

**Side 5: Scene Ten, Pages 53 to 55 (Bernardo, Francisco only)**

ALICE. *Of course, the meeting. I have to go—*

ELIZABETH. *Alice?*

ALICE. *I have to go.*

ELIZABETH. *Ali, who's hurt?*

*Alice runs off—runs past.*

*Two—Bernardo and Francisco as the Globe's performance of Hamlet starts.*

BERNARDO.

Who's there?

FRANCISCO.

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO.

Long live the king!

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo?

BERNARDO.

He.

FRANCISCO.

You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Three—John and Henry stand in a circle of men...*

*Jaggard, Isaac, Blount, Smethwick, Aspley, Pavier. The Shakespeare Syndicate.*

*Hands are shaken, a deal is made.*

JAGGARD. Upon this hour, gentlemen, we begin a great thing together. Literature is set and opportunity is met.

*The play again...*

BERNARDO.

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?

HORATIO.

Friends to this ground

MARCELLUS.

And liegemen to the Dane.

*The Syndicate again—*

ISAAC. Friends and partners, we must be both in this, and we will make a great thing between us all.

JAGGARD. And a great return on our investment.

ISAAC. My father is blunt but honest. Farewell.

*The play again...*

MARCELLUS.

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

*The Syndicate again—*

ISAAC. Good night, gentlemen, and may I again say that I will not fail you in this.

JOHN. Good night, son, and thank you.

ISAAC. Thank you for your trust in me.

HENRY. We have less trust in you than we have hope.

JOHN. And where hope springs, faith must appear.

*The play—*

MARCELLUS.

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

*The Syndicate—*

ISAAC. Faith is better than nothing.

*Isaac leaves them as...*

*The play again...*

BERNARDO.

I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS.

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him.

*The street with John and Henry...*

HENRY. I will not believe a one of them until I see it, John. Until I see that book in my hand.

JOHN. The boy is on our side, Henry.

HENRY. I still don't know. Is this the right thing? I do not know.

JOHN. Yes it is. Although it's also the *only* thing. So we must make it right and keep it right.

HENRY. Then that's what we'll do. Starting tomorrow.

JOHN. And tomorrow.

HENRY. And tomorrow.

*Alice runs on breathlessly, catching John with her tone and urgency—*

ALICE. DAD. Dad...

*She can't manage to speak the words of what brought her...  
The future hangs in the air for a moment before—  
Blackout.*

**End of Act One**