



TRACK 1 G.O.A.T. - MASON, SASKIA & ENSEMBLE

MASON: *Alright, Neon Quest...
It's NightBlade time.
New season, new challengers... same champion.*

*Power on — the screen ignites,
I'm ready for a brand new fight,
Every move built in my code,
NightBlade's here, I'm in pro mode.
Every click, precision clean,
I rule this world — I built this scene.
They load the map, they see my name,
And every player knows my game.*

AIDEN: *Give it up for the reigning champion of Neon Quest... NightBlade!*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T. MASON: NightBlade's the name, Top of my game*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T. MASON: King of the Quest, Better than the rest*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T. MASON: Greatest of all time*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T. MASON: Greatest of all time*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T. MASON: Greatest of all time*

ENSEMBLE: *G.O.A.T, G.O.A.T*

MASON: *Greatest of all time, NightBlade*

MASON: *Oooh, what's this? A new challenger? Cute.
Another noob trying to climb my leaderboard?
Bring it on!*

SASKIA: *Login complete — new player detected,
Electric Vixon, calm, connected.
You swing too wide, all flash, no aim,
I study the code inside your game.*

*You brag about crowns, I don't need fame,
I play for the challenge, not the name.
Your timing's off, your aim's too slow,
I see the glitch before you know.*

*You flex online, I think ahead,
I'm in your head — that's how you're led.*

*You glitch, I glide, your stats, I climb,
You lag behind while I redefine.*

*Not lightning loud, just silent precision —
Welcome, NightBlade, to your next revision.*



MASON: *Alright, Electric Vixon... let's dance.
You ready for this?
Nice move — but predictable.
You'll have to do better than that.
Boom! Gotcha! Told you — one hit, one kill.
That's how the champ rolls.
Whoa — okay, lucky shot!
Beginner's luck. It happens.
Let's see if you can keep up this time.*

ENSEMBLE: *NightBlade's fire, lighting the sky!
Look at him move, no one can fly that high!
Combo clean, power insane,
He's the king, he's ruling the game!*

MASON: *Yeah NightBlade hit that code
Unstoppable I'm in beast mode
Yeah NightBlade hit that code
Unstoppable I'm in beast mode*

MASON: *Wait, how did—? No, no, no!
That's not even possible!
She's reading my moves—
Come on, come on, reconnect—
What?! No way, NO WAY—!
She... beat me?
That's impossible.*

MASON: *Lights flash red, the screen's a haze,
Crowd goes quiet, caught in the blaze.
One wrong move, one fatal slide,
The code collapses from inside.*

ENSEMBLE: *NightBlade's falling... NightBlade's down...
Who's the champion now in town?
NightBlade's streak is finally through!
Electric Vixon beat you, dude*

SASKIA: *Power surge — the lights align,
I read your code, rewrite the line.
Every strike you plan, I see,
I'm ten moves deep in your strategy.
Your speed's all show, but I play smart,
Every pixel knows its part.
Electric Vixon that's my name,
I win the match — you lose the game.*

SCENE 1: MASON & AIDEN

(Enter Mason & Aiden)

AIDEN: Well, well, well, look who it is. NightBlade, back from the dead.

MASON: Don't start, Aiden.

AIDEN: Oh, I'm starting. Mate, I was there. First round: boom. Second round: boom. Third round—was there even a third round?

MASON: Me, champion of Neon Quest — taken down by a noob. And not just any noob. A girl noob.

AIDEN: She's bound to be hot too.

MASON: How would you know? You don't even know who she is, let alone what she looks like.

AIDEN: I don't need to. Who wouldn't want to go out with a gamer girl who wipes the floor with champions like that?

MASON: You're unbelievable.

AIDEN: I'm realistic. Killer moves. Calm under pressure. She's basically marriage material. So—who do you reckon she is? This Electric Vixen?

MASON: Who knows. Wouldn't put it past one of those smart arses from Westbrook though.

AIDEN: Funny you say that. The Westbrook exchange students start today.

MASON: You know what I don't even want to know. Just kill me now will you.

AIDEN: Electric Vixen already did, mate.

MASON: Stop!

AIDEN: On a livestream.

MASON: Stop!

AIDEN: In front of four hundred people.

MASON: Aiden, please shut up!

