



Act III Scene 4



Attila, Lara, and Henry watched as, once again, their guards left for the night.

“Better wait a bit,” said Attila. Lara and Henry nodded. The footsteps faded, the darkness deepened and the three prisoners bided their time. The plan was to break the door down with their combined force — but quietly. Henry had broken it down recently, but it had been reinforced in response. The three of them sat in front of it, pondering the giant iron studs and the new beams of wood lain horizontally across the ancient timber. At grunts of mutual assent, the three of them put their shoulders to the door.

“One, two, three, and shove!” hissed Henry.

The door creaked under their weight, and the hinges expressed muted strain.

They tried again, this time Attila and Lara pushed on either side of the door, and Henry kicked it between them.

“BANG!”

The door fell.

The would-be escapees listened anxiously as the reverberations bounced clumsily between the floor and ceiling and walls.

“Maybe they haven’t noticed,” ventured Lara, as silence resumed its reign. Hushed entreaties began to flow from behind more solid cell doors. But there was no time to oblige them.

The three prisoners headed out the front of the cell block. Spotlights roamed back and forth along the compound’s perimeter. Inspired by the hole digging earlier, Attila planned to tunnel under the fence.

“Get back!” snarled Henry. Attila and Lara darted behind a concrete pillar as a flood of light washed over them. Their breathing stopped and time froze, but the spotlight soon moved on and they could breathe once more.

To the left there were more pillars as far as the eye could see in darkness. They announced the presence of the prison authorities’ headquarters. Two soldiers guarded the entrance. The only spot on the perimeter, according to Henry, that did not face continual examination by searchlights lay past the headquarters. In a better-the-devil-we-know decision, Attila resolved to try to sneak past the guards using the pillars as cover, rather than go round the other side of the building and face the unknown.

Lara led the stealthy charge, timing her crawls between pillars to the rhythmic dance of the spotlights. The sand still bore the heat of day, and each burning grain was felt distinctly on the prisoners’ palms and knees. The crucial pillars — those nearest the guards — loomed. Lara could



Act III Scene 4



hear them breathing ponderously on her left, she turned her head and gave Henry and Attila a glance that spoke loudly of the need for silence.

Now, more awake and alert than ever before, heart pounding, mind internalising the movements of the spotlights and lungs taking a deep silent breath, Lara peeked around the pillar to gauge the first guard's focus. He was looking at his feet. She made her move, darting noiselessly across. The other followed with near perfect timing, until Attila, struggling with the physicality and the pressure, stumbled in his crawl and clanked his cane against the concrete pillar he was striving for. Lara looked at the alerted guards and at the spotlight moving remorselessly towards Attila's prostrate form.

There was only one thing left to do. Lara glared at Henry meaningfully and the two of them leapt out from behind the pillars.

The guards saw them instantly. They raised their guns. But before either finger could find its trigger, Lara and Henry were up on top of them. Lara deftly drew the first guard's dagger and slipped it neatly between his ribs. Henry knocked the second's gun away violently, wrapped his arms about the man's neck, and choked him until he was still.

A bloodied Lara and an exhausted Henry looked at Attila, who had recovered himself during the struggle.

"Take their guns," he said, eager to do his bit.

Thus burdened, they proceeded to the ten metre or so stretch of perimeter untouched by the spotlights.

The sand was as pliant as Attila could have hoped for, so the three of them lined up in front of the fence and dug.

Lara and Henry made good progress and had soon squeezed themselves out the other side and dragged their guns after them. Attila was slower, so Lara and Henry began digging on the other side of the fence to aid his progress.

"Who goes there?" demanded a voice.

They stopped digging.

"WHO GOES THERE!?"

A figure appeared out of the darkness.

Lara and Henry raised their guns and fired. The figure collapsed.

Lara reached out desperately and grabbed the front of Attila's shirt, dragging him to their side of the fence.

The spotlights were on them, sirens blared. Lara and Henry took an arm each and ran; with Attila stumbling uselessly between them.



Lottery: A Game Show of Risk and Expected Utility

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Act III Scene 4

FADE IN:

An ominous drum beat. Another ominous drum beat. A basic snare drum riff accompanies a couple of further drum beats. The theme song begins to play and an animated black leather chair is shown from various angles.

