

“Crazy For Christ” Preview Sample #1

Written by Frederick Passmore

(The Doctor enters the room, reaches for his white doctor's coat and puts it on. He goes to the desk and sits down behind it. He is flipping through some papers, reading a file, when there is a knock at the door. He takes off his glasses with an aggravated grimace and drops the file back on the table.)

Doctor: *(With some irritation.)* Come in!

Bob: *(Entering.)* Dr. Korby?

Doctor: *(Brusquely.)* That's the name on the door, isn't it?

Bob: Uh... yes, sir. May I speak to you?

Doctor: You just did.

Bob: *(With a polite laugh.)* Yes, I did. I mean, may I speak to you some more... besides what I just said.

Doctor: Well, come on in, that hallway is drafty. This building is so old it takes a fortune to heat and holding the door open doesn't help.

Bob: Sorry. *(He closes the door and moves over to stand beside the table.)* My name is Bob White, I'm applying for the intern position you advertised for. *(He moves toward the Doctor with his hand extended to shake, but the Doctor puts his glasses back on and waves him to sit down.)*

Doctor: All right, have a seat then.

(Bob hesitates at the slight, then withdraws his hand and sits on the chair in front of the desk.)

Bob: I faxed you my resume earlier, and I...

Doctor: *(Interrupting him.)* Yes, yes, that's what I'm looking at right now. *(He flips through the pages.)* Hmm... Uh, huh...

Bob: My last position was at St. Christopher's, where I worked for 2 years, until...

Doctor: *(Interrupting him again.)* Yes, for two years, until they reduced their staff due to budget cutbacks. I see that all right here. No need to repeat it.

Bob: *(Leaning back in the chair and folding his hands on his lap.)* Yes, sir.

(He waits for a few moments more as the Doctor reads his file, tapping with a pen on the tabletop, and the silence grows uncomfortable. Finally the Doctor drops the file loudly on the table and looks up at him.)

Doctor: Your resume looks fine, but it doesn't tell me what I want to know. St. Christopher's was founded as a religious organization. I suppose the recent new laws removing state support for any religious mental health facility had to do with the cutbacks.

Bob: Yes, sir, it did. Which is kind of ironic considering it was the first established in this city, and that even the first asylums anywhere were founded by Christians seeking to lift the mentally ill from the prisons.

Doctor: *(Suddenly hitting the desk with his finger and leaning forward angrily. Bob reacts, startled.)* You see, **that's** the mentality, right there, that I've been fighting against for years. The idea that a person's mental illness can be helped by those that have problems accepting reality themselves. It's laughable!

Bob: I beg your pardon? What does that mean?

Doctor: Are you being interviewed here, or am I?

Bob: I am, sir...

Doctor: And in this interview, I ask the questions, not you, correct?

Bob: Well, yes, but...

Doctor: Thank you. Now, I won't necessarily hold the clinic's philosophies against you, you just worked there. But I do need to ask you some questions to determine if you are compatible with the Happydale Mental Health Institution's charter and tenets.

Bob: Of course, Doctor.

Doctor: *(Taking out a pen and pad.)* Now then... your credentials are in order, quite impressive, in fact. But I'd like to know a little about your approach to treating patients with a weak grasp of reality. First, we all have to agree on what reality is. Do you concur?

Bob: Absolutely.

Dr.: So tell me... does reality include the concept of talking animals?

Bob: *(Surprised.)* Say what?

Doctor: Talking animals. And I don't mean parrots. When did you begin to believe that... oh, say, a... **donkey**, for instance, could speak, and carry on intelligent conversation?

Bob: That's ridiculous! I don't believe any such thing!

Doctor: *(Leaning forward as he springs the trap.)* Really? Well, in the Bible it says that Balaam's donkey spoke to him. Was it a lie?

Bob: *(Taken aback.)* Uh, no... I had... I had forgotten about that.

Dr: So, you *do* believe a donkey can speak.

Bob: *(Hesitatingly.)* Well, not ordinarily, but with God, all things are possi...

Dr. Just answer the question, yes or no.

Bob: *(After a pause.)* I suppose the answer would have to be "yes."

Dr. *(Writing on the notepad.)* I see. And how about a man being born to a mother, but with no father? Is that reality?

Bob: I can see where this is going, Doctor. To answer your question, I do believe that Jesus had no earthly father. But I'm here to discuss my practice, not my beliefs.

Dr. I don't think they can be separated. For example, do you believe that a man can fly? Without any artificial or visible means of support, that is.

Bob: Well, no, but...

Dr. I take it you don't believe in the Second Coming, then. We won't even split theological hairs over the Rapture, just stick to the scripture about all believers rising to meet Jesus in the clouds at the first resurrection.

Bob: I do believe that, actually....

Dr. You see? How could you effectively convince a man of the simple truth that he can't fly, when you yourself believe that you could one day take off *(flapping his hands comically)* and fly through the air -in your body, no less- to meet Jesus? Your own ground is shaky there. *(Continues...)*