

I'M IN LOVE WITH MY SMARTPHONE

By Jerry Rabushka

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SYNOPSIS

Olsen has trouble getting a date, but suddenly he meets several women who give him everything he wants! Problem is, he can't tell the difference between a real girlfriend and a computerized voice on his GPS or his smart phone, When his family disapproves of his new "smart" romance, Olsen runs off to Atlanta to be alone—with his mechanical love interest. Can she love him back? Can she even "access that information?" How will he rebound if the love goes sour? A fun script with a chance to realize many characters, both live and computerized.

CHARACTERS

1 MALE
1 FEMALE

OLSEN
JULIE

**Both actors play other characters as indicated. While JULIE plays several computer activated voices, SHE should try to use a different characterization for each.

DURATION

10 Minutes

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OLSEN: (*addressing the audience*) I had trouble with women.

JULIE: (*aggressive!*) Stay away from me, you creep!

OLSEN: (*cowering in fear*) But... Grandma...! I just wanted sweet potato pie!

JULIE: Peel 'em yourself. (*pushes OLSEN away from her.*)

OLSEN: (*recovering*) I didn't fare any better with girls my own age.

JULIE: (*really snotty*) I said I'd go out with you. I just didn't say... (*short laugh*) when.

OLSEN: That was two years ago.

JULIE: Call me in two *more* years. Maybe I'll have an answer.

OLSEN: I had resigned myself to life alone.

JULIE: Good.

OLSEN: (*more upbeat*) Then I met the nicest girl at the grocery store.

JULIE: (*as a voice in a self service checkout lane*) Please put the item in the bag.

OLSEN: She was so nice! She even said-

JULIE: Please!

OLSEN: (*excited by all this!*) After I put the item in the bag, she inquired after my wellbeing.

JULIE: Do you have any coupons?

OLSEN: (*nervous*) Our first date, how was I supposed to know she wanted coupons? (*relieved*) But she was OK with that.

JULIE: Please select your method of payment.

OLSEN: She was all about what *I* wanted. Usually I'd get a smack down no matter how I paid.

JULIE: (*as a "real date"*) A coupon? You're so cheap.

OLSEN: (*talking to a cashier*) I'd like to charge it.

JULIE: (*as a disapproving adult*) Borrowing against your future.

OLSEN: Cash.

JULIE: (*sarcastic*) What's wrong? Can't get any credit?

OLSEN: Check.

JULIE: (*as an obnoxious store clerk*) We don't accept checks. No one (*spitting it out*) accepts checks. Where have you been, other than prison?

OLSEN: My checkbook cried out in agony:

JULIE: (*as the checkbook*) I'm broke, Olsen. I'm cash-starved and underfed! My checks are withering like a 19th century schoolmarm who lost her job teaching at an all girls school in a very remote corner of Leicestershire, England. (*pronounced "Lester-shur"*)

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OLSEN: (*has trouble believing a checkbook could say all that, but continues*) What a long-winded checkbook! (*back on topic*) I really liked the grocery store lady, but she had no ambition.

JULIE: Please put the item in the bag.

OLSEN: That was all it took to make her happy. My bag was full, but I needed more. Fortunately I met another wonderful woman while driving down the road!

JULIE: (*as a GPS*) In seven miles, merge left onto I-55 South.

OLSEN: Supportive!

JULIE: You have arrived at your destination.

OLSEN: We went everywhere together! We even planned a weekend getaway.

JULIE: Continue 187 miles on I-44 West.

OLSEN: Call me fickle, but just then *another* woman came into my life and stole my heart. My parents got me a Smartphone.

JULIE: (*as his mother*) Here, son...

OLSEN: ...said mom.

JULIE: (*using guilt*) Don't forget to text. I'm only your mother.

OLSEN: Don't you mean call?

JULIE: I said text. What century are you living in? (*laughing at him*) Oh that's right, you still use checks.

OLSEN: My father wasn't much better. (*as father*) He's not so smart. He needs a smart *phone* to make up the difference. Olsen? Don't forget to text your mother. And turn on the GPS so we know where you are. I don't want you lost in Halifax in the middle of winter like your sister.

JULIE: In three hundred feet, turn left on Desire Street.

OLSEN: I was lost in New Orleans. Halifax could wait.

JULIE: Recalculating.

OLSEN: (*as father*) Don't make her recalculate. You'll just aggravate her.

JULIE: This is my final recalculation. If you won't take my directions, you can get there on your own.

OLSEN: (*as himself*) The girls were turning on me.

JULIE: (*as a computer voice, but more aggravated*) Get lost and see if I care. You never listen to me.

OLSEN: (*trying to salvage the relationship*) But I have coupons!

JULIE: (*still as the GPS*) Don't try that with me! You can't win me over simply by putting an item in a bag.

OLSEN: Smartphone was different. See? (*talking to the phone, which can be pantomimed if necessary*) I'm bored.

JULIE: (*cheerful*) What would you like to do tonight?

OLSEN: Just talk.

JULIE: What subject interests you?

OLSEN: Tell me about you.

JULIE: I cannot access that information.

