

The American Drama Group Europe presents

TNT Theatre Britain in
William Shakespeare's

T H E
Tragical History of
H A M L E T

Prince of Denmark

By William Shakespeare [Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene TP2]

This version edited and adapted by Paul Stebbings and Phil Smith

and directed for the stage by Paul Stebbings.

Cast:

Actor 1 to play Hamlet

Actor 2 to play Polonius, Osrick, Priest, Barnardo, and Gravedigger

Actor 3 to play Ophelia and Player.

Actor 4 to play Gertrude and Player

Actor 5 to play Horatio, Player King and Guildenstern

Actor 6 to play Claudius, Ghost and Player

Actor 7 to play Laertes, Marcellus, Rosencrantz, and Player

Set: a wooden semicircular ramp.

MUSIC CUE 1 (Ophelia begins) ALL bar Hamlet

Enter Centinels.

BN. Stand: Ho, who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground. [20]
And liegemen to the Dane,

BN. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd again to night. [30]

BN. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen by us,
Therefore I have intreated him a long with us
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tut, t'will not appear.

BN. Then wait a while, and let us once again [40]
Assail your ears that are so fortified,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, and let us hear *Bernardo* speak
of this.

BN. Last night of all, when yonder star that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
illumine that part of heaven. Where now it burns,
The bell then towling one. [50]

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Break off your talk

(**MUSIC CUE 2** (first ghost)) – GERT, OPH, HAM
see where it comes again.

Bernardo: In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.

BN Looks it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors me with fear and wonder.

BN: It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that thus usurps the state, in
Which the Majesty of buried *Denmark* did sometimes
Walk? By heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

BN. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak, by heaven I charge thee
speak.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

BN. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and look pale,
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't? [70]

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this believe, without
the sensible and true avouch of my own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self,
Tis strange. [80]

Mar. Thus twice before, and point at this dead hower,
He passed through our watch.

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

MUSIC CUE 3 (it comes again) – GERT, OPH, HAM

Enter Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes again,
I'll cross it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may do ease to thee, and grace to me, [130]
Speak to me. [130]
If thou are privy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speak to me,
speak to me, stay and speak, speak, stop it *Marcellus*.

BN: Tis here.

exit Ghost.

Hor. Tis here. [140]

Marc. Tis gone, O we do it wrong, being so majesticall,
to offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air invulnerable,

BN. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,

MUSIC CUE 4 (crowing of the cock) GERT, OPH, HAM

Some say then no spirit dare walk abroad, [160]
No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to charm,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
But see the Sun in russet mantle clad,
Walkes o'er the dew of yon high mountain top,
Break we our watch up, and by my advise,
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him. [170]

Marc. Lets do't I pray.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 1.1*]

MUSIC CUE 5 (king's grand entrance) – HAM on tambourine, LAERT, HORAT, GERT, CLAUD

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,

King: Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brothers death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted [180]
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 our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen

Th'imperial jointresse of this warlike state
Have we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirdge in marriage, [190]
In equal scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor have we hereein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along (for all our thanks)

And now *Leartes*, what's the news with you?
You said you had a suit what i'st *Leartes*?

Lea. My gracious Lord, your favourable licence,
Now that the funeral rites are all performed,
I may have leave to go again to *France*,
For though the favour of your grace might stay me,
Yet something is there whispers in my heart,
Which makes my mind and spirits bend all for *France*.

King: Have you your fathers leave, *Leartes*? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced grant, [240]
And I beseech you grant your Highness leave.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all love and duty take my leave.

King But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my son.

Ham. A little more then kin, and less then kind.

*King.*How is it that the clouds still hang on you.

*Ham.*Not so my Lord, I am too much in the sun.

*Queene.*Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*,
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids [250]
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.*I Madam, it is common.

*Quee.*If it be
Why seems it so particular with thee.

*Ham.*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 [260]
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 This shows a loving care in you, Son *Hamlet*,
But you must think your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shall be until the
General ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heaven, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature and in reasons common course most certain:

None lives on earth, but he is born to die.

Que. Let not thy mother lose her prayers H *amlet*, [300]
Stay here with us, go not to *Wittenburg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.

King Spoke like a kind and a most loving Son,
And there's no health the King shall drink to day,
But the great Canon to the clouds shall tell
The rouse the King shall drink unto Prince H *amlet*.

MUSIC CUE 6 (swapping tokens) – OPH, GERT, LAERT, HORAT

MUSIC CUE 7 (convulsion) – HORAT, GERT, LAERT

Exeunt all but H amlet.

Ham. O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a Chaos!
O God, within two months; no not two: married,
Mine uncle: O let me not think of it, [330]
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed: Frailty, thy name is Woman, [330]
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speed, to make such [340]
Dexterity to incestuous sheets,
Ere yet the shoes were old.
The which she followed my dead fathers corpse

Like *Nyobe*, all tears: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Barnardo.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, Horatio or I much
forget my self.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you: [350]
but what make you from *Wittenburg* *H oratio*?

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.

Ham. O I prithee do not mock me fellow student,
I think it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *H oratio*, the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven [370]
Ere ever I had seen that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my minds eye *H oratio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father. [380]

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father.

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods love let me hear it.

Hor. Two nights together had this Gentlemen,

BN: (Entering as prompted) Ay My Good Lord.

Hor: Barnado on his watch,

MUSIC CUE 8 (A Ghostly Tale) – GERT on drum, LAERT, OPH

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father, [390]
Appears before him. Thrice, he walks
Before his weak and fear oppressed eyes
Within his full arms length,
While he distilled almost to jelly.
With the act of fear stands dumb,
And speak not to him: this to me
In dreadful secrecy did he impart.
And I with him the third night kept the watch,

The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like. **(FINISH MUSIC CUE 8)**

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, tis true,
And we did think it right done,
In our duty to let you know it.

Ham. Where was this?

BN. My Lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answer made it none,

MUSIC CUE 9 (About to Speak – reprise of crowing of the cock) – GERT, LAERT, OPH

Yet once me thought it was about to speak,
And lifted up his head to motion,
Like as he would speak, but even then [410]
The morning cock crew loud, and at the sound,
It shrunk in haste away, and vanished from
Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?

