

HAMLET CASTING 2018

17.02. 12-20h

18.02. 12-20h

Lennéstraße 1, Medienwissenschaftliches Institut

20.02. 18-22h

21.02. 18-22h

22.02. 18-22h

23.02. 18-22h

Regina-Pacis-Weg 5, Institut für Anglistik

Scene Overview

BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, MARCELLUS	1
HORATIO	1, 17
CLAUDIUS	4, 12, 13, 15, M2
GERTRUDE	4, 11, 13, 16
HAMLET	3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, M1
POLONIUS	2, 4, 5, 7
LAERTES	2, 14, 15, 16
OPHELIA	2, 8, 13, 14
ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN	6, 10, 12
GHOST	3
The Players	7, 9
OSRIC	13, 15
GRAVEDIGGER	17

1 On the Watch p.1-3

2 Family Portrait p.4-6

3 Ghost p.7-8

4 Polonius Explaining p.9-11

5 Hamlet Trolling p.12-13

6 Rosenstern arrive p.14-16

7 Players arrive p.17

8 Nunnery p.18-20

9 Mousetrap p.21-22

10 Recorder p.23-25

11 Closet Clash p.26-18

12 Body Language p.29-30

13 Ophelia's Madness p.31-33

14 Madness Returns p.34

15 Conspiracy p.35-36

16 Drown'd p.37

17 Digger p.38-40

M1 To be or not to be (Surprise!) p.41

M2 My offence is rank it smells to heaven p.42

1 ON THE WATCH

BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, MARCELLUS, HORATIO

Francisco holds his guard in a cold and dark night. Bernardo arrives to relieve him.

BERNARDO
Who's there?

FRANCISCO
Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO
Long live the king!

FRANCISCO
Bernardo?

BERNARDO
He.

FRANCISCO
You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO
'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO
For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I
am sick at heart.

BERNARDO
Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO
Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO
Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make
haste.

FRANCISCO
I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

[Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS]

HORATIO
Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS
And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO
Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO

Bernardo hath my place. Give you good night.

[Exit]

MARCELLUS

Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO

Say, What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him.

BERNARDO

Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO

I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO

Sit down awhile; And let us once again assail your
ears, That are so fortified against our story What we
have two nights seen. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell
then beating one,--

[Enter Ghost]

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

BERNARDO

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BERNARDO

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO

Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

MARCELLUS

Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form In which the
majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

HORATIO

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost]

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone

BERNARDO

How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

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:
'Tis strange.

2 FAMILY PORTRAIT

LAERTES, OPHELIA, POLONIUS

Laertes is ready to leave for Paris and makes his farewells. But he is concerned about his little sister's affections for prince Hamlet...

LAERTES

My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more;
Perhaps he loves you now,
but you must fear, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, Carve for himself; for on his choice
depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
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;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
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.

OPHELIA

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES

O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

[Enter POLONIUS]

LORD POLONIUS

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPHELIA

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

Farewell.

[Exit]

LORD POLONIUS

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

LORD POLONIUS

Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

LORD POLONIUS

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPHELIA

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

LORD POLONIUS

Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling.

OPHELIA

My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

LORD POLONIUS

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

LORD POLONIUS

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making, You must
not take for fire. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

OPHELIA

I shall obey, my lord.

3 GHOST

GHOST, HAMLET

*Hamlet sees the spirit of his deceased father,
who demands revenge for his murder.*

GHOST

Mark me.

HAMLET

I will.

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night
And for the day confined to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

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

If thou didst ever thy dear father love-- 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; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death

(MORE)

GHOST (cont'd)

Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET

O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
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, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exit]

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my
heart;
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,--meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

4 POLONIUS EXPLAINS

CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS

Polonius explains to Claudius and Gertrude what he thinks is the reason for Hamlet's madness: the love to his daughter Ophelia.

[Enter POLONIUS]

KING CLAUDIUS

Thou still hast been the father of good news.

LORD POLONIUS

Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
And I do think that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING CLAUDIUS

O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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

KING CLAUDIUS

Well, we shall sift him.

LORD POLONIUS

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

More matter, with less art.

LORD POLONIUS

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
I have a daughter--have while she is mine--
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Reads]

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,'--
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is
a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:

[Reads]

'In her excellent white bosom'

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Came this from Hamlet to her?

LORD POLONIUS

Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love.
'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;
I have not art to reckon my groans: but that
I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, 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 CLAUDIUS

But how hath she
Received his love?

