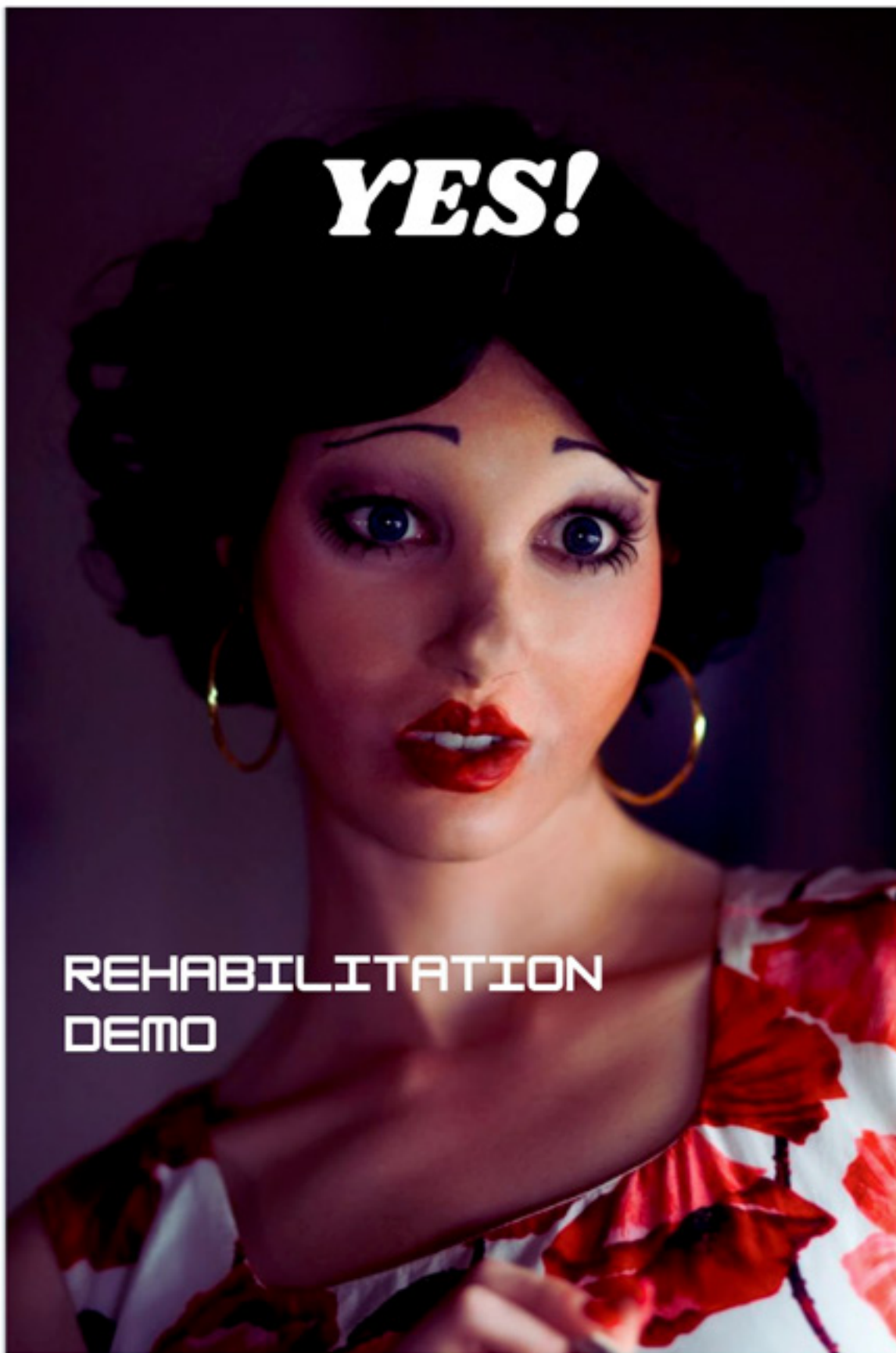


***YES!***

**REHABILITATION  
DEMO**



**CAST**

4 actors

MR JOHNSON

MRS JOHNSON

ORDERLY

ORDERLY #2

**CREW**

Director

Asst. Director / Stage Manager

Design & Tech - sound, lights, makeup, costumes, atmosphere

PA \*optional\* to help with resets, costumes, etc

LIGHTS

VIDEO

**SCENE 1 INTRO**

The space is white, blank, and bright. Industrial, neutral and blinding. When the doors open and guests enter we immediately see four characters frozen in place on the center platform stage, raised in the middle of the space. There are two men and two women, frozen in interesting positions, mid-action of something we cannot tell. Also at the end of the platform, directly in front of the screen, is a plain white round kitchen table with two chairs.