The title card of the show appears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY? NIGHT? WHO KNOWS?

The HOST sits in a black leather chair behind a panel desk. An empty black leather chair lies opposite.

The contestants ASHLEY ADAMS, BILLIE BAKER, CASEY CLARKE, and DREW DAVIS sit in the dark.

Casey ambles to the chair in solemn silence and takes a seat.

HOST
And your name is?

CASEY
Casey Clarke.

HOST
Your occupation?

CASEY
Student.

HOST
And your chosen subject?

CASEY
The names and definitions of
economic systems.

HOST
And your time starts now. What
seven-letter term refers to an
economic system defined by self-
sufficiency and aversion to
international trade? It is often
used to describe a 'closed'
economy.

CASEY
Fascism.



HOST

Yep.

Casey and Drew sit behind a long panel desk. Behind them, an oversized clock lies dormant and imposing, showing the time to be 12:00. The host sits to the left of the contestants and swivels his black leather chair to face them.

HOST (CONT'D)

Casey is, of course, our returning champion, and, as such, gets first pick of the letters. Off you go, Casey.

CASEY

Okay, let's start proceedings with a consonant, please.

The MATHEMATICIAN sits in a stool to the right of the contestants. She stands up and reaches for a stack of cards.

MATHEMATICIAN

Thank you, Casey. S.

CASEY

And a vowel, please?

MATHEMATICIAN

U.

CASEY

And another, please?

MATHEMATICIAN

I.

CASEY

And a consonant?

MATHEMATICIAN

T.

CASEY

Vowel, please?

MATHEMATICIAN

I.

CASEY

Consonant, please?

MATHEMATICIAN

L.



CASEY
And another?

MATHEMATICIAN
T.

CASEY
And a vowel?

MATHEMATICIAN
I.

CASEY
And how about another vowel to
finish?

MATHEMATICIAN
Certainly. E.

HOST
And for the first time today, your
time starts now.

The dormant clock comes to life and starts moving to the sound of the theme song. Casey and Drew scribble furiously on their notepads.

The theme song builds up to its climax and the clock stops moving. It now shows the time to be 6:00.

HOST (CONT'D)
Drew. What have you got?

DREW
I think I'm going to risk it early
and claim that I have a nine.

HOST
Okay, then. And Casey?

CASEY
Nope. Nothing. The music got to me
and I just blanked out.

The host recoils in confusion.

HOST
Oh. Okay. Alright, I suppose we
shall hear your nine-letter word
then, DREW.

DREW
Intitules.



The audience applauds. Ashley and ASHLEY'S PARTNER stand behind a podium. They are accompanied by a pair of contestants to their left and right.

HOST

Now, all these trolley dashers have to do is build up time on their clocks. The more time they have, the more shopping they can do later on. As time is of the utmost essence, and because I'm feeling particularly generous, I'm going to start you all off with a minute each.

The blue screens in front of each pair of contestants all display 1:00. The contestants shuffle about nervously in their places.

HOST (CONT'D)

And here's your first question to earn you some bonus time on your clock. What product is it?

(pauses)

Cooking with this base really does rock. Of course, I am talking about meat, fish, or vegetable blank.

ASHLEY

Bouillon?

HOST

Yes. Well done! So you get the extra time to your total.

The blue screen in front of Ashley now displays 1:10. The host motions to Ashley's partner, who stands more upright in anticipation of the instructions of the host.

HOST (CONT'D)

And this here is a sticker with our logo on it.

(brandishes a sticker)

It's attached to the packaging of the product you mentioned somewhere out there. If you can get it back to me within half a minute, I'll add a small bonus to your subtotal. Feeling confident?

ASHLEY'S PARTNER

(nodding)

Yes, yes.



HOST
Alright. Go on, then!

Ashley's partner dashes away from the podium and into the aisles, frantically searching for the product in question. The audience cheers in the background.

ASHLEY
Let's go! You can do it!

The time on the clock is slowly ticking away. 10 seconds. Ashley's partner locates the product. 9 seconds. They attempt to pick it up...8 seconds...and unwittingly drop the product in their haste.

ASHLEY'S PARTNER
Aw, shucks!

7 seconds. In a smooth motion, Ashley's partner picks up the product and dashes towards the host. 6 seconds. 5. 4.

