

VANYA (*to Spike, who is texting*)

Excuse me. What are you doing? It's very rude.

You can multitask, how wonderful. You can tweet. You can twitter and tweet, you can email and text, your life is abuzz with electrical communication. I know older people always think the past was better, but really—instead of a text with all those lower case letters, and no punctuation, what about a nicely crafted letter, sent through the post office? Or a thank you note.

WE USED TO LICK POSTAGE STAMPS BACK THEN. Obviously you've never heard of that. They didn't just peel off ready-made with sticky stuff on the back—the sticky stuff had to be triggered by your wet tongue. It took time. If you were sending many letters, you could be licking postage stamps for ten minutes or so.

We used typewriters back then. And white-out for corrections. And carbon paper for copies.

We had telephones and we had to dial the number by putting our index finger in a round hole representing two to zero. If the number was 909-9999, it could take *hours* just to dial the number. We had to have PATIENCE then. And we used to lick postage stamps. It was unpleasant, but it had to be done.

We didn't multitask. Doing one thing at a time seemed appropriate. But I guess *you* can *sort* of listen to a play and *sort* of send a message and *sort* of play a video game...all at once. It must be wonderful...I know I sound like a crank, but I don't like change. My play is about scary change in the weather. But there are other changes too that have happened.

No more licking of postage stamps, no more typewriters or letters. Now, now there's Twitter and email and Facebook and cable and satellite and the movies and the TV shows are all worthless, and we don't even watch the same worthless things together, it's all separate. And our lives are---disconnected.

And you come in here and say you almost had a part of *Entourage 2* as if that's an achievement of some kind. And I don't know what you're talking about. I'm worried about the future. I miss the past. I don't want to talk anymore. I'm going to go sit in the other room. I don't know why I exploded. Sorry.