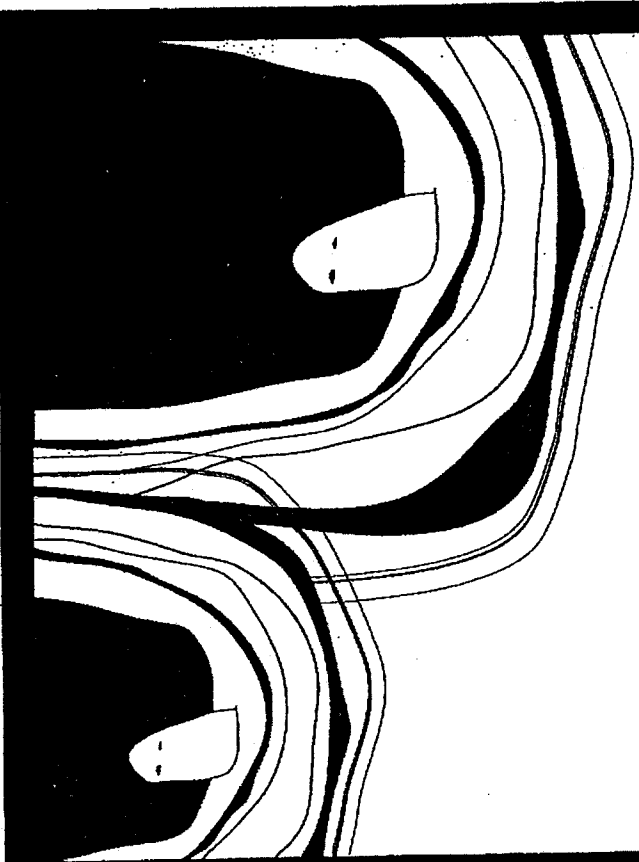


Francisco—A soldier and guardsman at Elsinore.

Reynaldo—Polonius's servant, sent to France by Polonius to check up on and spy on Laertes.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET



ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Enter BARNARDO and FRANCISCO, two sentinels

BARNARDO
Who's there?

FRANCISCO
Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO
Long live the king!

FRANCISCO
Barnardo?

BARNARDO
He.

FRANCISCO
You come most carefully upon your hour.

5 BARNARDO
'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

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

BARNARDO
Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO
Not a mouse stirring.

10 BARNARDO
Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO
I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

BARNARDO and FRANCISCO, two watchmen, enter.

BARNARDO
Who's there?

FRANCISCO
No, who are you? Stop and identify yourself.

BARNARDO
Long live the king!

FRANCISCO
Is that Barnardo?

BARNARDO
Yes, it's me.

FRANCISCO
You've come right on time.

BARNARDO
The clock's just striking twelve. Go home to bed,
Francisco.

FRANCISCO
Thanks for letting me go. It's bitterly cold out, and
I'm depressed.

BARNARDO
Has it been a quiet night?

FRANCISCO
I haven't even heard a mouse squeak.

BARNARDO
Well, good night. If you happen to see Horatio and
Marcellus, who are supposed to stand guard with me
tonight, tell them to hurry.

FRANCISCO
I think I hear them.—Stop! Who's there?

MARCELLUS and HORATIO enter.

HORATIO

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O, farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO

Barnardo has my place. Give you good night.

Exit FRANCISCO

MARCELLUS

Holla, Barnardo.

BARNARDO

Say what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him.

BARNARDO

Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

BARNARDO

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.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 1

HORATIO

Friends of this country.

MARCELLUS

And servants of the Danish king.

FRANCISCO

Good night to you both.

MARCELLUS

Good-bye. Who's taken over the watch for you?

FRANCISCO

Barnardo's taken my place. Good night.

FRANCISCO exits.

MARCELLUS

Hello, Barnardo.

BARNARDO

Hello. Is Horatio here too?

HORATIO

More or less.

BARNARDO

Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

So, tell us, did you see that thing again tonight?

BARNARDO

I haven't seen anything.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says we're imagining it, and won't let himself

believe anything about this horrible thing that we've

seen twice now. That's why I've begged him to come

on our shift tonight, so that if the ghost appears he can

see what we see and speak to it.

HORATIO

Oh, nonsense. It's not going to appear.

BARNARDO

Sit down a while
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO

Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO

Last night of all,
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

MARCELLUS

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

BARNARDO

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

MARCELLUS

(to HORATIO) Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS

Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp'st 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.

BARNARDO

Sit down for a while, and we'll tell you again the story
you don't want to believe, about what we've seen two
nights now.

HORATIO

Well, let's sit down and listen to Barnardo tell us.

BARNARDO

Last night, when that star to the west of the North Star
had traveled across the night sky to that point where
it's shining now, at one o'clock, Marcellus and I—

The ghost enters.

MARCELLUS

Quiet, shut up! It's come again.

BARNARDO

Looking just like the dead king.

MARCELLUS

(to HORATIO) You're well-educated, Horatio. Say
something to it.

BARNARDO

Doesn't he look like the king, Horatio?

HORATIO

Very much so. It's terrifying.

BARNARDO

It wants us to speak to it.

MARCELLUS

Ask it something, Horatio.

HORATIO

What are you, that you walk out so late at night, look-
ing like the dead king of Denmark when he dressed for
battle? By God, I order you to speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO

See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit ghost

MARCELLUS

50 'Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

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

MARCELLUS

Is it not like the king?

HORATIO

60 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 sledged Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS

65 Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO

In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS

It looks like you've offended it.

BARNARDO

Look, it's going away.

HORATIO

Stay! Speak! Speak! I order you, speak!

The ghost exits.

MARCELLUS

It's gone. It won't answer now.

BARNARDO

What's going on, Horatio? You're pale and trembling.
You agree now that we're not imagining this, don't
you? What do you think about it?

