

iWant

By Mann Hoff

Prologue

Jessica: (Looking in at an iPod in a store) Oh my g-d, oh my g-d you guys, Look that iPod just became alive, and now it opened up another chapter in my life you guys, oh my g-d u guys (Like Legally Blonde the Musical)

Narrative

Jessica: I just fell in love with the most awesomest thingy-ma-bobber ever! The iPod. I'm sure you heard of it, everyone has. I'm hoping my daddy will let me get one. We're rich, so I don't think he'll mind.

Reality

Jessica: Mom, can I have money for the mall

Mom: oh sure sweetie, how much?

Jessica: Ummmm, \$300.00.

Mom: Why do you need \$300.00. Is it for drugs? I've always told you pot was bad. I kept telling myself you listened as I talked. But I guess not. Gerald, we have a problem our daughter is smoking weed.

Gerald: What's the problem, we did it all the time in the seventies.

Mom: Yes, but that was when it was socially acceptable, now we can't go on raising a pot head now can we.

Jessica: MOM, DAD, I'm not getting pot.

Mom: Mj?

Jessica: No, I DON'T DO DRUGS.

Gerald: Are you gonna hire a homo to get you alcohol?

Mom: That's hobo sweetie pie, hobo

Jessica: NO, I JUST WANT AN IPOD!!!!

Gerald: AN IPOD!!!!

Mom: NO.

Gerald: NO.

MOM: NO, (aside) I was hoping she'd ask us to get beer for a party, but an iPod. Oh my goodness.

Gerald: You know we don't allow anything with that apple on it, the only apples in this house are the ones we eat. I mean honey, I am the CEO of Microsoft, the biggest arch enemy of Apple. I can't buy you anything from apple, but a Zune is fine, right?

Jessica: But daddy, you always get me what I want. All the cool kids have one. I thought I was your little princess.

Gerald: You are my little princess.

Jessica: And I thought you never like to see me unhappy.

Gerald: I like seeing you sad. But I can't change my mind.

Jessica: So then now I'm gonna be a loser, sit alone at the lunch table, and get picked on. Thanks dad for making me a loser

Arnie: Yeah, ha ha ha, LOSER

Jessica: ARNIE, I thought you were at soccer.

Arnie: I quit so I could go to ballet class.

Jessica: And you say I'm a loser, THIS FAMILY IS SO WEIRD!!!!

At starbucks with becky

Jessica: Oh my god becky, you wouldn't believe what my parents are doing.

Becky: What?!?!

Jessica: One caramel macchiato with a little half and half. I want it iced and I want it good. I want it with whipped cream and I want it with the chocolate syrup that makes it look really cool. (To Becky) They won't..... let me get..... an iPod!

Becky: No

Jessica: yes

Becky: No

Jessica: yes

Becky: O-M-F-G

Jessica: I know

Becky: You can't be the only girl with out one, you'll be a loser, an out cast, a

Jessica: Calm down, we just need to think of a way.

Becky: hmmm, nothing,

Jessica: I was dreading this but I might have to . . . Get . . . A . . . job.

Becky: but that's social suicide

Jessica: I know, but it's what has to be done.

Becky: There's a paper, look for job listings.

Narrative

Jessica: As you see, my life has officially come to an end. I actually have to work. Ugh. The thought alone makes me shiver. I mean, I'm usually one of those girls who gets everything I would want with out a problem. I hope I could find a job that suits me.

Reality

Jessica: (reading the paper) Mom, What's an ac-ro-bat?

Mom. I don't know sweety, who do you think I am, a genie?

Gerald: That's genius honey, does she think you're a genius.

Mom: Oh, he's right, how smart do you think I am?

Narrative

Jessica: Not very, well, anyway, I went to the tent where this job was and it looked cool. There were funny people with red noses there. They had wigs on. I thought it was like a show so I stayed to see if I liked it. Before I knew it I was on the tight rope, hoping I wouldn't die.

