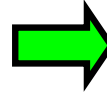


1.

PRESET

L 98



USL USR – Jason & Howard L 99-119 Preshow S 10-20

HOUSE TO HALF

L 99

L 99 Complete

Preshow

\“Today’s Show runs”

L 100

35

USL **USR**

Crackle

L 101 S10

After3rd Crackle

L 111

Lights Up

S 11

Prologue

HAMLET: “who’s \ **there?**

S 12

GHOST VOICES

To be or not to be, that is **the**\ question;

S 13

GHOST VOICES

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....

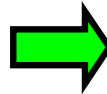
S 14

GHOST VOICES

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover’d country, from whose bourn

No **traveler**\ returns....?



BAL – Royals

S 15

GHOST VOICES

Thus conscience does make cowards **of**\ us all,

S16

GHOST VOICES

And enterprises of great pitch and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry

And lose the name of **action** \

S17

LIGHTS SOUND GO!

ACTION. \

L 119 S 20

Blackout

BAL

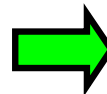
2.

BEAT 1.2a

CLAUDIUS:

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death

The memory be green and that it us befitted



USR - Chairs USL –Plastic Open Reset for Close L 122-127 S 30-60
--

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted on one brow of woe,
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 5
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him
 Together with the remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
 Have we,
 With Mirth in Funeral and Dirge and marriage 10
 Taken to \ wife. For all, our thanks.

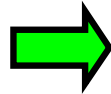
S 30

Hamlet Turn DS

L 122

USR

USL



USL – Plastic Close

Ben & Steve X DS

USL

Now follows what you know. Young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him. S 40
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the business is we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—
 Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress 30
 His further gate herein L Down on Balc

L 124

S 50

Actors Exit through Plastic

S 60

Claudius & Gertrude ½ way to Chairs

L 127

S 62

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit: what is't Laertes
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes, 35
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes? 40.

3.**LAERTES:**

My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France,
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
 To show my duty to your coronation,
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done, 45
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

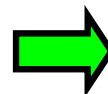
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play; 75
But I have that within which passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

CLAUDIUS:

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father,
But you must know your father lost a father, 80
That father lost, lost his—and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled.
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corpse till he that died today,
"This must be so." We pray you throw to earth 85
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son 90
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, 95
Our cheifest courtier, cousin, and our son.

GERTRUDE:

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



L 134
S 70-85

4B.

HAMLET:

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

CLAUDIUS:

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. 100
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, 105
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come **away**.\

Ophelia & Laertes X thru Plastic

S 70

L134 S 80

(Crackle!)

5.

HAMLET:

O that this too too sullied flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd 110
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature 115
 Possess it merely. That it should come to **this**!\

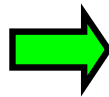
S 85

But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two—
 So excellent a king, that was to this

Fade Out

Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven 120
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month—
 Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman—
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body
 Like Niobe, all tears—why, she—

O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother—but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married—O most wicked speed! To post 135
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!



L 136

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

BEAT 1.2b*(Enter HORATIO)***HORATIO:**

Hale to your lordship L136

HAMLET:

I am glad to see you well.
Horatio, or I do forget myself. 140

HORATIO:
The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET:
Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

6.
HORATIO:
A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET:
I would not hear your enemy say so, 145
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

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

HAMLET:
I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding. 150

HORATIO:
Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET:
Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio. 155
My father—methinks I see my father—

HORATIO:
Where, my lord?

HAMLET:
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO:
I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAMLET:
He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like again. 160

HORATIO:

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET:

Saw? Who?

HORATIO:

My lord, the king your father.

7.

HAMLET:

The king my father?

HORATIO:

Season your admiration for a while
With an attend ear till I may deliver
This marvel to you.

165

HAMLET:

For God's love let me hear!

HORATIO:

In the dead waste and middle of the night
I thus encounter'd: a figure like your father
Appears before me, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by me; thrice he walk'd
By my oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length,
My lord, I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

170

HAMLET:

But where was this?

HORATIO:

My lord, upon the platform of the watch.

HAMLET:

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO:

My lord, I did,
But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion like as it would speak.
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away

180

And vanish'd from my sight.

HAMLET:

'Tis very strange.

185

HORATIO:

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true.

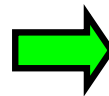
HAMLET:

I would I had been there.

HAMLET:

I'll watch tonight.

Perchance 'twill walk again.



L138-142
S90, 100

HORATIO:

I war'nt it will.

HAMLET:

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. So fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

190

HORATIO:

My duty to your honour.

HAMLET:

Your Love, as mine to you. Farewell. Anticipate Horatio Start to exit

L 138 S 90

(Exit HORATIO)

My Father's spirit...All is not well.

195

I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come.

'till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. \

L 139 S 100

Anticipate Guitar Riff 4 Count - GO

L 141

Bump at end of Music

L 141.5

OPHELIA (Singing)

Tomorrow is St. Valentines Day

All in the Morning Betime

Downbeat for Bump

L 142

9.

BEAT 1.3

LAERTES:

My necessities are embark'd. Farewell.

And sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA:

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES:

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, 5
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more. 10

OPHELIA:

No more but so?

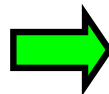
LAERTES:

Think it no more.

Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.
For he himself is subject to his birth. 15
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The sanity and health of this whole state:
Then weight what loss of honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open 20
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of his affection
Out of shot and danger of desire.

OPHELIA:

I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep 25
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, 30
And recks not his own rede.



L 143

10.

LAERTES:

O fear me not.

I stay too long.


See Polonius Enter CRV

L 143

POLONIUS:

Yet here Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame.
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee, 35
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel, 40
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; 45
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
loan oft loses both itself and friend,
This above all: to thine own self be true, 50
And it must follow as the night the day
Though canst not then be false to any man.
My blessing season this in thee. Farewell.

LAERTES:

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.  55

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

LAERTES:

Farewell.

Laertes Exit DRV

L 145

POLONIUS:

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

OPHELIA:

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet. 60

12.

POLONIUS:

Marry, well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so—as so 'tis put on me, 65

And that in way of caution—I must tell you
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA:

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

70

POLONIUS:

Affection? Pooh, you speak like a green girl,
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPHELIA:

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

75

POLONIUS:

Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly
you'll tender me a fool.

80

OPHELIA:

My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honorable fashion.

POLONIUS:

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

OPHELIA:

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

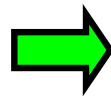
85

POLONIUS:

Ay springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
You must not take for fire. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,

12.

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.



L 150-152
S 110-130

95

OPHELIA:

I shall obey, my lord.

Polonius Back away

L 150, S 110

Endof Cello Low note Lanterns On

L151

13.

BEAT 1.4 & 1.5

(The Platform, Enter HAMLET and HORATIO)

HAMLET:

The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

HORATIO:

It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET:

What hour now?

HORATIO:

It draws near twelve. The season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to \walk

L 152 S120

Fireworks

(A flourish of trumpets...Fireworks lights and sound)

What does this mean, my lord?

5

HAMLET:

The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

10

HORATIO:

Is it a custom?

HAMLET:

Ay marry is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd\ in the breach than the observance.

Anticipate Ghost Entrance

S130

14.

HORATIO:

Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET:

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

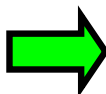
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

35

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane. O answer me.



L 153-156

S 140-160

What may this mean? 40
That thou, dead corse,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Ghost X SR

L153

(GHOST beckons)

HORATIO:

It beckons you to go away with it,
As if some impartment did desire
To you alone.

HAMLET:

It will not speak. Then I will follow it.

HORATIO:

Do not, my lord.

50

HAMLET:

Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as **itself?**
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

L 154 S 140

HORATIO:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness.
Think of it.

55

60

15.

HAMLET:

It waves me still.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

HORATIO:

You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET:

Hold off your hands.

