

AGENCIA FELIZ

SYNOPSIS:

“What if significance can be altered to create new memories?” Agencia Feliz was founded at the height of Covid-19 pandemic. The setting is any time after the year 2020 without any restriction to a specific place or country of occurrence. At this point, Dra. Celesté Rivera, a neurologist, built an agency to facilitate Memory Revisits and Revisions to provide closures to departed loved ones and bring forth lasting happiness in the process. Memory Writers, Chase and Lex, work for Agencia Feliz. Senior Memory Writer, Chase, upholds a scholar and moral approach to work while junior Memory Writer, Lex, has a more pragmatic lens. Their current work is to revise the memory of their patient, George Michael Williams, whose love of his life, Jane, departed abruptly after contracting Covid-19. Lex believes that letting go of the past is the primal key to moving forward. Chase firmly holds on to the past as the core principle in living life to the fullest. Buying an Infinity Package, there is only one memory that George keeps revisiting and revising. As George keeps rehashing his past, all the more he fails at happiness. As he confronts Dr. Celesté Rivera, he has to decide and test his fate on what makes him truly happy. In the end, who really decides one’s happiness? On whose machination? At what cost?



Erased de Kooning Drawing by Robert Rauschenberg, 1953 taken from San Francisco, Museum of Modern Art website for reference.

*“Erased De Kooning Drawing.” SFMOMA, 17 May 2022,
<https://www.sfmoma.org/artwork/98.298/>.*

CHARACTERS:

GEORGE MICHAEL WILLIAMS - He is around late 60s. He is wearing a set of plaid flannel pajamas with a black cotton lounge slippers. Large built man with a slightly protruding girth.

JANE WILLIAMS - Around the same age as George. She is wearing a matching set of flannel pajamas as well. Lightly plump in built with a very pleasing and happy personality.

CHASE - Senior Memory Writer; can be played by an actor of any gender, race, and age. This character is very principled and holds morals on a higher ground.

LEX - A very upbeat junior Memory Writer; can be played by an actor of any gender, race, and age. This character is very practical towards work ethics.

DRA. CELESTÉ RIVERA (*silent é*) - Has a Spanish accent and/is of Spanish descent. She is a neurologist who founded Agencia Feliz at the height of Covid19 pandemic. She has a very confident personality and enigmatic aura.

Blackout. George is heard singing Happy Birthday in the background. He is holding a caramel cake with intricate icing decor and a single candle on top illuminating the whole room. He sings and walks as he stops beside Jane who is sitting on one of the chairs with eyes closed and a very wide smile from ear to ear. As George reaches the end of the Happy Birthday song, he tries to upnotch the pitch and sings with exaggerated bravado that makes Jane laugh. As Jane blows the candle, George whispers to her to make a wish. Jane smiles and blows the candle. George and Jane break into a hearty laugh. Lights fade in.

In the couple's open kitchen/dining area adorned with exotic plants and a string of vintage Edison light bulbs. A well-set dining table with sophisticatedly-designed ceramic plates and dishes filled with pinakbet, steamed Alaskan King crabs and lobsters, and fresh baked sourdough bread are seen. There's also an unopened champagne bottle in a bucket with two champagne glasses resting beside it. The center of the dining table is adorned by a simple yet stunning bunch of sunflowers as a centerpiece. Amidst the lavishly decorated set, a huge framed piece of paper in sepia color is seen hanging against the wall serving as the backdrop of the whole stage. We can see traces of sketches on the paper as if something was previously drawn on there and was erased.

JANE

This is a complete step up from last year, George! I am truly impressed!

GEORGE

Wait till you see the gifts!

JANE

(smiles) Hmm...gifts? *(emphasizing on plurality)* I'll receive more than one?

GEORGE

(smiles) Maybe. You'll soon find out.

JANE

Is it a dental package? I remember you giving me that last year. *(laughs)* I mean it was a LOT - toothbrush, toothpaste, floss, mouthwash...