ASHLEY'S PARTNER (CONT'D)
It's coming!

3 seconds. Then 2.

ASHLEY'S PARTNER (CONT'D)
(puffed)
I'm here! I'm here!

Ashley whoops in jubilation.

HOST
And just in the nick of time too.
Well done! Go on and join Ashley there.

Ashley's partner races off to join Ashley in celebrating their small victory.

HOST (CONT'D)
Well, I'll give you a moment to catch your breath while I chat to these four other lovely contestants.

The screen splits - the top half consists of a team of contestants, while the bottom half consists of another team of contestants.

HOST (CONT'D)
And here's another starter question.
(MORE)



HOST (CONT'D)

Which American economist served as
Chair of the Federal Reserve under
Presidents Carter and Reagan and
was appointed to the Economic
Recovery Advisory board by
President Obama amidst the Global
Finan—

A contestant rings their buzzer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Downing, Baker!

BILLIE

(tentatively)

Greenspan?

HOST

Correct. Excellently interrupted.
And so here are your three bonus
questions on the subject of group
theory, Downing.

Casey stands opposite the host, basking in the glory of yet
another successful response.

HOST (CONT'D)

So. Do you want the money or the
mob?

The MOB clamours.

CASEY

I WANT THE MOB!

The audience and the mob roar in approval.

HOST

Alright. Well, here's your next
question.

The screen behind CASEY transitions into a question.

HOST (CONT'D)

Dan has quit his job as a teacher,
where he earns \$50,000 per year. He
is currently running a start-up out
of a building he owns that he was
previously renting out for \$20,000
per year. He also has the following
expenses to manage: rent, \$0;
salary paid to himself, \$40,000;
and miscellaneous expenses,
\$10,000.

(MORE)



HOST (CONT'D)

What is the opportunity cost associated with Dan's start-up? Is it A. \$20,000; B. \$50,000; or C. \$80,000? Mob, please answer now.

Thinking music begins to play in the background. Various members of the mob wear uncertain, determined, and downright puzzled expressions on their faces.

HOST (CONT'D)

(to CASEY)

So, what are we thinking?

CASEY

Well, I'm really not all that certain about this. Maths has never been my strong suit. And I usually get my accountant to do my maths for me!

(awkward laugh)

So, I think I'm just going to take a massive stab in the dark and go with...

The audience and the mob murmur amongst themselves. This is rather unprecedented from an otherwise capable contestant.

CASEY (CONT'D)

A. Lock in A. \$20,000.

The murmuring dies down and an even more worrying silence settles in.

HOST

Okay. I hope you realise that if you get this question wrong, the remaining members of the mob get to split your prize money.

Casey nods slowly, as if barely comprehending the words of the host.

HOST (CONT'D)

Your answer is...

(beat)

Correct! Congratulations!

The audience erupts in cheering and applause. The mob is more subdued in its response, with a mixed bag of positive and negative responses.



HOST (CONT'D)
Alright. Let's find out how many members of the mob got that question wrong.

The screens behind some of the members of the mob turn from a cool turquoise to an angry red. Their elimination is accompanied by the ding of a bell. The dinging is slow, but builds up momentum as more people are eliminated.

CASEY
Oh my goodness.

HOST
Ten people were wrong. You are now at half a million dollars.

CASEY
(muttering)
Right. Right. I am. I am.

Casey mutters this, but does not quite believe it. In the background, the audience's response is hitting fever pitch.

HOST
And there are now only ten people standing between you and the grand prize of a million dollars!

The host stands next to Drew and continues to fire a barrage of questions.

HOST (CONT'D)
Correct. What is the term for the total amount of income generated by a company for the sale of goods and/or services?

DREW
Profit.

HOST
Correct.

A buzzer sounds to indicate the end of the round.

HOST (CONT'D)
Oh my, what an extraordinary cash builder round! That's eleven correct answers you've given me in the past minute. Phenomenal stuff!

DREW
Wow.



Drew is still reeling from the mental exertion.

HOST
Brilliant stuff, Drew. But how will
you face up...
(beat)
...against the Beast?

The audience murmurs in anticipation. Menacing music begins to play, announcing the arrival of the BEAST. The Beast sits down in an intimidating fashion.

