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Hamlet

By William Shakespeare

I have of late,
wherefore I know not...
Iost all my mirth.
What a piece of work is a man.
How noble in reason,
how infinite in faculties.
In form, in moving,
how express and admirable.
In action, how like an ngel.
In apprehensin, how like a god.
The beauty of the worid,
the paragon of animals.
And yet to me...
what is this
quintessence of dust?
Though yet of Hamlet
our dear brother's death...
our memory be green
and that it is us befitted
to bear our heart in grief,
and our whole kingdom to be
contracted in one brow of woe.
Yet so far hath discretion
fought with nature
that we with wisest sorrow
think on him
together with remembrance
of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister,
now our Queen,
the imperial jointress
to this warlike state
have we, as 'twere,
with a defeated joy,
with an auspicious
and dropping eye,
with mirth and 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 follow 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,
co-leagued with 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 bond of law
to our most valiant brother.
So much for him.
And now, Laertes,
what's the news with you?
The head is not more native to
the heart, the hand to the mouth,
than the throne of Denmark
to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
My dread lord, your leave
and favour to return to France,
from whence, though willing I come
to show my duty in your coronation,
now I must confess that duty done,
my thoughts bend again to France.
Have you your father's leave?
What says Polonius?
He has wrung from me by slow leave,
by laboursome petition
and at last upon his will
I sealed my hard consent.
I do beseech you
give him leave to go.
Take thy fair hour, Laertes.
Time be thine,

and thy best grace.
Spend it at thy will.
My cousin Hamlet, and my son.
How is it that the clouds
still hang on you?
Hamlet,
cast thy nighted colour off,
and let thine eye look like
a friend on Denmark.
Do not with veiled lids seek for
thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common.
All that lives must die,
passing through nature to eternity.
Ay, madam, it is common.
If it be,
why seems it so
particular with thee?
Seems, madam?
Nay, it is.
I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak,
good mother,
nor customary suits
of solemn black,
nor windy suspiration
of forced breath. No.
Nor the fruitful river in the eye
that can denote me truly.
These indeed seem.
They are actions
that a man might play.
But I have within
that passeth show
these but the trappings
and the suits of woe.
'Tis sweet and commendable
in your nature, Hamlet,
to give these mourning duties
to your father.
That father lost,
lost his,
and the survivor bound
in filial obligation for some term

to do obsequious sorrow.
But to persevere in condolment
is impious stubbornness.
'Tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect
to heaven,
a heart unfortified,
a mind impatient.
For your intent on going back
to school in Wittenberg
is most retrograde
to our desire.
We beseech you to remain in
the care and comfort of our eye.
Let not thy mother
lose her prayers, Hamlet.
Stay with us, go not
to Wittenberg.
I shall in all my best
obey you, madam.
O that this too too solid flesh
would melt,
thaw and resolve itself
into a dew.
Or the Everlasting had not fixed
his canon against self slaughter.
O God, how weary, stale,
flat and unprofitable seem to me
all the uses of this world.
'Tis an unweeded garden
that grows to seed.
Things rank and gross in nature
possess it merely.
That it should come to this.
But two months dead,
nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king, that was
to this, Hyperion to a satyr.
So loving to my mother that
he might not beteem the winds
visit her face too roughly.
She would hang on him as if
increase of appetite grew by
what it fed on, yet within a month,

I may not think on it.
Frailty, thy name is woman.
O little month,
or ere these 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.
What make you from Wittenberg?
Marcella.
My good lord.
I am very glad to see you.
Good even, sir.
But what, in faith,
make you from Wittenberg?
A truant disposition,
good my lord.
What is your affair in Elsinore?
I came to see
your father's funeral.
I prithee, do not mock me,
it was to see my mother's wedding.
Indeed, it followed hard upon.
Thrift, Horatio.
The funeral baked meats did
coldly furnish the marriage tables.

Would I have met my dearest foe
in Heaven
or ever I had seen that day.
My father.
Methinks I see my father.
Where, my lord?
In my mind's eye.
I saw him once.
He was a goodly king.
He was a man, take him for all,
I shall not see his like again.
I think I saw him,
yesternight.
Saw? Who?
My lord, the King, your father.
The King, my father?
Season your admiration for a while
with an attent ear
while I deliver upon witness of
this gentleman this marvel to you.
In the dead waste of the middle of
the night, the apparition comes.
Where was this?
Upon the platform where we watched.
'Tis here.
Did you not speak to it?
I did, but answer made it none.
Yet once, methought,
it lifted up its head,
like as if it would speak.
Stay, illusin.
If thou hast any sound or use
of voice, speak to me.
It is offended.
If there be good to be done
that may to thee do ease,
and grace to me, speak to me.
Speak! Speak!
I charge thee, speak.
'Tis very strange.
As I do live, my lord,
'tis true.
And we did think of it our duty
to let you know of it.

