

## NOSTALGIA #1

AL: But it's like, TV has *predicted* the future.

GEORGIA: I don't think TV is responsible for the advancement of the human race, Al.

AL: Think about it! Some day, you're going to listen to this memory of me talking to you and realize that I was right.

GEORGIA: It's still pretty experimental. Maybe I'll end up forgetting all about you.

AL: Not funny, Georgia! I'm already worried that you're gonna shelve all your memories of me when you get to college and forget how much you love my laugh and my hugs and when I tickle you— (*tickling sounds, laughter*)

GEORGIA: Stop! I'm gonna come back.

AL: But what if you don't? What if you love D.C. so much that you move there forever? Or what if it's like that old movie *Eternal Sunshine of the Whatever* where we fight and you erase me and—

GEORGIA: You watch too much TV.

AL: Correction: I play too many video games. The amount of TV I watch is just fine.

GEORGIA: You say that now, but in 30 years—

AL: 30 years? Pfffft, you'll be taking care of me and Mom by then.

GEORGIA: Am I not already doing that?

AL: In 30 years, we'll be middle aged! We'll be having midlife crises while we flip burgers and go to Wednesday afternoon book clubs.

GEORGIA: Funny, I didn't know you could read.

AL: Ha-larious.

GEORGIA: Your brain's just so full of video game lore, I assumed there wasn't room.

AL: You need to be able to read to play video games, doofus. Otherwise how are you going to understand the tutorials?

GEORGIA: Uh-huh.

AL: Video games are how you train for the future. There's a lot of strategy and calculating involved, y'know.

GEORGIA: Are you going to be a lawyer? Somehow I can't picture you in a tie.

AL: Detective! Detective, not lawyer. Lawyer-ing is lame. But I do need a job with real dollars so I can keep playing video games.

GEORGIA: Is 'detective-ing' still a job?

AL: Detective, private investigator, whatever. I'm gonna use my incredible brains to uncover the truth about—everything.

GEORGIA: Good luck with that.

AL: Look, can't you just support my dreams?

GEORGIA: Yeah, yeah, I believe in you and whatever. Let's go, it's dinner time.

AL: Mac and cheese, right?

GEORGIA: If you haul ass, maybe there'll be some leftover for you. Last one to the table does dishes!

AL: Dammit, G, wait up!

## RADIO #5

CHAT: So Charley, tell me more about this new religious movement.

CHARLEY: Well, Chat, the Creed of Destiny and Power is a belief system that started on the east coast as a set of ceremonies and rituals dedicated to honoring our government. Over the past five years, it's grown from holiday get-togethers to regular practice, the establishment of religious laws, and a bible of sorts.

CHAT: Fascinating! What exactly does the Creed believe?

CHARLEY: Their entire philosophy is based on the idea that the people in power—aka the individuals that make up the GT—were born with a destiny to have that power, and therefore are on a higher plain than us regular civilians.

CHAT: God-like, you might say?

CHARLEY: I might say, indeed! Members of the Creed view our government as divinely appointed to rule. Sound familiar?

CHAT: Not at all! What does the GT think of all this?

CHARLEY: The official statement as of yesterday morning is that the Creed of Destiny and Power has the government's acknowledgement and support.

CHAT: Wow! What does that mean for us, Charley?

CHARLEY: Chat, it means that we should all convert today. Orientations are held weekly all over the country. You can also drive to your nearest Creed Center to get all the information you need for the easiest transition.

CHAT: Fabulous. That's all for our religion and society segment today, but tune in next Sunday for a thoughtful comparison of all religions and why the Creed may just be the best one yet.

CHARLEY: And now a word from our sponsors.

ADVERTISER: We've all lost people we loved to mysterious accidents. We've all reflected on how we wasted our youths and threw away our chances at a successful future. But what you might not have done yet is considered a job as a government memory transporter! The GT needs individuals who have no attachment to friends, family, or important careers to pick up and deliver mass amounts of memories to the Department of Mental Vitality, where all those painful recollections you can't bear to hold on to will be safely stored and never destroyed or misused. For more information, drive on over to your local DMV! Sponsored by the U.S. government.

## GT COMPANION #1:

Hello, Georgia! It's me, Grace, your Memorobile driving companion. Today we'll be heading out from San Francisco, California to Las Vegas, Nevada. Our destination for the day is the Clark County Casino Memory Collection Center. Memory types at this center typically include: financial disaster, self-inflicted and chronic misery, life-ruining secrets, embarrassing photos, and suspicions or discovery of systemic corruption. Looks like clear skies and warm temperatures for this drive. Don't forget to stay hydrated! The GT recommends Monty's Original 50% Fruit Juice, now with 50 grams of nutritional supplements.

Did you know that casinos weren't always government institutions? Before the GT took on the strict regulation and oversight of institutions providing services related to gambling, alcohol, and other habit-forming recreation, casinos used to be run by one person for profit! Back then, Memoralls didn't exist, so civilians were unable to delete painful memories of self ruin. Just another reason to be grateful to the GT for improving all of our lives!

