

劇本 (選段)

Play (excerpt)

《午睡》

Waking Dream in 1984

Originally written in the 80s when the question of Hong Kong's future was being widely debated, Chan Ping-chiu rewrote the play after the 2014 Umbrella Movement. The play is a reflection on the previous generation of activists and intellectuals, who are trapped inside a lucid dream in the room of "borrowed time, borrowed space."

翻譯：林婉媚；編輯：Mary King Bradley
/ Translator: Christine Lam; Editor: Mary King Bradley

第六場 (選段)

Excerpt from Scene 6

昊： 我地繼續，我地頭先傾佢傾到邊話？

Jacob： 傾到……嗯……

圖： Jacob 提到一個觀察。

Jacob： 啊，係，時間嘅斷層！

昊： 係，無錯，你話我地跌咗落一個時間嘅斷層裏面！

Jacob： 無錯。嘩，你諗下，你同阿花十靚歲就上街，你地俾啲差佬仆到頭破血流喇陣，我呀，我都仲係慧居居，懵盛盛，喺修頓球場踢緊西瓜波……所以，對我呢啲無真正經歷過七十年代嘅人嚟講，70's始終係一個 legend，而八十年代就係一個時間嘅斷層。

Hao: Go on, where were we?

Jacob: We were talking about... uh...

To: Jacob made an observation.

Jacob: Ah! Yes, a time warp!

Hao: That's right, you were saying we'd dropped into a time warp!

Jacob: Yeah. I mean, think about it, you and Fa have been going to demonstrations since your early teens, were beaten bloody by the police while I was still a moron kicking around a "watermelon ball" at Southorn Playground, so for those of us who've never been there, the 70s are a legend, and the 80s are a time warp.

昊： 下吓。

Jacob： 其實呢個現象可能一早就出現左架啦，我地睇唔到就只能怪自己戀居。三年前，我嚟美國讀完書返嚟，見到成個社會氣氛完全唔同晒，啲學運份子，班社會派呀，班托派呀，啲無政府佬，一個一個全部走晒去搞文化雜誌呀，寫專欄呀，好多人就走左入電視台做 PA，去電台開咪呀！甚至有人學人走去拍電影……

昊： 你指我？

Jacob： Oh, No! I am not talking about you, I am talking about other people!

昊： 但你無講錯嗰，我的確係學人走去拍電影……

Jacob： Anyway，我講嘅唔係一個人，而係一個trend，一個……一個無法逆轉嘅trend。呢個trend就係80's同70's完全斷開左！而且個裂縫愈嚟愈大，愈嚟愈濶。我不斷喺度諗，點解會咁？係，雖然我地都知道香港前途問題大局已定，香港人基本上完全無say，但係，我都係無辦法理解，點解完全無人出聲嘅？無人會好似七十年代咁走出嚟爭取？啲學運老鬼去晒邊？……今朝我喺街度收到呢張野！

Hao: M-hm, m-hm.

Jacob: That's how it's been for a while, actually. We have only ourselves to blame if we were too stupid to see it. Three years ago, after I graduated and came back from the US, I saw how the whole atmosphere had changed, all those student movements, the socialists, the Trotskyists, the anarchists... One by one they went off to do cultural 'zines, write columns, work as TV PAs, radio DJs. There were even some highbrow types making films...

Hao: You mean me?

Jacob: No, no, not you. I'm talking about other people!

Hao: You're not wrong, though. I really was a highbrow giving filmmaking a go...

Jacob: Anyway, I'm not talking about any one person. I'm talking about a trend, a...a... irreversible trend, where the 80s are being completely split off from the 70s, and the rift between them keeps getting bigger. And I keep wondering, why? Yeah, everybody knows the question of Hong Kong's future is pretty much a done deal now, but we Hongkongers basically had no say in it. I can't understand it - why hasn't anybody said anything? How come no one is stepping up to fight for anything, like they did in the 70s? Where have all the old student activists gone? ...Someone was

【拿出剛才的單張】

「民主回歸集思會」！？咩野料呀？呢班人以前唔係口口聲聲話要解殖，去殖嘅咩？而家竟然支持回歸？我真係諗極都諗唔通，愈諗就愈鬱悶！我有時真係咩野創作都唔想做，簡直就好似覺跌咗落一個時間嘅斷層裏面咁。

圖： 我好明白你呢種感覺，前幾日之嘛，我都有過一次類似嘅感受。我去報攤度想話買本《七十年代》，李怡編嘅本呢，發覺本雜誌竟然改左名，你地估而家叫咩野名？……《九十年代》！

Jacob： 九十年代？

圖： 標題話，要邁向未來。

Jacob： 咁八十年代去左邊呀？

【阿圖聳聳肩】

Jacob： 我地唔存在架！？

圖： 存在，不過嘅存在嘅一個註定失憶嘅時代。

昊： 但係我想講，其實有時失憶並唔係壞事。

【頓】

handing these out this morning.