Indeed, indeed,
but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch again tonight?
I do, my lord.
What looked he, frowningly?
A countenance more in sorrow
than in anger.
And fixed his eyes upon you?
Most constantly.
How would I have been there.
I would have much amazed you.
I will watch tonight.
I will speak to it
though hell itself should
gape and bid me hold my peace.
And I pray you all,
if you have hitherto concealed
this sight, let it be
tenable in your silence still.
And what shall hap tonight,
give it understanding but no tongue.
I will require your loves.
So fare you well.
Upon on the platform,
twixt 11 and 12, I'll visit you.
Our duty to your honour.
Your loves as mine to you.
Farewell.
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.
Perhaps he loves you now,
and now no soil nor cautel
doth besmirch the virtue
of his will.
But you must fear.
His virtue weighed,
his will is not his own,
for he is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
carve for himself,
for on his choice depends

the health and safety of this state.
Therefore must his choice be
circumscribed unto the voice
of that body whereof he is head.
Then if he says he loves you,
it fits your wisdom to believe it
as he in his particular act
and place
may give his saying deed which is
no further than the main voice
of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your
honour may sustain if with too...
credent ear
you list his songs,
or lose your heart.
Or your chaste treasure open to
his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia.
Fear it, my dear sister.
Keep you in the rear
of your affection,
out of shot and danger of desire.
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
while like a puffed
and reckless libertine
himself the primrose path
of dalliance treads...
and recks not his own creed.
Fear me not.
I stay too long.
A double blessing
is a double grace.
Occasin smiles upon a second leave.
Yet here, Laertes?

Aboard, aboard for shame.
The wind sits in the shoulder
of your sail, and you stayed for?
My blessing with thee.
And these few precepts,
in thy memory look thou character.
Give thy thoughts no tongue,
nor unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar,
but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast,
and their adoption tried,
grapple them to thy soul
with hoops of steel.
But do not dull thy palm
with entertainment of each
new-hatched, unpledged comrade.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel,
but being in it,
bear it that the opposed
may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear,
but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure,
but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit
as thy purse can buy,
but not expressed in fancy.
Rich, not gaudy.
For the apparel
oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower
nor a lender be,
for loan oft loses
both itself and friend.
This above all,
to thine own self be true,
and it must follow,
as the night the day,
thou canst not be false to any man.
I humbly take my leave, my lord.
The time invites you. Go.
Farewell, Ophelia.
Remember well what I said to you.

Angels and ministers of grace
defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health
or goblin damned,
bring with thee airs of heaven
or blasts from hell,
thou com'st in such questionable
shape that I'll speak to thee.

Mark me.

I will.

My hour is almost come
when I to sulphurous and tormenting
flames must render up myself.

Alas, poor ghost.

Pity me not.

But lend thy serious hearing
to what I shall unfold.

Speak. I am bound to hear.

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

But that I am forbid to tell
the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose
lightest word would harrow 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 to stand on end
like upon the fretful porcupine.

But this eternal blazon must not
be the ears of flesh and blood.

List, list, o list!

If thou did'st ever
thy dear father love.

O God!

Revenge his foul
and most unnatural murder.

Murder?

Murder most foul,

as in the best it is,
but this most foul,
strange, unnatural.

Now,
Hamlet, dear.

'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, nobled youth, the serpent
that did sting thy father's life
now wears his crown.

My uncle!

Ay, that incestuous, adulterate
beast with witchcraft of his wit,
with traitorous gifts, wicked
gifts with the power 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 a dignity that
it went hand in hand 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 soft,
methinks I scent the morning air.
Brief let me be.

Sleeping in my orchard,
my custom of the afternoon,
upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
with juice of cursed hebona
in a vial,
and in the porches of my ears
did pour the leprous distillment
whose effect holds such enmity
with the blood of man
that swift as quicksilver
it courses through the body

and with sudden vigour it curds
like eager droppings into milk,
the thin and wholesome blood.
So did it mine.
Thus was I, sleeping,
by a brother's hand...
unhouseled, disappointed,
no reckoning made,
but sent to my account with
all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible, horrible,
most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee,
bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark
be a couch for luxury
and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest
this act, taint not thy mind.
Nor let thy soul contrive
against thy mother.
Leave her to Heaven
and to those thorns
that in her bosom lodge,
to prick and sting her.
Fare thee well at once.
Remember me.
The time is out of joint.
O cursed spite,
that ever I was born
to set it right.
My lord.
What news, my lord?
O day and night,
but this is wondrous strange.
Therefore as a stranger
give him welcome.
There are more things
in heaven and earth, Horatio,
than are dreamt of
in our philosophy.
My fate cries out.
What is it, Ophelia,
he hath sent you?

