

DIGITAL DETOX CHALLENGE

A sitcom skit about tech dependence and surprising wisdom from Grandma.

WRITTEN BY: Ciana

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

(SAM lounges on the couch, staring at their phone screen: 12 HOURS SCREEN TIME. Their faces fall. A pause... then they call GRANDMA.)

SAM

Okay, Grandma, I'm doing it. One full week. No phone, no apps. A total digital detox.

GRANDMA

Good for you, Sam. It'll be nice for you to unplug and be mindful—

SAM

(smirking, dramatic voice)

—Very demure. Very mindful.

GRANDMA

(confused)

What are you talking about?

SAM

(quickly backtracking)

Nothing. Just, you know... setting the mood.

(SAM hangs up. A beat. Their hand instinctively reaches for the phone again. They catch themselves. Sighs.)

SCENE 2

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM – MORNING

(SAM stands in front of the mirror, hypes themselves up.)

SAM

New day. Fresh start. Facing the world—without a phone.

(They grab a backpack, stuffing it with keys, wallet, and cash. Stops.)

SAM

Wait. How do I get to UPS?

(Cue: existential crisis.)

SCENE 3

EXT. CITY STREETS – LATER

(SAM drives confidently. Then less confidently. Then panicked. They are completely lost.)

SAM

I know this city like the back of my—WHY AM I IN A PARKING LOT?

(They instinctively grab for their phone. Nothing. Reality sets in.)

SAM

Oh right. No GPS.

(Beat. Then realization. Their car has a built-in GPS. They sigh in relief.)

SCENE 4

INT. UPS STORE – LATER

(SAM hands a package to a bored UPS CLERK.)

UPS CLERK

I'll need the return address and order number.

(SAM reaches for their phone. Freezes. Blinks.)

SAM

Uh... right.

(They stare into the void, trying to remember.)

UPS CLERK

You okay?

SAM

Just... give me a sec.

(A line builds behind them. A LADY sighs dramatically.)

LADY IN LINE

Can you hurry up? People have lives.

(SAM gestures vaguely.)

SAM

Look, I don't have my phone. Can you, like... find it online?

UPS CLERK

Um. No. You can use the computer over there.

(SAM reluctantly walks over to a dusty desktop. Press the power button. Nothing.)

SAM

Oh for the love of—

(Presses again. Hold it down. It finally turns on with a loud Windows chime. SAM winces.)

(15 minutes later, after painfully slow typing... they return to the counter, irritated.)

UPS CLERK

You got everything?

SAM

Yes. Can I go now?

(UPS CLERK nods. SAM bolts out.)

SCENE 5

INT. COFFEE SHOP – LATER

(SAM orders coffee from a BARISTA, who is 100% Gen Z.)

SAM

Venti Americano.

BARISTA

\$4.75.

(SAM, determined, pulls out crumpled cash and loose coins. Begins fumbling.)

SAM

Uh... one sec... 1, 2, 3 quarters... 40, uh... 10?

BARISTA

(confused)

You know we take Apple Pay, right?

SAM

(flustered)

Yeah, yeah. But I promised no digital stuff this week.

(They shove the pile of coins into the BARISTA'S hand.)

BARISTA

(deadpan, struggling to count change)

Right... I'll, uh... figure it out.

(SAM awkwardly stands there as everyone else effortlessly taps their phones.)

SCENE 6

EXT. CITY STREET – LATER

(SAM, now lost, stands on the sidewalk with a gigantic paper map. A TAXI DRIVER pulls up.)

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

(SAM flips, folds, and aggressively ruffles the map.)

SAM

Uh... one sec.

(They shove the map in the DRIVER'S face.)

SAM

Can you figure this out? We're... here. I think.

(TAXI DRIVER stares, unimpressed.)

TAXI DRIVER

Okay, but where do you wanna go?

(SAM fumbles. The DRIVER waits. This is painful for both of them.)

ACT TWO

SCENE 7

INT. RESTAURANT – NIGHT

(SAM meets FRIENDS. JESSI and TOM stare.)

TOM

Dude. Haven't seen you online in days.

JESSI

Right? You're ghosting us.

SAM

(defensive)

No! I'm just... off my phone.

TOM

Oh. So you're, like, off the grid?

JESSI

That's L rizz, bro.

SAM

What does that even mean?!

(JESSI pulls out their phone. SAM groans.)

SCENE 8

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

(SAM sits, exhausted, staring at a handwritten note.)

SAM

I missed a coffee reward because I don't have the app. I almost died in a taxi. Grandma, this is impossible.

(GRANDMA chuckles, unfazed.)

GRANDMA

You just need practice.

(She pulls out a handwritten address book and a paper map. Effortlessly pinpoints the location.)

GRANDMA

Here. That's where your friends are meeting. Just take the bus.

(SAM stares, shook.)

SAM

How do you just know this stuff?

GRANDMA

Honey, I was getting around just fine long before your fancy gadgets.

(She grabs a recipe book, starts gathering ingredients.)

GRANDMA

Now. We're making dinner. No apps required.

(Beat. SAM grins.)

SAM

I think I underestimated you.

GRANDMA

You'll be fine. Life doesn't run on algorithms.

SCENE 9

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT – FINAL NIGHT

(SAM sits, phone in drawer. They don't reach for it. Instead, they pick up a pen, write a letter.)

(Beat. Then, they finally grab the phone... to text their friends. BALANCE.)

FADE TO BLACK.