

莊梅岩作品選（選段）：歌劇《中山·逸仙》、話劇《野豬》

**Selection of works (Excerpt) by Candace Chong:**

**Opera – Dr. Sun Yat Sen; Play – Wild Boar**

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1.

歌劇《中山·逸仙》

**Opera – Dr. Sun Yat Sen**

作曲：黃若 編劇：莊梅岩	Music by Huang Ruo Libretto by Candace Chong
<b>第一幕</b>	<b>Act I          Shanghai, Charlie Soong's Home</b>
【上海，宋嘉澍的大宅。】【熱鬧的籌款晚會，宋嘉澍夫婦穿插在人群當中】	<i>(Charlie Soong and his wife are hosting a large fundraising ball where they mingle with guests.)</i>
<b>眾賓客</b>	<b>All guests</b>
觥籌交錯，人影幢幢，熱情話如海。 上海的達官貴人啊，今晚都聚首一堂， 掏出善心和銀兩，來建一座宏偉的教堂， 讓沉默的雕像，傾聽人民的苦痛， 用搖曳的燭火，安撫百姓疲憊的心靈。 風雨飄搖的神州，就是需要這樣的一座教堂。	Glasses tingle, people mingle, Anticipation is in the air. Shanghai's high society is gathered here tonight. Let's donate generously to build a great church. Let its stone sculptures hear the people's suffering; Let the candle flames soothe their tired souls. In this time of chaos, a church will bring us solace.
<b>宋嘉澍</b>	<b>Charlie Soong</b>
懇請大家慷慨解囊，上帝保佑您們！	Please be generous. May God bless you all!
<b>賓客一</b>	<b>Guest A</b>
我捐一百大洋！	I donate one hundred dollars!
<b>宋嘉澍</b>	<b>Charlie Soong</b>

