

# THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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Fourth Draft

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1. STREET EXT DAY

FOUR PUPPETEERS emerge from among skyscrapers. They enter a nondescript building on a side street.

2. ABANDONED BUILDING INT DAY

In a dark room, a big table is covered in sand, bits of brick, imitation trees and boulders.

The PUPPETEERS go to work - efficiently unload a carry-all filled with FIGURINES, squeeze bottles of ketchup, fireworks, etc.

They distribute the FIGURINES - KNIGHTS, KINGS, SOLDIERS, COWBOYS, INDIANS, GODZILLA.

LIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE TABLE

And the room goes dark.

SOUNDS OF BATTLE ARE HEARD

As the PUPPETEERS manipulate the FIGURINES in WAR.

Cries of horses, screams of maimed men, exploding bombs.

The PUPPETEERS employ a set of TINY VIDEO CAMERAS at table-top level: the resulting scenes of the HORRORS OF WAR are projected on a video screen.

A hand manipulates the PUPPET OF THE KING. As the VOICE OF THE KING is heard.

KING'S VOICE

Speak, man! Hath fortune given us victory?

Another hand manipulates the GENERAL PUPPET.

GENERAL'S VOICE

Victory, my liege! And that with little loss --

BOOM! A MISSILE lands and blows TEN PUPPETS apart.

CUT TO --

3. TABLETOP BATTLEFIELD EXT DAY

The KING OF SPAIN, his GENERAL, CASTILE - the KING's brother - and HIERONIMO, a courtier, stand in front of the IMAGES OF THE PUPPET BATTLEFIELD.

The KING and CASTILE high-five each other while behind them MORE PUPPETS ARE MURDERED. CASTILE drops his gloves. HIERONIMO falls to one knee, picks them up, and hands them back.

HIERONIMO

My lord.

The NOBLES ignore him.

KING

Then bless'd be heaven, and guider of the heavens  
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

BOOM! Another missile lands behind them. Much ketchup.

The KING and CASTILE hug each other in their joy. The GENERAL puffs up his chest with pride. HIERONIMO, still on one knee, wipes away a tear.

KING

Thanks to my loving brother of Castile!  
But, General, unfold in brief discourse  
Your form of battle, and your war's success.

GENERAL

Where Spain and Portugal do jointly knit,  
On every side drop Captains on the ground,  
And soldiers lie maimed, some slain outright -

Again, TOYS and STUFFED ANIMALS flee and are shot in the back by SOLDIERS.

GENERAL

Here falls a body, sundered from his head!  
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass  
Mingled with weapons, and unbowelled steeds.

Body parts and the HORSE from "Guernica" are seen.

GENERAL

In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,  
The victory to neither part inclined

Till Don Andrea, with his brave Lancers -

They stand over the PUPPET BOARD, watching the COWBOY and INDIAN PUPPETS of DON ANDREA and his LANCERS.

GENERAL

- in their main battle, made so great a BREACH  
That, half-dismayed, the multitude retired;  
But BALTHAZAR, the Portuguese young Prince -

His excitement increases. He grabs the BALTHAZAR puppet out of a PUPPETEER's hand.

ANGLE ON THE BALTHAZAR PUPPET - A splendid suit of armour with an enormous breastplate, spiked shoulders like an Ankylosaurus, and a plume.

HIERONIMO rises to his feet to admire the PUPPET.

GENERAL

- brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.  
Here, hence, the fight was eagerly renewed  
And in that conflict Andrea was slain -

Unable to restrain his blood-lust, the GENERAL smashes the ANDREA and LANCER PUPPETS with the BALTHAZAR PUPPET.

GENERAL

- brave man-at-arms, but weak to Balthazar.  
Yet while the Prince, insulting over him,  
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,  
Came forth HORATIO, our Knight Steward's son -

He claps HIERONIMO on the shoulder. HIERONIMO swells with pride.

GENERAL

- To challenge forth that Prince to single fight.

The GENERAL indicates the pile of PUPPETS. HIERONIMO grabs the PUPPET representing his SON.

ANGLE ON THE HORATIO PUPPET

In white armour, with long flowing locks, on a white horse. HIERONIMO enthusiastically participates in the action -

GENERAL

Not long between these twain the fight endured,  
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse,

And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe...

The KING and CASTILE turn away, arm in arm, their thoughts on the tribute they will inevitably receive.

KING

Thanks, good Lord General, for this good news.

The GENERAL nods, fixated on the PUPPETS. HIERONIMO does battle with his HORATIO PUPPET. The HORATIO and BALTHAZAR PUPPETS, in their fight, stamp the ANDREA PUPPET deeper into the mud.

GENERAL

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,  
And our carbines pursued them to the death!

LIGHTING EFFECT on the SMOULDERING PUPPET-BATTLEFIELD.

GENERAL

Till Phoebus, waving to the western deep,  
Our trumpeters -

KING

(turning back; impatient; to GENERAL)  
But tell me now, have you confirmed a peace?

GENERAL

(running after him)  
No peace, my liege. But peace conditional -  
That if with homage tribute will be paid,  
The fury of your forces will be stayed!

The KING beckons to HIERONIMO.

KING

Hieronimo!  
Now, Knight Steward, frolic with the King,  
For tis thy son that wins the battle's prize!

HIERONIMO holds up the beautiful PUPPET of his son.

HIERONIMO

Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,  
And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

ANGLE ON THE KING

Disappearing into the dark.

KING

Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

HIERONIMO wipes the tears from his eyes. This is his apotheosis. He sets the PUPPET carefully down, and follows the KING.

HOLD ON THE SMOKING PUPPET TABLE.

A BLACK HOOD and a COWBOY HAT slowly rise behind it, to reveal REVENGE and the GHOST OF ANDREA.

REVENGE is a mysterious figure whose features cannot be clearly seen.

ANDREA'S GHOST is dressed a mud-drenched cowboy outfit, perforated with bullet holes, streaked with blood.

ANDREA stares at the whole scene in disgust.

REVENGE delves into the mud to find ANDREA's mud- and blood-stained PUPPET. He waves the PUPPET at ANDREA.

REVENGE

You were a courtier in the Spanish court.  
Your name was Don Andrea, your descent  
- Though not ignoble - yet inferior far...

4. BEL-IMPERIA'S BOUDOIR INT DAY

BEL-IMPERIA's SERVING MAIDS are braiding her hair with pearls as she stares fixedly at ANDREA's framed picture, tears falling silently down her cheeks.

ANDREA and REVENGE enter the room. But they are GHOSTS, unseen and unnoticed.

ANDREA

- To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:  
For there, by dutious service and deserving love,  
In secret I possessed a worthy dame,  
sweet BEL-IMPERIA.

He hurries to her, puts his hands on her breasts, kisses her neck. She doesn't notice him. REVENGE pulls him away.

A DOOR flies open. Another MAID runs in, in tears, bearing a newspaper. BEL-IMPERIA and her MAIDS are like characters in a silent film: their voices lost to us and to the GHOSTS.

BEL-IMPERIA reads the newspaper and wails silently. She storms out followed by her ENTOURAGE.

ANDREA squints at the paper.

HEADLINE: KILLER OF DON ANDREA COMES TO COURT! KING WELCOMES PRINCE BALTHAZAR!

REVENGE

Know now, Andrea, that thou art arrived,  
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death  
Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portugal,  
Deprived of life by Bel-Imperia!

The warlike ANDREA is delighted at the prospect of his beloved murdering his killer. REVENGE beckons to him.

CUT TO --

5. COURT INT DAY

A grand corridor.

REVENGE and ANDREA stand adjacent to a bench seat. An excited hubbub in the air. REVENGE immediately curls up on the bench.

REVENGE

Here. Sit we down to see the mystery,  
And serve for Chorus in this Tragedy.

SWISH PAN TO --

5A. BALTHAZAR, still clad in his magnificent suit of spikey armour, being marched along by his captors -

- the noble HORATIO, with flowing hair and handsome features

- and the sleazy LORENZO, a degenerate rich kid. Like BEL-IMPERIA, he too has pearls in his hair. And looks just like her, only nastier.

You might expect HORATIO to be the alpha male here. But, though a better warrior and genuine babe magnet, he is basically LORENZO's servant, LORENZO being the nephew of the KING.

CUT TO --

## 6. WINE CELLAR INT DAY

- where HIERONIMO is preparing WINES for the KING to sample in preparation for the Victory Banquet.

A GUARD rushes in.

GUARD

My liege! The warlike Prince of Portugal!

HORATIO and LORENZO march BALTHAZAR in. The KING savours a glass of wine. Then spits it out.

KING

A gladsome sight! And by our nephew  
in triumph led!

(he notices HORATIO)

But who is he that holds him by the arm  
As partner of the prize?

HIERONIMO

That's my son, my gracious sovereign!

KING

(greeting BALTHAZAR and LORENZO)

Welcome, Don Balthazar! Welcome, nephew!

(to HORATIO)

And thou, er -

HIERONIMO

Horatio, sire!

KING

Horatio. Thou art welcome too.

BALTHAZAR

The trespass that my father made in peace,  
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars.  
The cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so.

He raises his manacled wrists, goes down on one knee before the KING. LORENZO yanks on BALTHAZAR's chains.

KING

Ay, Balthazar. Well said!  
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.

(he sees both LORENZO and HORATIO  
are holding BALTHAZAR's chains)

But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt,  
To which of these two art thou prisoner?

LORENZO  
To me, my liege!

HORATIO  
To me, my sovereign!

They both grab hold of BALTHAZAR. LORENZO is particularly clingy. BALTHAZAR doesn't seem to mind.

LORENZO  
This hand first took his horse's reins!

HORATIO  
But first my lance did knock him from his horse.

LORENZO  
I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first!

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR enjoy a private moment. Belatedly LORENZO waves BALTHAZAR's sword around.

HORATIO  
After I forced him lay his weapons down.

KING  
Let go his arms.  
(LORENZO and HORATIO release BALTHAZAR)  
So, worthy Prince, to which one did you yield?

BALTHAZAR  
(indicates LORENZO, then HORATIO)  
To him, in courtesy; to him, by force.  
He promised life; this other threatened death.  
He won my love; this other conquered me.  
And truth to tell, I yield myself to both.

HIERONIMO  
But though I know your grace is just and wise,  
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right -  
In first, by nature, and by law of arms!

KING  
Content thee, Steward, thou shalt have no wrong.  
And for thy sake thy son shall want no right.  
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

LORENZO  
I crave no better than your grace awards.

HORATIO

Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING

You both deserve, and both shall have, reward.  
Nephew, you took his weapon and his horse.  
His weapons and his horse are your reward.  
Horatio, you did force him first to yield.  
His ransom, therefore, is your valour's fee.

ANGLE ON HORATIO,

pleased with the outcome.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

all hissy and dejected.

KING

But nephew, you shall have the Prince in guard,  
For your estate best fitteth such a guest.  
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

BALTHAZAR

Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,  
That Don Horatio bear us company -  
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING

Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so!

The KING finishes the wine tasting. Exeunt BALTHAZAR, LORENZO and HORATIO.

KING

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,  
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

CUT TO --

7. COURT INT DAY

Preceded by SACKBUTTS, LORENZO and BALTHAZAR and their ATTENDANTS march back down the grand corridor. HORATIO is close behind.

REVENGE is asleep on the bench. ANDREA watches the parade intently.

Up ahead, BEL-IMPERIA appears. Wringing her hands with grief and anger.

In a little GUARD BOOTH, several GUARDS are drinking tea and watching TV - news of the death of DON ANDREA and the arrival at court of PRINCE BALTHAZAR.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

Excited at the sight of the distraught BEL-IMPERIA.

LORENZO  
My sister!

ANGLE ON HORATIO AND BALTHAZAR

Both smitten by BEL-IMPERIA's extraordinary beauty and energy. They both step forward. LORENZO pushes HORATIO back.

LORENZO  
Not you. This is the king my uncle's niece!  
Sister! What means this melancholy walk?

BEL-IMPERIA  
That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO  
But here -  
(he grabs BALTHAZAR, pulls him forward)  
- a PRINCE is come to visit you.

BEL-IMPERIA, with a look of hatred, sweeps past them both. She drops her glove.

HORATIO  
Madam, your glove!

She keeps going. HORATIO bows to the Princes, and hurries after her.

7G. ANGLE ON ANDREA

Attempting to wake REVENGE, asleep on the bench.

LORENZO comforts the crestfallen, armour-plated BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO  
My lord, be not dismayed for what has passed.  
You know that women oft are humourous.  
These clouds will overblow with little wind.

CUT TO --

8. ROSE GARDEN EXT DAY

BEL-IMPERIA paces, a whirlwind of fury, surrounded by flowers.  
HORATIO enters the garden, carrying the glove.

[Though the principal images are black and white, the FLOWERS  
are brilliantly multi-coloured.]

BEL-IMPERIA

So, good Horatio, this is the place and hour  
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate  
The circumstances of Andrea's death -  
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,  
And in his death has buried my delights!

