

**OUR SPACE**  
By  
Caroline Turner Cole

## **OUR SPACE**

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# OUR SPACE

## ACT 1 SCENE ONE

*No set. No curtain. PHONE sits alone onstage, watching the audience enter and occasionally greeting them. A bell goes off.*

**PHONE.** Hello. Welcome to our show. We'd better get started because that sound you just heard? Well, it means we're running late and our stage manager will positively go ballistic if we don't start right now. Seriously. They are a stickler for time. Anyway, we're very glad you came out tonight/this afternoon. Today we're seeing a play written by Caroline Turner Cole, directed by A (*insert director's name here*) and acted by a great group of folks who are too many to name when we've got a story to get on the move. You should check your program later if you want to read more about the actors in this play. My name is Phone and I'll be helping – Oh, by the way, before we get started, if you do have something similar to myself, and by that I mean a phone, in your pocket, purse or attached to your hand right now, please turn it off, yes, off, and put it away for a bit. Seriously, you'll survive. I promise. You won't need your phone now you've got me! I'll be your phone this evening and, like I was saying, I'll help navigate us through this story. This story is about people, kind of, and also the internet, which can be a scary place if you don't have the proper guide you know. Of course, it would be an impossible and silly task to take on the entire internet in one evening, so we're just going to focus on our small corner, "Our Space", if you will, on the internet. It's just before the day begins in our space, most of our friends are still sleeping. I'll wake them up in just a bit. But here's one – Doctor James – headed home from an overnight shift.

**DR. JAMES.** (*DOCTOR JAMES enters from a day at the office, exhausted but scrolling through emails on his hand.*) Saw it. Saw it. I'll respond to it later today.

**EMAIL.** Sir, if I might trouble you just for one moment. I don't want to be a bother but you've just had a new message come in.

**DR. JAMES.** Yes. Thank you. Read it to me Email.

**EMAIL.** Of course, sir. A Mr. Jenkins of Ohio is wondering if the symptoms he's been experiencing could be signs of cancer.

**DR. JAMES.** Not again.

**EMAIL.** He lists them here: moodiness, lethargy, inattention to detail –

**DR. JAMES.** Oh for goodness sakes! No those are not signs of cancer. Signs you need some exercise maybe but seriously, the ridiculousness of some people.

**EMAIL.** *(A pause.)* Shall I compose a reply?

**DR. JAMES.** No. Well...which account was that sent to?

**EMAIL.** help@webmd.com

**DR. JAMES.** That's what I thought. Let whoever's on duty now deal with it. I'm ready for a nap and then a cup of coffee.

**EMAIL.** As you wish sir.

**DR. JAMES.** Yes, well. Thank you.

**EMAIL.** Happy to help as always.

**PHONE.** Alright Email that's enough, Dr. James needs to get some sleep now. It's nearly 5 am.

**DR. JAMES.** Yes, thank you Email. I'm off. Phone, don't disturb me until 7:30 and wake me up if Mary doesn't call me down for breakfast before then. *(He exits without waiting for a reply.)*

**PHONE.** I aim to please. Alright well that was helpful. You've met Dr. James. His wife and son will be along in a bit I expect. Yes, 5:05, almost time to wake Mary.

*(A few lines earlier, INSTAGRAM has entered, unnoticed. They start to take several pictures at different angles around the stage, not taking any notice of the audience or other characters.)*

**INSTAGRAM.** There. That's perfect. Let's add a filter. And some extra fading at the edges. Hashtag theater, hashtag culture, hashtag I love my life, hashtag working actor.

**PHONE.** Oh hello Insta. You're up early today.

**INSTAGRAM.** *(As the actor.)* What? It's 7:30 *(Or whatever time it happens to be at the moment.)* at night. I was just backstage and I

wanted to get a picture before the aud...(*Trails off, notices the audience.*) Uh oh. Have we already started?

**PHONE.** Um, yes. We're about 3 pages into the show. Do you want to introduce yourself now or just wait until you're supposed to enter with Isabella?

**INSTAGRAM.** Uh...um...(*Stammers as they get into character.*) Yeah, ok, whatever. Hi. I'm Instagram. I'm an artist ok? Don't ask me about it though. Questions are so boring you know? Not like beauty. Beauty's so not boring. Beauty is everywhere. Just look for it. I mean, take this dusty curtain. Its old and gross and the stage manager made us promise a million times not to touch it. But who cares? Now the play's started and I can do whatever I want. (*Touches the curtain.*) Hah. I touched it. Ugh. Kinda gross. But still, with the right filter, hashtags and caption, I could make it something beautiful. How about this (*Snaps a picture of the curtain.*) filter, caption: Think of all the stories this curtain helped to tell. Hashtag storytelling hashtag theatre, hashtag beautyinstrangeplaces. See? Not bad eh? (*They start to wander off-stage.*) Oo, I bet backstage has a lot of artistic possibilities. (*Instagram exits.*)

**PHONE.** Yes, well. Thank you. Unexpected but all's well. You were going to meet her in a few minutes anyway so what's the worry. (*Ding.*) Time to wake Mrs. James. (*Another ding.*) And Mrs. Simpkins next door. GOOD MORNING LADIES. RISE AND SHINE!