<p>謝謝您！教堂的大理石會刻上您的名字。</p> <p><b>【一輪鼓掌】</b></p> <p><b>賓客二</b></p> <p>我捐一百大洋！</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>謝謝您！教堂的燭台將刻上您的名字。</p> <p><b>【又一輪鼓掌】</b></p> <p><b>眾賓客</b></p> <p>貪官污吏就像洪水猛獸， 腐敗的政府比暴風更難抵擋， 來為風雨飄搖的神州 打造心靈的避難所！</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>上帝保佑大家。</p> <p><b>【兩個記者從遠處看著夫婦倆】</b></p> <p><b>陌生人一</b></p> <p>說話的人是誰？</p> <p><b>陌生人二</b></p> <p>宋嘉澍牧師，也是個富商， 這個籌款晚會就是由他召集。</p>	<p>Thank you! Your name will be engraved on the marbles of the church.</p> <p><i>(Applause)</i></p> <p><b>Guest B</b></p> <p>I donate one hundred dollars!</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Thank you! Your name will be engraved on the altar's candelabra.</p> <p><i>(Applause)</i></p> <p><b>All guests</b></p> <p>Corrupt officials are like savage beasts. Rotten governments destroy more than a hurricane. In this chaotic country of ours, Let us create a shelter for our souls!</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>May God bless you all!</p> <p><i>(Two journalists look at the couple from a distance.)</i></p> <p><b>Stranger A</b></p> <p>Who's the man talking?</p> <p><b>Stranger B</b></p> <p>The Reverend Soong; he's also an entrepreneur. He's the host of this fundraising ball.</p>
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<p>陌生人一</p> <p>那個賢淑的婦人必是他太太， 怎麼看起來憂心忡忡？</p> <p>陌生人二</p> <p>大概是善款還沒有達標！</p> <p>【記者從遠處拍下照片，倪桂珍將丈夫拉到一旁】</p> <p>宋嘉澍夫人</p> <p>心驚、膽顫， 我冷汗直冒……</p> <p>建教堂是謊言，籌款為支持革命！</p> <p>宋嘉澍</p> <p>小聲點，有人聽到便大禍臨頭！</p> <p>宋嘉澍夫人</p> <p>大禍一早已臨頭，自你結識那個孫文開始！ 你把財產都奉上，又在工廠印反動單張， 如今更借口建教堂，為他的救國會籌募經費！</p> <p>宋嘉澍</p> <p>夫人錯了！救國會不是他的， 救國會是——我們的！ 回想當日與孫文相遇，同感慨物換星移， 百年間盪盪大國淪為列強瓜分的餐饕。 世上沒有一座教堂安撫得了這種悲痛，</p>	<p><b>Stranger A</b></p> <p>The elegant lady next to him must be his wife. How come she looks so anxious?</p> <p><b>Stranger B</b></p> <p>Perhaps they've not reached their target. <i>(A photographer takes pictures of the fundraising ball. Mrs. Soong pulls her husband aside.)</i></p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>Trembling with fear, shaking with fright, cold sweat covers my skin...“To build a great church” is a lie; the funds collected are for the Revolution!</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Be quiet. We'll get in trouble if anyone hears us!</p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>We've been in trouble since the day you met Sun Wen*! You support him with your wealth; you use our factories to print anti-government propaganda. Now you even use the church as cover to raise money for his Revive China Society!</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>My wife, you are wrong! The Society does not belong to him. It belongs to us! When I first met Sun Wen, we both lamented our country's predicament: A dynasty that was strong a century ago now ravaged by foreigners. No church in the</p>
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<p>人間無一間避難所可讓我們永久躲藏， 圖改革才是每個國人的責任。</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍夫人</b></p> <p>可是你與他相交不過一年， 他居無定所，又無正當職業， 你怎知他會不會是個騙子？ 丈夫呀，我怕你癡心錯付——</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>夫人啊，你怎可以這樣說？ 他老家在香山，是革命迫他居無定所； 他本為醫師，放下行醫為救更多的國民。 我相信革命，我相信孫文， 我雖以謊言玷污了上帝的名字， 孫文他日必用改革去光大祂的名！</p> <p>【遠處傳來歡呼聲】</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍夫人</b></p> <p>那好，我也捐一份——把你捐出去！</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>【情深地看著妻子】 謝謝您，新中國的大地上會寫上你的……愛。 【少女們上】</p>	<p>world can soothe this pain; no shelter can provide us solace. Supporting the Revolution is every patriot's responsibility.</p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>You've only known each other for a year. He doesn't have a stable home. He doesn't have a proper job. How do you know he's not a fraud? My dear husband, I worry you've put your trust in the wrong person.</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>My dear wife, how can you say this? He used to live in Xiangshan; the Revolution forced him to flee. He worked as a doctor, but gave up his profession to save our nation. I believe in this Revolution! I believe in Sun Wen*! I might have abused God's name, but Sun Wen will restore His name with this Revolution! <i>(Applause from afar.)</i></p> <p>【*Sun Yat-sen was also known as Sun Wen.】</p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>Well, then I will donate ... you!</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p><i>(Looking at her tenderly.)</i> Thank you ... Your love will be engraved in this land of new China. <i>(A few young ladies enter.)</i></p>
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<p><b>少女們</b></p> <p>一清早就打點今晚儀容， 花招展為博得先生顧盼， 他幾次造訪，我們多番追問， 是誰在梧桐樹下說話鏗鏘醉人？ 是誰在迷濛月下眼眸深邃迷人？ 那人在這夜終於再臨！ 宋牧師，孫先生今天真的會來嗎？ 我親手做了些點心給他嚐。 我們想聽聽他的留美事跡。 也想聽聽他的浪漫故事。</p> <p>【少女們正想爭辯】</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>不要胡鬧，孫先生今晚沒空跟你們瞎扯！</p> <p><b>青年們</b></p> <p>談救國也是瞎扯？ 上個月滿清簽下喪權辱國的《馬關條約》！ 孫先生上書李鴻章並沒有改變國運！ 我們要聽聽他面對這病厭厭的狗政府 還有什麼良方妙藥——</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>殊！說不得！你以為在租界就安全了？</p> <p>【其他人都立刻拉走青年人】</p> <p>【宋嘉澍在一旁】</p>	<p><b>Young Ladies</b></p> <p>We woke up early in the morning to ready ourselves, hoping that Dr. Sun will look our way. We've seen him around and followed him about. Who's this man who inspires us all? Who's this man whose eyes glisten in the twilight? He returns tonight! Reverend Soong, is Dr. Sun really coming tonight? I have made some pastries for him ... We want to hear his stories about studying in America. And stories about his love life ... <i>(The women are about to argue.)</i></p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Stop it! Dr. Sun is not a subject for idle gossip!</p> <p><b>Young Men</b></p> <p>Is talking about Revolution idle gossip? Last month the Qing court signed the Treaty of Shimonoseki. What a disgrace! Dr. Sun's letter to Li Hongzhang failed to change our nation's fate! We want to know what medicine he has for this sick and helpless nation—</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Hush ... say no more! Being in a concession area does not guarantee our safety! <i>(Others urge the young man to keep quiet.)</i></p> <p><i>(Aside.)</i></p>
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年青人不知道，一切不再是紙上談兵，  
為了他們的將來，革命工作已如箭在弦！

