

## Anesthesia and the Poisoned Banana

ALBERTO CARBALLO MEZA

### Characters:

Anesthesia, the princess  
Maleficent, the bad witch  
The prince

### Godmothers:

Fauna  
Flora  
Merriweather

*(At the beginning of the play, Fauna is looking for her friends, the other two godmothers. She finds them coming together. They are young girls in their teens)*

**F**auna: Hey friends, listen. I have been trying to contact you!

Flora: *(Moving her body with indifference and looking herself in a small mirror caressing her hair)* Well, tell us why Fauna. Fauna: The king sent me a message telling me that his daughter was born.

Merriweather: Oh really! This is good news for the Kingdom! *(With a lot of enthusiasm)* Sorry I didn't answer your messages Fauna, but my Facebook was hacked.

Fauna: Don't worry Merriweather. It was a surprise for me you were not connected. *(Aside)* She spends all day

long in Facebook; that is why she fails most of her courses.

Flora: I have to be honest with you Fauna. I saw your messages telling us that you needed to talk to us urgently, but knowing you!

Fauna: What do you mean by knowing me? I always call and write to you *(Pointing at her with anger)* when I have to tell you something really important.

Flora: Well, *(Making it a little longer)* I have my doubts!

Fauna: You clumsy, you are so silly and... *(She is interrupted)*

Merriweather: Hey, hey, hey, you two stop. *(Getting in the middle of them)* How come you can't behave like two smart girls?

Fauna: *(With irony)* You are asking Flora too much indeed!

Flora: Hah, hah, hah! Poor Fauna! The word smart is not part of her lexicon.

Merriweather: Hey, you too. It was enough. Let's make a deal. Fauna, you tell us what the King told you exactly and Flora and I will listen to you without interrupting you. *(Questioning Flora)* OK?

Flora: If I don't have any choice!

Merriweather: No, not at all!

Fauna: *(With a lot of solemnity)* Now that the King's daughter was born, he wants us to make a spell and

transmit the little princess all the wonderful things we possess.

Flora: (*Looking at her from head to feet*) I wonder why the King got in contact with you Fauna.

Fauna: (*Showing despise*) And I wonder why the King mentioned you if you don't know the difference between a horse and a mule.

Flora: (*Aside*) Well, I can see where the mule is standing now.

Merriweather: OK girls, enough is enough. I have been trying not to interfere, but this argument will take us nowhere.

Flora: Sorry Merriweather. Let's talk about this with the seriousness the situation requires. Because I am the most beautiful of us all (*Looking at herself on the mirror she is carrying*), I will bestow the princess with the most beautiful body (*Touching her body and face*) and the prettiest face of the world.

Fauna: Flora, be serious. If you participated in a beauty contest, you would end up last. Well, being lucky enough, of course.

Flora: (*Aside*) She is green with envy. She knows all the guys are always after me.

Merriweather: OK girls listen; let's hold hands together and make a spell that will provide the princess with all the beautiful attributes we possess. (*They hold hands together*)

Fauna: I want to give the princess my extroverted personality, my speaking skills, my friendliness and my power of persuasion.

Flora: (*In a sexy way*) I want to give the princess my physical beauty, my pretty face and my charming smile.

Merriweather: I want to give the princess my common sense, my ability

to make decisions, and my determination to do things.

Fauna: OK girls, the King also told me we have to make a pact and promise to be always close to the princess because Maleficent swore she would do all that she could in order to get rid of the little princess from this land before she turned sixteen years old.

Flora: OK, I promise to be her guard from now on.

Merriweather: So do I. I promise to take care of her as if she were my own daughter.

Flora: (*Aside*) Looking at her body I would say she has had many children.

Fauna: And I promise too that my life will always be devoted to her service.

