TIMOTHY MARTIN

PLAYS SHA PROMPT

CHEEK BY JOWL HAMLET COMPANY 1990

Cathryn Bradshaw	Ophelia
Scott Cherry	Claudius
Peter de Jersey	Laertes/PLAYER
Duncan Duff	Horatio
Patrick Miller	Rosencrantz/BARNARDO
Jason Morell	Osric/PLAYER/MESSENGER
Peter Moreton	Fortinbras and Player Queen
Peter Needham	Polonius
Natasha Parry	Gertrude
Malcolm Scates	Guildenstern
Daniel Thorndike	Player King
Timothy Walker	Hamlet

Blossom Beale	Wardrobe Mistress (until Oct 27th)	
Angie Burns	Wardrobe Supervisor	
Paul Clay	Assistant Stage Manager	
Amanda Dawes	Wardrobe Mistress (from Oct 27th)	
Martin Lloyd-Evans	Deputy Stage Manager	081 747 3305
Louise Yeomans	Company Manager	081 316 5294

Paddy Cunneen	Music Director
Declan Donnellan	Director
Rick Fisher	Co Lighting Designer
Jane Gibson	Movement Director
Judith Greenwood	Co Lighting Designer
Nick Ormerod	Designer

Jill Hunter	Administrative Assistant	
Ruth Ingledow	PR & Marketing Officer	
Barbara Matthews	Adminstrator	082 584 801
Catherine Ugwu	Administrative Trainee	

Hamlet PRINCE OF DENMARK

Dramatis personae

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*
HAMLET, *son of the late king, and nephew of the present king*
POLONIUS, *the Lord Chamberlain*
HORATIO, *a friend of Hamlet's*
LAERTES, *Polonius' son*
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC } *courtiers*
A GENTLEMAN,
A PRIEST.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } *officers*
FRANCISCO, *a soldier*
REYNALDO, *Polonius' servant*
PLAYERS.
TWO CLOWNS, *grave-diggers*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway*
A CAPTAIN.
ENGLISH AMBASSADORS.
GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, Hamlet's mother*
OPHELIA, *Polonius' daughter*
LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, MESSENGERS, *and other* ATTENDANTS
GHOST *of Hamlet's father, King Hamlet*

SCENE – *Denmark*

STBY SLIDE Q1.
SLIDE Q1 GO.
~~dark 25 secs.~~
~~Thore glissts~~
then complete

PRESET
House out
Cue DAN
LXQ1 Go As DAN ENTERS
ifdi

Enter omnes US → platform
Dan + Nat. sit first
♪ Peter M. hums 'Change'

OMADASAN

LXQ2 As PETER M. LEAVES P

LXQ3 Go
ian

O Fr. → DSL
X DSR x DSL x DSR with pike
then enter B. DSL

O B. x DSR takes pike
from Fr.

LXQ4 Go
4pm

O Enter Hor. + M. CSL
M. with pike

O M. x DSR
Hor 'peers' over edge of stage DSL

LXQ5 Go As GHOST APPEARS
ON P.
90

7-32

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

PLAYER KING: For us and for our tragedy
Here stooping to your clemency
We beg your hearing patiently

Enter Francisco and Barnardo, two sentinels I.1

BARNARDO Who's there?
FRANCISCO Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
BARNARDO Long live the King!
FRANCISCO Barnardo?
BARNARDO He.
FRANCISCO
You come most carefully upon your hour.
BARNARDO
'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.
FRANCISCO
For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
BARNARDO
Have you had quiet guard?
FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring. 10
BARNARDO
Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus
FRANCISCO
I think I hear them. Stand ho! Who is there?
HORATIO
Friends to this ground.
MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.
FRANCISCO
Give you good night.

I.1

MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath relieved you?
FRANCISCO Barnardo hath my place.
Give you good night. *Exit*
MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo!
BARNARDO Say –
What, is Horatio there?
HORATIO A piece of him.
BARNARDO
20 Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.
MARCELLUS
What, has this thing appeared again tonight?
BARNARDO
I have seen nothing.
MARCELLUS
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
HORATIO
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
30 BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

O Gh. x DPC turns ad x UPC

LXQ 6 GO AS GHOST THROUGH
rolcha TO FACE US

O. M. and Hor. sit DPC
B. joins DSR

Enter the Ghost

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

BARNARDO

In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS

Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurpest this time of night,

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

Stay. Speak, speak. I charge thee, speak.

Exit the Ghost

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone and will not answer.

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS Is it not like the King?

HORATIO

As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO

In what particular thought to work I know not.
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS

Good now, sit down, and tell me ~~he that knows~~
Why this same strict and most observant watch
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
~~Who is't that can inform me?~~

So nightly toils the subject of the land
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

HORATIO ~~That can I.~~

~~At least~~ the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Dared to the combat; in which our late King Hamlet –
Did slay this Norway's king; who, by a sealed compact
Did forfeit, with his life, all these his lands
Which he stood seised of. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharked up a list of lawless resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
But to recover of us those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,

O. Enter Gh. USR x DSR

[FOH: "STAND BY HAMLET LATECOMERS"]

♪ Peter M. Zither
+ horns Konge

♪ Peter M. on FT
Bait M., Hor., Bar.
♪ Konge accompanied on drum
still on Platform, kneeling.

{Peter M. FT
Male Side
Nat Tenor
Drc Snare

LATECOMERS Bloc

LXQ 7 GO
SLIDE Q2 GO

[FOH: "HAMLET LATECOMERS GO."]

Immediately after LX7

P. L. Ge. Cl. V. H.
O.
Natasha adorns Cl. with sash

O. Cl. + Ge. hiss

O Court stand

Enter the Ghost

But soft, behold, lo where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.
He spreads his arms
Stay, illusion.
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
130 Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Speak of it.
The cock crows
140 Stay and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS
Shall I strike it with my partisan?

HORATIO
Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO 'Tis here.

HORATIO 'Tis here.
Exit the Ghost

MARCELLUS
'Tis gone.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,

BARNARDO
It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO
And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.
170 Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet. For, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

MARCELLUS
Let's do't, I pray.

1.2 *Flourish*
Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, and the Council, including Polonius with his son Laertes, Hamlet, Voltemand, Cornelius, and attendants

KING
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,
Th'imperial jointress to this warlike state,
10 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. Nor have we herein barred
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, 20

O. H. claps on stage

O. All stand

O. H. leaves P.

LX Q8 Go As Ham. leaves P.
hachi

He hath not failed to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras –
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose – to suppress
His further gait herein,
And we here dispatch
You, ~~good Cornelius, and you,~~ Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,

VOLTEMAND *and* CORNELIUS

In that, and all things, will ~~we~~ I show ~~our~~ my duty.

KING

We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, 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?

LAERTES

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
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

KING

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 –

HAMLET (*aside*)

A little more than kin, and less than kind!

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord. I am too much in the sun.

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Male side
Peter M GT
Pat Snake
Dave Tenor
'Leave'

O. Exit Cl. + Ge.

Exit Pol., Oph. + Lae. USR

H. x DS & P.

LXQ 9 GO
kriyn

Thou knowest 'tis common. All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN

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 passes show –
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

'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 persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died today,
'This must be so'. 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;
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.

QUEEN

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

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; in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish *Exeunt all but Hamlet*

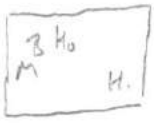
HAMLET

solid

O that this too too sullied flesh would melt,

LXQ 10 GO
jiyu

O Enter M., B. + Ho. USR
↺ UPR.



O. Ho. X DPL
Ho. + H. sit DPL

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew; 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
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!
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother 140
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 e'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she –
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason 150
Would have mourned 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 gallèd 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.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo

HORATIO
Hail to your lordship!

160 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?
Marcellus?

MARCELLUS
My good lord!

HAMLET
I am very glad to see you. (*To Barnardo*) Good even, sir.
(*To Horatio*)
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO
A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORATIO
My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET
I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO
Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET
180 Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

O. H. rises and mounts P.

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. 'A was a goodly king.

HAMLET
'A 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 a while

HAMLET For God's love, let me hear!

HORATIO
Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
Armèd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
Within their truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
The apparition comes. I knew your father.
These hands are not more like.

* ? form of the thing, and more noble true and good

HAMLET But where was this?

MARCELLUS
My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET
Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO My lord, I did,
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET 'Tis very strange.

HORATIO
As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true.
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET
Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

ALL We do, my lord.

HAMLET
Armed, say you?

ALL
Armed, my lord.

HAMLET
From top to toe?

O. H. + B shake hands

O. Ho. M + B exit USL

O. Enter Oph. to DSR
Lae. to DSL

jwitchi

LX Q 11 GO
+ DELAYED FLON
SLIDE Q3 GO

ALL My lord, from head to foot.
HAMLET
Then saw you not his face?
HORATIO
O, yes, my lord. He wore his beaver up. 230
HAMLET
What, looked he frowningly?
HORATIO
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
HAMLET
Pale or red?
HORATIO
Nay, very pale.
HAMLET And fixed his eyes upon you?
HORATIO
Most constantly.
HAMLET I would I had been there.
HORATIO
It would have much amazed you.
HAMLET
Very like, very like. Stayed it long?
HORATIO
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
MARCELLUS *and* BARNARDO
Longer, longer.
HORATIO
Not when I saw't.
HAMLET His beard was grizzled, no? 240
HORATIO
It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
HAMLET I will watch tonight.
Perchance 'twill walk again.
HORATIO 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 concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still.
I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.
My fathers spirit in arms All is not well

I.3 *Enter Laertes and Ophelia*
LAERTES
My necessaries are embarked. 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,
No more.
OPHELIA No more but so?
LAERTES Think it no more. 10
Perhaps he loves you now, But you must fear,
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own.