OLSEN: You seem shy. (*thinks it over*) You seem repressed.

JULIE: Here are some articles about repression.

OLSEN: She was self-aware, at least. (*reading a definition*) Repression: The unconscious exclusion of painful impulses, desires, or fears from the conscious mind.

JULIE: *Impression*: An effect, feeling, or image retained as a consequence of experience.

OLSEN: *Depression*: sadness; gloom; dejection.

JULIE: Depression, definition two: Sunken place or part; an area lower than the surrounding surface.

OLSEN: Word games! She was perfect! I told my friends about her. They were like (*as a really cool guy friend*) "Dude she sounds awesome, when can I meet her?" I pulled out my phone.

JULIE: When would you like to arrange a meeting?

OLSEN: (*excited*) Right now.

JULIE: Your calendar is clear.

OLSEN: (*As friend*) What's she look like?

JULIE: I'm sorry I can't access that information.

OLSEN: (*still as friend*) Is she hot?

JULIE: Here are some images for "hot."

OLSEN: (*as himself, to audience*) Tahiti, Bali, Fiji... (*proud*) I was in love with an island girl. But my parents tried to break us apart.

JULIE: (*as mother for the next few speeches*) Harry, why did you buy him that phone? He talks to it all day! (*pathetic*) No time for his mother.

OLSEN: (*as father*) It was your idea, Celia. (*sarcastic*) Guess it wasn't so smart after all.

JULIE: He needs to socialize.

OLSEN: (*as himself*) I *am* socializing.

JULIE: When I was your age we spoke to real people.

OLSEN: (*as father*) Are you texting your mother like you promised? (*as himself*) Sure dad. (*texting*) Dear mom, LMAFGS.

JULIE: What's that?

OLSEN: Leave me alone for goodness sake!

JULIE: That's not funny.

OLSEN: Dad was not amused either. (*as father*) That's it, your phone is coming with me! (*OLSEN runs away from "Father" holding his phone close.*) Smartphone, get me out of here!

JULIE: (*as phone*) Where would you like to go today?

OLSEN: (*to the phone*) Atlanta. I want to go to Atlanta. And fast. (*to audience*) Anything to get away. Within two minutes she had bus tickets and a hotel room.

JULIE: *(a small sad voice)* You're going without me!

OLSEN: That was my checkbook.

JULIE: Please put the item in the bag.

OLSEN: That was my credit card. Repeatedly. My parents were concerned that I was gallivanting down south with some shady ladies.

JULIE: *(as mother)* Where is he?

OLSEN: *(as father)* His GPS puts him at a Calhoun, Georgia outlet mall.

JULIE: *(as mother)* Maybe he'll get me something. Olsen, get me something! *(as phone)* What would your mother like! *(as mom, loud)* Stockings. Get me some stockings! *(as phone)* Here are listings for "stockings" in Calhoun, Georgia.

OLSEN: *(as himself)* She sure knew how to ruin a good time. We left the Calhoun outlet mall.

JULIE: *(as mother)* Did you get me my stockings?

OLSEN: I took my phone to my hotel so we could get to know each other better. *(to phone)* What's your name?

JULIE: I am an iPhone Model 4S.

OLSEN: *(to audience, very pleased)* So she was a model. From Fiji! *(to phone, in love)* Can I call you Julie?

JULIE: Here are three article about Julie. Julie Andrews, Romeo and Juliet, and Julie the computerized voice of Amtrak. She and I are great friends.

OLSEN: What about *you*? Do you like me? I like you.

JULIE: I'm sorry, I cannot access that information.

OLSEN: *(a little bit tongue tied)* I've met many women like you, but none *exactly* like you. Other than you. You're the one who is exactly like you. You're not like the rest. You're only like you. *(to audience)* I was rambling. But I thought she got my point. *(to phone)* Julie, do you love me?

JULIE: Here are some articles on love.

OLSEN: Me! Do *you* love *me*!

JULIE: I'm sorry, I cannot access that information.

OLSEN: *(sad and angry)* She didn't *sound* sorry. *(desperate)* Try, Julie! Try to access! *(over the top)* For crying out loud, access the information!

JULIE: *(still computerized, so SHE speaks just as before)* No wonder your GPS dumped you only 300 feet short of your destination.

OLSEN: *(to audience)* Julie was a tease! Spurning my love in an Atlanta hotel after I'd spent \$1,000 on her! She just used me to get a free trip! *(to phone, spiteful)* I should throw you in the sink and turn on the water!

JULIE: Here are some sinks and bottled water you can purchase!

OLSEN: *(to audience)* It was over between us. *(to phone, sarcastic)* Put *that* item in a bag, Julie.

JULIE: *(as mother)* Is our son ever coming home? Olsen, are you coming back? You're always traipsing around the South. New Orleans, Atlanta... The Civil War is over!

OLSEN: *(as father)* Celia, leave him alone! He'll come back on his own time.

JULIE: He's there on your credit card, Harry.

OLSEN: Olsen you come home right this minute!

JULIE: *(self satisfied, as mother)* I knew you'd see it my way.

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