie...I'll meet you later, finish the bottle..."

Toa. "Yeah...thanks..."

(Jacob leaves).

Toa.

C D7 G Em
 "When I'm an old man, sitting back with my wife,
 C D7 G Em
 I'll look back in time, thinking 'this was the life!'

C D7 G Em
I'll remember these days with nothing but smiles,
C D G
Because this is the life for me...

C D7 G Em
When I'm all wrinkly with hardly a hair,
C D7 G Em
I'll look on these days that I've mis-spent here.
C D7 G Em
They tell me youth is wasted on the young,
C D G
But I'm going to prove them wrong.
C D G
Yes...I'm going to prove them wrong.

C D7 G Em
When I'm an old man, sitting back with my wife,
C D7 G Em
I'll look back in time, thinking 'this was the life!'
C D7 G Em
I'll remember these days with nothing but smiles,
C D G
Because this is the life for me...
C D G
Yes...This is the life for me.

Hmm...But...is it really?"

Mar. "Toad?"

Toa. "Hey...Marcie!...how are you?"

Mar. "Good!...I'm good!...What are you doin'?"

Toa. "Watching the world go by..."

Mar. "Mind if I join you?" (Takes a bottle of rum out of her bag). "I slipped this in my bag the other night...for hard times...like tonight...seems like everyone's deserted me?"

Toa. "I'm still here...have a seat..."

Mar. (She sits, then passes the bottle to Toad). "Can you do the honours please Mister Toad?"

Toa. "Yeah, sure..." (Opens the bottle, takes a swig and hands it to Marcie).

Mar. "Thanks mate...So, what's the deal with you and Jacob...why are you in Syds?"

Toa. "Jacob spent his whole life on the farm at home...and he wanted to see other things, completely different things...he thought we would find them over here, in Sydney..."

Mar. "And have you?"

Toa. "Nah...all we've seen here is the inside of Bars...We got drunk the day we arrived...and the momentum has sort of carried us along...like being on a rollercoaster...and we don't realise there are other rides besides this one...I just hope it doesn't crash?"

Mar. "Yeah...sounds dangerous...I think you need to slow down a bit...maybe get out of town for a while...see a bit of the outback...or something...there's more to Oz than Syds you know?"

Toa. "Yeah...I know there is...I thought we would see some of it...but Jacob's sort of been let off the chain...and he's running wild...You don't get this sort of action where we come from...He thinks this is living, but it isn't really life!...The party has to come to an end sometime..."

Mar. "Yeah...better it winds down, than comes crashing down!"

Toa. "That's what I think too...and hope...Look...would you like to see a movie?...I'd just like to do something different...something I can enjoy without having to get legless?"

Mar. "Yeah!...I'd really like that...let's go on a date!"

(Marcie links her arm through Toa's, and they stand together).

Toa. "You'll have to lead the way...I don't know my way around Sydney?"

Mar. "Yeah, sure...I'm going to enjoy this!" (Smiling as she holds the bottle out). "I don't think we'll need this will we?"

Toa. "Nah...not tonight...leave it here...and if it's waiting for us when we get back, we can get it..."

Mar. "That's what I was thinking too...You're a real gentleman...let's go have some fun...come on!"

(They walk off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 2. Scene 2.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 2. Scene 3.

Downfall.

Performers x 6

Jacob
Toad
Francine
Mikey
Pete
Matty

Scene. Out on the town in Sydney.

Jac. (To Francine). "Just a mo'...I'll get some more cash out..." (He goes to the Money machine).

Fra. "Get an even thousand, lover!"

Jac. "Nah...that can't be right...surely?"

Fra. "What can't be right?"

Jac. "The balance...it says twenty bucks...I think?"

Fra. "Here...let's see that, lover...It does too...Is that all you've got?...Twenny bucks?...We can't do much with that, can we?"

Jac. "We can go back to my place...I've got a few beers there...I'm sure we can find some way to pass the time?"

Fra. "I want to go out on the town!"

Jac. "I don't have any money left?"

Fra. "No, you don't...I'm not hanging around here...I'm going!"

Jac. "But...I thought we were...?"

Fra. "Whatever we were...we aren't any longer..."

(Mike and the gang arrive).

Fra. "Jacob's well has run dry...he's out of money..."

Jac. "Hey guys!"

(All turn and leave).

Jac. "Mikey!...Pete!...Francine?"

Toa. (Returns). "Where's Francie?"

Jac. "She's gone...they've all gone..."

Toa. "Gone?...But why?"

Jac. "I just checked my balance...I'm out of money...skinned..."

Toa. "No man...can't be...surely?"

Jac. "I double checked...The tide is way out!...and it isn't coming in again!"

Toa. "What do we do now?"

Jac. "The flat's paid for...for another month...don't know what after that?...We're out on our ears prob?"

Toa. "Oh man...This is serious...We've blown fifty grand in six months?"

Jac. "With a lot of help..."

Toa. "So, where's Francie gone?"

Jac. "When she saw my balance, she turned and walked away..."

Toa. "I can't believe that?...And what about the others?"

Jac. "When she told them I was broke...they all turned and left...without a word...not even a goodbye?"

Toa. "That stinks...I thought they were our friends?"

Jac. "So did I...but I guess I was wrong...We need to do some serious head scratching now..."

Toa. "We need to scratch something, man!...We're in trouble...Serious trouble..."

Jac. "As long as we stick together, we'll survive..."

Toa. "I hope so!"

Jac. "We can sell our furniture...that'll keep us afloat for a while...may have to get a job...but that's a bit hard when you're on the street...employers don't appreciate that sort of thing very much..."

Toa. "Oh man...fifty big ones gone?...But we did have a good time...didn't we?"

Jac. "Yeah...but I don't remember much of it...we were drunk day and night...and I hardly knew

which was which most of the time...I'll miss Francine though..."

Toa. "Forget about her...She won't miss you...She'll be in someone else's bed tonight...as long as their cash flows..."

Jac. "I can't believe this...I'm living my dad's life over...I ran off with a small fortune, and I've wasted it on riotous living...as he used to call it...I just hope I don't end up eating pig slops?"

Toa. "Nah...we'll find some way to get out of this...it's only a temporary glitch...Be positive man..."

Jac. "Do you remember that song I wrote...Tomorrow?"

Toa. "Yeah...Why?...You going to record it?"

Jac. "No...but now I realise it's the story of my life..."

F C F C Am
He was going to be all that a mortal could be, tomorrow.

F C F C Am
No one should be kinder nor braver than he, tomorrow.

