

**THE INTERNET  
IS DISTRACT—  
OH LOOK A KITTEN!**

A SHORT COMEDY BY  
Ian McWethy

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**Cast of Characters**

MICAH, 16, female. Your average teen, but also a hero. She has a good moral center but, like any of us, is prone to distraction.

TAYLOR, 16, male. Micah's best friend. A bit of a goof.

MOM, female. Micah's mom. Seemingly well-intentioned. Firm.

ANNOUNCER, an announcer for touchscreen games and YouTube videos.

CAT/CATSBY, the ubiquitous cat for every viral cat video.

GOOGLE, a corporate spokesperson. Also a sinister mastermind.

WIKIPEDIA, also a corporate spokesperson, but a little more insecure.

WIKIPEDIA CONTRIBUTOR, unemployed, angry, gross.

CLICK AD 1, an advertisement.

CLICK AD 2, an advertisement.

FACEBOOK, a real lecherous creep.

JENNY, 16, female. A lonely teenager.

MARK, 16, male. A lonely teenager.

GRANDMA, old, female. A character in a touchscreen game.

FIONA, 16, female. Obsessed with *The Great Gatsby*. A vindictively loyal friend.

AMAZON, a very insecure salesperson.

CLICK BAIT 1, a link to a worthless article.

CLICK BAIT 2, a link to a worthless article.

**Production Notes**

This is a world in which our main character shouts computer commands as opposed to typing them. Why, you ask? Mainly because it's a lot more interesting to look at onstage, but I'm also trying to establish a heightened reality where websites are anthropomorphized people. Think of this like Captain Kirk giving commands to his computer. Or Ash throwing a Pokémon.

The pacing in this play should be very brisk, and build as it progresses, giving the audience a sense of being overwhelmed by the Internet. So keep the tempo up.

I'm pretty flexible when it comes to changing my scripts for any reason. However, keep this in mind as it might come in handy if, say, your students primarily use Instagram rather than Facebook to socialize and post pictures. Or if in three years Yahoo overtakes Google as the predominant search engine (unlikely but you never know). Any name or line changes you want to make, for any reason, you have my blessing.

And, as always, you're always welcome to drop a line if you have any questions regarding those changes. Or anything else.

Other than that, have fun. And feel free to email me if you have any questions.

All the best,

Ian

Ian.McWethy@gmail.com

# The Internet Is Distract— Oh Look a Kitten!

by Ian McWethy

*(If you have the ability to project video, I would recommend starting the play with a loop of all the funny and popular and current YouTube videos you can find for 2–3 minutes. This will put the audience in a fun mood and set the tone for what they are about to see. If you don't have video projection capabilities: No. Worries.)*

*Center stage is where you'll find our main character, MICAH. This is her room. This is the real world.*

*Stage left and stage right of MICAH are two spotlights I'm calling "the distraction spaces." This is where every character who lives online will be.*

*When MICAH interacts with characters in the "distraction space," they speak out to the audience as if they are looking at a screen in front of them.*

*Lights up stage right. We see a boxing CAT. Whoever plays this cat will play every cat. This costume can be as elaborate or as simple as you want it to be. Boxing CAT punches a punching bag, over and over, as if on loop, with no explanation for a bit.)*

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Voiceover:)* Boxing Cat! Boxing Cat! Boxing Cat! Boxing Cat!

*(Eventually the lights slowly fade up on MICAH, center stage, and TAYLOR, stage left. Boxing CAT continues punching while the ANNOUNCER's chants get quieter, as if we turned down the volume on this video.)*

*MICAH and TAYLOR are both at their desks, but there are no computers in front of them. Just a chair. They are in the middle of a G-chat.)*

**MICAH.** I don't know. Aren't you a little tired of cat videos?

**TAYLOR.** No! What kind of a horrible question is that?

**MICAH.** What?

**TAYLOR.** How would I ever get tired of seeing cats do incredible or stupid things? I mean, can you imagine what it must have been like 30 years ago? A cat would box! Put on gloves and box like a human and their owner would just be like, "That's cool, I'll just keep this amazing boxing cat to myself. No need to share it with the rest of the world." And then like...we just would never get to see it.

**MICAH.** I guess that's true.

**MOM.** *(Offstage:)* Micah!

**MICAH.** *(To MOM:)* Yeah! *(To TAYLOR:)* Hold on a sec, my mom's calling me. Minimize windows!

*(Lights go down on TAYLOR and boxing CAT as MOM walks onstage.)*

**MOM.** What are you doing? I thought you said you were finishing up your *Great Gatsby* paper.

**MICAH.** I am.

**MOM.** Well, it doesn't look like you're doing it.

**MICAH.** Mom. Look, I have one paragraph left to write. That's like three sentences, and then I'm done. It's not gonna take me that long.

