

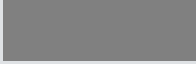




Script

Any information or comments can be uploaded here !

Color	Meaning
	Backstage moderator
	IT support
	Tone / Acts / Mood of a specific line (sentence)
	Plain text
	Note from playwrights

Act 1. Henry got the cheque by chance.

Actors: Narrator, Henry Adams, Oliver and Roderick Montpelier, Mr. Garrat, Montpelier's butler

Scene 1.

Stage Properties:

1. An A4 paper (the one-million-pound note)
2. A sofa (*Two beanbags can be an alternative to this if you think a sofa is too heavy and inconvenient to transport*)
3. A chair opposite the sofa

(Lights off, O.M. and R.M sitting on the sofa on the stage already)

N: Once upon time when Britain was very rich, deep in the vaults of the Bank of England, there was more gold than anywhere else in the world.

(Lights on, Mr. G onto the stage, with the one-million-pound note on his hand)

Mr. G: Here it is, Mr Montpelier. I'm sure you will not be disappointed with its prosaic design.

(R.M and O.M. standing up)

R.M.: *(very naturally answering)* Oh on the contrary it seems to me a thing of beauty. *(slowly, smiling, with a rather decent tone)* It looks good. It feels good. It is good.

O.M.: And there is only one other note like this, issued in connection with a foreign loan.

R.M.: Well, you see, Mr. Garrat, my brother and I require this pretty exquisite unique little scrap of paper..... for a bet.

Mr. G: A bet? Oh gentlemen, I am astonished at your purpose, and that you should call it ... a scrap of paper. Allow me to draw your attention to the text. *(reading slowly and carefully, pointing a finger toward the text)* I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one million pounds.

(Lights out, Mr. G off the stage, H.A. onto the stage, putting his hands in his pocket, and, R.M. and O.M. standing up, getting onto the balcony)

Scene 2.

Stage Properties:

1. A letter
 2. A sofa
 3. A chair opposite the sofa
 4. A cube-shaped box (*served as a safe*) (The letter is first put in it.)
-

(H.A. walking slowly on the stage, feeling down. A light is tracking H.A., with other parts of the stage dark.)

(All lights on, R.M. and O.M. poking their heads out of a window.)

R.M.: Excuse me, young man. Would you step inside for a moment?

H.A.: *(looking back and seeing the R.M. and O.M., concerned)* What's going on?

R.M.: You're an American, Mr. Adams?

H.A.: Yes, I am.

O.M.: May we ask what you are doing in this country?

H.A.: I'm hoping to find work.

R.M.: Do you have any money?

H.A.: No, I don't.

O.M.: *(can't help cheering)* Oh, perfect! What a good luck we have!

H.A.: *(a bit angry)* It's not lucky to me. Now, if you excuse me, I'll be on my way. *(getting up, wanting to leave)*

R.M.: Oh, please don't go, Mr. Adams. You mustn't think we're insensitive. Oliver, give him the letter.

O.M.: *(standing up, reaching from the safe)* The letter. *(Creepy music)*

H.A.: For me? *(not understanding why, yet accepting it)*

R.M.: Yes. FOR YOU.

H.A.: *(reading)* The enclosed Bank Note is lent to you for one month. If you return it intact at the end of that time, you shall have any job that is within our power to give you.

O.M.: And, it may interest you that we have a *BET* on you. Good luck, Mr. Henry Adams.

H.A.: *(Looking puzzled, but politely)* Alright. Bye.

(M.b. comes and leads H.A. out of the room)

(all lights out, R.M. and O.M. off the stage)

Act 2. Henry bought decent clothes and was introduced to a hotel.

Actors: Henry Adams, Clothes Shop Salesman 1, Clothes Shop Salesman 2, Clothes Shop Manager, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1. Clothes rows
 2. The one-million-pound note
 3. H.A.'s 2nd costume
-

N: Now that Henry has no choice but accept the fact that he IS a millionaire, he steps into a clothes shop. As you see, he really needs a decent suit.

(Lights on. H.A. with his one-million-pound note, C.S.S.1, C.S.S.M and C.S.S.2 onto the stage)

C.S.M: Tell Tod to serve him quickly and get him out of the side door.

C.S.S.2: Yes, sir.

(C.S.S.2 walking to the other side of the stage)

H.A.: Is this the sort of thing that's worn in England?