On the speakers we hear annoyingly generic corporate elevator-style music with a bright chipper announcer on repeat.

LIGHTS CUE

**VIDEO CUE: OPENING SHOT OF THE TONY SOB**

Welcome to YES! (static glitch jumbling "Infinity Holdings Re-Education")

Where we say YES! to Life, and (static glitch jumbling "Life") says YES! Back to us. We will begin shortly. Thank you for coming of your own free will.  
(static glitch)

Welcome to YES! (static glitch jumbling  
"Infinity Holdings Re-Education")  
Where we say YES! to Life, and (static  
glitch jumbling "Life") says YES! Back  
to us.  
We will begin shortly. Thank you for  
coming of your own free will. (static  
glitch)

Welcome to YES! (static glitch jumbling  
"Infinity Holdings Re-Education")  
Where we say YES! to Life, and (static  
glitch jumbling "Life") says YES! Back  
to us.  
We will begin shortly. Thank you for  
coming of your own free will. (static  
glitch)

There is something wrong here.

The characters' faces are clear, firm, and plastic. These are indeed humans, but frozen in place, they seem to be more mannequin than anything else. They do not move a muscle as the guests are brought in and placed.

The first man is dressed in typical masculine 1950's costume: gray suit, white shirt, tie, penny loafers, briefcase, hat, as if he just stepped out of Mad Men. The next character is a woman, his wife. She is also in her typical 50's gear: button-down shirtwaist style dress, modestly high neckline, fitted bodice, defined waist, and circle skirt. She is frozen in place carrying a baking tray. Our other two characters, also with plastic faces, are only wearing white uniform-style clothing. They have white jeans and white button shirts tightly tucked in. They resemble orderlies of some kind.

**SCENE 2 LECTURE ROOM**

When everyone is in place, we hit "go" and there's a loud static glitch that seems to power down the world for a brief second - the lights and sound going fully dead. But almost immediately the room powers and whirls back to life - BOOM - the system generators kick in and everything comes back.

But this time, projected on all four walls is a giant TV screen, Max Headroom-style. The 50's/80's era TV style glitches in and out of color, hits static bars, standby screens, and finally settles on its main image; "Yes! Infinity Holdings" CEO and Founder **TONNY ROBBINS**. His voice and underscoring blast through the room as all four walls project his message.

**TONNY (RECORDED)**

Welcome. And welcome to the future. Say "yes" to Yes! And let your life truly begin.

You've come here tonight because you are lost. You are searching for something. You have entered into this community tonight because you are alone and afraid. But, tonight is different. Tonight something changes. Here in this room - together, we enter into an agreement. You and me. You and Yes! Align your purpose with the needs of the global market. Unlock your brand identity through authentic engagement and achieve divine wisdom. Inspiring transformational change. Tonight we start saying YES!

SAY IT WITH ME: AFFIRMATION

THE SCREENS CUT OUT AND THE ROOM GOES TO BLACK. WE HEAR A LOUD

THE SIMULATION WILL BEGIN IN

10 - 9 - 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1

**SCENE 3 BREAKFAST**

THE LIGHTS FLICKER, and in an instant, the world begins to spin. COLOR RAPIDLY DRAINS IN AND OUT from the set. A sharp, mechanical sound pounds the space. The characters begin to snap and move around in disjointed staccato movements. STROBE LIGHTS FLASH IN RAPID BURSTS, freezing moments mid-motion, disorienting the audience with flashes of stillness as the world continues rewinding. Each strobe illuminates brief "snapshots" of the characters caught in odd, almost in crazy sexual poses as they move around, setting themselves into place.

Suddenly, everything just stops. Color rushes back into the scene, the soundtrack abruptly switches. Within seconds, the transition is over. The characters moving on as if nothing strange had happened, the audience hopefully left breathless from the rapid, disorienting shift.