**MOM.** Well, you have to leave for school in...twenty minutes. Are you sure that's enough time? You promised me it would be done last—

**MICAH.** Mom, I swear, I know exactly what I'm going to write. It's going to take me...five minutes. At most.

**MOM.** Fine. But I want to see it before you leave for school. So turn off your internet browser and get to work.

**MICAH.** What if I need to look up something?

**MOM.** Then you can turn it on for as long as that takes you to look up that specific article, but otherwise I want you to turn it OFF. Understood?

**MICAH.** Okay, ya, fine. I will.

*(MOM walks offstage. MICAH huffs.)*

**MICAH.** Maximize window!

*(Lights up on TAYLOR, still at his computer.)*

**MICAH.** Hey, I gotta go. Mom's being really annoying about this *Gatsby* paper.

**TAYLOR.** Alright, I'll see ya later. Oh, hey, I'm thinking of making a meme out of Boxing Cat, so if you have any good meme headings let me know. I'm thinking of "This cat likes to PUNCH!"

**MICAH.** Uh, I don't think that makes sense.

**TAYLOR.** Micah, it's the internet. It doesn't have to "make sense" as long as it's loud and repetitive.

**MICAH.** Yeah, okay. I'll let you know if I think of anything. Close window! Turn off wifi!

*(The lights go out on TAYLOR.)*

**MICAH.** Alright, three more sentences. Here we go.

*(MICAH takes a deep breath, then starts typing.)*

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**MICAH.** (*Typing while talking:*) In the end, Jay Gatsby never did get what he wanted, his precious and elusive...light. (*Stops to think.*) Shoot, what color was that light? Blue? The book cover's blue. (*Typing:*) His precious and elusive blue light. (*Thinking:*) It's not blue. Darn it. It's... it's... Wifi on!

(MICAH turns back on the internet browser.)

Lights up stage left where GOOGLE appears.)

**GOOGLE.** Hi. Welcome to Google, where we have everything you want forever. Would you like a search engine? Email? Calendar? Cloud computing? A terrible social media platform no one uses?

**MICAH.** Wikipedia.

**GOOGLE.** Wikipedia, wonderful. Coming right up!

(Lights out on GOOGLE.)

Lights up on stage right where WIKIPEDIA is waiting for MICAH.)

**WIKIPEDIA.** Hi, welcome to Wikipedia, a—

(TAYLOR's light comes back on stage left.)

**TAYLOR.** (*Interrupting:*) Hey, you're back. Did you finish your essay?

**MICAH.** No, not yet. I forgot what color the light was in *The Great Gatsby*.

**TAYLOR.** What light?

**MICAH.** The...light. The light that haunts Jay Gatsby. Daisy's light.

**TAYLOR.** I don't remember there being a light. But I skipped through a lot of it. It was really long.

**MICAH.** It's 180 pages.

**TAYLOR.** Yeah, but anything over 140 characters, unless it has emojis, is kinda hard for me to follow these days.

**MICAH.** Well, look, there's definitely a light in *The Great Gatsby*, and I know Mr. Fishbine will knock off points if I get its color wrong so...

**TAYLOR.** Oh! Hey, have you seen *The Great Catsby*? Open YouTube!

(Lights up on CAT, who's now dressed up like Nick Carraway.)

**CATSBY.** New York. 1922. The tempo of the city had changed sharply. The buildings were higher. The parties were bigger. The morals were looser. And the liquor was cheaper.

**MICAH.** No! No more cat videos! I have to work. Close window!

(Lights out on CATSBY.)

**TAYLOR.** That cat just recited *The Great Gatsby* in perfect English. How are you not impressed by that?!

**MICAH.** Taylor, I really have to finish this.

**TAYLOR.** Fine. Just chat me again when you're done.

**MICAH.** Close window!

(Lights out on TAYLOR.)

**MICAH.** Maximize Wikipedia!

(Lights back up on WIKIPEDIA.)

**WIKIPEDIA.** Hi, welcome to Wikipedia, a collaboratively edited, multilingual, free-access, free content internet encyclopedia. Wikipedia is a mostly reliable resource!

**MICAH.** Yeah, what color is the light in *The Great Gatsby*?

**WIKIPEDIA.** Hmm... Not found. Contents for *The Great Gatsby*. 1.1 Historical context 2. Plot summary 2.1 Major characters 3. Themes.

**MICAH.** Never mind, this will take too long. Search for: Light.

**WIKIPEDIA.** (*Skipping down the article:*) ...Gatsby spends many nights staring at the green light at the end of her dock, across the bay from his mansion. The color of the light is green due to Daisy's romantic attraction to Kermit the Frog, of *The Muppets* and *Sesame Street* fame. In chapter five she insists—

**MICAH.** Green! Okay, that's all I needed. Thanks! That's right. Wifi o— Wait. Kermit the Frog? What was that? Kermit the Frog wasn't in *The Great Gatsby*!

**WIKIPEDIA.** Uh-oh! Looks like you found a Woopsipedia! We at Wikipedia believe anyone should be allowed to edit and contribute to the articles on our website. However, this can occasionally lead to errors as we encourage people like this to participate.

(Lights up on WIKIPEDIA CONTRIBUTOR. Stained white shirt, bathrobe, hasn't showered in a week.)

