



***The ladybirds
song***

Marco Ciaramella

CAST:

Suzy: Paul's wife

Paul: Suzy's husband

Wendy: Suzy's friend

Anson: Paul and Suzy's son

Valda: Member of the band

Cindra: Member of the band

Connie: Member of the band

Milo: Producer of the record company

Lonny: Anson's friend

Arnold: Customer of the marriage agency

Samson: Sexologist

Parris: Paul's friend

FIRST ACT

The scene takes place in the living room.

Samson: *(Intent on filling white linen bags of the same size as a tea bag)* With this they are twenty. They should be enough for today. Now let's sew the top side, fasten the drawstring and we're good to go.

Paul: I have to admit that your accuracy is maniacal. But do you need so many?

Samson: Yes, I have a lot of patients. You have no idea how much work I have in this period! It is for this reason that I take advantage of preparing all these doses

Paul: I realized it from how long you have been spending at my house. You stay more here with me than with your wife!

Samson: For this I will never stop thanking you. Going home to do the supply, given the distance from the clinic, would be a huge waste of time.

Paul: For me it is a pleasure that you have chosen my home as an operational headquarters. Aren't friends there to help out in times of need? I don't think if your patients found you in the surgery filling those sachets it would be very professional!

Samson: I really appreciate you making your flat available to me. But I wouldn't want to take advantage of it and cause you too much trouble. If so, don't hesitate to tell me.

Paul: I assure you that you don't cause any disturbance.

Samson: I'm stealing your precious time.

Paul: I have nothing to do all day, so if there's one thing I don't miss, it's time. And then at least I learn something. In fact, to tell the truth, I feel useful.

Samson: But it is right that I pay you something, not only for the trouble, also for the consumption of gas.

Paul: Instead of talking nonsense, tell me: why do you use colored sugar? Is it so healing?

Samson: My patients, unconsciously, benefit greatly from it.

Paul: What do you mean?

Samson: I mean that they don't know it's sugar.

Paul: And don't they ask you what it is?

Samson: Yes, but I reply that it is an organic compound of the family of disaccharide glucides, with

the addition of chemical additives.

Paul: It is enough to look on the Internet to understand that this is the chemical definition of sucrose, or sugar if you prefer.

Samson: Do you think someone does it? However, if they ask me for further clarification, I try to move the subject of the conversation. I start talking about everything they need to do before they start taking it. I indicate at what temperature the water must be, the dosage and so on.

Paul: Maybe the fact that it's in cubes works in your favor. They probably throw it into the cup right away without asking too many questions. Maybe they don't even taste it.

Samson: Even if they did, that doesn't mean they should think it's not a medicine. You must know that in all pharmaceutical preparations there are excipients based on one or more types of sugar. Think for example of the presence of sugars in syrups, which not only provide a more pleasant taste, but also allow the active ingredient not to lose its effectiveness, once the product has been opened.

Paul: The sachets you prepare, on the other hand, what beneficial powers do they have? What are they for?

Samson: *(Smiling)* Those are just for being immersed in hot water. Have you ever heard of the placebo effect

Paul: No, what is it?

Samson: When the disorders don't depend on a real pathology, but can be traced back to a psychological fact, the patient must put his trust in the prescribed therapy. The improvement induced by expectations is called the placebo effect.

Paul: So do you treat patients with sugar and tea?

Samson: Not exactly! I do it with some dried roots such as Maca, added to the extract of some mushrooms with high energizing and aphrodisiac capacities such as Yarsagumba, or to integrators based on Butea superba and Avocado extracts.

Paul, observing the labels on the jars from which Samson took the extracts with which he filled the sachets...

Paul: That you take from these jars.

Samson: Exactly!

Paul: If I'm not mistaken, you add a teaspoon of these essences.

Samson: More or less yes. Today I see you particularly interested in the process of making my recipes, so I want to tell you that the real stroke of genius was the addition of the food coloring to make the blue cubes. Unconsciously the color resembles the famous pill.

Paul: So they imagine assuming...

Samson: That's right. Although I never said it is that.

Paul: So is it only half deception?

Samson: I wouldn't speak of deception. The sachets that I prepare a little help they give it. Consider that Maca is capable of increasing sexual energies and Yarsagumba has beneficial effects for erectile dysfunction, while Butea superba is a valid remedy for the reduction of libido, not to mention the aphrodisiac properties that Avocado has. However, people believe more in what they know well. By antonomasia, the little blue pill is known to work, so instead of racking my brains to specify all the benefits of strange plants that are difficult to pronounce and that no one has ever heard of, I let imagine that it is that. Also because, I repeat, in most cases, it is the psyche that affects the sexual performance of each individual.

Paul: Are you telling me it's all in our head?

Samson: We certainly cannot generalize and say that this is always the case, but very often yes. Anxiety, insecurity and shyness can become real enemies!

Paul: What if someone really has objective dysfunction?

Samson: In that case the dosage of integrators and essences will be much higher. And sometimes it is also necessary to resort to Sildenafil Citrate, even if I'm rather reluctant to prescribe it. There are too many side effects. Without thinking that taking it by a person with a high cardiovascular risk index can even cause death. This is why I prefer to prescribe these natural remedies.

Paul: Are the sachets you prepared today for these special cases?

Samson: No, these are the standard ones that I prescribe to all subjects who don't have full-blown pathologies.

Paul: You're a real genius!

Samson: They didn't give me my degree, I studied a lot, I assure you!

Paul: I, on the other hand, pay for the mistake of wrong choices made in my youth. If I had undertaken another course of study, perhaps now, I wouldn't be in this situation.

Samson: Why? What would you have wanted to do?

Paul: In retrospect, given how much you earn, the psychotherapist who specializes in sexology like you!

Samson: I assure you it's not so simple as you think. You also need a lot of patience, you don't know how many times I was on the verge of telling somebody to go to hell! And then you have to know how to listen.

Paul: So, I'd have a request for you. Would you prepare twenty sachets for me, too?

Samson: Why?

Paul: Forget it! Disregard what I said to you.

Samson: Remember that I'm bound by professional secrecy, so what you say will remain between us. And then I'd be happy to return the favour, with all that you do for me.

Paul: Economically my situation is desperate, so I wanted to ask you if you could let pass the fact that I am not a doctor.

Samson: I'm sorry, but I don't think to understand.

Paul: I would like to start practicing your profession.

Samson: Would you like me not to report you?

Paul: Not only this! You could pass to me those patients who don't have real pathologies and who you are unable to satisfy due to the large amount of work you have.

Samson: It's impossible! We are friends, but I don't want to go to jail for you, if anyone found out, I'd be expelled from the roll.

Paul: Think of it carefully. I could take care of the preparation of everything that will be prescribed to patients and, in addition, I will do some sessions, but only with those who need psychological help.

Samson: I'm sorry, but you don't have the competences to practice.

Paul: I was able to sell old crocks, almost passing them off as Rolls Royce, so it won't be difficult for me to sell some sugar mixed with roots and dried fruit.

Samson: If they find out, do you know where we end up?

Paul: You're the usual pessimist! After all, how many dentists practice without having the right? Think that a friend of mine, the only root he knows is the square one, yet he has been doing that work for years!

Samson: This, however, doesn't authorize us to do the same! And then you lack the basis for...

Paul: *(Interrupting him)* Teach me everything it takes, you know I'm smart!

Samson: If I really had to take the risk and send you some of my patients, I'd still like fifty percent of the proceeds.

Paul: It sounds like a fair deal to me.

Samson: Anyway, I don't promise you anything, if I can follow my patients all by myself...

Paul: There will be someone you just can't please and to whom you've been postponing the appointment for a long time.

Samson: Yes, also because I give priority to the most serious cases.

Paul: So let's give it a try!

Samson: Okay! Remember that the fee is two hundred pounds per visit including products.

Paul: And, as agreed, I prepare the blue cubes and the sachets

Samson: Swear to me, however, that no one will never know, not even your wife, this is the essential condition.

Paul: I promise! Maybe we need to find a way so she doesn't get suspicious when someone comes here.

Samson: You could just tell her to help me sell the products, without going into details. For the patients, you don't have to worry, they are very reserved, given the type of problem.

Paul: This works to our advantage.

Samson: Ah! Don't forget that whoever shows up will ask for Dr. Paul Wright.

Paul: Okay, I'll come up with something.

Samson: Now come with me! I will give you tips on how to interact with patients.

Paul: I'm looking forward to learning some of your secrets. *(And they leave the scene)*

Suzy and Wendy enter the scene.

Suzy: Paul must have gone out. Please, come in!

Wendy: Since we are alone, now is the right time to show you this big opportunity.

Suzy: What exactly is it about?

Wendy: It is a very interesting activity. Knowing that you and your husband are both unemployed, it seemed like an opportunity you would have gladly considered.

Suzy: Tell me, I'm really curious!

Wendy: This is a bargain to be taken at once!

Suzy: So take it you.

Wendy: I already have a good job and fortunately well paid. I remind you that I manage an import-export company and I don't need another job.

Suzy: I must admit that you are a clever person!

Wendy: If you really think this about me, trust me when I tell you this is a very profitable business.

Suzy: Come on, explain me better.

Wendy: You should take over the "Beautiful love" marriage agency.

Suzy: And would this be the big bargain?

Wendy: You have no idea of the gains that can be made in that sector!

Suzy: I will become richer than Bill Gates!

Wendy: I assure you the previous owner made some good money from it.

Suzy: How much money I should pay to take over the business?

Wendy: She'd give it to me for free.

Suzy: Sure, to you!

Wendy: I would be the holder, but then you would be the one to manage it.

Suzy: (*Sarcastically*) And the huge sums of money we will make, how will we divide them? By directing them to tax-free tax havens?

Wendy: I was thinking fifty and fifty.

Suzy: If I understand correctly, you would never do anything, but you would get half the income from my work!

Wendy: But you wouldn't spend a penny to start. However if you are not interested I can propose the thing to someone else, it is not a problem.

Suzy: For you who already have a job and a source of income, for sure not!