BN I do my Lord. [420]

Ham. When then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes my Lord.

Ham. How look't he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pal [430]

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you.

Hor. Most constantly. **(End Music Cue 9 bar drums)**

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. I will watch tonight, perchance t'will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
I'll speak to it, if hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
conceal this sight,
so fare you well,
Upon the platform, twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. *excunt.*

Ham. O your loves, your loves, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit.

MUSIC CUE 10 (Foul deeds) – GERT OPH LAERT

Well, all's not well. I doubt some foul play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, sit still my soul, foul deeds will rise
Though all the world oerwhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 1.2*]

Enter Leartes and Ofelia.

Leart. My necessaries are embarked, I must aboard,
But ere I part, mark what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a show of love
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vows,
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue,
Speaks from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon. [500]
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Believ't *Ofelia*, therefore keep aloof
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel. Brother, to this I have lent attentive ear,
And doubt not but to keep my honour firm,
But my dear brother, do not you
Teach me the path and ready way to heaven,
While you
Your self, like to a careless libertine
Doth give his heart, his appetite at full,
And little reckes how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, fear it not my dear *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame, [520]
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.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar;
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Grapple them to thee with a hoop of steel,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but being in, [530]
"Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparel, as thy purse can buy.
"But not expressed in fashion, rich, not gaudy,

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

"This above all, to thy own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewell, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leave, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I have said to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Pol. What i'st *Ofelia* he hath said to you?

Ofel. Something touching the prince *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well thought on, tis given me to understand,
That you have been too prodigal of your maiden presence
Unto Prince Hamlet.

Ofel. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders of his love to me.

Pol. Tenders, Aye, and do you believe these "tenders" as you may call them.

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

Pol. Think yourself a baby, that you have taken these tenders for true pay, which are not sterling -

Ofel. My Lord he hath importuned me with love in honorable fashion -

Pol. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burn,
How prodigal the tongue lends the heart vows,

In brief, be scanner of your maiden presence,
Or tendering thus you'll tender me a fool.

Ofel. I shall obey my lord in all I may.

Pol. Ofelia, receive none of his letters,
"For lovers lines are snares to entrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keys
To unlock Chastity unto Desire;
Come in *Ofelia,* such men often prove,
"Great in their words, but little in their love.

Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

MUSIC CUE 11 (Carousing) OPH, HOR on guitar continue til music cue 12

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 1.3*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus

Ham. The air bites cold;

Hor It is an eager and a nipping wind.

Ham What hour i'st?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, tis struck.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not.

MUSIC CUE 12 (here comes ghosty) – GERT, OPH

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Look my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us,
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such 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, [630]

Say, speak, wherefore, what may this mean?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Look - But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means my Lord. [650]

Ham. It will not speak, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
That beckles oer his base, into the sea, [660]
And there assume some other horrible shape,
What might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And drive you into madness: think of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, I'll follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pins fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal, like it self,
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out, unhand me gentlemen;
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, I'll follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

exit.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 1.4*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. I'll go no further, whither wilt thou lead me? (**FINISH MUSIC CUE 12** – big roll on gong)

Ghost Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomed for a time
To walk the night, and all the day
Confined in flaming fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost Nay pity me not, but to my unfolding
Lend thy listening eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word [700]
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine,
Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy dear father love.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Revenge his foul, and most unnatural murder: [710]

Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder most foul, strange and unnatural.

MUSIC CUE 13 (murder) – GERT, OPH

Ham. Haste me to know it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it, may sweep to my revenge.

Ghost Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is with a forged Process of my death rankly abused:
But know thou noble Youth: (MUSIC CUE 13 PAUSE) the serpent that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now wears his Crown.

MUSIC CUE 13 begin again - GERT, OPH

Ham. O my prophetic soul, my uncle! my uncle!

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, won to his will with gifts,
O wicked will, and gifts! that have the power
So to seduce the will of my most seeming virtuous Queen,
In Lewdnesse, Lust and Garbage:
but soft, me thinks
I scent the mornings air, brief let me be,
As I lay sleeping within my Orchard,
Thy uncle came, with juice most poisonous
In a glass, and through the porches of my ears
Did pour the leperous distilment.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crown, of Queen, of life, of dignity [760]
At once deprived, no reckoning made of, [760]
But sent unto my grave,

With all my accounts and sins upon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

MUSIC CUE 13 big melody crescendo – GERT, OPH, POL

Ham. O God!

Ghost If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother, [770]
Leave her to heaven,
And to the burden that her conscience bears.
I must be gone, (**DRUM ENDS GERT**)
Hamlet adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poor Ghost; from the tables
Of my memory, I'll wipe away all saws of Books,
All trivial fond conceits
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit
Within the volume and book of my brain
Yes, yes, by heaven, a damned pernicious villain,
Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villain,
Oh That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
So uncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adieu adieu: remember me,
So t'is enough I have sworn.

Hor. My lord, my lord. *Enter. Horatio,*

Mar. Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus.*

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Mar. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Hor. Heavens secure him.

Mar. How i'st my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. Oh wonderful, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tell it.

Ham. No not I, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heaven.

Mar. Nor I my Lord. [810]

Ham. How say you then? would heart of man
Once think it? but you'll be secret.

Both. I by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's never a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the grave to tell
you this.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I hold it meet without more circumstance at all,
We shake hands and part; you as your business [820]
And desires shall lead you: for look you,
Every man hath business, and desires, such
As it is, and for my own poor part, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you; heartily, yes faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick, but there is H *oratio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision, [830]
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desires to know what is between us,
Oermaster't it as you may:
And now kind friends, as you are friends,
Scholars and gentlemen,
Grant me one poor request.

Both. What i'st my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear.

MUSIC CUE 14 (Swear) GERT + OPH

Gho. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,
Here consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak what you have seen tonight,
Swear.

Ghost. Swear

Ham. Come hither Gentlemen, never to speak
Of that which you have seen, Swear.

Ghost Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st work in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioneer, once more remove.

Hor. Day and night but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. There are more things in the heaven and earth *Horatio*,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophy,
But come here, as before you never shall
How strange or odd so ere I bear my self,
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, [870]
Or by pronouncing
Well well well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giving out to note, that you know aught of me,
This not to do, so help you, swear

Ghost. Swear

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my love I do commend me to you,

MUSIC CUE 15 (out of joynt) GERT + OPH

The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right,

Exeunt.

