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.”
第六場（選段）

昊：我地繼續，我地頭先傾偈傾到邊話？

Jacob：傾到……嗯……

圖：Jacob 提到一個觀察。

Jacob：啊，係，時間喺斷層！

昊：係，無錯，你話我地跌咗落一個時間喺斷層裏面！

Jacob：無錯。咁，你話下，你同阿花十幾歲就上街，你地
俾啲差佬吓到頭破血流嘅陣，我呀，我都仲係懶居
居，懶喺喺，懶喺喺球場踢緊西瓜波……所以，對
我嚟講無真正經歷過七十年代嘅人嘅講，70’s始終
係一個 legend，而八十年代就係一個時間喺斷層。

Excerpt from Scene 6

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
Southern Playground, so for those of us who've
never been there, the 70s are a legend, and the 80s
are a time warp.
吳： 下班。

Jacob： 其實呢個現象可能一早就出現左講啦，我地嘅唔到
就唔可以怪自己繼遺。三年前，我喺美國讀完書返
喺，見到成個社會氣氛完全唔同咁，喺學運份子，
班社會派呀，班托派呀，喺無政府佬，一個一個全
部走在一起搞文化雜誌呀，寫專欄呀，好多人都走
入電視台做 PA，去電話開咪呀！甚至有人學人走
去拍電影……

吳： 你指我？

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

吳： 但你無講錯嘅，我地係人去拍電影……

Jacob： Anyway，我講嘅係一個人，而係一係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！而且個裂縫愈嘔愈大，愈嘔愈
嘔，我不斷嘅質點，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
話，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，走嘅爭取？喺學運
老鬼去瞓？……今朝我講街度收到呢張野！

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
growing 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
【拿出刚才的单张】

「民主回歸集思會」！咩野料呀？喺呢班人以前嘅
係口口聲聲話要解殖，去殖嘅咩？而家竟然支持回
歸？我真係諗極都唔通，愈諗就愈鬱闷！我有時
真係咩野創作都唔想做，簡直好似覺跌咗落一個
時間既斷層裏面啲。

囝：我好明白你啲感覺，前幾日之嘛，我都有過一次
類似嘅感受。我去報攤度想買本《七十年代》,
李怡編嘅，發覺本雜誌竟然改咗名，佢地估而
家叫咩野名？……《九十年代》！

Jacob：九十年代？

囝：咩話，要邁向未來。

Jacob：咩年代去左邊啲？

【阿圖峥嵘】

囝：我地啲存在架！？

囝：存在，不過咩存在哪一個註定失憶嘅時代。

吴：但係我想講，其實有時失憶係好事。

【顿】

handing these out this morning.

(Takes out a leaflet)

"Democratic Reunification Brainstorming Session"? What's that all about? Weren't these guys all for
deolonization? 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，我好想聽下你點解。

吳: ……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……但要做一個單獨係一件非常困難嘅事，開始
啲時候我真係唔知自己可以點樣做。以前啲朋友一
個個好似人間蒸發咗，寂寞啲時候，無一個實
可以俾你上去攪抖，亦都無一個碟頭可以俾你去靜
坐，佢只可以噏中環，噏旺角，噏佐敦大道中，噏
靚靚滿啲人海裏面行，漫無目的咜行，偶然啲街度
撞到啲舊朋友，佢地都好似唔聽哥，有時有機會停
低講兩句，但大家就好似啲度講緊佢嘅嘅。咁，
唔，好耐無見嘅，點呀？你仲係咪搞緊啲野？仲
堅持緊？佩服佩服！我？無啦！我宜家搵鳩，我做
地產，你呢？你都無啦？啲係咁嘅！咩話？你入咗
娛樂圈？咪仲衰過做難？啊！再傾再傾！

【停頓】

不過，奇怪嘅係，當你接受左所有野都已經唔咁到
轉頭喺個事實之後，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，一個我地嚟七
十年代嘅陣根本完全想像唔到啲嘅世界。