Wendy: So give me the opportunity to specify the thing in detail.

Suzy: You don't need a degree to understand that it's about making people know each other and getting a fee for the service offered!

Wendy: It's a bit reductive said this way. Basically, with a modest expense, ranging from 100 to 200 pounds, the customer has the right to create a profile to be included in the database. Once this phase is completed, we will proceed to search for potentially compatible people, with the characteristics requested by the customer, and then meetings will be combined.

Suzy: Nowadays there are many free dating sites on the web, why should people pay to get the same thing?

Wendy: The phenomenon of catfishing is very widespread. With the agency, there is no danger of running into fake profiles.

Suzy: How many members does the "Beautiful love" agency have?

Wendy: Those, with a good marketing strategy, can easily be increased.

Suzy: How many?

Wendy: Actually... ten!

Suzy: Ten? Then I can go straight away to book a new car and vacation in Polynesia!

Wendy: With a little initiative and good publicity, earnings can always be increased! We could, for example, add other services and create listening centres.

Suzy: Good idea! (*Sarcastically*) And maybe rename “*Amplifon*” the new firm.

Wendy: If you stopped being defeatist, you would understand that there are many people who would go to any lengths to find someone willing to listen to them.

Suzy: I'm one of those!

Wendy: Do you see that it's not a bad idea after all?! Ultimately, it's about talking to them in a way that makes them feel a little less alone.

Suzy: Practically we would simply act as a relief valve.

Wendy: Exactly! The secret will be to be able to retain customers and make them feel understood, so that they spread the rumors and make increase the number of subscribers. By doing so, the proceeds will increase at the same rate.

Suzy: Since it wouldn't cost me anything, maybe I could try.

Wendy: Well said! Among other things, there is a customer that would really need advice as soon as possible, so if we want to start, we can also do it right away.

Suzy: What is this person's problem?

Wendy: This man is tempted to leave his mate because of her son, an inveterate slacker wanderer, only good at spending. On the one hand, the man knows that his pension is not enough to go on like this and he would like to break up the relationship, but on the other hand he is afraid of remaining alone.

Suzy: And what can I do about it?

Wendy: In the meantime, you talk to him and try to give him advice.

Suzy: I'm not capable of it!

Wendy: None of us has the magic wand. Sometimes, however, to reassure a person, it is enough to listen to her.

Suzy: I'm very undecided. Before giving you a definitive answer, it is better that I talk to Paul.

Wendy: Certain decisions must be made personally. After all, it's your future job, not his.

Suzy: In this family, decisions are made together!

Wendy: Are you changing your mind?

Suzy: I didn't say that, I just want some time to think about it better.

Wendy: What do we do with that customer? We absolutely have to please him, otherwise he could turn somewhere else. There are many other agencies in the city that offer this type of service.

Suzy: I apologize for my ignorance, I didn't think there was all this competition!

Wendy: So what do I do with this customer?

Suzy: You send him a message by writing him my address. However, take your time. In the meantime, I talk to my husband and tell you whether to let him come.

Wendy: If you then tell me no, then where do I send him?

Suzy: Didn't you say there was no problem if I refused? You will also have some alternatives besides me!

Wendy: Confidently speaking, I haven't thought of anyone else.

Suzy: Don't worry, if I shouldn't accept, with so many unemployed people around, you will surely find someone.

Wendy: However, please, as soon as you have decided, let me know. In the meantime, I send the message. See you soon. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Suzy: Never that anyone offered me a normal job! If only I could live with my true passion! *(And she leaves the scene)*

Anson and Lonny enter the scene.

Anson: *(Sitting down)* I already told you it's better not to do it.

Lonny: That's a lot of easy money.

Anson: I'm sorry, but I'm really scared.

Lonny: They are only a few days and the reward is ten each...

Anson: I remind you that the ten could be in jail.

Lonny: We're too sly to get caught!

Anson: I tell you again, I don't have a safe place here in the house, neither for the marijuana, nor for the cocaine.

Lonny: I know you can find it, the important thing is that it is dry.

Anson: In the cupboard there are dozens of jars, some of which are also empty, in there they would never be in contact with humidity.

Lonny: In my opinion, if you place the drug in two of those jars and then place them in the back row, behind all the others, no one will ever notice them. I remind you that we only have to keep the drug for a few days, so I'm sure it will be safe there. The more things are in sight, the less they are seen!

Anson: In fact, mixed with all the others, who would ever notice? It could really work. However, to put them right at the back, we need to empty the cupboard and put everything back as before, so it will take us some time and we cannot run the risk of being discovered while we do this.

Lonny: So let's begin right away, in two you'll see that we'll do it soon.

Anson: First we need to make sure that no one is home. My dad, I'm sure he's out, so we have to check that my mother isn't in the kitchen.

Lonny: Go and see! If she's there as you think, send her to me, I'll come up with something to hold her back and to give you a way to calmly hide the drug.

Anson: Calmly I don't think, my legs and hands are shaking with fear.

Lonny: It is essential that you maintain self-control, this is the first rule!

Anson: And the second is that for no reason in the world you have to allow my mother to go back to the kitchen until I'm done. If she noticed that we do such a thing, the jail in comparison would become a vacation!

Lonny: Are you so afraid of her?

Anson: If she were your mother, you would be too, I assure you!

Lonny: Don't worry, until you come back, I'll be able to hold her back, you can swear!

Anson: In the meantime, I try to call her: mum, are you in the kitchen? There is a friend of mine who wants to meet you, can you come for a moment?

Suzy: *(Appearing on the threshold, sarcastically)* He's not my type, he's too young for me! *(And she goes back to the kitchen)*

Anson: Mum, don't joke!

Suzy enters the scene and goes to greet Lonny.

Suzy: Nice to meet you! Now excuse me, but I'm busy.

Lonny: I must say that you are even more beautiful than I imagined!

Suzy: Thanks you very much. However, I know that certain flattery hides a second purpose. Does my son owe you money?

Anson: Absolutely not. I would like you to talk to him, that's all.

Suzy: From now on, who wants to talk to me has to pay, because there is no money in this house, do you understand?

Anson: Do you want to get paid to talk to him?

Suzy: It's a long matter to explain.

Lonny: If that's what you want I can satisfy you, perhaps, in exchange for some water.

Suzy: Water is not refused even to prisoners!

Anson: *(Worried and embarrassed at hearing that sentence from his mother, he looks at the knapsack with the drug)* I go to fix some things, you, in the meantime, keep our guest till I come back.

Suzy: What do you have inside the knapsack?

Anson: Which knapsack?

Suzy: The one you have on your shoulders, silly!

Lonny: *(To take his friend out of his embarrassment)* Some objects that I gave him for his experiments.

Suzy: What experiments are you referring to?

Lonny: Don't you know your son has a passion for chemistry?

Suzy: This is new to me!

Lonny: I gave him some material that I no longer use: Erlenmeyer flasks, graduated cylinders, rods, beakers, test tubes and so on.

Suzy: When would this passion date back?

Anson: When grandma bought me the chemistry set. I had put it aside, but I recently rediscovered it!

Suzy: It seems a bit strange to me that after twenty years, suddenly, you feel like playing with chemicals again. Also because I don't think you liked it so much even as a child!

Anson: Maybe you remember badly. It was my first love and as such it never died.

Lonny: It is probably also a bit of my fault, I have had this hobby all my life...

Anson: *(Interrupting him)* Enough with all these questions anyway! I go there for a moment and then I come back *(And he leaves the scene)*

Suzy: Anyway you have to promise me that you will be very careful. Some substances are dangerous to handle!

Lonny: Don't worry, I assure you that we only do elementary experiments at home.

Suzy: And outside?

Lonny: *(Alluding to drug high)* Outside...yes, it could also happen!

Suzy: You must avoid any risk, wherever you are.

Anson: *(Alluding to drug high again)* Sometimes, they really give a good blow, but that's the beauty of it!

Suzy: Are you crazy? You have to promise that you will no longer perform dangerous experiments, otherwise do you know what happens to that knapsack?

Lonny: You don't have to worry! By now our experience allows us to control everything, without any risk, I can guarantee it.

Suzy: *(Taking the bottle of water and filling the glass to the boy)* I want to trust you.

Lonny: *(After taking the glass)* We're adults and responsible. Anyway, thanks for the water, I was really thirsty.

Suzy: *(Hearing a great din from the kitchen)* What is that klutz doing?

Lonny: I'm fainting. What a pain! Help me, please. *(Falling to the ground)*

Suzy: What happens today? Does everything fall?

Lonny: Please give me more water, my legs are shaking, I need to drink.

Suzy: I have to first go and see what happened to my son and then I'll come back to you.

Lonny: I need your help, not him.

Suzy: What do you know what could have happened to him?

Lonny: I'm sure all that fuss is due to the bomblet I put in his knapsack. It must have exploded unintentionally.

Suzy: And would you be adults and responsible? You are two fools!

Lonny: It was just a little bit of noise. Those fire-crackers cause no harm to people.

Suzy: Maybe they won't cause harm to people, but you will see that something is broken there.

Lonny: Before you go to check it out, please give me another glass of water.

Suzy: Okay, but then I have to go and see what happened in the kitchen.

Lonny: (*Grabbing her arm*) Oh my God! Another attack is taking me.

Suzy: (*Trying to free her arm from the boy's grip*) For being someone who is not well, you have a steel grip! Let go of my arm, you hurt me!

Lonny: I'd gladly do it, but I can't. It is an unconditioned reflex.

Suzy: If you don't loosen your grip, I'll give you of those slaps, which make you spin like a top!

Lonny: You have to believe me, I don't do it on purpose, it's my usual epileptic attack and until it passes I won't be able to open my hand.

Suzy: I had seen people lose consciousness and have sudden spasms, but never anyone to cling to another person like a leech.

Lonny: My case is very rare.

Suzy: How long does the crisis generally last?

Lonny: That depends on your son.

Suzy: What does he have to do with it?

Lonny: I meant that he would know how to tell you, because he has often witnessed these crises of mine. Once he even timed its duration.

