

## **PS, I Love Your Daughter**

### **A One-Act Comedy**

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### **Cast of Characters**

- MICHAEL FAIRCHILD: A man in his mid-forties. Any ethnicity. Divorced.
- PAUL EGENBERGER: A man in his mid-fifties/early 60's, kind of a slob and rather old-fashioned.
- JENNIFER EGENBERGER: An woman of about 30. Should be of same ethnicity as Paul.
- DEREK: A man of about 25. Any ethnicity. A real nerd.

### **LOCATION**

A mid-sized American city.

### **TIME**

Present day

**Scene 1**

*Daytime, PAUL's apartment. MICHAEL, wearing jeans and an Ohio State football jersey, sits on a worn sofa watching TV. Sounds of a broadcast football game may be audible from the TV. An easy chair is to one side of the sofa with an end table between them.*

*PAUL enters from the kitchen, sipping a Pabst Blue Ribbon beer from a can and holding a can of Bud Lite in the other hand. He wears sweatpants and a Notre Dame football jersey.*

**PAUL**

Incoming!

*PAUL tosses the Bud Lite to MICHAEL, who notices just in time and catches the beer. It splashes all over him. He wipes his wet hand on the sofa.*

**MICHAEL**

Jesus, Paul, give me a warning, will ya? You're worse than this sorry excuse for a quarterback for Notre Dame.

**PAUL**

If you don't want it --

**MICHAEL**

No more PBR?

**PAUL**

Sorry. I got the last one.

*PAUL crosses in front of him and sits in the easy chair.*

**MICHAEL**

I'd better hold off. I've got to drive.

**PAUL**

What? Come on, Mike. We got the whole second half to go, then the USC game. You'll sober up by then. Worst case, you can sleep it off on the couch.

**MICHAEL**

You have any more chips?

**PAUL**

In the kitchen.

*MICHAEL exits into the kitchen.*

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Whoa! Touchdown, Notre Dame!

**MICHAEL**

What? Damn it all. Hey, where'd you say those chips were?

**PAUL**

In the cupboard, over the fridge. Extra point is...

*(PAUL stands and signals "Touchdown.")*

Good!

*MICHAEL re-enters, carrying an open bag of chips.*

**MICHAEL**

These are stale. Ugh. What flavor are they?

**PAUL**

Whatever we had last week. Nacho cheese, dill pickle, and Jalapeno. And I think Blazin' Buffalo Ranch.

**MICHAEL**

What are these orange things?

**PAUL**

Chili lemon Cheetos from last month's poker game. Eat 'em up. I'll get fresh ones next week.

**MICHAEL**

I can't come next week. I'm dog-sitting for Louisa.

**PAUL**

You'd never catch me doing stuff like that for my ex. Come on, kick it deep, baby.

**MICHAEL**

That explains why she's an ex. Anyway, Sha-sha is half my dog, too.

**PAUL**

Not any more. Louisa got custody. That dog is hers, pal. Just like the Mustang and the kids.

**MICHAEL**

I still have relationships with my kids.

**PAUL**

Yeah, well, lucky you. You weren't married to Helen. Her last name should have been Damnation. Helen –

**MICHAEL**

Damnation. Yes, I know. Don't you miss your kids at all?

**PAUL**

About as much as they miss me. See that picture on the wall? Jenny's high school graduation. Twelve years ago. Last I seen or heard from her or her little brother. Damn woman turned them both against me. Go! Get him! Get him! Aw, Jesus. Look at the field position they gave them.

**MICHAEL**

Have you tried calling them?

**PAUL**

Me parent, them kids. It's their job to call me.

**MICHAEL**

Your phone only works for incoming calls?

**PAUL**

Whose side are you on?

**MICHAEL**

Seventy-second infantry, buddy. Always. Oh, look at that. First down, Purdue.

**PAUL**

Like a bunch of women out there. No teamwork.

**MICHAEL**

Reminds of too much of my job.

**PAUL**

Hey, speaking of work. Did you ever ask that gal out? The new gal you told me about. The redhead with the big –

**MICHAEL**

She's married.

**PAUL**

Yeah, that one. So, did you?