(*They leave the stage*) (*Announcement appears on stage, 15 years, 11 months, 29 days, four hours, ten minutes and five seconds later*) (*Anesthesia enters the stage wearing a beautiful dress and looking happy*)

Anesthesia: (*Soliloquy*) Oh I am so happy! Tomorrow I'm going to turn sixteen. (*Music plays*) I'm not a girl, not yet a woman... (*Picks a flower*) He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not, he loves me (*very happily*)

Merriweather: (*Goes out to the garden looking for her goddaughter*) Anesthesia, come here! I need to talk to you my sweet girl.

Anesthesia: Yes, I'm coming, dear godmother.

Merriweather: You know, darling, how much Fauna, Flora and I have loved and protected you during these years.

Anesthesia: (*In a childish way*) Of course, you have always been the best godmothers a girl could long for.

Merriweather: And you the sweetest thing, my darling. I have to leave you alone now. Tomorrow we'll

celebrate your birthday and I need to go and buy you a beautiful and delicious cake. Flora and Fauna are downtown, buying a pretty dress for you and some party decorations. But promise me, my little girl, that you'll stay inside the house and won't open the door to anyone.

Anesthesia: Merriweather, you always treat me like a kindergarten girl, (*Crossing fingers at her back in a childish way*) but I promise you not to leave the house or open the door to any stranger.

Merriweather: See you my sweet girl. (*Kisses her goodbye*)

Anesthesia: (*Soliloquy*) Oh my Gosh, I am so happy! This is the first time I am by myself, without my godmothers to see what I'm doing. (*Listens to someone approaching*)

Witch: (*Carrying a basket with bananas*) Bananas, bananas, free bananas, sweet and delicious bananas. Bananas, bananas, free bananas, sweet and delicious bananas. (*Addressing Anesthesia*) Hello young girl, would you like to try a sweet and delicious banana?

Anesthesia: Hello madam! Thank you so much, but I don't have any cash. Well, I only have a credit card (*Showing it*) if you can accept it.

Witch: Hah, hah, hah, no my dear, didn't you listen to me? I said free bananas, f-r-e-e, free. You don't have to pay a single penny for them.

Anesthesia: But madam, I read a fairy tale in which an old lady sold apples, but not bananas.

Witch: (*Aside*) Hah, hah, hah, what a shame! Beautiful, but dumb. (*Addressing Anesthesia*) My beautiful girl, apples are too expensive nowadays, that's why I decided to sell bananas instead. But try one. Don't be so shy.

Anesthesia: I am not shy at all; however, as my godmother Flora always

says, I have to be careful with the things I eat. I don't want to gain weight.

Witch: Darling, don't be silly, a banana has a lot of benefits. (*Aside*) Now I will have to give a lesson to this insignificant girl. (*Smiling*) Bananas are high in potassium; they protect you from muscle cramps, help to overcome depression, control blood sugar, and do many more good things for you.

Anesthesia: Well, I'll have one.

Witch: Good darling, take this one.

Anesthesia: Yes, but I can't eat it like this. I need a fork to take little pieces, one at a time.

Witch: (*Aside*) I imagine who taught her that "my godmother Flora". (*imitating Anesthesia's voice*) Do not worry, sweetie, here I have what you need. (*She peels the banana, puts it in a chopping board, cuts it into pieces, and puts it in a plate with a fork*) Here you are, dear!

Anesthesia: (*Starts eating*) This fruit is very delicious. Thank you, madam!

Witch: (*With curiosity*) Don't you feel sleepy?

Anesthesia: No madam, not at all. I suffer from insomnia.

Witch: Insomnia?

Anesthesia: Yes, insomnia. According to [www.dictionary.com](http://www.dictionary.com), insomnia is the inability to obtain sufficient sleep, especially when chronic; difficulty in falling or staying asleep.

Witch: (*With anger*) Yes, I know what it is. You don't have to explain.

Anesthesia: Are you mad at me? Did I do anything wrong?

Witch: (*Without paying attention to Anesthesia*) What's wrong with these bananas? (*Eating a piece of it and starts feeling sleepy*)

Anesthesia: (*Worried*) Madam, what's wrong with you? Are you OK?