C.S.S.1: Oh yes, sir. It's all the fashion. Try the trousers.

C.S.S.2: *(whispering to C.S.S.1, but loud enough for the audience to hear)* Mr. Reid says you've got to get him out of the side entrance and be quick.

C.S.S.1: I know what I'm doing. I've got eyes, haven't I?

H.A.: Well, if you don't mind I'd.... I'd like to open an account and settle with you in a month. You see, I, er..., don't happen to have any small change.

C.S.S.2: *(sarcastically)* Ha, I suppose a gentleman like you can only be expected to carry large change.

H.A.: 'Cause I've only got a bank note. One million pounds. *(very enigmatically showing C.S.S.2 the bank note)* YOU CAN CHARGE IT, can't you?

(C.S.S.1 & C.S.S.2 slowly turning around to look at each other, again very nervous and not knowing what to do next. BGM: very very embarrassed)

C.S.S.1: *(pause for a while, very embarrassing)* Er... I'm sorry, sir. Allow me to go get our manager over.

(C.S.S.1 moving to the other side of the stage, then C.S.S.1 and C.S.M going back)

N: Tod reports the situation to the manager.

C.S.M: *(as if seeing a piece of gold)* Would it be the one I saw in the papers on Wednesday or was it Thursday? Oh, I remember thinking that never would I be blessed with the feel of such a note as this. *(suddenly VERY loudly and angrily, to C.S.S.1)* You idiot, Tod! A born idiot! Bring the gentleman into this part of the shop! *(very adulatorily and politely)* You'd think we never had dealing with millionaires. Oh! Take off this jacket, sir, it only fit for the dustbin *(H.A. taking off his jacket)*. *(suddenly loudly and angrily to C.S.S.1)* Hey you stupid donkey! Get Jack, Arthur and William. Be quick! *(C.S.S.1 running off the stage, suddenly very very sycophantly and politely)* Allow me sir. Er... this way, sir.

(C.S.S.2 showing Henry his second costume in this play, which he will put on later)

C.S.M: Yes. Yes. (*obsequiously*) First thing in the morning, we shall start to make for you. You'll be needing a morning suit, a dress suit, something for opera. You'll never get through the season without them. Thirty suits is the very minimum. Now what about a cycling suit, Mr. Adams? Cycling is all the rage nowadays. Then of course...

H.A.: That's fine. For the time being I only need a proper suit.

C.S.M: (*very horrified*) No! Oh dear, oh dear, the humiliation. Well, may I ask for your address, Mr. Adams?

H.A.: Oh, I don't have an address. I'm changing quarters.

C.S.M: Take my advice and stay at Bumbles. The very place, quiet, modest and discretion itself. (*with a very very sycophantic smile*) Luckily for you I have a relative on the management. Leave it to me.

(*All lights out, everyone off the stage*)

[Stage Reset]

Withdrawal: Everything on the stage

Resetting: idk

(Act 3 can be deleted, as it may seem that whether Henry gets to know Locke doesn't make a difference to the ending.)

<!-- ## Act 3. Henry got to know Locke and they became good friends.

Actors: Henry Adams, Manager, Locke, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1. A desk with pen and paper on it on one side of the stage (representing the reception desk of the hotel lobby)
 2. A table with food and drinks on the opposite side (representing the restaurant).
-

N.: The hotel staff has mistaken Locke, a dumb man with shocking strength, for Adams. Locke was reluctant to leave, and the hotel staff decides to call the police.

H.A.: Just a minute. I don't think we need the police. I'd like to have a talk with this gentleman. (*Walking towards Locke*)

Locke: (*Pointing at his throat*)

H.A.: You can't talk?

Locke: (*Nodding*)

H.A.: Well, that doesn't affect your drinking habits, does it?

Locke: (*Smiling*)

H.A.: (*Patting Locke on the shoulder, leading him to a table*) Then perhaps you'll be kind enough to lead the way for us.

N.: Adams learns that the dumb man works in a circus, and invites him to have a meal. He then talks about the million-pound bank note he received from the brothers.

H.A.: Are you very busy these days?

Locke: *(Shaking his head)*

H.A.: Well, that's great! Then why don't you stay with me for the next four weeks? Help me to keep the bank note intact?

Locke: *(Holding out his hand)*

H.A.: *(Shaking hands with Locke) (To Locke, proudly)* For the next month, I'm Henry Adams, the American Millionaire. -->

Act 4. Henry was introduced to the upper class.

