

登机口

DĒNG JĪ KǒU

D.Q. Pham

## Synopsis

The gate agent has a job and that is to lead the terminal up to Canada or guide them down to Australia. Once she lets the wrong traveller on board, a daughter's visit ends up a visitation.

Character	Gender	Age	— Doubling
<u>佩特</u> (peit-tay) The gate agent of Aquil Airlines to Canada.	Female	20+	
<u>DANIELLE</u> YUEN University of Victoria's incoming student. A native of Hong Kong with a dominant British and a subtle Canadian dialect. She once connected with Gabriel Denn, who heads to Victoria University.	Female	15-20	—
<u>MODEL</u> - The timeless onlooker.			
<u>宋朝</u> (SONG) The mother of DANIELLE. A camera engineer of Hong Kong.	Female	30s-60s	—
<u>INTERROGATOR</u> The bad detective.			
<u>阮 元朝</u> (YUEN YUAN) The father of DANIELLE. A human rights lawyer of Hong Kong.	Male	30s-60s	—
<u>INVESTIGATOR</u> The good detective.			

## Setting

A brief end of the nineteen-seventies, the dusk of the twentieth century, and the momentary dawn of the twenty-first century.

Hong Kong International Airport, the former and the successor:  
Kai Tak Airport (啓德機場) and Chek Lap Kok Airport (赤鱗角機場).

SCENE i

*[Canada's Gate in Kai Tak Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline artwork, presents a seventies jive, and reads: "啓德機場".]*

*(MODEL- strolls in. MODEL- halts. MODEL- examines the banner.)*

**佩特**

*(Absent, 佩特 leads.)*

Terminal. Ow madam. This way. No no no. Not the stairway. Down there. No need to apologize. TOODLE-OO.

*(佩特 slides in.)*

You are not fooling me with them. Ozzies.

*(佩特 tries to ignore MODEL-. 佩特 may speak into a radio.)*

I am the gate agent. I let only the good folks in. Into the light... Oh Canada!

*(佩特 heads behind the podium.)*

Families proceed first!

*(佩特 may put down the radio.)*

*(SONG is pregnant. SONG lugs around a Polaroid camera. SONG drags YUAN in.)*

Baby on board!

*(SONG and YUAN hand their passports to 佩特.)*

**SONG**

*Residency for a photographer-in-training.*

**YUAN**

*Lawless world for a future attorney.*

**SONG**

*(SONG addresses YUAN.)*

I am the one who captures the imagination around here.

*(佩特 examines SONG's passport.)*

**佩特**

Song... I may have seen the images you have captured. What magazine?

**SONG**

All of them.

**佩特**

Who is your agent?

*(SONG drags MODEL- to the podium.)*

**SONG**

I built them.

*(SONG directs 佩特 to MODEL-.)*

*(佩特 grabs a Canadian license plate, with "V8W 2Y2" printed. 佩特 hands the plate to MODEL-.)*

*(SONG hands her camera to 佩特.)*

*(MODEL- poses with the plate.)*

*(佩特 naturally photographs MODEL-.)*

**佩特**

Yuan. I have seen you on the telly.

**YUAN**

Really? Would you mind if I present you with another...

*(YUAN focuses on SONG.)*

...kind of trial?

*(YUAN distinctly signals that he will not put his hand on MODEL-. YUAN directs MODEL- to the back of the podium.)*

*(MODEL- heads behind the podium. MODEL- stows away the plate.)*

*(佩特 returns the camera and photos to SONG.)*

*(YUAN lawyerly paces.)*

Did you kill her...

*(YUAN points to SONG's abdomen.)*

Baby?

*(SONG expresses irritation.)*

*(MODEL- guiltily stares everywhere.)*

*(佩特 grabs a gavel. 佩特 repeatedly bangs the gavel on the podium.)*

**佩特**

Guilty Denn.

*(佩特 points the gavel at MODEL-.)*

Take her away.

*(MODEL- perplexedly wanders off.)*

Finally. Away from Canada's gate...

**SONG**

*(SONG addresses YUAN.)*

That is MURDER.

**YUAN**

That was my most publicized case. Remember, the one-child policy was my only moral dilemma? I lost it.

*(YUAN glances where MODEL- exited.)*

That poor physician.

*(佩特 takes notice.)*

**佩特**

So, you did serious cases then?

YUAN

You said you watched me on the telly?

佩特

On a chat show.

YUAN

I have never been interviewed by a chat show host about my work on human rights.

佩特

(佩特 *chuckles.*)

(YUAN expresses growing humiliation.)

YUAN

State-run telly personnel...

佩特

The fight for *human rights* is comedy material Yuan.

YUAN

You are a load of codswallop. Well, what is that then?

(YUAN points to the gavel.)

佩特

What? This safety material?

(佩特 *hides the gavel.*)

There is no security at airports. We have guardian agents, but they are off on the jet bridge, between the terminal and the good folks.

**YUAN**

Mankind are good tourists.

*(佩特 glimpses behind SONG and YUAN.)*

**佩特**

And they will not stay tourists if lines get longer.

*(佩特 returns the passports to SONG and YUAN.)*

You are good to go.

*(SONG places the photos on the podium. SONG drags YUAN through Canada's gate.)*

**SONG**

Men, should be right at least once to attempt humanity.

**YUAN**

At least I have a photographic memory while you need a camera...

*(SONG and YUAN departs.)*

*(佩特 waves the photos around.)*

**佩特**

I have both! Do not forget to mail in your ratings for 佩特!

*(佩特 relaxes.)*

Oh, all the friends I will make at Kai Tak...



[The 赤鱓角機場 banner replaces the 啓德機場 banner.]

I will cherish my first two...

**SONG**

(Absent, SONG interrupts.)

Three!

**佩特**

THREE passengers to my gate for all eternity.

(佩特 inspects the photos.)

SCENE ii

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱲角機場".]*

*(DANIELLE strolls in. DANIELLE gazes at the banner.)*

*(佩特 sets down the photos.)*

**佩特**

Welcome to Chek Lap Kok.

*(DANIELLE heads to 佩特.)*

*(佩特 expresses sentimentality.)*

Are you finally going to board Canada?

*(DANIELLE expresses puzzlement.)*

**DANIELLE**

It's always been boarding.

*(佩特 compares the photos to DANIELLE.)*

**佩特**

I misremembered.

*(佩特 hastily hides the photos.)*

*(DANIELLE presents her unopened passport.)*

*(Absent, SONG photographs with a digital camera.)*

*(佩特 recognizes the camera shutters.)*

Danielle!

**DANIELLE**

That's me.

*(佩特 examines DANIELLE's passport photo.)*

**佩特**

This was last updated not long ago. But you look so much different.

**DANIELLE**

That's adulthood...

*(SONG is no longer pregnant. SONG leans out. SONG prepares to photograph the fourth wall.)*

**YUAN**

Quit the childish antics, Song. They might not have signed release forms.

*(SONG retracts.)*

**SONG**

There are no terms in this dump.

