**Mussels**

**Screenplay by Francisco Sanchez and Rodrigo Luxon**

**Scene 1:**

* I can’t believe it, Maricarmen! Again?! At 7 a.m?
* I can’t stand it ... Choose Mari Carmen, mussels or me?

**Scene 2:**

I still remember that offer in cans of mussels: Buy 1, get 2 free! Thus it was, thus was born my addiction, my ruin and martyrdom! That first tin awoke within me such unknown pleasure that ran through my body.

It Smell, taste, texture ... I could feel every drop of that oily ambrosia in pickled sauce down my esophagus.

It was marvelous ... (*awesome)*

Reality was fading and vanishing over time ... delirium invaded my being and lifted my soul to the purest Ecstasy of St. Theresa.

I was no longer the same woman as before, everything took on a new dimension. And therefore, my husband, oblivious to this gastronomic debauchery, began to live in the flesh my indifference and disdain. Well, now his love and his fucking dirty underwear were not compensating me.

Gradually, our particular ordeal began: lunches turned into battles, married life into hell, and sex nights, before full of lust and passion, now as cold as the frigid waters of the Arctic.

I was ruining my life and the life of my husband Loren ... all for the pleasure of a can of mussels. Honestly, I never thought that 10 centimeters of aluminum would make me so happy.

Sometimes the guilt is killing me, to be honest, but what can I do? I don’t drink alcohol, I'm not addicted to any drugs, I have fought all my life to go forward ... My only vices are just the bingo cards and these tasty mussels with pickled tomato sauce.

And if my husband puts my back against the wall, be sure that not even he can snatch this pleasure that fills me. If I have to choose, the answer is very clear: my happiness is above all, no man will control me, and no one will stop me from continue enjoying a tasty can of mussels.