



*points to the prodigal son.)* Look. He lost a shoe.  
Do you know what it's about?

**JAN:** You remember that story, don't you?

**KAYLA:** Not really.

**JAN:** It's from the Bible. It says the son takes his inheritance and spends it on 'wild living.' He ends up coming home and begging his father for a job.

**KAYLA:** *(Smiling)* Is that what you're afraid of? Are you scared I'm gonna throw away all my money on 'wild living'?

**JAN:** If you rent this place I don't think you'll have any money left to throw away.

**KAYLA:** *(Looking at the father)* I guess that's why the dad's hair's so gray—he's worrying about all that wild living: "What's he up to now?"

**JAN:** *(After a pause)* I don't think that's what gave him gray hair. I think it was, just, missing him. Just missing him because he'd gone so far away.

**KAYLA:** He had to leave home sometime, Mom.

**JAN:** Of course he did. That's the way it is—kids leave home and start their own lives. But it was the way he left—his attitude.  
*(There is a painful silence. Kayla goes back to the picture, to change the subject.)*

**KAYLA:** He's not in great shape, the Prodigal Son.

**JAN:** No, all his good clothes are gone. He's down to the last layer.

**KAYLA:** Loser. Now he'll have to grovel to his dad and shovel manure for the rest of his life. *(She flops into a chair.)*

**JAN:** *(More intense)* No. Don't you remember the ending? It says the father ran out to meet him when he saw him coming. He didn't care what the son had done. I mean, he didn't like it, but he was so glad to see him, to know he was ok—he just grabbed him! He threw a party for him.

