

LANE IN THE FAST LIFE

A ONE ACT IN WEB 2.0

BY

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THE FOLLOWING IS THE VERSION 3.0 READER PDF OF AN UNEDITED/EARLY DRAFT NOT WHOLLY REFLECTIVE OF THE FINAL SCRIPT'S FORM AND CONTENT, REFORMATTED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF DISPLAYING CONCEPT

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"LANE IN THE FAST LIFE"

PRODUCTION NOTES

- *A note on language: Yes, there are curse words. There are even references to popular culture. And as much as I would like to think that such words and references would always be relevant, I understand the need to update or modify for the sake of the audience, be they so far in the future that our technology has advanced, or that they are stuck so far in the past that "foul" language offends them. I trust in the irony of anachronism.*
- *A note on the SCENES and the arrangement of the script: SCENES to be depicted on stage through live actors and set are set as the primary page layout here. For the purposes of this reader, ONLINE SCENES are depicted an entirely text based environment in a box on the left-hand side of the page. The textual information contained in these scenes is meant to mimic many facets of the chat culture that occurs online. While these lines are meant to convey exactly, the spirit of their presence as a part of the play allows for modification, language update and mild improvisation in character. In the latter case, it may be necessary to assign CAST to one or all ONLINE personae.*
- *A note on PRODUCTION of ONLINE SCENES: In delivering ONLINE SCENES, the text should be displayed to the audience in some way, revealing each line slowly and in time (often allowing long pauses for the live performance to catch up). It is the director's prerogative if SCENES with light or without corresponding ONLINE SCENES have*

additional online "noise" in them. The playwright acknowledges the special circumstance this presents from a technical standpoint. For this reason the ONLINE SCENES can be displayed in whatever way is technically feasible and within the director's vision. Two possibilities/suggestions: one, that the text appear large on a screen or wall near the stage, visible from the farthest audience member; two, that the text appear in an actual communication to the audience via device (such as a PDA or phone that monitors an actual text webpage containing these chats).

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SETTING

The play is set largely on or near a college campus on the east coast of the United States of America. It is late fall or winter. GREG and ROBERT SMITH are suite-mates at college with dorm rooms that share a connecting bathroom.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ROBERT SMITH: *Relatively introverted, glasses-wearing, student fascinated by niche culture.*

GREG SMITH: *Brother of Robert, possibly slightly larger but far more outgoing.*

AMY: *Athletic female college student, fair-weather friend of Greg.*

CHRISTY: *A large 18 year old young woman with a thick southern accent.*

JEREMY: *An effeminate supermarket stock boy with a thick southern accent.*

LIDDY: *Female college student and avid online social networker.*

TOMMY: *Male college student.*

STEWART: *Hapless high school student and avid gamer.*

ONLINE PERSONAE

Gregmeister69: *GREG SMITH's digital voice.*

fthompson37: *Male college student.*

shinegrl: *Thirty-something female barista.*

czygl_liddy: *LIDDY's digital voice.*

Robert_Smith_2008: *ROBERT SMITH's digital voice.*

lane_miniboss: *A brash, confident college student.*

gabby-fa-la-la: *Female college student.*

stewart_p0rpise: *STEWART's digital voice.*

"LANE IN THE FAST LIFE"

SCENE 1: GREG'S ROOM

ONLINE SCENE BEGINS

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>

Sick of Latin class, ready for tonight's party. Time to humiliate my brother at Gears. Late.

(ROBERT SMITH and GREG SMITH are on the couch or futon, holding modern, wireless, video game controllers as they simply face the audience and "play" a game together. A backpack with a laptop sits crumpled near where they sit.)

ROBERT SMITH: Ooh... ah...

GREG SMITH: C'mon man, you can do better than that.

ROBERT SMITH: I'm not as good at shooters- I'm better at the ones where you have to think...

GREG SMITH: I can't believe you suck at videogames too.

(There is a knock at the door.)

GREG SMITH *(shouts)*: Come in!

(TOMMY and AMY enter through the door and stare briefly at the game.)

ROBERT SMITH and GREG SMITH do not look up from the game.)

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>

Sick of Latin class, ready for tonight's party. Time to humiliate my brother at Gears. Late.

AMY: Hellooo...

TOMMY: Hey Greg.

GREG SMITH: What's up guys.

ROBERT: Hey Amy.

GREG: Tommy, you met my brother yet?

TOMMY: No, but I'd seen him around. Hey man, Tommy.

ROBERT SMITH: Hi. Um. I'd shake your hand but apparently I'm too busy getting beaten.

GREG SMITH: Again.

ROBERT SMITH: Yes. Again. I'm Robert.

TOMMY: Heh. "Robert Smith" huh?

ROBERT SMITH: Yep.

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>

Sick of Latin class, ready for tonight's party. Time to humiliate my brother at Gears. Late.

TOMMY: You look better without the eyeliner.

AMY: Tom-

ROBERT SMITH: Thanks. That's a new one, I'd nearly lost my faith in humanity that the Cure jokes were nearly exhausted.

GREG SMITH: Don't be a dick Rob.

ROBERT SMITH: Just making light of a situation Greg. You know the situation, where every introduction becomes the domino for a slow but steady progression into demeaning relationships and being picked on.

TOMMY: I didn't mean anything by it man-

GREG SMITH: Seriously Tommy, just ignore him. He's saying how he can't be friends with my friends without throwing himself under the bus when he first meets them and then tries to psychologically sue for damages.

ROBERT SMITH: I hate you.

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>

Sick of Latin class, ready for tonight's party. Time to humiliate my brother at Gears. Late.

GREG SMITH: I didn't tell you to follow me to this college. I had two years of peace before Mom and Dad made us share this suite. Probably so you wouldn't kill yourself.

AMY: Greg!