Witch: Don't talk to me! I'm too sleepy. (*Starts yawning, takes out a blanket and goes to sleep*)

Anesthesia: (*Soliloquy*) What can I do now? According to a tale I read, a handsome young prince will come, kiss her and she will wake up soon. (*Hears someone approaching*) (*Very happy*) Someone is coming!

Prince: (*Addressing Anesthesia in a romantic way*) Hello, pretty girl! What are you doing here all by yourself? You know, I would do anything to please a beautiful girl like you.

Anesthesia: Please help me! This poor madam fell asleep and the only way to wake her up is with the kiss of a prince.

Prince: As I said before, I would do anything to please you, but I wouldn't kiss such an ugly witch. That would be too much!

Witch: (*Aside, awakens and falls sleep again*) Well, this prince is not as handsome as the story portrays him.

Prince: Imagine, if I kissed her, she would wake up and I would have

to marry her. This is terrible! What wrong have I done to the world to deserve such a punishment?

Anesthesia: Please do it for me!

Prince: Beautiful princess, how much it hurts me not to be able to please you.

Anesthesia: You are so charming!

Prince: I have an idea. (*Taking things from his backpack*) I will provide her with a nice pillow and a bed sheet. She will be resting here until a monster passes by and decides to wake her up with a kiss.

Anesthesia: You are so sweet and intelligent!

Prince: Let's go now! Let's run away from here! It's time for you and me to start a new life together.

Anesthesia: Yes, let's go (*They leave the place. The witch wakes up*)

Witch: Where am I? Where am I? Don't look at me! (*Leaves embarrassed addressing the audience*)

THE END

## Dr. Maniac's Consulting Room, from Madness to Love

ALBERTO CARBALLO MEZA

### Characters:

Dr. Frank Maniac  
Miss Daily Passion, Dr. Maniac's assistant  
Police officer

### Patients:

Lenard Doubtful  
Melanie Insecure

*(At the beginning of the play, Dr. Maniac is at his desk checking some documents in his consulting room. Miss Passion enters wearing a beautiful suit that makes her look very pretty and sexy)*

**M**iss Passion: Good morning Dr. Maniac. How were your vacations? I hope you are full of energy and with no stress at all!

Dr. Maniac: Good morning Miss Passion! *(Moving his glasses to see her better)* Wow! You look extremely pretty today. But please call me Frank *(in a flirtatious way)*. I think we've been together for so long now that we can have some kind of more intimacy, don't you think?

Miss Passion: Ok, if you say so, doctor! Hmm, pardon me! Frank. *(In a flirtatious way)* And please, you can call me Daily if you want!

Dr. Maniac: Of course, my dear, I can call you daily morning, daily afternoon and daily eveniHa, ha, ha! By the way, one week in Miami really paid off, but I have to be sincere, I was missing an adorable person there.

Miss Passion: Oh Frank! You are so funny and, of course, sweet and charming at the same time. You know, if I were not your assistant, my life would be too meaningless, but you were so kind to give me this job at your consulting room. I thought you were not going to hire me due to my lack of experience.

Dr. Maniac: My dear, Daily, how come you think that? Of course I decided, since the very first moment I saw you that you were going to be my assistant, you and nobody else. Some girls can be very beautiful as you are, but I like the discretion and intelligence that you have.

Miss Passion: Thank you Frank, you know that I will never disappoint you in the very least.

Dr. Maniac: Yes, Daily, you know I trust you! And this job requires mature people with a lot of commitment to other people's well-being. *(Showing maturity)* By the way, who is our first

patient? From what you have learned from me in the last two months, is it an easy or a difficult case? (*showing off*) Well, but you know, there is no case, I cannot solve so easily.