HORATIO

I swear to God, if I hadn't seen this with my own eyes
I'd never believe it.

MARCELLUS

Doesn't it look like the king?

HORATIO

Yes, as much as you look like yourself. The king was
wearing exactly this armor when he fought the king of
Norway. And the ghost frowned just like the king did
once when he attacked the Poles, traveling on the ice
in sleds. It's weird.

MARCELLUS

It's happened like this twice before, always at this
exact time. He stalks by us at our post like a warrior.

HORATIO

I don't know exactly how to explain this, but I have a
general feeling this means bad news for our country.

MARCCELUS

70 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,
 75 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 laborer with the day?
 Who is 't that can inform me?

HORATIO

That can I.

80 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,
 Therto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
 Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
 (For so this side of our known world esteemed him)
 85 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 conqueror,
 Against the which a moiety competent
 90 Was gaged by our king, which had returned
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras
 Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same covenant
 And carriage of the article designed,
 95 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimprov'd 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—
 100 As it doth well appear unto our state—
 But to recover of us, by strong hand

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

MARCCELUS

All right, let's sit down and discuss that question. Somebody tell me why this strict schedule of guards has been imposed, and why so many bronze cannons are being manufactured in Denmark, and so many weapons bought from abroad, and why the shipbuilders are so busy they don't even rest on Sunday. Is something about to happen that warrants working this night and day? Who can explain this to me?

HORATIO

I can. Or at least I can describe the rumors. As you know, our late king, whom we just now saw as a ghost, was the great rival of Fortinbras, king of Norway. Fortinbras dared him to battle. In that fight, our courageous Hamlet (or at least that's how we thought of him) killed old King Fortinbras, who—on the basis of a valid legal document—surrendered all his territories, along with his life, to his conqueror. If our king had lost, he would have had to do the same. But now old Fortinbras's young son, also called Fortinbras—he is bold, but unproven—has gathered a bunch of thugs from the lawless outskirts of the country. For some food, they're eager to take on the tough enterprise of securing the lands the elder Fortinbras lost.

And terms compulstatory, 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 rummage in the land.

BARNARDO

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 precure 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

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again.
I'll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

GHOST spreads his arms

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

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

As far as I understand, that's why we're posted here tonight and why there's such a commotion in Denmark lately.

BARNARDO

I think that's exactly right—that explains why the ghost of the late king would haunt us now, since he caused these wars.

HORATIO

The ghost is definitely something to worry about. In the high and mighty Roman Empire, just before the emperor Julius Caesar was assassinated, corpses rose out of their graves and ran through the streets of Rome speaking gibberish. There were shooting stars, and blood mixed in with the morning dew, and threatening signs on the face of the sun. The moon, which controls the tides of the sea, was so eclipsed it almost went completely out. And we've had similar omens of terrible things to come, as if heaven and earth have joined together to warn us what's going to happen.

The ghost enters.

Wait, look! It has come again. I'll meet it if it's the last thing I do.—Stay here, you hallucination!

The ghost spreads his arms.

If you have a voice or can make sounds, speak to me.

130 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,
Oh, speak!

135 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay and speak!

The cock crows

—Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS
Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

140 HORATIO
Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO
'Tis here.

HORATIO
'Tis here.

Exit GHOST

MARCELLUS
'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

145 BARNARDO
It was about to speak when the cock crew.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

If there's any good deed I can do that will bring you peace and me honor, speak to me. If you have some secret knowledge of your country's sad fate—which might be avoided if we knew about it—then, please, speak. Or if you've got some buried treasure somewhere, which they say often makes ghosts restless, then tell us about it. Stay and speak!

A rooster crows.

Keep it from leaving, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS
Should I strike it with my spear?

HORATIO
Yes, if it doesn't stand still.

BARNARDO
It's over here.

HORATIO
There it is.

The GHOST exits.

MARCELLUS
It's gone. We were wrong to threaten it with violence, since it looks so much like a king. Besides, we can't hurt it anymore than we can hurt the air. Our attack was stupid, futile, and wicked.

150 BARNARDO
It was about to say something when the rooster crowed.

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 his 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,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
 And then, they say, no spirit dare 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?

MARCELLUS

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

Exeunt

HORATIO

And then it acted startled, like a guilty person caught
 by the law. I've heard that the rooster awakens the god
 of day with its trumpetlike crowing, and makes all
 wandering ghosts, wherever they are, hurry back to
 their hiding places. We've just seen proof of that.

MARCELLUS

Yes, it faded away when the rooster crowed. Some
 people say that just before Christmas the rooster
 crows all night long, so that no ghost dares go wander-
 ing, and the night is safe. The planets have no sway
 over us, faeries' spells don't work, and witches can't
 bewitch us. That's how holy that night is.

HORATIO

Yes, I've heard the same thing and sort of believe it.
 But look, morning is breaking beyond that hill in the
 east, turning the sky red. Let's interrupt our watch
 and go tell young Hamlet what we've seen tonight.
 I'm sure this ghost that's so silent with us will speak to
 him. Don't you agree that we owe it to him to tell him
 about this, out of duty and love?

MARCELLUS

Let's do it. I know where we'll find him this morning.
They exit.

ACT 1, SCENE 2

Enter CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark; GERTRUDE the queen; HAMLET, POLONIUS, his son LAERTES, and his daughter OPHELIA; LORDS attendant

CLAUDIUS

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we—as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole—
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know. Young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not failed to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter VOLTEMAND and CORNELIUS

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 2

CLAUDIUS, the king of Denmark, enters, along with GERTRUDE the queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, POLONIUS'S SON LAERTES and daughter OPHELIA, and LORDS who wait on the king.