(*MRS. SIMPKINS and MRS. JAMES enter from opposite sides of the stage into their respective kitchens. Their kitchens materialize around them – think a table and chairs or possibly less – during the next few lines. FACEBOOK and BLOG enter, following the women.*)

**FACEBOOK.** Good morning Mrs. James. It's going to be a wonderful day. A lot has happened in the world while you were sleeping. Do you mind if I catch you up?

**MRS. JAMES.** No, not at all Facebook. Good morning to you too. How is dear Mrs. Johnson and her new baby?

**FACEBOOK.** Oh goodness gracious I thought you'd never ask. Dear Mrs. Johnson's baby Emily found her toes last night during their 3 a.m. feeding. I have so many pictures to show you!

**MRS. JOHNSON.** (*MRS. JOHNSON, played by an actor in the chorus, enters upstage, perhaps on a platform. They have a baby doll. While reciting their Facebook post Mrs. Johnson strikes several different tableaux with their baby indicating different pictures she has posted. Or not. Maybe it's a projector with actual photos and a voiceover line.*) I can't believe how fast little Emily is growing up. Only 2 months old and she's found her toes. She's a genius! This morning started as a regular feeding, which is always such precious time with my girl I don't even mind being up at 3 a.m., but the discovery of her very own toes made it all the more special. #Ilovebeingamom #preciousmoments #blessed

**MRS. JAMES.** Well that is wonderful. I am glad Mrs. Johnson is adjusting to motherhood well. I remember those first few months are pretty tough.

**BLOG.** Morning Mrs. Simpkins. How was your sleep last night?

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Oh Blog it was incredible. I used lavender in my bath just before bed and read a book while drinking chamomile tea instead of turning on the TV, just as you suggested.

**BLOG.** So glad I could help. Did you want to share that post so you can help others sleep well too?

**FACEBOOK.** Do you want to comment or like?

**MRS. JAMES.** Uh, sure...

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Yeah...

**MRS. SIMPKINS and MRS. JAMES.** (*Dismissively*)...go ahead and do that for me.

**FACEBOOK and BLOG.** Right away!

**BLOG.** Alright, what are we making for breakfast this morning? I have lots of ideas. We need to use our new egg poacher!

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Hmm? Yes maybe. Let me get the coffee started.

**BLOG.** Oh and that delicious nitrate-free bacon too. It's paleo.

**FACEBOOK.** Your sister-in-law and her family are still on vacation in the Caribbean. Do you want to see new pictures? Posted just a few hours ago.

**MRS. JAMES.** Definitely. Load those while I start boiling water won't you?

**FACEBOOK.** Right away ma'am.

**BLOG.** Oooo, Mrs. Simpkins I've got the perfect thing – sweet potato hash. It's filling and nutritious. We have almost all the ingredients right here in the fridge.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Let me see. *(She looks at her hand/her phone)* Yes that's good. We'll substitute bacon for sausage and nix the onions because Jordan can't stand them.

**BLOG.** Men. I've got some tips for dealing with them too.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Save for later Blog, let's get breakfast done first.

**BLOG.** Yes ma'am.

*(A happy-looking family of chorus members enters upstage where Mrs. Johnson was previously. They pose for photos during Facebook's line.)*

**FACEBOOK.** All loaded. Look, there they are riding bicycles through town. And here's another one of them getting ice cream.

**MRS. JAMES.** Oh I like that one.

**FACEBOOK.** Oh look at your nephew George; it spilled all down his front. Laying out on the beach. Looks like your sister's got a little sunburn there. Another family photo on the beach. And that's all of them.

**MRS. JAMES.** Well great. I'm glad they're having a good time.

**BLOG.** Keep the bacon in its own grease and add the sweet potatoes.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Like this?

**BLOG.** Perfect.

**FACEBOOK.** And Mara's son Jesse got into college finally, no one thought he would you know. Want to see the post?

*(JESSE, a tall, muscular high school jock enters upstage, pumped to give this announcement.)*

**MRS. JAMES.** Um...*(slight hesitation)* No, let's skip that one. *(Jesse exits, offended.)* He's a little um...well just skip it.

**FACEBOOK.** Your high school reunion is coming up—

**BLOG.** —now add the rosemary—

**FACEBOOK.** —Julia's had another grandbaby—

**BLOG.** —and the eggs right on top there—

**FACEBOOK.** —you've got an invite for—

**BLOG.** —just a pinch of salt—

**FACEBOOK.** —and a message from Maggie about that thing next weekend—

**BLOG.** There we go!

**FACEBOOK.** That just about sums it up.

**BLOG and FACEBOOK.** You're ready for the day!

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Jordan!

**MRS. JAMES.** Jim!

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Isabella!