(Takes out a leaflet)

“Democratic Reunification Brainstorming Session”!?
What’s that all about? Weren’t these guys all for decolonization? Why support reunification now? I don’t get it. And the more I think about it, the more depressed I get. Sometimes I don’t want to do anything creative. I feel like I’ve fallen into a time warp.

To: I totally get it. Just a few days ago, I felt the exact same way. I was at a newsstand, trying to get a copy of *The Seventies*, the magazine Lee Yee edits, only to discover – guess what? The title was changed to *The Nineties*.

Jacob: *The Nineties?*

To: With the cover line “Towards the Future.”

Jacob: Where did the 80s go!?

(To shrugs)

Jacob: We don’t exist!?

To: We do, but in an era doomed to amnesia.

Hao: I’d say amnesia might not be a bad thing.

(Pause)

Jacob : OK! 你係過來人，我好想聽下你點睇。

昊：……當年我決定唔再搞運動之後，我同自己講，我唔要再做一個組織嘅人，我要做一個獨立嘅個體……但要做一個個體係一件非常困難嘅事，開始嘅時候我真係唔知自己可以點樣做。以前嘅朋友一個個好似人間蒸發左咁，寂寞嘅時候，無一個寶可以俾你上去攤抖，亦都無一個碼頭可以俾你去靜坐，你只可以喺中環，喺旺角，喺皇后大道中，喺彌敦道嘅人海裏面行，漫無目的咁行，偶然喺街度撞到啲舊朋友，佢地都好似唔識你，有時有機會停低講兩句，但大家就好似喺度講緊腹語咁。噢，喂，好耐無見喎，點呀？你仲係咪搞緊啲嘢？仲堅持緊？佩服佩服！我？無啦！我宜家撈偏，我做地產，你呢？你都無啦？唔係吓嘛！咩話？你入咗娛樂圈？咁咪仲衰過做雞？啊！再傾再傾！……

【停頓】

不過，奇怪嘅係，當你接受左所有野都已經返唔到轉頭呢個事實之後，你又好似開始慢慢見到前面條路可以點行，慢慢見到另一個世界，一個我地喺七十年代嗰陣根本完全想像唔到嘅世界。

Jacob: OK! You've been there, done that. I'd really like to hear what you think.

Hao: Well, after I made the decision to stop being an activist, I told myself I didn't want to be part of an organization. I wanted to be my own man. But that was no easy thing, and at first I had no idea how to go about it. Your friends seem to vanish one after another. There's no one to talk to when you're lonely, no harbor where you can drop anchor, nothing but aimless drifting in a sea of people, whether you're in Central or Mong Kok, walking down Queen's Road Central or Nathan Road, Even if you bump into someone you know, they don't seem to know you. You stop now and then to chat, but it sounds a lot like ventriloquism: Hi, long time no see, how's life? You still into "that stuff"? You're still at it? Hats off to you! Me? No! I've got a hustle going, real estate. How about you? You too? No kidding! What's your thing? Entertainment? Might as well be in prostitution! Sure, sure. Some other time!

(Pauses)

The strange thing is, though, once you accept that you can never go back, the way forward seems a whole lot clearer, and you slowly start to see another world, one that was totally unimaginable in the 70s.

第十一場

乞兒的故事：一個缺席又永遠在場的角色

乞兒企喺窗口前面，望住樓下嘅集會。乞兒知道 Interview 佢嘅人隨時都會推開門入嚟，佢應該要坐番埋位，咁樣，佢就可以由個位度企起身，向入嚟嘅人報以一個穩重嘅微笑，顯示自己完全唔介意嘅呢度等左咁耐。係，乞兒覺得自己已經等咗太耐嘞，可能有二十分鐘，又或者，唔止，可能有二十年。

