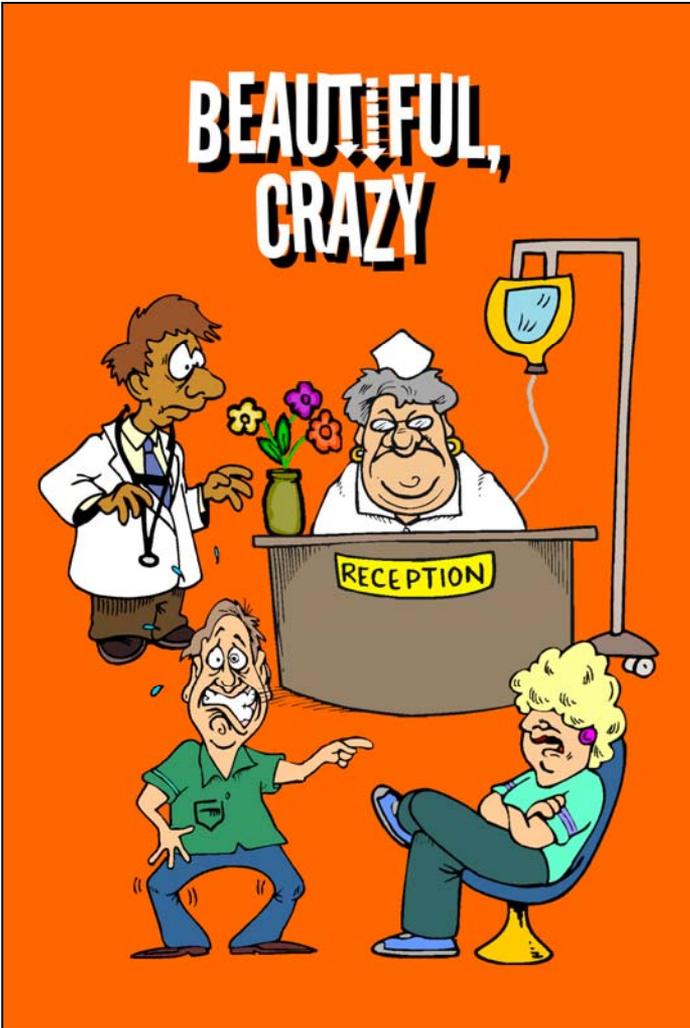


# BEAUTIFUL, CRAZY



**J. Patrick Moss**

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**  
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*To my daughter,  
Rhonin Kilpatrick Moss*

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**BEAUTIFUL, CRAZY** was first produced by the Chase High Theatre Troupe at Chase High School, Forest City, NC, in 2010.

## BEAUTIFUL, CRAZY

**COMEDY.** To woo Alicia, Jim tells her that he is a director and can get her the lead role in an upcoming play. Jim convinces his roommate to stage his “play” in the psychiatric wing of the hospital, where she works as a nurse. When Alicia arrives at the psychiatric ward, Jim tells her that the psychiatric patients are method actors and are all part of the play. Alicia meets her fellow “cast members,” who include a catatonic woman, a pathological liar, a patient with multiple personalities, and an autistic savant. But when a nurse supervisor, a security guard, and the hospital’s regional director arrive, the patients have to play sane and the sane have to play crazy. What ensues is an evening of full-blown madness!

**Performance time:** Approximately 75-90 minutes.

## CHARACTERS

(3 M, 5 F, 3 flexible)

**CINDY:** Works in a hospital psychiatric ward and is in love with her roommate, Jim; female.

**JIM:** Cindy's roommate who works as an assistant to the assistant manager at a coffee shop and has a crush on Alicia; male.

**ALICIA:** Horrible actress with a big ego who appeared as a "featured personality" in a couple of low-budget movies; female.

