

Stick Figure Hamlet

by
Dan Carroll



The Tragedy of

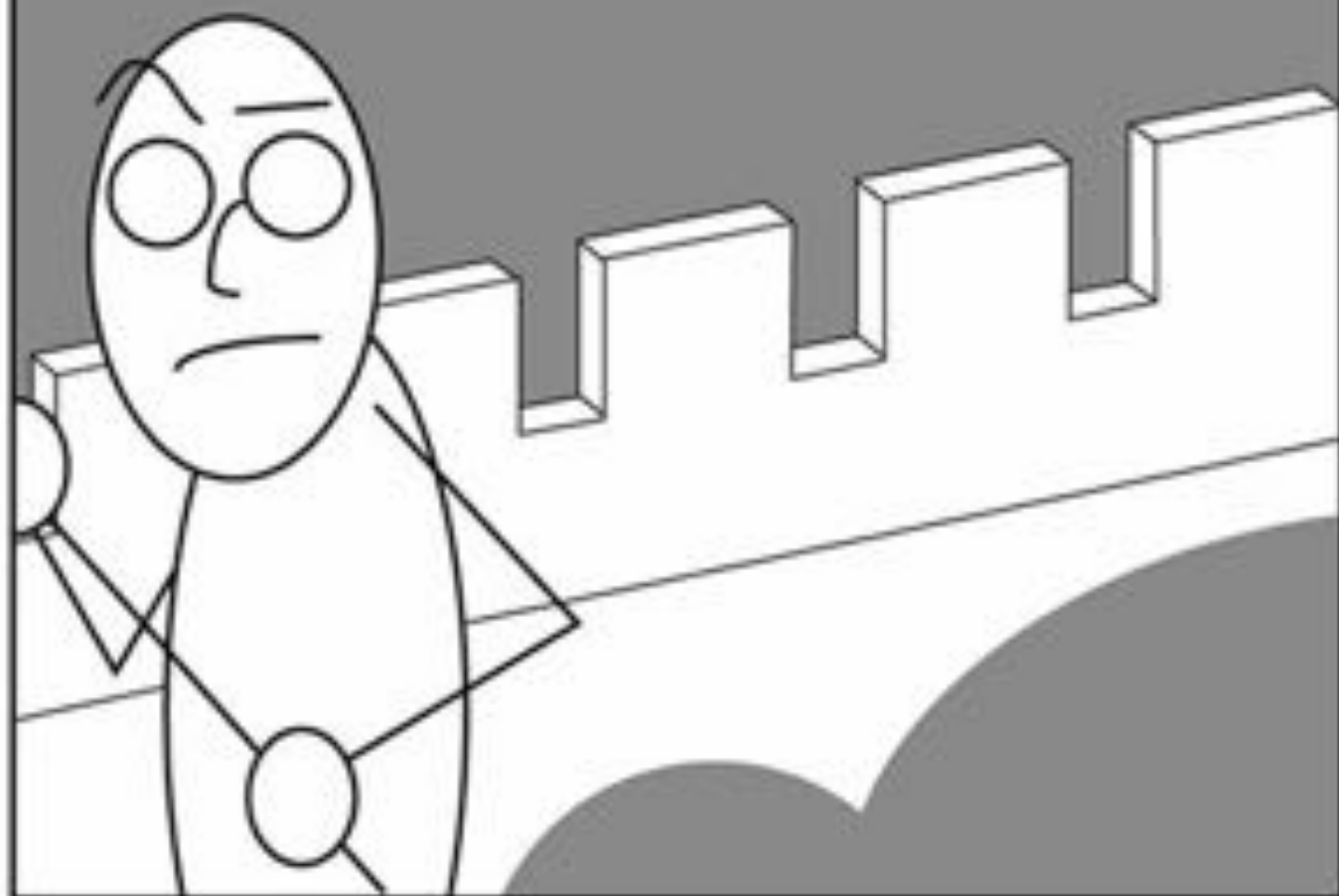
Hamlet

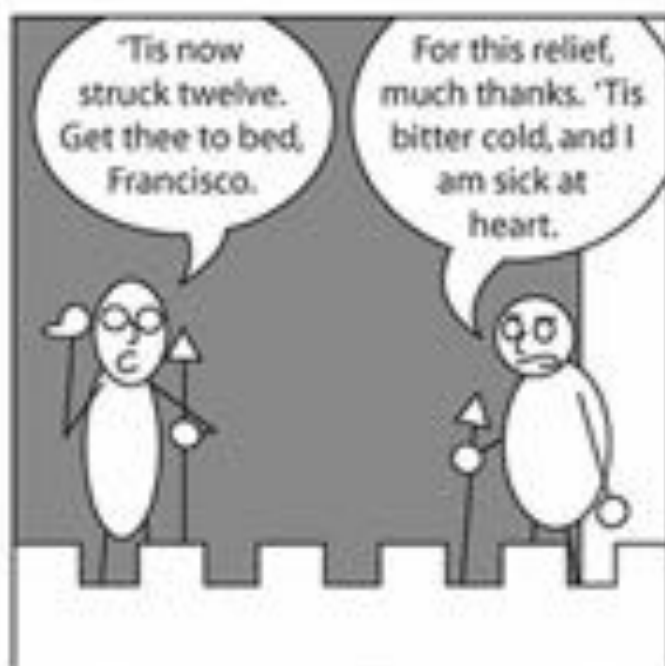
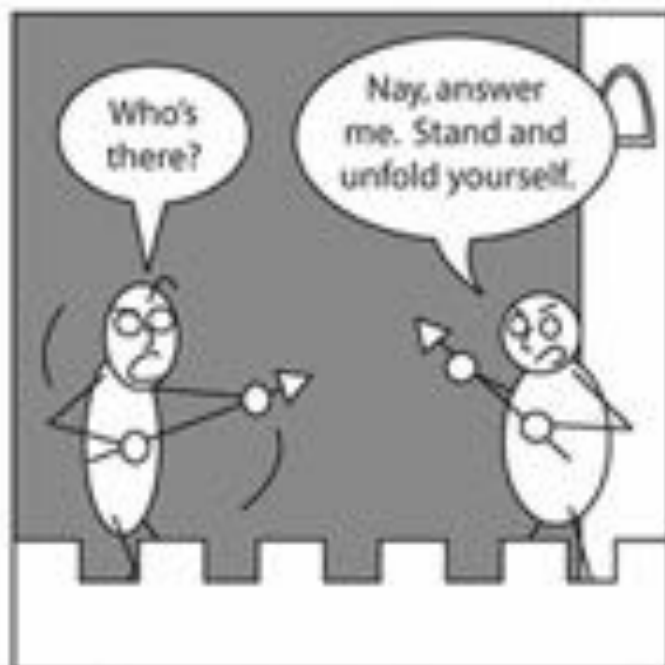
Prince of Denmark


As adapted by

Dan Carroll

from this play
he read one time








O farewell,
honest soldier. Who
hath relieved
you?


Barnardo
hath my place.
Give you good
night.



Holla,
Bernardo.

Say, what,
is Horatio
there?


A piece
of him.



Welcome, Horatio...
welcome good
Marcellus.

What, has
this thing appeared
again tonight?

I have
seen
nothing.




Horatio says 'tis but
our fantasy, and will not
let belief take hold of him,
touching this dreaded
sight twice seen
of us.

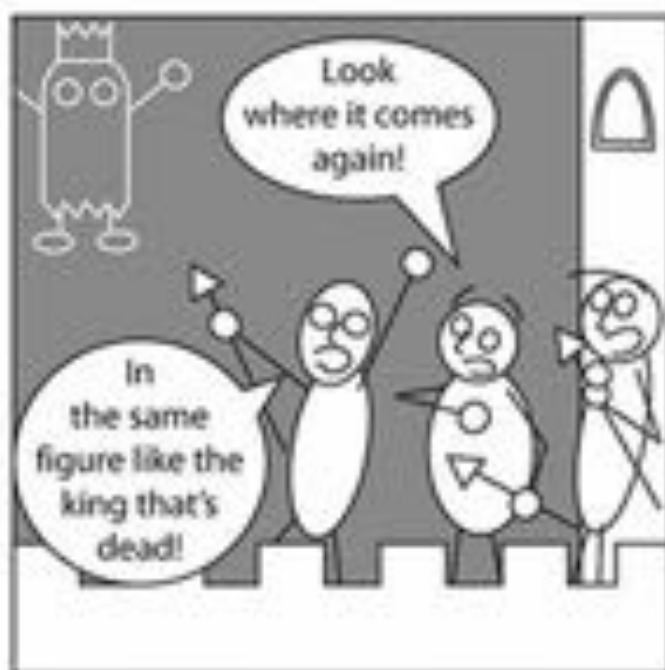


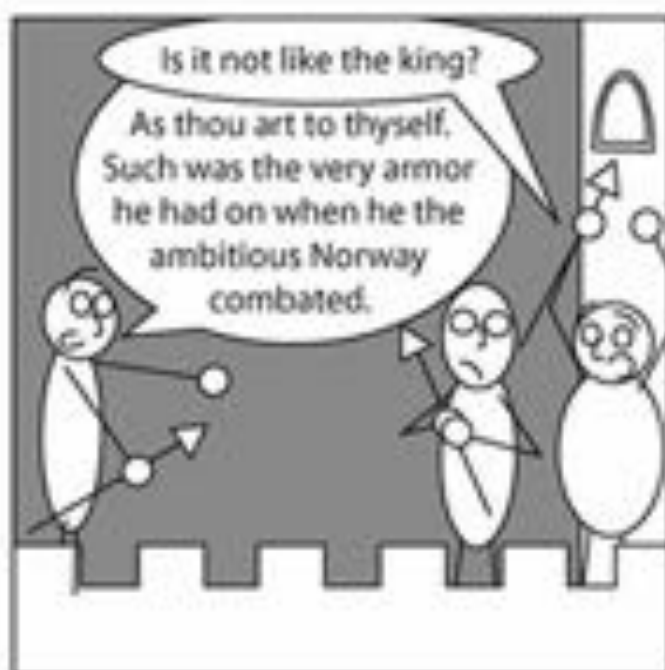
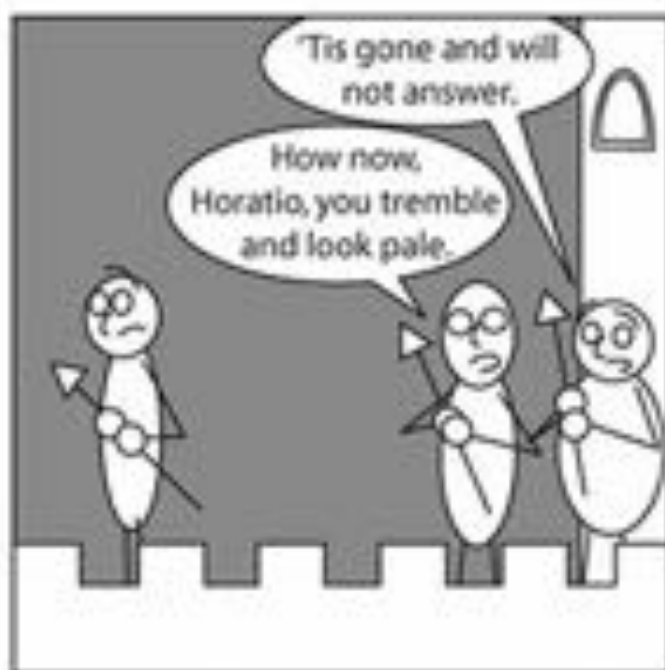
Therefore I have entreated
him along with us to watch the
minutes of this night, that, if again
this apparition come, he may
approve our eyes and
speak to it.

Tush, tush, 'twill
not appear.



Sit down awhile, and let
us once again assail your ears
that are so fortified against our
story, what we two nights
have seen.





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



Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, why this same strict and most observant watch so nightly toils the subject of the land, and why such daily cast of brazen cannon and foreign mart for implements of war?



Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward that this sweaty haste doth make the night joint laborer with the day? Who is't that can inform me?



That can I.



At least the whisper goes so: our last king, whose image even but now appeared to us was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway, thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride...



Dared to the combat...

Our valiant Hamlet
(for so this side of our known
world esteemed him) did
slay this Fortinbras...



...who by a
sealed compact,
well ratified by law
and heraldry, did forfeit,
with his life, all those
his lands which he
stood seized
of, to the
conqueror.



Against the which
a moiety competent was gaged
by our king, which had returned
to the inheritance of Fortinbras
had he been vanquisher, as, by
the same comart and carriage of
the article designed, his
fell to Hamlet.

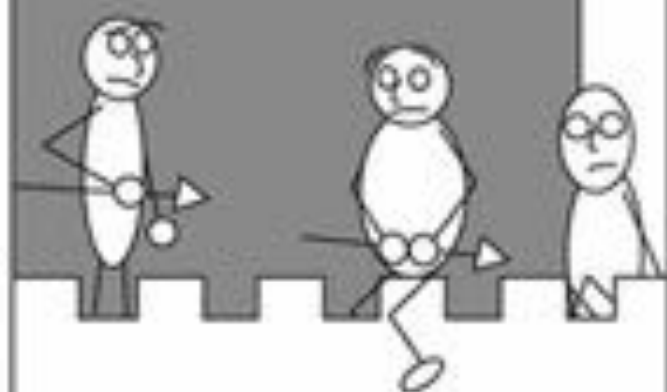


Now, sit, young
Fortinbras, of unimproved
mettle hot and full, hath in the skirts
of Norway here and there sharked up a
list of lawless resolute for food and
diet to some enterprize that
hath a stomach in't.

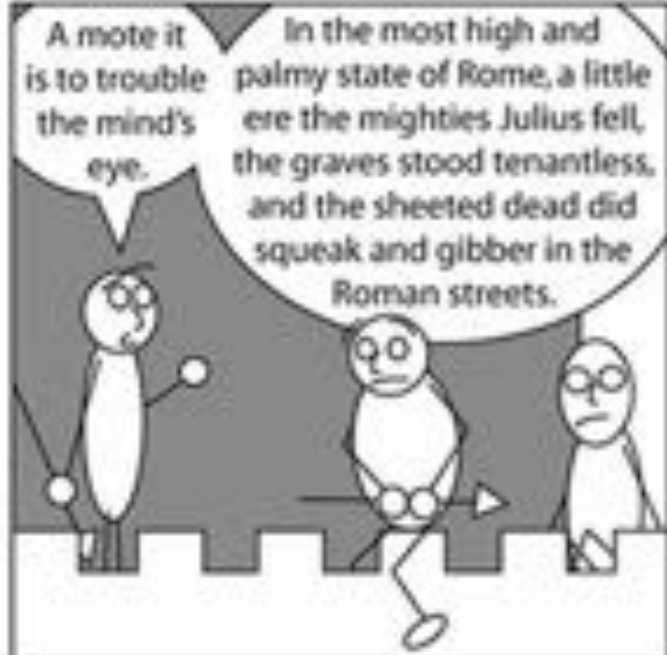
Which is no
other (as it doth well appear
unto our state) but to recover of us, by
strong hand and terms compulsory,
those foresaid lands so by
his father lost.



This, I take it, is the main motive of our preparations, the source of this our watch, and the chief head of this posthaste and rummage in the land.



I think it be no other but e'en so. Well may it sort that this portentous figure comes armed through our watch so like the king that was and is the question of these wars.



A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

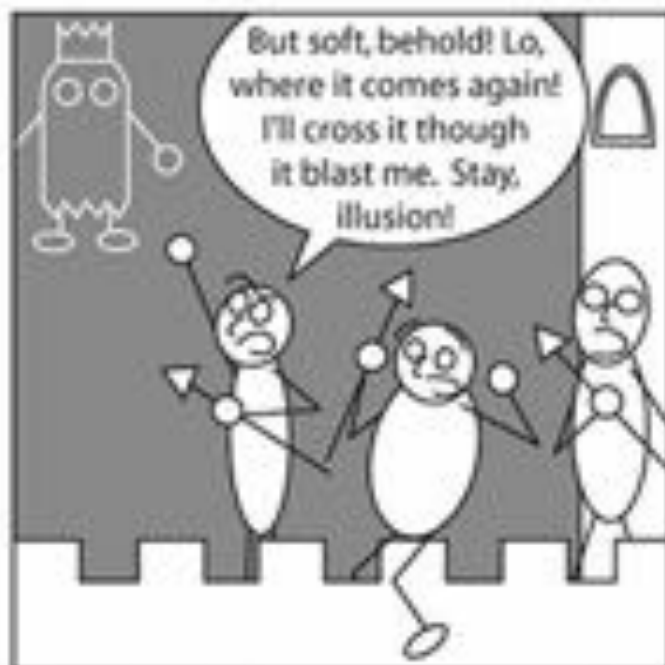
In the most high and palmy state of Rome, a little ere the mighties Julius fell, the graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

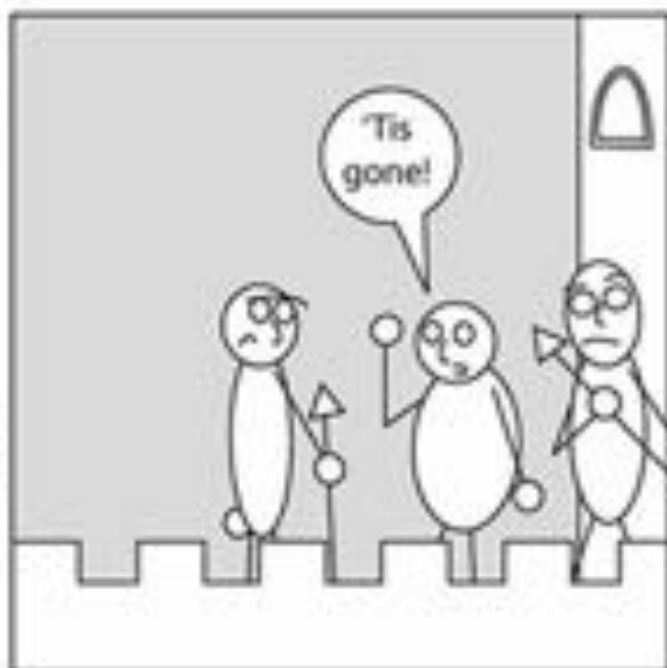
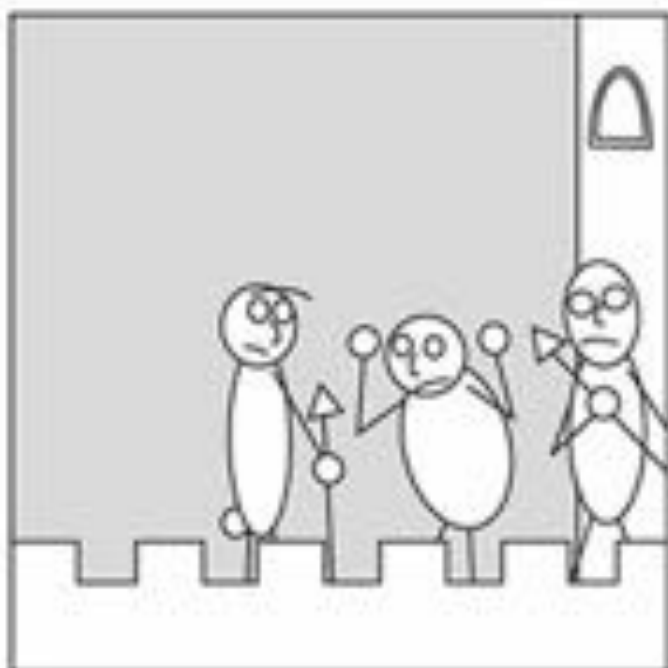
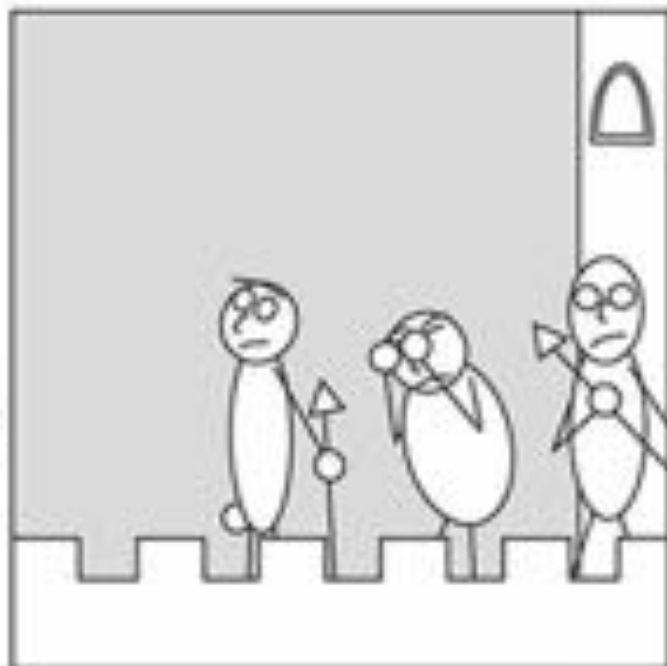
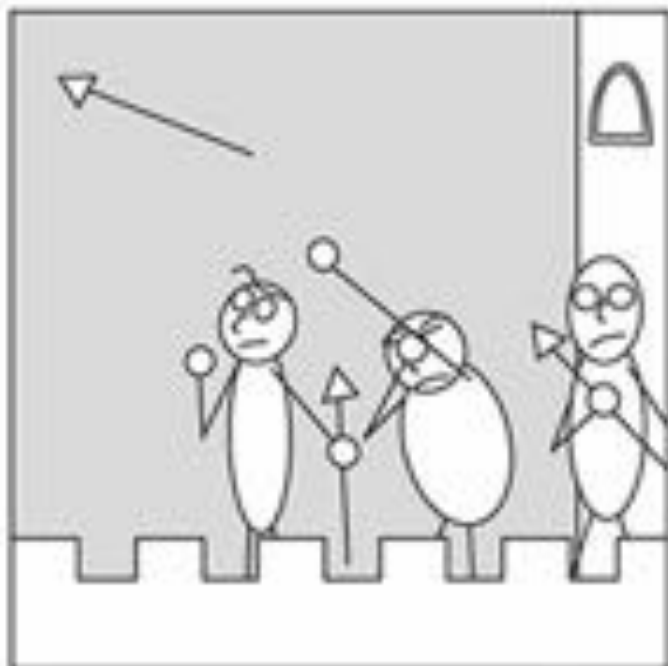
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, disasters in the sun; and the moist star, upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands, was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.



And even the like precurse of feared events, as harbingers preceding still the fates and prologue to the omen coming on...

...have heaven and earth together demonstrated unto our climates and countrymen.





I have heard the cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat awake the god of day.

And at his warning, whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, th'extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine, and of the truth herein this present object made probation.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated, this bird of dawning singeth all night long; and then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad, the nights are wholesome.

Then no planets strike, no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, so hallowed and gracious is that time.

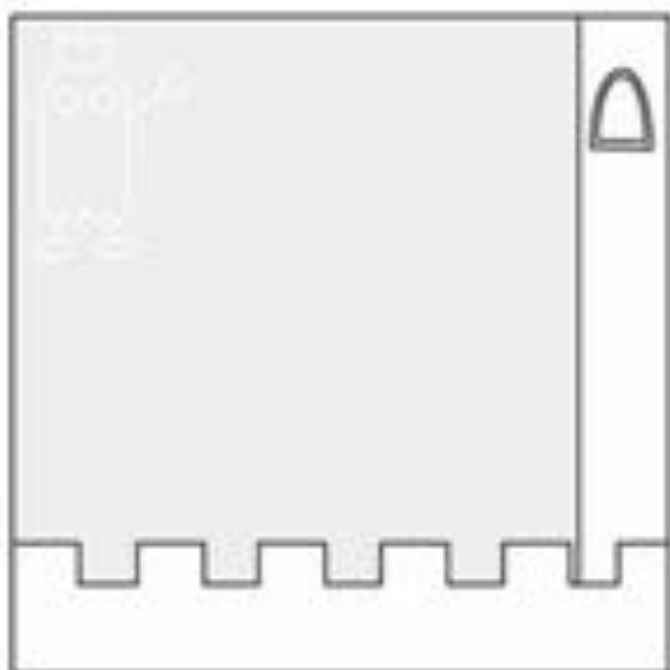
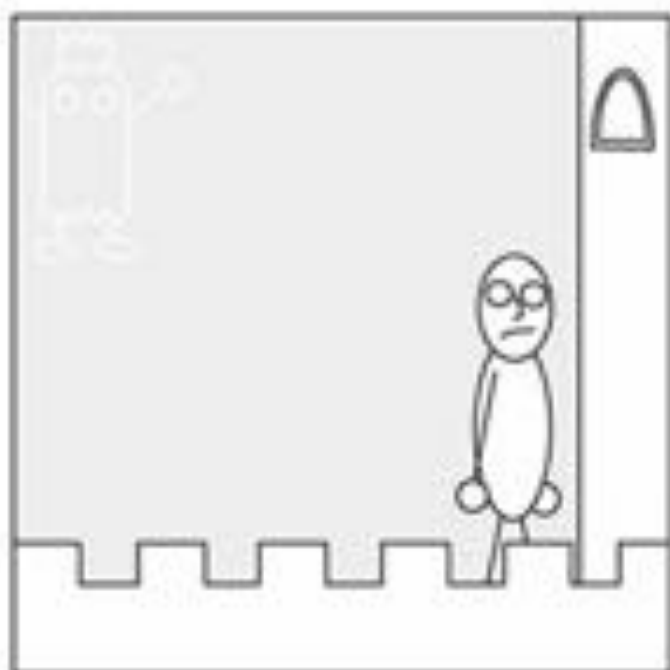
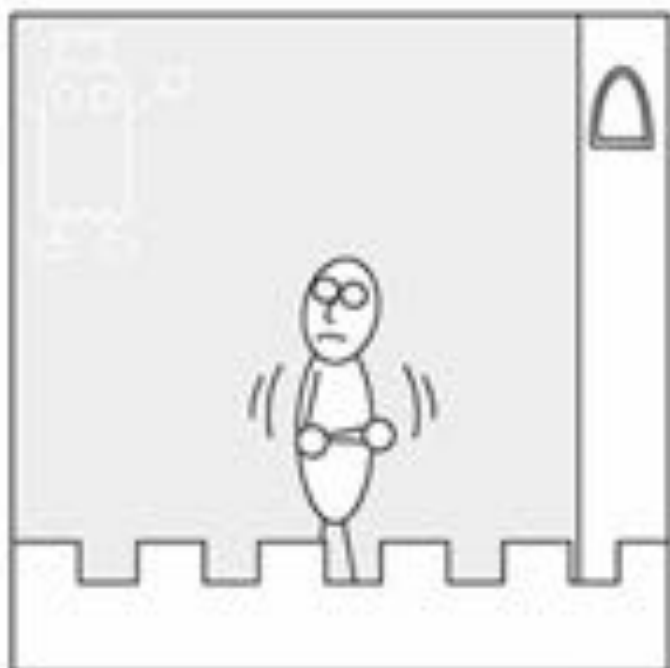
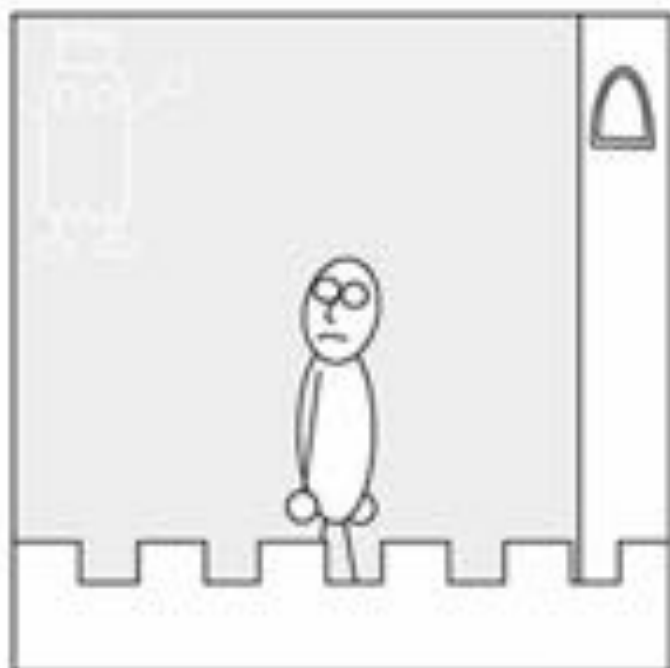
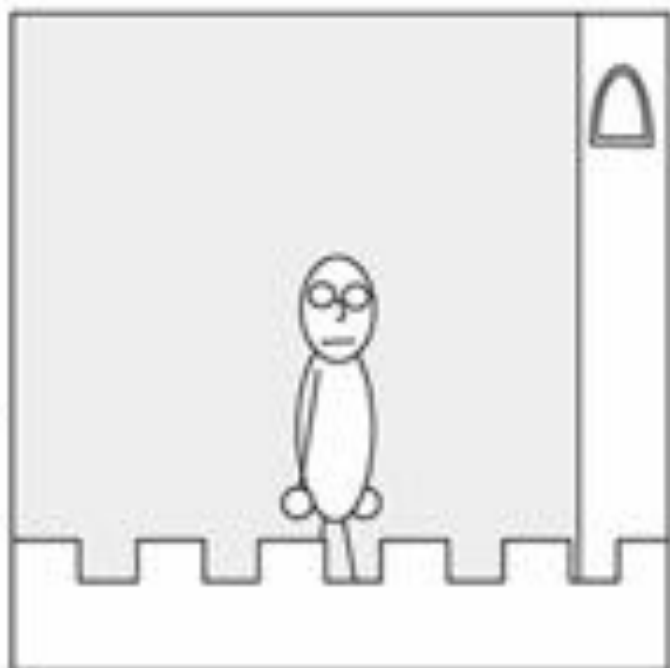
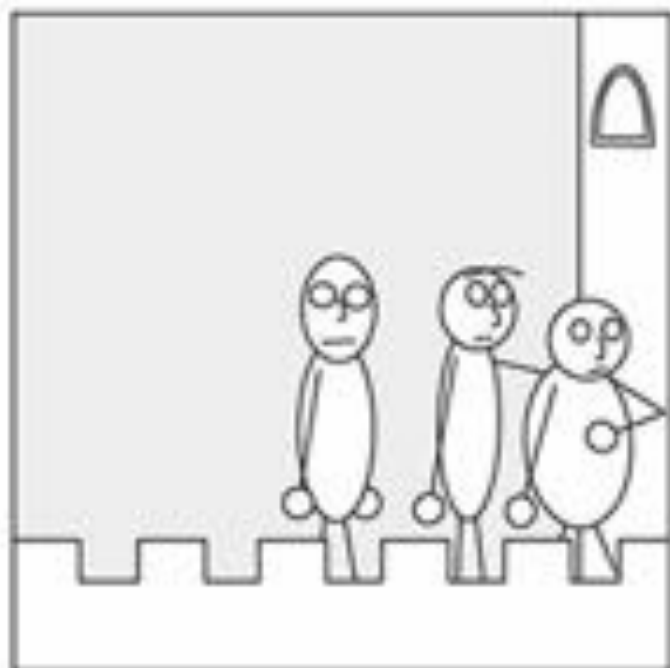
So have I heard and do in part believe it.

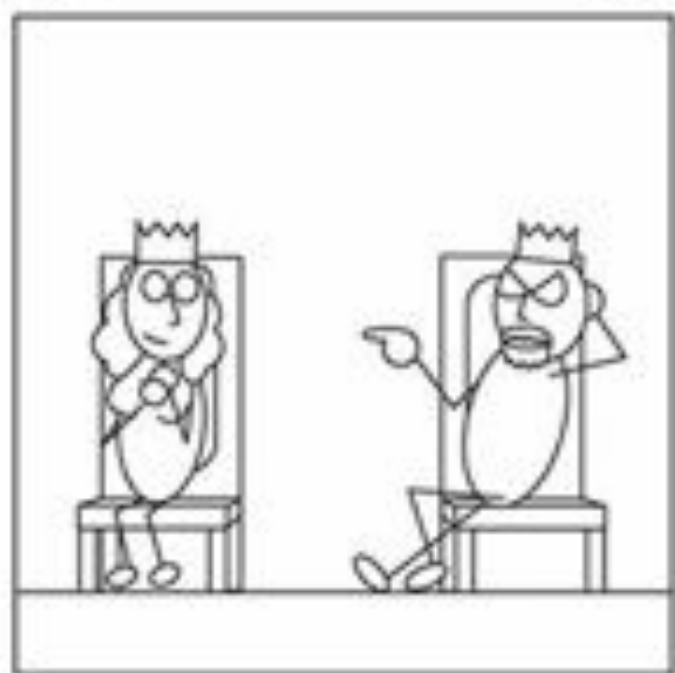
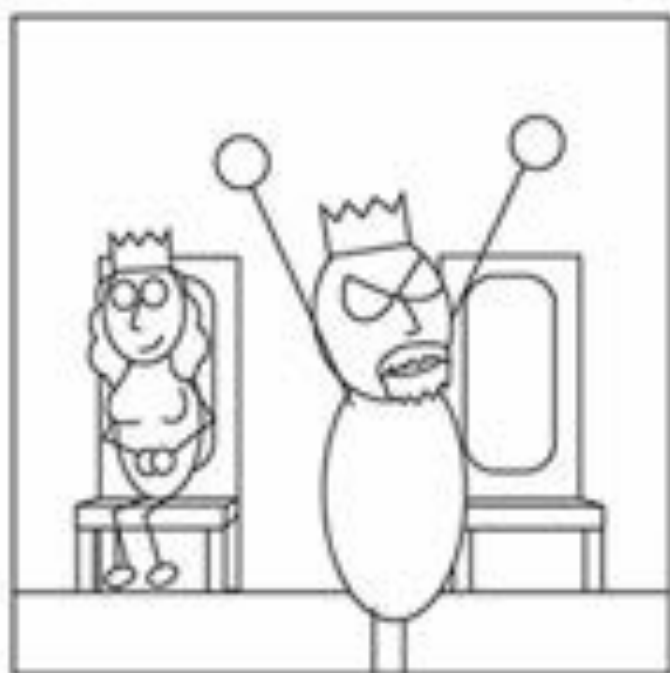
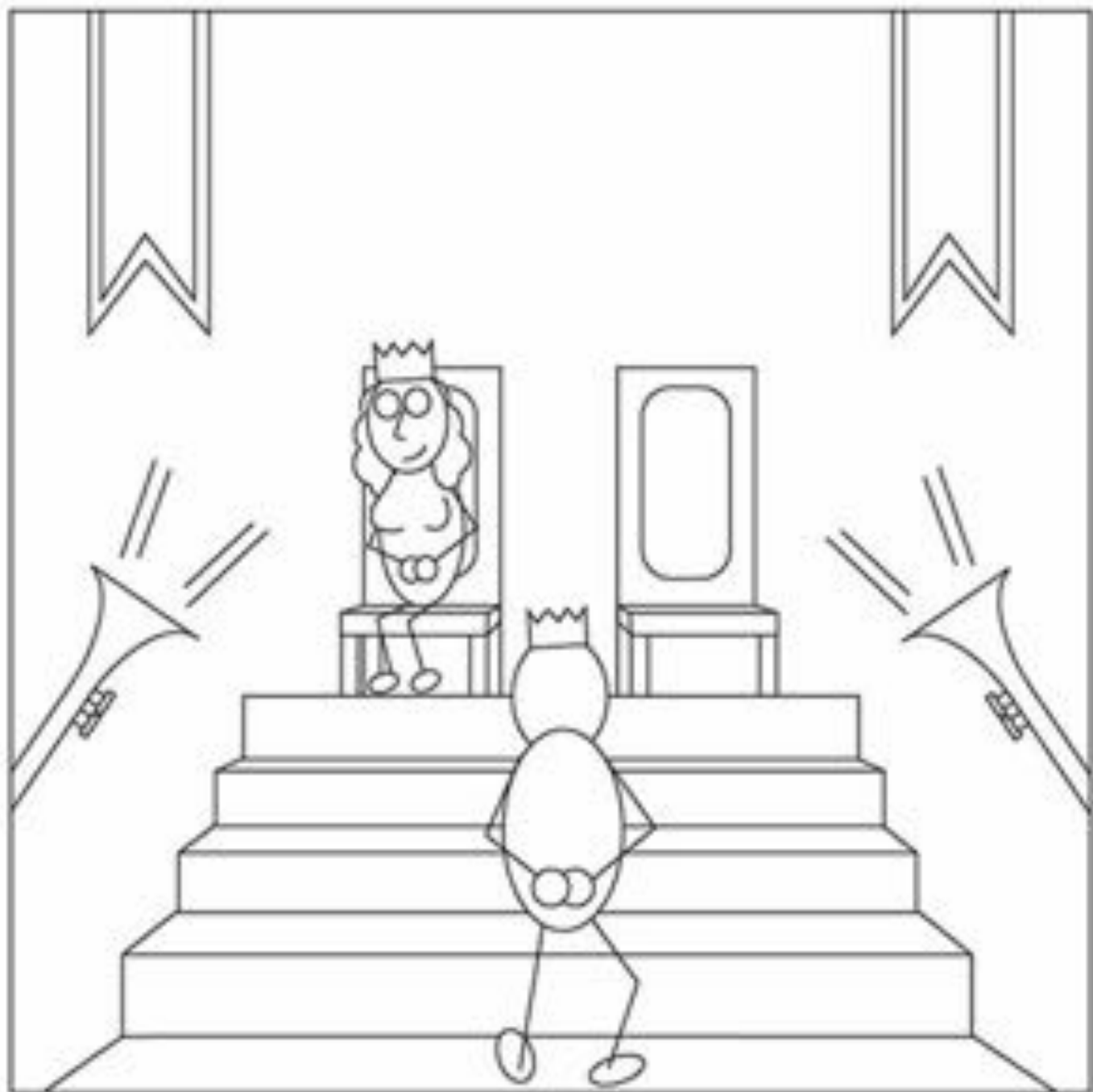
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill. Break we our watch up, and by my advice let us impart what we have seen tonight unto young Hamlet.

Upon my life, this spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it as needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know where we shall find him most convenient.





Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death the memory be green, and that it us befitted to bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom to be contracted in one brow of woe...



...yet so far hath discretion fought with nature that we with wisest sorrow think on him together with remembrance of ourselves.



Therefore our sometimes sister, now our queen, th'imperial jointress to this warlike state, have we... as 'twere with a defeated joy with an auspicious and a dropping eye...

...with mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, in equal scale weighing delight and dole...



...taken to wife.



Nor have we herein barred your better wisdoms, which have freely gone with this affair along.

For all, our thanks.



Now follows that you know.



Young Fortinbras, holding a weak supposal of our worth or thinking by our late dear brother's death our state to be disjoint and out of frame, colleagued this dream of his advantage...



...he hath not failed 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.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting. Thus much the business is...



We have here writ to Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears of this his nephew's purpose...



...to suppress his further gait herein, in that the levies, the lists, and full proportions are all made out of his subject.



We here dispatch you, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand, for bearers of this greeting to old Norway, giving to you no further personal power to business with the King more than the scope of these dialated articles allow.




Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

In that and all things will we show our duty.

We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.





And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit.

What is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane and lose your voice.