由十八樓嘅窗口度望落去，下低嘅景物全部都好細小。乞兒見到一個著住短袖襯衫嘅男仔用左手舉起一隻大聲公，右手托住左手，盡力將大聲公推到最高。呢個係一個乞兒好熟悉嘅啖味方法，乞兒記得好多年之前，自己就曾經喺下面做過同一個動作。由高空度望落去，乞兒覺得自己對整個集會嘅場面比下低嘅人掌握得更加清楚。集會嘅人群零星呈扇型散開，路過嘅人喺會場後面繞過，有人專登穿過集會區域，行下停下。集會區三、四十米以外，企咗幾個警察，但喺再遠啲，喺集會區嘅視線範圍以外，就有一整隊防暴隊喺度戒備。防暴隊嘅陣型好整齊，對比起嚟，集會嗰邊嘅人群簡直就係一盤散沙。喺集會區旁邊嘅馬路，有一架雙層巴士駛過，乞兒心諗，如果呢架巴士係空嘅，或者已經足夠載走晒下底集會啲人。無錯，一架巴士就足夠，就可以擺平下低嘅場面。

乞兒忍唔住諗番起，好多年前佢同阿吳喺北角碼頭偷巴士嘅事。喺深夜，佢地輪流揸住架巴士，由北角碼頭一直開到去花園道，跟住仲上埋山頂行大運。每次諗番起呢件事，乞兒都會勾起一種

Scene 11

The Beggar's Story: A Role Absent and Ever Present

The beggar stood at the window, staring down at the people assembled below. He knew his interviewers could enter the room at any moment. Maybe he should sit down, get ready to stand and greet those entering with a dignified smile. This would show he didn't mind the long wait sitting here. Yes, the beggar felt he'd waited far too long, as much as twenty minutes, or, perhaps, twenty years.

Seen from the window on the eighteenth floor, everything looked so very small. The beggar saw a youth in a short-sleeved shirt, a bullhorn in his left hand, right hand supporting left. This way of angling the bullhorn high was familiar to the beggar, who had once, many years ago, been down below doing the same. Looking down from such a great height, the beggar felt he could see those assembled much more clearly than they themselves could see. Passers-by skirted the rear of the fanned-out crowd, although some deliberately passed through the occupied area, their progress stop and go. Several policemen stood 30-40 meters from the crowd. A bit farther away stood an entire anti-riot squad in full gear, ready. In contrast, the crowd seemed like scattered sand. A double-decker bus passed by, and a thought flashed through the beggar's mind: if the bus were empty, the entire crowd might well fit inside and be taken away. That's right. The matter could be settled with a single

莫名嘅亢奮。不過，佢唯一一次俾佢嘅政敵技術性擊倒，就係因為偷巴士呢件事。對方咁樣同佢講，「你呢種人根本就唔配做一個馬克思主義者！剩係識得偷巴士、唉咪，對社會發展規律根本一啲都唔識，你呢類人做咩野都唔會對呢個世界產生任何影響力！」宜家，呢一番說話再一次徘徊嚟佢心裏面。

bus.

The beggar couldn't help remembering the time, many years before, when he and Hao stole a bus at the North Point Ferry Pier. They took turns driving, deep into the night, from the pier all the way to Garden Road, then up around the Peak. Every time he recalled this incident, he felt the stirring of an indescribable excitement. This one incident, however, had granted his political opponent a technical defeat. This opponent had said to him: "People like you are unworthy to call yourselves Marxists! All you know how to do is steal buses. You haven't got a clue what social development is all about. Nothing that you or anyone like you ever does will ever have an impact on the world!" Now, this speech echoed once more inside the beggar's head.

《對倒·時光》

Tête-bêche

Adapted from LIU Yichang's novel *Tête-bêche*, Chan's play is constructed around two stories, one taking place in 1973, the other in 2018. Each story follows a day in the life of a man and woman who cross paths in Mong Kok. Even though these couples are strangers, their fates prove to be closely intertwined.

翻譯：鄭為立；編輯：Mary King Bradley
/ Translator: Kwong Wai Lap; Editor: Mary King Bradley

角色：淳于白
亞杏
黃思進
藍丹丹

Shun Yu-bak (Mr)
Apricot (Ms)
Wong See-chun (Mr)
Lam Dan-dan (Ms)

序

Prologue

淳于白： 當102號巴士進入海底隧道嘅時候，淳于白諗返起二十幾年前嘅事。

亞杏： 就嗰呢個時候，亞杏離開姨媽屋企，佢行落舊樓，條木樓梯發出 id-id-ad-ad 嘅聲音。

Shun: As the 102 bus enters the Cross-Harbour Tunnel, Shun Yu-bak remembers events of 20 years ago.

