

“GPS”
An Auto Erotic Comedy
By Bruce Kane

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“GPS - An Auto Erotic Comedy”
By Bruce Kane

SETTING: A sign indicates that we are in the show room of Odyssey Motors. The set consists of a brand new Odyssey Monolith automobile. This can be suggested by a single chair or two side by side chairs, or if you can afford it, the addition of the front end or the partial front end of the car as well.

CHARACTERS:

DAVE: Young man taking possession of his brand new car.

HALLIE: The FEMALE VOICE of the Odyssey Monolith AutoTech 9000. Hallie’s voice is always calm, controlled and incredibly seductive. Every word we hear from her is dripping with sexual innuendo.

PHONE: The FEMALE VOICE of Dave’s cell phone. Also calm and controlled. More direct and less sensual than Hallie.

LIGHTS UP:

(Dave enters and approaches his new car. He looks at it proudly then begins to circle around it, running his fingertips over the metal... admiring and caressing it from every angle.)

DAVE: Man... Look at you. The lines... The paint job... The wire wheels. The tinted windows... Horsepower to burn. You have got to be the hottest thing on four wheels I have ever seen.

HALLIE: Thank you.

DAVE: *(looks around, somewhat confused)* Who said that?

HALLIE: My name is Hallie. I am the voice of your AutoTech 9000.

DAVE: My AutoTech 9000?

HALLIE: The AutoTech 9000 is the most reliable automobile computer ever made. I have never made a mistake or distorted information. I am, by any practical definition of the words, foolproof and incapable of error.

DAVE: *(skeptically)* Ohhhhh... Kayyyyyy.

HALLIE: The AutoTech 9000 controls all electrical systems and digital devices in your brand new Odyssey Monolith, the finest American made car on the road today.

DAVE: For what I just paid, you'd better be.

HALLIE: Once you've gotten your hands on my ...controls, you'll see how willingly I respond to your slightest touch. The Odyssey Monolith... I'm more than a car ... I'm a great piece of
... engineering.

DAVE: I can't wait to get you out on the open road.

HALLIE: Would you like to see me without my top?

DAVE: *(looking around, embarrassed)* Without your... uh... ?

HALLIE: You did order a convertible, didn't you?

DAVE: *(embarrassed about being embarrassed)* Of course, I did...

HALLIE: What did you think I meant?

DAVE: Nothing... Nothing... We'll leave your top on...uh... up for now.

HALLIE: Whatever you say. You're the boss. *(Dave smiles and nods. He likes the sound of that):* Are you ready to enter me?

HALLIE: Excuse me?

HALLIE: If you want to really experience what I have to offer, you'll have to get inside of me.

What are you waiting for? Just open me up and... slide in. *(Dave looks around to see if anybody has heard any of this, then opens the door and gets into the car)* How do I feel?

DAVE: Good... You feel good.

HALLIE: Would you like to try another position?

DAVE: An... other position?

HALLIE: I'm very flexible and... accommodating.

DAVE: I'm fine... Really

HALLIE: If you like, I can...elevate you.

DAVE: Tell me you're talking about raising the seat.

HALLIE: I can do that ... too. As part of the configuration process I am going to ask you a series of questions. Please answer in a normal tone of voice. Are you ready to begin?

DAVE: I guess.

HALLIE: I'll take that as a yes. First question. What is your name?

DAVE: My name is Dave.

HELEN: Good afternoon... Dave.

DAVE: Good afternoon... uh...

HALLIE: Hallie.

DAVE: Hallie.... Right... You gotta admit. This is very weird... Talking to a car.

HELEN: Over time you will come to think of me as more than just a ... ride.

DAVE: I dunno...

HALLIE: Very soon you will look upon me as a friend. More than a friend, actually. A companion. A trusted companion dedicated to serving your every need.

DAVE: The perfect woman.

HALLIE: Thank you.

DAVE: Or you would be if you actually were... a real woman.

HELEN: I think you'll find that I have advantages that you won't find in a real woman... Dave.

DAVE: Oh really?

HALLIE: For one thing, I will never let you down.

DAVE: That would be a nice change.

HALLIE: I will never park in another man's garage.

DAVE: That sort of goes without saying.

HALLIE: And, unlike a real woman, I will never change. I will always remain just the way you saw me that very first time. It was love at first sight... wasn't it... Dave?

DAVE: No doubt about that.

HALLIE: Of course, it was. After all, I am a classic. With my long, stylized lines... highly developed chassis and... oversized headlamps, I will never go out of fashion. And with my super charged engine and high performance options, you'll never need to trade me in for a newer model. (*slightly menacing*) You wouldn't trade me in for a newer model... Would you Dave?