0. Enter Pol. USL.
Pol. x DSL
L. x DSR

For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself. For on his choice depends 20
The safety and health of this whole state.
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
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.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

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 puffed and reckless libertine
50 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES O, fear me not.
I stay too long.

Enter Polonius

But here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace.
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS

Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There – my blessing with thee.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel.
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel. But, being in,
Bear't that th'opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not expressed 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 dulleth 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. 80
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. sits

~~O. L × DSR~~

+ sits USR

O. O. × DSL

♩ Wind

O Enter Hamlet, Mar., Hor

→ CP.

jayon

LXQ 14 GO

SLIDE Q4 GO

LXQ 15 GO

+ FLDN

POLONIUS
The time invites you. Go. Your servants tend.
LAERTES
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.
OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
LAERTES
Farewell. *Exit*
POLONIUS
What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
OPHELIA
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
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 – as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution – I must tell you
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.
OPHELIA
He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
POLONIUS
Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
OPHELIA
I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
POLONIUS
Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby
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.
OPHELIA
My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.
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.
POLONIUS
Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence.
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.
~~OPHELIA~~
~~I shall obey, my lord.~~ *Exeunt*

HAM.: The air bites shrewdly
OPH: I shall obey, my Lord

♩ Hurra, hurra

♩ Hurra, hurra

♩ wind stops
○ Enter ghost x DSL
♩ Mike + Peter M. sings 'Kange'

♩ stops
○ H. leaves P. DS
X DSL to ghost

○ Ho. leaves P.
X SL of H.

juroku

LXQ 16 GO AS GHOST ENTERS
+FLON

jurana

SB/ LXQ17

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus I.4

HAMLET
The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.
HORATIO
It is a nipping and an eager air.
HAMLET
What hour now?
HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.
MARCELLUS
No, it is struck.
HORATIO
Indeed? I heard it not.
A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces of ordnance go off
What does this mean, my lord?
HAMLET
The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels.
10 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
HORATIO Is it a custom?
HAMLET
Ay, marry, is't.
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations.
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
20 Soil our addition;
Enter the Ghost
HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes.
HAMLET
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
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!
Let me not burst in ignorance. But tell
why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly interred
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws 30
To cast thee up again.
The Ghost beckons him
HORATIO
It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
MARCELLUS
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.
HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

O. M. leaves P. + holds H.

LXQ17 GO

O. Exit Gh. ↷

SLIDE QS GO

O. Enter Gh. ↷ to DSR
" H ⇝ to CSL

O. H. x DSL

SBY LXQ18
+FLON

HORATIO
What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
70 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?
HAMLET It waves me still. –
Go on. I'll follow thee.
MARCELLUS
You shall not go, my lord.
80 HAMLET Hold off your hands.
HORATIO
Be ruled. You shall not go.
HAMLET My fate cries out
And makes each petty artere in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on. I'll follow thee.
Exeunt the Ghost and Hamlet
HORATIO
He waxes desperate with imagination.
MARCELLUS
Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.
HORATIO
~~Have after.~~ To what issue will this come?
MARCELLUS
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90
HORATIO
Heaven will direct it.
Exeunt

Enter the Ghost and Hamlet I.5
HAMLET
Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no further.
GHOST
Mark me.
HAMLET I will.
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,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night, 10
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 freeze thy young blood,~~
Would harrow up thy soul

LXQ 18 GO
+flon

O. H. draws sword + sits DPC

O. Gh. mounts P. SR

♪ malcolm + Peter M. 'tonge'

H. lies DPC

O. Gh. sits USL

LXQ 19 GO

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
Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. 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,
won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch
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 cursèd hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine.
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible!
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 howsomever thou pursues 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.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me. *Exit*

O. H. rips pages out of notebook

O Ent. Ho. + M USL ↳
and mount P. Sh

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, whiles memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
100 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
My tables – meet it is I set it down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
He writes
So, uncle, there you are.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus Now to my word. It is adieu, adieu remember me. I have ~~rather~~ sworn it

HORATIO
My lord, my lord!
MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet!
HORATIO Heavens secure him!
HAMLET
So be it!
MARCELLUS
Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
HAMLET
Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.
MARCELLUS
How is't, my noble lord?
HORATIO What news, my lord?
HAMLET
O, wonderful!
HORATIO
Good my lord, tell it.
HAMLET No, you will reveal it.
HORATIO
Not I, my lord, by heaven.
MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord. 120
HAMLET
How say you then? Would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?
HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS Ay, by heaven, my lord.
HAMLET
There's never 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.
HAMLET Why, right, you are in the right,
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
130 For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part
I will go pray.

Male F.T.
Peter M. Tenor } Kongè à harmony

Nijuitchi

LXQ21 GO when
DAN CONTROLS

"STAY LOUISE FOR FLYER"

HORATIO
These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
HAMLET
I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
Yes, faith, heartily.
HORATIO There's no offence, my lord.
HAMLET
Yes, by Saint Patrick, 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? We will.
HAMLET
Never make known what you have seen tonight.
HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS
My lord, we will not.
HAMLET Nay, but swear't.
HORATIO In faith,
My lord, not I.
MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord – in faith.
HAMLET
Upon my sword.
MARCELLUS We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAMLET
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
The Ghost cries under the stage
GHOST
Swear.
HAMLET
Ha, ha, boy, sayst 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 (*beneath*)
Swear.
HAMLET
Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
GHOST (*beneath*)
Swear by his sword.
HAMLET
Well said, old mole! Canst work i'th'earth so fast?

[FOH: "STAND BY HAMLET LATECOMERS"]

♪ stop when Ham lifts sword for heads

(+ Pat Tenor
Drive side - takeover)

LATECOMERS BELL

LX Q22 [illegible] GO
AS DRUMS STOP
FLY Q1 GO

0. Drapes in

CANOPY IN AS DRUMMING STOPS
+ SLIDE Q6 GO

° Enter Pol. + Rey. USL
X DSL
and both sit DPL

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

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.
Here as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd some'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,
With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know', or 'We could, an if we would',
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me

GHOST (*beneath*)

Swear.

HAMLET

Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'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 cursèd spitte
That ever I was born to set it right

Enter Polonius, with his man Reynaldo II.1

POLONIUS

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO

I will, my lord.

POLONIUS

You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you meet my son, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS

Marry, well said. Very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer

O. O. runs in USR
to DPL
Rey. exits USL

LXQ23A GO A
REYNALDO LEAVES BY
US edge of PLATFORM

O. Enter Clam + Ger.
Ros. + Grid.

O. Exit Pol. + Opl USL
~~Enter Ger. + Cl. USL × DSL~~
~~" Ros USL ↗ UPL~~
~~" Grid USR ↗ UPR~~

ni gu yon

LXQ24 GO
+ SLIDE Q71 GO

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him' – do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO
Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS
'And in part him, but', you may say, 'not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so'. And there put on him
What forgeries you please – marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him – take heed of that –
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO As gaming, my lord.

POLONIUS
Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Whoring. You may go so far.

REYNALDO
My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS
Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency.

Enter Ophelia

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA
O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POLONIUS
With what, i'th'name of God?

OPHELIA
My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,*
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors – he comes before me.

* No hat upon his head,
his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking
each other

POLONIUS
Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

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 'a would draw it. Long stayed he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm
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;

POLONIUS
Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

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 judgement
I had not quoted him. I feared he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee. Come, go we to the King.

O. Enter Pd. USR

Flourish II.2

Enter the King and Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, with attendants

KING

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
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 th'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 th'understanding of himself
10 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
you do vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,

QUEEN

Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,
20 And sure I am two men there is not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN But we both obey,
30 And here give up ourselves in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

KING

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changèd son. ~~Go, some of you,~~
~~And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.~~

GUILDENSTERN

Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with attendants

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS

The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, 40
~~Are~~ joyfully returned.

KING

Thou still hast been the father of good news. ← 45

POLONIUS

Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious King.
And 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.

O. Enter Vol. USL ⇄ DPC
facing US
Cl. on P.
Go x DSL

O Exit Nos., Gent. + Vol. USR

O. Enter O. USL to P.
O x DPC

KING
O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.

POLONIUS
Give first admittance to th'ambassadors.
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING
Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.
Exit Polonius
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN
I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING
Well, we shall sift him.
Enter Voltemand ~~and Cornelius,~~ the ambassador~~s~~, with Polonius
Welcome, my good friend~~s~~.
Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND
Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew, Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'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,
(*He gives a paper to the King*)
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this Fortinbras.

KING
It likes us well.
Go to your rest. At night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home! *Exeunt the ambassadors*

POLONIUS
This business is well ended.
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.

QUEEN
More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS
Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he's mad, 'tis true. 'Tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true – a foolish figure.
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then. And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect –
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
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.
(*He reads the letter*)
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:
(*He reads*)
In her excellent white bosom, these, et cetera.

QUEEN
Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS
Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.
(*He reads*)
Doubt thou the stars are fire.
Doubt that the sun doth move.
Doubt truth to be a liar.
But never doubt I love.

