

## Side 1: Claudius & Gertrude

<p>4.1: A room in the castle.            GERTRUDE discovered onstage, desperately trying to scrub the bloodstains out of the arras. CLAUDIUS enters stage left.</p>		
Bordering on hysteria	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
Takes her hands, checks her over gently to make sure none of the blood on the arras is hers. Sits her down on the bed. Genuine tenderness here.	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit, Behind the arras hearing something stir, Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!' And, in this brainish apprehension, kills The unseen good old man.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd? It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt, This mad young man: but so much was our love, We would not understand what was most fit; But, like the owner of a foul disease, To keep it from divulging, let it feed Even on the pith of Life. Where is he gone?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	To draw apart the body he hath kill'd: O'er whom his very madness, like some ore Among a mineral of metals base, Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	O Gertrude, come away! The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse. <u>Takes out his cell phone, hits the speed dial</u> Guildenstern! Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him: Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

## Side 2: Claudius & Laertes – Cut his throat i' the church

	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	If it be so, Laertes-- As how should it be so? how otherwise?-- Will you be ruled by me?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practise And call it accident.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	My lord, I will be ruled; The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	Why ask you this?
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake, To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?
Laertes' spiritual nadir.	<b>LAERTES</b>	To cut his throat i' the church.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; Revenge should have no bounds. Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home: We'll put on those shall praise your excellence And set a double varnish on your fame; bring you in fine together And wager on your heads: he, being remiss, Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, you may choose a sword unbated, and in a pass of practice requite him for your father.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	I will do't: And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, I'll touch my point with this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings: When in your motion you are hot and dry-- As make your bouts more violent to that end-- And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, Our purpose may hold there.

## Side 3: Laertes, Claudius & Gertrude – Give me my father

Entering in a murderous rage	<b>LAERTES</b>	I pray you, give me leave. O thou vile king, Give me my father!
Trying to interpose herself between CLAUDIUS and LAERTES	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Calmly, good Laertes.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard, Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.
Still impressively calm	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude. Speak, man.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	Where is my father?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	But not by him.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Let him demand his fill.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with: To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged Most thoroughly for my father.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Good Laertes, If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	None but his enemies.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Will you know them then?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensible in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pierce As day does to your eye.

## Side 4: Ophelia, Claudius & Gertrude – Mad scene

<p>Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA. Ophelia is pregnant and unkempt; no one has tried to bathe, change or minister to her in a long time. In truth, no one knows what to do with her. She has withdrawn into Hebeephrenia, and has few if any moments of lucidity. Her aspect tends to be melancholic and distracted rather than manic, but the melancholia is interspersed with brief episodes of socially unacceptable sexuality surfacing.</p>		
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	How now, Ophelia!
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	[Sings] How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Say you? nay, pray you, mark. Sings He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Nay, but, Ophelia,--
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Pray you, mark. Sings White his shroud as the mountain snow,--
Enter KING CLAUDIUS		
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Alas, look here, my lord.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	[Sings] Larded with sweet flowers Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	How do you, pretty lady?
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Conceit upon her father.
Here's a perfect place for all that pent-up sexuality to surface.	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:  Sings To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Pretty Ophelia!
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't: Sings By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; By cock, they are to blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed. So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	How long hath she been thus?

	<b>OPHELIA</b>	I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.
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## Side 5: Hamlet & Claudius

Aiming for calm	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	At supper. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.
Grabbing HAMLET by the collar	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Where is Polonius?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	In heaven; send hither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
To GUILDENSTERN	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Go seek him there.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	He will stay till ye come.
Coolly, back in control of his rage for the moment	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.
Cheerfully	<b>HAMLET</b>	Come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Thy loving father, Hamlet.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Kisses him on the mouth, Warner Bros. style Come, for England!
Exit HAMLET, led off by ROSENCRANTZ.		
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught-- thou mayst not coldly set Our sovereign process; which imports at full, By letters congruing to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me.