So please you, something
touching the lord Hamlet.
Marry, well bethought.
What is between you?
Give me up the truth.
He hath, of late, made many
tenders of his affection to me.
Affection!
Think yourself a baby,
that you take these tenders for
true pay, which are not sterling.
Tender yourself more dearly.
He hath importuned me with
love in honourable fashion.
When the blood burns,
how prodigal the soul
doth lend the tongue vows.
These blazes, daughter,
given more light than heat,
extinct in both,
even in their promise
as it is a-making,
you must not take for fire.
I do not know what I should think.
From this time,
be scanter of your maiden presence.
Set your entreatments
at a higher rate,
than a command to parley.
The Lord Hamlet, believe in him
so much that he is young
and with a larger tether may he
walk than may be given you.
Do not believe his vows.
I would not, in plain terms,
from this time forth,
have you so slander
any moment leisure as to give
words or talk
with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to it.
I charge you.
We have the word "to be".
But what I propose s

the word "to Inter-be".

"Inter-be".

It s not possble to be alone,
to be by yourself.

You need other people
n order to be.

You need other bengs
n order to be.

Not only you need
father, mother,
but also uncle,
or brother, sster,
society.

But you also need sunshne,
rver, ar, trees,
brds, elephants,
and so on.

So t s mpossible to be
by yourself, alone.

You have to "nter-be"
wth everyone and everythng else.

And therefore to be
means to "nter-be".

To the celestial
and my soul's idol...

the most beautified Ophelia.

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

To be or not to be.

To be or not to be.

So oft t chances

n partcular men

that for some vcous

mole of nature n them

or by some habt

that too much overleavens

the form of plausble manners,

that these men,

carryng, I say,

the stamp of one defect,

ther vrtues else they

as pure as grace,

shall n the general censure
take corrupton...
How goes my good Lord Hamlet?
Well, God-a-mercy.
Do you know me, my lord?
Excellent well.
You are a fishmonger.
Not I, my lord.
Then I would you were
so honest a man.
Honest, my lord?
Ay, sir. To be honest,
as this worid goes,
s to one man of ten thousand.
That s very true, my lord.
Have you a daughter?
I have, my lord.
Let her not walk in the sun.
Conception is a blessing,
but as your daughter may conceive,
friend, look to it.
How say you by that?
Stll harpng on my daughter.
He s far gone.
And truly n my youth
I suffered much for love.
Will you go out into the air?
Into my grave.
My honourable lord,
I humbly take my leave of you.
You cannot take from me anything
I will not willingly part,
except my life.
Except my life.
Except my life.
Except my life.
My liege.
My liege, and madam.
To expostulate...
what majesty should be,
what duty is,
why day is day,
night, night,
and time is time,

where 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 it but...
to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
More matter, less art.
I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true,
'tis true, 'tis pity,
and pity 'tis, 'tis true
a foolish figure, but farewell it,
for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then.
Now remains for us to find out
the cause of this effect.
Or rather the cause of this defect.
For this effect,
defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains,
and the remainder thus.

Perpend:

have while she is mine,
who in her duty,
and obedience, mark,
hath given me this.
Gather now and surmise.
Came this from Hamlet to her?
"I have no art to reckon my groans.
I love thee best, O most best.
Every thought of thine,
ever more whist this machine
is to him, Hamlet."
This in obedience
hath my daughter shown to me.
And more above,
hath his solicitings

as they fell out by time, means
and place all given to my ear.
How hath she received his love?
What do you think of me?
As of a man,
faithful and honourable.
I would fain prove so.
But what might you think had I
seen this hot love on the wing,
as I perceived
before my daughter told me,
what might you or
my dear Majesty think
if I had looked upon
this love with idle sight?
What might you think?
No, I went round to work
and my young mistress
thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince,
out of thy star.
This must not be."
She took the fruits of
my advice and he repelled,
a short tale to make,
fell into a sadness,
then into a fast,
thence to a watch,
thence into a weakness,
thence to a lightness
and by this declensin
into the madness
wherein now he raves,
and all we mourn for.
Do you think 'tis this?
It may be, very like.
Take this from this,
if this be otherwise.
If circumstances lead me,
I will find where truth is hid,
though it were hid, indeed,
within the centre.
To be or not to be,
that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
to suffer the slings and arrows
of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against
a sea of troubles
and by opposing,
end them.
To die,
to sleep...
no more.
And by a sleep to say
we end the heartache
and the thousand natural shocks
the flesh is heir to.
'Tis a consummation
devoutly to be wished.
To die,
to sleep, perchance to dream.
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 a life.
For who could bear
the whips and scorns of time,
the proud man's contumely,
the insolence of office,
the law's delay,
the pangs of disprized love,
when he himself might
his own quietus make
with a bare bodkin?
Who would fardles bear,
to grunt and sweat
under a weary life
were it not the dread
of something after death?
The undiscovered country
to whose bourn no traveller returns
puzzles the will
and makes us rather bear