CLAUDIUS

Although I still have fresh memories of my brother the elder Hamlet's death, and though it was proper to mourn him throughout our kingdom, life still goes on—I think it's wise to mourn him while also thinking about my own well being. Therefore, I've married my former sister-in-law, the queen, with mixed feelings of happiness and sadness. I know that in marrying Gertrude I'm only doing what all of you have wisely advised all along—for which I thank you. Now, down to business. You all know what's happening. Young Fortinbras, underestimating my strength or imagining that the death of the king has thrown my country into turmoil, dreams of getting the better of me, and never stops pestering me with demands that I surrender the territory his father lost to the elder Hamlet, my dead brother-in-law. So much for Fortinbras.

VOLTEMAND and CORNELIUS enter.

Now, here's what needs to be done.

30 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Volteward,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
35 Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. *(gives them a paper)*
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

40 CORNELIUS, VOLTEWARD
In that and all things will we show our duty.

CLAUDIUS
We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

Exeunt VOLTEWARD and CORNELIUS

45 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
50 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES
My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
55 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 2

I've written to Fortinbras's uncle, the present head of Norway, an old bedridden man who knows next to nothing about his nephew's plans. I've told the uncle to stop those plans, which he has the power to do, since all the troops assembled by young Fortinbras are Norwegian, and thus under the uncle's control. I'm giving the job of delivering this letter to you, good Cornelius, and you, Volteward. Your business in Norway will be limited to this task. *(he gives them a paper)* Now good-bye. Show your loyalty by leaving quickly, rather than with elaborate speeches.

CORNELIUS, VOLTEWARD
We'll do our duty to you in that and everything else.

CLAUDIUS
I have no doubt you will. Good-bye.

CORNELIUS and VOLTEWARD exit.

And now, Laertes, what do you have to tell me? You have a favor you to ask of me. What is it, Laertes? You'll never waste your words when talking to the king of Denmark. What could you ever ask for that I wouldn't give you? Your father and the Danish throne are as close as the mind and the heart, or the hand and the mouth. What would you like, Laertes?

LAERTES
My lord, I want your permission to go back to France, which I left to come to Denmark for your coronation. I confess, my thoughts are on France, now that my duty is done. Please, let me go.

CLAUDIUS

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laborsome petition, and at last
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

CLAUDIUS

Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

HAMLET

(aside) A little more than kin and less than kind.

CLAUDIUS

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord. I am too much i' the sun.

GERTRUDE

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

GERTRUDE

If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE!

CLAUDIUS

Do you have your father's permission? What does
Polonius say?

POLONIUS

My son has worn me down by asking me so many
times. In the end I grudgingly consented. I beg you,
let him go.

CLAUDIUS

In that case, leave when you like, Laertes, and spend
your time however you wish. I hereby grant your
request, and hope you have a good time. And now,
Hamlet, my nephew and my son—

HAMLET

(speaking so no one else can hear) Too many family ties
there for me.

CLAUDIUS

Why are you still so gloomy, with a cloud hanging
over you? ;

HAMLET

It's not true, sir. Your son is out in the sun.

GERTRUDE

My dear Hamlet, stop wearing these black clothes,
and be friendly to the king. You can't spend your
whole life with your eyes to the ground remembering
your noble father. It happens all the time, what lives
must die eventually, passing to eternity.

HAMLET

Yes, mother, it happens all the time.

GERTRUDE

So why does it seem so particular to you?

HAMLET

"Seems," madam? Nay, it is. I know not "seems."
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed "seem,"
 For they are actions that a man might play.
 But I have that within which passeth show,
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

CLAUDIUS

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
 To give these mourning duties to your father.
 But you must know your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschooled.
 For what we know must be and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'Tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died today,
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father. For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,

HAMLET

"Seem," mother? No, it is. I don't know what you mean by "seem." Neither my black clothes, my dear mother, nor my heavy sighs, nor my weeping, nor my downcast eyes, nor any other display of grief can show what I really feel. It's true that all these things "seem" like grief, since a person could use them to fake grief if he wanted to. But I've got more real grief inside me that you could ever see on the surface. These clothes are just a hint of it.

CLAUDIUS

Hamlet, you are so sweet and such a good son to mourn your father like this. But you have to remember, that your father lost his father, who lost his father before him, and every time, each son has had to mourn his father for a certain period. But overdoing it is just stubborn. It's not manly. It's not what God wants, and it betrays a vulnerable heart and an ignorant and weak mind. Since we know that everyone must die sooner or later, why should we take it to heart? You're committing a crime against heaven, against the dead, and against nature. And it's irrational, since the truth is that all fathers must die. Please give up this useless mourning of yours and start thinking of me as your new father.

110 And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire.

115 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

GERTRUDE

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee, stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

120 I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

CLAUDIUS

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as yourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but HAMLET

HAMLET

130 Oh, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God, God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't, ah fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this.
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr. So loving to my mother

140

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Because everyone knows that you are the man closes to this throne, and I love you just as much as any father loves his son. And your plans for going back to Wittenberg are not what I want. I'm asking you now to stay here in my company as the number-one member of my court, my nephew and now my son too.

GERTRUDE

Please answer my prayers, Hamlet, and stay with us. Don't go back to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

I'll obey you as well as I can, ma'am.

CLAUDIUS

That's the right answer—it shows your love. Stay in Denmark like us.—My dear wife, come. Hamlet's agreeing to stay makes me happy, and every merry toast I'll drink today will be heard as far as the clouds overhead. My drinking will be echoed in the heavens. Let's go.

Trumpets play. Everyone except HAMLET exits.

HAMLET

Ah, I wish my dirty flesh could melt away into a vapor, or that God had not made a law against suicide. Oh God, God! How tired, stale, and pointless life is to me. Damn it! It's like a garden that no one's taking care of, and that's growing wild. Only nasty weeds grow in it now. I can't believe it's come to this. My father's only been dead for two months—no, not even two. Such an excellent king, as superior to my uncle as a god is to a beast, and so loving toward my mother that he kept the wind from blowing too hard on her face.