Suzy: He's over there, how can I ask him?

Lonny: We wait for him to come back here.

Suzy: I warn you that I have no intention of remain still stuck to you like a postage stamp. Now I'll kick you in the arm and you'll see if you don't let me go!

Lonny: (*Desperate, he begins to squirm without leaving the grip*) Help me, I'm dying!

Anson enters the scene.

Anson: (*Astounded*) It's okay that you said my mother is a beautiful woman, but, even falling at her feet, it seems a bit exaggerated to me!

Suzy: What are you saying? He has his usual attack.

Anson: What attack are you talking about?

Lonny: (*Winking at his friend*) I'm talking about my usual epileptic attack.

Anson: (*Who immediately takes the hint*) Ah!

Suzy: Tell me how to do to free myself. He's been squeezing my hand for ten minutes.

Anson: I really don't remember...

Lonny: Think of all the times you helped me.

Anson: It happened a long time ago...

Suzy: Hurry up and concentrate, because my scaphoid is cracking!

Anson: It finally came into my mind.

Suzy: Get a move on, I can't take it anymore!

Anson: (*Improvising he takes a bite into Lonny's hand*) You have to do this..

Lonny: Ah! What a terrible pain!

Suzy: (*Finally free*) If I thought it was that simple, I would have kicked him first!

Lonny: Maybe I would have suffered less than that.

Anson: (*Looking at his friend and alluding to jars*) The important thing is to have solved the situation, in some way.

Suzy: What have you done there? Did you break something?

Anson: (*Not knowing what to say, he tries to take some time*) Where?

Suzy: In the kitchen. It seemed there had been the earthquake, because of the great din we heard.

Anson: It happened that...

Lonny: (*Winking*) It was just the bomblet, right?

Suzy: He has a mouth to talk, so you keep quiet!

Anson: There was a harmless explosion that scared me. Involuntarily, I bumped into some jars that dad had left on the table and they fell to the floor.

Suzy: Did you collect the broken bits?

Anson: There was absolutely no need. Fortunately, nothing broke.

Lonny: Do you see madam that I was right and that you had no reason to worry?

Suzy: (*Turning to Lonny*) Now don't you think it's time to stand up, or do you want to stay there all day?

Lonny: (*After pretending to check the legs*) Yes, I'd say they hold up well now, so I can stand up.

Suzy: Then you'd better go, I wouldn't want you to have another attack.

Lonny: I'm truly very sorry, it has been a long time since such a thing happened to me. However, I'm sure that before it happens again, a lot of time will pass.

Suzy: (*Touching her hand*) Let's hope! Another crushing of this kind and the hospital would be ensured!

Lonny: Anson are you coming for a walk with me?

Anson: Why not?!

Suzy: (*Sarcastically*) I warn you that if his legs don't hold up, you have to carry him on your shoulders!

Lonny: I sincerely hope not, madam. I feel much better now. Thank you so much for the water and goodbye. (*The two leave the scene*)

Suzy: What strange friends my son has!

Paul enters the scene.

Paul: I met Anson with a boy on the stairs, where were they going?

Suzy: They were going for a walk.

Paul: Why do you say that with that face?

Suzy: I'm a little bit worried.

Paul: Why? Don't you like his friend?

Suzy: He is a peculiar person and he has a strange disease.

Paul: The important thing is that it isn't contagious.

Suzy: No, it isn't, but he falls to the ground and begins to writhe like a snake.

Paul: Poor boy! And what's so strange? He will have some kind of convulsions.

Suzy: He claims to be epileptic, but I've never seen anyone with that disease attach to people, like an octopus on a rock.

Paul: However, it doesn't seem to me that great tragedy you describe!

Suzy: You say that because he was not crushing your hand but mine. He only let it go after our son bit him. And now my hand hurts so much that I can't finish the housework. By the way, since I'm tidying up, I really have to tell you: if your friend doesn't stop carrying all those jars, I don't know where to put them anymore, he has literally submerged us.

Paul: From today I assure you they will no longer bother you, on the contrary! Because I will be paid for this service.

Suzy: Really?

Paul: (*Showing one of the sachets prepared by Samson*) Yes, he will pay a small amount for each of these.

Suzy: Finally someone in this house will start getting a salary again!

Paul: I'm sure that this negative trend will finally end.

Suzy: That would be too good to be true!

Paul: I'll also have to talk to some people about men's problems: prostatitis, urethritis and so on. These sachets are a cure-all for these problems, so I have to somehow sponsor them.

Suzy: Does Samson agree?

Paul: Sure! I practically have to advertise these products so I can get customers.

Suzy: And how do you think to do?

Paul: First, I will contact my closest friends by phone and invite them to my home to show them all the benefits of these products.

Suzy: I don't see what's wrong with it! You shouldn't even take the car and use too much petrol!

Paul: Do you see how many advantages?!

Suzy: But you have to pass yourself off as a healer, since you are not a doctor.

Paul: However, I have always been highly regarded by my friends, it is no coincidence that I was nicknamed the doctor!

Suzy: I would say that now this nickname fits perfectly!

Paul: Actually the full nickname was Doctor Strangelove.

Suzy: Did they call you that because of your passion for explosives?

Paul: Also because they respected me!

Suzy: If you say so!

Paul: With my appeal I've always managed to conquer anyone.

Suzy: If I had it too, maybe I could accept the offer that was proposed to me today.

Paul: Are you telling me you have a job opportunity too?

Suzy: I haven't decided yet if I should accept it or not.

Paul: Why? What is it about?

Suzy: It's about a multiservice agency.

Paul: I don't understand. Why do you make so many scruples?

Suzy: Because, in addition to letting people let off steam, I should also be a Cupid. You must know that the main activity is to put people together.

Paul: Maybe you might even find a rich girl for our son to marry. This way you would also take away a mouth to feed in this house.

Suzy: Even when it comes to making a serious decision, you always want to joke!

Paul: If I try to play down it is because I can't be the one to make a decision for you, only you can choose what is right for you.

Suzy: The more I think about it, the more doubts come to me.

Paul: In my opinion you have to accept, what do you have to lose?

Suzy: I don't like to eat my words.

Paul: If we don't do something, from here on out, we can only eat that.

Suzy: Okay: I throw myself and let's cross our fingers.

SECOND ACT

Same scenography of the first act

Suzy: *(Intents to play the keyboard and compose a piece)* This would be my true dream!

Paul enters the scene.

Paul: All you think about is playing that instrument!

Suzy: I like to think that one day a record company will call me to tell me they want to produce my record.

Paul: I am sorry to disillusion you, but it is time for you to look reality in the face, you have knocked on many doors, and no one has ever opened you.

Suzy: After all, only two years have passed.

Paul: And do they seem few to you?

Suzy: Do you know how much material the record companies receive? Before they've listened it all...!

Paul: In that world, without a recommendation no one deigns to listen to your work.

Suzy: So, in your opinion, will they trash it without listening to it?

Paul: If you are not the daughter or lover of an important person, they do not take you into consideration. Your CD will collect dust on some shelf or it will go straight to the rubbish bin.

Suzy: If I had been younger I could have done the casting to participate in one of those talent shows. Yet I am convinced that my work is really good!

Paul: I am too and not because you are my wife. I'm sure that if someone deigned to listen to that c.d., it would really give you an opportunity, because it's beautiful.

Suzy: So there is nothing we can do to change the course of events?

Paul: No, we just have to hope that the imponderable happens.

Suzy: And how could this ever happen?

Paul: Maybe for a strange reason, even by mistake, someone takes it, listens to it and falls in love with it.

Suzy: I understand, I should resign myself!

Paul: If I talk to you like that, I'm not doing it to take away your hope. It's just that I have my feet firmest on the ground and I believe that success in life does not go hand in hand with meritocracy.

Suzy: *(After covering the keyboard with a cloth)* Okay, I'll close my dreams and go to prepare lunch. Are you rather finished? You've been going back and forth with those jars this morning.

Paul: Yes, I had to take the ones Samson asked me to the garage.

Suzy: Do you have anything left to supply your customers?

Paul: Only the last ones at the bottom. I don't know why there is no label in those two, but as they are all natural products, I will use those.

Suzy: And will they be enough?

Paul: I hope so. I actually made several phone calls, if everyone came...

Suzy: Then ask Samson to come and restock you.

Paul: Unfortunately I have a strange feeling. When he phoned me to tell me he wanted to collect the last few stocks, because he started using other products, he didn't really convince me.

Suzy: It must have been your impression.

Paul: I had to prepare the sachets for him, why he wants to do it himself?

Suzy: There will be an explanation. Wait and see.

Paul: He babbled something about the possibility of bringing me the finished products directly.

Suzy: And isn't it better? Less work and a tidier home.

Paul: In my opinion, he invented an excuse to take away the material.

Suzy: Even if that were the case, we will not be discouraged and will use our energies in the marriage agency.

Paul: *(Who has not listened to the last part of the speech)* Anyway, the last two jars I do not give them back to him anymore.

Suzy: Do you think he will notice?

Paul: I'm sure not. Since there are several empty sachets, I fill them up and, if someone comes, I sell at least those.

Suzy: But this is embezzlement.

Paul: I would consider it a compensation for gas consumption and all the time it took me to help him. Not only that, even for the space occupied in our cupboard to date.

Suzy: Given the situation in which we find ourselves, I support your choice. I don't think you steal anything, he's the one who's been taking advantage of you all this time without giving you a dime. Honesty in this house is and will always stay first.

Paul: Even if it doesn't pay off in the long run!

The doorbell rings.

Suzy: You go to open. I'm going to start cooking. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Paul: *(After opening the door)* Come in!

Samson: Sorry, but I have little time.

Paul: I've already taken all jars to the garage. It will be enough to load them in the car.

Samson: Very well! Now let's get to the point: I'd like to give you this check.

Paul: Are you liquidating me?

Samson: The future is uncertain, it's better to pay now.

