

SCENE 1 - LONELY CASTLEWAY

Francisca stands alone on-stage, a sentry drawn (at the last moment, from a scared Barnardia - she's seen a Ghost just last night!) from the few villagers who support the new King.

After 12 tolls of midnight, Barnardia approaches, calling out in fear, at first.

BARNARDIA

Who's there?

FRANCISCA

Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDIA

Long live the King!

FRANCISCA

Barnardia?

BARNARDIA

She.

FRANCISCA

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDIA

'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisca.

FRANCISCA

For this relief, much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, / And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDIA

(beat)

Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCA

(immediately)

Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDIA

(beat)

Well, goodnight. / If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, / The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

(CONTINUED)

Enter Marcellus, followed by Horatio.

FRANCISCA
I think I hear them. Stand ho!
Who's there?

HORATIO
Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS
(immediately)
And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCA
Give you good night.

MARCELLUS
(immediately)
O, farewell, honest soldier. / Who
hath relieved you?

FRANCISCA
(immediately)
Barnard'a hath my place. / Give you
good night.

Exit Francisca.

MARCELLUS
(immediately)
Holla, Barnard'a!

BARNARDIA
(immediately)
Say / What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO
(immediately)
A piece of him.

BARNARDIA
Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good
Marcellus.

MARCELLUS
What, has this thing appeared again
tonight?

BARNARDIA
I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
/ And will not let belief take hold
of him / Touching this dreaded
sight twice seen of us. / Therefore
I have entreated him along / With
us to watch the minutes of this
night, / That, if again this
apparition come, / He may approve
our eyes and speak to it.

Scary wind sound.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BARNARDIA

(immediately)

Sit down awhile, / And let us once
again assail your ears, / That are
so fortified against our Story, /
What we two Nights have seen.

HORATIO

(immediately)

Well, sit we down, / And let us
hear Barnard'a speak of this.

BARNARDIA

Last night of all...

An ominous wind...

BARNARDIA

When yond same star that's Westward
from the Pole / Had made his course
t'illumine that part of Heaven /
Where now it burns, Marcellus and
myself, / The bell then beating
one...

Enter Ghost from behind.

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off. Look where
it comes again.

BARNARDIA

In the same figure like the King
that's dead.

(CONTINUED)

MARCELLUS

Thou art a Scholar. Speak to it,
Horatio.

BARNARDIA

Looks it not like the King? Mark
it, Horatio.

HORATIO

Most like. It harrows me with fear
and wonder.

BARNARDIA

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS

(immediately)
Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurpest this
time of night, / Together with that
fair and warlike form / In which
the Majesty of buried Denmark / Did
sometimes march? By heaven I charge
thee, speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDIA

(immediately)
See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

Stay. Speak, speak. I charge thee,
speak.

Exit Ghost.

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BARNARDIA

How now, Horatio? you tremble and
look pale. / Is not this something
more than fantasy? / What think you
on't?

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this
believe / Without the sensible and
true avouch / Of mine own eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MARCELLUS

(immediately)

Is it not like the King?

HORATIO

As thou art to thyself. / Such was
the very armour he had on / When he
the ambitious Norway combated. / So
frowned he once when, in an angry
parle, / He smote the sledded
poleaxes on the ice. / 'Tis
strange.

MARCELLUS

Good now, sit down, and tell me he
that knows / Why this same strict
and most observant watch / So
nightly toils the subject of the
land, / And why such daily cast of
brazen cannon / And foreign mart
for implements of war, / Why such
impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task / Does not divide the Sunday
from the week. / What might be
toward, that this sweaty haste /
Doth make the night joint-labourer
with the day? / Who is't that can
inform me?

HORATIO

(immediately)

That can I. / At least the whisper
goes so. Our last King, / Whose
image even but now appeared to us,
/ Was, as you know, by Fortinbras
of Norway, / Thereto pricked on by
a most emulate pride, / Dared to
the combat; in which our valiant
Hamlet - / For so this side of our
known world esteemed to him - / Did
slay this Fortinbras; who, by a
sealed compact / Well ratified by
law and heraldry, / Did forfeit,
with his life, all those his lands
/ Which he stood seized of, to the
conquerer; / Against the which, a
moiety competent / Was gaged by our
King, which had return'd / To the
inheritance of Fortinbras, / Had he
been the Vanquisher, as by the same
covenant / And carriage of the
article designed, / His fell to
Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HORATIO (cont'd)

/ Of unimporved mettle, hot and
full, / Hath in the skirts of
Norway, here and there / Shark'd up
a list of lawless resolute / For
food and diet to some enterprise /
That hath a stomach in't; which is
no other, / As it doth well appear
unto our state, / But to recover of
us by strong hand / And terms
compulsatory those foresaid Lands /
So by his father lost. And This, I
take it, / Is the main motive of
our preparations, / The source of
this our watch, and the chief head
/ Of this posthaste and romage in
the land.