G C F
And a friend who was troubled and weary he knew,

G C F
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it too,

F C F C Am
On him he would call and see what he could do, tomorrow.

F C F C Am
Each morning he'd stack up the letters he'd write, tomorrow.

F C F C Am
And he thought of the folks he would fill with delight, tomorrow.

G C F
It was too bad indeed, he was busy today,

G C F
And he hadn't a minute to stop on his way,

F C F C Am
"More time I will have to give others," he'd say, "Tomorrow"

F C F C Am
The greatest of workers this man would have been, tomorrow.

F C F C Am
And the world would have known him had he ever seen, tomorrow.

G C F
But the fact is he died, and he faded from view,

G C F
And all that he left here when living was through,

F C F G C
Was a mountain of things he intended to do, tomorrow."

Toa. "You really think that's you?...No-one should be kinder nor braver than he, tomorrow?"

Jac. "No...I'm thinking more...'All that he left here when living was through...was a mountain of things he intended to do, tomorrow'...Pretty much sums up my life...and the hash I've made of it now..."

Toa. "Show ain't over yet...So let's not go writing obituaries...Let's make a plan...we're only a feather in the wind without a plan!"

Jac. "Okay...Plan A...or Plan B?...Plan A has turned to custard...and we never had a Plan B...so let's draft Plan C...We need to tally up what we have to work with...and decide how to use it wisely..."

Toa. "Wisely...I haven't heard that word mentioned since we arrived here?"

Jac. "No...it hasn't...but let's resurrect it...and put it to work...Plan C...coming into view now..."

(Curtain falls).

End of Act 2. Scene 3.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 3. Scene 1.

Livin' on the street

Performers x 2

Jacob
Toad

Scene. On the street, in a back alley in Sydney, Jacob and Toad's new home.

Toa. "I can't believe no-one wants to know us any longer?...That sucks!"

Jac. "We're livin' on the street...What do you expect?...This is my friend Toad...he lives on the street! Really Toad?...Are you a living statue, or something?...Yes, something, I'm a living scavenger...I live out of rubbish bins...like the rats...Oh...Ahhh...I just remembered, I have an appointment...I need to go..."

Toa. "Yeah...I don't blame them...But the gang?...That's different!...They helped put us here...they should be on our side?"

Jac. "Its dog eat dog around here, man...everyone hustles for what everyone else has...The Law of the Jungle rules...Survival of the fittest..."

Toa. "Or the lowest!...There should be *honour* among thieves?"

Jac. "There's no honour...desperation drives people to do anything just to survive..."

Toa. "All those times people asked me for money...and I shrugged them off...I know how they felt now..."

 G C D G
There's nothin' left to lose, when you're livin' on the street.
 C D7 G Em Am G D G
Reputation has been blown, and innocence has flown, far, far, away.
 G C D G
This is livin' on the street, garbage can and dumpster beat,
 C D7 G Em
Is our daily round of sorrows, tryin' to hustle till tomorrow.
Am G D G
Far, far from home."

Jac. "Far from home alright!"

Toa. "So far away from home...What a tangled web we've woven...and caught ourselves in!"

Jac. "This isn't what I wanted to be when I grew up..."

F
 You'll be isolated, under-rated, be deflated, and berated,
 C G
 Pushed, and pulled, and shoved, and shook, but you'll come out on top,
 C F
 And you'll stand up straight, 'cause you'll graduate,
 C G C F C
 With honours from the school of hard knocks.

G
 When you get knocked down, don't stay on the ground,
 C F C
 When you fail first time, don't give up.
 F
 When you come to the end of the road, blaze a trail,
 C G C F C
 Ahead, through the school of hard knocks.

F
 You'll be isolated, under-rated, be deflated, and berated,
 C G
 Pushed, and pulled, and shoved, and shook, but you'll come out on top,
 C F
 And you'll stand up straight, 'cause you'll graduate,
 C G C F C
 With honours from the school of hard knocks.

G
 The man who's had to scrape himself off the ground,
 C
 Is the man who'll be standing when the chips are down,
 F
 He's the man who'll be battling, when the boat's on the rocks,
 C G C F C
 'Cause he's roughed it in the school of hard knocks.

F
 He's been isolated, under-rated, been deflated, and berated,
 C G
 Pushed, and pulled, and shoved, and shook, but he's come out on top.
 C F
 Now, he stands up straight, 'cause he's graduated,
 C G C F C
 With honours from the school of hard knocks.
 F G
 Yes, he stands up straight 'cause he's graduated,
 C G C F C
 with honours, from life's School of hard knocks."

Toa. "So, what do I get when I graduate?...A diploma?"

Jac. "Yeah...a good one...a Diploma in Common Sense...they're rare...so, count yourself lucky!"

Toa. "I didn't enrol in this school...I hope I don't have a student loan to repay for it?"

Jac. "No, it's free...like all the best things in life!"

Toa. "That's what our bludging friends thought...the free-er the better!"

Jac. "No-one gets away with anything...They'll have to answer for that..."

Toa. "I hope so...What now?"

Jac. "Ah...go to the bakery, I think...they close in thirty...so we can score the leftovers!"

Toa. "One day I'll be able to go into a bakery again and choose what I eat...not just get what no-one else wants..."

Jac. "That's a valuable lesson from the School of Hard Knocks...treasure it!"

Toa. "Sometimes I wish I could get angry with you...but I can't...Okay...the bakery it is...cap in hand, here we come..."

Jac. (Holds his arm up). "Forward men...to the bakery...Quick...march...One two three four...that's it chaps...hold that line...(Singing)..."

A smooth sea never made a skilful sailor...and an easy life doesn't shape a rugged man...The toughest trees are growing...where the strongest winds are blowing...That's it chaps...As you learn in the School of Hard Knocks..."

(They walk off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 3. Scene 1.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 3. Scene 2.

Eating humble pie.

Performers x 3

Jacob
Toad
Man

Scene. The home alley in Sydney.

Jac. "How long have we been here now?...I've completely lost track of time..."

Toa. "I don't know?...It's all a bit of a blur...time flies when you're having fun!...Um...it may be nine months...or a year...Who knows?"

Jac. (Laughing). "At least we still have a sense of humour...but we do need to get out of here somehow?"

Toa. "How, my friend?"

Jac. "Maybe I can ask someone for a job?"

Toa. "Look at us?...Who would employ us?"

Jac. "That guy who empties the bins...He smiles sometimes...he might give us a job?"

Toa. "I suppose anything's worth a try...at least we can't stoop any lower than this...Look, here he comes!"

Jac. "Hello?"