*(SONG and YUAN attempts to casually stroll in.)*

**佩特**

Yuens! Song and Yuan. Welcome back to Canada's gate.

*(佩特 analyzes SONG and YUAN.)*

Your appearances are timeless. What is the secret?

**YUAN**

It is in our jeans.

**SONG**

How else are we going to fit in with Canadians?

*(SONG and YUAN split and posture their legs.)*

*(DANIELLE looks down at her written jeans. DANIELLE feels embarrassed.)*

**佩特**

You two have been wearing those out since you first arrived at my gate...

**DANIELLE**

Sorrey.

*(YUAN expresses delight.)*

*(SONG slightly feels disappointed.)*

**YUAN**

Aww... Our baby is going to fit in with the repentant.

**SONG**

Our model student is going to be merciless at the University of VICTORIA.

**佩特**

An institute that will propel her.

**SONG**

Not yet. Your airline needs to expel us there to speak to their board.

**佩特**

Why continue boring yourselves with another monarchical British?

**YUAN**

*You answered your own question there.* For our whole lives until recently, this city was under the Crown.

**SONG**

She has prepared to take on the Queen's studies. Why else would all our air kilos have been to that province?

**YUAN**

Other than fresh air and sunlight... Why else?

**佩特**

I only guard the gate. I have never been in Canada. I just assume that is where the good folks live. (佩特 lightly coughs.)  
(佩特 rapidly blinks. 佩特 focuses on DANIELLE.)

What would you be studying?

**SONG**

**YUAN**

Engineering.

Politics.

(佩特 levels with DANIELLE.)

**佩特**

Do not worry. I remain undecided for myself whether to go anywhere else. But as a gate agent, I will decide for others. My decision for you is... You shall study in Canada! You are good to go!

(SONG, YUAN, and DANIELLE head into Canada's gate.)

Please fax a passing grade for 佩特!

(佩特 eventually notices DANIELLE's passport. 佩特 rushes into Canada's gate with DANIELLE's passport.)

SCENE iii

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱲角機場".]*

*(佩特 treks in with tea.)*

**佩特**

So awake and so alive, so full of beans this fine morning!

*(佩特 shakes or stirs the tea.)*

*(DANIELLE sluggishly limps in. DANIELLE sinks against the banner.)*

*(佩特 sets down the tea. 佩特 heads to and levels with DANIELLE.)*

There are other layers beyond the gate. So long as you are initially accepted, the sky is not the limit!

**DANIELLE**

Failure's not on my jeans...

*(佩特 rolls her eyes. 佩特 picks up on DANIELLE's phrasing. 佩特 swiftly reads DANIELLE's jeans.)*

**佩特**

Maple syrup freezes at negative eighteen degrees Celsius... The moose is one thirty-eighth the initial velocity of a Canadian swallow.

(佩特 *vocally contemplates.*)

That is a loaded question.

(佩特 *scans DANIELLE's jeans.*)

You have the rest of the citizenship test written on your jeans.  
Swallow your unladen pride. You are such a cheater.

**DANIELLE**

I'm not the one who's cheated!

**佩特**

Who?

**DANIELLE**

Gabriel!

**佩特**

Were you two in a relationship?

**DANIELLE**

ARE.

**佩特**

Is your partner sharing you and...?

**DANIELLE**

We're sharing Victoria!

**佩特**



What is wrong with you?!

**DANIELLE**

U to me's before Victoria. But U to Gabriel's after.

**佩特**

U... Victoria. Victoria... U.

*(佩特 feels a pleasant epiphany.)*

OH...

*(佩特 suddenly feels an unpleasant epiphany.)*

Oh...

**DANIELLE**

Gabriel's going down...

*(佩特 directs DANIELLE to Canada's gate.)*

**佩特**

Danielle is living it up...

**DANIELLE**

We're supposed to go be with Victoria together.

**佩特**

At least you two are stationed here. All universities or relationships have the same breaks. Return to family.

**DANIELLE**

Victoria University's the Denn-family university.

**佩特**

Denn? They are dishonest folks. Sure, the Denn was here to devour our neighbours in the northeast. But they overstayed their welcome.

**DANIELLE**

I welcomed Gabriel in my life when we thought of Ozzies as...

**佩特**

The dumb cousin of the many cousins that have all the say.

**DANIELLE**

For Canada's gatekeeper, you're the meanest cousin.

**佩特**

Positive stereotyping is still stereotyping. And this is not locational. This is in the family name. Dishonest Denn had an economic appetite for the livestock in this region.

**DANIELLE**

The city council tried to run them out. Take more and more of their land away. This city's not different from the country.

**佩特**

Their influence could not be stopped. Now we have to rely on agriculture from the mainland.

**DANIELLE**

I believe Denn can change. Just needs the strength to take Gabriel in, and remember that I was different from all the other girls.

**佩特**

Focus on the boys in Victoria...

**DANIELLE**

Them wankers? No. And Gabriel's made sure I took in some devoutness.

**佩特**

*Gabriel certainly has the courage to pray on an island surrounded by predators.*

**DANIELLE**

And just like any Denn, could adapt. In the white fluff of the winter's months. There's nothing that would warm my heart more than for Gabriel to freeze with me.

**佩特**

You could join in the heat.

**DANIELLE**

The gate agent from here to there are those who'll not see me for who I am...

*(佩特 glances at the podium.)*

**佩特**

A model student...

*(DANIELLE feels amused.)*

Of...

*(佩特 analyzes DANIELLE's jeans.)*

It will not be out of style, when I figure it out. It will be on me.

*(佩特 taps her legs.)*

*(DANIELLE swiftly stands.)*

**DANIELLE**

What out?

**佩特**

The terminally.

*(佩特 heads out with her tea.)*

You and Gabriel will see eye-to-eye.

*(DANIELLE bewilderedly tiptoes off.)*

Just hear me out.

SCENE iv

*[Check-In Hall at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱗角機場".]*

*(佩特 rolls in a table with a cuboid computer, a mouse, a keyboard, and a landline phone. 佩特 types.)*

佩特

Gabriel... Denn...

*(佩特 scrolls through the computer. 佩特 mumbles.)*

What do Roman-ese-in understand?

*(佩特 retypes.)*

Cantonese or Mandarin...

*(佩特 views the computer. 佩特 feels sentimental.)*

Ying Wa... I used to go to your academy. Still behind the times...  
You two at least made some progression for a selective school.

*(佩特 examines the computer. 佩特 pulls out the phone. 佩特 dials.)*

8 5 2 8 7 5 3 9 3 1 9

*[The phone rings.]*

*(佩特 displays impatience. 佩特 glances at the computer. 佩特 is reconsidering.)*

Mother...

*[The phone is picked up.]*

Mister Denn... *Xiānshēng* Denn. The travels have been rerouted. Do not head to the lowest floor of the terminal. Go to the highest story.

(佩特 *listens.*)

Yes. Got to hand it to Gabriel.