ROBERT SMITH: I hate you.

AMY: Alright- awkward familial issues aside, can we go eat?

TOMMY: Yeah- we're headed to the caf to get a bite before we go out later. Want to meet us there Greg?

GREG SMITH: No, I'll come now, I'm done handing Rob's ass to him.

(GREG SMITH stops playing and tosses the controller back into his seat as he rises.)

ROBERT SMITH *(quieter)*: I hate you.

AMY: Thanks for the One Tree Hill drama Greg.

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>

Sick of Latin class, ready for tonight's party. Time to humiliate my brother at Gears. Late.

TOMMY: Nice meeting you Rob. Take care.

AMY: See you Robert.

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah.

GREG SMITH: I'm gonna lock the door, just go back to your Batcave through the bathroom okay? Try not to sulk on my furniture. Late.

(GREG SMITH and TOMMY exit and close the door, the sound of it locking following. ROBERT SMITH keeps his head in his hands for a moment then notices the backpack.)

ROBERT SMITH: Oooh. Oh yeah.

(ROBERT SMITH pulls out GREG SMITH's laptop from the bag. Suddenly ROBERT SMITH sets it next to him and leaps up to check the door to ensure it's locked.)

ROBERT SMITH: Locked.

(ROBERT SMITH sits down, opens the laptop and starts to click around for

some time. This allows the audience to see the ONLINE SCENE happen as they watch, to help acclimate them to the concept.)

Gregmeister69: Test.

fthompson37: Hey man

Gregmeister69: Hey.

fthompson37: U goin
2nite?

Gregmeister69: Maybe.

fthompson37: K. Me
too. Gotta finish this
level in WoW. Been
grinding since lunch.

Gregmeister69: K.

fthompson37: Alright
man of few words.
See ya there maybe.

ROBERT SMITH: Oh hello there!

(ROBERT clicks away at the laptop, surprised at what he finds on screen.)

ROBERT SMITH: Haven't seen that picture before...

(Fade out.)

ONLINE SCENE ENDS

SCENE 2 GAMING SESSIONS

ONLINE SCENE BEGIN

THIS ONLINE SCENE SHOULD APPEAR AS EITHER BLANK OR CHAT NOISE. AT THE DISCRETION OF THE DIRECTOR, FEEL FREE TO FILL THE ONLINE SCENE WITH ACTUAL CHAT NOISE FROM MASSIVELY MULTIPLAYER ONLINE ROLE PLAYING GAMES, REGARDLESS OF PERTINENCE.

(The stage features three different desks with CHRISTY, ROBERT SMITH and STEWART independently lit and sitting at their own desks, one wearing a headset, all using mice and keyboards to play an online game together, but in different locations. The computer itself is not there and they simply stare at the audience in order to simulate the computer - best not to distract with a real computer unless it is only a frame such as ROBERT SMITH in the center. ROBERT SMITH's "computer" should be nothing more than a thin frame through which we can see ROBERT SMITH. As such, it can take on the shape of a nice flatscreen monitor or whatever the current design is of an Apple iMac computer. The key is, it doesn't obscure ROBERT SMITH's face and can be completely pantomimed if necessary.)

(ROBERT SMITH, CHRISTY and STEWART speak directly into their computers, headsets, etc and can hear each other.)

ROBERT SMITH (*sighing*): Okay, does everyone have these stupid spider parts?

CHRISTY: Yep.

STEWART: I need two more.

CHRISTY: C'mon Stew. Over here. There's one more there.

ROBERT SMITH: How did we finish it up and you still not finish?

STEWART: I don't know, I didn't make this stupid game. I certainly wouldn't have made some dumb spider-part drop so rare.

CHRISTY: I'll help.

ROBERT SMITH: Oh hey- look over there. See that knight riding the horse? He doesn't appear but every so often. Let's see if we can take him.

STEWART: C'mon man I just need one more spider! There's one right over there.

ROBERT SMITH: We can always go back and get that thing, let's attack the guard.

CHRISTY: No come on, if he only has one more let's just get it over with before we start something else.

STEWART: Mommy & Daddy are fighting! Screw it, I'm going in.

ROBERT SMITH: Seriously Stew, if you start going all Leeroy we'll strand you in the cave.

STEWART: Seriously.

ROBERT SMITH: Seriously.

CHRISTY: Seriously.

STEWART (*imitating a small voice, "Cartman" from South Park*):

"Seriously guys..."

CHRISTY: I'm hitting the spider.

STEWART: I win!

ROBERT SMITH: Dammit. Christy, you need to keep your weapons to yourself-

CHRISTY: Lane, that's not what you said when we were chatting off-game the other night!

ROBERT SMITH: Oh... okay you got me there.

STEWART: I'm right here you two! Can't you two talk about your offline exploits some other time? Or in private chat for chrissakes?

CHRISTY: Oh you like it.

ROBERT SMITH: We haven't had any "offline exploits" yet.

CHRISTY: Yet.

(A dog bark is heard offstage from STEWART's side.)

STEWART: Okay. Got the spider part. I'm gonna mute my sound now and go take out the dog. Meet you two in the city to turn in this quest. When I get back I don't want to hear about any mushy stuff.

ROBERT SMITH: Check.

ANY DIRECTOR
CHOSEN ONLINE NOISE
FADES TO BLANK/
SILENCE.

CHRISTY: Whatever Stew.

ROBERT SMITH: I think he's gone.

CHRISTY: So, did you have a good day?

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah. I guess.

CHRISTY: Aw, don't sound so sad.

ROBERT SMITH: It was okay. How about yours?

CHRISTY: Good. Good, I guess. I missed you.

ROBERT SMITH: Um. You too.

CHRISTY: When you coming to see me?

ROBERT SMITH: Soon. Soon I hope.