Reality

Jessica: Help, get me down, I want out, Ahhhh, help, please, somebody

Narrative

Jessica: then I fell

Reality

Jessica: Ahhhhhhhhhh (falling into a net)

Narrative

Jessica: Turns out an acrobat is someone in a circus. Ugh. I couldn't stand heights and the fall also wasn't the biggest highlight, I mean, I broke a nail. Although, I did meet a cute boy. He's a clown in the circus, but without the make-up, he's so hot!

Reality

Jessica: So Becky, the first job was a bust.

Becky: Oh, Hold on, let me just shut off my iPod. Okay, so, what'd you say?

Jessica: My job was too hard and.... Like.... bad.

Becky: OMG, I just remembered, my cousin is a big Hollywood producer. I might be able to get you an audition.

Narrative

Jessica: So, I got the audition, but whether I got the part I wanted was a different story. Another thing I didn't know was that it was for a TV show and my audition was apart of the show. The show was American Star. I've never seen it before.

Reality

Jessica: Hey, I'm gonna read a poem I wrote for you today

Simon: Okay great.

Jessica:

The Birds and the bees,

Don't compare to your knees,

The light in your eye,

Reminds me of my mother's pie,

(starts Singing)

Please, I miss you so,

I wish you, clown, would not go,

Please, I miss you now,

Can we have just one more pow wow

Randall: WOW

Slimon: You've made me reach a new disgust in the talent of Hollywood, You made me want to vomit through my nose. Ugh, that was DREADFUL.

Pauly: Shut up Slimon, *I thought it only sucked a little, but it was kinda cute.*

Narrative

So that didn't go so well. I wonder if it was the poem on a singing show or just the part about my clown boyfriend. Whatever. They don't need me or my talent. I'm just do good for them. This is when I have to decide that it 's time to lower my standards on a job. I have to do something normal, Not eccentric or stupid. Something safe, just to get me money. Oh my gosh, I sound like a poor lady. Ahhhhh.

Reality

(check-out lady at stop and shop)

Jessica: Honey, you do not want that.

Customer: Excuse me

Jessica: That sour cream.

Customer: Why don't I want that?

Jessica: Sorry, don't mind me, I'm just thinking about those thighs.

Customer: How rude!

1 week later

Jessica: This is sooooo boring.

Check-out lady: Tell me about it. I've been doing this for 30 years. I just wanted that Wurlitzer, but now those are out of style, so I got the cheaper thing, and iPod. They're AMAZING. But my thirty years only got me 2 iPods and 2 apartments, one in Manhattan and one here in California. You know those iPods are FANTASTICK

Jessica: I know.

Check-out lady: They are so cool and work so well. Also, my first one was pink so it goes with so much of my wardrobe.

Jessica: I KNOW (getting mad)

Check-out lady: Jesse Louise

2 weeks later

(Jessica is reading a magazine)

Jessica: (Whistling)

Boss: Jessica stop slacking, get back to work!

Jessica: Okay, I can not deal with this anymore, I quit!

Narrative

Jessica: So that's how I got the money. I made just enough in those 4 weeks of work at the super market to get the iPod. I made that \$300.00. I'm so happy. So Saturday, Becky and I are going to the mall and getting the iPod Touch, the one that I want, Yay, I'm so excited!

Reality

Becky: You did it, you finally got your iPod!

Jessica: I know, let's try it out on your computer and download your music.

Becky: Sure

Jessica: Oh my g-d, it's AMAZING! The sound quality is so good!

Becky: Yeah, Okay, so how much money do you have left from the jobs?

Jessica : \$100.00, I didn't know about the rebate before I started saving. So now we can go back to the mall next Saturday.

Saturday

Jessica: Becky

Becky: Jess

Jessica: No way

Becky: After all that

Jessica: After all the hard work

Becky: A new iPod the next week!

Jessica: I can't believe this, and it says right there, no trade-ins, this sucks. Back to the supermarket.
Noooooooooooo!

Narrative

Jessica: So just remember, hard work can only lead to one thing, having to work harder.