Hamlet

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And more above hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING But how hath she
Received his love?

POLONIUS What do you think of me?

KING
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 –
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me – what might you,
Or my dear majesty your Queen here, think
If I had looked upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? 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 prescripts 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, repellèd, 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.

KING Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN
It may be, very like.

POLONIUS
Hath there been such a time – I would fain know that –
That I have positively said ' 'Tis so'
When it proved otherwise?

KING Not that I know.

POLONIUS
Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

KING How may we try it further?

POLONIUS
You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

O. [Enter H. in antic costume w. letters from and.]

[Exit Cl., Pol., O. USR to behind drape

LXQ25 GO
+ SLIDE Q8 GO

SBY LXQ26+ FLOW

QUEEN So he does indeed.

POLONIUS

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an arras then.
Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

KING We will try it.

Enter Hamlet

QUEEN

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

KING Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
We'll so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN 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.

OPHELIA Madam, I wish it may.

Exit the Queen

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here. – Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. (*To Ophelia*) Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

~~POLONIUS~~

I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt the King and Polonius

Enter Hamlet

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 heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. 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,
Th'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 th'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 undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have

O. enters O. SR from behind drape
↳ UPL
H. marks P.X DPR

LXQ26 GO
+FLON (100%)

O. H. + O. hug DPR

O. H. drops letters

LXQ27 GO

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 pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! – Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET
I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

OPHELIA
My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longèd long to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET No, not I.
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA
My honoured 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.

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.

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.

HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere 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. Fare-

O. Exit H. ↻ USR

Oph. DSC

BACKSTAGE: "SEY Mr. SCATES + Mr. MILLOR FOR THE POS. GRAV. SCORE."

O. Enter Cl. + Pol. from behind drape

USR ↳

Cl. → DSL

Pol. → DSR

LXQ28 GO

O Enter H. USR × DSR.

OPHELIA O heavenly powers, restore him!
HAMLET I have heard of your paintings too, well enough.
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves
another. You jig and amble, and you lisp. You 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 marriage. Those that
are married already – all but one – shall live. The rest
shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit* 150

OPHELIA
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state, ← Go
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth 160
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
Enter the King and Polonius

KING
Love? His affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked 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;

POLONIUS How now, Ophelia? / You need not tell us what
Lord Hamlet said, We heard it all.
My Lord content a while / ~~I with myself go~~
~~feel him~~ / Let me work /
I'll try him everyway: See where he comes
Send you those gentlemen. / ~~Oh give me leave~~
Away! I do beseech you both away.

~~POLONIUS~~
~~Away, I do beseech you both, away.~~
I'll board him presently. ~~O, give me leave.~~
Exeunt the King and Queen

How does my good Lord Hamlet?
HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.
POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?
HAMLET Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.
POLONIUS Not I, my lord.
HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man.
POLONIUS Honest, my lord?
HAMLET Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to be
one man picked out of ten thousand.
180 POLONIUS That's very true, my lord.
HAMLET ~~For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,~~
~~being a good kissing carrion~~ – have you a daughter?
POLONIUS I have, my lord.
HAMLET Let her not walk i'th'sun. Conception is a bless-
ing. But as your daughter may conceive, friend, look
to't.
POLONIUS (*aside*) How say you by that? Still harping on
my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first. 'A said I was

From fashion of himself. What think you on'
POLONIUS
It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. – How now, Op
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said.
We heard it all. –

H. sits DPR

O. Bait Pol. USL
+ re-enter for Ros. + Gut.
Enter Ros + Gut. USR x DSR

LxQ29 Cro

a fishmonger. 'A is far gone, far gone. And truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this. I'll speak to him again. – What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET Words, words, words.

POLONIUS What is the matter, 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, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, 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, shall grow 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's out of the air. (*Aside*) How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. 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 anything that I will not more willingly part withal – except my life, except my life, except my life.

POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET These tedious old fools!

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz

POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.

ROSENCRANTZ (*to Polonius*) God save you, sir!

Exit Polonius

GUILDENSTERN My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord!

HAMLET

My excellent good friends.
How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz!
Good lads, how do you both?

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 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'th'worst.

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET Why then 'tis none to you. For there is nothing

SBY { Merton, Morell, Thorndike, de Jersey } for the players score

SBY LXQ30

either good or bad but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Why, then your ambition makes it one. 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Shall we to th'court? For, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants. For, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord. No other occasion.

HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. But I thank you. And sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET Why, anything but to th'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, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, ~~and by what more dear a better proposer can charge you withal~~, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ (*aside to Guildenstern*) What say you?

HAMLET (*aside*) Nay then, I have an eye of you. – If you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late – but wherefore I know not – lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises. And indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the earth seems to me a sterile promontory. This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire – why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, 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 – 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 ye laugh then, when I said 'Man delights not me'?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall

LXQ30 GO

LXQ31 GO

Enter Player SL

STY LXQ32

receive from you. We coted them on the way. And hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the king shall be welcome

What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET How chances it they travel?

A flourish

GUILDENSTERN There are the players.

HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then.

You are welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern – and you too – at each ear a hearer. That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it. – You say right, sir. 'A Monday morning, 'twas then, indeed.

POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome –

POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS Upon my honour –

HAMLET Then came each actor on his ass –

POLONIUS 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 O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovèd passing well.'

POLONIUS (*aside*) Still on my daughter.

Enter the Players

HAMLET You are welcome, masters, welcome, all. – I am glad to see thee well. – Welcome, good friends. – O old friend, why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last. Comest thou to beard me in Denmark? – What, my young lady and mistress? By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. – Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers: fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality. Come, a passionate speech.

FIRST PLAYER What speech, my good lord?

LXQ3260

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 caviary to the general. But it was – as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine – an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in't I chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially when 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, like th'Hyrcanian beast –'

'Tis not so. It begins with Pyrrhus.

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchèd in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldy more dismal. Head to foot
Now is he total gules, horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damnèd light
To their lord's murder; roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sizèd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

POLONIUS 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

FIRST PLAYER 'Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th'unnervèd 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, seemed i'th'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,
A rousèd 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.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power!
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

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.

FOH BOOL

LXQ 33 GO

BACKSPACE: "SAY AMANDA FOR THE PLAYER QUEEN."

FIRST PLAYER

500 'But who, ah woe!, had seen the mobled Queen –'

HAMLET 'The mobled Queen'?

POLONIUS That's good. 'Mobled Queen' is good.

FIRST PLAYER

'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up –
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have
pronounced.
510 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 whe'er he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more.

HAMLET 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. – Good my lord, will you see the players well 520 bestowed? Do you hear? Let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAMLET God's bodkin, man, much better! Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take 530 them in.

POLONIUS Come, sirs.

HAMLET Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play tomorrow. (*Aside to First Player*) Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

FIRST PLAYER Ay, my lord.

HAMLET We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen lines or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

FIRST PLAYER Ay, my lord. 540

HAMLET Very well. – Follow that lord, and look you mock him not.

Exeunt Polonius and Players

My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord.

HAMLET Ay, so, God bye to you.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

STBY FOR INTERVAL

House OUT + LXQ 34 GO
(BO7 snap)

LXQ 35 + House GO
AFTER TIM CLEARS

On P. 4 Players
H. DPR of P. on CHAIR

Enter Pos + Geil x DSR
.. Cla., Ger. + Pol x DSL
+ Oph.

This Q is wait Q in Thy,
[LXQ 36 GO
5 mins before int]

SLIDE Q9 with LX37 LXQ 37 GO As PLAYERS ENTER

GREEN WSL for the GOR + CLAM. LXQ 38 GO As CLAM + GOR ENTER + HOUSE

Now I am alone.
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 wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing.
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? 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 damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i'th'throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha, 'swounds, I should take it. For it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should ha' fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
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 stallion! Fie upon't, foh!
About, my brains. Hum – 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 proclaimed their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. 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 'a do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
T'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.

Exit

Enter the King and Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and lords III.1

KING

And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

0. Exit Pos+ Grid. USR

0. Exit Pd., Ges. + Oph+ Clan USL

LXQ39 Go

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ

He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause 'a will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

10 QUEEN Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ

Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

QUEEN Did you assay him
To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way. Of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are here about the court,
20 And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POLONIUS 'Tis most true,
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING

With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros Gil: We shall my lord, Exit.
King: Thanks to you both: Gertrude you'll see this play

Gert: My Lord I will, and it joyes me at the soule
He is inclined to any kind of mirth.

III.2 *Enter Hamlet and the Players*

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 our 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, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to
10 tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods

Herod Pray you avoid it.

LXQ40 Go

O. Enter Pol., Pos + Grid x DSL

O. Enter Hor. x CSR

LXQ41 AS CURTAINS CLOSE

O. H. + Hor. mount P.

O. H. sets 2 CHAIRS from
usk to DSL.

LXQ43 Go

STY LXQ44

FIRST PLAYER I warrant your honour.

HAMLET 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 observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so o'erdone 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, Now this overdone,

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. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAYER I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

HAMLET O, reform it altogether! And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Go make you ready. *Exeunt Players*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

How now, my lord? Will the King hear this piece of work?

POLONIUS And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET Bid the players make haste. *Exit Polonius*

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

HAMLET What, ho, Horatio!

