

“Rage Over Broadway!”

A comedy in two acts

Written by

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and

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## Character Breakdown

Patricia Mcnight.....	Movie Star Diva	69
Hope Kennedy .....	Broadway star diva	72
Howard Mcnigh .....	Patricia's husband	75
Fred Bowers .....	Attny For Hope & Patricia	50
Gloria Kennedy .....	Hope's Eldest daughter	35
Nurse Harvey .....	Ex Mother Superior	60
Dr. Roger Monroe.....	Ex Broadway star	32
Tony Awards Security Man...		28
Tony Awards Presenter .....		25

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ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

1.1

AT RISE:

*(We are at the TONY AWARDS. It's JUNE and we are at the classic RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL in New York. It is the PRESENT DAY. The PRESENTER is opening the envelope for BEST ACTRESS in a Broadway Musical.)*

PRESENTER

And now, the nominees for Best Actress in a Broadway Musical are Monica Skyways for "Broadway Express." Jessica Stuart for "Jazz Baby." Millicent Monroe for "My Heart is Still Singing." Hope Kennedy for "Forever A Song" and Patricia McKnight for "Tiptoe to the Stars!" (A BEAT) and the Tony goes to..

*(THE PRESENTER opens the envelope and gasps.)*

Oh my God, it's a tie. There has never been a tie in this category in the award for this category. The winners are Patricia McKnight for "Tip Toe To The Stars", and Hope Kennedy for "Forever A Song."

*(There is heard the SOUND of excited applause at the announcement. On a television monitor we see in a close up the shocked expression on the face of actress PATRICIA MCKNIGHT sitting next to her husband HOWARD FULLER.)*

PATRICIA

Did he say a tie?

HOWARD

He certainly did.

*(On another monitor, in another CLOSE UP can be seen actress - diva HOPE KENNEDY every bit as shocked as the actress we have just seen. She sits next to her daughter, GLORIA KENNEDY.)*

HOPE  
He must be kidding.

GLORIA  
He's not kidding, mother. Now, go up and get your award.

HOPE  
You have to be out of your mind.

*(WE switch over to the other monitor and see PATRICIA and HOWARD again.)*

PATRICIA  
Now, get this. There is absolutely no way that I am sharing the stage with that woman!

HOWARD  
But you have to.

PATRICIA  
The only thing that I have to do is die, and remain a diva for the rest of my life.

*(We are back to THE PRESENTER on stage.)*

PRESENTER  
Patricia McKnight and Hope Kennedy?

*(We go back to the monitor with HOPE and GLORIA. HOPE looks like she wants to die, right there and right then.)*

HOPE  
I'd rather die than share a stage with that bitch!

GLORIA

If you don't get your ass up there, mother, you won't have to die. The press will kill you and bury you in news print.

PRESENTER (OFF)

I know you're out there, ladies.

GLORIA

Mother - Now! You're silly assed pain is being broadcast all over the cockamamie world.

HOPE

I'll get even with you, over this, Missy.

GLORIA

Grow up, mother, like you've grown old.

HOPE

I'm really getting even with you that little insult.

GLORIA

Get your rear out of that seat!

*(HOPE gets up, not a happy camper and from the back of the theatre, we see both women coming down the aisle of the theatre. THE AUDIENCE applauds but we can tell everybody is thinking "what the hell is going on here?" BOTH WOMEN go up to the stage, but PATRICIA wants to be first to get the award and she actually trips HOPE. THE CROWD gasps in shock. That makes HOPE so angry, she can't see straight, and as PATRICIA accepts her award, HOPE tackles her and there is a knock down, dragged out fight on the floor of the stage of RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL. The PRESENTER is so shocked, she doesn't know what to say or. THE FIGHT goes on until A SECURITY MAN approaches the two fighting women, and he gets knocked down onto the floor.*

*By This time GLORIA and HOWARD are on the stage and HOWARD picks up his wife and GLORIA picks up her mother. The PAPARAZZI are taking flash pictures of all of this. This is worse than a circus, this is a freak show in progress.*

PATRICIA  
(TO HOPE) You bitch.

HOPE  
You're an animal.

PATRICIA  
And I still have claws for you.

PRESENTER  
Cut to commercial.

PATRICIA  
Stay away from me.

HOPE  
I wouldn't whistle in your direction.

PATRICIA  
Maybe you should whistle and blow away.

PRESENTER  
Ladies, you need to get off the stage, right now. Your awards have been rescinded.

HOPE  
(TO PRESENTER) Oh screw you, you rainbow-breathed faggot.

PRESENTER  
I'm out of here.

HOPE  
Not far away enough.

