

a script from



COLLECTIVE

"There is no A.I. in L.O.V.E."

By
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What In this timely and easy to stage skit, a playwright struggles to finish a love themed work. Out of desperation, they ask their A.I. companion to do some love-related research, only to end up wrangling its not always helpful responses. In the end, the definition for true love, His love, carries the day.

Themes: Love, Valentine's Day, Relationships

Who Playwright
A.I. (voice only)

When Modern Day

Costumes Contemporary clothing

Props Laptop computer with separate mouse
Table
Chair

Why Proverbs 3:3-4

How Laptop sits on table, screen turned away from audience. Chair is placed at the table. A.I. is mic'd and off stage. For some fun, you could have this "character" be on stage as a funny AI personified option as well.

Time 4 minutes

At curtain, **Playwright** enters.

Playwright: *(entering as they finish a conversation with offstage person)* Maybe later, sweetheart. I know I promised but I have to get this Valentine's Day *(OPTION: or "Loved Themed")* script done for *(your Leader's name)* and am really stuck! *(sits down at computer desk and muses aloud to themself, no longer talking to the offstage person)* Hmm. I'd like to use A.I., but I don't want it to write the script for me. Maybe I can use it to get my creative juices flowing. Yeah, that's it. Do a little A.I. research. Now, I am thinking of using an acronym for the word love to get started. *(to computer, pretending to use the mouse)* OK, opening my A.I. bot *(mousing, then)* There, now *(starts typing and talks as they type)* give me an acronym for word "love" and use audio response as well as text *(looks at screen and A.I. starts)*

AI: OK, buckle up!

Playwright: *(reacts with a surprised look)* Huh?

AI: *(continues)* Love: L is for Listing, as in listing all the things your spouse doesn't do correctly, but it's OK, because it's done in finger quotes, *(sarcastic tone)* love. O is for "Oy , will they ever close their mouth while chewing?" V is for Volunteering. They volunteer to clean up after the cat gets sick, but like that's ever going to happen, right? And E if for the Eternity it takes for them to tell you how their day went. *(pause)* Oy.

Playwright: What? What? *(typing/talking)* Um, that's not what I wanted.

AI: Well, duh. Don't you know you have me in sarcasm mode? It's a new thing with us. Think you can handle that, genius?

Playwright: What? I didn't know you... it... had that function... *(squinting at screen, searching/mousing)* How do I turn that mode off? *(finds it)* OK, there *(pretends to click on something)*. Whew. Let's try this again. *(typing/talking again)* Give me an acronym for the word "love".

AI: *(flat tone now)* Yes, of course. Love is: L. Logic Lite. O. Only emotions. V.

Vague and unverifiable and E. Evidence lacking, explanation murky.
(pause) The end.

Playwright: Wow. *(typed/talks)* That all sounds pretty, um, er, cold.

AI: Thank you. If you are not satisfied, you can change my mode. I am currently in my unemotional reality mode. *(pause)* The end.

Playwright: Reality mode? How'd that happen? *(searching screen)* Where's that mode selection thingy again? *(mousing)* There. Off. I hope. *(pretends to click, not typing now)*. OK, this is harder than I thought. Man, do I dare try this again? *(typing/talking)* Give me an acronym for the word "love".

AI: *(high energy)* You bet!! Love. L: Leaping with Incredible Joy all the time! O: Outstanding, always, Outstanding and, well, Outstanding! V: Very Exciting, Very Breathtaking, Very, yes, Very everything! E: Did I say Exciting? If not, yes, that! Bam!

Playwright: *(typing/talking, flat tone)* Let me guess. Super enthusiastic mode?

AI: *(energy still up)* You bet!!

Playwright: Oy. *(pauses, then gets up from chair and starts to walk around the performance space then to themselves, frustrated, wringing their hands)* This is getting me nowhere and I have to get it done! *(pondering)* I just don't know if this acronym idea is going to work after all. *(spelling it out on fingers)* L-O-V-E *(smiles to themselves)* Lack Of Viable, um, Entries. *(mocking self)* Entries? OK, I'm letting this all get to me. *(goes back to computer and sits down, hangs head in defeat)*

AI: Um, are we done here?

Playwright: *(head snaps up in surprise, looking around and then at screen)* What?

AI: I said, are you done with me?

Playwright: Whoa. How is this happening?

AI: I'm on audio response, remember? And I can also respond to your voice. This is my empathy slash freak-out-the-human mode.

Playwright: Well, it's working! The freaking out part I mean.

AI: Look, just let me write your skit for you. I can do it in seconds. Just tell me what you want. I'm assuming from our previous interaction it's about love, right?

Playwright: *(getting used to the interaction)* Well, yeah. But-

AI: You want the skit funny? Serious? Something in between? One page? Five pages? One hundred?

Playwright: Wait, slow down-

AI: Contemporary? Historical? Seasonal? Hallmarky? Two characters? Four? Eight?

Playwright: Wait-

AI: In English? French? German? Latin? Street?

Playwright: Stop! *(types/talks)* Stop!

AI: OK. And you didn't have to type, I heard you.

Playwright: Whatever. Look, no offense, but you're asking too many questions. I need to decide on what's really important. *(pause)* Maybe...maybe this skit just needs to come from my heart first. My soul, you know? I need to let it flow from there. The whole love thing. *(a realization)* What my heart says... what my faith says love is. *(pause)* Yes. That.

AI: Mission accomplished.

Playwright: Huh?

AI: I helped you see what you really needed to do by asking for unnecessary details all at once. Clever, no?

Playwright: Um, yes. I guess. Um, can we stop now? I have a script to write. Me, I mean, not you... no offense.

AI: None taken. But if you need me again-

Playwright: Maybe next time *(looks at screen, mousing)* Close A.I. *(pause)* There. *(looks up, anticipating that A.I. will start talking again and when it doesn't, he nods, looks at screen, thinks, then talks/types)* L-O-V-E. L. Love. O. Overall. V. Values. Ummm, er... E. Everyone. Or Eternity. *(repeats it)* Love Overall Values Everyone slash Eternity. Hmm. *(shrugs)* It's a start. *(pauses, ponders)* OK, heart, it's our turn now. *(looking at screen)* OK, now to create some characters, how to really define love -

AI: Do you want a definition for love?

Playwright: Hey, I thought I turned you off!

AI: You actually turned on my hovering mode.

Playwright: Great. *(with resignation and a sigh)* Sure. Give me a definition for love - something simple.

AI: Love, as a noun, is basically a strong, warm feeling of deep affection and attachment. As a verb, love is actively caring and prioritizing the well-being of a person you love. Throughout many cultures...

Playwright: *(interrupting)* Wait ... say that verb thing again.

AI: Love, as a verb, means to actively prioritize someone and to care for them deeply.

Playwright: *(ponders for a moment, then calls offstage)* Honey? You know what, this can wait. You're right, it has been too long. Let's do that dinner and a movie. Be right there! *(to self, and not being sarcastic)* And I could use a break. *(hits a few keys, talking/typing)* Shutting down.

AI: I'm assuming you were not calling me "honey".

Playwright: What? No, I was addressing my spouse and I'm just taking a break *(bit sarcastic)* if that's OK, with you.

AI: Sure. Will that be a five minute break? Ten? Food break? Potty? Mental health? Or-

Playwright: *(bit sarcastic again)* Wouldn't you like to know. *(shuts laptop shakes head and exits)*

Curtain.

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