**MRS. JAMES.** Amos!

**MRS. JAMES and MRS. SIMPKINS.** Breakfast is ready!

**HUSBANDS.** Coming!

**KIDS.** Coming...

*(Enter DR. JAMES and MR. SIMPKINS talking with their social media and not making much effort to connect with their wives. In fact, no humans make eye contact throughout the play. Their most genuine and believable relationships are with social media.)*

**DR. JAMES.** Yes, what was that Email?

**EMAIL.** You've had several more messages since you went to sleep sir. I see many of them are spam. Shall I run them by you?

**DR. JAMES.** Yes, go ahead.

**TWITTER.** @vermontgazette In an otherwise mediocre debate, Landon B. Ransted has proved himself a worthy candidate for office. Click link?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** No no. We already endorsed Ransted. He's the only one debating with a brain. Not too surprising he would come out front.

**MRS. SIMPKINS and MRS. JAMES.** Morning dear.

**MR. SIMPKINS and DR. JAMES.** Morning. *(Quick kisses exchanged.)*

**EMAIL.** A coupon for Domino's pizza.

**DR. JAMES.** Delete.

**TWITTER.** @asiannews A catastrophic flood puts southeast Asia's crops in crisis. Click link?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Yes, show me that article. Might need to see if AP's got anything we can post related to that.

**EMAIL.** The Tuxedo Barn is having a sale this weekend.

**DR. JAMES.** *(Hesitates, then)* Delete.



**TWITTER.** @AssociatedPress has an article already up. Want me to retweet?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Yes. Then log into my personal account and retweet again from there. Should get as much coverage as possible.

**EMAIL.** Your mother wants to know when you are coming to visit sir.

**DR. JAMES.** Well I can't very well delete that.

**MRS. JAMES.** No, you very well can't. Let me see that. (*She wrenches his hand away from him to look.*) Email, you tell her we are coming at the end of the month.

**DR. JAMES.** No, don't send that just yet. Mary I'm not sure if we will be able to go this year.

**MRS. JAMES.** And why is that exactly?

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Coffee? (*Pours coffee for herself and Mr. Simpkins.*)

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Thank you.

**BLOG.** A great way to spice up your coffee in the mornings is to add a little vanilla. Here.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Thank you. Why that's delicious. You want some dear?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** What's that?

**BLOG.** Some vanilla in your coffee. It's scrumptious.

**TWITTER.** Vanilla in coffee?! Who cares about that? There is a flood killing hundreds of people.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Pipe down Twitter.

**TWITTER.** But –

**MR. SIMPKINS.** We've already done what we can for the flood. My job is to inform, not editorialize. Don't be hysterical. (*Twitter is offended.*) Thank you Blog I will have some.

**MRS. JAMES.** It's been ages.

**DR. JAMES.** True, but –

**MRS. JAMES.** Amos hasn't even seen her new house yet.

**DR. JAMES.** Yes. You're right.

**MRS. JAMES.** Email, tell her we're coming and we'll get her the dates as soon as we check Amos' baseball schedule.

**EMAIL.** (*Looks to DR. JAMES for confirmation*) Sir?

**DR. JAMES.** Yes yes. Go and send it.

**EMAIL.** Right away.

**MRS. JAMES.** And Facebook?

**FACEBOOK.** Hmmm?

**MRS. JAMES.** Message my sister-in-law and see when they get back. Maybe they can join us for the visit.

**FACEBOOK.** Yes ma'am! Oh I love a good family visit!

*(Kids enter. AMOS is followed by TEXT and ISABELLA is arm in arm with Instagram.)*

**TEXT.** Send it?

**AMOS.** Yeah, that's fine.

**INSTAGRAM.** So...Zachary and Hillary were at the park last night. Look. They've got 258 likes already.

**PHONE.** And it's only 7:20.

**INSTAGRAM.** OOOOO. Ouch.

**ISABELLA.** Whatever. Zach is stupid. I dumped him.

**INSTAGRAM.** But still, I mean...

**ISABELLA.** Seriously. It's nothing. Hi mom.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Good morning dear.

**FACEBOOK.** I have a reply!

**MRS. JAMES.** And?

**FACEBOOK.** Yes. We'd love to come.

**EMAIL.** Sir. Your mother's replied.

**DR. JAMES.** And?

**EMAIL.** She says your sister's coming next week.

**MRS. JAMES and DR. JAMES.** All right then. It's settled. Dear?

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** You want coffee?

**ISABELLA.** Sure. With vanilla? I saw your re-blog.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** *(To Blog)* Lavender sugar cookies. Let's use the lavender from the garden. What's that Isabella?