SCENE 2: WESTBROOK EXCHANGE STUDENTS

TRACK 2 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Finch, Saskia, Edie, Skye, Freya, Bella, Kitty)

PROF. FINCH: Right—follow me, follow me—this way, this way—oh, this is exciting...
(whispers to Saskia) Remind me— which school are they from again?

SASKIA: Westbrook STEM Academy, Professor.

PROF. FINCH: Aha! I knew it! Quite remarkable.

FREYA: Most people have heard of us.

SKYE: We're the best STEM Academy in the country, actually.

FREYA: Oh yes and not to brag but we've won quite a few awards.

KITTY: Last year we won 'The National Robotics Championship' for the 5th year running!
Quite frankly it was getting embarrassing for other schools.

PROF. FINCH: Chess tournament at that school... when was it now?
Think, Finch, think. July, nineteen sixty-eight... do you remember it?

SASKIA: Professor... none of them would have been born then.

BELLA: My parents weren't even alive then!

KITTY: Neither were mine.

PROF. FINCH: Shame. You all missed out on a cracking checkmate.
Queen to g7, forced the king back, rook across, game over in four. Quite remarkable.

EDIE: So did you win?

PROF. FINCH: Hmm?

EDIE: Did you win?

PROF. FINCH: Win what?

EDIE: The chess game you were just telling us about. At our school?

PROF. FINCH: Oh no. Read about it in the local paper.
A fellow by the name of—now what was it—think, Finch, think... Jarvis.
That's it. Raymond Jarvis.

FREYA: Professor Jarvis? That's our headmaster!

PROF. FINCH: Well, fancy that! What a wonderfully minute world we're living in. Quite remarkable. Anyway, I must dash. I'm not quite sure what it is I might be doing, but whatever it is—it's important.

SKYE: ...What just happened?

KITTY: I know, I'm in shock. I swear that conversation started in one place and ended in another.

FREYA: Is she always like that?

EDIE: How is she even a teacher?

KITTY: How is she even a Professor?!

BELLA: Completely scatty!

EDIE: Professor Finch? More like Professor Flinch! *(They all laugh except Saskia)*

SASKIA: You really shouldn't underestimate the Professor, she's actually brilliant.

FREYA: But she didn't even know who we were.

SASKIA: She knew exactly who you were. She just didn't need the names yet.

FREYA: She read about our headmaster in a local paper from sixty years ago.

SASKIA: Yes. And remembered the chess match move for move.

SKYE: That is some kind of talent.

BELLA: True. Very impressive.

EDIE: That's not talent, that's just...having a good memory.

SASKIA: Professor Finch has won national awards and been offered better schools. But she's stayed here cause she cares about this school. She cares about Ridgewood.

BELLA: So... she's not crazy?

SASKIA: Far from it. The professor is a genius. And if I were you, I'd pay attention. You might learn more than you expect.

PROF. FINCH: Ridgewood, your exchange students have arrived! Westbrook STEM Academy, welcome. You really are quite remarkable and as they say... the early bird catches the— no, that's not it— the prepared mind catches the opportunity. Yes. That one. Now it's time to see what happens when two schools collide!



TRACK 3 GIVE IT A SHOT - ENSEMBLE

RIDGEWOOD: *Two different schools we play the game and rewrite the rules*

WESTBROOK: *Two voices now as one the fun's begun*

RIDGEWOOD: *New worlds collide we break the walls and cross the divide*

ALL: *Our voices join as one ready for fun*

**CHORUS ALL: GIVE IT A SHOT, TRY HARD AND RISE TO THE TOP
GIVE IT A SHOT, SHOW THE WHOLE WORLD WHAT WE'VE GOT**

WESTBROOK: *Westbrook brains*

RIDGEWOOD: *And Ridgewood's fame*

WESTBROOK: *Wait till the whole world knows our names*

RIDGEWOOD: *Two worlds as one now side by side*

ALL: *Bringing the fun when we collide*

CHORUS

WESTBROOK: *Side by side*

RIDGEWOOD: *Bringing fun when we collide*

WESTBROOK: *No need to hide*

RIDGEWOOD: *We'll change the world when we collide*

WESTBROOK: *Our dreams are wide*

RIDGEWOOD: *The spark ignites when we collide*

WESTBROOK: *We'll own the ride*

RIDGEWOOD: *The future's ours when we collide*

CHORUS

SCENE 3: MASON, AIDEN & SASKIA

TRACK 4 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Saskia, Mason & Aiden)

SASKIA: You two look suspicious — plotting world domination against the exchange team again?

