ALEX

So it comes to this? Abandoned and derided by those I called friends, the subject of the very reality I never acknowledged. How am I to counter the web of spun deceit in which I find myself? It seems that I, who was actually there, saw a different event to the story unwound in front of you dear viewer but you will never believe me. If it’s on the net it must be the truth. After all, why would the media lie? And this is the world that Zara wanted me to ‘grow up’ and join? This is the ‘virtuality’ that she wanted us to embrace? Well I regret that evening – of course I do but that does not mean I will go gently into this darkness. I will cling to the hope that my reality, a reality where human speaks to human, mouth to ear not device to device, where the pain of joy and the pleasure of pain mingle in an ever changing rainbow of real emotion, uninterrupted by sponsor’s messages and marketing dreams, where my reality can still somewhere be real. And if I cannot live there. If I cannot live face to face instead of interface to interface, I would rather not live. I am not responsible for the loss of Zara but I can understand an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. I happily accept the price, I willingly give my life to pay for hers and I will join her in life more real than anything you endure in this digital dark-age of the soul. Do your worst. My name is Alex and I am human and I will die human.

There is a stunned silence and then JENKINS returns to the centre

JENKINS

Very dramatic I’m sure but no-one is being executed. Who do you think we are? *(quietly aside to Alex)* Of course, you will wish we’d killed you but you don’t get away that easily you unpleasant little object. *(back to normal – to DONNIE)* Take him away professor, do have fun now won’t you?