**MICHAEL**

Did you hear me? She's married.

**PAUL**

So?

**MICHAEL**

So, dumb-ass, among other things, she'd only say no.

**PAUL**

You'll only know if you ask. I mean, what's the big deal if she says no? It's step one. You start small, give yourself room to grow. Aw, Jesus. Another first down.

**MICHAEL**

I am not going to hit on a married woman.

**PAUL**

You ain't hitting on any women. Come on, man. You've been divorced two years already.

**MICHAEL**

Three.

**PAUL**

My point is, it's time to get back on that horse. Oh, nice play. Almost intercepted.

**MICHAEL**

I just haven't met anyone I'm really interested in. They're all married, or they hate men, or—

**PAUL**

You know what your problem is? You're too picky.

**MICHAEL**

I am not. I just haven't met any suitable women. This beer is warm, by the way.

**PAUL**

Well, how do you expect to meet anyone if you never go anywhere? Back in the service, you were the smoothest ladies' man in the platoon. You always had a babe clinging to one arm. You know what the guys used to call you? Corporal Clinger.

**MICHAEL**

I don't remember that.

**PAUL**

Not to your face, dumb-ass. Now all you do is chase your ex around with your tongue hanging out. You're never going to meet any women that way.

**MICHAEL**

That's not true. Anyway I'm just really busy right now.

**PAUL**

Busy doing what?

**MICHAEL**

Working. Fixing things around the house. And catching up on my reading. I'm right in the middle of this great history of the Cherokee —

**PAUL**

Spare me, will ya? Oh, Jesus. First and goal. We are so screwed.

**MICHAEL**

We can hold 'em.

**PAUL**

I wish. Okay, look. I'm sure that all this reading and working and puttering around the house makes you a well-rounded man, but it's not going to meet you any women. You've got to get out. How about I set you up with –

**MICHAEL**

No way. No more blind dates. Not after last time.

**PAUL**

I promise, this one is not fat.

**MICHAEL**

It wasn't so much her size last time. That woman wouldn't stop crying.

**PAUL**

Give Georgia a break. She's never gotten over the loss of her kitty.

**MICHAEL**

That was seven years ago.

**PAUL**

They were very close.

**MICHAEL**

It wasn't just that. Everything made her sad. Even the spicy Asian vinaigrette.

**PAUL**

What the hell? Why?

**MICHAEL**

Apparently Ginger was a Siamese.

**PAUL**

I better not set you up with Alice, then. She's kind of weepy too.

**MICHAEL**

No. No blind dates. I'll... I'll go out. I'll meet someone.

**PAUL**

How? Tell me one specific thing you're going to do and I'll leave you alone.

**MICHAEL**

There's a thing after work on Tuesday. An open house. All the hardware vendors will be there.

**PAUL**

How's that going to help? Computer companies don't send MILFs to trade shows.

**MICHAEL**

Why the hell would anyone send milk to a trade show?

**PAUL**

Not milk. MILFs. Mothers I'd like to-

**MICHAEL**

I thought the idea was just to go out and meet a few people. Anyway, I need to find a new-

**PAUL**

Oh, Christ.

**MICHAEL**

Come on. It's not that bad of an idea.

**PAUL**

No, Purdue just scored. Shit. See? I told you.

**MICHAEL**

Maybe we can block the extra point.

**PAUL**

You know what your problem is? You're too much of a pollyanna.

**MICHAEL**

What is that supposed to mean?

**PAUL**

"Maybe we'll block the extra point." Get real. "Maybe some hot forty-something will show up at a computer trade show." Never happen.

**MICHAEL**

It could.

**PAUL**

No way.

**MICHAEL**

Here's the snap... fumble! Notre Dame recovers! No extra point!

**PAUL**

Well, I'll be damned. Hey, I need another beer. You want one?

**MICHAEL**

PBR?

**PAUL**

I told you, I'm out.

**MICHAEL**

So, you're having a Bud, too?

**PAUL**

*(Pauses a beat)*

Okay. I can probably find a PBR for you.

**MICHAEL**

Make sure it's cold.

