

Hamlet

Dramatis Personae

Hamlet
 Claudius
 Gertrude
 Polonius
 Laertes
 Ophelia
 Horatio
 Marcella
 Rosencrantz
 Guildenstern
 Ghost
 Player King
 Player Queen
 Player Murderer
 Fortinbras
 First Gravedigger
 Second Gravedigger

Notes	Character	Dialogue
Entire ENSEMBLE discovered onstage. The timing of this introduction is going to have to be worked with great care; it should flow as if a single voice were speaking.		
	LAERTES	For everyone whose bitterness of soul has ever made him careless of consequences.
	ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN	For everyone who ever felt vanishingly small in an infinitely vast universe.
	INGENUUE	For everyone who has ever used cruelty as a salve for his own pain.
	OPHELIA	For everyone who has ever taken a gift of love and treated it carelessly.
	GHOST	For everyone who has ever felt betrayed.
	CLAUDIUS	For everyone who hungers, wanting the seeds of greatness to take root in him,
	POLONIUS	for everyone who has ever felt the breathless cast of possible/impossible ambition,
	POLONIUS, GERTRUDE & PLAYER KING	like a thin flame running under the skin;
	ALL	for all those more nameless, shapeless and inchoate forms of wanting.
	FORTINBRAS	Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others;
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection;
	PLAYER QUEEN	whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it;
	ALL	whoever has known the pangs of despised love;
	MARCELLA	he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady;
	HORATIO	who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered;
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought,
	PLAYERS	and who goes to play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock-representation of them -
	ALL	-this is the true Hamlet.
	PLAYER KING	William Hazlitt, 1817.
BLACKOUT, Exeunt.		

1.2. A room of state in the castle. KING CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, OPHELIA, Lords, and Attendants. Upstage center, an enormous banner of the elder Hamlet that will be replaced with a banner of Claudius.		
For Claudius, think 'Bill Clinton'. On the surface, he's smooth, polished, charismatic with just the faintest edge of sleaze. A media darling, jealous of his popularity and concerned with anyone and anything that might threaten it. Special emphasis on "Nor have we herein barr'd your better wisdoms, which have freely gone with this affair along;" the line is always cut, and I have NO idea why, because it's arguably the most important line in that speech.	KING CLAUDIUS	<p>Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, (banner of King Hamlet is taken down ceremoniously; banner of Claudius replaces it)</p> <p>The imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,-- With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole,-- Taken to wife: (Golf clap)</p> <p>nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Collegued with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother. (Tears the dispatch and tosses it away carelessly) So much for him. (Golf clap)</p> <p>And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? what wouldst thou beg, That shall not be my <i>offer</i>, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?</p>
Laertes, on the other hand, has both the power and the disadvantage of his excessive honesty. Claudius corrupts Laertes by prying him away from his own essence, and before the end, Hamlet manages to reacquaint him with it.	LAERTES	<p>My dread lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France.</p>
	KING CLAUDIUS	Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
This is a rare opportunity for genuine affection from Polonius; use it well.	LORD POLONIUS	<p>He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave By laboursome petition, and at last Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: I do beseech you, give him leave to go.</p>
	KING CLAUDIUS	<p>Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will! But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,--</p>
	HAMLET	[Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.
	KING CLAUDIUS	How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Edged double meaning: Claudius is perceptive enough to note it; Gertrude is not.	HAMLET	Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

	GERTRUDE	Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not for ever with thy veiled lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust: Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity.
The sex-tinged animosity is evident from the first.	HAMLET	Ay, madam, it is common.
	GERTRUDE	If it be, why seems it so particular with thee?
	HAMLET	Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.' 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief, That can denote me truly: these indeed seem, For they are actions that a man might play: But I have that within which passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
Notes here of tension between Claudius and Hamlet; Claudius plays this one very deliberately and very skillfully to the crowd, succeeding in treating Hamlet like a child. Visibly aim this one at the peanut gallery.	KING CLAUDIUS	'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father: But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some term To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief; It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, A heart unfortified, a mind impatient, An understanding simple and unschool'd: We pray you, throw to earth This unprevailing woe, and think of us As of a father: for let the world take note, You are the most immediate to our throne; (takes his hand and raises it with a 'champ' wave, playing to the crowd; golf clap) And with no less nobility of love Than that which dearest father bears his son, Do I impart toward you. For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg, It is most retrograde to our desire: And we beseech you, bend you to remain Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
	GERTRUDE	Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Another veiled insult that Gertrude misses but Claudius picks up on and chooses to let slide.	HAMLET	I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
	KING CLAUDIUS	Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come; This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart: Come away.
Exeunt all but HAMLET		

Takes up the banner of his father from the ground, where it's been carelessly discarded.	HAMLET	<p>O, that this too too solid flesh would melt Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two: (compares the banner in his hands to the one on the wall) So excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother That he might not beteem the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on: and yet, within a month-- Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!-- A little month, or ere those shoes were old With which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she-- O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, Would have mourn'd longer--married with my uncle, My father's brother, but no more like my father Than I to Hercules: within a month: Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, She married. O, most wicked speed, to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not nor it cannot come to good: But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.</p>
Enter HORATIO, with MARCELLA.		
Of this, we need to make a deep and believable longtime friendship. Horatio has been in unrequited love with Hamlet for so long he's forgotten how to breathe without the feeling. So long the feeling's passed through painful and come to a sort of joy.	HORATIO	Hail to your lordship!
I honestly don't know whether Hamlet sees Horatio's love as such or not. I think he does, and manages to be his best friend in spite of the imbalance.	HAMLET	I am glad to see you well: Horatio,--or I do forget myself.
	HORATIO	The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
	HAMLET	Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you: And what make you from Wittenberg?
	HORATIO	A truant disposition, good my lord.
Hit that last line with all the bitter irony it warrants.	HAMLET	I would not hear your enemy say so, Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report Against yourself: I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
	HORATIO	My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
	HAMLET	I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
	HORATIO	Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