CHRISTY: You need to send me more pictures. Show me your new car.

ROBERT SMITH: Right, right. Hey, is your grandma okay?

CHRISTY: Yeah. She's feeling better, it's sweet of you to ask.

ROBERT SMITH: Just a cold?

CHRISTY: That's all they think it was. She's doing better.

ROBERT SMITH: Good, good...

CHRISTY: I wish I could see you. That you lived closer.

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah I know. Me too.

(Pause.)

CHRISTY: I wish you were here right now.

ROBERT SMITH *(gulps)*: Me too. Me too.

CHRISTY: 'Course, I need to study for a test tomorrow, so maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea if you were here.

ROBERT SMITH: Well it'd take me six hours to get there anyway, that'd give you time to study.

CHRISTY: True. But then I wouldn't get any sleep.

ROBERT SMITH: Very true.

(ROBERT SMITH's phone either rings briefly, vibrates or lights up;

ROBERT SMITH addresses the issue and checks it, receiving GREG

SMITH's direct message. ROBERT SMITH is seen typing a response while also talking to CHRISTY.)

CHRISTY: Mmmm... Right. Well, I hate to log off but I need to.

ROBERT SMITH: I guess I do to.

STEWART: Okay I'm back. I love that the dog pees quick.

CHRISTY: And I gotta get off. I need to study.

STEWART: Lame!

Gregmeister69:

<DIRECT MESSAGE>

I cannot believe how lame you are that your at home gaming & not @ this party

Robert_Smith_2008:

<DIRECT MESSAGE>

Leave me alone. And it's Wednesday for god's sake. Hey, can I borrow your car Friday?

ROBERT SMITH: Me too man.

STEWART: Double lame!

CHRISTY: Bye.

(CHRISTY "logs off" and any lights on CHRISTY fades.)

ROBERT SMITH: Nite.

(ROBERT SMITH "logs off" and any lights on ROBERT SMITH fades.)

STEWART: Lame!

(Fade out.)

ONLINE SCENE ENDS

SCENE 3 OUTSIDE DORM

(Opens with ROBERT SMITH on the phone with CHRISTY outside at night sitting on steps; can be off-stage if necessary. ROBERT SMITH is in a jacket and an empty bottle sits nearby. There is no corresponding ONLINE SCENE.)

ROBERT SMITH: Well, because I'm freezing. Haha. Yeah. Yeah me too. It certainly would be nice if you were here. Having a beer with me. Okay, or wine, whatever. I know, I know, your class. Yeah I had a beer or two my brother left in the fridge. Um yeah, yeah he's gone for the night. I think. I don't care. We share a bathroom and that's it. Yeah, he's such a dweeb. Small little punk kid.

(ROBERT SMITH is visibly lying and makes incredulous faces outside the phone call.)

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah. Okay, sure I'll let you go. See you soon. Yeah. You bet. Bye.

(ROBERT SMITH hangs up and sits in silence for a moment. ROBERT SMITH's phone rings and he answers it with a sad sigh when he sees it's GREG SMITH.)

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah, what's up. No. No I am not coming out! Shut up! No. NO. C'mon just let me borrow your car Friday! Yes! Mom and Dad said you had to sometimes- yes, YES! Fine. Yes I'll help you fix your stupid laptop. Yes. YES. Bye. BYE GREG.

(ROBERT SMITH angrily stows the phone, collects the bottle and turns around and stomps off.

Fade out.)

SCENE 4 ROBERT'S ROOM

ONLINE SCENE BEGINS

lane_miniboss: My name is Lane. I'm a super-nova hovering over a black hole and considering full bombardment of its defenses.

shinegrl:
@lane_miniboss Heh. Supernova. That word always reminds me of Liz Phair.

crzygl_liddy: **@shinegrl**
That's a good song. Love Liz.

gabby-fa-la-la: Is tired of work.

ftompson37: I'm so sick of waiting for this download. I just wanna go to the movies.

crzygl_liddy:
@ftompson37 Then go.

ftompson37: I just bought tickets but I'm waiting for this download.

(Several hours later, ROBERT SMITH speaks from his chair in the center of the stage, in front of a computer. Several empty bottles dot the desk or floor nearby. ROBERT SMITH is emphatic as he talks to himself, at the computer at first and then directed at no one and anyone. ROBERT SMITH assumes he's unwatched.)

ROBERT SMITH: My name is Lane. I am a... super-nova hovering over a black hole and considering full bombardment of its defenses. I am a pent up ball of aggression and introspection the likes you have never seen before and will never see again. I pwned reality and can twist it to my will. I will court and snort and cavort your sniveling, toady likeness and tear and... and...

(ROBERT SMITH pauses and collects his thoughts. Through the next lines he begins to stand.)

ROBERT SMITH: Oh... oh... Oh I understand your position. And I am sick and tired of assuming the position. I am sick and tired of your arrogant, arrogant, that smug look on your face. I am your worst nightmare in broad daylight. I am just, I am just the... mmm... man I am just so much

crzygl_liddy: Should have bought them AFTER the download.

fthompson37:
@crzygl_liddy U so smart!

fthompson37:
@crzygl_liddy Surprised your tweets haven't been nominated for grammys

crzygl_liddy:
@fthompson37 Grammy's are for music dumbass LOL

fthompson37:
@crzygl_liddy Grammy's haven't been about real music for years.

crzygl_liddy: Touche

shinegrl: Do you hear that?

shinegrl: **@crzygl_liddy** do you hear that?

better. I am... oh, oh, oh I know you think you're better. I know you think you know it all. But you don't know anything. You don't know jack.

(ROBERT SMITH, now standing, begins to model and perform what he feels are martial arts motions and moves; some of these may very well be actual martial arts moves, performed in physical hyperbole. ROBERT SMITH speaks as he moves with growing intensity.)