What wouldst thou beg, Laertes, that shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

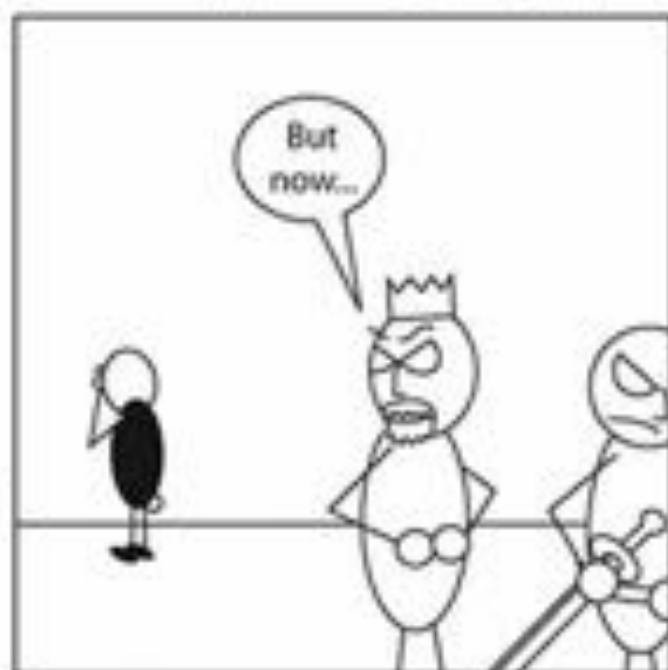
The head is not more native to the heart, the hand more instrumental to the mouth, than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

My dread lord, your leave and favor to return to France, from whence though willingly I came to Denmark to show my duty in your coronation, yet now I must confess...

...that duty done, my thoughts and wishes bend again toward France and bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

Have you your father's leave?





It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, a heart unfortified, a 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 corse 'til he that died today, "This must be so."



We pray you, throw to earth this unprevailing woe and think of us as of a father; for let the world take note, you are the most immediate to our throne, and with no less nobility of love than that which dearest father bears his son do I impart toward you.



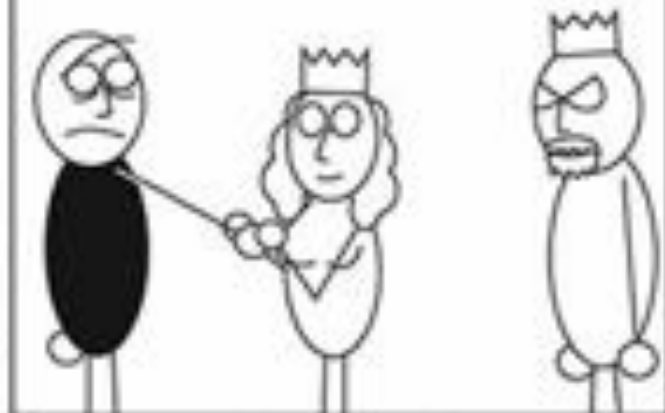
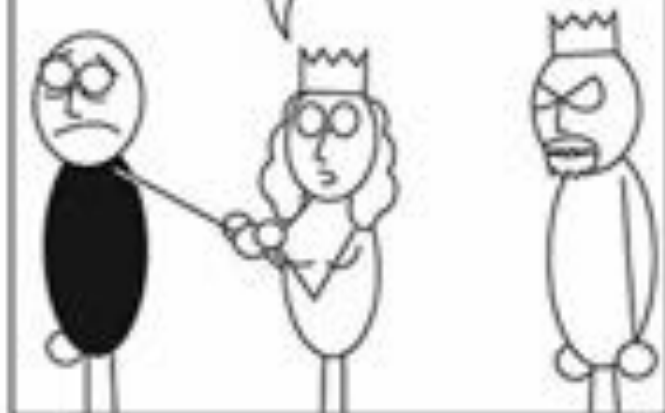
For your intent in going back to school in Wittenberg, it is most retrograde to our desire, and we beseech you, bend you to remain here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, our chiefest courtier, cousin...



...and our son.



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



I shall in
all my best obey you,
madam.



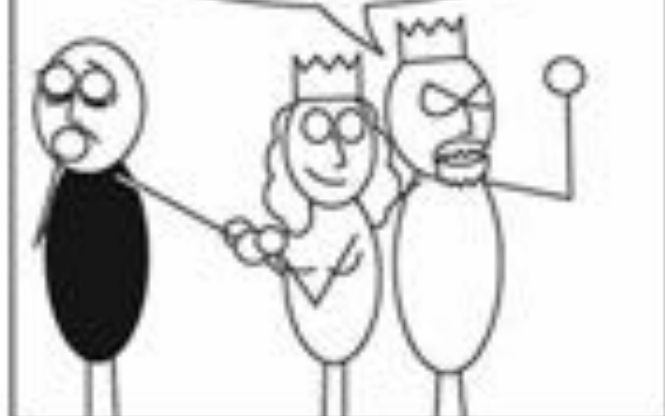
Why 'tis a
loving and a fair
reply! Be as ourself
in Denmark.

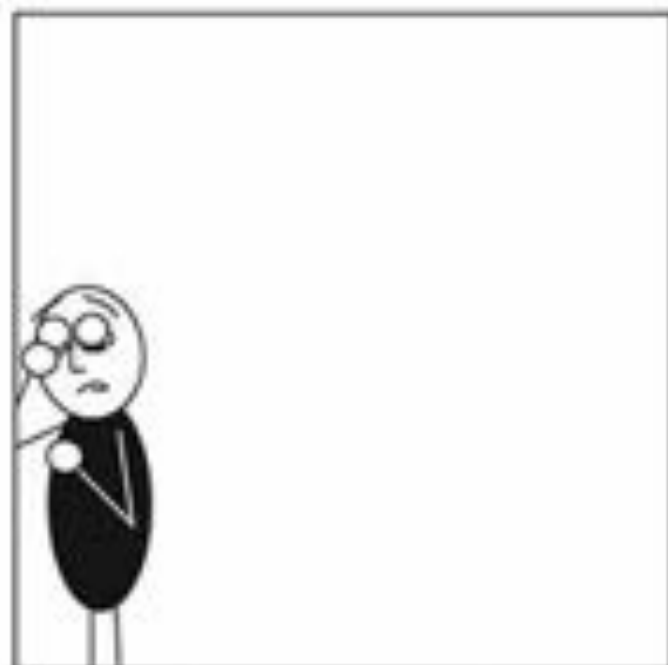



Madam, come. This gentle and
unforced accord of Hamlet sits smiling
to my heart, in grace whereof no
jocund health that Denmark
drinks today.



But the great cannon
to the clouds shall tell, and the
King's rouse the heaven shall bruit
again, respeaking earthly
thunder.








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 followed my poor father's body, like Niobe, all tears...


...why she, even she...

(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason would have mourned longer!)



...married with my uncle.


My father's brother, but no more like my father than I to Hercules.




Within a month, ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her galled eyes, she married.



O, most wicked speed, to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not, nor it cannot come to good!




But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.



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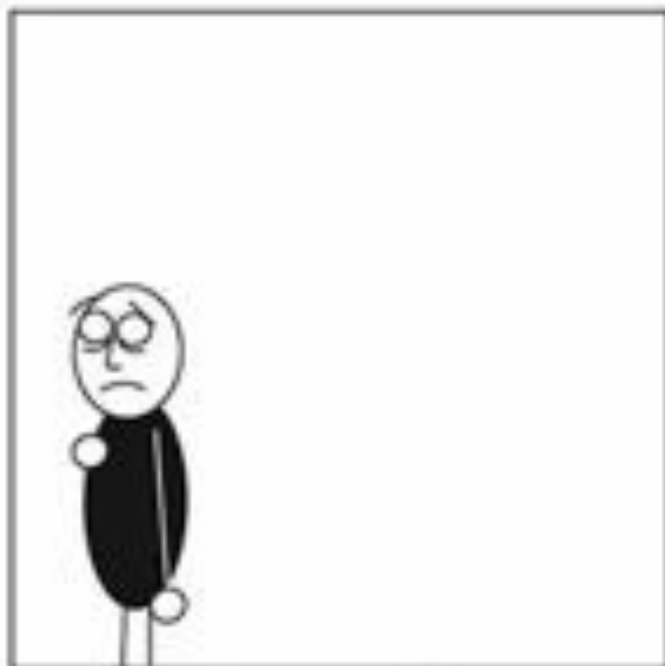
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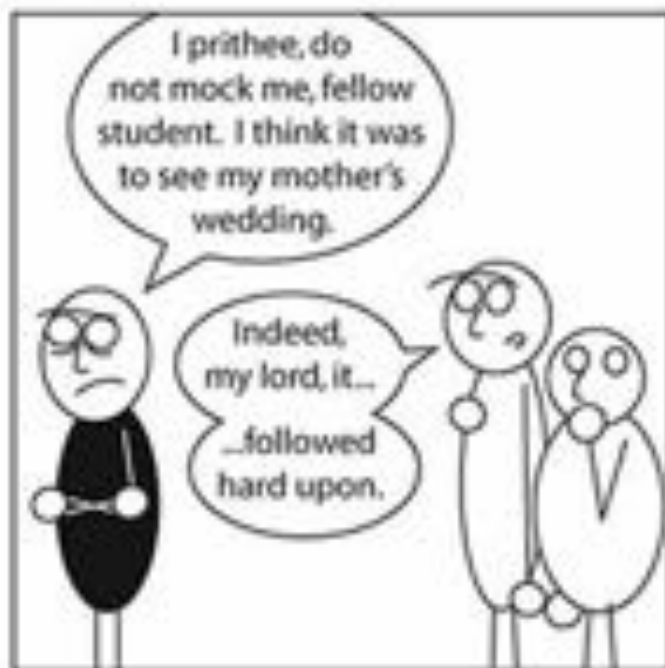


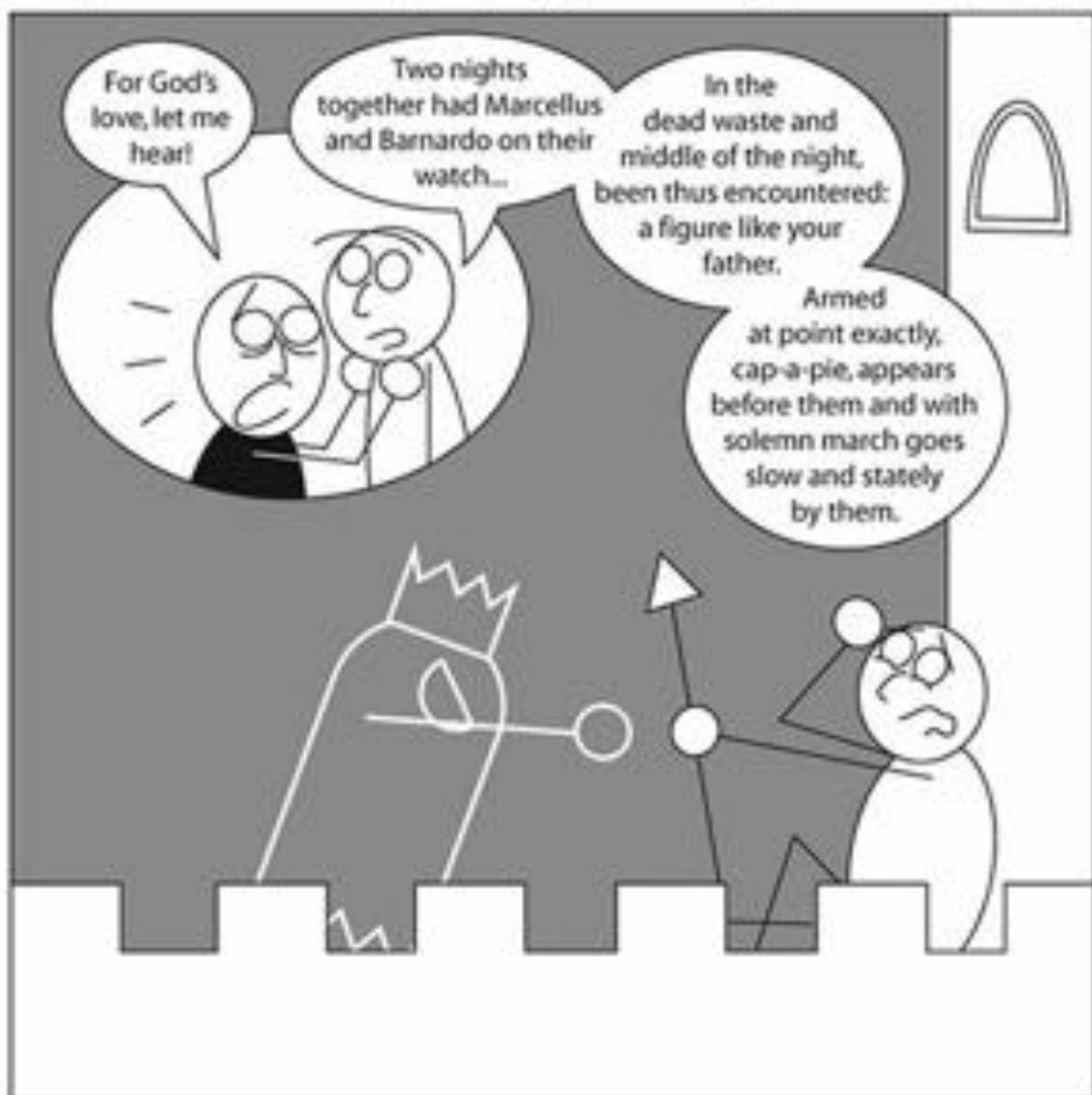
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But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.







Thrice he walked by their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear, stand dumb and speak not to him.



This to me in a dreadful secrecy impart they did, and I with them the third night kept the watch, where, as they had delivered, both in time, form of the thing (each word made true and good), the apparition comes.



I knew your father; these hands are not more like.



But where was this?

My lord, upon the platform where we watch.



Did you not speak to it?

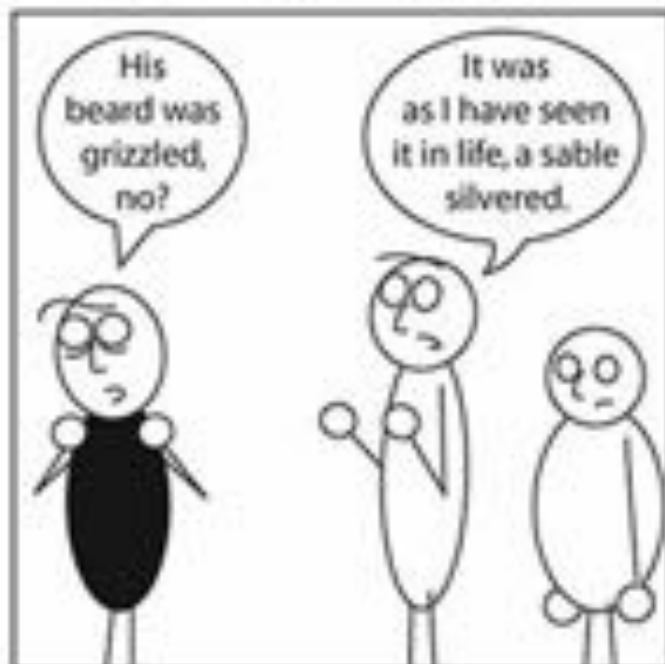
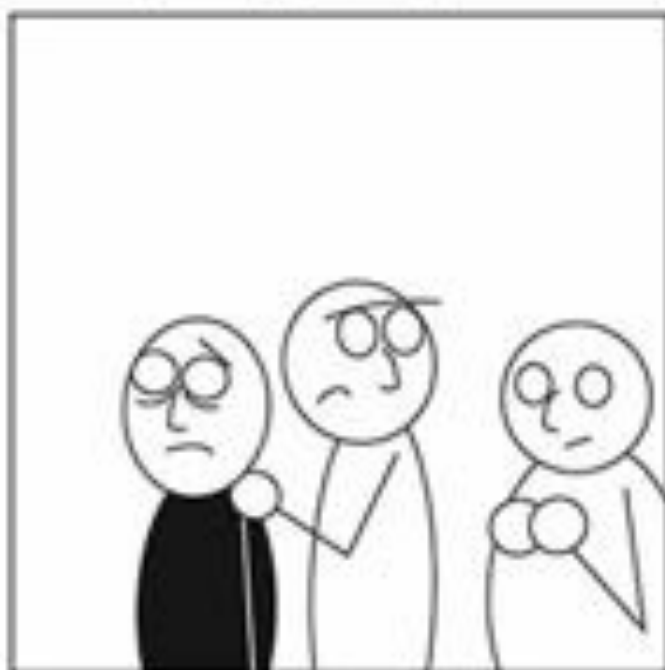
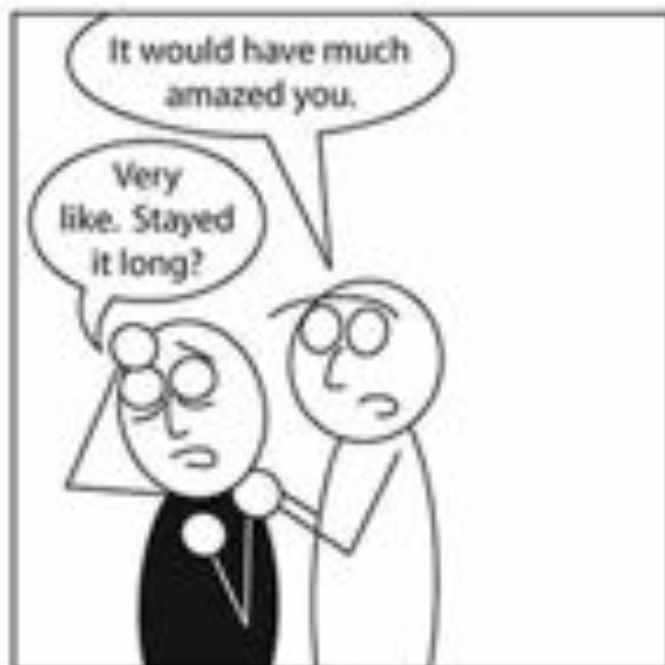
My lord, I did, but answer made it none.



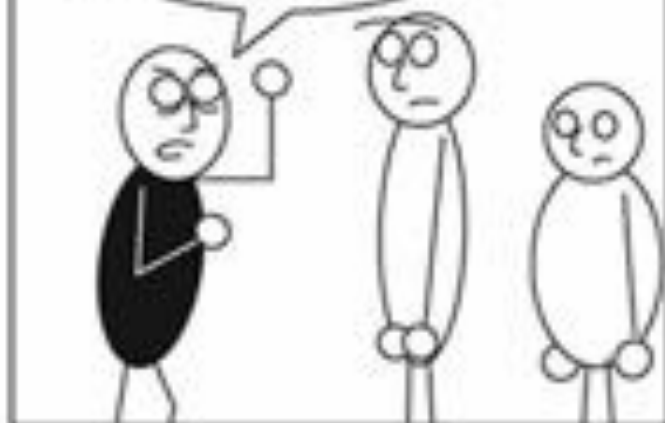
Yet once methought it lifted up its head and did address itself to motion, like as it would speak; but even then the morning cock crew loud, and at the sound it shrunk in haste away and vanished from out sight.







If it assume my noble
father's person, I'll speak to it,
though hell itself should gape
and bid me hold my
peace.



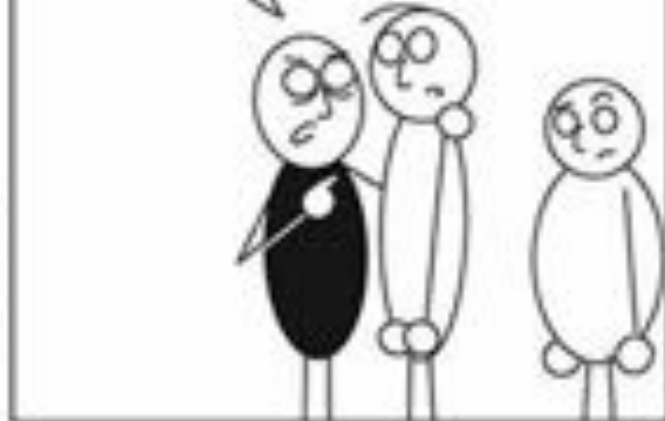
I pray you all, if you
have hitherto concealed this
sight, let it be tenable in your
silence still.



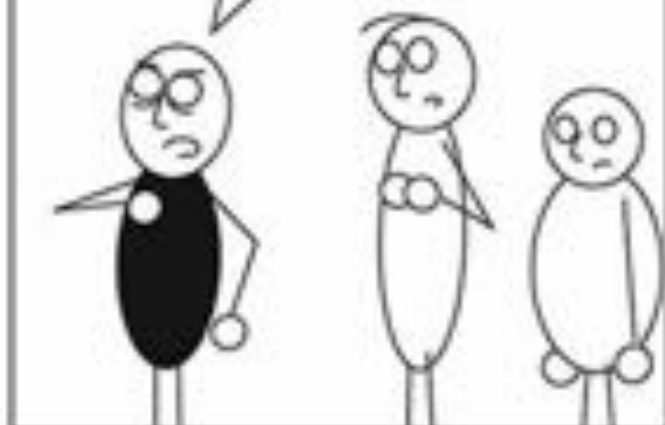
And
whatsomever else
shall hap tonight, give it
an understanding but
no tongue.



I will
requite your
loves.



So fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt
eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.



Our duty to your
Honor!

Your loves,
as mine to you.
Farewell.



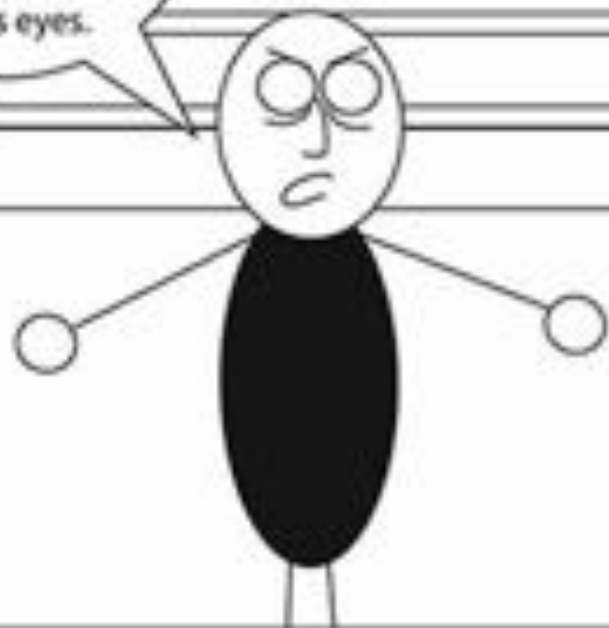
My father's
spirit - in arms! All
is not well.



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




'Till then,
sit still, my soul.
Foul deeds will rise,
though all the earth
o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes.




My
necessaries
are embarked.
Farewell.






And sister,
as the winds give
benefit and convey is
assistant, do not sleep,
but let me hear
from you.

Do
you doubt
that?




For Hamlet,
and the trifling of
his favor, hold it in
a fashion and a
toy of blood.

A violet in
the youth of primy
nature.




Forward, not
permanent. Sweet,
not lasting.

The perfume
and suppliance
of a minute, no
more.



No
more but
so?



Think it
no more.

For nature, crescent,
does not grow alone in thews
and bulk, but as this temple waxes
the inward service of the mind and
soul grows wide withal.




Perhaps he loves you
now, and now no soil nor cautel doth
besmirch the virtue of his will; but you
must fear, his greatness weighed, his
will is not his own, for he himself
is subject to his birth.

He may not, as unvalued
persons do, carve for himself, for on
his choice depends the safety and the
health of this whole state. And therefore
must his choice be circumscribed unto
the voice and yielding of that body
whereof he is the head.

Then, if he says he
loves you, it fits your wisdom
so far to believe it as he in his
particular act and place may give
his saying deed, which is no
further than the main voice of
Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what
loss your honor may sustain if
with too credent ear you list his
songs or lose your heart or your
chaste treasure open to his
unmastered importunity.





Fear it, Ophelia;
fear it, my dear sister,
and keep you in the rear
of your affection, out of
the shot and danger
of desire.

The chariest
maid is prodigal enough
if she unmask her beauty
to the moon. Virtue
itself 'scapes
not calumnious
strokes.

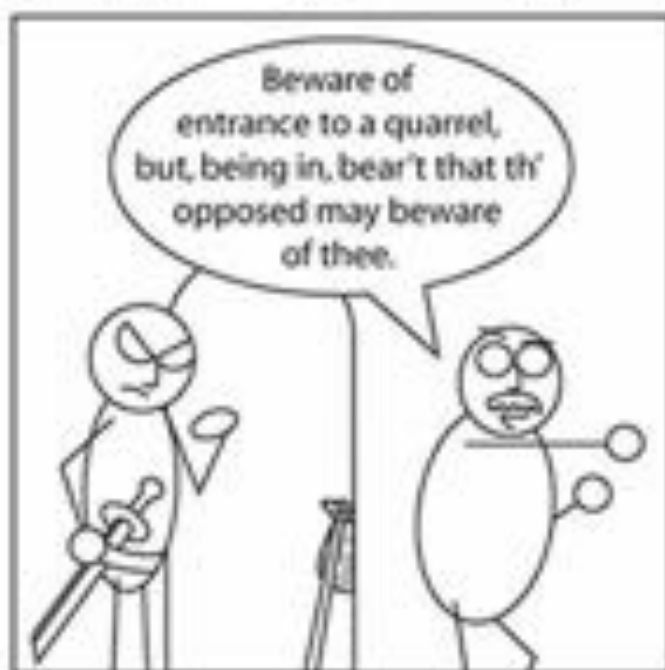
The canker galls
the infants of the spring too
oft before their buttons
be disclosed. And, in the
morn and liquid dew
of youth, contagious
blastments are most
imminent.

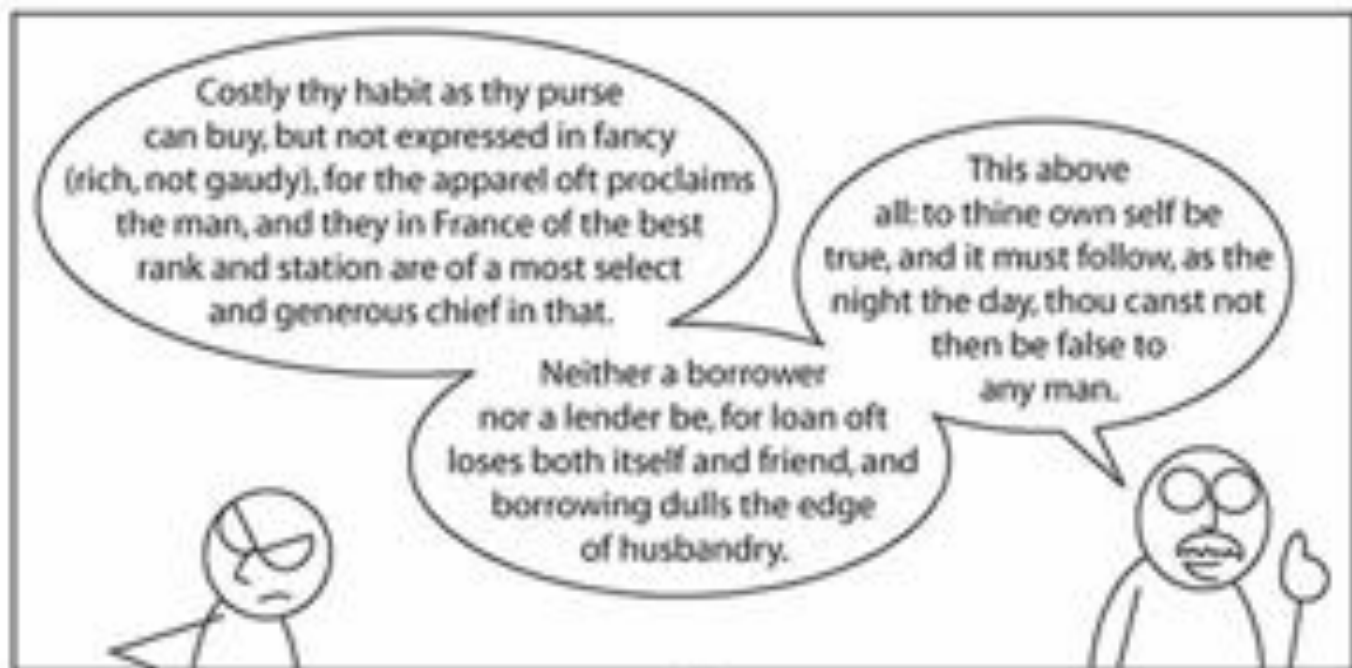
Be wary,
then; best safety lies
in fear. Youth to itself
rebels, though none
else near.

I shall the
effect of this good lesson
keep as watchman to
my heart.

But, good my brother, do not, as some
ungracious pastors do, show me the steep
and thorny way to heaven, whiles, like a
puffed and reckless libertine, himself the
primrose path of dalliance treads and
recks not his own rede.

O, fear
me not.









I do know,
when the blood burns,
how prodigal the
soul lends the tongue
vows.



These blazes, daughter,
giving more light than heat, extinct
in both even in their promise as it
is a-making, you must not
take for fire.



From this time be
something scancer of your
maiden presence. Set your
entreatments at a higher
rate than a command
to parle.



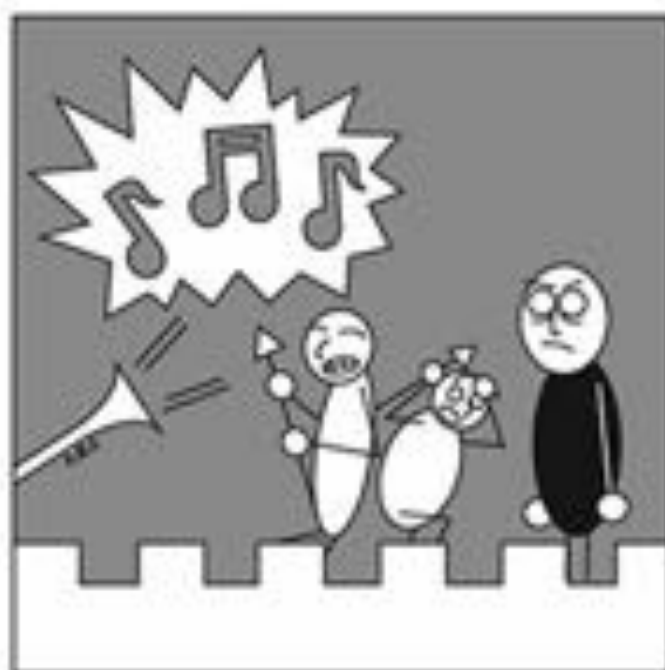
For Lord
Hamlet, believe so
much in him that he is
young, and with a larger
tether he may walk
than may be given
to you.

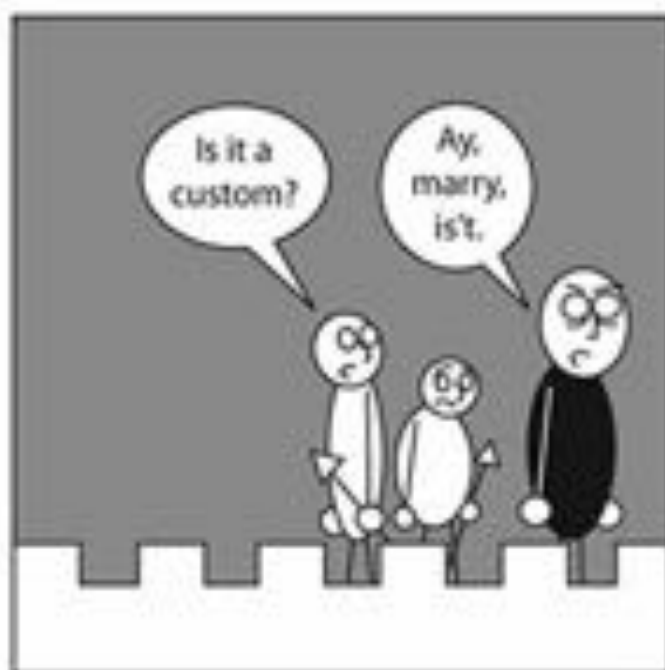


In few, Ophelia, do
not believe his vows, for they are
brokers, not of that dye which their
investments show, but mere implorators
of unholy suits, breathing like sanctified
and pious bawds, the better
to beguile.









So oft it chanceth
in particular men that
for some vicious mole of
nature in them, as in
their birth...

(wherein
they are not
guilty, since
nature cannot
choose his
origin)



By the o'ergrowth
of some complexion (oft
breaking down the pales
and forts of reason...)

...or by
some habit
that too much
o'erleavens the
form of plausible
manners...



...that these
men, carrying, I say,
the stamp of one defect,
being nature's livery
or fortune's star...

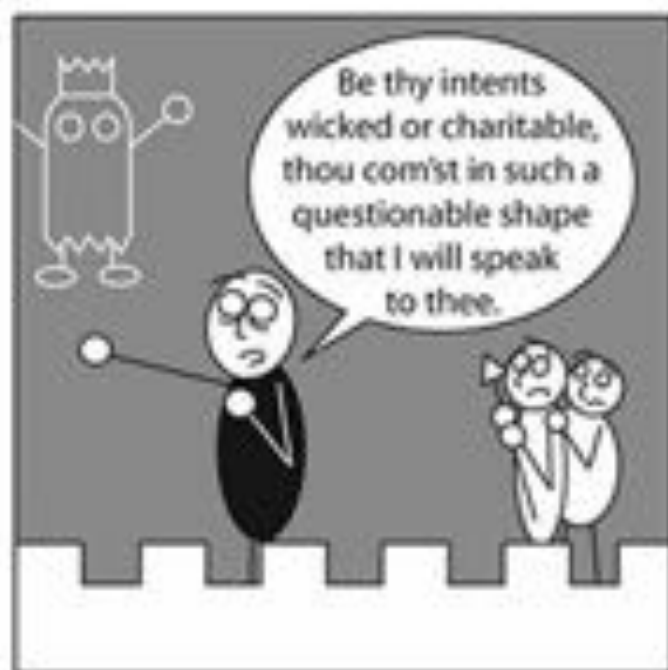
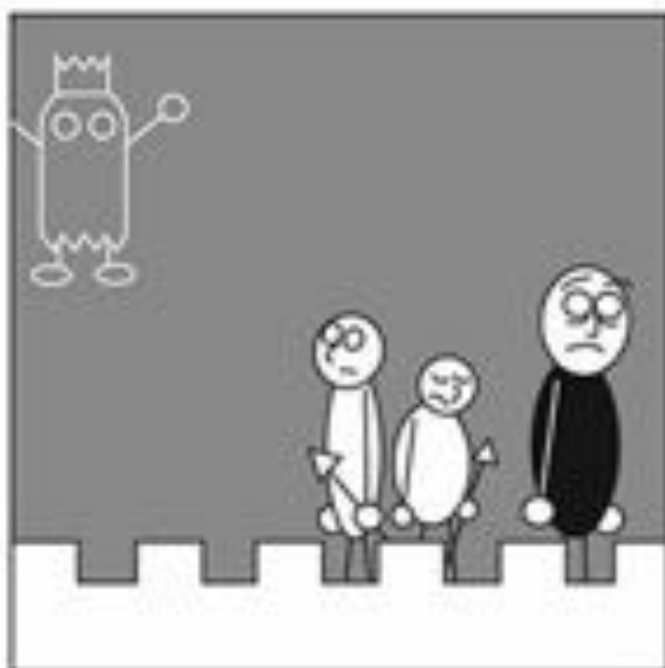
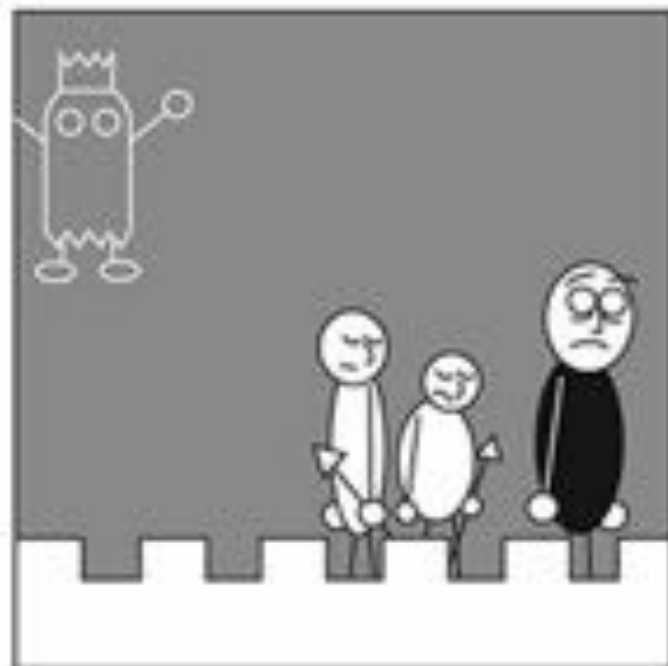


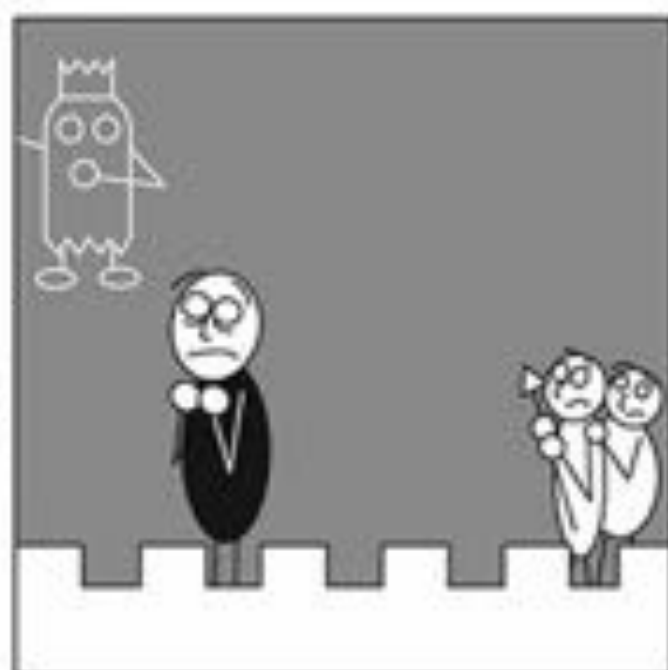
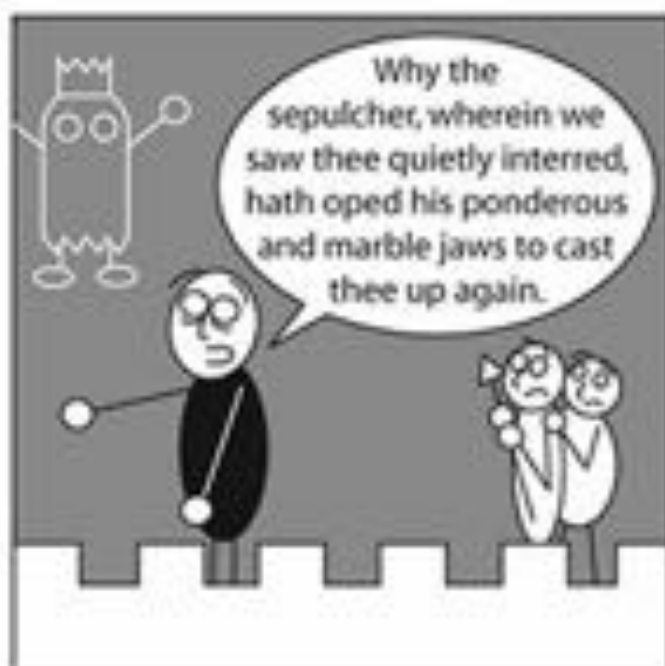
His virtues else,
be they pure as grace, as
infinite as man may undergo, shall
in the general censure take
corruption from that
particular fault.