Miss Passion: Yes, Frank, that is what fascinates me the most about you: the passion you have toward your job. If teachers had that passion that you have, students would love to come to their classes, would do their homework, and would love to study. (*In a melancholic way*) Well, in fact, if I hadn't dropped out of school, I would be a professional now, but I did not have that motivation at that time.

Dr. Maniac: But see it from a better perspective; if your teachers had motivated you, you would not have accepted a job like this and you would be stressed out right now working in a bank as a teller, as a teacher in a school, or as a librarian in a boring public library, and not as happy as a lark like you are here today. So, cheer up! There's no better place for you to be now.

Miss Passion: (*Approaching him with admiration*) Yes, Frank you're right, you really know what to do and say when someone is so down. But going back to our job, our first patient is Lenard Doubtful and he is a patient that requires to be treated with a lot of care.

Dr. Maniac: (*In a funny and loud way*) Why? Is he made of glass or flammable material? Bomb!

Miss Passion: Doctor, no. According to his file, he has come here because he has supposedly tried to commit suicide three times.

Dr. Maniac: Oh my God! And he wants me to help him. He wants me to complete his job. (*being sarcastic*) Please, tell him I don't practice

euthanasia, but I can recommend him a colleague that...

Miss Passion: No, Doctor. He is here because his girlfriend left him the same day of the wedding ceremony and he had already paid for everything and now he is down in the mouth. His life is so empty and worthless...

Dr. Maniac: Ok, ask him to come in. (*She goes out*)

(*Addressing Lenard Doubtful*) Please, come in and sit down.

Lenard Doubtful: Thanks doctor, I'm here because...

Dr. Maniac: Yes, yes, yes, I know Mr. Doubtful. I've been studying your case for three days so far and I think I know what I have to do with you.

Lenard Doubtful: Doctor, but I made the appointment yesterday morning and I told your assistant a little bit about my problem on the phone. That's it!

Dr. Maniac: Oh my God, can you see how hard we work? We start working on our clients' problems days before they ask for help.

Lenard Doubtful: (*In a very sad way*) Doctor, you don't have any idea how much I'm suffering because of this situation. My fiancée left me the same day of the wedding, leaving just a letter saying that she can't be my wife because she doesn't love me.

Dr. Maniac: Yeah I see. (*Ironically and moving his head*) She would have been an excellent Mrs. Doubtful; I have no doubt about it.

Well but let me tell you; what you have to do is to make a plan to get back the money you lost out of this wrecking business and I here have some ways you can earn money very easily. (*With a calculator and some papers in his hands*)

Lenard Doubtful: Doctor, the money is not the care of the problem. I don't

have plenty of money, but I have a very good job and I have a beautiful apartment of my own.

Dr. Maniac: Ok, interesting case. Now we have to understand why she left you. But I wonder; how did you try to end up with your life?

Lenard Doubtful: Doctor, I feel embarrassed to tell you. But I know you are a professional and you can give me some piece of advice. First, I thought about ways people commit suicide more often around the world, and I thought about taking some pills, but then I remembered I have an upset stomach and since a was a child I reject pills taking.

Dr. Maniac: Ok, I think you have a very solid explanation. (*In a very serious way*) That wouldn't have worked at all. And then what happened? Tell me.

Lenard Doubtful: Well, then I tried to inhale carbon dioxide, but after reading on the internet about how dangerous this gas may be, due to the fact it doesn't have odor, color or taste, I decided this wasn't the way I wanted to leave this world. Can you imagine doctor? I realized chemistry and physics were not made for me.

Dr. Maniac: (*Showing off with enthusiasm*) Now I got it. You didn't want to commit suicide; what you wanted to do was to make your fiancée feel guilty for what she did to you, didn't you? (*Pointing his index finger*) That's very intelligent, my friend; and you ended up here to make it more real.

Lenard Doubtful: Yes, doctor. The problem was that my mother was so worried about me that she decided to send me here with you, but please, don't reveal my secret, I beg you!