ROBERT SMITH: You won't know what's coming. You won't. You'll be laughing and I'll be so busy getting up in your business. I am too much man for you! Too much man! Toooooo muuuuuchh maaaaan. Just a little OOMPH and UH and you'll be calling me sir and doctor and your highness and whatever name you can think of. BOOOOM! I'm blowin' up like a volcano. I'm for the win! I'm "teh" awesome. You're dull. You're just a chump.

(ROBERT SMITH expresses towards the monitor itself, getting behind the computer again.)

ROBERT SMITH: You're just some punk. Some jerk. Some nobody that looks like everyone else. Oh you think you're so good? Oh yeah? Can your phone do THIS? Huh? Can it do this? Can your stupid little phone

crzygl_liddy: Hear what?

shinegrl: Talking?

crzygl_liddy: No.

shinegrl: Must be something I have open. Like a video or something.

crzygl_liddy: Maybe you're hearing things.

stewart_p0rpise:
@**shinegrl** Maybe itz one of those stupid talking video ads

shinegrl:
@**stewart_p0rpise** No I

do THIS? Huh!?! I can't hear you? Can you hear me now? Can you hear me through that thick, thick, dirty-white-hatted skull of yours? Can you hear me through the bleating drone of your khaki shorts? Oh, do your Croc's interfere with my signal?

(ROBERT SMITH is now nearly out of breath and energy.)

ROBERT SMITH: You can't handle who I am... you can't handle who I am... You've got NO life online. You're a real-life LOLcat, looking for his damn bucket in every girl you can find. What? What? Can't you hear me? Are your ears bleeding? Do you have your Jack Johnson up too loud? Can't you hear me? Aw, can't you hear me? Huh? Can't you-

(GREG SMITH interrupts and enters from stage right, from the adjoining dorm-suite bathroom, filming this on his phone.)

GREG SMITH: Oh I can hear you okay.

ROBERT SMITH: What- what are you doing? What are you DOING?

GREG SMITH (*laughing*): Just makin a movie. Don't let me interrupt.

just closed and reopened everything.

crzygl_liddy: Who is stew porpise?

shinegrl: Friend.

shinegrl: Weird. It said something about being a volcano or something. Then it stopped.

crzygl_liddy: Heh. Volcano. Liz Phair again. Another good song.

shinegrl: Tru.

lane_miniboss: OMG I just wiped my brother's phone by Bluetooth while he's standing here.

ROBERT SMITH: This is invasion of privacy! This is outrageous!

GREG SMITH: This is nutrageous maybe.

ROBERT SMITH: Did you come through the BATHROOM? What kind of sick- what were you in there, taking a dump and listening- and spying?

GREG SMITH: No, I was in Jake's room across the hall and heard you screaming over your Evanescence so I thought I'd come get some of it on camera.

ROBERT SMITH (Sits back down, starts clicking around on the computer): Well... well... Well that is seriously... seriously...

GREG SMITH (*Stops filming, now stands over ROBERT SMITH*): What? What are you doing? You can't even be mad at me without checking your email?

ROBERT SMITH: No, nobody emails anymore... I just... I gotta do something real quick. Hold on.

GREG SMITH: I just caught you monologuing like Dr. Doom's idiot

ftompson37: Hawt!
Who's ur brother?

crzygl_liddy: OMG does
he know? ROFL

lane_miniboss: Nope. I
think I'll swap a video file
for a Rckrol

ftompson37:
@lane_miniboss = king

crzygl_liddy: Lane, what
was the video of?

shinegrl: Yeah, what was
the video?

ftompson37: Rickroll
FTW!

grandchild and you can't even stop- I mean, what are you doing updating your status with, "Robert Smith is dying of embarrassment"? Seriously? Are you Twittering?

ROBERT SMITH: Aw no... nonononono...no... Aw crap.

GREG SMITH: Right reaction, but over here.

ROBERT SMITH: Okay. There. There I'm done. Now, what were you doing?

GREG SMITH: What was I doing? I was about to post a video of you flipping out on YouTube.

ROBERT SMITH: Oh that. Yeah, sure, go ahead.

GREG SMITH (*checks phone*): You bet. Hey. HEY! What did you do? What the fuck did you do to my phone?

ROBERT SMITH: Insurance.

(ROBERT SMITH punches a key and stands from the computer, exiting the dorm room through the main door. GREG SMITH fiddles with his phone.)

lane_miniboss: I can has Bluecross Bluetooth Insurance?

shinegrl:@lane_miniboss
s What was the video?

GREG SMITH: Okay. Okay, here it is. Okay asshole, I still have your freakout video.

(GREG SMITH holds up the phone and looks into the viewer, a BEEP is heard. Key verses of Rick Astley's song from the 1980's, "Never Gonna Give You Up," is heard, presumably from the phone.)

shinegrl:
<PRIVATE MESSAGE>
@lane_miniboss What was the video?

GREG SMITH: Dammit...

(Fade out.)

ONLINE SCENE ENDS

SCENE 5 GREG'S ROOM

ONLINE SCENE BEGINS

<DIRECT MESSAGES>

lane_miniboss: I am so exhausted

crzygl_liddy: Why?

lane_miniboss: I was really up too late. I met a girl.

crzygl_liddy: OOoooh really? Where?

lane_miniboss:Um. Online. In the game.

crzygl_liddy: Wow, okay. So, is she cool?

lane_miniboss: Yeah, very. Very cool.

crzygl_liddy: How long have you known her?

lane_miniboss: Hm. I dunno. Like a couple of weeks?

crzygl_liddy: Well that's good.

lane_miniboss: So I think I'm going to go see her.

