

Lights up on Smith, Frill and Kenzo, each sporting a wrist device. They are seated around an elegantly set table at a wedding. They are typing on an invisible touch screen in the air. In the middle of a white floral arrangement, a sign reads "#freedom".

Margaret, heavily pregnant, waddles to the empty chair next to Kenzo.

MARGARET: Is this "Table Hashtag Freedom?"

KENZO: *(without looking up)* Yeah.

With great difficulty, Margaret lowers herself into the empty seat.

FRILL: *(noticing Margaret)* Oh my god, are you okay?

MARGARET: I'm fine.

FRILL: *(extending a hand)* Hi, I'm Frill.

MARGARET: *(shaking Frill's hand)* Margaret.

FRILL: It's so good of you to come... in your condition.

MARGARET: What condition?

FRILL: You know... you're...

KENZO: *(still occupied with his screen)* Fat?

FRILL: No! Carrying another life!

SMITH: Congratulations!

MARGARET: I'm not knocked up.

(Awkward silence.)

FRILL: Oh dear, that'll teach me not to open my mouth before checking people's profiles.

SMITH: *(typing in the air)* Huh, I'm not seeing you at this table.

MARGARET: What do you mean? I'm right here.

FRILL: *(to Margaret, helpfully)* You forgot to check in.

MARGARET: I'm not on Foursquare.

(Smith and Frill, speechless, stare at Margaret. Even Kenzo stops typing.)

MARGARET: I don't carry any connection.

FRILL: But... why not?

MARGARET: Because I don't want to.

SMITH: Then how do people know who you are?

MARGARET: I tell them.

FRILL: How do your friends see you?

MARGARET: I wave at them.

SMITH: Fascinating!

FRILL: Does your... shape have anything to do with your lack of connection?

MARGARET: My shape? My...? Oh! Of course I'm pregnant!

FRILL: (hurt) Why did you lie?

MARGARET: It was a joke.

FRILL: I don't get it.

SMITH: I think this is irony. I learned about it in history.

FRILL: Oh, wasn't there a song about it in the last century?

MARGARET: No, this isn't ironic, and neither was that song.

SMITH: Then what is irony?

MARGARET: It's... oh, never mind.

(Kenzo giggles at something he sees on screen, then types away.)

FRILL: *(trying to appease everyone)* The bride told me this table's named "freedom" because it's the singles' table. Isn't it neat?

KENZO: *(still typing)* Speak for yourself. I think I just found a hot new boyfriend--he's supposed to be about fifty feet... *(looks around)* Above me? That's where I like 'em!

FRILL: Are you friends with the bride or the groom?

MARGARET: Both. I introduced them.

KENZO: So you are the cave woman who forced them to meet in person. You're practically a legend, darling.

MARGARET: Oh?

KENZO: *(sultry)* Yes, let's see each other again in something... More comfortable.

MARGARET: What?

KENZO: Not you, honey. I'm chatting on MeetMarket. *(back to his screen)* No, just some pregnant thing.

FRILL: It was a beautiful wedding, wasn't it? I'm so glad they had a physical ceremony.

SMITH: I read it was just as good in 3-D.

FRILL: Who said that?

SMITH: Rate-my-wedding dot com.

MARGARET: *(losing patience)* Do you think I can get a glass of water? I'm not feeling well.

FRILL: Of course. Let me text the waiter. *(Frill types in the air.)*

SMITH: Tell me. Why aren't you visible online?

MARGARET: Because once you're online, you can kiss your privacy goodbye.

FRILL: But privacy means having secrets.

MARGARET: No, privacy means being off-line.

(The term "off-line" makes the other three gasp.)

KENZO: Go "off-line?" Ma cherie, that's a vulgar thing for a lady to say!

MARGARET: Going off-line is good for your soul.

KENZO: (*utterly confused*) What?
MARGARET: I'm sure you can do it, too.
KENZO: I can also hold my breath under water, but that doesn't mean I go around asking for a drowning, hello? Privacy is so passé.
SMITH: Invisibility is selfish. We, the people, share all.
MARGARET: Is that the newest tagline?
FRILL: It's gone viral this year.
MARGARET: You know what else is viral? Herpes.
SMITH: I don't understand. Why hold back?
MARGARET: Because I'm not someone's entertainment.
FRILL: We're living in an evolved society. You have nothing to be ashamed of. We, the people, share all.
SMITH: We are living in YouTopia.
MARGARET: It's pronounced "utopia."
SMITH: No, YouTopia, because you make it happen!
MARGARET: Very clever. Are you going to trademark it?
SMITH: Of course not! That's the beauty of YouTopia. Everything belongs to the community. (*Smith stands tall, full of optimism and pride.*) We share everything--images, music, words. No one monopolizes knowledge. We no longer hide behind cowardice. (*He walks over to behind Frill and places his hands on her shoulders.*) No more anonymous comments, no more hate speech...
FRILL: (*putting her hands over her heart*) No more sexism!
KENZO: And no more gay bashing since all the fanatics turned out to be self-haters. Now we see exactly who's sleeping with who.
FRILL: No more war! Now that we know everything about everyone, we can prevent conflicts before they begin.
SMITH: Isn't this a fantastic time to be alive? We're all equal before technology. All you have to do is consent to be part of it.
FRILL: Privacy isolates you. Join us. No one should be lonely.
MARGARET: But I'm not. I have my books. Soon I'll have my baby. And I even meet people--in person! Although... that's getting harder.
SMITH: Your experience is so unique. Don't you think you owe it to the community to share your story?
MARGARET: I owe nothing.
KENZO: Selfish!
MARGARET: Once you unveil every part of you, you strip yourself of dignity.
SMITH: No, you become honest with the world.
MARGARET: When we're bare and vulnerable, what will the machines do with all that they know of us?
KENZO: Oh, you poor, obsolete thing! There's no sinister plot. Technology liberates us.
FRILL: The algorithms understand us better than we do, so we don't have to waste time trying to find ourselves.