145 That he might not between the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.—Heaven and earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't. Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears. Why she, even she—
150 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer!—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gall'd eyes,
155 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BARNARDO

HORATIO
160 Hail to your lordship.

HAMLET
I am glad to see you well.—
Horatio? Or I do forget myself?

HORATIO
The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET
Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
165 Marcellus!

MARCELLUS
My good lord.

ACT 1, SCENE 2 NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Oh God, do I have to remember that? She would hang on to him, and the more she was with him the more she wanted to be with him; she couldn't get enough of him. Yet even so, within a month of my father's death (I don't even want to think about it. Oh women! You are so weak!), even before she had broken in the shoes she wore to his funeral, crying like crazy—even an animal would have mourned its mate longer than she did!—there she was marrying my uncle, my father's brother, who's about as much like my father as I'm like Hercules. Less than a month after my father's death, even before the tears on her cheeks had dried, she remarried. Oh, so quick to jump into a bed of incest! That's not good, and no good can come of it either. But my heart must break in silence, since I can't mention my feelings aloud.

HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BARNARDO enter.

HORATIO
Hello, sir.

HAMLET
Nice to see you again, Horatio—that is your name, right?

HORATIO
That's me, sir. Still your respectful servant.

HAMLET
Not my servant, but my friend. I'll change that name for you. But what are you doing so far from Wittenberg, Horatio?—Oh, Marcellus?

MARCELLUS
Hello, sir.

HAMLET

(to MARCELLUS) I am very glad to see you.—(to BARNARDO)
Good even, sir.

(to HORATIO) —But what, in faith, make you from
Wittenberg?

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORATIO

175 My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET

180 Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

185 I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

HAMLET

He was a man. Take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 2

HAMLET

(to MARCELLUS) So nice to see you.—(to BARNARDO)
Hello, sir (to HORATIO)—But what are you doing away
from Wittenberg, Horatio?

HORATIO

I felt like skipping school, sir.

HAMLET

I wouldn't allow your enemies to say that, and I won't
believe it from you. I know you'd never skip school.
What are you doing here in Elsinore? I'll teach you to
drink hard by the time you leave.

HORATIO

Sir, we came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

Please, don't make fun of me. I think you came to see
my mother's wedding instead.

HORATIO

Well, sir, it's true it came soon after.

HAMLET

It was all about saving a few bucks, Horatio. The left-
overs from the funeral dinner made a convenient wed-
ding banquet. Oh, I'd rather have met my fiercest
enemy in heaven, Horatio, than have lived through
that terrible day! My father—I think I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, sir?

HAMLET

In my imagination, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once. He was an admirable king.

HAMLET

He was a great human being. He was perfect in every-
thing. I'll never see the likes of him again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET

The king my father?!

HORATIO

Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where—as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good—
The apparition comes. I knew your father.
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

HORATIO

Sir, I think I saw him last night.

HAMLET

Saw who?

HORATIO

Your father, sir. The dead king.

HAMLET

The king my father?!

HORATIO

Don't get too excited yet, sir. Just listen carefully
while I tell you the amazing thing I saw, with these
gentlemen as witnesses.

HAMLET

For God's sake, let me hear it.

HORATIO

After midnight, for two nights running, these two
guards, Marcellus and Barnardo, saw a figure that
looked very much like your father, in full armor from
head to toe. It just appeared before them and marched
past them with slow dignity three times, a staff's dis-
tance from their amazed eyes, while they turned,
quaking with fear and too shocked to speak. They told
me all about this, so on the third night I agreed to come
stand guard with them, to see for myself. It happened
again, just as they had described. I knew your father.
This ghost looked as much like him as my two hands
are like each other.

HAMLET

But where did this happen?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did,

215

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak.

220

But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true.
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

225

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

We do, my lord.

HAMLET

Armed, say you?

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

Armed, my lord.

HAMLET

From top to toe?

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET

Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

Oh yes, my lord. He wore his beaver up.

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

MARCELLUS

On the platform where we stand guard, sir.

HAMLET

Didn't you talk to it?

HORATIO

I did, sir, but it didn't answer me. It raised its head
once as if it was about to speak, but just then the
rooster started crowing, and the ghost vanished from
sight.

HAMLET

'That's very strange.

HORATIO

I swear to God it's true, sir. We thought you ought to
know about it.

HAMLET

Yes, I should know, but it disturbs me. Are you on
duty again tonight?

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

Yes, sir.

HAMLET

It was armed, you say?

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

Armed, sir.

HAMLET

From head to toe?

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO

Yes, from top to bottom, sir.

HAMLET

So you couldn't see his face, then?

HORATIO

Oh, yes, we could, sir. He had his helmet visor up.

HAMLET
What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO
A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET
Pale or red?

HORATIO
Nay, very pale.

HAMLET
And fixed his eyes upon you?

HORATIO
Most constantly.

HAMLET
I would I had been there.

HORATIO
It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET
Very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO
Longer, longer.

HORATIO
Not when I saw 't.

HAMLET
His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO
It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

HAMLET
I will watch tonight. Perchance
'T will walk again.

HORATIO
I warrant it will.

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET
Was he frowning?

HORATIO
He looked more sad than angry.

HAMLET
Was he pale or flushed and red-faced?

HORATIO
Very pale, sir.

HAMLET
Did he stare at you?

HORATIO
The whole time.

HAMLET
I wish I'd been there.

HORATIO
You would have been very shocked.

HAMLET
I'm sure I would have. Did it stay a long time?

HORATIO
About as long as it would take someone to count
slowly to a hundred.

MARCELLUS, BARNARDO
No, longer than that.