## Side 6: Hamlet & Gertrude

	<b>HAMLET</b>	Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down, And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	What have I done, that thou darrest wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty, Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows As false as dicers' oaths.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Ay me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Forces her to look at two miniatures, one of Claudius, one of the elder Hamlet.	<b>HAMLET</b>	Look here, upon this picture, and on this, The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man: This was your husband. Look you now, what follows: Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it love; for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment Would step from this to this? O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn And reason panders will.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	O Hamlet, speak no more: Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grained spots As will not leave their tinct.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty,--
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	O, speak to me no more; These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; No more, sweet Hamlet!
	<b>HAMLET</b>	A murderer and a villain; A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, And put it in his pocket!
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	No more!

	<b>HAMLET</b>	A king of shreds and patches,--  Hamlet reacts as if he were seeing the ghost of his father. This time, however, the ghost does not appear either to Gertrude or to us. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Alas, he's mad!
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Do you not come your tardy son to chide, That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by The important acting of your dread command? O, say! Listens for a moment and reacts to the guilt-summoned ghost in his mind, then turns back to his mother. How is't with you, lady?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Alas, how is't with you, That you do bend your eye on vacancy And with the incorporal air do hold discourse? O gentle son, Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares! His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable. Do not look upon me; Lest with this piteous action you convert My stern effects: then what I have to do Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	To whom do you speak this?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Do you see nothing there?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Nor did you nothing hear?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	No, nothing but ourselves.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he lived! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	This the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Ecstasy! Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place, Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.



## Side 7: Hamlet & Gravedigger

	HAMLET	Whose grave's this, sirrah?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Mine, sir. <u>Sings</u> O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.
	HAMLET	I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.
	GRAVEDIGGER	You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.
	HAMLET	'Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.
	GRAVEDIGGER	'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.
	HAMLET	What man dost thou dig it for?
	GRAVEDIGGER	For no man, sir.
	HAMLET	What woman, then?
	GRAVEDIGGER	For none, neither.
	HAMLET	Who is to be buried in't?
	GRAVEDIGGER	One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
	HAMLET	How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.
	HAMLET	How long is that since?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.
	HAMLET	Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.
	HAMLET	Why?
	GRAVEDIGGER	'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.
	HAMLET	Whose was it?
	GRAVEDIGGER	A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?
	HAMLET	Nay, I know not.
	GRAVEDIGGER	A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
	HAMLET	This?
	GRAVEDIGGER	E'en that.
	HAMLET	Let me see. <u>Takes the skull</u> Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

## Side 8: Hamlet & Marcellus

	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	I humbly thank you, sir.
	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,-- here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	I take him to be a soul of great article.
	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	What's his weapon?
	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	Rapier and dagger.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	That's two of his weapons: but, well.
	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and Laertes, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	How if I answer 'no'?
Coolly; he is no longer a friend to HAMLET.	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.
	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.
Bowing himself out	<b>MARCELLUS</b>	I commend my duty to your lordship.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	Yours, yours.

## Side 9: Hamlet & Ophelia – Get thee to a nunnery

Unable to meet his eyes	OPHELIA	Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?
Approaching her; the first 'well' is bitter. The second is pained. On the third, he pulls her to him and kisses her in a rush of anger, frustration and longing. She gives in to the kiss for a moment, then steels herself for the final break, pushes him away and turns away from him.	HAMLET	I humbly thank you; well, well, well.
She is adopting the course here that she knows will drive him entirely away, no longer willing to take part in this obscene experiment of her father's. But it needs to be clear to us that it hurts her like fire to say every damning word.	OPHELIA	My lord, I have remembrances of yours, That I have longed long to re-deliver; I pray you, now receive them.
Coldly, contemptuously	HAMLET	No, not I; I never gave you aught.
Shock, anger. The ultimate betrayal is a denial that it ever happened.	OPHELIA	My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed As made the things more rich: their perfume lost, Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. There, my lord.
	HAMLET	Ha, ha! are you honest?
	OPHELIA	My lord?
	HAMLET	Are you fair?
	OPHELIA	What means your lordship?
	HAMLET	That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
Recovering a bit of her old spirit	OPHELIA	Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
	HAMLET	Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
	OPHELIA	Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
	HAMLET	You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
	OPHELIA	I was the more deceived.

