“Happy Dad’s Day”  
by  
Rachel Benjamin

**What**  
A young girl thanks her Father for not only being her Father but for choosing to be her Dad. **Themes:** Father's Day, Thank You, Abba Father

**Who**  
Actor 1: Narrator Liz  
Actor 2: Young, Teenage, and Ballplayer (BP) Liz  
Actor 3: Mom, Ballplayer 1  
Actor 4: Dad, Ballplayer 2

**When**  
The narration takes place in modern day. The scenes that follow the narration are Liz’s memories that take place in the past.

**Wear (Props)**  
Table  
3 Chairs  
Notepad  
Pencil  
Teddy Bear  
Dance Recital Program (This can simply be a sheet of paper)  
Baseball Bat  
Dad’s Hat  
3 Baseball Hats  
3 Baseball Mitts

**Why**  
Romans 8:15

**How**  
Narrator should be sitting at a table downstage right, writing a letter to her dad. The other 3 actors should be acting out the scenes that the narrator is recalling. Since actors 2,3, & 4 play multiple characters at different stages of life, they should be dressed in black or nondescript clothing. The props should help bring the different scenes to life. After every memory, there should be a brief 'beat' or pause to finish the scene before Narrator Liz continues with her letter.

**Time**  
Approximately 5 minutes
**Narrator Liz** is sitting downstage right at a table, writing a letter to her father. There are two chairs downstage left that are next to each other, facing the audience.

**Actors 2 & 3** are upstage center with their backs to the audience.

Narr Liz:  Dear Dad, I am so grateful to have you as my Father. (*She pauses to think, then continues.*) But you’ve been more than just my Father. For as long as I can remember, you’ve been my brave protector.

**Narrator Liz** freezes. **Actors 2 & 3** come to life and move to center stage.

**Young Liz** is holding a teddy bear, clearly frightened.

Mom:  There’s no such thing as monsters that live in closets.

Young Liz:  But I heard him.

Mom:  You heard him?

Young Liz:  He roared really loud.

Mom:  You need to go back to bed.

Young Liz:  But—

Mom:  I promise, there are no monsters—

Offstage we hear a loud crash.

**Dad** enters with his shirt untucked, his hair unkempt, and a baseball bat in hand.

Dad:  I got him.

Young Liz:  You did?

Dad:  And I told him not to come back to this closet ever again.

Young Liz:  Thanks daddy!

She hugs her mom.

Mom:  Night mom.

**Young Liz** runs offstage.

Mom:  *(To Dad)* You got him?

Dad:  Rational thought doesn’t work with closet monsters.

Mom:  I see.
Mom laughs and shakes her head.

While Narrator Liz speaks, Mom and Dad move to sit in downstage left chairs. Dad puts on a hat.

Narr Liz: You’ve been my biggest supporter, even when it wasn’t your favorite thing to do.

The following dialogue takes place in a stage whisper.

Dad: That was adorable.

Mom: See? I told you it would be worth it.

Dad: Next year can we ask her teacher to put her in the first number? Sitting through those first fifteen dances was torture.

Dad stands to leave.

Mom: Where are you going?

Dad: We saw her. She was great.

Mom: She’s in one more, her tap number.

Mom glances through the program.

Mom: See, it’s here.

Mom points to the program.

Dad: Number 43?!

Mom: Yeah. Sshh. (To an unseen fellow audience member) Sorry. We’ll be quieter.

She motions for him to sit back down.

Dad: Number 43?! How long is this dance recital?

Mom: Just a few more hours.

Dad sits back down.

Dad: I’m bringing a book next year.

Mom: (To an unseen fellow audience member) Sorry. We’re being loud.

Mom gives Dad a “be quiet” look.
Dad: Wake me up when we’re on number 42.

Dad tilts his hat over his eyes, leans back, and falls asleep.

While Narrator Liz speaks, Mom exits and Teenage Liz sits next to Dad.

Narr Liz: You’ve been such a great teacher, even when I was a horrible student.

Dad is in the passenger seat, while Teenage Liz mimes holding a steering wheel in the driver seat.

Dad: (To Teenage Liz) Turn here.

She turns, carefully crossing one hand over the other. She speeds up.

Dad: Slow down!

Dad, though he’s in the passenger seat, stomps his right foot as though trying to step on the break. They mime a mild crash.

Teen Liz: Dad, I’m so sorry!

Dad: You ok?

Teen Liz: Yeah.

Dad: (Relieved that she’s ok) We needed a new mailbox anyways.

While Narrator Liz is talking, Teenage Liz exits. Ballplayer 1 & 2 move to center stage with their baseball hats and baseball mitts.

Narr Liz: Dad, you believed in me when no one else did.

BP1: That guy is here again.

BP2: Who?

BP1: The one who comes to every game rain or shine.

BP2: Doesn’t he realize we’re never going to win a game?

BP Liz enters with baseball hat and mitt.

BP1: Hey right field.

BP Liz: (Reluctantly) Hey.

BP2: (Teasingly) Maybe you’ll actually catch a ball today.

BP1: Doubtful.

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BP Liz ignores them. *Ballplayer 1 & 2 continue with their conversation.*

BP2: Someone should tell him to stop cheering. No one else's parents come to these games. We're terrible.

BP1: We're never going to win.

BP2: Whose father is that anyways?

BP Liz: That's my dad.

*Actors 2,3, & 4 turn upstage and freeze.*

Narr Liz: Thanks for being more than just a father. Thanks for being my dad. I love you. *Happy Father's—*

She pauses. She then erases what she just wrote. She starts again.

Narr Liz: Happy Dad's Day.

*Lights fade.*