SWEET AND SOUR SCRIPT, BASED ON THE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

Dad was so happy that his younger son had finally come home that he planned a giant party! He gave his son brand new clothes to replace the rags he'd come home in. He called everyone together to plan a feast. The workers at the farm were making piles of all the best kinds of food—everything they had ever saved for a special occasion. The neighbors were coming from all over when they heard the good news: the younger son was back! He was safe and sound!

While there was partying and music and food, the older brother came toward the house. He did not come in to the party. He did not eat the food or even dance a little to the awesome beats that were coming from the musicians. He just paced and fumed.

Dad came out to invite him to the party, maybe to make sure he got his favorite part of the meal, or to tell him that the Cotton-Eyed Joe was next up and they could show the whole town how it's done. Dad was excited to tell his older son, who had grown into his friend, all about the reunion and party that awaited him. It wasn't just a party for their younger brother—it was a party for their whole family.

But the older brother just started yelling. He didn't even notice the awesome song that started playing or the platters of watermelon that went by on the way to the party. He accused his dad of being selfish and mean—of being an old fool.

In the middle of a party thrown by the kindest dad who ever lived, the older brother crossed his arms and shook his head and growled that he was the most neglected son on the planet and he was never going to celebrate that his good-for-nothing brother returned.

So his dad went back to the party, where the games were getting going and the dessert was being served.

And the older brother? We don't know what happened to him. Maybe he stayed outside and kicked the dirt and pouted.

But maybe he went up to the buffet line next to his kid brother, tapped him on the shoulder, and told him he had barbecue sauce on his face, just to make him laugh like when they were kids. Maybe he chose not to be sour. Maybe he chose to forgive and not miss out.

