

PSYCHIC HOTLINE

By Kelly Meadows

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CAST: one female

(on the phone, angry) Okay then, so it rains this spring and you have to take a boat to the laundry room, I don't want your ugly hindquarters calling me up saying why didn't we come out here sooner!

(off the phone) Being a phone solicitor is hard work. It's thankless, demanding, abusive, and then after you spend all day on the phone, you come home for dinner and you can't get a moment's peace.

(as a solicitor) "Would you like to change your long distance service?"

No, but I wish you were further away!

(as another) "Would you like a free internet upgrade."

How about www.don't-call-me-anymore.com?

(as another) "Are you wearing anything?"

(pause, disgusted) Oh, that's mom. We're having issues about her dropping over unannounced. Then there's the worst one.

"I'm not trying to sell you anything."

Well that's good, because I'm not buying anything.

“We want to offer you a free trip to the Bahamas.”

Excuse me, but been there, done that, hated it, hated the t-shirt, *hated* the cab driver. (**more pleasant**) Aruba’s nice.

I got started in the business working for a psychic phone line. People paid \$3.99 a minute for us to make – or should I say make *up* – predictions about their future. Then they want you to tell them about their present. “You knew I had three children! You’re amazing!”

No, what’s amazing is that you’re paying someone four dollars a minute to tell you that you have three children.

“Well, we weren’t sure about Bobby. My aunt thinks he’s a terrier.”

Me? Psychic training? The future? Bosh. I don’t even know what *I’ll* be doing five minutes from now.

But I liked to talk on the phone, and boy do I like scoop. So I took the job. In walks Miss Linda, the head psychic psycho.

(**a British accent would be good**) “Sit down, and take your first call.”

I don’t know what to do yet.

“Make something up!”

But isn’t that illegal?

(**insistent**) “Make something up!”

So I did. I became really psychic, really fast.

(as a customer) "My husband isn't paying any attention to me."

That's because you're spending all your time on the phone!

"I think he's cheating on me."

Well why don't you get off the phone and spend some time with him?

(whining) "Because he's not heeeeeere!"

Well when was the last time you cooked him dinner?

"How can I afford to make dinner when I'm paying you \$3.99 a minute?"

So I looked into her future. Debt, divorce, misery, loneliness.

"Oh my gosh, what can I do?"

Well, why don't you STOP CALLING ME!

Obviously Miss Linda wasn't thrilled with me. She wanted me to lead that woman on. "We make a living out of cheating husbands. If we can't find them, we manufacture them. I'll bet your husband is cheating on you right now."

I don't have a husband, I told her, but if you were my wife, you're darn tootin' I'd be cheatin'!

Then, of course, five minute later *he* calls up. The husband. **(as a man)** "My wife's spending all her time on the phone. Do you think she's seeing someone else?"

Well no, I think she's calling the psychic hotline.

"Why would she be wasting her money on that?"

She thinks you're cheating on her.

"Cheating?"

"Are you cheating?"

"You're the psychic, you tell me."

And then the wife breaks right back in just as pleasant as black eyed Susans in the Georgia sunshine. **(nagging)** "Who are you talking to."

(cowed) "No one, honey."

"Why are you on the phone if you're not talking to anyone? I want to know, this instant, who you're talking to."

"It's Jay, honey."

"It better not be Jay!"

"Then it's Leanna."

"It better not be Leanna."

“Then it’s Jay.”

“Okay. But it better not be.”

So that was an easy call. Debt, divorce, doom, despair. I couldn’t really fix anybody’s life. But with my psychic powers, I could make things much, much, worse.

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