We're in a classic 1950's kitchen directly in front of the movie screen, the center platform is empty. Projected on the space are checkered floors, brightly colored cabinets, and the small round table with chairs. The **TWO ORDERLIES** are standing at the back of the stage, holding silver platters, each with its own large potion bottle and other select props. **THE MAN** is seated at the table, looking up at his **WIFE** who stands, facing him. Their movements and voice are mechanical and dry. They are not quite robots but they are also not fully human. Faces glazed over in a weird fake plastic covering and their eyes perpetually gazed off into the distance in some weird drugged out haze. They have that air of someone recently pumped full of botox and unable to fully physically express themselves.

**MRS JOHNSON**

Good morning my dear husband MR.  
JOHNSON. (she opens a large pill bottle  
and takes out a comically large pill and  
swallows it)

**MR JOHNSON**

Good morning, my darling MRS. JOHNSON.

**MRS JOHNSON**

Let's not forget to make sure we have a perfect day today with a large heaping serving of Flatzempic...(she hands him a pill) here you go, darling.(he takes it) Did you sleep beautifully well MR JOHNSON?

**MR JOHNSON**

I did, my angel. I trust your sleep was also fulfilling as you look beautiful this fine morning.

**MRS J**

Thank you, darling, I did. I needed to ask you

Suddenly, the lights flicker and **MRS J** begins to violently dry heave, bent all the way forward. Nothing comes out but for a brief second the world glitches and she's the only one who physically reacts - and then it just as suddenly goes back to normal and we're immediately back. She's confused. She seems to make eye contact with the audience - actually seeing them. She doesn't believe it and blinks her eyes at them. For a moment, it seems like she doesn't know where she is. And then just like that she snaps her giant fake smile back on.

**MRS J**

Excuse me, my darling. I must've not slept well last night.  
(Back to the conversation)  
Did you sleep beautifully well MR JOHNSON?

**MR J**

I did, my angel. I trust your sleep was also fulfilling as you look beautiful this fine morning.

**MRS J**

Thank you, darling, I did. Would you like something warm, sustainable, nutritious and positively beneficial for breakfast this beautiful morning?  
(he doesn't respond. She blinks. Awkward

silence).

Would you like something warm,  
sustainable, nutritious and positively  
beneficial for breakfast this beautiful  
morning? Perhaps your favorite?

**MR J**

(neutrally, without any affection).  
Yes, please, my favorite. Mmmmmm,  
mmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm, hmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm.

Suddenly, standing behind **MRS J** are **THE ORDERLIES**. One with a fake plate of pancakes and the other with a giant syrup bottle with a huge visible "Corporate" logo in bright neon. She spins around, takes the plate of pancakes leaving the syrup, and spins back to her husband. **THE ORDERLIES** mechanically walk back to their spot and take their position.

**MRS J**

Yes, darling, here you are. Mandatory  
Pharmaceutical Inc Pancakes!

**MR J**

(neutrally, without any affectation)  
Mmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm, hmmmmmmmm,  
mmmmmmmmmm

His moans and groans begin getting bigger, more intense and more physical - the neutrality of their weirdness is giving away to a deep sexual well of feelings and the "mmms" and "ahhhhs" start taking on a more rising orgasmic quality. As the chorus of "mmmm's" continues, **MRS J** steps back as if to clear the way for him to eat. She is seemingly completely unaware of his moaning or anything being weird with it. He, mechanically, and with large exaggerated gestures, picks up a fork and takes a big cut off the pancakes and in slow motion raises it to his mouth. His groaning is getting more intense, more needy, more desperate. The moment it touches his lips -

BOOM - our world dips back into the strobe glitch world and both **MR AND MRS J** begin violently dry heaving. The world is strobing and violent as everyone starts breaking down, as if their plastic facade is now gone. But this time, as this is

happening, they are physically resetting the scene; **MRS J** is taking back the plate and putting it back on **THE ORDERLY'S** platter and **MR J** is taking his seat back at the table - and just as quickly as it begins the glitch stops and we're back)

**MRS J**

Would you like something warm,  
sustainable, nutritious and positively  
beneficial for breakfast this beautiful  
morning? Perhaps your favorite?

**MR J**

(neutrally, without any affection).  
Yes, please, my favorite.

She turns around and standing behind her are **THE ORDERLIES** again. She spins around, takes the plate and this time this syrup as well. She spins back to her husband. **THE ORDERLIES** mechanically walk back to their spot and take their position.

**MRS J**

We can't forget to put a healthy serving  
of your favorite NATIONAL FARM PANCAKE  
EGG BATTER TOPPING.  
(she pours and pours and pours, drowning  
the plate)  
Oooooooooo, look at that oooooooooo. Yes,  
darling, here you are. Pancakes!