LORD POLONIUS

What do you think of me?

KING CLAUDIUS

As of a man faithful and honourable.

LORD POLONIUS

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing-
I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed--a short tale to make--
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

KING CLAUDIUS

Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

It may be, very likely.

LORD POLONIUS
Hath there been such a time--I'd fain know that--
That I have positively said 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

KING CLAUDIUS
Not that I know.
How may we try it further?

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

QUEEN GERTRUDE
So he does indeed.

LORD 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 fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

KING CLAUDIUS
We will try it.

5 HAMLET TROLLING

HAMLET, POLONIUS

Hamlet shows his sarcastic, bitter-sweet humour by trolling the spying Polonius.

[Polonius enters to a reading Hamlet]

LORD POLONIUS

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET

Well, God-a-mercy.

LORD POLONIUS

Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET

Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

LORD POLONIUS

Not I, my lord.

HAMLET

Then I would you were so honest a man.

LORD POLONIUS

Honest, my lord?

HAMLET

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be One man picked out of ten thousand.

LORD POLONIUS

That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,--Have you a daughter?

LORD POLONIUS

I have, my lord.

HAMLET

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

LORD POLONIUS

[Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he 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.

LORD POLONIUS

What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET

Between who?

LORD POLONIUS

I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET

Slanders, sir. For the satirical rogue says here
That old men have grey hair, that their faces
are wrinkled and that they have a plentiful lack
Of wit together

LORD POLONIUS

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET

Into my grave.

LORD POLONIUS

Indeed, that is out o' the air.

[Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method
in 't.

My honourable lord,
I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET

You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will
more willingly part withal: except my life, except
my life, except my life.

LORD POLONIUS

Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET

This tedious old fool.

6 ROSENSTERN ARRIVE

HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern meet Hamlet for the first time after agreeing to spy on him. But Hamlet is suspicious...

GUILDENSTERN

My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ

My most dear lord!

HAMLET

My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! how do ye 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

What's the news?

ROSENCRANTZ

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET

Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN

Prison, my lord!

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

HAMLET

A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

ROSENCRANTZ

We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET

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

GUILDENSTERN

Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET

A dream itself is but a shadow.
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. Were you not sent for?
Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?
Come,
deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN

What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET

Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for;
and there is a kind of confession in your looks
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:
I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ

To what end, my lord?

HAMLET

That you must teach me. But let me conjure you,
By the obligation of our ever-preserved love,
be even and direct with me,
whether you were sent for, or no?

ROSENCRANTZ

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;
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, why, it appears no other
thing to
me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.
What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason!
the beauty of the
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me,
what is this quintessence of dust?
man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by
your smiling
you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

7 PLAYERS ARRIVE

HAMLET, PLAYER KING, POLONIUS, [Player Queen, Lucianus, Dancers]

The Players arrive. Hamlet wants to hear a monologue from the Player King, but first, he wants to show off his own acting skills.

HAMLET

You are welcome, masters. I am glad to see thee well. We'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

PLAYER KING

What speech, my lord?

HAMLET

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see--

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,'-- it is not so:--it begins with Pyrrhus:--

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

PLAYER KING

'Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command: unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide; But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls. 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!'

HAMLET

Say on: come to Hecuba.

PLAYER KING

'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen--'

HAMLET

'The mobled queen?'

LORD POLONIUS

That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

8 NUNNERY

HAMLET, OPHELIA

A dramatic break-up scene between Hamlet and Ophelia. They are torn between still having feelings for each other and being wound up in the meddlings at court. At the end of this scene, Ophelia's mind starts to crumble.

HAMLET

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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 longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I; I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET

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; 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 no where but in's own house. Farewell. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA

O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit]

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

9 MOUSETRAP

PLAYER KING, PLAYER QUEEN, PLAYER LUCIANUS, (DANCERS)

The play-in-play-scene at the middle of the play. The actors portray a loving couple of a king and queen. The king is sick and might die soon and his wife promises to never marry again. At the end, the king is poisoned by Lucianus, mirroring Claudius' deed.

This whole scene is supposed to be at least melodious, with exaggerated movements to underline the meaning of what is happening: love, trust and betrayal.

[PLAYER KING enters]

PLAYER KING

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

[Music plays. The PLAYERS enter.]

[King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her.]