*PAUL gives him a long look, exits to kitchen.*

## **Scene 2**

*A large meeting room, set up for a tradeshow. It is early evening. Booths are set up with displays – posters, computers with graphics and glass bowls with candy. The center booth has a sign boasting “The fastest Internet Server Ever!”*

*JENNIFER, wearing an attractive but professional-looking red dress, occupies the center booth.*

*MICHAEL enters with DEREK. Both wear dress shirts, ties, nice slacks.*

**MICHAEL**

Okay, Derek. Divide and conquer. You take software. I'll hunt iron.

*DEREK eyes JENNIFER, stares. He taps MICHAEL.*

**DEREK**

How about today, I take hardware?

**MICHAEL**

No. I know what I'm looking for.

**DEREK**

*(Lasciviously)*

Me, too.

**MICHAEL**

*(Shoves Derek)*

Put your tongue back in your mouth and go find us a new user interface.

**DEREK**

I see a user right there I want to interface.

**MICHAEL**

*(Pushes DEREK away)*

Go. Now.

*DEREK exits. MICHAEL looks at his reflection in a computer monitor, straightens his tie and finger-combs his hair, then approaches JENNIFER.*

**JENNIFER**

Well, hello again.

**MICHAEL**

Excuse me?

**JENNIFER**

Weren't you here earlier? You look familiar.

**MICHAEL**

I do?

**JENNIFER**

Very familiar.

**MICHAEL**

*(Looks her over)*

Good. Ah, I mean, I've been at the company a long time. Perhaps we've done business before.

**JENNIFER**

No, that can't be it. I just got this account. I'm Jennifer with Solar Systems.

*They shake hands.*

**MICHAEL**

Michael. Development Manager here at ViaTech. Nice to meet you.

*(She turns and bends over a bit to grab a brochure off the table. MICHAEL stares.)*

Maybe we have met. You look a little familiar, too.

**JENNIFER**

*(Faces him.)*

What are you looking for, Michael?

**MICHAEL**

Something red. I mean, fast. With lots of mammary and two...

*(Holds his hands out, as if cupping breasts)*

...processors. And a nice rack. I mean, rack-mountable.

*(Looks down, embarrassed.)*

With small feet. I mean, a small footprint.

**JENNIFER**

*(Laughing)*

Can I show you some information about our products?

**MICHAEL**

Um... please.

*JENNIFER hands him a brochure. MICHAEL opens it up and reads it. She comes around the table in front of the booth and stands next to him. Recognition dawns.*

**MICHAEL (CONT'D)**

Very interesting. This one. That looks perfect.

**JENNIFER**

The Mercury? That's our small message server. A great entry-level unit for a small business. What kind of a box are you looking for?

**MICHAEL**

A tight box. I mean, for a tight space. I mean, what I have is very small. The space, I mean.

**JENNIFER**

Size matters. You know, my dad always used to say, "Start small. You should always leave room to grow."

**MICHAEL**

Very true. A friend of mine says that too.

**JENNIFER**

I thought so.

**MICHAEL**

Huh?

**JENNIFER**

Nothing. So can I interest you in a server?

*DEREK re-enters and talks over her.*

**DEREK**

Mike, I found this great app. Come see.

*MICHAEL intercepts DEREK on his way over.*

**MICHAEL**

*(Waves a hand at him distractedly.)*

Shoo.

**DEREK**

Shoe?

*(DEREK notices JENNIFER again, chuckles, approaches her.)*

Yeah, right.

**JENNIFER**

Are you looking for a small footprint, too?

**DEREK**

Huh?

**MICHAEL**

I'm sorry. This is my top programmer. Derek, Jennifer. Solar Systems.

*JENNIFER and DEREK shake hands.*

**DEREK**

Solar? I've heard of you guys. All your computers are named for planets and stuff.

**JENNIFER**

That's us.

**DEREK**

"You're the center of the universe to us." Right?

**JENNIFER**

You got it.

**MICHAEL**

Should I leave you two alone?

**DEREK**  
Sure.

**JENNIFER (SIMULTANEOUSLY)**  
No.

*Awkward pause.*

**JENNIFER**

I mean, perhaps you'd both be interested in one of our servers.

**DEREK**

That Venus server is truly hot.