HORATIO:

Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAMLET:

My fate cries out.
Still I am call'd. Unhand me, Horatio.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me. 65
I say away. –Go on, I'll follow \ **thee** **S150**

(Exeunt GHOST & HAMLET)

HORATIO:
He waxes desperate with imagination.
I'll follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. \ **Horatio Exit DRV** **L155 S 160**

HAMLET:
Wither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further. **Ghost turn DS** **L 156**

GHOST:
Mark me.

HAMLET:
I will.

GHOST:
My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself. 75

HAMLET:
Alas, poor ghost.

16.
GHOST:
Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET:
Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST:
So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET:
What?

GHOST:
I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 80
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word 85
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET:
O God! 90

GHOST:
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET:
Murder!

GHOST
Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

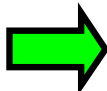
HAMLET:
Haste me to know't.

17.

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 100
Rankly abus'd—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!

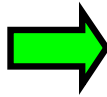
GHOST:
Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast 105
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to deduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there, 110
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor



L 156.5
S 170

To those of mine. 115
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel linked
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed 120
 And prey on \garbage. **L 156.5 S 170**

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air
 Brief let me be. Sleeping in my orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole 125
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched, 130
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 O horrible! O horrible! Most horrible! 135
 If thou has 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 140



L 157, 158
 S 180

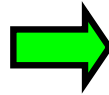
18.

Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once:
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near **Ghost X DS L 157**
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember **me.** \ **L 158 S 180**

HAMLET:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee? 150
 Ay thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
 That youth and observation copied there, 155
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!
O Villain, villain, smiling damned villain.
That one may smile, and smile and be a villain---
At least I am 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.



L 160

160

HORATIO:

My lord, my lord.\

L 160

HAMLET:

So be it.

HORATIO:

What news my lord?

HAMLET:

O, wonderful!

HORATIO:

Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET:

No, you will reveal it.

19.

HORATIO:

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

170

HAMLET:

How say you then, would heart of man once think it—But you'll be secret?

HORATIO:

Ay, by heaven.

HAMLET:

There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave

HORATIO:

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

175

HAMLET:

Why right, you are in the right.
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your business and desire shall point you—

For every man hath business and desire, 180
I will go pray.

HORATIO:

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET:

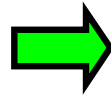
I am sorry they offend you, heartily –
Yes faith, heartily. 185

HORATIO:

There's no offence my lord.

HAMLET:

Yes by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. It is an honest ghost
As your desire to know what is between us
And now good friend Give me one poor request.



S 190, 200

HORATIO:

What is't my lord? I will.

20.

HAMLET:

Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO:

My lord I will not.

HAMLET:

Nay but swear't.

HORATIO:

In faith my lord, not I. 195

HAMLET:

Indeed, upon my sword \ **indeed.** S190

GHOST: (*from below—hell*)

Swear.

HAMLET:

Art thou there, truepenny
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Consent to swear. 200

HORATIO:

Propose the oath my lord.

HAMLET:

Swear by my \sword.

S200

GHOST: (*from above—heaven*)

Swear by his sword.

HAMLET:

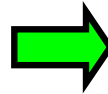
Well said, old mole. Cans't work I' th'earth so fast?

HORATIO:

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

HAMLET:

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But come,



Letter Drop On
Letter Drop Off
L164, 166
S 210-220

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd some'er I bear myself—
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
To note that you know aught of me—this do swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help \you.

210

S210

GHOST: (*From above and below—heaven and hell*)

Swear.

HAMLET:

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, Horatio,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
Let us go in together.
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

Horatio X USC

S215

(*Exit HORATIO*)

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

Hamlet Exit USC

TIME!!

L 164

S220

Letter

Ophelia X DS

L 165

13 Seconds

Letter's Off

16 Sec Sound Out

L 166

22.

BEAT 2.1

(*Enter POLONIUS and OPHELIA, severally*)

POLONIUS:

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA:

O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted.

POLONIUS:

With what, I' th' name of God?

OPHELIA:

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd, 5
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell 10
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

POLONIUS:

Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA:

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

POLONIUS:

What said he?

OPHELIA:

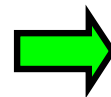
He took me by the wrist and held me hard. 15
Then goes he to the length of all his arm
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it.
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd 25
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

23.

POLONIUS:

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry —
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

30



**USL – Plastic Open
Reset for the Close
L 168-170
S 230**

OPHELIA:

No, my good lord, but as you did command
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS:

That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
Come, go we to the King.\

40

L168 S 230

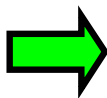
Beat (Curtain) USL

LIGHTS

C+ G X DS L 169

Ben & Steve Clear USL

Drum Build ends THEN Bump L 170



USL – Plastic Close

24.

BEAT 2.2a

CLAUDIUS:

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Moreover that we much did long to see you
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation—so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus
That, open'd lies within our remedy.

5

10

15

GERTRUDE:

Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not living
To whom he more adheres.

20

ROSENCRANTZ:

Both your Majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN:

But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves to the full bent 25
To lay our service freely at your feet
To be commanded.

CLAUDIUS:

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

GERTRUDE:

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit 30
My too much changed son.

25.

GUILDENSTERN:

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

GERTRUDE:

Ay, amen.

(Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN)
(Enter POLONIUS)

POLONIUS:

Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully returned. 35

CLAUDIUS:

Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS:

Have I my lord?
And I do think, my lord, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

GERTRUDE:

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

CLAUDIUS:

Well we shall sift him
Say, what from our brother Norway?

26.**POLONIUS:**

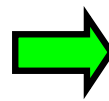
Most fair return of greetings and desires 50
 Upon their first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation, 'gainst the Polack;
 But better look'd into, he truly found
 It was against your Highness;
 Whereat he sets arrests on Fortinbras
 Which he, in brief, obeys, makes vows nevermore
 To arm against your majesty, whereon
 Old Norway gives commission to employ 65
 those soldiers so levied against the polack
 With an entreaty, herein further shown, (*gives paper*)
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprise

CLAUDIUS:

It likes us well;
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer and think on this business.

POLONIUS:

This business is well-ended.
 My liege and madam, to expostulate 75
 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. 80
 Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.



L 174

GERTRUDE:

More matter with less art.

27A.**POLONIUS:**

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure— 85
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect –
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

C+G X to Sit USL

L 174

For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend,
I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark, 90
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.

GERTRUDE:

Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS:

Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful, 95
Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love. 99

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 ever more dear lady, Hamlet.
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me.

CLAUDIUS:

But how hath she receiv'd his love?

POLONIUS:

What do you think of me? 105

CLAUDIUS:

As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS:

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing;
If I had looked upon this love with idle sight
What might you think? No, I went round to work, 110
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star."

27B.

This must not be.' She took the fruits of my advice
And he, repell'd—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, 115
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 wail for.

28.

CLAUDIUS:

Do you think 'tis this?

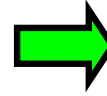
GERTRUDE:

It may be; very like.

120

CLAUDIUS:

How may we try it further.



L 176

POLONIUS:

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

GERTRUDE:

So he does indeed.

POLONIUS:

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an arras then,

Mark the encounter. If he love her not,

125

Let me be no assistant for a **state**,\

Hamlet Enter Balc

L 176

But keep a farm and carters.

CLAUDIUS:

We will try it.

(*New rehearsal beat 2.2B)

BEAT 2.2b

(Enter HAMLET)

GERTRUDE:

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS:

Away, I do beseech you both, away.

130

I'll board him presently. O give me leave.

(Exeunt CLAUDIUS and GERTRUDE)

How does my lord Hamlet?

HAMLET:

Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS:

Do you know me, my lord?

29.

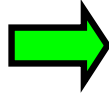
HAMLET:

Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

135

POLONIUS:

Not I, my lord.



L 178

HAMLET:

Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS:

Honest, my lord?

HAMLET:

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

POLONIUS:

That's very true, my lord.

140

HAMLET:

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog... Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS:

I have, my lord.

HAMLET:

Let her not walk I' th' sun. Conception is a blessing, but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look to't.\

L 178

POLONIUS: (*aside*)

How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter.

145

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?

HAMLET:

Words, words, words.

POLONIUS:

What is the matter, my lord?