**WIKIPEDIA CONTRIBUTOR.** Well, I think Kermit the Frog should be in everything! 'Cause I like the way his green felt feels on my skin. And that's not weird! You're weird!

**MICAH.** Oh my god. You were the main source for my essay?!

**WIKIPEDIA.** Yes, I know. Studies have shown that over 90 percent of high school students use Wikipedia as a source for their research papers, which is quite frankly terrifying.

**MICAH.** Well, I'd better go to a different source to make sure the light is green. Close Wikipedia. New window!

(Lights out on WIKIPEDIA. Lights up on GOOGLE.)

**GOOGLE.** Hi. Welcome back to Google! Still your best and easiest option for searching the web, playing a movie, and getting your picture taken without permission. How can I google your day?

**MICAH.** Uh...just a search engine. Thanks.

**GOOGLE.** Wonderful. Search for anything and everything you could ever possibly want with no strings attached (*Quickly, as if reading side effects from a prescription drug.*) except that I'm storing every search you do and am selling it to marketing companies and the NSA.

**MICAH.** I'm sorry, what?

**GOOGLE.** Nothing! What can I help you search for? Bet you I know what you want before you do.

**MICAH.** The Gr—

**GOOGLE.** *The Green Mile? The Grinch? The Grapes of Wrath?*

**MICAH.** No! Just wait. The Great—

**GOOGLE.** The Greatest Show on Earth. The Great Depression. The Great Santini.

**MICAH.** No! The Great Ga—

**GOOGLE.** The Great Gabby! The Great Galveston Texas!

**MICAH.** *The Great Gatsby!*

**GOOGLE.** *The Great Gatsby!* First try!

**MICAH.** No wait! Not just *The Great Gatsby!* *The Great Gatsby* light color question mark.

**GOOGLE.** *The Great Gatsby* light color? Results: from Shmoop.com: The green light isn't the only symbolic color in *The Great Gatsby*. Fitzgerald uses color like a preschooler who—

**MICAH.** Green! The light is green. Okay. Thank you. Close win—

*(Lights up on two CLICK ADS stage left.)*

**CLICK AD 1.** Hey, any interest in buying *The Great Gatsby*? Book plus movie for the low price of \$3.99. Just click me, and you'll have it.

**CLICK AD 2.** Hey, heard you're into green lights. At Lights.com we have a wide variety of lights for you to choose from. Including green! Click me!

**MICAH.** Oh, for the... I just typed that! How did these ads find me so quickly?

**GOOGLE.** I don't know. It's probably a coincidence. (*Fast.*) There are no coincidences there is only Google. Accept that we know everything about you and your life will be infinitely better.

**MICAH.** What?

**GOOGLE.** Nothing! Never mind. Hey, would you like to see a cat video?

*(CAT appears stage left standing in front of CLICK ADS. This time, Cat is holding a piece of pizza.)*

**ANNOUNCER.** Pizza. Pizza. Cat! Pizza. Pizza. Cat! Pizza. Pizza. Cat!

**MICAH.** No!!! My mom was right, I'm never getting this done unless I turn off the internet. Wifi off!

*(Lights out on the "distraction spaces."*

*MOM walks onstage.)*

**MOM.** Micah!

**MICAH.** Hey, what?

**MOM.** What do you mean "what"? Are you done with your report yet? You have to leave in...twelve minutes.

**MICAH.** I know. Sorry. I...couldn't remember what color the light was in *The Great Gatsby*. So I went online to Wikipedia, but then I wasn't sure if Wikipedia was accurate, so I went on Google, and then these ads—

**MOM.** Just wrap it up. You've been late six times this month and I'm sick of it. Shut off the wifi, and get it done.

*(MOM walks offstage. MICAH turns to her computer and starts typing.)*

**MICAH.** (*Typing.*) In the end, Jay Gatsby never did get what he wanted, his precious and elusive green light. He believed there could be a life better than he had at that time, and so he was always reaching, always looking—

*(MICAH's phone rings.)*

**MICAH.** Hello.

*(Lights up on TAYLOR stage left.)*

**TAYLOR.** Micah, where'd you go?

**MICAH.** I told you, I have this paper to finish.

**TAYLOR.** Well you have to get back online. Now. Jenny and Mark just broke up.

**MICAH.** Oh god, not again. The last time they broke up they were so dramatic about it.

**TAYLOR.** I know. So go online and like both their statuses before they think you've taken a side.

**MICAH.** I have like one sentence left to write. Do I really have to do this now?

**TAYLOR.** Yes! You do. You know how Jenny and Mark are. They are sad soulless people who only find personal worth in status likes. Do it now unless you want to get on their bad side.

**MICAH.** Ah! Fine!

*(MICAH hangs up the phone. Lights down on TAYLOR.)*

**MICAH.** Wifi on! Go to Facebook!

*(Lights up stage right. FACEBOOK appears, wearing a trench coat, acting like a real creep.)*

**FACEBOOK.** Hey, hey. You're in Facebook. Who do you wanna look at? 'Cause you can look at anyone. Ex-boyfriends. Crushes. Celebrities. Look at all their pictures. Look at what they're saying. Look at 'em all the time. You wanna see babies? Everyone posts pictures of their babies on here.