Stage Properties: A table on one side of the stage, guests standing on the other side chatting, Portia and her uncle sitting at the rear of the stage, Duchess of Cromarty standing at the front

Actors: Duchess of Cromarty (the host of the party), Portia,

Portia's uncle (i.e., Duke of Cromarty), Henry Adams, Guests 1-5, Narrator

(In this act, guests have to be present, because this is a party held by the well-known family in the community. But they don't need to have lines.)

(Lights on the side of Henry on. Do not turn on lights on Portia's side.)

N.: Henry Adams is introduced to a party at Hampshire house, the Duchess's residence.

(BGM: some noise or music of a party)

(At the party, all the guests should be talking casually. Portia is sitting in the garden, enjoying herself)

(In the background, reading the name aloud) Mr. Henry Adams!

(Seeing Henry Adams coming, Duke.C. and Duchess.C. making a gesture indicating 'Sorry for leave' to the guest, and walking towards Henry.)

Duchess.C.: *(With a smile)* How good of you to come, Mr. Adams. This is my husband.

Duke.C.: How do you do? *(Shaking hands with Henry)*

H.A.: How do you do?

Duchess.C.: Now this is a very informal occasion. I do hope you're going to enjoy yourself. *(Off the stage)*

(Guest 2 walking over to Henry, while Duch.C. walking into the garden, accompanying Portia)

Guest 2: If you really wish to understand the British, I suggest a visit to the House of Lords. Would you care to come with me?

H.A.: Well, yes indeed. As a matter of fact... *(H.A. and Guest 2 moving to the side of the stage, talking very casually)*

(Lights on this side of the stage on.)

P.L.: Uncle?

Duke.C.: What is it, my dear?

P.L.: Mr. Henry Adams. I'd like to meet him.

Duke.C.: Have you succumbed too?

P.L.: I merely thought it might be useful to get him interested in Aunt Grace's charity. A millionaire behind us is just what we need.

Duke.C.: Oh, if that's your intention, my dear, I'm with you. I'll do my best.

(Duke.C. walking towards Henry Adams)

(Duchess.C. casually chatting)

Duke.C.: Now I fear I must drag Mr. Adams away from you. We have a relation who will make my life quite intolerable unless she meets him. *(Leads Henry away)* This way, Mr. Adams.

(Following Duke.C., Henry Adams walking towards Portia. Duke.C. off the stage.)

P.L.: Won't you sit down?

H.A.: Thank you. *(Sitting down)*

P.L.: Poor uncle, he hates my aunt's parties almost as much as I do. Nothing but talk, talk, talk. And nobody says anything, do they?

H.A.: Well, nothing very serious. But - when we get back in, won't there be any gossip?

P.L.: I'll tell you what we do. We'll say we were discussing the Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies.

H.A.: The what?

P.L.: The Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies.

H.A.: Oh, they won't be satisfied with that.

P.L.: Oh, they would. It's my aunt's pet charity. And you're a millionaire, after all. They'd expect you to take an interest in charity. You do, don't you?

H.A.: Well, yes, I-I do, but...

P.L.: And to prove it, you could say you're coming to the opening of our new premises. It's on next Wednesday.

H.A.: Uh ... would you be there?

P.L.: Of course.

H.A.: I'd be there.

(Henry and Portia off the stage.)

(For this part the conversation between Portia and Henry can be longer, or the plot of Henry's confessing his love for Portia and Portia's leaving Henry when he's rich may seem a little bit abrupt to the audience. We may also extend the plot of the auction. In brief, Henry and Portia should spend more time together on stage.) N.: Henry is invited to the Home for Motherless Babies. After taking a look at the babies, he is taken to a charity auction. He doesn't want to donate much, but is urged by the audience to donate five thousand pounds.

Act 6. Henry's fame started to influence the stockings of the gold mine.

Stage Properties: Henry and Lloyd sitting on 2 chairs side by side on one side of the stage (as two seats on the carriage) and a table with drinks and 2 cups on it, and two chairs on the other side of the stage

Actors: Henry Adams, Lloyd, Narrator

(On the way back to the Bumbles)

L.H.: *(very anxiously)* Now, Henry, you've got to help me. I'm in trouble, and you'll be able to get me out quite easily. I've made a large investment in a gold mine, the Good Hope Gold Mine.

