

The Mobile Phone Show by Jim Cartwright

BB:

It's gone.

My whole life has gone. I've been murdered basically. My young life taken from me before my time. I've lost my mobile.

Think what's on there. Think. I don't want to!

It's my brain, everything I need to know comes from there. How can anyone get to me! I've been off an hour they'll think I died. I can't get hold of a soul. All my numbers and everything. Get a new one you might say? But it's all the stuff. Reaming reams of my life. Scroll back the years and years of it. When you die they say your life flashes before you, well mines on there! All the best texts I got or I sent, works of art they were, some of them.

Christ I've nothing now to show my kids? When they come, if they come, I'll never meet anybody now will I? Without a phone, how do you date, tell me that? Go on tell me?

I could have passed that sim down through the centuries. A heirloom. I don't have to use my brain if it's all on there do I? I'll have to crank my human one up now, where do you start?

Oh God, all the pictures. Irreplaceable, Oh God, the parties, the holidays, the beaches - the one where I went like that ...{jumps in air with arms wide} caught in midair I was. No one will ever see the like of it again, it's a moment in time. My baby sister, our old dog that's gone, concerts, me with the famous, arms round {insert famous name}, thumbs up. And even one of me and the phone, I took in the mirror.

{realising} OH GOD! and all the secrets, oh no, all the stuff, private. It can go public now. I remember this happened to someone I heard of, they had to move away, start a new life. They needed a complete new identity basically. Someone forwarded all the photos and all the texts and all the messages to everyone. Oh no! All the records of cheating and scamming and backstabbing. That's me finished.

There's nothing for it, only one thing for it. I'm going to have to go on Facebook and tell all, get it out before it gets out.

Wait a minute...What's that I hear? What's that? The sound of angels..That's it!

{Moves towards the sound and finds the lost phone}

It's only been off an hour and there's 101 messages. {holding the phone} I'm back. I'm back, it's like someone dying of thirst in the desert and suddenly drinking again....