She grabs a rose, then yanks it off the bush. The thorns dig  
in her hand. Her hand bleeds.

HORATIO is horrified.

HORATIO

Madam --

BEL-IMPERIA

(she waves him away)  
Would you had slain him that so slew my love!

HORATIO

Their fight was long, their hearts were great,  
Their clamours menacing, their strength alike...  
Don Balthazar with ruthless rage  
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,  
And left not till Andrea's life was done.

BEL-IMPERIA

And was Andrea's carcass lost?

Breathing heavily in the heady, rose-scented garden, they are  
attracted to each other in spite of themselves.

HORATIO

I took him up, and wound him in my arms.  
And welding him unto my private tent,  
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears.  
I saw him honoured with due funeral.  
This scarf I plucked, from off his lifeless arm -

From his jacket, he pulls a BLOOD-RED SCARF. She grabs it.

HORATIO

I wear it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL-IMPERIA

I know the scarf: would he had kept it still,  
And worn it for his Bel-Imperia's sake.  
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.

She lets go of the scarf. They are NEARLY IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

BEL-IMPERIA

But now wear it both for him and me.

They almost kiss. He becomes aware that he still has her glove.

HORATIO

Your glove --

She draws back. Both cough, remembering themselves.

BEL-IMPERIA

Thanks, good Horatio. Take it for thy pains.

Overwhelmed, HORATIO backs out of the bower, and makes off, clutching the scarf and glove.

BEL-IMPERIA sits down on a stone bench.

REVENGE materialises, with his transparent head in her lap.

ANDREA'S GHOST approaches her.

BEL-IMPERIA

Ay, go, Horatio. Leave me here alone,  
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.  
(towards ANDREA'S GHOST)  
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,  
He could not sit in Bel-Imperia's thoughts.  
But how can love find harbour in my breast  
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?  
Yes, second love shall further my revenge.  
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,  
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end.

The GHOST of ANDREA tries to wake REVENGE. REVENGE is actually awake, and watching BEL-IMPERIA with an amused expression.

BEL-IMPERIA rises and walks out of the bower. She walks straight through ANDREA's aghast GHOST. REVENGE laughs at ANDREA.

9. ROYAL LAVATORY INT DAY

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR misbehave. LORENZO wears makeup and a quasi-military uniform with many medals; BALTHAZAR has an enormous dinner jacket and kilt over his breastplate and body armour.

HORATIO bursts in, bows.

HORATIO

The King, my lords, is coming hither straight,  
To feast the Portuguese Ambassador.

BALTHAZAR

Then here it fits us to attend the King,  
To welcome hither our Ambassador,  
And learn my father's and my country's health!

10. BANQUET HALL INT NIGHT

SACKBUTTS sound as the KING and the AMBASSADOR enter, followed by everyone in order of royal and national status.

LORENZO switches the place settings, to put HORATIO far away, and BALTHAZAR next to BEL-IMPERIA, who has not yet appeared.

The KING draws the AMBASSADOR's attention to LORENZO's solicitousness.

KING

See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats  
Their prisoner, Balthazar.  
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

AMBASSADOR

Sad is our King, and Portugal laments,  
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

BALTHAZAR

So I am slain -  
(sneezes, as BEL-IMPERIA enters)  
- by beauty's tyranny!  
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain!

He sneezes again. BEL-IMPERIA's manservant, PEDRINGANO, pulls her chair out for her. But she won't sit next to BALTHAZAR. PEDRINGANO makes another GUEST move, so she can sit as far away as possible.

BALTHAZAR

I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,  
 Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the court,  
 And graced with favours of his majesty.

He bows to the KING, to CASTILE, and to LORENZO.

The KING nods, sits, and invites the AMBASSADOR to sit beside him. The AMBASSADOR, being next most senior present, sits. The KING nods to BALTHAZAR, who's blowing his nose.

KING

Sit down, young Prince, you are our second guest.  
 Brother, sit down. And nephew, take your place.  
 And thou, Horatio, wait thou upon our cup -

A WAITER thrusts a tray of drinks into HORATIO's hands. HORATIO starts serving the august dignitaries, especially BALTHAZAR and LORENZO, who are very thirsty.

BEL-IMPERIA and HORATIO look at each other, look away, then sneak ANOTHER LOOK...

KING

- for well thou hast deserved to be honoured.  
 Now, lordlings, fall to! Spain is Portugal,  
 And Portugal is Spain. We both are friends.  
 Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our rights.  
 But where is old Hieronimo, our Steward?

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

In evening dress with modest medals, stepping forward.

HIERONIMO

Here I am, sire!

The KING rises, puts a large chain of office over the overwhelmed HIERONIMO's head. HIERONIMO falls to his knees.

KING

Frolic, Hieronimo! Thou art now confirmed  
 Marshall of Spain, by all the dues  
 And customary rights unto thy office.

HIERONIMO

My knee sings thanks unto your highness' bounty.  
Come hither, boy Horatio, fold thy joints,  
Kneel by thy father, thank my liege,  
For honouring me, thy mother, and thyself,  
With this high chain of office!

HORATIO has his work cut out for him. He has to kneel down and serve the drinks, and deal with his burgeoning desire for BEL-IMPERIA, who casts him smouldering looks.

HORATIO

Oh my liege, I have a heart thrice stronger  
than my years,  
And that shall answer gratefully for me.  
If ever you have foes, or red field scars,  
I'll empty all my veins to serve your wars.  
I'll bleed for you.

BEL-IMPERIA rises in her seat, eyes sparkling at his brave words. HORATIO looks not at the KING but at her. This is not lost on LORENZO.

HIERONIMO

Well spoke, my boy!

KING

Ay, and no doubt his merit will purchase more.  
Knight Marshall, rise. And still rise  
Higher and greater in thy sovereign's eyes.

LORENZO

Oh, fortunate hour, blessed minute, happy day!

10G. PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE GHOST OF ANDREA, AND REVENGE Watching, from the foreground. Beyond, BALTHAZAR stuffs his face and toasts LORENZO.

ANDREA

Came we for this from depth of underground,  
To see him feast, that gave me my death's wound?  
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul.  
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

REVENGE

Be still, Andrea.

REVENGE watches as HIERONIMO kisses his son.

## REVENGE

I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,  
 Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,  
 Their hope into despair, their peace to war,  
 Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

11. WIDE SHOT OF THE CITY EXT NIGHT

The lights of the Spanish Capital go out.

12. HIERONIMO'S HOUSE EXT NIGHT

A modest house set among gardens behind high walls.

13. HIERONIMO'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

HIERONIMO is already asleep. He still wears his chain of office. His wife, ISABELLA, turns out the bedside light.

HIERONIMO smiles in his sleep. He clutches his new chain.

14. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS INT NIGHT

BALTHAZAR's manservant, SERBERINE, prepares flavoured vodka drinks for his master and LORENZO. The two PRINCES consume drugs off a silver tray.

SERBERINE himself is drunk, and quite forward.

BALTHAZAR

(sentimentally drunk; sobbing)

Oh! On that perfection all my thoughts attend  
 On whose aspect my eyes find beauty's bower,  
 In whose translucent breasts --

LORENZO

My lord, though Bel-Imperia seem thus coy,  
 Let reason hold you in your wanted joy!  
 She in time will fall from her disdain -

BALTHAZAR

No! She is wilder and more hard withall  
 Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall!  
 But wherefore blot I Bel-Imperia's name?  
 It is my fault, not she that merits blame. (CONT.)

BALTHAZAR (CONT.)

(he looks at himself in the mirror)  
 My feature is not to content her sight,  
 My words are rude, and work her no delight.  
 My presents are not of sufficient cost,  
 And, being worthless, all my labour's lost.  
 Yet might she love me as her brother's friend -

SERBERINE

Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.  
 (drinks)

BALTHAZAR

Yet might she love me to uprear her state!

SERBERINE

Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.  
 (drinks)

BALTHAZAR

Yet might she love me as her beauteous thrall!  
 (forestalls SERBERINE's response  
 with a dirty look)  
 Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

ALL DRINK.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

Rising as a young PAGE enters. The PAGE wears a TEDDY BEAR BACKPACK. LORENZO falls on the backpack and pulls out more drugs.

LORENZO

My lord, for my sake, leave these ecstasies.  
 And doubt not but I'll find some remedy.

LORENZO pours more drugs onto the tray. The PAGE leans against his leg. He tousles the PAGE's hair.

LORENZO

Some cause there is that lets you not be loved.  
 First, that must needs be known, and then removed.

SERBERINE

What if your sister loves some other knight?

BALTHAZAR

My summer's day will turn to winter's night!

LORENZO  
 My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me.  
 Hinder me not what ere you hear or see.

He goes to the window, and looks out, shouts to someone below.

LORENZO  
 Ho, Pedringano!

15. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS EXT NIGHT

PEDRINGANO, BEL-IMPERIA's servant, is crossing the Quadrangle below LORENZO's window. He stops.

PEDRINGANO  
 Sir?

LORENZO  
 Ven qui presto!

LORENZO throws a handful of coins at PEDRINGANO. PEDRINGANO scoops them up and hastens up the stairs.

16. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS INT NIGHT

LORENZO finishes the drugs on the silver tray.

LORENZO  
 By force, or fair means, will I cast about  
 To find the truth of all this question out.

ANGLE ON PEDRINGANO

Entering breathlessly. He is taken aback by the sight of MASTERS so familiar with their SERVANTS.

PEDRINGANO  
 Hath your lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO  
 Ay, Pedringano. Service of import.  
 It is not long, thou knowest,  
 That I did shield thee from my father's wrath  
 In thy connivance in Andrea's love.  
 I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.

PEDRINGANO falls to one knee in gratitude.

PEDRINGANO

'Tis true, my lord.

LORENZO

And since, thou knowest how I have favoured thee,  
Now, to these favours I will add reward.  
Tell truth - and have me for thy lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO

What ere it be your lordship shall demand,  
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth.

LORENZO

Whom loves my sister, Bel-Imperia?  
For she reposes all her trust in thee.  
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and  
gold coins.  
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

PEDRINGANO

Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death  
I know not if she loves or no.

LORENZO

Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe!

He draws his knife, puts it to PEDRINGANO's throat.  
BALTHAZAR and SERBERINE think this is funny.

LORENZO

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.  
Thou diest, more esteeming her than me!

PEDRINGANO

Oh, stay, my lord!

LORENZO

Yet speak the truth, and I will pardon thee.

PEDRINGANO

If Madame Bel-Imperia be in love -

LORENZO

What, villain? Ifs and ands?

He twists the knife, draws RED BLOOD.

PEDRINGANO

Oh, stay, my lord: she loves Horatio.

BALTHAZAR starts back.

BALTHAZAR  
 Horatio! He is my destined plague!  
 First in his hand he brandished a sword,  
 And with that sword, he gave me dangerous wounds.

They all stare at BALTHAZAR, as he drunkenly attempts to indicate his wounds. He has none.

BALTHAZAR  
 And by those wounds he forced me to yield,  
 And by my yielding, I became his slave.

LORENZO  
 Where words prevail not, violence prevails.  
 But gold doth more than either of them both.

He lowers the knife, hands PEDRINGANO more gold. He points PEDRINGANO at a big gold cross on the wall, with a miniature skeleton nailed to it.

LORENZO  
 Swear on this cross that what thou sayest  
 is true.

PEDRINGANO  
 I swear, by him that made us all!

BALTHAZAR  
 (still raging)  
 Horatio's mouth doth carry pleasing words,  
 Which sly deceits smooth Bel-Imperia's ears!

LORENZO  
 Let's go, my lord, your staying stays revenge.  
 Do you but follow me, and gain her love.  
 Her favour must be won by his remove.

LORENZO hands BALTHAZAR a weapon. The PAGE opens the door.

SERBERINE  
 How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

BALTHAZAR  
 Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love.  
 Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged!

SERBERINE  
 Sad, that she'll fly you if you take revenge?

LORENZO

Yet must he take revenge, or die himself!

The PAGE and SERBERINE push BALTHAZAR towards the door.

BALTHAZAR

For love, resisted, grows impatient!

He exits, waving his sword.

LORENZO grins at the SERVANTS, and follows.

17. HIERONIMO'S GARDEN EXT NIGHT

HORATIO waits impatiently in his father's garden, under the full moon. The creak of a gate in the wall.

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Even more beautiful by moonlight. Her MAID gives her bejeweled hair a last fluff, and then leaves.

HORATIO

Now, madam, since by favour of your love  
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame -

They kiss, passionately.

BEL-IMPERIA

My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea.  
Possession of thy love's the only port,  
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,  
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort.

They kiss again. He tears at her clothes.

ANGLE ON ANDREA'S GHOST AND REVENGE

Watching by moonlight. ANDREA groans and steps forward, tries to embrace BEL-IMPERIA as well. REVENGE pulls him back. Love is for the living, not the dead.

So obsessed is he, that, unlike REVENGE, he fails to notice PEDRINGANO, leading BALTHAZAR, LORENZO and the rest towards the bower...