HOWARD  
I hope you're ashamed of yourself.

PATRICIA

Ashamed. Guess what, I'm divorcing you, Howard and taking you for everything you have.

HOPE

(TO GLORIA) And if you say one word, I'm disinheriting you.

PATRICIA

I never intend to talk to you another day of my life.

HOPE

And that would be far too soon.

PATRICIA

Go directly to hell.

HOPE

Not unless you're tied around my waist.

HOWARD

If you want to go home, I'm leaving now.

PATRICIA

You won't be living in it tomorrow. It was my mother's house. Acquired long before you came along, mule breath.

HOWARD

Sticks and stones.

PATRICIA

The hell with that, my lawyer uses boulders.

HOWARD

That he screws you with on the side.

SECURITY

The program's over. We're clearing the auditorium.

HOPE

Big deal.

SECURITY

You'll understand its repercussions in the morning,  
ladies.

HOPE

I invented Broadway.

SECURITY

You look like you did.

*(HOPE takes a swing at the SECURITY  
MAN and he goes down to the floor, out  
like a light. THE AUDIENCE gasps. At this  
point, there is a .....*

**BLACKOUT.**  
**END OF THE SCENE**

**Perusal  
Only  
NOT FOR  
PRODUCTION**

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

1.2

AT RISE:

*(We are in the law office of FRED BOWERS who represents HOPE KENNEDY as both a lawyer and an agent. It's a week later, This is a typical Beverly Hills lawyers office, stylish and modern and very functional. There are pictures of celebrities on the walls: these are the famous people that BOWERS represents. HOPE walks into the office wearing sun glasses and a dress that would kill.)*

BOWERS  
(RISING TO GREET HER) Good afternoon, Hope.

HOPE  
Hello, Fred.

BOWERS  
And that salutation is the only good thing about this entire day, maybe of the whole damned week.

HOPE  
Don't start on me.

BOWERS  
Don't start? Very well, Hope, let's not start. Let's just begin! Let's begin with a simple, uncomplicated two syllable word. Shall we? It's nothing terribly difficult to understand, really. The word of the day is "finished." Let me use that in a sentence. No, let's make it a question. What do you suppose is ***finished*** in this town? I'll give you a hint. It's not the career of Joan Rivers, It's not the extravaganza called Madonna, and it's not Cher, even if she is having a relationship with a nineteen year old boy. No, dear. I'm afraid, it's you.

HOPE

Oh, screw her, and screw you.

BOWERS

I'm too famous to be insulted.

HOPE

Are you also too damned famous to be paid? Tell me, Fred.... (A BEAT) Do you have any damn idea just how much I paid you in legal fees in the past year?

BOWERS

A substantial amount.

HOPE

Five million dollars, Fred. Bolivia doesn't get that much in foreign aid.

BOWERS

Do you have any idea what you and Patricia McKnight accomplished last week on one stage, in one night on national and world wide television?

HOPE

I settled a hash of over thirty years.

BOWERS

You pounded your career into a hash, a hash that couldn't be smoked or served for breakfast, for the last president of Egypt, now in exile, and lucky he's still alive.

HOPE

I did what I had to do.

BOWERS

You had to cease being a lady, huh?

HOPE

Oh, screw that. I am seventy-two years old, damn you, and I'm too damned old for playing Missy Manners Good Ship Lollipop!

BOWERS

That's because, right now, honey, you're sinking faster than the cockamamie Titanic ever dreamed of. You should be singing "Nearer to Hell are Thee."

HOPE

Well, it's your job, Mr. High priced "Diamond Lane" attorney, fondly funded by the gods of Mount Olympus, to solve the *Titanic* problem, *negotiate* with the ocean, sue the hell out of the iceberg, and, oh yes, make *me* look like an innocent victim.. (A BEAT) In case you missed the point: That's what I pay you for. Caprice?

BOWERS

An innocent victim?

HOPE

I wasn't the one who started this. That actress from hell tripped me on stage.

BOWERS

Tripped you? I don't think so.

HOPE

Watch the damned tape of the broadcast if you don't believe me.

BOWERS

I still don't think so. But what the hell? It probably was an accident.

HOPE

(YELLING) it was not a cockamamie accident. Accidents happen under ladders. Accidents happen on Mulhoulland Drive. Accidents happen with my damn husband, in bed with me, trying to prove that he's not a cockamamie faggot, after all. If what happened on that stage was nothing but an accident, Fred, then Edward Snowden was a damned faux-pas. Do we understand one another? Look at the damned tape.

BOWERS

I did. You're wrong. You tripped her and then you had a down and dirty, knock down drag on fight.