Enter Ophelia

Pol. How now *Ophelia*, whats the news with you?

Oph. Oh my dear father, such a change in nature
So great an alteration in a Prince
So pitiful to him, fearful to me

Pol. Why, what's the matter my *Ophelia*?

Oph. Oh Young Prince Hamlet, the only flower of Denmark
He is bereft of all the wealth he had
The jewel that adorned his feature most
Is filched and stolen away, his wits bereft him
He found me walking in the gallery all alone
There comes he to me with a distracted look
His garters lagging down, his shoes untied
And fixed his eyes so steadfast on my face
As if they had vowed this is their latest object.

Pol. Mad for thy love,
What have you given him any cross words of late?

Ophelia No, my Lord. I did repel his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.

Pol. That hath made him mad;
Well, I am sorry
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madness may prove,
Though wild a while, yet more true to thy love.

MUSIC CUE 16 (throne room) HAM on vocal & drum + OPH
exeunt.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 2.1*]

Enter King and Queene, Rossencrast, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our dear cousin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his sense,

It is most right, and we most sorry for him:
Therefore we do desire,
The cause and ground of his distemperance.
Do this, the king of *Denmarke* shall be thankful.

Ros. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
Your majesty may command.

Guil. What we may do for both your Majesties
To know the grief troubles the Prince your son,
We will endeavour all the best we may,
So in all duty do we take our leave.

King Thanks Guildenstone, and gentle Rosencrastle.

Que. Thanks Rosencrastle, and gentle Guildenstone.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
my too-much-changed son.

Ros. Heavens make our presence and practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Gert. Ay, Amen.

MUSIC CUE 17 (the kiss) OPH + HAM on vocal & drum
Stops when Polonius interrupts the kiss.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, I assure your grace,
I hold my duty as I hold my life,
Both to my God, and to my sovereign King:
And I believe that I have found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacy.

King: Oh speak of it that I do long to hear.

Cor: First let me attend, My lord, first let me attend.

My news shall be fruit to that great feast (exits).

King.

He tells me my dear *Gertrude* he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the main [1080]
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,

Pol. (reenters with Ofelia)

Now my Lord, touching the young Prince Hamlet,
Certain it is that he is mad: mad let us grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect, [1130]
For this effect defective comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be brief.

Pol. Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter,
Have while she's mine: for that we think
Is surest, we often lose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliver'd to my hands.

King Read it

Pol. Mark my Lord. (*Forces Ofelia to read*).

Oph. To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia...

Pol. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase – beautified is a vile phrase.

Ofel. Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
O my *Ofelia*: I have not the art to reckon my groans. But I do love thee best. O most best.
Believe it *Opheila*. Thine evermore the most unhappy *Hamlet*.

Pol. My Lord, what do you think of me? .
Aye, or what might you think when I saw this? [1160]

King As of a true friend and a most loving subject.

Pol. I would be glad to prove so. [1160]
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your star, [1170]
And one that is unequal for your love:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her self.
She as my child obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his love thus cross'd,
Which I took to be idle, and but sport,
He straightaway grew into a melancholy,
Then into a sadness, from that unto a madness,
and weakness of the brain
Into this frenzy, which now possesseth him:

King Think you t'is so?

Pol. How? so my Lord, I would very fain know
That thing that I have said t'is so, positively,
And it hath turned out otherwise.
Nay, I'll find it out, if it were hid
As deep as the centre of the earth. [1190]

King. how should we try this?

Pol. Marry my good lord thus,
The Prince's walk is nearby in the gallery,
There let *Ophelia*, walk until he comes:
Your self and I will stand close by,
There shall you hear the effect of all his heart,
And prove if it be otherwise than love.

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us two,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildness, so shall I hope your virtues, [1690]
Will bring him to his wonted way again,

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walk you here, in prayerful contemplation.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage
And pious action, we do sugar oer
The devil himself. [1700]

MUSIC CUE 18 (confession) OPH, GERT, LAERT, HOR on drums

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden.

MUSIC CUE 18 Finish

MUSIC CUE 19 (Seascape) – LAERT on rainstick

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question, [1710]
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 consumation
Devoutly to be wished to die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dream, I there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come [1720]
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'oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the laws 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, [1730]
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose born
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied oer with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment, [1740]
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.

Ofel. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours which I have long-ed longed to redeliver. I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. I never gave you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did. And with them, such earnest vows of love, as would have moved the stoniest breast alive. But now too true I find: rich gifts wax poor, when givers grow unkind.

Ham. Are you fair? [1760]

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofel. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be fair and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty have better privilege than with honesty?

Ham. Yea, marry may it; for Beauty may transform
Honesty, from what she was into a whore:
Then Honesty can transform Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time gives it scope.
I did love you once.

MUSIC CUE 20 (Nunnery) Rainstick GERT + LAERT.....

Ofel. Indeed my lord, you made me believe so.

MUSIC CUE 20 cont. Guitar begins LAERT.....

Ham. Thou should'st not have believed it. I loved you not.

Ofel I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,
But I could accuse myself of such crimes
It had been better my mother had never born me,
O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainful,
With more sins at my beck, than I have thoughts [1780]
To put them in, what should such fellows as I
Do, crawling between heaven and earth?
To a Nunnery go, we are arrant knaves all,
Believe none of us, to a Nunnery go.

MUSIC CUE 20 cont. Singing starts. GERT & LAERT

Ofel. O heavens secure him!

Ham. Where's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods sake let the doors be shut on him,
He may play the fool now where but in his

own house: to a Nunnery go.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee [1790]
This plague to thy dowry: [1790]
Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery go.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery go.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I have heard of your paintings too, (*seizing her lipstick and or smearing hers*)
God hath given you one face,
And you make yourselves another,
You jig, and you amble, and you nickname God's creatures, [1800]
Making your wantonness your ignorance,
A pox, tis scurvy, I'll no more of it,
It hath made me mad: I'll no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall live,
The rest shall keep as they are, to a Nunnery go,
To a Nunnery go.

exit.