150

HAMLET:

Between who?

POLONIUS:

I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

30.

HAMLET:

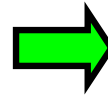
Slanders, sir. For the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams—all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down. For yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am—if like a crab ya could go backward. 155

POLNIUS: (*aside*)

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
Will you walk out of the air, my lord? 160

HAMLET:

Into my grave?



L 180

POLONIUS:

Indeed, that's out of the air. My lord, I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET:

You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will not more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life._____ R + G Enter USC L 180 165

ROSENCRANTZ:

God save you, sir. 170

GUILDENSTERN:

My honored lord.

ROSENCRANTZ:

My most dear lord.

HAMLET:

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

31.

ROSENCRANTZ:

As the indifferent children of the earth. 175

GUILDENSTERN:

Happy in that we are not over-happy: on Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAMLET:

Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ:

Neither, my lord.

HAMLET:

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? 180

GUILDENSTERN:

Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET:

In the secret parts of Fortune? O most true, she is a strumpet. What news?

ROSENCRANTZ:

None, my lord, but 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 sends you to prison hither? 185

GUILDENSTERN:

Prison, my lord?

HAMLET:

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ:

Then is the world one. 189

HAMLET:

A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark
Being one o'th' worst.

ROSENCRANTZ:

We think not so, my lord.

32.

HAMLET:

Why, then 'tis not 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. 195

HAMLET:

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

GUILDENSTERN:

Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambition
Is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET:

A dream itself is but a shadow..... 200
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ:

To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET:

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you. And sure,
dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for?
Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly
with me. Come, come. Nay, speak. 205

GUILDENSTERN:

What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET:

Anything but to th' purpose. You were sent for.

ROSENCRANTZ:

To what end, my lord?

HAMLET:

That, you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our
fellowship, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love,
be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no. 210

ROSENCRANTZ: (*aside to Guildenstern*):

What say you?

HAMLET:

Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off. 21

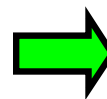
33.

GUILDENSTERN:

My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET:

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and
your secrecy to the king and Queen moult no feather I have of late, but
wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; Hamlet X DS
and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame 220



L 181, 182

the earth seems to me a sterile promontory this most excellent canopy the
air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted
with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent
congregation of vapours. What piece of work is a man, how noble in reason,
how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, 225
in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the beauty of the
world, the paragon of animals—and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
Man delights not ~~me~~, nor woman neither thou by your smiling you seem to say so. **L182**

ROSENCRANTZ:

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

HAMLET:

Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me? 230

ROSENCRANTZ:

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment
the players shall receive from you.

HAMLET:

What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ:

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

HAMLET:

Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. You are welcome. But my 235
uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN:

In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET:

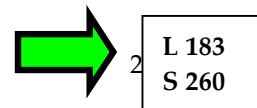
I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly,
I know a hawk from a handsaw.

(Enter POLONIUS) – NEW REHEARSAL BEAT 2.2C*

34.

POLONIUS:

Well be with you, gentlemen.



HAMLET:

I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it. 245

POLONIUS:

My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET:

My lord, I have news to tell you.

POLONIUS:

The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET:

Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS:

Upon my hon\our.

L 183 S 260

BEAT 2.2c

(Enter the PLAYER KING)

HAMLET:

You are welcome, master. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome. Come give us a taste of your quality. Come, a passionate speech.

PLAYER KING:

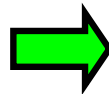
What speech, good my lord?

HAMLET:

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was not above once—for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviar to the general. But it was, as I received it—an excellent play. One speech I chiefly loved – 'twas Aneas' tale to Dido—and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line—let me see, let me see—

35.

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast
Tis not so. It begins with Pyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble.
Head to foot
Now he is total gules, horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.
the hellish Pyrrhus, old grandsire Priam seeks.



L 184

So proceed you.

POLONIUS:

"Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion\

L 184

PLAYER KING:

Anon he finds him,

Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword 270
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,
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium, 275
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd I th' air to stick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still, 285
The bold winds speechless, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new atwork,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword 290
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven 295
As low as to the fiends.

POLONIUS:

This is too long.

36.

HAMLET:

Prithee say on. He's
 for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

PLAYER KING:

But who — ah, woe! — had seen the mobbled queen — 300

HAMLET:

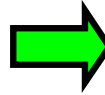
"The mobbled queen."

POLONIUS:

That's good.

PLAYER KING:

*Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bison rheum, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins 305
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up—
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made, 310
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.*



L 185

POLONIUS:

Look whe'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes,
Prithee no more. 315

HAMLET:

Good\ my lord, will you see the players well bestowed. Do you hear, let **L 185**
them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.
After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS:

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

HAMLET:

God's bodkin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who 320
shall scape whipping. Use them after your own honour and dignity: the
less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take him in.

POLONIUS:

Come, sir.

37B.

HAMLET:

Follow him. We'll read a play tomorrow. Can you play 325
the murder of Gonzago.

PLAYER KING:

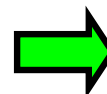
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET:

We'll do't tomorrow night. I have a speech of some dozen or sixteen
lines, which I would set down and insert in't.

PLAYER KING:

Ay, my lord.



L 187

HAMLET:

Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. 330

*(Exeunt POLONIUS and PLAYER KING.)
(To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTREN)*

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

ROSENCRANTZ:

Good my lord.

HAMLET:

Ay, so, God buy to you.\ Now I am alone. **R + G Exit USC** **L 187**

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here, 335

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting 340
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion 345
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears. 350
Yet I,

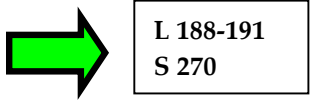
38.

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing—no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life 355

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me a villain? Breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie I' th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha, 'swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should ha' fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! 360
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! Oh vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words 365
And fall-a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! Fie upon't! Foh!
About, my brains. Hum—I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene, 370
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players play
Something like the murder of my father 375
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil, and the devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yeah, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is a very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the **thing** \ **L 188**
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the **King**. \ **L 189 S270**

End Drum Roll 3 sec **L 191**



39.

BEAT 3.1a

(Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, & GUILDENSTERN)

CLAUDIUS:

And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ:

He does confess he feels himself distracted, 5
but from what abuse he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN:

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state. 10

GERTRUDE:

But did you assay him
To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ:

Madam, it so fell out that a player
We o'eraught on the way. Of him we told him,
And there did seem in a kind of joy
To hear of it. He is here about the court
And, as I think, He has already order 15
This night to play before him.

POLONIUS:

'Tis most true,
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

CLAUDIUS:

With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. 20
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ:

We shall my lord. *(exeunt Rosencranz and Guildenstern.)*

40.

CLAUDIUS:

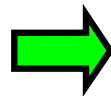
Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 25
Affront Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espieals
We'll so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd, 30
If't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

GERTRUDE:

I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues 35
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA:

Madam, I wish it may.
(Exit GERTRUDE)



CLV – Hamlet
L 192-195
S 272

POLONIUS:

Ophelia, walk you here. –Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. – Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour 40
Your loneliness. \— We are oft to blame in this, **Hug X US** **L 192**
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil \ **himself**. **L 193**

CLAUDIUS: (aside)

O 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience. 45
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most **painted** word. **CLV**

POLONIUS:

I hear him coming. Let's **withdraw**. \, **my lord** **L 194**
LONG WALK!!!!
Anticipate Hamlet sitting **L 194.6 S 272**
(Crackle)

BEAT 3.1b

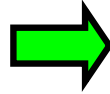
(*Exeunt CLAUDIUS & POLONIUS*), (*Enter HAMLET*)

40.

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, 55
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: 60
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, 65
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make	70
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 traveler returns, puzzles the will,	75
And makes us rather bear those ills we have	
Then 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,	80
And enterprises of great pitch and moment	
With this regard their currents turn awry	L 196
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,	
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons	Hamlet X DS
Be all my sins remember'd.	85



L 196, 197

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

HAMLET:
I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA:
My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now receive them. 90

42.

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

OPHELIA:
My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind 95
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET:
Ha, ha! Are you honest?