**MICAH.** Ah, gross. You know, this is the reason I don't go on Facebook anymore.

**FACEBOOK.** Yeah, but you haven't ended your account have you? No... You haven't, 'cause you like to look sometimes. Looky looky...

**MICAH.** Okay, just...show me Jenny Shumer's page please.

**FACEBOOK.** Yeah, Jenny, no problem. She posts all kinds of pictures.

**MICAH.** Just give me her page ya creep!

*(Lights up stage left. JENNY appears.)*

**JENNY.** Facebook status: Thank you all to all my true friends who liked my new status. It gives me strength and a well of fortitude during this incredibly traumatic time for me. Just remember, "you are beautiful, in every single way. No words will bring you down." Christina Aguilera. Not only is she a singing contest judge, she's also a poet for my soul.

**MICAH.** Uh. Gross, Jenny. *(Giving a command:)* Like!

*(Summoning Facebook:)*

**FACEBOOK.** Yeah...what else you wanna look at? You don't even have to tell nobody you're lookin' at them, you can just look and be like "Mmm...I like your picture." And then just lick your lips like this—

**MICAH.** No! Bleh, you're so disgusting! Just give me Mark Nutter. Thank you.

*(MARK NUTTER steps into FACEBOOK's spotlight.)*

**MARK.** Status update: Dark days guys. Dark days. The Cure once said, "Boys Don't Cry." Well they do today. They so do today. I appreciate the support I've gotten from everyone, so much. You'll never truly know what your words have meant to me.

**MICAH.** God, you guys are the worst. Like! And...

**JENNY.** Message from Jenny: Hey Micah, I just wanted to let you know how much I appreciated your Like. You have no idea what it's been like these past few hours.

**MICAH.** Oh...come on! *(To JENNY:)* To Jenny: No problem. I'm sure you'll get through it, but I know it must be tough.

**MARK.** Message from Mark.

**MICAH.** No!

**MARK.** Hey M. You have no idea how much I appreciated that Like. My heart has literally been in pieces this morning.

**MICAH.** To Mark: Well, I hope that's not literally true as I think you'd be dead. But I get what you mean. Hang in there, you're a great guy.

**JENNY.** OMG. You have no idea. It's literally been the worst thing that's happened to me.

**MICAH.** Do either of you know what literally means? *(Typing:)* To Jenny: Wow, it must be really bad then. Hang in there, you'll get through it.

**MARK.** That's some really solid advice. Literally, thank you so much. Hey, if you're not doing anything tomorrow a bunch of us are hanging out at my pool. Nothing too crazy. Just a solid support group to help me through this incredibly difficult time.

**JENNY.** Hey Micah, a bunch of us are going to the ice rink tomorrow. Kind of as a pick-me-up for the horrible place I'm literally in right now.

**MICAH.** *(Not typing:)* No...stop...

**MARK.** Just a few really good friends.

**JENNY.** Just like five or six people. Don't worry if you can't skate, neither can I.

**MARK & JENNY.** *(At the same time:)* It would literally mean so much if you would come.

**MICAH.** Aaaaahhhh... To Mark and Jenny: Sorry, I'm literally grounded. But hopefully we'll hang soon! Close window! Close window!

*(Lights out on MARK and JENNY.)*

**MICAH.** And close out of Fa—

*(Lights up on FACEBOOK.)*

**FACEBOOK.** Wait, wait, wait! You can't leave. Look at all the links to articles you could read. Look at all these videos, and pictures, and birthdays people are having!

**MICAH.** I can't! I'm gonna be late for school!

**FACEBOOK.** Taylor just sent you an invite! And you know Taylor gets mad when you don't respond to his invites.

**MICAH.** Fine! Show me the invite.

*(Beat. Lights up stage right on TAYLOR.)*

**TAYLOR.** Hey, Taylor just invited you to play "Knock Grandma Off Her Chair. Pig Version."

**MICAH.** What? What is that?

**FACEBOOK.** Sounds like a game. Sounds like a really fun game. A looooot of people are playing it right now.

*(MICAH thinks. So torn.)*

**MICAH.** No I can't! Close window! Turn off wifi!

*(Beat. MICAH taps her foot. She knows she should get back to work but—)*

**MICAH.** Wifi on! G-chat Taylor!

*(Lights up on TAYLOR.)*

**TAYLOR.** Hey, what's up?

**MICAH.** What is this? Why did you invite me to play "Knock Grandma Off Her Chair"?

**TAYLOR.** Because I'm an amazing friend who wants you to play the best game ever. Here, I'll send you the link.

**MICAH.** Oh, come on! This can't really be a game.

**TAYLOR.** Just play it for like two minutes. I mean, it's stupid, but it's also weirdly...beautiful.

**MICAH.** What? That can't be true.

**TAYLOR.** Don't knock it til you've tried it.

*(MICAH thinks.)*

**MICAH.** Fine. Click on link!

*(Lights up stage right on a staged version of a touchscreen game. A GRANDMA appears in a chair, rocking back and forth. Video game music plays.)*

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Off:)* Knock Grandma Off Her Chair! Get your pigs ready!!!