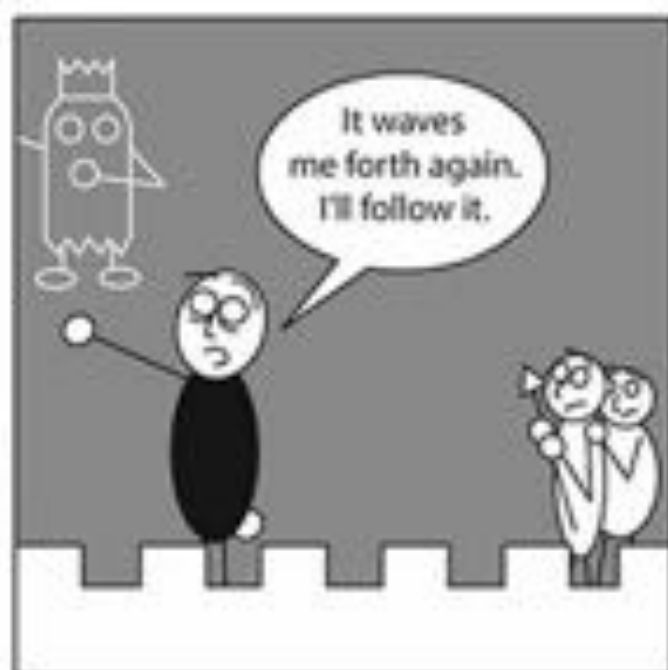
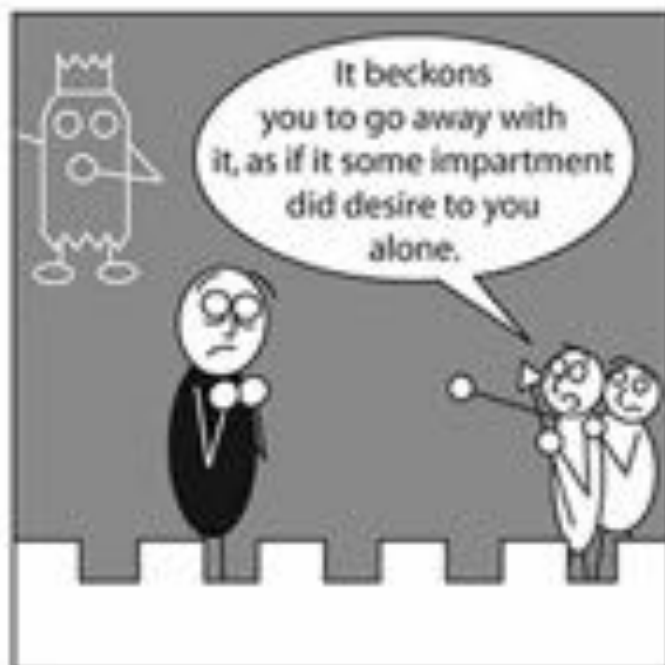


The dram
of evil doth all the noble
substance of a doubt to
his own scandal.











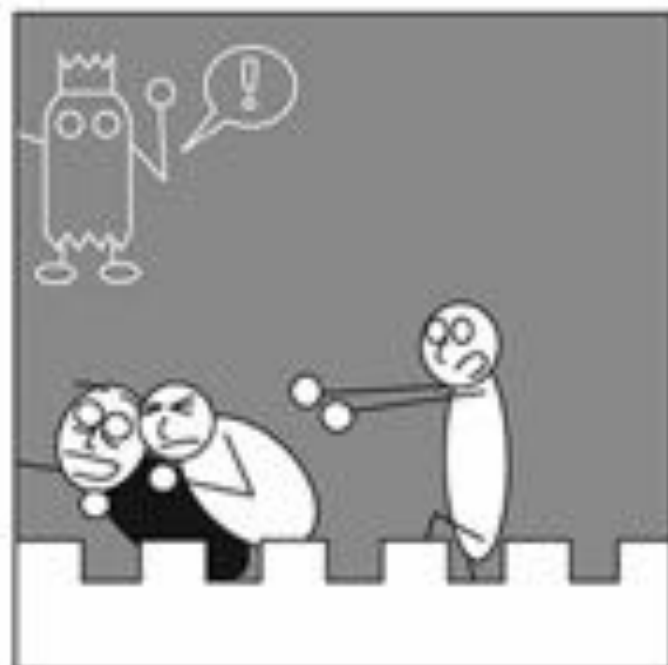
What if
it tempt you toward the
flood, my lord?

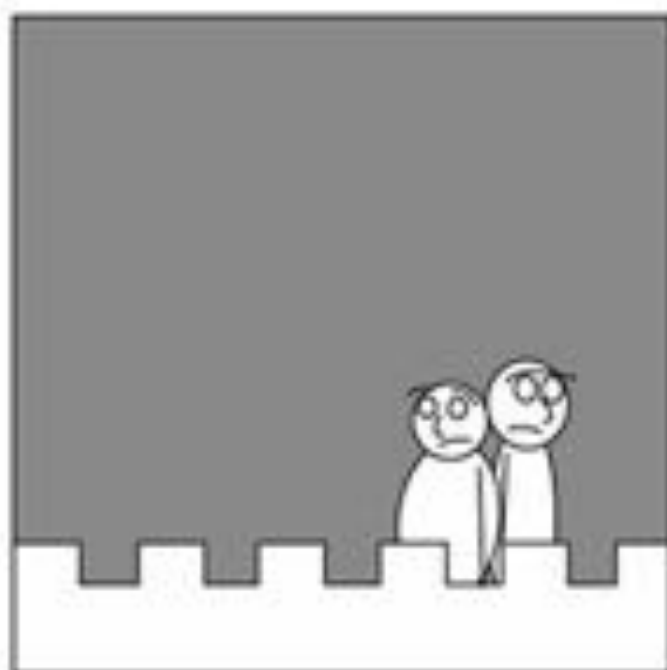
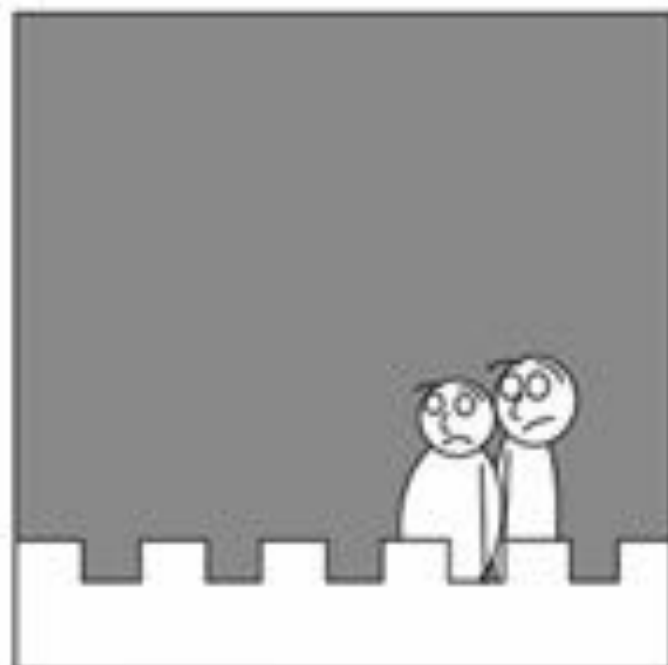


Or to the dreadful
summit of the cliff that beetles
o'er his base into the sea, and there
assume some other horrible form
which might deprive your sovereignty
of reason and draw you into
madness?



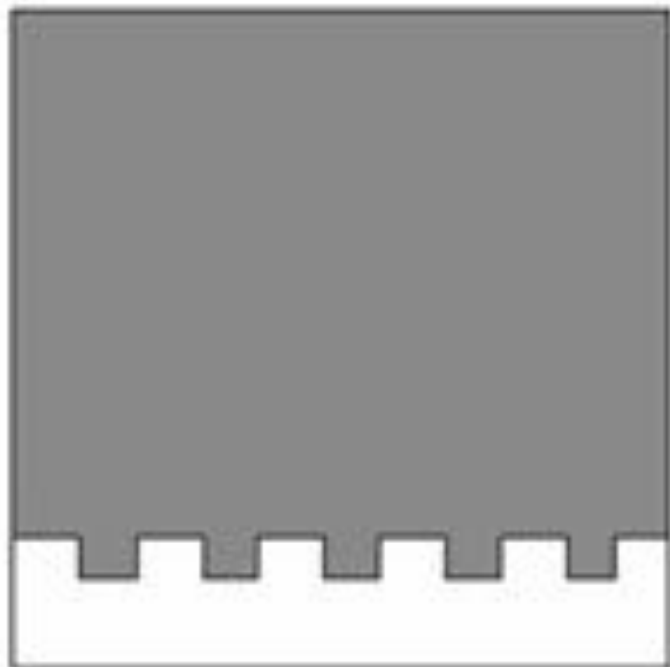
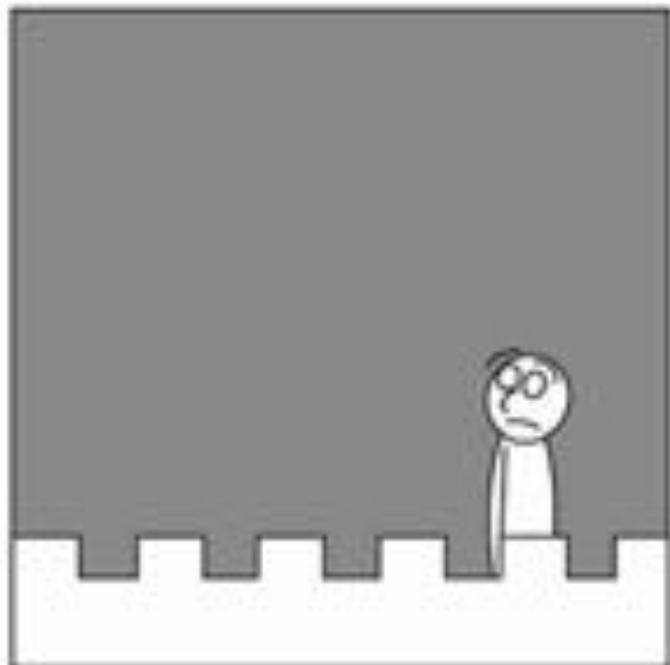
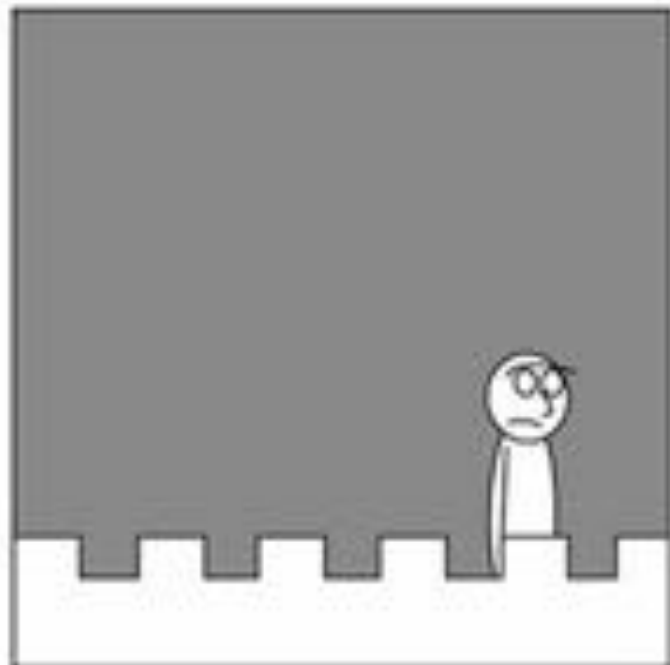
Think of it. The
very place puts toys of
desperation, without more
motive, into every brain that
looks so many fathoms to
the sea and hears it
roar beneath.





Heaven
will direct
it.

Nay. Let's
follow him.







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

But that I am forbid
to tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood, make thy two eyes, like stars, start
from their spheres, thy knotted and
combined locks to part, and each particular
hair to stand an end, like quills upon
the fearful porpentine.





And duller
shouldst thou be than
the fat weed that roots itself
in ease on Lethe wharf, wouldst
thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear. 'Tis given out that, sleeping
in my orchard, a serpent stung me.
So the whole ear of Denmark
is by a forged process
of my death rankly
abused.



But know,
thou noble youth,
the serpent that
did sting thy father's
life now wears
his crown.



O, my
prophetic soul!
My uncle!



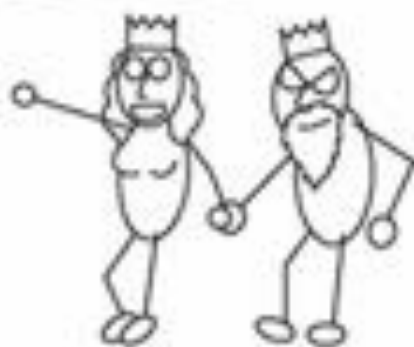
Ay, that incestuous, that
adulterate beast, with witchcraft
of his wit, with traitorous gifts...
(O wicked wit and gifts, that
have the power so to
seduce!)



...won to his
shameful lust the will
of my most seeming-
virtuous queen. O Hamlet,
what a falling off
was there!



From me,
whose love was of that dignity
that it went hand in hand even
with the vow I made to her
in marriage...



...and to decline
upon a wretch whose
natural gifts were poor
to those of mine.

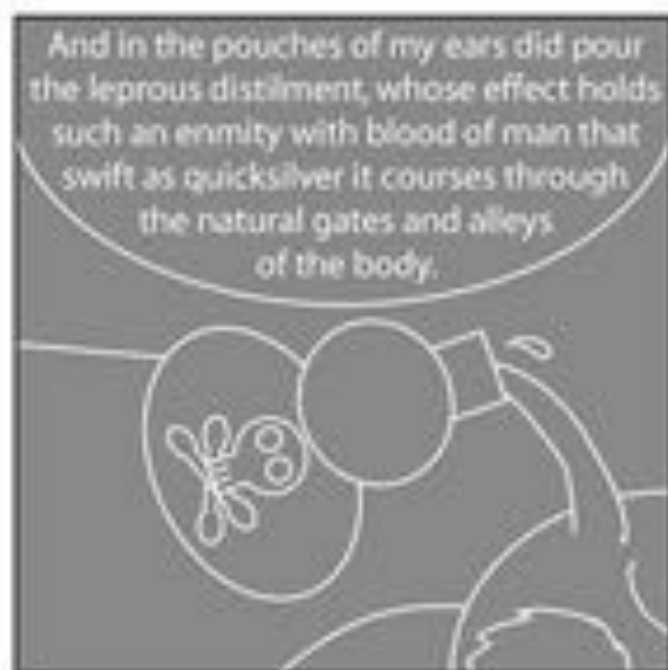


But virtue, as it never will be moved,
though lewdness court it in a shape of
heaven, so, lust, though to a radiant angel
linked, will sate itself in a celestial
bed and prey on garbage.

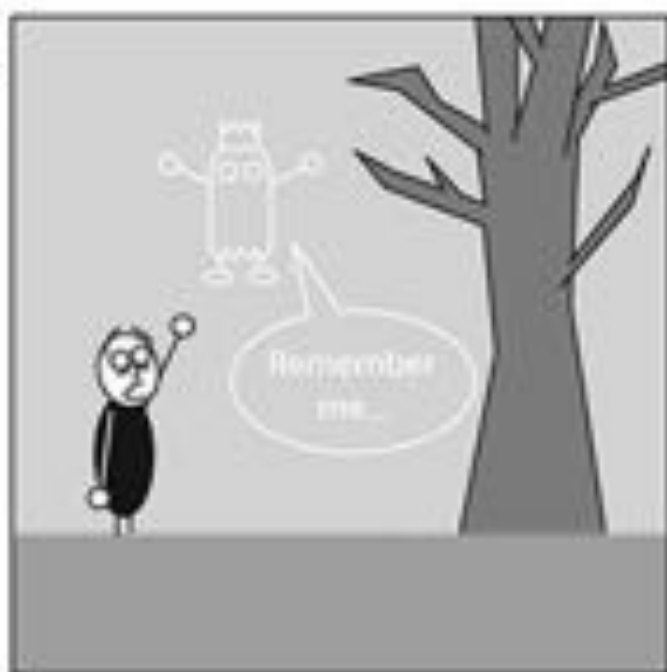


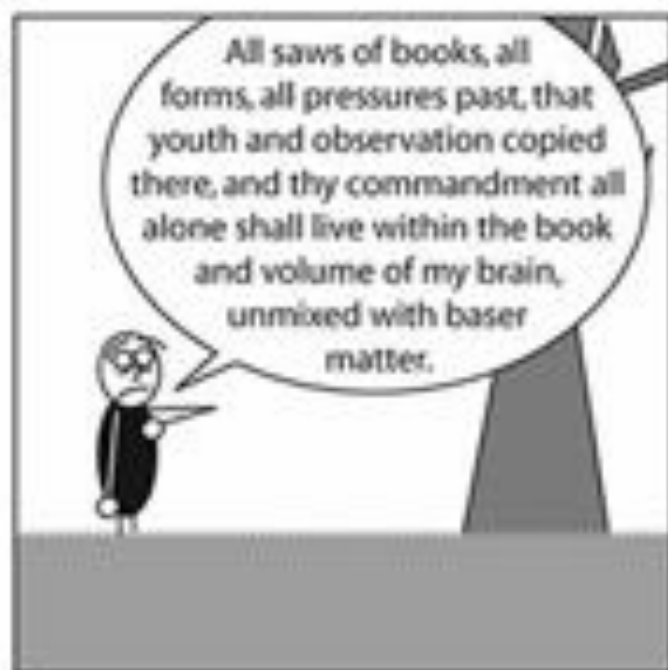
But soft,
methinks I scent the
morning air. Brief let
me be.























Swear by
my sword never to
speak of this that you
have heard.

**SWEAR BY
HIS SWORD.**


Well said,
old mole. Canst work
i'th'earth so fast? A
worthy pioner!

Once
more remove,
good friends.


O day and night,
but this is wondrous
strange.

And therefore
as a stranger give it
welcome.


There are
more things in heaven
and earth, Horatio, than
are dreamt of in your
philosophy.




But come,
Here, as before, never,
so help you mercy, how strange
or odd some'er I bear
myself...




(As I
perchance hereafter
shall think meet to put
an antic disposition
on...)




...that you, at such times
seeing me, never shall, with arms
encumbered thus, or this headshake,
or by pronouncing of some
doubtful phrase...




As "Well, well,
we know," or "We could
an if we would..."



Or "If we list to
speak," or "There be an
if they might..."




...or such
ambiguous giving-out,
to note that you know
aught of me.




This do swear,
so grace and mercy at
your most need
help you.




SWEAR.




Rest,
rest, perturbed
spirit.




So, gentlemen,
with all my love I do commend
me to you...




And what so
poor a man as Hamlet
is may do t'express his
love and friending to
you...




...God
willing, shall
not lack.



Let us go
in together, and still
your fingers on your
lips, I pray.



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

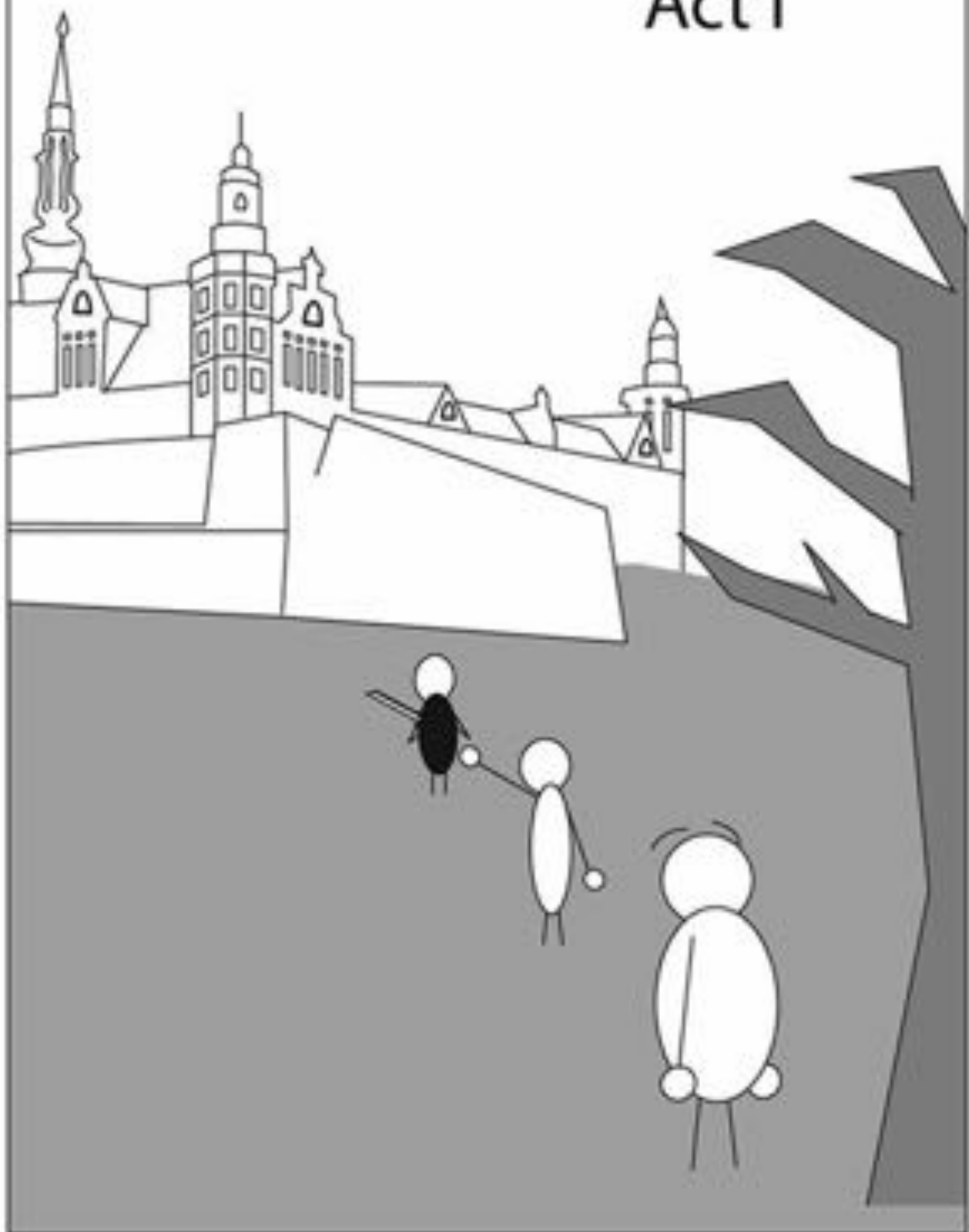


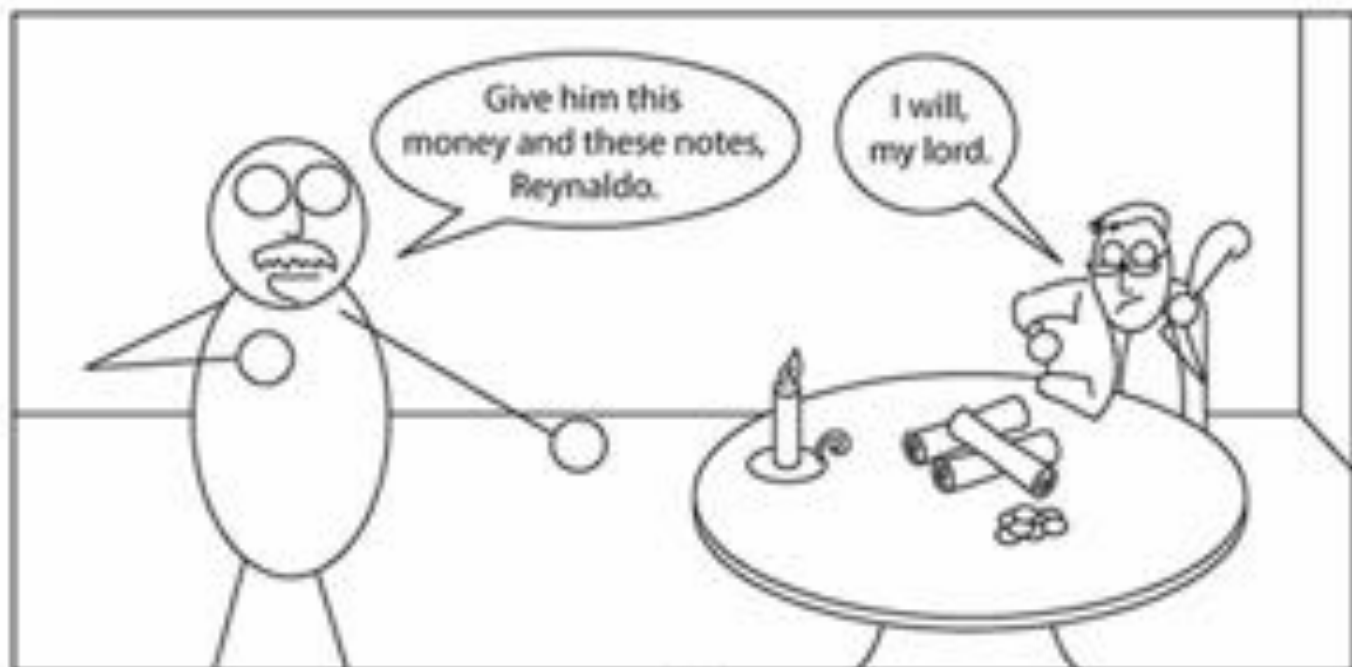
Nay,
come.

Let's go
together.



End of Act I







My lord,
that would dishonor
him!

Faith, no, as
you may season it in
the charge.

You must
not put another scandal
on him that he is open to
incontinency; that is not
my meaning.

But breathe
his faults so quaintly
that they may seem the
taints of liberty, the flash
and outbreak of a fiery mind.

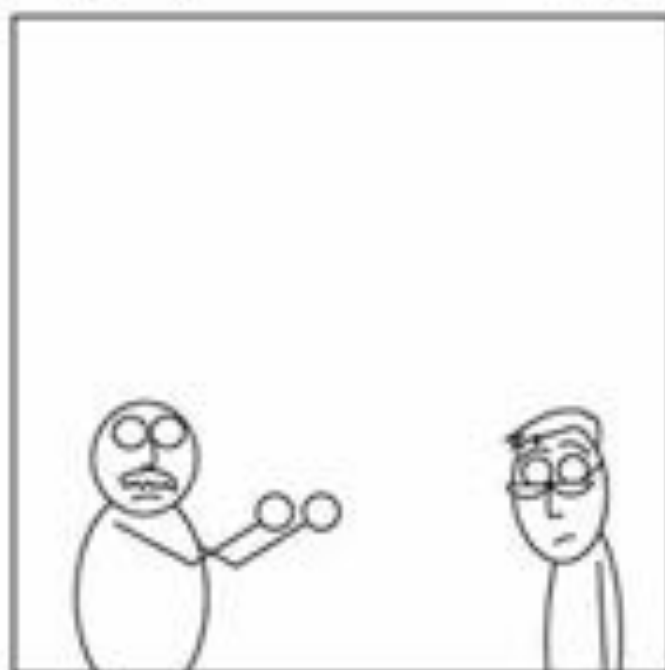
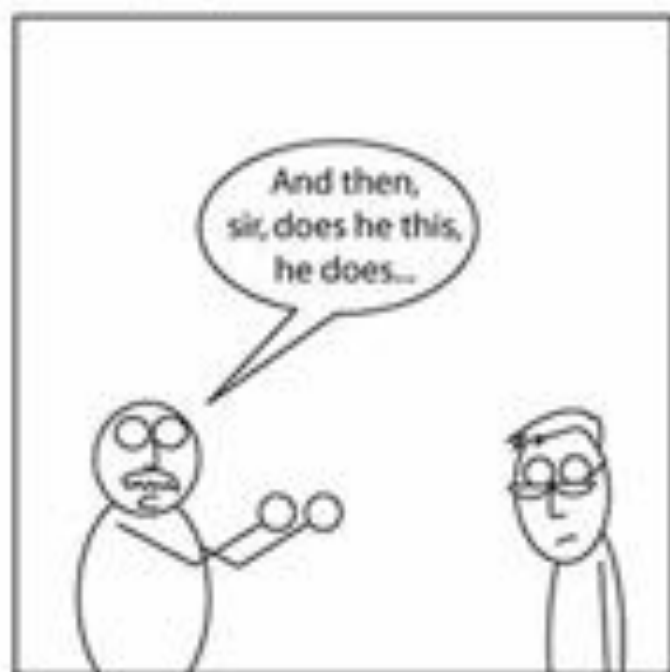
A savageness
in unreclaimed blood, of
general assault...


But,
my good
lord...

Wherefore
should you do
this?

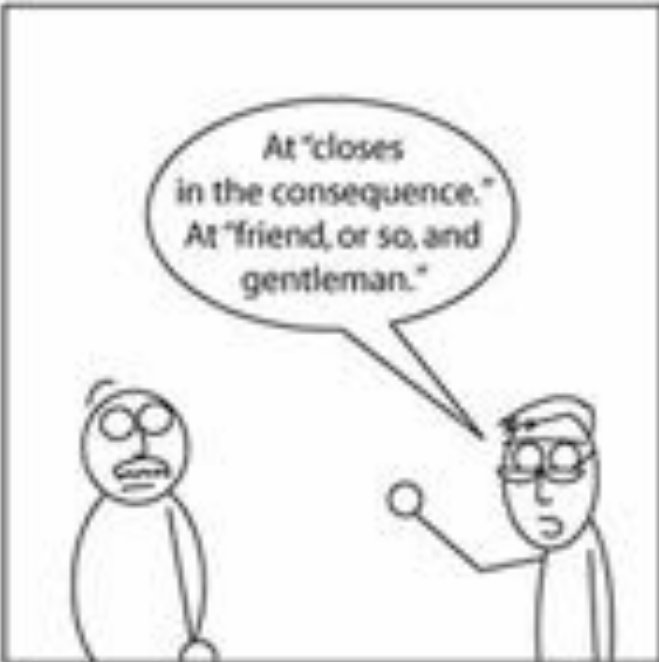
Ay, my
lord, I would know
that.

Marry, sir,
here's my drift, and
I believe it's a fetch
of wit.







By the Mass,
I was about to say
something. Where
did I leave?




At "closes
in the consequence."
At "friend, or so, and
gentleman."




At "closes
in the consequence..."
ay, marry...



He closes
thus: "I know the
gentleman. I saw
him yesterday," or
th'other day." (Or
then, or then,
with such or
such.)



"And as you say, there was he gaming,
there o'ertook in 's rouse, there falling
out at tennis"; or perchance "I saw
him enter such a house
of sale."



Vidilect,
a brothel... or so
forth.

See you
now your bait of
falsehood take this
carp of truth!



And thus do
we of wisdom and of
reach, with windlasses
and with assays of bias,
by indirections find
directions out.



So by my
former lecture and
advice shall you my son.
You have me, have you not?

My
lord, I
have.



God be
wi' you. Fare
you well.

Good
my lord.



Observe
his inclination in
yourself!

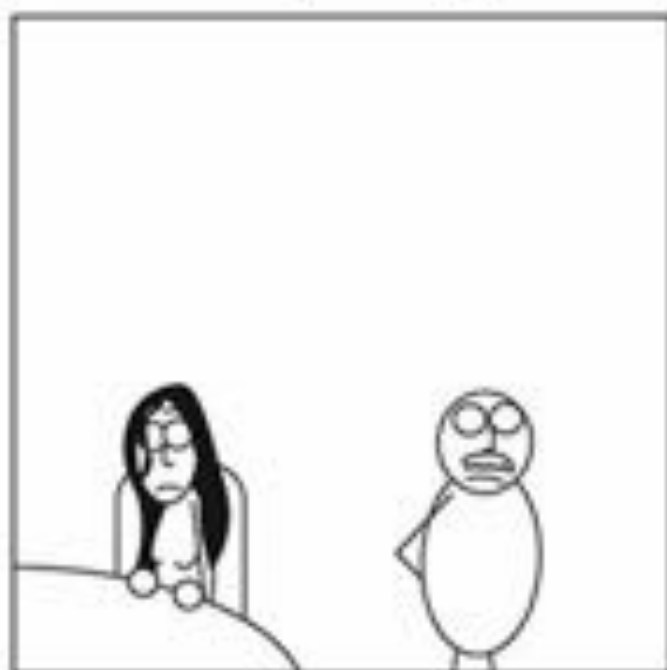
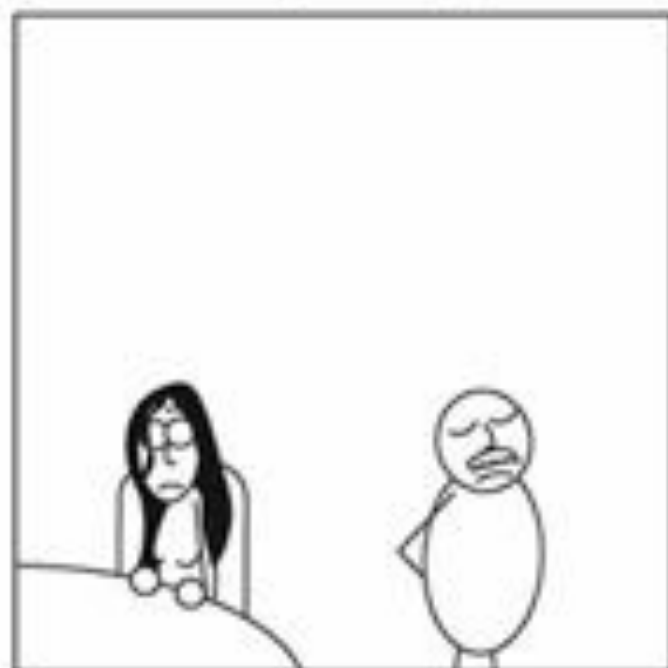
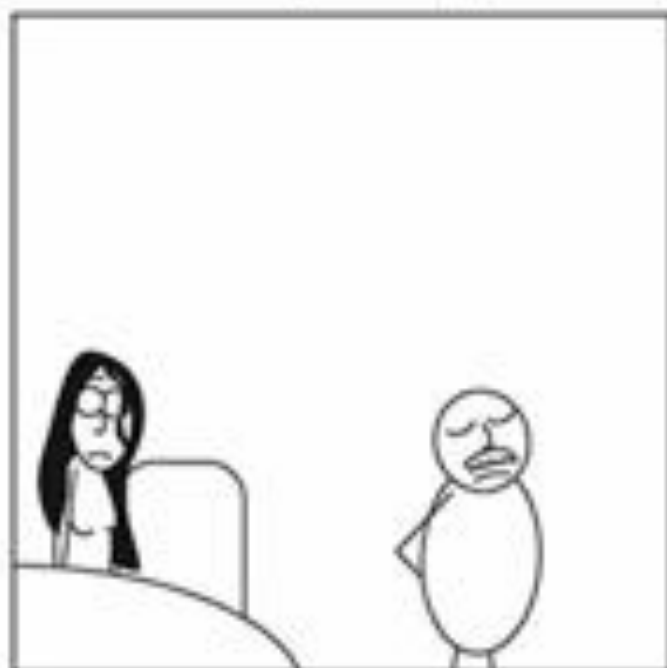
I shall,
my lord.




And
let him ply his
music!


Well,
my lord.








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



What
with, i'th' name of
God?



My lord, as I
was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all
unbraced, no hat upon his head, his
stockings fouled, ungartered, and
down-gyved to his
ankle...



...pale as his shirt, his
knees knocking each other, and with a
look so piteous in purport as if he had been loosed
out of hell to speak of horrors... he
comes before me.

Mad
for thy
love?

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



—
What
said he?



He
took me by the
wrist and held
me hard.

Then he
goes to the
length of all
his arm....



...and, with
his other hand thus
o'er his brow, he falls
to such perusal of my
face as he would
draw it.




Long stayed he
so. At last, a little shaking
of mine arm, and thrice his
head thus waving up
and down...




He raised a
sigh so piteous and
profound as it did seem to
shatter all his bulk and
end his being.







That done, he lets me go.




And, with his head over his shoulder turned, he seemed 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.




Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.




This is the very ecstasy of love, whose violent property fordoes itself, and leads the will to do desperate undertakings as oft as any passions under heaven that afflict our natures.



I am sorry. What, have you given him any hard words of late?



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



That hath made him mad.

I am sorry
that with better heed
and judgement I had not
coted him. I feared he did
but trifle and mean to
wrack thee!

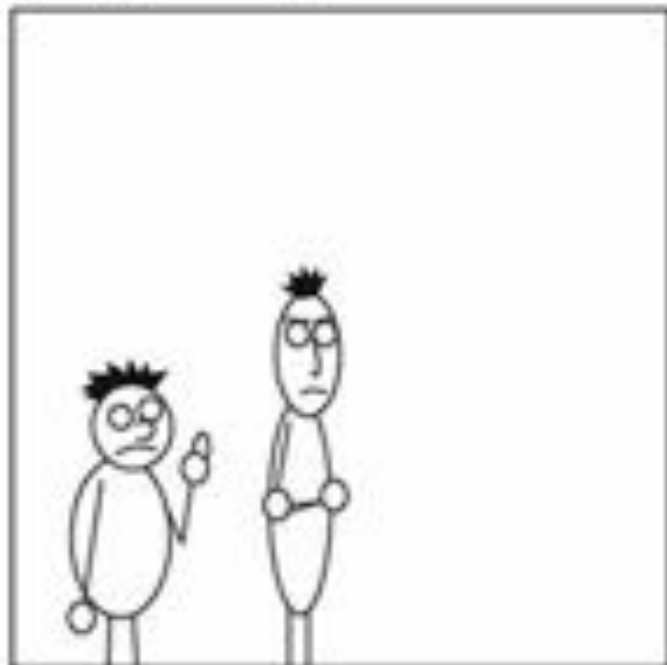
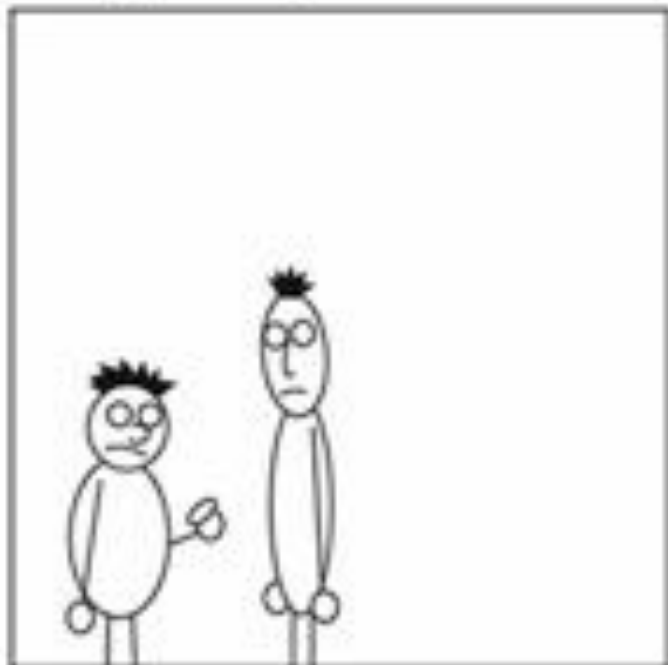
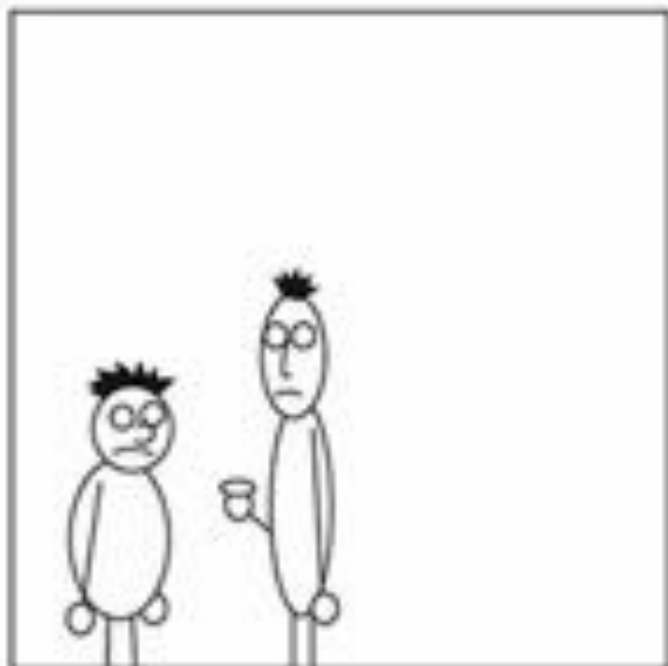


But beshrew
my jealousy! By heaven,
it is as proper to our age to
cast beyond ourselves in our
opinions as it is common for
the younger sort to lack
discretion.



