

Scene from THE DAY THE INTERNET DIED

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Set up: in a small town in middle America, the internet has gone out completely and won't be up for a week. The town is not taking it well.

Scene 6: Checkout

(Shoppers in line.)

(CLARICE is working as a greeter at H&M.)

CLARICE: Hi, welcome to H&M! 30% off all outwear. That's coats, light weight coats, hats. 30%. Hi welcome to H&M! Hi, welcome to H&M.

(BETTY storms in, a handful of shirts in her hand.)

BETTY: Oh thank goodness! I've been looking for someone for the last thirty minutes and I am exhausted!

CLARICE: Oh. Well—

BETTY: This shopping in real life thing...it is exhausting! I am exhausted by this! I like to click my shopping. You know what I mean. With the finger, and the clicking. This walking and carrying things is awful!

CLARICE: Well, I can certainly help or I could call a personal shopper and—

BETTY: And where are the codes?! I always get discount codes when I shop online. Where are they!?

CLARICE: Well, if you apply for an H&M credit card—

BETTY: Did I say I wanted a credit card?! No! I just want a code! Where is it?! Where's the code! You know, like 6XBY-G669X. Or similar. A code!

CLARICE: I don't...I don't have a code to give you. Sorry.

BETTY: Uh! Useless! Here! Put this in my cart I'll be back in three days!

(BETTY throws her clothes at CLARICE.)

CLARICE: Uh, wait!

BETTY: Yes?!

CLARICE: You can't just...I can't hold all this for three days. And besides we don't even have carts!

BETTY: What do you mean you don't have a cart?

CLARICE: We have bags? Would you like a bag?

BETTY: No I would not like a bag, you...cat faced shrew!

CLARICE: Uh, well then I can't—

BETTY: I need a freakin' cart! That's where all items go! In a cart! On the right hand corner of my screen! It's...my cart! On Amazon! I have a cart on Amazon!

CLARICE: But I—

BETTY: Put it in a cart! Now!

CLARICE: Uh. Okay. I'll "put it in a cart."

(She throws her clothes off stage.)

CLARICE: There. It's in a cart. Just like the one you use on Amazon. Can I help you with anything else?

BETTY: I saw a pair of black leather gloves but I'm worried they won't hold up. Show me the reviews!

CLARICE: Reviews?

BETTY: Yes! Reviews! From people like me who rage at the purchases they buy online! The longer the better! Do you

know if FrankyTanky442@butt.org reviews your products?
He writes the best reviews!

CLARICE: Well I don't—

BETTY: They're long and witty, and always in CAPS! As if he's shouting at the heavens! Uh! I tell you FrankyTanky is a genius!

CLARICE: FrankyTanky doesn't review our clothing. We don't...have reviews for you to read! Maybe I could tell you what I—

BETTY: Ah! I hate this so much! It's all so pedestrian! Fine! Fine! Last request: Before I am done shopping at your completely inadequate store I need a charger for my tablet. I need Eucerin for my eczema, and most of all I need a bicycle pizza cutter!

CLARICE: A bicycle...what is that? An actual bike that you can cut pizza with?

BETTY: No! Don't be an imbecile you cat-faced shrew! A full-size bicycle will never, ever cut pizza! These are two, regular-sized pizza cutters that are connected via a design that resembles a bike!

CLARICE: Why would anyone ever need that?

BETTY: Because it was on sale! It was the last thing I saw before the lights went out on this forsaken town and I need it! Betty needs her pizza toys! Betty needs her num-nums!

CLARICE: Well we don't carry any of those things.

BETTY: I will slap you in the mouth! What do you MEAN you don't have any of those things?!

CLARICE: This is...H&M. We sell...clothes. We don't sell tablet chargers or weird pizza cutters.

BETTY: But does H&M not stand for Here and Many!? Shouldn't it therefore have Many things Here!

CLARICE: H&M doesn't stand for Here and Many? Who told you that?

BETTY: So you're saying...if I want all these things. My chargers and Eucerin and pizza cutter...I have to go to yet another...physical store?!

CLARICE: Yeah. Probably three different stores. Those are pretty different products.

BETTY: Three! Three...different...stores?! Just to get Betty her treats!?

CLARICE: Yeah...I mean maybe a store like Walmart might have—

BETTY: Go put your face in your kitty litter, you cat-faced shrew!

CLARICE: I wish you'd stop calling me that—

BETTY: I will not be shackled by your inconvenience. Somewhere, there is a store for Betty. A store where I can get everything I want and barely have to walk! A store with ice cream and video games and romaine lettuce and oven-mitts and fan fiction and toilet paper with faces on it! A store that just has useless stuff and has them for really cheap and will just be there! And you, little miss H&M, you will NEVER...BRING...ME...DOWN!!!!

(BETTY storms off. CLARICE is so confused.)

(Then BETTY pops back onstage.)

BETTY: Though do keep my cart ready for me, I haven't decided but I think I want those earmuffs.

(She leaves.)

(End of scene.)