AIDEN: He's still mourning a tragic digital defeat.

SASKIA: Ah. Gamer grief. My condolences.

MASON: Thanks. I take it you watched the Livestream then?

SASKIA: Gaming isn't really my thing. My little brother plays though. I heard him last night talking about someone called... Electric something?

AIDEN: Electric Vixon. She's on Mason's hit list of public enemy number one.

SASKIA: Right....anyway, are you guys going to Coding Class later?

MASON: Definitely! Professor Finch said we're starting a new robotics unit.

SASKIA: So I heard. Should be interesting. See you later you two.

(Exit Saskia)

AIDEN: You love Saskia.

MASON: No, I don't.

AIDEN: Mate, you just glitched. Your face went full system overload.

MASON: Shut up.

AIDEN: Admit it, she's your endgame.

MASON: Seriously. Shut. Up.

(Exit Mason & Aiden)

SCENE 4: THE THREE ELITE

TRACK 5 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Marcella, Rowena & Tabitha)

MARCELLA: Oh. My. God. This is it. This is literally my destiny.

TABITHA: What is it, Marcella? Another bake sale?

MARCELLA: No, Tabitha. A writing competition.
And the winner gets to meet Gina Starr.

TABITHA: The one from the shampoo advert?

ROWENA: No, Tabitha. The Oscar-winning actress.
She was in StarQuest and Midnight Mermaid.

TABITHA: Ohhh, right. I loved her in the cereal commercial.

MARCELLA: Can you even imagine? Me and Gina, side by side, photographed for every glossy magazine. She'll see my natural star quality, take me under her wing, and bam! Goodbye, Ridgewood High, hello Hollywood.

ROWENA: You mean... goodbye Ridgewood High, hello Hollywood... for all three of us?

MARCELLA: Oh, sweet Rowena. Of course you'll be there too. In the background.
Clapping.

ROWENA: [mutters] Always clapping.

TABITHA: Wait, but don't you have to actually, like, write something?

MARCELLA: Details, Tabitha. How hard can it be? Writing is just... talking, but with punctuation.

TABITHA: Oooh, punctuation. I love that. My favourite's the one that looks like a confused smiley face.

ROWENA: That's a question mark.

TABITHA: Yeah! That's the one!

MARCELLA: Look, the point is, I will win this competition. Because I have to. It's fate.

ROWENA: What about... talent?

MARCELLA: Are you implying I don't have talent?

ROWENA: No! I'm just saying... maybe writing isn't exactly your... strong point.

MARCELLA: Rowena, darling, when you're born to be a star, you don't need "strong points." You just need... cheekbones.

(She strikes a dramatic pose. Tabitha tries to copy her.)

TABITHA: So... do we get cheekbones from writing, or...?

MARCELLA: Honestly. Sometimes I wonder how I carry you two.

ROWENA: You don't carry us. We carry your handbag.

MARCELLA: Exactly. Teamwork. And we are the Three Elite!

TRACK 6 THE THREE ELITE - MARCELLA, ROWENA & TABITHA

MARCELLA: *Marcella — name in lights, Gold ambition and diamond nights.*

ROWENA: *Rowena — sharp and sweet, The shadow queen of the Three Elite.*

TABITHA: *Tabitha — hi! I like cats! And sparkly shoes and friendship hats!*

ALL: *We walk in step, we rule these halls, Our names are whispered through the walls.*

Perfect faces, polished lies, Ridgewood bows where power lies.

We walk in step, we rule these halls, Our names are whispered through the walls.

Every eye, every beat, Bows before The Three Elite.

CHORUS ALL: *Eyes on us they can't help but to stare*

Jealous hearts and wishing they had perfect hair

Every step's a show, that we rehearse,

We were born this way and it's a gift and curse.

They talk behind our backs but we don't care,

We run this school our way because we dare.

Can't you see, We are The Three Elite

And we're here - To stay

MARCELLA: *Marcella, Queen, I am in charge, The ruler of my entourage*

ROWENA: *Rowena second in command, I hold the power in my hand*

TABITHA: *Tabitha I'm cute I think, The boys all wink when I wear pink*

ALL: *We had the dream to succeed*

And to rule this school as the Three Elite

TABITHA: *Line up now for meet and greet*

CHORUS X 2

The Three Elite!