(佩特 *waits.*)

Alright. I repeat. You belong beyond this gate.

(佩特 *listens.*)

I will know who you are.

(佩特 *examines the computer.*)

Your history and everything.

(佩特 *listens.*)

I will find you in the departing crowd. It is in your jeans!

(佩特 *halfheartedly listens.*)

Trousers. I will rely on your sole underneath.

(佩特 *listens.*)

Yes. I will keep pushing.

(佩特 *sets the phone down. 佩特 rolls the table off.*)

Have a...

SCENE v

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱗角機場".]*

**佩特**

*(Absent, 佩特 greets.)*

G'day? Ow ya goin'? Oh, ow-y. Never speak like that... *Got it.* My day is swell. Sun. Thank you very much.

*(佩特 guides.)*

This way. Just head on up. Up up up. The stairway. Enjoy the rest.

*(佩特 slides in.)*

You had me fooled. Too bright for an Ozzie, too honest for a Denn.

*(佩特 may speak into a radio.)*

I let only the brightness in.

*(佩特 stands behind the podium.)*

Those with a bright future ahead!

*(佩特 may put down the radio.)*

*(DANIELLE heads in with her passport and luggage.)*

*(佩特 turns down DANIELLE's passport.)*

You are going to live it up.

*(DANIELLE shrugs.)*

**DANIELLE**

You'll be let down.

**佩特**

You are dragging yourself down.

**DANIELLE**

I just have the same attitude as... So-and-so who done so to me.

*(DANIELLE stares down.)*

**佩特**

Looking down is dragging.

**DANIELLE**

Nothing to stare down. Somehow... Not present.

**佩特**

You are here and you will be there to...

*(佩特 taps DANIELLE on the shoulder.)*

...raise her up.

*(佩特 glimpses behind DANIELLE.)*

Sooner than later while life is ahead.

*(DANIELLE embraces 佩特.)*

**DANIELLE**

No matter how much you'll be let down, I'll always look up to you.



*(DANIELLE dashes into Canada's gate.)*

## 佩特

TOODLE-OO!

*(佩特 realizes she incorrectly spoke Australian. 佩特 tries to look on. 佩特 signals to wait a moment. 佩特 peeks into Canada's gate. 佩特 expresses satisfaction. 佩特 sneaks into Canada's gate for a closer look.)*

SCENE vi

[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]

[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱗角機場".]

(佩特 skips in. 佩特 signals that entry is allowed.)

[The wind howls.]

(MODEL- waves a paper that reads "通緝" and has DANIELLE's photo printed on it. MODEL- prances in with the paper.)

(佩特 signals to wait a moment. 佩特 heads to and catches the paper from MODEL-.)

(MODEL- dances away.)

(佩特 reads the paper. 佩特 increasingly trembles. 佩特 drops the paper. 佩特 rushes to Canada's gate. 佩特 seems to be unable to enter Canada's gate.)

[A window replaces the 赤鱗角機場 banner.]

(佩特 dreads. 佩特 signals for all to save her.)

[The lights dim.]

SCENE vii

*[Interrogation Room at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The lights are dim. The podium is tightly situated. The window comprises two stationary silhouettes. The paper, that reads “通缉” and has DANIELLE’s photo printed on it, lies on the floor.]*

*(佩特 defensively stands behind the podium.)*

**INTERROGATOR**

*(Absent, INTERROGATOR echoes.)*

I interrogate. He investigates.

**INVESTIGATOR**

*(Absent, INVESTIGATOR resonates.)*

We are going to address the two subjects by their plane tickets.

**INTERROGATOR**

Gabriel Denn is subject six six six.

**INVESTIGATOR**

Followed by Danielle Yuen as seven hundred and seventy-seven.

**INTERROGATOR**

**INVESTIGATOR**

Is that clear?

*(佩特 looks towards the window. 佩特 negatively shakes her head.)*

**INTERROGATOR**

You let an Ozzie through the gate?!

**INVESTIGATOR**

How did subject six hundred and sixty-six get up there?

**INTERROGATOR**

What are you even doing as a gate agent?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Same routine for two decades and two airports?

**INTERROGATOR**

Too little sleep this one night before?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Has working around the clock taken its toll on you?

**INTERROGATOR**

Did the Ozzie pay you off?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Were you embroiled in corruption?

**INTERROGATOR**

Too poor to let it out?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Do you have anything to say?

**INTERROGATOR**

The Yuens state that you do not hold back.

**INVESTIGATOR**

Based on Denn's account, you were reserved.

**佩特**

(佩特 *mumbles.*)

Lyin' Denns...

**INTERROGATOR**

We get that Ozzies twisted our lives here.

**INVESTIGATOR**

This is a special case.

**佩特**

(佩特 *cracks.*)

Danielle...

**INTERROGATOR**

What we bring back from Canada are always wholesome occasions.

**INVESTIGATOR**

This is twisted.

**INTERROGATOR**

University of Victoria had no seven seven seven.

**INVESTIGATOR**

Subject seven hundred seventy-seven was not in attendance to her preliminary dormitory assembly.

**佩特**

She is nowhere to be found. Gabriel is missing.

**INTERROGATOR**

Did you stop and think if that Ozzie should be at her university where she belongs?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Were you under the impression that subject six hundred sixty-six was assigned to your flight based on the mannerism?

**佩特**

A manner of life and death.

**INTERROGATOR**

We do not know that yet!

**INVESTIGATOR**

The investigation is still ongoing.

**INTERROGATOR**

I would put down your livelihood if I could.

**INVESTIGATOR**

We cannot draw any conclusions.

**佩特**

I do not imagine myself going down.

**INTERROGATOR**

You do not have to imagine that Canadians will no longer help Hong Kong up.

**INVESTIGATOR**

A precedent has been made and will result in difficulty to trek any of the former territories of the British Empire.

**INTERROGATOR**

But somehow Australia is fine with us. Though do you want to go down that path?

**INVESTIGATOR**

Where do you see yourself?

**佩特**

In the moments I was with Gabriel, I saw myself.

*(佩特 directs to herself.)*

A little girl who could be trusted out of her family, and an agent that represented the best of her homeland.

*(佩特 directs to her surroundings.)*

**INTERROGATOR**

Lyin' Denn would not let you happen.

**INVESTIGATOR**

His *lives at stock*.

**佩特**

There is a bright future for h—

**INTERROGATOR**

*(INTERROGATOR shockingly interrupts.)*

We have bad news.

*(佩特 gazes at the paper.)*

**INVESTIGATOR**

Addressing this... *(INVESTIGATOR sniffles.)*

*(佩特 heads towards the paper. 佩特 picks up the paper.)*

**INTERROGATOR**

Her body has been found.

*(佩特 crumples the paper.)*

**佩特**

Danielle...

**INVESTIGATOR**



She is awaiting up there.

*[The 赤蠟角機場 banner replaces the window.]*

*(佩特 tosses the paper away.)*

**佩特**

Danielles...

**INTERROGATOR**

If you still hope to be somebody...