Paul: I don't want it! What I've done so far for you has been just out of friendship. You will pay me for what I do from now on. But if you insist, it means that you have changed your mind and do not want to continue with our collaboration.

(Samson puts the check on the table)

Paul: I had already understood, your choice was clear; the fact that you hadn't sent me anyone was quite indicative.

Samson: *(Reaching the door, before opening it he turns to his friend)* It was just when I called a patient to tell him to come to you, that I realized I was wrong, because I would have lost him. So I immediately sent him a message to cancel the appointment with you.

Paul: As they say, the belly is never full!

Samson: Now I'm sorry, but I really have to go, I hope you understand and don't blame me for my decision.

Paul: The garage is open and you know the way, so don't be offended if I don't accompany you.

Samson: I'm really sorry, believe me!

Paul: One last thing before you go.

Samson: If it makes you feel good, offend me, I'll understand.

Paul: *(Taking the check and tearing it up)* No, I just wanted to tell you not to come back!

Samson: If that's what you want, I'll respect your wish. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Paul: What a disappointment! *(And he leaves the stage to go to the kitchen)*

Anson and Lonny enter the scene.

Lonny: Don't argue and find a place for this batch of cocaine too.

Anson: And where do I put it? It is already a miracle to have found where to hide the other. Hide it in your house, there is no other place here.

Lonny: I remind you that I have just left the detox community and that my parents control everything I bring in the house, so I absolutely cannot do it.

Anson: Speak in a low voice! If my mom finds out you are a drug addict, she'll kill me for letting you into this house.

Lonny: Then don't tell her!

Anson: Of course not! But I want to clarify something right away. You have to tell your friends not to put too much pressure on me. It had to be the simplest thing in the world and look how complicated it is!

Lonny: Grow up boy, no one in this world gives you anything!

Anson: And if I back down, what would happen?

Lonny: They would kill us both.

Anson: This was not the situation you presented to me when you introduced me to those people. You didn't talk about all these constraints and dangers.

Lonny: Because in the beginning we just had to distribute some marijuana. Then you asked to increase our earnings.

Anson: I never told you I wanted to sell cocaine. That's a bigger thing than us.

Lonny: You wanted to earn more and this is the only way.

Anson: So I tell you right away that I want to get out of this traffic and after this batch I stop, so tell whoever is in charge.

Lonny: In the meantime, stay calm and think about hiding this. Then we will see how to get out of this situation.

Anson: I warn you that if you can't convince them, I'll report them.

Lonny: You've only known the henchmen. You have no idea who's really pulling the strings, and if you try to open your mouth inappropriately, they'll shut you up forever.

Anson: But you swear to me that you will try to get us out of this situation, I don't want to live in anguish for the rest of my life!

Lonny: I know a way to take all worries off: a little bit of this drug and your outlook on life will change.

Anson: Just the thought of sticking a needle in the vein makes me shiver!

Lonny: Slowly you get used to it.

Anson: I would never get used to it and would never use a syringe already used by others, as I have seen you do. Don't you realize that that way you can contract incurable diseases?

Lonny: Unfortunately I always think about it later, when I see the drug I don't think anymore!

Anson: I saw it! I also noticed the doses subtracted from these batches. Do you think those people won't say anything about it?

Lonny: I took very little, they won't even notice.

Anson: I remind you that before delivering it to us they weighed it!

Lonny: If this also happens, we will ask to subtract the equivalent value from our remuneration.

Anson: From ours? So also from my money?

Lonny: Don't be stingy.

Anson: I don't risk jail or my life for your vices!

Lonny: It will still remain a great reward.

Anson: I absolutely need ten thousand pounds, what is missing must be deducted from your commission.

Lonny: Okay, don't get mad! How many stories for two cents!

Anson: The record company is asking exactly that amount to make my mother's dream come true.

Lonny: If so, stop complaining and hide this! Now I have other things to do than waste more time with you. *(And he leave the scene)*

Suzy enters the scene.

Suzy: Who were you talking to?

Anson: *(Embarrassed, he immediately hides the cocaine packet under his jacket)* With Lonny, he just got out.

Suzy: My love I have to tell you: you have changed since you met that boy.

Anson: It's your impression mom, I'm still the same.

Suzy: I remind you that I gave birth to you and I know you very well. I'm sure there is something bothering you.

Anson: I'm just worried about you and dad. I remind you that you are both unemployed. How are we going to live?

Suzy: We have already taken steps to resolve everything.

The doorbell rings.

Anson: *(After looking through the peephole)* He's a man I've never seen before.

Suzy: It must be someone who wants to talk to your father. I'm going to call him, in the meantime do him come in. *(And she leaves the scene)*

Arnold enters the scene. The man is wearing a shirt with the inscription: Beautiful Love Agency.

Anson: Please sit down, my father will arrive immediately. in the meantime, have a drink. *(After pointing to the bottles on the table, he leaves the scene)*

Arnold: Thanks, in fact my mouth is really dry.

Paul enters the scene with jars of cocaine and marijuana in hand. He puts them on the table and takes the sachets out of the jars.

Paul: Hi Mr. ...!?

Arnold: Arnold.

Paul: Take a seat, you will see that with these products everything will be resolved.

Anson enters the scene.

Anson: (*Worried to see the jars he filled on the table*) Daddy, what are you doing? You can't use those.

Paul: These jars are mine, don't worry, so I can do whatever I want.

Anson: Dad, you'll get in trouble, believe me!

Paul: I can do it. I also have permission from your mother.

Anson: Really?

Paul: I just have to do the splitting of the doses.

Anson: Do you at least know the weight of each?

Paul: Now I am an expert, I have no more secrets, they gave me the necessary instructions.

Anson: You are a constant surprise, I didn't think that...

Paul: (*Interrupting him*) Now, my son, go in your room, this is a private session, don't you understand?

Anson: Sure dad, I'll go right away.

Arnold, however, is not who Paul believes, in reality he is the customer of the marriage agency, the one who has to solve the problem of the spendthrift stepson and who, after receiving Wendy's text message, did not understand that before introducing himself, he had to wait for confirmation.

Paul: Excuse me, little differences of opinion with my son, you know how it happens right?

Arnold: I see that you are already aware of my whole situation, so we avoid making useless speeches, as we both know how things are.

Paul: We know very well, but we will improve them.

Arnold: For some reason, I understood from the message received today that you had to be a woman. You know: first they call, then they send the text message and, in the end, you don't understand anything anymore.

Paul: I was actually aware of the call and the message, but now you are here and we might as well face it ourselves. So let's get straight to the point...

Arnold: You won't believe it, I've really tried everything.

Paul: So are you convinced that there is nothing to be done?

Arnold: I've tried talking to the star of this story many times, but there's no way.

Paul: For these things you need the right arguments, I don't know if you understand me...!

Arnold: And what are they?

Paul: First of all, the problem must be addressed directly.

Arnold: I tried, but it was useless.

Paul: Did you do autogenic training a few moments earlier?

Arnold: No.

Paul: Don't you know that without a previous relaxation it doesn't work? We must not be too impetuous, otherwise it happens that we fail to do so.

Arnold: I did not think about it; I started in fourth gear and then boom, I hit my head. It was like hitting the wall.

Paul: Do you see that some advices are essential !?

Arnold: If you help me, you will make my partner very happy.

Paul: Remember that you must never argue with her, anger is the great enemy of success.

Arnold: I don't want to argue with her but she just doesn't understand that I'm the one who has to face the enemy who is sometimes a tough head.

Paul: Listen to me: don't insist and don't get more impatient than you should.

Arnold: My wish would be to get to something concrete right away. In confidence I am also afraid of a reaction, I realize that I am quite old and I would not want anything to happen to me.

Paul: The word old must be banned from your vocabulary, I assure you that belief is basic!

Arnold: I haven't told you everything yet! You must know that this "rascal" is really unstable, I never know who I am dealing with and what behavior I will have to face.

Paul: Your partner should definitely intervene in this.

Arnold: Do you think I should get help from her?

Paul: Without a doubt!

Arnold: I've always wanted to do everything by myself, but if you tell me that if she participates too it's better, I'll follow your advice.

Paul: That is the only direction to take!

Arnold: To be honest, at first we tried to solve it in three, but then we gave up and stopped.

Paul: Two, three or four does not matter, just solve and get to the point!

Arnold: Four? Why who else should I involve?

Paul: Who do you want! Maybe, a friend.

Arnold: It is not a bad idea. She could say that it is wrong to stay locked up and do nothing.

Paul: Then contact her as soon as possible and explain what you would like her to do. I assure you that the right word sometimes unlocks the whole situation as if by magic!

Arnold: I'll do as you told me! It did me really good to come here. Your suggestions are very precious, I really feel more motivated to face the problem.

Paul: It is good to let off steam!

Arnold: In fact, I came to you for this reason.

Paul: Finally, to increase... let's say, self-esteem, you have to follow these little tips to the letter.
(And he opens the jars on the table)

Arnold: If you think they are useful!

Paul: I would say that they are indispensable, it is scientifically proven.

Arnold: You do things really seriously, I didn't think I found myself so well!

Paul: I'm sure I'm not wrong when I say that you will find yourself better with me than you were with the previous consultant.

Arnold: This for sure! So do you advise me to come often?

Paul: Whenever you need it.

Arnold: It gives me great pleasure to talk to you, it makes me more sure of myself.

Paul: *(Taking from one of the two jars of the previously prepared sachets)* I recommend taking these sachets twice a day, in hot water and adding this white powder. Next time we improve the dosage.

Arnold: What do you mean?

Paul: I mean that the powder will be blue in color and more compact in shape.

Arnold: And when should I take this?

Paul: A moment before addressing the situation.

Arnold: So should it be relaxing?

Paul: On the contrary, it is invigorating. I am only sorry that I have run out of components to make the blue cubes. Unfortunately I had a lot of trouble getting this white powder to thicken, it was usually that simple! There must be something different in this latest supply.

Arnold: I totally trust you, so I will do as you tell me and abide by your instructions.

Paul: I'd say that's all for today. See you soon, and if there are any problems, don't hesitate to come back to me.

