

MOOD MED, INC.

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

MOOD MED, INC.
by Ken Bradbury

MOOD MED, INC.

by Ken Bradbury

Characters: Roscoe, Laben, Kregor, Upton.

Roscoe enters, looks around a bit, checks his watch, then sits.

ROSCOE: This is ridiculous. I've just got a simple head cold and the doctor's waiting room is filled with people. I'll be here forever.

LABEN: (*entering*) Good morning, Mr. (*or Miss*) Ross!

ROSCOE: Do I know you?

LABEN: I'm Laben.

ROSCOE: I came to see doctor Prabknocker.

LABEN: He's busy.

ROSCOE: Then what are you ...?

LABEN: It's the newest thing in medical treatment, Mr. Ross. Since we have to wait longer and longer to see our doctor, our clinic is offering a free mood therapy.

ROSCOE: Mood therapy?

LABEN: We work on your moods.

ROSCOE: My mood is fine. It's my nose that's stopped up.

LABEN: Did you know that most mental conditions go untreated?

ROSCOE: I don't have a mental condition! I have a runny nose!

LABEN: Anger. Ah, yes. One of the first signs.

ROSCOE: (*shouting*) I'm not angry. (*a pause, then*) Well, maybe I am, but I don't need ...

LABEN: I think a little trip through our mood spa would do you a world of good, Mr. Ross. It's all included in your medical package. (*taking him by the arm*) Just take a stroll down our flower-lined hallway, read the services offered, and step into whichever room you like.

ROSCOE: This is strange. All these signs?

LABEN: Each spa caters to an individual mood. (*seeing a sign*) Ah, you might be interested in this one.

ROSCOE: (*reading*) “Impatience.” Are you trying to tell me something?

LABEN: Well, if the sign fits ... just give it a try. I’ll be down the hall if you need anything. (*Laben exits and Roscoe stands there confused, looking at the sign again*) Well, I guess I could stand some work on my impatience. I’m feeling a little edgy. (*opens door carefully as Kregor busts in*)

KREGOR: (*loudly*) What do you want?

ROSCOE: I was just ...

KREGOR: Hurry up! Hurry up! You think I’ve got all day?

ROSCOE: But the lady (*man*) just told me ...

KREGOR: What? She told you what? Don’t just stand there! Talk to me! You think you’re the only patient I have?

ROSCOE: But the sign ...

KREGOR: Would you say what’s on your mind? I can’t believe you people! Come on! Come on! Hurry up! Don’t just stand there!

ROSCOE: Then I won’t! (*quickly exits that room and Kregor exits*) (*reading the sign again*) “Impatience.” You got that right? (*looking down the hall*) What else is there? (*reading a sign*) “Sympathy.” Yeh, that’s what I need. (*enters*)

UPTON: (*entering*) Ahh ... I’m sorry. That’s too bad. Can I help?

ROSCOE: Help what?

UPTON: Oh, that’s terrible! You want a hug? You look like you need a hug. Come here you big Teddy Bear (*hugs Laben*)

ROSCOE: I didn’t do anything. What are you?

UPTON: Oh, I can just imagine how you feel. Do you drink tea? I can make you a nice cup of tea and you can tell me all about it.

ROSCOE: About what?

UPTON: Oh, now you’re really getting upset, aren’t you?

ROSCOE: No! Yes! Yes, I am! This is ridiculous! (*he storms out as Upton exits*) This place is nuts. (*looking at the signs in the hallway*) There! That's the one I want. "Complaints!" (*as he enters the room*) They want complaints, I'll give them.

LABEN: (*entering as a different character*) Ah, shut your trap!

ROSCOE: Huh?

LABEN: You think you've got it bad? Buddy you don't know what bad is 'til I tell you about my day!

ROSCOE: Listen, I just came here to ...

LABEN: And where'd you get that lousy shirt? That is the dumbest thing I've ever seen! Couldn't you find something that fits?

ROSCOE: Hey fella! I just ...

LABEN: You think you got it bad? You oughta see what I have to put up when nutcases like you come through the door. My back hurts. Wanna move so I can lie down? And this floor! Filthy!

ROSCOE: Nuts. This whole place is nuts! (*begins to exit*)

LABEN: And shut the door behind you, you jerk!

ROSCOE: (*in the hallway*) I don't believe this is happening. I can't even remember where I came in. Surely there's a room somewhere that ... (*sees a sign*) "Aid and Comfort." (*as he enters*) That's what I'm looking for.

KREGOR: (*entering as a different character*) Don't take another step!

ROSCOE: What?

KREGOR: (*moving a chair to Roscoe*) Here ... sit down. No! Let me help you sit down! (*he practically forces Roscoe into a chair*) Are your shoes too tight? I can take them off if you like. (*rubbing Roscoe's temples*) There, there, sweetheart. Just close your eyes and think of mommy's oatmeal cookies.

ROSCOE: What are you doing?

KREGOR: You're upset. I'm sorry. Let me help. (*sits on Roscoe's lap*) You look so tired and confused.

ROSCOE: I am. I really am. And you're sitting on my lap.



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

MOOD MED, INC.

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com