**MR J**

(at first neutrally, without any affecta-  
tion, but slowly growing back into cli-  
max territory)  
Mmmmmm, mmmmmm, mmmmmm, hmmmmm,  
mmmmmm.

Rather than use the fork he starts poking the pancakes with his fingers and moving them around, almost fingering them. His moans continue to grow and his wife is completely oblivious. Staring off into the distance she begins a list for the day.



**MRS J**

I have such a wonderfully busy day today, don't I? We must stay busy after all, mustn't we? I have to take the kids to school. I have to pick up the kids from school.

**MR J**

(overlapping with her)  
mmmmmm yeeeeaaaaah my favorite mmmmm  
these are my favorite (he's in full sex mode and she's off in the distance. His pleasure just keeps growing)

**MRS J**

Of course there's cooking dinner for the kids. And then making lunches for the kids. And then picking up the kids from practice. PTA for the kids. Life for the kids. Soul for the kids. Blood for the kids. Life for the kids. Soul for the kids. Blood for kids. (rising)

**MR J**

(fingering, licking and making out with the plate)  
Mmmmmmmmm yeah oooooohhhh fuuuuckkk yeah  
(he pulls his pants down and fully mounts the table. Moaning and groaning and humping the plate. The moment he is about to stick it in and do the thing - suddenly -

BOOM The world explodes again into light and strobe and sound and everyone begins violently shaking and dry heaving. But this time, the walls are now covered in YES! Infinity Holdings documents and HR forms and computer code. What was blank and white before is now filled in a full-room corporate Matrix-style glitch-style meltdown. The screens also strobing with the giant word "RESET - RESET - RESET". **THE CHARACTERS** are violently writhing around. The facade of their plastic mask has broken down in this insanity and **MRS J** has also somehow become aware during this. Unlike the others who are just dry heaving and breaking down, she is somehow aware, screaming something coherent.

**MRS J**

What is happening to me? Where am I?  
JIM! JIM????!!! Why are you doing this  
why are we where JIIIIIIIMMMMMM please  
help me!!!!!!!!!!

And then suddenly...

THE ROOM AND COLORS DISAPPEAR. Everything goes back to white. **THE CHARACTERS** all drop to the floor and become motionless as if they're dead. We are back in the TONNY ROBBINS LECTURE ROOM. There's a deep bass drone that smoothes out the scene and brings everything back down to a calm level.

**SCENE 4 LECTURE ROOM**

After a brief moment of recovery, the screen cuts in from static and **TONNY'S** face fills the screens and all four walls.

**TONNY (RECORDED)**

Wow, what a ride THE JOHNSON'S are on!!  
Now that didn't go quite as planned, but  
boy, they sure are trying their best,  
aren't they? . Re-education, you see,  
is defined as training and or changing  
someone's beliefs or behavior. Now, tell  
me Group, do you think that's possible?  
Are we here today for any other purpose  
other than the one that you believe? The  
one that we believe in together?  
Challenges become opportunities.  
Setbacks nothing more than detours on  
the road to greatness. Pancake syrup  
is a powerful thing. "The Product" is  
the key and the key is "The Product"  
to open the mind. Do you see what we  
did here? And did you know it was you  
who did it? What a WONDERFUL wonderful  
connection for you to make. Let's visit  
THE JOHNSONS one more time and see if  
they were able to learn any lessons.

**SCENE 5 LUNCH**

The screens cut out and the room goes to black. We hear a loud

THE SIMULATION WILL BEGIN IN  
10 - 9 - 8 - 7 - 6 - 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1

The lights flicker, and in an instant, the world begins to spin. We are back in "Rewind" world. Same as before, after a moment of spinning, everything just stops. Color rushes back into the scene, the soundtrack switches and we're back in the classic 1950's kitchen.

**MR AND MRS JOHNSON** both sit at the table. He's reading a large newspaper, comically holding it up, while she is beginning to prepare lunch. **THE ORDERLIES** standing behind her a packet of white bread, maybe a fake piece of deli meat, and a large jar of fake mayonnaise with a giant neon "Corporate" logo on the side. They place the contents on the table as their initial dialogue begins.

**MRS J**

It was such a stressful morning. Wasn't it dear?

**MR J**

No. What? Yes, oh yes.