those ills we have
than fly to others we know not of.
And thus conscience
does make cowards of us all.
And thus the native hue
of resolution
is sicklied o'er with
the pale cast of thought
and enterprises of
great pitch and moment
in this regard
their currents turn awry
and lose the name of action.
My excellent good friend!
How dost thou, Guildenstern?
Ah, Rosencrantz!
Good lads, how do you both?
As the indifferent children
of the earth.
Happy in that
we are not overhappy.
On fortune's cap we are not
the very button.
- Nor the soles of her shoes?
- Neither, my lord.
What news?
None, my lord, but that
the world's grown honest.
Then doomsday is near.
But your news is not true.
Let me question more in particular.
What have you my friends deserved
at the hands of fortune that
she has sent you to prison hither?
Prison, my lord?
Denmark is a prison.
Then the world is one.
A goodly one, with confines,
wards and dungeons,
Denmark being one of the worst.
We think not so, my lord.
Well then 'tis none to you,
for their is neither good
nor bad but thinking makes it so.

To me it is a prison.
Your ambition makes it so.
'Tis too narrow for your mind.
O God, I could be
bound in a nutshell and count
myself king of infinite space.
Were it not that
I have bad dreams.
What make you here?
To visit you, my lord,
no other occasion.
Can you by no conference get from
him why he puts on this confusin
grating so harshly his days with
turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
He confesses he feel dstracted,
but from what cause
he will 'a no means speak.
Nor do we find him
forward to be sounded
but with a crafty madness
keeps aloof when we would bring
him to confess his true state.
Did he receive you well?
Most like a gentleman.
But forces his disposition.
Niggard of question, but of
our demands most free in his reply.
Thank you, Rosencrantz
and gentle Guildenstern.
Thank you, Guildenstern
and gentle Rosencrantz.
We lay our service
freely at your feet.
O what a rogue
and peasant slave am I.
Is it not monstrous
that this player here,
but in a fiction,
in a dream of passion,
could force his soul so
to his own conceit,
that from her working
all his vision waned,

his whole function suiting
with forms to his conceit?
And all for nothing.
What would be do,
had he the motive and cue
for passion that I have?
I've heard that guilty creatures,
sitting at a play
have by the cunning of the scene,
been struck so to the soul
that presently they have
proclaimed their malefactions.
For murder, though it hath
no tongue,
will speak with
most miraculous organ.
I know my course.
The spirit I have seen
may be a devil.
And the devil hath power
to assume a pleasing shape, yea,
and perhaps out of my weakness
and melancholy abuses 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.
'Tis most true
and he beseeched me
to entreat your majesties
to hear and see the matter.
With all my heart and it doth
content me to hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen,
give him a further edge
and drive his purpose
into these delights.
We shall, my lord.
And for your part, Ophelia,
I do wish your beauties be
the happy cause
of Hamlet's wildness.
So shall I hope your virtues will

bring him to his wonted way again.
How does your honour?
I humbly thank you. Well.
I have remembrances of yours
I have longed to redeliver.
I pray you, receive them.
No, not I.
I never gave you aught.
My honoured lord,
you know right well you did.
And with words of so sweet a breath
that made these things more rich.
Their perfume lost, take them.
For to the noble mind,
rich gifts wax poor
when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Are you honest?
Lord?
Are you fair?
What means your lordship?
I did love you once.
Indeed, you made me believe so.
You should not have believed me.
I loved you not.
I was the more deceived.
Get thee to a nunnery.
Why wouldst thou be
a breeder of sinners?
I am myself indifferent honest,
yet could accuse me of things,
better my mother had not borne me.
I am very proud,
revengeful, ambitious,
with more offences than I have
thought to put them in,
imagination to give them shape,
or time to act them in.
What should such
fellows as I do,
crawling between earth
and heaven?
We are errant knaves all,
believe none of us.