A good place for the mask of brittle cheer to slip	HAMLET	Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! My father!--methinks I see my father.
	HORATIO	Where, my lord?
	HAMLET	In my mind's eye, Horatio.
	HORATIO	I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
	HAMLET	He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.
	HORATIO	My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
	HAMLET	Saw? Who?
	HORATIO	My lord, the king your father.
	HAMLET	The king my father!
	HORATIO	Season your admiration for awhile With an attent ear, till I may deliver, Upon the witness of this lady, This marvel to you.
	HAMLET	For God's love, let me hear.
	HORATIO	Two nights together had this lady, Marcella, on her watch, In the dead vast and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father Appears before her, thrice he walk'd By her oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, whilst Marcella, distilled Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stands dumb and speaks not to him. This to me In dreadful secrecy impart she did; And I with her the third night kept the watch; Where, as she had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good, The apparition comes: I knew your father; These hands are not more like.
	HAMLET	But where was this?
	MARCELLA	My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
	HAMLET	Did you not speak to it?
	HORATIO	My lord, I did; But answer made it none: yet once methought It lifted up its head and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak; But even then the morning cock crew loud, And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.
	HAMLET	'Tis very strange.
	MARCELLA	As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true; And we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.
	HAMLET	I would I had been there.
	HORATIO	It would have much amazed you.
	HAMLET	I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.
	MARCELLA	I warrant it will.
	HAMLET	If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue: I will requite your loves. So, fare you well: Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.
	MARCELLA	Our duty to your honour.
	HORATIO	God be with you.
	HAMLET	Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
Exeunt all but HAMLET		

	HAMLET	My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come! Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Exit Hamlet		
1.3. Outdoor lip. Enter LAERTES, with a suitcase, and OPHELIA		
	LAERTES	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.
	OPHELIA	Do you doubt that?
	LAERTES	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	OPHELIA	No more but so?
	LAERTES	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; 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.
Teasing him, sticking her flower in his lapel on 'recks not his own rede'	OPHELIA	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.
Takes the flower and puts it in her hair	LAERTES	O, fear me not. I stay too long: but here our father comes.
May do this as a PowerPoint presentation projected onto the arras.	POLONIUS	Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee! And these few precepts in thy memory See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!
	LAERTES	Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well What I have said to you.

Takes the flower out of her hair and gives it to him; he sticks it in his own hair, and she laughs as he clowns his way out the door.	OPHELIA	'Tis in my memory lock'd, And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Exit Laertes		
	LORD POLONIUS	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	OPHELIA	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.	LORD POLONIUS	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	OPHELIA	He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.
	LORD POLONIUS	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'.	OPHELIA	I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
	LORD POLONIUS	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	OPHELIA	My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.
	LORD POLONIUS	Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
	OPHELIA	And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
	LORD POLONIUS	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 scanter of your maiden presence; 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.
Bitterly, giving in at last	OPHELIA	I shall obey, my lord.
BLACKOUT		
1.4. The platform. Enter HAMLET, HORATIO and MARCELLA		
	HAMLET	The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
	HORATIO	It is a nipping and an eager air. It draws near the season Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
Enter a company of revelers with CLAUDIUS and GERTRUDE. HAMLET and his friends watch from the shadows as CLAUDIUS collapses on the throne, shares a drink and an almost obscenely passionate kiss with GERTRUDE, and leads the revelers off.		
	HORATIO	What does this mean?
	MARCELLA	The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse, Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels.
	HORATIO	Is it a custom?

	HAMLET	Ay, marry, is't: But a custom More honour'd in the breach than the observance. This heavy-headed revel east and west Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations: They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase Soil our addition; and indeed it takes From our achievements, though perform'd at height, The pith and marrow of our attribute.
Enter GHOST, in full armor		
	HORATIO	Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
My impression of their relationship is that it was a distant one, with little real affection. I have an image of a somewhat cold, demanding father Hamlet could never quite please. I also believe he never gave up trying.	HAMLET	Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou comest in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
GHOST reaches out a hand and beckons HAMLET to follow.		
	HORATIO	It beckons you to go away with it, As if it some impartment did desire To you alone.
	MARCELLA	Look, with what courteous action It waves you to a more removed ground: But do not go with it.
	HORATIO	No, by no means.
	HAMLET	It will not speak; then I will follow it.
	HORATIO	Do not, my lord.
The recklessness of the genuinely suicidal informs this entire scene.	HAMLET	Why, what should be the fear? I do not set my life in a pin's fee; And for my soul, what can it do to that? It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.
Desperately, placing himself between HAMLET and the GHOST His frustration builds as HAMLET ignores him; use this as an acting exercise to do whatever you have to to get his attention.	HORATIO	What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff That beetles o'er his base into the sea, And there assume some other horrible form, Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason And draw you into madness? think of it!
Over HORATIO's lines, intent on following the GHOST out	HAMLET	It waves me still. Go on; I'll follow thee.
Grabbing HAMLET from behind	MARCELLA	You shall not go, my lord.
	HAMLET	Hold off your hands.
	HORATIO	Be ruled; you shall not go.
Drawing his sword on them	HAMLET	Unhand me! By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.
GHOST and HAMLET exit through audience door		
	HORATIO	He waxes desperate with imagination. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
	MARCELLA	Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
	HORATIO	Have after. To what issue will this come?
	MARCELLA	Nay, let's follow him.
Exit audience door; HAMLET and GHOST enter stage left. GHOST sits on the throne.		
	GHOST	My hour is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.
	HAMLET	Alas, poor ghost!
	GHOST	Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.
	HAMLET	Speak; I am bound to hear.
	GHOST	So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
	HAMLET	What?

	GHOST	I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confined to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, But this eternal blazon must not be To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! If thou didst ever thy dear father love--
	HAMLET	O God!
	GHOST	Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
	HAMLET	Murder!
	GHOST	Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange and unnatural.
	HAMLET	Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift As meditation or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.
	GHOST	I find thee apt; Now, Hamlet, hear: 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown.
	HAMLET	O my prophetic soul! My uncle!
	GHOST	Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,-- won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage. But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air; Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once! The glow-worm shows the morning to be near, And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

	HAMLET	O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart; And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat In this distracted globe. O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tables,--meet it is I set it down, That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: (types a few words into his Sidekick) So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.' I have sworn 't.
	MARCELLA	[Within] Lord Hamlet,--
	HORATIO	[Within] Heaven secure him!
Softly, bitterly	HAMLET	So be it!
Entering stage left	MARCELLA	How is't, my noble lord?
Running over MARCELLA's line, entering behind him with BERNARDO	HORATIO	What news, my lord?
Snapping into the manic mode he'll adopt around others for much of the rest of the play; this is the first evidence of it.	HAMLET	O, wonderful!
	HORATIO	Good my lord, tell it.
	HAMLET	No; you'll reveal it.
	HORATIO	Not I, my lord, by heaven.
	MARCELLA	Nor I.
Mocking, here, wounded and sharp with pain and lashing out.	HAMLET	How say you, then; would heart of man once think it? But you'll be secret?
	ALL	Ay, by heaven, my lord.
	HAMLET	There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave.
	HORATIO	There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.
SFX: A lightning storm begins.	HAMLET	Why, right; you are i' the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: Look you, I'll go pray.
	HORATIO	These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
	HAMLET	I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, 'faith heartily.
	HORATIO	There's no offence, my lord.
	HAMLET	Yes, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too. Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars and soldiers, Give me one poor request.
	HORATIO	What is't, my lord?
	MARCELLA	We will.
	HAMLET	Never make known what you have seen to-night.
	ALL	My lord, we will not.
	HAMLET	Nay, but swear't. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
	GHOST	Swear.
	HAMLET	Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny? Come on--you hear this fellow in the cellarage-- Consent to swear.
	HORATIO	Propose the oath, my lord.
	HAMLET	Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.
	GHOST	Swear.