【孫文快步進，宋嘉澍迎上】

**宋嘉澍**

你終於來了，路上遇到困難了嗎？

**孫逸仙**

千難、萬難。  
身在家國卻寸步難行。  
到處是明查暗搜，一路上風聲鶴唳，  
看來清廷老羞成怒，  
國家就要變成樊籠！  
可是樊籠關不住反對的聲音，  
困難阻不了向前走的人，  
抗租、抗稅、搶米的風潮來臨  
議論、催促、政改的索求迫切，  
人民蘇醒了，因為他們終於感到饑餓了！

**宋嘉澍**

太好了，證明時候到了！

**孫文**

時候一早到了！只等著一聲號召，  
四萬萬人就會連成一股力量，

These young men have no idea that saving our nation is no longer an empty dream. For the sake of their future, a Revolution is about to be born!

*(Sun Yat-sen dashes in, Charlie walks to him.)*

**Charlie Soong**

You're finally here!

Did you have any trouble getting here?

**Sun Yat-sen**

It was a rough trip, with difficulties and delays.  
I'm in my own country, yet it's hard to travel.  
Soldiers are patrolling and searching everywhere;  
everyone is afraid.  
The Qing court is furious.  
They're turning our country into a prison!  
But this cage cannot silence opposing voices,  
It cannot deter the people who resist rent,  
resist taxes, and engage in waves of revolt.  
Now there are debates, with people urging change.  
The people are awake because they now feel the hunger!

**Charlie Soong**

Wonderful, it proves that the time is ripe.

**Sun Yat-sen**

The time has long been ripe.  
We are just waiting for the signal.

