

Baby Girl

A father comes to terms with giving his daughter away on her wedding day.

DAD: Male, 50s. not ready to let his daughter go.

BABY GIRL (ADULT): Female, 20s, VOICE ONLY! Hidden behind a changing shade for the entirety of the play.

BABY GIRL (CHILD): Female, 12 years old. Younger version of daughter.

TIME PERIOD: PRESENT DAY, A WEDDING DAY

Stage Requirements: A stool, a table, A changing shade

At Rise:

DAD is sitting on a stool next to a table with clothes and various wedding related things on it. He is dressed in a tux, his tie not completely tied. BABY GIRL ADULT (BGA), is hidden behind a changing shade, getting dressed for her wedding.

DAD

(Whistles to himself. Checks his watch, looks to changing shade.)

Everything okay in there?

BGA

(Struggling)

Yeah... it's just... this stupid ZIPPER!

DAD

Do you need my help?

BGA

No... I'm fine!

DAD

It's okay, it took me a while to figure zippers out, too. I mean, on that one date with your mom, she basically had to-

BGA

Dad, don't get gross!

DAD

But it's a great story!

BGA
Don't need to hear it... again.

DAD
We wouldn't even be here if it weren't for my tricky zipper!

BGA
STOP!
(BIG ZIP)
FINALLY!

DAD
You got it?

BGA
Yes. Can you hand me my shoes.

DAD
(takes shoes off of table and hands it
over changing shade. He's trying to peek
behind it.)
Can I see?

BGA
BACK OFF, OLD MAN.

DAD
Alright, jeez... you know, typically a bridesmaid would be
doing this..,

BGA
I wanted you to help me.

DAD
Because I know so much about putting on dresses!

BGA
Dad..

DAD
I'm just messing with you!
(goes back to sit down on his stool. BGA
dresses in silence for a few beats.)
I never thought I'd be here.

BGA
My wedding day?

DAD
No, in this church!

BGA
Oh right... you didn't burst into flames upon crossing the
threshold.

DAD

Last time I was here, you and your friends were doing that bake sale, and I accidentally knocked over Sister Harper's sugar cream pie table!

BGA

Well, you were doing the Cupid Shuffle with the youth group... AFTER Pastor Jeremy said the dance was just for the kids, so...

DAD

How long ago was that? Ten, twelve years?

BGA

Thirteen. Right after...

DAD

(Cutting off)

Yeah, I remember now.

BGA

(There's a heaviness in the room. After an awkward silence)

Dad?

DAD

Yeah?

BGA

Are you okay?

DAD

Me? I'm great!

BGA

Are you sure?

DAD

Yes.

BGA

Do you promise?

DAD

I promise.

BGA

Okay. (Beat) Can you hand me my hairbrush?

DAD

(Stands and goes to table, grabbing brush.)

Yep!

(Begins walking to shade and looks down

at the brush. He stops and chuckles to himself.)

BGA

What's so funny?

DAD

This is your mom's brush.

BGA

Yeah.

DAD

(After a moment, clears throat and hands the brush over the shade.)

Here you go. Almost done?

BGA

Almost.

DAD

(nervous)

Alrighty. Almost show time. Almost time to hand you off to... what's his name again?

BGA

Dad...

DAD

Zeke? Zachariah?

BGA

Derek.

DAD

(sarcastically)

OH YEAH!

(laughs to himself)

I remember now. He really is a lucky guy.

BGA

Yep. He's about to have a real peach for a father-in-law.

DAD

That's what I was referring to, of course.

(After a pause)

Your mom would have been so happy to see you using her brush today.

BGA

(beat)

Dad. It's okay. I miss her too.

DAD

I know. I'm sorry, I'm being silly. This is your day. I can't be a downer on your big day.

BGA

You're not being... and it's your big day too.

DAD

You better believe it!

(laughs to himself)

My baby girl is getting married! Our baby girl...

BGA

I wish she were here too.

DAD

I know.

BGA

But I'm glad you're here. If you weren't, then Pastor Jeremy would probably walk me down the aisle, and his breath smells like ham and Old Spice.

DAD

That's a very specific combination.

BGA

It's legit. Find out for yourself.

DAD

I think I'll pass.