(The next day. SCENE opens in GREG SMITH's room, the room adjacent to ROBERT SMITH, which can be entirely outfitted with set design or can just be represented by a couch/futon and a chair. AMY sits in the chair perpendicular to GREG SMITH who is sitting, head in hands, on the futon/couch.)

GREG SMITH: I totally don't understand what's happened.

AMY: Look, you're going to be fine. I'm sure you won't get in any trouble.

GREG SMITH: This thing could ruin a career. Ruin a life!

AMY: Look, I realize it's serious-

GREG SMITH: It's way too serious!

AMY: -but it has to come out as fake. I mean, it's basically online graffiti.

GREG SMITH: But people take that stuff seriously! Who knows how many people saw it?

crzygl_liddy: Good, you should. Is she nearby?

lane_miniboss: Not really. A kinda long drive.

crzygl_liddy: Oh. Well, hopefully she's worth it. Do you two have anything in common other than the game?

lane_miniboss: Oh sure. Lots of things.

crzygl_liddy: Good.

lane_miniboss: Like, we both like to work out. And running/jogging.

crzygl_liddy: Oh good. That's cool.

lane_miniboss: Yeah.

crzygl_liddy: So you're going to see her?

lane_miniboss: Yeah we have tons in common.

crzygl_liddy: Cool.

lane_miniboss: Yeah. So. Have you ever met anyone offline?

AMY: Look for all we know, nobody saw it at all.

GREG SMITH: I don't even know how long it was up there!

AMY: Probably only a day. And it was over a weekend anyway.

GREG SMITH: Yeah but that's when everyone's checking stuff.

AMY: So. First things first- who is this Lane guy?

GREG SMITH: How the fuck should I know? All I know is he's some punk who tagged me in a photo.

AMY: Well and he's one who even HAD that photo.

GREG SMITH: Well. That's not that big a surprise.

AMY: What, that someone had you in a photo like that?

GREG SMITH: Yeah.

AMY: Doing THAT with a girl?

crzygl_liddy: You mean, that I only knew online?

lane_miniboss: Yea.

crzygl_liddy: Well, sort of. I mean, not romantically. Usually just common interest people.

lane_miniboss: Ah ha.

crzygl_liddy: Like, people that are into the same stuff where we were meeting as a group.

lane_miniboss: Gotcha.

crzygl_liddy: Never like, picking someone up. I mean, I've met people at clubs and then chatted with them online later to get to know them.

lane_miniboss: Ok.

crzygl_liddy: Did you see a picture?

lane_miniboss: Of course.

crzygl_liddy: Good. She cute?

lane_miniboss: Oh yeah.

GREG SMITH (*smiling*): Heh.

AMY (*a little upset*): Okay well, maybe you deserve that then.

GREG SMITH: Aw come ON. Look this guy posted it on Facebook, MySpace and god-knows where else and then sent me like, three messages in different places to tell me he had this shit on me.

AMY: Don't you have any privacy-

GREG SMITH: No, no privacy at all apparently!

AMY: No, I meant don't you ever mess with your privacy settings?

GREG SMITH: No, I don't mess with that.

AMY: Well surprise, surprise. Anyway, it's not going to ruin any career you have to be caught doing that with a girl.

GREG SMITH: Oh yeah? What if I wanted to be a priest?

crzygl_liddy: Well if she works out too. Good.

lane_miniboss: Yep.

crzygl_liddy: Well, good luck. She's got a catch there.

lane_miniboss: What do u mean?

crzygl_liddy: I mean with you. You seem pretty cool.

lane_miniboss: Thnx.

crzygl_liddy: I mean, we've never met tho. I'm not the one meeting you at some skeezy hotel.

lane_miniboss: Hey!

crzygl_liddy: J/K. :) I'm sure you're not doing that. I'm just kidding you.

lane_miniboss: Yeah.

crzygl_liddy: Whatever I'd do I'd never meet anyone that wasn't a public place. Probably a good rule for you too.

lane_miniboss: Yep. I know. I can take care of myself.

crzygl_liddy: Where does she live?

AMY: Then that photo would be the least of your worries.

GREG SMITH: I'm gonna call Robert. I wonder if he would have done this.

(GREG SMITH pulls out his phone, dials a number and listens.)

AMY: Your brother? You have to be kidding me. While he's technically capable, I think he'd sooner post a video of you drunk or acting like an asshole or something.

GREG SMITH *(to AMY, waiting for the phone's answering service to pick up)*: He's such a wimp. I bet he did this. He's probably mad because I told Mom I thought he was gay. *(Into the phone)* I know you're there Rob. Call me when you can, I wanna talk to you. *(GREG SMITH turns off the phone)*

AMY: I should have videotaped this very conversation.

GREG SMITH: Yeah, it's probably not him. But there's no guy named Lane at this school. I know it's just someone messing with me.

AMY: Well, I'm sorry it happened, but it's probably just a joke. Shrug it

crzygl_liddy: Hello?

lane_miniboss: Sorry.
Had to get the phone.

crzygl_liddy: S'okay.

crzygl_liddy: Didn't mean
to suggest you couldn't
take care of yourself.
You're a big boy. :)

lane_miniboss: How'd
you know? LOL

crzygl_liddy: Haha.
Okay, that's my cue. See
ya 'round. G'nite.

lane_miniboss: Nite. I'll
tell you how it goes.

crzygl_liddy: Do that. I
want a full report. See ya.

lane_miniboss: TTFN

ONLINE SCENE ENDS

off and if anything else happens we'll see what we can figure out.

GREG SMITH: That's easy for you to say.

(Pause.)

AMY: So, who was the girl?

GREG SMITH: Who?

AMY: In the photo.

GREG SMITH *(smiling)*: Why, wish it was you?

AMY *(rising)*: That's it, I'm outta here. Good luck with your predator.

