

# We Met on the InstaGRAM

By Sarah Congress

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Drama Editor JANET EHRLICH COLSON writes: I adore the simplicity of this Zoom-ready micro play by Sarah Congress. Besides two (ballsy) actors and an Internet connection, the only requirement for We Met On the Instagram is a context for the time in which it takes place:*

December 2020 a.k.a. COVID Times.

*And yet it offers a biting commentary on the perils of trying to transcend social distancing via social media (also I get a kick out of the title). The play is full of fun and makes clever use of theatrical conventions, breaking the 4<sup>th</sup> wall (or coming through the screen as it were) with Jeremy's inner thoughts directed to the audience as Claudia dares him to plunge into yet another level of interaction:*

**Claudia:** Hey want to get off of Instagram?

**Jeremy:** *(Looking around the empty stage)* And go where?

**Claudia:** To a Facetime call?

**Jeremy:** Uh. Sure. Okay. Cool. We can FaceTime.

*Then with the speed of broadband, Jeremy and Claudia shed layers of clothing and identity, until the reckoning that this date might be too virtual for reality. (Spacing and format is playwright's own.)*

*We Met On the Instagram*  
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**Characters:**

*Please note that the below parts can be played by an actor of any ethnicity/race.*

**Jeremy:** 35. A super chatty tech start-up guy living in the Upper West Side.

**Claudia:** 35. A surprisingly sultry human resources manager living in New Jersey.

**Set Requirements:**

N/A

**Time:**

December 2020 a.k.a. COVID-19 Times.

*Lights up.*

**Jeremy** sits on a stool at one side of the stage.

*He turns to face the audience.*

**Jeremy:** Statistically speaking, during a pandemic, the chances of meeting a strong, sexy, gorgeous woman in person these days are well, slim. I mean I don't have to tell you all that. That's why you're here with me tonight. Instead of at home. Pouring a glass of wine for this strong, sexy, gorgeous woman.

**Jeremy** takes out a bottle of hand sanitizer.

**Jeremy:** Yeah.

*He sanitizes his hands.*

**Jeremy:** So you can imagine my pleasant surprise when last Tuesday upon leaving the zoom meeting I was in with the investors for the app I'm developing—which I just want to plug real quick. The app is called: JuicyFruit. JuicyFruit is an app that lets you scan any fruit in your house using your phone camera and then it tells you how long a life the fruit has before it goes bad. So like if you have this banana and it's kind of brown but not entirely brown yet, you can use my app JuicyFruit to scan the banana and then you'll find out: oh I have two days to eat this banana. Or oh! This banana is already bad. (*He stares at the audience*) I'm still figuring out the algorithm for how we can use JuicyFruit on vegetables...but anyway—I'm leaving this meeting and I open up Instagram and there right there in my DMs is a message from @claudialovesbigcucumbers which said—

*Lights up on the other side of the stage where **Claudia** sits on a stool.*

*She looks at the audience and pulls out a bottle of vodka from her purse.*

**Claudia:** Hey big boy. I like your feed.

**Jeremy:** So I'm just like WOW. I gotta stalk @claudialovesbigcucumber's Instagram profile.

**Claudia:** There are pictures of me in my tiny black bikini in Mexico City with my girl Ruth. Hey Ruth girl how's it hanging? 2019 was sure fun. Wasn't it? Then it all went to shit.