Dr. Maniac: Don't worry; I am a very discreet person. I only have one more question to ask you. Just out of

curiosity, what was the other way you wanted to use to vanish from this world?

Lenard Doubtful: I said to everybody that I had gone to a bridge and I had the idea to jump from there, but doctor, I suffer from acrophobia. That was something I would have not been able to do.

Dr. Maniac: The case is complete now. I have your prescription ready to Miss Passion. Miss Passion! Come on please!

Miss Passion: (*Embarrassed*) Yes, Frank, sorry, Dr. Maniac.

Dr. Maniac: Write on a piece of paper the name of a selected clothing store for gentlemen around this zone.

Miss Passion: Doctor, but?...

Dr. Maniac: No interruptions please. This young fellow urgently needs some classes of good fashion and to change his wardrobe immediately.

(*Addressing Miss Passion*) Then take out from my agenda the name of Pauline Loner. Remember, she was the girl who came here two weeks ago and told me she wanted to have a boyfriend. She felt lonely and desperate. I promised to send her the first handsome man that came to my consulting room.

Besides (*Addressing Mr. Doubtful*) Mr. Doubtful, get a nice haircut and a long shower (*Making the word long a little longer*). That would be the perfect cure for your disillusionment.

Lenard Doubtful: Thank you so much, doctor. I don't know how to pay what you have done for me.

Dr. Maniac: I know how. Here you can pay credit card or cash. Please wait for my assistant outside and she will take you the bill.

Lenard Doubtful: Thanks for your help! Bye! (*Leaves the room showing a lot of happiness*)

Miss Passion: Doctor, our next patient is Mrs. Melanie Insecure, a widow and a mother of two children.

Dr. Maniac: And what is her problem? (*Being sarcastic*) Don't tell me that she wants me to bring her husband from the other life. I'm not a clairvoyant.

Miss Passion: Doctor, don't be mean. No, she wants some advice about her new relationship. I think she is in love again.

Dr. Maniac: Ok, ask her to come.

Miss Passion: I will. (*Leaves the room*)

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: May I come in?

Dr. Maniac: Yes, Mrs. Insecure. Come here and sit down.

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Here, or there?

Dr. Maniac: Oh, my God, she is really insecure. (*Aside*) Sit there!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Thank you doctor. My problem is that I am a widow and I want to start a new relationship.

Dr. Maniac: Well, Mrs. Insecure, I don't make miracles. (*Sarcastically*) I know a lot of men, but I don't know if you are their type.

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Doctor, you are so funny! I already have my suitor. He is a handsome policeman. His name is Michael Lover.

Dr. Maniac: Well, Mrs. Insecure, I don't see how I can help you. You have what you need.

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Doctor, if I don't do something, I'm going to lose him. The problem is that my children don't want me to re-marry. They say that the only man for me was their father.

Dr. Maniac: That's a very selfish way to behave!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: The problem is that Michael does not stand this situation anymore. He loves me as nobody

else has loved me before and this is something my children do not understand.

Dr. Maniac: But you told me you were married before, right?

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Yes, doctor, but I married my husband because my parents found us together in my bedroom!

Dr. Maniac: (*In a funny way*) I can see you didn't waste anytime!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: No, doctor, we hadn't done anything, but he was in love with me and he found the way to marry me. He treated me badly and when he died I said "Free! Body and soul free! I kept whispering. My fancy was running riot along those days ahead of me. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be my own". (*Like reciting a poem she knows well*)

Dr. Maniac: Isn't that from a short story, "Story of an Hour"?

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Ha, ha, ha, yes doctor, how come you know about literature?

Dr. Maniac: Because I'm a literature tea..., lover. Yes, I love literature.

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: And my husband hated it! Can you imagine, to hate something so enchanting like literature. I am a literature teacher and he liked neither my career, nor my writings.

Dr. Maniac: (*Showing lots of interest*) Oh really! What did you write? Plays, poems, short stories, novels?

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Poetry, that is my infatuation. Would you like to listen to my favorite poem?