BEAST
G'day, Drew.

DREW
G'day, Beast.

BEAST
Well, we've certainly got a bright
spark on our hands, don't we? But
don't worry, I won't hold back.

Having been given the time to absorb the magnitude of the situation, Drew offers up a knowing smirk.

HOST
Well, Beast, we certainly wouldn't
expect you to.
(turns to Drew)
Although, the Beast's got a point.
Eleven correct answers certainly
would put a target on your back.
And the Beast just loves chasing
down a target. Does it for
breakfast, lunch, and dinner!

Ashley, Billie, Casey, Drew, and a number of other contestants are standing behind their respective podiums. The host turns to face Ashley.

ASHLEY
Bank!

It is now Ashley's turn to face the music.

HOST
(to Ashley)
In economics, what is the term
describing the financial assistance
given by a government to a certain
sector of the economy?



ASHLEY
That would be a grant.

HOST
Correct!

The host turns to face Billie, who is next in line.

BILLIE
Bank!

HOST
Wh—

A chime sounds to end the round.

HOST (CONT'D)
Time's up, I can't complete the question. And what a pitiful opening round that was. So, who is the Minister for Morons? Who is the CEO of stupidity? Who failed to hit their KPIs? Time to vote!

The contestants hastily scrawl names onto an oval-shaped board with permanent markers.

HOST (CONT'D)
Voting's over. Time for the grand reveal!

The host turns to face Ashley.

ASHLEY
(flipping the board over)
Billie.

BILLIE
(flipping the board over)
Ashley.

CASEY
(flipping the board over)
Ashley.

DREW
(flipping the board over)
Ashley.

The other contestants proceed to flip their boards over and name Ashley as well.



HOST

Well, Ashley. How unfortunate.
You're the first of the nine to go.

The host delivers her trademark send-off and Ashley is sent down the Walk of Shame. The theme song begins to play.

Billie and Billie's partner stand uneasily behind a shared podium. They are flanked by other pairs of contestants that exude a similar amount of nervous energy to their left and to their right.

HOST (CONT'D)

Right. Time now for the second round. At the end of this round, we will have to say goodbye to another pair before we head into the head-to-head. Best of luck to all of our contestants.

The host turns around to face the big screen to his left.

HOST (CONT'D)

And our category for this round is...

The host reveals the category with an exaggerated arm gesture to be...

HOST (CONT'D)

...finance!
(to contestants)
Can you all decide in your pairs who is going to go first and who is going to go second, please? And whoever is going first, could you please step up to the podium?

A chime plays to signify the start of the second round. The host once again turns around to face the big screen.

HOST (CONT'D)

Okay. And the question concerns...

Yet another exaggerated arm gesture.

HOST (CONT'D)

Australian banking institutions.

AUDIENCE

(collectively)
Oooooh!

Some members of the audience groan.



The BRAINIAC sits at a desk off to the side of the big screen, opposite the host and the contestants.

BRAINIAC

Right. So, this is not exactly our most glamorous category, but it is a category nonetheless. On each pass we are going to show you a number of descriptions of banking institutions, and your job is to name the bank that corresponds to each description. Simple as that.
(to TV camera)
Play along at home if you would like! I wish you the very best of luck!

HOST

Alright, and here's our first board of clues.

The big screen transitions to display a number of statements, each accompanied by an empty circle. The host reads each of the statements aloud, and then proceeds to do it again.

HOST (CONT'D)

Wonderful.
(to Billie)
Now, Billie, what would you like to go for on this board?

BILLIE

Well, there are a few that I'm a little unsure of, and nothing that I definitely know. So I suppose I'll go with the option that I'm most certain about.

Billie pauses for a moment to think.

HOST

Which is...?

BILLIE

"Founded in 1999, Australia's first-ever direct bank."
(pauses)
See, I do a lot of my banking with an online-only bank, but I'm not sure if they were the first to do it.
(pauses)
But I think I'm going to go with ME Bank.



HOST

Okay. Well, let's see how many of our hundred people got that.

The host turns to face a separate smaller screen to their right. The screen displays a rather imposing tower comprised of discs, with the number "100" displayed on top.

The studio enters a hushed silence as everybody awaits the verdict of the tower.

The discs start to evaporate and the tower begins to shrink. Billie breathes a sigh of relief.