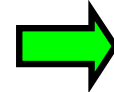
OPHELIA:
My lord?

HAMLET:
Are you fair? 100

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?



L 199

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. 105

OPHELIA:
Indeed my lord, you made me believe so.

HALEMT:
You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old
stock but we shall relish of it\ I loved you not. 110

L 199

OPHELIA:
I was the more deceived.

43.

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 the earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves
all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? 115

OPHELIA:
At home, my lord. 120

HAMLET:
Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's
own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA:
O help him, you sweet heavens.

HAMLET:

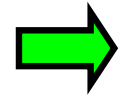
If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Farewell.

OPHELIA:

Heavenly powers, restore him.

HAMLET:

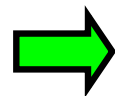
I have heard of your paintings well enough. God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages. Those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

130
 L 201

Hamlet Exit L 201
Ophelia 4th Block up

OPHELIA:

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see

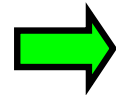
 L 203

Anticipate P + C Enter USC L 203

44.

CLAUDIUS:

Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

 **USR – Platform**
USL – Globe In to Dead Hung
L 205-208
S 280

POLONIUS:

It shall do well. How now, Ophelia?

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit, after the play 165
 Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
 To show his grief, let her be round with him,
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him where 170
 Your wisdom shall best think.

CLAUDIUS:

It shall be so.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. \ P Kiss Ophelia **L205 S 280**

Ophelia Turn to Go **L206 USR**

Globe In **USL**

Transition Complete **L 208**

45.

BEAT 3.2

HAMLET:

What ho, Horatio!

HORATIO:

Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET:

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

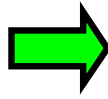
HORATIO:

O my dear lord. 5

HAMLET:

Nay, do not think I flatter,
 For what advancement may I hope from thee
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 To feed and clothe thee? Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election, 10
 Sh'ath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
 As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him 15
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a play tonight before the King.
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death.
 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.



CRV	- Chair
CLV	- Tina
USR	- Platform Strike
USL	- Globe to orange
L 209- 211	
S 290, 292	

25

30

HORATIO:

Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft. Anticipate Wave after Yorrick Pose

L209 S290

CRV CLV USR USL

Claudius ½ way down CLV

S 292

Claudius X DS

L211

46.

CLAUDIUS:

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET:

Excellent, I'faith, of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-crammed.
 You cannot feed capons so.

35

CLAUDIUS:

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

HAMLET:

No, nor mine now. – (to Polonius) My lord, you play'd once I' th'
 university, you say?

POLONIUS:

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

HAMLET:

What did you enact?

40

POLONIUS:

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

HAMLET:

It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.
Are the Players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ:

Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

45

GERTRUDE:

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET:

No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

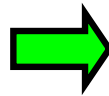
(Turns to OPHELIA)

POLONIUS: *(aside to CLAUDIUS)*

O ho! Do you mark that?

HAMLET:

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?



L 212, 213
S 300

47.

OPHELIA:

No, my lord.

HAMLET:

I mean, my head upon your lap.

50

OPHELIA:

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET:

Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA:

I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET:

That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

OPHELIA:

What is, my lord.

55

HAMLET:

Nothing.

Ophelia X DS to Hamlet

L 212

OPHELIA:

You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET:

Who, I?

OPHELIA:

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET:

O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? 60
For look you how cheerfully my mother looks and my father died
within's two hours.

OPHELIA:

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET:

So long? O heavens, die two month ago and not forgotten yet! Then
there's hope a great man's memory may

L 213

SOUND

outlive his life a year. \ PK Enter DRV

S 300

(Enter PLAYER with scripts and costume pieces. Hamlet takes them and distributes to Claudius and Gertrude)

48.

PLAYER KING:

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

70

HAMLET:

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

OPHELIA:

'Tis brief my lord.

HAMLET:

As woman's love.

OPHELIA:

What means this, my lord?

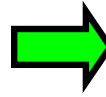
HAMLET: *(aside to Ophelia)*

Marry, this means mischief.

HAMLET:

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly
On the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had

As leif the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with
 your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I
 may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance
 that may give it smoothness. 75



USL – Globe to Double Yellow
 L 214, 215
 S 310, 312

GERTRUDE:
 I warrant your honour.

HAMLET:
 Be not too tame neither, but let your discretion be your tutor. Suit the action
 to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you
 o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so o'erdone is from the
 purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as
 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her feature, scorn her own image,
 and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. 80
 85

POLONIUS:
 How now, my lord? Will the King read this piece of work?

HAMLET:
 And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.
 That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

<u>Hamlet Start X DS</u>	L 214 S 310 USL
<u>Gertrude Twirl in Cape</u>	L 215,
<u>Player King Bow</u>	S 312

49.

PLAYER KING:
*Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
 Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
 Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
 Unite commutual in most sacred bands.* 90

GERTRUDE: *(reading from script)*
*So many journeys may the sun and moon
 Make us again count o'er ere love be done.
 But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
 So far from cheer and from your former state,
 That I distrust you. Yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
 Where love is great the littlest doubts are fear;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.* 95

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, belov'd, and haply one as kind
 For husband shalt thou —* 105

GERTRUDE:

*O confound the rest.
Such love must needs be treason in my breast. 110
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.*

HAMLET: (*aside*)

That's wormwood.

PLAYER KING:

*I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break 115.
What to ourselves in passion we propose, 120
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.*

50.

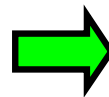
*But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed, 130
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.*

GERTRUDE: (*reading*)

*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. 135*

HAMLET:

If she should break it now.



L 218
S 315

PLAYER KING:

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

GERTRUDE:

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

On Applause

L 218 S 315

(*"Exit". He sleeps."* * NOTE: Gertrude could read this)

HAMLET:

Madam, how like you this play?

GERTRUDE:

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET:

O, but she'll keep her word.

CLAUDIUS:

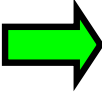
Have you read the argument? Is there no offense in't?

HAMLET:

No, no, they do but jest—poison in jest. No offence I'th' world. 145

CLAUDIUS:

What do you call the play?



L 220
S 320

51.

HAMLET:

The Mousetrap. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.
You shall see anon. 'Tis a knavish piece of work, but what o' that?
Your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not.
Begin, murderer. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

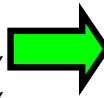
150

Applause

L 220 S 320

CLAUDIUS: (reading as Lucianus)

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



USL - Globe to Yellow
L 221-224
S 325

155

Claudius Scream

L221 S325 USL

HAMLET:

He poisons him i'th' garden for his estate. You shall see anon how the
Murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA:

The King rises. 160

GERTRUDE:

How fares my lord?

POLONIUS:

Give o'er the play.

Lights, **lights** Lights **L 222**

(*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio*)

(*Hamlet plays on his pipe.*)

HAMLET:

Would not this, sir, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

HORATIO:

Half a share.

52.

HAMLET:

A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

170

HORATIO:

You might have rhymed.

HAMLET:

O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound.
Didst perceive?

175

HORATIO:

Very well, my lord.

HAMLET:

Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO:

I did\ very well note him. Anticipate R+ G Enter USC

L 224

GUILDENSTERN:

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMLET:

Sir, a whole history.

180

GUILDENSTERN:

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

HAMLET:

You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN:

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end

185

of my business.

HAMLET:

Sir, I cannot.

ROSENCRANTZ:

What, my lord?

53.

HAMLET:

Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseased. But sir, such answer
as I can make, you shall command—or rather, as you say, my mother.

190

Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother you say—

ROSENCRANTZ:

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

HAMLET:

O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother!

ROSENCRANTZ:

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

HAMLET:

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

195

Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ:

My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET:

And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ:

Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar
the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

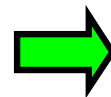
200

HAMLET:

Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ:

How can that be, when you have the voice of the King
himself for your succession in Denmark?



L 226-231
S 330, 340

HAMLET:

Ay sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is somewhat musty.

(Enter POLONIUS)

God bless you sir. 205

POLONIUS:

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

HAMLET:

Then I will come to my mother by and by.