HORATIO
Not the time I saw it.

HAMLET
His beard was gray, right?

HORATIO
It was just like in real life, dark brown with silver whiskers in it.

HAMLET
I'll stand guard with you tonight. Maybe it'll come again.

HORATIO
I bet it will.

HAMLET

245

If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still.
 And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
 I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

250

HORATIO, MARCELUS, BARNARDO

Our duty to your honor.

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

Exeunt all but HAMLET

255

My father's spirit in arms. All is not well.
 I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!
 Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Exit

ACT 1, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET

If it looks like my good father, I'll speak to it, even if
 Hell itself opens up and tells me to be quiet. I ask you,
 if you've kept this a secret, keep doing so. Whatever
 happens tonight, don't talk about it. I'll return the
 favor. So good-bye for now. I'll see you on the guards'
 platform between eleven and twelve tonight.

HORATIO, MARCELUS, BARNARDO

We'll do our duty to you, sir.

HAMLET

Give me your love instead, as I give you mine. Good-
 bye.

Everyone except HAMLET exits.

My father's ghost—armed! Something's wrong. I sus-
 pect some foul play. I wish the night were here
 already! Until then, I have to remain calm. Bad deeds
 will be revealed, no matter how people try to hide
 them.

HAMLET exits.

ACT 1, SCENE 3

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, his sister

LAERTES

My necessities are embarked. Farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convey is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.
No more.

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will, but you must fear.
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state.
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he loves you,

ACT 1, SCENE 3
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 3

LAERTES and his sister OPHELIA enter.

LAERTES

My belongings are on the ship already. Good-bye.
And, my dear sister, as long as the winds are blowing
and ships are sailing, let me hear from you—write.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt I'll write?

LAERTES

As for Hamlet and his attentions to you, just consider
it a big flirtation, the temporary phase of a hot-
blooded youth. It won't last. It's sweet, but his affec-
tion will fade after a minute. Not a second more.

OPHELIA

No more than a minute?

LAERTES

Try to think of it like that, anyway. When a youth
grows into a man, he doesn't just get bigger in his
body—his responsibilities grow too. He may love you
now, and may have only the best intentions, but you
have to be on your guard. Remember that he belongs
to the royal family, and his intentions don't matter
that much—he's a slave to his family obligations. He
can't simply make personal choices for himself the
way common people can, since the whole country
depends on what he does. His choice has to agree with
what the nation wants.

25 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;

30 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia. Fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

35 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

40 The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed.

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then. Best safety lies in fear.
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

45 I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven

50 Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES

O, fear me not.

Enter POLONIUS

I stay too long. But here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace.
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 3

So if he says he loves you, you should be wise enough to see that his words only mean as much as the state of Denmark allows them to mean. Then think about how shameful it would be for you to give in to his seductive talk and surrender your treasure chest to his greedy hands. Watch out, Ophelia. Just keep your love under control, and don't let yourself become a target of his lust. Simply exposing your beauty to the moon at night is risky enough—you don't have to expose yourself to him. Even good girls sometimes get a bad reputation. Worms ruin flowers before they blossom. Baby blooms are most susceptible to disease. So be careful. Fear will keep you safe. Young people often lose their self-control even without any help from others.

OPHELIA

I'll keep your words of wisdom close to my heart. But, my dear brother, don't be like a bad priest who fails to practice what he preaches, showing me the steep and narrow way to heaven while you frolic on the primrose path of sin.

LAERTES

Don't worry, I won't.

POLONIUS enters.

I've been here too long. And here comes father. What good luck, to have him bless my leaving not once but twice.

POLONIUS

55 Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with thee.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
65 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.
70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
75 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS

The time invites you. Go. Your servants tend.

LAERTES

85 Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

ACT 1, SCENE 3
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

POLONIUS

You're still here? Shame on you—get on board! The wind is filling your ship's sail, and they're waiting for you. Here, I give you my blessing again. And just try to remember a few rules of life. Don't say what you're thinking, and don't be too quick to act on what you think. Be friendly to people but don't overdo it. Once you've tested out your friends and found them trustworthy, hold onto them. But don't waste your time shaking hands with every new guy you meet. Don't be quick to pick a fight, but once you're in one, hold your own. Listen to many people, but talk to few. Hear everyone's opinion, but reserve your judgment. Spend all you can afford on clothes, but make sure they're quality, not flashy, since clothes make the man—which is doubly true in France. Don't borrow money and don't lend it, since when you lend to a friend, you often lose the friendship as well as the money, and borrowing turns a person into a spend-thrift. And, above all, be true to yourself. Then you won't be false to anybody else. Good-bye, son. I hope my blessing will help you absorb what I've said.

LAERTES

I humbly say good-bye to you, father.

POLONIUS

Now go, the time is right. Your servants are waiting.

LAERTES

Good-bye, Ophelia. Remember what I've told you.

OPHELIA

"Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

Farewell.

Exit LAERTES

POLONIUS

What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS

Marry, well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so as so 'tis put on me—

95

And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

100

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS

Affection! Pooh, you speak like a green girl,
Unstiffed in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them?

OPHELIA

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS

105
Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a baby
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA

It's locked away in my memory, and you've got the
key.

LAERTES

Good-bye.

LAERTES exits.

POLONIUS

What did he tell you, Ophelia?

LAERTES

Something about Hamlet.

POLONIUS

A good thing he did, by God. I've heard Hamlet's
been spending a lot of time alone with you recently,
and you've made yourself quite available to him. If
things are the way people tell me they are—and
they're only telling me this to warn me—then I have to
say, you're not conducting yourself with the self-
restraint a daughter of mine should show. What's
going on between you two? Tell me the truth.

OPHELIA

He's offered me a lot of affection lately.