	HORATIO	O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
	HAMLET	And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come; never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, As I perchance hereafter shall think meet To put an antic disposition on, That you, at such times seeing me, never shall note That you know aught of me: this not to do, So grace and mercy at your most need help you, Swear.
	GHOST	Swear.
	HAMLET	Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
	ALL	We swear!
SFX: The storm ends as suddenly as it began, and the silence is deafening.		
	HAMLET	So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you: And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together.
Blackout, exit		
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, 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.
BLACKOUT		
2.2: The Throne Room. Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants		
	CLAUDIUS	Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! Moreover that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it, Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and havior, That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time: so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus, That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
	GUILDENSTERN	We both obey, And here give up ourselves, in the full bent To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded.
	CLAUDIUS	Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
	GERTRUDE	Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz: And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much changed son.
Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, stage right, enter POLONIUS and OPHELIA, stage left		
Triumphantly; this is his political moment in the sun	POLONIUS	The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, Are joyfully return'd.
	CLAUDIUS	Thou still hast been the father of good news. Say, Polonius, what from our brother Norway?
FX: The Norway PowerPoint presentation	POLONIUS	Most fair return of greetings and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack; But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: whereat grieved, That so his sickness, age and impotence Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys; Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine Makes vow before his uncle never more To give the assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack: With an entreaty, herein further shown, (Giving a paper) That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise.
	CLAUDIUS	It likes us well.

	POLONIUS	My good liege, I do think, or else this brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath used to do, that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
	CLAUDIUS	O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
	POLONIUS	My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste night, day and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief: your noble son is mad: Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad? But let that go.
Tensely; get on with it	GERTRUDE	More matter, with less art.
	POLONIUS	Madam, I swear I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art. Perpend. I have a daughter--have while she is mine-- Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. Reads 'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,'-- That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: Reads 'In her excellent white bosom, these, (pauses, looks shocked at the words on the page, glances up at Ophelia, who looks like she wants to crawl away and die of the shame) Et cetera.
	GERTRUDE	Came this from Hamlet to her?
	POLONIUS	Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. Reads 'Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love. This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me.
	CLAUDIUS	But how hath she Received his love?
	POLONIUS	What do you think of me?
	CLAUDIUS	As of a man faithful and honourable.
	POLONIUS	I would fain prove so. But what might you think, When I had seen this hot love on the wing-- what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had look'd upon this love with idle sight? No, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulsed--a short tale to make-- Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we mourn for.
Doubtful	CLAUDIUS	Do you think 'tis this?
Grasping at a wild straw of hope	GERTRUDE	It may be, very likely.
	CLAUDIUS	How may we try it further?

	POLONIUS	You know, sometimes he walks four hours together Here in the lobby.
	GERTRUDE	So he does indeed.
	POLONIUS	At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him: (To Claudius) Be you and I behind an arras then; Mark the encounter: if he love her not And be not from his reason fall'n thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters.
More skeptical than hopeful	CLAUDIUS	We will try it.
	GERTRUDE	But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Exeunt KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE and OPHELIA Enter HAMLET, reading Kierkegaard.		
	POLONIUS	What do you read, my lord?
	HAMLET	Words, words, words.
	POLONIUS	What is the <i>matter</i> , my lord?
	HAMLET	Between who?
	POLONIUS	I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
	HAMLET	Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.
	POLONIUS	[Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
	HAMLET	Into my grave.
	POLONIUS	Indeed, that is out o' the air. Aside How pregnant sometimes his replies are! I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.--My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.
	HAMLET	You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.
A little spooked, exiting stage right	POLONIUS	Fare you well, my lord.

The mask, as brittle as it was, collapses at last as he finds himself alone.	HAMLET	To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep; To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause: there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death, The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No traveller returns, puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pith and moment With this regard their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.
Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, stage left		
The boisterous, affectionate greeting of childhood friends.	GUILDENSTERN	My honoured lord!
	ROSENCRANTZ	My most dear lord!
Immediately resurrects the social mask	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? (R&G shake their heads in unison) Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? (Enthusiastic nods) 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.
	ROSENCRANTZ	To what end, my lord?
	HAMLET	That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?
After a long look at Rosencrantz	GUILDENSTERN	My lord, we were sent for.
	HAMLET	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 majestic 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.
	ROSENCRANTZ	My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
	HAMLET	Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?
Cheerfully; here's a bit of humor and fun, to get them all onto a better track.	ROSENCRANTZ	To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you!
Enter the PLAYERS through the audience door, led by POLONIUS, playing instruments, juggling, all sound and spectacle.		
Quietly, tensely, an emotional counterweight to the cheer of the players and his friends	HAMLET	Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.
	GUILDENSTERN	In what, my dear lord?
Handing it to them in code, which they are unfortunately not quite bright enough to parse	HAMLET	I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Triumphantly, one more chance for self-aggrandizement	POLONIUS	The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.
	HAMLET	Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.
	PLAYER KING	What speech, my lord?
	HAMLET	I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general: but it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see-- 'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd With heraldry more dismal; head to foot Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, That lend a tyrannous and damned light To their lord's murder: the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandsire Priam seeks.' So, proceed you.
	POLONIUS	'Fore God, my lord, well spoken.
	PLAYER KING	'Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide; But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium, Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword, Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick: So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing. But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still, The bold winds speechless and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause, Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.
	POLONIUS	This is too long.
	HAMLET	It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.
	PLAYER KING	'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen--'
	POLONIUS	That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