Her obvious hurt at that gentles him a bit. Kisses her on "Go thy ways to a nunnery", and the kiss gets deeper and hungrier until Ophelia remembers that her father is watching them, and breaks it off hastily. Hamlet sees the betrayal in her eyes, and asks, "Where's your father?"	<b>HAMLET</b>	Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	At home, my lord.
Furious at the lie	<b>HAMLET</b>	Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	O, help him, you sweet heavens!
	<b>HAMLET</b>	If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	O heavenly powers, restore him!
Fury driving him to increasing desperation and cruelty; he finally shoves her away from him on the last line.	<b>HAMLET</b>	I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.
Exit HAMLET, stage left		
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword; The expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mould of form, The observed of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

## Side 10: Hamlet, Rosencrantz & Guildenstern – Will you play upon this pipe?

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN		
	GUILDENSTERN	Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
	HAMLET	Sir, a whole history.
	GUILDENSTERN	The king, sir, is in his retirement marvelous distempered.
	HAMLET	With drink, sir?
	GUILDENSTERN	No, my lord, rather with choler.
	HAMLET	Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
	GUILDENSTERN	Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.
	HAMLET	I am tame, sir: pronounce.
	GUILDENSTERN	The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.
	HAMLET	Sir, I cannot make you a wholesome answer; (mock-sobbing) my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,--
A moment's pause while Guildenstern goes stubbornly silent; Rosencrantz picks up the thread	ROZENCRAINTZ	Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.
	HAMLET	O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.
	ROZENCRAINTZ	She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.
	HAMLET	We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?
	ROZENCRAINTZ	Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
	HAMLET	Sir, I lack advancement.
	ROZENCRAINTZ	How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?
Notices the PLAYERS, who've just finished breaking down the stage and are getting ready to start a jam session, and borrows a recorder from one of them.	HAMLET	O, the recorders! let me see one. Will you play upon this pipe?
	GUILDENSTERN	My lord, I cannot.
	HAMLET	I pray you.
	GUILDENSTERN	Believe me, I cannot. I know no touch of it, my lord.
	HAMLET	'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.
	GUILDENSTERN	But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

	<b>HAMLET</b>	<p>Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me. Leave me, friends.</p>
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## Side 11 – Laertes & Ophelia – Recks not his own rede

1.3. Outdoor lip. Enter LAERTES, with a suitcase, and OPHELIA		
	<b>LAERTES</b>	My necessaries are embark'd: farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	Do you doubt that?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour, Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.
Listening with half an ear as she picks a flower from the trellis	<b>OPHELIA</b>	No more but so?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	Think it no more; Perhaps he loves you now, but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends The safety and health of this whole state; And therefore must his choice be circumscribed Unto the voice and yielding of that body Whereof he is the head. Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, If with too credent ear you list his songs, Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open To his unmaster'd importunity. (Ophelia laughs and sticks her flower In his lapel; Laertes takes both her hands In his and tries to persuade her to listen) Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister, And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Teasing him, sticking her flower in his lapel on 'recks not his own rede'	<b>OPHELIA</b>	I shall the effect of this good lesson keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And recks not his own rede.