FINISH MUSIC CUE 20 bar rainstick

Ofe. Great God of heaven, what a quick change is this?
The Courtier, Scholar, Soldier, all in him,

All dashed and splintered thence, O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see. *exit.*

Enter King and Polonius

King Love? No, no, that's not the cause,
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.

Pol. Well, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
How now Ophelia. You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said. We heard it all.
I will myself go feel him: let me work,
I'll try him every way: see where he comes, let me alone
To find the depth of this, away, be gone.

exit King.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. Now my good Lord, do you know me?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. Aye, sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.*That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

*Pol.*I have my Lord.

*Ham.*Let her not walk i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may concieve, friend look to't.

*Pol.*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. 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.

*Ham.*Words, words, words. [1230]

*Pol.*What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.*Between who.

*Pol.*I mean the matter that you read my Lord.

*Ham.*Slanders sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & 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 your self sir shall grow old [1240]

as I am: if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't, will you walk out of the air my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the air; how potent sometimes his replies are, a happiness that often madness hits on. I will leave him. My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

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

Enter Guildersterne, and Rosencrantz. [1260]

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools

MUSIC CUE 21 (Orientus Partibus) GILD, ROS, HAM

Pol., You seek Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. .

Ros. God save you sir.

Gil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou Guildenstern? Ah Rosencrantz; good lads: how do ye both?

Gil. We thank your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg*.

Ham. What have you my good friends deserved at the hands of fortune that she sends you
to prison hither?

Gil. A prison my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then the world is one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many dungeons, Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so my Lord.

Ham. 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. But in the beaten way of friendship, what makes you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you my Lord. No other occasion.

Ham. I thank you, but is this visitation free of [1320]
Yourselves, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queen
Sent for you, there is a kind of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Nay then I see how the wind sits,
Come, you were sent for.

Ros. My Lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment. [2210] (*Making crown*).

Ross. I think not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, [1360]
When I said, Man did not content me? [1360]

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainment the Players shall have,
We boarded them a the way: they are coming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Ross. My Lord, the Tragedians of the City,
Those that you took delight to see so often

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me. [1360]

The Trumpets sound, Enter Polonius.

Ham. Do you see yonder great baby? [1430]
He is not yet out of his swaddling clothes. [1430]

Gil. That may be, for they say an old man
Is twice a child.

Ham. I'll prophecy to you, he comes to tell me a the Players,

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you:

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord. [1440]

Ham. Buzz, buzz.

Pol. The best Actors in the world,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, History, Pastoral,
Pastoral, Historical, Historical, Comical,
Comical historical, Pastoral, Tragedy historical:
Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor *Plato* too light:

Ham. O Judge of Israel! What a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Aye, still harping on my daughter! well my Lord,
I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not. [1460]

Pol. What follows then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to pass,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet

MUSIC CUE 22 (Buxom Joan) HOR/LAERT on guitar HAM All available GERT on tambourine

Will tell you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:

_____Puppet Master version ____

Welcome master, welcome! *Enter player.*

What my old friend, - come, a taste of your
Quality, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Never above twice, for as I remember, [1480]
It pleased not the vulgar.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talks of Prince's slaughter, [1490]
If it live in thy memory begin at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged *Pyrrus*, like the wild clawed beast:
No t'is not so, it begins with *Pyrrus*:
O I have it.
The rugged *Pyrrus*, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
Hath now his black and grim complexion smeared
With Heraldry more dismal, head to foot,
Now is he total guise, horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, [1500]
Baked and imparched in calagulate gore
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandsire *Priam* seeks:
So go on

Pol. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke!

(Player lifts puppet out of box – life size with one hand in head and another on arm – Hamlet grabs a mask and plays Priam – who the Player puppet kills).

Player. *Pyrrus* at *Pryam* drives, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiff and wind
Of his fell sword, the gentle father kills.

MUSIC CUE 23 (Tale of Priam) LAERT on guitar, Players saying ‘murder’
Continue til stabbing of puppet

Pol. Enough my friend, t’is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, he’s for a jig, or a tale of whoring, [1540]
Or else he sleeps, come on to *Hecuba*, come. [1540]

Play. But who, O who had seen the noble Queen?

MUSIC CUE 24 (Poor old queenie) HOR/LAERT on guitar, Players
Same melody and harmony as opening song, in different key.

(Player takes up Queen puppet)

Play. All in the alarm and fear of death rose up, [1550]
And oer her weak and all oer-teeming loins, a blanket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diadem stood,
When she saw *Pirrus* with malicious strokes,
Mincing her husband’s limbs,
It would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

END MUSIC CUE 24

Pol/ Look my lord if he hath not changed his colour, [1560]
And hath tears in his eyes: no more good heart, no more. [1560]

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.

Ham. O far better man, use every man after his deserts, [1570]
Then who should escape whipping?
Use them after your own honour and dignity,
The less they deserve, the greater credit's yours.

Pol. Welcome my good fellows. *exit.*

Ham. Come hither master, can you not play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not thou for a need study me [1580]
Some dozen or sixteen lines,
Which I would set down and insert?

Players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. T'is well, I thank you: follow that lord:

Exit all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why 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 tears in his eyes, and all for nothing?
For Hecuba,
Why what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
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,
Yet I like to an ass or man of Dreams,
Having my father murdered by a villain,

Stand still, and let it pass. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Tweaks me the nose, gives me the lie in the throat
As deep as to the lungs, Who does me this?
Bloody bawdy villain.
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindles villain!
Oh vengeance!
Why what an ass am I! Why this is brave, that I the son of my dear father,
Should like a whore, unpack my heart with words.
About my brain.
This spirit that I have seen may be the Devil,
And out of my weakness and my melancholy,
Doth seek to damn me, I will have sounder proofs,
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene, confessed a murder [1630]
Committed long before.
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

MUSIC CUE 25 (Observe) OPH + LAERT on vocal & drum

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 2.2b*]

Enter the King

Ham. What Ho, Horatio?

Horatio. Here my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as just a man,
As ever my conversation met withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?

That nothing hath but thy good mind?
Horatio,
There is a play to night, wherein one scene they have

Comes very near the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Mark thou the King, do but observe his looks,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face:
And if he do not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen.
Horatio, have a care, observe him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eyes shall still be on his face,

END MUSIC CUE 25

Ham. Hark, they come.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, and Ofelia

King How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we have a play?