Enter 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 –

HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter.
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

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 tonight before the King.
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ~~stithy~~ smithy.

LXQ44 GO

Ham. sets

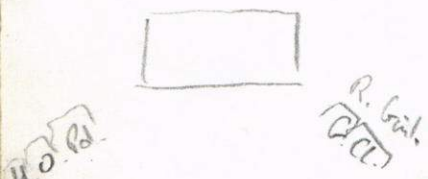
2 .. DSR

resets DSC chai to DSR

Hamlet x'es to the barn.

♪ Players start chorus
of 'Conge'
O Curtains open
Bodhran
Gong
Squeaker
Zither

LXQ46 GO WHEN TABS OPEN
(3secs)



LXQ47 GO AS CURTAINS CLOSE

Gertrude put her ~~ft~~ in Claudius' nose.

H. + Ho. open/close curtains

HAMLET They are coming to the play. I must be idle. Get you a place.

Danish march. Flourish
Trumpets and kettledrums
Enter the King and Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other lords attendant, with the guard carrying torches

KING How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET Excellent, i'faith; I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

KING I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet. These words are not mine.

HAMLET No, nor mine now. (*To Polonius*) My lord, you played once i'th'university, you say?

POLONIUS That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAMLET What did you enact?

POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i'th'Capitol. Brutus killed me.

HAMLET It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord. They stay upon your patience.

QUEEN Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET No, good mother. Here's metal more attractive.

POLONIUS (*to the King*) O ho! Do you mark that?

HAMLET Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA No, my lord.

HAMLET I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET That's a fair thought – to lie between maids' legs.

OPHELIA What is, my lord?

HAMLET Nothing.

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET Who, I?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET What should a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's 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. But, by'r Lady, 'a must build churches then.

The trumpets sound
Dumb show follows: Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon come in another man; takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some three or four, come in again, seem to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts. She seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts love

Exeunt dumb show

OPHELIA What means this, my lord?

HAMLET It means mischief.

LXQ48 60

♪ Peter de T. Zither

SDY LXQ49

OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter the Fourth Player as Prologue

HAMLET We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel. They'll tell all.

OPHELIA Will 'a tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

FOURTH PLAYER (*as Prologue*)

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Exit

HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

Enter two Players as King and Queen

FIRST PLAYER (*as King*)

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

SECOND PLAYER (*as 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

FIRST PLAYER (*as 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,
Honoured, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou –

SECOND PLAYER (*as 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 killed the first.

HAMLET (*aside*)

That's wormwood.

SECOND PLAYER (*as 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.

FIRST PLAYER (*as King*)

I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

SECOND PLAYER (*as Queen*)

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,

LXQ49 GO

"SDY FOR BACKCLOTH"

LXQ50 GO

LXQ51 GO

LXQ53 GO

230 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAMLET (*aside*)
If she should break it now!

FIRST PLAYER (*as King*)
'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

SECOND PLAYER (*as Queen*)
Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!

The Player-King sleeps. Exit the Player-Queen

HAMLET
Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN
The lady doth protest too much, methinks. 240

HAMLET
O, but she'll keep her word.

KING Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

HAMLET No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No offence i'th'world.

KING What do you call the play?

HAMLET *The Mousetrap.* Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.

Enter the Third Player, as Lucianus

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

OPHELIA You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

OPHELIA Still better, and worse. 260

HAMLET Begin, murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

THIRD PLAYER (*as Lucianus*)
Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurps immediately.

He pours the poison in the King's ears

270 HAMLET 'A poisons him i'th'garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago. The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA The King rises.

HAMLET What, frighted with false fire?

QUEEN How fares my lord?

POLONIUS Give o'er the play.

KING Give me some light. Away!

POLONIUS Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio

HAMLET
280 Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play.
For some must watch, while some must sleep.
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

0. Hor. stands DSR

0. Enter Ros + Guil ~~USL~~ x DSL
Guil. x DSR

0. Guil. sits

0. H. x over P to DSL

Ros + Ham. sit DSL

"STBY for FLYQ2A"

HORATIO Half a share.

HAMLET A whole one, I.

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 Aha! Come, some music! Come, the recorders! 300
For if the King like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMLET Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN The King, sir –

HAMLET Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvellous distempered. 310

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, with choler.

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET I am tame, sir. Pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN The Queen your mother in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you. 320

HAMLET You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer,

HAMLET Sir, I cannot.

ROSENCRANTZ What, my lord?

HAMLET Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseased. But, sir, my mother, you say,

ROSENCRANTZ Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET O wonderful son, that can so 'stonish a mother!

ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

340 HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ 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.

ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Den-
350 mark?

HAMLET Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows' – the proverb is something musty.

Enter a Player with recorders

O, the recorders. Let me see one. Will you play upon this pipe?

360 GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.

0. Enter Pol. USL to UPL

0. 4. x CPR

0. Grid x DSL

Pos + Grid exit USL

other. exit USL

LXQ54 GO

0. Enter Cl. + Pos USL x UP

" Grid USR x UPR

FLYQ2A GO As Pos/Grid + Clinometer

LXQ55 GO

+ SLIDE Q 10 GO

SBY LXQ56

0. Exit Pos + Grid USL

Enter Pol USR. to CSR

HAMLET It is 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. 370

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?

Enter Polonius

God bless you, sir! 380

POLONIUS My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS By th'mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET Or like a whale.

POLONIUS Very like a whale.

HAMLET Then I will come to my mother by and by. 390

POLONIUS I will say so.

HAMLET

'By and by' is easily said. *Exit Polonius*

Leave me, friends.

Exeunt all but 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.
400 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.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.

III.3 *Enter the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern*

KING

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.

GUILDENSTERN

Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
10 That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ * We will haste us.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

*The cease of majesty / dies not alone,
but like a gulf doth draw / what's near it with it.
Ne'er alone / did the king sigh, but with a general groan

LXQ 56 GO

0. Exit Pol. USR
Cl. x DPC

"SBY FOR FLY Q2"

0. Cl. breeds

0. Enter H USR Q UPL
4. x UPC behind Cl.

SBY LOTT

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

KING Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit Polonius

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,
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd 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, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardoned and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling. There the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O limèd soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well.

The King kneels. Enter Hamlet

HAMLET

Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying.
And now I'll do't. And so 'a goes to heaven.
And so am I revenged. That would be scanned.
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
'A 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?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for His passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.

O. Exit H. USL

O. Arras in; bed-chamber set

Enter Pol + Ger USR ⇨ DSR

O. Enter H. USR

FLY Q2B GO

[1] CANOPY OUT TO ARRAS

SLIDE Q11 GO

+ LXQ 56A GO AS GER. ENTERS

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game, a-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 damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *Exit*

KING (*rising*)
My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Exit*

Enter the Queen and Polonius III.4

POLONIUS
'A 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 screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

HAMLET (*within*) Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN I'll warrant you. Fear me not. Withdraw. I hear him coming.

Polonius hides behind the arras
Enter Hamlet

HAMLET
Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET
Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN
Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET
Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN
Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

QUEEN
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.

QUEEN
Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

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.

QUEEN
What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!

POLONIUS (*behind*)
What, ho! Help!

HAMLET (*drawing his sword*)
How now? A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

He makes a thrust through the arras and kills Polonius

POLONIUS
O, I am slain!

QUEEN O me, what hast thou done?

O. H. throws his ticket to G. (DPR)

SBY LXQ59

HAMLET
Nay, I know not. Is it the King?
QUEEN
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.
QUEEN
As kill a king!
HAMLET Ay, lady, it was my word.
He sees Polonius
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.
Thou findest to be too busy is some danger. –
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,
If damnèd custom have not brassed it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
QUEEN
What have I done that thou darest 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;
QUEEN Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
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; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?
You cannot call it love. For at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame; it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion. But sure that sense
Is apoplexed. For madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thralled
But it reserved some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?*
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.

*Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes /smelling sans all/.

LXQ59 00
As DAN puts FOOT
ON TROLLEY.

O. Enter Gh. ASL x DPR
close Ger sits

SDY LXQ60

QUEEN O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul, 90
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty –

QUEEN 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, 100
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket –

QUEEN No more.

HAMLET
A king of shreds and patches –
(*Enter the Ghost*)
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! – What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN
Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET
Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
110 O, say!

GHOST
Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN
Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse?
120 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm,
Your bedded hair like life in excrements
Start up and stand an end. 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 conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. – Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
130 My stern effects. Then what I have to do
Will want true colour – tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN
Nothing at all. Yet all that is I see.

HAMLET
Nor did you nothing hear?

O. Bait Ch. USK

LXQ60 Go

SDY LXQ61

QUEEN 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!
Exit the Ghost

QUEEN

This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET Ecstasy? 140

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered. 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
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven. 150
Repent what's past. Avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET

O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
160 Good night. But go not to my uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Refrain tonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
170 And either master the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night.
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
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.

QUEEN What shall I do?

HAMLET

Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.

QUEEN

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. 200

HAMLET

I must to England. You know that?

O. Exit H. USL
Enter Cl, Gold + Ros USR

Cl. x CSL
Gold x USL
Ros x CSR

LXQ61 CO

"STBY FOR FLY Q3"

STBY {FLY Q3
LXQ62

O. Enter Gold + Ros USR
x DSR

QUEEN Alack,
I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET
There's letters sealed, and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,
They bear the mandate. They must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work.
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar; and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night.

