

# DADDY'S HOME

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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## CAST: MONA and DAD

MONA: Yay, Daddy, you're home!

DAD: Hello, Sweetie. How was your day?

MONA: Perfectly scrumptious, Daddy. Give me a shoulder ride.

DAD: Oh, Darling, Daddy's had a long day. He's tired.

MONA: Put me on your shoulders, Daddy.

DAD: Mona, didn't you hear me say I was tired?

MONA: Actually, you said Daddy was tired. You referred to yourself in the third person, which is sort of an annoying habit of yours, but I put up with it. I want to go on your shoulders now, Daddy.

DAD: Sweetie, let's do this a little later.

MONA: Now would be the best time for me.

DAD: Mona, I'm afraid I would drop you, I'm so tired this afternoon.

MONA: Daddy, you have to put me on your shoulders now or I'm going to tell Mommy that you're being cruel and neglectful. You better not drop me, either, because that would really put you in the dog house.

DAD: Mona...

MONA: Daddy, this is a reasonable request from a somewhat precocious four-year-old to her sadly-average father. I don't like to resort to threats, but I am very dissatisfied with your response so far. Put me on your shoulders!

DAD: All right, all right.

***(HE bends down so MONA can climb on his shoulders. If desired, MONA may stand on a chair directly behind DAD.)***

MONA: Yay! I've been waiting all day for this, Daddy!

DAD: So have I, Sweetcakes.

MONA: Sarcasm can damage a young child's psyche, Father-dear.

DAD: Sorry. Oof! You are getting to be a big girl, aren't you?

MONA: I certainly hope that you weren't implying that I'm getting overweight, Daddy. A comment like that could severely damage my sense of body image and I might struggle with a weight problem on through my adolescence and even beyond.

DAD: You're not overweight, Honey.

MONA: That "oof" could have triggered an onset of bulimia when I'm sixteen. A guest on Oprah this afternoon said that very thing.

DAD: I "oofed" because I must be getting weaker, little one of my heart. That happens as you age. You are perfect, as always.

MONA: Thank you, even though I think you're covering your butt more than you are being sincere. Wee! I'm way up here!

DAD: Yes, look at you way up there.

MONA: Now, Daddy, you be the horsey and I'll be the fair maid Gwendolyn lost in the deep Danish forest. ***(As the fair maid Gwendolyn, in a British accent.)*** "Oh, oh, I am lost in the deep Danish forest." ***(SHE hesitates, looks down at her DAD.)*** Daddy?

DAD: What, Pumpkin?

MONA: ***(British accent)*** I am not a pumpkin. I am...

DAD: Sorry, sorry—what, Gwendolyn?

MONA: ***(accent)*** You're a horse now.

DAD: Of course I'm a horse. A rhyming horse.

MONA: ***(no accent)*** That wasn't funny. Silly rhymes are funny for two-year-olds, Daddy. I don't think you're aware of or respectful to where I am developmentally.

DAD: No more silly rhymes, Gwendolyn.

MONA: Mona.

DAD: I thought you were...

MONA: Daddy, really. I know that you're a bit limited intellectually, but you should be able to sense when I'm in my imaginative place and when I've stepped out of it to talk as Mona, your daughter. At the very least, you could hear when I dropped my accent. ***(accent)*** Did you not?

DAD: Of course. Mo...Gwendolyn?

MONA: ***(accent)*** Yes, horse. How will we ever find our way out of this dark Danish forest?

DAD: I don't know, Gwendolyn.

MONA: **(no accent)** Daddy!

DAD: What? What?

MONA: You're supposed to be a horse!

DAD: Yes! I'm being a horse!

MONA: You can't say, "I don't know, Gwendolyn" when I ask how we will ever find our way out of this dark Danish forest.

DAD: I can't?

MONA: Of course not!

DAD: Well, what should I say?

MONA: Nothing! You can only whinny and snort like a horse.

DAD: Oh, I see. All right.

MONA: I don't have all day for you to get this right. Mommy will hear about this.

DAD: Mona...that's right, isn't it?

MONA: Did you detect any accent?

DAD: Mona it is, then. Mona, when I hear Gwendolyn speak, I will be a horse, a horse, and nothing but a horse.

