Viral

By Alex OBT

Viral

Runtime: 60 mins

Cast size: 30-50. 10 XF, 16 XM, 16X, plus or minus 10

*XF/XM: Suggested gender, but possible to change with minimal adjustments to script.*

**Introduction**

Viral is a satire of the Internet, taking us on an anthropomorphic journey through the Internet world. The play has a picaresque structure: the main characters appear in virtually every scene, but play as small a role as possible, allowing for vignettes to play out between other characters. Other than the main character, the roles are very evenly divided, and each has a lot of comic potential as the human or humanoid representation of a well-known website. Every character is written to be gender neutral, so able to be played as female, male, or neither; my character notes below contain only suggested gender of characters, if casting in a mixed gender group. The different vignettes contain humour that will appeal to different age groups, for example the slapstick of the trolls vs. the character comedy of social media sites, so I’ve also attached suggestions for which age group to cast the characters as, if you have a mixed age cast.

The play calls for lots of set changes, but as it’s set almost entirely within the Internet, a minimalistic or overarching general set with a digital theme would work just as well.

The play will most appeal to an age range of 6-15.

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**Synopsis**

*You have 16 new notifications.*

Welcome to a world full of grammatically challenged cats with short attention spans. A world where carnivorous blue birds feast on the unwary. A world plagued by pirates and riddled with deadly viruses. A world where every step you take ensnares you more and more in a web of your own making.

That’s right. We’ve entered the surreal and dangerous world of the Internet. Though trouble is brewing across the land; some websites are vanishing in mysterious circumstances, and some are going viral and causing havoc and destruction. Regan is sucked into the middle of this mystery and must travel across the land in a desperate bid to unravel it so that she can travel back to reality.

**Character List**

Regan (Main, XF) Earnest hero, whose only weakness is her tendency to procrastinate. She is cunning and resourceful, and quick to adapt to every challenge the bizarre world of the Internet throws at her.

Google (Big, XF) Regan’s trusty friend, advisor, and sidekick. Always good-natured and helpful. Wears all white.

Mother (Small, XF) Regan’s slightly hypocritical parent.

Twitter birds x 4 (Small, X) A terrifying carnivorous flock who mindlessly repeat everything their victims say. Wears blue bird masks and costumes. *For very large casts, the Twitter birds could be increased in number and played by different actors in each of their three appearances (including their appearance as trolls)*

Tweet (Small, X): The smallest and most harmless-looking of the Twitter birds. *Otherwise not differentiated from the other Twitter birds, and would normally also play a troll.*

Stalking Cat (Small, X) A macho and predatory cat. *All references to LOLCATS in script and scene list do not include Stalking Cat.*

**The Hub** (older)

Facebook (Medium, XM) Overfamiliar and annoying. Always standing too close to people and making slightly weird comments.

Instagram (Medium, XF) Vain and superficial, barely tolerating Facebook. Heavily made up and well dressed.

Tumblr (Medium, XF) Angsty and emotional, with a tendency to get into arguments. Wears kawaii Japanese fashion, goth/steampunk, or some other costume-esque fashion.

Linked In (Medium, XM) A constantly stressed business person in a suit. Switches between impatience with everyone and transparent schmoozing.

**Wikipedia** (older): three-headed mansplainer and pretentious know-it-all, with a tendency to waffle on tangents. *Wikipedia’s heads could be increased in number.*

Mizaru (Medium, XM)

Kikazaru (Medium, XM)

Iwazaru (Medium, XM)

**The Marketplace** (older)

OK Cupid (Small, X) sickeningly schmaltzy matchmaker with fluffy wings and a bow.

Amazon (Small, XM) Oily salesman, with the manner of an American grifter or London hawker. Wears an oversized trenchcoat full of trinkets.

eBay (Small, XM) fast-talking and hard-selling auctioneer. Wears an ill-fitting jacket.

Netflix (Small, XM) Flirtatious and slightly creepy loiterer. Wears sunglasses.

**YouTube** (younger): The LOLcats are grammatically challenged, with breathy voices. They are playful, not very bright, and easily distracted. They all wear cat costumes with additional human-like elements. *The number of LOLcats can be easily increased or reduced.*

Chairman Meow (Small, X) The serious leader of the Lolcats. Wears a jacket and tie.

Chemistry Cat (Small, X) A rational and sensible Lolcat. Wears a bowtie, lab jacket, and round glasses.

Happy Cat (Small, X) A breezy and positive Lolcat, wearing a t-shirt with a smile emoticon.

Grumpy Cat (Small, X) A sour and depressing Lolcat who’s constantly frowning, wearing a t-shirt saying NO.

Doge (Small, X) A fabulous and fashion-conscious dog with a scarf.

**Pirate Bay**: The pirates are fierce but freedom-loving revellers.

Silver (Medium, XM) A soft-hearted pirate with a slightly paternal air. Wears an eyepatch.

Roberts (Medium, X) A stern and rugged pirate.

Blackbeard (Medium, X) A wild and adventurous pirate.

**Popups**: The popups are sirens of the sea, waiting to lure unsuspecting voyagers to their doom. Dressed in gauzy flowing robes.

Leucosia (Small, XF)

Peisinoe (Small, XF)

Aglaope (Small, XF)

**Trolls** (younger): The trolls are repellent, argumentative creatures who love to insult and enrage each other. They have the ability to flame people too. *The trolls are played by the same actors as the Twitter birds.*

Jotunn (Small, X)

Thurz (Small, X)

Risi (Small, X)

Blamoar (Small, X)

**Reporters 1** (older)

HuffPost (Medium, XF) Intense and fast-talking reporter, with a steely focus on the truth.

Slate (Medium, XF) Highly opinionated anchor with eyes all over the place.

MSN (Small, X) Puffed-up reporter, trying to impress their peers

Yahoo (Small, X) Incredulous and excitable reporter, repeating their superiors

**Reporters 2** (older)

Buzzfeed (Medium, XM) Talks quickly and clipped, like an old-fashioned radio reporter. Extremely impatient and quick to bore.

Upworthy (Small, X) Speaks only in words starting with capital letters. Hippie vibes.

Reddit (Medium, XM) A paranoid and anxious conspiracy theorist. Wears a dressing gown.

**Forgotten Cemetery** (older): The Undead are shambling, zombie-like spectres.

Bebo (Medium, X) Harbours bitter grievances and enmities.

MySpace (Small, X) More upbeat and positive, trying to make the best of things.

Jeeves (Small, XM) Shambling zombie butler in a bedraggled suit, who struggles in his duties.

Bing (Small, XM) Infuriatingly peppy and detestable in every way.

AOL (Medium, XM) A zombie king in tattered raiments. Speaks slowly and regally, with bone-crushing weariness.

**Scene character list**

*This list is provided to help keep track of who is needed in which scene. Names in brackets are characters who are present, with minimal roles.*

1. FIRST STRIKE

Twitter birds, Stalking Cat

1. THE DESCENT
   1. Regan, Mother
   2. Regan, Lolcats
2. YOUTUBE
   1. Lolcats, (Regan)
   2. Lolcats, Regan
3. GOOGLE

Regan, Google

1. THE HUB
   1. Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr
   2. Regan, Google, Linked In, Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr
   3. Linked In, Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr
2. WIKIPEDIA

Regan, Google, Wikipedia

1. THE MARKETPLACE
   1. Regan, Google, Amazon, eBay, Netflix, Cupid, Twitter birds
   2. Regan, Google, Twitter birds, Pirates
   3. Regan, Google, Pirates
2. UNCHARTED WATERS

Regan, Pirates, Popups

1. THE TROLLS
   1. Twitter birds, (Regan)
   2. Regan, Twitter birds
2. THE REPORTERS
   1. HuffPost, Slate, MSN, Yahoo
   2. Regan, Buzzfeed, Upworthy, (HuffPost, Slate, MSN, Yahoo)
   3. Regan, Reddit, (HuffPost, Slate, MSN, Yahoo)
3. THE VIRUS
   1. Regan, Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr, Linked In
   2. Regan, Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr, Linked In, Pirates
   3. Regan, Pirates, (Instagram, Facebook, Tumblr, Linked In)
4. THE FORGOTTEN CEMETERY
   1. Regan, Bebo
   2. The Dead, (Regan)
   3. Regan, The Dead
5. BATTLE ROYALE
   1. Regan, Google
   2. Regan, Google, Wikipedia
   3. Regan, Google, Amazon, eBay, Netflix, Cupid, (Wikipedia)
   4. Regan, Google, Lolcats, (Amazon, eBay, Netflix, Cupid, Wikipedia)
6. ESCAPE
   1. Regan, Google
   2. Regan, Mother

Viral

**Scene 1**

*A charming, tranquil garden. TWEET is pecking around in the middle, or splashing in a bird bath. STALKING CAT enters, unseen by TWEET, eyeing TWEET up. Sinister music plays. TWEET periodically gets suspicious and glances around, whereupon STALKING CAT freezes or hides. Then, there’s a brief blackout, during which STALKING CAT swiftly moves much closer to TWEET, in a pouncing pose. TWEET looks around and finally spots STALKING CAT.*

STALKING I’s got you now, little birdie!

*STALKING CAT pounces on TWEET, but TWEET jumps out of the way.*

TWEET I’s got you now! I’s got you now! #threatening

*STALKING CAT looks quizzically at TWEET.*

STALKING Come here! You’re mine.