Apricot: At the same moment, Apricot leaves her aunt's home in an old building. She walks down the creaky wooden stairs.

藍丹丹： 好多好多年之後，座舊樓已經拆咗，起咗座新嘅大廈，大廈樓下係一間茶餐廳，藍丹丹而家預住一個旅行嚟，行咗入茶餐廳裏面。

黃思進： 而喺同一間茶餐廳裏面，黃思進望住一個舊香港模型。個模型好大，幾乎佔據左成張枱。

淳于白： 淳于白由巴士樓上嘅窗口望落去，喺行人路上面佢見到一個熟悉嘅身影。

亞杏： 落到樓下，亞杏回身抬高頭向住三樓大喚：多謝姨媽！我最鍾意姨媽！Bye-bye姨媽！

藍丹丹： 藍丹丹喺茶餐廳坐低之後，一邊食波蘿油餐一邊開始睇小說。

黃思進： 黃思進一直望住模型中間穿咗嘅嗰個窿，腦海裏面閃過嗰啲外星人侵襲地球嘅電影。

淳于白： 淳于白見到嘅係一個丰姿綽約嘅女人……

亞杏： 亞杏轉咗入一條橫街……

藍丹丹： 忽然間藍丹丹諗番起一個夢……

Lam: Many years later, that old building was pulled down and replaced with a new one. There's a Hong Kong-style café on the ground floor. Lam Dan-dan walks into the café with a piece of luggage slung over her shoulder.

Wong: Inside the café, Wong See-chun is staring at a miniature model of old Hong Kong. The model is so big that it occupies almost the whole table.

Shun: Shun Yu-bak looks out the window on the bus's upper deck. He spots a familiar figure in the street.

Apricot: Apricot reaches the street. She turns around and speaks loudly to her aunt on the third floor, "Thank you, Auntie! I love you, Auntie! Bye bye, Auntie!"

Lam: Lam Dan-dan sits in the café. She takes a bite of pineapple bun while she reads a book.

Wong: Wong See-chun continues to stare at a big hole in the model of the city. Scenes of space invaders attacking the Earth flash through his mind.

Shun: A woman has caught Shun Yu-bak's attention...

Apricot: Apricot walks into a side street...

Lam: Lam Dan-dan suddenly remembers a dream...

黃思進： 忽然間黃思進視線有啲模糊……

淳于白： 是她？真的是她嗎？……

亞杏： 又出現啦！……

黃思進： 出現，消失，再出現……

藍丹丹： Serendipity……

淳于白： 真係咁啱？

黃思進： 唔係巧合。

亞杏： 唔係巧合。

藍丹丹： 所有野同所有野。

淳于白： 都係整定嘅？

亞杏： 一樣野「冷住」另一樣野

黃思進： 唔係錯覺。

藍丹丹： 喺夢裏面，藍丹丹一個人喺水上面行。

黃思進： 穿過個窿，黃思進隱隱若若見到一啲野。

Wong: Wong See-chun's vision suddenly blurs...

Sum: Is it her? Is it really her?...

Apricot: There it is again!...

Wong: It appears, disappears, re-appears...

Lam: Serendipity...

Shun: Is it a coincidence?

Wong: It's not a coincidence.

Apricot: It's not a coincidence.

Lam: Everything, every single thing...

Shun: It's all pre-determined?

Apricot: One thing leads to another.

Wong: It's not an illusion.

Lam: In her dream, Lam Dan-dan walks alone on water.

Wong: Wong See-chun seems to see something on the other side of the hole.

藍丹丹： 無風，無浪。

黃思進： Close up，再 Close up。

亞杏： 公廁，黑狗，水泥，行人路。全部都好臭！好臭！

淳于白： 呢個女人有一個好庸俗嘅名，佢叫做美麗。

亞杏： 汪汪汪，好狗唔攔路呀！

淳于白： 一個美麗嘅女人，唔一定要叫自己做美麗。

亞杏： 走呀！走呀！

黃思進： 再睇真啲，黃思進見到出面條街。

藍丹丹： 好空好靜。

黃思進： 好多好多自由行。

亞杏： 好討厭！全部野都好討厭！

淳于白： 美麗慢慢喺人海裏面消失。

藍丹丹： 真係神奇。

黃思進： 新同舊，真同假。

Lam: No wind, no waves.

Wong: Close up. Closer still.