HOPE

Defending myself!

BOWERS

On national television, Hope? Broadcast all over the world? On the damned Tony Awards for God's sake?

HOPE

What do you want me to do, Fred? Lie on the damned floor, and yell out, Sally Field like, "You like me. You really like me!"

BOWERS

Well that's' going to be the only role that you're going to get, from this day forward, sweet stuff: That cockamamie remark of that one time, damned "Flying Nun". Only this time, with you playing the part, darling. Your roots are gonna show under your winfri, and the seagulls of Puerto Rico up there are gonna crap all over your habit.

HOPE

Who the hell are you representing here?

BOWERS

You. For the last thirty years, and for most of these thirty years, I have suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous representation.

HOPE

Well thanks, Iago. Remind me to spice up your hemlock next Christmas, will you?

BOWERS

Hope, I am not only your attorney, I am your agent.

HOPE

Then act like one, and take my side, for once in your miserable career.

BOWERS

You're being fined by the union.

HOPE

B.F.D .

BOWERS

One million dollars.

HOPE

Bigger B. F. D. Guess who owns half of Beverly Hills?

BOWERS

You caused the cancelation of the Tony Awards.

HOPE

Poor babies. Broadway will survive. Have you ever seen how flimsy that statuette is with the spinning silver dollar?

BOWERS

Spinning silver dollar? Oh, my, Jesus! Do you care about nothing?

HOPE

(YELLING) I care about me, honey. I care about my life, my career, my real estate, my animals, and my charities. Everything else, sweet stuff, (LOWERS HER VOICE) and you might soon be on that list, (FULL VOLUME) can go directly to hell without collecting "stop", "go" "welfare," or a "get out of jail free card." Do we understand one another?

BOWERS

You're being sued by the Tony Committee. That's one. That'll cost you twelve million dollars, when you lose, plus legal fees, my legal fees, and the other side's legal fees, because, baby, as sure as there is Obamacare, and the N.S.A, we will lose. Just like Patricia McKnight will lose. You've been disqualified from the Tony that you won with Patricia McKnight, and so is she. You're being barred from Broadway, but still, sweetie, you trump Patricia McKnight in all of this.

HOPE

Do I?

BOWERS

The Nederlanders are going to remove your name from that theatre they've named after you, and they are awarding the honor to damn Pee Wee Herman! (A BEAT) And there's more: the bronze statue of your famous father posing with you as a child performer in Times Square is being moved to the middle of damn Central Park. Get the damn hint?

HOPE

They certainly know how to get even.

BOWERS

Yes, they do, dear. They learned tips from humbling Bill Cosby! Get it?

HOPE

Got it.

BOWERS

Good. We make progress at last! Now, my sweet, what kind of damage control would you like me to put into motion, right about now? If you were any more damaged goods, honey, you'd be Sarah Palin trying to do Lloyd Webber's "Phantom of the Foolish."

HOPE

Tell the Nederlanders I'm buying their damn theatre. I do have an option for that in my last contract.

BOWERS

If they honor it. And they probably won't. Which means *another* lawsuit to make them do just that. Nasty fight-- five to eight years. You'll probably be dead by then.

HOPE

Crap.

BOWERS

Look at that! She *can* be humble after all. (A BEAT) In a roundabout, indirect way.

HOPE

What's happening to Patricia McKnight? What is she doing?

BOWERS

She's apologizing in public, like Paula Dean did.

HOPE

Oh crap. She'll wear out the words "I'm sorry" for sure!

BOWERS

She's offering to pay the Tony Committee an up front settlement.

HOPE

Double crap.

BOWERS

The union wanted to dump her for good, but she offered to seek treatment in an anger management halfway house. Her idea. They just loved that one!

HOPE

Goody. (A BEAT) Half way for a half-wit.

BOWERS

And you need to do the same!

HOPE

Not on your damn life.

BOWERS

Then you won't have a life left, yourself.

HOPE

Is that so?

BOWERS

(GOING THROUGH THE LETTERS ON HIS DESK) I have certified letters from SAG- AFTRA, Actor's Equity, AGFA, AGMA and the Writer's Guild of America (A BEAT) in which, in each, you are a member.

(MORE)

BOWERS (CONT'D)

And they, dear Hope, all for one, one for all, are all nullifying your membership, in each, unless you apologize, and enter a similar anger-management half-way house.

HOPE

You mean actually stay there?

BOWERS

Eight months.

HOPE

Eight months, I can't stay in limbo for eight cockamamie months.

BOWERS

Then you will spend the rest of your life planting roses, far deeper than you've dug yourself into, because right now, honey, I couldn't book you on a cruise to Catalina.