H.A.: *(I have no idea how to revise this monologue. Maybe it can be replaced with plots of Henry confessing his love to Portia? Or we can just omit the lines here, as it's not related to the overall plot in this act.)* *(Daydreaming)* *(Contentedly)* Oh, what an unforgettable night I had with her. I won the heart of the dearest girl in this world! When I told her - I did, indeed - told her I loved her, she - well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she said she did. And she's the only person I could be perfectly honest and square with. I told her I hadn't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note, and it didn't belong to me. I told her the whole story. She couldn't believe it at first - but then she just laughed. She didn't seem to mind it at all...

(Note that this should be addressed to the audience)

(Background) Bumble, sir. We're here, sir.

H.A.: Well, home already. Come on in and have a drink.

(Henry and Lloyd enter the hotel and sit down in their room (represented with a table))

L.H.: Dear me! It's a palace - it's just a palace! Henry, it doesn't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am! Henry, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would -

H.A.: Oh, rich or poor! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Now, Lloyd, unreel your story.

L.H.: Unreel it? Once more? I've already told you about it, Henry. I've sunk everything I have into that mine. But there isn't one capitalist who'll take a chance. *(Jumping up)* *(Desperately)* Henry, you can save me! You can save me, and you're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? Won't you do it?

H.A.: Tell me how. Speak out, my boy.

L.H.: Give me a million for the marketing rights of the mine! *(Nervously)* Don't, don't refuse!

H.A.: I will save you, Lloyd...

L.H.: Then I'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I-

H.A.: *(In a commercial manner)* Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way. I don't need to buy mines; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell it within two weeks, for three millions cash, under my endorsement. Use my name freely, and we'll divide the profits.

L.H.: *(Excitedly)* I may use your name! Your name - think of it! Man, they'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they'll fight for that stock! I'm a made man, I'm a made man forever, and I'll never forget you as long as I live!

(Lloyd and Henry off the stage.)

Act 7. The waitress of the hotel played a joke on Henry by concealing his cheque, which resulted in doubts and rumors and affected Henry's life.

Scene 1 (hotel counter): Duke of Frognal and Lloyd had a bicker over Henry's occupancy of the suite.

D.F. (*pounding bank notes onto the counter*) 490, 495, 500 pounds.

L.bum: Thank you, your grace.

D.F. Not at all. (*with a sharp change in tone*) Now what I require is a definitive explanation of this yankee american's occupying my suite for such a long time while I've been dishonorably catered for in the small cabin downstairs! Now, I want my old suite back. It's a question of principle!

L.bum: He's a public figure, your grace, of considerable standing.

D.F. Stuff and nonsense! (*irritated, angrily leaving the counter without even picking up the bank notes*)

Scene 2 (cloakroom): Duke of Frognal convinced Renie, the maid into hiding the cheque.

(*Duke of Frognal whispered to Renie*)

Renie: I couldn't sir. What if I were caught?

D.F. Come on, be a sport. It's only a bit of fun. You can say it was my orders.

(*Renie grinned seductively towards Duke of Frognal*)

N.: (*Renie acts correspondingly*) And so Renie gracefully strode into Henry's suite with the subterfuge of a cleanup. Smartly lurking behind Henry's views, she adeptly took the cheque out of Henry's clothes in the wardrobe and hid it right beneath the carpet - just like a skillful prowler. Poor Locke didn't even took notice of Renie's presence.

(*Renie returned to Duke of Frognal who feigned a praise and left*)

Scene 3 (Portia's mansion): Soon rumor arose about the millionaire's authenticity.

(*For this part the narrator's lines can be replaced with a new character: a newsboy. He's peddling newspapers to pedestrians on the road outside Portia's house.*) N.: In the evening, Duke of Frognal spread the rumors of Henry being a fake millionaire to the guests present. At first, the act was a self-consolation perse, but soon the news spread by word of mouth and the next morning, an article titled *million pound mystery* was published on front page of the most eminent newspaper in London.

Portia's aunt: ... that London Society has freely opened its doors to this notorious American visitor. An impostor! Who would have thought it! It just shows how naive we are. From now on our doors are closed to Mr. Henry Adams.

(*Portia ran out of the dining room*)

Portia's aunt: What extraordinary creatures women are! She told me she wasn't speaking to Henry Adams, and if we're going to avoid a scandal, she mustn't.