GEORGE

(defensive) Well, you always love sustainable products. Mind you, those were bloody expensive! Bamboo toothbrush. Charcoal toothpaste made of coconut oil from the coconuts in an exotic village in Sri Lanka! You will never find them elsewhere, Jane!

JANE

(being playful) I know, I know. You told me a hundred times. Remember how it gave me mouth blisters the first time I tried it? *(laughs)*

GEORGE

(laughing) Oh my god, I thought I had never seen a horrifying sight in my life! Your mouth was filled with pus! *(laughs so hard)*

JANE

(laughs) Well at least, I didn't have bad breath!

Both of them continue laughing. George stands up and places the cloth napkin on Jane's lap. Clears his throat. Jane plays along.

GEORGE

(acts like a server; trying hard to have a French accent) Tonight, mademoiselle, you will have a very interesting veggie dish made of lady fingers, also known as okra, butternut squash, very young plucked squash blossoms, and aubergines. *(George scoops a bit of the sauce and dramatically drips it on the dish)*. This dish is flavored with a distinct aroma of shrimp and fish sauce that will remind you of the hardworking fishermen of the Philippine sea. The locals call it...pinakbet. Enjoy.

George serves a spoonful of the dish on Jane's platter. He sits. They both take a mouthful and start eating with delight. After a few moments, George stands again and gestures for the next dish.

GEORGE

(acts like a server; back to his accent) Next, mademoiselle, is a seafood platter. The Alaskan King crabs were freshly caught from the... *(thinks; Jane snorts)* waters off the coast of...

JANE

Amazon.com, perhaps? *(laughs)*

GEORGE

(still acting) How preposterous! Apologies, mademoiselle, but these *(holds one lobster on one hand and one crab on another)* were caught from the waters of the coast of Alaska. Particularly in the Aleutian islands!

JANE

(laughs) Where?

GEORGE

Aleutian Islands!

JANE

Spell? *(laugh)*

GEORGE

(controlling his laughter) A-L... (pause) You are giving disgrace to the Aleutian crab fishermen! Eat!

*George dumps the huge Alaskan King Crab legs on Jane's plate. Jane examines it.
George sits.*

JANE

Uhm, George?

GEORGE

(George gets a piece and looks at it as well) Hmmm?

JANE

How do you eat this Alaskan monster?

GEORGE

I thought you knew!

JANE

Wha--Why? Me? You think I know how to eat this colossal cretin from the Aloha island?

GEORGE

Aleutian, Jane! Aleutian! Why - you told me they were your favorite!

JANE

What? When?

GEORGE

When we were rewatching Titanic!

JANE

How on earth would I mention crabs while watching the Titanic movie! Crabs and Titanic? Really, George?

GEORGE

Remember the scene on the edge of the boat? *(re-enacts; holds Jane's arms wide and spreads them mimicking the scene)* When what's-her-name was on the edge of the ship?

JANE

(holds her laughter) Rose!

GEORGE

(continues re-enacting) Yes! And then Jack shouted, "I am the King of the Crab!" and then you said, "I want to eat!"

JANE

(laughs hysterically) Oh my God! You are such an idiot, George! Jack shouted, "I am the King of the World!" World, George! World!

GEORGE

But you said, "I want to eat!"

JANE

Yes! Mid movie, I got hungry! And we ate stale cheese for snacks! Remember?

GEORGE

(gets angry) Well, the Alaskan crab is here and so we will consume it like kings!

George grabs his chair and slumps heavily on it. Everyone was quiet.

JANE

(apologetic) George - *(reaches for his hand)*

GEORGE

(grunts)

JANE

I know you're trying.

GEORGE

Damn straight I am, Jane!

JANE

And I am thankful, George. I really am.

GEORGE

(resigned) I am tired.

JANE

(confused) Of what, George?

GEORGE

Of not getting this right! How many of your birthdays do I have to waste before I get it right? I have been your husband for 35 years, Jane! *(voice escalating)* 35 years...and never. Never once -

Sound of a siren is heard. George and Jane are frozen. Lights change. Two staff members - Memory Writers - emerge from their seats in the audience area. Both have tablets on hand. They seem to be discussing where they were seated. They both walk to George and Jane. Align their pens on Jane's and George's temples and click them. The Memory Archive is projected on the backdrop as seen on their tablets.