Ham. In faith the Chameleon's dish, not capon crammed,
feed o the air. [1950]
Ay father: My lord, you played in the University.

Pol. That I did my Lord: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Pol. My lord, I did act *Iulius Caesar*, I was killed
in the Capitol, *Brutus* killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, [1960]
To kill so capital a calf.
Come, be these Players ready?

MUSIC CUE 26 (Buxom reprise) PLAYERS sing

Ofel. What means this play my Lord?

Ham You shall hear anon, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofel. Is't short my Lord?

Ham. As womens love.

Ofel. Y'are very pleasant my lord.

Ham. Who I, why what should a man do but be merry? For look how cheerfully my mother looks, my father died within these two hours. [1980]

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the devil wear black,
Jesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet?
Nay then there's some likelihood a gentleman's death may outlive memory,
Or else he must follow the old epitaph
With hoh, with ho, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Ofel. Your jests are keen my Lord.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husband,

Queene Hamlet come sit down by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, here's a mettle more attractive
Lady will you give me leave, and so forth:
To lay my head in your lap?

Ofel. No my Lord

Ham. Upon your lap, what do you think I meant country matters?

Enter the Prologue.

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

MUSIC CUE 27 (Dumb show enters) HAM on drums

Enter in a Dumb Show
Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time joined both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins,
Runs weakly in their pipes, and all the strains
Of music, which whilome pleased mine ear,
Is now a burden that Age cannot bear:
And therefore sweet Nature must pay his due,
To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you. [2040]

Dutchesse O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy self, when ended is my date,
Thou mayest (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthful, and one.

Dutchesse O speak no more for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kills the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormwood, wormwood!

Duke I do believe you sweet, what now you speak,
So think you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Ham. If she should break now. [2090]

Duke My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile the tedious time with sleep.

Dutchesse Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twaine. *exit Lady*

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

King Have you heard the argument, is there no offence [2100]
in it?

Ham. No no, they do but jest, Poison in jest. No offence in the world.

King What do you call the name of the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap:
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna,
Your majesty and we that have free souls it toucheth us not,
This is one Lucianus, brother to the King.
Begin. Murderer
Begin!
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

MUSIC CUE 28 (The croaking raven) HAM on drums, OPH on comedy guitar

Murd. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.

Confederate season, else no creature seeing:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
One royal life murders immediately. *exit.*

MUSIC 28 PAUSES

Ham. He poisons him for his kingdom.

King Lights, I will to bed.

MUSIC 28 BEGINS AGAIN

INTERVAL

MUSIC CUE 29 (The Ghost's word) OPH, LAERT on vocal & guitar

Ham. What, frightened with false fires?
Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weep,
Thus runs the world away.

END OF MUSIC CUE 29

Hor. The king is moved my lord.

Hor. Aye Horatio, i'll take the Ghosts word
For more then all the gold in *Denmark*.

Enter Corambis

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you in her chamber.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camel?

Pol. T'is like a camel indeed.

Ham. Now me thinks it's like a weasel. [2250]

Pol. T'is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'll come by and by.
Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night unto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

MUSIC CUE 30 (Speak Daggers) OPH, GERT on drums, LAERT

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speak with me:
O God,
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers, those sharp words being spent,
To do her wrong my soul shall never consent. *exit.*

END OF MUSIC CUE 30

MUSIC CUE 31 (Monkey Business) – HOR, LAERT, OPH

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falls upon my face
Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
When I look up to heaven, I see my dread crime,
The earth doth still cry out upon my deed,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I have committed:
O these are sins that are unpardonable:
Why say thy sins were blacker then is night,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snow:
Ay but still to persevere in a sin,

It is an act gainst the universal power,

enters Hamlet

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 steal,
Be soft as sinews of the new born babe!
All may be well.

MUSIC CUE 32 (Fall as low as Hell) OPH, LAERT, HOR

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I revenged....
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
And shall I kill him now, [2360]
When he is purging of his soul?
Making his way for heaven, this is a benefit,
And not revenge: no, get thee up again,
When he's at game, swearing, taking his carouse, drinking, drunk,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of salvation in't, then trip him
That his heels may kick at heaven,
And fall as low as hell: my mother stays,
This physic but prolongs thy weary days. *exit Ham.*

King My words fly up, my sins remain below.
No King on earth is safe, if God's his foe.

CLIMAX BEGIN MUSIC CUE 32 *exit King.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. Madam, Hamlet will come straight
I pray you question him the cause of all his grief,
Betimes I'll shroud my self behind the Arras. *exit Pol.*

Ham. Mother, Mother Mother!

Gert. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Queene How i'st with you?

Ham, I'll tell you, but first we'll make all safe.
Now mother what's the matter?

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

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

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

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?* [2390]

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No -
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

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

MUSIC CUE 33 (Rat) – HOR, LAERT guitar

Continue until Polonius dragged off stage

Ham. 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 most part of you. [2400]

Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murder me,
Help ho ho!

Pol. Help for the Queen.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducat. Dead.

Queene Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not. Is it the King?

Ger. Oh what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed? Almost as bad, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay Lady, twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better. Peace, sit you down.
If you be made of penetrable stuff,
I'll make your eyes look down into your heart,
And see how horrid there and black it shows.

Queen Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing words?

Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface *Mars* himself,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdered, damnably murdered, this was your husband,
Look you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan*.
A look fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same have you left to change with this. [2450]
What Devil thus hath cosoned you at hood-man blind?
Have you eyes and can you look on him
That slew my father, and your dear husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queen O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turnst my eyes into my very soul.
And there I see such black and grained spots.

Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarch's mind,
For a king of clouts, of very shreds.

Queene Sweet Hamlet cease.
These words like daggers enter in my ears.

Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sin,
To sweat under the yoke of infamy,
To make increase of shame, to seal damnation.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the wain,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came,
Who'll chide hot blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

MUSIC CUE 34 (Don't talk like that to your mother) – OPH + GERT

Enter the ghost in his night gown.