ANDREA turns away from the sight of his lover with his friend. The OTHERS draw their knives.

## 18. CASTILE'S PALACE INT NIGHT

Beneath a huge, gilt-framed portrait of CASTILE on the Golf Course, surrounded by golfing trophies, the KING, the AMBASSADOR and CASTILE drink port.

SERVANTS decant old vintages and crack walnuts.

KING

Brother Castile, what says your daughter  
to Prince Balthazar's love?

CASTILE

Although she coys it, as becomes her kind,  
Yet henceforth shall she follow my advice,  
Which is to love him - or forgo my love.

KING

Then, Lord Ambassador of Portugal,  
Advise thy King to make this marriage up.  
I know no better means to make us friends.

AMBASSADOR

Here, here!

KING

I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift:  
Her dowry shall be large, and liberal,  
And if by Balthazar she have a son,  
He shall enjoy the Kingdom after us.

AMBASSADOR

I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege,  
And work it - if my counsel may prevail.

The KING turns to CASTILE.

KING

Now, brother, you must take some little pain  
To win fair Bel-Imperia from her will.  
This Prince is amiable, and loves her well.  
If she neglect him and forgo his love,  
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.

They raise their glasses and toast.

CASTILE

Young virgins must be ruled by their friends!

ANGLE ON THE SERVANTS

Rolling their eyes.

19. HIERONIMO'S GARDEN EXT NIGHT

HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA vigorously make love against a trellis.  
The flowers all around them glow brilliantly.

ANDREA continues in agony at this, REVENGE continues amused.  
He pulls ANDREA away from the sight -

- past an outraged LORENZO and a dispirited BALTHAZAR, peering  
through the gate.

HORATIO

Come, Bel-Imperia, let us to the bower  
And here in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL-IMPERIA

I follow thee, my love, and will not back,  
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HORATIO

What means my love?

BEL-IMPERIA

I know not what myself;  
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HORATIO

Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,  
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.

BEL-IMPERIA

Thou has't prevailed. I'll conquer my misdoubt,  
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear -

HORATIO

Put forth thy hand,  
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

BEL-IMPERIA

Set forth thy foot, to try the push of mine.

HORATIO

But first my looks shall combat against thine.

He kisses her.

BEL-IMPERIA

Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.

HORATIO

Thus I retort the dart -

ANGLE ON LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, AND SERVANTS

Pulling on Balaclavas.

ANGLE ON THE GHOSTS

Watching.

ANGLE ON THE LOVERS

In each other's arms.

BEL-IMPERIA

O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes  
Now may you read that life in passion dies.

HORATIO

O, stay a while, and I will die with thee.  
So shall you yield, and yet have conquered me.

The LOVERS COME WITH A GREAT SHOUT.

The GATE CREAKS.

HORATIO

Who's there?

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE and PEDRINGANO, disguised.  
BALTHAZAR stumbles against the gate.

HORATIO recognises LORENZO, in spite of his disguise.

HORATIO

(confused)

Lorenzo!

LORENZO runs at HORATIO and stabs him. HORATIO staggers back.  
BEL-IMPERIA screams.

SERBERINE and PEDRINGANO throw a rope around HORATIO's neck.

BEL-IMPERIA

O, save his life, and let me die for him!

LORENZO tries to hold his sister back; he calls to BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO

My lord, away with her, take her aside!

But BALTHAZAR runs at the struggling HORATIO and stabs him, too.

HORATIO

What, will you murder me?

BALTHAZAR

Ay, and thus! These are the fruits of love!

LORENZO

O sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.

He calls BALTHAZAR back; the two of them fight to subdue BEL-IMPERIA. SERBERINE and PEDRINGANO haul the bleeding HORATIO up the trellis with the rope.

LORENZO

Quickly dispatch, my masters!

PEDRINGANO heaves on the rope. SERBERINE stabs the strangling HORATIO.

BEL-IMPERIA

O, save him, brother! Save him, Balthazar!  
I loved Horatio. But he loved not me.

BALTHAZAR falls to his knees before her as HORATIO dies.

BALTHAZAR

But Balthazar loves Bel-Imperia.

She slugs LORENZO and breaks free, and runs to HORATIO's body.

BEL-IMPERIA

Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

LORENZO

Come, stop her mouth. Away with her.

PEDRINGANO and SERBERINE grab BEL-IMPERIA and gag her.  
BALTHAZAR kisses her hand.

LORENZO gazes up at HORATIO's hanging corpse.

LORENZO

Although his life were still ambitious, proud,  
Yet is he at the highest, now he's dead.

LORENZO follows the others from the bower.

ANGLE ON HIS PAGE

In close-up, chewing his teddy-bear backpack's ear, in horror  
and excitement.

20. HIERONIMO'S HOUSE INT NIGHT

HIERONIMO, in dressing gown and chain of office, comes  
downstairs carrying a torch.

HIERONIMO

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,  
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear  
Which never danger yet could daunt before?  
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak! Hear I am.

No answer. He goes to the front door and opens it.

ANGLE ON ISABELLA

At the top of the stairs.

ISABELLA

Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO

I did not slumber. Therefore t'was no dream.  
No, no. It was some woman cried for help -

He goes out -

21. GARDEN EXT NIGHT

- and approaches the walled bower.

HIERONIMO

- and here within this garden did she cry.  
And in this garden must I rescue her.

His torch light wipes across the trellis and the hanging  
corpse.

HIERONIMO

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?  
A man hanged up, and all the murderers gone!  
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me.  
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

He grabs a pair of garden shears and cuts the body down.

HIERONIMO

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen.  
Alas it is Horatio, my sweet son!  
O, was it thou, that called me from my bed?  
O speak, if any spark of life remain:  
I am thy father, who hath slain my son?  
What savage monster, not of human kind,  
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood?  
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?  
By day this deed of darkness had not been.  
O poor Horatio, what had'st thou misdome  
To lose thy life, 'ere life was new begun?  
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er you wert,  
How could you strangle virtue and desert?  
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,  
In losing my Horatio, my sweet boy.

ANGLE ON ISABELLA, entering the bower.

ISABELLA

(shrieking)

What world of grief! My son Horatio!  
O, where's the author of this endless woe?

HIERONIMO does not answer.

ISABELLA

Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!

CLOSE IN ON HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO

He supped with us tonight, frolic and merry,  
And said he would go visit Balthazar  
At the Duke's palace. There the Prince  
doth lodge...

ANGLE ON A SERVANT

Racing into the bower with a torch. JACQUES, too, discovers  
HORATIO's body.

HIERONIMO

He had not custom to stay out so late:  
He may be in his chamber. Go and see!

ISABELLA

Ay, me, he raves. Sweet Hieronimo...

HIERONIMO

Besides, he is so generally beloved,  
His Majesty the other day did grace him  
With waiting on his cup! These be favours  
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.

ISABELLA

Sweet Hieronimo -

HIERONIMO

I wonder how this fellow got his clothes?  
Jacques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,  
And bid my son Horatio to come home.  
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.  
Do you hear me, sir?

JACQUES

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO

Well, begone.

JACQUES doesn't move. HIERONIMO points at the body.

HIERONIMO

Knowest thou who this is?

JACQUES

Too well, sir.

HIERONIMO

Too well, who? Who is it?

(ISABELLA sobs, overcome with grief)  
Peace, Isabella!

JACQUES

It is my lord Horatio.

HIERONIMO

Ha ha, but this doth make me laugh,  
That there are more deluded than myself.

JACQUES

Deluded?

HIERONIMO

Ay, I would have sworn myself within this hour  
That this had been my son, Horatio -  
His garments are so like.

ISABELLA

O would to God it were not so.

HIERONIMO

'Were not?' Isabella? Doest thou dream it is?  
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought  
That such a deed of mischief can be done  
On one so poor and spotless as our son?  
Away! I am ashamed!

ISABELLA approaches him, lays her hand on his arm.

ISABELLA

Dear Hieronimo, cast a more serious eye  
upon thy grief.

HIERONIMO

It was a man sure that was hanged up here...  
A youth, as I remember. I cut him down.

JACQUES shines his torch on the blood-stained trellis.

HIERONIMO

If it should prove my son now after all...  
Let me look again -

He grabs the torch and shines it on HORATIO's face.

HIERONIMO

O God, confusion, mischief, torment,  
death and hell,  
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom  
That now is stiff with horror. Kill me quickly.  
Let me not survive to see the light  
May put me in the mind I had a son.

ISABELLA

O sweet Horatio. O, my dearest son.

HIERONIMO

How strangely had I lost my way to grief.  
Sweet lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time.

HIERONIMO (CONT.)

Fair worthy son, not conquered but betrayed,  
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are  
stained.

He kisses his son's corpse, just as he kissed the living  
HORATIO.

Breaking away, he finds ANDREA's scarf sticking to him, fresh  
with HORATIO's RED BLOOD.

HIERONIMO

See'st thou this handkerchief, besmirched  
with blood?  
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.

HIERONIMO wraps the bloody scarf around his neck.

ISABELLA

The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid.  
Time is the author both of truth and right.  
And time will bring this treachery to light.

HIERONIMO

See'st thou those wounds that yet are  
bleeding fresh?  
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenged!

ANDREA and REVENGE enter the frame.

HIERONIMO

Come, Isabella, now let's take him up,  
And bear him in from out this cursed place.

The GHOSTS watch as HIERONIMO, ISABELLA and JACQUES carry  
HORATIO's body to the house.

It is almost dawn. A church bell rings.

HORATIO'S GHOST appears, staring after its own corpse.

ANDREA

(to REVENGE)

Brought thou me hither to increase my pain?  
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain  
But 'tis my friend Horatio instead!  
And, they abuse fair Bel-Imperia,  
On whom I doted, more than all the world...

## REVENGE

Thou talkest of harvest, when the corn is green.  
 The end is crown of every work well done.  
 The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.  
 Be still - and 'ere I lead thee from this place  
 I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

CUT TO --

22. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS INT DAWN

By the rosy light of dawn, an ORGY is in progress - LORENZO, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, the PAGE, all in the throes of depravity and loud, thumpity music, with WHITE CARTONS of half-consumed TAKE OUT FOOD scattered about.

To spare us the details, the camera remains on BALTHAZAR, passed out, snoring noisily on the sofa.

TILT UP TO --

23. GUEST ROOM INT DAWN

- where BEL-IMPERIA is imprisoned. She tries the door. It's locked. Goes to the window. It's barred and too far down to the street below.

Loud music thumps from the party room beneath her floor. She goes through the drawers and cupboards, looking for some method of escape. Finds a BIBLE. Throws it against the wall in frustration. The spine breaks and all the pages fall out.

She has an idea -

24. SAME SCENE, MOMENTS LATER

BEL-IMPERIA dumps the pot-pourri from a glass bowl. She sets the bowl on the floor, pulls off her blood-stained dress and wrings it out into the bowl.

ANGLE ON THE BOWL

Filling with blood.

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Dragging a dried flower from another bowl, breaking off the head, and sucking blood into the hollow stem, like a straw...

ANGLE ON A PAGE FROM THE BIBLE

The blood-filled straw describing letters on it...

25. STREET EXT MORNING

HIERONIMO hurries down the street. He is distracted, talking to himself.

HIERONIMO

O eyes, no eyes, but fountains filled with tears,  
O life, no life, but lively form of death.  
O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!  
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!

He shouts at the PASSERS-BY.

TWO DUSTMEN tap their foreheads.

SWISH PAN TO --

26. GUEST ROOM INT MORNING

BEL-IMPERIA spies HIERONIMO below. She shouts to him, but the traffic noise is too distracting. She seizes THE NOTE written on a page from the Bible, weights it down with pearls from her hair, and throws it through the open window...

27. STREET EXT MORNING

ANGLE ON THE NOTE

Weighted, falling, landing on a GUTTER above HIERONIMO's head.

He fails to notice.

27A. ANGLE ON REVENGE

Sitting on the rooftop beside the NOTE. He picks it out and lets it fall again. Yawns and goes back to sleep.

27B. ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

Looking up --

HIERONIMO

Oh sacred heavens!

-- as the note falls past him. He bends to pick it up.

HIERONIMO

If this unhallowed deed  
Shall unrevealed and unrevenged pass,  
How should we term your dealings to be just?

He sees the letter is addressed to him.  
Begins to open it. The pearls fall out.

He reads aloud the words, written in blood.

HIERONIMO

"For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.  
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee.  
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him  
For these were they that murderéd thy son.  
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,  
And better fare than Bel-Imperia doth."

HIERONIMO is astonished. He lowers the letter.  
Stares at the DUKE OF CASTILE's mansion, up ahead.

HIERONIMO

What can I gather to confirm this writ?  
Well, harkening near the Duke of Castile's house,  
I'll close with Bel-Imperia, if I can,  
To listen more, but nothing to betray.

He passes the GUARDS, who knowing him well, salute, and enters  
the courtyard of --

28. CASTILE'S PALACE EXT DAY

-- as PEDRINGANO, hungover, emerges from a staircase.