CHASE

Aleutian Islands? Really, Lex?

LEX

It's cool. Admit it, Chase. It's a nice assonance. Alaskan - Aleutian. Oohhh and they rhyme too!

CHASE

We are not writing fucking poetry here, Lex! These are real people. People whose lives depend on us.

LEX

And that's why we're giving them this! Look at their house, this spread (*points to the food*), this ambiance. We are creating new memories!

CHASE

Your storyline doesn't work! I've told you from the beginning --

LEX

(cuts Chase) And you think your storyline is better?

CHASE

At least someone cares to *actually* read patient files and pattern their past memories to a new storyline!

LEX

(yawns) Chase...Chase...Chase...stiff and boring! Like a flipping flatline *(imitates the flatline sound)*. Our patients come here to expect the unexpected. To have something new. They don't need their past. They want to move forward.

CHASE

(stern) We're sticking to my storyline this time.

Chase presses buttons on the tablet. Backstage staff enters for set change. While the set is being dressed, Chase and Lex continue to converse.

CHASE

You don't get it, do you? *(continues typing on tablet)*

LEX

(lights a vape) I am a junior writer but I am no dumb kid. I know what I am doing and I know I am a good writer.

CHASE

I didn't say you weren't. You just can't *(pause)* LIE.

LEX

(irritated) Oh so I am the ONLY liar in this room? You are also revising *(doing air quotes on this word)* as much as I am.

CHASE

(defensive) I am protecting the integrity of our patient's history! While you, on the other hand, are just distorting their historical and personal data.

LEX

(snorts) Awww...such a saint! Do you think our patients come here to romanticize their past? They want change, Chase! Change. Our job is to make their lives less of a burden to themselves. And now that we have the power to alter their past in exchange of happiness, why would I still let them live in misery?

CHASE

Their past is a part of their history. We can revise their memories but we also have to honor their past. You can't just fuckin' delete and release. Good stories have to be believable. It has to stay true to the characters' traits and patterns of behavior.

LEX

What a fuckin' bore! We play with our imagination to create a world for our patients where they can achieve the impossible. (*widens eyes*) The magic is, we make it seem possible.

CHASE

At the end of the day, they will always wake up to REALITY. Something true. Something genuine. AND believable.

Chase and Lex go back to their seats in the audience area. The set is now changed to just two dining chairs and a bare table. Blackout.

**The beginning of this scene (blue highlights) is a re-enactment of the prior scene. The opening should be an exact copy - acting, nuance, and blocking.*

George is heard singing Happy Birthday in the background. He is holding a caramel cake with intricate icing decor and a single candle on top illuminating the whole room. He sings and walks as he stops beside Jane who is sitting on one of the chairs with

eyes closed and a very wide smile from ear to ear. As George reaches the end of the Happy Birthday song, he tries to upnotch the pitch and sings with exaggerated bravado that makes Jane laugh. As Jane blows the candle, George whispers to her to make a wish. Jane smiles and blows the candle. George and Jane break into a hearty laugh. Lights fade in.

JANE

This is a complete step up from last year, George! I am truly impressed!

GEORGE

Wait till you see the gifts!

JANE

You know I hate surprises.

GEORGE

Oh, I know. But this year, I want to make it memorable for you.

JANE

You've done so much for me. Seriously, George. You don't have to -

GEORGE

(to audio speaker) Candida, play George Michael's special song.

Candida speaker bleeps and repeats: "You want to play George Michael's special song". We hear Careless Whisper in the background.

GEORGE

(to audio speaker) Candida, turn on special lights.

Lights change to fuschia and red. George takes off his pants in one sweep revealing his Spongebob boxer shorts. Starts to dance playfully on the table. It looks awkward and really trying hard but he keeps dancing anyway. Jane starts snorting and then laughs hysterically. George puts his one leg on the chair and attempts a backbend until he feels a crack and cries in anguish. Jane doesn't know whether to worry or laugh.