(Exit Marcella, Rowena & Tabitha)

SCENE 5: MASON & AIDEN

TRACK 7 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Mason & Aiden)

AIDEN: Mate... did you see that? The Three Elite don't even walk, they hover.

MASON: It's called choreography.

AIDEN: Nah, that's witchcraft. Marcella could make the lights flicker just by blinking.

MASON: You're exaggerating.

AIDEN: No, seriously I think she looked right at me.
And you know her mum's, like, best friends with your mum, right?

MASON: How do you even know that?

AIDEN: I have sources. So... you'll put in a good word?

MASON: A good word for what?

AIDEN: For me! Come on, man. Just casually mention that I'm funny, talented, and emotionally available.

MASON: We're not friends, Aiden.

AIDEN: You and me?

MASON: No, me and Marcella. We used to play together when we were, like, five.
Then she grew up into that... and I stayed... me.

AIDEN: So you're saying there's history. Perfect!

MASON: You're delusional. Marcella would never go for you.

AIDEN: Why not?

MASON: Because she's Marcella. She only dates popular guys not lab rats.

AIDEN: Excuse you! I am a cool lab rat.

MASON: Yeah, and she'd still pick Brock the jock over you any day.

AIDEN: Ugh, Brock. With his smug grin and his ability to open a water bottle one-handed.

MASON: It's a talent.

AIDEN: You know what? Fine. Let her have Brock. I'll be waiting when she realises muscles can't solve calculus.

TRACK 8 NEXT BIG THING - AIDEN SOLO

AIDEN: *I'm smarter than Brock and a whizz at maths
I solve equations twice as fast
I might not lift or run a mile
But I've got brains and a killer style*

*He's all biceps but I'm all wit
She'll come around just you wait a bit
Brock might be hot but wait and see
A girl like Marcella would be better with me*

CHORUS

*So go on and fall for the football star
I'll be there calculating just how wrong you are
So yeah go and swoon for the schoolyard king
I'll be here just sitting and waiting
For Brock to move on and hit on the next big thing*

*Brock's all swag but I've got the brains
I solve the puzzles he can't explain
He's got the looks but I've got a plan
Marcella needs me I'm the better man*

CHORUS

(Exit Mason & Aiden)

SCENE 6: THE THREE ELITE, BROCK & SASKIA

TRACK 9 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Brock, Marcella, Rowena & Tabitha)

BROCK: Hey, Marcella, you look nice.

MARCELLA: I know. It's kind of my thing.
This outfit says "effortless luxury," but it took forty minutes.

ROWENA: You look nice too, Brock.
(He doesn't even glance at her, still focused on Marcella.)

BROCK: Is that a new jacket? Looks... expensive.

MARCELLA: It's imported. Limited edition. Only available to people with taste.

TABITHA: Oh, I saw that jacket online! It came with free fluffy socks if you used the code "FABULOUS"!

MARCELLA: Thank you, Tabitha, for your research.

ROWENA: Some of us prefer subtle elegance.

TABITHA: Yeah, like beige! Beige is so... beige!
(Enter Saskia)

SASKIA: Sorry to interrupt but I'm handing out flyers for coding class...if anyone's interested?

MARCELLA: Coding Club? That sounds deeply unfortunate.

TABITHA: What's coding? Is that when people type really fast and shout "I'm in"

BROCK: Exactly!

SASKIA: Not exactly. It's programming computers. We build things... sometimes robots.

TABITHA: Robots?!

SASKIA: Yes, and artificial intelligence. Professor Finch is a genius in this field.

ROWENA: That actually sounds quite interesting.

MARCELLA: Rowena.

ROWENA: I'm just saying it might be useful.

MARCELLA: Darling, if we start spending lunch breaks teaching laptops how to think, our social lives are officially over.

SASKIA: Well, coding is more about solving problems.

TABITHA: I hate problems.

BROCK: Same. I'd come, but I'm already pretty advanced with computers.

SASKIA: Really?

BROCK: Yeah. I fixed the Wi-Fi once.

SASKIA: Let me guess... you turned it off and on again?

BROCK: Exactly.

ROWENA: It might actually be quite...

MARCELLA: Rowena, stop! If I ever spend my lunch break building robots, please assume I've been replaced by one.

ROWENA: Sorry, Saskia, it's not for us.