*Claudia takes a swig of vodka.*

**Claudia:** There are also pictures of me with my old boyfriend Derek—

**Jeremy:** Oh God who is @Derekbuildsbikes—

**Claudia:** At Soul Cycle and having picnics with all of his annoying body-builder friends.

**Jeremy:** Derek has the most masculine Instagram page I've ever scrolled through in my entire life.

**Claudia:** But I also write poetry on my Instagram.

**Jeremy:** Wow she's a writer too? Jackpot.

**Claudia:** I write poetry which I then tattoo on my body.

**Jeremy:** Is that her belly button?

*Jeremy holds up the phone sideways over his head.*

**Claudia:** "Ice cubes are cold but the cold makes me hot."

*Jeremy wipes his brow.*

**Jeremy:** Okay. How do I respond to Claudia?

*He stares at the audience.*

**Jeremy:** You're right. Be direct. Play it cool.

*Jeremy types: perhaps it could be projected across a screen—  
"Thanks ;)"*

**Claudia:** You must work out a lot.

**Jeremy:** Nope.

**Claudia:** Really?

**Jeremy:** Yeah.

**Claudia:** Then how did your arms get so big and strong?

**Jeremy:** I type a lot? On a keyboard? Maybe the ergonomics of my work station and spine position cause for—

**Claudia:** I'm Claudia.

**Jeremy:** Jeremy.

**Claudia:** Hey want to get off of Instagram?

**Jeremy:** (*Looking around the empty stage*) And go where?

**Claudia:** To a Facetime call?

**Jeremy:** Uh. Sure. Okay. Cool. We can FaceTime.

*Jeremy stares at the audience.*

**Jeremy:** Hey it's not like you can get COVID-19 from a phone.

*Silence.*

**Jeremy:** (*Frightened*) Right? Dr. Fauci never said that. Right?

*Claudia fixes her hair and has another swig of vodka.*

*She dials **Jeremy** on FaceTime.*

***Jeremy** hesitates for a moment, then answers.*

**Jeremy:** Hey Claudia.

**Claudia:** Oh my God. Jeremy! You made it.

**Jeremy:** To FaceTime. Yeah. I made the dangerous voyage.

**Claudia:** I loved your Instagram feed.

**Jeremy:** I loved yours too. You're a poet?

**Claudia:** Only at night.

**Jeremy:** Wow.

**Claudia:** During the day I work as a human resources manager for a pharmaceuticals company in Northern New Jersey.

**Jeremy:** Also wow. I would never have guessed that you worked in human resource—

**Claudia:** I like your arms.

**Jeremy:** You said. Thanks. I uh like your—

**Claudia:** I just want to be honest.

**Jeremy:** Of course. Honesty is always the best policy.

**Claudia:** I never do this.

**Jeremy:** Do *what* exactly?

**Claudia:** Pick up guys I've met on the Instagram and then FaceTime with them.

**Jeremy:** Oh. Good. Me either. With woman, I mean.

*He laughs.*

*She laughs.*

**Claudia:** Usually I just start sexting with them.

**Jeremy:** Sexting? You mean writing sexual things with strangers over texts?

**Claudia:** Uhuh, But you you seemed special. I wanted to see your face and those arms. In person sort of...

**Jeremy:** Thanks?

*Claudia takes a swig of vodka.*

**Claudia:** Cheers.

**Jeremy:** Wow vodka straight out of the bottle huh? It's not even three p.m.

**Claudia:** So big boy: how you want to do this?

**Jeremy:** Do what?

**Claudia:** Should I get naked?

**Jeremy:** I mean my God yes. Please get naked.

**Claudia:** Okay I'll get naked.

*Claudia takes off her top.*

**Claudia:** You going to get naked too?

**Jeremy:** Sorry but where is this going?

**Claudia:** We're going to both get naked.

**Jeremy:** Yeah but...why? We're virtual. What's the point?

**Claudia:** Cause it's turning each other on and it's a pandemic and there's nothing else to do except drink vodka.

**Jeremy:** But like I want to do this with you.

**Claudia:** You *are* doing it with me.

**Jeremy:** No...this is just weird simulation porn.

**Claudia:** Oh.

**Jeremy:** I want to touch your hair and kiss your lips and cuddle with you afterwards. It's not everyday that I get to talk to a gorgeous, strong, sexy woman. You know?

**Claudia:** No I don't know.

*Claudia puts her shirt back on.*

**Claudia:** Thanks a lot for wasting my time.

*She has another sip of vodka.*

**Claudia:** Next time don't be such a FUCKING TEASE ON INSTAGRAM.

*Lights out on Claudia.*

*Jeremy looks at the audience.*

**Jeremy:** Statistically speaking, the odds are just not in my favor. However: the odds do still exist. Therefore there is still a chance for me to meet my gorgeous, strong, sexy woman one day. Just maybe not over Instagram. And maybe not during COVID-19.

*Lights out.*

*End of play.*

**THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:** *I have made it my mission during the COVID-19 pandemic to write a ten minute "COVID" comedy a week. This play actually features a BELOVED recurring character, Jeremy (the 35 year-old super chatty, and somewhat lonely, tech start-up guy) who originated in my play The Covid-19 Do-Over Marriage. Hope this piece brightens up your day!*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** My name is Sarah Congress and I write scripts for theatre, television, and the books for musical theatre. My writing has been presented in NYC and in LA. Most recently my play Atlantic Pharmaceuticals was selected as a Finalist for the Think Theater Project "Think Fast" one act play festival (February 2021) and my comedy It's Not Haunted Real Estate won "Best Effects" at the Theatre of Fifth Avenue Virtual Play Festival (November 2020). I am

currently working with The Theatre of Bombay on an Instagram Live production of my comedy *The Covid-19 Do-Over Marriage* and teaching "Writing Comedy for the Television Sitcom" with The Knowledge Project.