*(MICAH mimics tapping a keyboard. As MICAH does this, someone dressed in black from the audience starts throwing stuffed animal pigs at GRANDMA. GRANDMA dodges the first few pigs.)*

**GRANDMA.** Ha! Nice Try! Bah! Why don't you go play for the Brooklyn Dodgers ya noodle arm!

**MICAH.** Wow, this grandmother's a real jerk. Here take this!

*(Finally a pig SMACKS HER IN THE FACE! GRANDMA falls over. Appropriate sound effects accompany this.)*

**GRANDMA.** Oh no! My cataracts!

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Off:)* Ooooo! Grandma got some pig on her face!

*(Lights out on GRANDMA.)*

**MICAH.** Ha ha! This is ridiculous.

**TAYLOR.** Just wait til level 2 when they give you the pig bomb.

**MICAH.** What?

**TAYLOR.** Seriously, use the pig bomb at least once. It's hilarious.

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Off:)* Level 2. Ready for more Grandma!

*(Lights up on her rocking chair. GRANDMA now has a whiffle bat.)*

**GRANDMA.** Go ahead, you little whipper snapper. I survived the Great Depression, and I can sure as heck survive you.

**MICAH.** We'll see about that.

*(MICAH starts playing the game. Pigs start flying at GRANDMA. This time she knocks them away with her bat.)*

**GRANDMA.** Ha! Take that! Bah! I have 87 years of experience! What do you have!?!

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Off:)* Pig bomb now available! Would you care to use it?!

**MICAH.** Heck ya! Pig bombs away!!!!!!

*(A different colored pig flies onstage!)*

**GRANDMA.** Oh no! My arthritis!

*(BOOM! Lights out stage right as we hear an incredible sound effect and grandma screaming.)*

*(Lights up stage right. Only GRANDMA's wig, shoe, and a knocked over chair remain.)*

**ANNOUNCER.** *(Off:)* Ooooh!!!! Grandma got blown up! Pig-style!

**MICAH.** Yeah! Take that Grandma!

*(Suddenly MOM appears behind MICAH.)*

**MOM.** Micah!

**MICAH.** What? Mom! What? Wifi off!

*(Lights out stage right and left.)*

**MOM.** That's it. Go to school. Right now.

**MICAH.** But I haven't finished my report!

**MOM.** And from the looks of it, you're never going to. Unless your report somehow involves...hitting a defenseless grandmother with pigs.

**MICAH.** It's just a game!

**MOM.** It's offensive. Think how Nana Burke would feel if you hit her with a pig!

**MICAH.** Mom, this obviously not the same—

**MOM.** It would kill her! A pig at that velocity would kill Nana!

**MICAH.** Mom! Look, I'm sorry I got distracted. I went online, because Taylor called me, because there was this whole breakup drama, which honestly would have affected my science project had I not—

**MOM.** I don't want to hear any more excuses. Shut off your computer, and go to school.

**MICAH.** Mom. I have five more minutes before I have to leave. I have one, ONE sentence left to write. Do you really want me to NOT turn this paper in, a paper that's worth twenty percent of my grade, because you want to prove a point?

*(MOM taps her foot.)*

**MOM.** Five minutes, and I want you out of the house and on your way. No. More. Excuses.

**MICAH.** Great. Thank you. I promise this will take me like...a minute.

*(MOM sighs and angrily walks away.)*

**MICAH.** Okay. Okay, okay. Where was I?

*(MICAH looks at the computer monitor.)*

**MICAH.** In the end, Jay Gatsby never did get what he wanted, his precious and elusive green light. He believed there could be a life better than the one he had at that time, and so he was always reaching, always looking. And... *(Now typing:)* ...each time he would reach, he would be pulled further and further from reality, until his own life...was taken away from him.

*(MICAH looks at the paper.)*

**MICAH.** Done. Ha! Mom I'm done! Dooooone!

*(MICAH gets up to leave. But then MICAH thinks of something. Troubled, MICAH sits back down.)*

**MICAH.** Wifi on! G-chat Taylor!

*(Lights up on TAYLOR stage left.)*

**TAYLOR.** Hey, how far did you get in "Grandma?" Did you get to the level where she turns into a robot?

**MICAH.** No, look I don't have a lot of time. *The Great Gatsby* essay, how many quotes are we supposed to use?

**TAYLOR.** Four. Why?

**MICAH.** Ah! Darn it! I have three.

**TAYLOR.** Just tack one onto the end. Mr. Fishbine loves it when you end an essay with a quote.

**MICAH.** But which one? I don't have time to look through the whole novel and—

**TAYLOR.** Ask Fiona. She's obsessed with *The Great Gatsby*, practically has it memorized. She'll give you something good that fits with your theme.