Apricot: The toilet, the black dog, the pavement. They all stink! Such a horrible smell!

Shun: She has such a corny name: Marilyn

Apricot: Woof woof, a good dog doesn't block the way.

Shun: A pretty woman doesn't have to call herself Marilyn.

Apricot: Go away! Go away!

Wong: When Wong See-chun looks again more closely, he sees the street outside.

Lam: So spacious. So quiet.

Wong: There are a lot of mainland visitors.

Apricot: I hate this! I hate everything!

Shun: Gradually, Marilyn disappears into the crowd.

Lam: It's incredible.

Wong: The new and the old, the real and the fake.

淳于白： 全部我都記得清清楚楚。

亞杏： 全部野糶埋晒一齊。

藍丹丹： 變得好清晰。

黃思進： 好清晰。

淳于白： 而喺呢個時候，淳于白再一次記返起二十年幾年前
佢第一日嚟到香港嘅情景。

亞杏： 而喺呢個時候，亞杏心諗，將來結咗婚，一定唔可
以住喺呢度。

黃思進： 而喺呢個時候，黃思進合埋雙眼，佢又見到四年前
嗰一抹清晨嘅陽光。

藍丹丹： 而喺呢個時候，藍丹丹合埋本小說，夾喺佢本小說
集裏面嘅一張書籤唔小心跌咗落地下。書籤上面，
寫咗一句句子。

Shun: I remember it all so clearly.

Apricot: Everything is in such a muddle.

Lam: It's crystal clear.

Wong: So very clear.

Shun: At this moment, Shun Yu-bak remembers what
happened on his first day in Hong Kong more than
twenty years ago.

Apricot: At this moment, Apricot tells herself she won't stay
here if she gets married one day.

Wong: At this moment, Wong See-chun closes his eyes and
sees the morning sunlight of four years ago.

Lam: At this moment, Lam Dan-dan puts down her book.
A bookmark with a quote written on it falls to the
ground.

【文字投影】

時間之所以存在，是為了讓一切事情不會同時發生……

空間之所以存在，是為了讓一切事情不會都發生在你一個人身上。

(Projection)

Time exists so that everything won't happen at the same time...

Space exists so that everything won't happen to you alone.

第一場：淳于白

1.1

今朝一早，淳于白就已經著好西裝，準備出門口。

同慣常一樣，佢會先企喺玄關塊鏡前面，

小心翼翼咁整理衣飾。

再用習慣嘅動作，將銀包、煙仔、打火機，同一條好雅緻嘅手巾仔，
分別放入唔同嘅衫袋裏面。

佢今日顯得有啲意氣風發。

Scene I: Shun Yu-bak

1.1

**Early in the morning, Shun Yu-bak puts on his suit and gets
ready to go out.**

As usual, he stops in front of the mirror by the door,

meticulously adjusts his clothing.

**Then, as always, he puts his wallet, cigarettes, lighter, and the
same elegant handkerchief into different pockets.**

He looks cheerful today.

1.2

淳于白：我嘅存在係一個偶然。到左今時今日我都仲未死係基於一連串嘅偶然。偶然嘅戰爭，偶然嘅大逃亡，偶然得嚟嘅一張機票，偶然嚟到呢個城市，偶然行入一間金號，幾個偶然傳入我耳裏面嘅數目字，三半，三七零，四零，四二五，偶然賺到嘅第一桶金……

1.3

嘩鏡裏面，淳于白見到一班陌生人企咗喺佢面前。

1.4

淳于白：【國語】你們廣東人怎麼說？——彩數！（廣東話）人一世物一世，就睇你嘅彩數！……【停頓】我唔係嗰啲你地廣東人話咩野擔屎都唔偷食嘅男人，亦都唔係你地心目中嗰啲當正呢度係一塊跳板，搵夠錢拍下個蘿柚就會走人嘅過客！我一直留嚟呢度，只不過係俾兩個字綁住——【國語】偶然。【停頓】由我踏足呢個城市第一日開始，我嘅人生就只不過係嗰度接受各種各樣偶然發生嘅我身上嘅事情，就好似接受一個又一個無端端打錯咗入嚟你屋企嘅電話一樣。

1.2

Shun: It's pure chance that I'm still alive. It's based on a series of coincidences. By chance there was a war, a massive flight, a plane ticket. By chance I arrived in this city. By chance I walked into a gold exchange shop. By chance I heard several numbers, 3.50, 3.75, 4.0, 4.25, and earned my first pile of gold.