**ISABELLA.** Nothing.

**MRS. JAMES.** Yes?

**DR. JAMES.** We're going.

**MRS. JAMES.** I know.

**AMOS.** Oh to grandma's?

**MRS. JAMES.** Yes...

**AMOS.** Yeah. Text just told me. Sounds fun.

**MRS. JAMES.** Oh so you spoke to your cousin?

**AMOS.** Yeah. He says hi to you guys.

**DR. JAMES.** Nice of him. Tell him we send our love.

**AMOS.** *(Small laugh)* Ok. Got that Text?

**TEXT.** Yeah. “Tell him we send our love” – Uncle Jim *(He laughs too.)*

**AMOS.** Cool.

*(Social media start to rotate throughout the next scene, being all things to all people. It is a kind of strange dance. Fathers and Children sit in the chairs. Mothers move about the space followed by social media members miming doing various chores: cooking, washing dishes, distributing breakfast, drinking coffee etc.)*

**INSTAGRAM.** *(To Mrs. Simpkins.)* Hey, I just wanted to show you pictures from other people’s breakfasts. Oh and don’t forget to post that one of yours. The light looks perfect. Make sure everyone knows its paleo but still delicious!

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** *(Swiping through a few.)* That one looks yummy. What is it?

**INSTAGRAM.** Papaya and mango.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Phone, put papaya and mango on my grocery list.

**PHONE.** Yes ma’am.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** And post my photo Insta.

**INSTAGRAM.** Yes ma’am.

**BLOG.** *(To Mr. Simpkins)* Sir, I’ve got your political news all lined up when you’re ready.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Go ahead.

**BLOG.** Well, there’s ‘Top 10 Quotes of the Debate’.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** What else?

**BLOG.** Eight ways we can help the flood victims.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Yes. Show me that one.

**BLOG.** Right away sir.

**TWITTER.** *(To Isabella.)* @pappics Paparazzi pics of Kim Kardashian.

**ISABELLA.** Ugh. Pass.

**TWITTER.** @anagirl You might be gaining weight while you sleep.

**ISABELLA.** Yeah, save that for later during math. Phone, open that article and save for later.

**PHONE.** Got it.

**EMAIL.** Oh, I've forgotten to remind you Mrs. James. You've a hair appointment this afternoon at 1:00.

**PHONE.** I've already reminded her of that Email.

**MRS. JAMES.** Thank you both.

**TEXT.** Oh hey guys. *(They are ignored. Everyone is involved with another Social Media friend right now.)*

**FACEBOOK.** Amos, got some pictures from the game last night.

**AMOS.** Oh cool. Let me see those.

*(Several pictures made by chorus members upstage as AMOS scrolls through.)*

**TEXT.** Guys?

**FACEBOOK.** National Anthem. First pitch. There's your mom. McKinney catches a pop fly. English teacher and the foul ball. And seventh inning stretch.

**AMOS.** Yeah. It was a fun game.

**TEXT.** Guys.

**FACEBOOK.** Did you see who Zachary was with?

**AMOS.** What, why do I care?

**FACEBOOK.** He was with Hillary.

**AMOS.** Hillary?

**FACEBOOK.** *(Nods and smiles.)*

**AMOS.** You mean, they broke up?

**TEXT.** GUYS!

**DR. and MRS. JAMES.** Hmm?

**TEXT.** George says he loves you too.

**DR. and MRS. JAMES.** Awwww.

**TEXT.** Hey Isabella.

**ISABELLA.** Yeah?

**TEXT.** Want to walk to school together?

**PHONE.** *(Stands between the two children)* Better get a move-on.

**ISABELLA.** Yeah. Let's go.

*(A bell goes off. Phone is standing center of two identical tableaux. Each character does something with his/her prop on cue.)*

**KIDS.** Time for school. *(Backpack.)*

**FATHERS.** Time for work. *(Coffee mug.)*

**MOTHERS.** Time to get the chores done. *(Wash rag.)*

*(They each cross to separate parts of the stage and freeze mid-task.)*

## SCENE TWO

*School cafeteria. Chorus Members portray students. Social Media mill about, commenting on various meals/people/etc.*

**TWITTER.** Favorite class of the day. Lunch. I find I'm most productive here.

**INSTAGRAM.** Oh there's a good picture. And another one. Yeah move the apple to the other side. Perfect. Nice and healthy. Good job people. Lunch selfie. *(Takes a piece of food from someone.)* Trust me, your hips will thank me later. Oo look what she's eating. Or should I say, not eating?

**AMOS.** Facebook, what's Isabella doing this weekend?

**FACEBOOK.** I'll check. Hmmmm. Looks like she's interested in a couple of things.

**AMOS.** Cool. Oh that looks fun. I'm interested in that. That. That. No, not that one. Wait, is she going or just interested?

**TEXT.** *(Bouncing between people.)* He was with you last night?! What? When? He told Carissa he was with Joel. And on her birthday...ooo... Joel says he wasn't there. No no, wait, he says he was there but he wasn't there past 8 pm. How late did he stay over? What happened? I'll never tell. We were just studying. You know I think he may pass math now with a good tutor. Tutor, sure. Sheesh.

**PHONE.** The lunchroom is one of our favorite spaces. Most of the time we're practically jailed at school. Teachers are so strict about us speaking during class. It's as though we should be seen and not heard, so we try to stay quiet or out of the way. But at lunch, all bets are off. Teachers' backs are turned and we're in charge.