GEORGE

(cries in pain) Candida, turn off music. Candida, turn on normal lights.

Jane helps him sit down.

JANE

Really, George? A backbend! What are you? In your 20s? (laughs)

GEORGE

(laughs with pride) Admit it, Jane. I still got moves. (cries in pain)

JANE

(panics) My goodness, George. Do I need to call 911?

GEORGE

No, no -

JANE

Look at you! You are a mess!

GEORGE

Shhh...it's your birthday. Just - just come here.

Pulls Jane towards him. Jane sits on his lap and starts kissing her on the neck. Jane lets out a giggle.

JANE

George! Don't! Don't! George...stop!

George pauses.

JANE

Don't stop!

George continues to kiss her on the neck. They both laugh. Laughter subsides.

GEORGE

Look at us. Behaving like teenagers.

JANE

Oh we were naughty teenagers! I still remember how you would sneak into my room every night way back senior year.

GEORGE

Remember when your mom almost caught us?

JANE

Oh yes! And she had to stay in my room for hours to warn me about you!

GEORGE

God...I was miserably trying to balance myself not to fall off from the ledge of the outside window.

JANE

I was so worried! And when she finally left, I hurriedly lifted the window. There you were. Still hanging there. From then, I knew. I knew that you, George Michael Williams, are the one.

GEORGE

Even though your mother hated the guts out of me.

JANE

She was just protective, that was all.

GEORGE

(defensive) That I'd turn out to be like your father?

JANE

My mother never said that.

GEORGE

She showed it in so many ways.

JANE

(trying to be sweet) C'mon. Let's go back to where we were, shall we?

GEORGE

(fired up) Honestly, Jane! Just because I was abandoned by my parents doesn't mean I'll do the same to my family. I worked so hard...for you. For us! *(gets riled up)* How many jobs do I have to take just to afford the life we have now? Yeah it took me a long while to build the company from the ground up, but I did it. I never asked anything from you nor your family. I gave you a life. A comfortable, happy life. More than the life you can possibly have. I gave you even more!

Siren is heard. Chase and Lex emerge from the audience area. Lex and Chase walk toward George and Jane and align the tip of their bluetooth pen to open George's and Jane's Memory Archive. The Memory Archive is once again projected on the backdrop. George and Jane remain frozen.

CHASE

What the fuck, Lex?

LEX

No, really? What the fuck, Chase?

CHASE

Why did...

LEX

Why do I feel like I am watching a soapy drama here? Why do we keep going back to the past? How many times do I need to tell you that our patients do not need their past! They need to move on!

CHASE

Past is needed in order to understand the future. George will never get the reconciliation he desperately needed if he will not face his past.

LEX

That's not our decision to make.

Lex starts pressing buttons on the tablet. Backstage Staff dress the stage once more like in the beginning scene.

CHASE

You have to give his story a chance. We can't kill his story every fucking time!

LEX

His story is already dead. Long before Jane. Long before George. Long before us. Wake up, Chase. That's what people do. They forget. They move on!

CHASE

Pain is a necessary process to remembering. We have to give our patients the fullness of life - anger, pain, misery. Every inch of darkness. Only then they can truly understand happiness.

Blackout. The table is set just like the opening scene. Lex and Chase go back to the audience area.

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GEORGE

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Amazon.com, perhaps? *(laughs)*

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(still acting) How preposterous! Apologies, mademoiselle, but these *(holds one lobster on one hand and one crab on another)* were caught from the waters of the coast of Alaska. Particularly in the Aleutian islands!

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(laughs) Where?

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Spell? *(laugh)*

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(controlling his laughter) A-L... (pause) You are giving disgrace to the Aleutian crab fishermen! Eat!

*George dumps the huge Alaskan King Crab legs on Jane's plate. Jane examines it.
George sits.*

JANE

Uhm, George?

GEORGE

(George gets a piece and looks at it as well) Hmmm?

JANE

How do you eat this Alaskan monster?

GEORGE

I thought you knew!