**INVESTIGATOR**

Particularly for this case, the Yuens...

**INTERROGATOR**

**INVESTIGATOR**

Guard the gate.

*[The light brightens.]*

SCENE viii

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airline graphics, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱲角機場".]*

*(SONG carries a digital camera.)*

*(SONG and YUAN quickly march in then halts.)*

*(佩特 feels traumatized.)*

**佩特**

Visa...

**SONG**

Visiting.

**YUAN**

Visitation.

*(SONG and YUAN try to hand their passports to 佩特.)*

*(佩特 stops SONG and YUAN.)*

**佩特**

There is nothing you can do. She is with the good folks up there now. You are not good to go.

*(SONG throws her camera. SONG weeps.)*

*(YUAN holds SONG close.)*

**YUAN**

I am here to represent her.

**SONG**

WE.

**YUAN**

Sorrey. Lawyer-speak.

**佩特**

I speak the same. I cannot let you.

**SONG**

Why not?!

*(佩特 eyes up and shakes her head to inaudibly hint of the higher-ups.)*

**YUAN**

*(YUAN addresses SONG.)*

You. Perhaps.

**SONG**

Us.

**YUAN**

I absolutely know that we cannot interfere. But you, you are a fighter. And the biggest opponent is yourself.

**SONG**

No. She is!

*(SONG lunges at 佩特.)*

*(YUAN holds SONG back.)*

**YUAN**

Proving the point. We do not want a lawsuit on this side.

**佩特**

My break is happening soon. I will not be a city employee at that time. So, we can bring charges upon each other then.

**SONG**

I will charge you now!

*(SONG tries to lay a hand on 佩特.)*

**佩特**

I meant, you may bring it solely on me.

**YUAN**

Your tone seems lawful.

**SONG**

This clone is awful!

*(SONG escapes YUAN's grasp. SONG breaks down.)*

We do not know you anymore...

*(YUAN tearfully nods.)*

**佩特**

The tears seem not that of a lawyer. Hand me your passports.

*(SONG swiftly hands her passport to 佩特.)*

*(YUAN feels puzzled.)*

*(SONG impatiently signals for YUAN's passport.)*

*(YUAN hands his passport to 佩特.)*

**YUAN**

Are you letting us into Canada's gate?

*(佩特 pauses. 佩特 opens their passports.)*

**佩特**

Access to the lounge. My real self will be there.

*(佩特 prepares to stamp.)*

*(SONG expresses her growing temper.)*

*(佩特 pulls out sticky notes and frantically writes.)*

RESORT ISLAND around Chek Lap Kok.

*(佩特 sticks the sticky notes into their passports.)*

*佩特 attempts to return their passports.)*

(YUAN expresses lawful puzzlement.)

I will make it happen.

(SONG and YUAN take their passports. SONG and YUAN hesitantly departs.)

(佩特 points to where SONG and YUAN exited. 佩特 faces outwards.)

Sail those couples in a circle.

(佩特 shakes her head.)

They will not know. They never remember to rate my services.

(佩特 suddenly recalls. 佩特 turns to where SONG and YUAN exited.)

Do not forget to give me a good charge!

[A flap display replaces the 赤鱸角機場 banner.]

Once you have service...

(佩特 takes out the photos.)

And for now, they just lost their daughter.

(佩特 glances at the camera. 佩特 stows away the photos. 佩特 picks up the camera. 佩特 thinks about rushing to SONG but rejects the thought. 佩特 inspects the camera. 佩特 heads out. Absent, 佩特 demands.)

Fix this.

SCENE ix

*[Waiting Area at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is openly situated. The flap display contains only these nations: Australia, Austria, Costa Rica, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Iceland, Ireland, Luxembourg, Malta, Mauritius, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United Kingdom, and Uruguay. The flap display remains frozen.]*

*(YUAN holds a luggage.)*

*(SONG and YUAN wander in.)*

*(YUAN sets his luggage down.)*

*(SONG sits on the luggage.)*

*(YUAN expresses discontentment.)*

**SONG**

All I ever load up on is my camera. And if we go back and look, my seat would already have been taken.

*(佩特 strolls in with the camera.)*

*(SONG feels excitement.)*

Seat.

*(SONG reverts back to displeasure.)*

I see through you.

佩特

This thing still can see. Did you make this?

SONG

Custom-made. Staballoy. You want to take a stab at it again?

佩特

There is no need for that. I cherish enough memories...

SONG

You want to take a stab?

佩特

New memories would not hurt.

*(佩特 levels with SONG. 佩特 hands the camera to SONG.)*

Look. You have been here for several days now.

YUAN

Most of it spent around this island.

SONG

LITERALLY... And without my camera...

佩特

Your chauffeur was a pilot, so they would not know how to land a boat. And how to build the undercarriages they use to land. My employer, Aquí Airlines, is... Very interested in the waterproof.



**SONG**

Also bulletproof.

**佩特**

*Custom-made... Figures.*

**SONG**

You know what else is custom-made and a figure? Danielle.

*(佩特 holds back the tears.)*

**佩特**

Precisely. And just like her, you can make this. Chek Lap Kok Airport.

**SONG**

This airport is a year old.

**佩特**

Basically, a baby.

*(SONG feels sentimental.)*

*(YUAN expresses disagreement.)*

**SONG**

*(SONG addresses YUAN.)*

Are you for human rights or not?

**YUAN**

Humans. Not airports.

**佩特**

Not airports. But would you mind representing an airline?

*(YUAN feels puzzled.)*

I will get back to you. You two will get back to your daughter.

**SONG**

By remaking what would take us up?

**佩特**

No. By making it. My... *Our* airport would like an image. A respectable portrait to show that we are to be trusted.

**SONG**

Headshots of pilots would be difficult. Perhaps take the shot when they are grounded?

**佩特**

*A portrait of a different breathing engine.*

**SONG**

My cameras are made FOR THE PEOPLE.

**佩特**

But yours was built to withstand firepower. And firearms are not for the people. Try the essence that arms the fire. Try airpower.

**SONG**

But you have several, pasted on *passionate* printmaking.

**佩特**

They are a quality of an underpaid intern... Those are not images. Those are dots on a photo, enlarged. What we would like is your camera that can document the heavens.

**SONG**

If we can get an aerial shot of Danielle, I am willing to donate the brainpower.

**佩特**

Nonsense. We have a workforce of *interns*.

*(YUAN humanely expresses skepticism.)*

**SONG**

What is left of our daughter is worth more than all the rights you have fought for other humans.

**YUAN**

I lost all of them.

**SONG**

I am giving up mine. Because of Danielle, we lost our own humanity. Here is the chance, we can only go up.

YUAN

You make a bad case.

佩特

Basically, protect the terminal and make the terminal appear respectable and the gate will open up for you two to be with your daughter again.

YUAN

I focus on humanitarian crises. Not airport and airline management. I am not going to take up cases for your baby or however you see this dump.

SONG

Do it for our baby. We need her back.

