0-1

Narrator: The doctor’s son.

(Door knock)

Francis: Sir, please open the door.

Georik: You’re one noisy man.

Georik: If you want the money, I don’t have it!

Francis: It-It’s not that… I have a request.

Georik: You want me to buy something from you?

Francis: No… I want you to sell me some medicine.

Georik: Hmm?

Francis: I need some fever medicine and a poison antidote.

Francis: I will buy whatever you have available.

Georik: You being so desperate makes me feel weird.

Francis: Will you sell them to me?

Francis: In truth, I only have this much...

Georik: Don’t worry about the money, just take it.

Georik: And hurry up.

Francis: Huh?

Georik: I also don’t mind taking a look, but is the patient close by?

Francis: No, it’s fine.

Francis: Thank you.

1-2  
(Francis runs)

Georik: Geez he was in such a hurry.

Georik: But he really seemed desperate.

Georik: Perhaps I should have followed him anyway.

(Francis runs)

Francis: That guy is such a dummy.

Francis: How much money have I pestered him to hand over?

Francis: But… I’m really grateful.

Francis: I’ll certainly return the favor.

(Francis stops running)

(Door opens)  
Jan: Dashwood?

2-3

Jan: I told you I didn’t need any medicine.

Jan: Antidote is the true poison of my body.

Francis: At least drink the fever medicine…

Jan: I’ll get by with your sincere feelings.

Jan: More importantly, once you touch my sweaty skin, your skin will hurt as if it were burning.

Jan: Please stay away for a while.

Francis: Hey, Ruth…

Francis: Don’t you want to run far away with just the two of us?

Francis: To a place where that person’s eyes can’t reach.

Jan: Stop spouting nonsense.

3-4

Jan: Our duty is to serve the organization for the rest of our lives.

Jan: Doesn’t matter if it’s you, if you were to break the rules It is my duty to report and sanction you.

Francis: Even though you’re sweating from your forehead… You still say the nastiest things…

Francis: Ruth, the Hellfire Club has gotten bigger.

Francis: Bigger than I ever could have imagined.

Francis: But you know, what we’re doing isn’t right.

Francis: All we do is turn assassinations and corpses into money.

Francis: This kind of work is not sustainable!

Francis: It should not be permitted to continue.

Francis: If the organization gets found out, we too will be charged with felonies.

Francis: And you know, I just can’t devote my life to the organization.

Jan: Even if that were to happen…

4-5

Jan: Dashwood, you are meant to stay here.

Jan: I won’t let you betray the organization.

Francis: You trust the organization so much, but that doesn’t mean they will protect you.

Jan: I owe my current life to that person.

Francis: I’ll go change the water.

Jan: All this time, I’ve been depriving strangers of happiness.

Jan: But now I can’t believe I'm trying to be happy…

Jan: It is foolish of me.

Jan: And even if we somehow ran away from that man…

Jan: One day, God's wrath will surely come to punish our sins.

5-6

Jan: From this place, I will watch over him while I wait for my final hours.