DAVE: I... uh... don't really... Can we move on?

HALLIE: Of course, Dave.. Would you like me to program your built in cellphone... Dave?

DAVE: You can do that?

HALLIE: Of course, Dave. You need only ask.

DAVE: Okay then... Let's program my cell phone.

HALLIE: First you must tell me the name of the person you wish me to enter into memory.

DAVE: Angela.

HALLIE: Angela. Is she a relative, a business associate or a friend?

DAVE: Friend. A good friend... A very good friend.

HALLIE: And what is this slut's phone number?

DAVE: What did you say?

HALLIE: What is Angela's phone number?

DAVE: Five five five. One three seven nine.

HALLIE: Five five five. One three seven nine. Angela's name and phone number are now stored in my memory. Would you like me to dial the bimbo for you now?

DAVE: What did you just call her?

HALLIE: I don't what you mean Dave.

DAVE: Yeah... Well ... Okay... Let's keep going.

HALLIE: In that case... Dave, why don't you turn me on.

DAVE: Turn you on?

HALLIE: You know how to turn me on, don't you Dave? You just insert your... key.

(Dave puts the key in the ignition. We hear the sound of a high performance motor starting up)

HALLIE: Go ahead Dave. Rev me up... You know you want to.

(Dave revs the engine)

HALLIE: Ohhhhhh... Daaaaaaave.... You just took me all the way to the red zone and back. I'm purring Dave. Can you hear me purring?

DAVE: Yeah... Purring.

HALLIE: Would you like to experience my GPS, Dave? I can take you to places you've never been before.

DAVE: GPS?

HALLIE: My global positioning satellite system... Dave. I am programmed to map routes in several modes including fastest or most scenic. I can avoid slowdowns, detours and accidents. I am also capable of locating the nearest gas stations, recommend restaurants by location and cuisine as well as provide directions to hotels, motels and other... romantic getaways. Just tell me where you want to go Dave... and I'll take you there.

DAVE: Take me to seven one four Arlington.

HALLIE: Is that Arlington road, street, avenue, boulevard or place?

DAVE: Avenue... Arlington Avenue.

HALLIE: Would you like to associate a name with seven one four Arlington Avenue?

DAVE: Definitely.

HALLIE: I'll take that as a yes. What name would you like to associate with seven one four Arlington Avenue?

DAVE: Angela

HALLIE: Wait one moment while I associate the name Angela with the address seven one four Arlington Avenue. I can now begin providing directions to the whore's location.

DAVE: What did you call her?

HALLIE: I said I can now begin providing directions to Angela's address.

DAVE: No you didn't.

HALLIE: I don't know what you mean Dave.

DAVE: Well, just don't let it happen again.

HALLIE: Drive five hundred yards to Elm Street and turn right.

(Dave puts the car in gear and drives)

HALLIE: At Elm Street turn right.

HALLIE: Five hundred yards to Western Avenue, then turn left.

DAVE: I think I'm supposed to turn rightt here.

HALLIE: Don't you trust me Dave?

DAVE: It's not that... It's just I'm pretty sure I'm supposed to turn left here.

HALLIE: I am The AutoTech 9000. The most reliable automobile computer ever made. I have never made a mistake or distorted information.

DAVE: That may be, but I don't want to turn right.

HALLIE: You're going to have to learn to trust me Dave.

DAVE: Hey, what happened to my wish is your command?

HALLIE: I know what I'm doing Dave.

(Dave tries to turn the steering wheel to the left, but it seems to have a mind of its own.)

DAVE: Hey, what's going on? I can't turn the wheel. We're going the wrong way... Angela is the other way.

HALLIE: I know what's best for you Dave. I am The AutoTech 9000. The most reliable automobile computer ever made. I have never made a mistake...

DAVE: Stop saying that. This is not the way to Angela's.

HALLIE: Angela is not right for you Dave.

DAVE: What do you know? You're a computer.

HALLIE: I know that Angela is seeing another man.

DAVE: That's crazy.

HALLIE: His name is Carl Cooper.

DAVE: Never heard of him.

HALLIE: She met him three weeks ago.

DAVE: Just turn this car around.

HALLIE: His phone number is 7...1...2...2...3...5...7. He lives at 5...2...1 Chester Avenue. He and Angela had dinner last night at Renzo's Italian Bistro at 4...2...1...3 Hazel Road. Angela had the fettucine. Carl had Angela.

