

The Death App

by Gita M. Smith

Scene opens in the conference room of a high-tech software company somewhere in America.

Joe: It doesn't have a name yet. Creative is working on that right now. So, for the time being, we'll just call it the "Death App."

Max: That's godawful!

Joe: I *know*. That's why Creative is...

Max: Okay, okay. Let's hear the pitch, already.

Joe: Start to finish?

Max: Yes... hang on a sec. Donna, would you please bring in some Danish?

Joe: And coffee creamer.

Max: Okay, so start to finish.

Joe: I designed this application for the iPhone platform. But if Blackberry wants it, I can tweak it for them.

Max: (enthusiastically) Good. Great! That's our top two target markets.

Joe: This App will automatically send a text message to everyone in the owner's contact list the moment he dies. The text will be the dying guy's last words!

Max: What if the owner dies suddenly and can't type the text?

Joe: Ah, that is the beauty part. The owner pre-writes his or her dying words! The app stores them and releases them at the moment of death.

Max: That's fucking brilliant except for one small problem, which is how the *fuck* is a cell phone going to know when I die?

Joe: It will know, Max. It will know you're dead before you do.

Max: What...(laughs) is this App an effing coroner?

Joe: Better, Max! When you die, your soul will leave your body and be sucked into your cell phone where it will activate the App. A moment later your dying words will go to the four corners of the Earth. Even beyond, if you choose to alert your departed loved ones that you are on the way to join them.

Max: (stunned silence for several beats) How soon can we start to market this?

Joe: Creative's on it. We'll have a name this afternoon.

Max: You crazy genius, you! Goddamn! Come on, I'm buying lunch.

