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Name of School	:	ST MARK'S SCHOOL
學校名稱	:	聖馬可中學
Name of Play 劇名	:	The Gene after Eden
Script writer 劇作者	:	Chan Pui Pui, Chow Hang Yan, Lui Wing Suet, Ng Man Hin & Yan Tsz Kit (Student)

Synopsis 故事大綱:

Upset by how ruthless human can be, a sociologist sees the need to find a flawless man to prove that there is still goodness in people. His belief in human goodness makes him decide to perform experiments on randomly selected people, invite them to a test he designs and see how they behave in difficult situations. Thinking that it is a game in which the winner can get prize money, eight contestants join the experiment, but they get eliminated one after the other because of their different human flaws. Hilary and Gary get to the final round, but they also get eliminated because of their greed and hypocrisy, which means there is no winner, and that the sociologist's experiment fails. But is there really a stop in his pursuit?

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Prologue

(Dim light)

(Contestants fighting and pushing one another in slow motion. Sociologist enters the stage reading his scientific journal, wearing a headlamp.)

Sociologist: (Reads from his journal) Day 1, eight people. Laughter still present. (Flips the pages, looks up and thinks. Then looks down again.) Day 12, a fight for food. Subject No. 2 challenges Subject No. 3 to a fight, No.s 1 and 5 stop Subject No. 2. No. 3 throws an object at No. 2. um... interesting. (Pauses) (Flips the pages, looks up and thinks. Then looks down again.) Day 18, Subjects No.s 3 and 5 are locked up by No.s 1 and 4. What happens here? (Flips the pages) Oh yes! Complaints. Arguments. Betrayal. Fight. (Sighs) What a mess... (Fed up. Throws the journal onto the floor.) Again!

(Falls onto the ground.)

Sociologist: Strings. We, humans, are tied by the strings of karma. Evolution is fascinating but we choose to make no further progress to evolve. (Stands up. Picks up the journal) I am determined to show how far our nature can go (excitedly). That's it. Behold our ascent to a new era, to EVOLVE. (Laughs and leaves the stage)

(Black out)



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Scene 1

(Inside the first game room)

(Lights on)

(Will and Hillary enter.)

Will: (looking around) Is this for real? (Takes his phone out of his pocket, double-checking the message)

Hillary: It says here/

Will: but no one else is here. It's probably another stupid trick. (kicks some chairs)

Hillary: Will!

Will: (realizes his bad temper) Okay... Control.

(Gladys, Steve and Lewis enter.)

Hillary: Look! We aren't alone.

(Gladys rushes to the food immediately. Steve finds the most comfortable seats. Lewis sees Hillary.)

Lewis: (to Hillary) Hi.

Hillary: Hi.

Lewis: Lewis. (tries to shake hands with Hillary.)

Hillary: Hillary. (Tries to reach out her hand, Will interrupts.)

Will: And I'm Will. (Will squeezes Lewis's hand very hard.)

Lewis: AH!

Hillary: Will (Will walks away. To Lewis) I'm sorry about Will. He is just... protective.

Lewis: It's okay. Nice to meet you. I thought I'd have to stick with those two (indicating Gladys & Gregory) for the rest of the game. It's so lucky you're here.

Hillary: (smiles) Thank you. (beat) It's nice to meet you too.

(Will hits the table with Gladys next to him, eating.)

Gladys: Oh gosh! You're scary. (stares at Gladys.)



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Will: So what! You pig!

(Hillary goes up to Gladys, tries to calm her down.)

Hillary: I'm sorry, my friend. I'm Hillary. And you are?

Gladys: Gladys.

Hillary: Oh! I love dipping my chips in Nutella too!

Gladys: Yea, that's a fantastic combination.

(They eat.)

Steve: Everyone would be obese if they ate like you.

Gladys: Shut up Steve! Everyone would be obese if they were as lazy as you.

(Hillary laughs, trying to ease the tension. Paris, Eddy, Gary enters.)

Paris: Oh!

- Eddy: Someone else's here already.
- Paris: Hi, I'm/

Eddy: I'm Eddy. (looks at Paris.)

Paris: (sighs) I'm Paris.

(They find seats. Gary just stands near the door and everyone looks at him.)

(Pause)

Gary: Gary. So, did you guys get the message too?

Hillary: Yes, it's a game with a prize.

Gladys: From an anonymous person.

Steve: It doesn't say what the prize is though/

Will: Or even how to play this freaking game. That's ridiculous.

Lewis: Then why are you still here?

Will: To stop you harassing Hillary.

(Lewis and Will want to start a fight.)