Man. "Yeah...whadda you want?"

Jac. "I'm looking for a job?"

Man. "Well, you won't find one over there..."

Jac. "Could you give me one?"

Man. "In the restaurant?...Are you kidding?...Look at yourself!"

(He empties his bucket and goes back inside).

Toa. "About what I expected, man..."

Jac. "Me too...but this isn't me...these clothes...and this place..."

G D G C
 Oh, take a look, beneath the surface, that veneer that you see,
 G D G C
 Take a look a little closer, a little deeper, a little longer,
 G D G C
 Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see?
 D7 G C D7 G C D7
 Oh, can't you see the real me?

G D G C
 Oh, take another look my friend, and see who I really am,
 G D G C
 Is there a bud waiting to flower, or a hero at his finest hour?
 G D G C
 Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see?
 D7 G C D7 G C D7
 Oh, can't you see the real me?

G D G C
 Oh, do you see beneath my skin to the real me within?
 G D
 Do you see my strengths or weaknesses?
 G C
 Does my past define what my future is?
 G D G C
 Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see? Can't you see?
 D7 C G C D7 G
 Inside you'll find what's real in me!"

Toa. "He's right you know...a scrubbing brush and a bar of soap would work wonders for us...and some clean clothes..."

Jac. "But the real me's inside...I'm not these clothes?"

Toa. "Try telling him that...At least he brought us some fresh food...we'd better have a look through it, before the rats get it all..."

Jac. "We're eating rubbish..."

Toa. "No...it's what I call, 'humble pie!'...We're privileged...We have our servants doing the cooking for us..."

Jac. "Oh man!...How can we get out of this?...How did we even sink this low?"

Toa. "I think we both know how?...We've talked about it every day for months. There's that guy who offered to pay us to deliver drugs...He'll give us a job..."

Jac. "Yeah...he will...because he wants us to take his risks...and when the Police catch up with us, we'll spend twenty years behind bars...instead of him!"

Toa. "At least we'd have a bed with blankets...and three meals a day...on a plate...not out of a rubbish bin!"

Jac. "This is the pits, man...When going to prison looks better than the life we're living, something is terribly wrong..."

Toa. "My sentiments exactly...but maybe you can write a book about this one day...or a play...or a musical...and we'll be rich again?"

Jac. (Shaking his head). "You know...I could never understand how my dad ended up eating pig slops?...My dad?...The most upstanding and honourable man in our community...He ended up just like we are...through making bad choices...But I can see how easy it is now...I hope we can find a way out of this mess sometime?"

Toa. "Yes...me too...your dad legged it home...we can't do that..."

Jac. "No, we can't..."

Toa. "People get desperate and jump off the bridge..."

Jac. "We're not going to do that...that isn't an answer...that's what you do when you don't have an answer..."

Toa. "Do you have an answer then, my friend?"

Jac. "Not yet...but it's brewing..."

Toa. "Good...there's hope then...it's brewing somewhere...that's what I hoped...It's brewing...somewhere?"

Jac. "Look...when things aren't going as you expected...you have to smile...and look at the world through it!...Like this..."

 C F C F
When you wake up late, and nothing's going right,
 C F C F
Then the car won't start, and you miss your flight,
 G F C G7 C
Turn your frown upside down, look around, and see it through a smile.

 G C F C
See the world through a smile, and it makes it change,
 G C F C
'Cause it's hard to be grumpy with a smile on your face,

Am F
 See the silver lining, instead of gloom and rage,
 C G C
 So, pucker up, and see it through a smile.

C F C F
 When everything's gone from bad to worse,
 C F C F
 And you fuss and you fume, and you cuss, and you curse,
 G F C G7 C
 Turn your frown upside down, look around, and see it through a smile.

G C F C
 See the world through a smile, and it makes it change,
 G C F C
 'Cause it's hard to be grumpy with a smile on your face,
 Am F
 See the silver lining, instead of gloom and rage,
 C G C
 So, pucker up, and see it through a smile.

C F C F
 When you've had a bad day, just keep it to yourself,
 C F C F
 Don't try and make it bad, for everybody else,
 Am F
 Put the lid on your cares, and show that all is well,
 C G C
 Then pucker up, and see it through a smile.

C F C F
 Life's too short to spend it being grim,
 C F C F
 Only you can make the change between your nose and your chin,
 Am F C G C
 Turn your frown upside down, pucker up, and see it through a smile.

G C F C
 See the world through a smile, and it makes it change,
 G C F C
 'Cause it's hard to be grumpy with a smile on your face,
 Am F
 See the silver lining, instead of gloom and rage,
 C G C
 So, pucker up, and see it through a smile."

Toa. "Yeah...well...that's easy to say...but there's no silver lining here...The lining's brown...and
 31.

dirty...and it's full of maggots...and it smells like someone died..."

Jac. "If we lose our optimism, we're going to become sour and old before our time...We have to keep our chins up...and be positive..."

Toa. "Be positive...yes that's the answer...I'll tell the whole world about that..." (He yells). "BE POSITIVE...THAT'S THE ANSWER!"

Man. (Comes out of a building). "Hey!...Shut up you!" (Goes back inside).

Toa. "I guess it isn't the answer for everyone then...at least not him...he missed the memo..."

Jac. "When I went to Church with Linda...I wrote this song about what I experienced there...I found the answer..."

Toa. "Great...so what is the answer?...because it isn't being positive...our neighbour just told us that..."

Jac. "I'll tell you what I found..."

A Am7 A7 E7sus4 D D5 A E7sus4
When your friends all forsake you, and there's no earthly friend to turn to,
A Am7 A7 E7sus4 B7#9 E7sus4 A Asus4 A
Theres One standing near who will help you, He's only a prayer a-way.

A Am7 A7 E7sus4
When your life has lost its meaning,
D D5 A E7sus4
And your fondest of dreams aren't worth dreaming,
A Am7 A7 E7sus4 B7#9 E7sus4 A Asus4 A
There's One who will pick up the pieces, He's only a prayer away.

E D A Am7 A
He'll give you a reason and purpose to live,
E D A Am7 E7sus4
And take all your past, and forget and for – give.

A Am7 A7 E7sus4 D D5 A E7sus4
Oh sometimes life is painful, and it's hard just so hard to face it all,
A Am7 A7 A7sus4 B7#9 E7sus4 A B7#9 A
So when you are ready to meet Him, He's only a prayer away.
D E A Asus4 A
He's only a prayer away.

That's what I realised...there was something *real* at her Church...I knew I wasn't just pretend praying into thin air...God was only a prayer away...and that's what my dad said about the pigsty...he said he cried out to God...and things began to change..."