SMITH: Our parents' generation spent their 20s meditating in Delhi, taking drugs in Amsterdam, writing plays in Berlin... And where did their "path to self discovery" lead them?

FRILL: Not very far. They were the least productive generation in modern history, weren't they?

KENZO: Look, in today's world, you're either visible or you don't exist. Which is it going to be?

MARGARET: You know my choice.

(Margaret flashes her bare wrist. Kenzo and Frill coil back and caress their wristbands like scared kids clinging onto their baby blankets. Smith sits down, defeated.)

KENZO: What do you have to hide, huh?

MARGARET: Nothing.

KENZO: I don't believe you. *(Kenzo presses a button in the air and a flashlight explodes on Margaret.)*

MARGARET: Don't you dare upload my picture.

KENZO: Why not, Paranoid Pansy?

FRILL: We're at a wedding! Can't we just enjoy the moment?

KENZO: I am!

(Margaret swings her hand where Kenzo is typing. Smugly, he leans back and continues blogging.)

MARGARET: I'm entitled to my privacy!

KENZO: Not if your thought-terror can endanger the community.

MARGARET: Thought-terror? What the...

FRILL: *(helplessly)* We the people agree that thought-terror should be prevented. The word's gone...

MARGARET: "Viral?"

FRILL: *(delighted)* Yes!

KENZO: Don't worry, dear. I'm just putting you on my micro-mobile blog. I only have about a million followers.

MARGARET: *(finally snaps)* I don't want to be on your micro-mother-mobbing-mobile blog, and I don't need connection devices strapped on me, and I hate this Me-me-me-topia!

KENZO: *(clapping as if saluting an opera diva)*

She's positively mad! Brava!

FRILL: Oh dear, it must be the hormones. Where's that water?

SMITH: *(Googling)* I think she might be suffering from... "hysteria?"

MARGARET: How typical! When a woman has an opinion, you tell her she's crazy. Guess what--you are crazy.

KENZO: *(calm and bitchy)* The present evidence suggests otherwise, sweetheart.

MARGARET: Tell me. Who keeps an eye on the one who watches you?

FRILL: Everyone! We the people agreed to see and be seen.

MARGARET: This is just like 1984.

FRILL: What's that?

SMITH: *(typing)* Here, Wikipedia says that's the year Mark Zuckerberg was born.

(A moment of reverent awe among Frill, Kenzo and Smith.)

KENZO: Look around--life is great! We're finally free--from violence, from shame, from inhibitions.

MARGARET: Do you call this free? You're all chained to your keyboards!

KENZO: *(outraged)* Excuse you, mine's an Apple iBoard!

MARGARET: iBoard, shmiboard, I'll give your strap-on a taste of the floorboard.

KENZO: That's it. I'm reporting you to the People's Forum.

(Margaret grabs Kenzo's wrist.)

KENZO: You can't do that! You're violating my freedom of speech!

MARGARET: Freedom of speech ends when a person's privacy is invaded.

(Kenzo and Margaret wrestle over his watch. Frill and Smith are at a loss.)

KENZO: No, it ends when you violate another citizen's right to speech. That means your freedom of speech should be stripped, pronto!

(Kenzo's argument convinces Smith. He restrains Margaret. He looks around embarrassed, at the unseen wedding guests who must be watching them.)

MARGARET: God!

FRILL: Everything will be all right.

(A splash under the table.)

MARGARET: My water just broke.

(Kenzo rushes, squats in front of Margaret and points his wristwatch at her crotch.)

MARGARET: Get your iPerv away from my birth canal!

(Margaret pushes Kenzo away, but he persists. She pulls his head and strangles him with her thighs)

KENZO: *(gasping for air)* That is not... the kind of behavior... you want to have attached... to your newborn!

FRILL: He has a point. Think of your child's brand! Her corporal identity begins the moment she's born.

SMITH: The minute her sonogram's posted!

(Margaret lets Kenzo go.)

KENZO: *(recovering from Margaret's grip)* I plan to attach an infra-camera on my surrogate.

FRILL: Oh, that's a good idea.

SMITH: Why didn't I think of that?

KENZO: I should Tweet about my idea.

MARGARET: *(in pain)* God, enough about Twitter, you twat! Some help?

(Frill, Smith and Kenzo snap to it and begin typing)

SMITH: Is there a doctor around... Not one!

FRILL: I'll call mine.

MARGARET: *(sprawling over her chair)* Oh my god, I'm contracting!

KENZO: Quite the contrary. You seem to be expanding!

(A dial tone. Then the characters look up, as the doctor's image is presumably projected in front of them, but we do not see him.)

DOCTOR'S VOICE: Hello there. Whoa, you're in labor!

MARGARET: No shit, Sherlock! *(screams in pain)*

DOCTOR'S VOICE: I'm going to need to examine your cervix.

FRILL: I'm so sorry. *(Frill puts her wrist up Margaret's skirt.)*

DOCTOR'S VOICE: Oh, you're dilated. We need to get this party started.

SMITH: *(typing away)* I'm on it. How to assist birth with an online doctor!

KENZO: *(filming the whole scene)* Your child will thank me for this visibility.

SMITH: Technology is saving your life!

MARGARET: *(pushing)* What kind of world... is my baby... being born into?

(Kenzo is elated; Smith is feeling heroic. Watching Margaret's pain being broadcast, however, Frill doesn't seem so sure anymore.)

MARGARET: Utopia?

KENZO, FRILL, SMITH: YouTopia.

END OF PLAY