HOST (CONT'D)

It was right.

As each disc disappears, the number on the screen decreases. The tower gets smaller and smaller until it suddenly stops with the counter displaying "12".

HOST (CONT'D)

Oh, that's not bad at all. A score of twelve points to open proceedings for this round!

The audience applauds. Ashley, Billie, and Casey sit behind a long panel desk. In front of each of them is a primitive display system with the word "SPINS" written above. The display system does not seem to be on.

HOST (CONT'D)

Founded in 1961 and currently consisting of 36 member countries, what is the name of the intergovernmental organisation whose principal role—

Casey buzzes in.

HOST (CONT'D)

Casey!

CASEY

(hesitantly)

The G...36?

HOST

Casey says "the G36". If Casey is right, they will pick up three spins.

(MORE)



HOST (CONT'D)

I will give Casey's answer
alongside a couple of others to
Ashley and Billie, and if they are
right they will pick up a spin
apiece.

Drew sits opposite the host and sweats furiously under the studio lights.

DREW

(stammering)

C-c-could I have the question
again?

HOST

Currently, in Australia, what is
the lowest individual income tax
rate above the tax-free threshold?
Is it A...

The speech of the host becomes muffled. Drew's heartbeat begins to accelerate.

HOST (CONT'D)

I hate to rush you, Drew, but I
need an answer.

Tick. Tick. Tick. Drew glances down at the screen. The options gleam brightly in an almost electric blue. Drew's eyes dart furiously around the screen. The options are "A. 15%; B. 17%; C. 19%; or D. 21%".

DREW

(with conviction)

It's D. Lock in D. 21%.

Hushed silence. The nominated option on Drew's screen turns from an electric blue to a burnt amber. The host locks eyes with Drew, betraying no emotion.

HOST

D for Drew! Tell me, Drew, do you
pay your taxes?

No response from Drew. Instead, Drew stares blankly at the centre of the host's forehead. The host tuts in mock disapproval.

HOST (CONT'D)

Drew, Drew, Drew...

The host is milking the moment. It is a battle of wills.



HOST (CONT'D)
Drew with no lifelines.

The host is clearly enjoying the momentary power that he has over the contestant.

HOST (CONT'D)
Drew. Unfortunately for us...

Drew's bottom lip quivers a little. The pressure of disappointment is coming...

HOST (CONT'D)
...you just keep getting it right!
You are now eight questions in and more than halfway to becoming our next millionaire!

Disappointment. Ecstasy. Relief. All at once.

Meanwhile, Ashley, Billie, and Casey are situated behind red, blue, and yellow podiums respectively.

HOST (CONT'D)
As you all might know, the answer could be a saying, a well-known song title, or even the name of a film.

(short pause)

The first two contestants to get enough answers correct go through to the next round. The remaining contestant who does not is sadly eliminated.

(short pause)

Now buzz in when you like, but if you give me the wrong answer you will be frozen out.

An animation begins to play on the screen behind the host. It consists of a number of bank notes that have been partially lodged in random locations all over a row of neatly trimmed bushes. The animation depicts the bank notes fluttering in the breeze, before it begins to loop over and over.

HOST (CONT'D)
The clue is on the screen, but what does it mean? What is that?

Ashley buzzes in.

HOST (CONT'D)
Ashley!



ASHLEY
Money does not grow on trees?

HOST
Correct!

A bell dings, and the red circle present on the screen of Ashley's podium becomes a third full.

HOST (CONT'D)
Ashley, you're off the mark, and you only need two more correct answers to go through to the next round.

Billie stands nervously behind a podium next to two other contestants. The host, in a dapper tuxedo, dashes from the far side of the studio to the near side, and approaches Billie.

HOST (CONT'D)
Okay, onto the next category. Politics. And it's for you, Billie.

The list of possible answers shows up on a blue screen on the opposite side of the studio. The options read: "Hammond", "Osborne", "Darling", "Brown", "Clarke", and "Major".

HOST (CONT'D)
How many moves would you like to go for, Billie?

Billie hesitates. Billie maintains momentary eye contact with Billie's partner situated across the studio, before mulling over the options presented on the big blue screen.

BILLIE
Mmm... Two.

HOST
Who is currently the editor of The Evening Standard?