**BLOG.** 10 new outfits for spring.

**ISABELLA.** Oo, cute, put those on my fashion board.

**BLOG.** Here's another article about lavender DIY shampoo for your scalp.

**ISABELLA.** (*Hushed.*) Oh yes, save that too. On the private board though.

**INSTAGRAM.** I've got more photos to show you.

**FACEBOOK.** No it's my turn! I've been waiting. Isabella you need to say Happy Birthday to Carissa, your cousin Tayla, and Michelle.

**ISABELLA.** Michelle?

**FACEBOOK.** Your friend from camp? How could you forget her? She kept you rolling every night by the campfire with her stories. She's hilarious. Here, I have 50 pictures of your time together to remind you. Let me show you.

**ISABELLA.** Oh yea, oh I'm so sorry. I can't believe I forgot Michelle. These photos are hilarious. This summer was amazing. Of course I have to wish her a happy birthday. (*Isabelle writes the message "Michelle you hilarious monster you. Hope you're having the most fabulous birthday with everything you deserve. Love you lots girl and can hardly wait until June! Miss you lady!" and posts it.*) And my cousin. (*Posts: "CUZZZZZ. Can't wait until Christmas and we are reunited once again. Your vacation pictures look AMAAAHHHHZING. You're the greatest and hope you have the best birthday ever. XOXO"*) And Carissa. (*Posts: "Happy Birthday Carissa – You're the best. Hope you have the best day!"*) And I can follow that one up in person. (*Trying to get Carissa's attention from across the room.*) Carissa! Happy birthday. (*She doesn't hear, she's talking to INSTAGRAM.*) Text, can you tell her for me?

**TEXT.** Absolutely. Hey Carissa – happy birthday. Lucky you don't have Mr. Roderick today. Perfect present amirite? She says totally. Best birthday ever. You'll be at my party right?

**ISABELLA.** Shut up she did not?

**TEXT.** Did so. Are you going?

**ISABELLA.** When is it?

**FACEBOOK.** I KNOW I KNOW! It's this Saturday starting at 8 meeting at the movie theatre. Wow, like 30 people are coming.

**ISABELLA.** Wait, why didn't you tell me that before!?

**FACEBOOK.** It's private. You just got invited. You're welcome for reminding you about her birthday.

**ISABELLA.** Facebook you're a genius. I love you.

**FACEBOOK.** Aw, just doing my job.

**ISABELLA.** Who all is going?

**FACEBOOK.** Let me see...

**ISABELLA.** Did Sasha get invited?

**FACEBOOK.** Doesn't look like it.

**ISABELLA.** (*Glances at SASHA, a chorus member sitting close by at her table.*) Oh no. What am I gonna do?

**TEXT.** What's up?

**ISABELLA.** Sasha's not invited Saturday but I really wanna go to the party. Carissa's never asked me to anything before. And I'm supposed to watch movies at Sasha's place that night. Darn it.

**TEXT.** I got it. Let me tell her.

**FACEBOOK.** No, I will. Easier.

**TEXT.** But less personal. I know her better. It's easier coming from me.

**PHONE.** You wanna talk personal, let me do it. I'll make up a whole big story she will definitely believe.

**INSTAGRAM.** Psh. Good luck with a story. She will know where you've been. You think between all of us she won't find out? We have to tell her the truth. Just ask Carissa if she can come. That way everyone wins.

**ISABELLA.** Text?

**TEXT.** On it. "Carissa – totally can't wait until your party, of course I'll be there. Sasha and I can't wait to see (*Insert Topical Movie Here*)"

**ISABELLA.** Perfect Text. So smooth. (*The bell rings. Students scramble back to class.*)

### **SCENE THREE**

*The grocery store. Again, minimal to no set. Scene changes are annoying.*

**PHONE.** Here in our space we do all those normal, boring, everyday tasks you might imagine. (*Mrs. Jones is doing the grocery shopping with Blog; she spots Mrs. Simpkins and waves.*) Avocadoes, tomatoes, potatoes, mangoes, sweet potatoes, and papayas.

**MRS. JAMES.** Almost done.

**PHONE.** We help in any way we can.

**BLOG.** No, get lavender this time. Remember how well you slept?

**MRS. JAMES.** Yes yes, of course.

*(At the office. Mr. Simpkins is with his BOSS, a chorus member.)*

**BOSS.** Another great story out ahead of everyone else. Good work on that flood Simpkins.

*(Simpkins high-fives Blog and Twitter, who in turn high-five each other covertly.)*

**MR. SIMPKINS, BLOG and TWITTER.** Nice one.

**BOSS.** You're just the type of person we need around here. Sticking to cold hard facts. Always falling in line with the Associated Press.

**PHONE.** Mr. Simpkins you have a meeting with @Jander392 in just under ten minutes.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Great. Twitter?

**TWITTER.** Checking in now...he'll be there. Skype tells me he's just logged on.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Thanks boss. You know me. I don't sleep on the job. If you'll excuse me, I've got a meeting with a source in just about, oh, 7 minutes. Should get you a little more insider information on the flood.