Come, go we
to the King. This must
be known, which, being kept
close, might move more grief
to hide than hate to utter
love... come.





Moreover
that we much did long
to see you, the need we have
to use you did provoke our
hasty sending.



Something
you have heard of Hamlet's
transformation, so call it, sith nor
th'exterior nor the inward man
resembles that it was.



What it should
be, more than his father's
death, that thus hath put him so
much from th'understanding
of himself I cannot
dream of.



I entreat you both
that, being of so young days
brought up with him and sith so
neighbored to his youth
and havior...



...that you vouchsafe your rest here in
our court some little time, so by your
companies to draw him on to pleasures,
and to gather so much as from occasion
you may glean.



Whether aught
to us unknown afflicts him
thus, that, opened, lies within
our remedy.





And I beseech you instantly to visit my too much changed son.



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

Ay, amen!




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




Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Have I, my lord?






I assure my good liege I hold my duty as I hold my soul, both to my God and to my gracious King.




And I do think, or else this brain of mine hunts not the trail of policy so sure as it hath used to, that I have found the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.




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

Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.




My news shall be the fruit to that great feast!

Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.



He tells me, my dear Gertrude, that he hath found the head and source of all your son's distemper!



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

Well, we shall sift him.

Welcome,
my good friend.
Say, Voltemand, what
from our brother
Norway?

Most fair
return of greetings
and desires.



Upon our first, he
sent out to suppress his
nephew's levies, which to him
appeared to be a preparation
against the Polack, but, better
looked into, he truly found
it was against your
Highness.



Whereat, greived
that so his sickness, age, and impotence
was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests on
Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys, receives rebuke
from Norway, and, in fine, makes vow before his
uncle never more to give th'assay of arms
against your Majesty.

Whereon
old Norway, overcome with
joy, gives him three-score thousand
crowns in annual fee and his commission
to employ those soldiers, so levied
before, against the
Polack...



With an entreaty, herein further shown, that it might please you to give quiet pass through your dominions for this enterprise on such regards of safety and allowance as therein are set down.



It likes us well.



And, at our more considered time, we'll read, answer, and think upon this business.



Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor. Go to your rest. At night we'll feast together. Most welcome home!



This business is well ended.



My liege, and madam, to expostulate what majesty should be, what duty is...



Why day is day, night night, and time is time were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.



Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief.

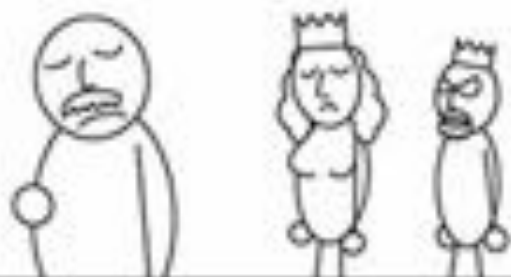


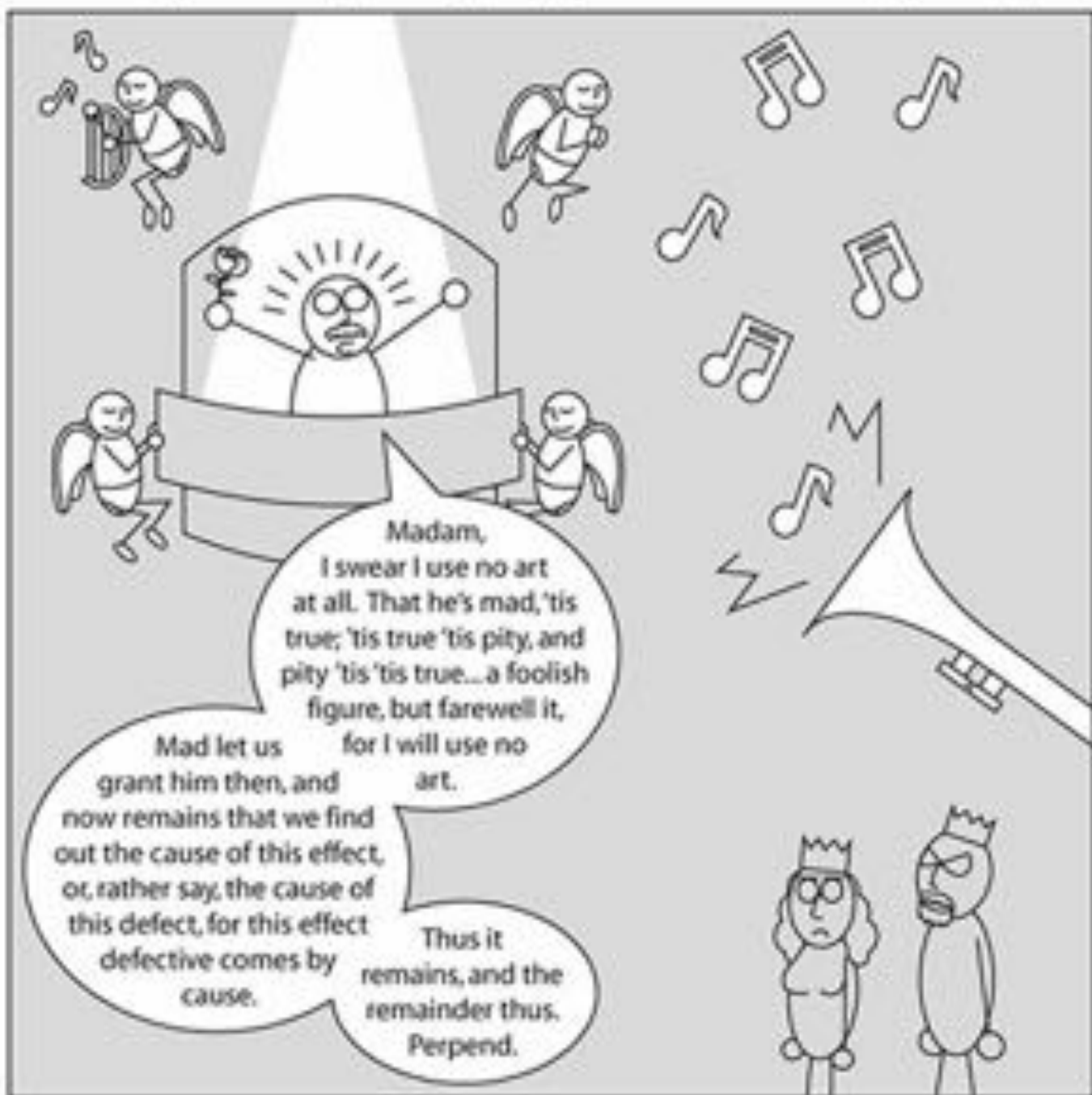
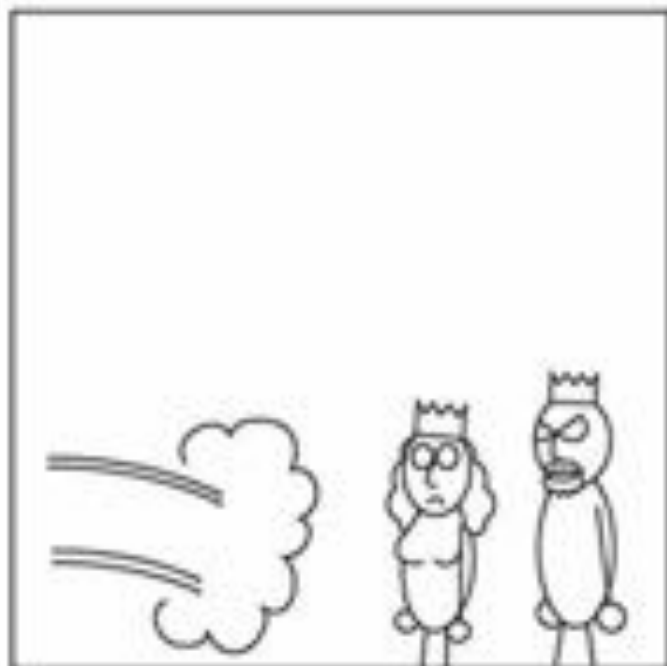
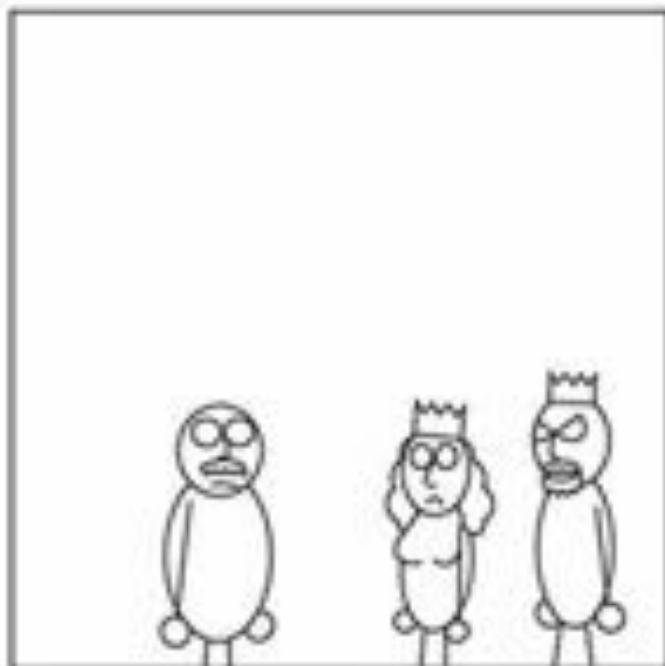
Your noble son is mad.



"Mad" call I it, for, to define true madness, what is't but to be nothing else but mad? But let that go...

More matter with less art.





I have a daughter (have while she is mine) who, in her duty and obedience, mark, hath given me this.



Now gather and surmise.



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



That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase. But you shall hear.



In her excellent white bosom,

Came this from Hamlet to her?



Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.



Doubt thou the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move, doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt I love.

O dear
Ophelia, I am ill
at these numbers. I have
not art to reckon my groans,
but that I love thee best, O
most best, believe
it. Adieu.



Thine
evermore, most
dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him...
Hamlet.



This, in obedience,
hath my daughter shown me,
and more above, hath his sollicitings,
as they fell out by time, by means,
and place, all given to
my ear.

But
how hath
she received
his love?




What
do you think
of me?




As of a
man faithful and
honorable.

I would
fain prove
so.






But what might you think, when I had seen this hot love on the wing...




(As I perceived it, I must tell you that, before my daughter told me.)



What might you, or my dear Majesty your queen here think, if I had played the desk or table-book, or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb, or looked upon this love with idle sight?


What might you think?

No, I went round to work, and my young mistress thus I did bespeak:




"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star. This must not be."



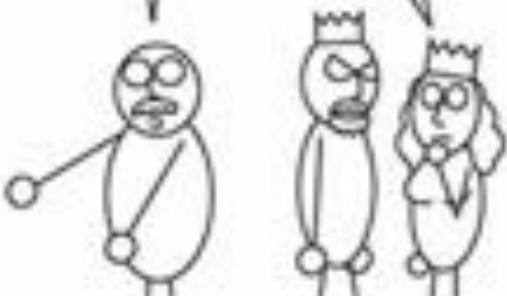


Take this from this, if this be otherwise.




If circumstances lead me, I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed, within the center!

How may we try it further?




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


So he does indeed.



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



Be you and I behind an arras then. Mark the encounter.



If he love her not, and be not from his reason fall'n thereon, let me be no assistant for a state, but keep a farm and carters!

We will try it.

But look
where sadly the poor
wretch comes...



...reading!

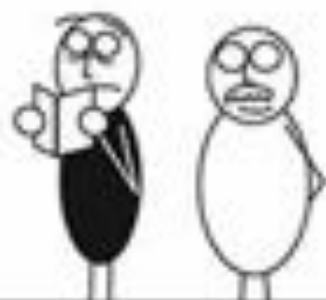
Away, I do
beseech you both,
away. I'll board him
presently.

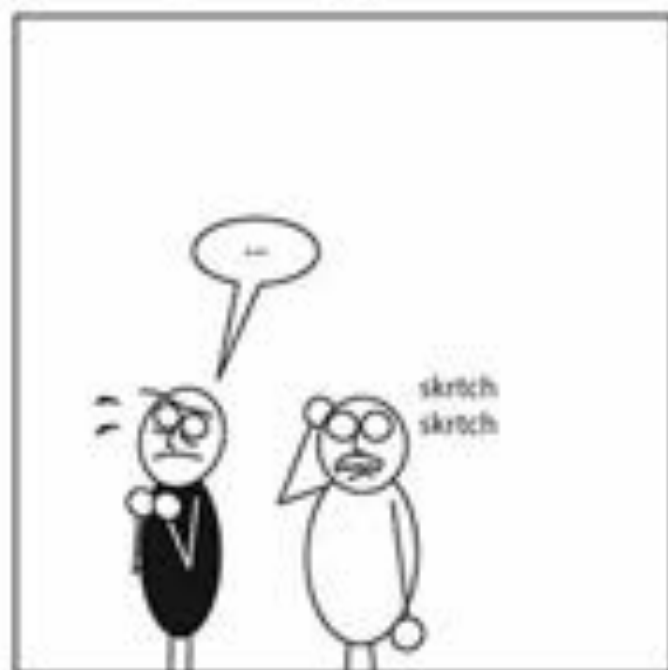
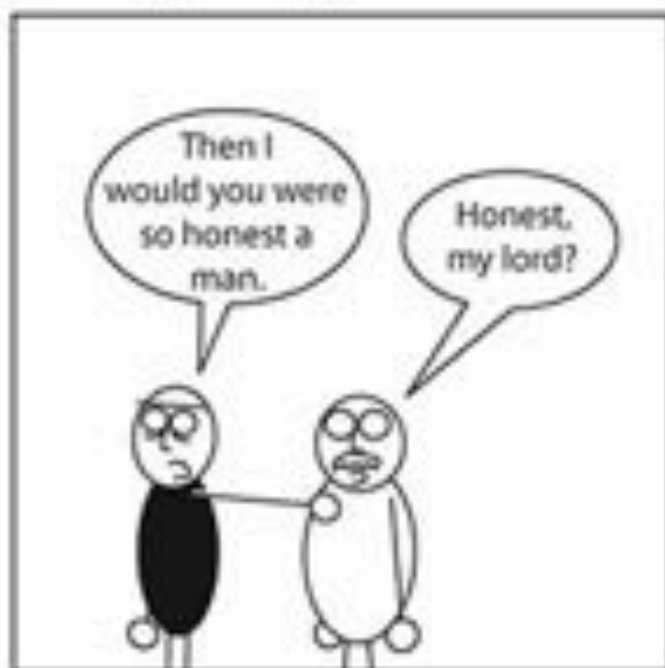


O,
give me
leave.



How
does my good Lord
Hamlet?





...have you a daughter?

I have, my lord.

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

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

Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger.

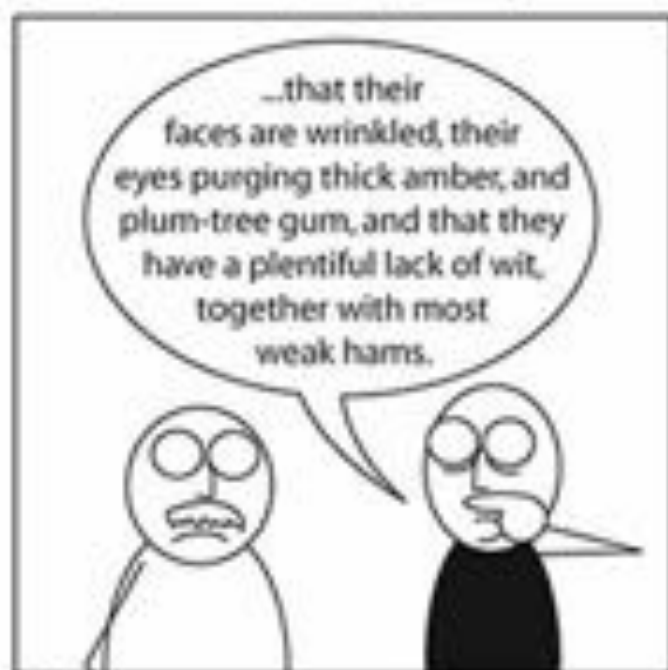
He is far gone.

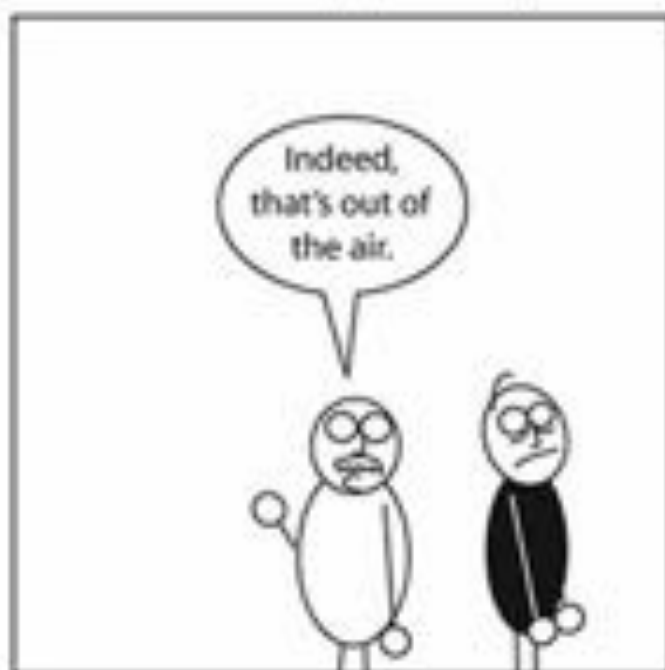
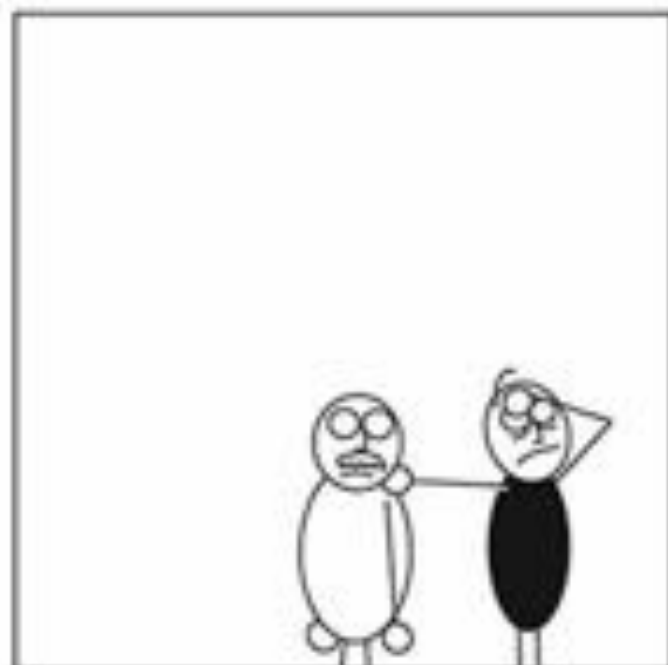
And truly, in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very near this.

I'll speak to him again.


What do you read, my lord?

Words, words, words.











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


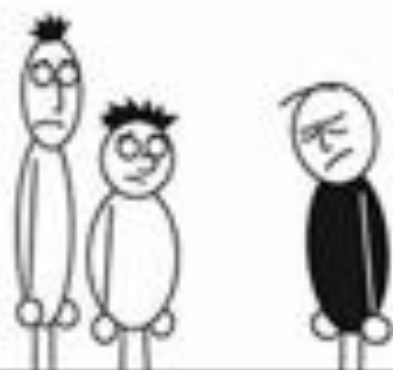
Faith, her privates we.



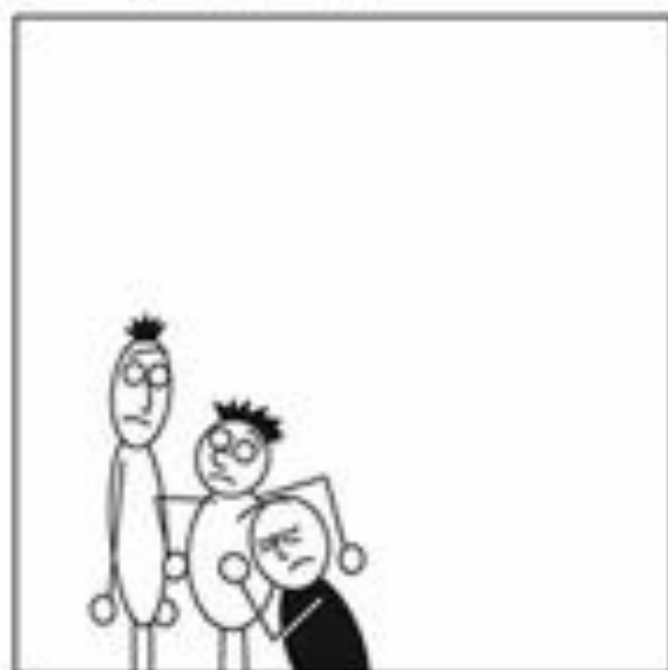
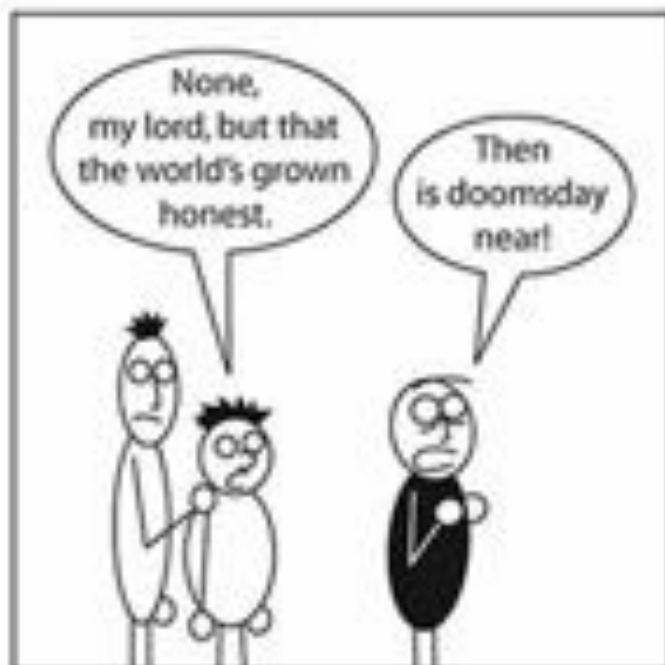
In the secret parts of Fortune?




O, most true! She is a strumpet.




What news?






We think not so, my lord.




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




To me, it is a prison.




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



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



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



A dream itself is but a shadow.

Truly, and
I hold ambition of so
airy and light a quality that
it is but a shadow's
shadow.

Then are our
beggars bodies, and our
monarchs and outstretched
heroes the beggars'
shadows!

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

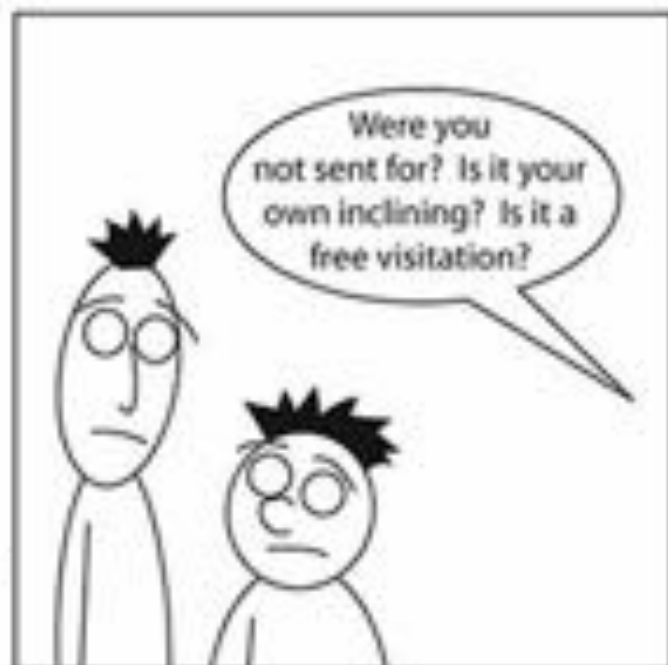
We'll
wait upon
you.

No such
matter. I will not sort
you with the rest of my
servants, for, to speak to
you like an honest man,
I am most dreadfully
attended.

But, in the way
of beaten friendship,
what make you at
Elsinore?

To visit
you, my lord, no other
occasion.

Beggar
that I am, I am even poor
in thanks.



I know
the good king
and queen have
sent for you.

To
what end, my
lord?

That
you must teach
me.

But let me conjure you by the rights of
our fellowship, by the consonancy of our
youth, by the obligation of our ever
preserved love, and by what more dear
a better proposer can charge
you withal...

...be even
and direct with me
whether you were
sent for or no!

What
say you?

Nay,
then, I have
an eye of
you.

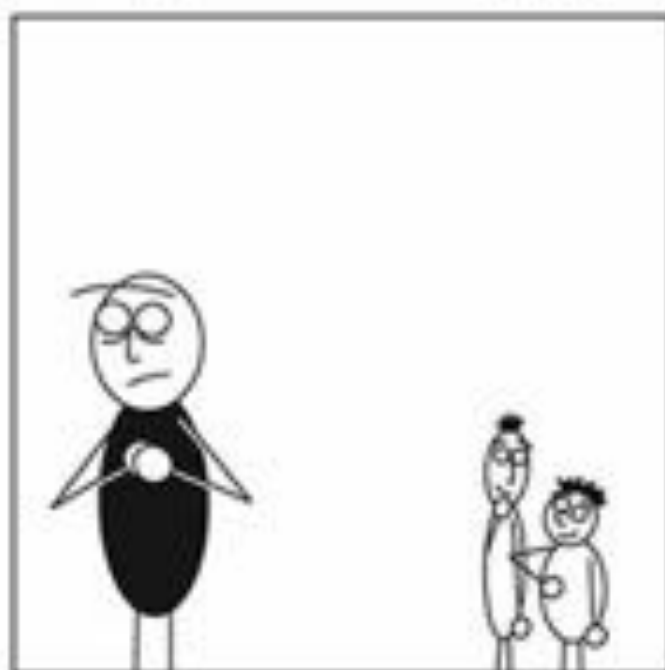
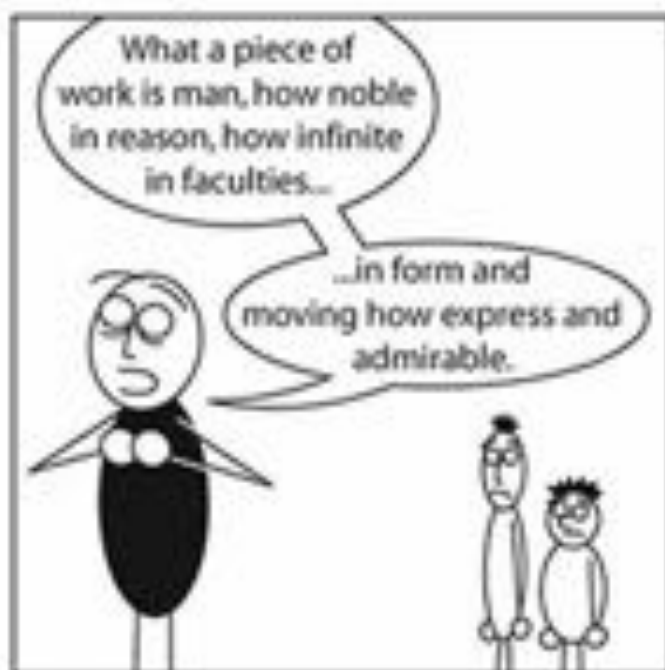
If you love me, hold not off.

My lord, we were sent for.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen molt no feather.

I have, of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises...

...and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory.



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

Why did
you laugh, then,
when I said "man
delights not
me"?



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

We coted
them on the way,
and hither are they
coming to offer
you service.



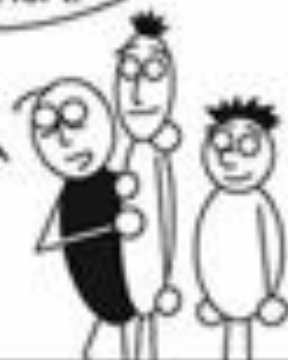
He that
plays the king shall be
welcome... his Majesty
shall have tribute
on me.



The adventurous
knight shall use his foil
and target, the lover shall not
sigh gratis, the humorous
man shall end his part
in peace.



The clown shall
make those laugh whose
lungs are tickle o'th'sear, and
the lady shall speak her mind
freely, or the blank verse
shall halt for't.

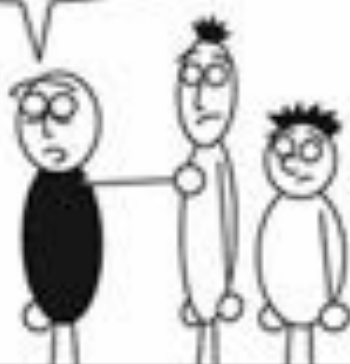


What
players are
they?

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



How chances
it they travel? Their
residence, both in reputation
and profit, was better
both ways.



I think
their inhibition comes
by the means of the late
innovation.

Do they
hold the same
estimation they
did when I was
in the city?

Are they
so followed?



How
comes it?
Do they grow
rusty?

Nay, their
endeavor keeps
in the wonted
pace.



But there is,
sit, an aerie of children,
little eyases, that cry out on
the top of question and
are most tyrannically
clapped for't.



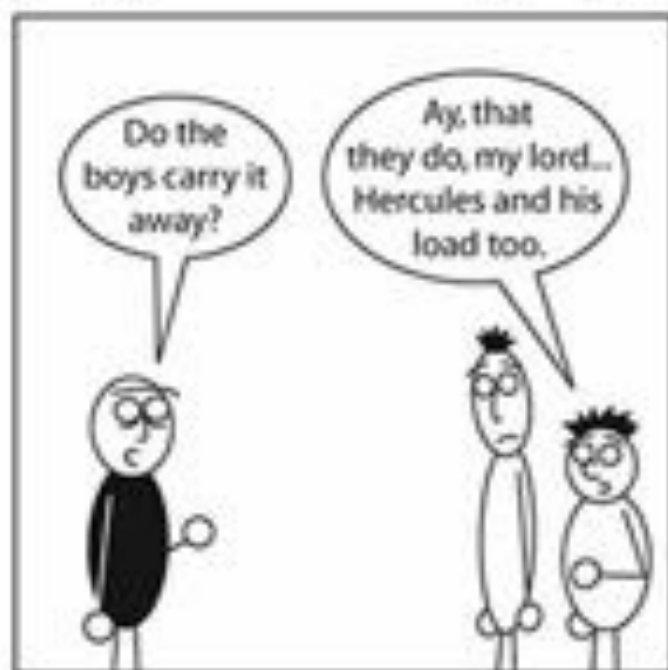
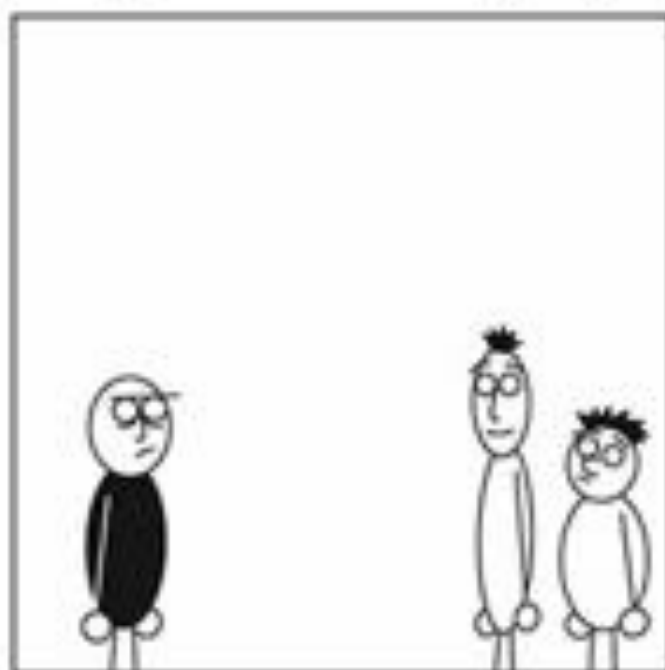
These are now
the fashion and so berattle the
common stages, (so they call them,)
that many wearing rapiers are afraid
of goose quills and dare scarce
to come thither.



What, are
they children? Who
maintains 'em? How are they
escorted?

Will they
pursue the quality no
longer than they can
sing?

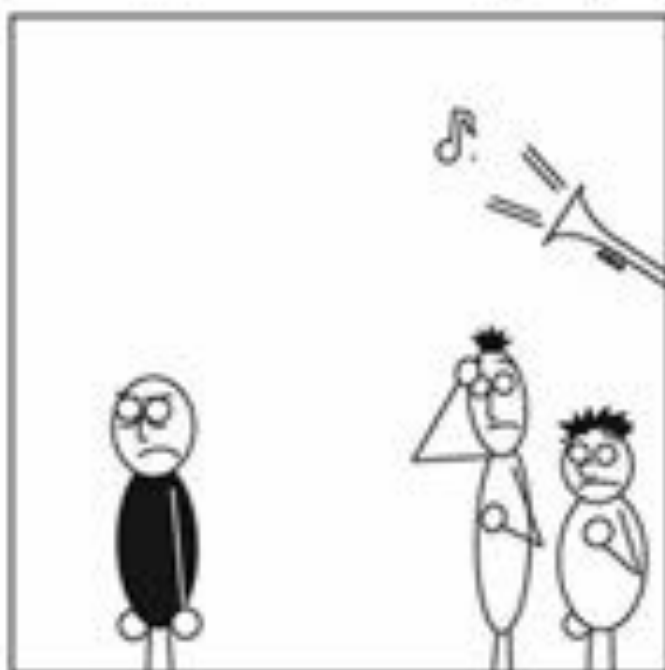
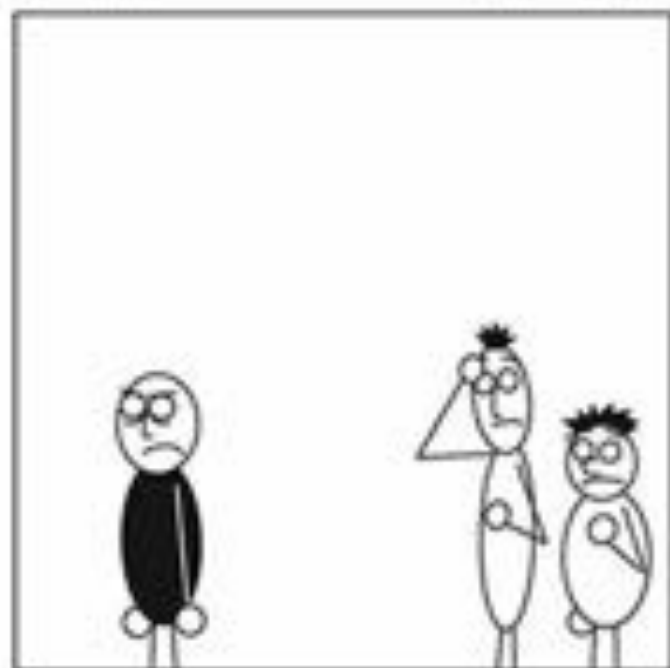
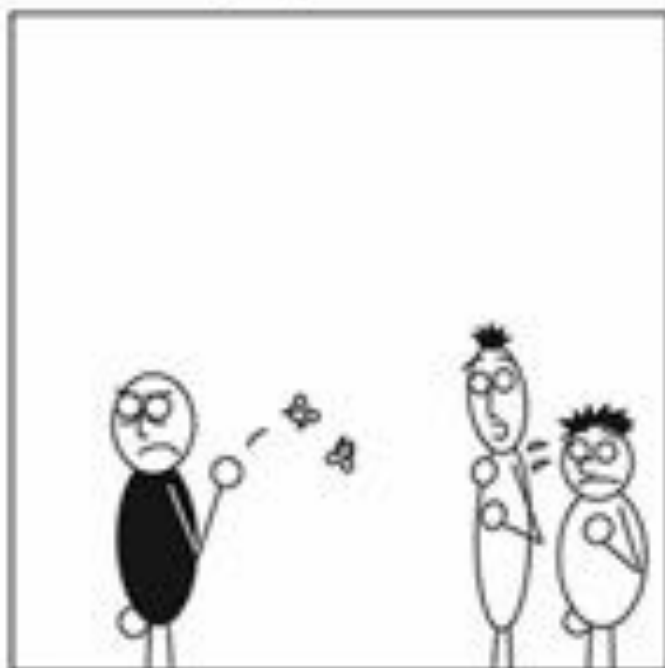




It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived would give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little.



'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.



Gentlemen,
you are welcome to
Elsinore.



Your hands,
come then. Th'appurtenance
of welcome is fashion and
ceremony.



Let me comply
with you in this garb, lest my
extent to the players, which, I tell you,
must show fairly outwards, should
more appear like entertainment
than yours.



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

In
what, my dear
lord?



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



Well be with you, gentlemen.

Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too...at each ear a hearer!

That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Haply he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

(I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.)

You say right, sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed!

My lord, I have news to tell you.

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

The actors are come hither, my lord.

"Buzz, buzz."

Upon my honor...

"Then came each actor on his ass."

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history.



...pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-comical, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral...

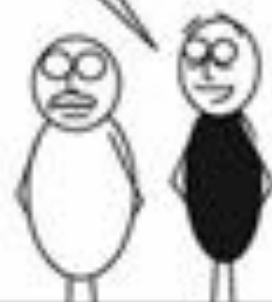
...scene individable, or poem unlimited...



Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.



O, Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou.



What a treasure had he, my lord?

Why, One fair daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.




Still on my daughter.

Am I not i'th'right, old Jephthah?









Pray God
your voice, like a
piece of uncurrent gold,
be not cracked within
the ring.




Masters, you
are all welcome. We'll
e'en to't like French
falconers, fly at any-
thing we see.




We'll have a
speech straight. Come,
give us a taste of your quality.
Come, a passionate
speech.




What
speech, my good
lord?




I heard
thee speak a speech
once, but it was never
acted.



...or, if it
was, not above
once.



For the play,
I remember, pleased
not the million:
'twas caviary to the
general.



But it was (as I received it, and
others whose judgements in such
matters cried in the top of mine)
an excellent play, well digested
in the scenes, set down with
as much modesty
as cunning.

I remember one said
there were no sallies in the lines
to make the matter savory, nor no
matter in the phrase that might
indict the author of
affectation...