Arnold: You still haven't told me how much I have to pay.

Paul: A hundred pounds.

Arnold: *(Handing him the requested money)* Thanks and goodbye. *(And he leave the scene)*

Paul: *(Enthusiastically waves the money)* I'm going to tell Suzy right away. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Anson enters the scene.

Anson: How can I do now? My father started selling the drug. If he sells it all, what do I return the empty jar to the traffickers? Fortunately, I hid the other batch in the bathroom. I need to call Lonny and let him know. *(He takes his cell phone and dials the number)* Damn answering machine! When you want him, you never find him. I'll go to look for him, I can't sit still, I absolutely have to do something! *(After putting on the jacket he leaves the scene)*

After a few seconds he goes back into the house. Meanwhile, Paul enters the scene.

Paul: Hi son! Are you going out?

Anson: Yes, actually I had already gone out, but I realized that I had not taken the keys to the scooter.

Paul: And where do you go?

Anson: I'm going for a ride.

Paul: Can't you be more specific or is it a state secret?

Anson: What is an interrogation?

Paul: Don't be grumpy! I don't understand what's wrong with a chat between father and son! I have to tell you, I don't recognize you anymore.

Anson: Me neither! I never believed you were so transgressive!

Paul: I just see it as a way to help others while at the same time making some money.

Anson: If you say so! But don't you think what would happen if they found out you?

Paul: My intention is to only sell these products to a few friends. Finished those jars I'll stop. Actually, I don't understand how that man who came earlier found out.

Anson: Do as you like! I am the last person who should be a moralist! So now I'm going.

Paul: You haven't told me where you're going yet.

Anson: Come on dad, don't waste me any more time! They are waiting me. Bye! *(And he leaves the scene)*

Paul: What am I worried about? He's a good boy. The only flaw he has is that he is a bit distracted! If he didn't have his head attached to his neck, he'd leave that at home too!

The doorbell rings.

Paul: Now what have you forgotten?

Wendy enters the scene.

Wendy: Hi Paul! I haven't forgotten anything, I am looking for Suzy.

Paul: Sorry, I thought it was Anson. Come in and take a seat. I'll go call her right away. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Suzy enters the scene.

Suzy: Hi Wendy! What are you doing here?

Wendy: I was at the accountant when I got the call, so I decided to come to congratulate you! Let me hug you.

Suzy: Why?

Wendy: I was called by the customer who came to you a little while ago. He was in the seventh heaven of delight. Thank you for accepting the job and for doing so well. And you who had so many scruples! Do you see that you had no reason?

Suzy: There must surely have been a misunderstanding. I haven't accepted anything yet and haven't talked to anyone. If you remember correctly, we agreed that I would give a definitive answer and I didn't!

Wendy: So who did he talk to?

Suzy: I don't know.

Wendy: I don't understand, as agreed, I had sent a message to this customer with your address, specifying however that before making an appointment I had to define some things. I never would have allowed myself to call him without your confirmation. So, if he has passed, it means he has misunderstood.

Suzy: What if that man you are talking about is that gentleman who spoke to Paul a little while ago?

Wendy: If so, then I offer him the agency. This customer is very happy and intends to return. Satisfied also with the products received, as soon as he got home he tried them immediately, he called them a bomb.

Suzy: I had no idea that prostate products were also good for the psyche!

Wendy: For the prostate?

Suzy: Don't worry, they are natural products.

Wendy: I don't worry, whatever he told him, or gave him, it worked!

Suzy: Maybe he is more talented than me for this job.

Wendy: Do you think he would accept?

Suzy: Why not? He had found a job, but just today the man who offered him changed his mind.

Wendy: In that case I can make another proposal to you.

Suzy: Do you manage an import-export company or an employment agency? You always have some work to offer! Anyway, no more strange jobs now!

Wendy: I have a project that I am sure you will like.

Suzy: *(Sarcastically)* I'm really curious to know which one it is!

Wendy: I inform you that your problems will be solved by three people who, right now, are behind that door. *(Pointing to the front door)*

Suzy: And what are they doing there?

Wendy: They are waiting for the go.

Suzy: Why? Do you have to play Monopoly?

Wendy: Will you stop not taking me seriously?! I remind you that our future is at stake.

Suzy: Our future?

Wendy: Yes, if you accept, there is only one condition: I will be your manager.

Suzy: We are already structuring the management staff too, aren't you exaggerating?

Wendy: Absolutely not. And also, do you know what field are we talking about?

Suzy: I dare not imagine it!

Wendy: In the musical one. Now what do you tell me?

Suzy: You don't know anything about music!

Wendy: But I learn fast. You must know that when I met these musicians I immediately thought about forming a band and doing concerts.

Suzy: : I must say that this thing interests me a lot. And where will we perform? In sports halls, stadiums and...

Wendy: (*Interrupting her*) Now don't rush! First we need to introduce you to the general public, so we have to start a little more quietly.

Suzy: What does it mean, in layman's terms?

Wendy: I already have four dates.

Suzy: Where?

Wendy: It's a little tour in Italy. It begins with the ham and pods festival. Second exit: fried squid festival; then it will be the turn of the polenta festival and finally we will be guests of the congregation of wild boar in sauces.

Suzy: I understand! We will practically open the concerts of Laura Pausini!

Wendy: Don't be hasty, we always start from the bottom to get to Olympus. And then consider that in addition to the cachet they also give us food.

Suzy: At least to the emergency room with the liver pulped we get there for sure!

Wendy: A lot of bands started like that, but then they became successful.

Suzy: The only way that would happen would be for a record company to decide to produce my record.

Wendy: If you are hoping that Harvest Record will produce your record, you are naive!

Suzy: And how do you know I sent it to Harvest Record?

Wendy: You told me...

Suzy: This is impossible. I only told Paul and Anson.

Wendy: Maybe I've been told by your husband, but I honestly don't remember when.

Suzy: As soon as I see Paul, I'll tell him off, he's got a big mouth!

Wendy: So what do I do? Shall we call them? Those are waiting for my answer.

Suzy: Tell them to come in. But out of curiosity, where did you find them?

Wendy: They came to look for me, evidently my fame begins to precede me!

Suzy: You go and open the door, at least I get these things out of the way.

Wendy: Don't worry! They are not careful about certain formalities. *(After opening the door)*
Come in! Suzy, they are: Valda, Cindra and Connie.

The three girls dressed as ladybugs enter the scene.

Suzy: *(Sarcastically)* Definitely a cutting-edge band!

Wendy: You can be sure! Girls, don't be shy and tell Suzy what instruments you play.

Valda: I am Vanna and I play the trombone.

Cindra: My name is Cindra, my instrument is the ukulele.

Connie: I am Connie, the queen of the jew's harp.

Suzy: You are such a well-matched band!

Wendy: With you playing the keyboard, we are complete.

Suzy: You are wrong! We're fit for a madhouse. For a self-respecting band it takes a guitar, a drums and a bass.

Wendy: Nothing that can't be easily replaced by a good pre-recorded base.

Connie: I assure you that we have become famous, precisely because of the particularity of our instruments.

Suzy: This I can believe! And since I'm asking, I'd like to know why you are dressed up like that.

Cindra: This is our official look, as the band's name is "*The ladybirds*".

Valda: In addition to having our own imprint for the outfit, we also have a well-defined musical one.

Connie: We are called the heavy metal and hard rock bombs.

Cindra: In fact our repertoire ranges from Iron Maiden, ACDC to Guns N 'Roses.

Valda: However, if necessary, we also play pieces of classical music, soul music and rhythmic n' blues.

Connie: Wherever we perform we are always sold out. We are quite famous.

Wendy: They are the top of the modern music scene.

Suzy: Perhaps if you look at the ranking in the opposite direction..

Valda: You underestimate us, wait to judge us after hearing us play!

Connie: At first glance it would not seem like it, but I assure you that we are very respected.

Cindra: We are also in great demand.

Suzy: So what need is there to add me to your band?

Cindra: We like challenges and since you need a band to launch your songs, we'd like to try to be successful in pop music too.

Valda: When do you let us listen to your songs? So let's start trying them.

Connie: To be ready for the first outing together, we need to study all your pieces.

Cindra: We want to be prepared.

Valda: We have a reputation to uphold.

Suzy: (*Sarcastically*) You're right, I wouldn't want you to cut a bad figure because of me!

Wendy: So is it decided? Do we join?

Valda: Suzy, I'm sure you won't regret it.

Connie: We will amaze you.

Cindra: And with your joining the band we will become even more famous.

Suzy: Okay! However, I have no intention of dressing up as a Maya bee.

Connie: We are dressed as ladybirds not as bees!

Suzy: In any case I don't get dressed like that.

Valda: Dress as well as you want but our look doesn't touch!

Suzy: Ah! Another thing: you have to stick to my musical arrangements.

Valda: We will not change a note!

Connie: As soon as possible give us the musical scores.

Cindra: Being professional is our second peculiarity.

Wendy: So if it's decided, give them the c.d., so they can listen to your songs.

Suzy: (*After taking a cd from a drawer*) We'll start with these. Here are recorded the audio tracks of the pieces I just composed. Those sent to the Harvest record I want to remain unpublished, at least for the moment.

Valda: No problem!

Cindra: *(Kissing the C.d.)* We will train a lot to satisfy you.

Suzy: Okay! Today I will send the scores to Wendy's email address.

Valda: We will be back as soon as we are ready.

Connie: *(Taking the CD from her partner's hand)* I can't wait to hear it.

Cindra: Now let's go.

Wendy: I'll call you later. *(Mimicking the handset of the receiver)* I'm going out with them too.

Suzy: *See you! (After closing the door)* Other than a musical group, we will look like crazy people out of the mental hospital!

THIRD ACT

Same scenography of the two previous acts.

The doorbell rings.

Paul: *(After looking through the peephole, he opens the door)* What a misunderstanding with that man who came before! Ah! This is my friend Parris.

Parris enter the scene.