(AMY exits, GREG SMITH stands to follow.)

GREG SMITH: Oh c'mon, I was just kidding! C'mon!

(Fade out.)

SCENE 6 HOTEL

(The next day. There is no corresponding ONLINE SCENE. The SCENE opens in a hotel room with two double beds. ROBERT SMITH paces, looks out the window and nervously paces for a minute. There is a knock and ROBERT SMITH looks through the door's peephole and sighs. ROBERT SMITH swallows hard and then opens the door to let CHRISTY in.)

ROBERT SMITH: Hey, I'm Lane.

CHRISTY: Hi, Christy. It's... nice to finally meet you.

(ROBERT SMITH and CHRISTY awkwardly shake hands. ROBERT SMITH motions for CHRISTY to come in.)

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah you... you too. C'mon in.

CHRISTY: Thanks. Did your drive take a long time?

ROBERT SMITH: Um. A few hours. I've been driving most of the day.

CHRISTY: Wow. I'm sorry. Sorry I couldn't meet you halfway or something.

ROBERT SMITH: It's okay.

CHRISTY: I wanted to come see you, take the bus that one time.

ROBERT SMITH: I know, it's okay.

CHRISTY: I'm glad you showed up tho. I wasn't sure you would.

ROBERT SMITH: Nah. I was always coming.

CHRISTY: I meant with the snow and all. Did you have much ice?

ROBERT SMITH: No.

(Pause.)

CHRISTY: I didn't know you wore glasses.

ROBERT SMITH: Oh. Um. Yeah.

(CHRISTY scans the room and sits at corner of a bed, looking away from him but hoping he will sit with her. ROBERT SMITH does not.)

CHRISTY : You're being quieter than I thought.

ROBERT SMITH: Sorry, just thinking. I guess.

CHRISTY: I'm not what you expected, am I...

ROBERT SMITH: No- no. No, I'm more worried that I'm not what you thought. I mean, I'd seen your picture so I mean, I-

CHRISTY: You knew what you were getting yourself into.

ROBERT SMITH: No, that's not... That's not a good choice of words, at least.

(They laugh.)

CHRISTY: Okay, bad way to say it. *(Awkward pause, she can look at him again.)* You're okay then?

ROBERT SMITH *(hands in pockets)*: Oh yeah, yeah. Sorry, I'm just distracted. Tired of driving.

CHRISTY: Then sit down here. Sit down with me.

(ROBERT SMITH does sit near her, on the corner of the opposite bed, nervously.)

ROBERT SMITH: Whew. Tired.

CHRISTY: I'm sorry. I... I really appreciate you driving all this way. I know it's weird but I feel like I know you so well from all of our-

ROBERT SMITH: So who dropped you off?

CHRISTY: What?

ROBERT SMITH: Sorry, you were in the middle of a sentence. Go ahead.

CHRISTY: It's okay. I guess we're used to taking turns talking huh?

ROBERT SMITH (*nervous laugh*): Yeah.

CHRISTY: It was Jeremy. Jeremy dropped me off.

ROBERT SMITH: He's your friend, right?

CHRISTY: Right. He works up at the grocery store. He stocks. He's got to be at work in an hour and he's got four-wheel drive and I asked him to drop me off.

ROBERT SMITH: Nice of him.

CHRISTY: Jeremy's a gem. He likes me.

ROBERT SMITH: I think you mentioned that before. What's he think of you meeting me?

CHRISTY: Well he wants to meet you actually.

ROBERT SMITH (*obviously unnerved at the idea*): Sure but, but what does he think of you meeting me here?

CHRISTY: He's probably jealous.

(*CHRISTY touches ROBERT SMITH's knee with her finger, tracing it's shape.*)

ROBERT SMITH: Oh. Heh.

CHRISTY: You know in all those times you talked to me you said you'd kiss me when you first saw me.

ROBERT SMITH: Oh yeah, I guess I just thought if I showed up at your door...

CHRISTY: You'd probably end up kissing my grandma, she likes to get the door.

ROBERT SMITH: Heh. Yeah.

CHRISTY: So I'm here now.

(Pause. CHRISTY closes her eyes. ROBERT SMITH leans forward and plants a strange pursed-lipped kiss on CHRISTY- she makes it more involved a second longer before he leans right back to how he was sitting prior.)

CHRISTY: Mmm. You taste nice.

ROBERT SMITH: Scope.

CHRISTY: A-ha.

ROBERT SMITH: Do you, do you want to get anything to eat?

CHRISTY (*reaches down and holds both his hands, looking at them and rubbing them*): No I think I want to stay in and get to know you.

ROBERT SMITH (*swallows hard but doesn't move*): Sure. Sure.

CHRISTY: Oh Lane...

(*CHRISTY places one of his hands on, or on one side of, her breast.*)

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah?

CHRISTY: Kiss me again.

ROBERT SMITH: O-okay.

(*They kiss. They make for an unusual embrace.*)

CHRISTY: MMmm.. More...

(*CHRISTY pulls ROBERT SMITH in. After a moment there is a knock at the door that startles them. ROBERT SMITH flies across the room opposite the door and looks toward it. CHRISTY seems as stunned by ROBERT SMITH's flight as the knock itself.*)

ROBERT SMITH: What the heck?

CHRISTY: I don't know, it's your hotel room!

ROBERT SMITH (*straightens clothes and slowly goes to the door*): Right. Right.

CHRISTY: Who is it?

ROBERT SMITH (*looking through the peephole*): I have no idea. Some guy. He looks like, sixteen but he's balding-

CHRISTY (*leaping up*): Jeremy!

(*ROBERT SMITH opens the door and JEREMY is standing there, literally ballcap hat in hand.*)

CHRISTY: Jeremy, what's wrong.