BILLIE
Darling.

HOST
Are you talking to me?

The audience breaks out into hearty laughter.

HOST (CONT'D)
Correct. Another correct answer and your partner gets the two moves.



Ashley, Billie, and Casey stand behind separate podiums again. The host turns to Casey.

HOST (CONT'D)
Casey! Let's see your question,
shall we?
(pauses)
What is the term for a budget
balance where income exceeds
expenditure?

Casey reads over the question again and has a think about it.

HOST (CONT'D)
Let's go to the tank!

A panel of specialists proceeds to give their answers to the question. The answers are published on a red screen in front of each panellist for all of the contestants to see.

HOST (CONT'D)
So, a couple of choices to choose
from. What will it be?

CASEY
Well, an overwhelming majority of
them said "excess", so I reckon
they're probably right. So I'll go
with that.

HOST
Okay. Let's see if that's the right
answer.

A chime sounds, and the screens in front of the members of the panel who gave the correct answer turn blue.

HOST (CONT'D)
It is indeed! Well done. Seven of
our panellists got that question
right, so those are some pretty
overwhelming odds to ignore.

The audience cheers. The atmosphere is very lively and boisterous. Drew stands alone behind a podium. The host, standing next to Drew, claps Drew on the shoulder.

HOST (CONT'D)
I am here with Drew, who has sailed
through these questions with flying
colours, and now stands here with
half a million dollars in the bank.



The audience continues to cheer. Drew stands in front of them, remaining stoic and unmoved. This is a high-stakes game.

HOST (CONT'D)
(to Drew)
I told you at the start of this thing that if you answered eleven questions correctly, you would walk away with a million dollars!

The cheering begins to die down. The audience realises that the subject matter is now getting serious.

HOST (CONT'D)
Alright. The subject of the million-dollar question is...

The big screen opposite Drew looks like a blackboard. On it, the word "ECONOMICS" seems hastily scrawled in chalk.

HOST (CONT'D)
Economics!

Drew briefly glances downwards in despair, before quickly regaining composure.

HOST (CONT'D)
The million dollar question is...

The big screen transitions to reveal the question.

HOST (CONT'D)
Luna Park charges a fee for admission and a fee for each ride. This is an example of what type of price discrimination?

Drew chuckles. Whether it is a show of nerves or of confidence remains to be seen.

DREW
I think I know this.

Several close-ups of primary school children with their hands positioned on their chins are shown. Everybody is waiting on what Drew has to say.

DREW (CONT'D)
I think the answer is double ticketing. So I'm going to go with that.



Drew assuredly punches the button on the podium, and the podium turns blue. The answer is now locked in.

The audience applauds. It is unlikely that many members of the audience would actually know the answer, but they clap to dispel tension and show support for Drew.

Drew turns to face the host. The host is pacing back and forth across the floor of the studio, before turning to maintain eye contact with Drew.

HOST
And how did you come to this answer?

DREW
Well, I'm quite certain that I've heard that term before. Especially in that specific context.

The host turns away from Drew to look at the big screen.

HOST
For a million dollars, the question asked for the type of price discrimination.
(beat)
You said "double ticketing".

The host turns to face Drew. An excruciatingly long silence ensues.

HOST (CONT'D)
Well, Drew, there really isn't much that I can say...

The host flashes a devilish smile. For a second, Drew fears the worst.

HOST (CONT'D)
...because YOU JUST WON A MILLION DOLLARS!

The audience erupts. Drew celebrates by breaking out some groovy moves.

HOST (CONT'D)
You answered eleven questions correctly and YOU WON A MILLION DOLLARS!

The children rush up to hug and congratulate Drew.

DISSOLVE TO:



A black screen. The celebrations are suddenly cut short. YOU stare at your computer screen in disbelief.

YOU
What the...?

You tap on the side of your computer screen. A couple of light taps followed by a couple of heavier taps. Nothing.

You sit back and ponder about what you have seen. Sure, you saw Drew take home the big prize of a million dollars, but you were promised some "special prizes", and you are itching to find out what those are.

YOU (CONT'D)
(in realisation)
Ohhhh!

You sit up straight.

YOU (CONT'D)
Of course! Of course! The "special prizes" are just...

FADE OUT.

THE END