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An Actor's Method to Building the Character of Hamlet in The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

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An Actor's Method to Building the Character of Hamlet in
The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
In
Film & Theatre
Theatre Performance: Acting

By

Sam Malone

B.A. Louisiana State University, 2010

December 2015

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To BJ

To Momma and Daddy, Nita, Mity, Pooh, Hoop, Moo Man, Meri, Mani, and Mymy pumkin. To my Gift from God, Nikki, my wife, and to her family. To all my family in New Orleans, Natchez, Detroit, Atlanta, Dallas, Oakland, etc. To big Cuz for bringing me down here. To my old neighborhood, formerly known as Beverly Hills. To my best friend James Mosby who died in first grade and his family. To all the people I know who invested their time in me. To all my former teachers and coaches who took time to educate me. To Uncle Lil Jr. and Aunt Mae and their family. To Uncle James, Aunt Emma, Uncle Nathaniel, Uncle Mac, Uncle Richard, Aunt Ora Dee. To the fallen soldiers: Aunt Lilly Bee, Aunt Ollie Mae, Uncle Roosevelt, my Grandparents, Aunt Estelle, Terry Smith, Uncle Pet Lee, Uncle Dave, Aunt Bessie, Uncle Holloway, Uncle Popeye, Cousin Darryl, and to John Dennis, one of my biggest inspirations. To Rueben Mitchell. To Nu I and the 9. To all the fighters for freedom and equality. To all the people I failed to mention that have gone on before me and have left me with the gift of their memories. To those gone I never met, who have made this possible and given this voice a platform. To all before me who have paved the way for me to be here and to all that may follow whom I hope I have, in some way, paved the way for. Also, to all the

Hamlets out there, past, present, and future...

God Bless.

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I want to thank God. For giving me this opportunity to *be*. I'm thankful for life, dear Lord and I thank You and praise You for my family, for my wife, for my son, for all my family and friends, loved ones near and far. I thank You for health and strength, wisdom and understanding. Thank You for guidance Father. Thank You for all that You've done, all You're doing, and all that You will do. You've been so good to me Lord, and I want to say thank You . I worship You Lord, for You are the Creator, You made me and You built me with a purpose, and I thank You for all the gifts You've given me, and I pray that You give me the wisdom and strength to use You're gifts to the best of my ability and I hope and pray that my work touches someone in a positive way and inspires them. Thank You for a relationship with You, Lord, individually and collectively, and I ask that You continue to strengthen our relationship with You Lord. You are the King of Kings and Ruler of All Things, and I thank You . Please be present in our lives at all times. Please protect us from all hurt, harm, and danger. Please have mercy. Thank You Lord.

Thank you to my parents for all the sacrifices they made for me to be able to pursue my passion. For getting up every morning to go to jobs they didn't like so we had food on the table and a roof, and clothes, and felt safe.

Thank you to my wife for being so much more than my wife. For seeing my first show. Thank you for believing in me. For being in my corner no matter what. For being my coach, my trainer, my masseuse, my therapist, my accountant, my consultant, my nurse, my travel agent, my computer expert, my scene partner, my costume designer, my

lighting designer, my baby momma, my pumkin. Pretty sure I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. I appreciate you.

Thank you to all of my teachers. Thanks to my acting teachers. Thanks to John Dennis and Andrea Frankle. Thanks to JD who gave me the eye of the tiger and has had the biggest impact on my career as an actor. Wish you were here man. Love ya Koch.

In a similar vein, thank you to Meagan and RPM for your continuous encouragement and for your pep talk in the hallway before the performance that led to the call before the call.

Thank you to the director, Jim Winter, who agreed to take on this massive play with me and who faced the beast with contagious courage. Thanks for all your sacrifices to make this experience special for me. Muchas gracias mi amigo.

Thanks to the vastly and diversely talented cast of *Hamlet*. I'm so thankful to have gone through this experience with you all. I've learned so much from each of you. We are forever bonded by the experience. You made this exhausting journey so enjoyable, remarkable, and unforgettable. Thank you.

Thanks to our management team, the Magnificent 6, and thanks to our genius light, set, and sound designers.

Thank you to each and every person who stayed until the end of our 3 and a half hour show. You made all the hours, blood, sweat, and tears we put into this show worthwhile. I salute you.

Thanks to my Graduate Committee members, Mrs. Debra Daniel, Kevin Griffith, and David Hoover for taking me in as an MFA Candidate and taking the time to work with me to help me grow and develop as an artist.

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Finally, thanks to anybody who takes the time to read this. Time is precious so thank you for your sacrifice.

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Abstract

This thesis will set out to examine the process needed in order to deliver the character of Hamlet as a fully dimensional, complex human being who transcends time periods and class distinctions to connect with any audience of any background. This text will include biographical information about the author, William Shakespeare, as well as historical information about the circumstances and atmosphere surrounding the birth of this play. Included in the scored actor's script are the Sanford Meisner Techniques of *moment-to-moment* analysis and *actioning* as it relates to Konstantin Stanislavski's system, as well as any additional actor's notes that may have contributed to character development.

Daily rehearsal and performance journals are also incorporated into this work, which will serve to share the actor's goals, his process, his achievements, and his failures over the course of the production process.

Sam Malone; Hamlet; Building the Character of Hamlet; Prince of Denmark; Theatre;
Acting; Performance

Introduction

The University of New Orleans produced William Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* in the Fall of 2014. The production, which was staged in the Robert E. Nims Thrust Theatre, held performances over two weekends, November 13-15 and November 20-23. The play was directed by Jim Winter, with scenic design by Kevin Griffith, lighting design by Diane Baas, and costume design by Anthony French. Assistant Director, Erick Wolfe designed fight choreography, with sound design developed by Asher Griffith. Jenny Billot managed the production along with Misty Gros and Amanda Francis. Michael Aaron Santos worked with actors as vocal coach and Jamie Choina worked as make up designer. The cast and remaining running crew are included in Appendix II.

Produced as a graduate thesis production, *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* was mounted to satisfy the partial requirements necessary to acquire a Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of New Orleans. His performance in *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* satisfied those requirements for Samuel Malone.

This thesis, entitled "An Actor's Method to Building the Character of Hamlet in *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*," is a collection of historical research, rehearsal and performance journals, and additional documentation used to illustrate this actor's journey during the play's eight-week rehearsal period and its seven performance run. It is the actor's objective that this thesis will communicate the actor's methods and techniques used to make Hamlet a believable and universally accessible character to the modern audience.

Chapter 1: William Shakespeare. Who Dat?

"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forebare

To dig the dust enclosed heare;

Bleste be the man that spares these stones,

And curst be he that moves my bones"

–William Shakespeare

Chapter 1: William Shakespeare. Who Dat?

About the Playwright

The third of eight children and the eldest surviving son, William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon to his mother Mary Arden and father John. His actual date of birth is widely unknown, but “the date of Shakespeare’s christening, unlike that of his birth, is exactly known: he was baptized in the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford, on Wednesday 26 April 1564.”¹ Since during this time infants were baptized three days after birth, his date of birth is traditionally observed on St George’s Day, April 23rd. Having been a poet, a player, and a playwright, William Shakespeare’s works have been known throughout the world for more than 400 years. Considered one of the most impactful writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, William Shakespeare is credited with having written at least 5 narrative poems, 38 plays, and 154 sonnets. With such a great deal of mystery surrounding the life of the “Bard of Avon,” the details surrounding Shakespeare’s history and works are considered debatable among scholars. With only two primary sources for information, these being his works and various legal and church documents that have survived, there are naturally, many gaps and inconsistencies. Therefore, given this compilation of various information regarding Shakespeare and no first-person accounts, we can merely form a theoretical idea of who the man was behind the pen.

¹ Ackroyd, Peter. Shakespeare: The Biography. New York: Nan A. Talese, 2005. Print

The story begins in Stratford-upon-Avon where William's father, John Shakespeare, having moved from his father's farm, decided to settle and start up his business as a glover. "John Shakespeare's principal occupation was that of glover, one of twenty-three in the town, but he also earned his living as a trader in wool, a money-lender and a maker of malt. The brewing and selling of ale was a specialty in Stratford; no fewer than sixty-seven households were involved in the trade."²

Following his role as a leather merchant, John Shakespeare began his career in town politics. His first job was ale taster, which involved visiting each beer maker to taste the alcohol and to verify their product and sales. William's father then began to climb the political ladder until he became the equivalent of the mayor. "John Shakespeare was a prominent citizen in Stratford, and at one point, he served as an alderman and bailiff."³ During this time whenever a traveling company of actors came to town, they would perform in the mayor's house so that he could approve or disapprove their performance. As a result, Shakespeare may have gotten his first exposure to theatre and acting right in his living room. This may have bred Shakespeare's love of theatre and propelled him to become the great author who has written so many masterpieces.

According to experts, when Shakespeare was an early teen something changed dramatically in his life, but the details of the shift are unclear. Sources have found records of lawsuits which William's father had filed in order to raise money. The reason for the sudden need for financial relief is unknown, but the unusual nature of some of the filings implies it was something very impactful. After being forced to abdicate from his political position, records indicate that John Shakespeare then ceased attendance at town meetings.

² Ackroyd, Peter. *Shakespeare: The Biography*. New York: Nan A. Talese, 2005. Print

³ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom's Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print

Experts say he is then listed as a non-church attendee. To put this into perspective, in Shakespeare's time, it was mandatory that everyone attended church and a heavy fine was placed on anyone failing to be present. Law enforcement would ascend upon the home of those that did not attend and demand that the fine be paid immediately, failure to do so resulting in imprisonment. Therefore, the only valid reason to miss church was that of death. Again, the reason behind John Shakespeare's decision to stray from the church is unclear, but what we do know is during this time England was a Protestant territory. Experts debate about whether John may have been a closet Catholic. "And then there is the vexed question of his religion. For centuries scholars have argued over the possibility that Shakespeare's father was a secret adherent of the old faith. The question is confused by the perplexing circumstances of the time, when a person's professed faith might not have been his or her real faith and when there were nice distinctions and gradations in any religious observance. There were conflicting loyalties."⁴

The religious grounds upon which John Shakespeare walked during his lifetime were turbulent. According to experts, John Shakespeare was born into an all-Catholic world. When Henry VIII ascended the throne, he soon made everyone Protestant. Therefore it was henceforth and suddenly illegal to practice the religion John had known his whole life. During those times there was no such thing as religious freedom, and being caught practicing another religion outside the one the ruler had assigned would often result in death. "Charges of treason and heresy were commonly used to quash dissent, and those accused were often executed without a formal trial."⁵

⁴ Ackroyd, Peter. *Shakespeare: The Biography*. New York: Nan A. Talese, 2005. Print

⁵ "Henry VIII of England." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 15 May. 2015. Web. 16 May. 2015.

When Henry VIII died his son, who was also Protestant, succeeded him. After being diagnosed with an illness shortly after he received the crown, Henry's son Edward VI, was succeeded by his half-sister Mary who ordered everyone to practice Catholicism. She was then succeeded by Elizabeth who made everyone Protestant again. In Shakespeare's father's time, therefore, there was no continuity with religion. The people were forced from the Catholic religion to a Protestant one, then back to a Catholic one before changing back to the Protestant religion. This surely bred a certain attitude about privacy during this era of history and may explain why William Shakespeare never kept a diary. During Shakespeare's teenage years, England was Protestant while John Shakespeare may have privately practiced Catholicism. This would support his reason for not going to church. Alternately, Shakespeare's father could have made the decision based on a fear of having to face fines. This is another area that fuels scholarly debate.

Another habit of mind resulting from the era was a sense of skepticism. People were starting to question their faith, commitment to the church and the claims that were made about the power of God. "How come God, your God didn't strike down that Protestant king or that Catholic king?" (Loomis). These elements are the petri dish out of which Shakespeare was born.

