

An Excerpt from “Love, Virtually” by Chloe Whitehorn

NOAH: Hey Matt.

MATT: Noah.

NOAH: You know who that is Matt? That’s the girl. Laurel. That’s the girl.

MATT: That’s the Laurel you’ve been talking about?

NOAH: Yeah. She’s beautiful isn’t she?

MATT: We went to high school together.

NOAH: No way? Why didn’t you say something?

MATT: I didn’t know that was the Laurel you meant.

NOAH: Well now you do. She didn’t recognize you.

MATT: Yeah, I caught that.

NOAH: Well, tell me everything you know.

MATT: We weren’t friends.

NOAH: No kidding. She’s not the jock groupie type.

MATT: Dude, you’ve been talking about her for two weeks and you finally just spoke to her. You don’t know her. Right now all you know is that she’s hot.

NOAH: Not true. She comes in every Tuesday after yoga and orders a mocha and a lemon tart, which tells me she takes care of herself and rewards herself when she thinks she’s earned it. On Fridays about half way through the open mic she hurries in and sits at the back with a friend, so she values time with friends but has other priorities that impede on that time—but her friends seem forgiving of that so she must be a lot of fun when she is there. And occasionally, she’ll sit with her laptop and her mascara a little smeared and type furiously while munching on biscotti.

MATT: Does she know you’ve been stalking her?

NOAH: That’s not stalking. That’s being keenly observant in my workplace.

MATT: Well, did you learn anything from talking to her that didn’t require your psych degree?

NOAH: Matt, fuck, what’s with the hostility?

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MATT: Nah man, I just don't want you getting your hopes up. Nothings going to happen, you're not her type.

NOAH: I'm not her type?

MATT: No.

NOAH: And you know this from your years of non-friendship in high school? *(beat)* Oh. Shit. So you do kind of know her.

MATT: No. Not like--.

NOAH: But you wanted to.

MATT: She's why I started playing guitar.

NOAH: You learned guitar for a girl?

MATT: No, I learned guitar for that girl.

NOAH: Matt buddy, you're my best friend but... dude whatever you were waiting for, you waited too long.

MATT: Why, because now that you've talked to her she's yours?

NOAH: No, cause I'm hers. She kissed me.

MATT: She's going on tour. You'll be with someone else before she gets back.

NOAH: No. I told her I'd be here for her.

MATT: For how long?

NOAH: As long as she wants me. This girl is different. She's the one.

MATT: You're 25. What if she falls in love with someone else?

NOAH: She might, but I'm happy enough to stick around until she does.

MATT: I hate you.

NOAH: *(laughing)* You'll get over it.

MATT: You hurt her I'll fucking kill you.

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NOAH: Deal. Now help me write her a letter. I want to send stuff to the venues on her tour so that each stop along the way she gets to know me better.

MATT: That’s really sweet. No.

NOAH: Dude, you’re so much better with words than me. Oh, let’s write her a song.

MATT: No.

NOAH: Matt, you’re my best friend. I’d do it for you.

MATT: You wouldn’t have to.

NOAH: Because you’re a brilliant musician. Which is why I need your help.

*Matt grudgingly picks up his guitar.*

NOAH: Awesome, I’ll just grab some paper. *(exits)*