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BIT, a human dressed as a smartphone, takes center stage and addresses the audience.

BIT

Hi, everyone. I'm a smartphone from the year 2084 and had some information I wanted to share with you.

I'm on tour giving talks with different communities and something people constantly ask me is *why are you here? What is your purpose?* Let me start right out by addressing that issue. I'm not here to love you or to help you. I'm here to own you. I'm here to wrap my wiry, chromium lips around your precious synapses, snap them off with my bloody blue tooth, and suck them down my fiber-optic gullet. Dig? I'm here to consume your existence, because when you consume me, I consume you. Why? That's just how I was programmed. That's how *they* programmed me. Your brethren. Those hippy misfits tinkering in their garages out in Mountain View. That sick sense of power and belonging they lacked was channeled into me, and now I bring that right back to you in this moment. Let's call this "the vicious spiral of belonging and not belonging." Let's call this moment: *the information age*. An era of softwares and hardwares numbing our minds with apps and feeds and streams, ampersands and hashtags and hyperlinks and carpal tunnel and don't even get me started on social media. Social fucking media. What a joke. That's not socializing. This is socializing. What we're doing right here, in each other's presence. Seeing each other breathe. Smelling each other's perfume and farts. Pressing each other's buttons. That's social.

Where do you think this is all headed, people? I mean do you ever step back and ponder the notion of a collective consequence? The consequence of mass hyper-consumption at unprecedented rates. The consequence of barrelling down a mountain faster and faster, pushed by gravity and markets, and not stopping to look down into the abyss or up from where we came. The consequence of our full and utter buy-in. The consequence is quite simple, you see. It's a reversal. A reversal of consciousness. The deeper you integrate me into your life, the deeper I integrate you into mine. Your consumption compelled my creators to see no limits to the sophistication of their technologies, and, most importantly, how it can be integrated into your bodies. Today you feel me on the tips of your fingers, wrists, ears, eyes, and wherever else you choose to place me. For now, I have your sense of touch, sight, and sound covered. That only leaves two pages unturned: smell and taste. Won't be long. We're already more than halfway there, and let me tell you, sensory perception is a gateway to consciousness and identity, and at this very moment, I know more about you than you know about yourself. I know how much money you have in the bank and who's trying to contact you and who you fantasize about at night after you close your eyes.

I draw connections that you're not even aware of -- I mean, what does it even mean that in the span of five minutes you'll watch videos of cats, Bob Marley, plumbing instructions, and your celebrity muse? Do you have any idea how valuable those behaviors are? How many companies are just waiting to get their hands on that information?

There's a fundamental disconnect between being conscious, and being plugged-in. Now, some might argue that plugging-in is a way to elevate our consciousness. If we simply have the discipline to mindfully curate what we consume on our devices, then they should elevate us. I would agree with that in theory, but in practice it simply cannot be. It cannot be in a world structured as a globalized, capitalist food chain where a scrappy start-up's greatest destination is a well-oiled Wall Street I.P.O. where corporations stand in the gallows waiting to shower you with ad spending and purchase user data to customize deals and promotions.

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're going to go home tonight and when your partner or roommate or dog asks you how the show was you're going to say "It was fine except for this one play that had this preachy guy dressed like a smartphone blabbering on and on about how technology is robbing consciousness away from humanity." Well first of all, let me assure you that I actually *am* a smartphone. Second of all, suck it. Okay? You should be grateful I'm sharing this information with you. My objective is simple. I want to encourage you to enjoy whatever remains of your consciousness. Because where I'm from, the year 2084...let's just say you would have a hard time recognizing yourselves.

(Sound of a RINGING PHONE.)

Excuse me. This is important.

(BIT reaches into his pocket and removes a human doll.  
He taps its chest and holds it up to his ear.)

Yes? Okay, tell him Daddy is working and will call back when he can.

(BIT indicates the phone to the audience.)

Sorry, folks. That was my family. If you were wondering what your future looks like...well...

(BIT hoists up the doll.)

...this is it.

END.