Parris: Now let's check if what you told me on the phone is true. Come on, show me your miracle potions, I have some urgency to try them.

Paul: We need to talk a little first.

Parris: What should we talk about? Do you want me to describe the attractive 20-year-old I have in my hands? Don't waste time and get out what you know.

Paul: Wait up! Dialogue in these things is fundamental.

Parris: Do you want to teach me how to do it?

Paul: Don't talk nonsense! I just have to get you a little comfortable first.

Parris: But if we've known each other since we were kids! These preambles are useless with me. I have a hotel booked waiting for me and then I have to go home to my wife, do you understand how much energy I need? I don't want to waste it on chatter.

Paul: Let me at least explain! These things only help in quality, not quantity, I don't know if you understand me...

Parris: Luckily that's not my case.

Paul: Your luck, on the other hand, is your wife's misfortune, given your constant betrayals.

Parris: Now don't get too moralistic!

Paul: If you tell me so shamelessly, in your opinion, should I also say you good?

Parris: By now she is used to it, she bears me like this, even though she knows about my escapades.

Paul: If you are happy, what can I say?! However, you can also leave, I have nothing for you.

Parris: I don't leave without first getting what I need. I repeat that with that young woman I have to help myself a little if I want to do a high level performance.

Paul: You are just incorrigible!

Parris: You have really changed! You no longer have the sense of humor like you did when you were young.

Paul: Maybe because thirty years have passed and things have changed a little!

Parris: Not for me. I will continue to enjoy myself for as long as possible then, when I am old and incapable of sexual performance worthy of my current reputation, I will put away the tool that made me famous all over the world...

Paul: Philosopher and also very modest you are, my friend!

Parris: Now, if you want to get rid of me, you know what to do.

Paul: I assume I have no choice.

Parris: Well said! I will not leave if you do not fulfill my request.

Paul: *(He stands up and goes to get the jars, then puts them on the table. He fills a couple of sachets with weed and then takes some cocaine too)* You will have to make an infusion with this sachet and then you will add the powder to sweeten it. Basically you have to put everything in hot water.

Parris: *(Sniffing the sachet)* I usually smoke this, I don't put it in the water.

Paul: What do you mean?

Parris: Are you kidding me? This is marijuana and this other is cocaine. Someone who pulled more than the Pink Floyd chimneys tells you.

Paul: You're not kidding, are you?

Parris: I have never been more serious in my life!

Paul: That's not possible! How did these substances get into my house? Now, however, I understand why the powder didn't thicken like other times.

Parris: Why? Did you even sell heroin?

Paul: Don't be silly, I've never dealt with drugs in my life!

Parris: I don't know in the past, but now if you get caught with this, you end up in jail for a long time.

Paul: These jars were brought to me by a friend of mine. I was convinced that they contained, like all the others, only natural products, so I don't understand...

Parris: Maybe that's what he said to you. I think he used you to hide his real trade.

Paul: Come to think of it, these were the only ones without a label.

Parris: And when you put them in place, did you not ask for explanations?

Paul: He placed them directly in the cupboard. But, even if I had noticed this peculiarity, I would not have asked him much; he was a trusted friend and I had no reason to suspect such a thing.

Parris: Maybe you even offered to help him and he replied that he was doing it himself so as not to disturb you.

Paul: That's right. Among other things, these were positioned right at the bottom, that's why I hadn't noticed this before.

Parris: But now yes.

Paul: Just because, when he asked me to take away all the jars, I, unbeknownst to him, kept these two for me.

Parris: When you loaded the others did he not notice the shortage?

Paul: No, because I made him find them in boxes.

Parris: He probably thought there were these too.

Paul: It is the only explanation.

Parris: How much drug did you give away?

Paul: I only gave it to one person.

Parris: Then give it a little me too.

Paul: Do you want me to be arrested for drug dealing?

Parris: Since you've already sold it, one more time makes no difference.

Paul: With Arnold I did it unconsciously, not deliberately.

Parris: In my opinion, you'd better call your friend and blackmail him. At least you make a few pounds from this bad story too.

Paul: Why should I do it?

Parris: Because he made you take a big risk and the least he can do is give you some compensation.

Paul: I am convinced that he would deny everything.

Parris: I remind you that you still have the drug. When he realizes the shortage, he will contact you to recover the goods with an excuse, hoping that you have not opened the jars.

Paul: So how am I supposed to behave at this point?

Parris: You have to precede him.

Paul: But I can't tell him on the phone that I found out about his drug trafficking.

Parris: Of course not! But, by saying and not saying, you have to make him understand that you know and that the drug has remained here. You will see that, he will immediately rush to you.

Paul: However, when he is in front of me, I cannot tell him that I intend to report him, as the drug is in my house.

Parris: You have to tell him that if he wants it back and, you can swear he will, he has to give you some money.

Paul: How much do I have to ask him?

Parris: You have to define this, I can't tell you.

Paul: I'll think about how much money to make from him, but don't say anything to Suzy, she would definitely disapprove.

Parris: Don't worry, I'll be as silent as the grave.

Paul: I'll follow your advice, it's time to make those who want to fool us pay it.

Parris: Well said! If you don't get smart, this life crushes you.

Paul: Thanks for your help my friend!

Parris: I don't need your thanks... While something else would help me keep my mouth shut.

Paul: Keep the two sachets, you deserve them.

Parris: Won't you give me the sweetener? Do you leave me a bitter mouth?

Paul: I'll even give you a sachet of cocaine, if that can help keep your tongue in check!

Parris: Thank you! Then I'll let you know what happened with the 20-year-old, at least you learn something. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Paul: I just have to go and call Samson. *(And he leaves the scene too)*

Anson and Lonny enter the scene.

Lonny: Come on, take the drug, we have to deliver it in minutes.

Anson: I hid the second batch in the toilet cistern. I'm going to see if the bathroom is free.

Lonny: While you take the drug hidden in the bathroom, I take the one hidden the jars inside the cupboard.

Anson: For that I think it's a bit more complicated. I tried to tell you, but you don't listened to me.

Lonny: There is little to listen to, you have to act! Check that nobody is there and then let's go!

Anson: I look what I can do but you stay here and check that no one arrives. *(And he leaves the scene)*

While Lonny opens the kitchen door, his cell phone rings.

Lonny: Hello! Calm down, I know I have to bring it to you right away because they are putting pressure on you... anyway when you chose him, you knew he was inexperienced and that there could be hitches... I know he was the ideal candidate... I have to hang up, he's coming back.

Anson: *(Handing over a packet of cocaine)* This is all we can deliver.

Lonny: What are you saying? There's nobody in the kitchen, get the rest of the drug too and then let's go.

Anson: I can't.

Lonny: I remind you that if we don't give everything back, they kill us. Do you understand it or not?

Anson: Yes, I know.

Lonny: I'm really getting impatient. Do you have any idea what kind of people those are?

Anson: *(Desperate)* The drug that was hidden in the kitchen is gone.

Lonny: What does it mean it's gone?

Anson: My father sold it. I saw him myself but there was nothing I could do to stop him.

Lonny: You could have snatched it out of his hand, or you could call your mother to help you to stop him.

Anson: My mother is in league with him. I heard that they agreed together on the contact names to which he could sell it.

Lonny: You're a goddamn family of drug dealers. Luckily you had to be the right candidate!

Anson: Who told you this?

Lonny: Now I have neither time nor desire to explain it to you, we just have to think about what to do. Do you think he sold everything?

Anson: I don't know, but even the jars have disappeared from the kitchen.

Lonny: At least we know how much he sold it at?

Anson: I have no idea, the only thing he said to me was that they had explained everything to him well.

Lonny: So there is someone above him that is maneuvering him! I don't understand, though, how your father didn't wonder where all that drug could have come from? It couldn't have fallen from the sky! We absolutely need to know more.

Anson: How can we find out?

Lonny: You have to keep an eye on it all the time and prick up your ears! If he calls someone, we need to know who he is talking to.

Anson: Come to think of it, while I was over there in the bathroom, I overheard he was arguing over the phone with his friend Samson.

Lonny: What did he tell him?

Anson: He mentioned something that makes you lose control of your actions, but he didn't specifically mention drug. In my opinion, my father is convinced that the drug, without his knowledge, was brought by this person. You must know that all those jars belonged to this friend of his. My father used to help him prepare something, but I have no idea what it was.

Lonny: I don't know what you mean.

Anson: I think my father, fearing that his friend might want to use it for his trafficking, tried to sell the drug for revenge.

Lonny: So what is he going to do now?

Anson: He summoned Samson here at home, but I can't tell you more.

Lonny: We have to go over there and talk to him. If he has anything left, he has to give it back to us.

Anson: He would never believe the drug is ours, so he won't give us a damn thing.

Lonny: Then we just have to wait for this person to arrive and think about how to recover the drug later.

Anson: Maybe I can still get out of this situation without my father finding out the truth. We need to make sure he keeps thinking his friend is behind it all.

Lonny: I remind you that if we do not find the cocaine, you will come out of this situation dead, this is sure!

Anson: In the meantime, call who you know and take some time.

Lonny: Do you already have a recovery plan? Because otherwise we are really in trouble. Those won't wait forever!

Anson: Listen to my idea: Samson will be here soon, because my father told him this: move, I'll wait for you. He will surely receive him in the living room. I will hide to listen to their conversation. My father spoke of wanting to get rid of the drug. He will no longer be able to sell it and will therefore think of giving it back to the owner.

Lonny: I still don't understand your intentions.

Anson: If my dad is going to blackmail this man, it means he's not a good person. So I am sure will seize the opportunity that presents itself to him, furthering our purpose.

Lonny: Now I'm really confused!

Anson: Once he goes away with the drug, you attack him and take it away from him.

Lonny: Why do I have to attack him? Do it yourself. With my criminal record, if they catch me, jail is guaranteed!

Anson: I have to check while I'm hiding if my dad gives him the unsold cocaine back.

Lonny: And how do I know if he does or not?

Anson: I will send you a message to confirm, at which point you will do what we have decided. Otherwise I'll have to find out where he hides it and make it disappear.