<p>扭轉四百年來的厄運。</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>來，讓我引薦你予各國友好， 惟願他們會支持先生將來事業！</p> <p><b>孫逸仙</b></p> <p>謝過宋兄，容我先安頓夫人， 再向各位問好。</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍夫人</b></p> <p>孫夫人也來了？她人呢？</p> <p><b>孫逸仙</b></p> <p>就在你身後。</p> <p>【大家沒為意一衣著傳統的中年婦人便是孫夫人， 都感到尷尬極了】</p> <p><b>盧慕貞</b></p> <p>好奇的人看我，我好奇地看人， 小金蓮，為了愛，從鄉間跑到大城市， 煮溫茶、送寒衣，托著頭看先生苦思。 國家大事懂不了，兵荒馬亂也只能跟在後面 慢慢走……先生若因我姍姍來遲，莫見怪……</p>	<p>Then 400 million people will come together to change the bitter fate of the last four centuries.</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Come, let me introduce you to friends from different countries; Let's hope they will support your movement!</p> <p><b>Sun Yat-sen</b></p> <p>Thank you. But let me first take care of my wife.</p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>Your wife has come with you? Where is she?</p> <p><b>Sun Yat-sen</b></p> <p>Right behind you.</p> <p><i>(A middle-aged, humble woman with bound feet, in traditional Chinese dress appears.)</i></p> <p><b>Lu Muzhen</b></p> <p>People are curious—looking at me. I look back at them with curiosity. Walking in pain with my bound feet, I come to the big city to follow my love. Brewing hot tea, sewing old clothes, I can only stare at my husband when he's in deep contemplation, trying to solve the nation's problems.</p>
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<p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>沒事。送先生夫人上樓……</p> <p><b>少女們</b></p> <p>【輕聲】</p> <p>這就是……他的浪漫故事？</p> <p>【身邊的友伴都責怪她】</p> <p>【孫逸仙夫婦下，其他人亦下】</p> <p>【宋嘉澍夫人走向丈夫，二重唱】</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td><b>宋嘉澍夫人</b></td> <td><b>宋嘉澍</b></td> </tr> <tr> <td>竟把孫夫人冷落在旁。</td> <td>沒想到那是孫弟伴兒。</td> </tr> <tr> <td>聽說她不喜歡外出。</td> <td>哪像你跟我走到海角天涯。</td> </tr> <tr> <td>或者他們相親相愛。</td> <td>像我們一樣活在幸福。</td> </tr> </table> <p>【二人恩愛地牽手】</p> <p>【一報信者上，宋嘉澍夫人對宋嘉澍笑笑】</p> <p><b>宋嘉澍夫人</b></p> <p>你去工作罷，我上樓看那幾個小頑皮。</p> <p>【宋嘉澍夫人下，報信者把一張通緝犯的海報呈予宋嘉澍，他看後一臉驚慌】</p>	<b>宋嘉澍夫人</b>	<b>宋嘉澍</b>	竟把孫夫人冷落在旁。	沒想到那是孫弟伴兒。	聽說她不喜歡外出。	哪像你跟我走到海角天涯。	或者他們相親相愛。	像我們一樣活在幸福。	<p>I can only walk slowly behind him in these chaotic times. If he is late because of me, I apologize ...</p> <p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>Not at all. Please, show Mrs. Sun the way ...</p> <p><b>Young Ladies</b></p> <p><i>(Whispers.)</i></p> <p>She is the subject of his ... romance?</p> <p><i>(They look critically at her.)</i></p> <p><i>(Sun and Lu exit, others follow.)</i></p> <p><i>(Mrs. Soong walks to Charlie Soong. Duet.)</i></p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td><b>Mrs. Soong</b></td> <td><b>Charlie Soong</b></td> </tr> <tr> <td>How rude that we neglected Mrs. Sun.</td> <td>I did not know she was his wife.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>I hear she does not like to travel.</td> <td>Unlike her, you go wherever I go.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Perhaps they like it that way.</td> <td>They are probably as happy as us.</td> </tr> </table> <p><i>(They hold hands like young lovers.)</i></p> <p><i>(A messenger enters. Mrs. Soong smiles at Charlie.)</i></p> <p><b>Mrs. Soong</b></p> <p>Go and take care of the guests.</p> <p>I'll go upstairs to check on the children.</p> <p><i>(Mrs. Soong exits, the messenger hands Charlie a poster. Charlie is shocked.)</i></p>	<b>Mrs. Soong</b>	<b>Charlie Soong</b>	How rude that we neglected Mrs. Sun.	I did not know she was his wife.	I hear she does not like to travel.	Unlike her, you go wherever I go.	Perhaps they like it that way.	They are probably as happy as us.
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<p><b>宋嘉澍</b></p> <p>緝拿孫文，興中會會長， 獎金一千大洋…… 快跑！孫文，快跑！</p> <p><b>眾賓客</b></p> <p>觥籌交錯，人影幢幢，熱情話如海。 上海的達官貴人啊，今晚都聚首一堂， 掏出善心和銀兩，來建一座宏偉的教堂， 讓沉默的雕像，傾聽人民的苦痛， 用搖曳的燭火，安撫百姓疲憊的心靈。 風雨飄搖的神州，就是需要這樣的一座教堂。</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>【第一幕完】</b></p>	<p><b>Charlie Soong</b></p> <p>WANTED: Sun Yat-sen, Chairman of the Revive China Society. A reward of 1,000 dollars ... Run! Sun Wen, run!</p> <p><b>All guests</b></p> <p>Glasses tingle, people mingle, Anticipation is in the air. Shanghai's high society is gathered here tonight. Let's donate generously to build a great church. Let its stone sculptures hear the people's suffering; Let the candle flames soothe their tired souls. In this time of chaos, a church will bring us solace.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>(End of Act I)</b></p>
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2.  
話劇《野豬》  
**Play – Wild Boar**