HIERONIMO

Now, Pedringano!

PEDRINGANO

What? Oh! Now, Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO

Where's thy lady?

PEDRINGANO

I know not... err... here's my lord!

LORENZO appears from the stairs. Also hungover, he wears dark  
glasses and a clean, white shirt.

LORENZO

How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO

My lord.

PEDRINGANO

He asketh for my lady Bel-Imperia!

LORENZO

What to do, Hieronimo?

(casually)

The Duke, my father, hath  
Upon some disgrace, removed her hence awhile.  
If it be aught I may inform her of,  
Tell me, Hieronimo. I'll let her know.

HIERONIMO

(back-pedals)

Nay, nay, my lord. I thank you; there's no need.  
I had a suit unto her, but too late,  
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

LORENZO

Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.

HIERONIMO

Oh, no, my lord. I dare not. It must not be.  
I reserve your favour for a greater honour.  
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

LORENZO

All's one, Hieronimo. Acquaint me with it.

HIERONIMO

In truth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing.  
(turns away, mutters to himself)  
The murder of a son, or so;  
A thing of nothing, my lord.

LORENZO

What? What's that?  
(no response; shrugs)  
Why, then, farewell.

HIERONIMO hurries away.

HIERONIMO

My grief no heart, no tongue can tell.

LORENZO stares after HIERONIMO, suspicious.

LORENZO  
 (to himself)  
 This sly enquiry of Hieronimo  
 For Bel-Imperia breeds suspicion,  
 And this suspicion bodes a further ill.

He beckons to PEDRINGANO, leads him to the inner courtyard.

LORENZO  
 Come hither, Pedringano. Saws't thou this?

PEDRINGANO  
 My lord, I saw it and suspect it too.

LORENZO  
 This is that damnéd villain Serberine,  
 That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

PEDRINGANO  
 My lord, he could not. 'Twas so lately done,  
 And since, he hath not left my company.

LORENZO  
 Yet fear or flattering words may make him false.  
 I know his humour, and therewith repent  
 That 'ere I used him in this enterprise.  
 But Pedringano, to prevent the worst,  
 And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,  
 Here, for thy further satisfaction,  
 take thou this.

LORENZO hands PEDRINGANO more gold.

29. INNER COURTYARD EXT DAY

Above them, HIERONIMO reappears. From his perch, he can see LORENZO, but is too far to hear what's said. He draws back so that LORENZO and PEDRINGANO do not observe him.

LORENZO  
 Harken to me: thus it is disguised,  
 This night you must, and prithee so resolve,  
 meet Serberine in Saint Luigi's Park.  
 You know where it is, hard behind the house,  
 There take your stand, and see you strike him sure  
 For die he must, if we both mean to live.

PEDRINGANO  
 (weighing the gold)  
 But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?

LORENZO  
 Let me alone. I'll send to him to meet  
 The Prince and me, where you must do the deed.

PEDRINGANO  
 It shall be done, my lord. It shall be done!  
 And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO  
 Then shall you mount for this, that knows  
 my mind.

PEDRINGANO hurries off.

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

Watching as LORENZO dials a number on his mobile phone.

He pulls the LETTER from his pocket, studies it.

HIERONIMO  
 My son slain by Lorenzo and the Prince?  
 What cause had they Horatio to malign?  
 Or what might move thee, Bel-Imperia,  
 To accuse thy brother, had he been the means?

ANGLE ON LORENZO'S PAGE

Running up. He too is exhausted and hungover.

PAGE  
 My lord?

LORENZO  
 Go, sirrah, and wake Serberine.  
 And bid him forthwith meet the Prince and me  
 At Saint Luigi's Park, behind the house  
 This evening, boy!

PAGE  
 I go, my lord.

LORENZO  
 But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:  
 Bid him not fail.

PAGE  
I fly, my lord!

The PAGE takes off.

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO, watching.

HIERONIMO  
Hieronimo, beware. Thou art betrayed!  
And to entrap to life this trail is laid.  
Advise thee, therefore, be not credulous.  
(puts the letter away)  
This is devised to endanger thee,  
That thou by this Lorenzo should accuse,  
And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw  
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

Dialing another number on his mobile.

LORENZO  
(into phone)  
Is that the Watch?  
Upon precise commandment from the King,  
I bid you strongly guard Luigi's Park  
At eight o'clock tonight.  
(rings off)  
The place where Pedringano  
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.  
As for myself, I know my secret fault,  
And so do they. But I have dealt with them.

He hears a noise, and turns - but instead of HIERONIMO,  
the bloody GHOSTS of ANDREA and HORATIO are staring at him.  
He doesn't see them.

LORENZO  
And better 'tis that base companions die,  
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.  
I'll trust myself; myself shall be my friend.  
For die, they shall. Slaves are ordained  
to no other end.

He marches off between the GHOSTS.

ANDREA tries to wake the sleeping REVENGE, who pushes him  
away.

30. ST. LUIGI'S PARK EXT NIGHT

[This scene is shot entirely from above, by multiple surveillance cameras with time code.]

A walled alley behind the park.

SERBERINE stands waiting against the wall.

SERBERINE

Here, Serberine, attend and stay your pace,  
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint  
That you by his command should meet with him.  
(shivers)  
How fit a place, if one were so disposed,  
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

HIGH SURVEILLANCE ANGLE

On a little, beaten-up car, approaching.

31. CAR INT NIGHT

PEDRINGANO at the wheel. He parks, pulls his PISTOL out of his pants. Looks at the money LORENZO has given him.

PEDRINGANO

Now, Pedringano, bid your pistol hold.  
And hold on, Fortune! Once more favour me!  
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed.  
It is no dream that I adventure for.  
I know, if need should be, my noble lord  
Will stand between me and ensuing harms.

He gets out of the car.

PEDRINGANO

Besides, this place is free from all suspect.  
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

32. SECURITY POST INT NIGHT

SEVERAL WATCHMEN stare at the security camera screens. St. Luigi's Park, including PEDRINGANO and SERBERINE, is clearly seen.

WATCHMAN 1

I wonder much to what intent it is  
That we are thus expressly charged to watch?

WATCHMAN 2

'Tis by commandment in the King's own name.

WATCHMAN 3

But we were never wont to watch and ward  
So near the Duke, his brother's house, before.

WATCHMAN 2

Content yourself. Watch close; there's  
something in it.

33. ST. LUIGI'S PARK EXT NIGHT

ANGLE ON CCTV CAMERAS

Adjusting position for a better view.

CCTV -- PEDRINGANO, tracked by cameras above, approaches  
SERBERINE.

PEDRINGANO

There sits the bird that I must seize upon.  
Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!

SERBERINE

(relieved)  
Ho, Pedringano!  
I wondered that his lordship stayed so long -

PEDRINGANO shoots SERBERINE.

PEDRINGANO

So, there he lies. My promise is -

Suddenly SECURITY VEHICLES arrive from both directions.

PEDRINGANO, trapped beside the body of his victim, is  
immediately apprehended by the WATCH.

WIPE TO --

34. CASTILE'S PALACE INT NIGHT

The PAGE is crouched against the keyhole of the doors to  
LORENZO'S CHAMBERS, listening.

35. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS INT NIGHT

BALTHAZAR is still asleep, in the same position, in the same spot, snoring.

LORENZO paces nervously, checking his mobile phone for messages, his pager, the light on the answering machine.

BALTHAZAR stirs.

BALTHAZAR

How now, my lord. What makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO

Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR sits up. He looks around for coffee or another drink. Tries to make LORENZO's espresso machine work.

LORENZO

Touching the death of Don Horatio,  
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR

Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush, it cannot be -

He realises the machine isn't plugged in. Searches around for the plug, a socket.

LORENZO opens the door to his rooms suddenly.

LORENZO

But here's the PAGE!

The PAGE, leaning against the door to listen, tumbles in.

LORENZO

How now, what news with thee?

PAGE

My lord, Serberine is slain!

BALTHAZAR

Who? My man Serberine?

LORENZO

(low voice)  
Who murdered him?

PAGE  
 (same)  
 Pedringano.

BALTHAZAR gives up on the coffee machine and throws his arm around LORENZO.

BALTHAZAR  
 Is Serberine slain that loved his lord so well?  
 Injurious villain! Murderer of his friend!

He wanders back toward the coffee machine, falls instead onto the sofa, and passes out again.

LORENZO goes to the drawer of his armoire. Grabs a HANDFUL OF MONEY.

LORENZO  
 Boy, go convey this purse to Pedringano.  
 And be advised that none be there about.  
 Bid him be merry still, but secret.  
 Bid him not doubt of his delivery.

LORENZO secretively hovers over a piece of paper. Seizing a WHITE TAKE-OUT CARTON, he dumps out the contents - fortune cookies - puts the paper in, and hands it to the PAGE.

LORENZO  
 Tell him his pardon is already signed.  
 Show him this box. Tell him his pardon's in it.  
 (PAGE looks at the CARTON curiously)  
 But open't not, and if thou lovest thou life.  
 (warningly)  
 And, sirrah, see that this is cleanly done.

PAGE  
 I go, my Lord, I run.

He exits. BALTHAZAR turns, muttering in his sleep. LORENZO goes to the coffee machine. It works easily for him.

36. A WINDING STAIR INT NIGHT

As the PAGE clatters down, dangling the TAKEOUT CARTON from his finger, his curiosity overwhelms him.

PAGE  
 My Master hath forbidden me to look in this box.  
 By my troth, tis likely if he had not warned me,

PAGE (CONT.)

I should not have had so much idle time. They that are most forbidden will soonest attempt!

He gives up his struggle. Opens the box, pulls out the PAPER. COMPLETELY BLANK. He peers into the BOX.

PAGE

By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it not a sin against secrecy, I would say this were a piece of gentleman-like knavery! I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box!

(shoves the empty BOX in the BACKPACK)

I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary!

(he continues on his way, very cheerful)

I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman -- all presuming his pardon from hence.

He shakes his BACKPACK, takes out a CIGGIE, and lights it with a satisfied air.

PAGE

Will't not be an odd jest, for me to stand and grace every joke he makes, pointing my finger at this box...

(points to TEDDY BEAR)

...as if to say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Is it not a scurvy jest that a man should joke himself to death?

He LAUGHS, and DISAPPEARS DOWN THE STAIRS...

37. MAGISTRATES' COURT INT DAY

HIERONIMO, in his new position as MARSHALL, presides in MAGISTRATE'S ROBES and CHAINS. The DEPUTY and HANGMAN enter, with PEDRINGANO, bound and carrying a LETTER, between them.

HIERONIMO

(to himself)

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,  
That know not how to remedy our own.

DEPUTY

Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks  
A care to punish such as do transgress.

HIERONIMO

Bring forth the prisoner.

The PAGE enters, WAVES at PEDRINGANO, points animatedly at his BACKPACK.

PEDRINGANO

(relieved)

Gramercy, Boy, but it was time to come!  
For I had written to my Lord anew,  
For fear his Lordship had forgotten me.

HIERONOMO

Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,  
Confess thy folly and repent thy fault.  
For there's the place of execution.

He points to the GALLOWS. An imposing structure that resembles the trellis on which HORATIO was hung.

PEDRINGANO looks at the PAGE, who pulls the CARTON from his BACKPACK and tosses it about.

PEDRINGANO

Sure, I confess, nor fear I death therefore!  
I am the man! Twas I slew Serberine!

HIERONIMO

For blood with blood, shall while I sit as Judge,  
Be satisfied and the Law discharged.  
Dispatch, the fault approved and confessed,  
And by our law he is condemned to die.

BOOM! He STAMPS a paper with his SEAL.

HANGMAN

Come on, sir, are you ready?

The PAGE tosses the CARTON from hand to hand, leering knowingly at PEDRINGANO.

PEDRINGANO

Oh sir, you are too forward. Sirra, doest thou  
see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

ANGLE ON THE PAGE pointing at the BOX.

HANGMAN

What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO

Ay.

The HANGMAN prepares PEDRINGANO for hanging.

PEDRINGANO

What has he in that box, as thou thinkest?

HANGMAN

Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly.

PEDRINGANO and the PAGE exchange A-OK signs as the HANGMAN arranges the NOOSE around PEDRINGANO's neck.

His work completed, HIERONIMO goes to the weeping WIDOW OF SERBERINE, their two CHILDREN, and his PARENTS.

HIERONIMO

O monstrous times when murder's set so light,  
O bloody monster, God forbid,  
A fault so foul should scape unpunished.  
Dispatch! And see the execution done.

PEDRINGANO

Nay, soft, no haste!

HIERONIMO

(exits)

This makes me to remember thee, my son.

CUT TO --

PEDRINGANO fights with the DEPUTY and HANGMAN. The PAGE snickers.

DEPUTY

Why, wherefore stay you, have you hope of life?

PEDRINGANO

Ay, Rascal, by my pardon from the KING!

The PAGE opens the CARTON, turns it over.

NOTHING.

The HANGMAN does his job. PEDRINGANO swings, the PAPER he held flutters to the ground. The PAGE chews the remaining ear of his TEDDY BEAR BACKPACK in his excitement.

