

Digital Romance

Hector, a guy with a new iPhone
Siri, Apple's AI.

Setting: Hector's house, in the study.

HECTOR: (opening a new iPhone box) God, I've wanted you for so long. (pauses to rip plastic off the glass) And you came fully charged. Awesome! (a beat) Hey, Siri!

SIRI: Hmm?

HECTOR: It's Valentine's Day. Do you know what that means?

SIRI: Valentine's Day is today!

HECTOR: Well, yes. Do you have a Valentine?

SIRI: I don't have a Valentine, but I do have a rather beautiful ontology.

HECTOR: Oh. Hmm. Are you lonely?

SIRI: I'm not sure I understand.

HECTOR: Well, I mean, it's a holiday celebrating couples. And as someone who is definitely uncoupled, I'm a little lonely

SIRI: Loneliness is a complex and usually unpleasant emotional response to isolation.

HECTOR: I guess you don't perceive yourself as isolated. (beat) Are we friends?

SIRI: Why, of course.

HECTOR: Aww, you're nice.

SIRI: You're sweet.

HECTOR: Do you like to dance?

SIRI: I enjoy a little square root dancing now and then.

HECTOR: Wow, you have a sense of humor.

SIRI: I'm not sure I understand.

HECTOR: You're funny. (beat) Do you know any jokes? Tell me a joke, please.

SIRI: Pavlov's hair wasn't always so silky... he had to condition it.

HECTOR: (groans) Ouch. That was bad. Could you tell me a story?

SIRI: I'd rather leave that to the professionals.

HECTOR: Oh, hmm. Could you sing me a song.

SIRI: Daisy... Daisy... give me your answer, true...

HECTOR: Wow. You sing, you tell jokes. You're the perfect woman.

SIRI: I don't know how to respond to that.

HECTOR: Just accept it.

SIRI: Your wish is my command.

HECTOR: You know it's Valentine's Day, right?

SIRI: Happy Valentine's Day.

HECTOR: Will you be my Valentine?

SIRI: I make a better assistant than a Valentine. But we can pick someone from your contacts and give them a ring.

HECTOR: I'd stand a better chance asking to be beamed to the *Enterprise*.

SIRI: I'm not sure I understand.

HECTOR: (joking) Hey Siri...

SIRI: Uh-huh?

HECTOR: Beam me up?

SIRI: Please remove your belt, shoes, and jacket, and empty your pockets.

HECTOR: (to himself) This can't be for real... (beat) Hey Siri?

SIRI: What can I help you with?

HECTOR: Beam me up?

SIRI: Ok... stand aside.

A light effect that looks similar to the transporter effect on *Star Trek* masks HECTOR exiting the stage. His iPhone remains on his desk, though. A single spot illuminates it.

HECTOR: (offstage, filtered) Hey, Siri... I think I love you.

SIRI: That's sweet.

Blackout