It's a good thing we're driving at night—there was a lot of traffic earlier today from civilians visiting the Extinguishing Man Festival. This event grew out of a cult gathering from the late 1900s known as the Burning Man Festival, which celebrated radical philosophies like self-expression, self-reliance, and decommmodification. Like Christmas, however, these pagan rituals have gradually been replaced with more responsible, sensible practices. Today, the Extinguishing Man Festival is a beloved tradition bringing together families through the discarding and burning of liable memories. We may come across some misplaced memories that didn't make it to the festival on our drive; you have the GT's approval and sincere encouragement to pick them up as we find them, so they can be properly extinguished.

Keep up the good work, Georgia!

## V. The Pamphlet

*(In GRAY'S BEDROOM, earlier that day:)*

DELIA: GRACE!

GRAY: God, Mom, there's no need to scream at me.

DELIA: What the fuck is this?

GRAY: What the fuck is what?

DELIA: This? What was this doing in your room? "Childhood Emotional Abuse?" "How to get help?"

GRAY: I don't know where that came from—

DELIA: It was in your trash, Grace! You thought you could cover it up with candy wrappers and bottle caps?

GRAY: You went through my trash can?

DELIA: Why are you hiding things from me? You always try to make me out as the bad guy when you're the one who lies and steals.

GRAY: That's not even / true—

DELIA: Sneaking my best vodka to school in a plastic water bottle? That was in your trash, too, Grace. Don't you think you could have at least asked, Grace?

GRAY: My name is Gray!

DELIA: How dare you try to just throw away the name that I gave you? You think you can hide that in your trash can too, *Grace*? Everything I ever gave you? How ungrateful.

GRAY: Stop.

DELIA: Don't let me ever catch you looking at this garbage again. Save it for people with real problems.

*(DELIA rips up the pamphlet and leaves. GRAY lets out a few quiet sobs.)*

GRAY: I tried to throw it away... How do I fix this?

*(The PLAYER helps GRAY find and re-assemble the pieces of the pamphlet. A phone number is visible under large text:)*

GRAY: "How to get help..."

*(A doorbell rings. Muted, from downstairs:)*

ALEX: Hey, Mrs. Delia!

DELIA: Hello, Alex. What brings you over? ...On a school night?

ALEX: Well, it's Gray's birthday! We made plans for a... a sleepover, to celebrate.

*(The voices fade out. Fade to blackout, with ALEX, GRAY, and the pamphlet remaining.)*

ALEX: I'm going to help you.

*(Fade back into GRAY'S BEDROOM, present day. The info pamphlet morphs to show the truth: a wrinkled, taped together pamphlet for victims of childhood emotional abuse.)*

GRAY: *(sleepily)* Alex? Are you talking in your sleep?

ALEX: No, I'm just... I want to talk to you about something.

GRAY: Can it wait until the morning?

*(Beat.)*

ALEX: No. If I wait until then, we'll eat breakfast, get on the bus, go to school, and then never talk about it. And I think we have to.

GRAY: *(waking herself up)* Okay, then. What's up?

ALEX: Can we talk about this?

*(ALEX shows GRAY the pamphlet. A montage of stills: GRAY trying to protest, ALEX firmly reassuring them, ALEX expressing concern, GRAY crumpling, both of them talking. As the conversation continues, the sun rises and the room slowly fills with color. Finally, ALEX and GRAY hug and stand up.)*

ALEX: You ready?

GRAY: No.

ALEX: That's okay.

*(ALEX helps GRAY dial the phone number from the pamphlet. Zoom to black. Credits.)*

## Dungeons and Dating

### Post-Boss - Roxy - Start

ROXY: So you said this place is called Creamboats? The place is a little frilly for me, but in a nice way, I guess.

YOU: Yeah, their specialty item is the Dreamboat for Two, which I've always wanted to try!

ROXY: Why haven't you tried it yet?

YOU: It's a sweet for sweethearts, and I wanted my first bite to be shared with someone special.

ROXY: But you could be missing out on a dreamboat-load of deliciousness! Hey, why don't I buy one so we can find out how good it is?

YOU: [[Sure!]]

[[Why don't we take a look at the rest of the menu first?]]

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### Sure!

ROXY: One Dreamboat, please! Ooh, look at the layers of syrup. I love caramel sauce!

Roxy takes a big bite of the treat.

ROXY: Oh, god.

YOU: What is it?

ROXY: This isn't caramel.

YOU: Oh, yeah, I think it's peanut butter sauce.

ROXY: You didn't say there was peanut butter sauce in this.

YOU: I'm sorry, do you not like it?

ROXY: I'm allergic to peanuts!

YOU: Oh, sh— (Oh no face.)

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE

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**Why don't we take a look at the rest of the menu first?**

ROXY: Okay, hold up. You were totally just dropping hints about trying the Dreamboat with someone special.