The HANGMAN bends to retrieve the PAPER.

38. MAGISTRATES' CLOAKROOM INT DAY

HIERONIMO changes from his MAGISTRATE'S ROBES. He adjusts his BLOOD-STAINED SCARF in the mirror.

The HANGMAN, worried, enters carrying the PAPER.

HANGMAN

Oh Lord, sir... the man, sir...  
Petergade, sir. He that was so  
full of merry conceits.

HIERONIMO

Well, what of him?

HANGMAN

Sir, the fellow had a fair commission  
to the contrary. Here is his passport.  
I pray you, sir, if we have done him wrong.

He hands him PEDRINGANO's letter.

HANGMAN

You will stand between the gallows and me, sir.

HIERONIMO

Ay, ay.

HANGMAN

I thank your lord worship.

He exits, bowing. HIERONIMO opens the letter. As he does so, the GHOST OF PEDRINGANO appears behind him, its neck broken, the noose still tight. The GHOST reads aloud --

PEDRINGANO'S GHOST

"My Lord, I write, as my extremes required  
That you would labour my delivery.  
If you neglect, my life is desperate,  
And in my death I shall reveal the truth.  
You know I slew SERBERINE for your sake,  
And was confederate with the Prince and you,  
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,  
I helped to murder DON HORATIO too."

HIERONIMO, appalled, realizes the TRUTH.

HIERONIMO

What have I heard? What have mine eyes beheld?  
 Now see I what I dared not then suspect:  
 That Bel-Imperia's letter was not feigned.  
 Now may I make compare twixt hers and this...

He pulls out BEL-IMPERIA'S LETTER, and compares the TWO.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The GHOSTS - ANDREA, HORATIO, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, gathered around a sleeping REVENGE. But now, when ANDREA shakes him, REVENGE WAKES UP.

HIERONIMO

Oh false Lorenzo! Are these thy flattering looks?  
 Is this the honour that thou didst my son?  
 And Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,  
 Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul!  
 Thy cursed father and thy conquered self.

HIERONOMO paces, staring intently the STATUE OF JUSTICE, and the BUSTS OF FORMER GREAT JURISTS that decorate the cloakroom.

HIERONIMO

But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words?  
 I will go plain me to my Lord the King!  
 And cry aloud for justice through the court!  
 Justice and blood will satisfy my woes.

He goes out, led by REVENGE, and followed by the GHOSTS.

39. LORENZO'S CHAMBERS INT DAY

BALTHAZAR ties a foulard atop his white golfing outfit in LORENZO'S BATHROOM. Outside, in the Master Bedroom, LORENZO confers with the PAGE in a low tone.

LORENZO

Boy, talk no further. Thus far things go well.  
 Thou art assured that thou saw'st him dead?

PAGE

Or else, my lord, I live not.

LORENZO

That's enough.

BALTHAZAR splashes aftershave on, and presents himself for

LORENZO's attention. They wear matching white and off-white golfing outfits.

40. DUKE'S PALACE INT DAY

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR enter a panelled upper corridor. They pass a framed portrait of BEL-IMPERIA.

BALTHAZAR  
Bel-Imperia!

LORENZO  
My lord, you love her?

BALTHAZAR  
Ay!

They halt where a FOUR-MAN S.W.A.T. TEAM waits in body armour outside a door.

LORENZO produces a key and turns it in the lock.  
The S.W.A.T. TEAM rushes in. There is a crash, a scream.

One of the S.W.A.T. MEN staggers back out, bleeding.

LORENZO listens, ushers BALTHAZAR ahead of him.

41. GUEST ROOM INT DAY

BALTHAZAR and LORENZO enter the room, step over the broken water carafe, to where the THREE SURVIVING SWAT MEN are pinning BEL-IMPERIA to the floor.

BEL-IMPERIA  
What means this outrage that is offered me?  
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?

LORENZO  
Now, sister -

BEL-IMPERIA  
Sister, no!  
Thou art no brother, but an enemy!

LORENZO  
Advise you better, Bel-Imperia:  
I sought to save your honour, and mine own.

BEL-IMPERIA

My honour? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is't  
That I neglect my reputation so  
That you, or any, need to rescue it?

LORENZO

Why, then, remembering that old disgrace  
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,  
And now were likely longer to sustain,  
For being found so meanly accompanied -

BEL-IMPERIA

(screams)

Andrea! O Andrea! That thou saw'st  
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,  
And him for me thus causeless MURDERED!

LORENZO tries to cover her mouth. She bites him.

LORENZO

(teeth clenched)

But Bel-Imperia, see the gentle Prince.  
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,  
Whose passions by thy presence are increased.

BEL-IMPERIA

Brother, you are become an orator.  
Your Prince is meditating higher things.

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR

Posing tragically in the window. He goes down on one knee  
beside the pinioned BEL-IMPERIA.

BALTHAZAR

'Tis of your beauty, then, that conquers kings.

He tries to kiss her. She spits at him.

CUT TO --

42. STAIRCASE INT DAY

BALTHAZAR and LORENZO clatter down the stairs. TWO CADDIES  
wait with GOLF CLUBS at the bottom.

BALTHAZAR

Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks,  
Wends poor, oppresséd Balthazar.

He snaps his fingers at the CADDIES, who run after them.

CUT TO --

43. GUEST ROOM INT DAY

The S.W.A.T. TEAM slam the door on BEL-IMPERIA, locking her back in. She runs to the barred window and looks out below.

BEL-IMPERIA

Accursed brother! Unkind murderer!  
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?  
(shouts out the window)  
Hieronimo! Why writ I of thy wrongs,  
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?

She sits down amid the wreckage.

BEL-IMPERIA

Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself  
To patience, and apply me to the time,  
Till heaven, as I've hoped, shall set me free.

CUT TO --

44. GOLF LINKS EXT DAY

HIERONIMO walks across the golf course, distracted.

HIERONIMO

Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge.  
Now, then, perhaps, I come and see the King.  
The King sees me, and fain would hear my suit.

He reaches the top of a small hill and sees the KING and CASTILE's golf carts, with SECURITY MEN all around, and BALTHAZAR thrashing away in a sand trap.

HIERONIMO

This way I'll take. And this way comes the King!

He hurries towards them. The golf carts pull up at the next tee. The KING, CASTILE, LORENZO and the AMBASSADOR descend.

KING

Now, show, Ambassador, what your liege lord saith.  
Hath he received the articles we sent?

HIERONIMO  
Justice! O justice to Hieronimo!

LORENZO motions to the SECURITY MEN to join him. They intercept HIERONIMO.

LORENZO  
Back! See'st thou not the King is busy?

HIERONIMO  
O, is he so?

KING  
Who is he that interrupts our business?

HIERONIMO is encircled by dark-suited SECURITY MEN.

HIERONIMO  
Not I.  
(aside)  
Hieronimo, beware.  
(to the SECURITY MEN)  
Go by, go by!

ANGLE ON THE KING AND THE AMBASSADOR, teeing off.

AMBASSADOR  
Renowned King, he hath received  
Thy Kingly love, and kindly lets thee know:  
First, for the marriage of his Princely son,  
With Bel-Imperia, thy beloved niece,  
No news is more delightful to his soul!  
Thus will he give his crown to Balthazar  
And make a Queen of Bel-Imperia!

CASTILE has noticed the commotion surrounding HIERONIMO.  
He watches it uneasily out of the corner of his eye.

KING  
Brother, how like you this?

CASTILE  
I'm much indebted to his Grace  
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

AMBASSADOR  
Now last, dread Lord, here has his Highness sent  
- Although he send not that his son return -  
His ransom, due to Don Horatio.

HIERONIMO  
Horatio! Who calls Horatio?

KING  
And well remembered. Thank his Majesty.  
Here, see it given to Horatio.

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

Crying out. Behind him, the GHOSTS and REVENGE are seen,  
coming down the hill.

HIERONIMO  
Justice! O justice! Justice, gentle King!

KING  
Who's that? Hieronimo?  
(distracted by CASTILE's shot)  
Nice swing!

HIERONIMO  
Justice, o justice! O my son, my son,  
My son - whom naught can ransom, or redeem.

LORENZO  
(hissing at him)  
Hieronimo, you are not well advised.

HIERONIMO  
Away, Lorenzo! Hinder me no more,  
For you have made me bankrupt of my bliss.  
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.

He grabs LORENZO's golf club and starts hacking at the earth.

HIERONIMO  
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth  
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds!  
I'll here surrender up my Marshalship  
And I'll go marshall up the fiends in hell  
To be avengéd on you all, for this!

The KING is appalled at the desecration of his Golf Course.

KING  
What means this outrage?  
Will none of you restrain his fury?

TWO SECURITY MEN restrain HIERONIMO. The Royal Party return  
to their carts.

HIERONIMO

Nay, soft and fair! You shall not need to strive.  
 (as the Golf Carts take off)  
 Needs must he go that the devils drive.

ABOARD THE KING'S CART - LORENZO is driving it.

KING

What accident hath happened to Hieronimo?  
 I have not seen him, to demean him so.

LORENZO

My gracious Lord, he's full of extreme pride,  
 And covetous of having to himself  
 The ransom of the young Prince Balthazar.

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR

Running after them, jumping aboard the AMBASSADOR's cart.

LORENZO

Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

KING

Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for it.

They stop at the green, pull out their putters.

KING

This is the love that fathers bear their sons.  
 (to CASTILE)  
 But gentle brother, go give him this gold.  
 The Prince's ransom, let him have his due.

CASTILE takes the money, looks back towards HIERONIMO, raving  
 at the GUARDS. He shakes his head, uneasily.

LORENZO

But since he is thus haplessly distract,  
 'Tis requisite his office be resigned,  
 And given to one of more discretion.

KING

We should increase his melancholy so.  
 'Tis best that we think further on it first.  
 (he claps the AMBASSADOR on the shoulder)  
 And now let us prefix a certain time  
 Wherein the marriage may be solemnised  
 Twixt Balthazar and Bel-Imperia.

AMBASSADOR

Therein your Highness highly shall content  
His Majesty, the King of Portugal.

ANGLE ON CASTILE

Watching, concerned, as HIERONIMO breaks free of the GUARDS and runs off across the Golf Course.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

Eyeing his dad nervously.

45. ANOTHER PART OF THE GOLF COURSE EXT DAY

A wind is blowing up.

TWO PAPARAZZI cross the links, following the tracks of the golf carts and the royal litter. They are laden down with cameras and camera bags. They hail HIERONIMO.

PAPARAZZO

By your leave, sir.

HIERONIMO

Good leave have you.

PAPARAZZA

Pray you, which way went my Lord the Duke?

HIERONIMO

The next way from me.

PAPARAZZA

You could not tell us if his son were with him?

HIERONIMO

Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

PAPARAZZO

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO

O, forbear!

If you desire to know the way to him,  
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt:  
There is a path upon your left-hand side,  
That leadeth from a guilty conscience (CONT.)

HIERONIMO (CONT.)

Unto a forest of distrust and fear,  
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass.  
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts  
Which will conduct you to Despair and Death.

PAPARAZZA takes HIERONIMO's picture.

PAPARAZZO warns his colleague not to waste her film.

HIERONIMO

Not far from thence, where murderers have built  
A habitation for their curséd souls,  
There, in a brazen cauldron, on a sulphur flame,  
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him  
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

PAPARAZZO

Ha, ha, ha!

HIERONIMO

Ha, ha, ha!  
Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha!

PAPARAZZA

Doubtless this man is passing lunatic...

They shiver nervously. An ICY WIND blows over them.  
They walk on, shaking, surrounded by GHOSTS they do not see.

46. HIERONIMO'S HOUSE EXT NIGHT

By the light of the moon, the house, the gardens and  
HIERONIMO's bower. Lights glow on the upper floors of the  
modest building.

HIERONIMO enters the garden.

HIERONIMO

I pry through every crevice of each wall,  
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,  
Beat at the bushes, stamp our mother earth,  
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio!

As he speaks, HORATIO'S GHOST appears, and tries to speak to  
him. It fails. It disappears.

HIERONIMO falls down, weeping. The garden gate creaks.

HIERONIMO

How now, who's there? Spirits? Spirits?

ANGLE ON HIS SERVANTS, JACQUES AND PEDRO

Running up, with torches.

PEDRO

We are your servants that attend you, sir.

ANGLE ON ISABELLA

Hurrying to HIERONIMO's side. He tries to wipe his eyes, to hide from her that he has been crying.

ISABELLA

Dear Hieronimo, come indoors.

O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

HIERONIMO

Indeed, Isabella. We do nothing here.

I do not cry, ask Pedro, and ask Jacques.

Not I indeed. We are very merry, very merry.

He hurries into the house.

ISABELLA indicates the SERVANTS should go after him. She remains in the bower.

HORATIO'S GHOST appears.

ISABELLA

How, be merry here? Be merry here?

Is not this the place, and this the very tree

Where my Horatio hied, where he was murdered.