Lonny: However, in this case, if your father can't find it later, he'll try to find out what happened to it. At that point what do you invent? You say that was it David Copperfield who made it disappear?

Anson: My plan is for you to contact one of your shady friends; it won't be a problem for them to sneak in, take it away and I'll come out clean.

Lonny: I like this plan. I immediately call the person in charge and try to buy time.

Anson: *(Seeing Samson's arrival from the window)* Maybe it won't be necessary, lupus in fabula!

Lonny: What do you mean?

Anson: Samson is already coming. You go now, so you will have the opportunity to cross him and look him in the face. In the event that you have to attack him, you will be quite sure.

Lonny: First tell me: where can I hide, waiting to keep the ambush?

Anson: In the cellar under the stairs.

Lonny: Then give me the key.

Anson: It is not necessary, it is always open. Among other things, the door was made for the recirculation of air with historical Florentine slats, so you will be able to see the right moment in which to take action.

Lonny: Then I go and hide there.

Anson: I recommend: keep your mobile close at hand.

Lonny: It will be done! *(And he leaves the scene)*

Anson goes into hiding. The doorbell rings and Paul enters the scene

Paul: Come in!

Samson enters the scene.

Samson: I hope you are a little clearer now, because I assure you that I really don't understand anything you just told me on the phone.

Paul: I want to offer you a deal.

Samson: I thought you quit hard alcohol!

Paul: I don't think you should be so witty!

Samson: I thought you called me to make up, but I see you're always angry! Come on! Let's think no more about it and have a laugh like in the old days.

Paul: *(Showing the drug)* I don't think there's much to laugh about with this one!

Samson: Why? What is that?

Paul: Don't play dumb! I know you put it there. And if you don't want me to call the police...

Samson: Call whoever you want, I haven't committed any crime. In fact, I would have if I had sent you some patients. And, in light of the facts, given how you behave, I made the best choice.

Paul: Is the choice to sell drug also right? Other than sugar and natural products! Now I finally understand your secret and why you have so many customers!

Samson: Drug? Are you crazy?

Paul: It is useless for you to continue with this farce, I found you out. It was hidden in your jars. Now I also understand why you didn't these jobs in your home. With the excuse of distance, you hid it here, so if something went wrong, I risked jail.

Samson: You really make me laugh, do you think I'd go that far?

Paul: Given how you behave around friends, I wouldn't be surprised.

Samson: I assure you I don't know anything about it.

Paul: You will explain it to the police officers and let's see if they will believe you.

Samson: If, as you say, you really have drug in the house, I don't think you should call them. Since it's here, who do you think they'd accuse? Instead, you should investigate who really brought it.

Paul: The jars are yours. However, if you are innocent, you don't have to worry if I call the police.

Samson: Even if you don't believe it, I care about you.

Paul: If you really cared about me you wouldn't have pulled back. You only think about your own advantage.

Samson: I do not deny that I also fear the repercussions on me. Even if I demonstrated my extraneousness in this affair, the scandal in the meantime would harm my profession. Bad publicity would cause me to lose a lot of customers. But I'm honest when I tell you the drug isn't mine.

Paul: I want to believe you. Also, I don't think it's convenient for anyone to get this bad story out.

Samson: So can I go or do you have other doubts to clarify?

Paul: *(After taking out the sachets containing the drug and putting them in a bag that was on the sofa, he hands the empty jars to Samson)* No, but these take them away, they are yours. I don't want that you to report me for theft!

Samson: *(After taking them)* You know I never would! Before I leave, I'd like to ask you if I can help you in any way.

Paul: You just have to get out of my life forever.

Samson: As you wish! Remember, however, that it is not convenient for any of us to leak this story.

Paul: Don't worry! I don't take back the words.

Samson: Goodbye Paul. *(And he leaves the scene)*

Paul: If he hadn't hidden the drug in the jars, only one other person would have done it, so he'll have to give me some explanations. But now it's better to go and pay the monthly rent to the condo property manager, otherwise that man sends the debt collectors to collect. *(After hiding the bag in the cavity of the seat of a chair, he too leaves the scene)*

Anson: Holy shit I didn't see if he returned the empty or full jars If my dad hasn't given his friend the drug, I need to figure out where he's going to hide it. For the avoidance of doubt, I send a message to Lonny to intervene. I can't risk Samson taking her away. *(After sending the message, he leaves the scene)*

Suzy enter the scene.

Suzy: *(After making sure her husband wasn't home)* Where did he go? When you look for him you never find him. As soon as he comes back I scold him. He knows he has to hold his tongue and not tell all my personal business! *(The doorbell rings and she go to open the door)* What is it now?

Valda: We listened to your c.d. and we wanted to tell you that we were able to write the lyrics for the first audio track, it came up with such a great song that we wanted you to listen to it.

Suzy: You were very fast.

Connie: It is no coincidence that we once called ourselves the English Gonzales, after the famous mouse of Mexico.

Valda: And this is not our only peculiarity. Do we want to talk about our vocality? Do you remember how that music critic defined it? A celestial voice that echoes in the cosmos.

Connie: Comparable to that of the sirens of Ulysses.

Cindra: Not for nothing when the organizers do not put the stewards to our protection, we can't finish the concerts because of the fans.

Valda: Even in the choreography we are very strong. Synchronized to the thousandth of a second.

Connie: Carla Fracci compared to us was a newbie!

Suzy: Let's get right to the point, without taking it so long. What exactly do you want?

Valda: Just a sandwich for each of us, we are simply starving.

Cindra: I have so much cramps, I would even eat an old hairy saddle pad!

Connie: Also because with a full stomach, we sing better.

Cindra: Even a glass of red wine wouldn't hurt!

Valda: With that then we jump and dance like Roberto Bolle!

Suzy: You could have said it right away, "partners". *(Said sarcastically)*

Connie: Clearly the expenses will be drawn from the revenues and shared in equal parts.

Cindra: I don't want you to think we're taking advantage of you.

Valda: We're here to help, not to...

Suzy: *(Bringing to the table a cutting board with bread and salami and a flask of wine)* Quiet and eat, otherwise you will not enjoy the meal.

The three women begin to eat voraciously, in the meantime someone can be heard shouting at the top of their lungs.

Voice off stage: Help!

Valda: What happens?

Connie: I eat, I don't move from here.

Cindra: It will be someone who fell down the stairs, what do you want it to be?

Valda: What if he got hurt?

Connie: There are so many people in this building, why do we have to go and help him?

Suzy: You finish calmly, do not worry! I'll go see what happened.

Valda: *(Grabs Suzy by the arm before she can go)* First bring another bottle. Otherwise we build without mortar.

Connie: Salami is also starting to run out.

Cindra: How good this bread is! It seems homemade, too bad it ends immediately.

Suzy: How long have you not eaten?

Valda: From Pancake Day.

Cindra: So we haven't eaten for three days.

Suzy: Now I understand! Anyway, if you've really composed a nice lyrics like you said, I'll make you a nice pancake with jam as a reward.

Cindra: We also like it with chocolate.

Connie: Sprinkled with sugar and a squeeze of lemon.

Suzy: I got the message! I do it anyway even if you had composed a lousy lyrics, I swear to you! But now I have to go see if the person out there needs help. *(And she leave the scene)*

Valda: Let's hope she doesn't come back too soon to be able to eat everything.

Connie: Uh! This spicy salami goes between the bones.

Cindra: And this good wine enters the veins!

Valda: Don't overdo it with that! Whenever you abuse it, we have to carry you away in our arms.

Cindra: It's not true!

Connie: At the Cooper's Hill Cheese-Rolling you drank two flasks and then you took the leopard's step, because you couldn't stand up. So don't overdo it now!

Cindra: That time it was because of the heat, I was incredibly thirsty!

Valda: You may not know it, but there is also water to quench your thirst.

Cindra: What nonsense you say! The water rusts the stomach!

Connie: But wine burns your brain neurons, look at what you are like!

Valda: Stop fighting! Suzy is coming back. If she hears us, we make a bad impression.

Suzy enters the scene.

Suzy: A real commotion happened, a man was attacked: Samson.

Cindra: The world just goes upside down. At one time it was the little ones who were attacked.

Valda: Avoid making jokes, maybe the gentleman got really hurt.

Cindra: I always say don't go to the hairdresser to get your hair cut, see what happens next?

Valda: If you don't shut that mouth, I'll sew it for you!

Connie: But exactly, what happened?

Suzy: Someone attacked him and injured him so badly that they had to take him straight to the hospital.

Connie: And do you know the name of the attacker?

Suzy: A friend of my son, but the reason is not yet clear. In any case he is already arrested, I saw the police officers who took him away. I told that I didn't like that boy!

Cindra: It is better that way! Even for him, so food and accommodation guaranteed!

Valda: Suzy, don't pay attention to what she says, she's got the joke in her blood!

Cindra: Sure, mixed with wine!

Connie: Stop it!

Suzy: Don't worry, I like witty people and then I'm glad Lonny is in jail now, at least he'll stay away from my son.. *(The doorbell rings)* I'm going to open the door.

Milo enter the scene.

Milo: I was looking for Mrs Suzy Patel.

Suzy: It's me.

Milo: I'm here to talk about something very important. If we could be alone...

Suzy: You can speak freely in front of them too, they are my friends.

Cindra: Almost partners.

Valda: *(Grabbing Cindra by the arm)* Can you shut up for a second?

Cindra: *(After filling the wine glass and drinking)* Sure! I also know how to do it.

Milo: *(After pulling a folder out of a briefcase)* Do you know what I have in here?

Suzy: Do we have to play a trivia game, or do you have to tell me something important?

Milo: I like you, because you are frank!

Suzy: I've never played the lottery, so it seems impossible to me that I could have won anything!

Milo: It is not about lotteries or winnings.

Suzy: So what are we talking about?

Milo: We are talking about a record deal.

Suzy: You're not kidding, are you?