Save me, save me, you gracious
Powers above, and hover over me,
With your celestial wings.
Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge slip by?
O do not glare with looks so pitiful!
Lest that my heart of stone yield to compassion,
And every part that should assist revenge, [2510]
Forgo their proper powers, and fall to pity.

Ghost Hamlet, I once again appear to thee, [2490]
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Do not neglect, nor long time put it off.
Thy mother's feareful, and she stands amazed:
Speak to her Hamlet, for her sex is weak,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, think on me.

Ham. How i'st with you Lady?

Queene Nay, how i'st with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancy,
And hold discourse with nothing but with air?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queene Nothing at all. Yet all that is i see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queene No nothing but ourselves.

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father,
As he lived, look you how pale he looks,
See how he steals away
Look, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

END MUSIC CUE 34

Queene Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain, [2520]
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief:
But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
And for my love forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beat like yours,
It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if ever you did my dear father love,
Forbear the adulterous bed to night,
And win your self by little as you may,
In time it may be you will loathe him quite:

Assume a virtue if you have it not.
And mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keep the better.

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,
That knows our thoughts, and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,

What stratagem so ever thou shalt devise.

Ham. It is enough. This man shall set me packing.

MUSIC CUE 35 (Polonius Puppet) – LAERT , HOR on vocal & guitar, OPH on vocal

Come sir, I'll provide for you a grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Goodnight mother.

*Exit Hamlet with the dead body. ****

END MUSIC CUE 35

Enter the King.

King Now Gertrude, what says our son, how do you
find him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
When as he came, I first bespake him fair,
But then he throws and tosses me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Polonius*
Called, which Hamlet no sooner heard but cries,
A Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.

King Why this his madness will undo our state. [2600]
Lords go to him, inquire the body out.

Enter Lordes

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

MUSIC CUE 36 (To England) – OPH, HOR/LAERT on guitar

King Gertrude, your son shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we will send by *Rossencrast* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our dear brother of England,
For Hamlet's welfare and his happiness:
Happily the air and climate of that Country
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.
Gertrude, leave me.

Exit Gertrude

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Gil. Tell us where it is that we may take it hence.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides to be demanded of a sponge
what reply should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Call you me a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Aye Sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is.

Gil. My lord, we can by no means
Know of him where the body is.

King Now son Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certain company of politic worms
are even now at him.

Father, your fat King, and your lean Beggar
Are but variable services, two dishes to one mess:
Look you, a man may fish with that worm
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eat that fish,
Which that worm hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progress through the gutts of a Beggar.

King But son *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heaven, if you chance to miss him there,
Seek him in the other place yourself
And if you cannot find him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go up the stairs.

King Make haste and find him out.

Ham. Nay do you hear? do not make too much haste,
I'll warrant you he'll stay till you come. [2700]

King Well son *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preservation of your health,
The which we prize even as our proper self,
It is our mind you forthwith go for *England*,
The wind sits fair, you shall aboard tonight,
Lord *Rosencrantz* and *Gilderstone* shall go along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

King Your loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewell: for England ho.

MUSIC CUE 37 (Letters) OPH on vocal & drum, LAERT

exeunt all but the king.

King. To England is he gone, never to return:
Our Letters are unto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,
He presently without demanding why,
That *Hamlet* lose his head, for he must die, [2730]
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free.

END MUSIC CUE 37

exit.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 4.4*]

(Polonius's body is carried out)

Ros. Will't please you go my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.
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 god-like reason
To fust in us unused, now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
A thought which quarterd 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,
Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep, O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

MUSIC CUE 38 (Ophelia & Polonius) LAERT on guitar & voice reprise of top of show melody but in different key. (continue til king & queen arrive at Pol's dead body)

enter King and Queen.

King. Hamlet is shipped for England, fare him well,
I hope to hear good news from thence ere long,

Queen. God grant it may, heavens keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of old *Polonius*' death, [2820]
Hath pierced so the young *Ophelia*'s heart,
That she, poor maid, is quite bereft her wits.

King Alas dear heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath half the heart of all our Land,
And hardly he'll forget his fathers death,
Unless by some means he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the young *Ofelia* is!

MUSIC CUE 39 (How should I your true love know) - OPH

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe singing.*

Ofelia How should I your true love know
From another man?
By his cockle hat, and his staff, [2770]
And his sandal shoone. [2770]
White his shroud as mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers, [2780]
That bewept to the grave did not go
With true lovers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

king How i'st with you sweet *Ofelia*?
(*possible violent reactio then Ofelia restrained by guards/King*).

Ofel. Well God Yield you. Alas, they say the owl was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.

Nay Love, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a down,
And you a down a, say you this. (*starts to sing*)

MUSIC CUE 40 (Valentines Day) OPH

Tomorrow is saint Valentines day, [2790]
All in the morning bedtime, [2790]
And a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The young man rose, and donned his clothes,

And dugged the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

Away, and fie for shame:

Young men will do't when they come too't
By cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, [2800]

You promised me to wed.

So would I a done, by yonder Sun,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.

I hope all will be well. We must be patient.

But I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him l' th' cold ground.

My brother shall know of it.

So God be with you all, Goodbye Ladies. Goodnight sweet ladies.

Good bye Love. *exit Ofelia.*

MUSIC CUE 41 (Oh Time) – HAM, LAERT on vocal & rainstick

King A pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:

O Time, how swiftly runs our joys away?

Content on earth was never certain bred,

Today we laugh and live, tomorrow dead

Quee. To my sick soul, as sins true nature is, (Q2)

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

END OF MUSIC CUE 41

POSSIBLE MUSIC CUE on drums

King: How now, what noise is that?

A noise within enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there until I come,

O thou vile king, give me my father:

Speak, say, where's my father?

King Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdered him? Speak,
for he is murdered.

Queen True, but not by him.

Laer. How came he dead? Speak, I'll not be juggled with.
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

king Let him go *Gertrude*, away, I fear him not,
There's such divinity doth wall a king,
That treason dares not look on.
Let him go *Gertrude*, that your father is murdered,
T'is true, and we most sorry for it,
Being the chiefest pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamester,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,
And lock them in my heart, but to his foes,
I will no reconciliation but by blood.

king Why now you speak like a most loving son:
And that in soul we sorrow for his death,
Your self ere long shall be a witness,
Meanwhile be patient, and content your self.