Again, HORATIO'S GHOST tries to attract the attention of the living. And fails. ISABELLA goes to the trellis.

ISABELLA

This was the tree. I set it of a kernel,

And when our hot Spain could not let it grow

But that the infant and humane sap

Began to wither, duly, twice a morning

Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water.

At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore.

She studies the tree which overgrows the trellis, from which HORATIO was hanged.

ISABELLA

Till at length it grew a gallows,  
and did bear our son.  
It bore thy fruit and mine;  
O, wicked, wicked plant!

She breaks down.

47. HIERONIMO'S STUDY INT NIGHT

A loud pounding at the door. HIERONIMO is seated at his desk, looking at his accounting books. The books cover many years spent in the KING's service - every entry attentively filled out by HIERONIMO's scrupulous hand.

HIERONIMO

See who knocked there!

No answer from PEDRO or JACQUES. HIERONIMO gets up and goes into the big --

48. MAIN ROOM INT NIGHT

-- and opens the front door.

REVENGE looms in the doorway.

HIERONIMO squints.

REVENGE disappears.

Puzzled, HIERONIMO closes the door. He turns and sees --

-- the PAINTER [played by the actor who plays REVENGE] seated at his easel and canvas, on a stool in the middle of the room.

The subject of his painting is not yet seen.

HIERONIMO

A painter, sir? Cans't paint some comfort?

PAINTER

God bless you, sir.

HIERONIMO goes to his sideboard and gets a bottle of port and some glasses.

HIERONIMO

What would's't thou have, good fellow?

PAINTER

Justice, sir.

HIERONIMO stops in mid-pour.

HIERONIMO

O ambitious beggar, wouldst't thou have that  
That lives not in the world?  
Why, all the undelved minds cannot buy  
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.  
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice  
in his hands,  
And there is none, but what comes from him.

PAINTER

Oh, then I see that God must right me for  
my murdered son.

HIERONIMO

(goes to him)

How? Was thy son murdered?

PAINTER

Ay, sir. No man did hold a son so dear.

HIERONIMO

What, not as thine? That's a lie  
As massie as the earth. I had a son  
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh  
A thousand of thy sons! And he was murdered.

PAINTER

Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

HIERONIMO

Nor I, nor I. But this same one of mine,  
Was worth a legion... but all is one.

He pulls up a bench, sits down, as the PAINTER paints.  
For all he knows, he's sitting for his portrait.

HIERONIMO

Come, let's talk wisely now.  
Was thy son murdered?

PAINTER

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO

So was mine.

How do'st take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?  
Are there no tricks that come before thine eyes?

PAINTER

O, Lord, yes sir.

HIERONIMO

Art a painter? Can'st paint me a tear, or a wound?  
A groan, or a sigh?

He points through the window to bower, with the TREE above the trellis.

HIERONIMO

Cans't paint me such a tree as this?

PAINTER

Very well, sir.

HIERONIMO

Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir, would I  
have you paint me this tree, this very tree.  
Cans't paint a doleful cry?

PAINTER

Seemingly, sir.

HIERONIMO

Nay, it should cry... but all is one.  
Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and  
through with villains' swords, hanging upon  
this tree...  
Cans't thou draw a murderer?

PAINTER

I'll warrant you, sir, I have the pattern of  
the most notorious villains that ever lived  
in all Spain.

HEIRONIMO

O let them be worse. Worse. Stretch thine art.  
Bring me forth in my shirt, with a torch in my  
hand, and with these words: "What noise is this?  
Who calls Hieronimo?" May it be done?

PAINTER

Yes, sir.

HIERONIMO

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark,  
 the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells  
 tolling, the owl shrieking, the toads croaking,  
 the minutes jeering, and the clock striking twelve.  
 And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man  
 hanging.  
 And tottering, and tottering, as you know the  
 wind will weave a man, and I with a pair of shears  
 to cut him down...

CLOSE UP ON HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO

... and looking upon him by the advantage of  
 my torch, find to be my son, Horatio.

ANGLE ON THE PAINTING

As the PAINTER turns the easel to show HIERONIMO his work.

It is a portrait of LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and their dead  
 ACCOMPLICES, murdering HORATIO.

PAINTER

And is this the end?

HIERONIMO

O no, there is no end. The end is death  
 and madness.

HIERONIMO reaches for his sword, which hangs beside the door.  
 He turns back, sword drawn, to slash the painting --

-- but there is no painting, and no PAINTER.

He slashes at the air.

49. MAGISTRATES' COURT INT DAY

HIERONIMO, heavy-eyed from lack of sleep, doggedly pursues his  
 official duties as chief magistrate. He surveys the courtroom  
 and a massive amount of official documents which he must read  
 and sign.

Stretching away from him is a long line of PETITIONERS.

HIERONIMO

Come near, you men that thus importune me.

HIERONIMO (CONT.)

Now must I bear a face of gravity.  
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

CITIZEN 2

Sir, an action!

CITIZEN 1

Mine, of debt!

HIERONIMO

Give place.

CITIZEN 2

No, sir! Mine is an action of the case!

CITIZEN 3

Mine an Ejection Firma by a Lease!

They thrust their papers at HIERONIMO for signature.  
He notices an OLD MAN with mournful eyes and hands raised  
heavenward. [This OLD MAN, too, is played by REVENGE.]

HIERONIMO

Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

The OLD MAN hands him a paper. HIERONIMO reads it.

HIERONIMO

What's here? The humble supplication  
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son?

The OLD MAN nods.

HIERONIMO

No, sir. It was my murdered son. My son,  
O my son, o my son Horatio...  
But mine or thine, Bazulto, be content.  
Here, take my handkerchief, and wipe your eyes.

He pulls loose the BLOOD-SOAKED SCARF of HORATIO and ANDREA.

HIERONIMO

O, no! Not this! Horatio, this was thine!  
And, when I dyed it in thy dearest blood  
This was a token twixt thy soul and me  
That of thy death, revengéd I should be.  
Revenge on them that murderéd my son!  
Then will I rent and tear them! Thus and thus!  
Shivering their limbs in pieces, with my teeth!

HIERONIMO tears the papers apart with his teeth.

CONSTERNATION in the court room.

CITIZEN 1  
O sir, my declaration!

CITIZEN 2  
Save my bond!

HIERONIMO flees into the cloakroom. Behind him --

CITIZEN 3  
Alas, my lease! It cost me ten pound!  
And you, my lord, have torn the same...

50. MAGISTRATES' CLOAKROOM INT DAY

HIERONIMO pulls off his cloak.

The occupants of the court flee as HIERONIMO overturns the statue of JUSTICE and the plinths of great JURISTS.

He turns and the silent OLD MAN is there.

HIERONIMO  
Now I know thee.  
Thou art the lively image of my grief,  
Within thy face my sorrows I may see.  
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,  
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips  
Murmur sad words, abruptly broken off.  
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,  
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son.  
(pause;heavily)  
And self same sorrow feel I for my son.

HIERONIMO yanks off his CHAIN OF OFFICE. He turns to exit, throwing it aside as he goes.

51. GUEST ROOM, CASTILE'S PALACE INT DAY

BEL-IMPERIA'S MAID is draping a necklace around BEL-IMPERIA's neck. BEL-IMPERIA stands, a determined expression on her face. She wears full finery, as if about to attend a lavish function.

The DOOR opens, to reveal LORENZO, dressed in military regalia.

He hesitates, uncertain of his sister's mood.

She gives him an ironic smile, as if to say she'll go along with his game. Relieved, he enters, kisses her cheek.

The PAGE peers around the door, holding a GUN - clearly put there by his master in case things had gone the other way.

LORENZO motions to him to put the GUN away, and unctuously ushers BEL-IMPERIA out the door...

52. COURTYARD, CASTILE'S PALACE EXT DAY

BALTHAZAR, in military uniform, decorations and breastplate, awaits the arrival of BEL-IMPERIA. He holds a POSY.

LORENZO escorts her down the stairs to meet her suitor. BALTHAZAR thrusts the FLOWERS upon her. BEL-IMPERIA accepts them, gritting her teeth.

They sit down facing a CATWALK - surrounded by rows of chairs and tables. SERVANTS and SECURITY GUARDS usher other distinguished GUESTS to their places.

There is a BOUNCY CASTLE and a RAFFLE in progress.

ANGLE ON THE KING AND CASTILE

Smoking cigars, standing before a huge floral display of Spain and Portugal, as the VICEROY OF PORTUGAL and his entourage enter, followed by TV NEWS CREWS.

KING

And now to meet the Portuguese!  
For, as we now are, sometimes were these -  
Kings and commanders of the Western Indies!

His ENTOURAGE applauds his witticism.

KING

Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain.

CASTILE

And welcome, all his honourable train!

SERVANTS pass out mimosas. The KING hands round cigars.

VICEROY

Renowned King, I come to solemnize  
The marriage of thy beloved niece --

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Escorted to the scene by GUARDS. Teeth clenched in a smile.  
She waves to the applauding crowd, as BALTHAZAR joins her --  
the Golden Couple.

VICEROY

-- fair Bel-Imperia with my Balthazar!  
With thee, my son - since, whom I live to see,  
Take this my crown: I give it her and thee.

Even more applause. BALTHAZAR drags BEL-IMPERIA over.  
The VICEROY embraces them both.

VICEROY

Now, let me live a solitary life  
In ceaseless prayers.

KING

Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany thy friend.  
A place more private fits this princely mood.

VICEROY

Or here, or where your Highness thinks is good.

They all sit down to watch the FASHION SHOW.

LORENZO tries to join them, but is intercepted by his father,  
CASTILE.

CASTILE

Nay, stay, Lorenzo. Let me talk with you.  
See'st thou the entertainment of these Kings?

LORENZO

I do, my lord. And joy to see the same.

CASTILE

And knowest thou why this meeting is?

LORENZO

For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love.  
And to confirm their promised marriage.

CASTILE

She is thy sister.

LORENZO

Who, Bel-Imperia?

(with forced casualness)

Ay, my gracious lord.

And this is the day that I have longed so  
happily to see.

CASTILE

(meaningfully)

Thou wouldst be loathe that any fault of thine  
Should intercept her in her happiness?

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Gritting her teeth, watching the fashion show.

LORENZO

(sanctimoniously)

Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much!

CASTILE

Why, then, Lorenzo: listen to my words.

It is suspected, and reported, too,

That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo.

And in his suits towards his Majesty,

Still keep him back and seek to cross his suit.

LORENZO

That I... my lord?

CASTILE

I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,

When to my sorrow I have been ashamed

To answer for thee, though thou art my son.

Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love

And kindness that Hieronimo hath won

By his deserts within the Court of Spain?

LORENZO

Ay.

CASTILE

Seest thou not the King, my brother's care

On his behalf, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, should thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaim against thee to the King,

Oh what a scandal were't among these Kings

To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee!

LORENZO

Father, it lies not in Lorenzo's power  
To stop the vulgar liberal of their tongues -

CASTILE

Tell me! And look you tell me truly, too:  
Whence grows the ground of this report in Court?

LORENZO

Dad, no man lives that long contenteth all.

CASTILE

My self have seen thee busily keep back  
Him and his supplications from the King.

LORENZO

Because I pitied him in his distress.  
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,  
As free from malice to Hieronimo  
As to my soul, my lord.

CASTILE drums his fingers nervously. Loud music pounds.

CASTILE

Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee, then?

LORENZO

My gracious father, believe me so. He doth.  
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,  
Thinking upon the murder of his son.  
Alas, how easy is it for him to err.  
But for his satisfaction and the world's,  
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I  
Were reconciled, if he misconstrued me.

CASTILE beckons to SERVANTS.

CASTILE

Lorenzo, thou hast said it. It shall be so.  
Go, one of you, and call Hieronimo.

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA AND BALTHAZAR

He paws her as they watch the fashion show.

BALTHAZAR

Come, Bel-Imperia, Balthazar's content.  
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss.  
Since heaven has ordained thee to be mine,  
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks!

BEL-IMPERIA

My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,  
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

(rises)

I see my lord and father!

She hurries to CASTILE. BALTHAZAR stumbles after her.

CASTILE

Welcome, Balthazar! Welcome, brave Prince!  
And welcome, Bel-Imperia. How now, girl?  
Why comes't thou sadly to salute us thus?

BEL-IMPERIA does not answer, glares at LORENZO.

CASTILE

Content thyself, for I am satisfied!  
It is not now as when Andrea lived:  
We have forgotten and forgiven that.  
Now thou art gracéd with a happier love!

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

HIERONIMO

Where's the Duke?

SERVANT

Yonder.

He makes his way through the crowd, towards CASTILE.

CASTILE

But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo.  
Let's have a word with him.

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR share a glance. BEL-IMPERIA is much encouraged.

CASTILE

Welcome, Hieronimo!

He looks at LORENZO and the Prince.

LORENZO

Welcome, Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR

Welcome.

BEL-IMPERIA  
WELCOME!!

HIERONIMO  
My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

BEL-IMPERIA nods furiously.