HOPE

Will you sue my husband for divorce in the meantime?

BOWERS

I'll do that for you. I'll have the pets looked after, and by the time you get out, the divorce will be final.

HOPE

I want a restraining order imposed on my daughter too.

BOWERS

I can do that. (A BEAT) If you pay for my services in advance.

HOPE

Greedy bastard.

BOWERS

In life, I imitate art.

HOPE

Really?

BOWERS

And you're the best imitation art life has ever forged.

HOPE

I'll get you for that.

BOWERS

Honey, you've been "getting me" for thirty-one years,.

HOPE

So what?

BOWERS

Turn about is fair play?

BLACKOUT.  
END OF THE SCENE

Perusal  
Only FOR  
NOT FOR  
PRODUCTION

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

1.3

AT RISE:

*(We find ourselves in NEW HORIZONS, an anger management halfway house in the Mount Wilson area of California, high in the mountains with plenty of fresh air, and beautiful sunshine, overlooking the city of Los Angeles. It is late June, a full three weeks after the Tony Award mega event. PATRICIA MCKNIGHT has just arrived, and she still has her suitcase in hand. This is a very pleasant room with two full size single beds, pictures on the wall, and a decent amount of comfortable furniture including a desk and a television set. NURSE HARVEY is talking to PATRICIA.)*

NURSE HARVEY

Welcome, welcome, welcome, Mrs. McKnight to the wonderful world of “New Horizons.”

PATRICIA

New Horizons! It’s where we’re gonna find that “There’s a Great big beautiful Tomorrow?” (A BEAT) Hurray for me.

NURSE HARVEY

It’s a wonderful name.

PATRICIA

“And the sun will come out tomorrow’ because “It’s a hard knock life.”

NURSE HARVEY

We do come from Broadway don’t we?

PATRICIA  
And Broadway doesn't deserve us.

NURSE HARVEY  
(ENTHUSED) And Broadway is the "Great White Way"!

PATRICIA  
You sound like a television announcer, dearie.

NURSE HARVEY  
(BEAMING) I wish I could do Broadway.

PATRICIA  
If you were to flash and glow any more, sweetie, you'd be Broadway's first "medical marquee."

NURSE HARVEY  
We want you to be happy here!

PATRICIA  
We? You have a therapist in your pocket or what?

NURSE HARVEY  
We are very cynical, today.

PATRICIA  
Wait'll you catch me tomorrow. (A BEAT) With or without the sun!

NURSE HARVEY  
Because "you're never fully dressed without a smile."

PATRICIA  
Can I throw up, now?

NURSE HARVEY  
You should be happy.

PATRICIA  
And why do you suppose that is even remotely possible?

NURSE HARVEY

Because you are receiving therapy in a clean, natural, amazing, and therapeutic atmosphere.

PATRICIA

Therapeutic? My idea of therapeutic, sweetie, is a stiff drink, and an elite Cuban cigar.

NURSE HARVEY

There is no smoking in the center. And alcohol is strictly taboo.

PATRICIA

And Vespers is at six AM. And I've secretly been sold to the Benedictine Sisters of Charity, right?

NURSE HARVEY

Funny you should ask.

PATRICIA

I may regret the answer to this question, but why?

NURSE HARVEY

I used to be a nun.

PATRICIA

Why does that *not* surprise me?

NURSE HARVEY

A mother superior actually.

PATRICIA

Yeah, that figures too. Are we all doing group humility later? Do we all flog ourselves, with rosary beads, or what?

NURSE HARVEY

You still have your sense of humor.

PATRICIA

Yeah, but it's *seriously* thinking of leaving this room, and jumping off a cockamamie cliff.

NURSE HARVEY  
Just as long as you really don't.

PATRICIA  
Pshaw. That will make the cliff extremely disappointed.  
(A BEAT) In it's last life, it was my damn analyst.

NURSE HARVEY  
Let me repeat myself.

PATRICIA  
Oh, relax, I wouldn't dream of it. I'm having so much fun  
dreading the next eight months of my life.

NURSE HARVEY  
It's nine.

PATRICIA  
Nine? How did we get to nine? I didn't carry my kids for  
nine months.

NURSE HARVEY  
Whatever you did in your youth, was your youth, Nine  
months. That's the minimum time that such a serious  
infraction of the law requires.

PATRICIA  
I didn't set Chicago on fire, you know!

NURSE HARVEY  
No, but you certainly put a black eye in Broadway's face!

PATRICIA  
Broadway doesn't have a face, honey. It has a digestive  
system and an ass. You put something creative down it's  
throat, it gurgles around, being digested a while, a critic  
sends along a little acid, and voila, whatever wonderful  
you've done on stage, is suddenly shot out of it's rear,  
like a cannon.