There are no records for the education of Shakespeare but many believe that he was educated at the King's New School in Stratford near his home. Scholars are certain that William Shakespeare attended a university, which contributes to the debate about the authorship of his works. At 18 years old, he married Anne Hathaway, eight years older than Shakespeare and three months pregnant. Their first child, Susanna, was born in 1583 and twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born in 1585. In the seven years following the birth

of their twins the historical record concerning Shakespeare is incomplete, contradictory and unreliable; many scholars refer to this period as his “lost years.”

Fifty-two years after his baptism, William Shakespeare passed away on April 23, 1616. “Known throughout the world, his works have been produced and performed in countless ‘hamlets, villages, cities and metropolises for more than 400 years’.”⁶ Yet, the man behind the pen continues to be a mystery. The two primary sources of information, i.e. his body of work and court related documentation, provide only a glimpse into the life of the man that so many scholars and artists revere. His work includes approximately 38 plays, 154 sonnets and 5 narrative poems, most of which have been translated into many languages and has been performed more frequently than the work of any other playwright. There is a great deal of mystery surrounding the life of the English poet, playwright and actor William Shakespeare, but one thing is certain, he is considered by many to be the greatest writer of all time.

⁶ "William Shakespeare." Bio. A&E Television Networks, 2015. Web. 07 May 2015

Chapter 2: History of *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

“There can be no present...without a past. The present flows naturally out of the past. The past is the roots from which the present grew; the present without any past wilts like a plant with its roots cut off.”⁷

-Constantine Stanislavski

⁷ Stanislavski, Constantin. *Creating a Role*. Trans. Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Ed. Hermine I. Popper. New York: Routledge, 1961. Print.

Chapter 2: History of *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

Sources & Origins

Written around the year 1600 or 1601, records reflect Shakespeare's *Hamlet* likely had its first performance in July of 1602. The play was found to have been published in printed form in 1603 and was discovered in an enlarged edition from 1604. In Shakespeare's time, Elizabethan playwrights were expected to quickly create dramas for the popular theatre. Demand was high and as a result many playwrights turned to other dramas, literary pieces, and history for storylines and inspiration. Since it was common practice to borrow ideas and stories from earlier literary works during this time, it is suspected that Shakespeare also may have taken the story of *Hamlet* from several possible sources. "Many scholars believe that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is a reworking of an earlier version, perhaps written by Thomas Kyd; this earlier version was itself based on thirteenth-century Danish history and a French adaptation from 1576."⁸

Some scholars insist sources for *Hamlet*-ish legends can be traced back even further, to possibly Indo-European origin. The oldest possible precursor to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is from Scandinavia and it is entitled *Saga of Hrolf Kraki*. In this story, a murdered king has two sons, Hroar and Helgi, who disguise themselves throughout the tale and go by false names, but the story departs from Shakespeare's version in the sequence of events that unfold. A second predecessor, the legend of *Brutus*, originates

⁸ Wilson, Edwin, and Alvin Goldfarb. "Shakespeare's Skill and Diversity." *Living Theatre: History of the Theatre*. 5th ed. Boston, MA: McGraw-Hill, 2008. 184. Print

from Rome and follows a hero named Lucius. In this story Lucius, which means “shining” or “light”, feigns a false persona and takes on a new name in order to evade the fate that befallen his family. In order to achieve this feat, Lucius “changes his name to Brutus, which means ‘dull’ or ‘stupid,’ pretends to be a fool and ultimately slays the person responsible for killing his family.”⁹ In both Shakespeare’s version and the Roman legend the main character goes undercover to seek vengeance against a king.

Similar stories have been widely found throughout the histories of Arabia, Spain, Byzantium, and Italy. Historically, these cultures have produced stories with a similar plot and core theme upon which Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* is said to be based. Other literary figures have been compared to William Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* including a hero from 17th century Iceland named Amlodi, and a prince named Ambales from Spain. Some of the shared elements include a prince who pretends to be insane, accidentally murders the king’s counselor and ultimately murders the king. Similar elements can also be found in the 13th century Latin drama, *Vita Almethi*, written by Saxo Grammaticus. In Shakespeare’s day, Saxo’s drama would have been readily available for reference and scholars have found many similarities that indicate Shakespeare used it. In fact, François de Belleforest translated Saxo’s story into French in 1570 and added so much to the legend it nearly doubled the length of the original story. Belleforest, who included his adapted version in his *Histoires Tragique*, added the element of having the hero be submerged in a state of depression. So even though scholars insist Shakespeare borrowed from the French playwright, evidence suggests Belleforest actually borrowed his material from an earlier source.

⁹ Wikipedia contributors. "Hamlet." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 May. 2015. Web. 16 May. 2015

Of all the possibilities the most popular theory is that Shakespeare's main source was a play, possibly written by Thomas Kyd, entitled *Ur-Hamlet*. Evidence suggests Kyd's alleged version, which was known to have introduced a ghost figure, was being performed by 1589. It is speculated that Shakespeare's company acquired the play and Shakespeare may have modified it, however as there are no surviving copies of the original *Ur-Hamlet* manuscript, scholars are unsure about the extent to which changes were made. Actually, it's debatable whether Thomas Kyd actually authored *Ur-Hamlet*, and some speculate it may have been an even earlier version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. If this is the case that would mean Shakespeare was working on *Hamlet* for a longer period of time, which supports some theorists who would use that evidence to support the play's complexity. Still others maintain Shakespeare borrowed Hamlet's story from an earlier source. Ultimately there is no way to know for sure how much material Shakespeare may have borrowed from any particular source.

Another area of uncertainty surrounding the origins of *Hamlet* is the source of the play's title. At only eleven years old, Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, passed away. Named after Shakespeare's neighbor, Hamnet Sadler, some experts claim Shakespeare unavoidably injected his grief for his lost son into the play. Some suspect the character of Hamlet is, in fact, based on Shakespeare's aspirations of how great a man his son may have been had he lived. Furthermore, the themes relating to death are heavy throughout the play and by the end some of Hamlet's last words are about ensuring his story will not be forgotten. Hamlet pleads with Horatio,

“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.¹⁰

¹⁰ Shakespeare, William. *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Ed. Barbara A. Mowat and Paul Werstine. New York: Simon & Schuster Paperbacks, 2012. Print.

Chapter 2: History of *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

Performance History

The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark is William Shakespeare's longest play. Widely famous for its universal themes, it is often regarded as one of the world's greatest literary pieces. With 4,042 lines totaling 29,551 words, the play in its entirety frequently takes over four hours to deliver. Often it is difficult to judge a play's success on how well it was received by the audience initially, especially since some of our most famous artistic works were not well-received at first. However, judging by the number of times it was reprinted, *Hamlet* has been largely popular among theatre patrons since its conception. Researchers have found *Hamlet* to be right behind *Pericles*, *Richard III*, and *Henry IV Part I* in popularity. Given its thematic complexity and textual challenges, the play is often sought after by actors spanning centuries and it continues to reverberate through the writing of modern times.

In this princely tale, Shakespeare provides no clear indication of exactly when his play is set, but we can ascertain that it takes place sometime during the 16th century since Hamlet attends Wittenberg, which was founded in 1502. During its original production at the Globe Theatre, Elizabethan actors would have worn contemporary, Elizabethan clothing, even though the play is medieval. Sets would have been minimal and the audience would have been composed of all types of patrons from butchers to tanners to wig-makers to bakers and their respective families. "Shakespeare's audience was far more boisterous than are patrons of the theatre today. They were loud and hot-tempered

and as interested in the happenings off stage as on”¹¹. During Shakespeare’s time there were no intermissions, people would come and go leisurely. The plays were usually set to begin at 2pm and, though modern performances are longer, generally lasted two to three hours. “We assume that the playing time was shorter not only because there were no intermissions but also because the performers spoke more quickly; and this...may be evidence against a realistic acting style.”¹²

Shakespeare’s tragedy was widely influential. Because of the frequency of location changes in *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, it became the first play by William Shakespeare to be presented with movable flats. Having been recently introduced by Giovanni Battista Aleotti in 1606, flats were a fresh new Theatre invention. They were painted with generic scenery and positioned behind a proscenium arch. This new stage convention serviced the need to frequently change scenes and locations in *Hamlet* and would influence many plays to come, helping to make the use of flats a standard in set design.

Sources contend the original role of Hamlet was created for one of the actors in Shakespeare’s acting troupe, the Lord Chamberlain’s Men. Considered the most famous Elizabethan performer, Richard Burbage was first granted the role of the Prince of Denmark because of his “capacious memory for lines and a wide emotional range.”¹³ He had emerged as a candidate after playing the role of Richard III. He went on to play leads in many other plays written by the prolific playwright, William Shakespeare, including

¹¹ Mabillard, Amanda. Shakespeare's Audience: The Groundlings. Shakespeare Online. 20 Aug. 2000. Web. 25 May. 2015 < <http://www.shakespeare-online.com/essays/shakespeareaudience.html> >.

¹² Wilson, Edwin, and Alvin Goldfarb. "Shakespeare's Skill and Diversity." *Living Theatre: History of the Theatre*. 5th ed. Boston, MA: McGraw-Hill, 2008. 184. Print. Page 204.

¹³ Wikipedia contributors. "Hamlet." Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 May. 2015. Web. 16 May. 2015.

King Lear, and *Othello*.

Records containing information about other early performances of *Hamlet* are scarce, but there are at least three performances documented with certainty. Besides the original production, the oldest record is from 1607. According to Shakespearean scholars, the performers were crew members of a ship called *Red Dragon* and the performance took place off the coast of Sierra Leone. Further evidence of early performances of *Hamlet* informs us the play travelled through Germany shortly after Shakespeare's death. Lastly, records indicate there was a performance for King James I, which occurred in 1619 and a later performance for King Charles I in 1637. Though very few records survive that provide information about early performances, given the multitude of references playwrights have made to *Hamlet* during its time, it is highly likely there are a vast number of unrecorded performances. There are comments dating back to the 17th Century to evidence this:

Jeremy Collier 1698 – an English bishop who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to William III and Mary II wrote:

Had *Shakespear* secur'd this point for his young Virgin *Ophelia*, the *Play* had been better contriv'd. Since he was resolv'd to drown the Lady like a Kitten, he should have set her a swimming a little sooner. To keep her alive only to sully her Reputation, and discover the Rankness of her Breath, was very cruel¹⁴.

Along with,

James Drake 1699 – an early writer and pioneer of English comedy who paved the way for later playwrights who responded to Collier:

¹⁴ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom's Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

I shall begin with *Shakespear*, whom notwithstanding the severity of...Mr *Collier*, I must still think...[w]hatever defects the Criticks may find in this Fable, the Moral of it is excellent¹⁵.

With the execution of Charles I in England the military came to power and because the military was essentially Puritan, they were extremely strict in their beliefs. During what has been identified as the Interregnum, the Theatre was banished, brothels were closed and gambling was outlawed. Simultaneously, church attendance was required by law, people were mandated to practice sobriety and forced to live morally and upright. With the crumble of the republic and the ascension of Charles II to the throne of England, theaters reopened their doors and *Hamlet* was just as popular as before. It has been evidenced that even during the Interregnum, pieces of the play were played out illegally in smaller pieces called “drolls.” For example, one of the “drolls” was entitled *Grave-Makers*, which was based on *Hamlet*’s first scene of Act 5. During the 1700s, performances of the play began to expand exponentially. “Two developments conferred remarkable stature upon Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* in the eighteenth century. First, a continuing line of strong performers fortified the play’s reputation among theatre audiences...[s]econd, Shakespeare’s work as a whole benefited from its publication by a nearly century-long succession of accomplished, serious editors¹⁶”.