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- Hillary: Will!
- Eddy: (giggles) Who knows! Maybe there's a huge sum of money waiting for us/
- Gary: You've got a point. Seems like we all got the same message.
- Eddy: Ah, so you're trying to get information out of us.
- Paris: You've told him something already. At least that proves that we all got the same message.
- Gary: It benefits you too. (beat)
- Lewis: Wow! Has the game started already?
- Paris: Must have. The door is locked.

(Eddy checks the door immediately, jealous that he/she is not the first one to find out.)

B/O



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Scene 2

(Inside the first game room)

(Lights on)

(Will gets frustrated.)

Will: AAHHHH! (walks up to the door and keeps banging it.)

Hillary: (tired of Will's behavior) Will...

Lewis: (puts his arms around Hillary) It's alright, I'm here.

Steve: Oh! Stop that! You are interrupting my sleep.

- Will: All you know is sleep! How long have you been sleeping!? (pushes Steve from the beanie bag.)
- Steve: Does my sleep bother you?

Will: It frustrates me!

Hillary: Will!

Gladys: Everything frustrates you!

Will: Yes, your eating disorder frustrates me too!

Hillary: WILL!! Come back and sit down! Please...

(Will sits down next to Hillary.)

Gary: How many days have we been here?

Eddy: God knows... a week?

Paris: It should be the 8th day, if my theory is correct.

Eddy: Trying to be smart here? Huh, genius?

Lewis: Hey! Let us know about your theory.

Paris: It's the food. It's been regularly refilled. The amount of food that we have consumed between each refill has been around a day's worth, so I guess it's refilled once a day. And the food has been refilled seven times so far...

Gary: Fair enough.



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Eddy: (look at Paris.) You'd call that a theory? I'd call that a guess. A week, 8 days? Come on, I'm close.

Paris: Not precise though.

Eddy: (sarcastic) Wow! Then you must "precisely" know the rules of the game, right?

Paris: No. I haven't figured those out yet.

Eddy/Edith: HA! HA! HA!

Paris: Same as you, right?

(Eddy tuts.)

Will: I don't care, we are stuck here, in the first round of the game.

Hillary: Don't worry, we're with you.

Lewis: (to Hillary) I'm with you too.

Gladys: (Eats) Lucky that we have lots of food here, and it's pretty good. I could stay here forever, it's already a dream come true.

(All laugh at Gladys' apparently stupid yet funny remark.)

Gary: Well... should we cut your share after winning then? (Laughs)

Gladys: Don't you dare! (Throws a pack of snacks at Gary)

Steve: (Goes to the computer) To be honest, there's nothing we can do for now but wait.

Paris: I agree. If the game designer has something to say, he will say it when the time comes.

Steve: Anyway, we have food and a computer here; that's all we need to survive.

Sociologist: (Announcement) Hello everyone, welcome to the game. Sorry for not greeting you all a bit earlier. I am the designer of the game and I know you must have a lot of questions. However, I will answer only one question today. Anyone?

(While others are still processing what to ask, Eddy/Edith raises his/her hand.)

Sociologist: Yes. (points out)

Eddy: How long have we been in here?

(Sociologist laughs, others start to complain.)



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Sociologist: Today is the 8th day. Now, let's talk about the rules. In this game, there will be people eliminated in each round. In this round, you must leave two people here in this room. You will decide amongst yourselves which two to leave. The other six will go on to the next round. The door will open once you have made your decision. (tries to go, then appear again on camera) Enjoy, and good luck.

Will: (rushes forward, trying to reach to the screen) Hey!

- Lewis: So she is asking us to decide who should be left here?
- Gary: I have to get to the next round.
- Paris: Me too.
- Eddy: Me too then.
- Hillary: We can't do that, we're friends.
- Lewis: Hillary, listen.
- Will: Stay away from her!
- (Hillary walks away, disgusted at Lewis and Will.)
- Paris: Shall we vote?

Hillary: No, that's not fair.

Steve: Hey, I actually don't mind staying here.

All: What?

Steve: I mean, what's wrong with staying here? I have plenty of food and I won't get bored! Who knows what will happen in the following rounds. It might be exhausting. I am fine to just stay.

Paris: Thank you.

Gladys: I can stay, too. I don't want to leave the food here. It's like... unlimited.

Hillary: (to Gladys) Gladys...

Gladys: It's alright. (gives Hillary some chips and Nutella) Remember to give me a share when you win, ok?

Hillary: Sure. (the girls hug)

(The door opens)

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Lewis: Hillary. (Hillary joins the team at the door, intentionally holds Lewis's hand.)

Hillary: You will both be remembered.