MONA: **(accent)** Fair steed, I marvel at how dense these Danish woods have become. **(DAD neighs.)** How will we ever find our way out to the shore so that I may wave my lacey white kerchief toward the ocean so Rothulf the fair will see me and rescue me? **(DAD neighs again.)** Answer me, fair steed. **(DAD neighs again, a bit confused. MONA, exasperated, drops the accent.)** Daddy! **(DAD neighs and snorts.)** Now stop that!

DAD: Honey, I was being your horse.

MONA: Yes, that's fine, but you have to talk to me. You can't leave Gwendolyn without anyone to talk to.

DAD: But you said I could only whinny and snort. I couldn't talk.

MONA: You can't talk in English. But you need to communicate with your whinnies and snorts. We have a bond, as horse and rider. We understand one another.

DAD: I'm glad the horse can, anyway.

MONA: Was that more sarcasm?

DAD: No, Sweetums.

MONA: Then what was it?

DAD: It was horse language for "I love you very much."

MONA: I think Mommy's going to have to set up another appointment with the child psychologist. I'm feeling really out of sorts.

DAD: No, no, Mommy won't have to set up another appointment with that very expensive doctor, Honey. I'll play right, now.

MONA: Now I feel as if you're putting a price tag on my mental health, Daddy.

DAD: I would never do that, honey. Your mental health is priceless.

MONA: Decent comeback. I'll take it, Daddy. **(accent)** Oh, my steed, I fear that I will be lost in these deep Danish woods forever! **(DAD snorts and whinnies a reply.)** Do you feel there is any hope at all? **(DAD gives his horse answer.)** How can you say that when we see nothing but vile Danish trees and shrubbery? **(DAD gives an elaborate horse answer.)** Oh, horse, I fear your replies are a bit long-winded for my liking. **(DAD's brief horse apology.)** Hark, in the distance! What do I see? **(DAD's horse answer.)** Over there, above the trees! I think I see the hint of a flapping flag. Do you see it? **(Horse answer.)** It may be the flag atop the mast of my Rothulf's ship! Quick, run to it, fair steed! **(DAD begins to move his feet in place.)** Run, run! **(HE moves more quickly.)** What is the matter with you, steed? Have you become faithless in your old age? Gallop, I say, gallop like the wind and take me to my fair Rothulf! **(DAD whinnies and snorts and gallops as fast as HE can, obviously struggling under the weight of his daughter.)** That's it! Oh, my Rothulf! Yes, I see it is his banner! Faster, horse! Take me to him! **(DAD labors on.)** Oh, my blessed Rothulf has come for me at last. How bravely he has fought, blasting through the Danish blockade to rescue his fair Gwendolyn. When we return to the castle, songs and stories will be told on end of how Rothulf the brave rescued Gwendolyn the mild in the dark Danish woods. On, on, my steed! Can't you see we are nigh onto the shore? Look how proudly the prow of his ship throws back the waves! Look how...! **(DAD stops running, too exhausted to continue. MONA drops her accent.)** Daddy. **(DAD huffs and puffs and tries to whinny out a reply.)** Stop with the horse talk, Dad. I'm Mona now.

DAD: Oh, Mona. Daddy hasn't been to the gym in a long time. He's not up to this.

MONA: Put me down.

DAD: Oh, gladly.

**(HE leans down. MONA hops off his shoulders. DAD collapses into a chair.)**

MONA: I am highly disappointed.

DAD: **(starts to whinny his reply, then catches himself)** I mean, I'm sorry, Mona.

MONA: At the very highest point of my adventure, you chose to bow out.

DAD: Honey, it wasn't a choice. I was exhausted.

MONA: I'm going to tell Mommy. **(Walking off.)** Mommy, Daddy wouldn't...

DAD: (*getting up, catching her*) Mona, Mona, it's all right. I'll play with you, I just need a moment to rest. You can even get back on my shoulders. We'll pick up where we left off.

MONA: The moment is gone.

DAD: How about if we play something else? Something where I'm a bit less active, maybe? How about if I'm, say, your sea turtle? You could ride on your faithful sea turtle.

MONA: How lame.

DAD: You know, Mona, I am doing my best.

MONA: You know, Daddy, your best is obviously not even close to adequate.

DAD: Young lady, I have had just about enough of this attitude.

MONA: I'm telling Mommy!

DAD: No, you are not telling Mommy right now. I am speaking to you, and I will not have you running off to your mother just because what I say may not be completely pleasant for you to hear. Enough is enough!

MONA: Are you putting your foot down, Daddy?

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