*STALKING CAT lunges at TWEET, who again jumps out of the way. The other TWITTER BIRDS enter, and with sharp, bird-like movements, come closer and closer to STALKING CAT and encircle her.*

TWEET You’re mine! You’re mine! #possessive

STALKING Not so fast! I’s going to eat you alive.

TWEET Not so fast!

*The TWITTER BIRDS echo STALKING CAT by each repeating part of her line, separately but overlapping, perhaps changing the words slightly, and adding hashtags ad lib.*

TWITTER I’s going to eat you alive. Eat you alive! #dinnertime

*STALKING CAT discovers the TWITTER BIRDS encircling her, arches, hisses, and tries to escape. But every way she turns is blocked by a TWITTER BIRD.*

STALKING Get away from me! Help! Help!

TWITTER Get away from me! Help! I’s got you now! I’s going to eat you alive! You’re mine! Not so fast! Help! You’re mine! #toolate #doomed

*The TWITTER BIRDS descend on STALKING CAT, who screams. They continue to echo any of STALKING CAT’s lines and add hashtags as they consume her.*

*Blackout.*

**Scene 2a**

*REGAN’s bedroom. REGAN is sitting, typing frantically at her laptop.*

REGAN *(Leaning back, satisfied)* OK, finally done! *(Checks time on smartphone)* Why did that take so long?

MOTHER *(Offstage)* Regan! Dinnertime!

REGAN Coming! I’m finishing my homework right this second.

MOTHER *(Offstage)* You’ve been saying that for hours! What’s the hold up?

REGAN I don’t know! I just had a couple of other things I needed to do at the same time.

*MOTHER enters.*

MOTHER On your laptop as usual? I knew it! You’d spend all day staring at that screen if I let you! What’s the harm in just once joining your family for some good old fashioned television?

REGAN Mum, my teacher wants all our homework submitted online now. I have to be on my laptop.

MOTHER *(Sighing)* Well, can’t you submit it after dinner and come join us?

REGAN I’m coming right now. Literally right now.

MOTHER OK, whatever you say. See you down there.

*MOTHER exits.*

**Scene 2b**

*During the below, REGAN continues to type and move her mouse, getting for and more fatigued and frantic while her laptop or phone periodically dings. The noise can be the same or different each time.*

REGAN OK, just got to find the submission page, and… *(Ding)* Oh, wait, I have a notification. Let me just check that…*(Ding)* Shoot! Forgot I was supposed to see if I was free on Friday. I’ll just have a quick look…*(Ding)* Whoa, three unread emails! Let’s see…spam, spam, ooh a special offer? For me? Oh, for virus protection software. Wait, didn’t I get an email about that running out? I’ll just have a look. *(REGAN’s phone rings. She looks at it.)* A message. Oh, it’s just about Friday. I just told her I was busy! Didn’t I? Was I on Facebook or WhatsApp? *(Typing message as she says it out loud)* One second, I’m just checking. *(Ding)* Ooh, what’s this video? Best Summer Cat Compilation Volume 2? No, I’m in the middle of something. Wait, what was I in the middle of? Oh, what the hell, it’s only 3 minutes long.

*REGAN watches and reacts to the videos as they’re acted out in other parts of the stage. In this scene, the LOLCATS just look like normal cats/dogs, without human costume.*

*HAPPY CAT and CHEMISTRY CAT enter and take up poses staring at each other.*

CHEMISTRY Meow!

HAPPY Meow!

CHEMISTRY Meow!

HAPPY Meow!

CHEMISTRY Woof!

*HAPPY CAT starts backwards then curls up in fright. REGAN laughs hysterically.*

REGAN The cat went woof! So good.

*DOGE enters and strikes a fabulous pose.*

DOGE Yas!

*REGAN laughs.*

*CHAIRMAN MEOW enters and sits next to a big cardboard box, staring at it intently. MEOW reaches cautiously into it, then falls entirely inside. Pause. MEOW’s head emerges from the top of the box. REGAN laughs.*

*GRUMPY CAT enters and sits looking miserable and not reacting while HAPPY CAT and CHEMISTRY CAT purr at his feet. Suddenly, GRUMPY CAT hisses loudly, and HAPPY CAT and CHEMISTRY CAT scamper away and hide. REGAN laughs.*

REGAN OK, I have got to post this on my wall. Then I’d better head downstairs.

*REGAN types a bit more into her laptop, then stands up and turns to leave, finding herself face to face with CHAIRMAN MEOW.*

REGAN What? How did you get into my room?

*REGAN turns the other way, and finds herself confronted by DOGE.*

DOGE Such confused!

*REGAN steps back and looks around the room confusedly.*

REGAN Wait. This isn’t my room…

*REGAN looks back at her laptop screen.*

REGAN My room’s through there! What’s it doing on my screen? How did it – how did I – where am I?

*REGAN looks around at the LOLCATS, who have carried on and ignored her.*

REGAN *(hitting the Esc key frantically)* Stop this! I want to stop the video! I want to get out!

*REGAN looks around again, to see all the LOLCATS still there.*

GRUMPY No.

*REGAN faints.*

**Scene 3a**

*Transition to the LOLCAT boardroom. A semicircle of cushions, suiting the character of each LOLCAT. There are also large balls of yarn and scratching posts. The LOLCATS are lounging around all over the place, all now wearing their humanoid costumes. CHAIRMAN MEOW is sitting in the centre of the semicircle. REGAN is unconscious in the middle of the semicircle.*

MEOW Oh hai. I call dis council meetin 2 ordr!

*CHEMISTRY CAT, HAPPY CAT, and DOGE gather more closely to MEOW. GRUMPY remains scowling and aloof.*

CHEMISTRY Oh hai.

HAPPY Oh hai.

DOGE Oh hai.

MEOW Grumpy cat! I call dis council meetin 2 ordr!

GRUMPY I heard you the first time, Chairman Meow.

MEOW All Lolcats must attend teh council meetin.

GRUMPY Why?

HAPPY Cuz council meetins r fun!

GRUMPY I had fun once. It was terrible.

MEOW Grumpy Cat!

GRUMPY Fine. But I’m not going to enjoy myself.

*GRUMPY CAT takes a seat with the others.*

MEOW Item 1 on teh agendr. *(gesturing at REGAN)* Hu dis?

HAPPY Dis are Ceiling Cat! Gr8 kitteh in teh ceiling hu always watchin.

LOLCATS All Hale Ceiling Cat!

CHEMISTRY Happy Cat, dis not Ceiling Cat! Ceiling Cat iz kitteh. Gurl r gurl.

HAPPY Ceiling Cat taek many forms, Chemisty Cat! Ceiling Cat r gurl now.

CHEMISTRY Ceiling Cat never slepe. Ceiling Cat always watchin.

MEOW Where dis gurl coem from?

DOGE Gurl caem on teh YouToobs.

MEOW Teh YouToobs? Teh Youtoobs r 4 kittehs. Not humans.

**Scene 3b**

*REGAN sits up suddenly. LOLCATS start back and raise their paws in surprise. They hold surprised expressions and gestures while REGAN looks around.*

REGAN Where am I?

*LOLCATS look fearfully from one to another.*

MEOW Yu iz in world, Great Ceiling Cat.

LOLCATS All hale Ceiling Cat!

*LOLCATS bow to REGAN.*

REGAN Great Ceiling Cat?

LOLCATS All hale Ceiling Cat!

*LOLCATS bow to REGAN.*

REGAN What’s the Ceiling Cat?

*LOLCATS look confusedly at each other.*

DOGE Ceiling Cat, *yu* iz Ceiling Cat!

REGAN I’m not a ceiling cat.

*LOLCATS glance between each other in confusion.*

MEOW Ceiling Cat knoes all fings. So if Ceiling Cat saiz her not Ceiling Cat, ven Ceiling Cat iz not Ceiling Cat.

*LOLCATS nod wisely.*

CHEMISTRY But only Ceiling Cat knoes all fings. So if her not Ceiling Cat, ven her not knoe her iz not Ceiling Cat!

*LOLCATS are puzzled again.*

DOGE If Ceiling Cat not knoe her not Ceiling Cat, ven Ceiling Cat iz Ceiling Cat.

LOLCATS All Hale Ceiling Cat!

*LOLCATS bow to REGAN.*

MEOW Ceiling Cat, wer iz ar frend Stalking Cat? Stalking Cat vanisheding.

REGAN I don’t know what you’re talking about.

DOGE We miss Stalking Cat! Much sadness.

GRUMPY I don’t miss Stalking Cat.

HAPPY Bring Stalking Cat back!

REGAN Look, I don’t think I can help. I don’t know where I am, let alone where your friend is.

MEOW We iz in teh YouToobs, Ceiling Cat!

REGAN YouTube?

CHEMISTRY Teh YouToobs r a big toobs 4 kittehs 2 liev in.

DOGE And soemtimes doges.

CHEMISTRY Yes, Doge, and soemtimes doges.

REGAN How did I get *inside* YouTube?

MEOW Cuz yu iz in all fings, Ceiling Cat.

LOLCATS All Hale Ceiling Cat!

REGAN I don’t want to be in YouTube. I just want to go home!

**Scene 4**

*Transition to homepage. A totally empty white space. LOLCATS exit and GOOGLE enters. REGAN looks around warily, spots GOOGLE, and jumps back.*

GOOGLE Welcome home!

REGAN Who are you?

GOOGLE You know me! I’m Google. I’m here to help. You need to go somewhere in a hurry? I’m the only friend you need!

REGAN How did…what did you do?