**BOSS.** You're a real tiger Simpkins. You play by the rules but you've got real energy. You're my kinda guy. You'll be in the editors' meeting this Friday?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Well, I...

**BOSS.** You will. It's at 10 am. Email? CC Simpkins on the editors' emails from now on. And send a private one to Brown that Simpkins is his number two now. Also, remind Brown that he should take a leaf out



of Simpkins' book and stick to the AP line. He needs to stay away from editorializing if he wants to keep his job.

**EMAIL.** Yes sir. I've just done it. Is there anything else I can do for you at this time?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Thank you sir.

**BOSS.** Don't mention it. Another thing, Email, I just remembered. Set up a performance review for Simpkins with HR. Cc him and Brown. I think it's just about time for a raise.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Sir, I don't even—

**BOSS.** You've earned it. Don't think it's a favor. Keep up your work and you'll be next in line to replace Brown. It'll give him the message to keep on his toes.

**EMAIL.** It's done sir. Anything else?

**BOSS.** Yes actually I need you to draft—See you Friday Simpkins—*(They exit while dictating to Email. Email follows.)* another message to Kingston about next week's headlines. I'm not sure the Cambodia debacle is something we ought to give first page credence to. Could you tell him that and ask about his plan B?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Text, tell Mrs. Simpkins we're going out tonight. Phone, did you get the Friday meeting?

**PHONE.** Done! And congratulations! Well done.

**TEXT.** She says how wonderful and should she let Isabella know?

**MR. SIMPKINS.** I think not. It's been ages since the two of us have been out. Let Isabella know she can order in tonight and have a friend over if she'd like.

**TEXT.** It's done.

**PHONE.** Your meeting with @Jander392? Skype's just informed me that he is calling.

**MR. SIMPKINS.** Oh yes!

*(He exits. Back to Mrs. Simpkins, who is now home doing the laundry.)*

**BLOG.** Let's mix lemon and grapefruit oils in with the detergent this time.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** *(Smells the aroma from the two bottles.)* Refreshing. I like it.

**TEXT.** Mrs. Simpkins?!? Mr. Simpkins has just been promoted! All his hard work with the flood and working late hours and waking up early. It's finally paid off ma'am.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Oh how wonderful. Tell him I'm so proud.

**TEXT.** Yes of course. He says you should go out for dinner tonight.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Oh goodness. It's been ages.

**TEXT.** Without Isabella. Just the two of you.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Well, I, well that will be lovely. Phone could you check on the dry cleaning? I think I have a pickup to make today.

**EMAIL.** No need for phone to do that ma'am. I have a confirmation right here. It's been ready for nearly a week now.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Ah. Well, we'll need to go by there on our way to the Ladies Who Care Meeting. Phone can you remind me when I leave the house?

**PHONE.** Absolutely.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Excellent. I'd better tell Isabella we won't be around tonight.

**TEXT.** Mr. Simpkins has already done. It's here, in the family group. He says she can order in and have a friend over if she wants.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Well perfect. Now that the laundry's on, thank you Blog, I'll just start the dishes (*she does so*) and Facebook? Instagram? Could you come entertain me while I wait for these to finish?

**FACEBOOK.** Right here!

**INSTAGRAM.** Ready to go.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** You too Blog, we have to decide what I should wear for my date tonight!

**BLOG.** Right here ma'am! Searching #OOTD

**INSTAGRAM.** I have it! #datenightfashion

**FACEBOOK.** Friends? Frenemies?//Long posts?

**INSTAGRAM.** What first?//Food?//#OOTD?

**BLOG.** //Also, you should get a spiralizer for easier dinners.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** (*Oscillating between the two, picking and choosing where to look distractedly. All of them overlapping.*) //Oo, that's beautiful. Perhaps we should go there on our next holiday too. Oh, must add a spiralizer to my Amazon wish list. And oh I have been meaning to

read that book as well. What is it that Oprah said about it again? Perhaps should add that to the list too. Great idea. (*Pause. A breath.*) Phone?

**PHONE.** Done ma'am. You need to schedule a hair appointment soon.

**FACEBOOK.** Yes you do, look at Mary's new haircut. So cute!

**MRS. JAMES.** (*In her own home or just popping onstage for a moment.*) Oh Facebook, you're so sweet.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** You're right Phone I need to but my girl's just had a baby. Who cuts Mary's hair Facebook?

**MRS. JAMES.** (*To Facebook.*) Oh I love my girl Nicole she has amazing taste and suggestions. Plus she can cut all kinds of hair. (*To Phone.*) Send Sarah Nicole's contact info.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Excellent. Phone schedule something for next week. (*Ding.*) Dishes are finished. Perfect, Blog I'll unload then we have to go through my wardrobe for tonight. And maybe...Phone what time is it?

**PHONE.** Nearly two.

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Excellent. Remind me 20 minutes before I need to leave for my meeting and Blog please search capsule wardrobes. I think we have just enough time to revamp my closet, donate old clothes and pick up the dry cleaning before the meeting. Chop chop.

