

of a view where you are? *(Polonius pays no attention.)* My new lands? Is that what you're looking at? *(Polonius, still looking through the telescope, nods.)* Is there something you want to tell me? Something I should know? *(Polonius nods.)* What is it? *(Polonius starts to answer, but somehow can't bring himself to speak. He waves his hand dismissively, as though it's not really worth saying.)* Is it complex? *(Polonius turns, hands Fortinbras the telescope and nods. Polonius exits. Fortinbras stares after him. Lights fade to black.)*

Scene 3

The castle. Horatio and Osric collide as they cross paths in a hurry. Osric holds some objects, including the foils from Scene 1. Some of these spill to the floor.

HORATIO. Watch it!

OSRIC. Oh — !

HORATIO. Idiot. What's wrong with you?

OSRIC. Nothing's wrong with me. I'm well-adjusted. *(Dropping another foil.)* Damn!

HORATIO. Where are you taking these?

OSRIC. The King's chambers. Fortin — King Fortinbras wants them for the wall.

HORATIO. Those are from the duel!

OSRIC. They've been washed.

HORATIO. You're not taking them. *(Horatio takes the foils from him.)*

OSRIC. Horatio — !

HORATIO. *This is the sword that killed your Prince!* *(Looking at the other foil.)* Or this is!

OSRIC. They're not swords anymore. They're decor. Now give them back. *(Horatio sighs, returns them.)*

HORATIO. He says no one will believe us.

OSRIC. Believe us what?

HORATIO. When we tell what really happened.

OSRIC. Why would we do that?

HORATIO. For the sake of the truth!

OSRIC. Horatio, get a grip on yourself. Monarches change and we change with them. It's natural as the wind and rain. Do you want *your* head to end up in a sack?

HORATIO. That wasn't a head; it was a melon. I saw it. I ate it.

OSRIC. Then ... what happened to the Electors?

HORATIO. They're probably running for the countryside.

OSRIC. They were always nervous. I wouldn't be surprised if one of them was the Polish spy who — *(Horatio grabs Osric by the collar.)*

HORATIO. *There is no Polish spy!*

OSRIC. I know, I know! But if there were one —

HORATIO. *There's none!*

OSRIC. But if there were — you're choking me — if there were — and we know there's not — one of the Electors might actually be — *(Horatio throws him to the floor in disgust.)*

HORATIO. You're a fool.

OSRIC. *(Getting his breath.)* Thank you, Horatio.

HORATIO. So is Fortinbras. He's an absolute child. He makes Laertes look cultured.

OSRIC. I like him. *(Horatio gives Osric a look.)* Well, he's cheerful. It's not like Hamlet — wandering around, looking morose all the time, wearing earth tones. Fortinbras does things. He gives orders we can follow. So what if he lies a little? Claudius lied a lot. Honestly, Horatio, I think you should just try to get on board for once.

HORATIO. And that's as deeply as you want to examine things?

OSRIC. Goodness, yes. I wouldn't examine them that deeply if I could avoid it. Oh, I know — they say the unexamined life is not worth living. But the examined life is also not worth living, and it's a great deal more painful. I'd've thought Prince Hamlet's experience would have shown you that. *(Osric starts to leave again.)*

HORATIO. I'm going to tell the truth! To everyone I meet.

OSRIC. I'll warn them. *(Osric exits. Lights fade to black.)*