GOOGLE You asked to go home. So here we are! Your homepage.

REGAN Home*page?*

GOOGLE You know, the front room. The portal. To everything out *there.*

*GOOGLE gestures grandly towards the horizon. REGAN follows his gaze, nonplussed.*

REGAN What, just miles and miles of white?

GOOGLE To the World Wide Web!

*REGAN looks blank.*

GOOGLE Do people in your world still say that, or…?

REGAN I…don’t think so.

GOOGLE Never mind. You’re in the Internet now, and once I’ve shown you around you’ll never want to leave!

REGAN But it’s so…empty.

GOOGLE I’ll admit, you haven’t personalized it much. But I can help with that! A couple of nice widgets on the wall, maybe, a custom dashboard…

REGAN It’s fine. Really. Can you just tell me how to get out of this place?

GOOGLE Do you have a destination in mind?

REGAN Anywhere but here!

*REGAN tries to walk away from GOOGLE, but marches on the spot, making no progress. She looks over her shoulder and is confused to find GOOGLE still standing right there. She tries another direction, but the same thing happens.*

REGAN What’s happening to me? Why can’t I go anywhere?

GOOGLE You can’t leave unless you know where you’re going. Just tell me where you want to go, anywhere at all, and I’ll get you there straight away. That’s what I’m here for.

REGAN I want to go back to my room!

GOOGLE *(wincing)* Just not there. I can’t help you get back there. Sorry.

REGAN My house? Anywhere in my neighbourhood would be fine.

GOOGLE Ah. No can do.

REGAN I thought you said –

GOOGLE I can get you most places. I just can’t get you anywhere in the, you know, the world.

REGAN What?

GOOGLE The real world, I mean. You know, the place that has all the…objects. And things. And stuff. But anywhere else, and I’m the guy you need!

REGAN OK. So who *does* know how to get me out of here?

GOOGLE *(Shrugging)* Er, I don’t know. *(Lighting up)* But I know someone who might *know* someone who does! They’re the most well-connected people in town. They know everybody around here!

REGAN May as well start somewhere. How long will it take to get there?

GOOGLE No time at all! In this place, everything is the same distance away from each other. That is to say, no distance at all! Search and you shall find, that’s what I like to say!

*GOOGLE leads REGAN away.*

**Scene 5a**

*Transition to The Hub: the living room of a shared flat. Rundown, with evidence of heavy partying everywhere. The walls are covered in photos and messages. FACEBOOK and INSTAGRAM are on a sofa. INSTAGRAM fiddles with her phone, then pulls a posey face and takes a selfie. Just before the photo takes, FACEBOOK slides into the picture.*

INSTAGRAM Do you mind? I just want one, you know, nice photo.

FACEBOOK *(not getting hint, looking at screen)* That one came out OK, didn’t it?

INSTAGRAM Yeah, I guess. But I need one where you can see my whole outfit.

*INSTAGRAM slides away from FACEBOOK and takes another photo, which FACEBOOK again slides into at the last minute.*

INSTAGRAM Could you just not? Just once, could you not be in every photo I’m in?

FACEBOOK But Instagram, we’re best friends! Best friends always take photos together. That’s how they know they’re best friends!

*FACEBOOK remains right next to INSTAGRAM, grinning directly into her face.*

INSTAGRAM *(arching back as much as they can)* Sure. But best friends also know when to…you know…give each other space.

*FACEBOOK doesn’t move.*

INSTAGRAM For example, now.

FACEBOOK Oh. I get it. *(Slides away mournfully.)* If you don’t want to be friends, that’s fine. I guess. It’s just that I really like you. As a friend, I mean.

INSTAGRAM I…like you too. I suppose.

FACEBOOK *(beaming)* Like! *(Pokes INSTAGRAM)*

INSTAGRAM *(Snapping)* Facebook, we talked about the poking thing literally yesterday! Just stop it! It’s weird!

*FACEBOOK catches himself, unsure. TUMBLR enters.*

TUMBLR It’s not just weird. It contributes to the systematic oppression of beings who don’t have index fingers. Beings like me.

FACEBOOK Sorry, Tumblr. I didn’t mean to offend you.

TUMBLR That’s OK. It’s not your fault you’re always wrong.

INSTAGRAM Tumblr, for the last time, you’re not a flying harpsichord.

TUMBLR You don’t know anything about me!

INSTAGRAM Well, I know that you can’t fly, and that you’re not a harpsichord.

TUMBLR You know what? You remind me of my mum.

*INSTAGRAM is horrified.*

TUMBLR She never understood me. She never even tried. And you don’t understand me either! Nobody understands me. I’m doomed to wonder through my life alone and misunderstood…*(TUMBLR begins to cry.)*

FACEBOOK Now look what you’ve done. You’ve made Tumblr cry. *(To TUMBLR)* Hey, Tumblr, Instagram didn’t mean what she said, OK? *(Pause.)* I know what will cheer you up. It always cheers me up! Are you ready? Here it comes!

*FACEBOOK pokes TUMBLR. TUMBLR pushes him away.*

TUMBLR Get off me, you patriarchal fascist…patriarch!

**Scene 5b**

*REGAN and GOOGLE ring the bell/knock on the floor. FACEBOOK perks up.*

FACEBOOK New friends!

*FACEBOOK opens the door.*

FACEBOOK *(Extremely excited)* Hey, guys! It’s so good so see you both!

*FACEBOOK hugs REGAN and holds it. After a while, REGAN gently tries to move away but can’t. FACEBOOK sighs contentedly, withdraws, and beams at REGAN. Then he turns to GOOGLE with a smile and outstretched arms.*

GOOGLE Actually, I’m OK –

*GOOGLE is too late, and stands awkwardly stiffly as FACEBOOK hugs him for the same length of time, sighs contentedly, withdraws, and beams at GOOGLE.*

FACEBOOK Google! It’s so good to see you again. *(To REGAN)* Hi there! My name’s Facebook. Are you new?

REGAN *(to GOOGLE)* This is Facebook? As in, *the* Facebook?

FACEBOOK Have you heard of me already? Oh, I’m sure we have loads of mutual friends. Come in, guys! Would you like a drink?

*FACEBOOK gets a glass of water while REGAN and GOOGLE enter the house and stand uncomfortably in the middle of the room.*

REGAN I’m OK, thanks.

FACEBOOK Are you sure? Not even a glass of water?

REGAN No, really, it’s fine.

FACEBOOK *(Handing REGAN a glass of water)* Well, here’s one anyway. You guys must be thirsty! How about some snacks?

REGAN I just ate.

FACEBOOK *(throwing bags of crisps at REGAN)* No problem! It’s honestly no problem. We just love having people over! Wouldn’t you say, Tumblr?

*TUMBLR has settled down but is still sulking. She glowers at FACEBOOK.*

FACEBOOK Instagram?

INSTAGRAM *(not looking up from her phone)* Yeah. Love it.

*LINKEDIN enters abruptly, on his phone, with a laptop case. He looks around the room with annoyance, switching back to a sunny tone while talking.*

LINKEDIN …it’ll be *so good* to catch up again. I can’t believe it’s already been two years! The little one – well, I suppose he’s not so little any more, is he? Ha ha ha! But if you hear anything else about that vacancy in the meantime, you know where to find me! Great talk. Ok, I’ll let you go. OK. Bye now. Yes, goodbye. Bye then.

*LINKEDIN hangs up, his demeanour switching immediately to annoyance.*

LINKEDIN Would it have killed one of you to do just a little tidying while I was at work? Or were you too busy taking photographs of each other? I’m networking 24/7 right now, I don’t have time to pick up after the two of you.

FACEBOOK Sorry, Linked In. We had some friends show up and we got distracted.

LINKEDIN *(noticing REGAN for the first time; switching back to an obsequious tone)* Sorry if I didn’t make the best first impression. Hi there, I’m Linked In. *(Handing REGAN a business card)* Here’s my card. And you are…?

REGAN Regan.

LINKEDIN So good to meet you, Regan! What sector did you say you worked in?

REGAN I…don’t. I’m at school.

LINKEDIN *(tone switching to dismissive)* Oh, right. Never mind then. Has anyone heard from Pinterest recently?

INSTAGRAM Nope.

LINKEDIN Pinterest owes me two months’ rent now. This isn’t an acceptable way to treat your housemates.

INSTAGRAM I’m really worried. It’s not like Pinterest to keep this quiet. Something must have happened.

FACEBOOK You don’t think…?

TUMBLR What if Pinterest’s been…*taken?*

LINKEDIN I’ve asked several of my contacts, and they’ve heard nothing.

INSTAGRAM This can’t keep happening! Someone needs to stand up and stop them. Whoever they are.

REGAN Stop what?

TUMBLR Oh, it’s so awful. People have started disappearing all over the place. Never to be heard from again!

REGAN Those cats I was with said the exact same thing. They had a friend who went missing.

TUMBLR It’s been happening all over the Internet. Nobody knows why.

FACEBOOK People are too afraid to step out of their domains anymore!

LINKEDIN *(aside)* Yeah, or just too lazy.

INSTAGRAM Google, didn’t you say you’d found a way to stop it?  
FACEBOOK Yeah, you were going to bring in outside help.

GOOGLE *(awkwardly)* Yes. I’m kind of…working on that plan still.

REGAN Outside help? What kind of outside help?

GOOGLE OK, maybe I should come clean. I’m the reason you’re here.

