

Internet Error

Scene One: A partition is in the middle of the stage. On either side of it, Kevin and Kate sit facing the partition, operating computers.

Kate: I sure hope Lisa knows what she's talking about with this website. I mean, come on, a website that matches you up with your perfect date? Like I don't already know who that is. But I guess it's worth a try.

Kevin: Dude, this is awesome! Maybe I can meet a real punk goddess on here. I never thought of this before. Hey, some girl's got to like me eventually.

(Pause)

In unison: Name, likes, dislikes.

Kate: Kate Russell; I like old movies, reading, and listening to Daniel Bedingfield's music. I don't like people with piercings, tattoos, dyed hair, and who listen to loud, screaming music.

Kevin: Kevin Winslow; turn-ons are multiple piercings, tattoos, and a wild attitude. Turn-offs are ponytails, tailored clothing, and candlelight dinners. (Pause) I really don't like that stuff, but how else will this work?

(Long pause as they type, then wait)

Kate: Cool! An instant match. Kevin Winslow. He likes and dislikes the exact same things I do! Maybe this could be a good thing.

Kevin: Sweet! My pierced princess's name is Kate Russell. Her list of likes and stuff could almost be mine. Hey, it gives her e-mail address!

Kate: Wow, I'm surprised he e-mailed me already. He wants to meet me for coffee? Sure!

(Kate types, sends e-mail, they exit)

Scene two: a coffeehouse with tables for two or four. A clerk operates the register. Kate enters.

Kate(to clerk): Has a Kevin Winslow come in? Or has someone asked for Kate Russell?

Clerk: No. Can I get you something?

Kate: Uhhhh...sure. I'd like a cappucino. One shot, please. And I'm Kate Russell, if anyone asks.

Clerk: Okay, and that'll be \$3.75.

(Kate pays and sits at table for two. Kevin enters, looks around, goes up to clerk.)

Kevin(to clerk): Dude, has Kate Russell come in yet?

Clerk: Yeah. She's right there (pointing).

Kevin: No way. I mean I real Gwen Stefani type.

Clerk: No, that's Kate Russell. Can I get you something?

Kevin: No.

(Kevin walks to Kate's table and sits)

Kevin: The clerk seems to be not quite right up here (motions to his head).
He says you're Kate Russell.

Kate: I am. And who in all my nightmares are you?

Kevin: I'm Kevin Winslow.

Kate: No way. You can't be. Your description...

Kevin: What? I said I was a punk who liked punk girls. Same as you, only
in reverse of gender.

Kate: No, I said I was a clean-cut girl who likes clean-cut guys. You said
you were a clean-cut guy, well, you know.

Kevin: Sounds like we have an Internet problem. I'm going to go home
and e-mail them to complain.

Kate: Yeah, 'cause they didn't send you a neo-Nazi chick with a pierced
tongue.

Kevin: Hey, mine's pierced!

Kate: I noticed.

Kevin: Well, here's looking at you. Although that's not quite appropriate.

Kate: You like Humphrey Bogart?

Kevin: Dude, he's awesome! He's the perfect tough guy with a soft spot
for one girl. Don't knock him.

Kate: I wasn't knocking him. I've seen, like, all his films.

Kevin: Really? You know who Alfred Hitchcock was?

Kate: Yeah! I've seen *Rear Window*, *Spellbound*, *Notorious*, *The Lady Vanishes*,

Suspicion, oh, the list goes on and on.

Kevin: Me too! *Rear Window* was the scariest.

Kate: No way. *Spellbound* had me so scared I could barely go to the bathroom. Even though I had it figured out before it was half over.

Kevin: Oh, not me. I had no idea 'til the end.

(Pause)

Kate: So you like old movies. What else are you in to?

Kevin: Well, um, you're going to think this is weird, but have you ever read the biography of Marie Curie by her daughter, Eve?

Kate: Only about six times. I don't generally like biographies, but I really enjoyed that one. It wasn't boring. It was actually funny sometimes, and sweet, and sad.

Kevin: I thought the part about how they couldn't even learn what they wanted to in school was horrible.

Kate: Yeah, and how they barely had any money to live on, and her family members kept dying. But at least she got to go to college in Paris. And she had friends there.

Kevin: That was nice. (Pause) So...why were you on the dating site? Couldn't you find anyone to take you out on Fridays or something?

Kate: No, I know who I want to take me out, I just need to forget him.

Kevin: What do you mean? Did your boyfriend break up with you or something?

Kate: No...it's just the guy I like doesn't like me, so I need to forget him.

Kevin: How do you know he doesn't like you?