Enter Ofelia as before. (Ofelia must not have flowers she must see flowers – she could have small bones or the or stones – something violent and weird with which she decorates the horrified onlookers).

Lear. O heat, dry up my brains, tears seven times salt (Q2)
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye,
By heaven thy madness shall be paid with weight
Tell our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May, [2910]
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heavens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortal as an old mans life.
.... how now *Ophelia*?

MUSIC CUE 42 (*Ophelia's flowers*) HAM, HOR/LAERT on guitar

Ophelia. They bore him barefaced on the bier.
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny
Well God a mercy, I a been gathering of flowers:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it herb a grace a Sundays,
Here's some for me too: you must wear your rew
With a difference, there's a daisy.
Here Love, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Love remember,
And there's pansy for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrances. [2930]
O God, O God!

Ophelia There is fennel for you, and columbines. I would a given you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: They say he made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thoughts and afflictions, torments worse than hell.

END MUSIC CUE 42

MUSIC CUE 43 (*Will he not come again*) OPH adlib

Ophelia And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?

No, no, he's gone, and we cast away moan,
And he never will come again.
His beard as white as snow:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:

Laer. Do you see this O God?

Oph. God a mercy on his soul
And of all christen souls I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you.

exit Ofelia.

Laer. Grief upon grief, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soul that wrought this wicked act.

king Content you good Leartes for a time, [2960]
Although I know your grief is as a flood,
Brimmed full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
And think already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapless son.

Lear. You have prevailed my Lord, a while I'll strive,
To bury grief within a tomb of wrath,
Which once unheard, then the world shall hear
Learthes had a father he held dear.

king No more of that, ere many days be done,
You shall hear that you do not dream upon. *exeunt om.*

MUSIC CUE 44 (Subtle treason) – LAERT on guitar, OPH, HAM on drum & vocals

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 4.5*]

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madam, your son is safe arrived in *Denmark*,
This letter I even now received of him,
Whereas he writes how he escaped the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he saw himself betrayed to death,

END MUSIC CUE 44

As at his next conversion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
That seem'd to sugar o'er his villany:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Hor. Yes Madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the City
Tomorrow morning.

Queen O fail not, good *Horatio*, and withall, commend me
A mothers care to him, bid him a while
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fail in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, never make doubt of that:
I think by this the news be come to court:
He is arrived, observe the king, and you shall
Quickly find, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his mind.

Queen But what become of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencrast*?

Hor. He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doom

To be perform'd on them pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seal,
So all was done without discovery.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Queene Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once again I take my leave,
With thousand mothers blessings to my son.

Horat. Madam adieu.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 4.6+*]

Enter King and Leartes

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. Tell me, my lord, why you proceed not
Against these feats so criminal and capital in nature.

King. Leartes, content your self, be ruled by me,
And you shall have no let for your revenge.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms.
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?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is undone by time, [3110]
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

Laer. What of this?

King: - but to the quick of the ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To show yourself indeed your fathers son
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King Nay but Leartes, mark the plot I have laid,
I have heard him often with a greedy wish, [3100]
Upon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise,
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, [3120]
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on your fame
With sword and rapier, bring you in fine together
And wager oer your heads; he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unblunted, and in a pace of practise
Revenge you for your Father.

Laer. I will do it, [3130]
And for purpose, I'll annoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a poisoner
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, it will be death.

King. This being done will free you from suspicion,
And not the dearest friend that *Hamlet* loved

Will ever have Leartes in suspect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well. [3130]

King. I'll warrant you, we'll put on you
Such a report of singularity,
Will bring him on.
And lest that all should miss,
I'll have a poison that shall ready stand, [3150]
In all his heat when that he calls for drink,
Shall be his period and our happiness.

Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
enter the Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your Sister's drowned *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

MUSIC CUE 45(Drowning) – LEART/HOR on guitar, OPH, HAM, CLAUD

(A shift of lights Ofelia takes the stage singing lightly – slowly envleoped in a shorud that suggests water)

Queene O my Lord, the young *Ofelia*
Having made a garland of sundry sorts of flowers, [3160]
Sitting upon a willow by a brook,
The envious sprig broke, into the brook she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
Bore the young Lady up: and there she sat smiling,
Even Mermaid-like, twixt heaven and earth,
Chanting old sundry tunes uncapable
As it were of her distress, but long it could not be, [3170]
Till that her clothes, being heavy with their drink,
Dragged the sweet wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drowned:
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears,
Revenge it is must yield this heart release,
For woe begets woe, and grief hangs on grief. *exeunt.*

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 4.7*]

MUSIC CUE 46 (Enter the gravediggers) HAM on drums, Available male voice to sing sax line

enter Clown

Clown.

-I say no she ought not to be buried in Christian burial.

-Why sir?

-Marry Sir because she's drowned

-But she did not drown herself

-No that's certain the water drowned her

-Yay but it was against her will

-No I deny that for look you sir I stand here if the water come to me I drown not myself but if I go to the water and am there drowned ere go I am guilty of my own death.

-You are gone sir, go you are gone sir

-Aye, but see she hath Christian burial because she is a great woman.

-Marry more's the pity that great folk should have more authority to hang or drown themselves more than other people. Go fetch me a stoop of drink.

(sung) A pick axe and a spade
A spade for and a winding sheet
Most fit it is for twill be made
For such a guest most meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet: Now my friend, whose grave is this?

Clowne Mine sir. [3310]

Ham. But who must lie in it

Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat , sir.

Ham. What man must be buried here?

Clowne No man sir.

Ham. What woman?

Clowne. No woman neither sir, but
One that was a woman.
Look you, heres a skull hath bin here this dozen year,
Let me see, I ever since our last king *Hamlet*,
young *Hamlets* father,
He that's mad.

Ham. I marry, how came he mad?

Clowne In faith very strangely, by losing of his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground? [3350]

Clowne On this ground, in *Denmark*.

Ham. Where is he now?

Clowne Why now they sent him to *England*.

Ham. To *England!* wherefore? [3340]

Clowne Why they say t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seen there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why they say in England the men are all mad.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himself,
That is thus merry in making of a grave?
See how the slave slaps their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custom hath made it in him seem nothing

Ham. Whose skull was this?