With its strengthened reputation, critics began to analyze *Hamlet*. One of Shakespeare’s most devoted critics was the Frenchman, Voltaire whose “*Letters Concerning the English Nation* (1734) referred to the plays as “brilliant monstrosities...and dismissed *Hamlet* as a “gross and barbarous piece,” which the

¹⁵ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom's Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

¹⁶ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom's Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

“lowest of the rabble in France or Italy” would not tolerate¹⁷”. This harsh commentary was met with defense from other European scholars such as the German critic G. E. Lessing who “felt Voltaire had misread Aristotle and therefore overlooked Shakespeare’s classical connections. Ancient or modern, tragedy must move its audience, Lessing argued, and so he advocated plays that combined judgment with imagination¹⁸”.

Scholars have found the play to have been performed by Thomas Betterton, of Sir William Davenant’s Duke’s Company, who played Hamlet until he was 74 years old. The first actress to play the Dane was Sarah Siddons. In 1759, North America saw its first production of *Hamlet* in Philadelphia, PA with Lewis Hallam Jr. as the prince of Denmark. It was clear by the end of the 18th century that *Hamlet* was quite impactful and held universal appeal.

The play’s popularity continued into the 1800’s with performances in the United States, as well as: Germany, the United Kingdom, India, and France. Actors from London presented some of the most notable performances of *Hamlet* and considerably the most famous of those actors was Junius Brutus Booth. While many of his colleagues returned to London concluding their performance run, Junius remained in the United States to carve out a career. Although one of his sons, John Wilkes Booth, became infamous for his assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, Junius’ other son, Edwin Booth, became famous for his portrayal of Hamlet. His name will always be linked with Hamlet due to “...his acting...[which was] was remarkable for its depth of character, grace, and

¹⁷ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom'S Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

¹⁸ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom'S Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

freedom from mannerisms.¹⁹” In 1864, the play ran for 100 consecutive performances in New York and solidified Booth’s reputation as America’s finest actor for years to come.

Pouring into Japan in the early 20th Century, *Hamlet*’s fame continued to spread throughout the world. By 1911, the Japanese performances were a mix of “Shingeki,” or “new drama,” and Kabuki. Constantin Stanislavski, armed with his system of acting motivated by psychological progression, collaborated with Edward Gordon Craig to mount a production with the Moscow Art Theatre. During this time, given its political themes, *Hamlet* also became a weapon against regimes in many places including China, the Czech Republic, and Germany. “In Poland, the number of productions of *Hamlet* ...tended to increase at times of political unrest, since its political themes (suspected crimes, coups, surveillance) [could] be used to comment on a contemporary situation²⁰”. Also during the 20th century Laurence Olivier, who many consider to be the greatest English-speaking actor of modern times, emerged with his uncut version of *Hamlet* to receptive audiences. His talent allowed him to be equally successful in Shakespearean and modern roles because of his “tremendous range as an actor, from deep passion to comedy²¹”. John Gielgud performed *Hamlet* in New York in 1936 and ran for 132 performances, which set a new record. Meanwhile English actor, Maurice Evans, ran an uncut version of the play in the late 1930s, with a run time of over four hours. Other notable performers of the Prince of Denmark during the 20th century come from a list of the world’s most talented actors, including Peter O’Toole, Richard Burton, Ralph

¹⁹ Wilson, Edwin, and Alvin Goldfarb. "Shakespeare's Skill and Diversity." *Living Theatre: History of the Theatre*. 5th ed. Boston, MA: McGraw-Hill, 2008. 359. Print.

²⁰ Wikipedia contributors. "Hamlet." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 May. 2015. Web. 16 May. 2015.

²¹ Wilson, Edwin, and Alvin Goldfarb. "Shakespeare's Skill and Diversity." *Living Theatre: History of the Theatre*. 5th ed. Boston, MA: McGraw-Hill, 2008. 184. Print. Page 432.

Fiennes, Stacy Keach, and Ian Charleson. Having had at least sixty-four Broadway performances, in addition to the great number of off-Broadway performances, *Hamlet* is the most frequently produced play in New York theatre history.

Well into the 21st century, *Hamlet* remains a popular play viewed all around the world. The role of the Prince of Denmark continues to be portrayed in film and on stage by some of the greatest actors of our time, including Ethan Hawke, Kenneth Branough, Jude Law, David Tennant, Richard Burton, and Mel Gibson. The magnitude of this play's effects on the entire world throughout the centuries makes *Hamlet* one of the most influential pieces of dramatic literature of all time, and to play the princely part is truly an esteemed legacy with which to be connected.

Chapter 3: Hamlet the Dane: What's a King Without a Crown?

**“...What would he do Had he the motive
and <the cue> for passion [t]hat I have?...”**

-Hamlet

Character Analysis

To begin my journey of building the character of Hamlet I searched for clues throughout the script such as information gathered from his interactions with other characters, along with what other characters said about Hamlet in his absence. “Actors are undercover agents. You must constantly...see which are related to the character’s profession or appropriate to his study...”²² Using this information along with what Hamlet said and did, I was able to assemble an array of characteristics my character possessed. But what is character? The dictionary defines it as, “[t]he mental and moral qualities distinctive to an individual” (“character” def. *n*). If this is true, then when circumstances cause us to act against our nature, do we become someone else? If not, then there must be nothing “out of character” for anyone. Given a specific set of circumstances, everyone is susceptible to doing things they wouldn’t normally do. We see this in *Hamlet* where the Prince of Denmark is constantly being accused of not being himself. We gather this from Act I.ii during the King’s first speech when Claudius says, “[h]ow is it that the clouds still hang on you”(69). This implies Hamlet’s appearance is altered and he is not who he is normally perceived to be. Claudius goes on to assign identities to Hamlet, labeling him as the “chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son”(121). He goes on to make one more reference to identity when he tells Gertrude to “be as ourself in Denmark.”(126). Apparently, one of their character traits is to take part in a great deal of partying and drinking. Gertrude also subtly makes a request for Hamlet’s character when she tells him to “cast thy nighted color off” and to “let [his] eye look like a friend on

²² Adler, Stella. *The Art of Acting*. Comp. Howard Kissel. Ed. Howard Kissel. New York: Applause, 2000. Print

Denmark”(I.ii. 70-71). So, who is Hamlet? In his opening scene, he has been identified as a son, a cousin, a courtier, and a friend. It is clear that whoever this young man is, he becomes someone different later in the play. So who does he become? Who is anybody but a summation of their circumstances?

When we first see the Prince of Denmark, Hamlet is dealing with the death of his father and betrayal by his mother, Queen Gertrude. She has already married his uncle and made him king before Hamlet returns to Denmark, then proceeds to choose Claudius over Hamlet in his opening scene by supporting his decision to deny Hamlet’s request to return to Wittenberg. She tells him, “[l]et not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet. I pray thee, stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg”(I.ii. 122-3). This leaves Hamlet with no family in the castle to turn to for comfort. He shares his pain and grief in his first soliloquy until his good friend Horatio arrives. For the first time we become aware of Hamlet’s inability to share his emotions freely because of his status. He is a prisoner of his own position in society. Because he is part of the royal court he must present himself as if nothing is askew, out of concern for national security. Countries are consistently being invaded and any indication of instability in leadership can be an invitation for war.

Once Hamlet hears his father’s ghost was spotted as a scholar he is initially skeptical, but considering the source is his best friend Horatio, Hamlet concedes to seek-out the spirit. Though he trusts his best friend, Hamlet’s interrogation of Horatio is another indication of his character. The Dane becomes a detective, asking his friend detailed questions about the incident such as the location of the occurrence, whether they communicated with the ghost, what the ghost’s face looked like, even as detailed as whether the ghost was “pale or red”(I.ii 247). The Prince of Denmark is also courageous,

as is evident in his decision to face the spirit that has descended upon the group during the dead of night. Although it was relatively common during those times for people to report seeing ghosts, Hamlet takes a great risk by following his father's spirit. Horatio lays out his risks in a speech when he pleads:

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.
(I.iv.72-6)

Hamlet bravely resists his friends' requests to refrain. Once Hamlet receives the news of the circumstances surrounding his father's death, he swiftly devises a clever plan, exposing his ingenuity and ability to quickly develop a defense. Before sharing his plot though, he questions the loyalty of his friends. He says, "[a]nd now, good friends, / As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, / Give me one poor request / ...never make known what you have seen tonight / ...swear't" (I.v. 156-58, 160, 162). This raises a question of identification. Though Horatio and Marcellus are friends they are also soldiers, Hamlet needs to know their friendship will override their duty to the Crown and his friends will not share his secret plan to pretend to be mad.

Polonius attempts to pry into Hamlet's reason for acting strangely but the Prince does not give any indication of letting up in his next scene. Hamlet knows Polonius is loyal to Claudius and Gertrude and will certainly report back to them Hamlet's condition, which will only help to add validity to his cause. Once Rosencrantz and Guildenstern arrive we see a more friendly and vulnerable Hamlet, as they bounce intellectual ideas off each other. Once the Prince becomes suspicious of his friends he begins to investigate

only to discover he was right in thinking they were sent by the King and Queen to gather information about his mental and emotional state. Although he continues to be cordial, Hamlet clearly has set limitations on his trust and even jokingly implies the players are more valued guests. When talking to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he tells them his “extent to the players, which, [he] tell[s] [them], must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than [theirs]...(II.ii. 396-98). He then goes on to throw down a smoke bomb of bewildering information right before the players enter, saying he is “but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly, [he] know[s] a hawk from a handsaw (II.ii. 402-03). Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are left more confused than ever regarding what Hamlet may be thinking.

As the players arrive we see Hamlet’s immense love for the power of theatre and performance. He sees the players as an opportunity to expose the King. He says, “[t]he play’s the thing / Wherein [he’ll] catch the conscience of the King”(II.ii. 633-34). During Shakespeare’s time there were actually cases in which guilty people were driven to confession by theatrical performance. By the end of the second act Hamlet has a clear plan to avenge his father’s death by exposing and killing the Claudius. However, he knows the plan will result in certain death for him. Although the play may give Hamlet the information he needs to take action, once he does, no one will know why he committed the murder. Hamlet would be considered an assassin and a traitor and would subsequently be killed. Avenging his father, as he has vowed to do, will be a suicide mission for the Prince. As he contemplates suicide, Ophelia arrives and briefly provides a glimmer of hope. However, when he realizes she intends to break up with him, Hamlet is

extremely hurt and suspects, correctly, that she is not “herself” and someone has coerced her into carrying out their mission.

By this point in the play, Hamlet is finding it difficult to trust anyone at all and is becoming more and more paranoid. As the people arrive at the play within a play, we see Hamlet’s interaction with each one of the characters that have previously betrayed his trust. The only person the Prince can depend on remains Horatio, to whom he shares his true intentions of exposing the King’s guilt. During his conversation with his dear friend we acquire information concerning Hamlet’s idea of good character traits. He explains what he admires about Horatio’s character, saying:

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune’s buffets and rewards
Hast ta’en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well
 commeddled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune’s finger
To sound what stop she please. 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...

(III.ii 67-79)

As tensions run high during the play within a play, Hamlet finally gets the confirmation he is looking for when Claudius runs out of the theatre. After conferring with Horatio, Hamlet then begins to consider his next plan of action. His first order of business is to expose Rosencrantz and Guildenstern for the spies they have been. As Hamlet’s true emotions begin to surface, he is summoned by his mother, and has to call upon a higher power to remain calm and not harm her as requested by his father’s ghost.

After Hamlet prays for strength in the coming confrontation with the Queen, he encounters Claudius in a vulnerable position, seemingly praying. At this moment, Hamlet considers killing the King, but is deterred by the thought of the possibility Claudius could go to heaven because he was murdered while praying. Hamlet discusses his inner struggle to reach a conclusion about killing Claudius during his perceived prayer, saying:

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?
No...

(III.iii. 85-92)

In this moment, Hamlet is a man of faith whose beliefs overpower his desire to avenge his father's death, which is another indication of his character.