1.3

In the mirror, Shun Yu-bak sees a group of strangers standing in front of him.

1.4

Shun: (in Mandarin) How is it you say "luck" in Cantonese? *Choy So!* Life is short, and you have to try your luck! (pause) I'm not what local Cantonese think I am. I'm not the type to take advantage of another if the opportunity arises, and I'm not someone just passing through who'll leave when I've earned enough. I stay because I am bound here by a single word, two syllables in Mandarin: *ou ran*, "coincidence." (pause) From the day I first set foot in this city, I learned to accept all sorts of coincidences that have happened in my life. Just like the day I answered all those misdialled calls.

1.5

時間返番去七年前嘅一個下午。

淳于白正趕住要出門。

1.6

【電話響。淳急忙上前接電話】

淳于白： 喂！……對唔住！你打幾多號電話？……呢度無大伯……我諗你打錯，呢度無大伯……呢度都無大伯母！……呢度唔係九龍！係港島！……你打錯啦！！
【大力放下聽筒】

淳于白： 因為咁我遲咗——【看手錶】27秒出門口。

1.7

【時鐘的滴答聲。】

淳于白出門口，佢行出大廈。

1.5

An afternoon 7 years ago.

Shun Yu-bak is rushing out the door.

1.6

(The phone rings. Shun answers it.)

Shun: Hello... sorry! What number are you calling?... Your uncle isn't here... I think you've dialed the wrong number. No such person... No one's aunt lives here!... This is not Kowloon! It's Hong Kong Island!... Wrong number!!! (hangs up the phone angrily)

Shun: That's why I was late— (looks at his watch) 27 seconds late.

1.7

(A clock ticks)

Shun Yu-bak leaves. He steps out of his residential building in North Point.

呢度係北角，佢而家必需盡快趕去銅鑼灣嘅利舞台。

佢急步走向巴士站，一架巴士高速咁嘍佢身邊駛過。

淳于白追巴士。追呀追！追呀追！追呀追……

追到巴士站前面，佢見到架巴士失控咁衝向個巴士站。

蓬——！

將嗰個度等巴士嘅人，全部碾成肉醬。

1.8

望住車禍現場，淳于白見到喪生咗嘅自己，喇嘛血泊裏面。

1.9

淳于白： 因為呢27秒，我仲繼續生存嘅呢個世上。

He must get to the Lee Theatre in Causeway Bay as soon as possible.

He walks quickly to the bus stop. A bus sweeps past him at high speed.

Shun Yu-bak runs after the bus. He runs and runs and runs!...

Just as he arrives at the bus stop, the bus loses control and crashes into it. Bang!

The people waiting for the bus are turned into mincemeat.

1.8

Looking at the scene of the accident, Shun Yu-bak sees himself lying dead in a pool of blood.

1.9

Shun: Thanks to that 27 seconds, I'm still alive.

《*hamlet b.*》

Based on German playwright Heiner Mueller's mind-bending *Hamletmachine*, this play by CHAN Ping-chiu is a fantastical tale about a Hong Kong theater superstar, "hamlet b.," who is desperately resisting the rise of our present-day global consumer society.

翻譯：王璐德；編輯：Mary King Bradley

/ Translator: Elizabeth Wong; Editor: Mary King Bradley

第一場

哈姆雷特在化妝間等候出場

SM (vo) 各位演員請注意，現在距離演出的時間還有5分鐘。請各位演員馬上到舞台準備！現在距離演出的時間還有5分鐘，請各位演員馬上到舞台準備！

—— 哈姆雷特在化妝間等候出場

—— 他看著鏡子裏的自己

—— 腦海裏隱若記起四個字

全體 哈——姆——雷——特——！

hamlet ……我係……哈姆雷特？

—— 他離開化妝間

—— 穿過長長的通道

Scene 1

hamlet waits in his dressing room for the play to begin.

SM (VO) Cast, this is your five-minute call! Places, please! Five minutes to curtain, everyone.