YUAN

If she were around, she would not have wanted me to do this dirty work.

佩特

How many of your clients stayed in their respective crisis?

YUAN

Almost none.

佩特

You lost them. After those trials, how did they *get lost*?

*(YUAN glances at the flap display.)*

**SONG**

Not from the mainland that is for sure. Under the Crown, they can leave their world behind, through this port of departure.

**佩特**

Any gate guaranteed them a humane life. This airport made all your cases spiritual wins. Remnants of democracy let us be able to operate freely and without regulation. Here, all your cases may be physical wins.

**SONG**

Let us physically see Danielle. Even though it is one last time.

**佩特**

And I cannot wait to see you on chat shows many times. Interviewing.

**YUAN**

I am ill-prepared for either cases.

*(YUAN scoots SONG off his luggage. YUAN opens his luggage. YUAN pulls out a large Canadian book, a small Cantonese book, and a Mandarin scroll. YUAN displays the large book.)*

Full democracy.

*(YUAN displays the small book.)*

This city. It is a non-updated volume... Before this city unwinds from a democracy to...

*(YUAN displays the scroll.)*

*The People's Republic...*

**SONG**

I do not picture the mainland to be laxed.

**YUAN**

There is only one clause written. Stay obedient to your party chief.

*(YUAN addresses 佩特.)*

As an unregulated corporation, what would you picture?

*(佩特 contemplates. 佩特 heads to the podium. 佩特 grabs a packed binder.)*

**SONG**

I would picture...

*(SONG forms the V sign with her hand, along with an upward swing at the elbow.)*

*(YUAN feels amusingly slighted.)*

**佩特**

You should, but do you know the other two insults... *Terms and conditions?*

*(SONG feels flustered.)*

*(佩特 hands the binder to YUAN.)*

*(YUAN skims through the binder.)*

**SONG**

Too many moving parts.

**YUAN**

Civility is a long read but gets to you.

**佩特**

We often settle with any prosecution because we cannot read through all that ourselves. Chek Lap Kok Airport maintains independence from the mainland's Civil Aviation Administration, but we took management lessons from the British Civil Aviation Authority, who were a bit chatty.

**YUAN**

Often, who were the prosecutors?

**佩特**

Lately, all are nonnatives of Hong Kong.

**YUAN**

What is their role in society?

**佩特**

The People's Republic employees and officials.

**YUAN**

Ah that *society*. They are often the defendants of mine.

*(YUAN places the scroll and books in the luggage.)*

**SONG**

I am at times, too.

**YUAN**

*(YUAN disapprovingly shakes his head. YUAN mumbles.)*

That is not what defendants mean.

*(YUAN addresses 佩特.)*

You make a good case. I will oversee complaints filed against this airport.

**SONG**

And if the gate will not open up for us again, I will be one of those files.

**YUAN**

And I will take an old one of mine out if that lounge is closed, only for the two of us to have.

*(佩特 feels slighted. 佩特 pulls out her card.)*

**佩特**

Just take mine.

*(SONG and YUAN dash out with their luggage and camera.)*

You should replace the complaint with a compliment for 佩特's sake!

*[The flap display may flip a nation, other than Australia, to Canada. Otherwise, the radio beeps.]*

*(佩特 may glance at the flap display. 佩特 heads to the podium. 佩特 picks up and listens to the radio.)*



You cannot replace me.

(佩特 *listens.*)

The Yuens just want to see their daughter again.

(佩特 *nods.*)

I am well aware the higher-ups would not like that as it is too soon in their case.

(佩特 *increasingly doubts. 佩特 looks towards her exit. 佩特 spots a being.*)

We cannot probe into the Denms' inquiry agent.

(佩特 *stows away the binder.*)

However, I will investigate the worries of a customer service agent.

(佩特 *heads out. Absent, 佩特 scolds.*)

I can see you hiding... If they fail to see Danielle's hide, at least they found new life in Chek Lap Kok...

[The refined 赤鱗角機場 banner replaces the flap display.]

Second to Canada's gate... Let me take over... Move along...

SCENE x

*[Check-In Hall at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays aviation photography, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: “赤鱘角機場”.]*

*(佩特 rolls in a table with a cuboid computer, a mouse, a keyboard, and a landline phone. 佩特 halts. 佩特 respectfully observes the banner. 佩特 rolls the table to her destination. 佩特 types. 佩特 rolls her eyes. 佩特 retypes. 佩特 feels unstable. 佩特 hesitantly picks up the phone. 佩特 wobblily dials.)*

佩特

8 5 2 8 7 5 3 9...

*(佩特 unsteadily sets the phone down. 佩特 depressingly glances at the computer.)*

*[The phone rings.]*

*(佩特 switches to confidence. 佩特 picks up the phone.)*

This is Chek Lap Kok Airport. The international airport of Hong Kong. This is 佩特. How may I be of assistance?

*(佩特 falsely expresses enthusiasm.)*

Song. You are of the assistance.

*(佩特 glances at the banner.)*

I see that Aquil Airlines have provided an accommodation for your cameras. Those are such great views... Yes... So was my lounge...

Indeed, I miss the view... I will be there momentarily. My real self.

(**佩特** sets the phone down. **佩特** rolls the table off.)

SCENE xi

*[Lounge at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is openly situated. A banner displays aviation photography, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱓角機場".]*

*(佩特 quizzically strolls in. 佩特 looks at the banner. 佩特 looks around.)*

**佩特**

Are they already in the picture?

*(Absent, SONG photographs. SONG strolls in with a camera.)*

**SONG**

You are... In what picture?

**佩特**

Nothing big... Where is Yuan?

**SONG**

He is making his case.

*(YUAN skips in with a suitcase.)*

**YUAN**

If you cannot win, make the game. I should not give that away.

*(YUAN opens the suitcase. YUAN takes out papers and a packet from the suitcase. YUAN hands the packet and papers to 佩特.)*

I trust you.

**佩特**

*(佩特 reads a paper.)*

A complaint, from the CEO of... Hmm... That spring water company.  
Is... That the water tastes like metal onboard.

**YUAN**

Should have thought of that while they drain the lakes of  
indigenous tribes.

*(佩特 flips or switches to another paper. 佩特 reads.)*

**佩特**

From... A microbiologist whose name I cannot pronounce... Had to use  
the lavatory during periodic times on the trip. The food service  
is much to be desired.

**YUAN**

If she had taken a curiosity in a different kind of science...  
Physical science. She would have known that the toilet would be  
more frequent in higher altitudes than the grounded due to the  
lack of pressure outside the body of each passenger.

**SONG**

Lawyers are as big of an arse as physicists.

**YUAN**

I know you as an engineer hated them while in college, so you  
went after the second worst and second most attainable.

*(佩特 flips or switches to another paper. 佩特 reads.)*

**佩特**

A... *Redacted*... They blamed the luggage agent for planting drugs.

*(佩特 amusingly looks on.)*

Well, that should be easy. A lot of complaints are them stealing from the passengers. But who would give up anything, especially drugs?