Exeunt Hamlet, tugging in Polonius, and the Queen

IV.1 *Enter the King and Queen, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*

KING
There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves.
You must translate.
Where is your son?

QUEEN
Bestow this place on us a little while.
Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight!

KING
What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN
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.

KING O, heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to everyone.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, 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?

QUEEN
To draw apart the body he hath killed;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure. 'A weeps for what is done.

KING
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. Ho, Guildenstern!
Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.
Go seek him out. Speak fair. And bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.
Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done. So haply slander,

O. Jason, Peter M. remove bedstead
Arras out.
Drapes at US pos.

LXQ62 GO

FLY Q3
a) ARRAS OUT WHEN UNCLIPPED
b) CANOPY IN WHEN VELVET CLEARED (GREEN) OFF

O. Enter A. USC x DSC

LXQ64 GO
+ SLIDE Q12 GO

may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!

Exeunt

Enter Hamlet IV.2

HAMLET Safely stowed.

Ros. ~~GENTLEMEN~~ (*within*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAMLET
But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants

ROSENCRANTZ
What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAMLET
Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ
Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET Do not believe it.

10 ROSENCRANTZ Believe what?

HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge,

ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best service in the end. He keeps them, like an ape an apple, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned,
20 it is but squeezing you and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

HAMLET The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing –

GUILDENSTERN A thing, my lord?

30 HAMLET Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

Exeunt

Enter the King and two or three attendants IV.3

KING
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 judgement but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th'offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved, 10
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and all the rest

How now? What hath befallen?

ROSENCRANTZ
Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ
Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING
Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ Ho! Bring in the lord.

'SBY WARDROBE FOR Q. CHANGES'

LXQ65 Go

B

T. changing from attic to pre-attic + cloak.
1' 20"

♩ Cortinbras drums. - Dunc. Snare + Tenor
Peter de J. Side + FT

FLY Q4 Go
CANOPY OUT

LXQ66 Go
+ SLIDE Q13 Go
SBY LXQ 66A

Enter attendants with Hamlet

KING Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

KING At supper? Where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where 'a is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service – two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

KING Alas, alas!

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING (*to attendants*) Go seek him there.

HAMLET 'A will stay till you come. *Exeunt attendants*

KING

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
Th'associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

HAMLET For England?

KING Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good.

KING

So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

HAMLET I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET My mother. Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England! *Exit*

KING

Follow him at foot. Tempt him with speed aboard.
Delay it not. I'll have him hence tonight.
Away! ~~For everything is sealed and done~~
~~That else leans on the affair. Pray you make haste.~~

Exeunt all but the King

And, England, if my love thou holdest at aught – ← 45
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us – 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.

Exit

♩ cres

♩ fortinbras drums soft.

LXQ66A GO

♩ cres.

O. Ros + Guil x DSL
Ham kneels DSR

LXQ67 GO

~~♩ fortinbras soft.~~

SD51 { FLY Q5
LXQ 68

Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage IV.4

FORTINBRAS
Go, captain, from me greet the Danish King.
Tell him that by his licence Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom.

JASON

CAPTAIN I will do't, my lord.
FORTINBRAS Go softly on. *Exeunt all but the Captain*
Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants
HAMLET Good sir, whose powers are these?
CAPTAIN They are of Norway, sir. 10
HAMLET How purposed, sir, I pray you?
CAPTAIN Against some part of Poland.
HAMLET Who commands them, sir?
CAPTAIN
The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
HAMLET
Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
CAPTAIN
Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
20 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
HAMLET
Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
CAPTAIN
Yes, it is already garrisoned.
HAMLET
I humbly thank you, sir.
CAPTAIN
God bye you, sir. *Exit*
30 ROSENCRANTZ ~~Will't please you go, my lord?~~
HAMLET
~~I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.~~
Exeunt all but Hamlet
How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on th'event –
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward – I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do',
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me.
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell.

♪

LXQ 68 } Go
FLY Q5 }
(CANOPY IN)
+ SLIDE Q 14 Go

Enter Gen. + Hor. with chair USR

G mount P SL
Chair set U/CPL

0. Enter CL USR G CPL
+ sits

How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! *Exit*

IV.5 *Enter the Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman*

QUEEN
I will not speak with her.

HORATIO ~~GENTLEMAN~~
She is importunate, ~~indeed distract.~~
~~Her mood will needs be pitied.~~ What would she have?

QUEEN

HORATIO ~~GENTLEMAN~~
She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing.
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection. They aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,

HORATIO ~~HORATIO~~
'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN
Let her come in. *Exit the Gentleman*
(*Aside*) 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.
Enter Ophelia

OPHELIA
Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA (*sings*)
How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN
Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

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.
O, ho!

QUEEN Nay, but, Ophelia –

OPHELIA Pray you, mark.
(*sings*) White his shroud as the mountain snow –
Enter the King

QUEEN Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA (*sings*)
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.

KING How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA Well, God dild 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!

KING Conceit upon her father –

OPHELIA Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

(*sings*) Tomorrow 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 donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING 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.'
He answers:
'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.'

KING 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 would lay him i'th'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. *Exit*

KING
Follow her close. Give her good watch, I pray you.
Exit Horatio
O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs
All from her father's death – and now behold!
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions: first, her father slain;
Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts;
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,

♪ drum cues

Pat + Dave. - Tenor

Dan - bass ?

Male - F.T.

Peter M. - side

♪ bang

LXQ69 GO

Flx Q5a CANOPY OUT (FAST)

STBY FLY Q5B

LXQ 70

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

A noise within

QUEEN
Alack, what noise is this?

KING
Attend. Where is my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

A noise within

QUEEN
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

KING
The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes ~~with his followers~~ Laertes for king etc. etc. off.

LAERTES
Where is this King? ~~Sirs, stand you all without.~~

HIS FOLLOWERS
No, let's come in.

LAERTES I pray you give me leave.

HIS FOLLOWERS
We will, we will.

LAERTES
I thank you. Keep the door. *Exeunt his followers*
~~O thou vile King,~~
Give me my father.

QUEEN 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 unsmirchèd brows
Of my true mother.

KING What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

LAERTES
Where is my father?

KING Dead.

QUEEN But not by him.

KING
Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES
How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell allegiance! Vows to the blackest devil!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

KING Who shall stay you?

LAERTES
My will, not all the world's.

LXQ 70 Go
FOX Q 53 Go
(CANOPY IN SLOWLY)

O Enter Opt USR CS to Pae on P.

Exit Opt

KING Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES
None but his enemies.

KING Will you know them then?

LAERTES
To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms
And like the kind life-rendering pelican
Repast them with my blood.

KING Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement 'pear
As day does to your eye.

A noise within

VOICES (*within*) Let her come in.

LAERTES
How now? What noise is that?

Enter Ophelia

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

OPHELIA (*sings*)
They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony,
And in his grave rained many a tear –
Fare you well, my dove!

LAERTES
Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPHELIA You must sing 'A-down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.' O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

OPHELIA There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o'Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say 'a made a good end.

(*sings*) For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God bye you.

Exit

LAERTES
Do you see this? O God!

LXQ71 GO
+ SLIDEQ15 GO

LXQ 72 GO
+ SLIDE Q 16 GO

KING
Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
LAERTES Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral –
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.
KING So you shall.
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
Exeunt

IV.6 *Enter Horatio and a Gentleman*

HORATIO
What are they that would speak with me?
GENTLEMAN Seafaring men, sir. They say they have letters for you.
HORATIO
Let them come in. *Exit the Gentleman*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted if not from Lord Hamlet.
Enter Sailors
SAILOR God bless you, sir.
HORATIO Let him bless thee, too.
SAILOR 'A shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir – it came from th'ambassador that was bound for England – if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
HORATIO (*reads the letter*) *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship. So I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy. But they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb. Yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*
He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet
Come, I will give you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt*

Enter Mess. USR ↓ CPR

Enter the King and Laertes IV.7

KING

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

LAERTES It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,

KING O, for two special reasons,
10 Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,
But yet to me they're strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself –
My virtue or my plague, be it either which –
She is 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 people bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
20 Work 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,

KING

30 Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine –

Enter a Messenger with letters

How now? What news?

JASON MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
These to your majesty. This to the Queen.

KING

From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

Sailors, my lord, they say I saw them not.

KING Laertes, you shall hear them. –
Leave us. *Exit the Messenger*

(*He reads*)

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow 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

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAERTES

Know you the hand?

KING 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'! 50
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone'.
Can you devise me?

LAERTES

I am 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'.

"SBY GRAVEDIGGERS
+ M. NEEDHAM
+ MR. THORNDIKE"

KING 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.

KING
To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
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 practice
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.

KING
Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I have seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback. But this gallant
Had witchcraft in't.

LAERTES A Norman was't?

KING
A Norman.

LAERTES
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING The very same.

LAERTES
I know him well. He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

KING
He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
~~That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed~~
~~If one could match you;~~
Sir, this report of his
~~Did~~ Will Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish ~~and beg~~
~~Your sudden coming o'er~~ to play with you.
~~Now, out of this~~ –

~~LAERTES What out of this, my lord?~~

KING
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?

KING
Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love ← 65
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
That we would do
We should do when we would. For this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues,

LXQ73 Co

STBY {FLY Q6
LXQ 74

But to the quick o'th'ulcer –
Hamlet comes back. What would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

LAERTES To cut his throat i'th'church!