	PLAYER KING	'Run barefoot up and down, a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; But if the gods themselves did see her then When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs, The instant burst of clamour that she made, Unless things mortal move them not at all, Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven, And passion in the gods.'
	POLONIUS	Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.
	HAMLET	Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.
	POLONIUS	Come, sirs.
Exit POLONIUS with all the PLAYERS but the PLAYER KING		
	HAMLET	Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?
	PLAYER KING	Ay, my lord.
	HAMLET	We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?
	PLAYER KING	Ay, my lord.
Hamlet sees the political danger and malice of Polonius; I see this one as a legitimate warning, not a kind desire to see an old man gently treated.	HAMLET	Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.
Exit PLAYER KING		
To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, a manic and unconvincing cheer masking the fact that something's eating him alive	HAMLET	My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.
Bowing, taking this for the dismissal it is	ROSENCRANTZ	Good my lord!
	HAMLET	Ay, so, God be wi' ye.
Exit ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN		

	HAMLET	<p>O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, and all for nothing! For Hecuba! What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appal the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property and most dear life A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall To make oppression bitter, or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! O, vengeance! (throws a bench across the room, then laughs suddenly, bitterly, at the absurd picture he makes) Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, A scullion! Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard That guilty creatures sitting at a play Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions; I'll have these players Play something like the murder of my father Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench, I know my course. The spirit that I have seen May be the devil: and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps Out of my weakness and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds More relative than this: the play 's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.</p>
<p>3.2 – Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ATTENDANTS. One of the ATTENDANTS is putting cosmetics on OPHELIA, as if she were being readied for a scene, while another checks the lighting. OPHELIA looks thoroughly uncomfortable with the whole notion, but can't find it within her to refuse.</p>		
	CLAUDIUS	<p>Sweet Gertrude, leave us; For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, That he, as 'twere by accident, may here Affront Ophelia: Her father and myself, lawful espials, Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen, We may of their encounter frankly judge, And gather by him, as he is behav'd, If 't be the affliction of his love or no That thus he suffers for.</p>
	GERTRUDE	<p>I shall obey you. And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish That your good beauties be the happy cause Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues Will bring him to his wonted way again, To both your honours.</p>

Screaming inside, and unable to say anything but the polite, socially prescribed words expected of her	OPHELIA	Madam, I wish it may.
Exit QUEEN GERTRUDE		
	POLONIUS	(Like a director setting up a scene) Ophelia, walk you here. (Ushering Claudius towards the arras) Gracious, so please you, we will bestow ourselves. (And back to directing Ophelia) Read on this book; That show of such an exercise may colour Your loneliness. (Teasing) We are off to blame in this,-- 'Tis too much proved--that with devotion's visage And pious action we do sugar o'er The devil himself.
	CLAUDIUS	[Aside] O, 'tis too true! How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it Than is my deed to my most painted word: O heavy burthen!
	POLONIUS	I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
Exeunt KING CLAUDIUS and POLONIUS Enter HAMLET		
Bitter, mordant, the pain of her recent rejection very much in evidence.	HAMLET	Soft you now! The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remember'd.
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?"	HAMLET	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?
	OPHELIA	At home, my lord.
Furious at the lie	HAMLET	Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.
	OPHELIA	O, help him, you sweet heavens!
	HAMLET	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.
	OPHELIA	O heavenly powers, restore him!
Fury driving him to increasing desperation and cruelty; he finally shoves her away from him on the last line.	HAMLET	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		
	OPHELIA	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 unmatch'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!
Re-enter KING CLAUDIUS and POLONIUS. POLONIUS leaves OPHELIA sitting on the floor; his focus is all on CLAUDIUS.		

	CLAUDIUS	Love! his affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose Will be some danger: which for to prevent, I have in quick determination Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England, Haply the seas and countries different With variable objects shall expel This something-settled matter in his heart, What think you on't?
	POLONIUS	It shall do well. How now, Ophelia! You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; We heard it all. (Turns away from her; her political and personal usefulness are exhausted.) My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play Let his queen mother all alone entreat him To show his grief: let her be round with him; And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference. If she find him not, To England send him, or confine him where Your wisdom best shall think. (There we see the dangerous, ruthless political mind at work, the real driving force behind Claudius.)
	CLAUDIUS	It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
INTERMISSION		
3.2 – Lights up on HAMLET and PLAYERS. They're having an actors' bull session, complete with black coffee and cigarettes.		
	HAMLET	Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.
	PLAYER KING	I warrant your honour.
Teasingly	INGENUUE	Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special o'erstep not the modesty of nature.
Intently; we're now on her favorite subject	PLAYER QUEEN	For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.
	COMEDIENNE	Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.
Teasing the COMEDIENNE, who he's dating	PLAYER KING	O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.
The PLAYERS move to the thrust stage, preparing it for the play; HORATIO enters stage left.		
	HAMLET	What ho! Horatio!
	HORATIO	Here, sweet lord, at your service.
	HAMLET	Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.
	HORATIO	O, my dear lord,--

This is the point where Horatio comes nearest to telling Hamlet how he feels about him; it's the one moment where the feeling almost looks requited.	HAMLET	Nay, do not think I flatter; Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.--Something too much of this.-- There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.
	HORATIO	Well, my lord: If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
	HAMLET	They are coming to the play; I must be idle: Get you a place.
HORATIO moves to find himself a seat; CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROZENCRAFTZ, GUILDENSTERN, MARCELLA and the rest of the court file in.		
	CLAUDIUS	How fares our cousin Hamlet?
	HAMLET	Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.
	CLAUDIUS	I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.
There are people in the audience who laugh at this, but it's the uncomfortable laughter of people who don't know whether a joke has just been made or not.	HAMLET	No, nor mine now.
	GERTRUDE	Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Build A comic moment out of being drawn to Ophelia as if she were a magnet, playing to the peanut gallery. This one, they can all laugh at, because they're more sure of it, and Claudius' lack of reaction should be notable.	HAMLET	No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
	POLONIUS	[To KING CLAUDIUS] O, ho! do you mark that?
	HAMLET	Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
Coolly, still angry and wounded, and not in the mood to be the butt of his jokes	OPHELIA	No, my lord.
	HAMLET	I mean, my head upon your lap?
	OPHELIA	Ay, my lord.
	HAMLET	Do you think I meant country matters?
Coldly	OPHELIA	You are merry, my lord.
	HAMLET	Who, I?
	OPHELIA	Ay, my lord.
	HAMLET	O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.
	OPHELIA	Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