<p>編劇：莊梅岩 翻譯：Joanna C. Lee &amp; Ken Smith</p>	<p>Playwright: Candace Chong Translator: Joanna C. Lee &amp; Ken Smith</p>
<p><b>序</b></p> <p><b>【幕啟，阮文山踏上演講臺。】</b></p> <p><b>阮文山</b></p> <p>各位，好多謝大家抽時間嚟呢個午膳聚餐，本來主席發言前由我報告一吓新聞總會上個月參</p>	<p><b>Prologue</b></p> <p>[Lights up. Ruan Wenshan, a man in his 60s, steps onto the podium.]</p> <p><b>Ruan</b></p> <p>Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for taking the time to attend our luncheon. Before the Chairman gives his speech, I was supposed to report on the</p>

加國際會議嘅情況，不過尋晚收到一個消息，我認為應該先提出嚟同大家探討一吓。

作家木訥失蹤。我相信在座冇人唔識木訥教授，佢係本土作家，同時亦係一個十分出色嘅教育家。五年前佢大學退休，木訥專注研究同發展本地文學口述歷史，並義務為大學文化部建立咗一個龐大嘅網上資料庫。

前日下晝 3 點 45 分，木訥如常喺資料館做嘢，館裡面嘅同事聽到佢話要去文學樓擺筆記，但係到咗收工都未返。佢哋見枱面打開佢睇緊嗰本《城市說》，啲隨身物又喺位，於是都不以為然，以為佢睇資料睇到忘晒形。直到第二日朝幫佢打咗十六年工嘅鐘點女傭打電話去辦公室，先知木訥教授失咗蹤。

從資料館步行到文學樓大約十分鐘，會經過教育樓嘅停車場，仲有一個小花園，兩邊小路分別通去學校前後門，但係閉路電視冇木訥嘅蹤跡。一個人平地消失，佢到底去咗邊？

今朝全市有三份報紙提起呢件事，其中一份放喺城市要聞，大字標題話本地口述史翹楚疑患老人癡呆症，無故離開義工單位。另外兩份放喺文化版，提到木訥教授一生人對本土文化嘅貢獻，呼籲市民留意佢嘅下落。

News Association's involvement in last month's International Journalism Conference. However, last night I received some news that I feel compelled to share.

The writer Mu Ne is missing. I believe all of you know Professor Mu, either as a renowned journalist or an outstanding educator. After retiring five years ago from the University, Mu Ne has devoted his efforts to researching local literature using an oral history approach. He has also built, *pro bono*, a voluminous web archive for the University's Cultural Studies Department.

Two days ago, at 3:45 p.m., Mu Ne was working at the archive. His colleagues heard him say he was going to the Humanities Building to collect some materials, but even after the office closed, he had not yet returned. A book he was reading, *The Voice of the City*, remained open and his belongings were still at his desk, so no one was concerned. They'd just thought he'd lost track of time. Only the next morning, when his part-time housekeeper of sixteen years called the office, did they realize he was missing.

It takes ten minutes to walk from the archive to the Humanities Building. Along the way is the car park belonging to the Education Building as well as a small garden. Footpaths on both sides lead to the front and back gates of the University. Yet close-circuit videos show no trace of him. What happened? Could he have vanished into thin air?

This morning, three news outlets reported this story. One published it on its City page with a headline "Local Oral Historian suffers from Alzheimer's, left volunteer post without notice." The other two ran reports on their Culture pages recounting Professor Mu's civic contributions and asking the public for help in finding him.