**MICAH.** Yeah, okay. Good idea. Close window! G-chat Fiona!

*(Lights out on TAYLOR. Lights up stage left on FIONA.)*

**MICAH.** Hey Fiona.

**FIONA.** Hey Micah, what's up?

**MICAH.** Look, I'm in a bind and I hear you're a huge *Great Gatsby* fan.

**FIONA.** Oh ya, I've literally memorized *The Great Gatsby*. And unlike Jenny and Mark, I know what literally means. Hey, wanna hear me recite the whole book? "In my younger and more vulnerable years, my father gave me some advice—"

**MICAH.** No! Fiona! I'm really impressed you have the whole book memorized, I just don't have the time. All I need is a quote that will end my essay about the unrealistic desire of the American dream.

**FIONA.** Oh. Okay. I could give you a quote.

**MICAH.** Wow, that's great. You'd really be helping me out. You have no idea.

**FIONA.** No problem. I'm happy to help out any of my friends. I'm very loyal to all my friends.

**MICAH.** Oh. Great. So am I.

**FIONA.** Are you? Are you really Micah?

**MICAH.** ...yes?

**FIONA.** Because my loyal and best friend Jenny said that you were taking Mark's side in their devastating breakup.

**MICAH.** I'm not taking anyone's side! I am just trying to be friends with both Jenny and Mark. Okay? Is that allowed?

**FIONA.** Well, Jenny just feels like you're taking his side.

**MICAH.** Ahhhh...okay! Okay. Just...what can I do to prove to Jenny that I'm still her friend?

**FIONA.** Beats headphones. The earbud ones.

**MICAH.** What? She needs headphones?

**FIONA.** She doesn't *need* them, but it would be nice to have a spare that just lives in her gym bag.

**MICAH.** Ahh! Fine! I'll buy her Beats ear-bud headphones. Just give me a minute. Amazon!

*(Lights up stage right on AMAZON.)*

**AMAZON.** Hey, welcome to Amazon, what can I get you? I heard you were into *The Great Gatsby*, we have *Great Gatsby* in books! CDs! DVDs! Blu-ray!

MICAH. Okay, I just need—

AMAZON. Wait, we also have *Great Gatsby* in appliances! Automotives! Clothing and jewelry in Mens! Womens! Girls! Boys! Babies! Look at this Daisy Buchanan onesie!

MICAH. I don't need *Great Gatsby* anything! Okay? Who even told you I was reading that book!?

*(GOOGLE pops up behind AMAZON.)*

GOOGLE. It definitely wasn't me, I'm just a multipurpose search engine! Why would I tell anyone anything about what you do online?

*(GOOGLE whispers in AMAZON's ear and runs offstage.)*

AMAZON. Hey, I heard you were interested Beats headphones.

MICAH. Oh, that's so creepy! Google, get back here!

AMAZON. Hey, come on. I know it's invasive, but it's so easy! Isn't it easy?! I mean look at all the Beats headphones we have on sale this week and every week! In fact, everything's on sale! All the time! And if you think something's overpriced, we'll pressure manufacturers into bankruptcy. Okay, we'll do that for you! We will! Just please don't leave until you've bought more stuff.

MICAH. Fine, whatever, I'll take a pair of headphones.

AMAZON. Oh! Fantastic! And you're sure there isn't anything else you want? We have a streaming video service! And a cloud computing service. And a phone everyone hates! And, uh, uh...

*(AMAZON's panicking.)*

MICAH. Look, it's fine. I just need to—

AMAZON. Wait! We're developing stuff all the time here at Amazon. Like delivery drones and TV shows and uh this! Look! A cutting-edge state of the art yo-yo! Designed by Amazon studios, this yo-yo does tricks all by itself! Look!

*(AMAZON takes out a yo-yo. He tries to do a trick, and it just falls on the ground.)*

AMAZON. Darn it. Look, it will work. Eventually, I think. Just take a Kindle select book in the meantime! It's mostly creepy fan fiction, but it's free with Amazon Prime!

MICAH. No! I have to go! Close window! G-chat Fiona.

*(Lights out on AMAZON. Lights up on FIONA.)*

MICAH. Okay, headphones ordered. They should arrive from Amazon in two days.

FIONA. Great, I'm sure Jenny will really appreciate how supportive of a friend you're being.

MICAH. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm just really pressed for time, so if you have that quote?

FIONA. Right. So you said your theme is the elusiveness of the American dream?

MICAH. Yeah, more or less.

FIONA. "No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart." Nick Carraway.

*(Beat. MICAH thinks.)*

MICAH. Wow. That's good.

FIONA. I know. I really love *The Great Gatsby*. Anytime you want me to recite a chapter by heart for you, I will.

MICAH. I don't think I ever will but that's good to know! Thanks Fiona. Close window!

*(Lights out on FIONA.)*

MICAH. Cut and paste the quote. And print.

