

"You're no fun."

Me: "You're no fun!"

Her: "That was really rude."

Me: "Don't look things up while I'm talking!"

She was wriggling her phone out from under my hand, but I held it tight. For a second, I was tempted to yank her out from the booth and twist her arm behind her back, but instead I just let go.

She looked closely at her phone, tilting it in the light. She took the case off to examine it all over.

"Gee whiz," she said, ominously and quietly. "These things are expensive."

"I know," I said. "It's an iPhone."

"So you don't like iPhones and now you're going to take it out on my iPhone."

"When are you going to accept that I just don't get along with it?"

"Don't make me choose," she said, in a pleasantly threatening way.

When the jerktoasters remained silent, Oprah proceeded to wear them down, to get them to spill, using all the familiar tactics. An appeal to their egos, reminding them that this would be the perfect time to lay out their platform. A vow of confidence, that no one was at risk, that this was the safe forum that they craved. Finally, she resorted to shame, that they would need to go to a commercial, in order to consult with her producer how to proceed.

But it wasn't a particularly long commercial break.

"We're talking to an elusive group," she said, "that calls themselves the jerktoasters." The camera panned the dim characters. "Men and women, eahh of whom has decided, one their own and independent~~ay~~, to erase themselves from society."

The camera returned to Ms. Winfrey. "We're back from the break now and we've decided to turn the stage lights back on, to give you at home a peek into who these real ~~a~~ jerktoasters really are. Scott--"

A man with a headset walked to stage right and flipped the switch.

Don't become too fixated on this opinion. I don't like iPhones, but that could change. My opinions are worthless.