

From **Better Living Through Chemistry** by Dawson Moore

RANDY: Male, 40s. Aggressively manly, very drunk. He uses a high falsetto voice whenever speaking for Cyndi the stripper.)

RANDY

So she blows me off, and I'm like whatever. Fucking nutty stripper. And I see her a few months later at a bar, and she comes up and she's all like "I quit my job at the sleazy night club. Now I'm looking for something artistic to do." I get her number, and a couple of months later, I call her up. Some other chick's voice answers the phone. (*new voice*) "Hello?" Hello. Is Cyndi there? "Are you a friend of hers?" Well, we're not really close – "Because Cyndi's gone insane." Oh. "I'm not sure she'll want to talk to you. Who is this?" This is Randy, but – "Hey, Cyndi, it's Randy!" Hey, you don't have to – (*now as Cyndi*) "Randy?" Uh, yeah. "Why don't you come over?" Well, I can't actually – "Later then. My address is four five nine blah blah blah... I've become an artist... I don't have a car any more, I turned it into art." She called me two months later from the Alaska Psychiatric Institute. Lucky the nut house held her just fine. Didn't hear from her again.