NURSE HARVEY  
The way you look at things, this could have been so  
much worse.

PATRICIA

I wasn't a lady for once in my life, big deal.

NURSE HARVEY

I watched it all on television. Have you seen the replay?

PATRICIA

No, I tend to avoid performances in which I look like a diva. In this case a diva being dumped on her ass.

NURSE HARVEY

But a diva is *always* a diva. Seven days a week.

PATRICIA

Honey, we don't get out of bed *demanding* to be beautiful.

NURSE HARVEY

We don't?

PATRICIA

Just *expecting* to be beautiful, because after all, haven't you heard? God is just a great *big* movie fan. I think he hovered all over Marlon Brando, that two bit son-of-a-bitch. That ass couldn't remember his lunch! He had to carry around 'crib notes, because he couldn't remember a single line. When he was doing "The Godfather," he got mad while he was doing a thirty-second scene, and, poor baby, he didn't have his cockamamie crib note. (A BEAT) Oh Pshaw! Poor Francis Ford Coppola was beside himself. He says "Marlon, it's one word: The line is "Yes. How the hell could you possibly screw that up?" Marlon turns to him and says in Godfather Garble (IMITATES BRANDO) "I could say No!". (BACK TO HERSELF) I wouldn't have gotten away with that. Not "the Broadway Diva!" Trust me, God is exclusively (A BEAT) a great big movie fan.

NURSE HARVEY

I'm almost certain He is unaware of that, my dear.

PATRICIA

Well, "He" does have a sense of humor.

NURSE HARVEY

Yeah, look at the aardvark.

PATRICIA

I was married to one of those once. He was also a duck billed platypus, in his spare time.

NURSE HARVEY

What made you love him?

PATRICIA

Who says I loved him?

NURSE HARVEY

Why would you marry him, then?

PATRICIA

(NOSE TO NOSE) As an ex-mother superior, and you taking a vow of poverty and all, I know this is going to be tough for you to grasp, honey, but I married this loser because he was rich..

NURSE HARVEY

Rich?

PATRICIA

Filthy. He took a bath four times a day, but he wallowed in the mud of an absolute fortune.

NURSE HARVEY

By doing what?

PATRICIA

Whacking off. (A BEAT) Which is another tough thing for an ex-nun to grasp.

NURSE HARVEY

He had to be doing more than that.

PATRICIA

Oh sure. We went through the motions. You've heard of Henry Ford?

NURSE HARVEY

Oh, I see. He made cars?

PATRICIA

Not exactly.

NURSE HARVEY

What exactly?

PATRICIA

You've heard of Johnson & Johnson?

NURSE HARVEY

He made bandages?

PATRICIA

Henry couldn't make a sandwich with any certainty.

NURSE HARVEY

Oh, I'm sorry.

PATRICIA

Don't be, honey. It wasn't Henry at all. He did nothing except spend money, drink like a race horse and...

NURSE HARVEY

Whack off?

PATRICIA

Good for you, mother. He did. And collected royalties for his father's invention.

NURSE HARVEY

Invention?

PATRICIA

His last name was Trojan?

NURSE HARVEY

He invented the virus?

PATRICIA

Almost. And for an ex-nun , mother superior, this will be *really* tough.

NURSE HARVEY

What makes you say that?

PATRICIA

He invented the condom. (HARVEY REACTS AS ONLY AN EX-NUN WOULD) Small, Medium, Extra Long and, oh yes, impossible.

NURSE HARVEY

Dear God.

PATRICIA

I told you it was going to be tough for an ex-nun to understand.

NURSE HARVEY

Well, Mrs. McKnight, I'm afraid that I have news that you're never going to understand.

PATRICIA

We're off to the catacombs for subterranean motivation?

NURSE HARVEY

Nothing that deep.

PATRICIA

That was my husband's line.

NURSE HARVEY

I wouldn't know about that.

PATRICIA

Almost didn't myself. (A BEAT) So what's the news bulletin?

NURSE HARVEY

You're about to meet your nine month roommate.

PATRICIA

Is it a man?

NURSE HARVEY

Oh, no, dear. Don't forget God has a great sense of humor. (A BEAT) And this is a Catholic wellness center.

PATRICIA

I used to be one. (A BEAT) A Roman Catholic, that is.

NURSE HARVEY

What did we do this time?

PATRICIA

Have you got nine months?

NURSE HARVEY

So then... Not any longer?

PATRICIA

No.

NURSE HARVEY

What are you now?