	HAMLET	So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year.
Enter COMEDIENNE	COMEDIENNE	For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently.
Shouting it after the player	HAMLET	Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
A peace offering	OPHELIA	'Tis brief, my lord.
Rejected	HAMLET	As woman's love.
Enter PLAYER KING and PLAYER QUEEN	PLAYER KING	Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground, Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commutual in most sacred bands.
	PLAYER QUEEN	So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
	PLAYER KING	'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou--
	PLAYER QUEEN	O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
	HAMLET	[Aside] Wormwood, wormwood.
	PLAYER QUEEN	The instances that second marriage move Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead, When second husband kisses me in bed.
	PLAYER KING	I do believe you think what now you speak; But what we do determine oft we break. So think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
	PLAYER QUEEN	Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! Sport and repose lock from me day and night! Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
	HAMLET	If she should break it now!
	PLAYER KING	'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile; My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep.
	PLAYER QUEEN	Sleep rock thy brain, And never come mischance between us twain!
PLAYER KING drifts off to sleep, PLAYER QUEEN exits.		
	HAMLET	Madam, how like you this play?
	GERTRUDE	The lady protests too much, methinks.
	HAMLET	O, but she'll keep her word.
	CLAUDIUS	Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
	HAMLET	No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
	CLAUDIUS	What do you call the play?
	HAMLET	The Mouse-trap. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
Enter PLAYER MURDERER. He sneaks up on the PLAYER KING, and makes exaggerated evil faces as he prepares to dispatch him.		
	HAMLET	This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Coldly, tired of being repeatedly wounded by him	OPHELIA	You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
	HAMLET	Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: 'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'
	PLAYER MURDERER	Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately. Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears
	HAMLET	He poisons him I' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
CLAUDIUS bolts out of his seat and makes his way to the audience door, exits.		
	OPHELIA	The king rises.
	HAMLET	What, frighted with false fire!
	GERTRUDE	How fares my lord?
	POLONIUS	Give o'er the play.
	CLAUDIUS	Give me some light: away!
Hamlet cries along with them, mocking them	ALL	Lights, lights, lights!
Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO		
	HAMLET	Why, let the stricken deer go weep! Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
	HORATIO	Half a share.
This is all the laughter of nervous energy; CLAUDIUS' reaction was both everything he hoped for and everything he most desperately feared. He now has no more excuses for hesitation; his course is clear.	HAMLET	A whole one, I. For thou dost know, O Damon dear, This realm dismantled was Of Jove himself; and now reigns here A very, very--pajock.
	HORATIO	You might have rhymed.
	HAMLET	O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
	HORATIO	Very well, my lord.
	HAMLET	Upon the talk of the poisoning?
	HORATIO	I did very well note him.
	HAMLET	Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders! For if the king like not the comedy, Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. Come, some music!
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?
	ROSENCRANTZ	No, my lord, rather with choler.
	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	ROZENCRA NTZ	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.
	ROZENCRA NTZ	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?
	ROZENCRA NTZ	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.
	ROZENCRA NTZ	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.
	HAMLET	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.
ROZENCRA NTZ & GUILDENSTERN exit stage left. HORATIO wants to stay, but a long look at HAMLET convinces him that HAMLET wants to be alone. He follows the others out.		
	HAMLET	'Tis now the very witching time of night, When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom: Let me be cruel, not unnatural: I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
Exit stage right.		
3.3: Enter KING CLAUDIUS, ROZENCRA NTZ, and GUILDENSTERN		
	KING CLAUDIUS	I like him not, nor stands it safe with us to let his madness range. Therefore prepare you; I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.
	GUILDENSTERN	We will ourselves provide: Most holy and religious fear it is To keep those many many bodies safe That live and feed upon your majesty.
	KING CLAUDIUS	Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; For we will fetters put upon this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.
	ROZENCRA NTZ	We will haste us.
Exeunt ROZENCRA NTZ and GUILDENSTERN Enter POLONIUS		

	POLONIUS	My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behind the arras I'll convey myself, To hear the process; and warrant she'll tax him home. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, and tell you what I know.
	CLAUDIUS	Thanks, dear my lord.
Exit POLONIUS		
	CLAUDIUS	O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, A brother's murder. Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will: My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; What if this cursed hand were thicker than itself with brother's blood, is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens to wash it white as snow? Then I'll look up; my fault is past. But, O, That cannot be; since I am still possess'd of those effects for which I did the murder, my crown, mine own ambition and my queen. May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? What then? what rests? Try what repentance can: what can it not? Yet what can it when one can not repent? Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel, be soft as sinews of the newborn babe! All may be well.
Enter HAMLET		
This is a little more than pure rationalization for cowardice and inaction; this is HAMLET's perfectionist streak kicking in. The vengeance has to match the crime; CLAUDIUS must be sent to the same hell HAMLET's father occupies.	HAMLET	Now might I do it pat, now he is praying; and now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven; and so am I revenged. That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send to heaven. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread; with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; and how his audit stands who knows save heaven? And am I then revenged, to take him in the purging of his soul, when he is fit and season'd for his passage? No! When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage, or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed; at gaming, swearing, or about some act that has no relish of salvation in't; then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven, and that his soul may be as damn'd and black as hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays: This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
	CLAUDIUS	[Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
3.4: The Queen's closet. Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE and POLONIUS		
Applying cosmetics to Gertrude, prepping her for her scene as if she were an actor and he a director.	POLONIUS	He will come straight. Look you lay home to him: Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here. Pray you, be round with him.
	GERTRUDE	I'll warrant you, Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
POLONIUS hides behind the arras		
	HAMLET	Now, mother, what's the matter?
	GERTRUDE	Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
	HAMLET	Mother, you have my father much offended.
	GERTRUDE	Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
	HAMLET	Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
	GERTRUDE	Why, how now, Hamlet!
	HAMLET	What's the matter now?
This is Gertrude at the absolute peak of her power to compel obedience. Make it so forceful and commanding that everyone in the audience instinctively wants to obey you.	GERTRUDE	Have you forgot me?
	HAMLET	No, by the rood, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; And--would it were not so!--you are my mother.
And this is where Gertrude makes a serious tactical error, shows weakness, and loses the game.	GERTRUDE	Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Forcing her down on the bed	HAMLET	Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; You go not till I set you up a glass Where you may see the inmost part of you.
	GERTRUDE	What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!
	POLONIUS	[Behind] What, ho! help, help, help!
	HAMLET	[Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
Hamlet stabs Polonius through the arras. SFX: blood pack bursts, stains the arras.		
	GERTRUDE	O me, what hast thou done?
	HAMLET	Nay, I know not: Is it the king?
	GERTRUDE	O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
	HAMLET	A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Gertrude's shock at this is genuine; I don't believe she had any knowledge of the murder.	GERTRUDE	As kill a king!
	HAMLET	Ay, lady, 'twas my word. Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better. Turns back to Gertrude and forces her down on the bed again 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.
	GERTRUDE	What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?
	HAMLET	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.
	GERTRUDE	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.	HAMLET	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; 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.
	GERTRUDE	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.
	HAMLET	Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty,--
	GERTRUDE	O, speak to me no more; These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; No more, sweet Hamlet!