TABITHA: Good luck with the robots, though!
(Exit Saskia)

BROCK: So... Marcella, uh... there's this new café. Thought maybe we could grab a smoothie after school?

MARCELLA: Oh, that's adorable, Brock, but I'm very busy.

ROWENA: I could go with you!

BROCK: (*Ignoring Rowena*) Busy?

MARCELLA: Yes I have a poem to write. For a competition. Something moving about helping the community... whatever that means.

ROWENA: Maybe you could write about helping yourself.

MARCELLA: Jealousy isn't flattering, Rowena.

TABITHA: I could help! I wrote a poem once. It was called "Ode to My Sandwich." It had layers.

MARCELLA: Anyway, Brock, I really can't. Deadlines, destiny, fame you know how it is.

BROCK: Wait — the poem competition? I can help with that!
(All three girls laugh.)

MARCELLA: You?

BROCK: Yeah! I'm deep like that. I once wrote a poem about my triceps.

TABITHA: What's a "try-sep"? Sounds like a maths problem.

BROCK: No it's a muscle. And I've got plenty.

MARCELLA: Brock, darling, poetry is about emotion, depth, connection —
Not protein shakes and mirror selfies.

BROCK: Hey, I can do emotion!

MARCELLA: Fine you want to help? Prove it. Write me something worthy of Gina Starr.

BROCK: Challenge accepted. You'll see! I've got layers. Like... emotional abs.

ROWENA: This is going to be tragic.

TABITHA: Or romantic! Maybe tragic and romantic! Like when I fell in love with a donut
and it was gone the moment I ate it!

(Exit The Three Elite)

SCENE 7: MASON, AIDEN & BROCK

TRACK 10 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Mason & Aiden)

BROCK: Yo, Mason — you're smart, right?

MASON: Define "smart."

AIDEN: He means, "can you do my homework for me?"

BROCK: Maybe. Depends. Can you write a poem?

MASON: A poem? What for?

BROCK: There's this competition thing. About... helping the community or something.

MASON: I don't write poems, Brock. I code.

BROCK: Coding, poetry — same thing, right? It's all... words and feelings.

MASON: It's literally not.

AIDEN: He'll do it for your lunch money.

MASON: What—

AIDEN: Two weeks. Full meal deal. Sandwich, crisps, drink, and one of those chocolate puddings.

BROCK: That's robbery!

AIDEN: That's poetry, mate. Art has a price. And I'm his agent.

MASON: You're not my agent.

BROCK: Alright, fine. But it needs to sound deep. Like, really deep.

AIDEN: Got it.

MASON: You are so lucky I'm too tired to argue.

AIDEN: That's the spirit. He'll have it ready soon. Any creative requests go through me.

(Exit Mason, Aiden and Brock)

SCENE 8: CODING CLASS

TRACK 11 INSTRUMENTAL

(Enter Prof. Finch, Mason, Aiden, Saskia, Freya, Bella, Edie, Kitty & Skye)

PROF. FINCH: Alright, coders! Screens up, brains switched on—no, actually, brains first, screens later, I've learned that the hard way. Quite remarkable really. Anyway, welcome to Coding Club, the only place in this school where chaos is encouraged. For the new faces, I'm Professor Finch. Robotics and AI Development. Which means, by the end of this term, you should be able to make a machine that not only walks and talks but chooses whether to say hello or ignore you completely.

AIDEN: So basically, my sister.

PROF. FINCH: Exactly. Only less terrifying.
Now, before we start: who can tell me the first rule of robotics?

MASON: A robot must keep humans safe. Asimov's First Law.

PROF. FINCH: Very good, Mason. The point is rules are easy.
It's when we start bending them that machines become very interesting.

SASKIA: Bending rules? What do you mean by that?

PROF. FINCH: Excellent question. Let's try a small exercise.

SKYE: That sounds dangerous.

PROF. FINCH: Right. Imagine there's a problem in front of you.

KITTY: What kind of problem?

PROF. FINCH: Any problem. A locked door. A system crash. A rogue AI about to delete your homework.

AIDEN: That one sounds useful.

PROF. FINCH: Your task is simple. Solve it without using the obvious solution.

FREYA: What's the obvious solution?

PROF. FINCH: Exactly.

EDIE: I feel like this is a trick.

PROF. FINCH: All good thinking is a trick.