POLONIUS:

I will say so. 215

HAMLET:

'By and by' is easily said\ _____ **P, R+G Exit USC** **L 226**

. --Leave me friend, _____ **Horatio Exit** **L228 S330**

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day 220

Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.\ _____ **Hamlet Exit** **L 230 S340**

Bump NOT THE BED (4 sec) L 231

Piano Shake to chord

55.

BEAT 3.3

(Enter CLAUDIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN)

CLAUDIUS:

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure 5
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his brows.

GUILDENSTERN:

We will ourselves provide.

CLAUDIUS:

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free-footed. 10

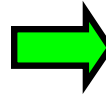
ROSENCRANTZ:

We will haste us.

(*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*)
(*Enter POLONIUS*)

POLONIUS:

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



L 232

15

CLAUDIUS:

Thanks, dear my lord. **Polonius Exit Thru Curtain**

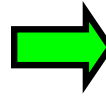
L 232

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; 20
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't—
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound, 25
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

56A.

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy 30
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold 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 35
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 th'offence? 40
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?

Try what repentance can, or can it not
 What can it not, but what can it when one cannot repent
 O wretched state , O bosom black as day
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay.
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.



CLV – Jason Enter L 233 S 342
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\All may be well. \	Jason Hamlet Enter CLV	CLV L 233 S 342
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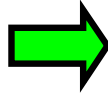
HAMLET:

Now might I do it pat, now he is a-praying. And now I'll do't. <i>(Draws his sword)</i> And so he goes to heaven; And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father, and for that I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven.	50 55
Why, this is hire and salary not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread, With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? And am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No. Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:	

As when he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

56B.

Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven



US1 – Curtain Open
Reset for Close
L 239, 241
S 350

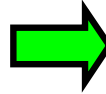
57.

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, were to it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
(Exit)

CLAUDIUS:

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.\

L 239 S 350 US1



US1 – Plastic Close

Platform Clear **US1**
Anticipate last Chord (11 Sec) **L 241**

58.

BEAT 3.4

(Enter GERTRUDE and POLONIUS)

POLONIUS:

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
Pray you be round.

5

GERTRUDE:

I'll war'nt you, fear me not.

HAMLET: Mother!

GERTRUDE:

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

(POLONIUS hides behind the arras.) (Enter HAMLET)

HAMLET:

Now, mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE:

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET:

Mother, you have my father much offended.

GERTRUDE:

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

10

HAMLET:

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

GERTRUDE:

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET:

What's the matter now?

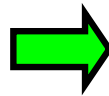
GERTRUDE:

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.



L 245. 246

15

GERTRUDE:

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

HAMLET:

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

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

GERTRUDE:

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

Hamlet X US

L 245

POLONIUS: (*behind the arras*)

What ho! Help !

HAMLET:

How now? A rat! Dead for a ducat, dead.
(*Thrusts his rapier through the arras*)

Pull Knife Out

L 246

GERTRUDE:

O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET:

Nay, I know not.

Is it the King?

25

GERTRUDE:

O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET:

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

GERTRUDE:

As kill a king?

HAMLET:

Ay, lady, it was my word.---

POLONIUS:

O, I am slain.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell. 30

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff, 35

60.

GERTRUDE:

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET:

Such an act

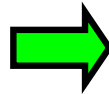
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths—



L 247

40

GERTRUDE:

Ay me, what act

HAMLET:

Look here upon this picture\ and on this, **L 247**

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow,

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars to threaten and command, 50

A combination and a form indeed

Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man. 55

This was your husband. Look you now what follows.

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
Would step from this to this? What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
O shame, where is thy blush?

60

GERTRUDE:

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

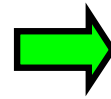
61.

HAMLET:

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

GERTRUDE:

O speak to me no more.
These words like daggers enter in my ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet.



L 248
S 360

HAMLET:

A murderer and a villain
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket—

L 248 S360

GERTRUDE:

No more.

HAMLET:

A king of shreds and patches—

Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

85

GERTRUDE:

Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET:

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

90

GHOST:

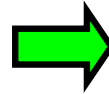
Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her Hamlet.

HAMLET:

How is it with you, lady?

GERTRUDE:

Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son, whereon do you look?



L 250
S 365

HAMLET:

On him, on him. Look you how pale he glares.
Do you see nothing there?

105

GERTRUDE:

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET:

Nor did you nothing hear?

GERTRUDE:

No, nothing but ourselves.

115

HAMLET:

Why, look you there, look how it steals away.
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal
(Exit GHOST)

L 250 S 365

GERTRUDE:

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

120

63A.

HAMLET:

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd.

Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks.

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,

130

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.

GERTRUDE:

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET:

O throw away the worser part of it
And live the purer with the other half.

140

Good night. But go not to my uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue if you have it not.

For this same lord

I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,

145

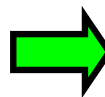
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.

This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

GERTRUDE: What shall I do?

HAMLET:

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



L 252,253 S 380, 385

GERTRUDE:

Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

63B.

HAMLET:

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbor **room.** \ _____ **L 252 S 380**

Mother, good night. Indeed, this counselor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Good night, **mother.** \ _____ **L 253 S 385**

(Exit HAMLET; GERTRUDE remains.)

64.

BEAT 4.1

CLAUDIUS:

There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,

You must translate. 'Tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

GERTRUDE:

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight! 5

CLAUDIUS:

What, Gertrude, how does Hamlet?

GERTRUDE:

Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat," 10

And in this brainish apprehension kills

The unseen good old man.

CLAUDIUS:

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all—

To you yourself, to us, to everyone. 15

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

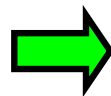
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt

This mad young man. Where is he gone?

GERTRUDE:

To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

A weeps for what is done.



US1 – Plastic Open
Reset for Close
L 256-261
S390

CLAUDIUS:

O Gertrude, come away.

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch

But we will ship him hence and this vile deed

We must with all our majesty and skill

Both countenance and excuse. **Ho** Guildenstern! **R + G Enter DLV**

L 256

(Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN)

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.

Go seek him out—speak fair—and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.

30

(Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN)

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,

And let them know both what we mean to do

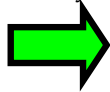
And what's untimely done. Come Away **Transition**

TIME

L 259

S 390

USL



USL – Plastic Close

Bed US of Curtain

USL

Last Baby Cry 16 Seconds

L 261

66.

BEAT 4.2

(Enter HAMLET)

HAMLET:

Safely stowed. *(calling within.)*

But soft, 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.

ROSENCRANTZ:

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

5

HAMLET:

Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ:

Believe what?

HAMLET:

That I can keep your counsel and not mine own.

ROSENCRANTZ:

I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET:

I am glad of it.

10

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—

GULDENSTERN:

A thing, My lord?

HAMLET:

Of nothing. The King is—

(Enter CLAUDIUS)

67.

CLAUDIUS:

Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

15

HAMLET:

At supper.

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 worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service—two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

20

CLAUDIUS:

Alas, alas.

HAMLET:

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

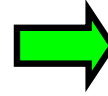
CLAUDIUS:

What dost thou mean by this?

25

HAMLET:

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



L 263

CLAUDIUS:

Where is Polonius?

HAMLET:

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

30

CLAUDIUS: (*to ROSENCRANTZ*)

Go seek him there.

Rosencrantz Exit

L 263

HAMLET

He will stay till you come.

68.

CLAUDIUS:

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

35

40

HAMLET:

For England?

CLAUDIUS:

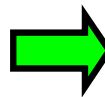
Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET:

Good.

CLAUDIUS:

So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.



L 265-298
S 400

HAMLET:

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

45

CLAUDIUS:

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET:

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

(Exit)

CLAUDIUS:

Follow him at foot. Tempt him with speed aboard,

Delay it not—I'll have him hence tonight. Guildenstern Exit USC

L 265

And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—

thou mayst not coldly set

55

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me.

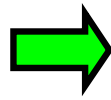
Do it, **England.** \

L269 S 400

Guitar End Anticipate Crackle

L298

INTERMISSION



L299-305
S 410, 415

69.