PATRICIA

A Mormon Baptist! (BEAT) It changes week to week. (A BEAT) Look, Catholicism is like acne, honey. Anything that even resembles a good time, pops up like a puss filled pimple. And once you pick at it, it never heals.

NURSE HARVEY

Well, you will be a different person when you leave, here.

PATRICIA

You think so, huh?

NURSE HARVEY

I know so.

PATRICIA

Look honey, that's what my plastic surgeon used to say.  
(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

That's what my analyst used to say, and that's what my psychic used to say, after charging me the moon, the stars, and the nine planets for his so called "sage wisdom." Screw that. I got better sage out of a seasoning bottle.

NURSE HARVEY

Anger makes our every other function distorted.

PATRICIA

And just how would an ex-Mother Superior know about that one?

NURSE HARVEY

You don't think a nun gets angry?

PATRICIA

Angry at God? Sure! Lord knows, I have.

NURSE HARVEY

(POINTING TO HEAVEN) Take my word for it, **He** can take it.

PATRICIA

Maybe so. If **He** handles betrayal, I'm sure He can deal with anger. The trouble is that's what happens, all the time in **my** life! But not just anger honey, real betrayal. You wouldn't know about this, but somebody who betrays you, with a real stab in the back. You know, the kind that would have made Agatha Christie cringe? It's brutal. But not over. Oh No! Because then, the damned knife bearer gets angry when you refuse to go along with it and "just play along."

NURSE HARVEY

Which is why...

PATRICIA

I did what I did. We've known each other thirty years. She's used more knives than Jim Bowie, and has told more tales than Scheherazade.

NURSE HARVEY

It will be all right (A BEAT) Eventually.

PATRICIA

What a cop out word. Did you ever notice that there isn't a single song entitled "Eventually!" There's "Always". There's "Forever." Mame sings "It's Today!" And of course, let's not forget "Tomorrow!" But there is not one damned "Eventually". So please, if we're going to be serious about therapy around here, let's use real words that actually mean something.

NURSE HARVEY

Deep seeded angst.

PATRICIA

Left over from the Garden of Eden, dearie, and that cockamamie "Tree of Wisdom." Wisdom, my ass, I think every apple on that tree was one hundred percent caffeine.

NURSE HARVEY

Well, it's getting late, and I need you to meet your new roommate.

PATRICIA

Who is it?

NURSE HARVEY

The foil. (A BEAT) Your Eden like foil.

PATRICIA

Who? The snake?

NURSE HARVEY

Hope Kennedy.

PATRICIA

I was right the first time. (A BEAT TO THINK) What? Are you putting me on?

NURSE HARVEY

I never kid.

PATRICIA

Really?

NURSE HARVEY

It's an old habit.

PATRICIA

Yeah, mother superior, I can just bet it was. (A BEAT) I'll bet the statues of the saints cringed every time you walked into a room.

NURSE HARVEY

You have to face what you fear, and face what you hate!

PATRICIA

You sound a like a re-run of "Climb Ev'ry Mountain."

*(A bell RINGS loudly)*

NURSE HARVEY

Ah, the bell.

PATRICIA

Did it just spare us from something?

NURSE HARVEY

Enforcement of the rules. We have ninety-minute lunches here, and you arrived mid rest period, and the relaxing of all the rules.

PATRICIA

I was afraid there was some of those.

NURSE HARVEY

Lots.

PATRICIA

Of course, there are. Look at the woman with the cloistered past I'm talking to.

NURSE HARVEY

You now have nine months, Use them wisely for your therapy, Mrs. McKnight. Resolve or repeat the errors!  
(MORE)

NURSE HARVEY (CONT'D)

Approach your time here, one day at a time. Don't take yourself, or life too seriously. Approach it with the same humor that God uses.

PATRICIA

Really?

NURSE HARVEY

Of course. You'll get through it easier.

PATRICIA

Will I?

NURSE HARVEY

Yes.

PATRICIA

Honey, right now, I hear laughter.

NURSE HARVEY

Laughter? Whose laughter?

PATRICIA

God's (A BEAT) laughing his ass off.

**BLACKOUT.**  
**END OF THE SCENE**

ACT ONESCENE FOUR

1.4

AT RISE:

*It's the same, two hours later. PATRICIA is looking out the window at the approaching sunset. HOPE KENNEDY enters with two suitcases, and a cigarette hanging out of lips. HOPE is not a happy camper at the prospect of spending nine continuous months in the same room with her all time mortal enemy PATRICIA MCKNIGHT.)*

*HOPE enters quietly, puts her suitcases down quietly, takes a good hard look at PATRICIA staring out the window. She takes the cigarette out of her mouth and says her first caustic line.*

HOPE

Well, well, well, look what the wind blew in! (A BEAT)  
Hurricane Hopeless.