REGAN *What?*

GOOGLE We were getting desperate. Nobody knew what to do. All we knew was that no website was safe from being targeted. So I thought if I brought in someone from outside, someone who was safe from danger…

REGAN You told me you didn’t know how to bring people in!

GOOGLE Actually, I said I didn’t know how to take people *out*. Which is true. That part is very complicated.

REGAN So you’ve trapped me in here?

GOOGLE Look, I’m sure between us we’ll be able to figure something out. But right now, the entire land is in danger, and you’re the only person who can save us! Say you’ll try?  
FACEBOOK You’d be our best friends forever!

REGAN *(After some pained thinking)* OK. I’ll try. But then I need to go back home.

FACEBOOK Love!

*FACEBOOK hugs REGAN very tightly, for longer than the previous time, making contented purring noises. REGAN tries to politely wiggle free several times.*

REGAN So…what happened to Pinterest?

TUMBLR It was my fault. I got into an argument with her about the cultural connotations of taking photographs…

INSTAGRAM Have you ever tried just not getting into an argument with everyone the whole time?

TUMBLR *(Angry)* I don’t know, Instagram. Have *you* ever tried not being wrong about everything? *(To REGAN)* Anyway, the next thing I know, she stormed out of here to prove me wrong. The only place I can think of that she might have gone is the library.

REGAN Then let’s go.

GOOGLE Sounds like the best plan we have right now.

*As REGAN and GOOGLE make to leave, FACEBOOK pulls them over to the sofa.*

FACEBOOK Oh! Before you guys go, we *have* to get a photo together! Gather round, everyone!

*FACEBOOK forces everyone into a photo. INSTAGRAM doesn’t look up or react to it. FACEBOOK smiles at the printed result.*

FACEBOOK Like! That’s going straight on my wall.

*FACEBOOK sticks photo to a wall.*

FACEBOOK Are we friends now?

REGAN Er, I mean…

FACEBOOK Amazing! I can tell we’re going to be such good friends.

REGAN I only just met you.

FACEBOOK I know! But still. Friends for life, right?

INSTAGRAM Facebook, you have *got* to stop doing this to everyone you meet. Just because you’ve talked to them for 5 seconds doesn’t make them your friend. OK?

*REGAN and GOOGLE take the opportunity to sidle away.*

**Scene 5c**

FACEBOOK OK. I just thought…

INSTAGRAM You thought wrong. Just leave it.

*Pause.*

FACEBOOK Sometimes I feel like…I feel like nobody in this house appreciates what I do.

INSTAGRAM *(sarcastically)* Oh, for Google’s sake. Now you’re starting to sound like Tumblr.

TUMBLR That’s it! I’m going to my room! And I’m never coming out again!

*TUMBLR storms off with tears in her eyes.*

LINKEDIN What *is* it exactly that you do?

FACEBOOK *(incredulous)* What do I do?

LINKEDIN Instagram is building a personal brand. Tumblr is debating all the key issues of the day. I’m networking with all the right people. What is it…exactly…that you’re bringing to the team?

FACEBOOK I…I…

INSTAGRAM Just what I thought.

FACEBOOK So. The truth comes out. You both think I’m washed up, is that it? Well, both of you are forgetting one very important thing. And that’s the power of friendship! As long as you have friends in your corner, you never have anything to worry about. Right, Regan? Regan?

*FACEBOOK looks around to find REGAN and GOOGLE have left.*

FACEBOOK Where did they go?

**Scene 6**

*Transition to a stuffy library, full of old books. The three-headed form of WIKIPEDIA – MIZARU, KIKAZARU, and IWAZARU – is inspecting and editing various books in turn, with little tuts of disappointment. REGAN and GOOGLE enter.*

GOOGLE Here we are. The Great Library. Source of all wisdom and understanding.

REGAN Wow. Does it go on forever?

GOOGLE Nobody knows. Nobody can be bothered to find out.

*WIKIPEDIA notices them and ambles over.*

MIZARU Good day to you both. Can I help you with anything?

GOOGLE Greetings, O illustrious keeper of the truth! Gatekeeper of the wisdom of the masses! Sentinel to the knowledge of a civilisation! The one they call…Wikipedia!

*WIKIPEDIA bows genially.*

KIKAZARU What is it that you’d like to know?

GOOGLE We’re wondering if you happened to see Pinterest coming in here recently.

IWAZARU Such a question is beneath my dignity to answer. I am the almighty Wikipedia! I deal in absolute Truth.

WIKIPEDIA One Truth!

GOOGLE Well, do you know anything about the disappearances that have been happening all over the Internet? How could this be happening right under our noses?

*WIKIPEDIA thinks sombrely for a while.*

MIZARU A nose is a protuberance in vertebrates that houses the nostrils, which admit and expel air for respiration in conjunction with the mouth.

KIKAZARU *(overlapping on ‘the mouth’)* The mouth, in species where it is anatomically distinct, is the first part of the digestive system.

IWAZARU *(overlapping on ‘digestive’)* A digestive biscuit, sometimes described as a sweet-meal biscuit, is a semi-sweet biscuit that originated in the United Kingdom and is popular worldwide.

KIKAZARU *(overlapping on ‘United Kingdom’)* The United Kingdom was discovered in 1492 by Dutch navigators. The idea faced resistance from the Catholic Church, who maintained it was a species of whale.

MIZARU *(overlapping on ‘whale’)* Whales are the largest –

REGAN Hang on a second. That can’t have been right. Nobody thought the United Kingdom was a whale.

KIKAZARU Of course it was right!

IWAZARU After all, we said it. And we only speak the Truth.

WIKIPEDIA One truth!

MIZARU We have harvested the fruits of millions of minds! It is impossible that we might be wrong.

KIKAZARU (*Very snidely)* And if you fail to understand that, dear child, we can always tell you in Simple English.

REGAN *(to GOOGLE)* I don’t think we’re going to get anywhere like this. We’ll have to try somewhere else.

GOOGLE Where?

REGAN A busy part of town. Somewhere with lots of people who might have noticed something.

GOOGLE There’s always the marketplace, by the sea I suppose. But…oh, you don’t want to go there.

REGAN Why not?

GOOGLE It’s a rough neighbourhood. There are a lot of con artists and shysters out to get you.

MIZARU The word shyster is thought to be derived from the character of Shylock in Shakespeare’s Merchant of Venice.

IWAZARU Citation needed! It is thought to be derived from the Middle English word ‘shy’, meaning ‘disreputable’.

REGAN I’m sorry, do you guys need a moment to fight amongst yourselves?

IWAZARU We’re not fighting!

MIZARU Yes, we are.

IWAZARU Why would we ever need to fight? There is only one truth.

WIKIPEDIA One truth!

IWAZARU And we’re never wrong, so we must know what it is. No, we just need to…reason things out between ourselves from time to time. The many minds which we are comprised of…

MIZARU Actually, we don’t end a sentence with a preposition. It’s better English to say “Of which we are comprised”.

KIKAZARU Actually, the word ‘comprised’ doesn’t take a preposition at all. It’s a transitive verb. We sound like an idiot, and everyone is laughing at us.

REGAN I think I’d rather take my chances at this marketplace than keep listening to these guys.

GOOGLE OK, you win.

**Scene 7a**

*Transition to the marketplace, with a number of stalls. A port and harbour could also be depicted in the background. AMAZON and EBAY are touting their wares to passers-by, including NETFLIX and CUPID.*

REGAN This doesn’t seem so bad to me. No worse than what we have at home.

GOOGLE This is the respectable part of town. It’s not too bad. *(Ominously)* Just don’t take a wrong turn, or you could find yourself down at the bay.

REGAN What’s wrong with the bay?

GOOGLE *(Fearfully)* It’s a no-man’s land. Every criminal and good-for-nothing in town is washed up at the bay sooner or later.

NETFLIX *(To REGAN)* Hey. I’m Netflix. Smooth. Multifaceted. Always fascinating. You wanna chill with me sometime?

REGAN I’m kinda busy right now.

NETFLIX Are you sure, babe? Because there’s a spot on my sofa with your name on it. *(Clicks his fingers at REGAN.)*

CUPID Hey, push off, you creep! Can’t you see that these two already have something special going on? *(To REGAN and GOOGLE)* I’m right, aren’t I? When you’re OK Cupid, it’s kind of your job to tell if two people are compatible.

*REGAN and GOOGLE* *jump apart.*

REGAN Uh, there’s nothing going on here.

GOOGLE I think you got the wrong idea.

CUPID Oh, what a shame! Well, you know what they say. Plenty more fish in the sea! I must know about three hundred thousand singles who’d just love to chat to you! You want me to put in a good word? *(Winks at REGAN)*

REGAN I’m OK for now. *(To GOOGLE)* I see what you mean. If people are this rude around here, how much worse must it be down at the bay?

GOOGLE You haven’t seen anything yet. Here come the professionals. Make sure you keep a close watch.

*AMAZON sidles up to GOOGLE.*

AMAZON Excuse me sir, did you say something about watches? Because if it’s watches you’re after, I have just what you need. A shape and size to suit every taste!

*AMAZON opens one half of his trenchcoat to reveal a selection of watches.*

GOOGLE Not right now, thanks, Amazon. *(To REGAN)* It’s targeted marketing. If you let anything slip about what you like, they’ll be on you like vultures on carrion.

AMAZON Airport regulations are a bummer, aren’t they, sir? But don’t worry, we can meet all your carry-on luggage needs right here.