**MRS J**

MR JOHNSON, are you listening to me, dear? It was such a stressful morning and I'm so glad we can relax around such a decadent and delicious lunch. Perhaps a sandwich?

(she begins making a sandwich, taking out two pieces of bread, some fake deli meat, etc)

**MR J**

What? Oh, I'm sorry MRS JOHNSON, my mind is still at work.

**MRS J**

MR JOHNSON, did you have a stressful morning at the Human Resources Mining Center?

**MR J**

Well, indeed it was MRS JOHNSON. The Human Resources Mining Company was actually visited today by our direct supervisor, the one and only Corporate Eminence from YES! Holdings. YES, MRS JOHNSON THAT "YES!" . We had so many children to re-program, re-educate, and re-brand in his honor that it was almost impossible!

**MRS J**

Almost impossible, was it? I'm sure you made due, didn't you, dear?  
(she laughs loudly, awkwardly, continuing to make the sandwich, almost finished)

**MR J**

"The Product" was no help at all. Mr. Roberts had to fire half of them and skin the branding off the rest! Practically fully realized adults too! Would you believe the measures he had to take?

(**MRS J** "Yes, dear, hmmm mmm")

Taking into consideration the full weight of the company's actions, taking into account the numbers of protocols

(**MRS J** "Yes, dear, mmmm hmmm")

and the families that need to be separated and the children that need to be skinned and "The Product" that needs to be made, and I almost felt....!

**MRS J**

(stopping him, sticking out the sandwich on a plate)  
Here, dear. A sandwich to make you feel better.

(pause)

BOOM - our world dips back into the strobe glitch world and both **MR AND MRS J** begin violently dry heaving. The world is strobing and violent as everyone starts breaking down, as if their plastic facade is now gone. They are REWINDING AND RESETTING.

**MRS J**

I'm so glad we can relax around such a decadent and delicious lunch. Perhaps a sandwich?

As he begins to answer, she takes the sandwich back, but this time, opens the giant jar of mayonnaise labeled with a giant sticker reading "HRMC LARD" and she begins liberally spreads it alllllllll over the bread. More and more and more mayonnaise.

**MR J**

And even the 'finished' Product s was no help at all. Mr. Roberts had to fire half of them and skin the branding off the rest! Practically fully realized Products at their end of their manufacturing lifespan too! Would you believe the measures he had to take? Taking into consideration the full weight of the company's actions, taking into account the numbers of protocols, and the families that need to be separated and the children that need to be de-programmed, re-skinned, re-educated, and re-born...why, I...I almost felt...!

She is violently slathering mayo over everything, the sandwich is destroyed, meat and lettuce and cheese all over the place. She somehow gets it back on the plate.

**MRS J**

(stopping him, sticking out the sandwich on a plate)  
Here, dear. A sandwich to make you feel better.

PAUSE. They look at each other. He slowly reaches out and takes the plate. It's silence as she watches him raise the sandwich to his mouth and take a giant bite. Almost immediately his eyes roll back in his head in pleasure.

**MR J**

Oh my fucking god  
(He takes another bite. It's orgasmic.  
As the mayo swirls around in his mouth  
igniting every taste bud he's getting  
more and more and more turned on and  
animated in his pleasure.)  
Ohhhhhh my goood, yes, oh my god oh my  
god YES.

**MRS J**

(fixated on him and his reactions reaches  
out quickly and grabs the sandwich and  
takes a giant bite)  
mmmmmmmmmmmmhhhhmmmmmmmm  
(her eyes roll back. Same response)

The sandwich eaters are getting more and more turned on as they pass the sandwich in between them. He takes a bite and then she takes a bite. The orgasm is coming soon, their pleasure growing and growing, eventually not even passing the sandwich back and forth but both fighting to consume it, making out in the process, climbing on the table, climbing on each other, shoving food and anything to side, it is total mayhem and still it grows and grows until they are both about to cum and at that exact moment...

BOOM The world explodes again into light and strobe and sound and everyone begins VIOLENTLY SHAKING AND DRY HEAVING. But this time, the walls are now covered in YES! Infinity Holdings documents and HR forms and computer code. "RESET - RESET - RESET". The characters are violently writhing around. Once again though, **MRS J** is different. She is somehow aware, screaming something coherent. Clearly she recognizes her husband, JIM. But this time she sees the audience.