【停頓】

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

乞兒企喺窗口前望，望住樓下嘅集會，乞兒知道 Interview 佢喺人
隨時都會推開門入嚟，佢應該要坐喺位，聆聽，佢就可以由個
位度企起身，向入嘅嘅人報以一個穩重嘅微笑，顯示自己完全唔
介意嘅態度等左啲耐。係，乞兒覺得自己已經咁咁耐耐，可能
有二十分鐘，又或者，唔耐，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
一個著住短袖報紙衫嘅男人用左手揀起一隻大聲公，右手托住左
手，盡力將大聲公推到最高。兜個身邊一個乞兒好熟悉嘅笑嘅方
法，乞兒記得好多喺之前，自己就曾經嘅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場面係下啲佢人掌
握得更加清楚。集會嘅人群零零星星散開，路過嘅嘅人到集
會場面細過，但人登登登過集會區域，行下停下。集會區三、四
十米以外，企啲幾個警察，但喺再唔喺，喺集會區嘅視線範圍以
外，就有一整隊防暴隊隆隆而過。防暴隊嘅隊型統整齊，對比起
嘅，集會嘅人嘅如意就係一整散沙。喺集會區側邊嘅馬路，
有一架雙層巴士開過，乞兒心驚，如果喺啲巴士喺空啲，或者已
經足夠走晒下底集會嘅人，無錯，一架巴士就足夠，就可以攆
平下低嘅場面。

乞兒忍啲住唔想起，好多年前佢同阿吳喺北角碼頭偷巴士嘅事。
喺夜裡，佢地輪流揸住架巴士，由北角碼頭一直開到去花園道，
跟住同上埋山頂行大運。每次諗起佢件事，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
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.
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.
序

淳于白：當102號巴士進入海底隧道嘅時候，淳于白細細起二十幾年前嘅事。

亞杏：就喺呢個時候，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。

翻譯：譯為立；編輯：Mary King Bradley

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

Prologue

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：好多好多載之後，建築已經拆咗，起咗座新嘅大廈，大廈樓下係一間茶餐廳，藍丹丹而家喺住一個旅行喲，佢喺入茶餐廳裏面。

黃思遠：而嚟同一間茶餐廳裏面，黃思遠望住一個香港模型。個模型好大，幾乎佔據左成張枱。

淳于白：淳于白張栢服上喺街口望咗，喺街人路唔見到一個熟悉嘅身影。

亞杏：亞杏望見羅卜頭向住三棟大喚：多謝姨姨！我最鍾意姨姨！Bye-bye姨姨！

藍丹丹：藍丹丹喺茶餐廳坐咗之後，一邊食波蘿油餐一邊開始講小話。

黃思遠：黃思遠一直望住模型中間食嘅個茶，腦海裏面閃過嚟啲外星人侵襲地球嘅場面。

淳于白：淳于白望到咗係一個 Ł操嬤的咁女人……

亞杏：亞杏望入一條橫街……

藍丹丹：忽然間藍丹丹驚起一個夢……

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, 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...
黃思連：忽然間黃思連視線有啲模糊……

淳于白：是她？真的是她嗎？……

亞杏：又出現啦！……

黃思連：出現，消失，再出現……

藍丹丹：Serendipity……

淳于白：真是咄咄？

黃思連：唔係巧合。

亞杏：唔係巧合。

藍丹丹：所有野同所有野。

淳于白：都係唔定嘅？

亞杏：一様野「冷住」另一様野

黃思連：唔係詛咒。

藍丹丹：喺夢裏面，藍丹丹一個人喺水上面行。

黃思連：穿過個窿，黃思連隱隱約約見到一啲野。

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.
黃思達：無風，無浪。

亞杏：Close up, 再 Close up,*

淳于白：公廁，黑狗，水泥，行人路，全部都好臭！好臭！

亞杏：汪汪汪，好狗唔識路呀！

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！

黃思達：再睇真啲，黃思達見到出面條街。

藍丹丹：好啞好靜。

黃思達：好多好多自由行。

亞杏：好討厭！全部野都好討厭！

淳于白：美麗慢慢喺海裏面消失。

藍丹丹：真係神奇。

黃思達：新舊嘅，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：全部野亂埋咗一齊。
藍丹丹：變得好清晰。
黃思進：好清晰。
淳于白：而嚟兜個時候，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：而嚟兜個時候，亞杏心願，將來結咗婚，一定唔可以住嚟兜度。
黃思進：而嚟兜個時候，黃思進想埋嘅，佢又見到四年前
嚟咗一窩清早嘅陽光。
藍丹丹：而嚟兜個時候，藍丹丹嘅企圖，夾嚟佢本小說
裏面喺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。