...but
called it an honest
method, as wholesome as
sweet and, by very much,
more handsome
than fine.



One speech
in't I chiefly loved. 'Twas
Aeneas' tale to Dido, and there-
about of it especially when he
speaks of Priam's
slaughter.



If it live
in your memory, begin
at this line...

...let
me see, let me
see...



The rugged
Pyrrhus, like th'Hyrceanian
beast...



... 'tis not
so; it begins with
Pyrrhus.



The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, black as his purpose, did the night resemble when he lay couched in th'ominous horse, hath now this dread and black complexion smeared with heraldry more dismal. Head to foot, now is he total gules, horribly tricked with blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, baked and impasted with the parching streets, that lend a tyrannous and a damned light to their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire, and thus o'ersized with coagulate gore, with eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus old grandsire Priam seeks.



So,
proceed
you.

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



Anon he finds him striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword, rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, repugnant to command. Unequal matched, Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword th'unnerved father falls. Then senseless illum, seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear.



For lo, his sword, which was declining on the milky head of reverend Priam, seemed 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 rock
stand still, the bold winds speechless, and the orb below as hush as
death, anon the dreadful thunder doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus'
pause, aroused vengeance sets him new a-work, and never
did the Cyclops' hammers fall on Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
with less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword now falls on Priam.*

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods in general
synod take away her power, break all the spokes and fellies from her
wheel, and bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
as low as to the fiends!*



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



But who, ah woe, had seen
the mobled queen...

"The
mobled
queen?"

That's
good. "Mobled queen"
is good.



*...run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames with bisson rheum,
a clout upon that head where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
about her lank and all o'erteemed lains a blanket, in the alarm of
ear caught up... who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced.*

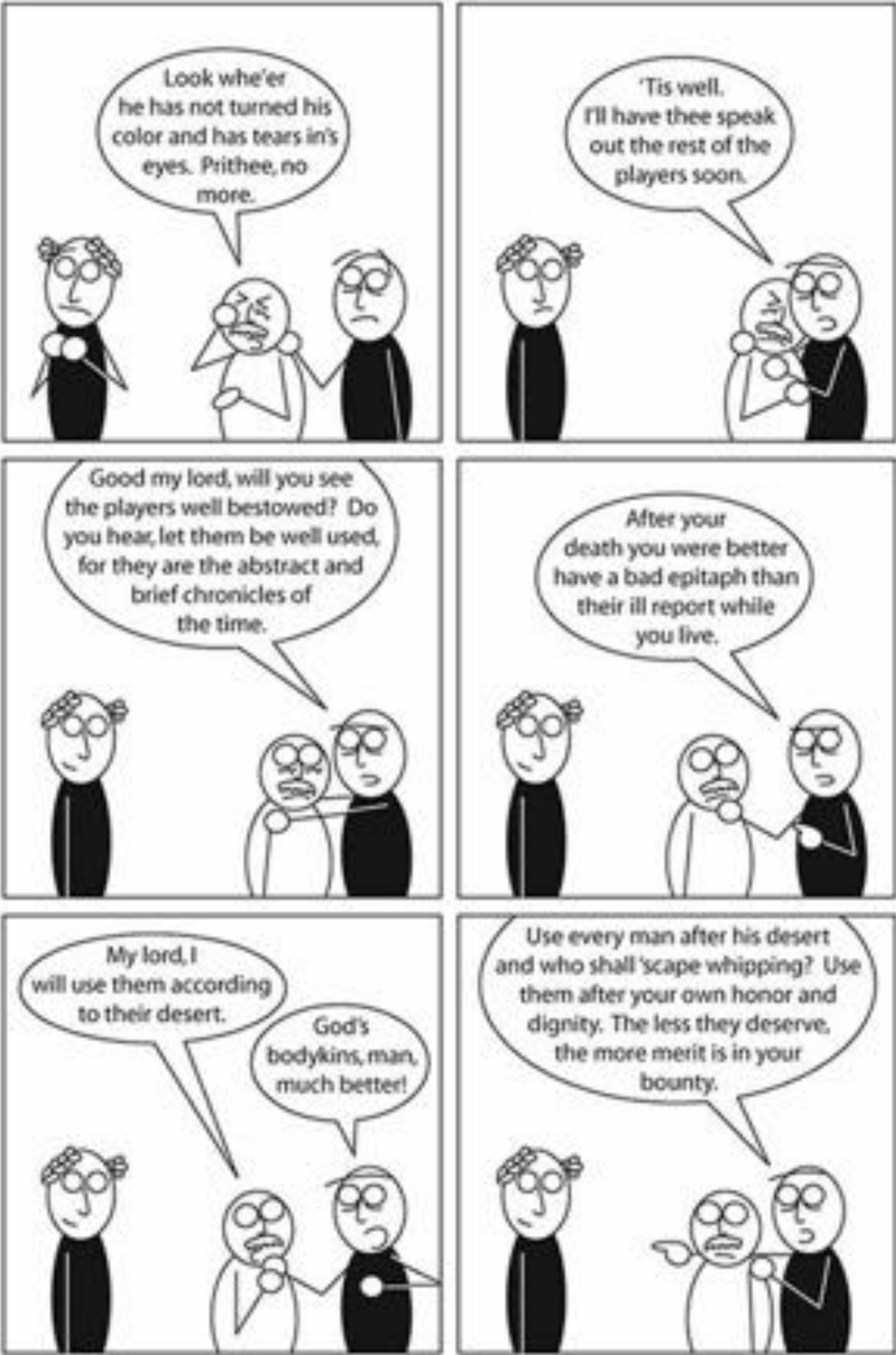
*But if the gods themselves did see her then
when she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
in mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
the instant burst of clamor that she made...*



*(unless things mortal
move them not at all)*



*Would have made
mitch the burning
eyes of heaven and
passion in the
gods.*



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

'Tis well.
I'll have thee speak
out the rest of the
players soon.

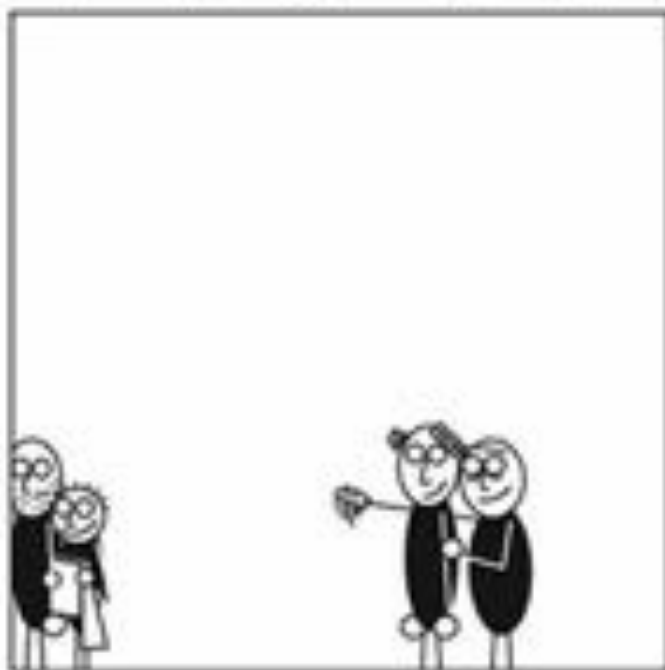
Good my lord, will you see
the players well bestowed? Do
you hear, let them be well used,
for they are the abstract and
brief chronicles of
the time.

After your
death you were better
have a bad epitaph than
their ill report while
you live.

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

God's
bodykins, man,
much better!

Use every man after his desert
and who shall 'scape whipping? Use
them after your own honor and
dignity. The less they deserve,
the more merit is in your
bounty.





What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her? What would he do had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have?



He would drown the stage with tears 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.



Yet I, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, and can say nothing.



No, not for a king upon whose property and most dear life a damned defeat was made.

Am I a coward?

Who calls me "villain?" Breaks my pate across?



Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i'th' throat as deep 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 have fatted all the region kites with this slave's offal.



Bloody, bawdy
villain! Remorseless,
treacherous, lecherous,
kindless, villain!

O vengeance!

Why,
what an ass
am I!



This is most brave,
that I, the son of a dear father
murdered, prompted to my revenge
by heaven and hell, must, like a
whore, unpack my heart with words
and fall a-cursing like a very
drab, a 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, been
struck so to the soul that presently
they have proclaimed their
malefactions.



For murder,
though it have no
tongue, will speak with
most miraculous
organ. I'll have
these players play
something like the
murder of my father
before mine
uncle.



I'll observe
his looks; I'll tent him to the
quick. If he do blench, I know
my course.



The spirit
I have seen may be
a devil...

...and
the devil hath
power t'assume
a pleasing
shape.

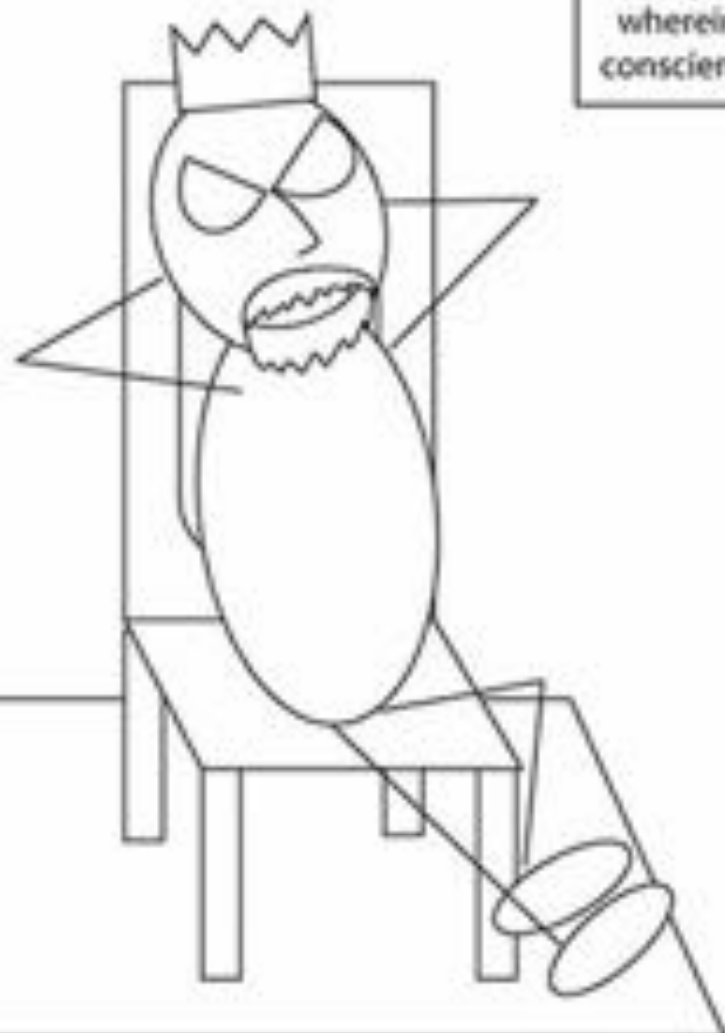


Yea, and
perhaps, out of
my weakness and my
melancholy, as he is
very potent with such
spirits, abuse to
damn me.

I'll have
grounds more
relative than
this.



The play's the thing
wherein I'll catch the
conscience of the King.



End of
Act II

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?

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

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

Did he receive you well?

Most like a gentleman.

But with much forcing of his disposition.

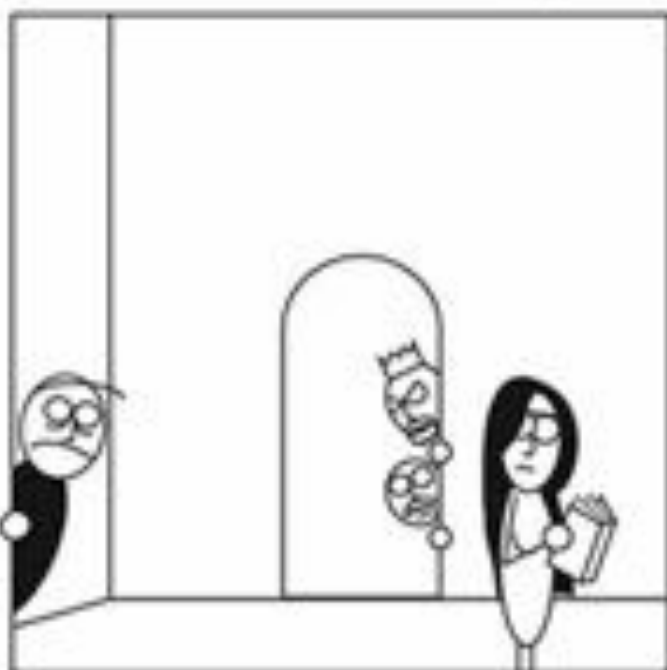
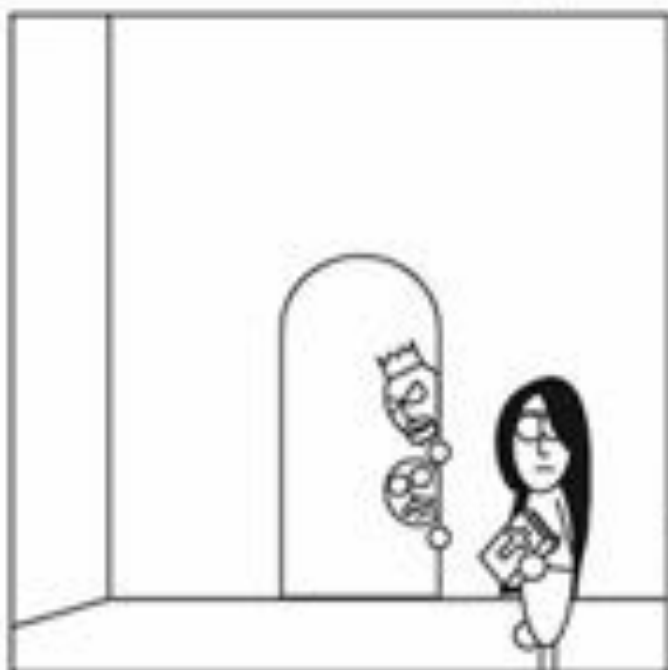
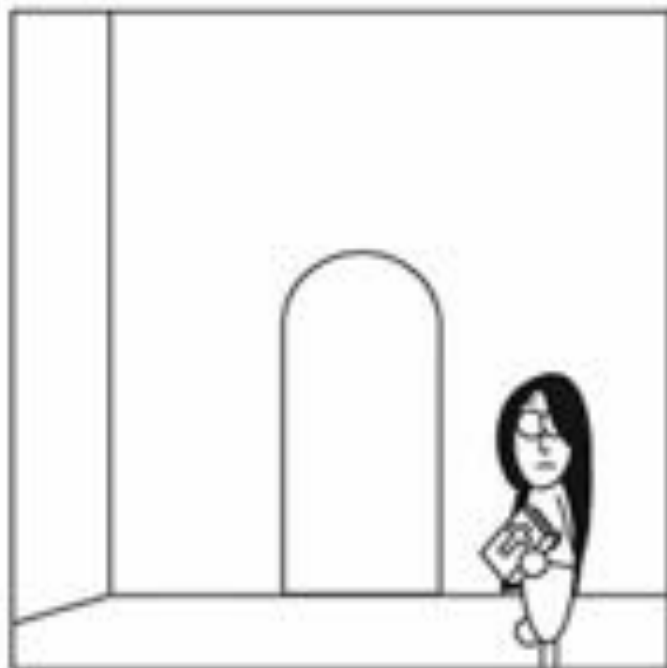
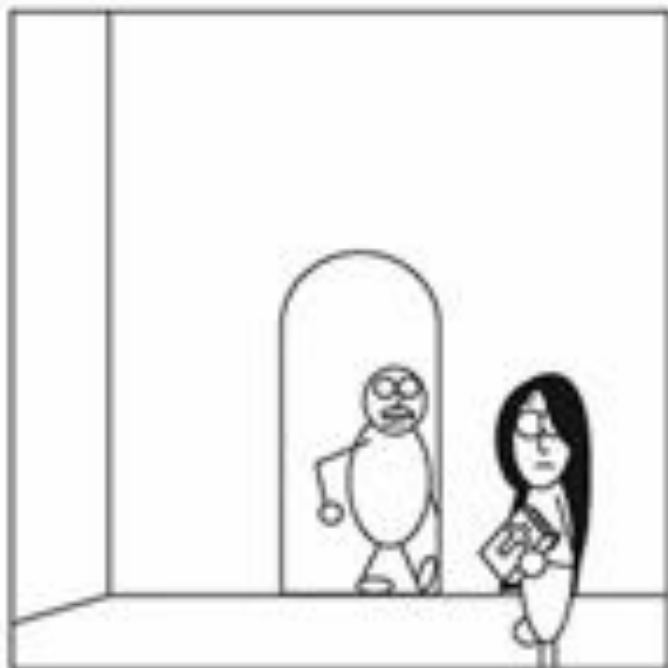
Niggard of question, but of our demands most free in his reply.


Did you assay him to any pastime?

Madam, it so fell out that certain players we o'erraught on the way. Of these we told him, and there did seem in him a kind of joy.









To die,
to sleep... no
more...

...and by sleep
to say we end the
heartache and the
thousand natural
shocks that flesh
is heir to...


... 'tis a
consummation
devoutly to be
wished.

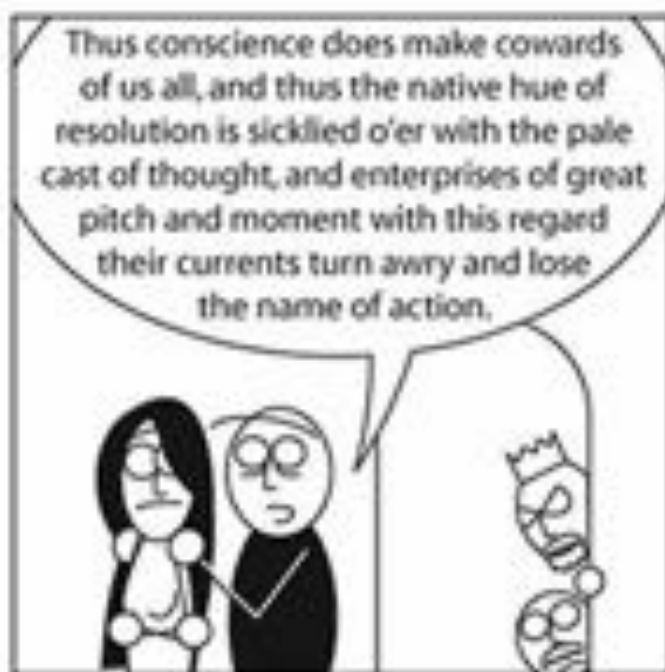
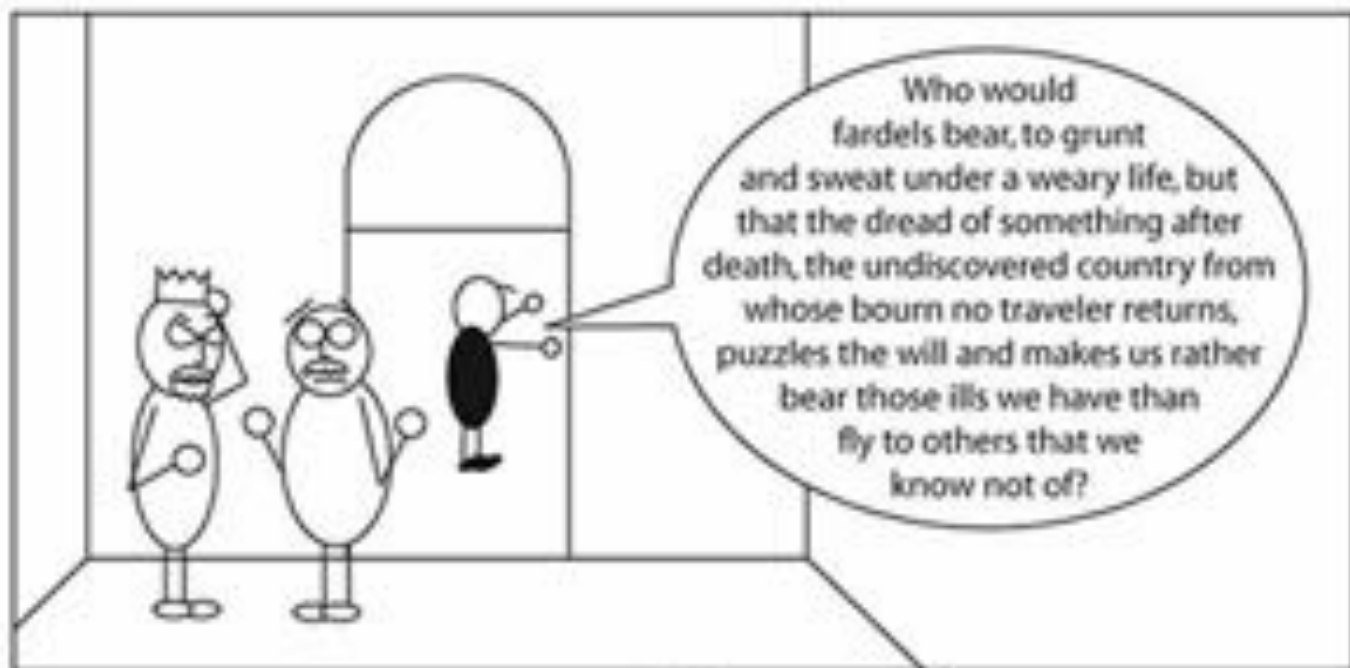
To die,
to sleep... to
sleep, perchance to
dream. Ay, there's
the rub.

For in
that sleep of
death what dreams
may come, when we
have shuffled off this
mortal coil, must
give us pause.


There's
the respect that
makes calamity of
so long life.

For who
would bear the
whips and scorns of
time, th'oppressor's wrong,
the proud man's contumely,
the pangs of despised love,
the law's delay, the insolence
of office, and the spurns that
patient merit of th'unworthy
takes, when he himself
might his quietus
make with a bare
bodkin?












Could beauty,
my lord, have better
commerce than with
honesty?




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 loved you
once.




Indeed, my
lord, you made me
believe so.



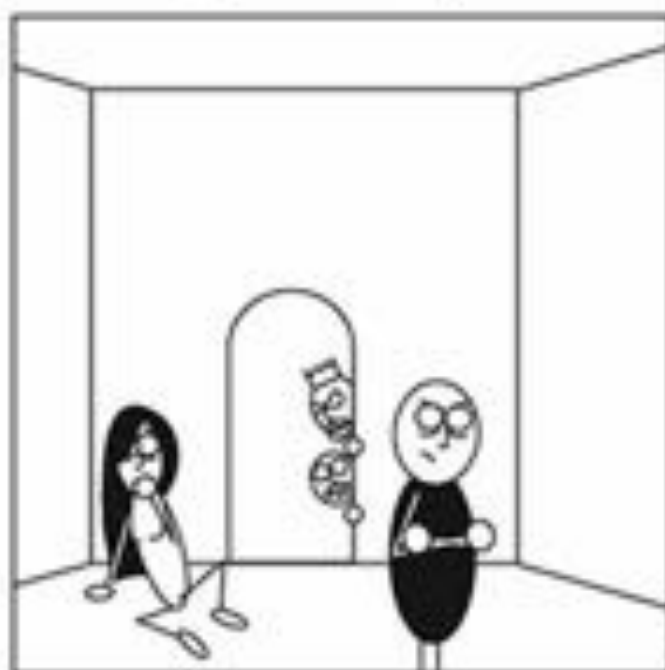
You should
not have believed
me.



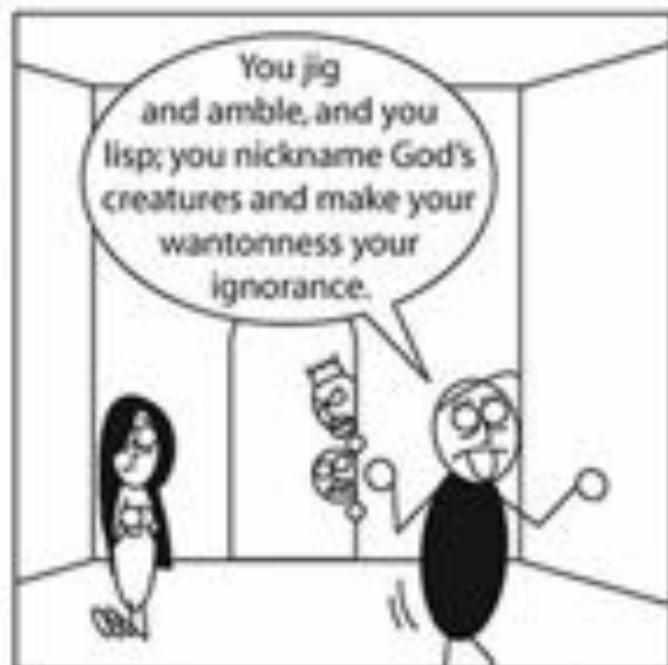
For virtue cannot
so inoculate our old stock
but we shall relish of it. I
loved you not.

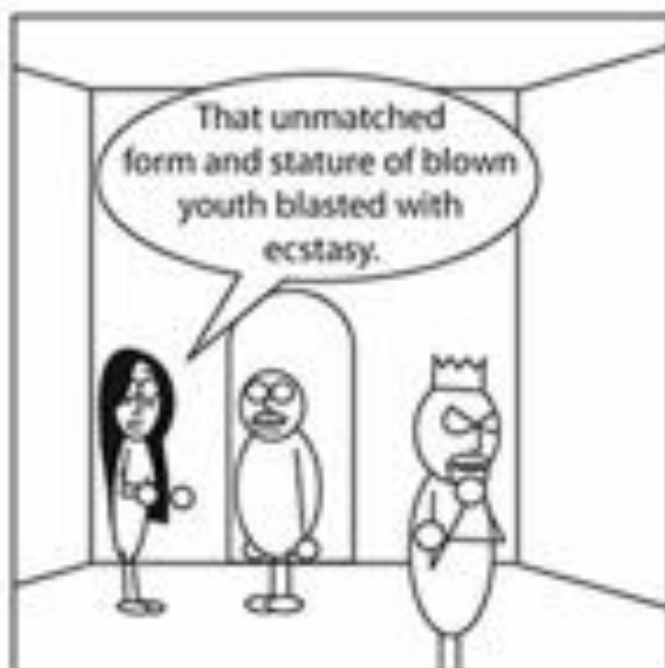


I was
the more
deceived.

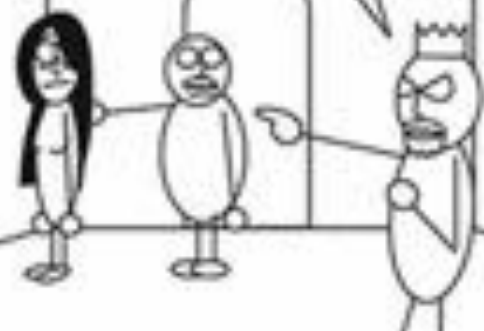








Which for to prevent, I have in quick determination thus set it down: he shall with speed to England for the demand of our neglected tribute.



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.



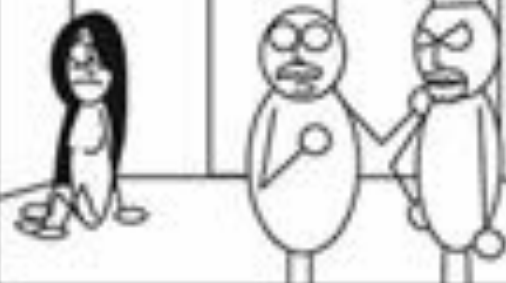
What think you on't?

It shall do well.



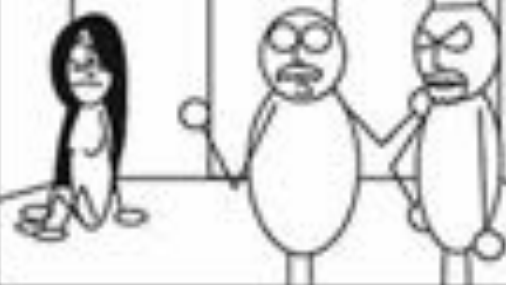
But yet do I believe the origin and commencement of his grief sprung from neglected love.

How now, Ophelia?



You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; we heard it all.

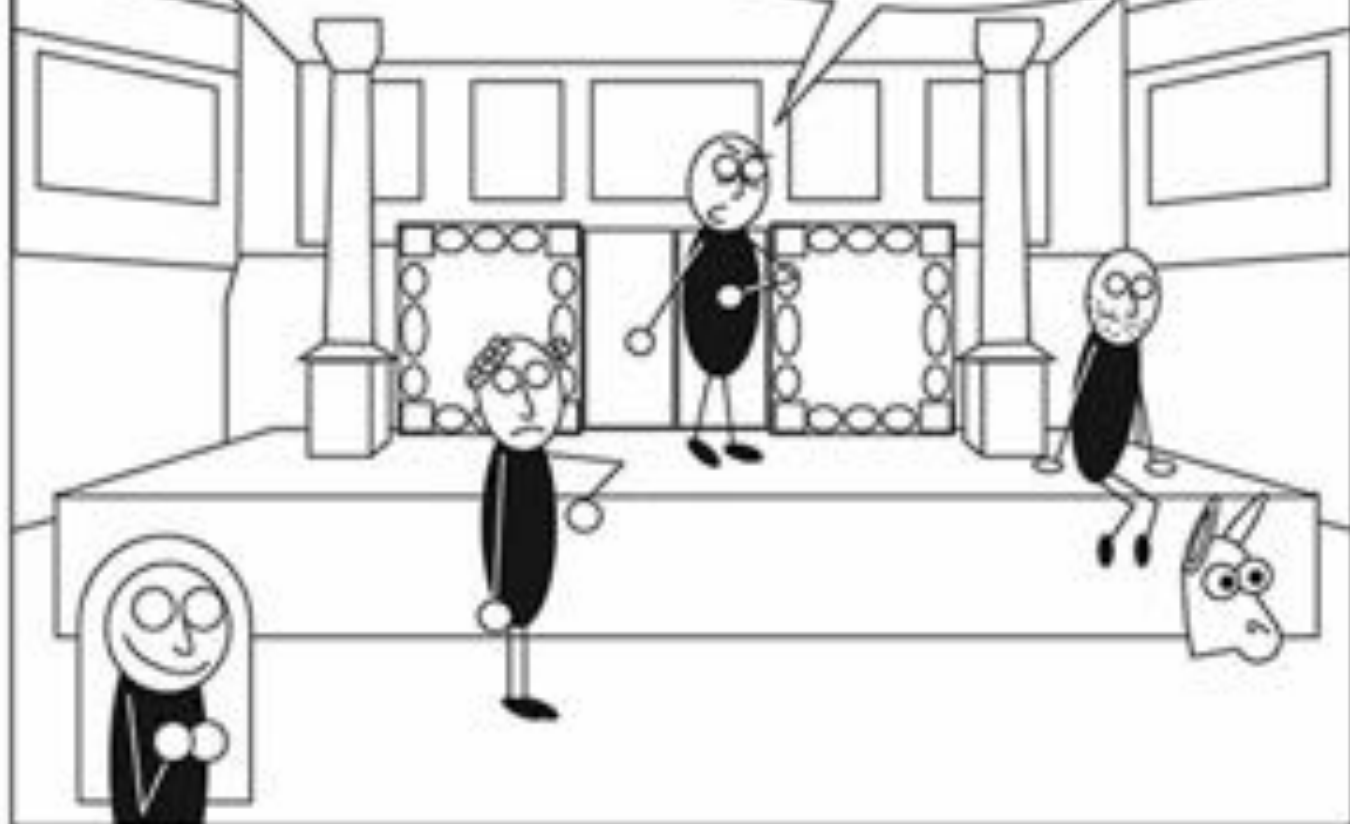
twitch





Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

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

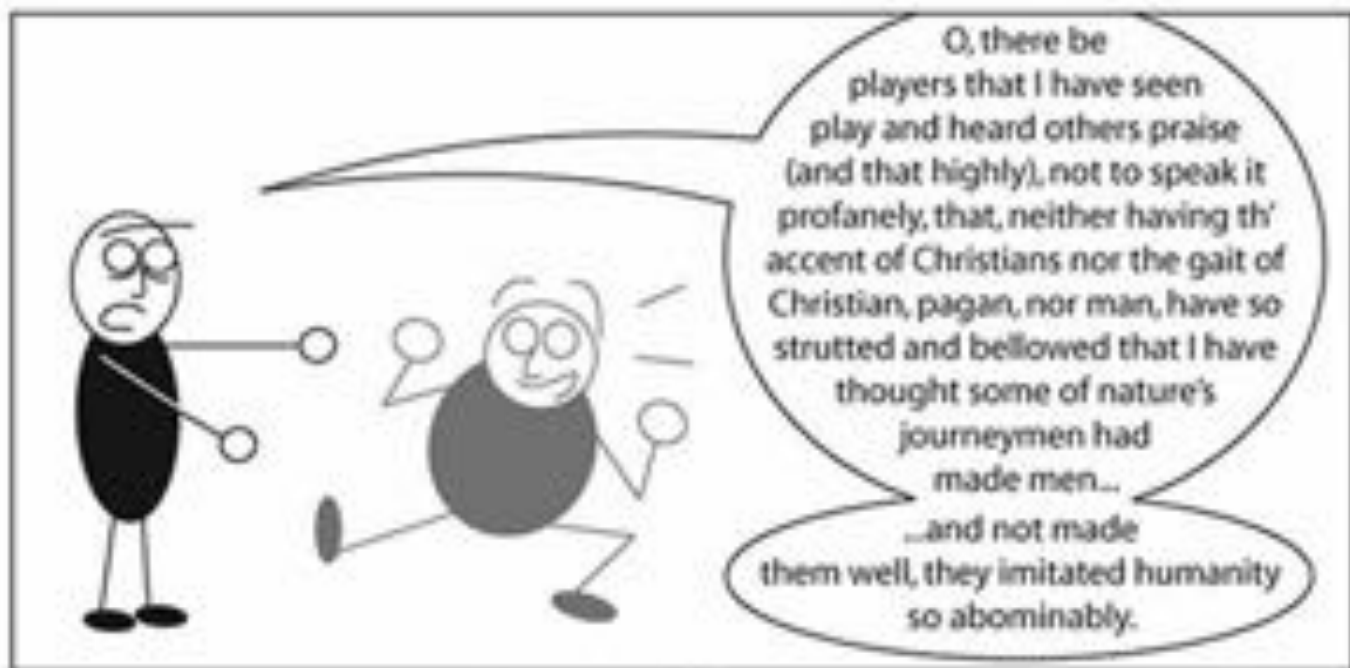


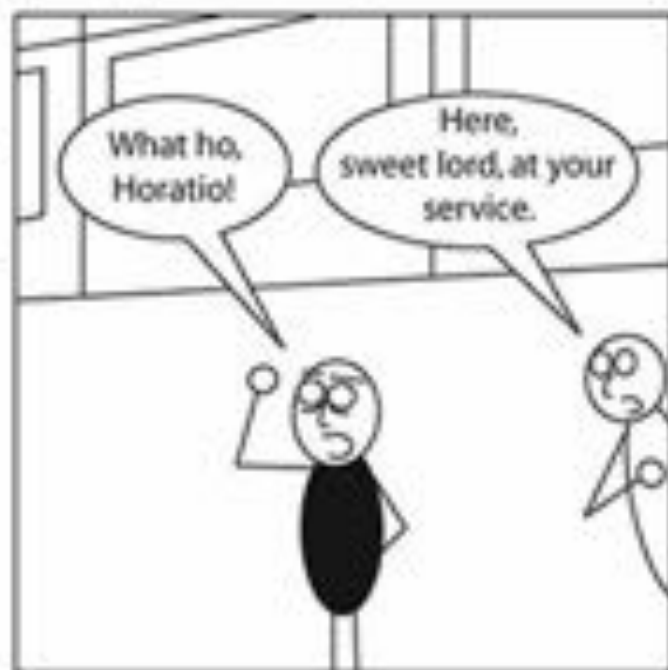
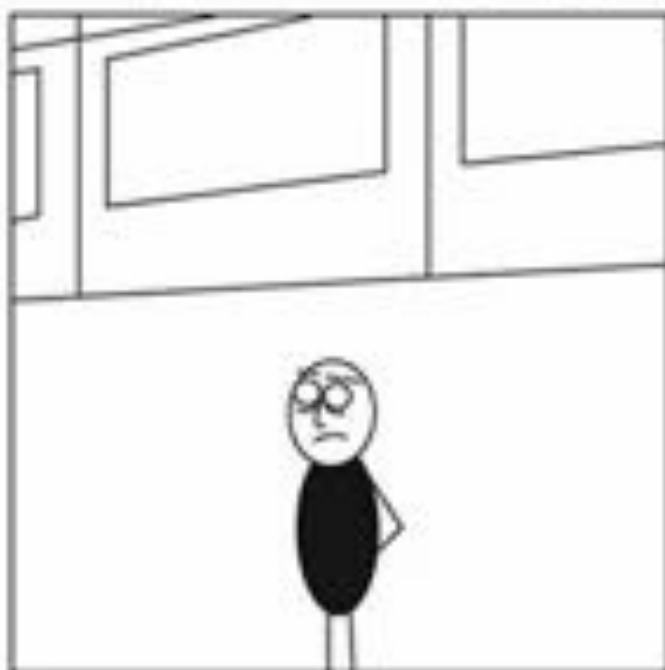
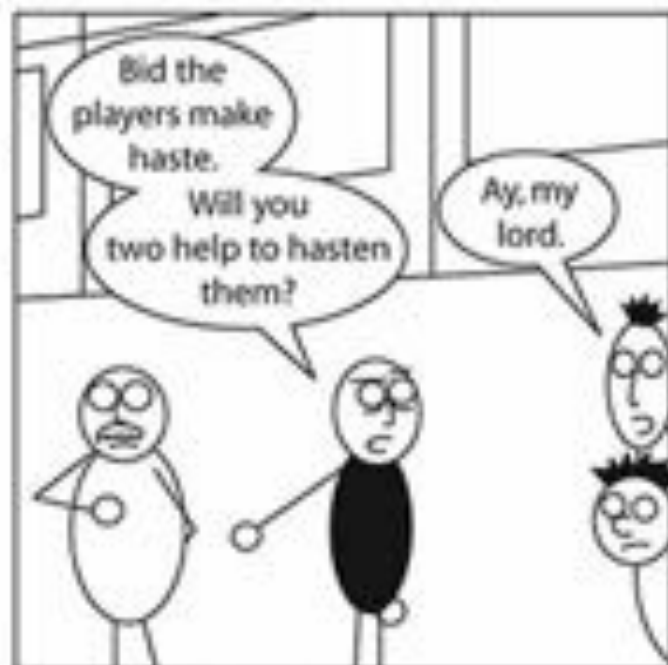
O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags...

...to split the ears of groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise.











Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core.

Ay, in my heart of heart, as I do thee.



One scene of it comes near the circumstance which I have told thee of my father's death.



Something too much of this...

There is a play tonight before the King.



