

The Search for Her

Actor

"Where is she? I want to see her!"

Narrator

Marcos paced the worn carpet of his small apartment, the words a desperate whisper. He tripped, nearly causing him to **fall down**, catching himself just in time.

Actor

"I told you, don't you understand?"

Narrator

He muttered to the empty room, a phantom argument echoing in his mind.

He sank onto the edge of his bed, head in his hands. "**Tell me about her**," he'd pleaded with his friends, but their descriptions felt hollow, incomplete. He yearned to truly know her, not just hear about her. "**I want to be**" happy, he thought, "**I want to be with her.**"

For months, he'd been sending out applications.

Actor

"I've been applying for jobs in her city,"

Narrator

He confided in his best friend, Leo, over the phone. Leo, ever the realist, advised him.

Actor 2

"Stop thinking about her so much, man. You're driving yourself crazy."

Narrator

But Marcos couldn't. Every memory of her, every fleeting smile, every shared laugh, was etched into his heart. He remembered the way she'd once described a sunset, her eyes alight with wonder. "**He is so romantic**," she'd said of a character in a book, and Marcos had secretly vowed to be even more so for her. He just needed to find her.