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Chris Thomas

- *Who's Your Daddy*

A one act play - comedy

Running Time: approx. 20 minutes

Period: Now

Warnings: MA, adult language

Synopsis:

Who's Your Daddy is a tale of a failed 80s popstar - who completely loves himself - on the comeback trail, followed by an obsessed fan and cynical music journalist. Can he score another major hit while on his shopping centre tour? Or does his move and groove not just cut it anymore?

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About the Playwright: Chris Thomas



Born in Perth, Western Australia, Chris Thomas is a writer, actor, journalist and broadcaster who has developed diverse experience in these areas over several years.

He has many eclectic acting credits to his name and broad journalistic experience, working for mainstream newspapers, independent publications and freelancing for numerous titles, as well as extensive work in media relations and flexing his dulcet tones as a radio announcer.

Chris Thomas is also the author of the novel *Journo's Diary*, the *Doctor Who* short story *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back* and the plays *Which One?*, *Reality Matters*, *Appetite for Destruction*, *The Bonza Land of Oz*, *King Bling* and *SMS Mess*.

Which One? received an encouragement award for writing at the 1994 Bunbury One-Act Drama Festival. Chris himself has received numerous accolades including an Excellence in Performance Award at the 2001 South West Drama Festival for his role in *Disposal* and Best Male Supporting Actor at the 2008 South West Drama Festival for his role in *The Return*.

About the Play:

Who's Your Daddy was first performed as part of the 2008 *Artrage 24-Hour Project* in Perth, Western Australia. The play was directed by Dannielle Ashton and featured Martin Lindsay.

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WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

By Chris Thomas

CHARACTERS:

JIGGLE DADDY JISM: Failed 80s popstar about to launch a comeback; totally obsessed with himself sexually.

ELAINE McGRUIGER: Music journalist with *EasyBeat Magazine*, doesn't suffer fools like Jiggle Daddy Jism gladly. A bit jaded and serious.

AUDREY: A fan totally obsessed with Jiggle Daddy Jism, to the point of becoming a stalker.

VOICEOVER: Ladies and gentlemen, would you please make him very welcome... yes, that's right the man responsible for such massive hits as *Smegma Groove* and *Felchy Welch Love Time*... he's packin' it in the pants for you ladies... it's failed 80s pop star Jiggle Daddy Jism!

[SFX: General crowd roar, general pop music accompanies. Use lighting to generate effect if possible. Enter JIGGLE DADDY, either through crowd or most appropriate stage entrance. He runs through, loving himself, playing to the crowd, whooping it up. Has the appearance of a rock star, dressed over the top, possibly sunglasses. Music fades]

JIGGLE DADDY: That's right ladies, girls and the rest of you who are even vaguely female, Jiggle Daddy Jism is back for his comeback tour. There's lots of lovin' to share around (*eyes someone in the crowd*) Yeah, you want it, don'cha baby? All the way with JDJ... ready to bust a move as I bust a nut, gunning out the grooves. Yes, yes, I've just recorded my new album *Mintox Botox*, ready for a world tour. If you've been aching for the 80s like I've been aching for the ladies, the time is ripe – just like all those lovely cherries out there. Get ready to bask in my-

[He is interrupted by a journalist who has burst her way on to stage. She holds a notebook and tape recorder, if possible]

ELAINE: Mr Jism, Mr Jism, are you actually going to answer questions or are you going to carry on like a complete tosspot?

JDJ: Always do what you know best, right? And what's your name my pretty little hard-faced bitch?

ELAINE: Elaine McGruiger, *EasyBeat Magazine*. How does it feel to be a failed pop star? Don't you think you're past it?

JDJ: To hell with the critics, let the pubic – I mean public – decide!

ELAINE: Your last single could only manage number 423 in the Belarus Funtime Singtime Chart.

JDJ: Hey, my pants were ready for action. Crap marketing babe, that's all it was. I was ready to fire my love missile off in all directions.

ELAINE: But your manager gave you the chop for poor performance.

JDJ: No biggie, Miss McGruiger – unlike what's in my pants. I'm back now and that's what matters. *(To audience, winking)* Isn't that right, my lovely ladies? Now, if that's all the questions, how about hearing my latest single *Bap Those Boosies, Baby!* *(We hear some generic music come in, but it fades out with the lights, as the two exit)*

[Lights come up; time has passed. Onto the stage runs AUDREY, a huge fan of JDJ, to the point where she is completely obsessed]

AUDREY: *(she talks to the audience, passionately, intently, as if they share the same enthusiasm)* Oh my blog! Did you see him? Jiggle Daddy Jism himself! I can't believe he's back; he's such a groover. I waved right at him. Although I was late, running super late because the Volkswagen wouldn't start, I think he saw me this time. I mean, back in '88 he was probably caught up in the celebration of a nation and missed me but this time I'm sure he saw me wave and blow a kiss. I've got all his albums, from *Pube-ilicious* right through to that last EP before the comeback, *Scrote Power*. Oh yeah, I got the new *Mintox* one as well. It's a bit different but what d'ya expect after all this time?

JDJ is such a sexual man. Can't you tell from his aura? I betcha he's got tonnes of stamina. He can hang his socks on the end of my bed any time, I can tell *you*. I just wish he could meet me and then he could see we'd be great together. I'm going to all of those concerts he's doing... so Westfield better watch out! Audrey is on the prowl! *(BLACKOUT, she exits)*

[Offstage, we hear some crowd roars and JDJ yelling "Thank you, you've been a great audience" – he runs onstage with a towel around his neck, after finishing a gig, talking into a mobile]

JDJ: What do you mean the barbecued chicken doesn't have stuffing? Wasn't that part of my rider? Of course, I like the breast – who doesn't – but I like to go for a bit of stuffing as well. Yeah man, feel like a thousand years old or something. You reckon I should have a Radox bath? Whatever. Hey, did you see how much tail was out in that audience?

[As he has been talking and pacing around the stage, he has been oblivious to ELAINE walking on stage, at the ready again with her notebook and tape recorder]

JDJ: *(not really taking her in properly)* Wondered when some of you love chunks would come backstage. Came to see the famous package did you? *(starts to undo his fly, absentmindedly)*

ELAINE: *(with emphasis)* Miss Elaine McGruiger, *EasyBeat Magazine*. Remember me, Mr Jism?

JDJ: *(a bit sheepishly, unsure, zips up fly)* Yeah, yeah, sure baby. Music chick. A fan of the Jism from way back.

ELAINE: *(cocks eyebrow)* So the shopping mall tour is going well, then?

JDJ: They still loves me, baby. Who wouldn't?

ELAINE: According to the latest Chockablock 40 Chart, *Mintox Botox* is sitting around 42 while the latest *Wannabe Famous* winner is at number one. And lots of radio stations are refusing to play your *Bap Those Boosies* single. Vitamin DJ described it as *(she refers to her notebook)* "Utter shite... you can't polish a turd".

**This is not the end of "Who's Your Daddy"
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