	HAMLET	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!
	GERTRUDE	No more!
	HAMLET	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?
	GERTRUDE	Alas, he's mad!
	HAMLET	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?
	GERTRUDE	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?
	HAMLET	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.
	GERTRUDE	To whom do you speak this?
	HAMLET	Do you see nothing there?
	GERTRUDE	Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
	HAMLET	Nor did you nothing hear?
	GERTRUDE	No, nothing but ourselves.
	HAMLET	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!
	GERTRUDE	This the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.
	HAMLET	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.
	GERTRUDE	O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

This is the strongest example of the cross purposes at which they communicate, or fail to. Gertrude is looking for Hamlet to comfort her and put her back together, and he fails to answer that need here.	HAMLET	O, throw away the worser part of it, And live the purer with the other half. Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed; Assume a virtue, if you have it not. Refrain to-night, And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence: the next more easy; Once more, good night: And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, Turning to POLONIUS I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so, To punish me with this and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister. I will bestow him, and will answer well The death I gave him. So, again, good night. I must be cruel, only to be kind: Thus bad begins and worse remains behind. One word more, good lady.
The reversal of the child/parent role is interesting here.	GERTRUDE	What shall I do?
	HAMLET	Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; Or make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft.
	GERTRUDE	Be thou assured, if words be made of breath, And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.
She rests her forehead against his, and they lean there for a moment, two spent swimmers on an alien shore. BLACKOUT.		
4.1: A room in the castle. GERTRUDE discovered onstage, desperately trying to scrub the bloodstains out of the arras. CLAUDIUS enters stage left.		
Bordering on hysteria	GERTRUDE	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.	CLAUDIUS	What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
	GERTRUDE	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.
	CLAUDIUS	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?
	GERTRUDE	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.

	CLAUDIUS	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. Takes out his cell phone, hits the speed dial 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.
BLACKOUT.		
4.3: The throne room. Enter CLAUDIUS and MARCELLA .		
	CLAUDIUS	I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence.
Enter ROSENCRANTZ , GUILDENSTERN and ATTENDANTS , dragging in HAMLET .		
	ROSENCRANTZ	Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.
Aiming for calm	CLAUDIUS	Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
	HAMLET	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	CLAUDIUS	Where is Polonius?
	HAMLET	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	CLAUDIUS	Go seek him there.
	HAMLET	He will stay till ye come.
Exit GUILDENSTERN		
Coolly, back in control of his rage for the moment	CLAUDIUS	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	HAMLET	Come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.
	CLAUDIUS	Thy loving father, Hamlet.
	HAMLET	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 .		
	CLAUDIUS	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.
4.5: Elsinore. A room in the castle. Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE and HORATIO		
Frightened, haunted, guilty, pick one to three...	GERTRUDE	I will not speak with her.
	HORATIO	She is importunate, indeed distract: Her mood will needs be pitied.
	GERTRUDE	What would she have?

	HORATIO	She speaks much of her father; says she hears There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart; her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection; 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
	GERTRUDE	Let her come in.
Exit HORATIO		
	GERTRUDE	To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
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 Hebephrenia, 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.		
	OPHELIA	Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
	GERTRUDE	How now, Ophelia!
	OPHELIA	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.
	GERTRUDE	Nay, but, Ophelia,--
	OPHELIA	Pray you, mark. Sings White his shroud as the mountain snow,--
Enter KING CLAUDIUS		
	GERTRUDE	Alas, look here, my lord.
	OPHELIA	[Sings] Larded with sweet flowers Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.
	CLAUDIUS	How do you, pretty lady?
	OPHELIA	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!
	CLAUDIUS	Conceit upon her father.
Here's a perfect place for all that pent-up sexuality to surface.	OPHELIA	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.
	CLAUDIUS	Pretty Ophelia!
	OPHELIA	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.
	CLAUDIUS	How long hath she been thus?

	OPHELIA	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.
OPHELIA runs off, and HORATIO takes off in pursuit of her. If anyone has even <i>tried</i> to minister to her in the past few months, it would have been him.		
	CLAUDIUS	O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come, they come not single spies But in battalions.
SFX: gunfire		
	GERTRUDE	Alack, what noise is this?
Getting out the cell phone again	CLAUDIUS	Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
MARCELLA rushes in through the audience door		
	MARCELLA	Save yourself, my lord: The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord; They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king.'
	GERTRUDE	How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
Calm and levelheaded; steps in front of Gertrude to protect her as best he can.	CLAUDIUS	The doors are broke.
SFX: gunshot Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following		
Enraged	LAERTES	Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.
	ENSEMBLE	No, let's come in.
	LAERTES	I pray you, give me leave. Shouting them all down, then staring them all down. They leave without another word. O thou vile king, Give me my father!
Trying to interpose herself between CLAUDIUS and LAERTES	GERTRUDE	Calmly, good Laertes.
	LAERTES	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	CLAUDIUS	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.
	LAERTES	Where is my father?
Coolly	CLAUDIUS	Dead.
	GERTRUDE	But not by him.
	CLAUDIUS	Let him demand his fill.
	LAERTES	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. Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged Most thoroughly for my father.
	CLAUDIUS	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?
	LAERTES	None but his enemies.
	CLAUDIUS	Will you know them then?

	LAERTES	To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms.
	CLAUDIUS	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.
Re-enter OPHELIA, with HORATIO. She's managed to rip out much of her hair, and she holds it in her hand, now, playing with it.		
Laertes sees her and utterly dissolves; he realizes that he is now absolutely alone in the deepest possible sense.	LAERTES	O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight, Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
	OPHELIA	[Sings] They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear:-- Fare you well, my dove!
	LAERTES	Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, It could not move thus.
Playfully, an echo of their childhood	OPHELIA	You must sing a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. (Sobering, handing him locks of her hair) There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies. that's for thoughts. (Turns to Gertrude) There's fennel for you, and columbines: (Turns to Horatio) there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O you must wear your rue with a difference. (Loops some over his ear, a horrible parody of her teasing of her brother in the beginning of the play) (Turns to Claudius) There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,--
	LAERTES	Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.
	OPHELIA	[Sings] And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead: Go to thy death-bed: He never will come again. God ha' mercy on his soul! And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye.
OPHELIA wanders off, hand-in-hand with HORATIO		
	LAERTES	Do you see this, O God?
Scenting opportunity	CLAUDIUS	Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Hamlet, which hath your noble father slain, Pursued my life.
	LAERTES	It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