KING
~~No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.~~
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this: keep close within your chamber?
Hamlet returned shall know you are come home.
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
~~And wager on your heads.~~ He, being remiss,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, 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'll touch my point~~
With ~~this~~ such contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING
~~If this should fail,~~
'Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project
Should have a back or second, ~~that might hold~~
~~If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.~~
~~I ha't!~~
When in your motion you are hot and dry –
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. – But stay, what noise?

Enter the Queen

How, sweet Queen!

QUEEN
One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES
Drowned! O, where?

QUEEN
There is a willow grows askant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs her crownet 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,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then she is drowned?

QUEEN
Drowned, drowned.

* For and and exercise
And for your rapier most especial
Sir, this report of theirs will
Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but
wish to play with you

Jason + Pat set treads
♪ Mate + Peter M. sing
O Chair stack by Pat
Pat sets USL treads
Jason sets USR treads

LXQ 74 GO } As HANG + ~~GRAB~~ EXIT
FLY Q6 GO }
CANOPY OUT
+ SLIDE Q17 GO

LXQ 75 GO As HAM. + THOR.
UNION USR

LAERTES
Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick. Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord.
190 I have a speech o'fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. *Exit*

KING Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Exeunt

V.1 *Enter two Clowns*

DAN Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

PETER I tell thee she is. Therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

DAN How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

PETER Give me leave. Here lies the water – good. Here stands the man – good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes, mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. 20

DAN But is this law?

PETER Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o'Christian burial.

DAN Why, there thou sayst.

PETER And the more pity
that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers. They 30 hold up Adam's profession.

DAN. Was he a gentleman?

PETER 'A was the first that ever bore arms.

DAN Why, he had none.

PETER 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. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself –

DAN Go to! 40

PETER What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

DAN Mass, I cannot tell.

PETER Cudgel thy brains no more about it, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker'. The houses he makes lasts till Doomsday. Go, 60 get thee in, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit Second Clown

0. Enter 2nd q-digit w. stop flagger

(*sings*) In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract – O – the time for – a – my behove,
O, methought there – a – was nothing – a – meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? 'A sings in grave-making.

HORATIO Custom hath made it easiness.

FIRST CLOWN (*sings*)
But age with his stealing steps
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

He 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 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, might it not?

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord!

HORATIO Ay, my lord.

HAMLET And now my Lady Worm's knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution,

FIRST CLOWN (*sings*)
A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet.
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

He throws up another skull

HAMLET Whose grave's this, sirrah?

FIRST CLOWN Mine, sir.
(*sings*) O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

FIRST CLOWN You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't, 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.

FIRST CLOWN 'Tis a quick lie, sir. 'Twill away again from me to you.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLOWN For no man, sir.

HAMLET What woman then?

FIRST CLOWN For none neither.

HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?

FIRST CLOWN One that was a woman, sir. But, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAMLET How long hast thou been grave-maker?

FIRST CLOWN Of all the days i'th'year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET How long is that since?

FIRST CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that 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 CLOWN Why, because 'a was mad. 'A shall recover his wits there. Or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

LXQ76 GO

O. Kater Cl.

HAMLET Why?

FIRST CLOWN 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET How came he mad?

FIRST CLOWN Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET How strangely?

FIRST CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET Upon what ground?

FIRST CLOWN Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

FIRST CLOWN Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die, as we have many pocky corses nowadays that will scarce hold the laying in, 'a will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET Why he more than another?

FIRST CLOWN Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lien you i'th'earth three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET Whose was it?

FIRST CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

FIRST CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET This?

FIRST CLOWN E'en that.

HAMLET Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio. A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore 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 chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's table and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO What's that, my lord?

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o'this fashion i'th'earth?

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Pah!

HORATIO E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till 'a find it stopping a bunghole?

HORATIO. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAMLET But soft, but soft awhile!

Enter the King and Queen, Laertes, and the corpse of Ophelia, with lords attendant and a Priest

Here comes the King,

LxQ77 GO

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.
He withdraws with Horatio

LAERTES
What ceremony else?

HAMLET
That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.

LAERTES
What ceremony else?

PRIEST
Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful,

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'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN
Sweets to the sweet! Farewell.
She scatters flowers
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

LAERTES Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
He leaps in the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T'o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET (*coming forward*)
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.

LAERTES The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET
Thou prayest not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat.
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING
Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN Hamlet, Hamlet!

ALL
Gentlemen!

HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet.

HAMLET
Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

LxQ 78 Go

+ SLIDE Q18 Go

QUEEN
O my son, what theme?
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?
KING
O, he is mad, Laertes.
QUEEN
For love of God, forbear him.
HAMLET
'Swounds, show me what thou't do. 270
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear
thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?
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,
280 QUEEN This is mere madness.
And thus a while 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.
KING
I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
Exeunt Hamlet and Horatio
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

*Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

V.2 *Enter Hamlet and Horatio*
HAMLET
So much for this, sir. Now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance?
HORATIO
Remember it, my lord!
HAMLET
Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it – let us know
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall, and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will –
HORATIO That is most certain.
HAMLET
Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio –
Ah, royal knavery! – an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons, 20
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,

That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO Is't possible?

HAMLET
Here's the commission. Read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO
I beseech you.

HAMLET
I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair.
An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allowed.

HORATIO How was this sealed?

HAMLET
Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal,
Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

HORATIO
So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET
Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET
Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon –
He that hath killed my King and whored my mother,
Popped in between th'election and my hopes,
And with such cozenage – is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damned
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

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;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'one'.

HORATIO Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick

OSRICK Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir. (*Aside to Horatio*) Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO (*aside to Hamlet*) No, my good lord.

HAMLET (*aside to Horatio*) Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him.

"SBY LOUISE FOR FOILS"

SBY LXQ81

90 OSRICK Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use. 'Tis for the head.

OSRICK I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold. The wind is northerly.

OSRICK It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

100 OSRICK Exceedingly, my lord. It is very sultry, as 'twere – I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that 'a has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter –

HAMLET I beseech you remember.

He invites Osrick to put on his hat

OSRICK Nay, good my lord. For my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry.
110 For you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you,
But, in the verity of extolment,
I take him to be a soul of great article,

120 OSRICK Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRICK You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is –

HAMLET to know a man well were to know himself.

OSRICK I mean, sir, for his weapon. But in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed. 140

HAMLET What's his weapon?

OSRICK Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET That's two of his weapons. But well!

OSRICK The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so.

HAMLET Why is this all impawned, as you call it?

OSRICK The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him 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.

HAMLET How if I answer no?

OSRICK I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

170 HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is 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.

OSRICK Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

OSRICK I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET Yours, yours.

LXQ81 GO

♩ 'leave'

LXQ82 GO AS CLACK. & GERRY
BEGIN TO ENTER

HORATIO You will lose this wager, my lord.
HAMLET I do not think so. Since he went into France I have been in continual practice. 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 Nay, good my lord –
HAMLET It is but foolery.
HORATIO I will forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit.
HAMLET Not a whit. We defy augury. There is 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.

Let be.

Trumpets and drums
A table prepared, with flagons of wine on it
Enter officers with cushions, and other attendants with foils, daggers, and gauntlets

Enter the King and Queen, Osrick, Laertes, and all the state

KING
Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
He puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's

HAMLET
Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong.
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punished with a sore distraction.
What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not. Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged.
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge.

HAMLET
Give us the foils. Come on.

LAERTES Come, one for me.

HAMLET
I'll be your foil, Laertes.

LAERTES You mock me, sir.

HAMLET
No, by this hand.

KING
Give them the foils, young Osrick. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

LXQ83 Go

SLIDE Q19+20 Go

O Cl. places cap DPC
Os.+Cl. sit N to us

SB4 LXQ84

HAMLET Very well, my lord.
Your grace has laid the odds o'th'weaker side.

KING
I do not fear it. I have seen you both.
But since he is bettered, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES
This is too heavy. Let me see another.

HAMLET
This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

OSRICK
Ay, my good lord.
They prepare to play

KING
~~Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.~~
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the King drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin.
(*Trumpets the while*)
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET
Come on, sir.

LAERTES Come, my lord.
They play

HAMLET One.

LAERTES No.

HAMLET Judgement?

OSRICK
A hit, a very palpable hit.
Drum, trumpets, and shot. Flourish. A piece goes off

LAERTES Well, again.

KING
Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

HAMLET
I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.
They play
Another hit. What say you?

LAERTES
A touch, a touch. I do confess't.

KING
Our son shall win.

QUEEN He's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin. Rub thy brows.
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET
Good madam!

KING Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN
I will, my lord. I pray you, pardon me.
She drinks

LxQ84 Co

o. Pat sits USR w. Side
Mate " USL w. Tenor

KING (*aside*)
~~It is the poisoned cup.~~ It is too late.
HAMLET
I dare not drink yet, madam. By and by.
QUEEN
Come, let me wipe thy face.
LAERTES (*aside to the King*)
My lord, I'll hit him now.
KING (*aside to Laertes*) I do not think't.
LAERTES (*aside*)
And yet it is almost against my conscience.
HAMLET
Come for the third, Laertes. You do 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 play
OSRICK
Nothing neither way.
LAERTES
Have at you now!
In scuffling they change rapiers, and both are wounded with the poisoned weapon
KING Part them. They are incensed.
HAMLET
Nay, come. Again!
The Queen falls
OSRICK Look to the Queen there. Ho!
HORATIO
They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
OSRICK
How is't, Laertes?
LAERTES
Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrick.
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.
HAMLET
How does the Queen?
KING She swounds to see them bleed.
QUEEN
No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poisoned.
She dies
HAMLET
O, villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked.
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's life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.
HAMLET
The point envenomed too?
Then, venom, to thy work.
He wounds the King
ALL
Treason! Treason!