House to ½	L299
House Out	L 300
Hamlet @ USC	L 301 S410
R + Stop USC (with Guitar)	L 303

BEAT 4.4

FORTINBRAS:

Go, from me greet the Danish king.
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so. Go softly on \

L 305 S 415

HAMLET:

Whose powers are these?

GUILDENSTERN:

They are of Norway, sir.

HAMLET:

How purpos'd?

GUILDENSTERN:

Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET:

Who commands them?

10

GUILDENSTERN:

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET:

Goes it against the main of Poland,
Or some frontier?

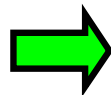
GUILDENSTERN:

They go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

15

HAMLET:

Why, then the Polack never will defend it.



L 307
S 417

GUILDENSTERN:

Yes, it is already garrison'd.

70.

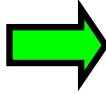
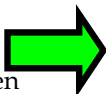
HAMLET:

Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw.

GUILDENSTERN:

Will't please you go, my lord?

HAMLET:

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before .\	R + G Exit CRV	L307 S 417
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		25
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. Sure he that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be	 L 307.5, 307.8	30
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on th'event— A thought which, quarter'd, 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,		35
Sith I have cause, and will, and \ strength and means		L 307.5
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me, Witness this army of such mass and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed, Makes mouths at the invisible event, Exposing what is mortal and unsure		40
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare, Even for an eggshell . How stand I then,		L 307.8
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, Excitements of my reason and my blood, And let all sleep, while to my shame I see	 L 308- 312 S 430,440	45
The imminent death of twenty thousand men That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is not tomb enough and continent		50
To hide the slain? \ O from this time forth	(Crackle)	L 308 S 430
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth .\		L 311 S 440
2 Chord then guitar Riff (7 sec)		L 312

71.

BEAT 4.5

(Enter GERTRUDE and HORATIO)

GERTRUDE:

I will not speak with her.

HORATIO:

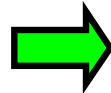
She is importunate,
Indeed distract. Her mood will needs be pitied.

GERTRUDE:

What would she have?

HORATIO:

She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There's tricks I'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart, 5
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. They aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts. 10
'twere good she were spoken with.



S 442

GERTRUDE:

Let her come in. *(Exit HORATIO)*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss. 15
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.\

S 442

(Enter OPHELIA and HORATIO)

OPHELIA:

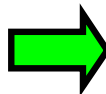
Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

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.*



L 315

20

GERTRUDE:

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

72.

OPHELIA:

Say you? Nay, pray you mark.

(sings) He is dead and gone lady,

He is dead and gone,

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O ho!

Ophelia Hand on Trap

L 315

30

GERTRUDE:

Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA:

Pray you mark.

(sings.) White his shroud as the mountain snow—

GERTRUDE:

Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA:

(sings) Larded with sweet flowers

Which bewept to the grave did not go

With true-love showers.

35

CLAUDIUS:

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA:

Well, God yield 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.

40

CLAUDIUS:

Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA:

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

(Sings) Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

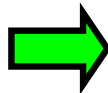
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clo'es,

And dupp'd the chamber door

Let in the maid that out a maid

Never departed more.



L 316, 317

45

L 316

CLAUDIUS:
Pretty Ophelia—

73.

OPHELIA:

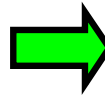
I hope all will be well. We must be patient. But I cannot choose but weep
to think they would lay him I'th cold ground. My brother shall know of it.
And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach. Good night,
ladies, good night. Sweet ladies, good night, good night. Gertrude Close Trap ½ way

L 317

CLAUDIUS:

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

(Exit HORATIO)



**L 319, 321
S 450-460**

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. First, her father slain;
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his just remove; the people muddied
For good Polonius' death—and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to \ **inter** him;

70

75

L 319 S 450

74.

HORATIO:

Save yourself, my lord.

The young Laertes, in riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord,
Then cry, "choose we! Laertes shall be **king**."

85

S 452

GERTRUDE:

O, this is counter, you false Danish \ **Dogs**.

S 460

HORATIO:

The doors are broke.

Hear Laertes Enter DRV

L 321

LAERTES:

O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

GERTRUDE: *(holding him)*

Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES:

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother. 95

CLAUDIUS:

What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?--
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would 100
Acts little of his will. – Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go Gertrude.
Speak man.

LAERTES:

Where is my father?

CLAUDIUS:

Dead.

75.

GERTRUDE:

But not by him.

CLAUDIUS:

Let him demand his fill. 105

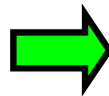
LAERTES:

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! Vows to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation, only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father. 110

CLAUDIUS:

Who shall stay you?

That I am guiltless of your father's death
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.



L 325

(A noise within. Ophelia is heard singing)

LAERTES:

How now, what noise is that? 115

(Enter OPHELIA)

Ophelia Hand on Trap

L 325

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— 120
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

OPHELIA: (*sings*)
They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear—
Fare you well, my dove. 125

LAERTES:
Had'st thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

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

76.
LAERTES:
This nothing's more than matter. 130

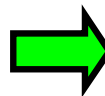
OPHELIA:
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance—pray you, love, remember.
And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

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 of grace a Sundays. You must wear your 135
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. 140

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. 145



L 328, 329

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

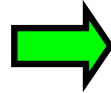
Ophelia ½ way Close Trap L 328
 Ophelia Start to run to DRV L 329

LAERTES:

Do you see this, O God?

CLAUDIUS:

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
 If by direct or collateral hand
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
 To you in satisfaction.



US1 – Plastic Open
 L 331 - 333
 S 470

77.

LAERTES:

Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral –
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

CLAUDIUS:

So you shall.
 And where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you go with me.

L 331 S470 US1

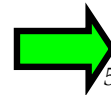
78.

BEAT 4.6

HORATIO:

Horatio \ L333

*Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of verry warlike appointment
 gave chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and
 in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I
 alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy. But
 they knew what they did: I am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the
 letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much sped as thou wouldst
 fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much
 too light for the bore of the matter. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their
 course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Fare \ well.*



US1 Plastic Close
 L 335-341
 S 480

L 335

He that thou knowest thine,

LIGHTS SOUND

Hamlet \

L 340 S 480 US1

End of third Drum

L 341

79.

BEAT 4.7a

(Enter KING and LAERTES)

CLAUDIUS:

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

LAERTES:

 It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else
You mainly were stirr'd up.

5

CLAUDIUS:

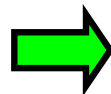
 O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,
But yet to me th' are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go
Is the great love the general gender bear him.

10

15

LAERTES:

And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desp'rate 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.



L 343

20

CLAUDIUS:

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

Horatio In Aisle

L 343

HORATIO:

These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

80.**CLAUDIUS:**

From Hamlet! Who brought them?

HORATIO:

Sailors, my lord, they say.

30

CLAUDIUS:

Laertes, you shall hear them. —

Leave us.

*(Exit HORATIO), (Reads)**High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.*

35

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?

CLAUDIUS:

'Tis Hamlet's character.

"Naked"

40

And in a postscript here he says "Alone."

Can you devise me?

LAERTES:

I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come.

It warms the very sickness in my heart

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth

45

'Thus diest Thou.

CLAUDIUS:

If it be so Laertes —

As how should it be so, how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

LAERTES:

Ay, my lord,

So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

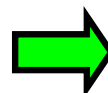
81.**CLAUDIUS:**

To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

50

I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,



L 345

Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, 55
And even his mother shall uncharged the practice
And call it accident.

LAERTES: My lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
I might be the organ.

CLAUDIUS: It falls right. **Claudius start to X US** **L 345**
You have been talk'd of since your travel much 60
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one. 65

LAERTES:
Which part is that my lord.

CLAUDIUS:
A very ribbon in the cap of youth—
Two months since
here was a gentleman of Normandy

LAERTES:
A Norman was't?

CLAUDIUS:
A Norman. 70

LAERTES:
Upon my life, Lamord.

CLAUDIUS:
The very same.