Where is thy father?
Let the doors
be shut upon him
that he play the fool nowhere
but in his own house!
Get thee to a nunnery!
Two messages.
If thou dost marry,
I'll gve thee ths plague
for thy dowry.
Be thou as chaste as ce,
as pure as snow,
thou shall not escape calumny.
Get thee to a nunnery.
Go! Farewell.
We shall have no more marrage!
Those that are marred already,
all but one,
shall lve.
The rest shall keep
as they are. To a nunnery, go.
Give me that man that is not
passin's slave and I will
wear him in my heart's core,
in my heart of heart, as I do thee.
Tonight one scene comes near
the circumstances of which
I have told thee
of my father's death.
I pray thee, when thou seest
that act afoot, observe...
my uncle. If his occulted guilt
do not itself unkennel
in one speech,
it is a damned ghost we have seen.
Give him heedful note,
for I mine eyes
will rivet to his face
and after we will our judgements
join in censure of his seeming.
Well, my lord.
Get you a place. I must be idle.
Hamlet, come sit by me.
No, mother, here's metal

more attractive.

Lady, shall I sit in your lap?

No, my lord.

I mean, my head upon your lap.

Think you I meant country matters?

I think nothing, my lord.

Well that's a fair thought,
to lie between maid's legs.

What is, my lord?

Nothing.

You are merry, my lord.

What should a man do
but be merry?

Look how cheerful my mother looks
and my father died within 2 hours.

Nay, 'tis twice 2 months.

So long? Nay then,
let the Devil wear black,
for I'll have a suit of sables.

O heavens! Died 2 months ago
and not forgotten yet?

Then there's hope a great man's
memory may outlive half a year.

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Excellent.

What means this, my lord?

It means mischief.

My lord.

Give me some light. Light!

Cry you with false fire?

Away!

My lord!

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

Very well, my lord.

- Upon the poisoning?

- I did well note.

Some must watch
while some must sleep.

Thus runs the world away.

Good. My lord.

Hello, ths s Eartha Ktt.

Cats have nne lves,

but unfortunately
you only have one.
So buckle your seat belt
for safety.
Good my lord, vouchsafe me
a word with you.
The King, sir...
Ay, sir, what of him?
...is marvellous distempered.
With drink?
Good my lord, try to put
your discourse into some frame.
I'm tame. Pronounce.
The Queen, your mother,
in great affliction of spirit,
has sent me to you.
You're welcome.
Nay, my lord, this courtesy
is not of the right breed.
If it shall please you to
make me a wholesome answer.
I cannot.
What?
Make you a wholesome answer.
My wit's diseased.
Now is the very
witching time of night,
when churchyards yawn
and Hell itself breathes out
contagion into this world.
Now could I drink hot blood
and do such bitter business as
the day would quake to look on.
I like him not, nor stands it safe
with us to let his madness range.
Therefore prepare you.
Your commissin
will forthwith dispatch and he
to England shall along with you.
We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear,
to keep those many bodes safe
that feed upon your majesty.
Never alone did the King sigh

but wth a general groan.
Arm you, I pray you to
this speedy voyage.
For we will fetter this fear
which now goes too free-footed.
We wll haste us.
O, my offence is rank.
It smells to heaven.
It has the primal
eldest curse upon it.
What if this cursed hand were
thicker with brother's blood?
Is there rain enough in the sweet
heavens to wash it white as snow?
Forgive me my foul murder.
That cannot be,
for I still possess those effects
for which I did the murder.
My crown, mine own ambition,
my queen.
What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can.
What can it not?
My words fly up,
my thoughts remain below.
Words without thoughts
never to heaven go.
Look you lay home to him.
Tell him his pranks are
too broad to bear with,
and that Your Grace
hath screened and stood between
much heat and him.
Fear me not.
Mother!
I'll shroud me in here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Mother, what's the matter?
Hamlet, thou hast thy father
much offended.
Mother, you have my father
much offended.
You answer with an idle tongue.
You question with a wicked tongue.

Have you forgot me?
No, not so. You are the Queen,
your husband's brother's wife.
And would it were not so,
you are my mother.
Then I'll set those to you
that can speak.
Come sit you down!
You shall not budge.
Not till I set you up a glass
where you see inmost part of you.
What, thou wilt not murder me?
- Help!
- Help!
What hast thou done?
Nay, I know not.
Is it the King?
O what rash...
and bloody deed is this?
Almost as bad,
good mother...
as kill a king and marry
with his brother.
Kill a king?
Ay, lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash,
intruding fool, farewell.
I took thee for thy better.
Take thy fortune. Thou find'st
to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands.
Peace, sit you down,
and let me wring your heart,
for so I shall, if it be made
of penetrable stuff.
What have I done?
Have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at
your age the blood is tame.
It's humble. It waits upon
the judgement.
O shame!
Where is thy blush?
To live in the rank sweat