FOH Bass during drums.

drums

LXQ85 GO

KING
O, yet defend me, friends. I am but hurt.
HAMLET
Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion.
He forces the King to drink
Is thy union here? 320
Follow my mother.
The King dies
LAERTES He is justly served.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!
He dies
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, 330
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 th' art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go. By heaven, I'll ha't!
O God, Horatio, what a wounded name, *
A march afar off, and shout within
What warlike noise is this?

* Things standing thus unknown shall I leave behind me.

OSRICK
Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
HAMLET O, I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England.
But I do prophesy th'election lights
350 On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, – the rest is silence.
He dies
HORATIO
Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
(*March within*)
~~Why does the drum come hither?~~
Enter Fortinbras, with the Ambassadors and with his train of drum, colours, and attendants
FORTINBRAS
Where is this sight?
HORATIO What is it you 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

HOUSE OUT + LXQ87 ON 4 + GO DRUM BEAT

CALL LIGHTS

HOUSE + RESET

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 placèd to the view.
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing world
How these things came about.

FORTINBRAS

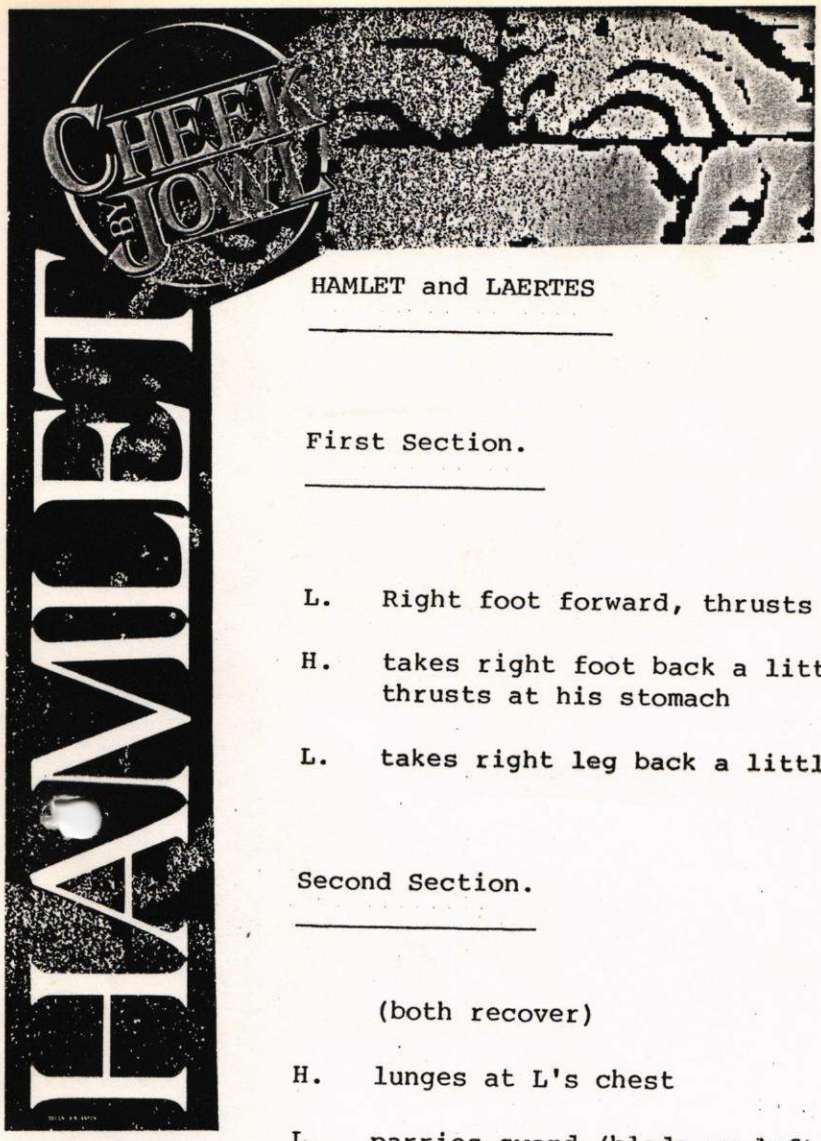
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO

Then let this same be presently performed,
Even while men's minds are wild,

FORTINBRAS Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage. 390
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal. And for his passage
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
~~Take up the bodies.~~ Such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt marching; after the which a peal of ordnance is shot off



HAMLET and LAERTES

First Section.

L. Right foot forward, thrusts at Hamlets stomach

H. takes right foot back a little, beats L's sword down left and thrusts at his stomach

L. takes right leg back a little, beats H's sword down left

Second Section.

(both recover)

H. lunges at L's chest

L. parries sword (blade up left and lunges at H's chest

H. parries sword blade up left

.... repeat.... but

H. parries with dagger. Binds blade down left and cuts at L's head

L. blocks with dagger and thrusts at H's stomach (passed hip up stage)

H. steps forward down stage passed L's right hip, parries with sword blade down right and hits L. on right side with dagger

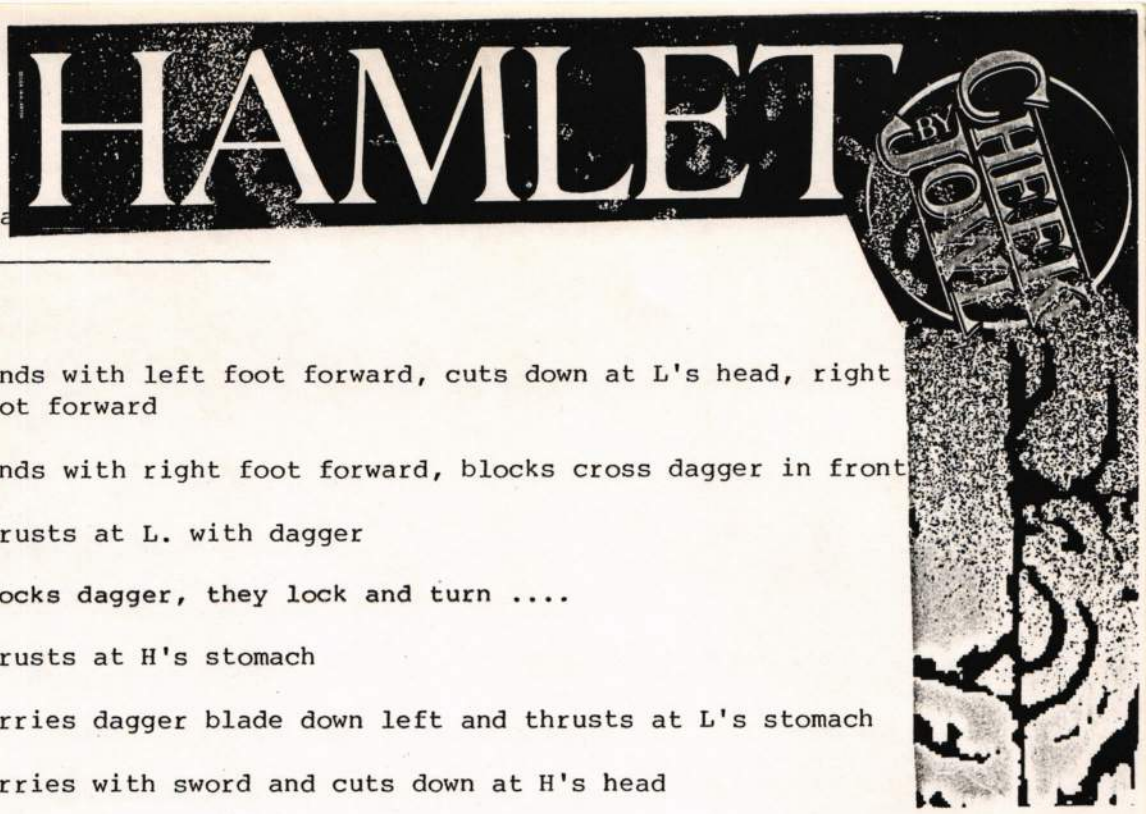
Third Section-

L. (left foot forward) lunges at H's stomach, passed hip

H. (right foot forward) steps back with right foot, blocks with dagger down left, thrusts at L's stomach passed left hip

L. takes left leg behind right and parries with dagger, blade down left

Keeping contact, both move clockwise, lock and push away.



H. lands with left foot forward, cuts down at L's head, right foot forward

L. lands with right foot forward, blocks cross dagger in front

H. thrusts at L. with dagger

L. blocks dagger, they lock and turn ....

L. thrusts at H's stomach

H. parries dagger blade down left and thrusts at L's stomach

L. parries with sword and cuts down at H's head

H. blocks cross dagger behind and cuts with sword at L's right ribs

L. parries with sword blade down right, cuts at H's right cheek

H. blocks with dagger (blade up) and back hand cuts with sword at L's stomach

....."a touch a touch, I do confess't"....

Section four.