**BUTTER:** Psychiatric patient who only says one word; female.

**TOM:** Psychiatric patient who is a pathological liar; male.

**JANE:** Catatonic psychiatric patient; female.

**SAM:** Psychiatric patient who suffers from multiple-personality disorder; flexible.

**ALEX:** Psychiatric patient who is an autistic savant in math and who screams when anyone sits in her chair; flexible.

**NURSE DECKER:** Stern, no-nonsense nurse supervisor who works in the hospital psychiatric ward; female.

**BOB:** Hospital security guard who is a bully and envisions himself as a super cop; carries a police baton; speaks with a lisp (opt.); male.

**DR. HOLLIFIELD:** Hospital's acting regional director; flexible.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

## SETTING

Cindy and Jim's apartment, and a hospital psychiatric day room.

## SET

The sets can be minimal or as elaborate as your budget allows.

**Cindy and Jim's apartment.** There is a couch and/or chair. Other furnishings may be added to signify a small apartment.

**Hospital psych ward's day room.** There are chairs and a small table. Other medical equipment, a TV, and/or other furnishings like may be added.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT I:

**Scene 1:** Cindy and Jim's apartment.

**Scene 2:** Hospital psychiatric day room.

**Intermission, opt.**

### ACT II

**Scene 1:** Hospital psychiatric day room, moments later.

**Scene 2:** Hospital psychiatric day room, a short while later.

## PROPS

Newspaper

2 Old crumpled sheets of notebook paper

Watch, for Jim

Cell phone, for Jim

Lab coat, for Jim

Lab coat, for Butter

3 Nurse uniforms for Cindy, Alex, and Sam

Orderly jacket, for Tom

Police baton/club

Cell phone, for Bob

Syringe

6 IDs for Jim, Butter, Tom, Cindy, Alex, and Sam

Medical charts and medical log

"YOU'D BE SURPRISED  
JUST WHAT YOU CAN DO  
WITH A HIGH-SPEED CONNECTION,  
64 OUNCES OF COFFEE,  
AND A SENSE OF SHEER DESPERATION."

—JIM

## ACT 1

## SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Cindy and Jim's apartment. Cindy is talking on the phone and pacing back and forth.)

CINDY: (*Sighs. Into phone.*) I know, Mom...Yes... (*Insistent.*) Yes...I just haven't been interested in any of the guys that you've introduced me to...Well, because they're all boring and lifeless. They're like the human equivalent of oatmeal...I know how old I am, Mother...Yes, I *do* realize that I'm not getting any younger... (*Sighs.*) Yes...Look, my goal in life isn't just to provide you with grandchildren. I've got a career. Do you realize I'm the youngest charge nurse in the history of the ward?...Working in the psych ward isn't a dead-end career, Mom... (*Sighs.*) No, Mother, the mental patients aren't dangerous... (*Under her breath.*) mostly. Besides, I *am* interested in somebody...The same somebody I've been interested in the last five times we've had this conversation...He's *not* a loser, Mother. He's my best friend. He's thoughtful, sweet, charming, smart, funny, and just... (*Dreamily.*) ...just wonderful!...Of course, I haven't told him all that! Are you crazy?...Why? Because, because we've known each other since we were 12, and I didn't realize that I had fallen in love with him until this last year or so. Besides, we share the apartment...I told you, Mother, I couldn't stand the thought of him living on the street, and he pays his share of the rent... (*Under her breath.*) ...half the time. He's just waiting for his big break, that's all...I don't *know* in what. He's really smart. He's got tons of ideas...He is *not* a useless bum, Mom. He *has* a job... (*Defensive.*) The Supreme Bean...Yes...The coffee shop. He happens to be the assistant to the assistant manager... (*Defeated.*) Yes, that means he's a server...Well, you're wrong, Mother! I'm *not* going to wallow in single-dom

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forever. I *am* going to tell Jim how I feel...When?...Ummmm, the second he comes home! (*Jim enters and sneaks up behind her.*) I don't care if you don't approve, that's my decision and... (*Shouts.*) ...It is final!...Fine! Love you, too! (*Hangs up.*) Sheesh!