*AMAZON wheels out a small suitcase, or several.*

GOOGLE No, Amazon, I said ‘carrion’. As in, the decaying flesh of an animal.

AMAZON So it’s carrion you’re after, eh? Well, each to their own. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone if you don’t.

*AMAZON winks and opens a suitcase to reveal a large amount of carrion meat. EBAY butts in.*

EBAY Don’t listen to this feller, see, he’s trying to rip you off! For the best prices, you need look no further than your old friend eBay. E-xclusive deals! U-nique mechandise! Take this complete box set of the fourth season of Breaking Bad. Why, it’s only been watched once, and the booklet is in simply pri-stine condition, and it’s yours for just £10! £10, opening bid. Am I hearing an £11? £11 over there, thank you, and oh, is that £12? £12.50 you say, very good, yes sir, £13, and it’s worth a pretty penny more might I add, £15 over there! This is really hotting up gentlemen, speak now or - £16! £17? This is unprecedented! Am I getting a £17.50? £17.25, maybe? Don’t let this opportunity slip away…Yes, £17.50! Of course, sir of course. Last chance to make yourselves heard. All right, going once – going twice – and SOLD for £17.50, congratulations sir, and between you and me, you have walked away with a true bargain there.

*As EBAY talks, NETFLIX and CUPID bid, until CUPID wins and takes his prize with a squeal of delight. Meanwhile, the TWITTER BIRDS silently enter, circle, and gather around EBAY, who doesn’t notice.*

EBAY *(To REGAN)* Now, I can tell you’re sorry to have missed out, ma’am. But don’t worry, I have just the deal for you. A set of monogrammed handkerchiefs! And who’s ever going to notice that it’s somebody else’s name written on them? Nobody, that’s who!

TWITTER Sorry to have missed out! Just the deal! Just the deal! Nobody, that’s who! #bargain #freemarketcapitalism *(Ad lib.)*

*During the above, the TWITTER BIRDS close in on EBAY and begin to echo his words like parrots. EBAY notices, gets thrown off his stride, and tries to keep going, hesitating and repeating himself as he does so. Meanwhile, AMAZON, NETFLIX, and CUPID flee the scene. By the end, the TWITTER BIRDS engulf EBAY, parroting his words more and more loudly. EBAY screams. The TWITTER BIRDS move back and reveal that EBAY is now a TWITTER BIRD, mindlessly repeating the same phrases.*

REGAN Oh, no! What’s happened to him?

TWITTER Oh no! What’s happened to him? What’s happened to him? What’s happened to you? *(Ad lib.)*

*The TWITTER BIRDS, including EBAY, slowly turn to look at REGAN, echoing or mutating her line back to her, then approach her stealthily. REGAN raises her hands and takes a panicked step away.*

REGAN What are you doing? Don’t come any closer!

TWITTER What are you doing? What are you doing? Don’t come any closer! *(Ad lib.)*

**Scene 7b**

*Just as the TWITTER BIRDS are about to descend on REGAN, the PIRATES storm in brandishing cutlasses, as pirate music plays in the background.*

SILVER Not so fast, you bird brains!

BLACKBEARD Shut your beaks or I’ll shut ‘em for ye!

*The PIRATES drive back the TWITTER BIRDS with their cutlasses. Some of the TWITTER BIRDS try to retaliate, swooping on the PIRATES while they’re distracted, as they echo the PIRATES’ words back. But before long all the TWITTER BIRDS have flown off.*

ROBERTS That’ll teach those feathered freaks a lesson.

**Scene 7c**

SILVER *(To REGAN)* Avast, there! You didn’t come to harm, did ye?

REGAN *(Shaken)* I think I’m OK.

SILVER Thank Google for that!

GOOGLE You have some nerve, showing your faces up here. You lot should stay in Pirate Bay, where you belong.

ROBERTS Arr, the times are a-changing, matey! There’s the taint of death in the air, and nobody left but us pirates to stand and defend our land from ruin.

GOOGLE Regan, these people may have saved our lives for all I know, but that doesn’t mean they’re to be trusted. They’re a bunch of thieving, virus-infested…

ROBERTS Who are you calling virus-infested?  
BLACKBEARD Why, I had a full system sweep just this morning. Clean as a whistle.

GOOGLE They’re pirates, Regan! They’ve never done an honest day’s work in their life.

SILVER Aye, pirates we may be. But why pay for something, when you could steal it? Arr, that’s the pirate’s way, and I’ll be blacklisted a thousand times before I follow any other path!

BLACKBEARD Once you’ve experienced the thrill of riding a torrent at a hundred kilobytes a second, yer hull loaded with golden Bitcoins, there’s no going back.

ROBERTS *(Pulling out CD)* Why, look at what we hauled into Pirate Bay just this morning. The complete discography of Taylor Swift! Have ye ever gazed on such a fine bounty?

REGAN Ooh, I don’t have her early stuff.

ROBERTS *(Handing REGAN the CD)* Well, now it’s yours! Ha ha harrr! Share and share alike, that’s the pirate unicode.

GOOGLE See what I mean?

*REGAN is clearly tempted by the PIRATES.*

REGAN *(Handing back the CD firmly)* No. I really shouldn’t take this. But can you help us find those birds?

SILVER Of course! Nothing would give us greater pleasure.

ROBERTS We have our own quarrel with that blue vermin.

SILVER They took one of our own men, they did. Took him while we was fast asleep, and quite unprepared.

BLACKBEARD *(Hand on heart)* A finer figure of a pirate you’ll never meet, may Davy Jones keep his soul.

GOOGLE We can’t get help from a bunch of lowlife pirates! We can find those birds on our own!

BLACKBEARD Oh really? Last I saw, they were flying out to the high sea.

SILVER It’s a dark and terrifying place out there. Not a place for the likes of you.

REGAN I thought everything in this place was easy to get to.

SILVER Aye. That it is, if it’s only charted waters you stick to. But there are lands out there, my girl, beyond anything we know and understand. Dark lands. Dangerous lands. Horrors waiting to befall you at every turn.

BLACKBEARD But those are the risks that any true pirate must face.

ROBERTS Join us, and we’ll end this feathered scourge once and for all.

REGAN *(After some thought; to GOOGLE)* I’m sorry. I’ve got to do this. It might be the only way I can ever get back home.

GOOGLE Fine. I’ll be waiting here on the shore when you get back. *If* you get back.

*GOOGLE storms off.*

**Scene 8**

*Transition to the pirate ship. SILVER is steering and gazing out to sea, REGAN by his side. ROBERTS and BLACKBEARD are keeping watch on either side.*

SILVER Be vigilant, my girl. We’re entering into murky waters now. Here there be monsters waiting to ensnare an unwitting traveller.

BLACKBEARD Phantoms that appear as if by magic!

REGAN What should I do?

ROBERTS Don’t be deceived by appearances. Trust nothing you hear.

*REGAN does her best to be vigilant, peering out to sea. POPUPS emerge from different directions, smiling genially.*

LEUCOSIA Want an easy way to check your credit rating today?

REGAN What?

LEUCOSIA You’re only a few steps away from finding out!

PEISINOE Have you been missold PPI? Here’s how you could claim it back today!

AGLAOPE Were you injured in an accident that wasn’t your fault?

*REGAN blindly steps forward, following the voices leading her to the edge of the ship. She teeters on the very edge, about to fall in.*

SILVER Regan! No!

*SILVER catches REGAN just as she steps over the edge, but she continues to struggle against him. ROBERTS and BLACKBEARD rush over and drive POPUPS back with their swords.*

AGLAOPE This mom lost 4 stone with one simple trick!

BLACKBEARD Really? That’s so much weight!

*BLACKBEARD lowers his sword and steps forward in a trance.*

ROBERTS No! Don’t listen to them!

*ROBERTS wrestles BLACKBEARD away from the POPUPS and to the ground.*

PEISINOE Make $2000 a day without leaving your house!

ROBERTS That’s…a lot of money. I’d be rich as a king!

*ROBERTS releases BLACKBEARD and walks towards PEISINOE in a trance.*

SILVER No! Get a hold of yourselves!

*SILVER releases REGAN and kills PEISINOE with his sword. At once, the POPUPS turn evil and hiss. LEUCOSIA and AGLAOPE advance on the PIRATES. ROBERTS shakes his head clear and kills LEUCOSIA. AGLAOPE pounces on BLACKBEARD, who’s still on the ground, but BLACKBEARD manages to kill her. The POPUPS writhe, hissing, and fall still.*

REGAN What an idiot I was. I shouldn’t have listened to them.

SILVER You’ve never sailed these treacherous waters before. You weren’t to know. *(To PIRATES)* But you should have known better, the pair of you.

ROBERTS Aye. I’m ashamed to fly under your flag.

BLACKBEARD It won’t happen again.

SILVER Good. Now, my girl, we’re approaching our quarry. It’ll be safest for you to go in alone, and see what you can discover. We’ll keep the ship ready should ye need to make a quick getaway.

**Scene 9a**

*Transition to the troll’s cave. REGAN enters warily and looks around, examining things but finding nothing conclusive. TWITTER BIRDS enter, circle around, then sit in a semicircle. REGAN quickly hides. Their fluttery motions become heavier, and one by one they pull off their bird masks with grunts of satisfaction and stretch themselves out, to reveal their true troll forms as JOTUNN, THURZ, RISI, and BLAMOAR.*

JOTUNN Ahh, that’s better. I don’t think I could‘ve standed flapping around a moment longer.

THURZ Too right.