*(PATRICIA spins on her heel and stares her nemesis down,)*

PATRICIA

She is who named Hope is talking about the lack of it? Isn't that wonderful? (A BEAT) How perfectly delirious you are, sweet face.

*(HOPE takes a drag of her cigarette.)*

HOPE

I haven't been delirious, since my last nightmare of you.

PATRICIA

At least, I'm *in* your dreams. Too bad I can't rule every one of the damn things.

HOPE

You couldn't run a gin tonic, right down your miserable throat.

PATRICIA

You couldn't suck on a Shirley Temple.

HOPE

Speaking of people who suck.

PATRICIA

Go re-invent yourself, would you please? Start with plastic surgery, and work your way down to where gravity does wonders.

HOPE

Let the games begin.

PATRICIA

I don't wanna play in your yard. Capice?

*(HOPE takes a drag of her cigarette)*

HOPE

(SEETHING) Well you're going to, honey - for the next nine months. And trust me boobala, I will be, without doubt, and without pause, your very worst nightmare. You can go to the bank on that one, dearie, (A BEAT) And, who knows, maybe while you're there, somebody will rob the damn joint, and the punks will mistake the likes of you for somebody brave and fearless. Then down you'll go, and I'll buy a gin tonic for every cockamamie bank robber there.

PATRICIA

You wouldn't know how to count that far.

HOPE

I just might surprise you.

PATRICIA

You couldn't surprise an orgasm.

HOPE

Is that a fact?

PATRICIA

But I do have a surprise for you.

HOPE

I am never surprised.

PATRICIA

That's because you're still married to a rock.

HOPE

(SCREAMS) I did divorce him. (A BEAT -- SO MUCH QUIETER) ) Just last week.

PATRICIA

After thirty years of a Triassic affair.

HOPE

Shouldn't throw rocks in glass houses. Especially in Beverly Hills.

PATRICIA

Why not? -- there was nothing hard beside you in bed. And everyone in Beverly Hills knew it! (A BEAT) So now he's gone.

HOPE

Better late than never.

PATRICIA

I'm still richer than you, honey, without rocks.

HOPE

(FLASHING THE RINGS ON HER FINGERS) I have more rocks than Liz Taylor ever dreamed of.

PATRICIA

Mostly in your head.

HOPE

I wonder what still fills your bra cups?

PATRICIA

Desperate insults, dear? Now who's hopeless?

HOPE

Aren't you still married to yours?

PATRICIA

Honey, I remain married, number one, because of a pre-nup which I foolishly signed in my youth, and number two, even if I was able to get past that, and actually divorced him, he'd give every dime to the church, and then jump off the roof of a Baptist Church, with a changed will that would give everything to the cockamamie pope. Or his very old mother! A toss-up!

HOPE

Oh, I bleed for you.

PATRICIA

Would you? I'd be happy to collect it, and serve it over my next rump roast.

HOPE

You couldn't be cooking with gas, because you barely know how to cook.

PATRICIA

I may be a Paula Deen reject, but that beats salivating over Chef Boyardee,

HOPE

Says you!

PATRICIA

Says me. Your idea of a great meal is Top Ramen smothered in Al Fredo sauce!

HOPE

So what was your surprise? Only six months to live?

PATRICIA  
You won't last six months.

*(HOPE takes a drag on her cigarette and blows the smoke towards PATRICIA.)*

HOPE  
And what make you say that?

PATRICIA  
That's your last cigarette, dearie.

HOPE  
You think so, huh?

*(NURSE HARVEY enters the room with a checklist and a pencil.)*

NURSE HARVEY  
Whoever is smoking that cigarette, had better not be smoking it in two minutes.

HOPE  
What the hell?

PATRICIA  
(TO HOPE) Better hurry, honey. You can't believe how fast two minutes disappear in a place like this.

HOPE  
She doesn't know who I am.

NURSE HARVEY  
Wanna bet?

PATRICIA  
And you don't know who she was.

NURSE HARVEY  
We'll save that little fun for later.

HOPE  
(TO NURSE HARVEY) If you ain't Hillary Clinton, honey, you ain't nobody I'm afraid of.

NURSE HARVEY

I'm in charge around here. I enforce the rules. For every rule you break, Mrs. Kennedy, we deduct one thousand dollars from your eighty thousand dollar deposit And at a thousand dollars a pop, for a sweet heart like you, I can just tell you, that your money will be gone before you know it. Then you'll owe another eighty thousand dollar deposit, unless you'd rather go to jail. Judge's order, dearie. And just for the record (A BEAT) the only person afraid of Hillary Clinton is Bill.