JANE

Wha--Why? Me? You think I know how to eat this colossal cretin from the Aloha island?

GEORGE

(gets irritated) Aleutian, Jane! Aleutian! Why, you told me they were your favorites!

JANE

(confused) What? When?

GEORGE

When we were rewatching Titanic!

JANE

(frustrated) How on earth would I mention crabs while watching the Titanic movie! Crabs and Titanic? Really, George?

GEORGE

(sarcastic) Remember the scene on the edge of the boat? *(re-enacts; George spreads his arms wide mimicking the scene)* When what's-her-name was on the edge of the ship?

JANE

(rolls her eyes) Rose!

GEORGE

(continues re-enacting) Yes! And then Jack shouted, "I am the King of the Crab!" and then you said, "I want to eat!"

JANE

(gives up) Oh my God! You are such an idiot, George! Jack shouted, "I am the King of the World!" World, George! World!

GEORGE

(gets angry) But you said, "I want to eat!"

JANE

(gets defensive) Yes! Mid movie, I got hungry! And we ate cheese for snacks! Remember?

GEORGE

(with seething anger) Well, the Alaskan Crab is here and so we will consume it like kings!

George grabs his chair and slumps heavily on it. Everyone was quiet. Jane examines the crab. She starts picking on her food. She tries to break the crab into various pieces but it is too hard. She grabs anything near her and starts pounding the crab. George does the same. The scene's tension is high. Both characters channel their frustration

and anger on their crab and lobster pieces until they start picking up utensils or just anything around them and start throwing them around the room. They don't talk. They just let out guttural sounds of frustration and anger. As their anger builds, Chase and Lex emerge from the audience area trying to press more buttons to salvage the scene. They are heard arguing above the wailing sound of the siren. Chase is seen dialing on her phone talking to someone. Both Memory Writers exit in haste arguing. The room becomes one huge mess. Jane silently looks at George seething with great anger surrounded by a huge pile of food crumbs.

JANE

(stone cold and angry while breaking her cake into smaller pieces) You will never be happy, George. (long pause) Maybe you could have been happier as a father.

GEORGE

(hysterical) We are not dragging him into this!

JANE

I tried. We tried. What's gone...is gone.

George starts to seethe in anger like boiling water holding in the bubbles in the pot. He picks up the huge ceramic platter of the crabs, raises it as if to throw it. Both characters are frozen.

Lights change. Silence. "Awake" George resumes motion and realizes what he is holding and almost falls off balance. Jane is still frozen in her corner. George puts the ceramic platter down. Sits and regains his composure, then looks at "frozen" Jane. He stares at her apologetically. Longingly. Until this wave of tenderness envelopes him as he breaks.

GEORGE

(to Jane) We never really gave him a name. He came into our lives so briefly that we decided to just push him at the back of our memories. So far back that sometimes I ask myself if that speck of small flesh and blood ever really arrived into our lives. I will never forget the joy in your face the moment you knew you had him. Those few months gave us light. One more person on our side. One more ally since your parents disowned you for marrying me. Like you said, "Now, it's three against two". We will always win. 46 days of happiness, Jane. With you, me, and him. Then, he was gone. Just like that. We tried to move on. Work is the only medication I got and I allowed myself to be sucked by it. So deep that after all those years, I have forgotten to just stop and take a look at you.

(pause) One cough and a positive test of Covid. That's all it took. And the rest, as they say, is... (sobs)

As George continues to sob, we see a very beautiful woman with short almost boy's cut hair dressed in an all-white crisp Valentino suit walks towards the stage. She has a very striking personality and very powerful aura.

CELESTÉ

(with a thick Spanish accent) Mister Williams. George? Can I call you, George? Me llamo Doctora Rivera. Pero please. Call me Celesté. (offers hand)

George just looks at Celesté. Celesté smiles as she retrieves her hand.

CELESTÉ

I see that you're not...happy?

GEORGE

Damn straight, I'm not. *(stands up)*

CELESTÉ

No need for cussing, George. Maybe we can talk a bit.