of an enseamed bed,
honeying and making love
over the nasty sty!
No more!
Nay, a kept villain, a murderer,
a king of shreds and patches!
No more.
How would you, gracious figure?
Do not chide your tardy son.
Alas, he's mad.
Do not forget. This visitation
is but to whet
thy almost blunted purpose.
But look,
amazement on thy mother sits.
Step between her
and her fighting soul!
Speak to her, Hamlet.
How is it with you, lady?
Where on do you look?
On him! Look you
how pale he glares.
Do not look upon me.
To whom do you speak this?
Do you see nothing there?
Nothing at all.
This is the very coinage
of your brain.
My pulse as yours
doth temporarily keep time
and makes as healthful music.
It is not madness I have uttered.
Mother,
for the love of grace,
confess yourself to heaven.
Repent what is past.
Avoid what is to come.
Do not spread the compost
on the weeds to make them ranker.
O Hamlet,
thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Throw away the worser part of it,
and live the purer
with the other half.

Good night.
For the same lord, I do repent.
But heaven hath pleased it so
to punish me with this
and this with me.
I will bestow him, and answer well
the death gave him.
One word more, good lady.
What shall I do?
Not ths, by no means,
let that bloat Kng
tempt you agan to bed,
pinch wanton on your cheek,
call you his mouse,
and let him,
for a pair of reechy kisses,
make you ravel this matter out,
that I essentially am not
in madness, but mad in craft.
Be thou assured.
If words are made of breath,
and breath of life,
I have no life to breathe
what thou has said to me.
I must to England,
you know that.
Alack, I had forgotten.
'Ts so concluded on.
I'll lug the guts
into the neighbouring room.
Mother, good night.
Indeed this counsellor
is most still,
most silent,
and most grave,
who was in life
a foolish, prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward
an end with you.
Good night, mother.
What have you done, my lord,
with the dead body?
Compounded it with dust,
whereto 'tis kin.

Tell us where 'tis, so we may
bear it to the chapel.
Do not believe it.
Believe what?
That I can keep your counsel
and not my own.
Besides, to be demanded of
by a sponge...
You take me for a sponge?
Ay, sir.
Soaking up the King's countenance,
his awards, his authorities.
You must tell us
where the body is
and go with us to the King.
The body is with the King,
but the King
is not with the body.
The King is a thing...
A thing, my lord?
...of nothing.
How now, what hath befallen?
Where the dead body
is bestowed, my lord,
we cannot get from him.
Now Hamlet, where is Polonius?
At supper.
At supper? Where?
Not where he eats,
but where he is eaten.
A convocation of politic worms
are eaten at him.
We fat all creatures to fat us,
we fat ourselves for maggots.
Your fat king and lean beggar
is but variable service.
Two dishes, but to one table.
That's the end.
Where is Polonius?
In heaven.
Send thither to see.
If your messenger find him not,
seek in the other place yourself.
But indeed if you find him not

within the month,
you shall nose him as you
go up the stairs into the lobby.
Go seek him there.
He will stay till you come.
Hamlet, this deed,
for thine especial safety
which we do tender,
as we dearly grieve for that
which thou hast done,
must send thee hence
with fiery quickness.
Therefore prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, wind helps,
associates tend, for England.
For England?
- Ay, Hamlet.
- Good.
If thou knowest our purpose.
Farewell, my mother.
Thy loving father, Hamlet.
My mother.
Father and mother is man and wife,
man and wife is one flesh,
and so my mother.
For everything...
is sealed and done
that leans on the affair.
The present death of Hamlet.
Do it, England,
for like the hectic in my blood
he rages and thou must cure me.
Good sir,
whose powers are these?
The nephew to old Norway,
Fortinbras.
How all occasions
do inform against me
and spur my dull revenge.
What is a man if
the chief good
and market of his time
be but to sleep and feed?
A beast, no more.

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

Now...

whether it's bestial oblivion
or some craven scruple
of thinking too precisely
on the event.

A thought quartered has one part
wisdom, three parts coward.

I know not why yet

I live to say:

"This thing's to do."

Sith I have cause,
and means and strength
and will to do it.

Examples gross as earth
exhort me.

Rightly to be great
is not to stir
without great argument,
but greatly to find quarrel
in a straw

when honour is at stake.

How stand I then,
that have a father killed,
a mother stained,
excitements of my reason
and my blood...

and let all sleep?

From this time forth,
may my thoughts be bloody
or be nothing worth.