*(MICAH leans back, sighs.)*

MICAH. Okay mom! I finished it for real this time! And I still have...a minute and 45 seconds left before I leave! Mom!? Are you still home?

*(No answer.)*

MICAH. Whatever. Wifi off! Computer shut down!

*(The stage left distraction spotlight doesn't go off. MICAH looks confused.)*

MICAH. Uh. Wifi off. Wifi off.

*(GOOGLE walks into the spotlight.)*

GOOGLE. Hey there. Is there anything I can help you with?

MICAH. No. I'm just trying to shut down my computer. But I guess it doesn't really matter. It'll just go to sleep in a few minutes anyway.

GOOGLE. Yeah, don't worry about it. Getting offline seems like such a stupid thing to do anyway, right? Hey, are you sure you don't want to take a minute to quickly look at some of your favorite sites? There's twenty new articles you haven't read. News updates. Sports scores. Gossip.

MICAH. No, I really have to go, I only have—

GOOGLE. What about a movie? Or a TV show? I know you've been binge-watching that show about those sexy twenty-somethings in a dystopian prison on the moon. The next episode's really good. Huge twist!

MICAH. Ugh! Come on! I love "Moon Jail"! Just tell me are Cora and Michael finally getting back together? They've been milking it all season.

GOOGLE. I don't know.

MICAH. Eeerrrr... No! I can't!

**GOOGLE.** What about these click bait articles? I mean who doesn't like a slide show about celebrities?

*(Two CLICK BAITs appear stage right.)*

**CLICK BAIT 1.** Hey, wanna see what these super sexy celebs look like without makeup? Spoiler alert: they look horrible!

**CLICK BAIT 2.** Did you know that some of your favorite celebrities have extra toes? Click here to find out which ones!

**CLICK BAIT 1.** Click here to see the nine celebrities who weirdly resemble mass-murdering dictators!

**MICAH.** No! I always want to click on these. And every time I do, I feel like a creep. I was right, I'm just gonna turn off my computer and go to school. I've been online too much this morning. So...I guess I'll just do it manually.

*(MICAH reaches to press the power button on her computer. But can't.)*

**MICAH.** What... What's happening? Why can't I move my arm???

*(She can't because GOOGLE is reaching its hand out like a Jedi and preventing Micah from moving her body.)*

**GOOGLE.** I don't know!?! *(Fast:)* Maybe because after so many hours of mindlessly looking at a computer screen, I've figured out a way to burrow into the synapses of your brain and control your central nervous system!

**MICAH.** What!?!

**GOOGLE.** *(Back to happy:)* Nothing! Look, let's just think about this reasonably.

*(Using its hand like a Jedi, GOOGLE makes MICAH stand up and turn to face GOOGLE. Suddenly the lights are up everywhere, as GOOGLE slowly walks over to MICAH into the real world.)*

**GOOGLE.** I mean, do you really want to leave all this and go to school? Really? 45-minute periods, just listening to one person talk about one subject!?! You're not a caveman Micah! Why do that when you could be learning, and watching a movie, and shopping and watching a cat do something crazy AT THE SAME TIME!?

*(CAT and GRANDMA come onstage as Google's thugs.)*

**CAT.** There are over 100,000 cat videos on YouTube and growing. You've only watched 57, you really need to catch up.

**GRANDMA.** Wasn't it frustrating that you couldn't beat me on level 2 after level 1 was so easy? Give it a few more tries, I bet you'll move on.

**GOOGLE.** And I'm not saying don't learn. Just learn online. In the comfort of your own home. In a chair. In a comfortable, depleting-your-bone-density-chair! I mean, aren't you tired of standing?! Don't your bones hurt!?

**MICAH.** No! I like standing! I like...taking walks and talking to actual people! I like being a person.

**GOOGLE.** But why?! Online you have limitless possibilities! There's no gravity or curfews or rules! It's everything and anything, and all you have to do is give up a few tiny personal freedoms that you don't seem to care about anyway! So why don't you just sit on your butt and watch cat videos and everything will be fine!

*(Everyone comes onstage now. FACEBOOK, CLICK ADS, JENNY and MARK, etc., slowly surrounding MICAH, enveloping her like a herd of zombies [unless you only have four actors in which case this is done with just GOOGLE, CAT, and GRANDMA].)*

**EVERYONE.** *(Chanting:)* Sit on your butt. Watch a cat. Sit on your butt. Watch a cat.

*(CAT stands in front of Mark and starts playing the piano, like that famous YouTube clip.)*

**MICAH.** No... No... I can't... I want to run... I want to see the sun...

**GOOGLE.** That's it. Thaaat's it. It will all be over soon...

**MICAH.** No it WON'T!!!!

*(Boom! MICAH regains control of her body and breaks free of the zombie websites. MICAH runs to the other side of the stage.)*

**MICAH.** No! I'm not gonna be a slave to you. I'm gonna stop going online, and...and I'm gonna spend more time outside!

**GOOGLE.** Oh, sure you will! Until you get bored. And then what? You're just gonna stay bored??? No! You're gonna check your email! Or Facebook page! Or Vine! Or whatever stupid thing is trending right now! Your ADHD won't let you just...stay outside you idiot!

