

COMPUTER BUGGED

By D.B. Braxton

Copyright © 1999 by D.B. Braxton, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1-930961-33-2

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

COMPUTER BUGGED

by
D.B. Braxton

CAST: MISTY and DEAN

AT RISE: DEAN is lying on the floor, barely conscious. Trying to bring him around to full consciousness is his friend, MISTY.

MISTY: DEAN! Oh, Dean, what happened? (**strikes his face to wake him up**) Dean, wake up. Are you sick? Are you dying? Dean, if you can understand me, hold up two fingers on your right hand...and one on your left. (**HE groggily moves a bit, but doesn't follow her directions**) I have to call 911. I need to get to a phone, but I can't leave you here. (**looks around nervously**) Don't worry. I'll get some help. Hang in there, Dean. Don't die. (**DEAN sits up slowly**) Hey! Are you okay?

DEAN: Misty.

MISTY: Yes?

DEAN: If you don't calm down, I may die of a headache.

MISTY: You just passed out! Sorry, but when I see someone fall to the floor, I usually panic.

DEAN: You do that about everything.

MISTY: Well, there's sufficient cause this time. Most people don't faint dead away when they're walking with a friend.

DEAN: I'm walking to the girls' dorm to pick up my date.

MISTY: Same difference. You're putting one foot in front of the other, not scuba diving or bungee jumping. You should have plenty of oxygen.

DEAN: You're taking it all because you talk so much.

MISTY: Fine. I won't even ask why you fainted.

DEAN: Good.

MISTY: Why did you faint? I thought only girls passed out for no reason. I mean, you're obviously not bleeding. Do you have some kind of strange disease? Are you anorexic?

DEAN: (**slowly gets to his feet as SHE helps him**) Don't be ludicrous. I'm thirty to forty pounds overweight. If I was starving myself, I wouldn't be overweight, would I?

MISTY: You never know. My roommate, Peggy...

DEAN: I know...I know. Peggy is both overweight and anorexic. Why is it your neurotic roommate has to come up in all of our discussions? If I mention a problem, she has it. If I like a certain ball team, she is their greatest fan. I might decide to grow a beard and see if she can keep up.

MISTY: Speaking of bearded ladies, Peggy worked at a circus one summer. In fact, she even...

DEAN: Don't finish that thought, Misty, or I'll be on the floor again. This could get too weird.

Computer Bugged - Page 3

MISTY: What happened to you? One minute, we were talking, then you started walking all wobbly-like, and suddenly you dropped like a rock.

DEAN: I'm okay. I passed out because I want the perfect date.

MISTY: Come again? The perfect date?

DEAN: The perfect date. I wanted it. Now I have it. With my luck, I'll never make it to the dorm to meet Miss Wonderful.

MISTY: We're usually on the same wavelength, Dean, but this time you're off my radar scope.

DEAN: The whole thing is ridiculous.

MISTY: Now it is starting to sound like your normal predicaments. Tell me...

DEAN: Tell you what?

MISTY: The details...every one. You told me this morning that you had a big date. Now I want some juicy tidbits.

DEAN: Okay, I might as well. It started Sunday night. Nothing good was open, and I was looking for something fun to do before my stressful week of classes and studying began.

MISTY: Yes, go on.

DEAN: **(DEAN and MISTY have a flashback to Sunday night. Each should go to opposite sides of the stage and slant toward the audience and each other. They can stand or sit, but each will mime typing as they speak. MISTY is playing a different character while SHE types, so voice and body language should vary from her original character. As DEAN types...)** No, my name isn't Dean Jarvis. It's...it's...never mind what my last name is. I don't give out my last name over the Internet.

MISTY: **(DEAN freezes, and MISTY types for a few seconds. Then, as SHE types...)** Of course not. I wouldn't cybersex with you if you could buy and sell Bill Gates. Not even if you were Bill Gates. Especially if you were Bill Gates. **(pause, as SHE mimes reading the computer message.)** No, I won't. I respect myself too much for that, even if it is on the computer.

DEAN: **(MISTY freezes, and DEAN types and talks again)** For the last time, I don't want to buy your truck! I don't even have money for tuition, much less an extended cab pickup.

MISTY: **(DEAN freezes)** Thanks, but no thanks. You must have my computer profile mixed up with someone else's. I don't love poisonous snakes or tarantulas.

DEAN: **(MISTY freezes)** Sure, I generally like trucks. Could you see your way clear to dropping the price four or five thousand dollars? **(pause)** Okay! Okay! You don't have to lose your temper. **(pause)** Sorry, I'd be glad to do that, but I took human anatomy last semester, and that just ain't humanly possible!

BOTH: No, I don't to visit your porno web site!

MISTY: Good-bye!

DEAN: Good-bye!

MISTY: **(both type quietly for a moment...then)** Hello, how are you this evening?

DEAN: Fine. I'm a bit bored, actually, so I thought I'd jump on the computer and look for some trouble.