Toa. "That's good...we need some of that now...because we've tried everything else...and nothing's changed that I can see?"

Jac. "God...our lives have lost their meaning...and our dreams aren't worth dreaming here...help us to get out of this pigsty...please...I just want to go home..."

Toa. "That's it?"

Jac. "Yeah...that's what I want...to find a way back home..."

Toa. "I would've asked for a bed with a mattress...and blankets...and a steak that hasn't been half eaten by someone else first..."

Jac. "Those are short term goals...I'm thinking long term goals...Those are the present...I'm thinking the future...we have to begin living again...and I don't think it starts here...I'm going to sleep now...Night mate..."

Toa. "Night Jacob...I hope someone besides me heard your prayer...and I do hope things will start changing for the better?...What are we going to do tomorrow?"

(Silence).

Toa. "Okay...goodnight my friend...sleep well in the Presidential Suite...see you in the morning..."

(Toad lies down and closes his eyes).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 3. Scene 2.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 3. Scene 3.

A reason to live.

Performers x 3

Jacob

Toad

Girl

Scene. Jacob and Toad are walking across the Sydney Harbour bridge, when they see a girl, who is about to jump off the bridge.

Jac. "...and then they sold it...What's that?...Someone's calling for help?"

Toa. "Jacob...look!" (Pointing). "That girl's going to jump off the bridge!"

Jac. "Hey...we're here to help!"

Gir. "Get away from me..."

Toa. "What?"

Gir. "Go away...I'm going to jump!"

Jac. "I thought you were calling for help?"

Gir. "It's too late..."

Jac. "It's never too late!"

Gir. "Leave me alone..."

Toa. "You can come and stay with us...We'll help you!"

Gir. "Nobody cares about me...nobody wants to help me!"

Toa. "We will!"

Gir.

G

Em

"Is anybody out there? Does anybody really care?

C

D

G

Em

About a bleeding and broken heart?

C

G

Is anybody listening? Can somebody hear me?

C D G Em
 My world is falling apart!
 C D G Em
 Won't somebody come to my rescue?
 C Bm Am G Em
 Will somebody hear me out?
 C D G A6 Em
 Can somebody help me from this pit that I'm in?
 G
 Is anybody there? Does anybody care?

C D G Em
 Does anyone know what I'm going through?
 C Bm Am G Em
 Can somebody feel my pain?
 C D G A6 Em
 I've lost my way, and I'm calling to you.
 G
 Is anybody there? Can anybody hear?

C D G Em
 Does anyone know where those feelings went,
 C Bm Am G Em
 When I felt so good inside?
 C D G A6 Em
 I could leap across the moon, or fly like a bird,
 C D
 But they died. They died.

G Em
 Can anybody hear me? Does anyone notice?
 C D G Em
 There's a storm going on in my heart?
 C D G A6 Em
 There's a smile on my face, but I'm falling apart.
 G
 Is anybody there? Can anybody hear?

Does anybody care? Is anybody there?"

Toa. "We'll help you!"

Gir. (Screaming). "GO AWAY!!"

Jac. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Gir. (Screaming). "GO AWAY!!!"

(Jacob and Toad look at each other).

Jac. "Come on Toad..."

Toa. "But...She'll jump!"

Jac. "Come on!"

Toa. "We can't just leave her?"

Jac. "What do we do?...Drag her off the bridge onto the footpath?...Then what?...It won't stop her, because she'll step in front of a truck...or take a handful of sleeping pills..."

Toa. "We can't just do nothing?...We need to help her?"

Jac. "You can't make anyone *want* to live if they don't want to...The thing that makes someone want to live...is having something to live *for*...You give anyone something to live for...and you couldn't throw them off the bridge...because they would fight to stay alive..."

Toa. "What kind of something?"

Jac. "A *reason* to live...or a *purpose*...Something or someone to live *for*..."

Toa. "I still don't get it?"

Jac. "Listen...it's like this..."

A E A A7 D E A A7
We all need a reason to live, that so special someone to fight for,
D E A A7 D E A A7
A purpose to hold up what's right for, a cause that's worth giving our all for.
D E A A7
The reason to lift up your banner to the sky,
D E A A7
To walk down the street with your head so high,
D E A D A E A A7
And look every stranger straight in the eye, we all need a reason to live.

D E A A7
We all need that so special someone in our lives,
D E A A7
The one who makes life worth the living.
D E A D
The one we'd loop-the-loop for, and jump through any hoop for,
A E A D A
We all need someone to love.

A E A A7 D E A A7
 We all need a reason to live, something to spend and be spent for.
 D E A A7
 The cause that we'd give every cent for,
 D E A A7
 That we feel we were born and meant for.
 D E A A7
 Something to give all your time and your heart to,
 D E A A7
 That's worth every effort and pain that it costs you.
 D E A D E A A7
 A reason to live, a reason to love, a reason to be a- live.
 D E A D E D A
 The reason to be a-live."

Toa. "So, how could we give that girl a reason to live?...I mean...Can we even?"

Jac. "No...it has to be something that means the world to her...because her heart has to be in it..."

Toa. "Are we going to end up like her one day?...Standing on the edge of the bridge?"

Jac. "No...because we have each other!"

Toa. "But...is that enough?"

Jac. "A friend?"

Toa. "Yes...is that enough?"

Jac. "A friend is the one who stands with you...when you're between hope and despair...With a friend at your side you can go through anything...on your own even small things can seem hopeless and overwhelming...maybe like with that girl?"

Toa. "I hope you're right buddy?"

Jac. "Look...I'll put it like this..."

G
 When you're down on your luck, and you struggle to stand,
 C D7 G Em
 With nothing but hardship in store.
 C D7 G Em C D7 G
 That smile at your side lets you know in your heart, that's what your friend's are for.
 C D7 G Em
 A friend is the smile that cheers through the gloom.
 C D7 G Em
 That hand when it's needed just so bad.

C D7 G Em
 A shoulder to cry on when it all goes wrong.
 C D7 G Em C D7 G
 That's where your friend's are found because, that's what your friend's are for.

When the world all around comes tumbling down,
 C D7 G Em
 Everyone has deserted the ship.
 C D7 G Em
 To your left and your right, they'll be there in the fight because,
 C D7 G
 That's what your friend's are for.

C D7 G Em
 A friend is the smile that cheers through the gloom,
 C D7 G Em
 That hand when it's needed just so bad,
 C D7 G Em
 A shoulder to cry on when it all goes wrong,
 C D7 G Em C D7 G
 That's where your friend's are found because, that's what your friend's are for.

