

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a street at night. The street is illuminated by several streetlights, creating a hazy glow. Utility poles with power lines run along the right side of the road. Bare trees are visible on the left. The overall mood is somber and quiet.

Feliz

An American Play

by
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
AUGUSTO	Intimidating and dangerous, good smile Mexican	45	Male
AMANDA	Exhausted, worn, traumatized Mexican/Non-White	35	Female
JOE	Stressed behind a veneer of happy Mexican	42	Male
VICKI	Veracious and medically sedated Mexican	44	Female
ERIC	Mature and inquisitive Mexican	17	Male
CONSUELA	Maternal and nostalgic Mexican	67	Female
SAM	Handsome, flirtatious yet cautious White	29	Male
ANGEL	Wild and dangerous doubles with ERIC		
WHORE	Terrifying doubles with SAM		

Location: Bakersfield, CA. Today.

Setting: Augusto and Amanda's house, December 23rd/24th

In the darkness, the sound of WINGS FLAPPING, feathers rustling, like a giant bird is approaching. The flapping gets louder and louder as it sounds like the winged creature has landed in the room.

A single light illuminates a brown, young face. He looks around, like a hawk searching for prey. The light grows, revealing his stealthy naked body. His ribs expand and contract as he scans the horizon. He holds a long ram's horn in one hand and a scale in the other. This is Michael the Archangel.

Michael takes a deep breath and screams upward, just as two giant falcon like wings, brown and red and spotted, shoot out from his back giving him an enormous presence.

Immediately after the shout, Michael raises the horn and blows six short blasts, then holds a seventh blast for as long as he can.

Michael puts the horn down as the echoes of the horn continue. He holds up the scales as his light goes out.

In the dark, a delicate Christmas melody plays. It sounds like a jewel box or snow globe. Lights slowly come up on a living room.

A giant Christmas tree, not on, is the focal point. The room looks slightly un-lived in, like an expensive show room. There are paintings and drawings, but no photos of the family that lives here. There's a front door to the right. A hallway leading to bedrooms and a door leading to a kitchen to the left. The melody ends.

A small shatter is heard outside the front door.

Moments later, AMANDA , dressed nicer than casual, enters from the kitchen, holding a tray of cookies. She sets the cookies down and calls down the hallway.

AMANDA

Augusto! It's seven thirty six.

AMANDA bends down by the tree, turning it on.

AUGUSTO enters from the hallway, adjusting a tie.

AUGUSTO

They said they'd be here at eight.

AMANDA

Why are you wearing a tie?

AUGUSTO

Too much?

AMANDA

Yeah.

AMANDA takes it off of him.

AMANDA

You're so tense.

AUGUSTO

First Christmas we're not celebrating at my mom's. The house looks good.

AMANDA

I feel like I'm in a Catholic church when we go to your mom's. Virgin Mary's everywhere. And Gloria. She's always trying to sell me Avon.

AUGUSTO

Don't talk about Gloria when my mom gets here. That's her cousin. It gets personal.

AUGUSTO looks around.

AUGUSTO

Where are the Christmas cards Joe and Vicki sent?

AMANDA opens a side table drawer and pulls out cards along with a large mailing envelope. She tries to hide the envelope.

AMANDA

Let me put these up.

AUGUSTO
What's that?

AMANDA
Nothing. I'll go put it in the office.

AUGUSTO
Why was that out here?

AMANDA
I forgot. I'm sorry.

AUGUSTO
Anything else you've forgotten out here?

AMANDA
I'm sorry.

AMANDA runs down the hall.

The door bell rings.

AUGUSTO
Amanda! They're here.

AUGUSTO sets up the Christmas cards quickly.

He opens the front door to VICKI, gaudy jewelry and heavy make up, holding a broken wreath, broken glass on the floor around her.

VICKI
Merry Christmas! I think your wreath fell.

AUGUSTO
You guys are early.

They hug.

VICKI
Joe was putting the pedal to the metal. He hates being in the car with me.

AUGUSTO
Is he-

VICKI

Him and Eric are getting the bags.

AUGUSTO

I should help.

AUGUSTO goes out.

VICKI enters.

VICKI

Nice.

AMANDA enters.