但係，冇人提到佢嘅網上資料庫啱啱俾黑客入侵；冇人提到木訥曾經報警話自己俾人跟蹤；更加冇人提到有關方面曾經提出注資研究，並重整文化部嘅架構，其中一項革新，就係將資料館嘅館長木訥升為顧問，簡單嚟講，就係削減佢嘅控制權。木訥已經言明，寧願將研究撤離文化院，都唔願意將資料庫裡面啲啲重要的檔案交俾陌生人。

由於冇人報導呢啲嘢，木訥教授就成為一個老人、一個可能曾經頭腦清醒，但係因為再冇能力照顧自己而失走嘅老人。

各位，我哋身處一個非常關鍵嘅時刻，就係我哋嘅城市正式進入文明倒退嘅年代。

短短三年，幾間小報相繼結業，取而代之係由大財團注資嘅報章雜誌；五間電視台幾乎同時轉手，股份被大量購入，幕後買家到今日仍然係個謎。最荒謬嘅係正當政府草議實施資訊限制條例嘅時候，三間電訊公司居然主動提供網絡封鎖方案，即使事件一度引起爭議，但係由於電訊業嘅母公司同時操控住主要媒體，所以能夠成功淡化大部份嘅公眾輿論。即係話，市民嘅知情權一旦抵觸私有利益，聲音就會被縮小、轉移，甚至係扭曲。呢個係一個警號，話俾我哋知我哋一直唔為意嘅架構轉變，其實係影響緊我哋嘅生活。木訥就係一個最明顯嘅例子。

今朝，當我攞起自己服務將近三十年、一向引以為傲嘅《自由日報》，我見到一個辦報七十

Yet no one mentioned that his web archive had recently been hacked. Nor his recent report to the police that he was being followed. Nor that certain groups have proposed to restructure the Cultural Studies Department and promote the archive director to a consultant—effectively stripping Mu Ne of his powers. He already declared that he would rather move his entire archive away from the Cultural Department than share crucial information with strangers.

Because no one reported these facts, Professor Mu looks like an old man who perhaps was a clear-headed senior researcher before, but can now no longer take care of himself and has gone missing.

We are at a critical moment: our city and its culture are entering into a period of deterioration.

In the span of three short years, smaller newspapers have closed down, replaced by publications owned by multi-billion dollar corporations. All five television stations have changed hands, with identities of the new owners shrouded in secrecy. And the most ridiculously: just as the government begins drafting a proposal to restrict access to online information, the three major wireless companies are also promoting new plans to block internet traffic. This last incident has generated some controversy, but since telecommunication companies are owned by the same corporations controlling the news media, much of the public outcry has been muted. In other words, when the public's right to know infringes upon the gains of private corporations, the public's voice is stifled, obscured, or even twisted. This is alarming, because changes in the system around us are affecting our lives without our knowledge. What happened to Mu Ne is but one example of this.

This morning, as I picked up *The Liberty Daily*, a paper where I've proudly served for almost three decades, I saw a blank space measuring 5 by 7

年嚟從未出現過嘅空位，一個 5 厘米乘 7 厘米嘅空位。本來，呢度應該刊登咗我尋晚寫嘅有關作家失蹤嘅社評，係我今年第二十三篇冇理內部通告發表嘅文章。過去呢段日子有好多同事離職、轉行，我依然留嚟現有工作單位，係因為即使多咗好多掙扎同妥協，我都覺得自己所做嘅嘢係有意義。但係呢個空位提醒我，依家要消滅一把聲音已經唔再需要任何藉口，佢哋甚至乎唔畀時間去矯揉造作，只係硬生生咁剝奪，一篇文章如是，一個人如是。如果我仲畀時間去掙扎同妥協，咁就係我太愚昧。所以我已經提出請辭。

我選擇喺呢個場合同大家講，係因為在座有好多都係我尊重嘅同業、我尊敬嘅前輩，亦有好多我教出嚟嘅學生。我想提醒大家，新聞係歷史嘅初稿，我想請大家，唔好預住記者嘅身份去製造言論自由嘅假象，唔好留低做扼殺真相嘅共犯。嚟緊我將會退出新聞總會，用自己嘅力量去繼續爭取，我想先請大家見諒，因為喺呢個理念上，若果我哋唔係朋友，就會係敵人。

【阮文山凝視著觀眾，他額上出現一點光，槍聲起，燈滅。】

第一幕

第一場

cm—a space that has never appeared before in the paper’s seven decades of existence. The blank space was supposed to be my editorial about the disappearance of Mu Ne, which I wrote last night—my twenty-third editorial ignoring the paper’s internal guidelines. Recently, many of my colleagues have left the newspaper—some have left the profession entirely—but I have staunchly remained, knowing that, despite increasing struggles and compromises, my work remains meaningful. But this blank space now reminds me that certain forces no longer need an excuse to silence a voice. They don’t even make an effort to justify it; they simply remove that voice—or article or person—without warning. For me to waste any more time and effort in this struggle would be foolhardy.

