

Scene from THE DAY THE INTERNET DIED

By Ian McWethy and Jason Pizzarello

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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.

(JENNY is sitting on a park bench. Reading a book. NINA comes barreling in.)

NINA: Jenny!

JENNY: Ah!

NINA: Oh. Sorry! That was too loud. What are you doing? Reading? I heard reading is a really great way to pass the time now that the internet isn't working.

JENNY: Actually it is. You know I've had this copy of Anna Karenina in my house for five years and never read it. And now I am! It's a great book.

NINA: Uh, huh. Sure.

JENNY: I thought I'd miss the internet more but it's actually been really relaxing! I didn't realize how much stress being online caused me on a daily—

NINA: Nice. Great. Sorry, I've just had a heck of a time keeping all my friends updated on everything that's going on with me now that the stupid internet is down. I mean how did people keep in touch before Facebook and Instagram and Snapchat.

JENNY: Uh...they called each other on the phone...

NINA: I know right! Cavemen. (*Mimicking a phone:*) Hello, this is my voice. Let's do this tomorrow. (*Stops mimicking.*) Thanks grandma. For the phone call! Uh. People were such idiots in the past! Idiots!

JENNY: Oh, I like talking on the phone—

NINA: So! I know you're dying to know what's been going on in my life! I mean it's been what, ten hours now! What Is Nina doing?! I don't know!

JENNY: Oh, well, we're not that great of friends—

NINA: Well I'll tell you! Okay, so first. Instagram. I printed out all the photos I would've posted on Instagram so that you can like them. Ready?

(*NINA pulls an 8x10 photo out of her bag.*)

NINA: This is me this morning. With the caption (*she pulls out a caption and holds it underneath*) "Monday Mornings are not my jam. Even though I'm in my jammies." Like?

JENNY: What?

NINA: Like?

JENNY: Oh. Yeah I like that I guess.

NINA: YES! Oh sweet nourishing likes!

(*JENNY takes out a thumbs-up sticker and puts it on the photo.*)

NINA: I said halleluia! Momma needed that like! Okay, here's a picture of my toast after I took a bite out of it. No caption yet. Still working on it. But I'm thinking something like "This toast is toast" or "take a bite of toast!"

JENNY: Uh...sure like.

NINA: Well don't like it if you don't really mean it. If it's not doing anything for you, you shouldn't...just...like it.

JENNY: Okay then I pass.

NINA: Totally. Fine. I get it. But how about with a Hudson. (*She puts a piece of colored plastic over the picture to “filter” it.*)
OR Inkwel. (*Another filter.*)

JENNY: I still don’t—

NINA: It’s gone. Forget about it... You know what, let’s head over to Snapchat. Who even uses Instagram anymore? Dead people, right? Snappers is my jam! Okay, here’s my story of getting a bellybutton ring and it getting infected so I had to go to the emergency room. We start with my belly button. (*She takes out a belly button picture, then rips it up.*) Then I went to the mall. (*Shows a picture of her at the mall, then rips it up.*) Then I was like “yogurt Mondays!”

JENNY: All right! Stop! I didn’t ask to see any of this!

NINA: Well no one ever wants to “see” any of my pictures. They just come up on your feed. Like I’m coming up to you now!

JENNY: Yeah but...what if I choose not to go on Facebook, or Instagram one day.

NINA: What do you mean not go on?

JENNY: Well, like every once in a while, if I have a lot of work or I just want to unplug, I won’t go on social media at all.

NINA: Not even on your phone?

JENNY: No.

NINA: You mean... So you’re saying... There are days, where...I take the time and effort to curate a really great series of pics of me...eating or trying on clothes and making the best duck face ever! And you... You don’t even see them.

JENNY: On the days I don’t go on social media...yeah. I mean I suppose I could—

NINA: Hide! Hiding you.

JENNY: I... What?

NINA: If you're not gonna respect my feed then I won't respect yours. HIDE!

JENNY: Well you're not... Actually hiding my feed. We're just talking.

NINA: Can't hear you cause you're hidden. I don't want to have to block you Jenny. I will but I don't want to—

JENNY: Okay well, I don't care.

NINA: Block! Block! Unfollow! On Snapchat! Instagram! Facebook! You're blocked.

(NINA takes out a paper bag and tries to put it over JENNY's head.)

JENNY: What are you doing!

NINA: I'm still seeing you and I want you blocked!

JENNY: Ow! Stop it!

NINA: Block! Block and hide! BLOCK HIDE! BLOCK!

JENNY: Nina stop it!

(JENNY wrestles away the paper bag.)

JENNY: You can't just... Block me! Or unfriend me to my face. I won't just go away! So if you have a problem with me, you're going to have to act like a human being, look me in the eye, and tell me! Blocking doesn't work in the real world.

(NINA takes a deep breath.)

NINA: You're right. I... This has just been a hard adjustment for me. I...I'm really sorry. I guess I need to reevaluate my life choices. Is it really so important to have people like your pictures? Isn't there more to life than just —Oh it's Barry. He always likes my pictures!

(NINA sees "Barry" off stage and becomes totally distracted.)

JENNY: *No wait! Finish your thought! You were so close to... personal growth...*

NINA: Barry! It's me! Nina! I've got updates for you to see! Barry. I got an infection in my belly button! Like it! LIKE IT!!!!

(NINA runs off stage.)

(End of scene.)