## Side 12: Polonius & Ophelia – Think yourself a baby

	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	What is't, Ophelia, be hath said to you?
Turns her attention back to the flowers pointedly; it's the closest thing to disrespect she can show	<b>OPHELIA</b>	So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
As affectionate as his relationship with Laertes is, his relationship with Ophelia is problematic. She's the wilder and less obedient of the two, and any lack of ability to control his daughter will reflect badly on Polonius' statecraft.	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	Marry, well bethought: 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late Given private time to you; and you yourself Have of your audience been most free and bounteous: If it be so, You do not understand yourself so clearly As it behoves my daughter and your honour. What is between you? give me up the truth.
Note of stubbornness here; she sees the fight coming and doesn't back down from it	<b>OPHELIA</b>	He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.
	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl, Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
A little too sweetly, as if to complete that sentence with 'but I'm sure you're going to tell me'.	<b>OPHELIA</b>	I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; (slaps her) That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or--not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus--you'll tender me a fool.
Snaps back gamely, furious	<b>OPHELIA</b>	My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.
	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
	<b>LORD POLONIUS</b>	Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: From this time Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence; For Lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young And with a larger tether may he walk Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows; This is for all: I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any moment leisure, As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet. Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
	<b>OPHELIA</b>	I shall obey, my lord.



## Side 13: Polonius & Ophelia – As I was sewing in my closet

2.1 - POLONIUS discovered onstage, working on a Norway PowerPoint presentation; OPHELIA enters stage left		
With an utter hysteria that suggests the roots of her later madness	OPHELIA	O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Irritated; Polonius has never had much time for Ophelia in the best of circumstances.	POLONIUS	With what, i' the name of God?
	OPHELIA	My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors,--he comes before me.
Cynically; we've had this discussion before...	POLONIUS	Mad for thy love?
	OPHELIA	My lord, I do not know; But truly, I do fear it.
Beginning to scent a potential opportunity instead of an inconvenience, but cautious, not allowing easy belief to take hold of him	POLONIUS	What said he?
	OPHELIA	He took me by the wrist and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, he raised a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being: that done, he lets me go: And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; For out o' doors he went without their helps, And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Huzzah! The easy path to power!	POLONIUS	Come, go with me: I will go seek the king. This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself And leads the will to desperate undertakings As oft as any passion under heaven. I am sorry. What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Fury; you're blaming your father for making that demand of you, and you're blaming yourself just as much, for not having found the will to defy him.	OPHELIA	No, my good lord, but, as you did command, I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.
	POLONIUS	That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy! Come, go we to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might Move more grief to hide than hate to utter love.

## Side 14: Hamlet, Rosencrantz & Guildenstern

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, stage left		
The boisterous, affectionate greeting of childhood friends.	GUILDENSTERN	My honoured lord!
	ROSENCRANTZ	My most dear lord!
Immediately recognizes the fact that either Claudius or Gertrude must have sent for them, but contains that reaction and plays along.	HAMLET	My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?
Breaks out the peace pipe and starts packing it; marijuana was the bored-rich-boy habit they all picked up around the age of fifteen or sixteen.	ROSENCRANTZ	As the indifferent children of the earth.
	GUILDENSTERN	Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
	HAMLET	Nor the soles of her shoe?
	ROSENCRANTZ	Neither, my lord.
	HAMLET	Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
	GUILDENSTERN	'Faith, her privates we.
	HAMLET	In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?
	ROSENCRANTZ	None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.
	HAMLET	Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
	GUILDENSTERN	Prison, my lord!
	HAMLET	Denmark's a prison.
	ROSENCRANTZ	Then is the world one.
	HAMLET	A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
	ROSENCRANTZ	We think not so, my lord.
	HAMLET	Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
A miscalculated attempt to ingratiate	ROSENCRANTZ	Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
More and more deeply disturbed to find the friends of your youth playing sycophantic courtiers.	HAMLET	O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?
An infinitesimal pause, an attempt to be casual that doesn't quite wash	ROSENCRANTZ	To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.
	HAMLET	Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.
	GUILDENSTERN	What should we say, my lord?
	HAMLET	Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

	<b>ROSENCRANTZ</b>	To what end, my lord?
	<b>HAMLET</b>	That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?
After a long look at Rosencrantz	<b>GUILDENSTERN</b>	My lord, we were sent for.
	<b>HAMLET</b>	I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery. I have of late--but wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.