	CLAUDIUS	O, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd, But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother Lives almost by his looks; and for myself-- My virtue or my plague, be it either which-- She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, Convert his gyves to graces.
	LAERTES	And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections: but my revenge will come.
FX: AOL's "You've Got Mail" sign flashes on the arras, and an e-mail pops up: 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'		
	CLAUDIUS	What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
	LAERTES	I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didest thou.'
	CLAUDIUS	If it be so, Laertes-- As how should it be so? how otherwise?-- Will you be ruled by me?
	LAERTES	Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
	CLAUDIUS	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.
	LAERTES	My lord, I will be ruled; The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.
	CLAUDIUS	Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?
	LAERTES	Why ask you this?
	CLAUDIUS	Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake, To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?
Laertes' spiritual nadir.	LAERTES	To cut his throat 't the church.
	CLAUDIUS	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.
	LAERTES	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.
	CLAUDIUS	We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings: When in your motion you are hot and dry, 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.

Enter Gertrude		
A little panicky, wondering how much she's overheard	CLAUDIUS	How now, sweet queen!
	GERTRUDE	One woe doth tread upon another's heel, So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Shock, the bewilderment of a child.	LAERTES	Drown'd! O, where?
	GERTRUDE	There is a willow grows aslant a brook, That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream; There with fantastic garlands did she come Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke; When down her weedy trophies and herself Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide; And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up: Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes; As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indued Unto that element: but long it could not be Till that her garments, heavy with their drink, Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay To muddy death.
Fighting not to break down, and finally losing the battle	LAERTES	Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet nature her custom holds, Let shame say what it will: Adieu, my lord: I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze, But that this folly douts it.
LAERTES exits hastily stage right		
		Let's follow, Gertrude: How much I had to do to calm his rage! Now fear I this will give it start again; Therefore let's follow.
Exeunt, BLACKOUT		
5.1 – The Churchyard. Gravediggers discovered onstage. First Gravedigger is a good-natured moron; Second is a sharp-witted philosopher.		
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave straight.
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	Why, 'tis found so. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Was he a gentleman?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	He was the first that ever bore arms.
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Why, he had none.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:' could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee:
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Go to.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? To't again, come.
Thinking, and it visibly hurts	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Marry, now I can tell.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	To't.
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	Mass, I cannot tell.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker: 'the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, fetch me a stoup of liquor.
Exit FIRST GRAVEDIGGER; enter HAMLET and HORATIO.		
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	[Sings] He digs and sings In youth, when I did love, did love, Methought it was very sweet, To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave, O, methought, there was nothing meet.
	HAMLET	Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?
	HORATIO	Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	[Sings] But age, with his stealing steps, Hath claw'd me in his clutch, And hath shipped me intil the land, As if I had never been such. Throws up a skull
	HAMLET	That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?
	HORATIO	It might, my lord.
	HAMLET	I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	Mine, sir.
	HAMLET	I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.
	SECOND 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.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.
	HAMLET	What man dost thou dig it for?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	For no man, sir.
	HAMLET	What woman, then?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	For none, neither.
	HAMLET	Who is to be buried in't?
	SECOND 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?
	SECOND 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?
	SECOND 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?
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER reenters with a case of beer		
	FIRST 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?

	SECOND 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?
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?
	HAMLET	Nay, I know not.
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.
	SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
	HAMLET	This?
	FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	E'en that.
	HAMLET	Let me see. Takes the skull 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! <i>aside: here comes the king.</i>
Enter Priest, & c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners, following; KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, attendants from stage right. HAMLET and HORATIO move down off the stage and crouch in the shadows.		
	LAERTES	What ceremony else?
	PRIEST	Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet: Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments and the bringing home Of bell and burial.
	LAERTES	Must there no more be done?
	PRIEST	No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requiem and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.
	LAERTES	Lay her i' the earth: I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.
		What, the fair Ophelia!
	GERTRUDE	Sweets to the sweet: farewell! Scattering flowers I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.
	LAERTES	O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: Leaps into the grave Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, Till of this flat a mountain you have made.
	HAMLET	[Advancing] What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, Hamlet the Dane. Leaps into the grave
	LAERTES	The devil take thy soul! Grappling with him
	CLAUDIUS	Pluck them asunder.
	GERTRUDE	Hamlet, Hamlet!

Struggling to pull him off LAERTES	HORATIO	Good my lord, be quiet.
The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave		
	HAMLET	I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
	CLAUDIUS	O, he is mad, Laertes.
	GERTRUDE	For love of God, forbear him.
	HAMLET	'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself? I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I: And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw millions of acres on us!
	GERTRUDE	This is mere madness: And thus awhile the fit will work on him.
	HAMLET	Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever: but it is no matter; Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew and dog will have his day.
Exeunt HAMLET and HORATIO. LAERTES starts off after them both, and CLAUDIUS stops him.		
	CLAUDIUS	(Sotto voce) Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; We'll put the matter to the present push. This grave shall have a living monument: Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
LAERTES nods reluctantly, and they return to the last poor shreds of OPHELIA'S ruined funeral. BLACKOUT.		
5.2 – The Throne Room. HAMLET and HORATIO discovered onstage.		
	HORATIO	So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to death.
	HAMLET	Why, man, they did make love to this employment; They are not near my conscience; their defeat Did by their own insinuation grow: 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes Between the pass and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites.
	HORATIO	Why, what a king is this!
	HAMLET	He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother, Popp'd in between the election and my hopes, Thrown out his angle for my proper life, And with such cozenage--is't not perfect conscience, To quit him with this arm?
	HORATIO	It must be shortly known to him from England What is the issue of the business there.
	HAMLET	It will be short: the interim is mine; But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Laertes I forgot myself; For, by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his.
Enter MARCELLA.		
	MARCELLA	Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
	HAMLET	I humbly thank you, madam.
	MARCELLA	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.
	HAMLET	I take him to be a soul of great article.
	MARCELLA	I mean, sir, for his weapon.
	HAMLET	What's his weapon?
	MARCELLA	Rapier and dagger.
	HORATIO	That's two of his weapons: but, well.
	MARCELLA	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.
After a brief pause	HAMLET	Madam, 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.
	MARCELLA	Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?
	HAMLET	To this effect, madam; after what flourish your nature will.
Bowing herself out	MARCELLA	I commend my duty to your lordship.