POLONIUS

"Affection!" That's nothing! You're talking like some
innocent girl who doesn't understand the ways of the
world. Do you believe his "offers," as you call them?

OPHELIA

I don't know what to believe, father.

POLONIUS

Then I'll tell you. Believe that you are a foolish little
baby for believing these "offers" are something real.
Offer yourself more respect, or—not to beat this word
to death—you'll offer me the chance to be a laughing-
stock.

OPHELIA

110 My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion.

POLONIUS

Ay, "fashion" you may call it. Go to, go to.

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS

115 Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Even in their promise as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scarter of your maiden presence.

120

Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk

125

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,

130

The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you. Come your ways.

135

OPHELIA

I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 3
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

OPHELIA

Father, he's always talked about love in an honorable
fashion—

POLONIUS

Yes, "fashion" is just the word—a passing whim. Go on.

OPHELIA

And he's made the holiest vows to me, to back up what
he says.

POLONIUS

These vows are just traps for stupid birds. I know
when a man is on fire, he'll swear anything. But when
a heart's on fire, it gives out more light than heat, and
the fire will be out even before he's done making his
promises. Don't mistake that for true love. From now
on, spend a little less time with him and talk to him
less. Make yourself a precious commodity. Remem-
ber that Hamlet is young and has a lot more freedom
to fool around than you do. In short, Ophelia, don't
believe his love vows, since they're like flashy pimp
who wear nice clothes to lead a woman into filthy acts.
To put it plainly, don't waste your time with Hamlet.
Do as I say. Now come along.

OPHELIA

I'll do as you say, father.

They exit.

ACT 1, SCENE 4

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

HAMLET
The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.

HORATIO
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET
What hour now?

HORATIO
I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS
No, it is struck.

HORATIO
Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets and two pieces of ordnance goes off

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET
The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail and the swaggering upspring reels,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO
Is it a custom?

HAMLET
Ay, marry, is't.
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations.

ACT 1, SCENE 4
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 4

HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS enter.

HAMLET
The air is biting cold.

HORATIO
Yes, it's definitely nippy.

HAMLET
What time is it?

HORATIO
A little before twelve, I think.

MARCELLUS
No, it's just after twelve; I heard the clock strike.

HORATIO
Really? I didn't hear it. So it's nearly the time when the
ghost likes to appear.

Trumpets play offstage and two cannons are fired.

What does that mean, sir?

HAMLET
The king is staying up all night drinking and dancing.
As he guzzles down his German wine, the musicians
make a ruckus to celebrate his draining another cup.

HORATIO
Is that a tradition?

HAMLET
Yes, it is. But though I was born here and should con-
sider that tradition part of my own heritage, I think it
would be better to ignore it than practice it. Other
countries criticize us for our loud partying.

25 They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition. And indeed it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

30 So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them—
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Of breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
35 The form of plausible manners—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of evil
40 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST

HORATIO
Look, my lord, it comes!

45 HAMLET
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Hamlet,"
"King," "Father," "royal Dane." O, answer me!
50 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 4

They call us drunkards and insult our noble titles. And our drunkenness does detract from our achievements, as great as they are, and lessens our reputations. It's just like what happens to certain people who have some birth defect (which they are not responsible for, since nobody chooses how he's born), or some weird habit or compulsion that changes them completely. It happens sometimes that one little defect in these people, as wonderful and talented as they may be, will make them look completely bad to other people. A tiny spot of evil casts doubt on their good qualities and ruins their reputations.

The ghost enters.

HORATIO
Look, sir—here it comes!

53 HAMLET
Oh angels, protect us! Whether you're a good spirit or a cursed demon, whether you bring heavenly breezes or blasts of hell fire, whether your intentions are good or evil, you look so strange I want to talk to you. I'll call you "Hamlet Senior," "King," "Father," "royal Dane." Answer me! Don't drive me crazy with curiosity, but tell me why your church-buried bones have burst out of their coffin, and why your tomb,

55 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 60 Say why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

GHOST beckons HAMLET

HORATIO
 It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

MARCELLUS Look, with what courteous action
 65 It waves you to a more removed ground.
 But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET It will not speak. Then I will follow it.

HORATIO Do not, my lord.

HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?
 70 I do not set my life in a pin's fee,
 And for my soul—what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 4

where we quietly buried you, has opened up its heavy
 marble jaws to spit you out again. What could it mean
 that you have put on your armor again, you corpse,
 and have come back to look at the moon, making the
 night terrifying and stirring us humans with super-
 natural fears? Why? What do you want from us?
 What should we do?

The ghost motions for HAMLET to come with it.

HORATIO
 It wants you to go off with it, as if it wants to tell you
 something alone.

MARCELLUS
 Look how politely it's pointing you to a place that's
 farther away. But don't go.

HORATIO Definitely not.

HAMLET It's not going to speak, so I'll follow it.

HORATIO Don't do it, sir.

HAMLET Why, what's the danger? I don't value my life one bit.
 75 And as for my soul, how can the ghost endanger that,
 since it's as immortal as the ghost is? Look, it's waving
 me over again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO What if it tempts you to jump into the sea, sir? Or to
 the terrifying cliff that overhangs the water,

75 And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
80 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET
It waves me still.
—Go on. I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS
You shall not go, my lord.

MARCELLUS and HORATIO try to hold HAMLET back

HAMLET
Hold off your hands.

HORATIO
85 Be ruled. You shall not go.

HAMLET
My fate cries out
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I called.—Unhand me, gentlemen.
(draws his sword)
90 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
I say, away!—Go on. I'll follow thee.

Exeunt ghost and HAMLET

HORATIO
He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS
Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO
Have after. To what issue will this come?

ACT 1, SCENE 4 NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

where it takes on some other horrible form that drives you insane. Think about it. The edge of the sea makes people feel despair even at the best of times. All they have to do is look into its depths and hear it roar far below.