As he approaches the Queens chambers, she quickly confronts him about his recent indulgence in defiance and disobedience. No sooner than his façade is thrown off and the two are able to finally confront each other about the events surrounding them, Polonius is mistaken for Claudius and slaughtered in an instant. This act is the first time in the play where the Prince of Denmark acts on impulse and the result is a mistaken murder. He begins to feel like he has lost control over what happens and begins to adopt a faith in a higher power controlling his destiny. He says of the murder, "I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so / To punish me with this and this with me, / That I must be their scourge and minister...(III.iv. 194-96). The text seems to indicate Hamlet is starting to feel out of character, or out of control of his own actions.

The bedchamber scene is Hamlet's first opportunity to share, with his mother, his feelings about her actions regarding his father's death. He is very clear and descriptive in his comparison of Claudius to the likes of his father. According to Hamlet, Claudius doesn't even compare to King Hamlet who gave "...the world assurance of a man"(III.iv. 72). To have chosen Claudius as a husband, Hamlet thinks his mother must not have been herself. He wonders what has gotten into her to change her character asking, "...[w]hat devil was't / that thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?" (III.iv. 86-7). A visit from the ghost of King Hamlet keeps his son from harming the Queen and urges him to use a different tactic to convince Gertrude of the error of her ways. By the time he leaves, Hamlet has re-established a bond between he and his mother, though he is now more pressed for time than ever, to deliver his promise to his father's ghost.

After he is captured and taken to Claudius, Hamlet shows his strong disgust for his majesty and is then sent to England. Upon boarding the ship the Prince sees a great army and inquires about them. When he realizes the soldiers are risking death over a plot of profitless land, Hamlet's fury grows and he can no longer let the fear of death prevent him from killing the King. While at sea, Hamlet's investigative skills reveal a plot to have him killed and he brilliantly substitutes his old friends as victims in the King's plan to murder him. During their time at sea, the Prince's courage is further revealed during their encounter with some pirates. In his letter to Horatio Hamlet's fearlessness is evident as he explains, "[e]re we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them"(IV.xi. 15-18).

After sending the letter with information regarding his return to Denmark, Hamlet meets up with Horatio and the two encounter a grave maker on the way back to the castle. Because the grave maker doesn't recognize Hamlet as the prince, he reveals the people's perception of Hamlet which makes the prince realize he doesn't want to leave behind a dishonorable legacy. The Dane also discovers Yorick's skull during this scene and his reminiscing makes him realize that we don't have a great deal of time on earth and we all end up the same way, regardless of how we lived our lives, so there is no reason to fear death. Hamlet tells Horatio:

...There is <a>
special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be
<now,> 'tis not to come; if it be not to come it will be
now; if it be not now, yet it <will> come. The
readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves
knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

(V.ii. 233-38)

With this proclamation to Horatio we get our answer to the question "to be or not to be," and we observe a prince who is finally ready to be King.

Because King Hamlet's death can be considered a point of attack in this play, the crux of this play rests on Hamlet's relationship with his father. King Hamlet was certainly his son's hero. I imagined Prince Hamlet accompanied his father on his visits to neighboring courts and they spent as much time together as possible. His father was wise and gave great advice. Hamlet talks about how great a man his father was in his first soliloquy, describing him as "so excellent a king, that was to [Claudius] / Hyperion to a satyr...(I.ii. 43-44). Hamlet is a son who misses his father.

I believe my performances were fuller in places where I was able to tie into a strong objective. "The objective is the whetter of creativeness, its motive force. The

objective is the lure for our emotions.”²³ In terms of overall objectives, Hamlet’s first is to find normality in his world since the death of his father; he wants to go back to Wittenberg. After the ghost visits him, his objective becomes to tactfully seek vengeance by exposing a hidden truth. Hamlet’s love for his father is evident when he makes a declaration to the ghost saying:

...Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume and my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
(I.v. 102-11)

Hamlet is a prince being groomed for the throne; he is loved by the constituency and attends Wittenberg in Germany. At this time, Wittenberg was the leading educational institution, reserved for future leaders of the new world. During a time when being absent from church could result in death, it was also where Martin Luther posted his famous/infamous *95 Theses*, which challenged the Catholic Church. By going here, Hamlet sets himself apart from everyone back home in Denmark, not only intellectually, but possibly religiously as well. He has a new set of friends, he talks about philosophical and intellectual ideas and is anchored in scientific thought. In his conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern we get a sense of the person he was at Wittenberg, but it appears he is not quite “himself.” He says, “...[t]hen are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars’ shadows. Shall we to th’court? For, by my

²³ Stanislavsky, Konstantin. *Creating a Role*. Ed. Hermine I. Popper. Trans. Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. New York: Theatre Arts, 1961. Print

fay, I cannot reason.” (II.ii. 282-85). Not being able to maintain an intellectual banter with old friends, it is obvious Hamlet is “out of character.”

Being a scholar, I think Hamlet’s overall objective is always to uncover the truth. In most of his scenes, he is investigating something or trying to search for a hidden truth. We see this clearly after his first soliloquy, when Horatio tries to tell Hamlet a lie concerning the circumstances regarding his current visit from Wittenberg, calling the nature of his presence a “truant disposition.” (I.ii. 176). Hamlet is straightforward and concrete and recognizing Horatio’s untruthfulness, he responds, “...I know you are no truant. / But what is your affair in Elsinore” (I.ii. 180-81). It is clear that Hamlet is extremely sharp, very intelligent and insurmountably clever.

Because of the dangers of sharing too much information, secrecy was an important factor during the time of the play. Hamlet is certainly aware of his need to keep quiet, with his request made to his friends to keep the night’s happenings close to heart. He asks them several times to “consent to swear”(I.v. 172). In fact, he appeals to them as friends, recognizing they are at least three different characters: “friends,” “scholars,” and “soldiers” (156-57).

Though scholars debate whether it was controlled or not, the madness Hamlet feigns is a way to gain access throughout the castle. Hamlet knows that if he is perceived to have gone mad, he will have an excuse to act peculiar and get closer to achieving his objectives. He also doesn’t want Claudius to ever suspect he’s a threat. This is also true in the source text, where we find the “Hamlet character” spending his days sharpening wooden sticks. To the other characters he seems harmless until he sets the castle on fire and prevents anyone from escaping because he has set up spikes all around the castle.

While there are some scholars who would argue that Hamlet has gone completely mad, there is also evidence during the soliloquies that he is totally sane and rationally trying to figure his way through the tragic circumstances of the play. He says:

...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 that 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,
Abuses me 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.
(II.ii. 623-34)

I looked to Hamlet's soliloquies for a great deal of information about his character, tracking his emotional and intellectual journey through them chronologically. Stringing his soliloquies together provided a great deal of detail about how the character thought and felt in an intimate and honest way. Because time will not allow for me to include a detailed assessment of each soliloquy, I have chosen to look at one speech in particular. At the heart of Shakespeare's tragedy, Hamlet's biggest decision comes in the form of his "to be or not to be" soliloquy. Hamlet is given the task to avenge his father, but the person he would have to kill is the current king of Denmark and is guarded by the Swiss army, who are currently responsible for guarding the Pope. If anyone were to harm the king it would be a suicide mission and Hamlet knows this. He has to devise a way to kill the king, but his biggest obstacle is that no one will know why he did it. As Claudius assumed the throne when Hamlet was next in line, this would imply the reason for the murder was political gain. Although he has spoken of suicide in his first soliloquy, this

scene finds him actually considering the act a viable option. This is certainly out of character for the Prince of Denmark, yet he shares with us what he has been driven to due to his circumstances. The speech is broken up into three parts: the opening statement, the debate over whether or not suicide is a logical decision and Hamlet's call to action.

The speech starts out with one of the most famous lines in English literature, "to be or not to be"(III.i. 56). This line sets the tone for the speech as a whole by presenting the basic human concern of the validity and worth of life. At this point in the play, Hamlet has suffered a great deal of adversity in trying to avenge his father's death and he wonders if the only way to win the game of life would be to cease being a part of it. Hamlet starts the soliloquy by questioning whether we should exist or not. As the speech progresses, Hamlet presents reasons why suicide would be the right thing to do, yet he also contemplates reasons why suicide might not achieve desired results. Throughout the soliloquy, Hamlet probes the human consciousness and talks about our most basic element – existence.

After Hamlet has made his declaration of ideals he goes on to talk about the reasons suicide might be considered. He starts his defense using war imagery, referring to the troubles of life as "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"(III.i. 58). According to the Oxford English Dictionary, a "sling" is "an implement or weapon for hurling stones or similar missiles by hand with great force or to a distance, consisting of a strap attached to two cords or strings, or to a stick or staff" ("sling" def. *n*). Hamlet contemplates whether one should "suffer"(III.i. 57) through life's troubles, or "take arms"(III.i. 59) against them by committing suicide. He then goes on to compare death to the innocence of sleep, saying they are one in the same. Hamlet discusses all the

advantages of sleep, implying that when one sleeps they leave behind all the trouble of the world, and perhaps may even dream.

This speech reaches the first dramatic complication when Hamlet says of dreams, “ay, there’s the rub” (III.i. 65). Hamlet then begins to present reasons why suicide is not a logical decision. According to the Oxford English Dictionary, one definition of “rub” is “any physical obstacle or impediment to movement” (“rub” def. *n*). With the fear of an unknown dream world as Hamlet’s obstacle, the speech takes a turn and he begins to discuss reasons to live. Our fears of the unknown, Hamlet says, “give us pause”(III.i. 68) and cause us not to take our own lives. Because we do not know what dreams await us once we have left this life behind, we continue to hold on to what we know. Hamlet is now convincing himself that suicide may not be the best option, for he does not know what will happen once he is dead. He says worriedly, “[f]or in that sleep of death what dreams may come” (III.i. 66).

Next Hamlet goes on to describe life and its horrific nature. Hamlet seems to believe life is the equivalent of suffering. He goes into great detail about all the sufferings he can think of in life, “the whips and scorns of time, / Th' oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely, / The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay...”(III.i. 70-74). One of the meanings of “pangful” according to the OED is “suffering pain or anguish; sorrowful” (“pangful” def. *adj*). These are all the tortures and distresses of mankind and everyone can relate to having suffered at least one of those situations, urging us to the support the act of suicide once more as an escape. He proceeds to describe how he could easily avoid all of life’s burdens by simply cutting himself with a short dagger. Shakespeare uses such soft and light language as “might his quitus make”(III.i. 75) and

“bare bodkin”(III.i. 76) to describe the process of death by suicide, making it appear once again, to be a desirable action.

“But that the dread of something after death” (III.i. 78) brings to our consciousness once more, the ills that may lie in the afterlife. He describes it as a country that has never been discovered and the fact that people go there and never come back frightens us. Because no one ever escapes the afterlife we are left questioning what it entails and prefer to endure the suffering we are familiar with, rather than discover a suffering we know nothing about.

Shakespeare presents an either/or situation to his audience. Would it be smarter to live and suffer, or die and end all suffering? In the beginning of the speech Hamlet builds on the thought that suicide would be, “a consummation, / Devoutly to be wished,”(III.i. 63-64) an achievement to look forward to. However, Hamlet stresses our fears of the unknown are what “makes us rather bear those ills we have / than fly to others that we know not of”(III.i. 81-82). Thus, after much heated debate, with himself, Hamlet has not made a decision about whether or not he will commit the act. This discovery leads to Hamlet’s call to action. He says, “conscience does make cowards of us all”(III.i. 83), implying a need for change. “Conscience was thought to be God’s gift to help humanity understand right and wrong. Therefore Hamlet may be acknowledging two things near the end of this speech: First, he has been charged with the significant task of killing the king. Second, he fears that taking Claudius’s life may nevertheless bring upon his eternal judgment. And so he does nothing.”²⁴ According to the OED, a “coward” is “one who displays ignoble fear or want of courage in the face of danger, pain, or difficulty”

²⁴ Bloom, Harold. *Bloom's Shakespeare Through the Ages*. Ed. Brett Foster. New York: Bloom's Lit Crit Infobase, 2008. Print.