When the road's paved ahead, with sorrow and dread,
 C D7 G Em
 On a path that you'll travel alone.
 C D7 G Em
 And you're wishing for someone to stand by your side,
 C D7 G Em C D7 G
 Only a friend would g-o because, that's what your friend's are for.

C D7 G Em
 A friend is the smile that cheers through the gloom,
 C D7 G Em
 That hand when it's needed just so bad,
 C D7 G Em
 A shoulder to cry on when it all goes wrong,
 C D7 G Em C D7 G Em
 That's where your friend's are found because, that's what your friend's are for.
 C D7 G Em C D7 G
 That's where your friend's are found because, that's what your friend's are for."

Toa. "Yes, you're right!...Together we can go through anything!...Life is grand, isn't it?"

Jac. "No...we've seen grand...This is the pits!"

Toa. "Yeah, it is...isn't it!"

Jac. "So...you invited that girl to come and live with us...Where?...In the Presidential Suite in the

alley?”

Toa. “I was just trying to be helpful...At least we have somewhere to sleep...and we eat...”

Jac. “We’re sleeping on bags of rubbish...eating out of dumpsters...this isn’t living...”

Toa. “Nah!” (Laughing). “We came here to live, didn’t we?”

Jac. “Yeah!”

Toa. “To let down our hair...and kick up our heels...and break all the rules...and write new ones!”

Jac. “Yeah...but then we ran out of doh-ray-me...and that was the end of the fairytale...”

Toa. “Yeah...How *did* it come to this?

F Em F Em
We came here as Princes, now we’re living as paupers,
F Em G
How did it come to this?
F Em F Em
Where are the bright lights, the parties and wild nights,
F Em Am
Where are our good-time friends?
F G C Am
We’re out on the streets, with nothing to eat,
F Em Am C
But shame, and humble pie.
F G C
How did it come to this?

F Em F Em
We came dressed as Princes and this was our kingdom,
F Em Am
The streets were paved with gold.
F Em Am
We felt we would never grow old,
F Em Am
Now we’re begging out in the cold,
F G C
How did it come to this?
C G C
How did it come to this?”

Jac. “Yes...Where are our good-time friends now?”

Toa. “The ship began to sink...so they deserted it!”

Jac. "My dad was right...and I know I've learned my lesson!"

Toa. "Me too...let's go home..."

Jac. "Home?"

Toa. "Back to the alley!"

Jac. "We're calling an alley our home now?" (Shaking his head)

Toa. "I don't think we have much choice, dude?"

(They walk off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 3. Scene 3.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 4. Scene 1.

How did it come to this?

Performers x 3

Jacob
Toad
Worker

Scene. Back at the alley.

Jac. "I think I've had enough of living the dream..."

Toa. "Yeah...the dream ended a long time ago...This is a nightmare..."

Jac. "My dad always said he hoped the Lord wouldn't visit the sins of the father on to the son...but I think it's happened..."

Toa. "Nah...your dad ate out of the pig slops...That was so much worse than this!"

(A man comes out of a building and empties a bucket into a rubbish bin).

Toa. "Ah!...Food delivery!"

Jac. "That isn't even funny anymore...Can we sink any lower than this?...This is just as bad as my dad eating from the pig slops..."

Toa. "Yeah...This is rock bottom...but at least we're living..."

Jac. "I'm having an epiphany!"

Toa. "Hey...don't get any on my shoes...I just cleaned them..."

Jac. "I'm being serious...I know what I have now...and I know what I left behind...and I want better than what we have here!

D A G Gm D

Life has left me scarred and stained, battered without and shattered within,

A G Gm
If only I could have another chance, I wouldn't be half the fool I was,
D

The first time around.

A C

If I could turn another page, if I could start a brand-new leaf,

G Gm D

If I could leave it all behind me, If only?

Gm D

I know, I know, I'd get it right!

(Washboard).

A

C

Can anybody tell me how to turn back the clock?

G

D

Can anybody tell me where my innocence went?

A

C

Can anybody tell me if there's a second chance?

G

Gm D

I know, I know, I'd get it right!

G

Gm D

I know, I know, I'd get it right!"

Toa. "My sentiments exactly!"

Jac. "I think it's time to go home?"

Toa. "Yeah...I think it is too...but how?...Swim?"

Jac. "No...we'll have to call for help..."

Toa. "Help?...If I call *my* dad he'll tell me to stay here!"

Jac. "No...I'll call mine...I'll tell him the truth...That I'm not worthy to be called his son anymore...and I'll see if he'll give me a job on the farm...just as a worker...and I'll ask for a job for you too..."

Toa. "Well...good luck to you...because you'll need it!"

Jac. "I know...so don't rub it in..." (Fumbling in his pocket, and pulling out his bank-card). "There's twenty on this that I saved for desperate times...it can make its mark on the world now!"

Toa. "You had twenty bucks all this time?"

Jac. "Yeah!...and what would we have bought with it...Stale bread?...or day-old pies?"

Toa. "Yeah...Good you kept it...we can get day-old pies out of the dumpster...for free!"

Jac. "Okay...I'd better go and do the deed now...before I start thinking about it...or I'll get nervous...and I'll put it off..."

Toa. "Shall I come with you...for moral support?"

Jac. "No...stay here and pray for me..."

Toa. "Pray?"

Jac. "Yes...pray that Dad won't hang up on me!"

Toa. "Well...This place isn't exactly heaven...but I'll pray..."

Jac. "My Dad prayed in a pigsty...and God heard him...so God will hear you from here, if you're sincere..."

Toa. "Okay...I'll be as sincere as I know how!...Good luck..."

(Jacob walks across the road to a payphone, and is standing before it, talking to himself).

Jac. "Come on...The worst he can do is hang up...if Toad has fallen asleep on the job." (Looking up, he says). "God, help me...I've messed everything up...but I want to go home..." (He puts the card in and dials the number).

Fat. "Hello...Jacob Farmer speaking..."

Jac. "Um...hello...Hey Dad...it's Jacob here...I'm really not worthy to..."

Fat. "Jacob?...Hey...It's so good to hear from you...How are you?"

Jac. "Yes good...But I was wondering..."

Fat. "And how is Sydney going?"

Jac. "Um...It's an epiphany...I'm at rock bottom..."

Fat. "Been there...Done that...Are you ready to come home?"

Jac. "Um...yeah ready... but I don't have a cent to my name..."

Fat. "That's no problem...is Toad still with you?"

Jac. "Yes...he is..."

