

MY FATHER THE ZERO

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Comedy

SYNOPSIS: A young woman tries to pay tribute to her lousy dad.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: This piece works best if Maggie plays her role very seriously-it is only at the end of the script that we realize she is actually miserable. Although it is obvious her father is a selfish slug, the humor will be much greater if Maggie appears sincere, at least initially.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Parenting

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Ephesians 6:4

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Men's Retreat, Father's Day

CHARACTERS:

MAGGIE - young woman with a loser dad

DAD - loser dad

PROPS: Bag of Cheetos, remote control, TV (optional)

COSTUMES: Modern dress

SOUND: Two wireless microphones

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Dad's living room

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DAD is in an easy chair, stage right, wearing shorts, T-shirt and black socks. He has a bag of Cheetos and a drink in his hand. His chair is facing stage left aimed at a big-screen TV. MAGGIE is center, downstage from her father.

MAGGIE: Ahh, Father's Day. The one time a year I get to honor the man who has shaped me into the woman I am more than any other. What is there to say about my dad?

DAD: Hey, could you keep it down over there? Wrestling is on!

MAGGIE: Where do I even begin with my dad? He taught me the value of working hard and being a good provider. Not directly, of course. I learned by example. Yep, I rarely saw my dad when I was a kid. He was always off on a trip, or in a meeting that lasted until the wee hours of the morning, working hard for me, Mom and my brother Jake.

DAD: Watch out, Stone Cold!! Augh, that's gotta hurt.

MAGGIE: Dad always made sure we had the good life around here. I had nice clothes for school. I got a computer when I reached high school. And my sweet 16 present: a brand new car.

DAD: Which you smashed up.

MAGGIE: Now, I'll be the first to admit, things have not always been perfect. We've had our share of run-ins, Dad and I. There was the time I was eleven, and he got upset that I was wearing makeup. And the fight over the mini-skirt when I was thirteen, whoa, that was ugly.

DAD: And the car! Don't forget smashing up the car!

MAGGIE: But we've had our tender moments, like... well, like this note. *(Pulls out a small card)* "Dear Mag, I'm sorry I wasn't there for your high school graduation. I hear the ceremony was nice, and you looked so lovely in your gown and mortarboard. I am very proud of you. Love, Dad."

DAD: I put a check in that card, too. A hundred bucks, don't forget.

MAGGIE: I mean what can you say about a man who had every one of my dance recitals as a little girl videotaped? Not that he taped them; he made Mom do it. Or occasionally, that cute guy from his office. But they're taped and chronologically arranged on a shelf in his closet. So when the day comes he finally decides to watch them, he can.

DAD: Watch out, Mr. McMahon!! Oooh... right in the head!!