**SONG**

Well it is life or death.

**YUAN**

The mainland will execute both of them. That case is going to the bottom of the ocean.

*(佩特 crumples and drops the paper.)*

**佩特**

Pollution. Way ahead of you.

*(YUAN points to the papers in 佩特's hand.)*

*(佩特 flips through the papers. 佩特 amusingly stops.)*

**佩特**

Of course.

*(佩特 picks up and pockets the paper.)*

Do not litter this or metals into water like that CEO.

**SONG**

Or that microbiologist.

*(佩特 flips through the papers. 佩特 eyes the packet.)*

**佩特**

This one is hefty.

*(佩特 reads the packet. 佩特 deepens her sorrow.)*

My airline did not hire a potential flight attendant because they are homosexual...

**YUAN**

I trust you...

**佩特**

You are protecting Aqui Airlines from this complaint?

*(YUAN negatively shakes his head.)*

Some progression...

**YUAN**

Just human rights.

**SONG**

Well, this is just a man being right for once.

**佩特**

Your daughter would be proud of you.

**YUAN**

What our daughter did was wrong...

**SONG**

But we still would have wanted everyone like... Gabriel... To love who they love.

(**佩特** *contemplates.*)

**佩特**

That is what Chek Lap Kok strives for. Do you two want to take up the mantle beyond my airline? The whole airport? The island?

**SONG**

I am way ahead of you.

**YUAN**

(*YUAN whispers.*)

That was not in the agreement...

**SONG**

Aqui Airlines will let this slide. Or. You prematurely won this case.

**YUAN**

That would encompass private sectors?

**佩特**

The worst of the two kind. We must appease them because they can easily be personal relations nightmares.

**YUAN**



I tried hard to get a celebrity to use their platform for change.

**SONG**

They do not have it so tough. And more people would be *obsessed* with them.

*(佩特 takes offense to the word: "obsessed".)*

**佩特**

Perhaps instead, they could appease you.

*(YUAN curiously departs.)*

*(SONG bewilderedly looks on.)*

Playing hard to get already.

**SONG**

He is definitely signing up.

*(SONG departs.)*

SCENE xii

*[Lounge at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is openly situated. A banner displays aviation photography, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: “赤鱓角機場”.]*

*(佩特 may grabs a lengthy seat. 佩特 heads behind the podium. 佩特 lights up the back of the podium. 佩特 sits and watches the podium like a telly.)*

**佩特**

Bugger off'd...

*(SONG strolls in.)*

Song?

**SONG**

Your airline handed me interns, remember?

*(SONG sits with 佩特.)*

And Yuan says that if they were paid double digits as human beings should, they would not only adore me but work harder.

*(佩特 amusingly flips through channels.)*

I just checked up on him.

*(佩特 suddenly looks surprised.)*

*(SONG eyes the telly.)*

My husband is on the telly?!

**佩特**

And not archival. This is live.

**SONG**

Turn up the volume. Any volume.

**佩特**

My telly has no working sound system. Came with this airport.  
Same conditions applied.

**SONG**

Can you turn on the captions?

*(佩特 adjusts some switches or presses buttons.)*

*(SONG uneasily mutters.)*

Hmm... Mandarin...

**佩特**

Could you understand?

**SONG**

It... Yes. Them... No.

**佩特**

I understand that Hong Kong's Cantonese to the mainland's Mandarin is the British to every other kind of English. Here is what I do to be less constipated as a hard mixture of British Cantonese. Just act out the captions. I project out my phone calls so... Ready?

*(SONG examines the telly.)*

**SONG**

They are still on commercials...

*(佩特's and SONG's eyes glues to the telly.)*

And they are using photos taken by my cameras!

**佩特**

Tons of unbelievable flying footages... That is our airport advertisement. Oh I wish they got shots of me at the gate... One day with both of your help.

*(佩特 relaxes.)*

Here we go.

*(佩特's and SONG's glances back-and-forth at and simultaneously mimics the telly.)*

We are back with our special guest lawyer, Yuen Yuan.

**SONG**

Umm, thank you. It is good to be back... Wink?

*(SONG slowly winks.)*

**佩特**

I know we here on this chat show had bits and pieces all up on you. I mean we thought what human rights is are what humans left... The smells.

*(佩特 chuckles like the audience.)*

**SONG**

*(SONG briefly stops mimicking.)*

That joke would not land in a Cantonese translation...

**佩特**

*(佩特 continues mimicking.)*

But what you did for me made me have some humanity left. When I sent in a complaint to Chek Lap Kok about the violations of my privacy. You went down to my private jet right as I was boarding to demonstrate that you were looking out for me. I am not on this telly to frequently get hate mail and death threats. On public telly, I am public too. You sir are human rights. I smelt that in you.

*(佩特 astonishingly pauses. 佩特 quits mimicking.)*

**佩特**

It is no joke in any language.

**SONG**

*(SONG reads the telly.)*

Raw emotion.

*(佩特 expresses amusement.)*

Says it right there in the captions.

*(SONG disappointedly examines the telly.)*

Of course... My husband is awkwardly silent...

*(SONG signals to turn off the telly.)*

*(佩特 turns off the telly.)*

**佩特**

Your lives have gone further than all the flights you have taken through Canada's gate.

**SONG**

We got to take a stab at all the memories we can.

*(佩特 feels uncomfortable.)*

**佩特**

You got to stop saying that, especially with the context surrounding your daughter. For your sake.

**SONG**

We are not Danielle. *I am not Danielle.*

**佩特**

I know it is not you or Yuan's fault.

**SONG**

We can form new memories.

*[The elegant 赤鱸角機場 banner replaces the refined 赤鱸角機場 banner.]*

Unlike her, we can live out our dreams.

*(SONG snatches the seat.)*

Like her, through your gate.

*(SONG rushes off.)*

SCENE xiii

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays airlines soaring in bright skies, presents a nineties vibe, and reads: "赤鱘角機場".]*

*(佩特 stares into Canada's gate.)*

**佩特**

I am the gate agent! I let only the good folks in!

*(SONG strolls in. SONG examines the banner.)*

Into the light... Oh Canada!

*(佩特 faces SONG. 佩特 expresses terror.)*

**SONG**

You are good. I look up to good things.

*(YUAN strolls in.)*

**YUAN**

Usually those with power can stand at great heights. I would advise you not to look up to them.

**佩特**

She used to have the power to drag you to any level.

**YUAN**



At this level, everyone who can enter there...

*(YUAN points to Canada's gate.)*

...and soar has all the power. Or whoever has the money...

**佩特**

Pardon?

**SONG**

I will drag him out. With whatever power I have left.

*(SONG drags YUAN off. SONG purposefully drops a stack of money.)*

*(佩特 heads towards the money. 佩特 disappointedly stares out. 佩特 looks out near where SONG and YUAN exited. 佩特 begrudgingly picks up the money. 佩特 extends her arm with money in hand.)*

**佩特**

You. In front of the line.