("coward" def. *n*). Given Hamlet's noble position as prince, he would have to carry out the noblest act and if inaction, due to the distraction of thought, were considered cowardly, he would have to do the noblest thing, which is to carry out the act of suicide. Thus the essence of his soliloquy is that it is cowardly to live cautiously and risk nothing, but brave to take action and court death.

Hamlet's position is one in which there are no good options. His circumstances are dire, and no matter what decision he chooses to pursue, each option ends in his own demise. Given those options, I would argue the events that affected Hamlet would have an impact on anyone's character, driving them to question who they are, implying the idea of "character," in terms of a person's unique set of traits and characteristics, is indeed circumstantial.

Chapter 4: Production Manuscripts

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thous canst not then be false to any man."

-Polonius

Rehearsal & Performance Journals

Note: The following section was taken from recordings I documented following rehearsals and performances and contains my honest, untailored responses to my experiences. Given that I intended to be as honest as possible, some of my responses may have been offensive or upsetting. My aim was certainly not to offend anyone, but only to give an honest response to the work in the moment.

Tuesday

September 16, 2014

This being my first journal, I profess I began writing after a number of events had occurred. To accurately document my experiences, I decided to use a voice recorder after rehearsals. In the recording I talked about auditions and callbacks for *Hamlet*. Though I wasn't able to audition, during callbacks I was given the opportunity to perform with everyone auditioning for roles or characters that had scenes with Hamlet. I remember feeling like I had failed some people during these performances, since I tried to use this time to also experiment with different tactics. Basically, I felt like it was unfair to the people who went first because I hadn't warmed up yet necessarily. I felt more connected, generally, during later performances of the same scenes. We also had a table read that lasted over the course of two days, which gave me concerns about the length of this play.

Before today, the director and I met in the Lab Theatre and went over "to be or not to be." We talked about Hamlet's home and what it may have been like growing up in the castle. We also discussed Hamlet's thinking process and how he may have worked things out through his soliloquies. We concluded that Hamlet must have had a secret place, somewhere in the castle where he goes to be alone with his thoughts; to be himself. It made me think about a particular time in my life when I had some big decisions to make and I was trying to find my way through a metaphorical storm. During this time, I would go down to the bluff in Natchez, Mississippi, take a seat on the root of a tree, and think about what my next move would be. I discussed how I felt Hamlet would have strongly expressed himself through writing, and that he may have been writing the additional lines to the speech he later gives to the Players when he goes into his most famous soliloquy.

The “to be or not to be” soliloquy was the heart of the play because it was Hamlet’s defining moment. I think it’s the moment, during his writing of the additional lines for the play within a play, where he realizes the confirmation he is looking for will lead him to certain death. However, Hamlet’s pain is two-fold (or more) because even if he chooses not to honor his father’s wish - which is uncharacteristic - the life he has left, to him, is not much to live for. The “to be or not to be” soliloquy is a cry for help, which is born out of Hamlet’s need to make a literal life or death decision.

During our table read, we discussed any cuts we had while we read through the script. The table read occurred during *Bengal Tiger* rehearsals so we were missing a cast member for one of those days, I think. *Bengal Tiger*, though I’m very grateful to be a part of this production, is the reason I’m starting my journal so late. I continue to motivate myself by holding onto the idea that every rehearsal, every reading, all of my work of this play is an investment.

When we met today, I was prepared to perform the “to be or not to be” and the “too, too sullied flesh” soliloquies. In this rehearsal, I focused on freestyle. I tried to just let the words take me on the emotional journey. My main objective for now is to continue to learn the text without making any concrete choices, particularly with the soliloquies. The director and I broke down the “to be or not to be” soliloquy beat by beat. Later that day, we met with the ensemble to work through Act I. During rehearsal, our dramaturg, assistant director and head director started running “stations,” where we would rotate to work on different things during the same time. I thought this approach to the rehearsal process was very effective because we didn’t have much time and this was a massive show. Our dramaturg and I ran lines for Act 1 sc. ii until I was called to the Lab to work the ghost

scene with Pete, an undergraduate acting student. I was very impressed with his work on the character, which put me more at ease about not having John to play the role. John and I entered the MFA program in 2012 and have worked in almost every show together. The assistant director's work with the Players, which looked very good, was also integrated into the Lab space.

I'm very excited about this process moving forward. I think we have a solid ensemble and everyone is passionate about this production and fully committed to telling the story of *Hamlet*. I'm also excited about our entire production team. We have a very experienced stage manager, which gives me confidence the production will run smoothly. I have had the pleasure of working with our stage manager in several different capacities and she has established a reputation of excellence and achievement. I am also thankful to have a very talented and succinct assistant director. With a show of this size, and given the restraints of time, it is comforting to know there are several sets of eyes on rehearsals, dedicated to giving constructive feedback. I've also discovered he is responsible for all of the fight choreography throughout the play, so I'm excited to see what he develops. Our dramaturg has been a tremendous resource for questions about the text and for his help in getting me off book. Everybody is contributing to this production in so many different ways and, with this kind of commitment, I'm gaining in confidence the show has a chance at a successful run.

Wednesday

September 17, 2014

Last night, I did some research on world princes and watched some videos online, paying close attention to their physicality and stature. Today I arrived early to rehearsal and a great number of cast mates were already there, warming up with their scripts. Seeing everyone's commitment makes me very thankful to have the opportunity to perform with them and work with this company as a whole. For a company this size, this type of dedication is something I've never experienced or witnessed before. We did a quick warm up and went to our "stations." I worked with the director from 7-8p on Act I sc. ii where Horatio comes in with Bernardo and Marcellus to tell Hamlet about having seen his father's ghost. I played with different tactics and came to the conclusion Hamlet "investigates" quite a bit in this scene. He is a scholar and therefore must have proof the unbelievable news they are reporting is true. After working this sequence, at 8p Evey - who played Horatio - and I ran lines and talked about our characters and their history together. We talked about how long they had known each other, the circumstances surrounding how they met and their time at school together. We decided they had met when they were younger and when Horatio's dad, whom we imagined was a Duke, visited Hamlet's father at the Royal Court. We also agreed Hamlet would have been at Wittenberg for a short amount of time before Horatio arrived.

This process of building our relationship is difficult for several reasons. The idea of being a Prince in 16th century Denmark is quite a stretch for my imagination, so I'll have to rely heavily on relationships. However, I'm concerned with Horatio's gender. Back in the beginning of the audition process, the director asked me how I would feel if Horatio was a

female and I told him I thought it would change the dynamic of their relationship. I don't think men and women can be best friends without any romantic implications. For example, my wife and I were best friends for a while. I'm not saying it can't be done, I'm saying I've never experienced it so it would be difficult for me to find truth in it. With all of that said, I do think Evey will do a fabulous job with the role. I think she has a good command of the language, which was evident during the table reads and the auditions. After running lines for Act I sc. ii, Evan – who played Laertes – switched out with Evey and he and I ran lines for Act V sc. ii. Running the lines with actors playing their characters was tremendously helpful.

Right now I'm concerned about learning the lines so that's my main focus. I feel like the actions will come with my familiarity with and understanding of the text. However, since I have *Bengal Tiger* rehearsal tomorrow, I will not be able to do text work tonight.

Saturday

September 20, 2014

We rehearsed today from 11a.m. until after 7p.m. and we worked Act II sc. ii, when Polonius tries to figure out why Hamlet has been acting strangely. During this rehearsal, I discovered one of the many reasons why so many actors want to play Hamlet, which is because when he is feigning madness the choices for actions are almost unlimited as an actor. I get to play with almost any actions I want in scenes where Hamlet is acting crazy. It's an actor's playground! We also worked the moments with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. When we got into the speech about "beggars bodies" I got a little lost. This is a section I need to focus more on during my studying.

We also worked the scenes with the Players and talked about the "rugged Pyrrhus" speech and how it was a tale of revenge. Hamlet wants his mother to have wept for his father the way Hecuba wept for her husband Priam. I really enjoy when the Players arrive because they come in with such great energy. This reflects Hamlet's attitude toward the Players in the play, so it's easy to connect emotionally to Hamlet's excitement about them. I also enjoy when my character gets to perform a bit of the speech for the Players. Hamlet really wants to impress them and show them he is well versed. It's almost as if Hamlet is auditioning for a role in the Players troupe.

After the Players exit I performed the "o what a rogue" soliloquy at the end of Act II sc. ii. I was not off book yet, so I did not get much mileage out of the performance. I made some choices and discoveries, but I do not feel like this piece is performance ready. This is something I plan to look at in more detail in the future. I do think Hamlet starts out excited in this soliloquy at the thought that his plan is coming together so well. Then as he begins to

talk about how ridiculous it is for the Player to be so moved by a historic character, Hamlet begins to compare the Player's actions to what he would do if he were in that situation. Given the circumstances surrounding his life, this discovery leads Hamlet to realize the urgency of honoring his father's wishes and avenging his father's death. The "o what a rogue" soliloquy drives Hamlet to take action and follow through with his plan to expose and kill Claudius.

We worked scenes from Act III sc. iv, where Hamlet and Gertrude are in her chambers and they are in a whirlwind of passion. This scene is very difficult because it requires a great deal of emotional investment. Like many other scenes in the play, this scene is the only opportunity to see the two characters together, but it's under extreme circumstances. So as actors we have to find ways to communicate what our relationship was so that people will understand our relationship now. Although I am not very familiar with the text at this point I do think Hamlet wants to reconcile with his mother. He wants her to understand how much he loves her and wants her back in his life. He feels like she underestimates his capabilities as a man and that she disregarded him when she married his uncle. Hamlet also wants her to understand how disrespectful that may have been to his father. This scene is very intense and the tension between the two characters is thick. I feel like Hamlet is finally able to get some very troubling issues off his chest, which should bring the two characters closer by the end of the scene.

Bengal Tiger is opening very soon and we have rehearsal tomorrow at 2pm and *Hamlet* rehearsal at 7pm – 10pm. I think this will be the last rehearsal for a while, besides my Tuesday meetings with the director and the dramaturg. At this point, we've covered

quite a bit of text. My next focus will be text work on the soliloquies and the Gertrude scenes.

Sunday

September 21, 2014

Things are beginning to take a toll on me. We had *Bengal Tiger* rehearsal today at 2pm before our *Hamlet* rehearsal this evening. I do not like having to go from one character to another because I don't think I'm able to fully dedicate myself to either. Nevertheless, I was so tired when I got home, I sent Alex - stage manager for *Bengal Tiger* - my bio, and in the message I told her my headshot would be in a different file. She had never asked for headshots, nor has anyone ever asked for headshots at UNO. This error implies my body and mind are tired and I've decided to dedicate this night to getting rest. Also, tomorrow there is an opportunity to do a table read for a film, thanks to a faculty member's suggestion of me to the director. The highlight of the opportunity is the chance to read with an award winning, well-known and well-loved actress. So, I'm definitely looking forward to that opportunity and therefore, I reiterate the importance of getting an adequate amount of rest tonight in order to be prepared for tomorrow.

In terms of what we did tonight, Meg (Gertrude) and I met before rehearsal to discuss our characters' relationships. We ran lines for Act III sc. iv and I realize this is a scene I need to pay closer attention to. Working the scene with the actor playing Gertrude made me think about the journey of our scene before and after the ghost appears. I need to think about Hamlet's relationship with his dad as opposed to his relationship with his mother, since Hamlet changes so drastically after his father's ghost visits him. Before the ghost appears, Hamlet is violent and dangerous. He tries to rattle and attack his mother until the ghost appears, then his approaches are more soothing, not necessarily settling, but less forceful and frantic. I'm confused about the part in this scene when Hamlet says, "and

when you are desirous to be blest, I'll blessing beg of you." I think I understand what the text is saying on the surface, but I'm not sure what Hamlet is trying to say underneath the text. I will continue to study this section and seek a deeper understanding of the text and Hamlet's motivating factors at this point.