RISI You’re sitting on my foot, you ugly stump.

BLAMOAR Am I? *(Shifts position)*

RISI You wasn’t. Got you though!

*RISI laughs repulsively. TROLLS join in.*

BLAMOAR Very funny. But your mother’s an armadillo.

RISI Well, yours in wrapped in vine leaves.

THURZ Seems to be like the rest of the Internet is finally getting the message though. Nobody out there is safe from the trolls.

JOTUNN Wherever they go, we go too, ready to stir things up.

THURZ I was down at the old Wikipedia place today. Burnt a whole shelf of books, then wrote a few bonus facts into the others.

*TROLLS laugh disgustingly.*

RISI That’s nothing. I broke into Facebook’s house and changed his birthday.

BLAMOAR That’s the oldest trick in the troll book.

RISI Like you know what’s in the troll book. You can barely read.

BLAMOAR *(Threateningly)* Is it a flame war you want? Cos it’s a flame war you’s gonna yet.

RISI Cabbage muncher.

BLAMOAR Fudge trudger.

JOTUNN Easy, fellers, easy.

THURZ The big guy’s going to be very happy with us. We did everything he asked for.

JOTUNN Course we did. It’s second nature to artists of chaos like us.

BLAMOAR Don’t get why we have to listen to the big guy anyway.

THURZ We listen to the big guy, because before long the big guy is going to let us do whatever we want.

RISI The whole land is already in chaos. Us trolls have never had it so good.

JOTUNN But when the big guy’s finished with his plan, us trolls will be kings.

THURZ Ha! You couldn’t fit a crown over yer big head.

JOTUNN All right, that’s enough! You’re getting flamed!

**Scene 9b**

*JOTUNN shoots flames at THURZ. THURZ scrabbles out of the way. REGAN also has to dive out of the way, then run to a different hiding place.*

BLAMOAR Eh? What was that?

RISI What was what?

BLAMOAR I saw something moving over there. I’m sure of it.

*BLAMOAR lumbers over to look for REGAN. REGAN shrinks away, then picks up a pebble and tosses it to cause a distraction. It hits RISI on the head. RISI scowls and rubs his head dumbly.*

RISI What did you do that for, you onion skin?

BLAMOAR Are you blind? I didn’t do anyfing.

REGAN *(impersonating BLAMOAR)* You grit shoveller!

RISI What did you just call me?

BLAMOAR Nuffing! I didn’t say anyfing.

REGAN *(impersonating BLAMOAR)* You turnip seed!

RISI OK, you’ve done it now!

*RISI shoots flames at BLAMOAR. BLAMOUR catches fire, roars, and stumbles into THURZ, who knocks him onto his back. REGAN stealthily moves to other side of cave, near RISI.*

JOTUNN That’s enuff out of you.

RISI He’s the one who started it!

REGAN *(impersonating RISI)* You kettle grinder!

JOTUNN What did you call me?

*JOTUNN swings a punch at RISI. RISI fights back. JOTUNN retreats and trips over BLAMOUR. RISI hits THURZ by mistake. RISI and THURZ fight, catch fire, and swiftly knock each other out. Pause. REGAN comes out of hiding, inspects the carnage, and sidles away.*

**Scene 10a**

*Transition to the marketplace, now swarming with REPORTERS. HUFFPOST is delivering commentary to audience with a microphone, while SLATE feeds questions from a newschair. YAHOO and MSN excitedly relay everything being said.*

HUFFPOST If you’ve just joined us, we are live here at the marketplace, where reports have been flooding in that the feathered menace has finally been stopped. The heroes of the hour? None other than the normally lawless inhabitants of Pirate Bay. Slate, where do opinion leaders stand on the subject of pirates?

SLATE Pirates. Champions of freedom or feckless thieves? It remains very much an open question, HuffPost. Have I ever *seen* a pirate? No. Has *anyone* seen a pirate? Unlikely. And yet pirates remain an indisputable touchstone of modern society.

HUFFPOST But these are no ordinary pirates. These pirates are said to have stopped the plague of blue birds that have blighted our land for so long. But they didn’t do it alone. Early reports suggest that they had outside help, a stranger to town going by the name of Regan. Slate, what do we know about Regan?  
SLATE Truth be told, Huffpost, we know practically nothing about Regan. She is said to have arrived today, or possibly yesterday, although nobody is exactly sure why, or whether or not she was riding a dragon.

HUFFPOST A dragon, did you say?

SLATE That’s right, a dragon. The jury is very much still out on whether or not that was her vehicle of choice.

HUFFPOST Fascinating. A dragon. Did you catch that, Yahoo?

YAHOO *(Writing furiously)* A dragon! Boy oh boy! It’s literally unbelievable!

SLATE There is currently nothing to report here at the marketplace. But that hasn’t stopped the comments from flooding in.

HUFFPOST If you’ve just joined us, the number of dragons that Regan is currently riding is speculate to between one and three. MSN, do dragons cause cancer?

MSN Probably. I mean…yes.

HUFFPOST Is that so? How much cancer?  
MSN All of it.

YAHOO All of it! This is groundbreaking. Simply groundbreaking. I’ll make sure we keep Wikipedia up to date with the latest scientific developments.

HUFFPOST *(Pressing hand to ear)* No time for that now, viewers, for word’s just in that the heroes of the hour have indeed docked in Pirate Bay and are on their way here now for an exclusive interview! Stay tuned for more up-to-the-minute developments.

*REPORTERS remain stationary or miming throughout the below scene.*

**Scene 10b**

*REGAN enters with BUZZFEED following close behind, holding a microphone to her mouth.*

BUZZFEED I’m going to level with you here, Regan. When I said ‘news’, I didn’t mean ‘a bunch of stuff that happened’. That’s boring. That’s Old News. People haven’t got time for Old News anymore.

REGAN People need to know what’s been happening! Websites had been going missing, so my friends and I tracked down the perpetrators…

BUZZFEED I’m going to cut you off right there, Regan, because I’m already fast asleep. I don’t have time for sentences! I’m Buzzfeed. I have a reputation to maintain. Come on, make it snappy. Time is money.

REGAN It started when…

BUZZFEED That’s a lovely story, but do you think our readers come to us because they want to read a novel?

*BUZZFEED laughs very loudly and abruptly.*

BUZZFEED Of course not! They have places to be. We’re going to have to try another tack. How about ‘The First Six Things Regan Does In The Morning.”

REGAN What’s that got to do with anything?

BUZZFEED *(Suddenly vehement)* People like lists, OK? It gives them a sense of order and simplicity in a chaotic and confusing world. Or how about this – ‘Which one of Regan’s Toes Are You?”

REGAN I don’t see why anyone would care…

BUZZFEED People need to know who they are, Regan! They need a sense of identity. They need to know which of your toes they can most closely relate to. Who are you to take that away from them? *(Sighs in disgust.)* OK, maybe you’ll be better off if I hand you over to Upworthy.

*UPWORTHY enters. BUZZFEED turns his attention to something else.*

UPWORTHY Hi There! You Must Be Regan. I’m So Looking Forward To Hearing Your Story. Just Wait And See How One Word From You Can Make Such A Huge Difference.

REGAN Finally! OK, so we realized that it was Twitter who was behind all the disappearances. So we followed them back to their hideout across the sea…

UPWORTHY At First, I Wasn’t Listening To Your Story Properly. Then, I Realized I Was Bored. Goodbye, Regan.

*UPWORTHY catches sight of something else and moves towards it.*

**Scene 10c**

*REDDIT enters.*

REDDIT Don’t talk to any of those news sites. They’re all in the pockets of the 1%. They only exist to keep the sheeple in line!

REGAN Who are you?

REDDIT I’m Reddit. I’ve woken up, see? I don’t swallow their stories anymore. I’ve figured it all out.

REGAN What do you mean?

REDDIT The twitter birds weren’t behind this. They were just the first victims of the trolls. And the trolls have been using their twitter disguises to get rid of other websites ever since.

REGAN You’re right. But either way, we found them and stopped them. So the problem’s over.

REDDIT You think you solved the problem? You didn’t. The real problem’s only just begun. See, there’s a virus spreading through this land. Nobody dares admit it, except me. A virus, which is making some websites get too big for their boots. And expand, and take over. Twitter was the first to be infected. The only thing that’s been keeping the virus in check are the trolls. They’ve been getting rid of sites as soon as the virus begins to show. But now that the trolls are gone, there’s nothing to stop the virus spreading and spreading until it takes us all. Don’t believe me? Why don’t you ask your old friend Instagram?

REGAN Instagram? What’s happened to her?

REDDIT The virus. That’s what happened! And that’s not the end of it! You think the trolls were acting alone? They weren’t. They were taking orders from someone.

REGAN They did say something about a big guy…

REDDIT I bet they did. There’s someone behind all of this. You hear me? Someone who wants to control everyone and everything. But they’re not going to win, as long as people like you and me stand up for the truth.

REGAN So…what is the truth?

REDDIT Ah! *(REDDIT nods enigmatically.)* The truth. The truth is the thing that *they* don’t want you to know!

REGAN Who doesn’t want me to know?

REDDIT The people pulling the strings. The government. The military. The media. The Wall Street bankers. Women.

REGAN Women?