JIM: Hey, Crazy! (*Gooses Cindy.*)

CINDY: (*Screams.*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

JIM: (*Screams.*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

CINDY: (*Screams.*) Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh! Don't...do...that!

JIM: (*Innocently.*) What? You scream, I scream... (*Playfully.*)

We all scream for ice cream.

CINDY: No, I meant don't sneak up on me. (*Realizes.*) Wait a minute. How long were you standing there?

JIM: Just long enough to catch the tail end of the conversation.

Having a lovely chat with [su madre]? [*"your mother"*]

CINDY: (*Blanching.*) How much did you hear?

JIM: (*Mischievously.*) What's it to ya?

CINDY: (*Grabs Jim, shaking him.*) How...much...did...you...hear?

JIM: Okay, okay, okay. (*Pulls away. Mimicking her.*) "I don't care if you don't approve, that's my decision and... (*Shouts.*) It is final! Fine. Love you, too! Sheesh."

CINDY: (*Relaxing.*) Oh. Okay, good.

JIM: Why? What were you and your mother talking about?

CINDY: (*Quickly.*) Ummm...Dad. I'm getting him a funny birthday card, and Mom always insists on the serious ones.

JIM: Wow, birthdays are quite the occasion at the Walker house.

CINDY: (*Nodding.*) Dad's pretty particular.

JIM: I bet. Look, Crazy, I have something I need to talk to you about.

CINDY: Please don't call me that.

JIM: What? "Crazy"? You work at a mental institution. That's pretty crazy in my book.

CINDY: I work in the psychiatric wing of the hospital. It's hardly a mental institution.

JIM: (*Shrugs.*) Same difference.

CINDY: (*Hesitantly.*) Jim, I have something I need to tell you, too.

JIM: U2? Wow. Good luck with that. Aren't they on tour in Europe or something?

CINDY: (*Playfully punching him.*) Ha-ha, very funny. I'm serious. I need to talk to you.

JIM: Okay, shoot.

CINDY: (*Nervously.*) Jim...I...uhhhh...I mean...I've always—well, not always, I mean, I just realized, or maybe I've always known and just realized, or just admitted it to myself—and...and...and...it all made perfect sense, ya know?

JIM: (*Confused.*) Well...no...not really.

CINDY: (*Realizing she's babbling.*) Oh, right. (*Takes a deep breath.*) Jim...

JIM: Yes?

CINDY: Jim...I...I...

JIM: Yes?

CINDY: (*Quickly.*) Jim, I want you to tell me your news first!

(*Pause.*)

JIM: (*Shrugs.*) Okay. Remember that girl that I've been obsessing over?

CINDY: (*Face falls, sighs.*) Yeah?

JIM: The hottest girl to come into the shop, in, like, ever?

CINDY: (*Remembers.*) Oh, you mean the really pretty girl who won't even give you the time of day?

JIM: (*Defensively.*) That's not true. Last week, she told me it was 4:30.

CINDY: Oh, right. (*Sarcastic.*) Obviously, that's an overwhelming sign that she's into you.

JIM: Would you give me a second? I'm getting to my point. She came into the shop today and ordered her usual mega-cup half-caf decaf skinny caramel latte, except for this time,

she also wanted a shot of cinnamon, which I thought was highly unusual because she never puts cinnamon in her latte unless she looks slightly upset, and today she looked— (*Notices that Cindy is reading the newspaper and not paying attention.*) Hey! Are you listening to me?

CINDY: (*Looking over the top of the newspaper.*) You have my rapt attention. (*Sarcastic.*) Please continue with your *utterly interesting* story about cinnamon girl.