PLAYER KING

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round;
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground;
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands;
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

PLAYER QUEEN

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows
there.

PLAYER KING

'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou--

[She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him.]

PLAYER QUEEN

O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!

(MORE)

PLAYER QUEEN (cont'd)

None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
 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.

[He takes her up]

PLAYER KING

I do believe you think what now you speak;
 But what we do determine oft we break.
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

PLAYER QUEEN

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

PLAYER KING

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

PLAYER QUEEN

Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain!

[He lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him.]

[Enter LUCIANUS]

LUCIANUS

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
 agreeing;
 Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 Thy natural magic and dire property,
 On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[LUCIANUS takes off the PLAYER KING's crown, kisses it, and pours the poison into the sleeper's ears]

KING CLAUDIUS

Give me some light: away!

10 RECORDER

GUILDENSTERN, ROSENCRANTZ, HAMLET

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern try to find the reason for Hamlet's strange behaviour. But he finally unmasks their falsehood.

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.

HAMLET

With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN

No, my lord, rather with choler.

HAMLET

Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

I am tame, sir: pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN

The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET

You are welcome.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET

So I 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 Denmark?

HAMLET

Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'--the proverb is something musty. To withdraw with you:--why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN

O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET

I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

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.

HAMLET

'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET

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

11 CLOSET CLASH

GERTRUDE, HAMLET, [Polonius behind the arras]

After the escalated "Mousetrap"-scene, Gertrude wants to talk to her child. Hamlet's frustration with his mother ends in this aggressive scene, which already starts at a high energy level. Gertrude has a multitude of feelings in this scene: From backlashing at him, to fright, to anger and to despair.

HAMLET

Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAMLET

What's the matter now?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And--would it were not so!--you are my mother.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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

HAMLET

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

[He places her forcefully on a chair]
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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

LORD POLONIUS

[Behind] What, ho! help, help, help!

HAMLET

[Drawing] How now! a rat?

[Makes a pass through the arras]

[POLONIUS Falls and dies]

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET

Nay, I know not: Is it the king?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

As kill a king!

HAMLET

Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[Lifts up the array and discovers POLONIUS]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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,
O, such a deed.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAMLET

Look here, upon this picture,
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.
Ha! have you eyes?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

(MORE)

HAMLET (cont'd)

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! Where is thy blush?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET

Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed
bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,--

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET

A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

No more!

12 BODY LANGUAGE

GUILDENSTERN, ROSENCRANTZ, HAMLET, CLAUDIUS

Hamlet has hidden Polonius' dead body. But where? That's the great question. Hamlet toys with his "audience".

GUILDENSTERN

[Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAMLET

What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

[Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

GUILDENSTERN

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

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!

HAMLET

Of nothing.

[Enter KING CLAUDIUS]

KING CLAUDIUS

How now! What hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ

Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING CLAUDIUS

Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET

At supper.

KING CLAUDIUS
At supper! where?

HAMLET
Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain
convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. your
fat king and your lean beggar is but variable
service, two dishes, but to one table:
That's the end.

KING CLAUDIUS
Alas, alas!

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

KING CLAUDIUS
What dost you mean by this?

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

KING CLAUDIUS
Where is Polonius?

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

13 OPHELIA'S MADNESS

GERTRUDE, OSRIC, OPHELIA, CLAUDIUS, [Priest]

Ophelia has gone mad after her father's death. She is distressed and restless. This is the first time the court encounters her in this condition.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

I will not speak with her.

OSRIC

She is importunate,
Indeed distract: Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

What would she have?

OSRIC

She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the 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 unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection.
'Twere good she were spoken to, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Let her come in.

[Re-enter OSRIC, with OPHELIA and PRIEST as her caretaker]

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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 GERTRUDE

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.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Nay, but, Ophelia,--

OPHELIA

Pray you, mark. [Sings]
White his shroud as the mountain snow,--

[Enter KING CLAUDIUS]

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

[Sings] Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

KING CLAUDIUS

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

Well, God 'ild you!
They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may
be.
God be at your table!

KING CLAUDIUS

Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they
ask you what it means, say you this: [Sings]
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING CLAUDIUS

Pretty Ophelia!

How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA

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

[Exit]

KING CLAUDIUS

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit PRIEST and OSRIC]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions.