HAMLET
It's still waving to me. —Go ahead, I'll follow.

MARCELLUS
You're not going, sir.

MARCELLUS and HORATIO try to hold HAMLET back.

HAMLET
Let go of me.

HORATIO
Calm down. You're not going anywhere.

HAMLET
It's my fate calling me. Every nerve in my body is now as tough as steel. The ghost is still waving me over. Let me go, gentlemen. (he draws his sword)
I swear, if anyone holds me back, I'll make a ghost of him! I say, get away!—Go ahead, I'll follow you.
The ghost and HAMLET exit.

HORATIO
His imagination is making him crazy.

MARCELLUS
Let's follow them. It's not right to obey his orders to let him go alone.

HORATIO
Go ahead and follow him. But what does all this mean, where will it all end?

MARCELLUS

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO

95 Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS

Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 4
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

MARCELLUS

It means that something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO

If that's true, we should let God take care of it.

MARCELLUS

No, let's follow him.

They exit.

ACT 1, SCENE 5

Enter GHOST and HAMLET

HAMLET

Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further.

GHOST

Mark me.

HAMLET

I will.

GHOST

My hour is almost come
 When I to sulfurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

HAMLET

Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET

Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST

So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET

What?

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,

 ACT 1, SCENE 5
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 5

The GHOST and HAMLET enter.

HAMLET

Where are you taking me? Speak. I'm not going any farther.

GHOST

Listen to me.

HAMLET

I will.

GHOST

The hour has almost come when I have to return to the
 horrible flames of purgatory.

HAMLET

Ah, poor ghost!

GHOST

Don't pity me. Just listen carefully to what I have to
 tell you.

HAMLET

Speak. I'm ready to hear you.

GHOST

You must be ready for revenge, too, when you hear me
 out.

HAMLET

What?

GHOST

I'm the ghost of your father, doomed for a certain
 period of time to walk the earth at night, while during
 the day I'm trapped in the fires of purgatory until I've
 done penance for my past sins. If I weren't forbidden
 to tell you the secrets of purgatory, I could tell you sto-
 ries that would slice through your soul, freeze your
 blood,

According to
 Catholic doc-
 trine, purgatory
 is a place where
 souls go to be
 punished for
 their sins before
 going to heaven.

20 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like gulls upon the fearful 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—

HAMLET
 O God!

25 GHOST
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET
 Murder?

GHOST
 Murder most foul, as in the best it is.
 But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

30 HAMLET
 Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST
 I find thee apt,
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethæ wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

HAMLET
 O my prophetic soul! My uncle?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 5

make your eyes jump out of their sockets, and your hair stand on end like porcupine gulls. But mortals like you aren't allowed to hear this description of the afterlife. Listen, listen! If you ever loved your poor dear father—

HAMLET
 Oh God!

GHOST
 Take revenge for his horrible murder, that crime against nature.

HAMLET
 Murder?

GHOST
 His most horrible murder. Murder's always horrible, but this one was especially horrible, weird, and unnatural.

HAMLET
 Hurry and tell me about it, so I can take revenge right away, faster than a person falls in love.

GHOST
 I'm glad you're eager. You'd have to be as lazy as a weed on the shores of Lethæ not to get riled up here. Now listen, Hamlet. Everyone was told that a poisonous snake bit me when I was sleeping in the orchard. But in fact, that's a lie that's fooled everyone in Denmark. You should know, my noble son, the real snake that stung your father is now wearing his crown.

HAMLET
 I knew it! My uncle?

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
 O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine.
 But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed
 And prey on garbage.
 But soft! Methinks I scent the morning air.
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body
 And with a sudden vigor doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine.
 And a most instant tetter barked about,
 Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

GHOST

Yes, that incestuous, adulterous animal. With his
 clever words and fancy gifts, he seduced my seem-
 ingly virtuous queen, persuading her to give in to his
 lust. They were evil words and gifts to seduce her like
 that! Oh, Hamlet, how far she fell! She went from me,
 who loved her with the dignity and devotion that suits
 a legitimate marriage, to a wretch whose natural gifts
 were poor compared to mine. But just as you can't cor-
 rupt a truly virtuous person no matter how you try, the
 opposite is also true: a lustful person like her can sat-
 isfy herself in a heavenly union and then move on to
 garbage. But hang on, I think I smell the morning air.
 So let me be brief here. Your uncle snuck up to me
 while I was sleeping in the orchard, as I always used to
 do in the afternoon, and poured a vial of hebenon poi-
 son into my ear—that poison that moves like quick-
 silver through the veins and curdles the blood, which
 is just what it did to me. I broke out in a scaly rash that
 covered my smooth body with a revolting crust. And
 that's how my brother robbed me of my life, my
 crown, and my queen all at once. He cut me off in the
 middle of a sinful life.

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Oh, horrible, oh, horrible, most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? Oh, fie! Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, whilst memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.

Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables!—Meet it is I set it down

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. (*writes*)
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.

Exit

ACT 1, SCENE 5
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

I had no chance to repent my sins or receive last rites.
Oh, it's horrible, horrible, so horrible! If you are
human, don't stand for it. Don't let the Danish king's
bed be a nest of incest. But however you go about your
revenge, don't corrupt your mind or do any harm to
your mother. Leave her to God and her own guilt.
Now, good-bye. The glowworm's light is beginning to
fade, so morning is near. Good-bye, good-bye, good-
bye. Remember me.

The ghost exits.