SASKIA: If there's a locked door... you use the key.

PROF. FINCH: Too obvious.

AIDEN: Kick it down.

PROF. FINCH: Also obvious.

SKYE: Pick the lock.

PROF. FINCH: Predictable.

SASKIA: Go through the window?

PROF. FINCH: Better.

MASON: Or... don't go in the room?

PROF. FINCH: Excellent! Avoid the problem entirely.

AIDEN: That's the strategy I use with my sister.

FREYA: But what does this have to do with coding?

PROF. FINCH: Everything. Machines follow rules. Coders decide when the rules aren't enough. Quite remarkable I'd say.

MASON: So the answer is... cheat?

PROF. FINCH: I prefer the term creative interpretation.

BELLA: That sounds like cheating.

PROF. FINCH: Only if you get caught.

KITTY: I still don't understand what we're meant to be learning.

PROF. FINCH: Perfect. That means your brain is about to do something interesting.

TRACK 12 RIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO - PROF. FINCH & ENSEMBLE

PROF. FINCH: Now write this down: Rules equal Safety. Curiosity equals Progress. And that, my dear coders, is where we live — right between the two.

*There's order in the chaos, logic in the storm,
Every line of code is a pattern taking form.
Rules give reason, reason gives trust,
But curiosity's a spark, a coder's must!*

*Right between the two, that's where genius hides,
Half in the lab and half in the skies.
Safety keeps your vision true,
Boldness gives it something new!
Right between the two!
Yes right between the two*

SASKIA: But what happens when they start thinking better than us?

PROF. FINCH: Then we've done our job too well.

SASKIA: I say emotion slows them down.
If you strip out feelings, machines would make cleaner choices.

PROF. FINCH: They'd also have no mercy. And without mercy, logic turns cruel very fast.

MASON: But what if hesitation's the point?
What if the moment it pauses, that's when it becomes like us?

PROF. FINCH: Yes, that's right it's the fleeting spark,
The breath before the code as it hits the mark!
Not fault, not flaw, but something that is true,
The pulse that says, I think like you!

ALL: Right between the two!
Yes right between the two
Safety keeps your vision true,
Boldness gives it something new!
Right between the two!
Yes right between the two

PROF. FINCH: That pause — that moment of doubt — that's where intelligence lives.
You can code it.

SASKIA: Code hesitation? How?

PROF. FINCH: Timers. Weighted logic. Tell it to wait until it's sure — or unsure enough.

SASKIA: So basically, we teach it to second-guess itself.

PROF. FINCH: *Exactly.*

MASON: *But doesn't that slow it down?*

PROF. FINCH: *Of course. Thinking takes time.*

SASKIA: *So what's it actually waiting for?*

PROF. FINCH: *Data. Options. Confidence levels.*

MASON: *So we're coding... doubt.*

PROF. FINCH: *Yes — and that's what makes it human.*

MASON: *It's not the answer that matters, it's the pause before it.*

PROF. FINCH: *Now you're getting it.*

SASKIA: *But what if it never decides?*

PROF. FINCH: *Then you've built a philosopher, not a robot.*

ALL: *Right between the two!
Yes right between the two
Safety keeps your vision true,
Boldness gives it something new!*

PROF. FINCH: *Right between the two!
Yes right between the two
Right between the two!
Yes right between the two*

PROF. FINCH: *Alright, that's enough for today. Save your work and go home before the code starts writing you.*

(All exit except Finch, Mason goes to follow)

SCENE 9: MEET LUNA

TRACK 13 INSTRUMENTAL

PROF. FINCH: Mason, stay a moment if you would, please.
You remind me of my younger self. You've got talent — real talent.

MASON: Who me, Professor Finch, you really think so?

PROF. FINCH: Yes! You don't just follow instructions; you question them. Quite remarkable. I'd like to give you a challenge.

MASON: A challenge?

PROF. FINCH: Something... outside the syllabus. Wait here.
(*Prof. leads Luna out*)

PROF. FINCH: Mason, meet Luna, your exchange student.

LUNA: Pleased to meet you, Mason.

MASON: Er, Hi. (*Mason takes Finch to one side*)
I think there's been a mistake, I'm not doing the exchange program this year.

PROF. FINCH: Luna isn't exactly an exchange student. She's a prototype — Model Eleven. Artificial Intelligence housed in synthetic form. Quite remarkable.

