

# NIGHT OF THE LIVID DAD

By Marc Holland and Michael Davis

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### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

George Masters is faced with a dilemma. As his teenage daughter, Patty, readies for her first date, George must decide whether to accept the situation with grace and wisdom...or, to do as he would normally would, allow his imagination to run completely amok, spinning out scenarios of disastrous proportions about Patty and her paramour. It's as much fun watching the three fantasy sequences of what doesn't happen as what actually occurs.

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(2 M, 3 W)*

**GEORGE MASTERS:** Father

**DOROTHY MASTERS:** Mother

**PATTY MASTERS:** Daughter about to go on her first date

**TRUDY MASTERS:** Patty's younger sister

**RIC:** Patty's date(s), real and imagined

**SETTING**

Living room of a middle-class house in the Midwest. There is a sofa in front of a television set. A set of stairs disappears into the second floor. There is an end table by the front door and a mirror on one of the walls.

**PROPS**

GEORGE: \$20.00 bill.

PATTY: Southern belle costume complete with fan; purse.

RIC: Wrap-around sunglasses, surfboard, chain.

PRESET: Radio, pistol, Rubik's cube, magazine, remote control.

**SOUND EFFECTS**

Song, "I'd Like to Make it With You"; dreamy sounds; door knocks; gunfire; telephone rings.

## THE NIGHT OF THE LIVID DAD

*(BEFORE CURTAIN - in the darkness.)*

GEORGE: I'll bet he has long hair.

DOROTHY: Oh, George, there you go again.

GEORGE: No, wait. He has long hair and smokes dope.

DOROTHY: I'm sure you're wrong.

GEORGE: I am wrong. He has long hair and he deals dope.

*(LIGHTS come up on Masters' home. GEORGE and DOROTHY enter from stairs. TRUDY is watching television on the couch.)*

GEORGE: I know exactly what it's going to be like. I hate this.

DOROTHY: Calm down. If you're this worked up now, you'll be a basket case by the time Trudy starts dating.

GEORGE: *(Crosses to TRUDY, proudly)* Trudy won't be doing any dating. Trudy wants to be a nun, remember?

TRUDY: I do not!

GEORGE: Just a couple of months ago you were running around the house in a habit!

TRUDY: It was Halloween!

DOROTHY: You were dressed up like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Been in any bell towers lately?

GEORGE: You're making a sport of my fatherly concern?

DOROTHY: Not your fatherly concern. Your career guidance. I believe it's still impossible to be a nun if you're not Catholic.

GEORGE: Are you making fun of me?

DOROTHY: I am not making fun of you. You're paranoid.

GEORGE: I am not paranoid! Trudy, am I paranoid? I don't believe this, everyone in this house thinks I'm paranoid!

DOROTHY: George, I-

GEORGE: I am not paranoid!

DOROTHY: George, listen to me-

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GEORGE: (*Puts fingers in HIS ears*) I'm not listening!  
(*Sings "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to block out sound.*)

DOROTHY: George, you are getting completely out of hand.  
All because of something as trivial as Patty's first date!

GEORGE: Trivial? Do you remember what we did on our  
first date?

DOROTHY: Absolutely nothing!

GEORGE: Of course not. What could we do with your  
brother sitting between us?

DOROTHY: Are you saying you would have done  
something if my brother hadn't been there?

GEORGE: Of course I would have! I know men! I used to  
be a man before I got married! Dor, you just don't realize -

DOROTHY: George, calm down. Come sit in your chair and  
relax. (*GEORGE complies.*) Put your head back. Trudy,  
turn on the stereo. (*TRUDY complies. The strains of "I'd  
Like To Make It With You" are heard.*)

GEORGE: Dorothy! (*DOROTHY hurriedly turns off the  
radio.*) Dorothy, will you listen to this garbage? There's a  
whole generation of over-sexed boys out there and all of  
them are leering at my daughter! Can you hear it? There's  
a message howling from the mass media and that  
message is "Mate Like Bunnies! Mate Like Bunnies!"

DOROTHY: They're just songs, George.

GEORGE: I don't even know you anymore. What are you, a  
Kennedy? Here's a perfect example. (*Looking at TV  
screen*) Here is our daughter watching cable TV. Do you  
know what she is seeing? It's some guy in bed with  
Marlena Maxwell. Here's Marlena Maxwell flashing her  
breasts. Here- (*GEORGE stops, transfixed.*)

DOROTHY: You were saying, George?

GEORGE: I didn't know Marlena Maxwell did nude scenes.

TRUDY: Daddy, they're just breasts.

GEORGE: Just breasts?

TRUDY: Everyone has breasts. I have breasts.

GEORGE: No, Trudy. Marlena Maxwell has breasts. You  
have mosquito bites. You are not allowed to have breasts  
until you have completed a course in jujitsu.

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TRUDY: Dad, you're so immature! *(SHE rises and crosses to stairs.)*

GEORGE: Well, we'll see how immature you think I am after I cancel your allowance!

TRUDY: I have a checking account.

GEORGE: *(Desperate)* Then I'll ruin your credit rating! *(TRUDY exits.)* I tell you, kids are growing up too fast these days, Dor. Next thing you know -

DOROTHY: I'm going to see if Patty needs any help.

GEORGE: Hey, that's a great idea, Dorothy. Turn your back on a potentially explosive situation. Our daughter is going to be assaulted by a heathen rapist and you turn you back. Swell. It ought to be interesting to say to our friends, "Yeah, Dorothy turned her back on Patty when Genghis Khan was over last Saturday night."

DOROTHY: *(Sing-song)* You're overreacting again. *(SHE exits.)*

GEORGE: No, Dorothy. I am not overreacting. You are under reacting. We have no idea who is coming through that door. It could be one of those Bay City Dweebies she was so crazy about. It could be some drugged-out beach punk! Overreacting! I know just what it's going to be like... *(BLACKOUT, except for one small LIGHT on GEORGE. A DREAMY SOUND accompanies the lights to suggest fantasy. When the lights go back up, there is a knock.)* I'll get it. *(GEORGE gets a gun out of the end table. He opens the door to Richie, the surfer dude.)* Who the hell are you?

RIC: Like, hi there. You must be Mr. Masters.

GEORGE: I guess I must be. And who must you be?

RIC: Well, I'm Richie DeLarusso, here to pick up, you know, the chick.

GEORGE: My daughter is not a chick. A chick is a fuzzy farm animal. My daughter is not a farm animal. You, however, smell like a farm animal.

RIC: Oh, right. Like, excuse my choice of words.

GEORGE: No, I won't. What's with the surfboard?

RIC: Taking Patty surfing, dude.

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