	HAMLET	Yours, yours.
Exit MARCELLA		
	HORATIO	You will lose this wager, my lord.
	HAMLET	I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practise: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.
	HORATIO	If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.
	HAMLET	Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.
Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, LAERTES, MARCELLA, and Attendants with foils, & c		
	CLAUDIUS	Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
KING CLAUDIUS puts LAERTES' hand into HAMLET's		
	HAMLET	Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. What I have done, that might your nature, honour and exception roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Sir, in this audience, let my disclaiming from a purposed evil free me so far in your most generous thoughts, that I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, and hurt my brother.
Refusing his hand	LAERTES	I am satisfied in nature, but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconcilment, But I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.
With a cheer he is far from feeling	HAMLET	I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.
	LAERTES	Come, one for me.
	HAMLET	I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.
	LAERTES	You mock me, sir.
Bewildered that Laertes should be angry and insulted; there is a wide gap of miscommunication between them.	HAMLET	No, by this hand.
	CLAUDIUS	Give them the foils, young Marcella. Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?
	HAMLET	Very well, my lord Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
	CLAUDIUS	I do not fear it; I have seen you both: But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
LAERTES and CLAUDIUS exchange a glance, and LAERTES is subtly warned off using the wrong foil		
	LAERTES	This is too heavy, let me see another.
	HAMLET	This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
	MARCELLA	Ay, my good lord.
	CLAUDIUS	The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an onion shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn. Now the king drinks to Hamlet. [drinks] Come, begin: And you, Marcella, bear a wary eye.
HAMLET and LAERTES begin the match. HAMLET gets in the first hit.		
	HAMLET	One.
Overlapping him; more an expletive than an actual disagreement	LAERTES	No.
	HAMLET	Judgment.
	MARCELLA	A hit, a very palpable hit.
	LAERTES	Well; again.

	CLAUDIUS	Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health. [To Marcella] Give him the cup.
	HAMLET	I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile. Come.
They begin the next round, and Hamlet gets the second touch. In terms of skill, Laertes is clearly overmatched.		
	HAMLET	Another hit; what say you?
Bitterly	LAERTES	A touch, a touch, I do confess it.
	CLAUDIUS	Our son shall win.
	GERTRUDE	[Rising from her seat] He's fat, and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows (Takes the cup and toasts Hamlet with it) The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. (Golf clap)
	CLAUDIUS	Gertrude, do not drink.
At this point I want to see Gertrude realize exactly what Claudius has done, and drink the cup for Hamlet.	GERTRUDE	I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
	CLAUDIUS	[Aside] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.
	HAMLET	I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Come, let me say goodbye.	GERTRUDE	Come, let me wipe thy face.
	LAERTES	My lord, I'll hit him now. [Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
	HAMLET	Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
	LAERTES	Say you so? come on.
They fight. Laertes is enraged; his pride is wounded.		
Tensely	MARCELLA	Nothing, neither way.
HAMLET gets another touch on LAERTES, and relaxes his guard. LAERTES, seeing this, takes a dishonorable swipe at HAMLET and catches him on the arm. HAMLET, in a rage, attacks, disarms LAERTES and stabs him in the gut with his own sword.		
	CLAUDIUS	Part them; they are incensed.
	HAMLET	Nay, come, again.
QUEEN GERTRUDE collapses		
	MARCELLA	Look to the queen there, ho!
	HORATIO	They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
	MARCELLA	How is't, Laertes?
Laughing bitterly, sinking to his knees	LAERTES	Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Marcella; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Rushing over to GERTRUDE	HAMLET	How does the queen?
A spin-doctor to the last	CLAUDIUS	She swoonds to see them bleed.
	GERTRUDE	No, no, the drink, the drink,--O my dear Hamlet,-- The drink, I am poison'd. Dies
	HAMLET	O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd: Treachery! Seek it out.
	LAERTES	It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine in the world can do thee good; In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practise Hath turn'd itself on me: thy mother's poison'd: I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.
	HAMLET	The point!--envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work. Stabs KING CLAUDIUS
From the assembly there are various reactions from horror to outrage, but no one actually steps in to defend CLAUDIUS.		
	CLAUDIUS	O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

	HAMLET	Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane, Drink off this potion. Is thy onion here? (Forces Claudius to drink the potion, and then drives him onto the spikes of the throne) Follow my mother. KING CLAUDIUS dies
HAMLET pulls down CLAUDIUS' banner and covers him with it.		
	LAERTES	(To the outraged assembly, summoning the last of his strength to defend HAMLET) He is justly served; It is a poison temper'd by himself. Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet: Mine and my father's death come not upon thee, Nor thine on me. (HAMLET takes LAERTES' hand, and LAERTES dies with his honor restored.)
	HAMLET	Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu! You that look pale and tremble at this chance, That are but mutes or audience to this act, Had I but time--as this fell sergeant, death, Is strict in his arrest--O, I could tell you-- But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; Thou livest; report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.
	HORATIO	Never believe it: I am more an antique Roman than a Dane: Here's yet some liquor left.
	HAMLET	As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't. O good Horatio, what a wounded name, Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me! If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, To tell my story.
SFX: gunshots. Assembly screams and starts to panic.		
	HAMLET	What warlike noise is this?
	MARCELLA	Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland.
	HAMLET	O, I die, Horatio; The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit: (Ironically) I do prophesy the election lights On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice; So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less, Which have solicited. The rest is silence. Dies
	HORATIO	Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince: And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! (Kisses HAMLET tenderly)
Enter FORTINBRAS, with a handful of his soldiers, armed.		
	FORTINBRAS	Where is this sight?
	HORATIO	What is it ye would see? If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
	FORTINBRAS	This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, That thou so many princes at a shot So bloodily hast struck?
This, needless to say, will be the last duty HORATIO executes for love before he kills himself.	HORATIO	Since so jump upon this bloody question, You from the Polack wars Are here arrived, give order that these bodies High on a stage be placed to the view; And let me speak to the yet unknowing world How these things came about: so shall you hear Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause, And, in this upshot, purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' reads: all this can I Truly deliver.

<p>He almost manages to do this without irony; a bloodless coup is better than the one he'd had in mind.</p>	<p>FORTINBRAS</p>	<p>Let us haste to hear it, And call the noblest to the audience. For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune: I have some rights of memory in this kingdom, Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.</p>
	<p>HORATIO</p>	<p>Of that I shall have also cause to speak, And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more; But let this same be presently perform'd, Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance On plots and errors, happen.</p>
	<p>FORTINBRAS</p>	<p>Let four captains Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage; For he was likely, had he been put on, To have proved most royally. Take up the bodies: such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot.</p>