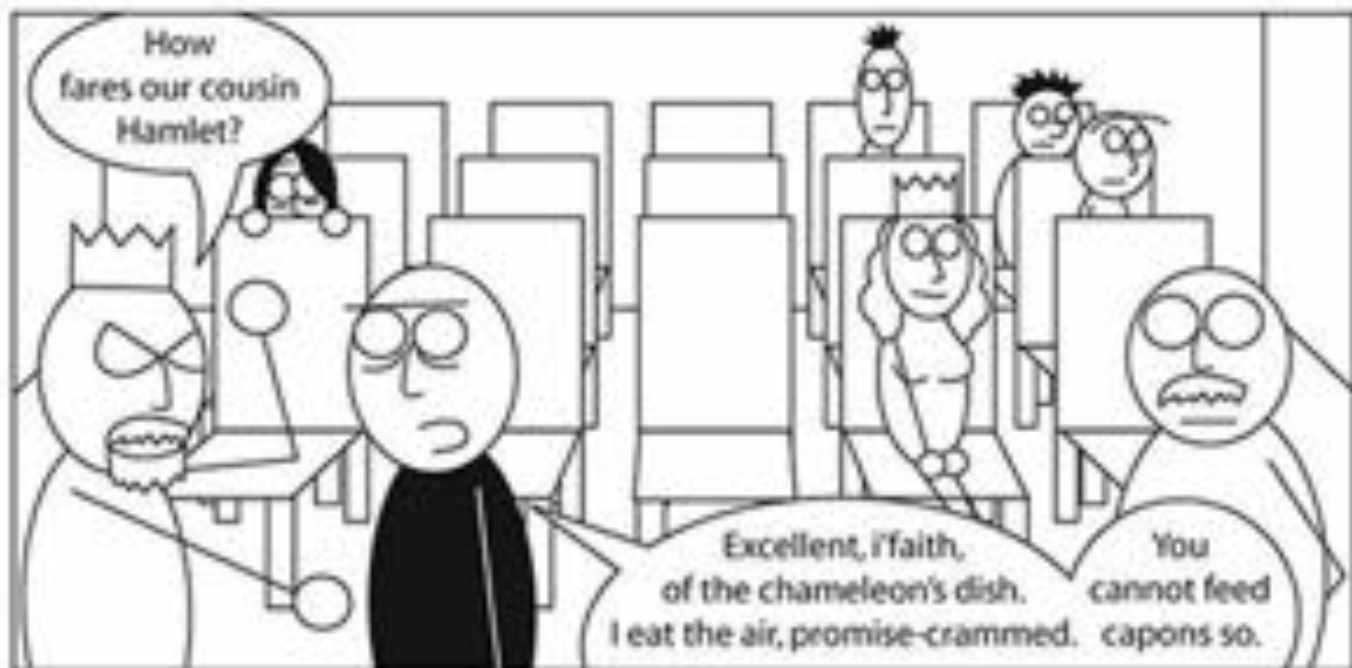
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, even with the very comment of thy soul observe my uncle.

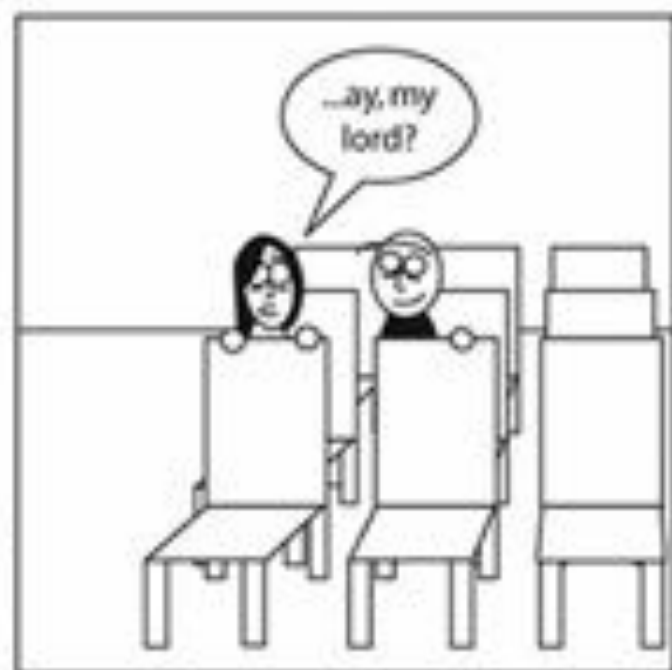
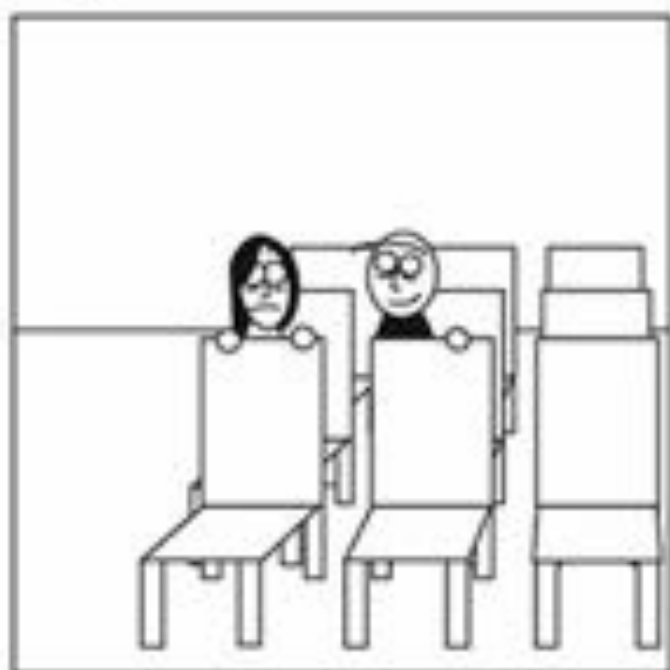



If his occulted guilt do not itself unkennel in one speech, it is a damned ghost that we have seen, and my imaginations are as foul as Vulcan's stithy.





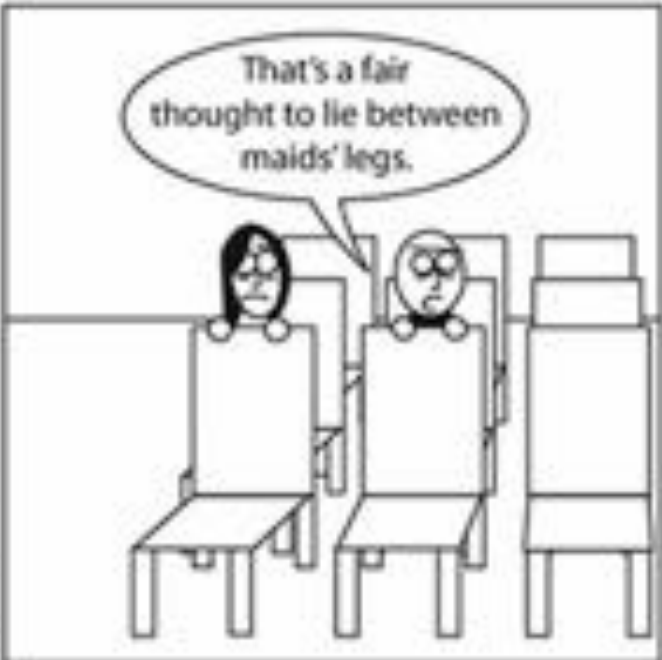




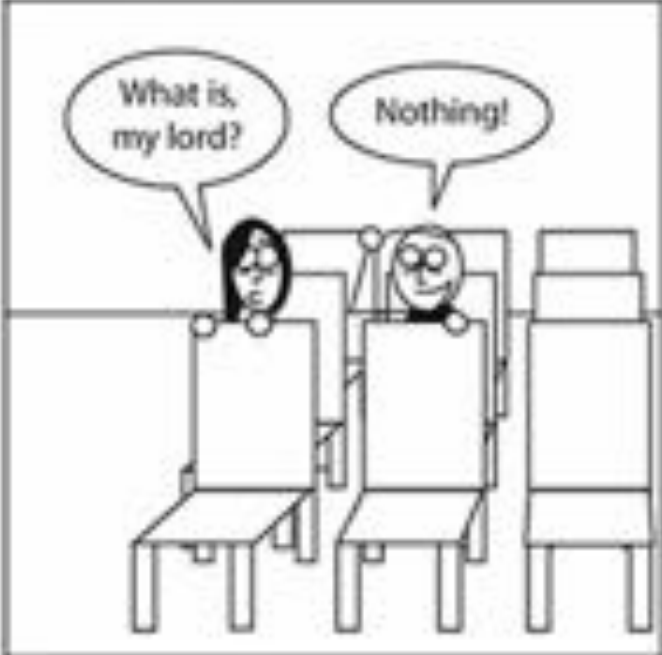


Do you think I meant country matters?

I think nothing, my lord!




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



What is, my lord?


Nothing!




You are merry, my lord.

Who, I?

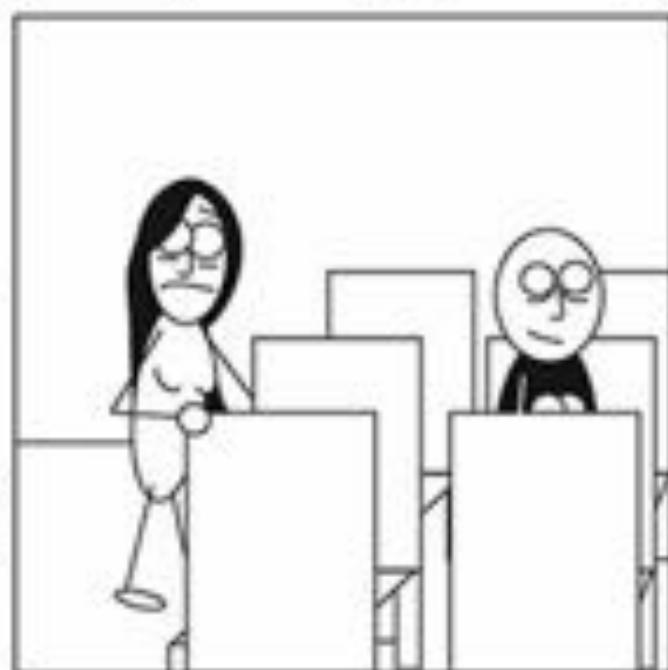
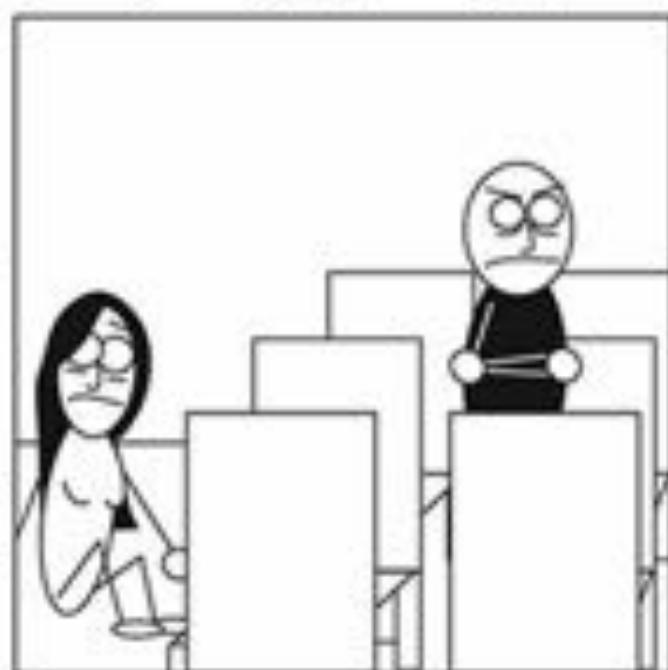
Ay, my lord.

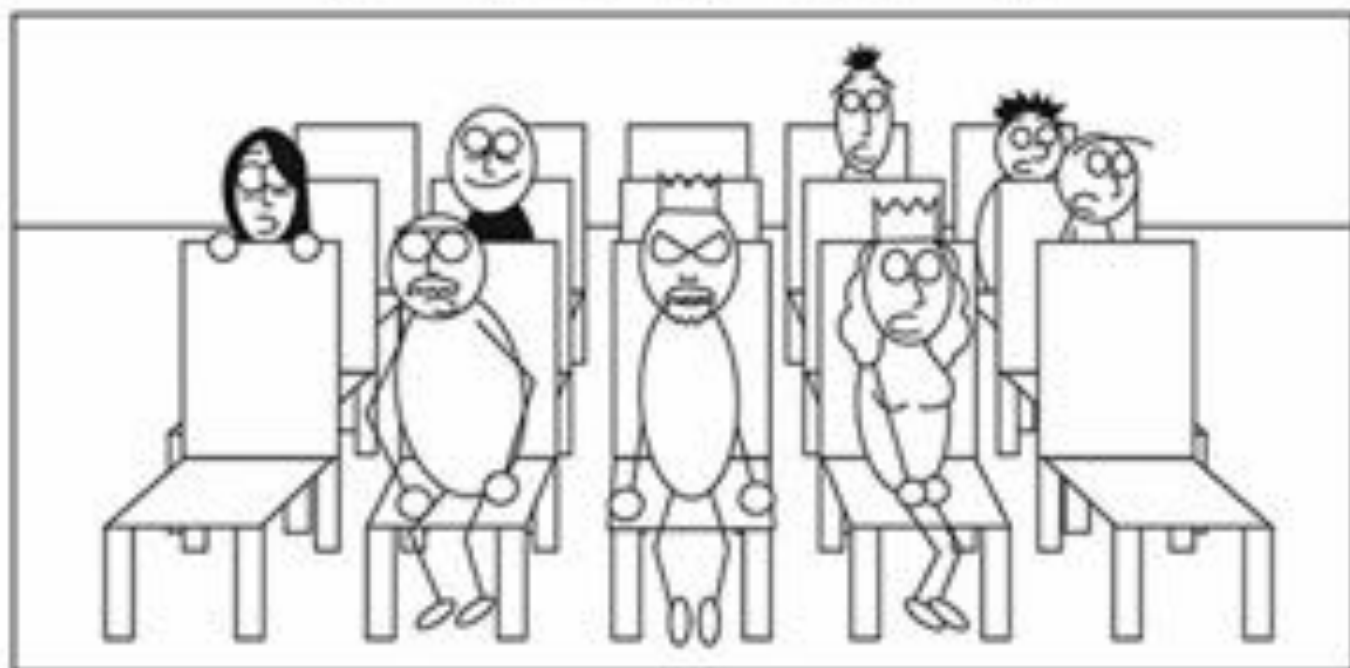


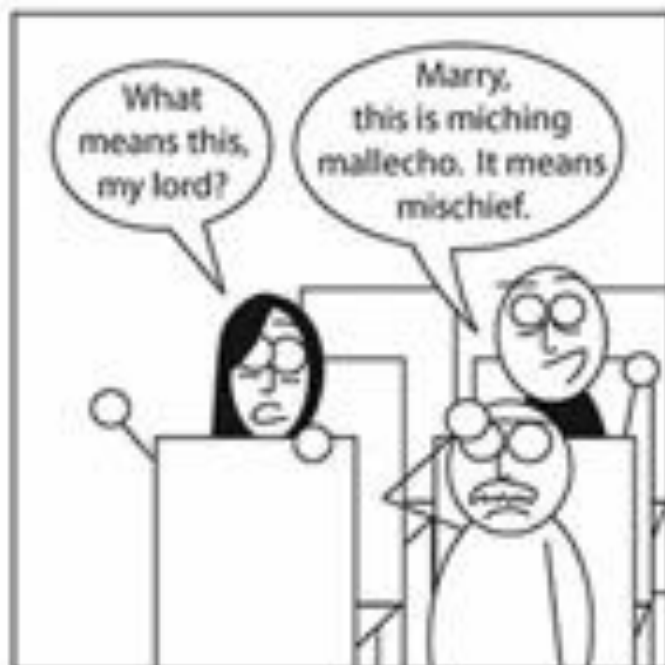
O God, your only jig-maker! What should a man do but be merry?



For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.









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


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.
For women fear too much, even
as they love, and women's fear
and love hold quantity, in
neither aught, or in
extremity.

Now what
my love is, proof hath
made you know, and, as my
love is sized, my fear is so:
where love is great, the littlest
doubts are fear; where little
fears grow great, great
love grows there.



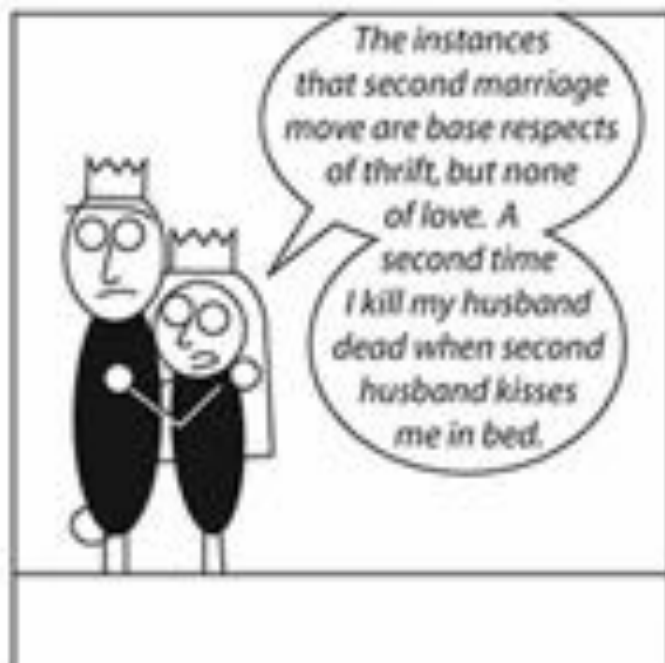
Faith,
I must leave thee,
love, and shortly too.
My operant powers their
functions leave to do. And
thou shalt live in this fair
world behind, honored,
beloved; and haply one
as kind for husband
shalt thou...



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

None wed
the second but who
killed the first.

That's
wormwood!



I do believe you think what now you
speak, but what we do determine oft
we break.

Purpose is but slave to memory, of
violent birth, but poor validity, which
now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the
tree but fall unshaken when they
mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget to
pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.

What to ourselves in passion we
propose, the passion ending, doth
the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy most
revels, grief doth most lament; grief
joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

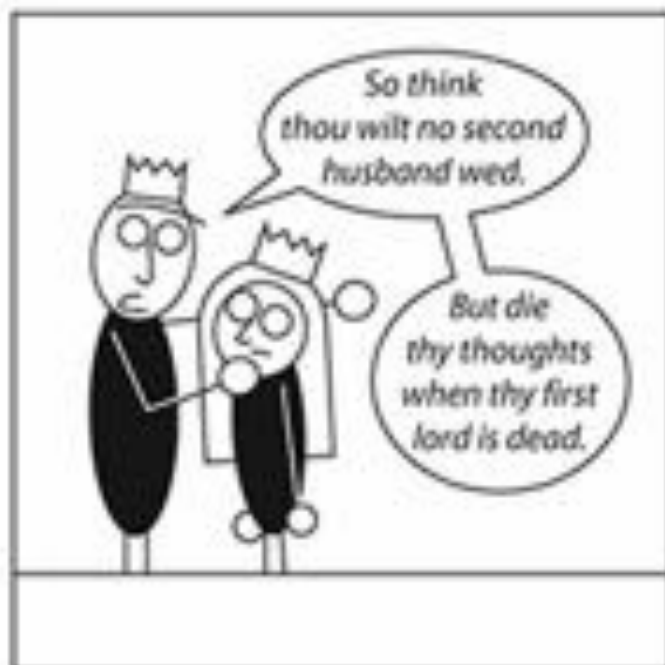
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not
strange that even our loves should with
our fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
whether love lead fortune or else
fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his
favorite flies; the poor, advanced,
makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune
trend, for who not needs shall
never lack a friend, and who in want
a hollow friend doth try directly
seasons him his enemy.

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.



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



Sleep rock thy
brain, and never come
mischance between
us twain.



Madam,
how like you
this play?

The lady doth
protest too much,
methinks.



O, but
she'll keep her
word.

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



No, no, they
do but jest, poison in
jest. No offense in
the world!

What do
you call the
play?



"The
Mousetrap."



Marry, how?
Tropically. This play is
the image of a murder
done!

In
Vienna.

Gonzago
is the duke's name,
his wife Baptista. You
shall see anon.

'Tis a
knavish piece
of work, but what
of that?

Your
Majesty and we that
have free souls, it touches
us not. Let the galled jade
wince; our withers are
unwring.

This is
one Lucianus,
nephew to the
king.

You are
as good as a
chorus, my
lord.

I could
interpret between
you and your love, if I
could see the puppets
dallying.

You are
keen, my lord, you
are keen.

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

Still
better and
worse.

So you
mis-take your
husbands.

Begin,
murderer!

Pox, leave
thy damnable faces
and begin!

Come, the
croaking raven
doth bellow for
revenge!



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



Confederate
season, else no creature
seeing...



Thou
mixture rank, of
midnight weeds
collected...

With Hecate's ban thrice
blasted, thrice infected, thy
natural magic and dire
property...



On
wholesome life usurp
immediately.



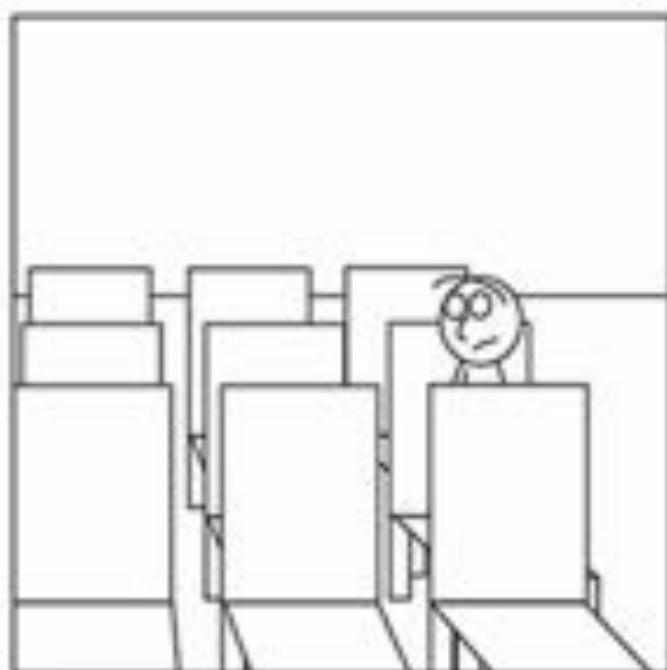
He poisons him
i'th'garden for his estate. His
name's Gonzago. The story is in
extant and written in very
choice Italian.

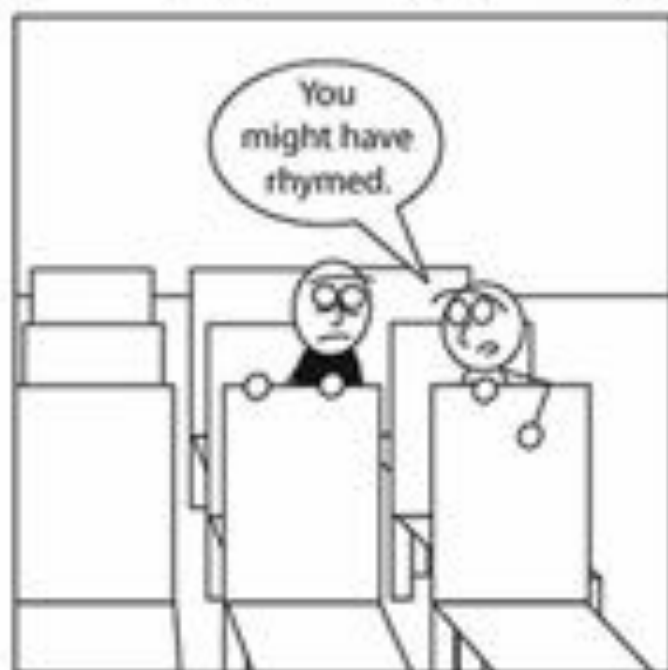
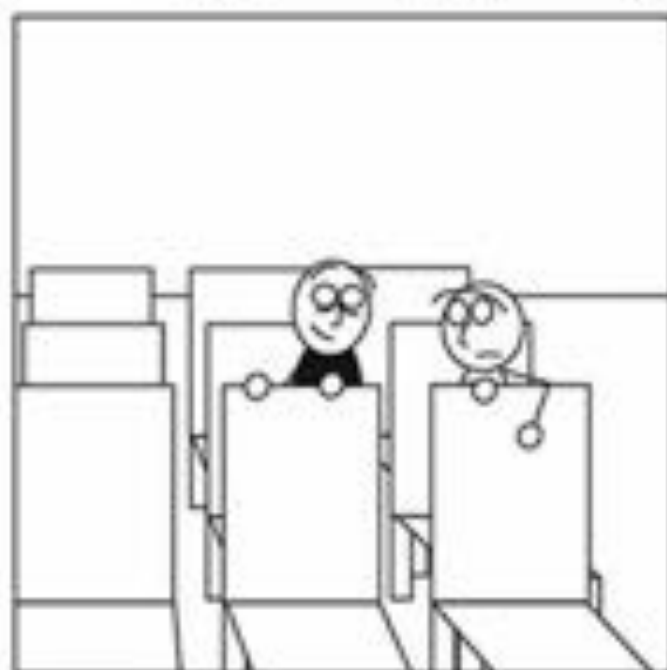
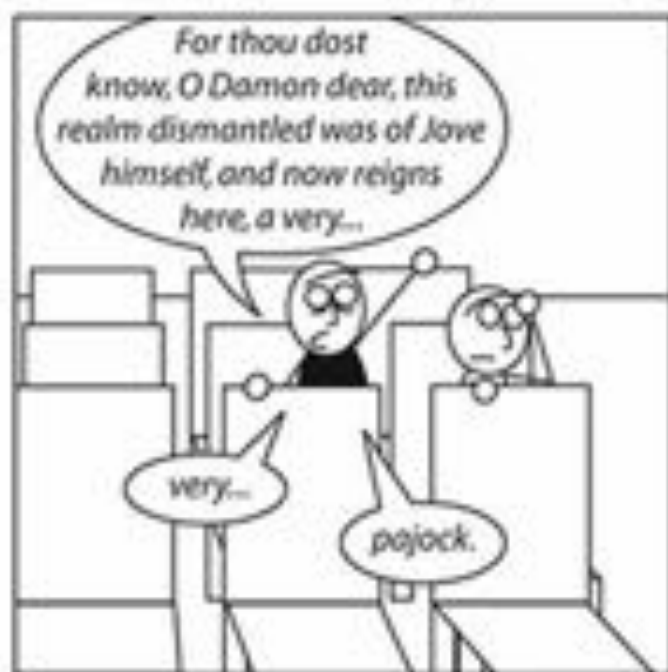
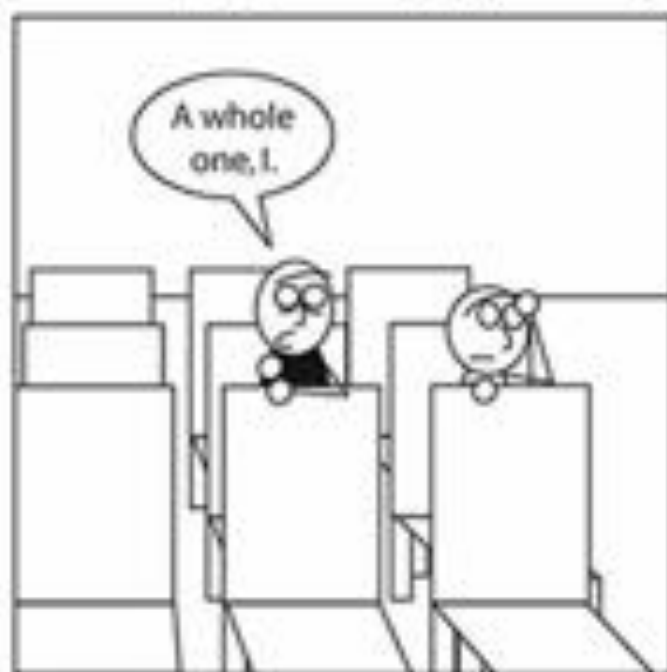
You
shall see anon how
the murderer gets the
love of Gonzago's
wife.

SNAP

The
King rises!

What,
frighted with
false fire?











My wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command...

...or, rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more but to the matter.

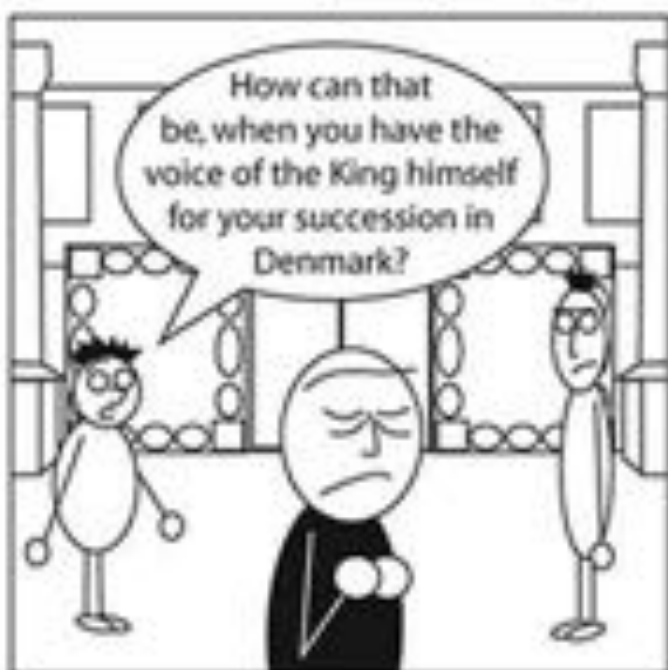
My mother, you say...

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

O wonderful son that can so 'stonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.


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

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.







To withdraw
with you: why do you
go about to recover the
wind of me, as if you
would drive me into
a toil?



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




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




My lord,
I cannot.




I pray
you.



Believe me,
I cannot.



I do
bessech
you.



I know
no touch of it,
my lord.

It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music.

Look you, these are the stops.

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

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me!


You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery.

You would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet you cannot make it speak.










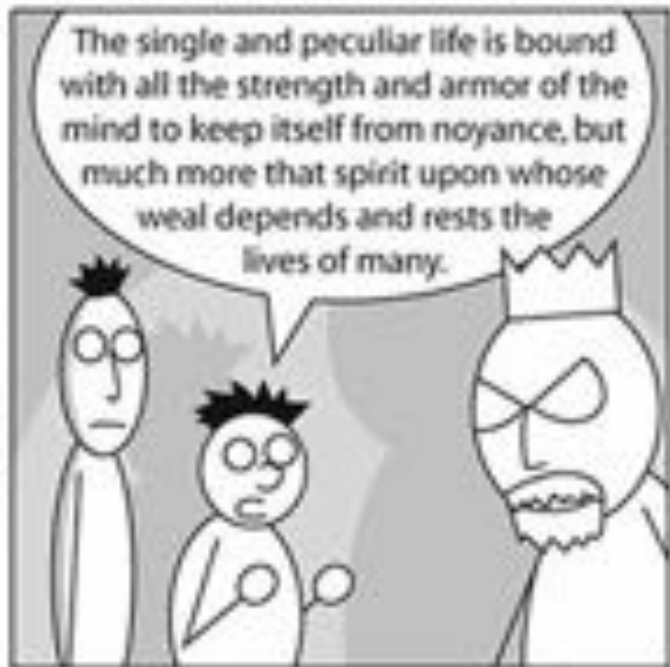
I like him
not, nor stands it
safe with us to let his
madness range.

Therefore prepare
you. I your commission will
forthwith dispatch, and he to
England shall along with
you.

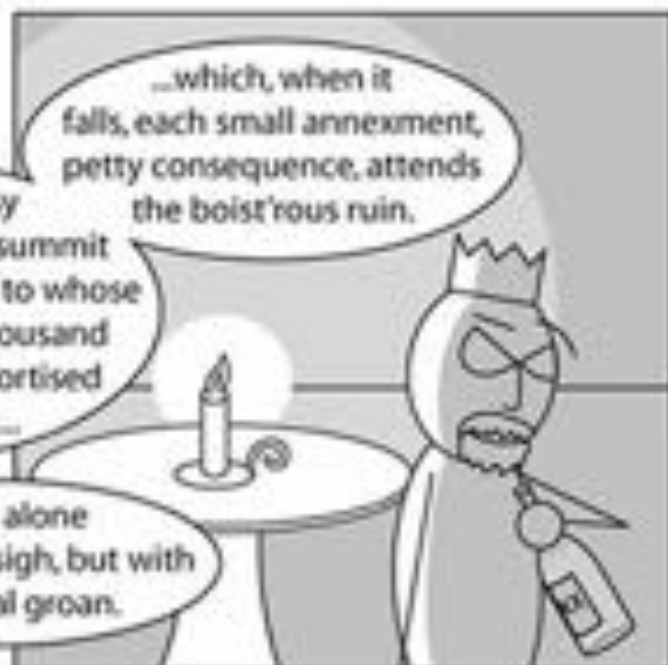
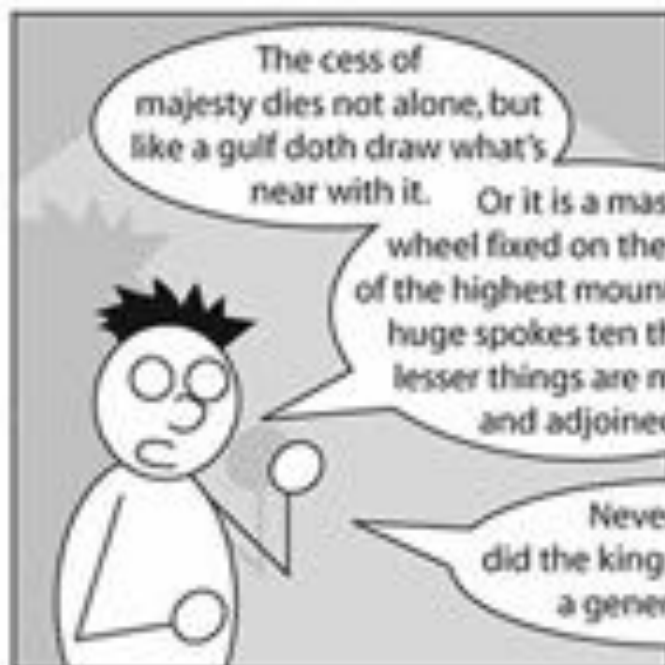
The terms
of our estate may
not endure hazard so
near's as doth hourly
grow out of his
brows.



We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
to keep those many many bodies
safe that live and feed upon
your Majesty.



The single and peculiar life is bound
with all the strength and armor of the
mind to keep itself from noyance, but
much more that spirit upon whose
weal depends and rests the
lives of many.





Pray can I not,
though inclination
be as sharp as
will.



My stronger guilt defeats
my strong intent, and, like a man
to double business bound, I stand in
pause where I shall first begin
and both neglect.



What if this
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 but to
confront the visage
of offense?

And what's
in prayer but this
twofold force, to
be forestalled ere
we come to fall, or
pardoned being
down?



Then
I'll look up.
My fault is
past.



But, O,
what form of prayer can
serve my turn?

"Forgive
me my foul
murder?"



That cannot be, since
I am still possessed of those
effects for which I did the
murder...

...my crown,
mine own ambition,
and my queen.



May one
be pardoned and retain
th'offense?



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.



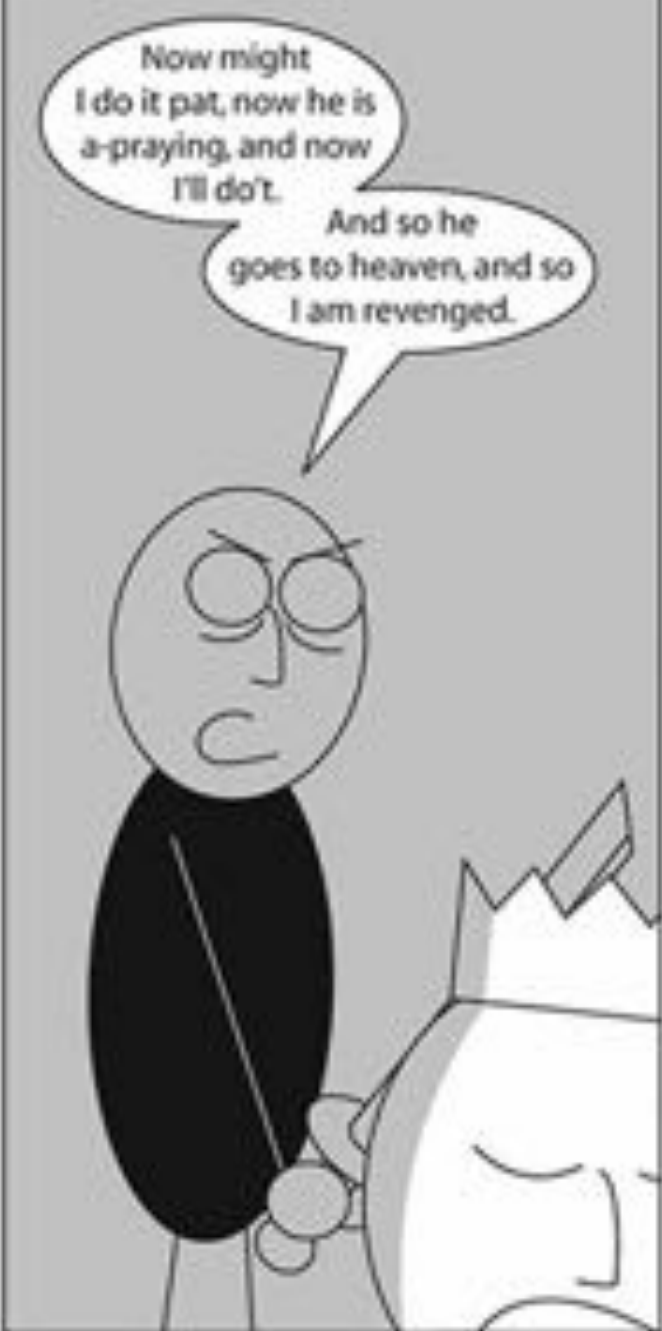
But 'tis
not so above: there is
no shuffling.



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.









Now might
I do it pat, now he is
a-praying, and now
I'll do't.


And so he
goes to heaven, and so
I am revenged.



That
would be
scanned.



A villain kills
my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this
same villain send to
heaven.



Why, this
is hire and salary,
not revenge!

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.



But in our circumstance and course of thought 'tis heavy with him.



And am I then revenged to take him in the purging of his soul, when he is fit and seasoned for his passage?