Celesté motions for George to sit down. George hesitantly and slowly sits again.

CELESTÉ

Good.

Looks around. Pulls a chair and sits across George.

CELESTÉ

Can you tell me exactly what made you unsatisfied?

GEORGE

I paid for the Infinity package!

CELESTÉ

Ah, the Infinity package! That's right.

Clicks her bluetooth pen and we see a hologram of the contract showing the inclusions:

- Unlimited visits and consultations within the contract duration
- Unlimited Memory Storage within the contract duration
- Unlimited Memory Revisits within the contract duration
- Unlimited Memory Alterations within the contract duration
- Contract Duration: Infinite from the time of initial consultation

According to our data, you've been here in our state-of-the-art facility for a year now.

And for the year that you were with us, *cada dia*, you would have Memory Revisits. But, you would only revisit one particular memory. Your anniversary with your wife, Jane.

This particular memory has been revised 7,865 times. With your discretion, this memory has been permanently altered in minimal conditions for at least...8 times. And you're still...unsatisfied? Oh dear. How can we fix that?

Celesté unclicks her pen. The hologram of contract dissolves.

GEORGE

I went here to have my peace! You told me your agency would help people like me. People who wanted closure. People who were not able to say a proper goodbye. You said I could just come in and trade my memories with you in exchange for my life points. You said I can change those memories to anything I want. You said I can be happy again.

CELESTÉ

Ahhh...happiness. The bane of human existence. Tell me, George. With those days that you have visited your memory with Jane, were you happy?

GEORGE

(hesitant) Of course.

CELESTÉ

And in those times that we altered the memories for you at your own accord, did you feel a little tiny tingly feeling of happiness in you?

GEORGE

I suppose so.

CELESTÉ

And in those times when you had intimate moments with Jane. Moments that you never ever had in the past but made possible by Agencia Feliz, did you feel happy?

GEORGE

I did!

CELESTÉ

Then, I don't understand why we are having this conversation. Memories are happy. Jane is happy. You are happy. Happy, happy, happy!

GEORGE

(shouts) I want more!

Silence. Celesté stands up. Walks around George. Thinks heavily. Feels her pocket. Smiles. Brings out a pack of dark chocolate. Unwraps it. Slowly. Carefully. Takes a glorious bite. Sighs.

CELESTÉ

More. Hmmm...I'm thinking about that word. More. It's like this chocolate. Dark. Delicious. Decadent. Dangerous. You will always want..more. *(takes a bite)* And more *(another bite)*. And more!

Takes savage bites until the melted chocolate drools on both sides of her mouth. She wipes it with her hand staining the crisp white Valentino suit. George doesn't know how to react.

CELESTÉ

Mas, mas, mas. We always crave for more. We want to eat it again and again and again. But what do we do after it's gone? Nos volvemos miserables. We become miserable. Mira, George. I gave you a very delicious gift. But what did you do with my gift? Gustaste mas. You wanted more. More. More. Cada dia. More. And look at what you have become. A very pathetic tragic wretched man.

George is seething in anger with his teeth clacking and jaw stiff. Wanting to burst his anger out but instead lets out a big heavy cry.

GEORGE

(pleads) She is my life. I am who I am because of Jane. I cannot exist without her. I need her. Give her back to me.

CELESTÉ

Pero George, no es posible. You know I can't do that.

GEORGE

(Deliriously thrilled) Yes you can. This is what Agencia Feliz is for! You said I can be happy again. In exchange for the rest of the remaining years of my life, I can alter my memories! *(Moving towards Celesté and grabbing her by the shoulders)* You said I can have Jane back. You have to give her back to me. You have to!

Celesté pushes George. Catches herself from becoming more physical. Walks towards the huge backdrop against the wall instead.