CASTILE  
Hieronimo, the reason that I sent  
To speak with you, is this --

Uncomfortable, CASTILE doesn't know what to say.

A BLAST OF MUSIC from the sound system distracts him.

HIERONIMO  
What, so short?  
Then I'll be gone. I thank you for it.

CASTILE  
No, stay, Hieronimo! Go, call him, son.

LORENZO hurries after the departing HIERONIMO.

LORENZO  
(shouting above the music)  
Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you!

HIERONIMO  
(shouting back)  
With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you  
had done.

LORENZO  
(to himself)  
No, would he had.

CASTILE tries to take HIERONIMO aside.

CASTILE  
I hear you find yourself aggrieved, saying  
My son denies you access to the King.

HIERONIMO  
Why, is this not a miserable thing, my lord?

CASTILE  
(nervously)  
Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause (CONT.)

CASTILE (CONT.)

And would be loathe that one of your deserts  
Should once have reason to suspect my son,  
Considering how I think of you myself.

HIERONIMO doesn't know what to say. He looks at BEL-IMPERIA.  
She looks pointedly at the SECURITY GUARDS, shakes her head.

HIERONIMO

These be the scandalous reports of those  
That love not me, and hate my lord too much!  
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent  
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?  
My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

LORENZO

(relieved; eagerly)  
Hieronimo, I never gave you cause...

HIERONIMO

(through gritted teeth)  
My good lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE

There, then. Pause!

He beckons the PAPARAZZI over. Arranges the GROUP around his  
daughter and BALTHAZAR. All smile. Pictures are taken.

CASTILE

And for the satisfaction of the world  
Here before Prince Balthazar and me,  
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

CASTILE grabs HIERONIMO and LORENZO, drags them to the front,  
Makes them shake hands. More photos.

HIERONIMO

I'll be friends with you all --  
(to CASTILE)  
-- specially with you, my lovely lord.

BALTHAZAR

Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo!

LORENZO

And that I hope old grudges are forgot!

HIERONIMO

What else? It were a shame it should not be so.

SERVANTS pass champagne around. Toasts. Photos. Amid the general relief, no one notices HIERONIMO and BEL-IMPERIA exchange a significant look.

53. ABANDONED BUILDING INT DAY

REVENGE lies sleeping in a hammock, a smug expression on his face.

Faintly-visible GHOSTS stand around him, moaning. ANDREA, more visible, moans loudest of all.

ANDREA

Awake, Revenge! Cerberus, awake!  
(shakes him)  
Revenge, awake!

REVENGE

Awake, for why?

ANDREA

Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill-advised  
To sleep away what thou art warned to watch!

REVENGE

Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

ANDREA

Hieronimo with Lorenzo's joined in league  
And intercepts our passage to revenge!

REVENGE

Content thyself, Andrea. Though I sleep,  
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.  
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo  
Cannot forget his son, Horatio.  
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleeps awhile!

REVENGE bounds up, goes to the PUPPET TABLE where the PUPPET BATTLEFIELD was laid. He sweeps dead PUPPETS, carts and trees and tanks aside, and sets out the images of HIERONIMO, LORENZO, ISABELLA, BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, CASTILE, the AMBASSADOR, the KING.

REVENGE

(imitating ANDREA)

"Awake, Revenge. Reveal this mystery!"

He turns a single light on --

CLOSE ON THE PUPPETS

We see that they are all standing next to tiny boxes of DYNAMITE sticking out of the mud - they are in a MINEFIELD.  
ANGLE ON REVENGE

Backing away from the table, laying out a long FUSE.

ANDREA

Sufficeth me, thy meaning's understood.  
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers  
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.  
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

REVENGE

Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

REVENGE returns to the hammock, lights the FUSE.

54. COURTYARD EXT DAY

The Party and the Fashion Show and the toasting continue.

LORENZO and BALTHAZAR are having their pictures taken with the VICEROY and the KING. CASTILE is giving an interview.

HIERONIMO and BEL-IMPERIA are momentarily left alone in an arched, open corridor. She grabs his arm -

BEL-IMPERIA

Is this the love thou bearest Horatio  
Whom both my letters and thine own belief  
Assures they to be causeless slaughtered?

HIERONIMO looks around to make sure they are alone.  
BEL-IMPERIA rails at him.

BEL-IMPERIA

(indicating the party)  
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?  
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,  
For such ingratitude unto thy son!  
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,  
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths!  
And, though I bear it out for fashion's sake,  
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me --

HIERONIMO

Madam, 'tis true.  
 I found a letter written in your name,  
 And in that letter how Horatio died.  
 Pardon, O Pardon, Bel-Imperia,  
 My fear and care in not believing it.  
 And here I vow, if you but give consent,  
 I will ere long determine of their deaths,  
 Swear vengeance on those cursed murderers!

CAMERAS FLASH.

LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and a crowd of PAPARAZZI surround them.

HIERONIMO and BEL-IMPERIA smile and wave for the cameras.

LORENZO

Where is old Hieronimo, our Marshall?

BEL-IMPERIA

(under her breath, to HIERONIMO)  
 I'll join thee to revenge Horatio's death.

HIERONIMO

(same, to BEL-IMPERIA; waving)  
 Lady, the plot's already in my head.  
 (greet's BALTHAZAR and LORENZO)  
 Here they are!

BALTHAZAR

How now, Hieronimo? What, courting Bel-Imperia?

HIERONIMO

Ay, my lord.  
 She hath my heart; but you, my lord, hath hers.

LORENZO

Hieronimo, now, or never, we are to entreat  
 thy help.

HIERONIMO

My help? Why, my good lords, assure yourselves  
 of me.

LORENZO

(to PAPARAZZI)  
 He promised us, in honour of our guest,  
 To grace our banquet with some pompous jest!

BALTHAZAR

(to HIERONIMO)

To entertain my father with the like,  
Or any suchlike pleasing motion.  
Assure yourself it will content them well.

HIERONIMO

(with a glance at BEL-IMPERIA)

Is this all?

BALTHAZAR

Ay, this is all.

He beckons to them. LORENZO and BALTHAZAR, arm around BEL-IMPERIA, follow him through the door into his --

55. STEWARD'S OFFICE INT DAY

-- where many more accounting books and stores are housed. HIERONIMO leads them to his little desk, where a PAPER KNIFE lies. He eyes it.

Outside, through the window, the party continues.

HIERONIMO

When I was young I gave my mind  
And plied myself to fruitless poetry -

He glances at the knife. Is it sharp enough?

HIERONIMO

- which, though it profit the Professor naught,  
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

He rummages through his books.

HIERONIMO

When in Toledo, where I studied,  
It was my chance to write a Tragedy.  
So here, my Lords -

He hands LORENZO a book.

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Also eyeing the paper knife. BALTHAZAR clings to her.

HIERONIMO

- Which, long forgot, I found the other day.

LORENZO studies the book, over-interestedly.

BALTHAZAR goes to join him.

BEL-IMPERIA grabs the paper knife. Touches the blade.  
It is completely blunt. And BALTHAZAR is in his armour.  
HIERONIMO shakes his head.

HIERONIMO

Now would your lordships favour me so much  
As but to grace me with your acting in it?  
I mean each one of you to play a part,  
Assure you it will prove most passing strange  
And wondrous plausible to this assembly.

He points out the window at the frolicking crowd.

BALTHAZAR

What? Would you have us play a TRAGEDY?

HIERONIMO

Why, Nero thought it no disparagement.  
And kings, and emperors have tane delight  
To make experience of their wits in plays.

LORENZO

Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo.  
The Prince but asked a question.

BEL-IMPERIA looks around for another weapon. Picks up a PAPER-WEIGHT.

BALTHAZAR

Hieronimo, if you be in earnest,  
I'll be in it.

LORENZO

And I too.

HIERONIMO

Now, my good Lord, could you entreat  
Your sister Bel-Imperia to appear,  
For what's a play without a woman in it?

They turn toward her. BEL-IMPERIA pretends to admire the paper-weight. She puts it down again.

BEL-IMPERIA

Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo.  
For I must needs be employed in your play.  
You will but let us know the argument.

HIERONIMO

That shall I, roundly. The Chronicles of Spain  
Record this, written of a Knight of Rhodes --

56. REHEARSAL ROOM INT DAY

HIERONIMO directs the rehearsals of his PLAY.

ANGLE ON LORENZO

Who is playing the KNIGHT OF RHODES.

His BODYGUARDS ever present in the background.

HIERONIMO V/O

He was betrothed, and wedded, at the length  
To one Perseda, an Italian dame --

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Who plays PERSEDA.

HIERONIMO V/O

-- Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,  
Especially the soul of Soliman! --

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR

Slack-jawed, fish-faced, attended by his BODYGUARDS.  
HIERONIMO the director attempts to make him more animated.

HIERONIMO V/O

-- Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest,  
By sundry means sought Soliman to win  
Perseda's love - and could not gain the same.

BEL-IMPERIA and BALTHAZAR attempt to act this out, under  
HIERONIMO's direction and the gazes of their ENTOURAGES.

HIERONIMO V/O

He saw she was not otherwise to be won,  
Save by her husband's death, this Knight of Rhodes --

LORENZO strikes an attitude, on stage.

HIERONIMO V/O

Whom presently, by treachery, he slew!

BALTHAZAR pretends to slay LORENZO.

HIERONIMO V/O

She stirred, with an exceeding hate, therefore,  
As cause of this, slew Soliman --

BEL-IMPERIA pretends to get it wrong. Doesn't look at  
BALTHAZAR at all.

HIERONIMO V/O

Did stab herself. This is the Tragedy.

Into the REHEARSAL - LORENZO claps his hands.

LORENZO

O excellent!

HIERONIMO

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn  
For each of you to note your parts,  
And act it as occasions offered you.

HIERONIMO goes to BALTHAZAR, hands him a new script.

BEL-IMPERIA

(to BALTHAZAR)

You must provide a Turkish cape, a black  
moustachio, and a falcon!

LORENZO

(to BEL-IMPERIA)

And madam, you must attire yourself.

BALTHAZAR

Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

HIERONIMO

A comedy?

Fie! Comedies are fit for common wits!  
But to present a Kingly troupe, withall,  
Give me a stately, written tragedy  
Containing matter, and not common things.

LORENZO

And well it may! For I have seen the like  
In Paris, 'mongst the French tragedians.

HIERONIMO

In Paris? Very well remembered!  
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

BALTHAZAR

What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything.

HIERONIMO

Each one of us must act his part  
In unknown languages,  
That it may breed the more variety.

BEL-IMPERIA smothers her laughter.

HIERONIMO

As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,  
(to LORENZO)  
You in Italian, and, for because I know  
That Bel-Imperia hath practised the French,  
In courtly French shall all her phrases be!

BEL-IMPERIA

You mean to try my cunning, then, Hieronimo?

BALTHAZAR

But this will be a mere confusion,  
And hardly shall we all be understood.

BEL-IMPERIA

It must be so, for the conclusion  
Shall prove the invention, and all good.

HIERONIMO the director claps his hands.

They go back to declaiming their parts, in different languages.

57. HIERONIMO'S GARDEN EXT DUSK

ISABELLA pushes a wheelbarrow towards the bower.  
She wears her gardening gear, and rubber wellies.

ISABELLA

Tell me no more - O monstrous homicides!  
Since neither piety nor pity moves  
The King to justice or compassion,  
I will revenge myself upon this place,  
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.

She parks the wheelbarrow beside the trellis.  
Removes a hacksaw, an axe, various tools.

She pulls down the trellis, covered in roses.

ISABELLA

Down with these branches and these loathsome  
boughs  
Down with them, Isabella, rent them up!  
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.

She grabs her axe, and starts to hack at the base of the tree.

ISABELLA

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,  
a bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,  
No, not a herb within this garden plot,  
Accursed complot of my misery!  
Fruitless forever may this garden be,  
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever  
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.

With the hacksaw, she saws at the tree.

ISABELLA

An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs,  
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;  
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,  
And passers-by, for fear to be infect,  
Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell:  
"There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."

The tree falls.

ISABELLA feels no better.

ISABELLA

Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused  
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,  
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.  
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,  
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,  
And none but I bestir me - to no end.

She cuts down some smaller plants with the GARDENING SHEARS.  
Stares intently at the SHEARS.

ISABELLA

And as I curse this tree from further fruit,  
So shall my womb be curséd for his sake.  
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,  
The hapless breast that gave Horatio suck --

She stabs herself.

58. GARDEN PATH EXT DUSK

HIERONIMO comes walking up the path, beside the canal.  
He's laughing to himself.

HIERONIMO

"As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek.  
You in Italian..." Isabella!

Calling to his wife to share the joke, he pushes open the gate.

59. HIERONIMO'S GARDEN EXT DUSK

HIERONIMO finds ISABELLA dead, beside the felled tree in the bower.

He sits down beside her, puts his head in his hands.

60. STAGE DOOR EXT DAY

A TAXI pulls up outside the stage door of the Playhouse.

HIERONIMO gets out, clad in a stylish black polo-neck, and black pants. He pays the driver, starts to pull a large unwieldy duffle-bag out of the cab.