(checks watch)

Still doing alright? It's almost time.

BGA

I know, I'm good.

(beat)

Can I ask you something?

DAD

Of course.

BGA

I'm sure I know the answer, but why did you stop coming to church after mom died?

DAD

You think you know the answer?

BGA

I mean... I know things were hard when mom died. I was only twelve, but I remember how bad things were. I didn't make things any easier, asking all the questions about God and such... so I just imagined it had something to do with you and God.

DAD

Why'd you wait until now to ask me about this?

BGA

I don't know. It's just been on my mind today.

DAD

Ah. Alright... You know, when your mom got sick, the church rallied around us. I'm sure you remember. All the people bringing us dinners and making sure you got to your practices and such... That was all nice.

BGA

Yeah.

DAD

Well, then she died, and the support got even more prominent, and I know you had a lot of people helping you through all of that. I know I wasn't much help. I was mad, and yeah, I guess you could say I had an issue with God. A few weeks before she died, I prayed and begged him to take me instead. I wanted to trade places with her so she could live and be with you. And when that didn't happen, I suppose I threw a fit and stepped away from God. I stopped coming to church because I was tired of seeing everyone looking at me like I had a sign around my neck saying, "FEEL SORRY FOR ME." It just wasn't for me. But I knew you needed it, so I didn't protest.

BGA

I didn't know you had prayed that...

DAD

Not exactly my proudest moment, but yes.

BGA

Do you still wish you had traded places?

DAD

No.

BGA

Why not?

(pause)

Can you hand me my lipstick?

DAD

(Without a word, Dad hands the lipstick over the shade)

You remember that camping trip we took the summer after she died?

BGA

Yes.

DAD

Well, like I said, I was carrying around a lot of anger and guilt, so I figured unplugging for a little while and spending time with you would do some good.

BGA

That's when we found that fishing hole.. the one that seemed like it was just spitting out Blue Gill.

DAD

Yep! Great spot... That trip changed a lot for me. Like I said, I was bitter and angry with a lot of things. When we were fishing, I sat back and felt something come over me. I was watching you dig for worms. I remember it like it was yesterday. You had on those jean shorts with the flower on the leg, a yellow t-shirt with a frowny face on it because you liked the irony... black converse, and your mom's Kishi Bashi hat... I sat and watched you for a long time and it's like God came down himself and grabbed my heart. He told me, "You take care of her... You keep her safe." So, from then, I knew my purpose was to raise you the best way I could. So I let go of the anger I had, and made a promise to God that I'd keep in touch with him and make sure you had everything you needed to be happy.

BGA

You did take care of me, Dad. I know I didn't really say it much, but I wouldn't have made it through losing mom without you.

DAD

Same to you, sweetheart... But yeah, you've always been my purpose... and... I just can't help but feel like I'm losing you today.

BGA

(after pause)

I'm always going to be your baby girl.

DAD

Do you promise?

BGA

I promise.

DAD

(Checks watch)

Oh my... we're a few minutes out. They're going to start the procession soon. Are you almost done?

BGA

I'm done now.

DAD

Alright.

(stands from bench, takes a few deep breaths.)

Alright... okay... here we go. This is really happening.

BGA

Are you ready?

DAD

(sarcastically)

Am I ready? You're about to marry a man who makes a living designing pet furniture. Are YOU ready?

BGA

I'm ready.

DAD

Alright. Me too!

BGA

I'm coming out now... be honest with me. If I need to rework anything, we can make them wait.

DAD

I'll be honest. You'll be beautiful no matter what.

Dad stiffens up, as if bracing for impact, as BGA finally comes out from behind the changing shade. BABY GIRL CHILD (BGC) comes out from behind the shade. She's wearing the jean shorts, yellow shirt, black converse, and Kishi Bashu hat, just like Dad remembered.

BGC

How do I look?

DAD

(tries to stay strong, but breaks and gets choked up.)

Beautiful, Baby Girl.

BGC runs into Dad's arms and he lifts her into a huge hug that lasts for a while. All of their love is being poured into this hug. Dad puts BGC down and looks into her face.

DAD

Let's do this.

Dad locks arms with BGC and the two
walk off stage.

BLACKOUT.