BARNARDIA

I think it be no other but e'en so.
/ Well may it sort that this
portentous figure. / Comes armed
through our watch so like the King
/ That was and is the question of
these wars.

HORATIO

A mote it is to trouble the mind's
eye. / In the most high and palmy
state of Rome, / A little ere the
mightiest Julius fell, / The graves
stood tenantless and the sheeted
dead / Did squeak and gibber in the
Roman streets - / As stars with
trains of fire and dews of blood, /
Disasters in the sun; and the moist
star / Upon whose influence
Neptune's empire stands / Was sick
almost to Doomsday with eclipse. /
And even the like precurse of
feared events, / As harbingers
preceding still the fates / And
prologue to the omen coming on, /
Have heaven and earth together
demonstrated / Unto our climatures
and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO

But soft, behold, lo where it comes
again! / I'll cross it, though it
blast me.

(CONTINUED)

Horatio goes afte the ghost...

HORATIO

Stay, illusion. / If thou hast any
sound or use of voice, / Speak to
me.

HORATIO

If there be any good thing to be
done. / That may to thee do ease
and grace to me, / Speak to me. /
If thou art privy to thy country's
fate, / Which happily foreknowing
may avoid, / O, speak!

HORATIO

Or, if thou hast uphorded in thy
life / Extorted treasure in the
womb of earth, / For which, they
say, you spirits oft walk in death,
/ Speak of it.

The cock crows.

HORATIO

Stay and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike at it with my
partisan?

HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand!

Marcellus strikes at ghost with partisan.

BARNARDIA

(immediately)

'Tis here.

Marcellus strikes again.

HORATIO

(immediately)

'Tis here.

And again. Miss.

Exit Ghost.

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone. / We do it wrong, being
so majestical, / To offer it the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCELLUS (cont'd)
 show of violence, / For it is as
 the air invulnerable, / And our
 vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDIA
 It was about to speak when the cock
 crew.

HORATIO
 And then it started, like a guilty
 thing / Upon a fearful summons. I
 have heard / The cock, that is the
 trumpet to the morn, / Doth with
 its lofty and shrill-sounding
 throat / Awake the god of day, and
 at his warning, / Whether in sea or
 fire, in earth or air, / Th'
 extravagant and erring spirit hies.
 / To his confine. And of the truth
 herein / This present object made
 probation.

MARCELLUS
 It faded on the crowing of the
 cock. / Some say that ever 'gainst
 that season comes / Wherein our
 Saviour's birth is celebrated, /
 This bird of dawning singeth all
 night long. / And then, they say,
 no spirit dares stir abroad; / The
 nights are wholesome; then no
 planets strike; / No fairy takes;
 nor witch hath power to charm. / So
 hallowed and so gracious is that
 time.

HORATIO
 So have I heard, and do in part
 believe it. / But look, the morn in
 russet mantle clad / Walks o'er the
 dew of yon high eastward hill. /
 Break we our watch up. And by my
 advice / Let us impart what we have
 seen tonight / Unto young Hamlet.
 For, upon my life, / This spirit,
 dumb to us, will speak to him. / Do
 you consent we shall acquaint him
 with it, / As needful in our loves,
 fitting our duty?

(CONTINUED)

MARCELLUS

Let's do't, I pray. And I this
morning know / Where we shall find
him most conveniently.

Exeunt.

A wind starts blowing, getting stronger until...

SCENE 5 - DESERTED CASTLEWAY

Enter Ghost. (Ham I.v.9ff)

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit, / Doomed
for a certain term to walk the
night, / And for the day confined
to fast in fires, / Till the foul
crimes done in my days of nature /
Are burnt and purged away. But that
I am forbid / To tell the secrets
of my prison house, / I could a
tale unfold whose lightest word /
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze
thy young blood, / Make thy two
eyes like stars start from their
spheres, / Thy knotted and combined
locks to part, / And each
particular hair to stand an end /
Like quills upon the fretful
porpentine. / But this eternal
blazon must not be / To ears of
flesh and blood. List, list, O,
list! / If thou didst ever thy dear
father love -

GHOST

Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.