I therefore choose this occasion to announce my resignation because sitting among you are many of my respected colleagues and mentors, as well as students I’ve taught. I want to remind you all: journalism is the first draft of history. Please do not wield your title of journalist to prolong the illusion that freedom of speech exists. Do not remain in this profession just to collude in burying the truth. I hereby resign from the News Association and will devote my efforts to fighting for the cause. Please accept my apologies now: if you are not my friend, you’re my enemy.

[Ruan Wenshan stares at his audience. A red dot of light shines on his forehead. We hear an echoing sound that suggests gunshots. Lights off.]

ACT ONE

Sc. 1

[A restaurant, a table by the window overlooking a huge construction site. Tricia and Johnny sitting at the table, Tricia wearing a red blouse.]

<p>【餐廳，窗旁的一張餐枱。Tricia 和 Johnny，Tricia 穿著紅色襯衣】</p> <p>Tricia : 野豬？</p> <p>Johnny : 野豬！</p> <p>Tricia : 撞嚟撞去啲啲。</p> <p>Johnny : 啲啲係鬥牛。</p> <p>Tricia : 是但，都係咁野蠻。</p> <p>Johnny : 唔同，鬥牛俾人挑釁，野豬啲種狼死係天性。</p> <p>Tricia : 哦。</p> <p>Johnny : 聽講都係色盲，應該唔會針對你。</p> <p>Tricia : 我記得你鍾意紅色。</p> <p>Johnny : 咁你應該記得我對「面」衫唔挑剔。</p> <p>【稍頓，Tricia 只是看著 Johnny】</p> <p>Johnny : 鍾意紅色係咪好娘呢？即係，好似好典型咁，紅色就代表火熱、性慾旺盛。你知唔知，呢啲嘢我有同 counselor 傾過，點解我特別鍾意女人著紅色內衣……後來我哋發現，原來顏色本身唔重要，重要嘅係隻顏色同咩人 associate——我細個嗰陣成日見到阿媽掠啲紅色底衫褲，你驚唔驚呀？我可能有戀母情意結。哈哈……</p>	<p>Tricia: Wild boar?</p> <p>Johnny: Wild boar!</p> <p>Tricia: The kind that charge.</p> <p>Johnny: You're thinking of bullfights.</p> <p>Tricia: Whatever. It's still barbaric.</p> <p>Johnny: Different. People provoke the bulls. Wild boars have violence in their blood.</p> <p>Tricia: C'mon.</p> <p>Johnny: I hear they're color blind. So that blouse wouldn't provoke it.</p> <p>Tricia: I remember you like red.</p> <p>Johnny: Do you remember that I don't care what you wear on top?</p> <p>[Beat. Tricia stares at Johnny.]</p> <p>Johnny: My thing for red – is it lame? I mean, it's kinda predictable: hot passion, sexual virility. I've discussed this with my shrink, why I like women wearing red lingerie... Then I realized, it's not the color, it's how I associate colors with people—when I was a kid, I saw my mother hanging her red bras and panties to dry. Are you grossed out? Maybe I have an Oedipal complex. Haha...</p> <p>[Silence.]</p> <p>Tricia: Then?</p> <p>Johnny: Then what?</p> <p>Tricia: The Great Dane.</p> <p>Johnny: Right... The largest Great Dane bit into the boar and wouldn't let go. Bit right into its neck -- blood spurting out between the dog's teeth, dripping from its jaw. The boar didn't charge anymore.</p>