During rehearsal we ran Act IV scenes i, ii, and iii, which were all a blast. In scene ii, the director's idea was to stage a chase scene where Rosencrantz/Guildenstern send guards to chase Hamlet and take him to Claudius. We used the entire Lab space, running across the stage, up the steps into the audience, across the seats, all the way to the other side of the theatre, before Hamlet gets caught and escorted downstairs. A challenge for this scene will be breath support. Since I will be running, ducking, and dodging in the Nims while speaking difficult text, it will be imperative that I make sure everything I say is fully supported with breath and that I follow through the ends of my words. I have been, and will continue to rehearse with retainers so I will have to over articulate my words, in hopes that it will be easier to annunciate once I remove them.

I played with the choice of making the guards actually bring me to the King, as Hamlet's last act of defiance. However, I'm not convinced it will work. When we visited the following scene, which was sc. iii of Act IV, I was able to abuse Claudius with an array of actions and tactics. I used actions like, "to offend", "to ignore", "to humiliate", plus many more, to find what was appropriate for the scene. I must say the actor playing Claudius did an excellent job and was a great sport in this scene. He made me feel comfortable enough to play and try new things on him without making me feel like I was crossing any lines. I'm excited to revisit this scene, but for now, the focus is *Bengal Tiger*, so I need to go study that script.

Before I go though, I want to take a moment to talk about how I'm feeling at the present moment. I seem to be coming down with a bit of a cold, so there is a physical drain. However, overall I'm excited about the production. I've never taken on such a big role, nor have I ever had so much stage time, so I'm hoping I'll be able to find actions that motivate my character and engage the audience for an extended amount of time. I will have to be diligent about how I distribute my energy so I'm able to make it through the entire run of the show. I feel more fluid now and more comfortable in the space. I'm excited about our production team and I know the production will be in good hands. Initially, I was worried, as anyone would be if assigned this role, and thought this thesis was surely doomed. I thought it would be impossible to stage *Hamlet* with such a small rehearsal window. I was convinced my thesis was meant to be a lesson for me on how to deal with failure. But knowing the passionate group we have working on this script, I can definitely see some bright glimmers of hope and possibility.

Tuesday, I have a meeting with the director to cover some soliloquies and I'm a bit nervous about the meeting because I don't feel prepared. Between now and then, I have to prepare for a scene for acting class with the actor playing Fortinbras so we will need Tuesday to rehearse. I'll do the best I can.

Today we worked Hamlet's scene with Ophelia in Act III sc. I. We discussed our relationship with each other, that we grew up in the castle together and were each other's first love. We concluded they would have broken each other's virginity too, which Hamlet alludes to during this scene when he says, "for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish it." I think he is trying to cut her with those words, and the way he could hurt her most is if they were each other's first and only love. I think in the moment, Hamlet wants Ophelia to think he has had other women, but I don't think he has. I think Hamlet's words hurt him just as much, if not more, than they do Ophelia because he loves her so much. Ophelia was someone he could trust, which was hard to find for someone of such status as the Prince of Denmark, and I think trust is very important to him. Hamlet later talks to Horatio about how hard it is to find people who are true and honest in their support and love for him. When rehearsing this scene, I found more truth in Hamlet's struggle against himself to peel away from her, than having Hamlet willfully abuse and misuse her throughout the scene. Hamlet's cruelty doesn't come from a place of hate, it comes from a place of tremendous love. Ophelia, his one and only true love, has abandoned him and at the absolute worst time.

Hamlet has just finished his "to be or not to be" speech where he talks about his struggles with suicide, and when Ophelia appears she briefly and unknowingly becomes his lifeline. She is one of the only reasons Hamlet decides to keep living and ironically she is there to test him by breaking up with him. We tried a number of different ways to play this scene. I even tried making her feel sorry for me during some of the text, which was a choice

I was experimenting with that I thought would be extremely wrong, but it turned out to be a viable option.

I think the actor playing Ophelia is very truthful in the scene. While she may not make flashy choices as an actor, she does follow her instincts and lives truthfully moment-to-moment in the scene. Again, there is the tremendous task of communicating what our relationship was in the past, in order to understand what our relationship has become. We also should focus on what the items were that Ophelia gave back to Hamlet. What were the situations surrounding how they were created and given to her? These are some of the things I intend to journal and brainstorm about in order to inform me about their relationship.

Monday

October 6, 2014

In rehearsal today, we worked Act IV sc. iv and Act V sc. ii. In Act V sc. ii, Hamlet has just arrived back in Denmark and, after having seen Ophelia's burial, he tells Horatio the story of how he climbed aboard the pirate ship and got stranded. This section of the play is very dense in terms of text. My character has a lot to say and I'm definitely not off book yet. Having to read from the script is limiting me in so many ways from being able to freely make choices. I feel like a rehearsal with my script has almost no value, so I really need to focus on getting off book as soon as possible. This is a problem area for me, so I need to dedicate some special time and attention to the story Hamlet is telling here.

Another thing to think about with Act V sc. ii is Hamlet's new mentality. After having escaped death only to be put back on his path to vengeance, Hamlet now feels more than ever he is destined to do the deadly deed. I think Hamlet begins to accept his fate – that he will die, which shows a great deal of growth and maturity on his part. I think at this point in the play, he is becoming more of the king he was groomed to be. Hamlet is definitely a different person when he comes back from sea, so I will focus on finding moments that communicate or indicate that in the text.

We also visited Act IV sc. iv when Hamlet witnesses Fortinbras' army and talks to one of his guards about the nature of their visit. The actor playing the guard was well prepared for this scene. She was mostly, if not completely, off book. This allowed me to play off her actions, since I was in a situation where I had no control because I didn't yet know my text. I used this as an opportunity to simply be present in the moment and react, without having any actions planned out. I think the actor playing this role is doing a

phenomenal job already. She is off to a blazing start, she knows her material and she comes in with different choices each time, which makes each performance fresh and alive. I enjoy sharing the stage with her because I'm confident she will keep me on my toes with unpredictability, yet will give me the security that she knows the scene.

Today is also my nieces' birthday. They are in Natchez, they're triplets – Faith, Hope, and Joy – and they asked if we were coming to see them for their birthday. I had to tell them I couldn't make the trip because I'd be in rehearsals through October, which is something that often happens in my line of work. The conversation had me thinking, though, about time and how there's never enough of it and how we spend it is so important. With a child of my own on the way, I feel like it's more important than ever to make sure to spend all the time I can with him. Just as Hamlet holds Yorick's skull in the play and just as Claudius talks about the passing of fathers, so too will my father one day pass, and so will I one day pass. Time is all we have.

Tuesday

October 7, 2014

Today's my mother's birthday, so if you ever read this Mom, I love you and happy birthday. I'm sorry I won't have a chance to visit you this year, but it's almost over. My scene partner and I worked the Hamlet and Ophelia scene for acting class today so I kind of started rehearsal even earlier. When the director and company arrived at 3:30pm, we worked Act III sc. ii - when the players arrive. Then we worked the "speak the speech" speech up through our intermission, which occurs when Claudius gets up and leaves the play within the play. We were running lines for this section and I found it very difficult to retain them when I got on my feet, which was very discouraging.

Along with my failings with memorization, I'm also lost in terms of character journey. I'm wondering where Hamlet is mentally during the play within the play. Is he still putting on the antic disposition? What is the nature of Hamlet's relationship with Ophelia during this time? The last time we saw Hamlet and Ophelia together was after he scolded her and stormed out, he came back to apologize only to discover his intuitions were true and that she was deceiving him the whole time. Has he cast her out of his circle of trust, or does he forgive her and only blame her father? These are some of the thoughts and questions I need to further explore.

We are into the run for *Bengal Tiger*, so my focus is a bit diluted. Tonight, I will look at *Shakespeare's Advice to the Players*, a book I borrowed from the actor playing Rosencrantz/Guildenstern, and I will try to see what advice I may be able to apply to my performance.

I'd like to take a moment though, to talk about the actor previously mentioned because she has added so much value to this production. Before each rehearsal, we warm up, and on the days she's here, she leads the vocal warm-ups. She has a lot of great exercises we could use for this production and things we can certainly benefit from using in the future. I also think she's a strong actor given the gigantic task of playing both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in addition to playing the Gravedigger. For Shakespeare, one character is usually difficult enough.

I won't be able to rehearse the rest of this week because I will be performing in *Bengal Tiger*. After strike on Sunday, October 12, we will be able to rehearse in the Nims space. I look forward to the opportunity to realize our vision for this show in the official performance space.

Monday

October 13, 2014

Today was our first rehearsal in the Nims space, and it felt good to be able to stretch a bit and try different things. We worked Act III sc. ii from Claudius' exit during the play within a play, through the "tis now the witching time" soliloquy at the end of Act III sc. ii. I felt fairly comfortable with the dialogue between Hamlet and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and I was glad to get a chance to play with some different actions. For example, because we are in a bigger space I can draw more space between us, which represents my estranged relationship with Rosencrantz/Guildenstern, and I can coax her/them to chase me in order to expose their true intents and uncover their allegiance to Claudius. This is the scene where Hamlet finally proves his hypothesis that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are here for the King's best interests, and not at all as friends.

I also ran the "tis now the very witching time of night" soliloquy, which made me feel very uncomfortable. I was not prepared to do this monologue, but this process is teaching me to be more courageous in my work and not to worry so much about failure. Nevertheless, I couldn't connect to this text and it made the performance very painful. The actor playing Gertrude and I ran lines for the bedroom scene as well up until the ghost enters. One of my concerns with this scene is vocal preservation. This scene requires a great deal of vocal energy, so I will have to pace myself throughout the dialogue. I know this scene is written in iambic pentameter, so I found a moment to really use it when Hamlet says, "not this by no means that I bid you do." Otherwise, I used it in the scene during certain moments, but did not allow the pentameter to prevent any emotional exploration. I need to reach out to two of my mentors and friends, who have offered their assistance with

building and playing this character, to ask them if they have any advice on voice preservation and working in iambic pentameter.

Another concern I have is the characters of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern being played by one person. While I think the actor can handle the role(s), I'm concerned that the idea of her playing two characters who were supposed to be my old childhood friends, and who were initially intended to be guys, would not translate to truth for me. Because Hamlet's world is so far from the world in which I currently reside, I need to rely heavily on his relationships with other characters, and so far I'm finding difficulty in realizing truth in some of them. For me, I had friends who were females, but for the most part, most of my closest friends were guys, with whom I would often talk about women. I think the same would be true with Hamlet; he would have talked to his best friends about Ophelia. However, if his best friends were women, I'm not sure if he would have felt comfortable doing so. Nevertheless, I suppose I'll have to use this opportunity as an exercise in imagination.

Now is the time when I will find some music to tie into my character. I have dubbed this transition as my "descent into the darkness." Usually in my character construction process, I find music I think supports my character's emotional state. For Hamlet, since he is troubled by extreme misfortune, I have decided to listen to blues, emo, and other selections from certain artists such as Sam Cooke, Bobby Blue Bland, and Kid Cudi. Particularly, I find a connection with Kid Cudi because, like Hamlet, he lost his father and his music is an expression from someone with that perspective.

Another thing I would like to accomplish is to write a daily letter to my father, to whom I will dedicate this show. My father is a fan of Shakespeare and he has always been

encouraging of my decision to become an actor. I can relate to Hamlet's relationship with his father in terms of his father being such a great, and well-known man. Back home, I remember going places with my father, and it seemed like everywhere we went, people knew my dad and wanted to stop and chat with him. You would have thought he was the town mayor! While I thought I would inherit my father's persona during my younger years, I've grown to discover this notion to be untrue. I'm a different person than my father is, and I've often wondered and had doubts about being able to one day fill his shoes. I think Hamlet deals with these same concerns and personal struggles. I want to tie in to those emotions in performance so the character becomes real for a modern audience, and relatable. Hopefully those same things that speak to me and ring true in my own life, will translate to a modern audience and I hope they can be affected.