Dr. Maniac: Yes, of course.

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: It is called The Little Bird.

"The little bird that lived with me,  
The world one day wanted to see,



He flew so high and went away  
And I don't know where he could stay

That's why I cry due to my pain  
Cause all his love could not remain  
If I could only see him again  
I would ask him to forgive me then

But his little wings wanted to fly  
And didn't pay attention to my cries  
In nights like these I cry a lot  
Cause all his love I could have not

My hopes and dreams he took away  
But to forget him there is no way

One day I know he will return  
And this fire inside again will burn"

Dr. Maniac: *(With excitement)* Very nice! What a beautiful poem!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Thanks, I dedicated this poem to my first love.

Dr. Maniac: Well, I can see you have had many lovers!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: No, doctor, my first love was a high school classmate, but he married the most popular and prettiest girl in school. This was my platonic love, but Michael is my real and only one love!

Dr. Maniac: Well Mrs. Insecure, I think you have to make up your mind and establish some priorities. By the way, how old are your children?

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Tammy is twenty years old and Jason is nineteen.

Dr. Maniac: Oh my God, they are grown ups already and they are about to leave the nest. Think about you! It's now or never. The future is in your hands *(with enthusiasm and lost in a kind of euphoria)* Come on! Start living! There is only one life and...

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Doctor, doctor, I understand! I made up my mind. I will marry Michael Lover.

Dr. Maniac: *(Aside, with enthusiasm, and raising his hands)* My mother always told me I should've been a politician!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: You're an incredible person, doctor, and I have here something I want to give you *(giving him a book she has inside her handbag)*. It is a book of poems that I wrote.

Dr. Maniac: *(Teasing her)* Well, I accept it, but I hope this is not the way you are going to pay me for your appointment

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Doctor, of course not! Look! The poem that I recited is on page 20. You are an angel doctor!

Dr. Maniac: Thank you! I knew that, but you need someone to remind you sometimes. My secretary is in the reception. *(Showing the way)* Have a nice day and enjoy your honeymoon!

Mrs. Melanie Insecure: Thanks doctor. *(Leaving the office)*  
*(Enters a police officer)*

Dr. Maniac: *(Kind of angry)* Excuse me! What are you doing here? My assistant hasn't announced you.

Police officer: Doctor Maniac, right?

Dr. Maniac: Yes, I am. Ok, no problem. Maybe my assistant is busy with my last patient. How can I help you? But please sit down!

Police officer: Doctor Frank Maniac, or better said Teacher Frank Renaissance.

Dr. Maniac: Sorry, but I don't understand!

Police officer: We've been investigating you for the last two months and we have found out that you are a liar and a swindler.

Dr. Maniac: This is a joke, right? The candid cameras, where are they?

Police officer: We have been looking for you since you left the high school

you worked in as a literature teacher. By the way, they say you gave excellent classes and your students loved you. They could not understand why you left with the money they paid for the books. Those were very expensive books, I understand. Then you opened a consulting room without being a psychologist and started giving people advice without having a license. We have so many charges against you that you will end up in jail for the rest of your life!

Dr. Maniac: There is a mistake. I accept the charges for swindling, but I didn't take the money from my students. The money was left in the first drawer of my desk. I loved my job and I respected my students.

Police officer: But there is something I don't understand. Why did you leave your job so abruptly?

Dr. Maniac: I fell in love with the principal of my school and she rejected me. For me, it was so hard to see her everyday. Mostly when she proudly announced us she was going to get married. I needed to escape from that.

Police officer: Well, well, well. I can see how love can make people so weak and vulnerable. I don't understand that at all. Man, you have to learn to be strong. Look at me! I have problems, but never let these problems to put me down.

Dr. Maniac: Can I call my assistant? I think she has to know everything, too. But she is innocent. She didn't know I was not a counselor or a psychologist.