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，他會先從窗玄關塊鏡前面，

小心翼翼地整理衣飾。

再用慣習慣動作，將銀包、煙仔、打火機、同一條好雅獰帶手巾仔，

分別放入唔同囗衫袋裏面。

佢今日顯得有啲意氣風發。

（Projection）

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

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

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.
淳于白：我嘅存在係一個偶然。到咁今時今日我都仲未死係
基于一種偶然。偶然嘅驚奇，偶然嘅大逃亡
偶然報嘅一張機票，偶然奀到兜個城市，偶然行
入一間金號，幾個偶然奀入我耳裏面嘅數目字，三
半，三七零，四零，四二五，偶然奀到嘅第一桶
金……

1.3

喺鏡裏面，淳于白見到一班陌生人喺喺喺前貧。

淳于白：你哋廣東人整嘅整，係！（廣東
話）人一生物一世，就睇你掂數數！……【停頓】
我喺廣東人話啲事都係食喺男
人，亦都唔係你地心目中嘅嘅當正呢度係一塊跳
板，搵個錢拍下個專校就會走人嘅顧客！我一箇留
嘅呢度，只不過係俾兩個字繫住——【國語】偶
然。【停頓】由我踏足呢個城市第一日開始，我嘅
人生就唔係係嘅事接受各種各樣偶然發生嘅事情
上嘅事，就好似接受一個又一個無端端打錯咁入
來你屋企嘅電話一樣。

1.4

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 misdialed calls.
1.5
時間過去七年前的一個下午。

淳于白正趕往要出門。

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？……呃度無大伯……我聽你打錯，呃度無大伯……呃度都無大伯母！……呃度唔係九龍！係港島！……你打錯啦！

【大力放下電話】

淳于白：因為叫唔住——【看手錶】27秒出門口。

1.7

【時鐘的滴答聲。】

淳于白出門口，併行出大廈。

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，但而家必需盡快趕去銅鑼灣玩利舞台。

恆急步走向巴士站，一架巴士高速峹咗但身過避過。

淳于白追巴士・追呀追！追呀追！追呀追……

追到巴士站前面，但係到架巴士失控咗衝向個巴士站。

蓬——！

將噸噸度等巴士噸人，全部變成肉體。

1.8

銀色車禍現場，淳于白見到喼生咗喼自己，血嚟血泊裏面。

1.9

淳于白：因為呢27秒，我仲繼續生存喺呢個世上。

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.
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.
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！

他看著鏡子裏的自己

腦海裏飄著記起四個字

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

翻譯：王璐德；編輯：Mary King Bradley
/ Translator: Elizabeth Wong; Editor: Mary King Bradley

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
舞台监督的广播跟后台工作人员的嘈杂声在他身后
合奏成抑扬顿挫的交响乐

他一路走

一路走

通道的灯光很亮

很白

四通八达的通道可以通向十个不同大小的表演场地

通道的墙上挂满了曾经在这里演出过的表演节目的海报

〈图兰朵〉

〈歌剧院〉

〈阿依达〉

〈Cat〉、〈Chicago〉、〈Lion King〉

Pina Bausch, Robert Wilson, Robert Lepage

这是哪一个城市的剧院？

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？

I wonder where I am?

他渾身也沒法弄清楚

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？

補東文化中心？
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。

我們很多時候是上下機，下午彩排，晚上演出，演出完馬上要拆台，第二天早上飛走。行程緊密，所有時間都要配合得非常準確。

這次巡演是一個結合經典與先鋒戲劇，名為『哈姆雷特文化產業計劃』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，就得看你這一步。成本和即時利潤，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。打破慣例，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.
哈雷馬仙，是我們必需踏出的第一步

巡邏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

哈雷馬仙

AM-LET-MAX-HINE

【哈雷在後台通道內前進，步伐愈來愈急速，身
體愈來愈輕浮】

哎，哈雷，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！

hamlet，頂住啊！

Good Show, hamlet!

全體
加油！加油！

【台語】哈姆雷特，愛拼才會嬴！

哈姆雷特一不小心，摔了一交

他臥在地板上

沒有爬起來

他開始手腳並用

在地上爬

在地上爬？

對，在地上爬

hamlet，你沒事嗎？

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

You don't look so good

Hang in there, hamlet!

Good show, hamlet!

All
Keep it up! You've got this!

(Taiwanese dialect) You have to fight to win, hamlet!

hamlet trips and falls

He lies on the floor

He doesn't get up

He begins to use his hands and feet

To crawl across the floor

Crawl across the floor?

Yes, crawl across the floor

hamlet, are you okay?

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】

開門

【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
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)