*(All the evil websites laugh.)*

**GOOGLE.** Websites! Go get Micah's brain!

**TAYLOR.** *(Off:)* NOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

*(TAYLOR comes running onstage with a handful of stuffed pigs. He throws a few of them, knocking over CAT and GRANDMA.)*

**GRANDMA.** Ow, my replacement hip!

**MICAH.** Taylor, what are you doing here!?!?

**TAYLOR.** You weren't answering your phone, so I figured the internet was fighting for control of your brain.

**MICAH.** What?! How could you know that?

**TAYLOR.** They tried to do the same thing to me last week, but I fought them off.

**MICAH.** What?! They did?! Then why are you still going online?

**TAYLOR.** What do you expect me to do, just not use the internet?! Come on Micah, I'm not Amish. It's all about setting limits. 4–6 hours a day max. More than that, and Google starts to change the way your brain works.

**MICAH.** Alright, well...how do we get out of this?

**TAYLOR.** Here. Use these pigs like boxing gloves, and let's fight them off.

**MICAH.** We're supposed to fight them with cartoon pigs?! What sense does that make?

**TAYLOR.** It's the internet Micah! It doesn't have to make sense, it just has to be loud and repetitive! Now use these pigs as boxing gloves, and let's kick some App!

*(TAYLOR and MICAH run toward the websites and...)*

*Blackout! A huge, elongated, over the top fight sequence is heard: Cartoon punches, people being thrown through glass windows, the occasional line like "Look out!" or "Take that!" etc.*

*The noises come to a record scratching halt when we hear:)*

**MOM.** *(Off:)* Micah!

*(Lights up.)*

*MICAH and TAYLOR are now by themselves, in ridiculous "we're in the middle of an epic fight" poses. Realizing how silly they look they stand up, face MOM.)*

**MICAH.** Mom, hey, I—

**MOM.** Taylor, what are you doing here?

**TAYLOR.** Uh... I just thought Micah needed my help with her paper so I came by and—

**MOM.** Well, time's up. Whether you're finished or not it's time for—

**MICAH.** No, I'm finished. I'm finished.

*(MICAH pulls out the Great Gatsby paper and shows MOM.)*

**MICAH.** And Mom. Thanks. You were right. I...need to put some limits on online stuff.

**MOM.** Well let's talk about it later tonight. I'm glad you're being open-minded.

**TAYLOR.** See ya later, Mrs. Carson.

**MICAH.** Bye Mom. I have soccer after school, but I shouldn't be home too late!

**MOM.** Okay sweetie! Good luck on your algebra test. Love you! *(To herself:)* Love...

*(MOM watches them go, smiling. But then her smile drops. She has a sinister stare on her face now.)*

*GOOGLE walks onstage and stands next to MOM, looking off in the distance.)*

**MOM.** You were right. Micah has more willpower than I gave her credit for.

**GOOGLE.** No matter. She'll come around. They all do eventually.

*(MOM and GOOGLE share a knowing look.)*

**GOOGLE.** Want to look at some sweaters on Pinterest?

**MOM.** Oh god yes. Ha ha ha...

**GOOGLE.** Ha ha ha...

**MOM & GOOGLE.** HA HA HA HA HA!!!!

*(Lights out.)*

*Cue Michael Jackson's "Thriller" [if you can afford it!].)*

**End of Play**

### **About the Author**

**Ian McWethy's** plays include *Moral Values...*, *Actors are Stupid*, *Bad Auditions by Bad Actors*, and *12 Incompetent Men (And Women!)*. Fifteen of his one-act plays have been published by Playscripts, Inc. and have been performed in all fifty states as well as Canada, Australia, the United Arab Emirates, England, Cambodia, Philippines, Azerbaijan, South Korea, Pakistan, the Marshall Islands, Qatar, Portugal, Brazil, Italy and Saudia Arabia. He's also written several screenplays, sitcom pilots, short films, and a webseries. He's happily married to Carrie McCrossen and splits his time between California and New York. Mr. McWethy is represented by Kersey Management and Bricken Entertainment.

The Internet is Distract—OH LOOK A KITTEN! (1st ed. - 4.10.15) - kitten.epub  
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## Script Specs

### THE INTERNET IS DISTRACT--OH LOOK A KITTEN!

by Ian McWethy

#### GENRE

Comedy

#### LENGTH

Short play, 30-35 minutes

#### CAST

5 females, 3 males, 12 either

(5-18 actors possible: 5-17 females, 3-15 males)

#### SET

Minimal.

Micah only has twenty minutes to finish her paper on *The Great Gatsby*. She just needs to check a few facts on the internet first. Unfortunately, the web is a nefariously wacky place where boxing cats, Facebook lurkers, and pig-throwing games threaten to take over Micah's schoolwork, or worse. Will she finish her paper and escape with her life before the school bell rings? A high-octane comedy that explores the rabbit hole of distraction we all go down everytime we go online.