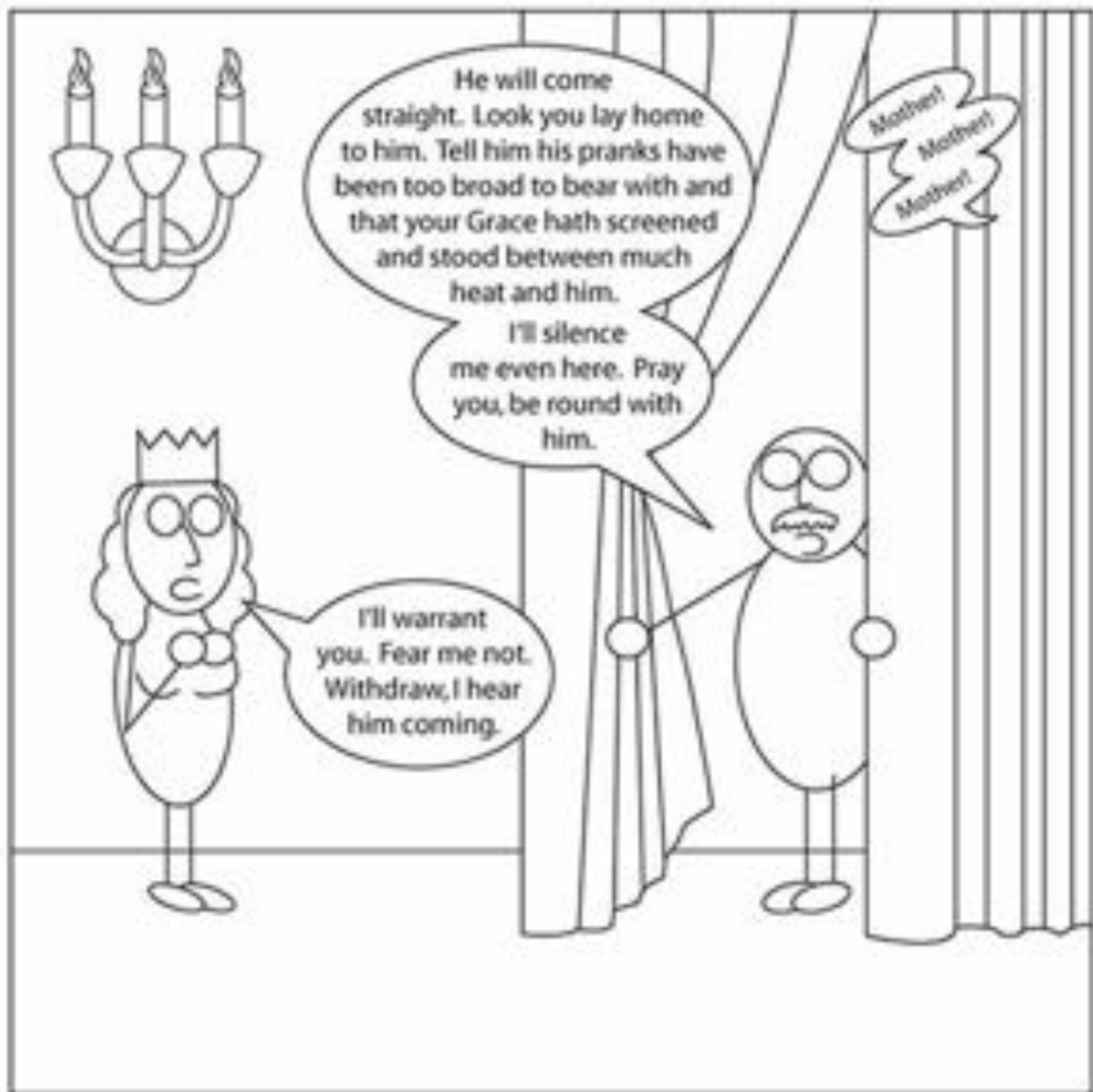
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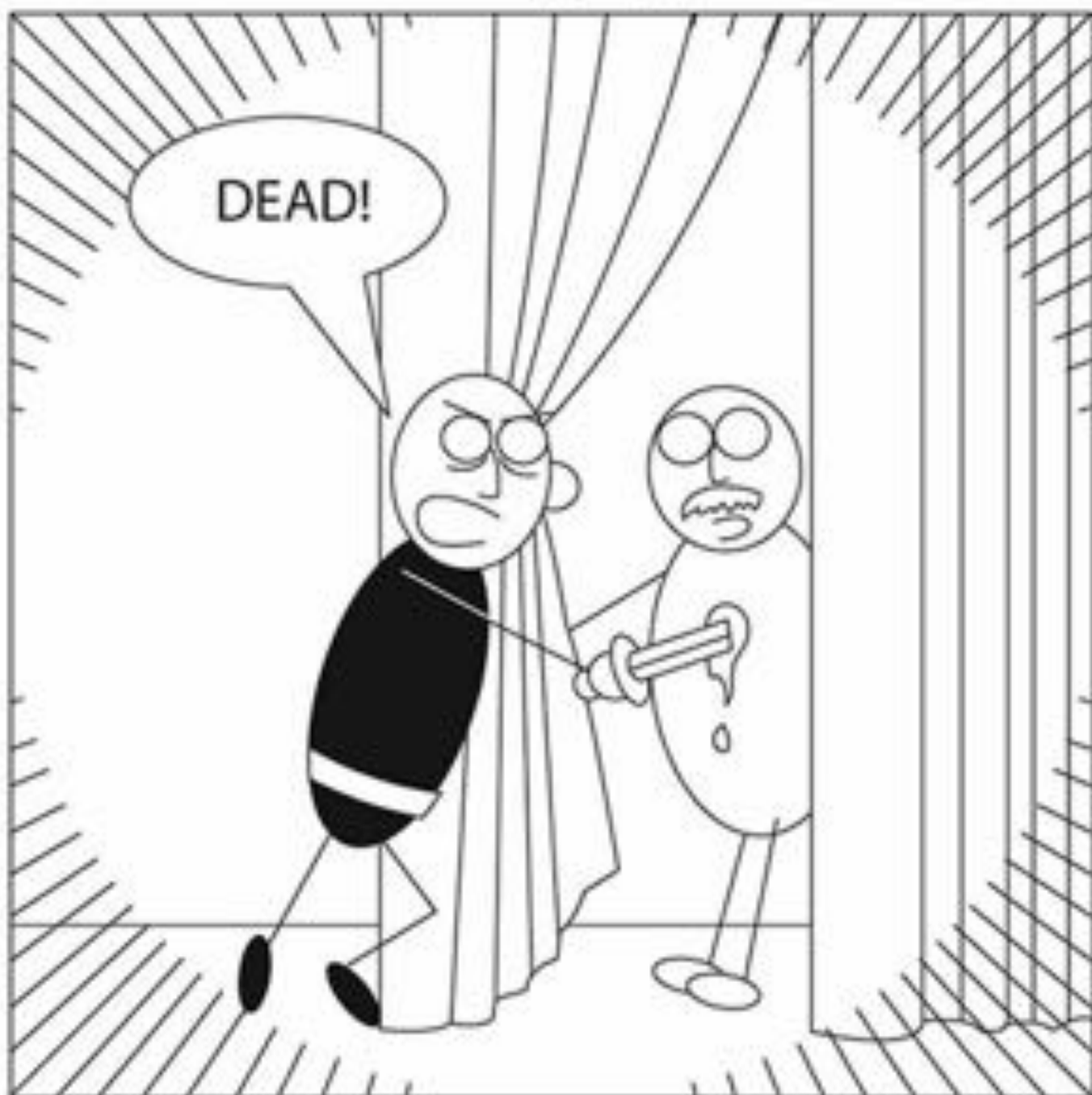
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.

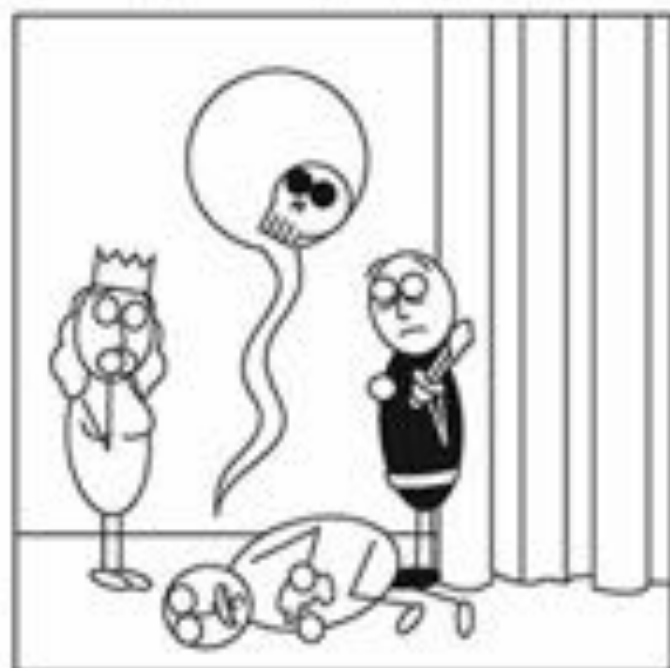
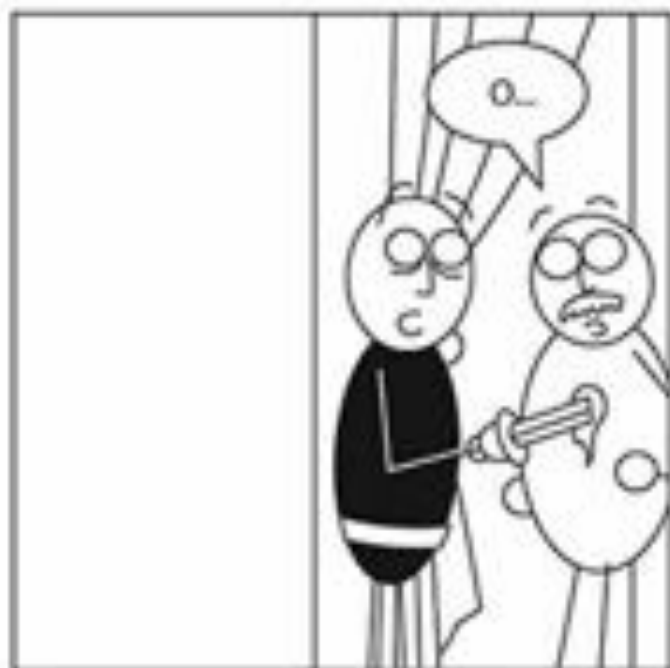












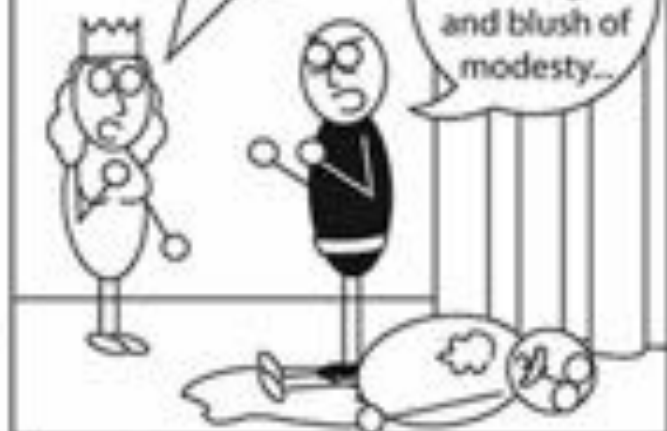


For so I shall if it be made of penetrable stuff, if damned custom have not brazed it so that it be proof and bulwark against sense.



What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?

Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty...



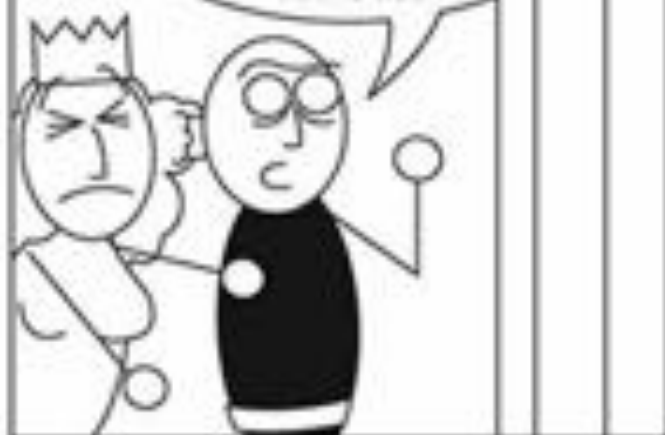
...calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love and sets a blister there, makes marriage vows as false as dicers' oaths!



O, such a deed as from the body of contraction plucks the very soul, and sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words!



Heaven's face does glow o'er this solidity and compound mass with heated visage, as against the doom, is thought-sick at the act.



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



Look here upon this picture and on this, the counterfeit presentment of two brothers.



See what a grace was seated on this brow...



...Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, an eye like Mars' to threaten and command, a station like the herald Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill...

...a combination and a form indeed where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. This

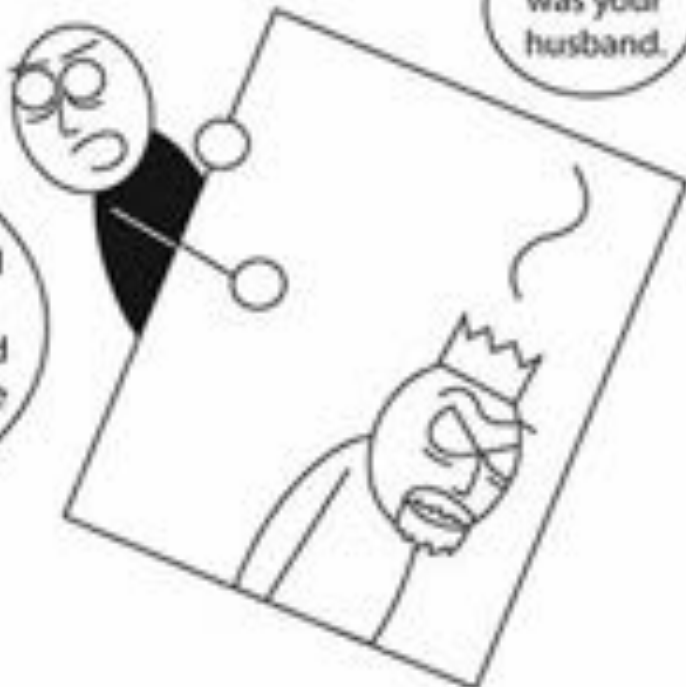
was your husband.

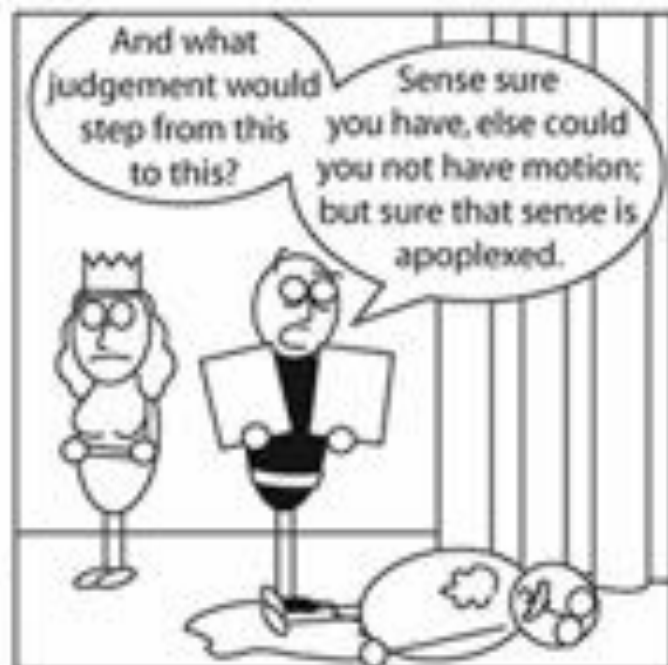


Look you now what follows. Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed and batten on this moor?

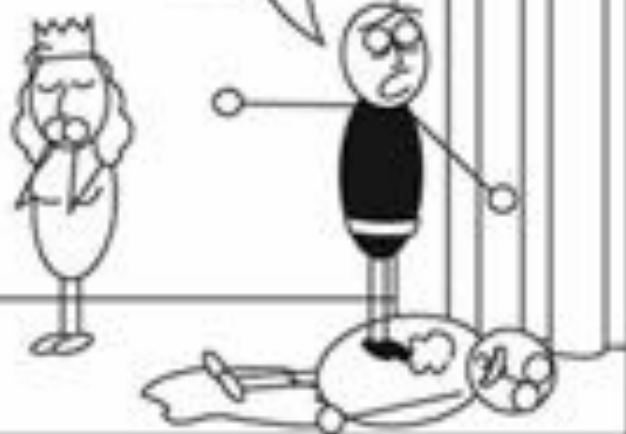
HA!

HAVE YOU EYES?





Rebellious hell, if thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, to flaming youth let virtue be as wax and melt in her own fire.



Proclaim no shame when the compulsive ardor gives the charge, since frost itself as actively doth burn, and reason panders will.



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.



Nay, but to live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, stewed in corruption, honeying and making love over the nasty sty.



O, speak to me no more!

These words like daggers enter in my ears!

No more, sweet Hamlet!

A murderer and a villain...



A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe of your precedent lord!



A vice of kings, a cutpurse
of the empire and the rule,
that from a shelf the precious
diadem stole and put it
in his pocket...



No
more!

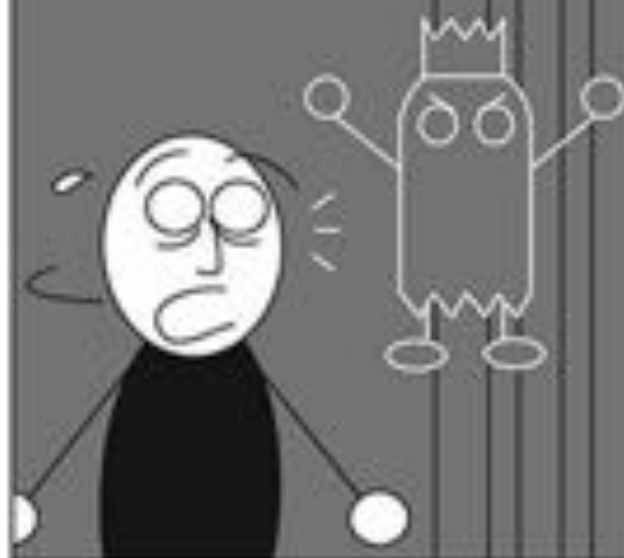
A KING OF
SHREDS...



and...



...patches.



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



Alas, he's mad.



It's revol' line am eve? ylnvess! say ,gniw sury dliw am sury 'tilow tuW'libnaup Tenuq! avoisip

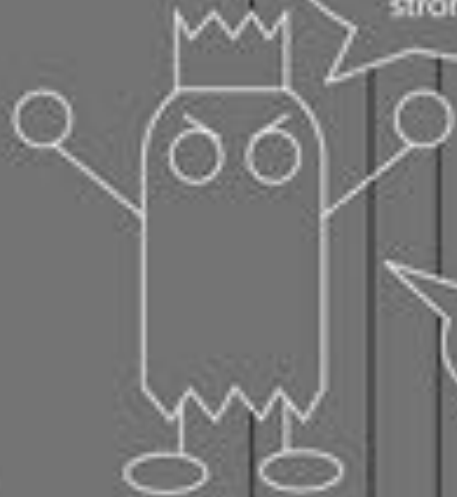
Do you not come your tardy son to chide, that, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by th' important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

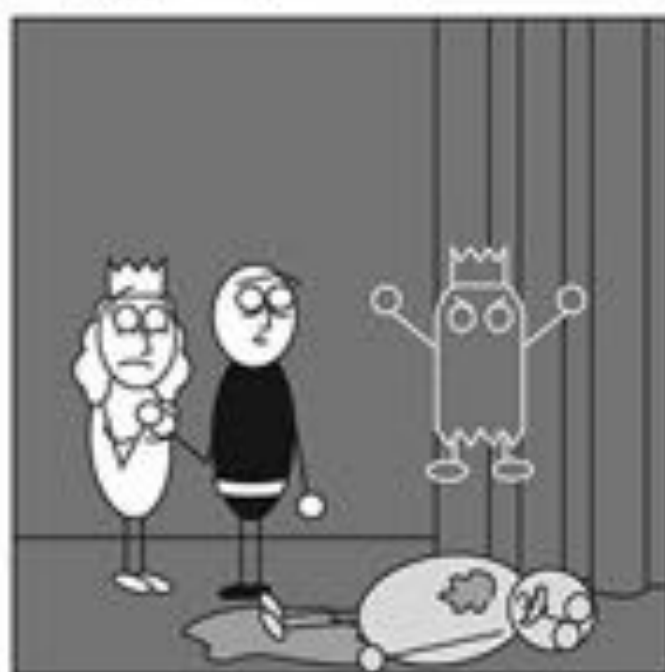
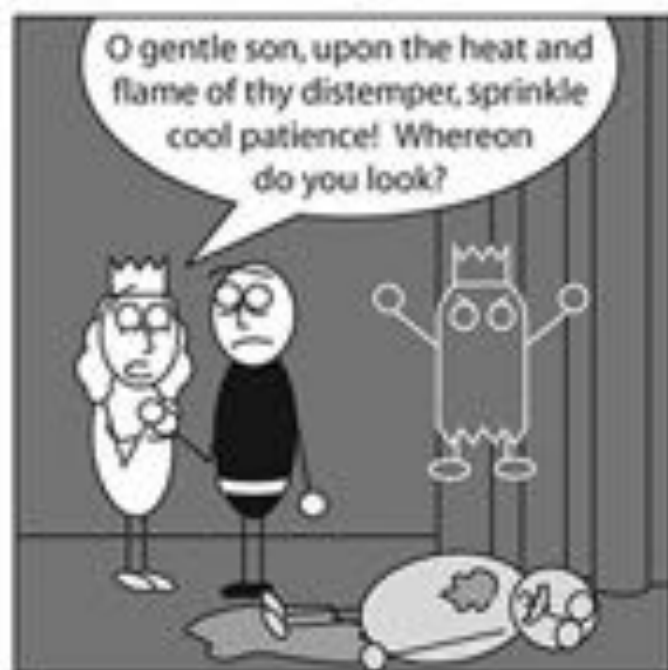
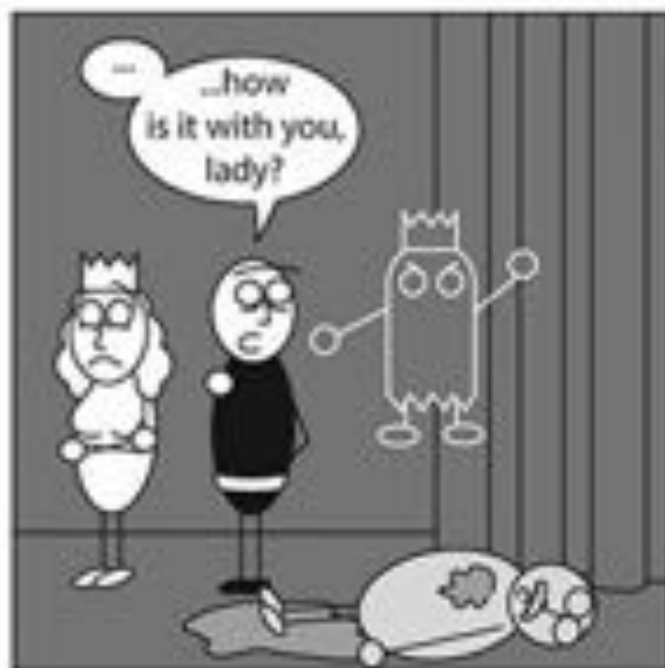


Do not forget. This visitation is but to what thy almost blunted purpose. But look, amazement on thy mother sits.

O, step between her and her fighting soul. Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.



Speak to her, Hamlet.







My pulse as
yours doth temperately
keep time and makes as
healthful music.



It is not madness that I have
uttered. Bring me to the test,
and I the matter will reward,
which madness would
gambol from.



Mother, for love of
grace, lay not that flattering
unction to your soul that not
your trespass but my
madness speaks.



It will but
skin and film the ulcerous
place, whiles rank corruption,
mining all within, infects
unseen.

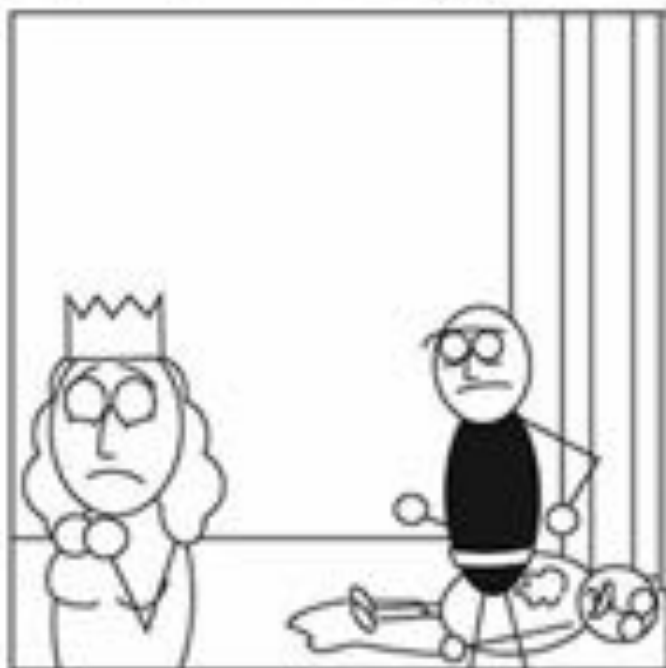
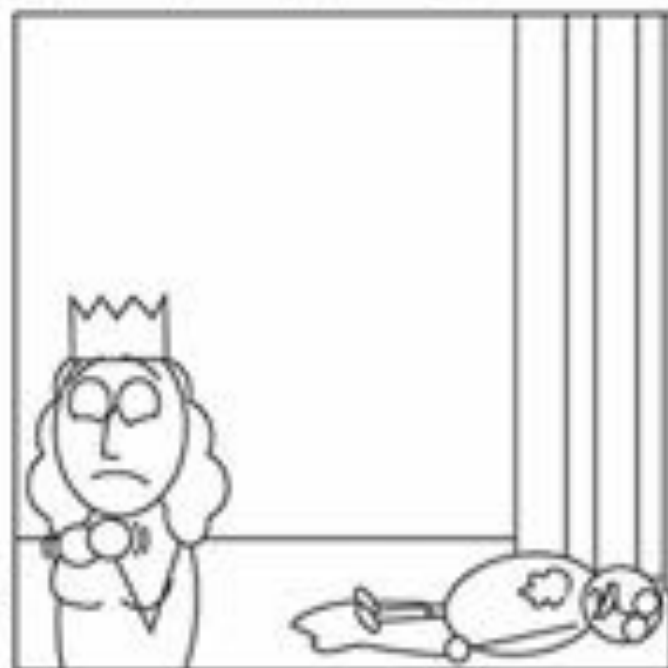
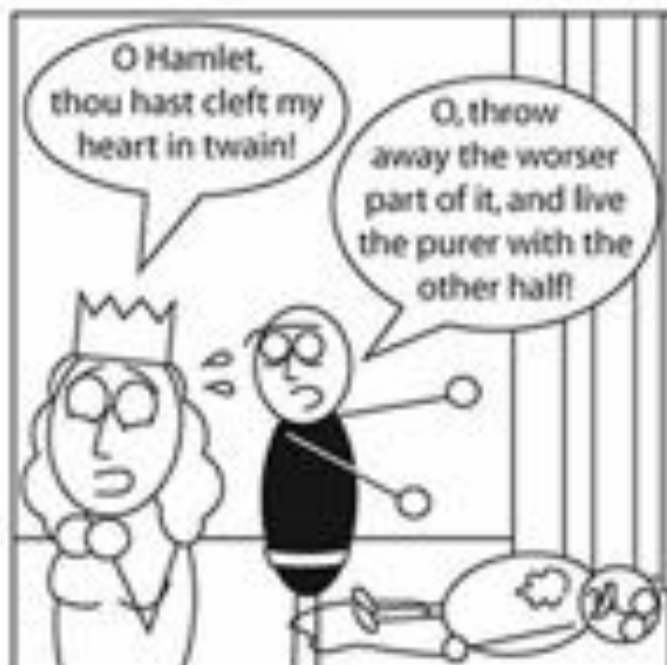


Confess yourself to heaven, repent
what's past, avoid what is to come,
and do not spread the compost
on the weeds to make
them ranker.



Forgive me
this my virtue, for, in the
fatness of these pury times,
virtue itself of vice must
pardon beg.







Refrain tonight, and that shall lend a kind of easiness to the next abstinence, the next more easy.



For use almost can change the stamp of nature and either master the devil or throw him out with wondrous potency.

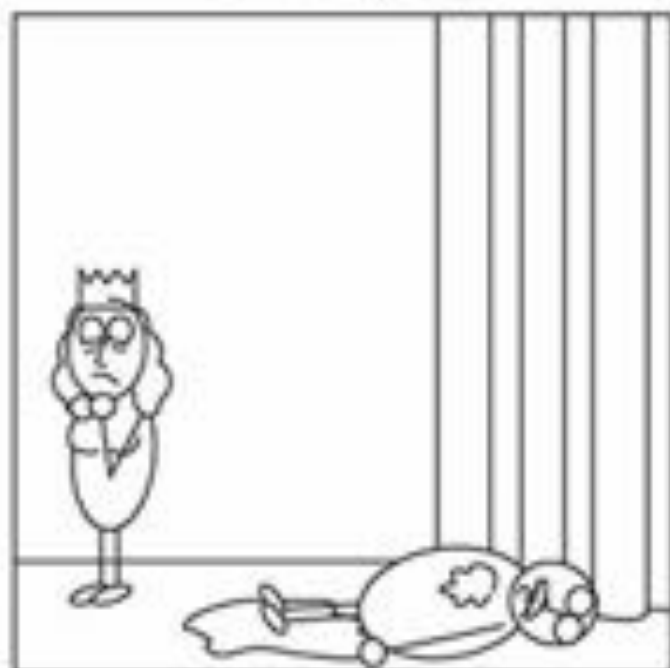


Once more, good night.



And, when you are desirous to be blest, I'll blessing beg of you.







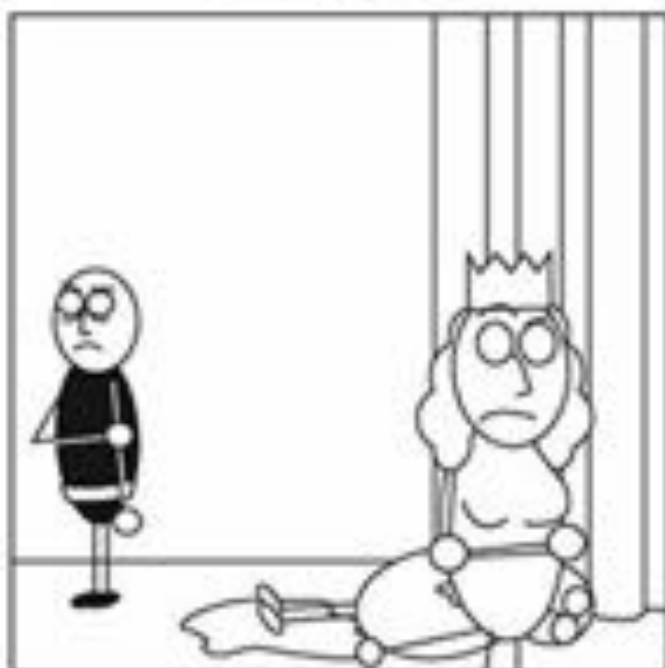
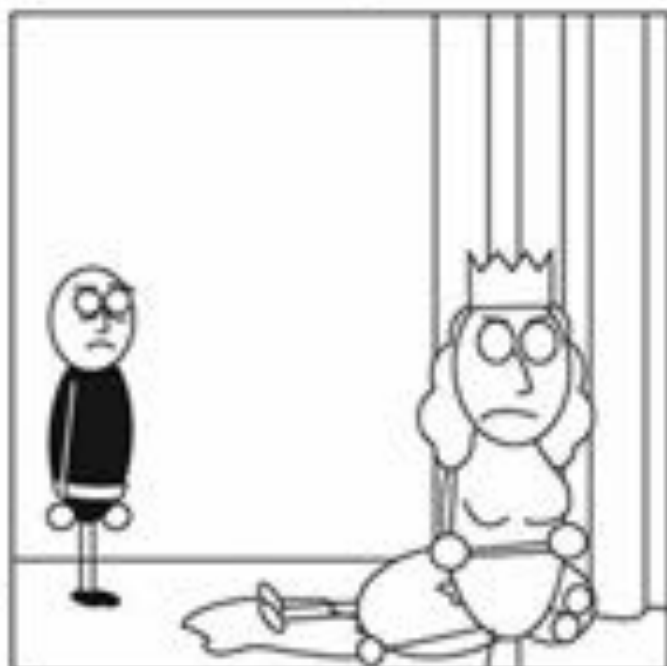
No, in
despite of sense
of secrecy, unpeg
the basket on the
house's top.



Let the birds fly,
and like the famous ape,
to try conclusions, in the basket
creep and break your own
neck down.



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.



I must
to England, you
know that.

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



There's letters sealed; and my two schoolfellows, whom I will trust as adders fanged, they bear the mandate; they must sweep my way and marshal me to knavery.



Let it work, for 'tis the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard; and't shall go hard but I will delve one yard below their mines and blow them at the moon.



O, 'tis most sweet when in one line two crafts directly meet.



This man shall set me packing. I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.

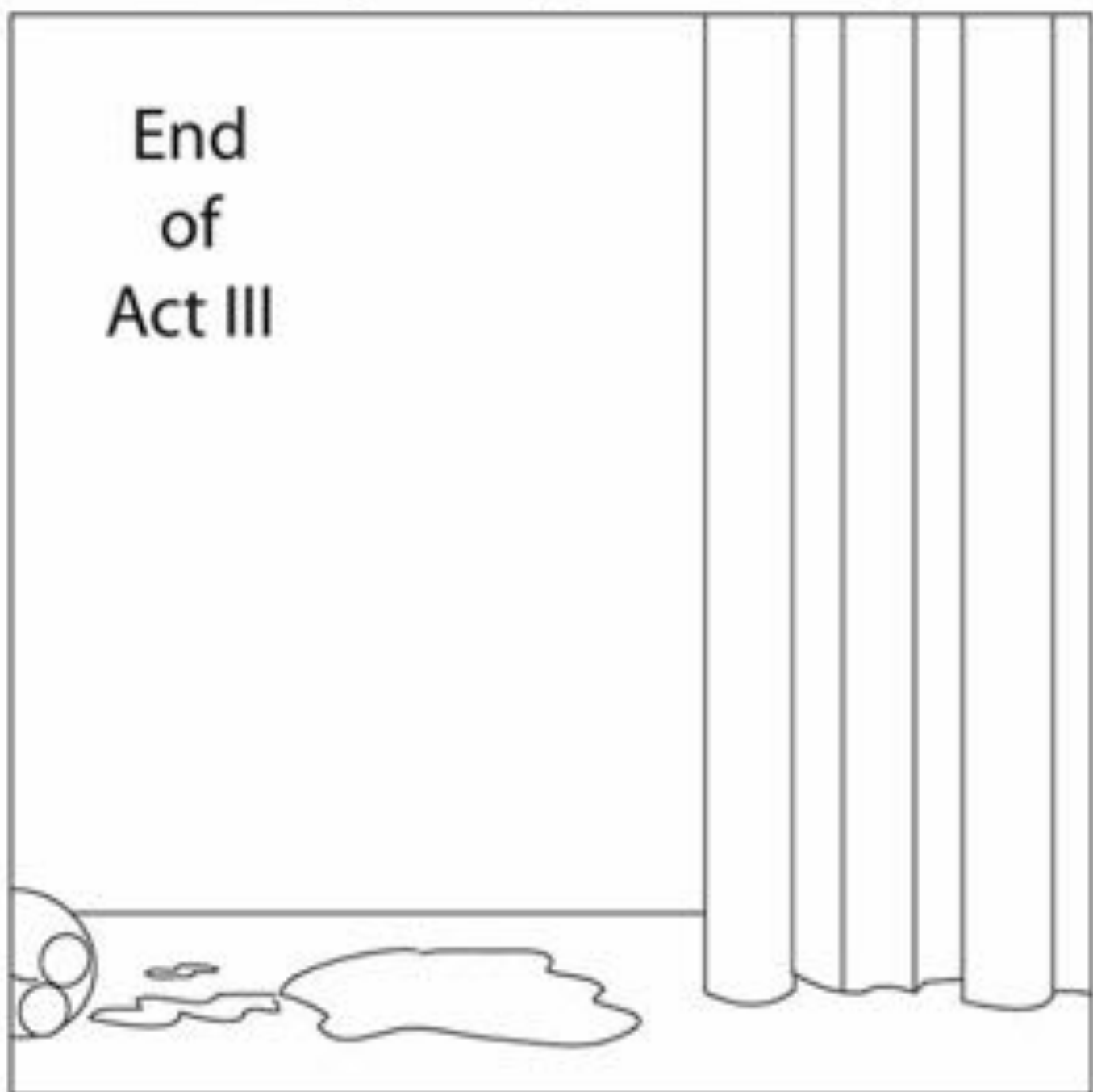
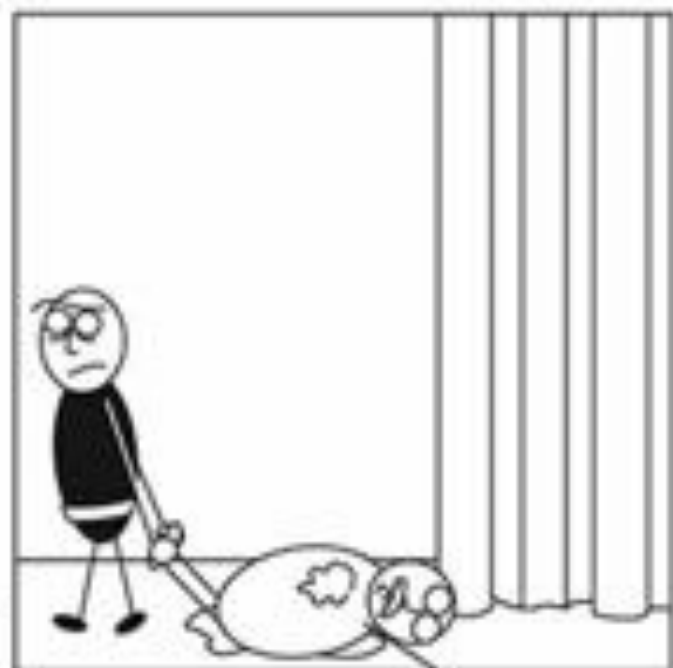


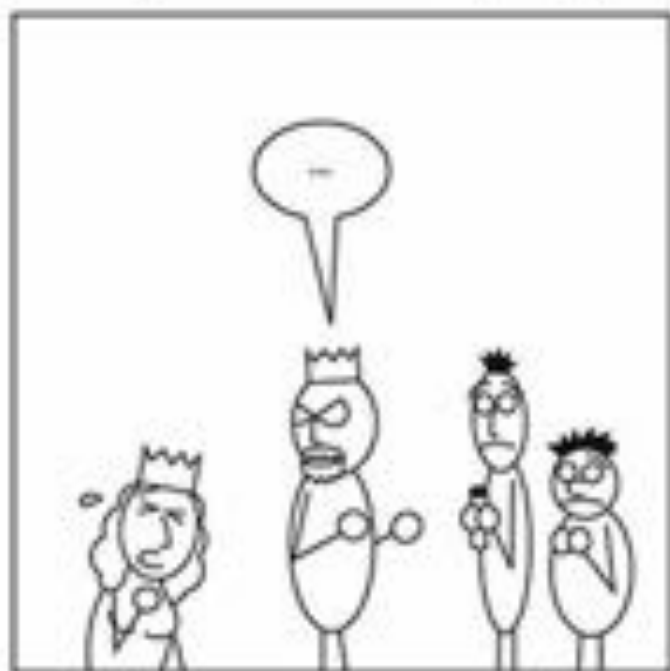
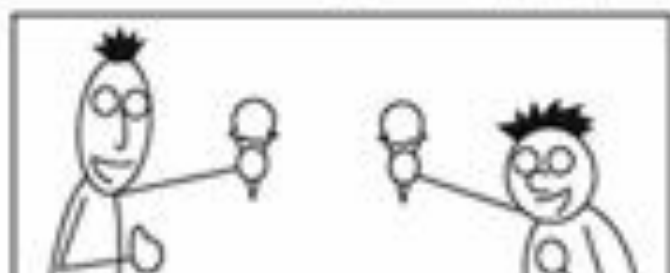
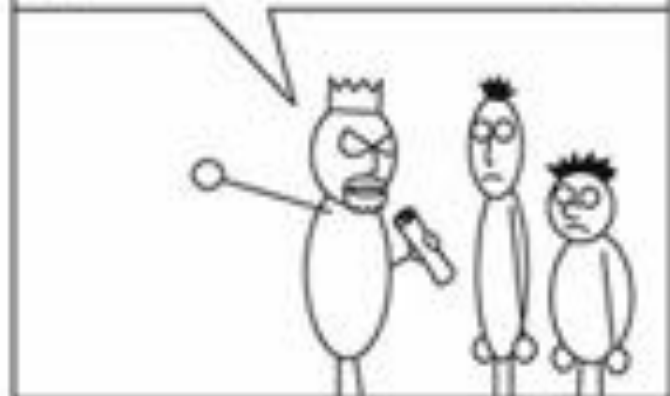
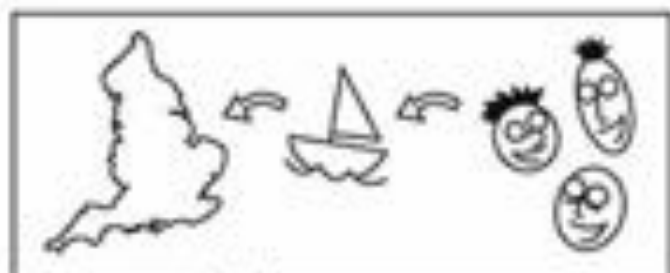
Mother, good night indeed. This counselor is now most still, most secret, and most grave, who was in life a foolish prating knave.



Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.







There's
matter in these
sighs.



These
profound heaves
you must translate; 'tis
fit we understand
them.

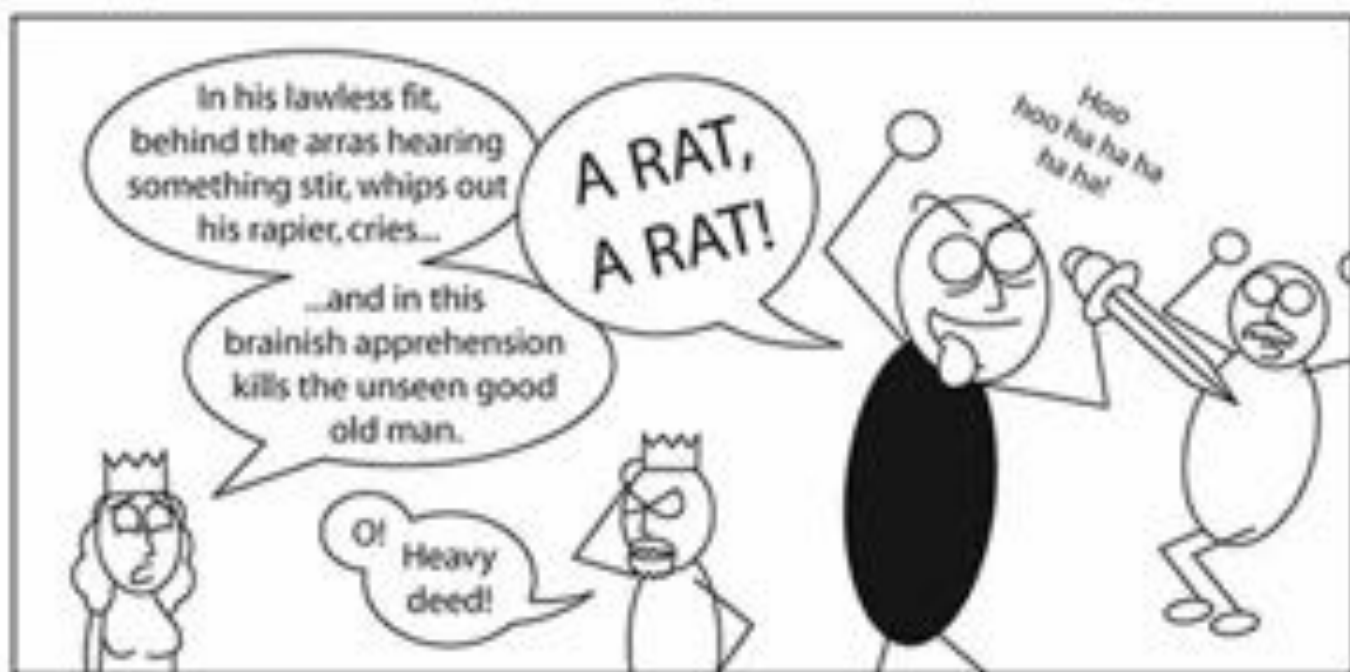
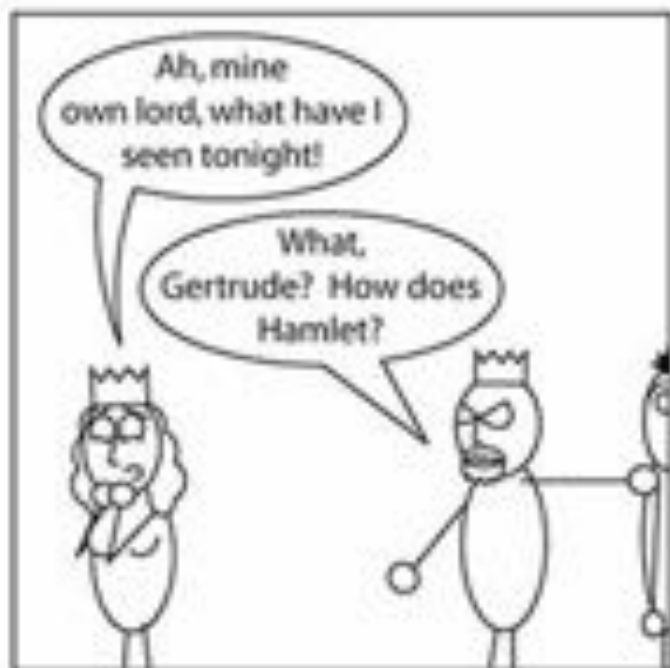



Where is
your son?




Bestow
this place on us a little
while.









Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?




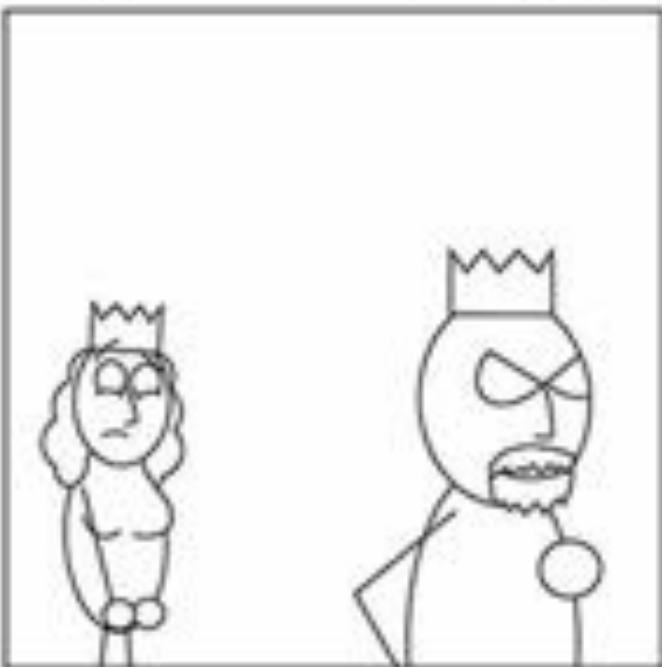
It will be laid to us, whose providence should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt this mad young man.



But so much was our love, we would not understand what was most fit...



...but, like the owner of a foul disease, to keep it from divulging, let it feed even on the plith of life.



Where is he gone?

To draw apart the body he hath killed, o'er whom his very madness, like some ore among a mineral of metals base, shows itself pure.



He weeps for what is done.

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!



Friends both, go join you with some further aid. Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, and from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.



Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body into the chapel.



I pray
you...haste in
this.



Come, Gertrude, we'll
call up our wisest friends and
let them know both what we
mean to do and what's
untimely done.



So haply slander whose
whisper o'er the world's diameter,
as level as the cannon to his blank
transports his poisoned shot, may
miss our name and hit the
woundless air.



O, come
away! My soul is
full of discord and
dismay.



Safely
stowed.

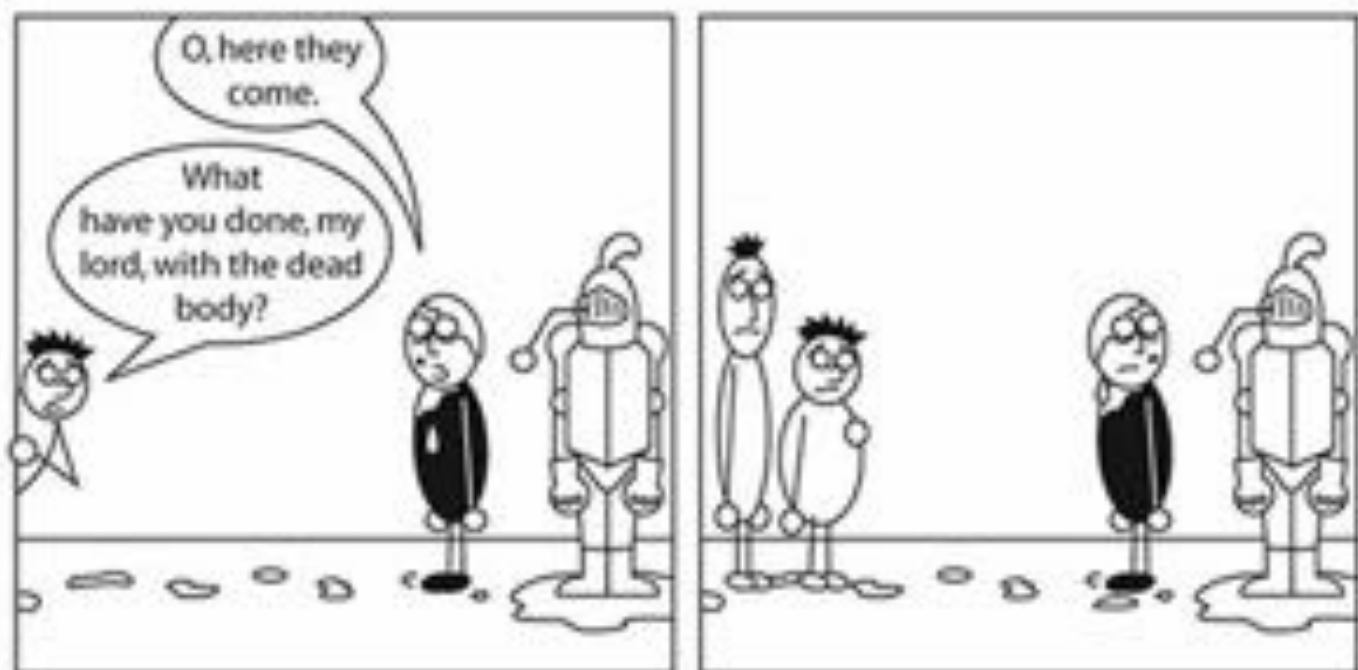
Hamlet!
Lord Hamlet!

But soft,
what noise? Who calls
on Hamlet?



O, here they
come.

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



Compounded
it with dust, whereto
'tis kin.



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

sketch
sketch.

Do not
believe it.

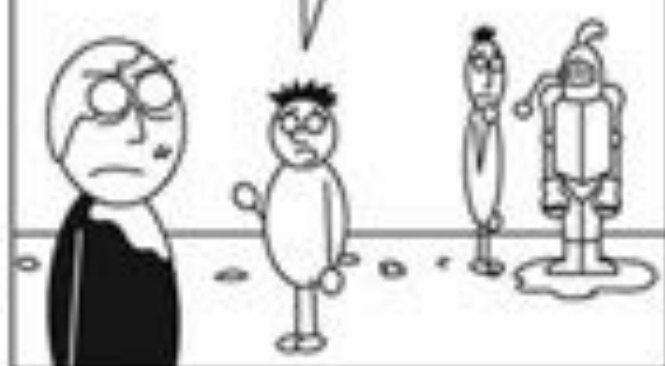
Believe
what?



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



Take you
me for a sponge,
my lord?



Ay, sir, that soaks up the
King's countenance, his rewards,
his authorities. But such officers
do the King best service
in the end.

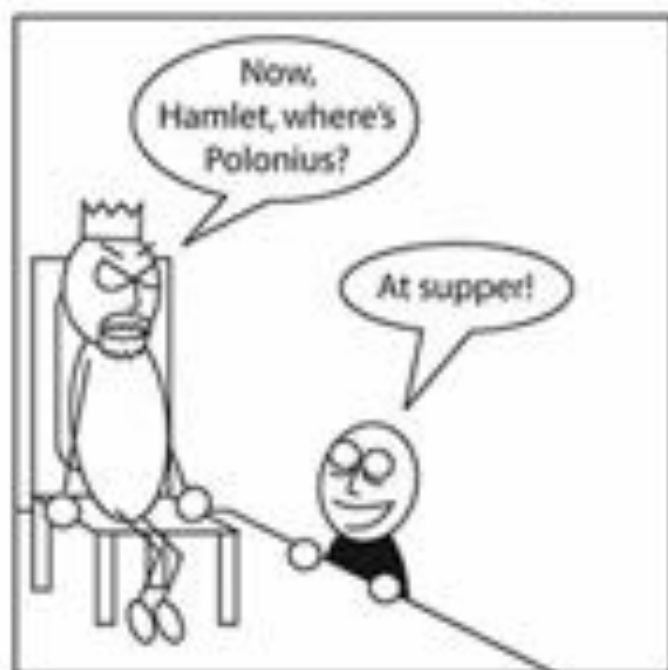


He keeps them
like an ape an apple in
the corner of his jaw, first
mouthed, to be last
swallowed.









Your fat king and
your lean beggar is but
variable service... two
dishes but to one
table.



That's
the end.

Alas, alas!



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

What dost
thou mean
by this?



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

Where is
Polonius?

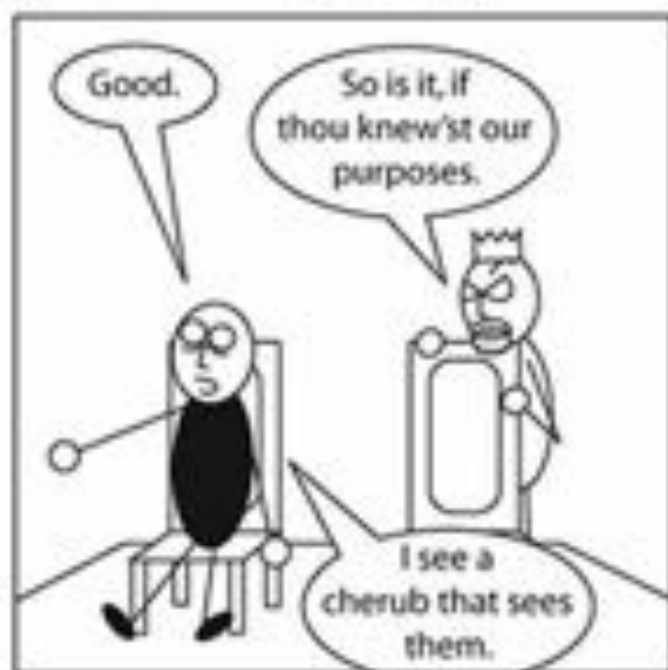
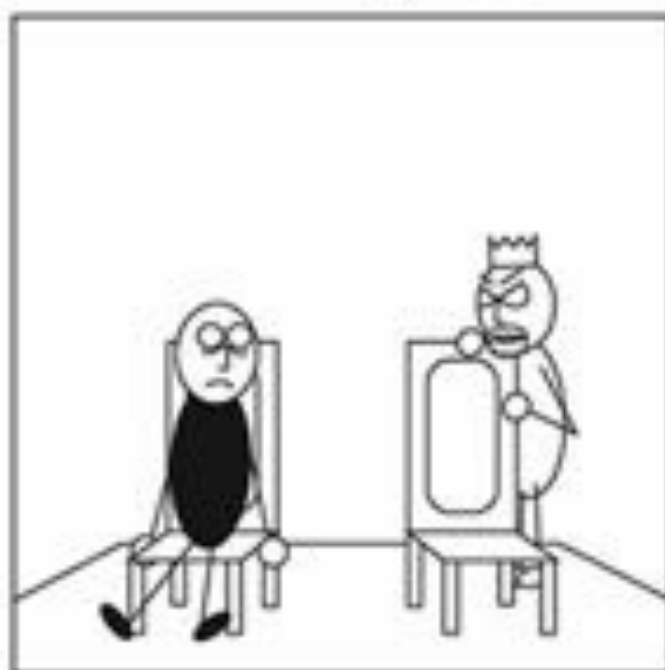
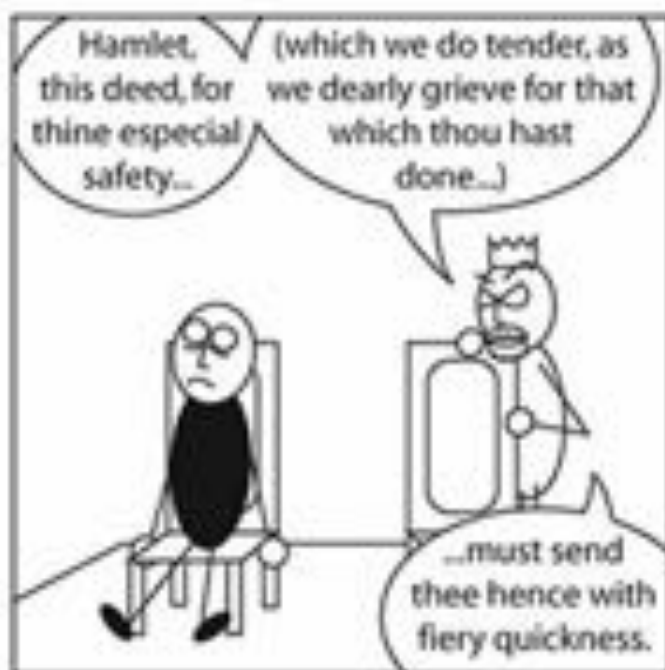


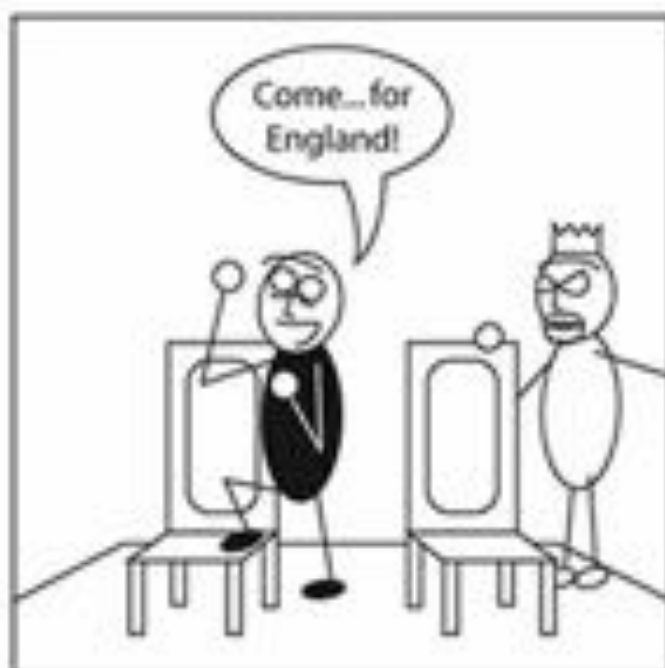
In heaven!
Send thither to
see.



If your messenger
find him not there, seek
him i'th'other place
yourself.







And England,
if my love thou holds't
at aught...

As my great power thereof may
give thee sense, since yet thy cicatrice
looks raw and red after the Danish
sword, and thy free awe pays
homage to us...

Thou mayst not
coldly set our sovereign
process, which imparts 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!

Till I know 'tis done,
howe'er my haps, my
joys were ne'er
begun.

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king. Tell him that by his license Fortinbras craves the conveyance of a promised march over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If his Majesty would aught with us, we shall express our duty in his eye; and let him know so.

I will do't, my lord.

Go softly on.





Two thousand souls
and twenty thousand ducats will
not debate the question of this straw.
This is th'impostume of much wealth
and peace, that inward breaks and
shows no cause without why
the man dies.



I humbly
thank you,
sir.

God
be wi'you,
sir.



Will't
please you go, my
lord?



I'll be with
you straight. Go a
little before.



How all occasions do inform against me and spur my dull revenge.

What is a man if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Now whether it be bestial oblivion or some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on th'event.

(A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom and ever three parts coward...)

Sure He that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused.



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 to all that fortune, death, and danger dare, even for an eggshell.



Rightly to be great is not
to stir without great argument,
but greatly to find quarrel in
a straw when honor's
at the stake.



How stand I, then, that
have a father killed, a mother
stained, excitements of my reason
and my blood, and let
all sleep?



While to my shame I see the
imminent death of twenty thousand
men that for a fantasy and trick of
fame go to their graves
like beds, fight for a
plot whereon the
numbers cannot try
the cause, which is not
tomb enough and
continent to hide
the slain.



O, from this time forth,
my thoughts be bloody, or be
nothing worth!





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

Let her come in.

To my sick soul (as sin's true nature is), each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt, it spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

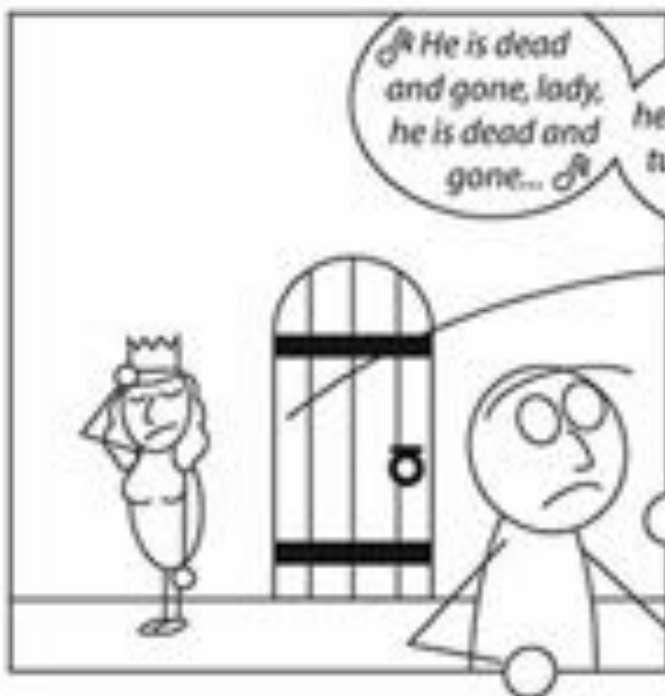
Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

How now, Ophelia?

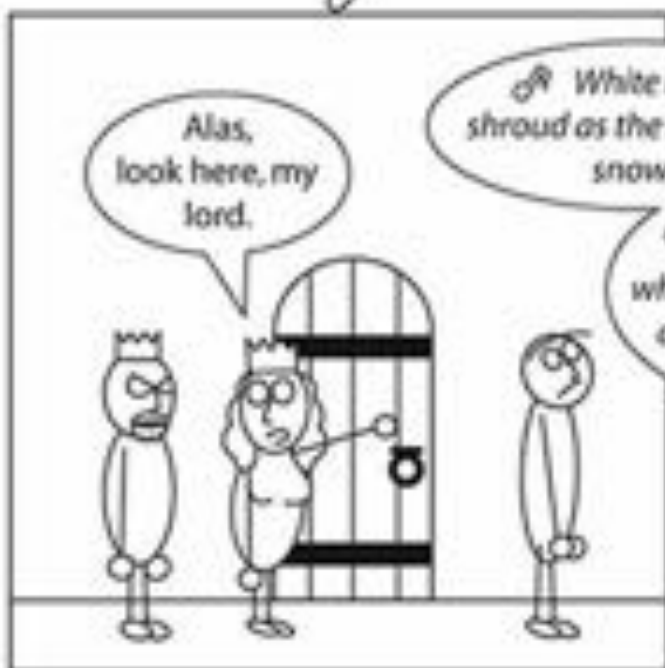
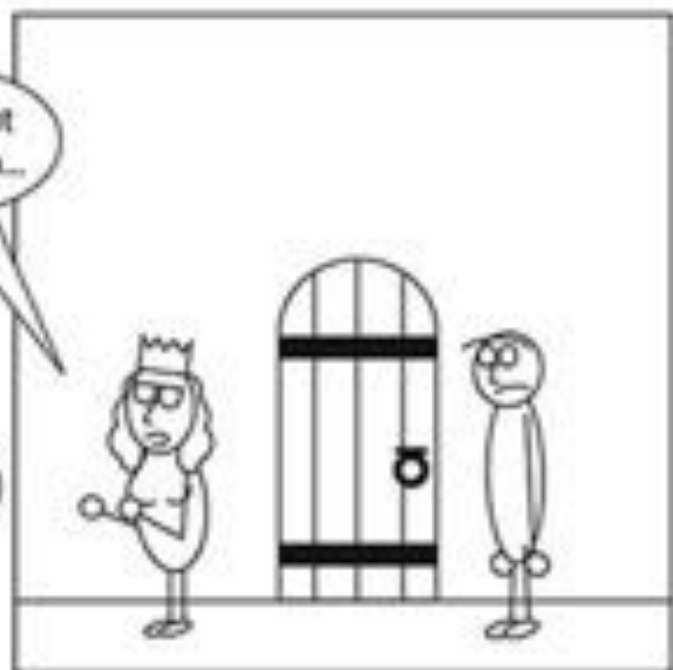
How should I your true love know from another one? By his cockle hat and staff and his sandle shoon!

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.



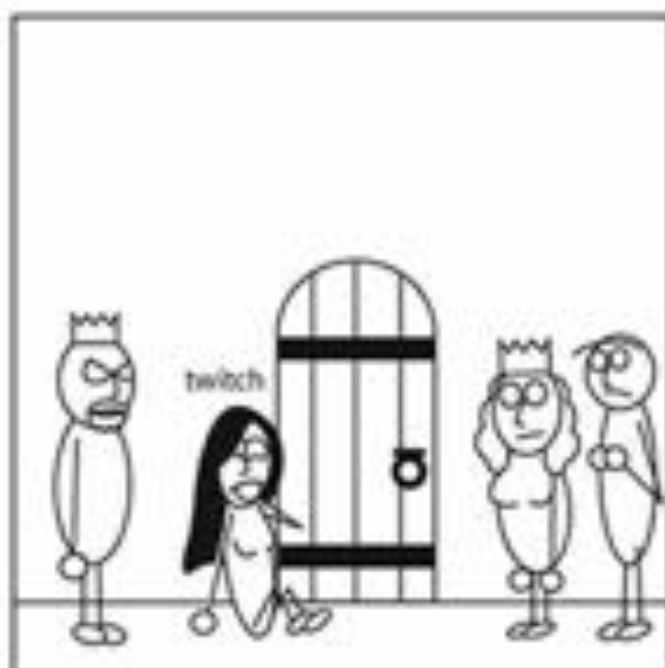
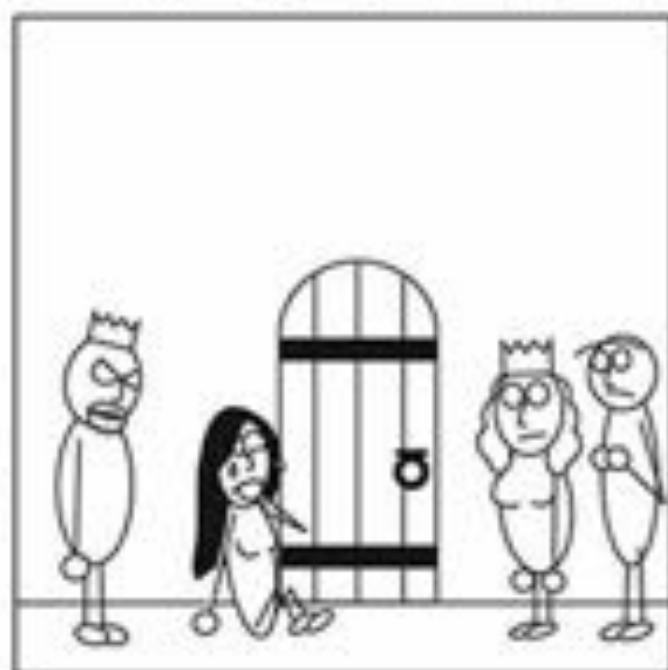
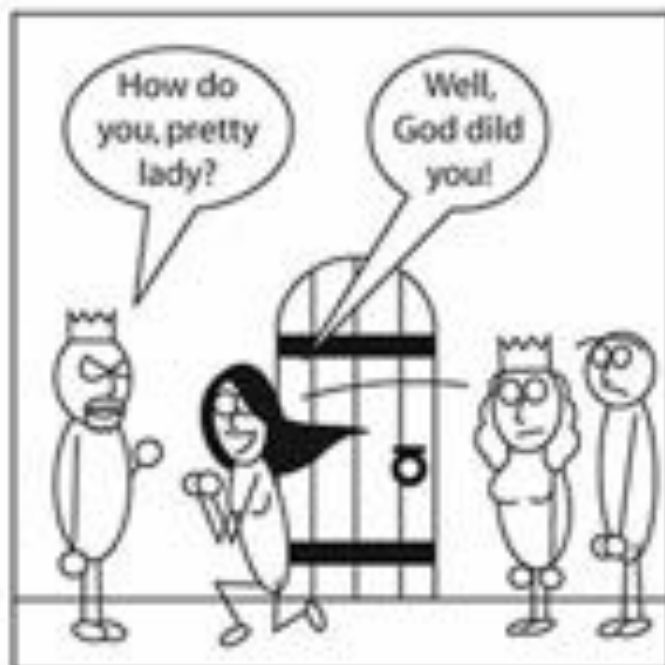
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

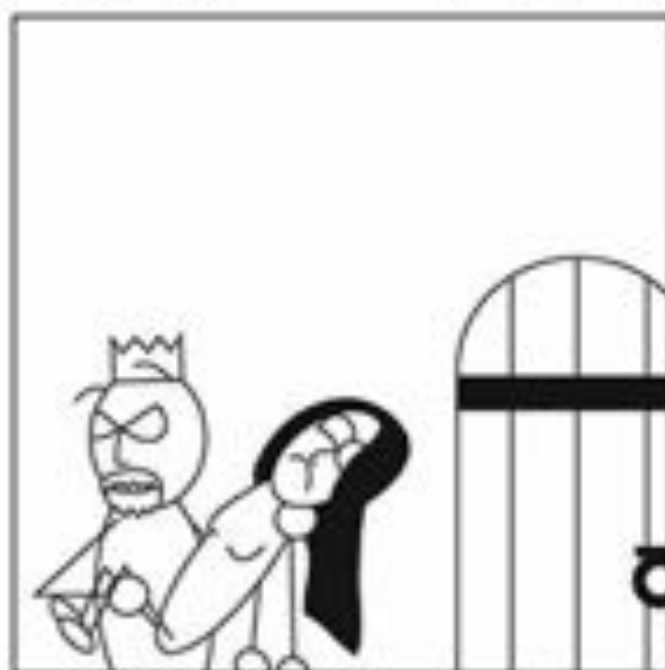
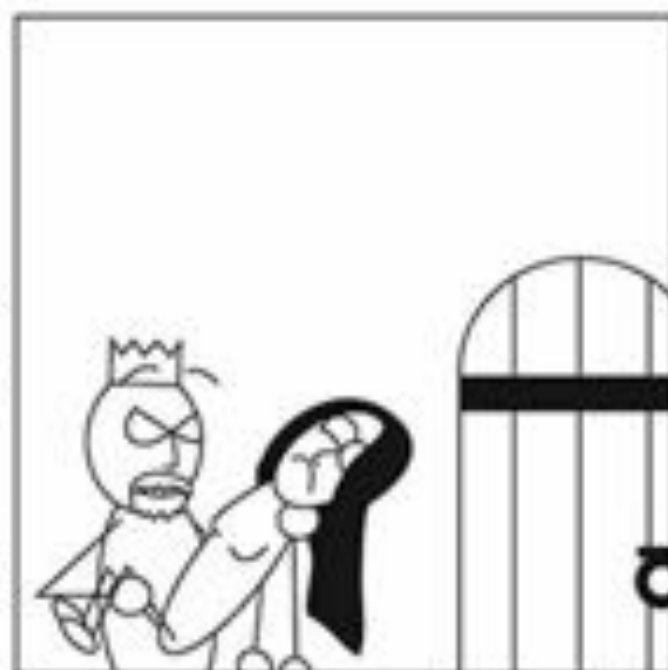


White his shroud as the mountain snow...

Larded all with sweet flowers; which bewept to the ground did not go with true-love showers!







By Gis and by Saint Charity,
alack and fie for shame,
young men will do't, if they
come to't...



By Cock,
they are to
blame.



Quoth she "Before
you tumbled me, you
promised me
to wed."



He answers:
So would
I'a done, by yonder sun,
an thou hadst not come
to my bed!"

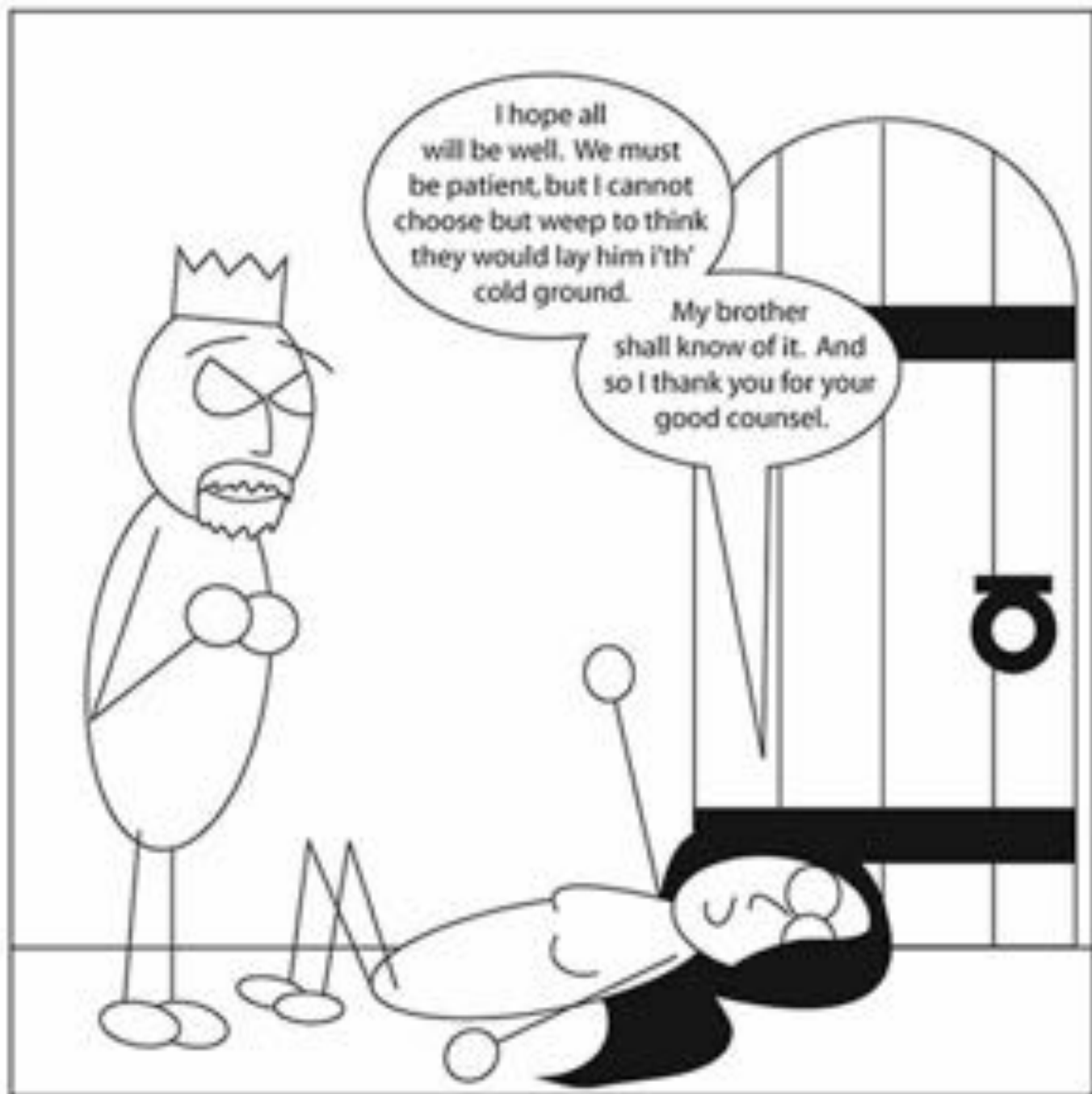


hee hee
hee hee!



How long
hath she been
thus?!





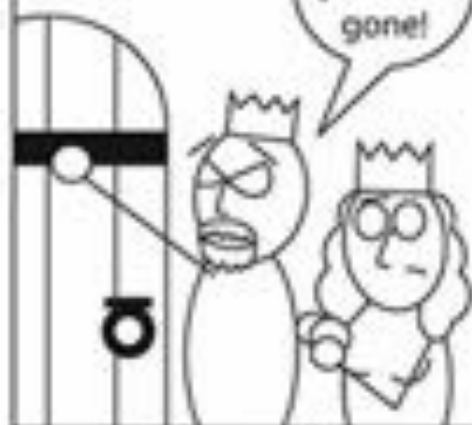
O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs all from her father's death, and now behold!



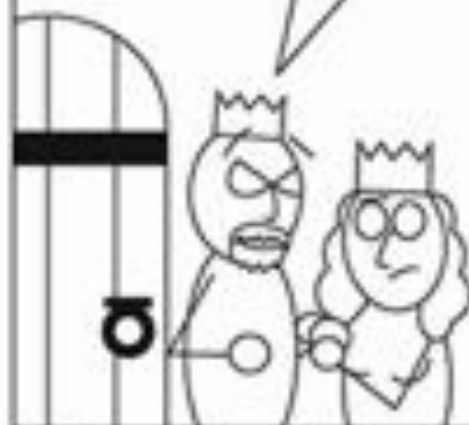
O Gertrude, Gertrude... when sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.



First, her father slain. Next, your son gone!



And he most violent author of his own just remove!



The people muddied, thick, and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers for good Polonius' death...



...and we have done but greenly in hugger-mugger to inter him.



Poor Ophelia
divided from herself and
her fair judgement, without the
which we are pictures or
mere beasts.



Last, and as much
containing as all these, her
brother is in secret come
from France...



...feeds on his
wonder, keeps himself
in clouds...

...and wants not buzzers
to infect his ear with pestilent
speeches of his father's death,
wherein necessity, of matter
beggared, will nothing stick
our person to arraign in
ear and ear.



O, my dear
Gertrude, this, like
a murd'ring piece, in
many places gives
me superfluous
death.



BANG!!!

Alack,
what noise is
this?



Attend! Where
is my switzers? Guard
the door!



What is the
matter?

Save
yourself, my
lord!



The ocean, overpeering of
his list, eats not the flats with more
impiteous haste than young Laertes,
in a riotous head, o'erbears
your officers.



The rabble call him "lord," and,
as the world were now but to begin,
antiquity forgot, custom not known,
the ratifiers and props of every
word, they cry...

"Choose
we, Laertes shall
be king!"



BANG!!!

How
cheerfully on
the false trail
they cry.



THE
DOORS ARE
BROKE!

O, this is
counter, you
false Danish
dogs!