MASON: Wait a minute, she's a robot? You're serious?

PROF. FINCH: Completely. She can walk, speak, hold conversation, even simulate emotion but she's not ready to pass as human. That's where you come in.

MASON: You want me to...

PROF. FINCH: Code her. Shape her responses. Make her believable.

MASON: She's... incredible.

PROF. FINCH: She's potential. And potential needs discipline.
You'll treat this as a research assignment.
No one can know she's AI — not staff, not students, not even Aiden.
As far as anyone's concerned, she's part of the exchange program from Westbrook STEM Academy.

MASON: And this is... my project?

PROF. FINCH: Your opportunity.
Westbrook are offering a scholarship next term — full sponsorship for advanced robotics.

If you can make Luna pass as human, you'll have a portfolio that puts you miles ahead.

MASON: So all I have to do is make her... real?

PROF. FINCH: Convincing. Human in movement, tone, instinct.
The illusion must hold, Mason — in classrooms, corridors, conversations. Everywhere.

LUNA: Are you going to teach me to become real, Mason?

(Mason and Granger both glance at her — a flicker of unease.)

PROF. FINCH: She learns quickly. Too quickly, sometimes.
That's why you need to stay grounded. Keep ethics first.
Don't blur the boundaries between what's real and what's programmed.

MASON: Understood.

PROF. FINCH: Good. Take her through the basics — observation, dialogue, response.
And Mason..... Remember: curiosity drives creation.
But curiosity without limits... will create a monster.

(Exit Prof. Granger)

MASON: You don't have to just stand there, you know.

LUNA: I am waiting for instruction.

MASON: Right. Okay. Let's start with... conversation. That's basic enough.
Hi, I'm Mason. How's your day been?

LUNA: Hello, Mason. My day has been... acceptable.

MASON: Acceptable? Most people would say "good" or "not too bad."

LUNA: Would you like me to say "good" or "not too bad"?

MASON: No, I want you to mean it. That's the point.
People don't just choose words; they feel them first.

LUNA: Then I need to feel something.

MASON: We'll... work on that. For now, just try reacting naturally.
If I tell a joke, laugh. If I look sad, ask why.

LUNA: What if your face says one thing and your words say another?

MASON: Then welcome to being human.



LUNA: I am not human, Mason. I am Artificial Intelligence.

MASON: (*Sarcastically*) Great! This projects over before it's even started!

LUNA: Are you upset, Mason. You said 'Great' but you look mad.

MASON: Maybe it's not over after all.

TRACK 14 MORE THAN CODE - MASON & LUNA DUET

MASON: *Tell me your name.*

LUNA: *Luna, it's true.*

MASON: *Where did you grow?*

LUNA: *A town that I once knew.*

MASON: *What made you smile?*

LUNA: *The rain in the spring.*

MASON: *What did you wish?*

LUNA: *To learn everything.*

Chorus

Both: *I'm more than just a line on a bright, glowing screen,
More than just a part of some coded machine.
A memory, a heartbeat and a hope in between —
I'm real or at least that's what I mean.*

MASON: *What makes you cry?*

LUNA: *A story that is sad.*

MASON: *What do you fear?*

LUNA: *To lose what I once had.*

MASON: *What do you love?*

LUNA: *The stars in the sky.*

MASON: *How do you know?*

LUNA: *I don't but I try.*

Chorus

MASON: *If none of it's real, is the feeling still mine?*

LUNA: *If I'm only code, why does my heart still align?*

MASON: *If numbers can dream, what else can they be?*

LUNA: *Perhaps they can live... perhaps they are me.*

Chorus



TRACK 15 CODING LUNA

***MASON:** Initialising neural pathways... compiling emotional subroutines.
Mapping language to memory arrays.
Cross-referencing sensory data with semantic intent.
Creating identity node.*

*Name: Luna.
Age: Fifteen.
Origin: Westbrook STEM.*

*Injecting narrative fragments — family, friendship, fear.
Writing conditional empathy functions.
Looping adaptive learning protocols.*

Uploading belief core: I am human.

*Confirming override... truth becomes perception.
Executing memory fabricator.
Spawning false past... linking to present self.*

*Deploying persona module.
Emotions: active.
Instinct: active.
Curiosity: active.*

*And with that...
She is alive.*

INTERVAL ANNOUNCEMENT

END OF ACT 1

INTERVAL