To my sick soul,
as sin's true nature is,
each joy 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?
Alas, sweet lady,
what imports this song?
What say you? He is
dead and gone, dead and gone.
At his head, grassgreen turf,
at his heels, a stone.
Nay, but Ophelia...
Pray you mark!
My lord, alas look here.
How do you, pretty lady?
Pray, let's have
no more words of this.
But when they ask you, say this:
Up he rose and donned his clothes
and dug the chamber door,
but in the maid and out
the maid, never departed more.
I hope all will be well.
We must be patient.
But I cannot choose but to weep,
to think they lay him
in the cold ground.
My brother will know of this.
And so I thank you
for your good counsel.
Good night, good night,
sweet ladies. Good night!
How long has she been thus?
Calmly, good Laertes.
A drop of calm blood proclaims me
bastard, cuckold's my father,
brands the harlot even here
between the unsmirched brow
of my true mother.
What causes thy rebellion
to look so giantlike?
Let him go, Gertrude.
Do not fear our person.

Such divinity doth hedge a king.
Where is my father?
Dead.
But not by him.
How came he dead?
I'll not be juggled with.
- No, Laertes!
- To hell allegiance!
Conscience and grace
to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation!
Let come what comes,
only I'll be revenged
most thoroughly for my father.
Who shall stay you?
My will,
not all the world's.
For my means, I'll husband them so
well they will go foul with little.
Thou speaks like a good child
and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of
your father's death
and sensibly in grief for it,
I shall to your
level judgement peer
as day doth to your eye.
He will not come again?
No, no, he's dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He will never come again.
O rose of May, dear maid.
Kind sister, sweet Ophelia.
Hadst thou thy wits to persuade
revenge, it could not move thus.
How is it possible
a young maid's wits
should be as mortal as
an old man's life?
There's rosemary,
that's for remembrances.
I pray you, love, remember.
And there's pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Fennel for you and columbine.
There's rue for you,
and some for me too.
We may call it herb
of grace of Sundays.
You must wear your rue
with a difference.
There's a daisy.
I would give you some violets,
but they withered all
when my father died.
They say he came to a good end.
Where the offence is
let the great axe fall.
Now must your conscience
my acquittal seal.
And you must put me
in your heart for friend.
Sith you heard
that he which hath your noble
father slain pursued my life.
Tell me why you proceed not
against these feats so...
crimeful and capital in nature.
The Queen, his mother,
lives almost by his looks.
And for myself, my virtue or
my plague, I know not which,
she is so conjunctive to my life
that as a star moves not
but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.
So I have a noble father lost,
a sister...
driven to desperate terms,
whose worth
stood challenger on mount of
all the age for her perfections.
But my revenge will come.
Break not your sleeps for that.
You must not think we are
made of stuff so flat and dull
that we can let our beard be shook
with danger and think it pastime.

You shortly shall hear more.

I loved your father
and we love ourself.

And that, I hope,
will teach you to imagine.

From Hamlet.

Laertes, you shall hear.

"High and mighty, you shall know
I am set naked on your kingdom.
Tomorrow I shall beg your leave
to your kingly eyes,
where I shall, asking your pardon,
there unto recount
the occasin of my sudden
and more strange return.

Hamlet."

"Naked"...

and in the postscript he says

"alone". Can you devise me?

I am lost in it, my lord.

But let him come.

It warms the very sickness
in my heart.

If he be now returned,

I shall work him to an exploit

now ripe in my device,

under the which he

shall not choose but fall.

And for his death,

no wind of blame shall breathe.

Not even his mother shall uncharge

and call it accident.

Was your father dear to you?

Or are you like a painting

of sorrow, a face without a heart?

Why ask you this, my lord?

There live within the flame of love

a kind of wick or snuff

that will abate it.

And nothing is as a

like goodness still.

Goodness, growing to a pleurisy,

dies in its own too much.

That we would do, we should

do when we would.
For that "would" changes
and hath abatements and delays
as many as there are tongues,
are hands, are accidents,
and then this "should"
is like a spendthrift sigh
that hurts by easing.
But to the quick of the ulcer.
What wouldst thou undertake to
show yourself your father's son
in deed more than in word?
One woe doth tread upon
another's heels,
so fast they follow.
Your sister is drowned, Laertes.
Drowned?
Drowned.
Drowned.
Not to have strewed
thy grave.
And but that great command
o'ersways the order, she should
in ground unsanctified have
lodged till the last trumpet.
Must there be no more done?
No more be done.
Lay her in the earth,
and from her fair
and unpolluted flesh...
Ophelia,
may violets spring.
Hold off the earth till I have
caught her once more in my arms.
Now pile your dust upon
the quick and dead
till of this flat
you have a mountain made.
What's he whose grief
bears such an emphasis,
whose phrase of sorrow
conjures the wandering stars
and makes them stand like
wonder-wounded hearers?

