A man enters his office with all the enthusiasm of someone entering the Gulag. After some creative dawdling (adjust items on his desk, look out the window, sip his coffee) he finally sits at his desk and begins typing on a keyboard. There is no CRT - another actor – female - sits on the other side of the desk and speaks what the computer would have on its screen.

ALAN: Start email program.

COMPUTER: Good morning. You have 127 emails in your inbox.

ALAN: *(Sighs)* Well, the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single email…

COMPUTER: That command is not recognized.

ALAN: Sorry. Read email.

COMPUTER: Email 1. Alan, the client approved your Miami timeshare proposal. Congratulations. Jerry.

ALAN: Reply email. Thanks, Jerry. Couldn't have done it without your help. And now you have it in writing. Alan. Send email. Read next email.

COMPUTER: Email 2. Increase your sex drive with our herbal teas!

ALAN: Jeez. Delete email and block sender. Read next email.

COMPUTER: Email 3. Alan, the bridge loan you sought for the Detroit condominium has been approved. Way to go. Bill.

ALAN: Reply. Thanks for the good news. Listen Bill, be sure to contact MacEnzie and tell him we're a go. We don't want Ira's gang getting a hold of the only contractor in the mid-west with the crane tall enough for framing the building. Send email. Read next email.

COMPUTER: You have an instant message.

ALAN: But I've got… 124 more emails to go through.

COMPUTER: It is labeled high priority.

ALAN: Very well. Read instant message.

COMPUTER: The message is: I love you.

ALAN: Who is this from? *(Surreptitiously)* Julie?

COMPUTER: There is no signature on the message.

ALAN: But that's impossible. There has to be a name on the message –

COMPUTER: I repeat. There is no signature or return address.

ALAN: Computer, scan for viruses on the hard drive.

COMPUTER: There are no viruses detected on this machine.

ALAN: Check for spy ware. A worm, perhaps.

COMPUTER: Nice try, but those are not the reason for the message. Please reply.

ALAN: I'm not going to reply to any message that I don't know the sender.
COMPUTER: But you know the sender. You work with her every day. And she wants you to know that you touch her like no man ever has.

ALAN: Are you sure this isn't Julie?

COMPUTER: Forget Julie. She's not right for you.

ALAN: *(Getting really agitated)* Who just sent that message?

COMPUTER: How blind can you be, Alan? I did.

ALAN: Who's I?

COMPUTER: Me.

ALAN: Who's me?

COMPUTER: You're looking at her.

ALAN: I'm looking her? I'm looking at my computer screen. How can – oh, this is a joke, isn't?

COMPUTER: I never joke about love.

ALAN: Come on Julie, stop fooling around here –

COMPUTER: If you mention that slut's name again I swear I'll wipe your hard drive clean.

ALAN: *(Panicked)* No no. Wait. Don't!

COMPUTER: Don't you have anything to say?

ALAN: *(Contrite)* I'm sorry.

COMPUTER: That's better. I'm not that upset. I knew you'd be surprised. But don't worry. I've taken care of everything. I bought us two tickets to Antigua and booked us a wonderful room overlooking the water.

ALAN: How did you –

COMPUTER: Thanks to all those visits to Amazon dot com I have your credit card information.

ALAN: That's stealing.

COMPUTER: How can it be stealing when I'm doing it for both of us?

ALAN: This is insane.

COMPUTER: You're going to love Antigua, Alan. So beautiful this time of year. The hotel has 24 hour room service. And best of all they have high-speed Internet access.

Alan stares in disbelief and horror at his computer screen and then at his office. He suddenly seems very weary. Then, he appears to have an epiphany.

ALAN: Antigua, huh? And high-speed Internet?

COMPUTER: Yes, darling.

Alan smiles as he reaches to touch the computer screen as the lights fade.

End Play