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<p><b>【靜默】</b></p> <p>Tricia : 跟住呢？</p> <p>Johnny : 跟住咩？</p> <p>Tricia : 隻大丹。</p> <p>Johnny : 呀係……最大個隻大丹係咁咬住佢唔放，係咁咬實佢條頸，你睇住啲血喺佢棚牙同個咀之間冒出嚟，佢冇再衝嚟衝去，淨係企咗喺度，四隻腳係咁頂住地下啲泥，死到臨頭都唔認命！成個身發滾，滾到有層薄霧圍住佢咁，身上有一忽皮係完整，但係就有層霧圍住佢。隔離嗰七、八隻狗淨係識嚟向佢吠，外圍仲有十幾隻狗聽到聲吠住跑過嚟，我心諗冇喇，只要有一隻再撲上去其他啲啲就會一擁而上咁將佢K.O.，但係帶隊嗰個人話：箍頸、上車，佢哋就夾手夾腳捉起佢。我唔明啦，點解喺呢個時候停手呢？原來要留返佢條命去訓練啲細狗，要利用佢一息尚存嘅戰鬥力嚟同啲細狗對打、練大啲狗嘅膽，咁遲啲佢哋就有本事跟大隊上山，捉更多野豬。</p> <p>Tricia : 你睇住佢死？</p> <p>Johnny : 冇，一面倒有咩好睇？</p> <p>Tricia : 咁你去咗邊？</p> <p>Johnny : 細路仔走得去邊吖，睇咗入屋。下次見佢已經上緊碟、俾人斬到一件件。</p> <p><b>【稍頓】</b></p>	<p>It just stood there, all four hooves set in the mud. It struggled to the death, its body seemed to boil and steam, as if enveloped by a thin mist. You couldn't even see one patch of its skin clearly. There were seven, eight dogs barking at it from nearby. In the distance, another dozen dogs ran toward them, attracted by the ruckus. I thought to myself, what if another dog joins the fight? Then it's "Game Over" for the boar. But the leader of the hunt ordered us to restrain our dogs and get in the car. Then they picked up the boar. Why'd they stop? It turned out they wanted to keep the boar alive to train smaller dogs, to use that boar's last breath to teach them to fight, so they'd be able to go after more boars later.</p> <p>Tricia: You saw it die?</p> <p>Johnny: Nah. It's no fun when you already know how it's gonna end.</p> <p>Tricia: Where did you go?</p> <p>Johnny: Where else could I go? I was just a kid then. I hid in the house. The next time I saw the boar, it was on a plate, cooked and chopped into small pieces.</p> <p>[Beat.]</p> <p>Johnny: Delicious.</p> <p>Tricia: Seems like you haven't been traumatized by your past.</p> <p>Johnny: Not true. I learned you have to stay strong or you'll be destroyed.</p> <p>Tricia: True.</p> <p>Johnny: But clearly I didn't learn enough or I wouldn't have gotten so damaged.</p>
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Johnny : 好好味。	[Silence.]
Tricia : 你好似一啲童年陰影都有。	
Johnny : 有架, 知道呢個世界弱肉強食。	Tricia: Thanks for coming back to help.
Tricia : 咁都唔錯。	Johnny: There's not much to do over there, or else how could I have so much time to hunt boars?
Johnny : 知冇用, 要 apply 到先得, 唔係都唔會俾你搞到損手爛腳。	Tricia: Now that you're here you can't hunt boars.
	Johnny: They exist here.
<b>【靜默】</b>	Tricia: Maybe a long time ago. I haven't heard of wild boars breaking into urban areas in recent years.
Tricia : 多謝你返嚟幫手。	Johnny: You're wrong. As long as there are mountains and rivers, you'll find—
Johnny : 我喺嗰邊都係游手好閒, 唔係都有咁多時間打豬。	[He looks out the window, at a huge construction site]
Tricia : 返到嚟未有得打囉?。	
Johnny : 呢度都有野豬。	
Tricia : 我諗係好耐之前嘅事, 呢幾年已經冇再聽到有野豬撞出市區。	
Johnny : 唔會嘅, 有山有水嘅地方一定會有——	
<b>【望出窗, 看著遠處興建中的大建築】</b>	