We also did a couple of exercises today where we walked around the space as our homeless characters. To me, the whole homeless character concept, while it is a creative and intelligent way to modernize the script, is difficult for me to wrap my head around. I find it difficult enough to try to figure out who Hamlet is, where he came from, and what motivates him moment to moment. To add another character to the mix is asking a lot. However, I do think conceptually, it is a brilliant idea and perfect for our production given our limits in resources. For the homeless person exercise, we walked around the space however we thought our homeless characters would walk. We found ways to motivate foreshadowing relationships with other homeless characters that would then parallel certain relationships in the play. For example, Peter's homeless character was a homeless veteran who looked out for me and whom I looked out for as well. Jared's homeless

character was a big time drug dealer who had gotten over on me in the past, which made us irreconcilable enemies.

My plan for tonight is to read and do some text work, specifically the part of the play that occurs after our intermission. I need to focus on learning the script, then I can really fly and make discoveries. Tonight, I felt good about the bedroom scene, but I still see a lot of potential for growth. I think learning the text will help the scene ascend to higher levels emotionally.

Tuesday

October 14, 2014

Today at 2:30pm, my acting partner from class and I ran the Hamlet and Ophelia scene, Act III sc. i, for acting class then at about 3:30pm members of production arrived to help me work lines. We covered Act III sc. i from after intermission, up to the end of Act III. We ran lines from Act IV sc. iii and sc. iv. We did not cover the soliloquies but we did cover the scene about Hamlet's escape from the pirates, and the Osric and Lord scenes in Act V. However, when I went to perform these scenes in rehearsal, it felt as though I had wasted everyone's time because I couldn't remember my lines. This left me feeling both guilty and embarrassed, and even more committed to getting off book. It is a challenge for me to perform Shakespeare without knowing my lines, so that is my most immediate goal.

Today, I had to sacrifice an audition opportunity for this show, which was a difficult concept to digest. It upset me that I wouldn't get a chance to do any professional work during this semester because I had to perform in two shows for the University of New Orleans. Moments like what happened today make me feel very underappreciated because I have bills to pay, and though I'm thankful for my assistantship, it's not enough. I'm realizing how much those jobs I booked during previous semesters really made a difference. A big enticement for me while considering UNO was the opportunity to continue doing professional work. I was very upset when I had to turn down a potential opportunity to put food on the table, so I could perform for UNO's ticket sales, while still not receiving enough money to cover gas and meals for a month. I understand the concept of being committed to a show, but because such a huge undertaking was stuffed into a small window, there is almost no room left for anything else in my life. I'm exhausted; having

two shows and no break in between; it's extremely difficult. Despite the odds, I will continue to perceive this experience as an opportunity for growth and as an investment; in myself and my future that will hopefully help me to provide for my family someday.

Today, I thought the actor playing Ophelia's performance really started to take off. She was very fluid during her scenes and she seemed very comfortable with the text. Her performance in her "crazy" scene where she gives away the metaphorical flowers energized the whole company; I think she had some breakthroughs tonight. Another notable performance was by the director. He scolded the dramaturge for interrupting him or talking at the same time, the exact offense I don't remember. However I do remember the director's reaction and I didn't think highly of it, though I understood it. This process brings out the best and worst in us; we're only human.

Wednesday

October 15, 2014

Today the actor playing Horatio and I ran lines for the scene in Act V when we're approaching the gravedigger. When we performed the scene later, I still had trouble with lines. My goal for today was to be off book, but I've failed in meeting that goal. It is very frustrating to be so far into rehearsals and still not be off book. We don't have a lot of time to rehearse all the scenes; we may get one or two more shots to work them. Choices must be made before tech weekend, which is the weekend before the opening night. I feel like I'm doing all I can, giving all I've got and it's still not enough to reach my goals.

Working the gravedigger scene had me thinking about Hamlet's relationship with Yorick. How close were they? I think about someone in my life who was like an uncle/older brother figure and it helps me to see a face on the skull. The concern with this is the character's arc. I think at that time, Hamlet is in a position where he wouldn't necessarily mourn over Yorick's absence – he's been gone for years. Contrarily, I think it's an important lesson for Hamlet, which is received at an opportune time when he can learn from it. In the past, I don't think Hamlet would have been caught dead talking to a grave digger, but his experience with the pirates gave him a new perspective and opened the gates to his getting to spend a few last moments with Yorick, his old friend.

The actor playing Ophelia and I talked about the scene before and during the play within a play. Again, what is the nature of Hamlet and Ophelia's relationship during this time? It's so confusing. He engages with her and has chosen to be by her, yet he insults her with back-handed comments. I made the choice that Hamlet is putting on his antic disposition and he can't communicate what's going on with Ophelia, although he really

wants to. Although he is hurt that she betrayed him, I think he still wants to be with her. He can't trust her, but he loves her.

My scene partner asked me what I thought about her character, Ophelia, and I compared what I thought she may have been going through to domestic violence cases. Specifically, this scene made me think about *What's Love Got To Do With It*, the Tina Turner story. Tina suffers abuse at the hands of her husband because she holds on to who he used to be. Just as Tina Turner was immobilized by the idea of her (now abusive) husband one day reassuming his old personality, so is Ophelia whom professes her love for the man Hamlet once was.

My main objective right now is to try to get off book as soon as possible. I feel like I'm catching a cold, so I've starting taking preventative measures. I can't afford to get sick, but it's almost unavoidable because I can't get rest.

Today we ran the graveyard scene when Hamlet has a scuffle with Laertes, and we covered Hamlet's talk with Horatio when he tells him how he ended up back in Denmark. We discussed what Hamlet's mentality may have been when he got back to Denmark. He has one thing on his mind and he seems to have accepted whatever fate may bring him. We worked Act V sc. ii when Hamlet tells Horatio a story about how God brought him back to Denmark. He insists he was ordained by heaven to return to Denmark and avenge his father's death. I think this is peculiar and speaks to Hamlet's character arc. In the beginning of the play, Hamlet is a scholar who needs proof, and by this point in the play, he becomes a man of faith. We worked basically all of Act V. My goal going into this rehearsal was to be off book, but I failed to reach that goal. My biggest problem area is the conversation with Horatio in Act V sc. ii. I wasn't off book at all for the last moments of the play. Again, having to call for line or read from the script at this point in the process is quite a hindrance, but it is a part of this process. Getting off book and learning my lines, continues to be my biggest challenge. I think there are still some gaps in my character's arc, especially toward the end, but I feel like once I get a command of the language, my focus will be sharper and the emotional responses will have a more honest flow.

I talked to the director after rehearsal about some of the concerns we, the actor playing Ophelia and I, had about the play within a play scene. We talked about how difficult this play is since the point of attack happens so early before the play began when Hamlet's father dies. Then there's another point of attack when the ghost appears. That means we have to figure out what Denmark was like, who these characters were before King Hamlet

died and imagine who they were after his death as well, all before the play begins. There's not much information in the play about the nature of many of these characters' relationships with each other, so we have to build their lives from scratch, using a great deal of imagination exercises.

I got an email from Dr. Loomis today. She is a very sweet and considerate lady and I am so grateful to have met her and talked to her about this project. She was so supportive and excited for me, and excited to share tons of information with me about Shakespeare and the play. Having met with her before this process gave me confidence in my choices in rehearsal. What more can you ask for as an actor? Anyway, she emailed me, and I'll email her back tonight or tomorrow. I would like to ask her what she thinks about the relationship between Hamlet and Ophelia in Act III sc. ii during the play within the play, and also pick her brain about who Hamlet is when he returns to Denmark in Act V. For now, I need to focus on text work and getting off book.

Another one of my challenges that the director and I talked about was my need for constant action. There are some opportunities in the play when my character may exhibit stillness. This has always been a challenge for me because, as an actor, I've always tried to justify my character always having a physical activity that ties them to the scene. Whether it's tying a shoe or playing with a handkerchief, I always try to find something for my character to physically do. Stillness onstage makes me uncomfortable and self-conscious. One of the things I'd like to experiment with in this process is playing with the concept of stillness. Particularly, I think there may be an opportunity in Act V sc. ii when Hamlet is telling Horatio about the pirates. The director and I talked about me stepping back, being an anchor while Horatio maintains and exudes a higher kinetic energy.

Friday

October 17, 2014

One of my goals for today was to be off book so I worked through last night up until about 7am. Then I took a nap until about 2pm, ran errands and arrived at rehearsal at about 5:45pm. Last night I went through the entire text, whispering my lines (I know that's bad for my throat, but I also have to consider other people's sleep). Then I began text work at Act I and worked up through half of Act III stopping at our intermission. Today in rehearsal, we worked the chase scene from Act IV sc. ii, which was a lot of fun. I really like how that scene is taking shape. We also worked the Gertrude scene in Act III sc. iv with the ghost and with both actors playing Polonius. I'm feeling more comfortable with the text, so I'm glad to be at a point where I can now start to really invest in the emotional demands of the scene. I have to pay close attention to my use of vocal levels in this scene. Vocal preservation is key, and breath support is vital. I need to make sure I'm not holding tension in my body, especially in my neck and shoulders. Getting a good warm up in before rehearsal will be essential to my survival with this character throughout the run of the show.

Michael Santos came to rehearsal today to work with some people who had voice concerns, especially those playing multiple characters. Unfortunately, I did not get the chance to work with him but I am very glad he is sharing his time with us. He is certainly adding value to this production and I'm thankful for his input and contribution. My focus for now continues to be getting off book, particularly by next week. Tonight I was able to work a little more without my book in hand, but in the Gertrude chamber scene, I had to call line repeatedly, which caused the scene to lose a lot of steam. That scene has to move like a locomotive, and if I continue to get

tripped up over the words, I'm afraid we won't have the level of comfort necessary as actors, to take it to the emotional level of discomfort for which the scene calls. So it is imperative that I get off book as soon as possible.

Saturday

October 18, 2014

Last night my goal was to finish out the play with text work, which I was able to accomplish. Rehearsal today went from 11am to 7pm. I arrived before 11am, but I was late for the 15 minute warm up before rehearsal. We were missing a few people so we didn't have Claudius, Gertrude, or Ophelia. The actor playing Claudius is actually out of town and won't be at rehearsals for several days. I'm concerned about this, not because I think he wouldn't be able to still do a good job, I'm just worried he won't have the time to make discoveries like his cast mates have been doing throughout the rehearsal process. I think he is capable, but being out of town, he will be missing opportunities to make those discoveries that build his character.

Regardless, today we worked with what we had in terms of actors. We did the prologue and then we started from the beginning of the play chronologically. We blocked most of the scenes from Act I leading up to the players' arrival in Act II, working around the absent actors. We also looked at the fight at the end of the play between Hamlet and Laertes, for which the assistant director designed the choreography. The actor portraying Laertes and I walked through the fight's floor patterns up and down the risers. Of course I'm concerned with falling while backing up on the risers, but I will try to put this sequence into muscle memory so my body knows where I am at all times. I will have to really familiarize myself with this stage for safety's sake.

We also worked the Polonius and Rosencrantz/Guildenstern scenes in Act II scenes i and ii. It was a challenge carrying those scenes out of the lab and translating them to this space. I will say though, the director is very open to ideas to make these scenes work. I was

concerned the Rosencrantz/Guildenstern scene in Act II about the “beggars bodies” would have to be recreated in the Nims space because we used chairs that just happened to be in the Lab, for the scene. Instead of having to recreate the scene, the dramaturg preserved what we had developed in the Lab and simply brought the chairs into the Nims space. Works for me.

