

## DISCOVERY

Comedy

**Role 1** - F - 24 to 26

**Role 2** - M - 40 to 49

Author: Gilbert-Hill, Richard

*(RICH, in his late 40's, sits at a small table in a coffee shop in Burbank writing on a legal pad.  
KAREN, mid-20's, walks up with coffee in hand and sits in the other chair at the table.)*

KAREN: Hi.

RICH: Hi.

*(Beat. Rich tries to write. Stops.)*

RICH: Do I know you?

KAREN: No. Do you mind if I sit here?

RICH: No.

*(Beat. Rich tries to write. Stops.)*

KAREN: What are you working on?

RICH: A scene.

KAREN: A scene?

RICH: Yeah.

KAREN: Are you a writer?

RICH: Yes.

KAREN: How long have you been writing?

RICH: Uh... About ten years.

KAREN: Really?

RICH: Maybe longer.

KAREN: Have you always been a writer?

RICH: Do I look that young?

KAREN: No.

RICH: Thanks.

KAREN: Well, you are old, aren't you?

RICH: I'm older than you, yes.

KAREN: Do you write plays?

RICH: No.

KAREN: You said it was for a scene, right? Isn't that for a play?

RICH: This is for a screenplay.

KAREN: Really? What's it about?

RICH: It's about a man in hell.

KAREN: You're kidding, right?

RICH: No. He doesn't know he's in hell, but he's in hell.

KAREN: Is it about Hollywood?

RICH: No consciously.

KAREN: Sounds deep.

RICH: It's supposed to be a comedy. Have we met before?

KAREN: No.

RICH: Really? You seem familiar.

KAREN: That's because I'm your daughter.

*(Beat.)*

RICH: What?

KAREN: Actually, maybe you have seen me before. I've been following you around for about a week.

RICH: A week?

KAREN: Yes. You live in a two bedroom apartment in—what do they call those things?

RICH: What things?

KAREN: The thing you live in.

RICH: A triplex.

KAREN: Why two bedrooms?

RICH: What?

KAREN: You live alone. Why do you live in an apartment with two bedrooms?

RICH: My son used to live with me.

KAREN: I have a brother?

*(Beat.)*

RICH: Can we back up a minute?

KAREN: Pocatello. 1983. Summer Theatre Company. You had sex with my mom.

*(Beat.)*

RICH: Oh, shit.

KAREN: You remember?

RICH: Yeah, the rubber broke. I always wondered about that.

KAREN: I didn't need to know that.

RICH: Sorry.

*(Beat.)*

KAREN: Aren't you going to ask me something?

RICH: I'm waiting for my brain to kick back in.

KAREN: You were doing fine before.

RICH: That was reflex. What's your name?

KAREN: You believe me?

RICH: Well...

KAREN: We could get a blood test.

RICH: What's your name?

KAREN: Karen.

RICH: Karen. Okay.

KAREN: You don't like it?

RICH: It's nice.

KAREN: You hate it.

RICH: Why now?

KAREN: I like my name.

RICH: Why now? What brought you out here?

KAREN: You.

RICH: Why?

KAREN: I don't have a father.

RICH: She never married?

KAREN: She's gay. *(Beat.)* She said you were both drunk.

RICH: That sounds about right.

KAREN: She said you didn't love her.

RICH: I didn't have time.

KAREN: It's not your fault. She wasn't looking for a boyfriend.

RICH: So why did she..?

KAREN: She liked you.

*(Beat.)*

RICH: I don't remember her name.

KAREN: Kathy.

RICH: Kathy.

KAREN: So when did you stop acting?

RICH: Um, one never completely stops. As long as I stay out here, everything could turn on a dime.

KAREN: Have you acted lately?

RICH: No.

KAREN: You're broke, aren't you?

RICH: Well, yes, almost.

KAREN: That's why you should believe me. I'm not after you for the money.

RICH: Okay.

KAREN: You believe me?

*(Beat.)*

RICH: It's your eyes.

KAREN: What about them?

RICH: I knew the moment you sat down you were a stranger only in name. *(Beat.)* So now what?

KAREN: I need a place to stay.