*(佩特 heads out. Absent, 佩特 pleas.)*

Take my place. It would only be for a moment. Just check the travel visas.

*[The sophisticated 赤鱗角機場 banner replaces the elegant 赤鱗角機場 banner.]*

And only one condition... There are two names listed under the podium. If they reach the gate, give them three seconds before you radio in the guardian agents. You. Are. Good. To go.

SCENE xiv

*[Check-In at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays aligned airlines, presents a classic look, and reads: “赤鱗角機場”.]*

*(佩特 heads in. 佩特 appallingly stares at the banner. 佩特 rolls out a table with a cuboid computer, a mouse, a keyboard, and a landline phone. 佩特 anxiously dials.)*

**佩特**

Nǐ hǎo operator. What time is it?

*(佩特 listens.)*

*I know times have been busier and busier.*

*(佩特 discouragingly listens. 佩特 slams the phone down. 佩特 examines the computer. 佩特 scrolls through the computer.)*

Recent history... Days... Weeks... Months...

*(佩特 closely monitors the computer. 佩特 pulls out the phone. 佩特 dials.)*

Eight...

*(佩特 slams the phone down. 佩特 expresses frustration. 佩特 analyzes the computer.)*

Ow... Perhaps your gates have not changed a bit.

*(佩特 researches through the computer.)*

Who is your gate agent?...

*(佩特 examines the computer.)*

Dào gé... I thought you were weeded out... At least, to head to bigger things... And... You are off the shift most of the time. Alright. Prepare my temporary descent.

(*佩特 rolls the table off.*)

[*"The Fork" poster replaces the sophisticated 赤鱸角機場 banner.*]

SCENE xv

*[Gates of Australia in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner displays "The Fork," which is the index and middle finger raised and palm facing away.]*

*(MODEL- mutely tiptoes in. MODEL- observes the poster.)*

*(佩特 treks in. 佩特 gazes at MODEL-. 佩特 turns to the gates of Australia.)*

**佩特**

The gates of Australia...

*(佩特 confidently heads to MODEL-. 佩特 gently levels with MODEL-.)*

You do not belong here.

*(佩特 joyfully skips into the gates of Australia.)*

Inconceivable...

*(佩特 heads to the podium. 佩特 takes out and inspects the photos.)*

*[The polished 赤鱸角機場 banner replaces "The Fork" poster.]*

SCENE xvi

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A black-and-white banner displays blueprints, presents a classic look, and reads: "赤鱗角機場".]*

*(佩特 sentimentally clutches the photos.)*

*(SONG and YUAN tiptoes in.)*

**SONG**

What do we have here?

*(SONG snatches the photos from 佩特.)*

There... She reminds us so much of our daughter. She should join her!

*(SONG tosses the photos into Canada's gate. SONG attempts to charge into Canada's gate.)*

*(佩特 holds SONG back.)*

**佩特**

Help me help her fight her opponent!

**YUAN**

I am...

*(SONG ultimately restrains 佩特 on the floor.)*

**佩特**

Since when have you as a camera engineer took up such militaristic precision?

**SONG**

Like a photographer, you got to process the light of your surroundings.

**佩特**

Besides the guardian agents, we have no security around here.

**SONG**

*Around Hong Kong...*

**佩特**

The People's Liberation Army?...

**SONG**

You really cannot picture that about me, can you?

**佩特**

I can... Active personnel uses all our bonuses as much as they could take advantage of.

**SONG**

I donated another bonus. The blueprint of my life's work.

**佩特**

Yuan... She has the whole army on top of me... Send Song off.

*(SONG gets off 佩特.)*

*(佩特 sits upright.)*

Do not worry. I will not count this shift as a Hong Kong city employee.

**YUAN**

I am prepared for both cases...

*(佩特 appallingly stands up.)*

I have the KEY. Witness the telly. And not the chatty one. The *stately*.

*(SONG and YUAN jointly march off.)*

SCENE xvii

*[Lounge at Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A black-and-white banner displays blueprints, presents a classic look, and reads: "赤鱗角機場".]*

*(佩特 heads behind the podium. 佩特 lights up the back of the podium. 佩特 watches the podium like a telly.)*

*(佩特 expresses shock. 佩特 reluctantly mimics.)*

**佩特**

Ladies and gentlemen. My fellow countrymen. Over a year ago, the Commonwealth held the handover ceremony of Hong Kong, solemnly announcing the resumption by our government of the exercise of sovereignty over the region. Hong Kong's return to the motherland is a shining page in the annals of this great nation. Since ancient times, our ancestors have lived and laboured on this land, generation after generation. In modern times, we can rest easier. Chek Lap Kok Airport, formerly located off the island as Kai Tak Airport, linked our flesh-and-blood bond between the people on the mainland and in Hong Kong; We have never severed. The first Hong Kong compatriot you would meet, know, and the first man ever to understand you. He has embarked on a connection in all of us, the followers of the basic law, to an innocuous return to our motherlands. From a longtime social and political instability that was English Hong Kong. While in doing so, he steers away from his daughter's path. He must seize the day from which that Australia has taken, from which Canada has withheld, and strive for the complete reunification of one mind. We cherish dearly and with great admiration the memories of Danielle. We wish to extend our condolences to Yuan and Song. We express our gratitude.

*(佩特 breaks down then eventually recovers.)*



Thank you, party chief... Not too long ago, I would say that I am your worst enemy. A lawyer. And a human rights one at that. When I began defending Chek Lap Kok against the complaints of your cohorts, this took down the little people as well. I looked back at what the terms have been provided from the British and I could see that lack of oversight has done far more harm to my native brothers and sisters. As my lovely wife would say, we are the big picture. The missing piece is our daughter. The Crown has taken the shot of our group, but each of us are prepared to snap back. From now on, us Hong Kong compatriots will truly become masters here as a new leaf will be turned in the annals of this entire world.

*[The defined 赤鱸角機場 banner parades warplanes, bears a dystopia, and reads: "赤鱸角機場". The defined 赤鱸角機場 banner replaces the polished 赤鱸角機場 banner.]*

*(佩特 turns off the telly. 佩特 expresses bafflement. 佩特 contemplates. 佩特 pulls out and skims the binder. 佩特 grabs the gavel. 佩特 stands up. 佩特 looks on.)*

SCENE xviii

*[Canada's Gate in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A banner parades warplanes, bears a dystopia, and reads: "赤蠟角機場".]*

*(佩特 inspects the gavel.)*

**佩特**

Ow, I am the gate agent. I let no one in. Not even the army.

*(佩特 bangs the gavel on the podium.)*

*(YUAN carries a scroll.)*

*(SONG holds a digital camera.)*

*(SONG and YUAN slide in.)*

**YUAN**

The party chief overrides your agency.

*(YUAN presents the scroll.)*

**佩特**

The wrongs stomp the rights.

**SONG**

If visitation is wrong, then I want to be wrong as him.

**佩特**

You looked up to good things.

**SONG**

I am here to stare down the bad.

