

MONOLOGUE – JEREMY

FROM *THIS PHONE 2.0: THE NEXT GENERATION*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

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| Play | THIS PHONE 2.0: THE NEXT GENERATION by Lindsay Price |
| Stats | Comedy - Simple set - 30 minutes |
| Casting | 2M+3W |
| Description | Jeremy describes why he's not picking up his messages. |
| Get the Play | www.theatrefolk.com |

Hi. You've reached Jeremy. I can't pick up right now. My phone and I aren't speaking. My phone wants all the new paraphernalia. All the gadgets and gizmos. Gotta watch movies on the phone. Gotta listen to music on the phone. Gotta take pictures, access the web, unlimited texting, a thousand contacts each with their own ring tone! I do not want any of these things. I want a phone. To talk into. To communicate with. Apparently, this is wrong and completely out of touch with the sane world. My whole family is on my phone's side.

I don't care about ring tones. My sister says, "You have to care about ring tones! The ring tone says who you are. A stranger will hear the ring tone and know you." "That," I say, "is decidedly creepy." (*as sister*) "I spent three weeks coming up with the right ring tone. It had to be exactly right. I finally decided on **DON'T PHUNK WITH MY HEART**, the acoustic version! (*or similar popular song that would sound bizarre acoustic*) Shows how cool and unique I am. Takes a certain person to go acoustic. What does your phone do?" she asks.

"It rings," I say. (*as sister*) "Yes but **HOW** does it ring, Jeremy? What is your phone telling the world about you? How does it ring?" (*he looks confused*) "It rings like a phone. Like a normal phone. An ordinary, normal phone."

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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(to audience) Apparently this is wrong and completely out of touch with the sane world.

I don't care about having a camera in my phone. "But what if something happens," my mother says. "What if you see a star, walking down the street, and you're the only one there, and they are wearing something awful and you could take their picture and sell it to the tabloids for a million dollars and set me up with an island off of the coast of France." "Mom," I say, "isn't that completely mental? Decidedly mental?" "Get me to France, Jeremy," she says.

My family isn't listening to me and now my phone is threatening me. Threatening! My phone says, "I'm going to lose all your messages if you don't step up and get with the program! I need unlimited texting!" *(yelling directly at phone)* I won't charge your battery if you lose one message! Do you hear me! Uno message-o! *(he sighs)* So we're at a standstill. A standoff. A silence. I'm the one in charge here. That's what I keep telling myself. I'll use a payphone till the day I die if I have to. So don't leave a message. I won't get it. And if you see me at the pay phone on the corner of First and Dorchester say hi! 🐼