JIM: So, today... (*Cindy goes back to reading the newspaper. Jim shrugs.*) Today, she was looking slightly upset and I thought to myself, "Self, today's the day! Today, I'm going to make my own fate. Today, I'm going to captain the U.S.S. Destiny." Have you ever felt that you finally need to take charge of a situation...tell somebody how you really feel?

CINDY: (*Dryly.*) I dunno. Maybe once or twice.

JIM: So, today, when I handed her her mega-cup half-caf decaf skinny caramel latte with a shot of cinnamon, I asked her, "Is everything okay?"

(*Cindy puts down the newspaper.*)

CINDY: Wait a minute. You actually started up a conversation?

JIM: (*Proudly.*) Yeah, I know. Unbelievable, huh?

CINDY: (*In disbelief.*) Jim, you *never* talk to girls. You usually pick out some girl who is hopelessly out of your league, obsess over her for a few weeks, fall into a depression for five and a half hours because she fails to notice you, and then you move on to the next impossible object of your affection.

JIM: I know! I know! It's great, isn't it? I felt that if I didn't do something now—today—I'd be cursed to wallow in single-dom forever! (*Cindy rolls her eyes.*) Turns out her name is Alicia and she's an actress. She's actually been in a couple of movies—

CINDY: (*Suddenly interested.*) Really? Which ones?

JIM: "The Turning Place" and "Zombiefest."

CINDY: I loved "Zombiefest"! Cheesiest movie I've ever seen, but I loved it! Which one was she? The cheerleader? (*Jim shakes his head no.*) Oh! Oh! The waitress? (*Jim shakes his head no.*) Wait. Who does that leave? (*Thinks.*) The old woman?

JIM: Nope. She was Innocent Bystander Number Five.

CINDY: So she was an extra?

JIM: (*Defensively.*) No, she was a featured personality.

CINDY: Did she have any lines?

JIM: Does screaming count? (*Cindy shakes her head no.*) Then, no.

CINDY: So she was an extra.

JIM: You can clearly see her face for three whole seconds and her disemboweled body for another five. (*Cindy glares at him. Defeated.*) She was an extra.

CINDY: And "The Turning Place"?

JIM: She was a featured... (*Trails off as Cindy stares him down.*) Ummm...an extra, but she *did* hand [Cameron Diaz] a mineral water. [*Or insert the name of another actress.*]

CINDY: (*Nonplussed.*) Wow. (*Sarcastic.*) Where has this woman been all of your life?

JIM: (*Excitedly.*) That's what I'm saying! I mean, for years, I've been waiting to find a girl who could be... (*With a comical voice.*) ..."the one." You know, a girl who's my best friend—thoughtful, sweet, charming, smart, funny, and just... (*Dreamily.*) ...just wonderful. I mean, where do you find a girl like that?

(*Cindy motions to herself behind Jim's back.*)

CINDY: (*Through clenched teeth.*) I...wouldn't...know. (*Straightens up as Jim whirls around.*) A coffee shop?

JIM: Yes! A coffee shop! I mean this girl has everything! She's beautiful, talented, has a promising career,

and...and...she actually talked to me! (*Jumps up and down clapping excitedly.*)

CINDY: Yeah, that's...that's the total package, all right. So what did you and Aleesha talk about?

JIM: (*Correcting her.*) It's Alicia. Ah-lee-cee-ah.

CINDY: (*Irritated.*) Fine! What did you and Ahhhhh-lee-cee-ahhhhh talk about?

JIM: Well, it seems that Alicia's agent thinks that she needs more acting experience.

CINDY: (*Sarcastically.*) The nerve!

JIM: That's what I told her, I mean, she *has* been in movies, right? So, anyway, this agent guy seems to think that she could use some stage experience...be in a couple of plays or something, have some credits to add to her résumé.

CINDY: Sounds like good advice. What does this have to do with you?

JIM: (*Guiltily.*) Well...I kinda told her that I was currently acting in a play that still needed a strong female lead. (*Hopeful, cheesy grin.*)

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**