(*Portia's aunt enters Portia's room*)

P.L. (*childishly but rebelliously*) I'm going straight to Bumbles.

Portia's aunt: No, my dear. If you were an ordinary girl it wouldn't matter. But, alas, we are not an ordinary family.

(*Aunt locks the door, with Portia desperately pounding from inside*)

P.L. Let me out!

Scene 4 (Henry's suite): Henry was pushed for payment.

L.bum: I don't wish to press you, Mr. Adams, but if you could see your way to settling the account it will enable us to bring our books up-to-date.

H.A.: I thought you said there was no hurry.

L.bum: But it is customary to settle weekly at Bumbles. But naturally, in your case, we were happy to enlengthen it to three weeks. If you'll kindly settle the bill, Mr. Adams, we'll detain you no longer.

N.: At first, Henry was quite uneasy on hearing Lloyd's words. The million-note-are desperately wanted to find a hole in the ground. That's when he thought about Portia in the morning, and suddenly a beam of light came to his mind - his shares in Hastings' gold mine business!

H.A.: (*pensive, but then delighted when he reminisced of Hastings' shares*) I'll settle my accounts in full this afternoon. It so happens that my real fortune is tied up in mining ... gold mining. Well, good morning, gentlemen. You're a fascinating species. Sometime you must take a good look at yourselves (*hurry out the doorway, arrogant*) ... under a microscope.

Maybe Scene 4 can be omitted and Scene 1 and 2 can be integrated?

Scene 5 (Stock Exchange):

L.H.: (*eager, desperate*) Have you found the note?

H.A.: I want to sell those shares of mine.

L.H.: Sell? Why, nobody would accept those shares as a gift. You've ruined me, my boy. I'm finished.

H.A.: What are you talking about? You told me yourself that they were worth twenty thousand pounds.

L.H.: (*indifferent*) That was yesterday. (*stress*) The note, Henry, where is it? You did have one, didn't you?

H.A.: Well, of course, I had one. Isn't there any sanity left around here? Where does all this *up and down* business go on?

L.H.: Thromorton Street - the Stock Exchange.

H.A.: That's where I'm going.

L.H.: Wait! Don't go, Henry! You'll be ...

(*Henry rushed out the doorway, leaving Hastings pounding his chest, crying.*)

Act 8. Henry wanted to tell people to focus on money, but they just cared about the note and Henry was nearly killed. The twist came when the Duke of Frognal found the note and people went crazy again.

(Corresponding acts of Henry being thrown out of the Stock Exchange may be added.)

N.: Henry returned to the Bumbles, literally in rags.

H.A.: Ladies and gentlemen *(interrupted, shouting "that's him, the imposter!")* ... Ladies and gentlemen. I understand that you've all come here for me and your money in the Good Hope Gold Mine ... *(interrupted, shouting "yeah!")* I can sympathize with your feelings ... *(interrupted, shouting "What about the note?")* Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll just listen to me for a minute, you'll see that far from need for panic, you've all made what will turn out to be a very sound investment. **(/ THIS IS WHERE ^ BEGINS /)** turn into murmurs *(pantomime)*

(in the hallway)

Renie: Sir, sir, it's all right.

D.F. What's all right?

Renie: The Bridal Suite. You're getting it back.

D.F. What!

(Servants and maids paraded through the corridor, holding sheets and Henry's luggage.)

D.F. *(shouting toward the maids and servants)* How dare you! Dashed impertinence. Take them back at once. Who do you think you are? *(to Renie)* This has gone too far! Come with me.

H.A.: Mr. Lloyd Hastings has such faith in your gold mine shares ...

Crowd: *(screaming and shouting to the extent where Henry's lines can hardly be heard, becoming more and more angry)* Where is the note!

(Cheerful music, such as reveille)

D.F. The note! The blasted note!

Crowd: *(Crowd first confused, then hoarded out of the hall.)* He has the note!

H.A.: Where was it?

D.F. Under the carpet, my instructions.

H.A.: Why on earth did you do that?

D.F. I don't like those upstarts like you and what you do with the money either. But somehow I've gone too far. A lark's one thing, but when a fellow's expected to pay his tailor's bill, it's no joke. It's time I apologize to you, sincerely. You're entitled to throw down the glove.

H.A.: *(grin)* Well, since I haven't got a glove, I'll have to accept your apology.