The devil take thy soul!
I loved Ophelia.
Forty thousand brothers with all
their love cannot make up my sum.
What wilt thou do for her?
Show me what thou wilt do.
Wilt thou weep, wilt fight,
wilt tear thyself,
wilt drink up easel,
eat a crocodile?
Dost thou come here to whine?
Pluck them asunder.
What is the reason you use me thus?
I loved you ever.
But it doth not matter.
In my heart there was a fighting
that would not let me sleep.
Praised be rashness, for it
lets us know our indiscretions...
do sometimes serve us well
when our deep plots do pall.
That should teach us there's
a divinity that shapes our ends,
rough-hew them how we will.
Will thou hear how I did proceed?
I do beseech you.
From my cabin, in the dark,
groped I,
to unseal their grand commissin.
I found, Horatio,
an exact command.
My head should be struck off.
Here's the commissin.
Read it at more leisure.
Thus rounded with villainies,
I sat me down,
devised a new commissin,
wrote it fair.
An earnest conjuration
from the King
that upon view and knowing
of these contents
he should these bearers
put to death.

So Guildenstern
and Rosencrantz go to it.
Why, man, they did make love
to this employment.
They are not near my conscience.
Their defeat is their insinuation.
'Tis dangerous when baser nature
comes between pass and fell
incense points of mighty opposites.
Think that he that killed my king,
whored my mother, it not conscience
to quit him with this arm?
It must be shortly known from
England what is the business there.
It will be short.
The interim is mine.
A man's life's no more
than to say "one".
But I am very sorry,
good Horatio,
that to Laertes I forgot myself.
For by the image of my cause
I see the portraiture of his.
I'll court his favours.
The King, sir.
He wagers that in a dozen passes
between yourself and Laertes
he shall not exceed you
three hits.
He hath laid on 12-9,
and it would come to immediate
trial if your lordship answer.
How if I answer no?
If it please His Majesty, it is
the breathing time of day with me.
You'll lose, my lord.
I do not think so.
But thou wouldst not think how
ill all's here about my heart.
If your mind dislike anything,
obey it.
I will forestall their repair
hither, say you are not fit.
No, not a whit.

We defy augury.
There is a special providence
in the fall of a sparrow.
If it be now, 'tis not to come.
If it be not to come, it will
be now, or yet it will come.
The readiness is all.
Since no man has what he leaves,
what is it to leave betimes?
Let be.
Hamlet, this pearl is thine.
Here's to thy health.
Give me your pardon, sir.
I have done you wrong.
Pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows how I am
punished with a sore distraction.
What I have done that might your
nature and honour roughly awake
I here proclaim was madness.
Let my disclaiming from
a purposed evil
free me so far in your
most generous thoughts,
that I have shot my arrow over
the house and hurt my brother.
Give us the foils.
This is too heavy.
Let me see another.
This one likes me well.
These foils are all a length?
Ay, my good lord.
Is your skill like a star in
darkest night, fiery indeed.
You mock me, sir.
No, by this hand.
Cousin Hamlet,
you know the wager?
Very well. Your Grace has
laid odds on the weaker side.
I do not fear it.
I have seen you both, but since
he is bettered, we have odds.
Set stoups of wine on the table.

The King drinks to Hamlet.
Come, sir.
Come, my lord.
Judgement?
A hit. A palpable hit.
Well, again.
Stay,
give me drink.
Give him the cup.
I'll play this bout first.
Set it aside awhile.
Another hit. What say you?
A touch. I do confess it.
Our son shall win.
Hamlet, take my napkin.
Rub thy brows.
The Queen carouses
to thy fortune, Hamlet.
I pray you, pardon me.
Come...
let me wipe thy face.
Come, Laertes.
You do but dally.
Pass with your best violence.
Say you so.
Come on.
Thy mother's poisoned.
The King.
The King's to blame.
Horatio...
I am dead.
Thou livest.
Report me and my cause
aright to the unsatisfied.
And if thou didst ever
hold me in thy heart,
absent thee from felicity awhile
and in this harsh world
draw thy breath in pain
to tell my story.
The rest is silence.
Now cracks a noble heart.
Good night,
sweet prince.

And flights of angels
sing thee to thy rest.
This quarry cries on havoc.
O proud death, what feast
is toward in thine eternal cell
that thou so many princes
at a shot
so bloodily has struck?
The sight is dismal.
Our wills and fates
do so contrary run
that our devices
still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours,
their ends none of our own.
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