

DADDY'S BABY GURL

by
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INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A MAN dressed in a black tuxedo, stops at a bedroom door. He's about to knock, but stops himself as if thinking of the right words to say. DAD, (55). Finally after a beat.

KNOCK KNOCK.

WOMAN (O.S.)

David?

DAD

Baby Gurl, it's me.

SPLIT SCREEN

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN in a beautiful couture bridal gown steps to the door. Her eyes puffy like she's been crying. BABY GURL, (25).

BABY GURL

Dad. Hi.

DAD

You okay?

BABY GURL

No. Is David there?

DAD

David's gone, Baby Gurl.

Baby Gurl's shoulders slump. Not what she wanted to hear.

BABY GURL

So my fiancé left.

Dad struggles with it. It's his Baby Gurl behind that door.

DAD

He went back downstairs. To explain to a hundred friends and family, why his future bride-to-be is not at his side.

Baby Gurl taken aback. She frowns at the door, slighted.

BABY GURL

Wait. So what are you saying? This is MY fault?

DAD
Baby Gurl--

BABY GURL
Whose side are you on anyway?

DAD
Yours. Look, I know this isn't
easy, okay? I'm here to support
YOU.

BABY GURL
(finally grins)
Thank you, Dad--

DAD
At ninety five dollars a plate Lord
knows I'm here to support, YOU.

BABY GURL
Really, Dad?

DAD
Look, just putting it out there--

BABY GURL
So it's not about me right now,
it's about the money?

DAD
Of course it's about you.
(then)
And the eight per cent sales tax
and twenty per cent service fee--

BABY GURL
Dad!

DAD
What? It's chicken, potatoes, and a
carrot? How the hell is that ninety
five dollars a plate?

BABY GURL
Dad it's my wedding!

DAD
So get your butt down there!

BABY GURL
I CAN'T RIGHT NOW!

BEAT

She throws up her hands and leans her back against the door and slides down to sit. Tears. Dad looks down at the door as if he knows she's sitting there. He too slides down with his back against the door. Both sitting. Backs against the door.

Some wedding day.

DAD

I'm sorry. You're dealing with something right now, and I should... I should be more sensitive. Instead I'm being dad.

BABY GURL

No...

DAD

No, no. Go ahead say it. Your mother said it all the time.

BABY GURL

Dad stop--

DAD

She said I was... what was that word she used to describe me?

They both think for a moment, then:

BABY GURL

Stingy?

DAD

Parsimonious.

Dad turns around to the door for a beat.

DAD (CONT'D)

Really? She said I'm stingy?

BABY GURL

Dad...

DAD

(chuckles)

She was being kind.

Baby Gurl smiles. Dad smiles. Then her smile fades.

BABY GURL

I wish she was here.

The two of them sitting there. Reminiscing.

DAD

Baby Gurl?

BABY GURL
Yes?

DAD
I love you.

BABY GURL
I love you too, dad.

DAD
And I want you out of there.

And then it happens. As if she's been injected with a dose of confidence, Baby Gurl rises to her feet, wipes her tears.

BABY GURL
You know what? So does mom, my fiancé, and everyone else waiting downstairs.

And then Baby Gurl puts a hand on the door knob.

And then Dad leaps to his feet, puts a hand on the door knob.

DAD
Okay now. On the count of three.
You pull. I push. Got it?

BABY GURL
Push pull.

DAD
No. I PUSH. YOU pull.

BABY GURL
Yes. PULL. PUSH.

DAD
Whatever. It's just a stuck door we got this. On my count. One, two...

BABY GURL
Dad, I get it.

DAD
Yeah I know. I'm counting!

BABY GURL
Dad!

DAD
Okay. One...