D.F. You're the most charitable Yankees I've ever seen. I'm beginning to like you. Young man, you'll make the grade in the future.

(Duke of Frogmal pats Henry on the shoulder and walked away. Servants gathered around Henry and began helping him put on the jacket)

(On Henry's side of the stage, servants and maids clustered around him. Meanwhile narrator reads the following line.)

N.: Remember Portia? Well, as soon as the million pound note was found, the shares price of Good Hope mines peaked again, and Portia's aunt was quite content to receive the five thousand pounds that Henry has promised her. Busy counting money and boasting about her blueprint for the money, Portia's aunt definitely Portia to continue her relationship with Henry. But Portia never cared about those filthy bits of paper - she just badly wanted to see Henry. **(For this part, we can add a relatively short conversation between Portia and Henry)**

(Portia was escorted into the hall)

P.L. Henry! Oh, Henry.

(Without further words, the two hugged)

(Stage Reset)

(In Act 7, maybe we should put more emphasis on the conflicts between D.F. and H.A., and thus maybe Scene 5 can be omitted. In Act 8, we can add some lines to emphasize the investors' anger towards Henry Adams)

Act 9. Henry returned the cheque and refused what the two brothers offered.

Actors: Henry Adams, Oliver Montpelier, Roderick Montpelier, Portia Langham, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1. a sofa (which can be replaced by beanbags)
2. chairs/beanbags (to seat P.L. and H.A.)

(O.M. and R.M. sitting on the sofa, P.L. and H.A. sitting on the chairs. All lights on.)

O.M.: One month to the day. In fact to the very hour. A little worse for wear, but still intact. Congratulations, Mr. Adams.

H.A.: Well, now that I've, er... carried out my side of the bargain to your satisfaction. What was the bet?

O.M.: Well, you see, I maintained that such is people's attitude to the symbol of wealth that by just having that little scrap of paper in your possession without ever cashing it, you could have everything you wanted.

R.M.: Whereas, I maintained that as you were denied the right to cash it, it would be quite useless to you. But I only have to look at you, Mr. Adams, to realize I was mistaken.

O.M.: Never have I won a bet more conclusive. I tell you, Roderick, that note can do anything. It even made him 20,000 pounds in the Stock Exchange!

P.L.: May I say something?

R.M.: By all means, my dear.

P.L.: I agree that the note is extremely powerful, but it isn't quite true to say that it can do anything. You see, I love Henry because he is Henry.

H.A.: THE FACT IS THAT SHE LEFT ME WHEN SHE THOUGHT I WAS RICH, AND CAME BACK TO ME ONLY WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THAT I WAS REALLY POOR. If anything, the note only came between us.

R.M.: Oh. Oh! Did you hear that Oliver?

(R.M. and O.M. start quarreling.)

O.M.: Come, come, Mr.Adams. But for the note you'd never have met.

(music starts but faint at first, such as "Can't Buy Me Love", etc., but has to be oldstyle)

(The following quarrel soon turns into murmurs.)

R.M.: *(without pause, a little bit emotional)* How do you know? They might have been fated to meet.

O.M.: *(without pause, getting more and more emotional)* We are not discussing what might have been. We're only concerned with the facts. You can't get out of it, Roderick, Mr. Adams returned the note intact and now has everything he wants. The mere fact that they had a lover's tiff has nothing to do with it...

R.M.: *(without pause, even more emotional)* Precisely, and the note came between them. It *(All lights out.)*

(Note: We expect the following narration to be well-received, so the line must be read clearly. We also tried to avoid using luxurious words.)

N: Shakespeare tells us, money can turn black into white, ugly into beautiful, cowards into warriors. Of course, these tiny scraps of paper can be one of the most economical ways to stimulate ones potentials. But in a society where money is , absurdity will be the ultimate trap. Adulation for the rich, despise of the poor, together with relentlessly magnified greed, make all the people disgustingly hypocritical. Unfortunately, we can't go without money. Yet still, we need to keep in mind: After all, Shakespeare also tells us that, if money can't bring peace and satisfaction, then a rich man is no better off than a poor one. From the bottom of your heart, there is certainly something more worthy of pursuit, like kindness and love. But for his earnestness, Henry wouldn't have won Portia's heart.

(advice: music becomes louder)

(Lights on. Everyone onto the stage.)