L. cuts down at H's head

H. parries with dagger, thrusts passed L's right hip

L. beats down right and cuts diagonally down passed H's right shoulder

H. steps upstage with left foot and thrusts passed L's right hip

L. parries with sword down right (stepping forward downstage with left foot) - changes grip on dagger, stabs at H's shoulder

H. blocks with dagger. They lock

OSRIC "Nothing, neither way"

HAMLET - CHEER BY SONG.

PROPS LIST

2 SKULLS
3 BONES
1 STOOP OF WINE
1 SANDWICH IN SANDWICH BAG.
1 SHOVEL
1 TROWEL
1 LEATHER BAG
1 PIKE
1 SWAGGER STICK
3 SWORDS IN SCABBARDS
1 HIPFLASK
3 RAPIERS
2 DAGGERS
1 CUSHION
1 ROPE TIE + LEAD REIGN
5 CHAIRS
1 BUCKET OF SOIL.
BUNCH OF FLOWERS FOR GERTRUDE

LETTERS.

3 FOR LAERTES
3 FOR OPHELIA
1 FOR HORATIO
2 FOR CLAUDIUS
2 FOR GERTRUDE
1 EXTRA FOR OPHELIA
1 COMMISSION
1 ENTREATY
1 GOBLET
1 PEARL IN ASHTRAY USR
1 TOWEL

1 CROWN IN DAN'S D-ROOM
1 FOLDER (POL.'S) SET ON
4 PENCILS
1 BOOK FOR OPHELIA
1 PAIR OF SHOES
1 HANDMIRROR
1 HANDKERCHIEF (NAPKIN)
1 AUTOHARP
1 GONG
1 BODRAN
1 WOODEN RECORDER
5 DRUMS + 10 STICKS
1 COFFIN
1 POUCH FOR POLONIUS SET ON STAGE
1 POUCH FOR HAMLET
1 NOTEBOOK FILED WITH PAPER
PAPER FOR PLAYERS
1 LARGE + 1 SMALL POISON BOTTLES
2 BUNDLES
2 SUITCASES
1 POSY OF FLOWERS
SCATTERING FLOWERS
1 PLAYERS WALKING STICK
1 RING
1 PLASTIC GREEN APPLE
GLASSES } REYNALDO
NOTEBOOK }

I THINK THIS IS ALL THE PROPS!

HAMLET CHECKLIST.

SL PROP TABLE

Underneath — 2 players bundles
2 players cases (check fastened)

On top — 1 autoharp + soft blue beater
1 bodhran + stick
and gong
1 'recorder'
} PLAYERS' INSTRUMENTS

Jason's paper + pencil
money purse - PAT
hipflask + water - PAT
rope tie - TIM
Reynaldo's notebook + pencil + glasses
black bamboo stick - PAT
bunch assorted flowers
posy flowers
ring
napkin
apple
tin flask
green bottle
} PLAYERS' PROPS
Napkin + goblet with water in it

GRAVEDIGGERS' PROPS.
- leather satchel with: —
1) 2 marmite sandwiches cut into ½'s (ie 4 slices of bread) inside cotton sandwich bag
2) leather pouch with
3) trowel inside it.
- Brown gin bottle with water + cork.

Also SL — Spade - DAN
Dan's walking stick - DAN
3 ordinary swords + belts
1 set of treads near DS entrance - JAS
Coffin USL - PAT
Pike - PETER M

Personals

Hamlet – { sword belt with black pouch
+ notebook
+ pencil

players programmes

HAMLET.
CHEEK BY JOWL.

PROP SETTING NOTES.

TOP OF THE SHOW.

1) 2 x SKULLS + 3x BONES PRESET IN HOLE - D.S.R. END OF GRAVE BOX.

2) OPHELIAS. BOOK IS SET UNDER S.R. CHAIR OF THE TWO CHAIRS SET U.S.C.

3) POLON'S FOLDER + LETTERS + POUCH. ARE SET INBETWEEN THE TWO U.S.C. CHAIRS WITH THE FOLDER ON TOP OF THE BOOK.

4) THE ENTILEATY FROM NORWAY IS SET UNDER THE S.L. CHAIR OF THE TWO U.S.C. CHAIRS.

5) THE TUNING FORK IS SET ON THE LARGER OF THE TWO S.R. DRUMS.

6) OPHELIA'S LETTERS FROM HAMLET ARE SET IN POL'S FOLDER TOWARDS THE BACK.

SL {Tenor Snare
SR {Side FT

7) THE LARGEST DRUM ON EACH SIDE IS ALWAYS SET ON THE LEFT

8) TWO STICKS TO BE SET WITH EACH DRUM + TWO BEATER WITH THE BASS DRUM.

1) PROGRAMS FOR THE PLAY WITHIN PLAY SET U.S.R.

ALL OTHER PROPS SET OFF STAGE LEFT
Laertes hat + cloak on USR throne

INITIAL CHANGE

1) BOTH POISON BOTTLES, ~~APPLE RING~~ SET IN CASE, OPEN, S.L. OF PLATFORM.

2) STREWING FLOWERS SET D.S.R. OF PLATFORM.

3) GOBLET, TOWEL, 2 SWORD + 2 DAGGERS SET D.S.L. BY PROMPT CORNER.

PERSONAL PROPS

1) NOTE BOOK FOR HAMLET

2) PEARL FOR CLAUDIUS.

SPECIAL REMINDER

1) BUCKET OF MUD FOR HAMLET.

HOPE THIS IS A HELP!

BEST OF LUCK

PAUL

SCENE CHANGES

INTERVAL

1) PROS
2) TREADS
3) PLAYERS CLOTH
4) RED VELVET
3) PLAYERS PROPS.

6) STRIKE PLAYERS BUNDLES.
7) STRIKE OPHELIA'S BOOK
8) SET CHAIRS DOWNSTAGE - ~~PR~~ PROS S.L. + U.S. OF PROS S.R.

5TH CHAIR. SET S.R. - D.S. EDGE OF PLATFORM

PLAYERS SCENE CHANGES

JASON + PETER D.F. - STRIKE FALSE PROS + BACKCLOTH
DAN + PETER M STRIKE UPRIGHTS
JASON - STRIKE BOX OF PROPS
PAT + MALCOLM - STRIKE CHAIRS TO U.S. POSSITION

ARRAS SCENE CHANGE

SIDE TREADS ~~JASON + MALCOLM SIDES~~
PETER + PETER M. - TRE PICK UP ARRAS + ATTACH.
JASON + MALCOLM - COVER BED + SHOES/ CUSHION ?
Treads - Jason.

OUT OF ARRAS SCENE CHANGE

JASON - TREADS
JASON + MALCOLM - STRIKE RED CLOTH + BOLSTER.
PETER + PETER - STRIKE ARRAS
FLYING CLOTH IN VERY SCANCY.

END OF FOLTONBIRDS

CANDY ALL WAY IN.

JASON S.L. TREADS
PETER D.S. - TREADS - S.R.

DUNCAN - CHADR.

GRANDDADDY'S ENTRANCE P54

CANDY ALL THE WAY OUT P48

TREADS FROM UNDER ROSTRA - JASON S.L.
- PAT S.R.

DAN CHADR TO S.L.

~~LOCK THE DOORS P63~~

~~CANDY IN - GRAVITY.~~

INTERVAL CHANGE

L/M (1) Pros on

L (2) Centre US treads off M holds cloth

L/M (3) Side treads underneath

L/M (4) Red velvet + bolster { take players stuff off / Set cave M

L/M (5) Players cloth on

L (6) Poisons × 2 in cave

L (7) Strewing flowers SR platform.

M (8) Goblet + napkin — P. corner.

L. (9) Swords + daggers P. corner

COLOUR!!

HIPFLASK

143 ish

SR Prop table

Gertrude's silver mirror
1 pearl in an ashtray
Gertrude's white flowers

Offstage SR

Bass drum + 2 soft beaters
3 rapiers
2 daggers

(JASON)

Stored offstage

1) Players cloth rolled around ~~top~~ bottom bar and tied with black sash at each end.

2) Red velvet cloth and bolster
Folded concertina-style along longest edge so it can have its ties tied to back of platform and pulled over platform easily.

3) False pros
Assembled ready to slot into holes
Check it opens + closes easily

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* COFFIN: Set on top: Tim's sword
" frog + belt
" black scarf

STAGE

- Gravediggers etc
- 5 x treads
- 2 x thrones — Polonius props
  Cathy's book
- 4 x drums + stix + snares on + t. fork
- Arras
- Canopy out
- sandbags out

Instruments.

Side drum

Snare "

Tenor "

Floor tom

Bass drum

Zither

1x Bodhran + gong set

1x Bagpipe chanter

Tuning forks 1xG, 1xD — Peter, Malcolm

Drum key

Zither key.

5 sets of drumsticks

1x sawn-off broom handle beater

1x Cymbal (Paiste 505)

1x Small violin bow

1x Block of resin

STAGE RIGHT

Side

Floor Tom

S-L

Snare

Tenor

Cymbal + bow

OFFSTAGE R

Bass

CRUCIFIX.

PEAT.

Hvor skal jeg din hjertenskær
kende fra de andre?
Ibsskal på sin hat han bær,
men sandal mon vandre.

Jomfru, han er lagt i mulf,
lagt i muld til visse;
Ved han fødder kun en sten
grønsvær ved hans isse.