Fat. "Okay...I'll organise it...be at the Sydney airport on Friday...I'll have your tickets ready...We'll pick you up from this end...Love you Son..."

Jac. "Love you too Dad...and I was thinking...can we work on the farm?...I know I'm not worthy to be called...Oh no...the card ran out!"

(Jacob walks back to Toad, who is sitting by a dumpster).

Toa. "So...how did it go?"

Jac. "Don't know exactly...dad said be at the Airport Thursday...and he would have the flights ready?"

Toa. "Thursday?...No times?"

Jac. "He's going to buy the tickets...so no...we just go there Thursday..."

Toa. "That's good...because people throw all sorts of food in the bins before they get on their flights, so we can breakfast there...be a smorgasbord...yummy!"

Jac. "I hope this ends soon...this is a nightmare..."

Toa. "Yes...all good things must come to an end!...So, we'd better start packing for the trip!"

Jac. "Ha!...I am packed...This is all I have left...I'm wearing it!"

Toa. "Only joking man...I'm wearing it too...I think we should go dip in the fountain and wash ourselves...and our clothes?"

Jac. "Yes, we should...I'd hate to see the look on Cindy's face when we walk in with our tails between our legs?"

Toa. "Cinderella?...You never know?...At least she has a brother...she might be missing you?...All your mother ever had, were those three ugly sisters!"

Jac. "Step-sisters actually...Yeah, maybe Cindy missed me after all?"

Toa. "Just maybe?"

Jac. "Shall we go and say goodbye to everyone?...The gang?"

Toa. "The gang?...They don't want anything to do with us since the dough ran out...remember?"

Jac. "There was that one girl who I really liked...What was her name?...Frances was it?"

Toa. "One girl?...There were dozens..."

Jac. "Don't say that in front of Cindy please...She'll be saying 'I told you so,' to dad!"

Toa. "Wouldn't dream of it, man!" (Pretending to zip his lips). "My lips are sealed!...and that girl was Francine..."

Jac. "Yeah...Francine...I liked her...I wonder where she is now?"

Toa. "She was the first one to bail when the money ran out...or don't you remember that?...They were just good-time friends...They didn't want us...They just wanted to be bankrolled by us!"

Jac.

F Em F Em
"We came here as Princes, now we're living as paupers,
F Em G
How did it come to this?
F Em F Em
Where are the bright lights, the parties and wild nights,
F Em Am
Where are our good-time friends?
F G C Am
We're out on the streets, with nothing to eat,
F Em Am C
But shame, and humble pie.
F G C
How did it come to this?"

Toa. "You know how it came to this!...We wasted everything...and the others including Francine helped us to do it!...then the rats deserted the sinking ship!...and left us to sink or swim...and we're drowning!..."

Jac. "Yeah...you're right...Do you remember Linda?"

Toa. "Linda?...Back home?"

Jac. "Yeah..."

Toa. "Yeah...nice girl..."

Jac. "Yeah...we were a thing for a long time...and I really loved her..."

Toa. "I remember that...You were so in love with her that you would rather be with her than with me!...But no offence taken...She was better looking than me!"

Jac. (Smiles). "She was better looking than you...I'd like to see her again...That's what keeps me going here..."

Toa. "Keeps you going?"

Jac. "Yeah!"

Toa. "A reason to live?"

Jac. "I wasn't going to say it like that...but yeah...She's what keeps me going...I decided some time ago, that I'm going to survive this and go looking for her...and my dad..."

Toa. "What about Francine?"

Jac. "She was fun to be with...but I wouldn't want to spend my whole life with her...it would be too tiring..."

Toa. "Yeah...she's over the top!...So, what made you think about Linda?"

Jac. "Memories of good times...I realised they were really good times...much better than anything we've had here..."

Toa. "I know what you mean...The whole thing here's been really intense..."

Jac. "Yeah...life was stable at home...and steady..."

Toa. "You don't know what you've got till it's gone..."

Jac. "You *never* know what you've got till it's gone...I can't stop thinking about Linda..."

 G Am C F G G7
I knew her when I was young, two crazy lovers just holding hands.
Am C F G G7
Vowing ourselves to each other, spinning our dreams and weaving our plans.
 C G Am C F G G7
But somewhere along the line, she went her way and I went mine.
Am C F G G7
But in my mind, those two crazy lovers are still holding hands,
 C G Am C F G Am
For love never dies, and all those things she told me , I just can't forget,
 C F G G7 C
No matter how hard I try, for love never dies.

 G Am C F
A dreamer can live on his dreams, but a man who's been in love,
G G7 Am C
He wants the real thing. The future's as grey as the past,
 F G G7
But those times I spent with you, will always last.
 C G Am F G
For love never dies, and all the things you told me,
 Am F G G7 C
I just can't forget, no matter how hard I try, for love never dies.

 C G Am C F G G7
I've said all those things that I had to say, now all that I've got here are yesterdays,
 Am C
We never knew any tomorrows,
 F G G7
But now here they are, and they're all filled with sorrows,
C G Am C F G G7 Am
Love never dies, and all those things she told me, I just can't forget,

F

G G7 C

No matter how hard I try, for love never dies."

Toa. "Yes, I'm sure love never dies...not real love...fairytale love would though..."

Jac. "Yeah...I thought Sydney would be a fairytale...but it's been a nightmare...and I can't wait for it to end!"

Toa. "Me too...and three!"

Jac. "And four!"

Toa. "We've got three days to kill before we fly...we should go visit a museum or something...get something good out of this place?"

Jac. "Yeah...We've seen the worst of it...we should find something to appreciate. You're right...we'll do the Tourist thing for the rest of our time..."

Toa. "When we aren't busy!"

Jac. "Yeah...when we can find some free time...we'll squeeze a museum in..."

(Both laugh).

Toa. "Boy...it hurts to laugh?" (Squeezing his cheeks). "I think we're out of practice?"

Jac. "Hasn't been a lot to laugh about...Come on, we'll find a museum or something to haunt?"

(They walk off).

Curtain Falls

End of Act 4. Scene 1.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 4. Scene 2.

The Prodigal returns.

Performers x 3+

Jacob
Toad
Passengers
Crowd
Attendant

Scene 3 begins at the Airport, after the 'plane has landed.

(Jacob and Toad walk out through the Arrivals gate, scanning the waiting crowd).

Jac. "I don't see anyone I know?"

Toa. "Nor do I?"

Jac. "We should sit down and wait...they might be late?"

Toa. "Yeah...Airport traffic."