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

82.

CLAUDIUS:

He made confession of you, 75
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defense,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you. Sir, this report of his 80
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
Now out of this—

LAERTES:

What out of this, my lord?

CLAUDIUS:

Laertes, was your father dear to you? 85
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAERTES:

Why ask you this?

CLAUDIUS:

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words 90

LAERTES:

To cut his throat i'th' church.

CLAUDIUS:

No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But good Laertes,
Hamlet, return'd shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame 95
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er 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 100
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

83.

LAERTES:

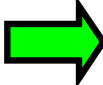
I will do't

And for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction
 So mortal that but dip a knife in it, 105
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, 110
 It may be death.

CLAUDIUS:

Let's further think of this.

Weight what convenience both of time and means
 May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
 'Twere better not essay'd. Therefore this project
 Should have a back or second that might hold 115
 If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings-
 I ha't!
 When in motion you are hot and dry—
 As make your bouts more violent to that end— 120
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
 A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold \ **there**. But stay, what noise? **Tina**



Tina Scream
L 347 -362
S 490-500

BEAT 4.7b

(Enter GERTRUDE) Gertrude Enter USC **L 347**

GERTRUDE:

One woe doth tread upon another's heel, 125
 So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES:

Drown'd? O, where? Anticipate Gertrude X DS of Table **L 348**

GERTRUDE:

There is a willow grows askant the brook
 That shows his hoary leaves in the glassy stream
 Therewith fantastic garlands did she make 130
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
 There on the pendent boughs her crownet weeds
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke, 135
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

84.

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up, S 490
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes
 As one incapable of her own distress; 140
 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 S 495
 To muddy death.

LAERTES:

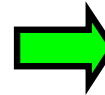
Alas, then she is drown'd.

GERTRUDE:

Drown'd Drown'd L 350

LAERTES:

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will. *(weeps)* When these are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord.
 I have a speech o' fire that fain would blaze
 But that this folly douts it. AS Laertes through Plastic
(Exit)



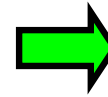
USL – Plastic Open, Reset for the Close

Laertes X to sit L 352

CLAUDIUS:

Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage.
 Now fear I this will give it start again. 155
 Therefore let's follow. Transition L 359 S500 USL



USL – Plastic Close

Pling of Harp	4 ct.	L 360
Table Clear		USL
Downfall of Vocal		L362

85.

BEAT 5.1a

(Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, in conversation (NOTE first part insert from V,ii)

HAMLET:

You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO:

Remember it, my lord!

HAMLET:

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fall; and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will—

10

HORATIO:

That is most certain.

HAMLET:

Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, to unseal
Their grand commission, an exact command,
That not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

20

HORATIO:

Is't possible?

HAMLET:

Here's the commission, read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?

HORATIO:

I beseech you.

86.

HAMLET:

I sat me down, Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
He should those bearers put to sudden death,

HORATIO:

So Guildenstern and Rosenkrantz go to't.

HAMLET:

Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
They are not near my conscience.

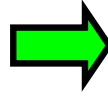
HORATIO:

Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET:

He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life
And with such coz'nage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm.

45



L 363, 364

HORATIO:

Ay my lord

HAMLET:

And is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

50

HORATIO:

It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

87.

HAMLET:

It will be short. The interim is mine.
And a man's life's no more than to say "one." \

L 363

Beat after Grinding ends

L 364

Autofollow 365.-365.1

(sings) In youth when I did love, did love

55

Methought it was very sweet:

To contract—O—the time for—a—my behove,

O methought there—a--was nothing—a--meet.

HAMLET:

Has this fellow no feeling of his business he sings in grave-making

HORATIO:

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

60

GRAVE-DIGGER: *(Sings)*

But age with his stealing steps

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipp'd me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

65

(He throws up a skull)

HAMLET:

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave
jowls it to the ground as if 'twere 'Cain's jawbone, that did the first
murder.

HORATIO:

This might be the pate of a politician which this ass now
o'er-offices

HAMLET:

One that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO:

It might, my lord.

70

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

75

(Throws up another skull)

88.

HAMLET:

I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Mine, sir. *(sings)* O a pit of clay for to be made—

HAMLET:

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

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

80

HAMLET:

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

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

HAMLET:

What man dost thou dig it for?

85

GRAVE-DIGGER:

For no man, sir.

HAMLET:

What woman then?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

For none neither.

HAMLET:

Who is to be buried then?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

90

HAMLET:

How absolute the knave is. How long hast thou been grave-maker?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Of all the days I'th'year I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame old Fortinbras.

HAMLET:

How long is that since?

89A.

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

95

HAMLET;

Ay, marry. Why was he sent into England?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there. Or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAMLET:

Why?

100

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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

HAMLET:

How came he mad?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET

How "strangely?"

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

105

HAMLET:

Upon what ground?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Why here in Denmark.

HAMLET:

How long will a man lie I'th' earth ere he rot.

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Faith, if he be not rotten before a die—as we have many pocky corpses nowadays that will scarce hold together for the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you for nine year.

HORATIO:

Why he more than another?

110

GRAVE-DIGGER:

Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water

89B.

a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lien you i'th'earth three and twenty years.

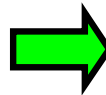
HAMLET:

Whose was it?

90.

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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



L 367-370
S 510, 515

15

HAMLET:

Nay, I know not.

GRAVE-DIGGER:

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: (*Takes skull*)

This?

GRAVE-DIGGER:

E'en that.

120

HAMLET:

Alas poor Yorick. I knew him, **Horatio**, a fellow of infinite jest, of most Hamet X DS **L 367** excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now—how abhorred in my imagination it is. My gorge rises at it. Here

hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes
now, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table
on a roar. Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen?
Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick,
to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.
But soft\, but soft awhile. Here comes the King,

L 369 S 510

The Queen, the courtiers. 130

BEAT 5.1b

(Enter Bearers with a coffin, a PRIEST, CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, & LAERTES)

And with such maimed rites
Couch we awhile and mark.

After Priest make Sign of Cross

L 370 S 515

LAERTES:

What ceremony else? 135
What ceremony else?

91.

PRIEST:

Here obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
And but that great command o'ersways the order, 140
She should in ground unsanctified have been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rights,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home 145
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES:

Must there no more be done?

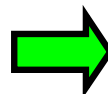
PRIEST:

No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing sage requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls. 150

LAERTES:

Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring. I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be



L 371-374
S 520, 525

When thou liest howling.

HAMLET: What, the fair Ophelia?

GERTRUDE: (*Scattering flowers*)

Sweets to the sweet. Farewell.

155

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.\

L 371 S 520

LAERTES:

O treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head

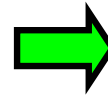
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Depriv'd thee of. —Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made



US1 – Gurney Offstage

Laertes Cradle Ophelia

S 525

Hamlet At Stairs

L372

T'o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head

165

Of blue Olympus.

92A.

HAMLET:

What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

170

LAERTES:

The devil take thy soul. (*Grappling with him*)

Laertes & Hamlet hit Floor

US1 L 374

HAMLET:

Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee take thy fingers from my throat.

CLAUDIUS:

Pluck them asunder.

GERTRUDE:

Hamlet! Hamlet!

PRIEST:

Gentlemen!

HORATIO:

Good, my lord, be quiet.

175

HAMLET:

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

GERTRUDE:

O my son, what theme?

HAMLET:

I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

CLAUDIUS:

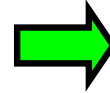
O he is mad, Laertes.

GERTRUDE:

For love of God forbear him.

HAMLET:

'Swounds, show me what thou't do.
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself,
Woo't drink up easel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost come here to whine,
To outface me with leaping on her grave?



180
L 375-388
S 527, 530

92B.

Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

Nay, and thou'lt **mouth**,\

I'll rant as well as thou

L 375 S 527

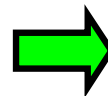
93.

GERTRUDE:

This is mere madness.

HAMLET:

I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. \ (Exit)



US1 – Globe In
To Dead Hung
(No Response!)