**FACEBOOK.** And on your way, remember that book Vonda's always going on about?

**MRS. SIMPKINS.** Oh yes, I have been meaning to read that. What is it that Oprah said about it again? Nevermind. Phone?

**PHONE.** I've just downloaded the audiobook. We can listen to it in the car! (*Lights.*)

## SCENE FOUR

*School hallway. Amos is talking to a Teacher, a chorus member, after class. Other students mill around.*

**TEXT.** Coach says if you make him wait five more minutes you're off the team.

**EMAIL.** But Master Amos, you know you can't afford to fail English. Remember the warning from the principal from last week.

**AMOS.** Yes yes, I know, thank you Email. Text, tell him that if I fail English I'm not on the team anyway. I'll be right there.

**TEACHER.** Fine. Amos this is the last time. If you rewrite it by tomorrow I'll give you 15 points.

**AMOS.** And I'll pass?

**TEACHER.** Barely. *(Amos winks at Text and punches Email's shoulder as he exits. He sees Isabella enter and thinks about saying hi...but she is surrounded by Social Media and he changes his mind. Coach, another chorus member, bellows something Coach-like from offstage to the team as Amos joins them, late again. Move down the hall to Isabella. Text is waiting for Isabella eagerly at her locker.)*

**TEXT.** I've been waiting and waiting. Message from Carissa.

**FACEBOOK.** Me me me me. I've been waiting too. There's been a change on Carissa's birthday party event that I've been dying to tell you about!

**INSTAGRAM.** No I'VE been waiting too. Please, you've hardly talked to me all day. I have several new alerts for you and a really interesting development on Hillary's story that you haven't noticed that I think you should. Remember, they disappear after 24-hours!

**ISABELLA.** Alright alright. Calm down everyone. I've missed you too.

**INSTAGRAM.** Me first. I haven't seen you since this morning.

**ISABELLA.** Alright, Insta, what have you got?

**INSTAGRAM.** I have everyone's stories from the park last night. I know you said you didn't care about Zach and Hillary. And you're right, I mean, who would? She's a cow anyway. Don't worry, I won't comment that but it's ok because we're all thinking it. *(Facebook and Text nod in agreement)* But there was a pretty big group at the park last night. Look. *(Photos and short videos are enacted by chorus members throughout the following.)*

**ISABELLA.** That's Sasha. My Sasha.

**INSTAGRAM.** Yep.

**ISABELLA.** What's she doing there?

**INSTAGRAM.** Keep watching.

**ISABELLA.** With Zach.

**INSTAGRAM.** Bingo.

**ISABELLA.** She's supposed to be my friend. Why would she be there with them?

**INSTAGRAM.** Beats me.

**ISABELLA.** She doesn't even like Hillary. She told me. I mean, she's a cow. No, don't post that. I'm just thinking it, so it's ok. And. What? More pictures with Zach?

**INSTAGRAM.** I can't believe she would do that.

**TEXT.** I have news. I have a follow-on to that! Let me tell you let me tell you.

**FACEBOOK.** And me and me! Don't forget about my news!

**ISABELLA.** Hang on you guys, I see your notifications. Let me finish these stories first. Insta are you sure?

**INSTAGRAM.** Photos don't lie. And especially videos.

**ISABELLA.** I can't believe it. I can't look at this anymore. She lied to me. She told me she was at home watching *The Bachelorette* with her mom. *(Pause.)*

**INSTAGRAM.** That's Hillary's whole story. But look at this photo of yummy food. And here's an adorable puppy. And here's Carissa at the mall with Will, Juan, Sienna, and Kirby. They're having fun right? And they are all probably going to be at the party Saturday.

**ISABELLA.** That's true. That does look fun. *(Instagram shows a few more pictures/videos from Carissa's story, she is close to Isabella, arm in arm or arm around shoulder.)*

**TEXT.** EXCUSE ME?! I've been waiting.

**ISABELLA.** Oh, yes, of course, I'm sorry.

**TEXT.** Carissa says she's so sorry and didn't mean to give you the wrong impression, but guests aren't invited to her birthday party. Her mom is reserving a limo—

**ISABELLA/FACEBOOK/INSTAGRAM/PHONE.** WHAT?!

**TEXT.** Inorite?!—anyway, she's reserving a limo and there just isn't room for more girls in the limo. She's sorry she didn't say that before but also she doesn't really know Sasha and doesn't think Sasha even knows it was her birthday.

**INSTAGRAM.** Did anyone tell Sasha it was Carissa's birthday? I didn't.

**TEXT.** No.

**FACEBOOK.** I tried. But she turned off my notifications and hasn't talked to me all day.

**ISABELLA.** So Sasha can't come Saturday...that's fine with me. I mean, whatever, she's a liar, I don't want to hang out with her anyway. Forget her. Facebook what did you have for me?

**FACEBOOK.** Oh it's pretty much the same idea. Carissa changed the settings on her event to say that guests aren't allowed to bring other guests. It's invite only.

