

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.