(Everybody leaves the room except Steve and Gladys. Lewis holds Hillary's hand when leaving the room, Will sees it.)

(Black out)



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Scene 3

(In a room with a lot of blocks)

(Lights on)

(Lewis and Hillary enter, the door is then locked behind them.)

(VO: Steve and Gladys scream.)

Hillary: What's that?

Lewis: (Tries to open the door to the previous room.) It's locked.

Hillary: (Pushes Lewis away, bangs on the door.) Hey! Hey guys, you alright?

Gary: They will be fine. Maybe they just got excited playing computer games (Others agree).

Paris: Sure, we should see if there is any clue about how to get to the next round.

(All look around for clues. Hillary still looks worried and sits aside.)

Lewis: (To Hillary) Sweetie, are you okay?

Hillary: I'm fine, just worried.

Lewis: That's very kind of you. (beat) Is Will your good friend?

Hillary: Yes. Why do you ask?

Lewis: I just think he might have a crush on you. Every time I get close to you, he seems to get very angry.

Hillary: He just gets angry easily. (beat) How about you? Do you have a crush on me?

Lewis: Wow

Hillary: So?

Lewis: I... I do obviously, I just didn't expect you to ask so directly.

(Both giggle.)

Hillary: Good! We should take the chance to get rid of Will if we can.

(Lewis surprised.)

Hillary: So I can be with you, without any obstacles.

(Will sees they are talking, rushes to them.)



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Will: (Furious) Hey!

(Hillary pushes Lewis away.)

Hillary: Will.

(Will walks away and walks back.)

Will: Hillary, can I have some of those? (pointing at the chips and nutella.)

Hillary: Sure, I don't really like them anyway.

(Will walks away and walks back.)

Will: Hillary...

Hillary: Yes, Will.

Will: ...I saw you talking to Lewis.

Hillary: Yes, (beat) he's pretty annoying, right? But it doesn't mean that I have to be rude to him.

Will: So, you don't like him.

Hillary: Of course not! Seriously, you're much better. (smiles)

(Will starts eating.)

Hillary: Will, do you remember that the host said people will be eliminated in each round.

Will: Yes.

Hillary: Maybe we should get rid of that annoying bug. You and me, together.

(Will smiles. Hillary moves on, tries to approach Gary.)

Paris: (raise up a box.) Hey guys, I found something.

(Everyone rushes to Paris. The screen is on.)

Sociologist: (Announcement) Well done, Paris. The rule in this round is pretty simple. Here is a ballot box. Only four of you can proceed to the next round. Look at your fellow contestants and decide who should be removed. Ah yes, one more question from me. (beat) Is any one of you here is willing to be sacrificed?

Hillary: (slowly raises her hand.) Me... If I have to.



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Sociologist: Alright. And who is not willing?

(Gary raises his hand immediately.)

Sociologist: Good, Gary. Your right to vote will be transferred to Hillary, so that you can learn about the value of doing good deeds. Hillary, congratulations, you have 2 votes. See you... and enjoy.

(the screen is turned off.)

Gary: Hey! Hey! Hey! That's not fair.

(Everyone looks at Gary. Paris opens the box, takes out a pile of ballot paper and some pens, distributes them amongst the others.)

Gary: Come on, wait! Wait... No! Wait! Guys, let me talk to Hillary before we write the stupid name down.

All: No.

Gary: Come on! My vote has just been taken away for some stupid reason.

Paris: That just proves you are not very good at games.

Lewis: Hillary can make the judgement on her own. She doesn't need your help.

(Will smiles.)

Hillary: Come on guys, don't be so mean. Gary's just being honest, he shouldn't be punished because of that. (walks up to Gary.) Come on, tell me what you think.

(Gary whispers in Hillary's ear. Hillary looks back at him.)

Hillary: Let's vote.

(They write and queue behind the ballot box. Light changes.)

Lewis: Will. You will be out and Hillary will be mine.

Will: Lewis. Bye, annoying bug.

Eddy/Edith: Paris. I just hate him.

Paris: Gary. He is too dangerous.



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Hillary: Will. Lewis. Bye, my dear friends.

(Light changes.)

(The door opens.)

Eddy/Edith: The door opened.

(Staff member enter and hold Will and Lewis by force.)

Lewis/Will: Wait!/What?/ What's going on?/ You must have made a mistake./ No!/ Let go!

(All shocked. Paris looked at Hillary.)

Gary: Let's go!

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Scene 4

(Lights on)

(Eddy enters the room first. followed by Gary, then Paris and Hillary. Door is locked after they all entered. This is a room filled with mirrors.)

(Eddy shakes the lock.)