CELESTÉ

When death became an every day agenda at the height of the pandemic, I saw an opportunity. *(looking at the huge sepia backdrop by the wall)*. Robert Rauschenberg. He asked his friend, Edward de Kooning, to draw something for him. After de Kooning created his masterpiece, Rauschenberg asked permission to erase what he just did. And suddenly, I saw this strange spark in my head. What if significance can be changed and altered? The brain can be trained like a sponge to accept what's in front of it through repetition. By experiencing things over and over again, a new memory is born. Erasures do not end a work of art but rather, recreate a masterpiece. *Que maravillosa, no?* And while I see every single person on this earth drop like a fly, I am building this institution that bridges death to the afterlife. And then...you *(seething)* You come here thinking I am some god who can bring the dead back to life when in truth you are the one who is playing God all this time. Changing your memories. Erasing your wife's

memories. Altering your fate. These are all your choices, George. *Tus opciones*. Again, I am just the bridge *y no mas*.

Silence. George's breathing gradually changes to short heavings, to urgent panting. Confronts Celesté.

GEORGE

That's it? *(mocks)* "I am just a bridge." Bullshit! Well let me tell you this: I am just the hand that fed you fucking moundfuls of life points to sustain this dubious Agencia Feliz of yours. *(Launches at Celeste)* You think I am playing god? Let's see how good I am at doing that.

Grabs Celesté's neck and pushes her against the wall. Celesté gasps for air.

GEORGE

I want my happiness. I want Jane. *(Grabs Celesté's neck tighter)* And I will not stop until I have both.

CELESTÉ

Calma te, George (grasping for air). Por favor. (shouts) Ayudame!

George's grips tighten on her neck. Celesté tries to push George away from her with all the force she has. Celesté kicks George on his groin. George writhes in pain. Celesté

trips on one of the chairs and falls on the ground face down. George regains composure and grabs Celesté by the head and kneels on top of Celesté, enclosing her ribs tight with his thighs.

GEORGE

You stupid, cunt. You don't understand. If I can't have Jane, then what's the point? I lost Jane. I lost our child. I lost everything! You will not make me a loser today again. I will win!

George presses one of his legs hard on Celesté's neck. Celesté doesn't fight back anymore. George presses harder.

CELESTÉ

(resigns) Okay. Okay. Just stop. I'll do what you want.

GEORGE

(Loosening his knees on Celesté's neck) You'll give me Jane?

CELESTÉ

(out of breath) Si! Jane. *Todas recuerdas.* Everything! Just stop.

George stands up and slowly crawls on one of the chairs on stage across "frozen" Jane. Celesté turns over and grasps for air. A moment of silence between the two characters.

Trying to regain what's left of them. Celesté tries to stand up and drags a chair to sit facing George.

CELESTÉ

Dime, George. What will really make you happy?

GEORGE

Jane. Just...Jane.

CELESTÉ

(Pause) You know what this will cost, no?

George nods.

Celesté turns her body facing the audience. Brings out her bluetooth pen. Aligns it on George's temple. Lights change. White top light on George. A bot voice assistant is heard. George shows a slight panic.

BOT VOICE

Buenas noches, Doctora Rivera. Como estas?

CELESTÉ

(clicks her tongue in sarcasm) Super bien, Thalia. Por favor, access George Michael Williams.

BOT VOICE/THALIA

Accessing George Michael. Unlimited storage available. Date access?

CELESTÉ

(consults her tablet) December 9, 1985 to present date.

A wall of memories are flashed on the backdrop in small squares representing different periods of time in George's and Jane's lives: wedding day, wedding anniversary, Jane's pregnancy, George and Jane meeting for the first time, Jane and George in Santorini on a cruise, etc ALL their HAPPY memories. George looks at "frozen" Jane, glassy eyes, but with a tender smile.

CELESTÉ

(to the audience; smiles) How much are you willing to give up in order to attain happiness?

The wall of memories generates more memories. This time painful ones: Jane and George in their younger years being disowned by Jane's parents, Jane and George struggling into their first years of marriage, Jane and George losing their child, etc.

Celesté is ticking all the boxes with painful memories. We see this on the backdrop as well. Heaves a sigh.