JEREMY: I'm sorry Christy, and sorry- um, Lane is it?

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah. Yeah- Jeremy?

(ROBERT SMITH and JEREMY politely shake and JEREMY comes in as ROBERT SMITH shuts the door.)

JEREMY: Sorry to interrupt.

CHRISTY: What's wrong?

JEREMY: Oh I just wanted to see if you were okay. To make sure things were okay. No offense Mr. Lane.

ROBERT SMITH: Just call me La-

CHRISTY: Just call him Lane, Jeremy.

JEREMY: Right. Lane. I just. I thought you were gonna call.

CHRISTY: I said I'd call if there was a problem.

JEREMY: Oh but I thought you knew I'd wait for you outside until I heard-

CHRISTY *(flustered, incredibly conflicted)*: Jeremy, stop it... stop it...

ROBERT SMITH: Look, maybe I should go get something to eat.

CHRISTY: No, you're not the one that's gonna leave. Jeremy? Right?

JEREMY: Right. Sorry Christy. I'm sorry. Really.

ROBERT SMITH: It's okay.

CHRISTY: Almost okay.

ROBERT SMITH: Look if you two need to talk...

CHRISTY: NO!

JEREMY: Yeah, actually...

CHRISTY: What are you talking about?

JEREMY: Well, have you talked to Lane about us?

CHRISTY: There's no "us" Jeremy!

JEREMY: I know, not that "us" but about what we talked about. That one night.

CHRISTY (*looks at JEREMY blankly*): What? What?

JEREMY (*mutters and stares into his hat*): That... that uh... that the three of us?

CHRISTY: Oh. That.

ROBERT SMITH: What? What three? Is there something- er, someone I don't-

JEREMY: No, she meant you Mr. Lane. She talked about wanting the three of us. To love each other. Like in this hotel room, if it ever happened. If you ever came here to Damon.

ROBERT SMITH: I don't think I understand.

CHRISTY (*silent at first, then slightly crying*): It was just a stupid daydream or thoughts, just thoughts Jeremy, just thoughts I was probably drunk-- Lane, I was just drunk.

JEREMY: You were NOT drunk! You were being honest. You were typing to him the whole time and we went outside to smoke a cigarette and you told me, you told me you'd let me touch you if Lane were here and the three of us-

ROBERT SMITH: Oookay, I think I need to leave.

CHRISTY: No! No, Jeremy you get out. You're ruining this.

ROBERT SMITH: Was he always there when we were talking?

JEREMY (*snapping a bit at ROBERT SMITH*): I was the one talking to her, you were just typing.

ROBERT SMITH (*still to CHRISTY*): Whatever- was he in the room?

CHRISTY: Just that one time-- Jeremy will you please... just (*crying and slumping onto the bed*) just leave, Jeremy, please...

JEREMY (*rushing to her side*): Don't cry...

CHRISTY: Jeremy dammit, just leave... just...

JEREMY: Shhh. Shhhh....

CHRISTY: It wasn't supposed to be this way!

ROBERT SMITH (*awkwardly just watching, no idea what to do*): I- I.

CHRISTY: Jeremy--he almost loved me for me... he came all this way... all this way just for who I was to him... I want to be that girl... I don't want to be this... this...

JEREMY: Shhh...shhh...

CHRISTY: I don't want to be the girl YOU know, I want to be the girl HE knows.

JEREMY: I know. I know you don't... But I love this girl. I love this girl you are. The girl I know...

(Pause.)

CHRISTY: But I think I hate her...

JEREMY: Shhh....

(ROBERT SMITH quietly backs out of the room and exits stage. Fade out very, very slowly and CHRISTY and JEREMY cry together.)

SCENE 7 CAR

(The SCENE opens in ROBERT's car. There is no corresponding ONLINE SCENE. ROBERT SMITH is in the car driving in a snowy landscape. He stares forward wide-eyed and worried. The scene opens in a long pause as he drives. Eventually, he pulls out his phone and makes a call.)

ROBERT SMITH: Hey. Yeah. Yeah. *(Pause.)* No. No, sorry I'm just. Distracted. Huh? Not far from Charleston. Yeah. No, West Virginia. Yeah. I... I um. I came out here. For a girl. Yeah. Yeah, I know. Look shut up... Just shut up for a second. I've been a real asshole lately. Even more than you. I, um. You know the Lane guy that's been screwing with you online? Yeah. Yeah, that's me.

(ROBERT SMITH holds phone away from his head due to volume of reaction.)

ROBERT SMITH: I know. I know. I'm not really proud of it. I've... I've been really lonely lately. More than usual. More than... ever, really. I um. *(Tears up.)* I don't really feel like I fit in, um anywhere, anymore. And so I just started over. No, not while you were at school, but just when I felt like I didn't want to be me. And so I found I could be really, really free. And I could be Lane and I could be wanted and I drove all the way out here to be taught how stupid I was being by an equally screwed-up farm girl with dial-up and her near-beer gay lover grocery store

stock boy. No, no I couldn't make this up. But... But... Greg, I'm really sorry. And... And I've decided I just want to be me. Is... is it okay to be me now? Is it? *(Pause.)*

Fucking dropped call. I can't believe that-- crap. How much did he even hear?

(The call dropped, ROBERT SMITH tosses the phone into the car's seat but continues to speak.)

Am I Lane? Or Robert? Lane? Robert?

(ROBERT SMITH pantomimes in the rear-view mirror moving his glasses up and down, as if on and off, with each suggestion of "Robert" with glasses on or "Lane" with them off.)

Lane can't drive a car because he needs glasses.

(ROBERT SMITH turns off his phone and tosses it.)

ROBERT SMITH: I guess Lane is dead.

(Fade out.)

SCENE 8 GREG'S ROOM

(GREG SMITH sits in his room with AMY at his side. GREG SMITH stares into the phone.)

