

MOM TOOK MY PHONE AWAY AND I'M GOING CRAZY!

By Kelly Meadows

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A Ten Minute Comedic Monologue

By Kelly Meadows

SYNOPSIS: Raquel crumbles slowly right before your very eyes. This is the horrific story of a young lady being forced to live without her smart phone, paying the penalty for texting during family dinner. You'll watch helplessly as she regresses to 1965 while all her friends are gossiping on the latest social media. Will she actually read a book? Do her homework? Worst of all, she's forced to speak to people—face to face. This comedy is NOT for the squeamish! And remember—unlike Raquel, you can use your smart phone to order this play!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female)

RAQUEL (f) A student.

RAQUEL: (*A little sheepish, doesn't want to admit what happened.*) I was punished for texting at the dinner table. Yeah right, like what's family dinner for but texting your friends while you're—oh wait, what's family dinner to begin with? (*Exasperated.*) My mother decided we were going to start having it, after which my life tuned to splat.

(*As mother.*) "I don't care if no one gets home until 10 P.M. We'll eat *then*, like they do in Spain."

"We're not in Spain."

(*As mother.*) "You're going to be if you don't join us for dinner."

So I ate. At 10. And I texted. "Family dinner," said my friends, "what is this, 1970?" You know all those articles around how smart phones, computers, and texting are ruining my generation? Well they're wrong. They *define* my generation. Last generation was video games, generation before that was disco, and the generation before that was *Gilligan's Island*. Before you smile and fist pump, look at the world we inherited and thank *Gilligan*. Nonetheless, here I am, disciplined for texting, with a week of no phone. It was amputated—without anesthesia—and my social life was left bleeding and writhing on the floor without a tourniquet in sight. Things were happening right next to me that I wasn't aware of. People were talking—probably about me. They were pouring their hearts out in blogs, Facebook, and texts. They were telling false rumors, spreading malicious gossip, fomenting ill will and distributing unsubstantiated propaganda, and I was missing all of it. I am still, if you notice, free of social media...my father, who randomly took my mom's side, had prepared responses to my cries of loneliness and isolation. What if someone wants to ask me on a date?

(*As father.*) "He can ask you. In person."

No one does that. They're all afraid of me saying no.

(*As father.*) "How often do you say no?"

Uh...sometimes?

(*As Father. Stern, very protective.*) “Because if you don’t say no, I’m going to do it for you!”

That “discussion” got me another week without the phone, or as I called it, solitary confinement. But I *couldn’t* call it because *I didn’t have a phone!* “I’ve been trying to get ahold of you for three days.” That was my best friend. “My mom took my phone,” I cried. “I’m not allowed to communicate by any means developed since 1965.” Sadly, no one had a short wave radio.

(*As friend.*) “Oh, that’s too bad, I had something to tell you.”

“Can’t you just talk to me?” I begged. I was desperate to be plugged in.

(*As friend, confused.*) “Talk to you, like face to face, like right here right now?”

I wasn’t sure how that worked. I mean, I had friends and all, but talk to each other, face to face, right here, right now? (*Give audience a look of total confusion, then a “light bulb” goes off.*) Then I decided a way around it. I turned it into an alpha–RHRN. (*Excited!*) Suddenly everyone was telling me everything. “Do you want to know RHRN?” Sure! It was like girl talk from the days of *Dobie Gillis* and *Gilligan*. Soon everyone was talking and I knew everything. Face to face. You’re probably thinking: what next, is she going to read a book? Is she going to discover the wonders of expressing herself through speech? Is she going to finish this monologue, ever, and say she doesn’t *need* a phone? Uh...no. I said a few things, RHRN, about a few people where were RIFOMF–right in front of my face–that got put on blast to lots and lots of people. Just like in the old days.

Sometimes we teenagers think we invented gossip, and that we're the first generation who devised and conceived the insult. Anyone who's read the *Iliad* knows that people have been insulting each other at least for 2,700 years, and anyone who's read the Bible knows it goes back even farther than that. (As *Eve*.) "Eat the apple." (As *Adam*.) "I hate your cooking."

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