AMANDA

Vicki!

VICKI

Mandy!

They hug.

AMANDA

Sit down.

VICKI

Oh no, I've been sitting for a long time. Bakersfield is foggy. And cold. Who'd a thought, huh?

AMANDA

It's only at night.

VICKI

The house looks nice. It looks like the mall. I wanted to do a snow theme. But Joe wanted a red Christmas. And I wanted to do the snow theme next year, but if we're all over at our place, then I can't cause we already had one. So red Christmas again. It's okay. It's fine.

AMANDA

You should do what you want. No one will care.

VICKI

I will.

VICKI nibbles a cookie.

VICKI
Mmmm. What is that?

AMANDA
Peppermint chocolate chip.

VICKI
Good. Really good. Damn. I'm gonna have a lot to live up to next year.

AUGUSTO, JOE, and ERIC, all holding bags, enter through the front door.

AMANDA
Joe! Eric!

AUGUSTO
Just put it down here. We'll move it in little bit.

They put the bags down. JOE and AMANDA hug tightly.

JOE
You look amazing, Amanda.

AUGUSTO
She does.

AMANDA
Thanks, Joe. You lost weight!

VICKI
He started running. Wears those little shorts and everything.

ERIC and AMANDA hug.

AMANDA
Look at you! You're a man.

ERIC
Hi Tia Amanda.

VICKI
Eric. Look at the decorations. It looks like the mall, huh? Joe. Snow theme. I told you.

ERIC
It looks good.

AMANDA
Gimme your jackets.

AMANDA takes their coats and hangs them up as JOE begins collecting the luggage. Eric sits down and starts swiping on his phone and eating a cookie.

JOE
Eric. Help me out.

ERIC
Come on, Dad. In a little bit.

JOE
Come on.

AMANDA
Have a cookie first.

ERIC
Yeah. Have a cookie first.

AMANDA
Are you guys hungry?

VICKI
We had Starbucks.

AMANDA
That's not dinner. It should be ready in an hour.

JOE
Then we should get the bags moved. Come on, Eric.

VICKI
Eric, go.

ERIC gets up slowly and grabs a bag. JOE leads him down the hall. AMANDA stops ERIC.

AMANDA
I put the Apple TV in your room.

ERIC smiles as he continues down the hall as AMANDA exits to the kitchen.

VICKI

How's work?

AUGUSTO

Good.

VICKI

Still teaching tenth grade?

AUGUSTO

I'm in administration now.

VICKI

Administration? Wow. Got tired of the kids?

AUGUSTO

There was an opening. Right place, right time. How are you?

VICKI

Eric just applied to UCLA, like his dad. Joe is writing on a new Nickelodeon show. So hopefully that stays on the air. Damn Disney channel keeps pumping out those little mugrosas. No talent, skinny, can barely act or sing. Kids eat that shit up.

AUGUSTO

And you?

VICKI

Bored. I was taking opera lessons but I out grew my teacher. So now I'm trying to write a book.

AUGUSTO

Wow.

VICKI

I haven't let anyone read it.

AUGUSTO

What's it about?

VICKI

The four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

AUGUSTO

Alright.

VICKI

I was watching this thing on Discovery channel about the Apocalypse and it was so fascinating. And then I had started reading things on the internet about how the world is supposed to end.

AUGUSTO

Like the Rapture?

VICKI

Yes. And the Anti-Christ and the Last Judgement. All these trumpets and seals. Crazy shit. I only have two chapters right now but I think it's going well.

AUGUSTO

I didn't know you were religious.

VICKI

I'm not. I did go to Catholic school so I have read the Bible. I'm not a total heathen.

AUGUSTO

That sounds scary.

VICKI

If you believe it, it's terrifying. Monsters coming out of the ground and the moon turning to blood. Oh yeah. But honestly, I'm more scared of getting shot, you know?

AUGUSTO

I have a gun.

VICKI

Don't tell Eric. He's terrified of guns. Really. Don't even mention it. The kid hates guns.

AUGUSTO

Why? Guns don't kill people. People do.

VICKI

Yeah, well. Guns help people kill more people faster. Just. Don't tell him.

AUGUSTO

Noted.

JOE and ERIC come into the living room.