**ISABELLA.** Invite only? I feel so special now. I can't believe Carissa invited me. I can't believe it.

**TEXT.** So??? What are you going to say?//

**INSTAGRAM.** //Yeah what are you going to do?//

**FACEBOOK.** //What will you tell Sasha now?//

**ISABELLA.** Ugh. Who cares? She's a liar. I'll just tell her I'm watching *The Bachelorette* with my mom and see what she thinks of that.

**PHONE.** Um, *The Bachelorette* is Monday nights. She'll know you're lying.

**ISABELLA.** Darn it. Ok. Well.

**TEXT.** Tell Carissa sorry first.

**FACEBOOK.** Yeah, do that first. We'll come up with something for Sasha.

**ISABELLA.** Ok ok. You're right. Focus. Ok Text, tell Carissa, I'm so sorry I assumed and that she's right, Sasha probably doesn't even know it's her birthday so she definitely shouldn't come. I just felt bad because I used to be friends with her and then she lied to me and now we're not friends anymore and I don't care if I even ever see her again.

**TEXT.** Really? You want me to put all that?

**ISABELLA.** No. No, erase that.

**TEXT.** Ok. Let's just start over.

**ISABELLA.** Ok. Say, omg sorry Carissa I shouldn't have assumed. So excited for the party and definitely will ditch Sasha for the occasion. She's such a leech anyway. What time Saturday and what are you wearing? Happy birthday again and hope you're having the best day.

**TEXT.** Much better.

**INSTAGRAM.** CARISSA SHARPE JUST FOLLOWED YOU!

**TEXT.** She says phewph sorry I felt awful sending that but thanks for understanding. My mom was really strict about how many girls I could invite.

**FACEBOOK.** CARISSA SHARPE JUST LOVED YOUR POST!

**ISABELLA.** No problem I totally understand. So it's a girls' night movie night then? Fun!

**TEXT.** Oh, and she's wearing a short black sparkly skirt with either an orange or a purple top. Here's the options: (*Chorus member holds up two tops showing Isabella has received a photo.*) And one of these pairs of shoes. (*Again, another photo.*)

**INSTAGRAM.** She just liked one of your photos from summer vacation. The one of your toes on the beach.

**FACEBOOK.** And laughed at your status from this morning about your mom being obsessed with vanilla coffee.

**TEXT.** Oh and it's girls only in the limo. The boys are meeting at the movie and will get ice cream with us afterwards before we go back to her place in the limo.

**ISABELLA.** Omg this party sounds amazing. I can't wait. Who all is coming? I love those shoes.

**FACEBOOK.** And a comment: "haha my mom too totally. It's so cute how they think they're first to think of something."

**ISABELLA.** Oh I know right? Like Starbucks hasn't been putting vanilla in coffee for like a zillion years? Comment back and laugh at her comment Facebook.

**FACEBOOK.** Done.

**INSTAGRAM.** You know, you don't follow her.

**ISABELLA.** What? I can't believe that. Omg I feel awful. Insta follow her immediately. And like her last three photos.

**INSTAGRAM.** Gotcha. I've missed you today! It's so good to have you back.

*(All Social Media, even those not in this scene, nod in agreement and get closer to Isabella at this point.)*

**ISABELLA.** Aw, I've missed you guys too. (*Black out. End of Act One.*)

## **INTERMISSION**

*House lights up. No scene change. This semi-improvised scene "INTERMISSION" goes in place of an actual intermission.*

**PHONE.** (*Addressing the audience.*) Hey guys. So, here we are. At the end of act one. This is where an intermission would typically go. But, we felt like, since the show isn't super long, we don't really need a whole intermission, right? (*Cast nods and vocally agrees.*) However, it's been like 30 minutes—

**TEXT.** 32 minutes.

**PHONE.** Yes, you're right. 32 minutes since any of us have looked at our phones so we'll need to take a quick break to catch up with the outside world. You know, make sure it's still there. As for you all...you could talk about how great this show is on Twitter, check in on Facebook, post to our Instastories. #ourspaceplay #theatre #supportlocalart #seehowculturedIam? Etc. etc. You know the drill. Of course, if you *must* go to the restroom you can do that now too. But obviously don't forget your phone. (*Phone, now out of character, turns to their phone.*) Hey Siri – can you set a timer for 5 minutes?

**SIRI.** (*This can be really SIRI or a pre-recorded voice over depending on the needs of the performance space, either way, an actual timer should be set for five minutes.*) Five minutes and counting.

**PHONE.** Thanks girl. (*To cast.*) Take five everyone.

**ALL.** Thank you five.

*(During "intermission" all cast is onstage but out of character. They pull out phones, text, tweet, take boomerangs for their instastories, take selfies with each other and the audience. Interact with the audience. Improv through it. HAVE FUN. After five minutes, the timer goes off.)*

**PHONE.** And that's all the time we have for now. Phones up. Silenced. You know what to do.

**INSTAGRAM.** Hang on...



**PHONE.** Seriously Insta? Three...two... (*INSTAGRAM puts their phone away.*)

**INSTAGRAM.** Ok I'm ready.

**PHONE.** And now...for the rest of our story.

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –  
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