MISTY: You found it, then. I'm the kind of trouble people look for. I see your computer name is Dino4000. Hasn't Fred Flinstone ever contacted you about stealing his dog's name?

DEAN: So far, I've only heard from Wilma.

MISTY: **(laughs)** Amazing! Someone with a sense of humor. Glad to meet you, Dino. I guess pre-historic dogs are people, too. I'm Sweetie454.

DEAN: Greetings and salutations, Sweetie454. You seem to be the only decent person who's sent me an instant message tonight.

MISTY: I'm generally shy and demure about such things. I like to let the man say hello first.

DEAN: So what turned you into the man hungry prowler that's typing on my screen?

MISTY: I'll have you know, Mr. Dino, that you should consider yourself fortunate. Sweetie454 doesn't chat with just anyone.

DEAN: In that case, I'm rolling out the red carpet on my computer. I would give it a bath, but it has a strange aversion to water.

MISTY: You really are funny.

DEAN: Thanks. Wish I could crawl through the computer screen and meet you in person.

MISTY: It would flatten you. I'd hate to see what you'd look like coming out my printer.

DEAN: I could send my hand through cyber-space and wave at you. I could live with a crushed hand.

MISTY: I don't suppose I could send my stomach through the computer. I'd love to have flatter abs.

DEAN: Huh? Oh! Abdominals! Yes, me too. But mine are already pretty flat...

MISTY: **(both stop typing and move back together and resume their present conversation)** What a lie! Your belly isn't flat. If I dropped a penny in all that flab, I'd have to call the Federal Reserve Board to go in after it.

DEAN: I know. I forget myself whenever I go online and chat. It's like I'm...

MISTY: A skinny person?

DEAN: No. No! A different person. I don't have to be boring ol' Dean.

MISTY: Hey, your belly does look smaller today. **(pause)** Wait a minute! **(looks closer)** You're wearing a girdle! My best friend is a transvestite!

DEAN: SHHHHHHHH!!!! Would you quiet down before someone hears? I'm not like that. It's a tummy tucker. It...it makes my tummy flat.

MISTY: It's not exactly working. Also, it made you pass out. You can't tuck in anything that much. You'll get brain damage. Did you do this to cover your lie?

DEAN: That was only the beginning.

MISTY: *(raised eyebrows)* Really! *(both resume their places at their computers. On arrival, both laugh and become quite giddy.)* Isn't that incredible. We're both from the same delightful city of weeds and dust.

DEAN: It's really not that bad.

MISTY: Yes, you're right. Myself, I like to watch the tumbleweeds blow by and observe the cactus as they grow. And there's always other desert entertainment.

DEAN: *(laughs)* You're a riot. We really seem to click.

MISTY: I agree. I haven't had a conversation like this since I've been online.

DEAN: It seems like only an hour ago since we got married.

MISTY: More like forty-five minutes, honey.

DEAN: That was a grand idea you had, going into an online chat room and typing down the aisle.

MISTY: You looked quite handsome in your bold italicized font.

DEAN: And you were absolutely stunning in your pink letters with the green background.

MISTY: It was nice of everyone in the room to volunteer to help with the event.

DEAN: It was almost, like, real.

MISTY: I didn't mind the preacher being called Ziggy103, but I wasn't thrilled with bridesmaids named OneEyedJack and BirdLady317.

DEAN: OneEyedJack promised to play poker with us throughout our honeymoon.

MISTY: No problem. We'll ditch him in the casino. *(both laugh)*

DEAN: Hey...what do you look like? I should know that if we're married.

MISTY: Pretty normal...blonde hair, blue eyes...

DEAN: Uh huh...

MISTY: 387 pounds.

DEAN: Huh?

MISTY: I'm not very tall...a little under 5 feet...in my heels.

DEAN: Sounds sexy.

MISTY: Does it?

DEAN: If you were several inches shorter, I could use your head as my drink tray.

MISTY: *(laughs)* Can't help you there. My head isn't flat since the surgery. But you can make me taller if you like. Just flip me on my side and I'm over seven feet tall.

DEAN: Good! I need a challenging opponent in basketball. *(both laugh)* So really...what do you look like? I'd like to know.

MISTY: That's tough. I hate to sound arrogant.

DEAN: I don't care. Just tell me.

MISTY: I really do have blonde hair and blue eyes...

DEAN: Yes?

MISTY: But I stand 5' 7", weigh 125 pounds, have long tanned legs and white teeth that would blind ya'.

DEAN: Wow!

MISTY: And you?

DEAN: Wow!

MISTY: Dino?

DEAN: Wow!

MISTY: ***(both resume original positions)*** You didn't?

DEAN: I did.

MISTY: You lied.

DEAN: I fibbed.

MISTY: You're trashed.

DEAN: I know.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from COMPUTER BUGGED by D.B. Braxton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com