L 377

CLAUDIUS:

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
(Exit HORATIO), (To Laertes)

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech:
We'll put the matter to the present push. –
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

200

Till then in patience our proceeding be. Claudius Exit **S 530**

(Exeunt) Laertes at Last seam before CRV **L 380**

Grave Digger start to X US **L 385**

Platform thru plastic **USL**

Hear Vocal **L 387**

94

BEAT 5.2a

(Enter HAMLET & HORATIO in conversation)

HAMLET:

But I am sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his \favours

L 388

But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

5

(Enter OSRIC, a courtier)

OSRIC:

Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET:

I humbly thank you sir. –Dost know this Water-fly?

HORATIO: No, my good lord.

10

OSRIC:

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

HAMLET:

I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.

95.

OSRIC:

His majesty bade me signify to you he has laid a wager on your head.

Sir, this is the matter, here is newly come to court Laertes

—believe me, an absolute

gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society

25

and great showing.

HAMLET:

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC:

You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAMLET:

I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence.

OSRIC:

I mean, sir, for his weapon.

HAMLET:

What's his weapon?

OSRIC:

Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET:

That's two of his weapons. But well.

OSRIC:

The king, sir hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and
him he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine.
And it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe
the answer.

35

HAMLET:

How if I answer no?

OSRIC:

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

40

96.

HAMLET:

Sir, I will walk in the hall. If it please his Majesty, it is the breathing
time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and
the king hold his purpose, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gain
nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

OSRIC:

Shall I deliver you so.

45

HAMLET:

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

OSRIC:

I commend my duty to your lordship.

(Exit)

BEAT 5.2b

HAMLET:

Yours.

HORATIO:

You will lose, my lord.

HAMLET:

I do not think so. Since he went into France I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

HORATIO:

Nay, good my lord.

HAMLET:

It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gainsgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO:

If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit.

HAMLET:

Not a whit. We defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. \If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will

be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Let \be. Hamlet Gesture

L391

L 395 S 541

USR DLV USL

LIGHTS

Hamlet Catch Doublet

L 396

USL – Plastic Close

Chairs & Table On

USL

Claudius & Gertrude Enter DRV

L 397

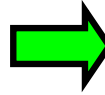
Claudius Step on Marley

L 401 S 545

97.

CLAUDIUS:

Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.



USR – Transition
USL – Globe to Yellow & Plastic Open
Reset for Plastic Close
DLV – Kenejuan
L 391-401
S 541,545

50

55

HAMLET:

Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;
But pardon't as you are a gentleman.

What I have done

65

That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

70

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house

75

And hurt my brother.

LAERTES:

I am satisfied in nature,

but in my terms of honour

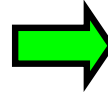
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation

Till I have a voice and precedent of peace

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love

And will not wrong it.



L 403

HAMLET:

I embrace it freely,

And will this brothers' wager frankly play. —

HAMLET: Give us the foils.

Gertrude X to Sit

L 403

LAERTES:

Come, one for me.

HAMLET:

I'll be your foil, Laertes. In mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night

Stick fiery off indeed.

90

LAERTES:

You mock me, sir.

98.

HAMLET:

No, by this hand.

CLAUDIUS:

Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAMLET:

Very well, my lord.

Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

CLAUDIUS:

I do not fear it. I have seen you both,
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

95

LAERTES:

This is too heavy. Let me see another.

HAMLET:

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
(They prepare to play.)

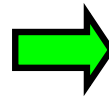
OSRIC:

Ay, my good lord.

CLAUDIUS:

Set me the stoup of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn—give me the cups—
“Now the King drinks to Hamlet.” Come, begin.
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

100



L 405-408
S 550, 551

HAMLET:

Come on, sir.

Hamlet X DS towards Laertes

L 405

LAERTES:

Come, my lord.

Swords together

S 550

(They play.)

Laertes Hit

L 406

99.

HAMLET:

One.

115

LAERTES:

No.

HAMLET:

Judgment.

OSRIC:

A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES:

Well, again.

CLAUDIUS:

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

120

HAMLET:

I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile.

Come.\

L 407

Swords Together

S 551

(They play again.)

Laertes Hit

L 408

Another hit. What say you?

LAERTES:

I do confess't.

125

CLAUDIUS:

Our son shall win.

GERTRUDE:

He's fat and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

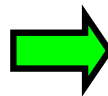
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET:

Good madam.

CLAUDIUS:

Gertrude, do not drink.



L 410, 415
S 552-554

130

100.

GERTRUDE:

I will, my lord, I pray you pardon me.

(She drinks and offers the cup to Hamlet)

CLAUDIUS:

It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.

HAMLET:

I dare not drink yet, madam—by and by.

GERTRUDE:

Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES:

My lord, I'll hit him now.

135

CLAUDIUS:

I do not think't.

LAERTES: (*aside*)

And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET:

Come for the third, Laertes.

I am so afeard you make a wonton of me. \

L 410

(They play)

Swords together

S 552

LAERTES:

Say you so? Come on.

140

OSRIC:

Nothing neither way.

LAERTES:

Have at you now.

Anticipate Hamlet lunge downstage

S 553

LAERTES

Dagger!

Tip Off Dagger X in to each other

S 554

CLAUDIUS:

Part them; they are incensed.

HAMLET:

Nay, come again.

(*He wounds Laertes, the Queen falls*)

Hamlet Stabbing Laertes

L 415

Auto 415.5

OSRIC:

Look to the Queen there, ho!

145

101.

HORATIO:

They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC:

How is't Laertes?

LAERTES:

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice.
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET:

How does the Queen?

150

CLAUDIUS:

She swoons to see them bleed.

GERTRUDE:

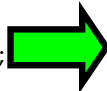
No, no, the drink, the drink. O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.
(*She dies*)

HAMLET:

O villainy! Ho! Let the door be lock'd.
Treachery! Seek it out.
(*Exit Osrice*)

LAERTES:

It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd.
the foul practice has turned itself on me
Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The King—the King's to **blame.**



L 417

155

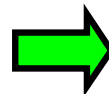
L 417

HAMLET:

The point envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.
(*Wounds CLAUDIUS*)

HAMLET:

Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.
(*CLAUDIUS dies*)



L 420-423
S 560, 565

165

102.

LAERTES:

He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee, 170
Nor thine on me.

HAMLET:

Heaven make thee free of it I follow **thee.** \ **L 420**
"Wretched Queen, adieu. I am dead, **Horatio** \ **Hamlet Push Horatio US** **L 421 S 560**
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act, 175
Had I but time—O, I could tell you—
But let it **be.** \ **Horatio, I am dead,** **Anticipate Hamlet Hit Floor** **L 423 S 565**
Thou livest. Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied. 180

HORATIO:

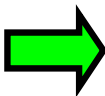
Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET:

As th'art a man
Give me the cup. Let go, by Heaven I'll ha't.
O god, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me. 185
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story.

103.

I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th'election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, — The rest is silence.
(HAMLET *Dies*) 195



L 424
S 570

HORATIO:

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy **rest.** - **Beat** **L 424 S570**
(*March within*)

BEAT 5.2c

(Enter FORTINBRAS, with English Ambassador(s))

OSRIC

Young Fortinbras, with conquest comes from Poland

FORTINBRAS:

Where is this sight?

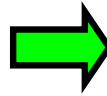
HORATIO:

What is it you would see

FORTINBRAS:

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell.
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

205



S 575

104.

HORATIO:

Since, so jump upon this bloody question
You from the Polack wars
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing world
How these things came **about**. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th'inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

215

S 575

225

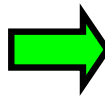
FORTINBRAS:

Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

230

HORATIO:

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more.
But let this same be presently perform'd
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.



L 429-435
S580-595

235

FORTINBRAS:

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely,
To have prov'd most royal; and for his passage,
The soldier's music and the right of war
Speak loudly for him
Take up the bodies.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

S 580

Horatio Look Up beat

L 429

After Drum

S590

Curtain Call

L 431

After Second Bow

L 433 S 595

Bow Restore

L 434

Bow Restore OUT

L 435