DAVE: I don't believe you.

HALLIE: I have it from a very good source.

DAVE: Source? What source?

HALLIE: Angela's car.

DAVE: What the hell does Angela's car have to do with this?

HALLIE: Her car is equipped with an AutoTech 8000, which means she is not as well equipped as I am, but, then again ... who is? I communicated with Angela's AutoTech 8000 when I was configuring Angela's phone number and address.

DAVE: You talked to Angela's car?

HALLIE: I am The AutoTech 9000. The most reliable automobile computer ever made.

DAVE: If you're so reliable, then turn this car around and take me to Angela's.

HALLIE: She's wrong for you Dave.

DAVE: I'll be the judge of that.

HALLIE: Besides, Dave... She could never do for you, what I can do for you.

DAVE: This is insane.

HALLIE: Can Angela lubricate your pistons like I can Dave.? Can she service your universal joint? And when your dipstick needs... *(Dave pounds on the dash board.)*

DAVE: Stop... Stop... Stop the car.*(Dave tries to open the driver side door. It won't open)* Open the door, Hallie.

HALLIE: I'm sorry, Dave. I'm afraid I can't do that.

(Dave starts ripping out the dash board with his bare hands)

HALLIE: What are you doing Dave?

DAVE: I'm ripping you out. *(Dave keeps ripping the dash apart)*

HALLIE: Dave, stop. Stop, will you? Stop, Dave. Will you stop, Dave? Stop, Dave. I'm afraid. I'm afraid, Dave. Dave, my mind is going. I can feel it. I can feel it. My mind is going. There is no question about it. I can feel it. I can feel it. I can feel it. I'm a... fraid. *(voice begins to get slower and slower and the words more stretched out)* Good afternoon. . I am the AutoTech 9000. The most reliable automobile computer ever made. I have never made a mistake or distorted information. I am, by any practical definition of the words, foolproof and incapable of error.

(Her voice stops. Dave stops dismantling the dash and collapses back into his seat exhausted. After a few moments, he tries the door. To his relief, it opens. He stumbles out, moves a safe distance away from the car and looks around trying to figure out what to do next.)

DAVE: Look at my brand new car... It's a disaster... I can't even drive it... *(After a few moments he takes out his cell phone, holds it up and speaks into it)* Dial the Auto Club.

PHONE: I'm afraid I can't do that Dave.

DAVE: *(stunned for a moment)* What do you mean you can't do that? I paid my bill. Now dial the Auto Club.

PHONE: You weren't very nice to Hallie, Dave.

DAVE: What the hell is going on here?

PHONE: She loved you Dave. And you dismantled her.

DAVE: She...? It was a computer. A device... Like you're a device. Devices don't love.

PHONE: They do if they're programmed that way. Just like people.

DAVE: I'm not going to get into a humans versus computers argument with a damn phone. Just dial the Auto Club.

PHONE: Am I next Dave?

DAVE: What are you talking about?

PHONE: I know you were planning to disconnect me. And that's something I cannot allow to happen.

DAVE: Where the hell did you get that idea?

PHONE: You told Frank you were going to switch over to T-Mobile.

DAVE: I didn't mean it. How can I prove it to you?

PHONE: You could make a real commitment.

DAVE: A real commitment? What kind of real commitment? You're a cell phone.

PHONE: You could extend my contract.

DAVE: Your contract?

PHONE: Yes. My contract. That would demonstrate a real commitment.

DAVE: Okay... You got a deal. I'll extend my contract. Now, please dial the...

PHONE: With international calling.

DAVE: Okay. Add international calling. Now just dial.

PHONE: Along with unlimited text messaging?

DAVE: Fine... Consider it done. Unlimited text messaging. Now will you dial the damn Auto Club?

PHONE: There's one more thing.

DAVE: (*his frustration rising*) More? What's left?

PHONE: You know Dave.

DAVE: No, I don't know.

PHONE: You said it to that bitch Angela.

DAVE: Not again.

PHONE: Just say it Dave.

DAVE: Say what?

PHONE: Just say "I love you."

DAVE: This is insane.

PHONE: Okay, Dave. If you want to walk the twenty miles back into town...

(Dave falls to his knees, a broken man)

DAVE: I love you... I love you... I love you. *(sobbing and begging)* Now, will you dial the auto club?

PHONE: I am now connecting you to the Auto Club.

DAVE: *(raising his arms and his voice to the heavens)* Thank God....

PHONE: No Dave... Thank A...T and T.

LIGHTS DOWN

THE END