Paris: That's useless. You know the door won't open.

- Eddy: (To Paris) Of course I do. I'm just fed up with these locked doors.
- (Everyone sits down. Hillary starts sobbing.)

Gary: What now?

- Hillary: I am worried about Will and Lewis.
- Paris: Save it, you voted them out.
- Eddy: (shocked) What!?
- Paris: Are you really that stupid? Those two boys must have written one another's name. You must have written mine. And she got two votes.

(beat.)

- Paris: Am I right? You left your friends there.
- Eddy: Wait. (To Paris) Whose name did you write?
- Paris: That's none of your business. (To Hillary) Am I right?
- Eddy: You must have written my name, because you hated me for being as smart as you.
- Paris: No, I didn't.
- Eddy: You're too proud of yourself. I can see straight through your lies.
- Paris: No, you can't! Stop playing smart 'cause you're not. I don't have to vote you out until the last minute! I can deal with you, easily! Now, if you're satisfied, I have some questions to ask. So, am I right, Hillary? You left the boys there.



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- Hillary: You've no right to judge. Maybe I should have written down your name and let you be taken away by those guards instead. Voting those two out didn't benefit me. (beat) I don't know you guys. (cries.)
- Gary: Then why did you do it?
- Hillary: I thought that's what "sacrifice" meant...
- (All ease a bit.)
- Eddy: You silly girl...

(Pause.)

- Hillary: When will the host appear again? This room makes me feel uneasy.
- Gary: There's nothing in here except mirrors.
- Eddy: What if there are clues inside the mirrors?
- Hillary: But there's nothing to break them.
- Paris: I don't think there will be clues behind them. The setup of the place doesn't suggest there will be any hidden clues.
- Eddy: What does it suggest then, genius?
- Paris: Reflection. To reveal ourselves.
- Hillary: I feel like it's not a game. Seems like the host is observing us, observing what we do.
- Paris: Well, then try saying something.
- Gary: Say what?
- Paris: Something that will provoke the host to give us the next clue.
- Eddy: (points at Paris). I want to vote him out. (nothing happens) I want him to lose. (nothing happens) I'm fed up with his face and his attitude! (beat) Nothing happened, your "theory" doesn't hold up.
- (Screen goes on.)
- Sociologist: Or maybe it does. Come on, tell me more. Be honest.
- Gary: I want to win and take the prize home.
- Eddy: I hate him! (points at Paris) I don't want to win, I just want him to lose!



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- Paris: Then I will go with Gary, we will both go to the last round and win. (Gary seems like he will go along with this plan)
- Hillary: No, you can't. He wanted to vote you out in the previous round.
- Gary: No, I didn't. She's lying.
- Hillary: I'm not.
- Paris: Then I will go with you, Hillary.
- Eddy: No, you won't. You are not going anywhere.
- Sociologist: (claps her hands) Interesting! Now, can you see there are two boxes up there? (All look up. smoke comes in.) Inside those two boxes are the things you need to escape from this room. You'd better hurry up before you choke.
- (Everyone tries to reach the boxes, except Hillary.)
- Paris: Come on, Hillary. It's too high, I can't reach it.
- Hillary: No! You're not my ally.
- (Hillary runs to Gary.)
- Paris: Hillary! (Runs towards Hillary, but Eddy catches him.)
- Eddy: No way! You're not going anywhere.
- Hillary: (to Gary) Let's do it together! Come on, I'm your only choice now.
- (Hillary and Gary work together to reach the box.)
- Paris: Let go of me!
- Eddy: No, I won't! We're gonna lose together.
- Paris: Are you crazy?
- Eddy: I might not be the brightest, but I can stop you. If I'm not going to win, then you aren't either.
- (Hillary and Gary get the box, put on the gas masks in it and leave.)
- Paris: Then help me to get the freaking box... and win together...
- Eddy: I won't help you... to take the glory...

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Paris: Come on... they are going... .they are going

Eddy: Never... I will never help you. Never...

(both faint.)

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Scene 5

(Lights on)

(Gary and Hillary rush into the room. There're two chairs in the middle of the room, facing the auditorium, and there is a partition in between them. The Sociologist is in the room already.)

(Gary pulls his hand away from Hillary's. He takes off the mask. Hillary takes off the mask too.)

Hillary: Lucky we worked together; if not, we wouldn't have been able to escape.

(Gary's not replying.)

Sociologist: Welcome, finalists. You've been doing very well in the previous rounds. Congratulations.

Hillary: So, you're the host.

Sociologist: Yes, and how was everything? Did you have fun?

Gary: What sort of game is this? Where's our money?