GREG SMITH: You have got to be kidding me...

AMY: So Robert was Lane? Is Lane?

GREG SMITH: Yep. That little asshole. That mother-

AMY: Wow.

GREG SMITH: Yeah, wow. Wow alright. I'm gonna kill him.

AMY: Greg, seriously. I know you're mad-

GREG SMITH: Damn right I'm mad!

AMY: And you have every right to be-

GREG SMITH: That's right!

AMY: But you seriously can't blame him.

GREG SMITH: (*Visibly angry, rises and moves around during this speech.*) Are you out of your mind? Seriously? You're seriously going to go there? Now? Do you have any idea how this is just the icing on the cake? First I grow up with this kid that couldn't be less like me if he tried, then Mom and Dad makes us basically live with each other here in college too! What the heck am I supposed to do? Love this? I am so going to beat his pale little ass... (*Pause.*) You know, I almost feel sorry for him. I wish he could do this kind of crap in his real name or even just stand up to me once in awhile. I had two years! Two years of figuring out this campus, of not being that guy from high school, of starting over, and my freakin' Junior year I get snapped right back to where I was having to room next to him! It's not fair!

AMY: I can see that you're upset that your parents made you room next to him- but what happened to that guy I liked hanging out with last year? You became this huge asshole the moment your brother got on campus. If that's the way you were than I'm glad you'd changed but what happened? I'm sure he didn't ask you to go back to being a jerk to him. And your friends here certainly didn't want you to become that guy we never even knew.

GREG SMITH: Amy-

AMY: Which one is you Greg? We know Lane is Robert but who the fuck are you? Are you this guy who's constantly on his brother's case trying to prove God knows what or are you the

guy we all liked hanging out with? I don't agree with what your brother did, but I don't blame him. I understand.

GREG SMITH: Look Amy-

(GREG SMITH'S phone rings.)

AMY: You know it's him. Answer it.

(GREG SMITH gives a hard sigh and answers the phone.)

GREG SMITH: Hey. Yes, I'm still mad. Yes, I'm still gonna kick your ass. And Facebook's already deleted Lane's account. MySpace too. And I made Friendster popular again just so I could make Lane an account and delete that too. *(slight pause and laugh)* Look, shut up. Lane's dead. No more Lane. Just Robert. I want my brother back. I probably can't kick Lane's ass, it sounds like he's huge. Just get home and don't mess up my car. And don't ever touch my laptop again. And I'm still gonna kill you. *(HE hangs up and tosses the phone into the chair.)*

AMY: Nice.

GREG SMITH: Shut up.

(Fade out.)

SCENE 9 GREG'S ROOM

ONLINE SCENE BEGINS

**THE FOLLOWING AWAY
MESSAGES REMAIN
UP FOR THE DURATION
OF THE SCENE**

lane_miniboss:

<AWAY MESSAGE>
IM IN UR DORMZ ACING
UR EXAMZ

czygl_liddy:

<AWAY MESSAGE>
Not studying for finals.

Gregmeister69:

<AWAY MESSAGE>
Whipping my brother's ass
in capture the flag.

(Several days later. ROBERT SMITH and GREG SMITH play a video game again. They grunt and switch looking disappointed and happy. There is a knock at the door.)

GREG SMITH: Come in! *(LIDDY enters.)*

GREG SMITH: Oh hey-- *(to ROBERT SMITH)* hey I want you to meet a friend of mine. Liddy, this is my brother Robert.

ROBERT SMITH *(gasps a bit, truly awkward)*: H-hi.

LIDDY: Hey. Nice to meet you.

GREG SMITH: Robert- sorry, "Lane" is a freshman.

LIDDY: Did you say Lane?

GREG SMITH: *(Covering for ROBERT SMITH with an improvised lie.)*

Yeah, Robert's nickname in high school; something that stuck after I left.

The little crap will always be Robert to me.

ROBERT SMITH (*stunned*): Heh heh. Yeah, so you said your name was Liddy?

LIDDY: Yeah- wait, do you have a tag that's like, "miniboss" Lane or something?

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah. Yeah I do--

LIDDY: I'm Liddy, like, crazy-girl Liddy!

ROBERT SMITH: No-way! Wow! We finally meet!

LIDDY: You look different than your picture.

GREG SMITH: It's the glasses.

LIDDY: Greg, be nice.

ROBERT SMITH: Yeah Greg...

(*ROBERT SMITH smiles broadly. Fade out.*)

SCENE 10 ROBERT'S ROOM

ONLINE SCENE BEGINS

lane_miniboss: Time to do a new profile photo.

lane_miniboss: With glasses or without?

shinegrl: With.

crzygl_liddy: With.

stewart_p0rpise: W

ftthompson37: W FTW

crzygl_liddy: Night all. Need to get some sleep.

lane_miniboss:
@**crzygl_liddy** Night Libertine.

shinegrl: @**crzygl_liddy**
Sweet dreams!

crzygl_liddy: @**shinegrl**
@**lane_miniboss** Night Alice, Rob.

lane_miniboss: New profile photo up.

lane_miniboss: Night all.

ONLINE SCENE ENDS

(Night, a single light on the computer desk at the center of the room where ROBERT SMITH is staring at the screen with a hand on the mouse.

ROBERT SMITH types a bit to correspond with an ONLINE post, and then holds the mouse as he looks in the screen for a moment. He leans back in the chair and takes off his glasses, reaching a hand out to click the mouse. He pauses, and on a second thought puts his glasses back on. He clicks the mouse and the computer takes a new photo of him. He types two sentences. Ideally, the photo, or similarly staged one, should appear as a lasting photo icon of ROBERT SMITH/LANE as all lights fade out.)

(Scene ends with fade out. The end.)

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