



# Act I Scene 3



The village brimmed with activity. Merchants and labourers and children alike bustled their way down the makeshift roads, each to their own, as if on hundreds of simultaneous missions — missions of utmost importance. And, in the midst of it all were Attila and Lara, struggling to navigate the chaotic torrents of flesh and bone, and, occasionally, of feather and fur.

They had learned precious little about where they were or what they were doing. The mysterious rider, who they soon discovered to be the Sheriff himself, preferred to journey in stoic silence, rebuffing any attempt at small talk or conversation with terse rejoinders of “Yes.”, “No.”, and “Quit fussing.”

They did not know about their situation when they were brought down to the watch house for questioning, and they still did not know when they departed it. There they were — neither guilty nor innocent, neither suspects nor witnesses, neither scrutineer nor scrutinised... In limbo and merely existing.

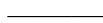
The pair speculated about the chain of command, and who was ultimately responsible for their nebulous fate. Was it a disgruntled bureaucrat or a micromanaging control freak? Or maybe it was just the Creator, weaving His work.

One of the few things that they did know was that their presence would be requested back at the town square midway between noon and sunset, for something called ‘The Purge’. Whatever that meant. But until then, they were free to enjoy the sights of the village, in whatever way they so pleased.

“Lost?” inquired a stranger carting a trolley full of grain. Lara and Attila stopped in their tracks, glanced at each other, and nodded eagerly in unison.

“Come. Come with me.”

Seeing as nobody else in this entire village had stopped to provide any concrete answers, the two shrugged and followed suit.



The bakery was cosy and homely. The warmth of the oven and the aroma of freshly baked bread filled the entire space. The baker seated his guests and proceeded to bring out an assortment of cured meats and cheeses, as well as a loaf of his very finest.

“Dig in!” he announced, with an air of vague ceremony.

Lara, now ravenous, did not hold back in her enthusiasm, and proceeded to craft an ambitiously thick, multi-tiered sandwich.

The baker looked on with equal parts wonder and bemusement, musing about how high she was



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willing to go.

He snapped out of his imaginings.

“Right. Now, where were we? Oh yes, you two aren’t from around here, I gather?”

The baker was an eccentric-looking fellow. His hair was frizzy and curly and chaotic, like a muddle of caramel threads dumped haphazardly atop a sponge cake; sometimes, the hygiene-sensitive nature of his work would require him to tie his hair up into a grotesque topknot, which was even more of a sight to behold. His eyes were abnormal, to say the least — the left one appeared fixed in a permanent squint and gave him a sceptical look, and both were a bizarre amalgam of blue and grey, made more ambiguous by the sheer size of his pupils. If ever there were a person more fitting to be caricatured...

Attila narrowed his gaze at the baker. He had not touched his food — it seemed as though information was his sustenance. Initiating eye contact, he replied:

“No, we aren’t. And we want some answers. One minute, we’re minding our own business in the woods. Then we get attacked by some savage mutant beast creature and black out—”

“Wait, what? You saw a werewolf!?”

Mildly irritated about being rudely interjected upon, Attila opened his mouth to speak once more. But, realising that he had nothing further to add to the conversation on account of his untimely collapse, he piped down again.

“The village has been in the grips of a... crisis. First they came for the livestock — you know, the occasional chicken or sheep or cow and nothing more. Then they came for the children, but you know how children are.”

The baker glanced nervously at Lara, who was still very much engrossed in her afternoon snack.

“They dance, they prance, they disappear. And we were none the wiser. But then they came for us. The humble villagers, the hard-working life and blood of the community. People panicked. People fled. And all of a sudden, our population plummeted, down from a few thousand to a few hundred.

“People started taking the threat seriously. Someone put forward the idea of werewolves. There were werewolves in our midst, they said. Harmless humans by day, massacre machines by night.

“And as the situation grew more and more dire, more extreme measures were put forward. It was all the work of that Sheriff and the Neighbourhood Watch. First they searched our homes. They would do it while we were busy, at work, and with no way of defending ourselves. Any suspicious activity would place you under added scrutiny. Then they imposed a curfew. No-one out after sunset, for their safety and ours. But it still did not work.”

The baker paused and glanced out of the window to his store front. On the main street outside, villagers continued to rush around. The baker took a deep breath and turned to face Attila once more.



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“And then the lynchings began...”

The baker tailed off. Bells tolled in the distance. It was time to go.



# Musical Chairs


 **CHARLESTOWN-NEW YORK**


Ship departs  
1:00 PM  
Seat 26D




**CINEMA TICKET**


04 MAR  
**Sisters**  
1:04 PM **E15**






|                            |                             |   |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| From<br><b>LOS ANGELES</b> | To<br><b>BOSTON</b>         |  |
| Seat<br><b>68C</b>         | Departure<br><b>1:09 PM</b> |   |

Please be at the boarding gate well ahead of departure time

 **HOP ON HOP OFF**


Batobus departs  
2:13 PM  
Seat 48E




**HIGH SCHOOL  
TALENT SHOW**

**2:20 PM Seat E71**






|                        |                             |  |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| From<br><b>KAMPALA</b> | To<br><b>ORLANDO</b>        |  |
| Seat<br><b>37C</b>     | Departure<br><b>2:24 PM</b> |  |

Please be at the boarding gate well ahead of departure time





# Act I Scene 3




**VOLOS - SKOPELOS**

Ferry departs  
**2:27 PM**

Seat 12D

|                       |                             |  |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| From<br><b>KANSAS</b> | To<br><b>MELBOURNE</b>      |  |
| Seat<br><b>29F</b>    | Departure<br><b>2:41 PM</b> |  |

Please be at the boarding gate well ahead of departure time

ESCAPOLOGIST AND ACROBAT


**DOUBLE ACT**

**2:45 PM**    Seat **F38**



|   |  |                        |   |
|---|--|------------------------|---|
| <br><b>PLAYOFF SEMIFINAL</b> | <br><b>ROSE BOWL GAME</b> | Time<br><b>2:46 PM</b> |  |
|   | presented by<br>          | Seat<br><b>E19</b>     |   |

**CAT**  
CITY AIRPORT TRAIN

|                        |                    |  |
|------------------------|--------------------|--|
| Time<br><b>4:19 PM</b> | Seat<br><b>58E</b> |  |
|------------------------|--------------------|--|

*You have been invited to the*  
**MASQUERADE BALL**

*You will be seated at*  
**Table C, Seat 32**

*Please arrive for a 4:37pm start.*