The PAGE, lounging outside smoking a cigarette, watches.

HIERONIMO waves a Euro at him. The PAGE assists HIERONIMO into the Theatre with the heavy bag.

61. BACKSTAGE INT DAY

The ACTORS are all making up as HIERONIMO and the PAGE carry the bag through.

HIERONIMO

Are you ready, Balthazar?  
Where's your beard?

BALTHAZAR shows his beard is half-on, half off.

HIERONIMO

Dispatch, for shame! Are you so long?

He pauses beside BEL-IMPERIA, who studies TWO KNIVES.  
She taps them against the table. It's clear that they are

NOT prop knives. HIERONIMO takes another knife from his pocket, shows her that it retracts.

He takes one of the real knives and puts it in a drawer. Replaces it with the stage knife.

He exits, carrying the bag.

BEL-IMPERIA immediately opens the drawer, and switches the knives again. She will only use the REAL.

LORENZO

Break a leg!

62. ON STAGE INTERIOR DAY

HIERONIMO tacks up a black crepe curtain at the back of the stage.

CASTILE comes in, smoking a cigar. He stands beneath a big "NO SMOKING" sign.

CASTILE

How now, Hieronimo! Where's your fellows  
That you take all this pain?

HIERONIMO

O sir, it is for the author's credit  
To look that all things may go well.  
But good my Lord --

He climbs down the ladder, gets a script from the prompt corner.

HIERONIMO

-- Let me entreat your Grace  
To give the King this copy of the play.  
This is the argument of what we show.

CASTILE

And are you in the play, Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO

I play the bashaw, who --

LORENZO leaps onto the stage, in full costume and make-up. He prances about for his father's approval. CASTILE beams indulgently.

HIERONIMO  
 -- basely kills the noble Knight of Rhodes.

BALTHAZAR  
 Hieronimo!

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR

In the upper circle, lugging a big chair and a cushion.

HIERONIMO  
 Well done, Balthazar!  
 Put down the chair and cushion for the King!

BALTHAZAR positions the KING's chair in the middle of the upper balcony.

PAN DOWN TO THE AUDITORIUM

A number of seats are occupied by GHOSTS --  
 -- including ISABELLA.

63. PLAYHOUSE EXT NIGHT

LIMOS pull up and deposit DIGNITARIES, greeted on the red carpet by the PAPARAZZI and CASTILE.

ANGLE ON THE KING AND THE VICEROY

Pausing to be photographed.

KING  
 Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy  
 Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,  
 Performed of pleasure by your son, the Prince,  
 My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

VICEROY  
 Who? Bel-Imperia?

KING  
 Ay, and Hieronimo, our Marshall --  
 (introduces the VICEROY to HIERONIMO)  
 -- at whose request they deign to do't themselves.  
 These be our pastimes in the court of Spain!

HIERONIMO escorts the KING and VICEROY to the gallery stairs.

ANGLE ON THE PAGE

Selling programmes.

64. PLAYHOUSE INT NIGHT

The ROYALS and DIGNITARIES assemble in the upper circle. Due to BALTHAZAR's having moved the furniture, there is much discussion as to protocol. No one can sit down.

Before the ROYAL PARTY are seated, the lights go down.

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

The curtains open. Enter the PLAYERS. They start declaiming in their various languages. First BALTHAZAR, reciting his lines in Latin.

ANGLE ON THE KING

Sitting down in the first available seat. The VICEROY sits next to him, trying to read the script.

KING

See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son  
That represents the emperor Soliman.  
How well he acts his amorous passion!

VICEROY

Ay, Bel-Imperia hath taught him that.

CASTILE

That's because his mind runs all on Bel-Imperia.

A PAGE whispers in their ears. The KING is in the wrong seat - not the Throne that was prepared for him. They all get up again.

ON STAGE, LORENZO enters, declaims in Italian.

KING

Here comes Lorenzo! Look upon the plot,  
And tell me, brother, what part plays he!

ON THE BALCONY, CASTILE, studying the text, trips in the darkness as they change seats.

ON STAGE, BEL-IMPERIA welcomes BALTHAZAR's character, in French. HIERONIMO plots with BALTHAZAR, in Greek.

HIERONIMO approaches LORENZO, makes great obeisance to him, then STABS HIM.

UP CLOSE, we see the stabbing is real, as RED BLOOD flows. LORENZO struggles and tries to escape. HIERONIMO embraces him, pushes the knife further in.

ANGLE ON THE BALCONY

Where the ROYAL GUESTS, sitting down again, have missed the murder. They are drawn back to the action by BEL-IMPERIA's shrieks.

64G. ANGLE ON THE GHOST AUDIENCE, BELOW

Watching silently.

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR,

On stage, thinking that the play's going pretty well, striding up to BEL-IMPERIA to embrace her.

ANGLE ON BEL-IMPERIA

Beckoning to him, speaking in French.

ANGLE ON BALTHAZAR

Flattering her, in Latin.

She stabs him in the throat, above his breastplate.

He gives a satisfying scream, and death rattle, careens about the stage, falls over with a crash.

ANGLE ON THE ROYAL GALLERY

Much applause from the gallery at BALTHAZAR's performance.

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

Dropping LORENZO's corpse, looking over to BEL-IMPERIA.

HIERONIMO

No!

But too late. BEL-IMPERIA stabs herself with the other knife.

She falls. The curtain falls.

ANGLE ON THE GALLERY

Much applause.

The CURTAIN opens again. HIERONIMO stands among the corpses, cunningly arranged, before the black crepe curtain.

KING

Well said! Old Marshall, this was bravely done!

HIERONIMO

(looking sadly at BEL-IMPERIA's corpse)  
But Bel-Imperia played Perseda well.

The KING rises; everyone else does the same, keen to get down to the bar.

VICEROY

(looking around for his coat)  
Were this in earnest, Bel-Imperia,  
You would be better to my son than so!

KING

But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO

Marry, this follows:  
Here break we off our sundry languages,  
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.  
Haply you think - but bootless are your thoughts -  
That this is fabulously counterfeit.

He indicates the BODIES at his feet.

Excited laughter from above as the GUESTS head for the exits.

HIERONIMO

No, princes, know that I am Hieronimo!  
The hopeless father of a hapless son.

HIERONIMO pulls the black crepe screen down --

-- revealing HORATIO's decaying CORPSE, arranged as a pieta.  
Behind it, a high SCAFFOLD and dangling NOOSE.

ANGLE ON THE KING AND THE VICEROY

Talking about something else.

## ANGLE ON CASTILE

Lighting their cigars.

## HIERONIMO

See, here, my show. Look on this spectacle.  
 Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end.  
 Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain.  
 Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost.  
 Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft.  
 But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss  
 All fled, failed, died, yes, all decayed with this.

The GUESTS all leave the balcony. No one listens to him.

The GHOST of HORATIO appears on the stage, and attempts to comfort HIERONIMO. But, staring at the body, HIERONIMO is unaware.

ISABELLA'S GHOST appears there too, but cannot speak to him.

## HIERONIMO

They murdered me, that made these fatal marks.  
 The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate.  
 The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar.  
 The love: my son, to Bel-Imperia.

The KING and the VICEROY and CASTILE, with glasses of champagne to toast the ACTORS, enter the lower hall. They approach the stage.

## HIERONIMO

Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine,  
 If thou cans't weep upon thy Balthazar?  
 'Tis like I wailed for my Horatio  
 When merciless they butchered up my boy  
 In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.

## ANGLE ON THE VICEROY

Stepping up to see his son is really dead.

## HIERONIMO

(to CASTILE)

And you, my Lord, whose reconciléd son  
 Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,  
 And rated me for brainsick lunacy,  
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe?

## ANGLE ON CASTILE

Discovering his son and daughter are both dead.

Behind him, HIERONIMO mounts the scaffolding that is the only feature of the stage. Above the scaffold platform, a NOOSE hangs.

HIERONIMO

Poor Bel-Imperia missed her part in this.  
 For though the story says she should have died,  
 Yet I, of kindness and of care for her,  
 Did otherwise determine of her end.  
 But love of him whom they did hate too much  
 Did urge her resolution to be such.

ANGLE ON HIERONIMO

Standing atop his platform.

HIERONIMO

And, Princes, now behold Hieronimo,  
 Author and actor in this tragedy,  
 And, gentles, thus I end my play.  
 Urge no more words. I have no more to say.

He adjusts the NOOSE around his neck.

The KING, VICEROY, and GUARDS storm up the scaffolding to get him down.

64G. ANGLE ON THE GHOST AUDIENCE

Applauding.

ANGLE ON THE VICEROY

Struggling with HIERONIMO, pulling the rope from his neck.

KING

O, harken, Viceroy! Hold Hieronimo!  
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

The GUARDS and GUESTS and AUDIENCE come pouring in, aroused by the commotion. The VICEROY calls to them.

VICEROY

We are betrayed! My Balthazar is slain!

The VICEROY and GUARDS bring HIERONIMO down the stairs to the main stage.

KING

Speak, traitor, damned bloody murderer, speak!  
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.  
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

VICEROY

Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE

Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

HIERONIMO says nothing.

KING

Why doest thou mock us, slave? Bring tortures  
forth!

HIERONIMO

Do, do, do, and meantime, I'll torture you.  
You had a son, as I take it, and your son  
Should ha' been married to your daughter,  
was't not so?  
You had a son, too - he was my Liege's nephew.  
He was proud, and politic, and had he lived  
He might have come to wear the Crown of Spain,  
I think 'twas so. 'Twas I that killed him.  
Look you this same hand, 'twas it that stabbed  
His heart. D'you see this hand?  
For one Horatio - if you ever knew him -  
My guiltless son - was by Lorenzo slain,  
and by Lorenzo, and that Balthazar,  
Am I at last revengéd thoroughly  
Upon whose souls may heaven yet be revenged!

GUARDS arrive with torture instruments.

VICEROY

Be deaf, my senses! I can hear no more!

KING

Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

CASTILE

Speak! Who were thy confederates in this?

For HIERONIMO this is the last straw.

They have heard nothing he has said.

HIERONIMO

Now, to express the rupture of my part,  
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

He bites out his tongue, spits RED BLOOD everywhere.

All are aghast at the horrible sight.

Belated, TWO GUARDS grab him.

KING

See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue  
Rather than to reveal what we required.

CASTILE

Yet can he write.

KING

And if in this he satisfy us not,  
We will devise the extremest kind of death  
That ever was invented for a wretch!

They give him a pencil.

AMUBLANCE CREWS and PARAMEDICS arrive. EMERGENCY VEHICLE  
lights shine through the exits. Screams.

HIERONIMO breaks the tip off his pencil. He makes signs for a  
knife to sharpen it.

PAGE

O, he would have a knife to mend his pen!

The PAGE rushes beneath the legs of the GUARDS and hands  
HIERONIMO a PENKNIFE. The PAGE holds his hand out for a tip,  
but is ignored.

VICEROY

Advise him that he write the truth --

HIERONIMO stabs CASTILE with the penknife, then himself.

KING

Look to my brother!

CASTILE

Stop, Hieronimo...

CASTILE falls dead. HIERONIMO collapses atop his body.  
He dies.

KING

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?

64G. ANGLE ON THE GHOSTS

Mingling with the horrified LIVING, staring at the DEAD.

65. TOWER EXT DAY

ANDREA and REVENGE sits at a chess board in a glassed-in tower. Outside, below them, and on the patio around them, are MANY GHOSTS.

ANDREA

Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects  
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.

(as ANDREA recounts the murders,

REVENGE mops up ANDREA's chess pieces)

Horatio murdered in his father's bower,

Vile Serberine, by Pedringano slain,

False Pedringano hanged by quaint device,

Fair Isabella, by herself misdome,

Prince Balthazar, by Bel-Imperia stabbed,

The Duke of Castile and his wicked son

Both done to death by old Hieronimo.

Ay! These were spectacles to please my soul.

ANDREA'S GHOST is delighted, even though he has lost the game. Outside the glass, we see the GHOSTS of some of the above.

REVENGE

This hand shall hail them down to deepest hell

Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

ANDREA is aghast. This is more than he bargained for.

ANDREA

(protesting)

But sweet Revenge, do this at my request:

Let me be judge --

REVENGE, triumphant, shakes his head.

He stands up, drags ANDREA outside to watch as the GHOSTS move silently down the stairs...

## REVENGE

So haste we down to meet thy friends and foes...

## ANGLE ON THE LOWER LEVEL

A GIANT MAW OF HELL has opened, and all the GHOSTS march inexorably inside.

ANDREA would change the chain of events he put in motion. But now it is TOO LATE.

And HUNDREDS OF GHOSTS stream past him, down, into the OPEN MOUTH OF HELL...

## REVENGE

For here, though death hath end their misery,  
I'll there begin their endless tragedy...

## CRANE UP ABOVE THE CITY

To see THOUSANDS OF TRANSPARENT GHOSTS as they move, stately, in their DESCENT TO HELL...

THE END