

DADDY'S GIRL by PHILLIP BARRON

EXTERIOR ACOUSTIC.

F/X: _____ HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF A VERY
CROWDED AREA. A PHONE RINGS
AND IS ANSWERED.

JIM: (D) Hello?

SALLY: Hi Dad, it's me.

JIM: (D) Sally? Have you any idea what time it is?

SALLY: Yeah, sorry Dad, I know it's late. Thing is, could you
come and pick me up?

JIM: (D) For God's sake Sally, you're not a child; you're
thirty-two. You don't even live here anymore.

SALLY: I know, I know but you did say I'd always be your little
girl.

JIM: (D) Yes, but--

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SALLY: Please Dad, I went to a party and I got a bit drunk. Can you come and get me? Please?

JIM: (D) Oh all right, but this is the last time. Where are you?

F/X: A FOGHORN SOUNDS.

SALLY: Venezuela.

JIM: (D) Sorry?

SALLY: Well, you know how it is. One minute you're having a few cocktails with the girls, the next thing you know you're working in a massage parlour in Maracaibo.

JIM: (D) Sally, have you ever thought you might want to lay off the drink a little?

SALLY: God Dad, where's the fun in that? Ooh, can you bring me some spare clothes? And my passport? And a thousand pounds for Rodriguez?

JIM: (D) Who's Rodriguez?

SALLY: My pimp. He's ever so funny. He reminds me a bit of you.

JIM: (D) Sally--

SALLY: Please don't go on Dad, it's not like you've never been drunk.

JIM: (D) No, but I've never woken up in a brothel in Venezuela.

SALLY: Now that's not strictly true is it?

JIM: (D) I didn't think you knew about that.

SALLY: And there was that time you got hammered and sold Mum into slavery.

JIM: (D) That was different.

SALLY: Come on Dad, this will be the last time, promise.

JIM: (D) It better bloody had be.

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SALLY: It will be. God, it was just a few drinks. It's not like I'm a drug addict or anything.

END OF SKETCH