—— hamlet waits in his dressing room for the play to begin

—— He is looking at himself in the mirror

—— He vaguely recalls a word of two syllables

All ham-let!

hamlet ……*I am…hamlet?*

—— He leaves the dressing room

—— Passes through a very long corridor

—— 舞台監督的廣播跟後台工作人員的嘈雜聲在他身後
合奏成抑揚頓挫的交響樂

—— 他一路走

—— 一路走

—— 通道的燈光很亮

—— 很白

—— 四通八達的通道可以通向十個不同大小的表演場地

—— 通道的牆上掛滿了曾經在這裏演出過的表演節目
的海報

—— 《圖蘭朵》

—— 《歌聲魅影》

—— 《阿依達》

—— 《Cat》、《Chicago》、《Lion King》

—— Pina Bausch, Robert Wilson, Robert Lepage

—— 這是哪一個城市的劇院？

—— 北京

—— The stage manager's announcement and the noise of
the backstage crew play like a symphony behind him

—— He keeps walking

—— Walking

—— The corridor is brightly lit

—— So bright

—— It leads in every direction, to ten performance venues
of varying sizes

—— Posters from performances that were staged here hang
on the corridor walls

—— *Turandot*

—— *Phantom of the Opera*

—— *Aida*

—— *Cats, Chicago, The Lion King*

—— Pina Bausch, Robert Wilson, Robert Lepage

—— Which city is this theatre in?

—— Beijing?

—— 上海

—— 香港、台北、新加坡

—— 東京還是首爾？

hamlet 我而家究竟喺邊度？……

—— 連他自己也沒法弄清楚

—— 事實上，哈姆雷特現在可能是在赤道附近一個氣溫高達40度的東南亞城市，但也可能是在一個氣溫只有零下10度的中國內陸城市

—— 反正他只需要停留二十四個小時完成他的工作然後乘飛機飛往另一個城市他根本沒機會感受那個城市的溫度

—— 有專車把他從機場直接送到劇院他根本沒時間弄清楚自己究竟在哪裏

—— 是的，亞洲所有新建的劇院裏裏外外幾乎都是一模一樣

—— 而且總是無法令人牢牢記住它們的名稱

—— 這裏是廣州大劇院？

—— 浦東文化中心？

—— Shanghai?

—— Hong Kong? Taipei? Singapore?

—— Tokyo or Seoul?

hamlet *Where am I?*

—— He has no idea

—— The truth is, he could be in an equatorial Southeast Asian country with a temperature of 40°C, or he could be in a mainland Chinese city with a temperature of ten below zero

—— In any case, he will be here only 24 hours to finish his job before he flies to another city. He won't have a chance to feel the city's temperature

—— Someone drives him directly from the airport to the theatre. He has no time to be sure of where he is

—— Yes, the newly built theatres in Asia look almost identical, both inside and out

—— Besides, their names are so easy to forget

—— Is this the Guangzhou Grand Theatre?

—— The Pudong Cultural Center?

—— 國家大劇院？

—— 還是西九龍文化藝術區？

—— 哈姆雷特最近不斷從一個城市飛到另一個城市進行巡迴演出

—— 我們很多時候早上下機，下午裝台，晚上演出，演出完馬上通宵拆台，第二天早上飛走。行程緊密。所有時間都要配合得非常準確。

—— 這次巡迴是一個結合經典與先鋒戲劇，名為『哈奈馬仙』的文化產業計劃的一個起步，我們能否從邊緣位置進入到文化產業核心領域就得看這一步。成本跟即時利潤，不是最重要的考慮因素，紀錄、數字、知名度才是整個計劃的重點。打響頭炮，打開中國表演藝術市場的缺口，喚起潛在龐大消費群的需要和身份認同，能做到這一些，我們才有足夠的條件去跟其他的文化產業——好比是電影、電視、流行音樂、漫畫、電子遊戲、時裝、旅遊美食，進行水平性或者是垂直性的企業整合，再通過明星體制的行銷策略大力輔助，最後，相互連結成一個跨領域的、真正屬於我們這個時代的大中華文化產業體系。

—— The Beijing National Theatre?

—— Or the West Kowloon Cultural District?

—— Lately, hamlet has been on tour, flying from city to city

—— Often we get off the plane in the morning. Put up the set in the afternoon. Perform in the evening. Tear down the set immediately after the performance, working through the night. Fly out the next morning. The schedule is tight, so the coordination has to be precise.

—— This tour is a fusion of classical and avant-garde theatre, the opening salvo in the Hamletmachine culture industry project. Our ability to move from the fringe to the culture industry's core will depend on this first step. Cost and immediate returns are not our main concerns. Records, numbers, and a high profile are central to the project. If we can start with a bang, crack open the performing arts market in China and tap into the potential of this huge consumer group by identifying ourselves with its needs and sense of self, if we can do this, it will allow us to undertake vertical and horizontal corporate consolidation comparable to other culture industries such as film, television, pop music, *manga*, video games, fashion, and culinary tourism. Then, with the strong support of celebrity-system marketing strategies, we will ultimately form a cross-disciplinary Greater China culture-industry system that is truly of our times.