Milo: *(Showing it to her)* Not at all! Of course, if you wish, we will give you time to have it viewed by a lawyer of your choice. In any case, we are willing to offer you these conditions.

Suzy: *(After having a quick look at the contract)* There is going to be a lot of work from now on.

Valda: Basically what would it be?

Suzy: They want to produce my record.

Connie: We are happy for you.

Suzy: Maybe you don't understand. This is about making real concerts, not village festivals!

Cindra: Do you mean we'll do them together?

Suzy: Of course yes! Are you my band or not? You were willing to work with me when I was nobody, if now there is a chance to break through, why not do it together?

Connie: So hurry up, sign the contract now!

Valda: We are really happy for you, it must be a great satisfaction!

Cindra: I'm happy for us too! Finally we eat every day.

Valda: If you didn't point it out, you made a better impression!

Milo: So you don't want to analyze the contract with your lawyer?

Suzy: It is not needed. *(After signing the contract he hands it to Milo)*

Milo: This is your copy. This one is for the record company. In a few days I will communicate the fixed day with the technicians of the recording room and with the photographers to make the shots for the album cover.

Cindra: From the emotion I'm sweating in my underwear!

Valda: Hold back the enthusiasm! I remind you that copyrights don't come to you, it's not your record!

Connie: That's how she is, by now she feels an integral part of the project.

Suzy: Since we will share the proceeds of the live concerts she has reason to feel part of it.

Valda: Anyway we don't talk too much in the presence of this gentleman, after all this is our business.

Cindra: Don't be rude! *(Then turning to Milo)* Come here, I'll pour you some wine.

Valda: What are you doing? You're not at your home!

Cindra: *(In a low voice to her friend)* Let me do it, this is an important man...!

Valda: *(Taking the cutting board where the salami was placed)* If you don't shut that mouth I'll give this to your head.

Milo: More than musicians, you three would seem to me more suited to being stand-up comedians, you are really funny!

Valda: Maybe we can entertain the audience between one piece of music and another.

Milo: It wouldn't be a bad idea! Now I have to go, I have another appointment that I absolutely cannot miss. See you soon and many congratulations! *(And he leaves the scene)*

The phone rings.

Suzy: Hello! Yes, I know, I was there as they took him away. Where are you? Okay I'll join you, I have to give you a bombshell news. *(Then turning to the girls)* I go out for a moment. I'll be back soon.

Cindra: Take your time, we still have a little to do here. *(Gorging again)*

Suzy: Would you like another salami before I go?

Valda: *(Glaring at Cindra)* No, thank you.

Suzy: Then I go.

Cindra: I would have gladly eaten some more.

Valda: It seems to me that for today you have removed some wrinkles from your belly. If you eat again, you will end up feeling bad.

Cindra: I'm stocking up. There are still a few days to go before the next festival.

Connie: From now on we'll eat every day. We will no longer have to wait to perform at some festival or party to do it.

Cindra: But before the first concert takes place, we can't die of hunger! So, in the meantime, it will be better to wait to cancel the next commitments!

Suzy and Paul enter the scene.

Suzy: Paul I want to introduce you to my band.

Paul: *(After looking at them)* Ah, a really good choice! *(Sarcastically)*

Cindra: Sometimes appearances can be deceiving!

Paul: Don't get me wrong, if she is convinced, there is no problem for me!

Suzy: If there is a need to add other elements, such as a drummer or a bass player, the record company is willing to suggest professionals.

The doorbell rings. Paul goes to open the door and Wendy enters.

Wendy: *(In a martial tone)* Let's get right to the point!

Suzy: Did you already know about the contract? I don't understand how you always know things in advance, however don't worry, you will be our manager.

Wendy: *(Pulling out a gun)* Enough of this farce! If you don't give me back the drug, I'll kill you.

Suzy: Have you gone crazy? What are you doing?

Wendy: Paul, where did you put it? Go get it and bring it here now!

Suzy: *(Turning to her husband)* What have you gotten yourself into? Speak, don't be petrified!

Paul: You would not understand... you would misrepresent everything.

Wendy: Come on, I've already waited too long!

Paul: *(Taking the drug from the cavity of the seat of the chair where he had hidden it)* Take it, but take me away a curiosity: how did all that drug end up in my cupboard?

Wendy: Your son put it there.

Suzy: Don't tell me that is really drug and that my son is a drug dealer?!

Wendy: I'm sorry for you but the reality is this. An informant of mine told me that the police was keeping an eye on me, so I couldn't take any chances and I had to hide it in a safe place awaiting delivery. And what better place than this?

Suzy: I bet Lonny had a say in this whole thing too!

Wendy: Yes, he was the one who convinced Anson to agree to hide the drug batch, in exchange for a lot of money, clearly after my suggestion. Knowing that you were in trouble, I was sure that he would find fertile ground and that, eventually, your son would accept the proposal.

Suzy: So what was the reason for your job offers?

Wendy: They were just a way to get unsuspiciously into this house and keep an eye on my interests.

Suzy: These three girls are your accomplices too?

Wendy: Absolutely not, they are the only ones I have found willing to accept my proposal.

Valda: We were unaware of everything, we can swear to you!

Cindra: We just wanted to eat something, but we are certainly not criminals!

Connie: If we had known what we were getting ourselves into, we would have refused, even at the cost of starving!

Suzy: I believe you.

Wendy: I searched for them because you were reluctant to consider the marriage agency offer. I knew that if I had offered you a job related to your true passion, you would not have made a fuss anymore. Then when I realized that you would have accepted the first job, by now I had contacted them so I went on with the farce.

Suzy: In fact, you have found the ideal excuse to frequent this house very often.

Wendy: A batch of drug like that, I had to keep an eye on. I couldn't blindly trust a drug addict and a rookie, I had to be on the front line too.

Paul: One thing before you leave, I want to know.

Wendy: I'll give you two minutes at the most. What do you want to know?

Paul: How did you manage to convince Anson to become your accomplice?

Wendy: He had the desire to help you make your dream come true. So it was enough to tell him that the record company, to which you had sent the CD, was willing to publish it in exchange for the modest sum of ten thousand pounds.

Suzy: You are a slimy person!

Wendy: I would prefer to call myself shrewd. Lonny simply suggested the way to earn that money easily.

Suzy: I imagine that the fee for hiding the drug in this house amounts to ten thousand pounds.

Wendy: Exactly! Clearly Anson, once he received the money, would give it to one of my collaborators believing him to be a member of the record company, so the ten thousand would eventually come back to me again.

Suzy: You are a liar and a carrion! You put the boy in danger without him getting anything out of it.

Wendy: It's not my fault that I don't know anyone who runs a record company!

Suzy: You are despicable!

Wendy: I didn't force anyone, it was your son who accepted.

Suzy: You took advantage of his feelings.

Wendy: If your husband hadn't found the drug and sold it unknowingly, no one could ever know anything but...

Suzy: But...?

Wendy: Another person got involved and everything changed.

Suzy: Are you referring to the man attacked by Lonny?

Wendy: We thought Paul gave Samson the drug, but we were wrong. Unfortunately, that poor fellow was unnecessarily beaten. On the other hand, that idiot Lonny also got arrested and I had to intervene to recover the batch and deliver it in time.

Paul: Since Samson didn't have it, it must still be in this house, so you thought it would be a good idea to break in here to get it back.

Wendy: Exactly! However, if I were you, I would not make that disgusted face and I would not allow myself to judge others. I remind you that you too are not such a blameless person. If I'm not mistaken, you wanted to blackmail that man!

Paul: How do you know this?

Wendy: Anson told Lonny after hearing you talk on the phone.

Suzy: I have a really nice family! A drug dealer and a blackmailer; only the killer is missing!

Paul: It's true! I tried to blackmail my friend but only because I was blinded by the disappointment of being dumped by him in my time of need. Otherwise I would never have done it.

Wendy: Now I really have to go.

Paul: What if we decide to report you?

Wendy: I don't think you'd be that stupid! If you did, the first name Lonny would give the detectives would be your son's. So if you want to ruin Anson's life, report me!

Suzy: If I let him get away with it, it would be detrimental. He wouldn't learn his lesson!

Wendy: I'm sure he has already learned it. In any case, you have no evidence against me and therefore it would be only your family who would lose out.

Connie: We are witnesses, as we have heard your confession.

Wendy: I don't think that in court the word of three starving like you, willing to say anything for a piece of bread, has much value!

Paul: She is right! We don't want to talk to the police about this matter.

Suzy: I have to admit you were smart! You proposed me the marriage agency to check the drug deal and, since you couldn't convince me, you found my weak point: the music.

Cindra: As they say: sex, drug and rock and roll!

Valda: You shut up! Don't you understand that there is no need to be ironic now?!

Wendy: In the end I should also thank you! With Lonny in jail, I will no longer have to pay anyone anything and I can keep all the money to myself.

Suzy: One day they'll catch you too, I'm sure!

Wendy: Maybe, but for the moment I come out victorious!

Paul: I wish you all the worst that can happen to you.

Wendy: I too to you, goodbye! *(And she leaves the scene)*

Connie: What happens now? Won't we play together anymore?

Suzy: Of course we will. After having made me listen to the piece you composed, immediately we start working with the others. I also have a suggestion for the next piece.

Connie: What do you mean?

Suzy: We have to tell this story to the whole world.

Connie: Weren't we supposed to shut up?

Cindra: She means that she will tell this story indirectly, through our words.

Suzy: Without mentioning names and surnames, we can make our young people understand that they must pursue their dreams even when they seem unattainable, because, sooner or later, the imponderable can happen. But to do this, they never have to look for shortcuts. This song will be a hymn to legality. Only in this way can we prevent people like Wendy from taking advantage of the feelings and weaknesses of our sons. It is true that we cannot tell this story to the police, but our audience will be even larger; we'll shout our message to the whole world, because music is a universal language that has no boundaries neither of space nor of time.

Cindra: In this way everyone will know this story without anyone being arrested.

Suzy: And we will prove that no one can shut up ladybirds.

Cindra: And above all that their singing is synonymous with freedom and honesty.

THE END