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?

(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.