Sociologist: Tut tut tut... wait. It's not the end of the game yet. We still have the last round to go. Come on, take a seat.

(Gary and Hillary sit on the chairs.)

Gary: So, now what?

Hillary: You expect us to eliminate each other again? No way.

Gary: I'm OK with that.

Hillary: Gary?!?

Sociologist: Not quite... perhaps you can win by working together, as you did in the second and third rounds. This is a game of trust. Under your chair you will find a clipboard. You must each write one name on the board: either write your own name, or the other person's name. There are three possibilities. If both of you write the other person's name, then you will both win and share the prize money. If both of you write one person's name, then that person takes the whole total of the prize money themselves. If both of you write your own names, then neither of you gets any money.

(Sociologist stands aside.)

(beat.)



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- Hillary: Gary, remember I helped you to get to the final round.
- Gary: But you lied.
- Hillary: Does it matter to you?
- Gary: No, but I don't enjoy being forced to work with you.
- Hillary: I forced you to work with me, huh? You whispered in my ear "Help me win and I will give you half of my prize" before the second round vote. You decided to form an alliance with me, I didn't force you to work with me.
- Gary: OK, but I was forced into that decision by the circumstances. I wanted to form an alliance with Paris. However, you didn't respect my choice./ You lied to him/ broke our alliance and forced me to work with you.
- Hillary: You didn't respect our alliance. / Paris never trusted you, and I will not allow you to abandon me after I voted my friends out because of you.
- Gary: Because of me or the prize I promised?
- (Hillary breaks into tears.)
- Gary: Stop pretending, you don't even have an audience here.
- Hillary: Good. (beat) How about you? You never intended to share the prize with me or with anyone, that's why you tried to break our alliance in the last round. Am I right?
- Gary: Yes, that's all true. At least I'm honest about it.
- Hillary: You dare say you're honest. You traitor.
- Gary: Do you remember Will and Lewis? You're a traitor too. We're no better than each other.
- Sociologist: I'm going to have to ask you to make your decision now.
- Hillary: It's no use arguing now, we can't get this far only to lose everything. If we both write our own names neither of us gets anything. Write my name and I'll write yours.
- Gary: Do you think I'm a complete idiot? If I write your name then you will definitely write your own name and take everything for yourself.
- Hillary: But if I write my own name then I risk losing everything.
- Gary: How about this: I write my name, and you write my name too if you really don't want us to lose everything. I'll give you a share of the prize if I win.

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Hillary: Half the prize?

Gary: Quarter.

Hillary: I have a better idea. It's obvious that the only correct answer to this game is to agree to write each other's names - they're testing how selfish we are. However, since you don't trust me enough to do such an obvious thing let's make a deal: if I *do* cheat and write my own name, then I will have to give you three quarters of the prize money. Sounds fair?

Gary: 90%

Hillary: Done.

(They write on the clipboards and hold up the name to show it. Both write their own names.)

Sociologist: Take them away.

(People come in to take them away, the partition is taken away and they see one another's choices.)

Hillary: What? Why did you write your own name?

Gary: Why did you write yours? You would have had to give me 90% ...

Hillary: The deal was we should write each other's names! The 90% was only if I cheated...

Gary: That's why I thought you'd write my name...

Hillary: So you'd rather get 100% than 90% and risk trusting me?

Gary: And you'd rather take 10% than risk trusting me to get 50%?

Hillary: If I'd have trusted you I'd have got nothing!

Gary: You got nothing anyway.

(beat.)

Hillary: I guess neither of us is any less evil than the other.

(they're taken away.)

Sociologist: (Sighs.) Here we go again... The trouble is the good people never get to the final round. Is it worth trying again? If, given sufficient time, a group of monkeys can potentially write the works of Shakespeare, then eventually we must find one good person who can reach the top. It's just a matter of time. Yes, yes... yes, yes. (Exit.)

<u>(B/O)</u>



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Epilogue

(Setting the same as Scene 1.)

(Lights on)

(Will B and Hillary B enter.)

Will B: (looking around) Is this for real? (Takes his phone out of his pocket, double-checking the message)

Hillary B: It says here/

Will B: but no one else is here. It's probably another stupid trick.

(Gladys B, Steve B and Lewis B enter.)

Hillary B: Look! We aren't alone.

(Gladys B rushes to the food immediately. Steve B finds the most comfortable seats. Lewis B sees Hillary B.)

Lewis B: (to Hillary) Hi.

(Hillary B smiles back. Paris B, Edith B, Gary B enter.)

Paris B: Oh!

Edith B: Someone else's here already.

Paris B: Hi.

Gary B: So, did you guys get the message too?

(B/O)