

Act 1 Scene 1

Start

Lights up on Declan. At the computer in T-shirt, socks and boxer shorts.

DECLAN *(notices the audience)* Hi. The name's O'Doyle, Er, Declan...O'Doyle. Only, I didn't mean to sound like James Bond there. Not that I did. But...I didn't mean to sound like I was *trying* to sound like James Bond there. Because I'm not...at all....James Bond like...*at all*.

Declan starts to put on his jeans, look for his belt and put a shirt on over his T-shirt.

Although, I have to say, I've been feeling a lot more like ol' double 0 recently, eh. Ever since rural internet went high speed. One new-fangled coaxial cable, a router thingy and 15 tiny swear words later I had a whole new world to indulge in! I felt like Mr Bond must have felt when Q presented him with his souped up Aston Martin in Goldfinger. Except that not even revolving licence plates could compare to the whole new world that lay waiting for me.

It all started about two years ago...I felt really...alone and I knew I had to do something about it...not easy when you live with my mother. I didn't get nearly enough time for it, just stolen moments which made the whole thing very frustrating, until... I discovered it all online!

No more relying on stacks of magazines or the odd snippet from a newspaper. No more phone calls that would last forever...costing a fortune. Here was everything I had been looking for, at my fingertips! That's why I said O'Doyle. My name's O'Doyle. Because that's what it is on there. My screen-name. You're not supposed to use your real name. Well, it's not a rule, necessarily, just not the norm. People tend to go with more random aliases. LollipopStar, GaelicSiren ...TractorTrailer58. Not a particularly sexy name but certainly conjures up an image to work with.

But I go with O'Doyle. Anonymity somewhat negates the process I feel.

Undermines the reason for being there...the *connection*.

Now for most people such a pastime has no overtones of shame, no reason to be embarrassed...but not with my mother in the house. She'd kill me...

End

But I have to do it! It's in my blood. And this makes it so simple, so easy...it's quite addictive!

(Getting carried away) A few clicks and it's right there before your eyes. Stripped bare. Glorious. I can feel my heart racing and I'm aware of every breath. It makes you feel alive. Tingly. And then you think about the other people who have clicked on that very link, seen the same things you have, with the same passion and-

CHERYL (shouts) Declan!

Cheryl knocks on the door

DECLAN Shit.

CHERYL I'm coming in. Are you decent?

DECLAN Yes.

CHERYL Are you sure?

DECLAN (confused) Yeeees.

Cheryl enters.

CHERYL Right I've had enough of you skulking in your room all day. It's not normal to spend every waking hour hunched over a computer-