CELESTÉ

(to the audience as she ticks the memories one by one) This is the problem with More. It is a vicious cycle. *Ahora, te gusta mas. Pero manana, es la misma.* You think after one experience you're good? *(sarcastic smile)* Tomorrow, it's the same story. *(Pause)* Agencia Feliz started with "What if you can relive your memory with a departed loved one?" *Que buena idea, no? I* wanted to be part of a solution. A lot of my fellow scientists thought I was crazy. They even accused me of destroying human life. *(smiles)* Am I? Am I really the one deciding here?

Celesté looks at George. Celesté clicks her tablet.

On backdrop (with Thalia's voice) is seen: Are you sure you want to Delete?

CELESTÉ

(continues eating her chocolate) We are all oblivious to happiness. And no one really knows how to live. *(finishes eating)*

Celeste clicks the delete button as also seen on the backdrop. All the happy memories of George and Jane loop into one big reel: bigger part of the reel was their anniversary - the "real anniversary".

THALIA/BOT

Action in progress.

Progress bar is seen on the backdrop as it slowly deletes the unhappy memories one by one. Celesté walks behind George. Spotlight on George's face. George lets out one big smile. One unhappy memory left to delete is shown on screen: Jane and George grieving for their child. Celesté brings out her tablet and touches the cursor. We can see the cursor hovering on the CANCEL button. Celesté's mouth twitches. Lets out a big sigh.

CELESTÉ

(Pause) Bueno, as they say en America: The customer is always right.

Lights slowly fading out. Spotlight on George's happy tender face looking across "frozen" Jane as he reaches out for Jane's hand. He froze midway.

Onscreen and BOT/THALIA: Action Complete. Year of Life Remaining: 0

Blackout.

THE END

Spanish Reference:

CELESTÉ (page 35)

Mas, mas, mas. We always crave for more. We want to eat it again and again and again. But what do we do after it's gone? *Nos volvemos miserables.* We become miserable. *Mira,* George. I gave you a very delicious gift. But what did you do with my gift? *Gustaste mas.* You wanted more. More. More. *Cada dia.* More. And look at what you have become. A very pathetic tragic wretched man.

Mas, mas, mas - more, more, more

Nos volvemos miserables - We become miserable.

Mira - Look

Gustaste mas - You wanted more.

Cada dia - Every day

CELESTÉ (page 35)

Pero George, *no es posible.* You know I can't do that.

Pero - But

No es posible - (it's) not possible

CELESTÉ (page 36)

Que maravillosa, no?

How marvelous, right?

CELESTÉ (page 37)

Tus opciones. Again, I am just the bridge *y no mas.*

Tus opciones - *Your options.*

Y No Mas - *And nothing more*

CELESTÉ (page 37)

Calma te, George (*grasping for air*). *Por favor.* (*shouts*) *Ayudame!*

Calma te - (*You*) *Calm down.*

Por favor - *Please*

Ayudame - *Help me*

CELESTÉ (page 38)

(out of breath) *Si!* Jane. *Todas recuerdas.* Everything! Just stop.

Si - yes

Todas recuerdas - All memories

CELESTÉ (page 39)

Dime, George. What will really make you happy?

Dime - Tell me

BOT VOICE (page 39)

Buenas noches, Doctora Rivera. *Como estas?*

Buenas noches - Good evening

Como estas? - How are you?

CELESTÉ (page 40)

(clicks her tongue in sarcasm) *Super bien,* Thalia. *Por favor,* access George Michael Williams.

Super bien - So well

Por favor - Please

CELESTÉ (page 41)

(to the audience as she ticks the memories one by one) This is the problem with More. It is a vicious cycle. *Ahora, te gusta mas. Pero manana, es la misma.* You think after one experience you're good? *(sarcastic smile)* Tomorrow, it's the same story. *(Pause)* Agencia Feliz started with "What if you can relive your memory with a departed loved one?" *Que buena idea, no?* I wanted to be part of a solution. A lot of my fellow scientists thought I was crazy. They even accused me of destroying human life. *(smiles)* Am I? Am I really the one deciding here?

Ahora, te gusta mas - Now, you want more.

Pero manana, es la misma - But tomorrow, it is the same.

Que buena idea, no? - What a great idea, right?