(A message comes over the P.A. system). "Calling passenger Jacob Farmer on Flight JL 900 from Sydney...Please come to the Information desk...Passenger Jacob Farmer on flight JL900 from Sydney, Please come to the Information desk."

Toa. "That's us?...Maybe they'll tell us where to wait?"

Jac. "Yeah...we better go and find out."

(They walk to the Information desk).

Jac. "Hello...I'm Jacob Farmer, someone called for me?"

Sta. "Yes, Mister Farmer...There's a Shuttle waiting outside for you and your friend...Coastal Shuttles...Show the driver your Passport please..."

Jac. "Yes...Thankyou..."

Sta. "Don't thank me...It was sent for you..."

Toa. "Sent for us?...That's classy!"

Jac. "Business Class on the 'plane...and now a shuttle?...We can't be in too much trouble?"

Toa. "Say that when we arrive...Anyway, what are you going to say to your dad?"

Jac. "I'll grovel...and kiss his boots...and tell him I'm not worthy to be named after him...or to be called his son...and he'll probably give me a beating..."

Toa. "He won't...will he?"

Jac. "No, of course not...but I deserve one...I'll tell him how I feel anyway..."

Toa. "Well...I hope he's sympathetic...at least the nightmare is finally over...and let's hope there's some light at the end of the tunnel...when we finally crawl out of it and back into the real world?"

Jac. "That depends on dad, really?...He may make us work, to pay off our Tickets home?...We've been beggars for the past six months...so I can't imagine life can get much worse than that?...But he may disown and disinherit me too?...Who knows?"

Toa. "Ask me in thirty minutes...I'll be able to tell you then..."

Jac. "Yes!...It feels like we're awaiting our execution..."

Toa. "We are!"

Jac. "I just hope Cindy isn't waiting at the door...I'd rather be executed than see her standing there gloating..."

Toa. "We don't even have any photos or souvenirs to remind us of the past two years?...Why didn't we think of that?"

Jac. "I do...I have souvenirs...I have a head full of regrets...they will be reminding me for the rest of my life...if my life carries on after today?...I think we should go and find the shuttle?"

Toa. "We can ask him to go the long way home?"

Jac. "No...It will only prolong the agony...I want to get this over with...whichever way it turns out...We messed up...well and truly...now we have to go and face the music..."

Toa. "Okay...Lead on master!"

(They walk off).

Curtain Falls.

End of Act 4. Scene 2.

The Prodigal Sons. Act 4. Scene 3.

Homecoming.

Performers x 10

Jacob
Toad
Father
Cinderella (Cindy)
Linda
Hamilton
Tom
Crazy
Tina
Dan

Scene 4. Jacob and Toad are standing before the door of his father's house. The closed curtain could represent the door?

Toa. "Well...here we are...and look at all those cars out there?...And the Spit-roast van!...That's why they couldn't come...it must be someone's birthday?"

Jac. "The Spit-roast van?...No, it isn't anyone's birthday today...but we should go in!"

Toa. "I don't think they sent us an invite, did they?"

Jac. "No...but we'd better go..."

Toa. "We might be interrupting something?"

Jac. "Maybe Cindy's getting engaged?"

Toa. "Who to?...Rumplestiltskin?...The poor guy...Lucky we're back in time to warn him off!"

Jac. "Come on...we'd better go inside and face the music..."

Toa. "A tot of Dutch courage would help..."

Jac. "Wouldn't it?...Maybe we should pray?"

Toa. "Good idea...Let's pray that the firing squad all miss?"

Jac. "Lord...I know I've messed everything up...I've blown my inheritance...I've let my dad down...and I'm not worthy to bear his name...But I just want to see him again...if he wants to see me...and I'll beg his forgiveness...Help us please!"

Toa. "Help us?"

Jac. "Yeah...We have to face the music together...Dad paid for your ticket home...so you have to at least say thank you to him."

Toa. "Yeah...you're right...Well...Let's go in and face the music together!"

(Singing together).

 F C
"We mess up a lot, and too many times.
 F C Em Am
But sooner or later we pay for our crimes.
F C Em F
Sooner or later we all face the music,
 C G Am
The punishment due for our crimes
 F G C
The punishment due for our crimes..

 F C
Face the music...We'll face the music.
 Em Am
We did the crime and now it's time,
 D G
to answer for ourselves.
 C G Am Em
What can we say, what can we do?
 C D G
The guilt is ours to bear,
 F G C
We'll answer for our crimes and face the music."

Jac. "Okay...Let's go in..."

Toa. "Wait!...First...there's something I need to confess!..."

Jac. (Looks at Toad expectantly).

Toa. (Seriously). "It's been a privilege to know you...and I'll meet you in the next world!"

(Both burst out laughing).

(Jacob knocks on the door, but there's no answer).

Jac. "They must be out the back...the door's unlocked anyway...I'll turn the light on..."

(Jacob opens the door and turns the light on).

(The room is filled with friends who yell). "Welcome home!!"

(There is a large banner across the back wall which reads, 'Welcome home, Jacob and Toad').

(Their friend's mob them).

Jac. "What's this?"

Toa. "Man!"

Fat. "Jacob...welcome home!" (They hug).

Jac. "Dad...I'm not worthy to be called your son...I..."

Fat. (Holds his hand up, interrupting). "I've heard all that before, remember?...Now I know how my dad felt...and why he came running down the road to hug me, before I even got to the house..."

 C G Am Em
Standing at an empty window, looking at an empty road,
 F C F G
Waiting, waiting, ever waiting, just to see you coming home.
 C G Am Em
My face was streaked with tears, and my heart was filled with pain,
 F C F G
Thinking I would never hear your voice, nor see your face again.
F G C
All I ever wanted was you.

I love you, Jacob..."

Jac. "I love you too dad!"

Fat. "We've got new clothes for you and Toad, in your old room...and the Spit-roast guy is out the back...it should be ready by now!"

Jac. "I can't believe this?...Hamilton...Tom...Crazy...Tina...Dan...Linda...Linda?" (He lingers, and they smile at each other). "So good to see you...all of you guys!...Oh man...You wouldn't believe what we've been through!"

Fat. "I would!...Are you hungry?"

Jac. "Ah...yeah..." (He looks at Linda and they smile at each other).

Toa. "Food?...I've forgotten what real food is...I'm starving..."

Dan. "I heard you had some rad adventures in Oz?"

Jac. "Well...we learned a lot..."

Crazy. "You went to school there, dude?"

Toa. "Yeah...Knocks College!"

Crazy. "Ouch!"

Fat. "Go and get changed...and meet us out the back...after you shower!"