**MRS J**

(she's racked with pain and yelling this  
at us in between the painful spasms)

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU ALL???? Why are you  
doing this to us? JIM WAKE UP! Wake up  
JIM PLEASE!!!

(back to the audience)

who the fuck are you? Why are you doing  
this to us?

(writhing in pain, back to the audience)  
please help me PLEASE HELP ME!!!

And then suddenly...

THE ROOM AND COLORS DISAPPEAR. Everything goes back to  
white. The characters all drop to the floor and become  
motionless as if they're dead. We are back in the Tonny  
Robbins Lecture Room. There's a deep bass drone that  
smoothes out the scene and brings everything back down to a  
calm level.

#### SCENE 6 LECTURE ROOM

After a brief moment of recovery, the screen cuts in from  
static and **TONNY'S** face fills the screens and all four walls.  
This time he's closer to the camera in a tighter close-up,  
his eyes glaring down on everyone.

#### **TONNY (RECORDED)**

Anyone hungry for a sandwich? Sometimes  
we can all benefit from a nice lunch  
break, isn't that right? Let me ask  
you something: Who's in control of  
your life right now? Is it your boss,  
your company, the system? Or is it  
you? Because here's the truth- at YES!  
Infinity Holdings free will is not just  
some lofty idea, it's our greatest tool,  
our weapon. It's easy to feel like  
you're just another cog in the machine.  
But listen closely: (his face gets even  
closer to the camera) you are not a cog  
in the machine. You are the machine.  
Our choices, not your circumstances,  
define the future. Step up, take action,  
and realize, right now, WHO is not in

charge of your life?  
We are what you fear.  
YES!  
What you desire is not who you are.  
YES!  
WE ARE WHAT YOU FEAR! SAY IT WITH ME!  
YES!  
What you desire is not who you are.  
YES!  
ONE MORE TIME!  
YES!  
(getting his face right up in the  
camera)  
JOIN.  
US.  
NOW.  
Let's head back to the Johnsons and see  
how their day turns out.

BLACKOUT. STROBE.

### SCENE 7 DINNER

**MRS J** is standing in the center of the platform, exhausted, at the end of her rope. Shoulders slumped over, mascara running underneath her weird plastic mask. She's trying to keep it together, a forced smile plastered on her face. **MR J** sits at the kitchen table totally dazed and happy. His pants are around his ankles and he's rubbing syrup and mayonnaise all over his face and just totally gooning out on the products.

#### **MRS J**

It was such a stressful morning.  
(he doesn't answer)  
JIM, are you fucking listening to me? It  
was such a stressful morning.

#### **MR J**

(gooning out on the products)  
Mmmmaaaaooooo what?

#### **MRS J**

(giving up, basically crying, just



saying the words)  
I'm so glad we can relax around such a  
decadent and delicious dinner. Perhaps  
meatloaf?

**MR J**

(acknowledging the meatloaf, his moans  
rise a bit)  
Mmmmmmmamaaaaaooooo

**MRS J**

What does that mean (difficultly) my  
darling? Do you not want meatloaf, JIM?

**MR J**

(acknowledging the meatloaf again, his  
moans rise a bit)  
Mmmmmmmamaaaaaooooo

**MRS J**

(Exhausted, at the end of her rope, but  
still trying)  
Well, then, maybe something else? A nice  
savory Fish Bake, perhaps?

**MR J**

Nooooooooooooooooo,  
meeeeeeeaaaattttllloooooooooaaaaffff

**MRS J**

(under her breath, to herself)  
I fucking hate meatloaf JIM, I don't  
want this, I don't fucking want this.  
(back to her fake self)  
....decadent and delicious...  
(THE LIGHTS GLITCH AND STROBE for a  
second, a heavy dance beat starts as the  
characters double over in writhing pain,  
then it all returns)  
....tasty and nutritious...  
(THE LIGHTS GLITCH AGAIN but a little  
longer this time they return. She's so  
frustrated, basically screaming at this  
point)  
...FUCKING TASTY AND DELICIOUS

(THE LIGHTS GLITCH AND STROBE then  
return, trying to get the words out...)  
A TASTY MOTHER FUCKING...