YOU: I mean, I guess it really doesn't—

ROXY: Are you really going to make a big deal out of it and then imply that I'm not 'special' enough to share it with?

YOU: That's not what I'm trying to say at all! I was just thinking:

[[You're so into exercise, I thought you'd want to order something smaller.]]

[[I didn't get to mention some of the Creamboats treats that I already know and love.]]

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**You're so into exercise, I thought you'd want to order something smaller.**

ROXY: You did not just go there. Size jokes?

YOU: No, Roxy! I was trying to be considerate.

ROXY: Considerate of what?

YOU: Roxy...

[[I wanted to protect us both from cramps in case we decided to go on a run together later.]]

[[I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Maybe our next date should be at a gym?]]

[[I'm sorry, please don't hurt me!]]

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**I didn't get to mention some of the Creamboats treats that I already know and love.**

ROXY: What do you mean?

YOU: I've been coming to Creamboats for years. I've long been a fan of the Canadian

Sundae, the Jungle Shake, and the Triple C.

ROXY: Triple C?

YOU: The Cookies and Cream Crumble! Even though I do want to share new experiences with you, it's important that I show you who I am now first.

ROXY: That's pretty heavy for an ice cream date.

YOU: Haha, maybe. Why don't we split:

[[A Canadian Sundae?]]

[[A Jungle Shake?]]

[[A Triple C?]]

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**I wanted to protect us both from cramps in case we decided to go on a run together later.**

ROXY: Oh. That's actually super thoughtful of you.

YOU: I know how much taking care of your body is important to you. I thought going on a run together would be a great way to share in your interests!

ROXY: That's really sweet. Gotta warn you though, I'm less into being surprised and more into being the surpriser. BOO!

YOU: Eep!

ROXY: Just kidding. Why don't we split a single scoop of orange sherbert? Your treat?

NOT TOO SHABBY

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**I'm sorry, please don't hurt me!**

ROXY: Forget it. I don't really want to go on dates with someone who's afraid of me.

YOU: But Roxy, I'll pay for your ice cream!

Roxy exits the ice cream parlor.

WOMP WOMP



Jason Mao had met Ashley Rivers at a local book signing. The event had been for a collection of poetry, the contents of which neither of them could now remember, and the author had been fifty-three minutes late due to a directional mix-up. The pair had struck up a conversation while they waited, first about the poor planning of the event and then about food, philosophy, even feminism. The evening had ended with them signing their names and numbers into each other's books. A month after, they were sharing a scoop of pistachio ice cream and discussing the societal implications of the psychological thriller they had just watched together. Their friends called them the “cultured couple.”

Ashley had met Amy Sims and Max Rashid the next year at the L.A. Women's March (all three presenting as women at the time), and invited them over for dinner. Jason had taken to Amy immediately, as Ashley did to Max. Thirteen dinners later, the four found a two-bedroom apartment. One bed had been designated as Jason's; the other belonged to Max. Amy and Ash, meanwhile, had found a rhythm in how they divided their weeknights. Even three years down the road, the system worked.

Ash sits, fully clothed in a loose mint green button-up and black fatigues, now on the Max bed. As they hold the packer in their hands, they are reminded of how things have changed. Ashley Rivers had become Ash, Amy had finished school, Max had transitioned, and Jason... Jason was essentially the same, but now owned significantly more bowties. Ash stares at the packer blankly, feeling somewhat detached from the moment. Three years ago, they might have had more of a reaction to holding a silicone phallus—it certainly wouldn't have occurred to them to try keeping it in their pants.

“Hey, star.”

Max sits next to them, observing their silent rumination. He is wearing a dark purple muscle shirt and gray sweats, as well as the brown leather bracelet Ash had given him two Christmases ago. He absentmindedly tugs at the ends of his fluffy black hair, a habit he had picked up after he stopped wearing a hijab. “So did you like it? Do you want to wear it today?”

Ash continues to stare at the packer, conscious of the cool silicone in their hands.

“It was...” Ash trails off, unsure of how to articulate their thoughts. “I don’t know. It was weird and different and maybe I liked it but I don’t actually know how to tell if I did. You know?”

Max nods with sage understanding. The display of solidarity does not make Ash feel better.

“Jason didn’t like that I borrowed his undies. And he certainly didn’t know what to make of—” They wave the penis around. “—this. I forgot that he doesn’t see you naked as much as I do, so he’s not used to disembodied dicks on the bed.”

“What a world we live in, that some people still aren’t used to disembodied dicks.” Max laughs, eliciting a smile from Ash. “Jason was deprived of dildos as a child so now his sexual knowledge is stunted, we’ll have to forgive him. I can take the packer back for now and if you ever want to try it out again, just ask. But all dicks aside... how are you feeling?”

Max gestures to Ash’s chest. The motion instantly sparks pain as Ash’s body remembers the amount of flesh that has been amputated.

“Like I’m simultaneously having the worst and best trip of my life.”