Clowne This, a plague on him, a mad rogues' it was,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yoricke's* skull.

Ham. Was this? I prithee let me see it, alas poor *Yoricke* [3370]
I knew him *Horatio*,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried me twenty times
upon his back, here hung those lips that I have Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhor me: Whereas
your jests now *Yoricke*? Your flashes of merriment: now go
to my Ladie's chamber, and bid her paint her self an inch [3380]
thick, to this she must come *Yoricke*. *Horatio*, I prithee
tell me one thing, dost thou think that *Caesar* looked
thus?

Hor. Even so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.*

MUSIC CUE 47 (Ophelia's funeral) - ALL Same as top of show

Ham. What funeral's this that all the Court laments?
It shows to be some noble parentage: [3410]
Stand by a while.

Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we have done all that lies in us,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
And but for favour of the king, and you,
She had been buried in the open fields,
Where now she is allowed christian burial.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angel
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The fair *Ofelia* dead!

Queene Sweets to the sweet, farewell:
I had thought to adorn thy bridal bed, fair maid,
And not to follow thee unto thy grave.

Lear. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms;
sister farewell:

Lear leaps into the grave.

What's he that conjures so?

Ham. Behold tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The devil take thy soul.

Ham. O thou prayest not well,
I prithee take thy hand from off my throat,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear, hold off thy hand:

I loved *Ofelia* as dear as twenty brothers could:
Show me what thou wilt do for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drink up vessels, eat a crocodile? I'll do it:
And where thou talk'st of burying thee alive,
Here let us stand: and them throw on us,
Whole hills of earth! [3480]

King. Forbear *Leartes*, now is he mad, as is the sea,
Anon as mild and gentle as a Dove:
Therefore a while give his wild humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong me thus?
I never gave you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will mew, a Dog will have a day.

(Exit Hamlet and Horatio hover around the graveyard so there are only two scenes left – the graveyard and the duelling hall)

Queene. Alas, it is his madness makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, t'is so: but we'll no longer trifle, *(drawing Laertes aside)*
This very day shall *Hamlet* drink his last,
For presently we mean to send to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readyness.

Lear. My lord, till then my soul will not be quiet.

King. Come *Gertrude*, we'll have *Leartes*, and our son,
Made friends and Lovers, as befits them both,
Even as they tender us, and love their country.

Queen God grant they may.

[*Hamlet (Quarto 1) Scene 5.1*]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. Believe me, it grieves me much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my self: [3580]
For by myself methinks I feel his grief,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but you mark yon water-fly,
The Court knows him, but he knows not the Court.

Gent. Now God save thee, sweet prince *Hamlet*.

Ham. And you sir: foh, how the musk-cod smells!

Gen. I come with an embassage from his majesty to you.

Ham. I shall sir give you attention:
By my troth me thinks tis very cold. [3600]

Gent. It is indeed very rawish cold.

Ham. T'is hot me thinks.

Gent. Very swealtery hote:
The King, sweet Prince, hath laid a wager on your side,

Ham. And how's the wager?

Gent. Marry sir, that young *Leartes* in twelve attacks [3630]
At Rapier do not get three hits of you,
And on your side the King hath laid, [3630]
And desires you to be in readiness.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her majesty,
Are coming down into the outward palace.

Ham. Go tell his majesty, I will attend him.

Gent. I shall deliver your most sweet answer. *exit.*

Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a fool.
Believe me *Horatio*, my heart is on the sudden
Very sore, all here about.

Hor. My lord, refuse the challenge then.

Ham. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate providence
in the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

MUSIC CUE 48 (Here comes the king) – OPH on drum When king sits down it's the last
beat.

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now son *Hamlet*, we have laid upon your head,
And make no question but to have the best.

Ham. Your majesty hath laid a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the swords.

Ham. First *Learthes*, here's my hand and love,
Protesting that I never wronged *Learthes*.
If *Hamlet* in his madness did amiss,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madness did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Learthes*,
I here proclaim was madness, therefore lets be at peace,
And think I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in terms of honour I'll stand aloof,
And will no reconciliation, [3700]

King Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle Leartes, these foyles, [3710]
Have all alength, come on sir:

MUSIC CUE 49 (The Hits) – HOR on guitar

(they fight) a hit.

Lear. No none. *Heere they play:*

Ham. Judgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come again. *They play againe.*

Ham. Another. Judgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a touch, a touch.

King Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drink a health to thee

MUSIC CUE 50 (Poisoned Drink) – OPH, HOR/LAERT guitar??? Or OPH on guitar if feeling adventurous.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. Here *Hamlet* take my napkin wipe thy face,

King. Give him the wine

Ham. Set it by, I'll have another bout first. I'll drink anon.

Queen. Here Hamlet, thy mother drinks to thee.

King. Gertrude do not drink. [3760]

Queen. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
(stabs Hamlet in back)

King. I do not think't.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally. [3770]

Ostr. Look to the Queen there, ho! [3780]

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

King. How ist *Laertes*?

Laer. Foolishly slain with my own weapon:
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, o my dear *Hamlet*,
The drink the drink, I am poisoned.

Ham. O villany, how let the door be lock't,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here Hamlet, Hamlet thou art slain,
Thou hast not in thee half an hour of life,
The fatal Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and invenomed: thy mother's poisoned,
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

MUSIC CUE 51 (Ghost revisited) – Drum and gong. POL & OPH

Ham. The point invenom'd to, then venom to thy work.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. The point invenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.

MUSIC CUE 52 (Resolution Sicklied O'er) OPH Guitar if poss

Ham. Hear thou incestious damned Dane,
Drink of this poison,
Follow my mother. [3810]

The king dies.

Lear. O he is justly served: **(MUSIC CUE 52 HOLDS)**
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my love: I do forgive thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, fare thee well Horatio.

Hora. Never believe it;
I am more an Antique Romaine then a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, by heaven I'll hate,
O god Horatio,

O my heart sinks Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewell Horatio, the rest is silence. *Ham. dies.*

SLOW MUSIC CUE 52 FADES TO END

The End

Copyright

Paul Stebbings & Phil Smith

2002

TNT theatre

28 Danes Rd Exeter EX4 4LS

UK

paul@tnt-theatre.net