*(SONG mercilessly eyes 佩特.)*

**YUAN**

*She's good.*

**SONG**

**YUAN**

We're good.

**佩特**

Agents reserve the ONLY right to defend their representative gate. Song is a deity. I am a wee gatekeeper. How about you protect the little people? One last time.

*(YUAN feels thoughtful.)*

**SONG**

Defend? Protec? There is no point of defending our daughter at this stage. We are protecting what is left of our family legacy. We will continue on...

**YUAN**

Hold on. I would defend my daughter's honour, if I protect 佩特.

**SONG**

I cannot handle the exposure anymore.

**佩特**

No telly. Let's settle this, humanly right.

*(YUAN extends his arm.)*

**YUAN**

Who better to judge than me?

**佩特**

Judicial system of Hong Kong or the mainland?

*(YUAN remains silent.)*

*(佩特 uneasily hands the gavel to YUAN.)*

**YUAN**

Sorrey. Song, may you be in the picture?

**SONG**

*(SONG addresses 佩特.)*

You let Gabriel in?

**佩特**

Danielle did so. Into her *heart*.

**YUAN**

How did she get there?

佩特

You two made your daughter go to my academy. She did not grow to see anywhere else.

SONG

What are you even doing now as the wee gatekeeper?

佩特

I made sure your child did not go down the wrong path. Which you failed to do.

YUAN

Have you not witnessed who we are for the last twenty years?

佩特

Lighter jeans. Darker routines.

SONG

Was it finally dark enough for you?

佩特

Yes.

YUAN

Will you rest your case?

佩特

No.

**SONG**

Where is our money for this court fee?

**佩特**

You dropped it?...

**YUAN**

The charges for thievery are going to boil you.

*(佩特 falls silent.)*

*(SONG demonstrates 佩特's impoverished mind to 佩特.)*

*(YUAN waits for a response.)*

*(佩特 glimpses behind SONG and YUAN.)*

**佩特**

The state of the Yuens... You steal time from fellow travellers. You always hold back... The line. This airline has reserved their grievances so that you may not be allowed to fall in line through any airports anywhere in the world.

*(YUAN somberly taps and drops the gavel on the podium.)*

*(佩特 remorsefully points down.)*

**佩特**

They have no legacy left. I have to protect Denn.

*(SONG grows teary-eyed.)*

**SONG**

We were so close...

*(YUAN closely embraces SONG. YUAN feels decisive.)*

**YUAN**

The chief verdict will bring our party together.

*(YUAN unrolls the scroll onto the podium.)*

The party chief brings us ahead.

*(佩特 stressfully holds her head.)*

Anyways, they will set us back after.

**SONG**

We would not return.

**YUAN**

This is legally binding.

*(佩特 fearfully clutches her neck.)*

**佩特**

A visitation may be too late. But just know...

*(佩特 grabs a Canadian license plate, with "V8W 2Y2" printed. 佩特 hands the plate to SONG.)*

You hold all the burden she held.

*(SONG shoves the plate into 佩特.)*

**SONG**

You are criminal.

*(YUAN unrolls the scroll onto the podium.)*

*(SONG and YUAN heads to the podium.)*

**SONG**

**YUAN**

We're good.

*(佩特 sentimentally contemplates.)*

**佩特**

VISAS?

**SONG**

**YUAN**

SUPER visas...

**佩特**

No longer work?

**YUAN**

People still form new memories under my intentions.

**SONG**

People still capture memories under my inventions.

**佩特**

Yet, you both never get the picture.

**SONG**



We do not want the model that you have taken.

**YUAN**

We want what the model student that gate has taken.

**佩特**

What did she study?

*(SONG and YUAN disgracefully remain silent.)*

You do not know your daughter's study. I knew who she studied. Yet, I let Denn in. I remained undecided on where to go if I no longer decide for others if they are *good* to go. I do not believe it is the fault of the parents for what their child has done. Goodness is on your jeans. Not on her's. The higher-ups decide where I go would be nowhere if I let you two in. My decision is... For me. I am the gate agent... And I will step down for you and me. You are not good to go. I am not good to be here.

*(SONG and YUAN give up Canada's gate. SONG and YUAN depart.)*

SCENE xix

*[Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated.]*

*(佩特 pulls out a landline phone. 佩特 dials.)*

**佩特**

8 5 2 8 7 5 3 9 3 1 9

*[The phone rings. The phone abruptly stops ringing.]*

*(佩特 redials.)*

*[The phone rings. The phone beeps.]*

*(佩特 slams the phone down. 佩特 feels anxious.)*

I should prepare a note.

*(佩特 writes on a card. 佩特 dials.)*

*[The phone rings. The phone beeps.]*

*(佩特 reads the card.)*

Nǚshì Wō. Xiānshēng Denn. I know it has been awhile since I boarded your daughter, Gabriel...

*[The phone is picked up.]*

(佩特 briefly feels grateful then dismayingly listens.)

Xiānshēng Denn...

(佩特 sobs.)

Mister Denn. I am sorrey.

(佩特 attempts to display reassurance.)

All that matters. Gabriel... She has been in, and she has made it,  
a better place.

[The phone disconnects.]

(佩特 sets the phone down.)

[The "Never Forget" poster replaces the 赤鱸角機場  
banner.]

(佩特 looks up.)

SCENE xx

*[Gates of Australia in Chek Lap Kok Airport]*

*[The podium is tightly situated. A poster reads:  
"Never Forget".]*

*(佩特 tests the malfunctioning radio. 佩特 puts the  
radio down.)*

**佩特**

I am the gate agent. I let the whole wide world in. Onto the wilderness... Of Australia! Those with new beginnings, please step forward!

*(SONG and YUAN jointly strolls in.)*

*(佩特 does not know what to feel but surprised.)*

**YUAN**

No need to ask. Your score will be socially credited between sixty-four and sixty-eight.

**佩特**

Socially? And that is beyond the review. Well, I at least need to check your vi-... TICKETS before this gracious number.

**YUAN**

We are just here to unveil our...

*(SONG silences YUAN.)*

*(MODEL- holds a camera. MODEL- trudges in.)*

**SONG**

MY creation. He lawfully slipped through the cracks.

**佩特**

You are having another on board?...

**YUAN**

No one can replace her.

*(YUAN conversely tilts his head.)*

Things. Her eyes. Modelled after Danielle.

*(MODEL- turns around.)*

**SONG**

She will always be watching.

**佩特**

With...

**YUAN**

She is. Only she can judge.

**SONG**

Danielle will face the lyin's.

**YUAN**

Anyone at or below your score will not be allowed to board.

**SONG**

Those that look up to you, will never reach Canada's gate.

**佩特**

(**佩特** chuckles.) It will all be the same to me. (**佩特** exhales.)  
The gates of Australia freeze over in your wake.

*(MODEL- turns to SONG and YUAN.)*

You two are its terminal.

*(MODEL- snaps.)*

*[Blackout.]*

*[End of Play.]*