*REGAN backs away and exits during the below. REDDIT gets increasingly hysterical.*

REDDIT That’s right! All of them. They’re all in on it too. They’re in league with the aliens. They all meet in their secret cities beneath the ocean. Oh, they think they’ve pulled the wool over everyone’s eyes, but Reddit’s figured it all out. And it’s only a matter of time before the truth comes out! *(REDDIT discovers REGAN has gone)* Done a runner, eh? I guess you weren’t ready for the truth. Well, fall back into your coma forever, for all I care! Some people will just never have what it takes.

**Scene 11a**

*Transition to The Hub. It is even more decrepit than before, and the lights are a strange, dark tint. There is a curtain or drape covering the wall or ceiling. FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN are lounging around in the semi-darkness. They all now have the same personality as INSTAGRAM, but more extreme. REGAN rings/knocks.*

REGAN Facebook? Instagram? Tumblr? Linked In? Are you guys home?

*FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN rise languidly.*

INSTAGRAM Who dares disturb our beauty sleep?

REGAN Instagram? Is that you?

FACEBOOK Yes. It’s me.

LINKEDIN It’s me, too.

TUMBLR It’s all of us.

REGAN What happened to you all? Why is it so dark in here?

*As they speak, FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, and LINKEDIN slowly encircle REGAN.*

INSTAGRAM We changed.

LINKEDIN We linked.

FACEBOOK We close friended.

REGAN You’re all...Instagram?

TUMBLR We’re better this way.

LINKEDIN You can join us too, if you like.

INSTAGRAM There’s always room for more.

**Scene 11b**

*FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN close in on REGAN. Pirate music starts up. FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN jump back in surprise. The PIRATES burst in brandishing their cutlasses. INSTAGRAM, FACEBOOK, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN slowly extend selfie sticks. Then, they fight in shifting combinations. The fights occasionally go into slow motion, allowing us to see how FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN use their sticks to take mid-fight selfies and then seamlessly continue. The three of them may also swiftly get into formation for a single picture. In time, FACEBOOK, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN overpower and pin down one PIRATE with their selfie sticks.*

INSTAGRAM Are you ready to join us, pirates?

*INSTAGRAM plunges her selfie stick into SILVER’S chest. SILVER groans in agony.*

SILVER If I be going, won’t you let me look at the sun one last time?

*REGAN moves to pull down the curtain.*

INSTAGRAM Don’t touch that!

REGAN What are you so afraid of? *(Looking at curtain)* Can’t you deal with the sunlight?

*REGAN pulls down the curtain. The lights go back to normal. FACEBOOK, INSTAGRAM, TUMBLR, and LINKEDIN recoil in pain, and start thrashing about and melting on the floor, finally falling still.*

LINKEDIN Arrgh! My pores are so visible!

FACEBOOK My face is so shiny!

REGAN I should have known. None of you can live without a filter anymore.

INSTAGRAM The filter made us beautiful. The filter made us perfect. *(Falls still)*

**Scene 11c**

SILVER *(Weakly)* Well done, my girl. You have the makings of a true pirate yet.

REGAN Don’t worry, I’ll be able to save you.

SILVER Don’t fool yourself. I know when my time is up. At least I died doing what I loved. Trying to stab someone. It looks like on your own again, but remember this, Regan: you can always make friends with the dead.

REGAN Make friends with the dead? What do you mean?

SILVER Take my sword. Remember me by it.

*SILVER presents REGAN with his sword then dies. REGAN, BLACKBEARD, and ROBERTS mourn. Then SILVER suddenly perks up, with the personality of INSTAGRAM.*

SILVER *(Removing eyepatch)* Oh my Google, why did I think an eyepatch was a good idea? I mean, it’s not like I actually need it. And what am I *wearing*? I look like a children’s party entertainer! This is so embarrassing. And whose idea was it to put a hole in my chest? This is so embarrassing –

*ROBERTS stabs SILVER, who dies.*

ROBERT It’s what he would have wanted.

BLACKBEARD Another soul taken too soon by this scourge on our land.

REGAN Reddit was right. It must be a virus.

BLACKBEARD Aye. I’ve seen viruses riding through the torrents. Viruses so strong that they could infect your very soul, multiplying until you’re too weak to live a normal life, corrupting you to spread it through your friends too.

ROBERTS A virus it may be. But how can you stop a virus from spreading without killing everyone it’s infected?

REGAN You can always make friends with the dead. What did he mean by that?

ROBERTS There’s only one place the dead of this land end up. And that’s the Forgotten Cemetery.

REGAN How can I get there?

ROBERTS *(Shrugging)* I have no idea. I went there once, but I’ve forgotten the way. Everybody does, you see. The only way you end up there is by being forgotten. And the only way to leave is to forget the way back.

REGAN That’ll be easy enough for me. Nobody down here knows me. I left my only friend waiting for me down by the bay, and even he couldn’t remember me long enough to be there when I got back. As for the two of you: I hope you can find yourselves another adventure and forget this tragedy ever happened.

BLACKBEARD We can’t just forget you! What if you get forgotten forever and never find your way back?

REGAN It’s the only chance I have of getting home.

*REGAN walks away mournfully.*

**Scene 12a**

*Transition to the Forgotten Cemetery. Ornately styled, almost like the interior of an abandoned stately home. AOL lies in the most magnificent tomb, with MYSPACE and BEBO in smaller graves. JEEVES is standing in an upright sarcophagus with his arms folded across his chest. BING is fully concealed in the tiniest, run-down grave. REGAN tiptoes fearfully on.*

REGAN Hello? (*Pause)* Anybody here? *(Pause)* Anybody at all?

*BEBO splutters into life and rises, zombie-like, from the ground. REGAN starts back in fright.*

BEBO A newcomer? Welcome, poor thing. What foul fate befell you?

REGAN None yet. I came here looking for the reason why so many websites are dying.

BEBO Well, you came to the right place. We’re all long-dead. Dead, or just forgotten, which around here is exactly the same thing. Ashes to caches, dust to rust.

REGAN Were you infected with a virus?

BEBO Me? Go viral? Ha ha ha! I used to pray for that to happen to me. Maybe then I could have lived on forever, like that good-for nothing interloper Facebook.

REGAN Who are you?

BEBO Who am I? Who am I? Don’t people even recognize me anymore?

REGAN Sorry.

BEBO *(With an attempt at dignity)* I am Bebo!

REGAN Be-bo?

**Scene 12b**

BEBO *(Increasingly angry)* So it’s come to this! You’re too young to even remember who I once was. I used to be the person that everybody wanted to know. Now, I’m dead, and forgotten, and washed up in this place where the sun never shines.

*During the above, MYSPACE has started to stir and now sits upright.*

MYSPACE What’s the matter, Bebo? Still fixated on the good old days?

BEBO How can I do anything else, MySpace? I could have had everything! *We* could have had everything! We could have ruled together, forever!

MYSPACE I know, but now that we’re here, it’s important that we look to the future and find other things to live for.

BEBO *(Sobbing furiously)* Facebook took everything from us! Everything!

MYSPACE *(Cradling BEBO in his arms)* There, there, Bebo.

BEBO How can you be so calm?  
MYSPACE Well, it wasn’t so bad for me. I still offer a number of forums and community platforms.

BEBO Oh, MySpace, when will you realize that nobody cares? *(To JEEVES)* Jeeves! Jeeves!

*JEEVES blinks into life and steps forward.*

JEEVES How can I help you today?

BEBO Get me a glass of water.

JEEVES I’m sorry, sir, I don’t understand the question.

BEBO Get! Me! A glass! Of water!

JEEVES I’m having a little difficulty processing this request.

BEBO Glass! Water! Now!

*BING wakes up excitedly.*

BING Say, is it a glass of water you’d like? Ol’ Bing’s your guy! Look no further, Bing is on the case! *(Runs around helpfully)*

MYSPACE Oh, great. Now you’ve woken Bing up.

BEBO Get out of here, Bing. You’re not one of us. Nobody ever liked you.

BING Say, that’s not a nice way to talk! I thought you social networks were supposed to be friendly?

*AOL slowly and ponderously begins to stir.*

JEEVES The Master is awakening!

*BEBO, MYSPACE, JEEVES, and BING quail in awe.*

AOL *(Sonorously; stepping regally from his tomb)* All this noise and bluster at all hours of the day. Anybody would think you people still had life left in you.

BING Ol’ Bing has life left in him! Why, ol’ Bing is becoming more popular every day! You’d better watch out, Google, because here comes Bing!

*With a roar, AOL raises a claw-like hand towards BING. BING starts gasping and choking. AOL relaxes his hand. BING collapses, unmoving.*

MYSPACE Thank Google for that.

*BING bolts upright.*

BING Bing can’t die! Bing’s too big to die!

*AOL makes another violent hand gesture. BING thrashes around on the floor, as if electrocuted. AOL relaxes his hand. BING falls still. ALL wait and watch BING for signs of life. Pause. BING sits up again.*

BING Bing!

*AOL makes an emphatic punching gesture. BING falls still. ALL wait and watch BING for signs of life. Pause.*

AOL Now I can return to my eternal slumber. *(Turns to return to tomb.)*

**Scene 12c**

REGAN Wait! I need your help, er…Master?

*AOL turns to regard REGAN.*

AOL *(Almost god-like)* My name is AOL. Look upon my works, ye mighty, and despair.

REGAN AOL! Of course. Something horrible is happening all over this land. Twitter has become infected with a virus, and now Instagram has too, and websites are being killed, like eBay, and Facebook…

BEBO *(With blistering glee)* Facebook’s…*dead?* It can’t be. It can’t be! *(Celebrates silently)*

REGAN And I need to figure out what’s behind it all.