Kate: Because he's always so cold to me. He barely acknowledges my presence.

Kevin: Maybe he's too nervous to say anything.

Kate: Hah. He's outgoing enough around his friends.

Kevin: Are they guys or girls, and who has he known longer, you or them?

Kate: Well, they're mostly guys, but a couple are girls, and we've only known each other six months, and he's known them all his life.

Kevin: There's your answer. He's shy around girls he doesn't know well, and maybe he likes you but is afraid to say anything cause he hasn't known you all your life and doesn't know how your mind works.

Kate: You think so?

Kevin: Yeah. Just get to know him better as a friend, then see what happens.

Kate: Why do you seem like you've done this before?

Kevin: Done what?

Internet Error
p.6

Kate: Given advice to girls.

Kevin: Because I have. Girls seem to think my shoulder is excellent for crying on.

Kate: You? But you're so...so...punky.

Kevin: Not really. I haven't always dressed like this. I only do it 'cause I'm tired of girls only thinking of me as a buddy. Some girls just go for bad guys.

Kate: But you shouldn't change who you are just to get a girl. That's crazy.

Kevin: Yeah, I know.

Kate: Trust me. be yourself. Someday you'll meet a girl who loves you for who you are. Don't change. You're a really great guy. Seriously. Look at the way you listened to me. You've barely known me half an hour, but you care. All you need is a little confidence.

Kevin: I know. I just can't seem to find it.

Kate: What?

Kevin: Confidence. Whenever I meet a girl I like, or get a great idea, I don't do anything about it. I'm afraid people will think I'm stupid. And my parents have such high ambitions for me. They want me to go to Princeton and someday take over my dad's job.

Kate: What does your dad do?

Kevin: He's CEO of this really huge company. Sits around all day making executive decisions and handling other people's affairs.

Kate: So what's so bad about that?

Internet Error
p.7

Kevin: Nothing. I just don't want to do it.

Kate: Why not?

Kevin: Because...I want to be a journalist. I want to travel the world writing about different things. I'm also working on a book about Dashiell Hammett, the guy who wrote all those murder mysteries back in the 30's.

Kate: He was amazing. What a mind! But what's so wrong with being a journalist?

Kevin: My parents wouldn't think it was dignified enough for the son of Robert J. Winslow III.

Kate: There's nothing wrong with being a journalist. If you have talent, if you have a passion, go for it. You worry too much.

Kevin: I can't help it. I don't want to disappoint anybody.

Kate: Yes, but you can't please everybody. And you won't please anyone if you are stuck doing a job you don't like. You won't be any good at it, and isn't that what your parents want?

Kevin: Yeah.

Kate: So don't you think they'd be happier if they saw you happy and successful?

Kevin: Yeah, I guess. I'll try.

Kate: Don't try. Do it.

Kevin: (grins, raises right hand) I, Kevin Winslow, solemnly swear that I will

Internet Error
p.8

become an excellent journalist.

Kate: (laughs) That's more like it.

(Clerk walks up)

Clerk: Hey, guys, we're closing now. You're going to have to leave.

Kevin: Okay, thanks.

(Clerk leaves)

Kevin: You want to meet me here again sometime? As friends, I mean.

Kate: Sure. Call me or e-mail me, okay?

Kevin: Okay. See you later.

Kate: See you

(They exit)

Scene 3: Same as Scene 1, except Kate and Kevin have not entered. Kate enters.

Kate: I guess I'll check my e-mail, see if Kevin sent me anything.

(Sits at computer)

Kate: Hey, there's something from that dating site! Weird.

Internet Error

p.9

(Pause)

Kate: (reading) Dear Kate, we're sorry. An error occurred in processing your profile. Your profile was sent back to you with someone else's name. Please excuse our error. To try again, click on the link below.
(Normally) I'm not going to try again. I'll take Kevin's advice about my crush and see what happens.

(Kevin enters other side, sits at computer)

Kate: And it wasn't an error. Not really. I found a friend. He helped me, and I helped him. There was no mistake.

(She types)

Kevin: Hey, an e-mail from Kate! You know, hanging out with Kate tonight may not have solved all our problems, but it gave me some answers. Our lives won't be perfect or easy, but at least we got to talk and get some advice. At least we have someone to talk to. And in my world, that's important. A true friend is better than any psychologist. A true friend understands you better, knows what you need. And that means more to me than getting a girlfriend.

(Removes body piercings)

Kevin: As for the rest of this, it'll be in the trash in the morning. No more

pretending. I am who I am for a reason. And maybe, just for once, someone will see that. Until then, here I am. I am living my dreams. Can you say as much?

(Curtain)