*(Calling Miss Passion)*

Miss Passion please! Come here!  
*(She enters)*

I got something to tell you and I don't know how to begin.

Miss Passion: *(With sadness and melancholy)* You don't have to tell me anything. I know everything about you!

Police officer: Ha, ha, ha, you are so naïve, "doctor." *(Making the quotes with his hands)* Miss Passion is in fact Detective Daily Patterson and she was in charge of your investigation. By the way, the week you stayed in Miami she took all your degrees and found out they were counterfeited.

Dr. Maniac: I can't believe this! The only person I trusted and loved betrayed me in such a way! *(Looking at her with sadness)*

Miss Passion: Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you. By being with you these two months I have discovered the richness you have inside of your heart. If I could go back in time I ...

Police officer: Detective Patterson, come on! You are my superior. Remember, we don't have to show compassion for criminals that corrupt our society and we don't have to allow these inferior feelings of love toward other people to make us helpless! *(With anger)* This is unacceptable!

Miss Passion: Yes, I know. You have been one of my most faithful and loyal of all my followers, the one who hasn't objected any of my comments and recommendations. But we are mistaken sometimes.

Dr. Maniac: *(addressing Mr. Lover)* I have a question. How did you know my degrees were counterfeited? I paid a lot of money for them!

Police officer: A Master's Degree in Mental Health Counseling from the University of Utopia *(with sarcasm showing the diplomas on the wall)* and a PhD in Problem-Solution Techniques from the University of Never-land. Well, it was not difficult to find out they were fake!

Miss Passion: Yes, I knew that the first day I got here.

Police officer: This is unbelievable! *(With anger) (Questioning her)* But how come you waited so long if the case could've been solved in such a short period of time?

Miss Passion: *(whispering)* Love.

Police officer: No detective, I am Lover, Michael Lover

Dr. Maniac: Pardon me! *(Inquiring)* Are you Mrs. Insecure's fiancé?

Police officer: *(Changing to a romantic person)* Yes, how do you happen to know my sweetie pie?

Dr. Maniac: She came here some minutes ago with a heavy burden on her shoulders. But then she left this place with a determined attitude. She made an important decision.

Police officer: *(In a childish way)* What did she decide? Please tell me! I implore you!

Dr. Maniac: Your Sweetie Pie, sorry, Mrs. Insecure decided to marry you. She discovered that her happiness and yours could no longer wait.

Police officer: You are a saint, aren't you? You have made me the happiest person on earth!

Miss Passion: *(With nervousness)* Yes, but if we continue with this process, Frank will go to jail and we are going to regret it the rest of our lives.

Police officer: No, of course not. I have an idea. Listen, I will leave this place right away. I will return in half an hour and Frank will have time to escape. Then we can say that he found

out, we don't know how, that he was being investigated.

Miss Passion: *(With gratitude)* How can I pay for the favor you are doing to us?

Police officer: Don't let your happiness go, now that you have found it.

Dr. Maniac: Now, I am confused, I don't know if I am a swindler, an angel or a saint, or a combination of the three.

Miss Passion: Frank, please! It's not time for making jokes. *(Addressing the police officer)* Thanks Michael! I will be here waiting for you.

Police officer: Bye and take care. *(Leaves the room)*

Dr. Maniac: Thank you! *(Being serious)* I know you are risking a lot now that you're letting me go.

Miss Passion: No, Frank, I'm not letting you go. *(Very passionately)* I have captured the biggest thief in the world, the one who stole my heart.

Dr. Maniac: And I was captured by the most beautiful policewoman in the world and I don't regret being her prisoner for the rest of my life. *(They kiss)*

Miss Passion: Frank, go now. Go away; and when you have found a good place to stay, call me and nobody will separate us anymore. *(At the door, he sends her a kiss with his hand and she receives it very passionately)*

*(He leaves and she hears the sound of sirens. She looks frightened)*

Miss Passion: Oh my God! *(She touches her forehead in distress)*

*Curtains close (End of the play)*