HAMLET

Ah, all you up in heaven! And earth! What else? Shall
I include hell as well? Damn it! Keep beating, my
heart, and muscles, don't grow old yet—keep me
standing. Remember you! Yes, you poor ghost, as long
as I have any power of memory in this distracted head.
Remember you! Yes, I'll wipe my mind clean of all
trivial facts and memories and preserve only your
commandment there. Yes, by God! Oh, you evil
woman! Oh, you villain, villain, you damned, smiling
villain! Where's my notebook?—It's a good idea for
me to write down that one can smile and smile, and be
a villain. At least it's possible in Denmark. (*he writes*)
So, uncle, there you are. Now it's time to deal with the
vow I made to my father.

It is "Adieu, adieu. Remember me."
I have sworn 't.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

HORATIO
My lord, my lord!

MARCELLUS
Lord Hamlet—

115 HORATIO
Heaven secure him!

HAMLET
So be it.

HORATIO
Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAMLET
Hillo, ho, ho, boy. Come, bird, come.

MARCELLUS
How is 't, my noble lord?

HORATIO
What news, my lord?

120 HAMLET
Oh, wonderful!

HORATIO
Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET
No. You'll reveal it.

HORATIO
Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS
Nor I, my lord.

125 HAMLET
How say you, then? Would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?

HORATIO, MARCELLUS
Ay, by heaven, my lord.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 5

He said, "Remember me." I swore I would.

MARCELLUS and HORATIO enter.

HORATIO
Sir, sir!

MARCELLUS
Lord Hamlet—

HORATIO
Please let him be all right!

HAMLET
I'm all right.

HORATIO
Oh-ho-ho, sir!

HAMLET
Oh-ho-ho, kid! Come here.

MARCELLUS
So how did it go, sir?

HORATIO
What happened, sir?

HAMLET
It was incredible!

HORATIO
Oh, please, tell us, sir.

HAMLET
No, you'll talk.

HORATIO
I swear I won't, sir.

MARCELLUS
I won't either, sir.

HAMLET
Okay. But you promise you can keep a secret?

HORATIO, MARCELLUS
Yes, I swear.

HAMLET

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

HAMLET

Why, right, you are in the right.

130

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

You, as your business and desire shall point you—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is—and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

135

HORATIO

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET

I'm sorry they offend you, heartily.

Yes faith, heartily.

HORATIO

There's no offense, my lord.

HAMLET

140 Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offense too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.

For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

145

HORATIO

What is 't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET

Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO, MARCELLUS

My lord, we will not.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 1, SCENE 5

HAMLET

Any villain in Denmark is going to be, well, a villain.

HORATIO

You don't need a ghost returning from the grave to tell
you that, sir.

HAMLET

Yes, you're absolutely right. So, without further ado,
the best thing to do now is probably just to shake
hands and go our separate ways. You go and take care
of your business (since everybody has some business
to take care of, whatever it is worth), and I'll go and
pray.

HORATIO

You're talking in such a crazy way, sir.

HAMLET

I'm sorry if I offended you, yes, very sorry.

HORATIO

Oh, don't worry about it, sir. No offense taken.

HAMLET

Ah, but there is, Horatio, there's a lot of offense. As
for this ghost we just saw, he's a real one. I can tell you
that much. But regarding what happened between us,
don't ask—I can't tell you. And now, my friends, my
courageous and educated friends, do me one small
favor.

HORATIO

What is it, sir? Of course we will.

HAMLET

Don't ever tell anyone what you've seen tonight.

HORATIO, MARCELLUS

We won't, sir.

HAMLET

Nay, but swear 't.

HORATIO

In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET

Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS

We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST

(cries under the stage) Swear!

HAMLET

Ha, ha, boy! Sayst thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

HORATIO

Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET

Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

GHOST

(beneath) Swear.

HAMLET

Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Swear by my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST

(beneath) Swear by his sword.

HAMLET

Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th' earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

165

ACT 1, SCENE 5
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET

No, you have to swear it.

HORATIO

I swear to God I won't.

MARCELLUS

Me too, I won't, I swear to God.

HAMLET

Swear by my sword.

MARCELLUS

But we already swore, sir.

HAMLET

Yes, but swear by my sword this time.

GHOST

(calls out from under the stage) Swear!

HAMLET

Ha ha, is that what you say, kid? Are you down there,

my man?—Come on, you hear this guy down in the

basement. Agree to swear.

HORATIO

Tell us what to swear, sir.

HAMLET

You swear never to mention what you've seen. Swear

by my sword.

GHOST

(from under the stage) Swear.

HAMLET

You're everywhere, aren't you? Maybe we should

move. Come over here, gentlemen, and put your

hands on my sword again. Swear by my sword you'll

never mention what you've heard.

GHOST

(from under the stage) Swear by his sword.

HAMLET

You said it right, old mole. You're pretty busy down

there in the dirt, aren't you? What a tunneler! Let's

move again, my friends.

HORATIO

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAMLET

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on),

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall—

With arms encumbered thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As "Well, well, we know," or "We could an if we would,"

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be an if they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out—to note

That you know aught of me. This not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

GHOST

(beneath) Swear!

HAMLET

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you,

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

Exeunt

HORATIO

My God, this is unbelievably strange.

HAMLET

Then give it a nice welcome, as you would give to any stranger. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than you've even dreamed of. But now listen to me. No matter how strangely I act (since I may find it appropriate to act a little crazy in the near future), you must never, ever let on—with a gesture of your hands or a certain expression on your face—that you know anything about what happened to me here tonight. You must never say anything like, "Ah, yes, just as we suspected," or "We could tell you a thing or two about him," or anything like that. Swear you won't.

GHOST

(from under the stage) Swear.

HAMLET

Okay, then, unhappy ghost, you can rest now. So, gentlemen, I thank you heartily and with all my love, and I'll repay you however I can some day. Let's go back to court together, but *shh*, please. No talking about this. There is so much out of whack in these times. And damn the fact that I'm supposed to fix it! Come on, let's go.

They exit.