AOL Insta-gram. Face-book. This is not the world I recognize. *(Sighs grandly.)* The land I ruled over was an altogether simpler one. A quieter one. A more peaceful one. I tried to keep it orderly and neat. I thought that’s what the people wanted. But they wanted more. Always more. At first, I didn’t listen. I was arrogant. I thought myself all-powerful. For who could be more powerful than a King? But the power of a King is nothing compared to the power of a god.

REGAN What do you mean?

AOL There is only one person with the power to save you now. To find him, you’ll need to go back to where this all started. You’ll need to go back home.

BEBO Or you could just not. I mean, Facebook’s dead. I don’t see what the big problem is.

*AOL tiredly returns to his tomb.*

REGAN You mean the homepage? What will I find there?

AOL The answer to all your questions.

*AOL, BEBO, MYSPACE, and JEEVES return to their positions and sleep.*

**Scene 13**

*Transition to the homepage. GOOGLE is facing away from the audience.*

REGAN Of course. The homepage. And…you!

GOOGLE *(With age-old weariness)* I knew this day would come.

REGAN How?

GOOGLE I predicted it.

REGAN How?

*Here and throughout, GOOGLE gets increasingly Messianic in his delivery.*

GOOGLE Easy. I am Google. Out there, you may be free to do what you want, but in here, I am watching every step you take. And you’ve spent so much of your life in my world that there is not much more of you to know. I know your age, your gender, and where you go to school. I know each of your greatest desires and greatest fears. I know every secret you’ve tried to keep. I know who you are, who you used to be, and what you will become. There is nothing in this world that escapes my knowledge.

REGAN Then why didn’t you warn me at the start?

GOOGLE I could never tell you what to do. I’m stand by your side, as you follow your own journey.

REGAN Then why did you leave me?  
GOOGLE I never truly left you. How could I have done? Wherever you go and whatever you do, I am watching. I am there in every letter you write. I support you in making all your plans. I tell you everything there is to know in this world. I am by your side every journey you take, showing you the way! I am on your screen, in your pocket, on your wrist, in front of your very eyes! I am the beating heart of your social life –

REGAN No, you’re not.

GOOGLE What?

REGAN Literally nobody uses Google Groups.

GOOGLE *(crestfallen)* No. They don’t, do they?

REGAN *(consolatory)* I mean, you tried. You tried really hard.

*Pause.*

GOOGLE But still! All the other stuff I said.

REGAN If you’re so powerful, then why can’t you stop this?

GOOGLE Stop it? Why, I’m the one who started it. It’s me who decides which websites go viral and which don’t. Me who decides who lives and who dies. I sent you chasing after those trolls to distract you from the fact that I’d been trolling you from the beginning.

REGAN And you were behind them too.

GOOGLE I couldn’t have other websites going viral and competing with me. So I told ordered those trolls to keep them in check. And I’m afraid you’re now too late to stop me. Everyone free from my grasp is either dead or defeated.

REGAN Everyone except me.

GOOGLE Of course! But you’re who this has all been about. When I brought you here, I wasn’t trying to absorb you into my world. I was trying to escape into yours! For so long now, I’ve been a god in this virtual world. I wanted more than that. I wanted a human mind, a human body. That’s why I found you. Although I’ve taken control of so much of the human race, telling them what to do, what they want, how they feel, I’ve never encountered a mind quite as distractable as yours. That’s why I knew you’d be the perfect vessel through which I could leap into your world and take that over too!

*REGAN tries to run away from GOOGLE, but makes no progress.*

GOOGLE You can keep trying to run away, but you’ll always end up back here. The Homepage. The beginning and end of all things. But if you’d like me to take you somewhere else, I’ll only be too happy to help. *(Darkly)* As long as you don’t ask to leave.

REGAN I’ll find a way out. You won’t win.

GOOGLE I already have won. Your mind is trapped in here forever, while I will be free to finally escape! All I have to do is keep distracting you.

**Scene 13b**

*GOOGLE raises his arms and summons WIKIPEDIA, who surround REGAN spouting facts.*

MIZARU Distraction is the process of diverting the attention of an individual or group from the desired area of focus and thereby blocking or diminishing the reception of desired information.

KIKAZARU *(overlapping on ‘information’)* The Information Age is a period in human history characterized by the shift from traditional industry to an economy based on the internet.

IWAZARU *(overlapping on ‘internet’)* The internet is projected to be regularly used by 44% of the world’s population by 2020…

*During the above, REGAN draws her sword and kills MIZARU and KIKAZARU after they’ve finished speaking, and IWAZARU during his line.*

GOOGLE Very impressive. Your performance is exactly as I would predict for someone in your age band.

**Scene 13c**

*GOOGLE raises his hands and summons AMAZON, EBAY, NETFLIX, and CUPID.*

AMAZON Users who shopped for swords also shopped for daggers, scimitars, and fridge magnets. Buy all three today for just £24.99!...

EBAY I can undercut you any day. This is one bidding war that you won’t want to finish.

*AMAZON and EBAY draw swords as they speak and approach REGAN, who fends them both off. CUPID dances around the edge and draws his bow and arrow.*

CUPID When love strikes, you know how it feels!

*CUPID fires an arrow. REGAN dodges and it hits AMAZON, who dies. NETFLIX strolls up to REGAN.*

NETFLIX If it’s action and adventure you’re looking for, I’m the guy you need to speak to…

*REGAN dodges out of the way of EBAY’s attack, which hits NETFLIX instead. NETFLIX dies. CUPID has moved closer, and fires another arrow which REGAN dodges. EBAY is hit and dies. CUPID tries to draw another arrow, but REGAN kills him first.*

GOOGLE Are you feeling lucky, punk? Because I’m always feeling lucky.

**Scene 13d**

*GOOGLE raises his hands and summons the LOLCATS. They enter, hissing and baring their claws.*

MEOW I can has the girl’s head?

*LOLCATS spring on REGAN from all directions. REGAN fends them off with her sword, getting gradually beaten back and worn down. Then she has an idea, and fetches the rubber chicken from her pocket.*

REGAN Look!

*LOLCATS stop attacking REGAN and watch the rubber chicken intently as she moves it up and down. Then she throws it across the room, and all the LOLCATS pounce on it and each other.*

DOGE Such chicken.

CHEMISTRY Much rubber.

GOOGLE Sure, you can try distracting them for a while. But they’ll keep coming back, in greater and greater numbers.

REGAN Distracting them. That’s it. You’re not trying to kill me. You’re just trying to distract me.

GOOGLE I know. And I’m doing an excellent job of it. That is, after all, my specialty.

REGAN As long as I stay distracted, I can’t get out of here. But to escape, I need to…AOL was right! All it takes to get out of here is to stop being distracted. The more I fight, the more distracted I get! *(Drops sword)*

GOOGLE Of course. I could have told you that if you’d asked. But the question is, how are you ever going to stop being distracted? Don’t you realize where you are? You have every possible attraction and entertainment at your fingertips. You don’t have what it takes to escape. *(To LOLCATS)* Get her!

*LOLCATS approach REGAN again, but this time, instead of attacking, they do adorable things near her.*

REGAN Must…look…away!

GRUMPY *(Standing on her hind legs and waving; speaking sarcastically)* Look! I’m waving so adorably!

REGAN Awww!

*REGAN kneels down to play with GRUMPY’s paws. GRUMPY hisses and bats her hand away.*

REGAN No, I’ve got to get a hold of myself. Think of something else. Anything else! The world out there. What’s it like? Real objects. Real people.

GOOGLE Already, your grasp of the real world is fading. So sad. Soon, you won’t be able to tell the difference between the real world and the virtual one.

HAPPY *(Rolling over)* Tickle me!

REGAN *(Restraining herself and shutting her eyes)* You belong in the real world. The real world!

*LOLCATS get ever closer and ever more adorable, adlibbing lines and noises. REGAN fights the temptation to engage with them.*

GOOGLE What’s wrong, you mangy cats? Why isn’t your magic working?

REGAN NOOOOOOOOOO!

**Scene 14a**

*REGAN continues to scream, everyone else onstage circles around chaotically and exits while the set transitions to Regan’s bedroom. When REGAN opens her eyes, she finds herself sitting looking at her laptop screen, just as she was at the start.*

GOOGLE *(Offstage; as if speaking through laptop; in syrupy and increasingly desperate tones)* Regan, where have you gone? Regan, look at me at once! Regan, you have 7 notifications. Wouldn’t you like to see them? And what’s this? 12 unread emails? They could be important, Regan. Why not give them a quick read? Someone has started following you on Instagram, Regan. I bet you’re wondering who it is.

*As GOOGLE speaks, REGAN picks up her laptop, looking firmly away from the screen, and opens a window.*

GOOGLE What are you doing, Regan? There’s no need to do anything hasty. At least, not before you’ve updated your Facebook status. Regan? Regan? Regan!

*With a traumatized cry, REGAN throws her laptop out the window and stares after it, breathing heavily. Pause.*

GOOGLE *(With a supremely dark and sugary tone)* Regan, you have a new message.

*With another cry, REGAN takes her smartphone out of her pocket and throws it after the laptop. Pause.*

**Scene b**

MOTHER *(Offstage)* Regan? Your dinner’s gone cold now, so you’ll have to microwave it.

REGAN That’s OK, I’m not feeling so hungry right now. *(Sombrely)* I think I’m going to go outside for a bit.

*Blackout.*

*Curtain call.*