14 MADNESS RETURNS

LAERTES, OPHELIA, [Claudius, Gertrude]

*Continuation of the first mad Ophelia-scene.
Ophelia distributes meaningful flowers. Now
Laertes sees her for the first time and is
deeply hurt: he couldn't protect her after all.*

LAERTES

How now! what noise is that?

[Enter OPHELIA]

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as moral as an old man's life?

OPHELIA

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love,
remember: and there is pansies. that's for thoughts.

LAERTES

A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

OPHELIA

There's fennel for you, and columbines:
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:
we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:
O you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a
daisy:
I would give you some violets, but they withered all
when my father died:
they say he made a good end,-- [Sings]
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPHELIA

[Sings] And will he not come again?
And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed: He never will come again. He is
gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan: God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi'
ye.

[Exit OPHELIA]

LAERTES

Do you see this, O God?

15 CONSPIRACY

CLAUDIUS, LAERTES, OSRIC

Claudius tries to get Laertes on his side in his effort to kill Hamlet.

KING CLAUDIUS

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

LAERTES

And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

KING CLAUDIUS

Break not your sleeps for that:
You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine--

[Enter OSRIC]

How now! what news?

OSRIC

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

KING CLAUDIUS

From Hamlet! Who brought them?

OSRIC

Sailors, my lord, they say;
I saw them not: They were given me by Horatio.

KING CLAUDIUS

Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us.

[Exit OSRIC]

[Reads]

'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more
strange return. 'HAMLET.'
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 CLAUDIUS

'Tis Hamlets character. 'Naked'!
Can you advise me?

LAERTES

I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come.
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

KING CLAUDIUS

If it be so, Laertes--
As how should it be so? how otherwise?--
Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES

Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

KING CLAUDIUS

To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
I will work him
To an exploit,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall.
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practise
And call it accident.

LAERTES

My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

KING CLAUDIUS

It falls right.
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 CLAUDIUS

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

LAERTES

To cut his throat i' the church.

KING CLAUDIUS

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds.

16 DROWN'D

GERTRUDE, LAERTES

*A very emotional scene for both of them.
Gertrude delivers her most beautifully somber
monologue in the play and Laertes has room to
react.*

QUEEN GERTRUDE

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES

Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES

Alas, then, she is drown'd?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.

17 DIGGER

GRAVEDIGGER, HAMLET, HORATIO

Hamlet is back in Denmark and meets Horatio at the graveyard. A much too gleeful gravedigger sings while he works. Hamlet takes interest and can't stop asking questions.

GRAVEDIGGER

[He digs and sings]
 In youth, when I did love, did love,
 Methought it was very sweet,
 To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
 O, methought, there was nothing meet.

HAMLET

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HORATIO

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET

'Tis e'en so:
 That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once:
 how the knave jowls it to the ground,
 It 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! How dost thou, good lord?'

HORATIO

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

Whose grave's this, sirrah?

GRAVEDIGGER

Mine, sir.

HAMLET

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

GRAVEDIGGER

You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours:
 for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

HAMLET

'Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine:
 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

GRAVEDIGGER

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.

HAMLET

What man dost thou dig it for?

GRAVEDIGGER

For no man, sir.

HAMLET

What woman, then?

GRAVEDIGGER

For none, neither.

HAMLET

Who is to be buried in't?

GRAVEDIGGER

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAMLET

How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

GRAVEDIGGER

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

HAMLET

How long is that since?

GRAVEDIGGER

Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

GRAVEDIGGER

Why, because he was mad: He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET

Why?

GRAVEDIGGER

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

HAMLET

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

GRAVEDIGGER

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die--
as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days,
that will scarce hold the laying in--
he will last you some eight year or nine year:
a tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET

Why he more than another?

GRAVEDIGGER

Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that
he will keep out water a great while; and your water
is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's
a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three
and twenty years.

HAMLET

Whose was it?

GRAVEDIGGER

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

HAMLET

Nay, I know not.

GRAVEDIGGER

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

HAMLET

Let me see.

[Takes the skull]

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio:
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

MONOLOGUE 1

Preferred style: natural, almost like a stream of consciousness. But feel free to experiment!

HAMLET

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn No
 traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.--Soft you now!

MONOLOGUE 2

Claudius shows his feelings after the "Mousetrap"-scene. Having seen his deed reenacted, he finally realizes what he has done. Can he ever pray away his guilt?

CLAUDIUS

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? 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 possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed 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 newborn babe!
 All may be well.