Cin. (Enters the room and looks around, as all goes quiet). "What's all this?" (Yelling). "Welcome home Jacob and Toad?...They aren't returning heroes dad...they should be locked up...not celebrated...And why's the Spit-roast guy out the back?...They get a Spit-roast?... You've never got one for me and my friends?"

Fat. "Cindy...all I have is yours...and you've never gone without anything...ever!...You only have to ask for anything and it's yours..."

Cin. "Ask?...No!...He's blown fifty grand on cheap women and booze...and he's welcomed back like he owns the place!"

Fat. "He's my son and heir...He deserves to be welcomed home..."

Cin. "Oh yes...Now I get it!...I should have known...Like father like son!...The Prodigal sons...This one gets welcomed home after he's squandered the family fortune...just like you did...I don't know why mum ever called you Prince Charming?"

Fat. "Because I was charming!"

Cin. "You wish!!"

Fat. "Cindy!...You can stay here and celebrate your brother's safe return with us...Or you can take your anger and go and stay at Aunty Joans?...But don't ruin tonight for the rest of us...please?"

Cin. "Okay!...I'm going to Aunty Joans...at least she'll listen to me!...Goodbye!"

(She leaves, without looking back).

Toa. "Ugly Aunty Joan?...Birds of a feather..."

Jac. "Yep!"

Fat. (Smiles and nods).

Jac. "Prince Charming?"

Fat. (Smiling). "It's a long story...it's how I met your mother!...She lost a shoe one night...and I found it...and I went looking for the owner, to give it back...But that's another story...and it's better than

the pigsty story...much better!...because we all lived happily ever after...I'll tell you about it sometime..."

Jac. "Yes...make sure you do, please!"

Fat. (Addressing everyone aloud). "Okay...please listen!...My son whom I thought I may never see again...is home safely...So, it's time to celebrate!...Everyone around the back...and we'll celebrate their return in style!!"

(All cheer).

Jac. "Um...Linda...can we talk...out the back?...I'd um..."

Lin. "I was hoping to hear something like that...Yes, I'd love to...That's why I came!"

Jac. "I won't be long...save me a seat!"

Lin. (Smiles and leaves).

Toa. "Mr Farmer...Thanks for the flight home...We were in a nightmare over there...I can't believe you're doing all this for us?"

Fat. "Hey Toad...remember...I've been there too...and done that...I know what it's like and I knew what was needed...You've learned a hard lesson, so don't beat yourself up over it...Just make sure you don't make the same mistake twice!"

Toa. "No way Mister Farmer...I'm going to make the most of every day, from now on..."

Fat. "I was going to talk to you about that...I bought the Dick's farm..."

Jac. "No way?...Old Dick's farm?"

Fat. "Yes!...I haven't told Cindy about it yet...because I thought you two may come back and work on it for me?...I've done the house up...and furnished it...but there's a lot of work to be done on the farm..."

Toa. "Yes...please...Mister F...There's no-one else in this world I would rather work for than you..."

Jac. "When we were living on the streets...and eating out of rubbish bins and dumpsters...I remembered you telling me about how you ate the pig slops...with the pigs...and how you missed your dad so much...and there's something I need to say to you...While I still feel like I'm missing you..."

C	F
I've wasted all my time, chasing after rainbows,	
G	C
Searching for the treasure, at the rainbows end.	

F Ab
 I thought there was a whole new world to find,
F C G7 C
 But I found my treasure trove in my hometown.
F G C
 My Father's love has brought me home,
F C G7 C
 My Father's love is the treasure I have found.
F G C
 My Father's love has brought me home,
F G F C
 My Father's love is the treasure I have found.

C F
 We chase our bright mirages, sparkling in the sand,
G C
 But never seem to catch them, they're taken from our hands.
F Ab
 Our lives are built on treadmills that we cannot leave.
F C G7 C
 Until we leave the rainbows, we will not have peace.
F G C
 My Father's love has brought me home,
F C G7 C
 My Father's love is the treasure I have found.
F G C
 My Father's love has brought me home,
F G F C
 My Father's love is the treasure I have found.

I am so sorry that I wasted my inheritance dad..."

Fat. "No...you didn't waste it..."

Jac. "What do you mean...I didn't waste it?...Every cent is gone...on what Cindy thought I'd spend it on..."

Fat. "No...that wasn't your inheritance...I always wondered if the Lord would visit the sins of the father on to the son...So, I had that stashed away...just in case...and I'm sure you learned the same lesson I did..."

Jac. "Well and truly!"

Fat. "But...next time...just believe what I tell you...There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

Jac. "I found that out for myself!...There was a pigsty there..."

Fat. "I always expected you to grow up and live my life...sit at my desk...look out of my window at my world...and feel the way I felt about it...But I learned that you have to live your own life...and make your own mistakes...like I did...Grandad never lectured me when I came home in disgrace,he treated me like a returning hero...and wept on my shoulder!"

Jac. "After what we've been through...the calm stable farm life that I had before I left...was the real pot of gold at the end of the rainbow..."

Fat. "That's what I learned too..."

Jac. "So where do we go from here?"

Fat. "Down the passage...first left, there's a bathroom...Shower please...Then first right...your old room...there are clean clothes...It smells like you two haven't washed for a month?"

Jac. "More like six months...We'll have to shave our old clothes off, before we can shower..."

Fat. "Okay guys...Lets go...But I just have one last thing to say too..."

C G Am Em
I had a dream...I dreamed my son would be me.
Am D F C
He would sit in my chair, breathe in my air,
Am D F C
Look out my window and see what I saw.

C G Am Em
But he looked beyond, to where my world ends.
Am D F C
He saw far-off places, and distant faces,
Am D F C
And he hears his own song, with his own ears.
C G Am Em
But what can I do? Is there room here for two?
Am D F G C
Two dreams in one world? Can that ever be?"

Jac.

C G Am Em
"And I had a dream...I dreamed that I would be me.
Am D F C
I would sit in my own chair, and breathe in my own air,
Am D F C
And look out my window and see what I see."

Fat and Jac. (All cast come on and join them singing).

C G Am Em
 "I have a dream, I dream that I will be me.
 Am D F C
 I will sit in my own chair, breathe my own air,
 Am D F C
 And look out my window, at what I can see,
 F Em F
 I will always be, always be, always be,
 G C
 Always be me!
 F Em F
 I can only be, only be, only be,"

(Father and Jacob turn to face each other).

G C
 "Ever be me!"

(They hug).

Curtain falls.

End of Act 4. Scene 3.

Finis.

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Ed. M.