—— 哈奈馬仙，是我們必需踏出的第一步

—— 巡迴100個城市，演出100場

—— 100場？

—— 對，100場

—— 還有一場，就是第100場

—— 現在，我們的主角，哈姆雷特，一步一步，正朝著舞台的方向前行，為出場做好最後準備

—— 演出第100場

—— 哈奈馬仙

—— AM-LET-MAX-HINE

【hamlet 在後台通道內前進，步伐愈來愈急速，身體愈來愈虛浮】

—— 哎，hamlet，你走錯路啦！

—— 你的進場出口在這一邊啊！

—— Are you okay, hamlet？

—— Hamletmachine is the first step we must take

—— A tour of 100 cities, 100 performances

—— 100 performances?

—— Yes, 100 performances

—— One more to go, this is the 100th performance

—— Now hamlet, our lead actor, walks toward the stage, a step at a time, to make the final preparations for his appearance on stage

—— The 100th performance

—— Hamletmachine

—— HAM-LET-MAX-HINE

(backstage, hamlet walks along the corridor, walking faster and faster, his body becoming lighter and lighter)

—— Hey, hamlet, you're going the wrong way!

—— Your entrance is this way!

—— Are you okay, hamlet?

| | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|-----|---|
| —— | 你的臉色不太好啊！ | —— | You don't look so good |
| —— | hamlet，頂住啊！ | —— | Hang in there, hamlet! |
| —— | Good Show，hamlet！ | —— | Good show, hamlet! |
| 全體 | 加油！加油！ | All | Keep it up! You've got this! |
| —— | 【台語】哈姆雷特，愛拼才會贏！ | —— | (Taiwanese dialect) You have to fight to win, hamlet! |
| —— | 哈姆雷特一不小心，摔了一交 | —— | hamlet trips and falls |
| —— | 他卧在地板上 | —— | He lies on the floor |
| —— | 沒有爬起來 | —— | He doesn't get up |
| —— | 他開始手腳並用 | —— | He begins to use his hands and feet |
| —— | 在地上爬 | —— | To crawl across the floor |
| —— | 在地上爬？ | —— | Crawl across the floor? |
| —— | 對，在地上爬 | —— | Yes, crawl across the floor |
| —— | hamlet，你沒事嗎？ | —— | hamlet, are you okay? |
| —— | 哈姆雷特好像一隻受傷的獵犬逃避野狼的追擊，開始在樓梯間拼命地往上爬 | —— | hamlet is like a hunter's wounded hound trying to escape attacking wolves |
| | | | He begins to crawl up the stairs as though his life depends on it |

—— 他爬啊爬，爬到一道鐵門前

—— 門上寫著No Entry

—— 『禁止進入』

—— 那裏是甚麼地方？

—— 他用力打開門

【鐵門打開的聲響】

—— 關門

【鐵門關閉的聲響】

—— 一片黑暗

—— 伸手不見五指

—— 完全死寂

—— 半點聲響也聽不見

【停頓】

—— 這裏是甚麼地方？

—— 這裏是劇院舞台的正下方

—— He crawls until he reaches a steel door

—— A sign on the door says "No Entry"

—— No Entry

—— What is this place?

—— He pushes open the door

(Sound of steel door opening)

—— Closes the door

(Sound of steel door closing)

—— Complete darkness

—— He can't see his own fingers

—— Dead silence

—— He doesn't hear a sound

(pause)

—— What is this place?

—— He is underneath centerstage

- 舞台的底部？
- 對，又稱為understage的地方
- 這裏，是距離舞台最遠最隱蔽的一個角落
- 但，同時，也是跟舞台最近，通往舞台最快捷的一個出口
- 而我們的主角
- 哈姆雷特
- 在開場前5分鐘，把自己關在這裏

【舞台底部的空間顯現】

【哈姆雷特走進去，站在黑暗中】

- Under the stage?
- Yes, it is also called the “understage”
- Here he is in the most hidden and farthest corner from the stage
- But it is also the closest and fastest way onto the stage
- Our lead actor
- hamlet
- has locked himself in here five minutes before the curtain rises
- (the understage appears)
- (hamlet enters, stands in darkness)