**MR J**

(getting up from the table, holding the  
bottles)  
It'll be alright darling angel bird  
lovely sweet morsel darling wife. Here,  
drink this  
(forcing the product at her)  
DRINK THIS NOW it'll all go away...  
(THE LIGHTS GLITCH AND STROBE and a  
dance beat kicks in the characters  
writhe in pain then it all goes back to  
normal)  
Eat this now and it'll be better it'll  
alllllll be better now...  
(LIGHTS THEN BEAT then pain then return)

**MRS J**

No - JIM - stay away from me  
(hysterical now, finally in her right  
mind, looking around at everyone  
watching them)  
WHO ARE ALL OF YOU  
(THE LIGHTS GLITCH AND STROBE and they  
buckle over then it returns)  
Why are you doing this? Please please  
please please help me why won't you help  
me  
(LIGHTS GLITCH STROBE BEAT RETURN)

**MR J**

(almost on top of her, shoving the  
product on her and all over her and  
trying to get it in her mouth)  
EAT IT NOW MRS JOHNSON

As this is all happening **THE ORDERLY** walks from the back  
with a giant electrical collar on the platter and stands at  
the back of the scene, waiting.

**MR J**

It's MY turn to make dinner, MRS.

JOHNSON! Something special. Something nutritious.

(He goes to **THE ORDERLY** and gets the collar and starts advancing on her).  
The perfect, balanced meal to make you forget everything. To make you happy.

**MRS J**

No, JIM, no, please don't JIM JIM please don't, you know who I am!

(THE LIGHTS GLITCH, THE DANCE BEAT, the characters writhe, then it stops)

**MR J**

The perfect product to make you happy  
MRS. JOHNSON (advancing on her) The Perfect Product MRS. JOHNSON. The VCT Happy Zap Positivity Collar. It's what we've been perfecting at work all day long MRS. JOHNSON (THE LIGHTS GLITCH, THE DANCE BEAT, the characters writhe, then it stops)

**MRS J**

(underscoring him) no, JIM, please NO. Anything but the VCT Happy Zap Positivity Collar!! What is going on I know you don't want to do this, remember, JIM, REMEMBER please oh god oh please remember JIM please don't do this  
JIM

She's backing up, trying to crawl away from them. A chase ensues through the crowd. **THE ORDERLY** joins the fight and starts chasing her as well. Finally they're back onstage and she falls. **THE ORDERLY** gets behind **MRS J**, holding her down. She's kicking and screaming, pleading with **MR J** to stop. **MR J** seems hypnotized by the collar itself - in a trance, like a Zombie chasing after brains. He stands above her, towering over her. He raises the collar to the sky, a la Simba in Lion King, and in one fell swoop - **MR J** bends down and snaps the electrical collar around her neck and...

SILENCE.

EVERYTHING STOPS - all eyes on her - what's going to happen.

She's splayed out on the floor, **MR J** looming over her...  
there's a brief silence as we all wait and watch.

**MRS J**

(out of breath, feeling the collar  
around her neck, softly and unsure)  
Yes.

**MR J**

(he waits a beat, also unsure)  
Yes?

**MRS J**

(after a beat, a little more confident  
now)  
Yes.  
(shaking her head, getting excited)  
Yes hahaha YES lol YES!  
(starting to smile, starting to get  
happier)  
Yes, I feel it, YES YES!

**MR J**

It's a YES!!!! IT WORKS!!

**MRS J**

(the collar working, the happiness is  
taking over her body and making her  
convulse with joy. It's almost like  
dancing)  
YES! YES! YEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!!

BOOM

THE WORLD EXPLODES. THE DANCE BEAT KICKS IN. THE LIGHTS DROP  
INTO FULL FLEDGED PARTY RAVE MODE.

The collar worked. She gets up - joins her husband - back  
to her old self. They are wildly dancing together in  
celebration. Their fake smiles plastered back on their  
faces. **THE ORDERLIES** join them.

**MRS JOHNSON & MR JOHNSON**

YES!! It worked!! Yes! It worked! YES!!  
Yes! YEEEEESSSS! Yes! More! More! More!  
(they start the crowd chanting)  
MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE!  
(they get everyone to join them dancing  
and chanting)  
MORE!  
MORE!  
MORE!

Meanwhile **THE ORDERLIES** have brought in a giant firehose from backstage and join **THE JOHNSONS** onstage as the crowd keeps chanting.

**EVERYONE**

MORE!  
MORE!  
MORE!

In celebration, they open the hose and give the crowd what they want. The crowd roars, the lights drop further, the dance music kicks in harder, we open the doors to the outside and let people leave when they figure out it's over.

END