HOPE

You're a cockamamie cut-throat.

NURSE HARVEY

With a knife blessed by Saint Blaize.

HOPE

What the hell were you before? (A BEAT) Lucretia Borgia?

NURSE HARVEY

Ms. Borgia's illegitimate father was a pope.

HOPE

Who was your father? (A BEAT) Blackbeard?

NURSE HARVEY

God.

HOPE

Next you're going to tell me you're the "immaculate conception."

PATRICIA

Close, but no cigar.

HOPE

Who the hell were you, then?

NURSE HARVEY

Mother Superior.

HOPE

And who are you here? (A BEAT) Sister Syringe?

NURSE HARVEY

That just cost you a thousand dollars.

HOPE

What?

NURSE HARVEY

Insubordination.

PATRICIA

Swallow that with your gin tonic.

NURSE HARVEY

I'll take the rest of your cigarettes, now.

HOPE

The hell if you will.

NURSE HARVEY

Insubordination-- a second time. One thousand dollars.  
Disrespectful mouth: another one thousand dollars.  
Shall we go on?

HOPE

Go on? You'd better hope I don't find that knife blessed  
by Saint Blaize, honey, because the "conception" I have  
in my head is far from "Immaculate."

NURSE HARVEY

Two thousand dollars.

PATRICIA

At this rate, she's gonna do better than the IRS.

HOPE

(TO PATRICIA) Oh shut the hell up.

NURSE HARVEY

Profanity. Another one thousand dollars.

PATRICIA

Six grand in six minutes. That beats the bleeding rate of your oldest son.

NURSE HARVEY

(HOLDING OUT HER HAND) The cigarettes, please.

HOPE

This is cruel and unusual punishment..

NURSE HARVEY

What you did to ***Broadway*** was “cruel and unusual punishment.

HOPE

What I did to Broadway? Where do you think she was? Doing “Vespers” with you?

NURSE HARVEY

I saw the video on YouTube.

PATRICIA

So she claims.

NURSE HARVEY

The whole ***world*** has seen that video by now.

HOPE

So?

NURSE HARVEY

You tripped her.

HOPE

That’s a lie.

NURSE HARVEY

Want me to play it for you?

HOPE

You don’t frighten me.

NURSE HARVEY

Your depleting bank account should. The two of you could have gone to jail for four years.

HOPE

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

NURSE HARVEY

I have more power here, honey, than I ever had in the convent.

PATRICIA

And that's saying something.

HOPE

Is that a fact?

NURSE HARVEY

It is. I still have my rosary beads, and my rubber tipped medicine sticks.

HOPE

Jesus Christ, it's Nurse Ratchet -- without the habit!

NURSE HARVEY

And that's another thousand dollars.

PATRICIA

I think she's going for a personal best here.

NURSE HARVEY

Keep it up and I'll be able to retire in no time at all.

HOPE

Retire?

PATRICIA

Who do you think owns this clambake? Her. It's amazing, what a little research on the internet provides.

HOPE

Her? Wait a minute. (TO NURSE HARVEY) You?

NURSE HARVEY

Me.

HOPE

Jesus. Mary, Joseph. How is that possible for an ex-nun?

NURSE HARVEY

My father left me a fortune. I was still a Mother Superior, when he died, but you see, I had taken a vow of poverty and I couldn't collect the money if I was still a nun.

HOPE

Of course, you couldn't.

NURSE HARVEY

I may love God, but I'm not stupid.

HOPE

You know what? I'm in the cockamamie "Twilight Zone." A lost Rod Serling!

NURSE HARVEY

With an important distinction.

HOPE

What's that?

*(NURSE HARVEY grabs HOPE's package of cigarettes.)*

NURSE HARVEY

You're fresh out of cigarettes.

HOPE

But I still have my matches, I could burn this damn place to the ground!

NURSE HARVEY

Insubordination, profanity, disrespect, and two threats of violence: five thousand dollars.

HOPE

Crap.

PATRICIA

She got eleven packs of cigarettes from me, honey. A thousand dollars a pack.

HOPE

What? A thousand dollars. Each?

NURSE HARVEY

Eleven grand, and I'm doing better than the lottery.

HOPE

If Mary and Joseph had showed up at your stable, you would have charged them for the angels to show up.

NURSE HARVEY

Just a fallen away ex-Catholic cynic.

HOPE

I hate you. I really hate you.

NURSE HARVEY

And I just love your money.

**BLACKOUT.**  
**END OF THE SCENE**