

# THE CASE OF THE SHRIMP SALAD

A Humorous Reading

by

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The scene is room 302 at The Last Hope Hospital. Bed A is occupied by the ample form of Becky Blum. Bed B, by her close friend, Rose Gold. With a wary eye fixed on the open door, Becky speaks.

\*BECKY: Such a place to be confined if totally well, to say nothing of fatally sick, as we find each other! Before admission, I must divulge my personal life and age, plus my husband's, if any; his business, his telephone number both at home and abroad; my parents' full names and fatal diseases; names of children, plus, "Now may I see your driver's license, please?" Where, would I be driving in a hospital except maybe driving myself crazy! On and on I am interrogated like an income tax report without once asking, "Where and when did your pain originate? Is your suffering now become unbearable?"--Dear Rose, was your experience likewise?

ROSE: Likewise also only different and worse. I was examined in sections like a checkerboard with a different Specialist for each square. One glance and I see my bank account melting like ice cream on the Fourth of July! No compassion in their eyes--no word of sympathy. I was, an impersonal piece of human flesh with a number like a state prison.

BECKY: Sh-h-h! Finish later--here comes that nosy nurse.

NURSE: Good morning! How are my 302ers? Having fun, I hope!

BECKY: "Having fun," she says. Two friends rushed simultaneously to the hospital, writhing in mortal pain and we hear not, "What can I do for you," but, "Having fun?" For your information, Nurse, I would be better equipped for having fun if I had a hot water bottle to ease my pain.

**--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---**