I struggled through the “o what a rogue and peasant slave” soliloquy today. I feel it’s important to have the soliloquies learned first because they can inform me of Hamlet’s journey throughout the play. I know it’s important to learn this text, but I’m exhausted. So for now, I will focus on getting some rest and taking care of my health. During this time, I will most likely pick up the script to study, but I need to make a deal with myself not to do any text work.

One of my major concerns at this point is I’m finding myself putting on a false character during rehearsals. My motivations and objectives feel foggy and vague at times, which is causing me to assume a false voice. I think I can rectify this problem by making sure I have a clear intention for each moment. I need to know what I want at each given moment and what the dire consequences are if I don’t attain it. Some scenes in the play are clearer than others in terms of what Hamlet is trying to get or trying to do to other characters, but some moments are very ambiguous. Again, I think learning the text will help add clarity to my character’s motivations and objectives.

Monday

October 20, 2014

We actually had a day off yesterday, an opportunity I tried to take advantage of by resting. However, I couldn't help but work, so I started running lines with my wife during commercial breaks until I finally gave in and began studying the script. I looked at the entire first Act, reading the text out loud in order to put it into muscle memory. My hope is this exercise helps with diction and annunciation.

In acting class we watched a Shakespeare video in which two actors compared their versions of Shylock from *Merchant of Venice*. Although there were differences in the actors and their performances, both versions of the character were valid and their choices were justified. Having watched that video encourages me to feel free to make Hamlet my own and to trust my choices. One of the challenges with *Hamlet* is that the play is so widely known and has been done by some of the best actors of all time. The pressure to emulate those artists who made such huge impacts in the theatre by their portrayals of this character can be overwhelming. Watching the videos today served as an inspiration to encourage originality and truth in my portrayal of the Prince of Denmark.

Tonight during rehearsal, the actor playing the ghost and I worked our scene from Act I with the dramaturg. This scene is truly a listening exercise for me. In order for me to know my cues and for the character to respond emotionally, I will have to listen very closely, all while navigating the space safely. I think Peter, a talented 4th year undergraduate actor, is doing a good job with his character. I imagine he's my dad in a different body. I do believe we are spirits, which are eternal, and we happen to inhabit our bodies for a time.

Gertrude and my character were scheduled to work the bedchamber scene from Act III and we decided to have a character conversation exercise. I found it difficult to make clear to her why Hamlet is acting the way he has been acting in the play. I tried to explain to her that Hamlet has lost everything he loved: his father, his education, his lover and now his mother. Her argument was she had to make the decisions she made in order to secure the state of Denmark and prevent invasion. I continued to stress the fact she did not include me in the decision making process, which made me feel left out of the equation. I think the character conversations are effective and though they usually don't involve peace-making, they help to highlight character motives and objectives.

Also, there was a phone interview today with a reporter from the *Driftwood*, the campus newspaper. I was at work in the shop when she called and she asked me a few questions about the play and the process. One of her questions was about what my biggest challenge was right now. I told her my main objective right now is getting off book. I talked about how excited I was to have such a tremendously talented team involved with the project and so I was dedicated to making sure I didn't drag the show down and have everybody's work go in vain. I was a bit nervous about the interview at first because it was my first interview, but the reporter was very kind and comforting.

At the end of rehearsal, we ran the end of Act III sc. i, working "to be or not to be" up through the Ophelia scene. I felt so excited to finally perform this soliloquy in the Nims space I burst from backstage in a fury, declaring a defense for Hamlet's decision to not have made a decision. The moments felt so liberating, I felt like I could fly in this monologue. I felt like time and space all lined up together and everything outside of me stood still. I felt like I was the only person moving through space while doing that soliloquy tonight. I don't

think I had ever had that feeling to that extent before. The second time I did it, I tried a different action and I felt like I pulled back a bit, maybe to reserve whatever I had previously found. Regardless, the feeling I felt tonight during that soliloquy, “to be or not to be”, is the reason I do theatre.

Tuesday

October 21, 2014

Today was our day to run lines so the dramaturg and I worked from 3:30pm until about 6pm. During rehearsal we ran all the transitions for the first three Acts, in preparation for a full stumble through tomorrow of our first Act before intermission. I'm dealing with a great deal of exhaustion, I haven't been given a break for what feels like months and I feel like this process is starting to get to me. We had an incident today that really pushed the limits of my patience. In celebration of our cast mate's birthday, we decided to buy her a cake. I was tasked with secretly placing the cake and supplies in the concession stands, so I had to borrow the stage manager's keys. Because I wasn't confident I would be able to place the items in concessions without suspicion, I passed the task on to our dramaturg who completed it and placed the keys back on my bag. I gave the stage manager the keys back and by the end of the night they had gone missing. We searched high and low for them until, ultimately, everyone was asked to empty our pockets. As I felt the need to prove my innocence, I began the humiliating process of emptying my pockets when suddenly our sound/music designer confessed to having had the keys the whole time. What had started out as a very stressful situation for me was now disregarded as a simple misunderstanding. Because our stage manager had been so vocal about not remembering receiving the keys from me, I felt like I was to blame for their mysterious disappearance. However when it came to light that our musician had them, it all became a big joke. I'm upset because as a minority here at UNO, particularly as a black male, when things go missing I tend to get the impression that people suspect I may have been involved. This situation at rehearsal was not the first time this has happened during my time at UNO, which is why I am so upset. I'm tired of feeling judged based on the color of my skin. Tonight was a setback for me. I feel like, as

artists, we should be the people who are able to transcend the small mindedness of prejudice and connect to universal human values. Humanity needs us to be agents of change and growth, tolerance and acceptance. If we can't do this as artists, there is little hope for humanity.

We did a run through of our first half of the show leading up to intermission. I'm getting closer to being off book so I feel pretty good about that. Now that we are starting to link these scenes together, questions are beginning to generate about certain moments in the play. For example, with Ophelia, I'm wondering if Hamlet is putting on his antic disposition when he visits her chambers. Does he ever let her in on what's going on? If he does tell her by the time they get to the play within the play that would make their dialogue in that scene quite different. Overall, I feel like this play is really starting to take shape, and I'm excited to have gotten through the entire first half. For me this is a true victory because I get to take a bit of a break in our second half during Act IV, so if we can get through shaping up the first half, the finish line will be all the more closer.

I'm finding more frustration outside of rehearsal, which may attribute to my own lack of assertiveness. When I requested a certain day for our photo opportunity for the press release there was push back from one of the participants because it was inconvenient for her. However, the day that was better for her was inconvenient for me. When it came down to a decision being made, she won the battle. I didn't think this was fair, since this is my thesis and I believe I should be given the authority to make those decisions about my process. She will one day have her own thesis and can make whatever decisions she wants to make. I also had some issues with my costume. I didn't like the idea of having an inexpensive-looking brown suit. I had talked to the costume designer about having a suit that would imply my character was once wealthy. My suit makes me feel more like a salesman than an heir. Nevertheless, I trust our costume designer's judgment and won't argue with his artistic choices since he has a better idea of the whole picture

he's painting. He has a reputation for doing good work, so I trust his decisions, but the brown suit is honestly not what I was expecting.

I requested some Toms shoes because I feel like Hamlet would be light on his feet and would probable put more weight on the balls of his feet. While some characters are more grounded and sink into the heels of their feet, I feel like Hamlet has more of a curious stature. He continually seeks information and consistently investigates, which are forward moving motions. I think this type of personality would cause a person to have a constant forward momentum and gait. Considering those ideas about his character, I decided to go with the Toms. However, I'm concerned about the lack of grip on the bottoms of these shoes. Knowing the extent of the physical agility this show will demand, and the dangers that lurk throughout the space, I need to definitely address this issue.

Because I arrived earlier than called, I was able to run lines before rehearsal. I was also able to warm up with the group and then the actor playing Laertes and I worked with the assistant director on the fight choreography for a while. We met in the dance studio, he gave us a pair of sticks and we started the fight sequence one hit at a time. He basically showed us a series of moves and we would practice it until we were at a level he felt like we were comfortable with, then he would show us the next steps. I'm excited to have Erick as the choreographer for our fight sequences, I'm just concerned that the idea of having an elaborate fight scene for the end of the play may be a bit ambitious. We don't have a lot of time left before tech and the fight scene has to run smoothly and be repeatable.

We ran the Hamlet and Ophelia scene from Act III sc. i during the latter part of rehearsal. I have to say, I feel more and more confident about this scene because it is really growing. I think the actor playing Ophelia is very present in this scene and she is so honest and fluid. The amazing thing about her is that she is a young actor handling a huge, very difficult role very well. I remind her that she's working on *Hamlet* as a freshman or sophomore, whereas I'm working on *Hamlet* as a last year graduate student. When we are in the scene together, there are moments when I can feel her inner conflict. I think that's a testament to her talent as an actor.

In addition to performing the scene, my scene partner and I talked about our characters' relationship. We decided she was not pregnant during this play, which had been considered earlier in our process. We're finding difficulty in understanding what their relationship was throughout the years because they only have a few lines with each other in Act III sc. i before things turn sour and they have an altercation. We did agree that their relationship was sexual,

perhaps very sexual. They are young lovers who have known each other a long time and who have a great deal of access to each other, in a place where they could have easily found privacy in some of the secret places in the castle. We discussed what they may have talked about: philosophy, love, and marriage. I do think Hamlet was planning on marrying Ophelia. Given his status as Prince, Ophelia was the only woman he could probably trust (romantically) to love him for who he was and not for what he could offer. So I think when he sees her after “to be or not to be”, he is in great need of her embrace.

We got notes from last night so I will try to address those tonight. I need to focus on Act V, particularly Hamlet’s conversation with Horatio about the pirates and how he escaped to come back to Denmark. I’m still concerned with energy and voice preservation throughout the entire length of the play. I need to start to shift focus to the second half of the play after our intermission. There is still a great bit of work to be done, but I do feel like we are closer to mounting this show. In the meantime, I need to make sure I’m well rested and healthy enough to persevere.

Friday

October 24, 2014

Today's goal for rehearsal was to integrate sound for the ghost's scenes. I'm glad to have our sound designer, Asher Griffith, for this production. I think he has some great ideas about how to underscore these scenes while helping to create different moods, and he has managed to get the whole cast involved. I did not reach my goals last night for text work because I went to sleep. This is very frustrating because at this point in the process I'm still calling for line, but I feel I'm doing all I can to get off book. This is becoming a huge concern for me. I think a possible solution would be to work my scenes earlier so that I can use the later time to run lines. Otherwise, I'm hesitant about committing to running lines with someone if I don't know what time they will want to work my scenes. Usually, when we run lines, we have to leave the theatre so we won't disturb the actors who are working. However, leaving the space will slow down rehearsal if I am not available when I'm called.

My goal for tonight with text work is to finish out the rest of the play, but my schedule is becoming ridiculously demanding. After work, class, teaching and rehearsal, I have no time, or more importantly any energy, to study my script. This is the part of the process when I need to be studying the most, since now is the time to make and solidify choices. With two weeks left in the process before tech weekend, I'm frustrated with the fact I don't have the freedom to invest more time into my thesis project. I've been looking forward to this process my entire graduate career and it means a lot to me. However, I'm afraid I will look back and it will all have been a blur.

Saturday

October 25, 2014

We started the day at about 10:45am and worked until about 6:30pm. We began with a warm up this morning, which was led by the actor playing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. She

has some really good stuff for warming up the voice and body. We do resonance exercises, stretches of the neck and thighs, diction and enunciation exercises, and we work on vowel and consonant sounds. I'd like to get an outline from her of our warm up process at some point for my personal records. I'm glad she's here to stress the importance of warming up before we tackle such a physically and vocally demanding script because if it was left up to me, though I understand the importance of warming up, I often lack the fundamental discipline to do it.

In terms of performance, we worked Hamlet's scenes with Ophelia, Rosencrantz/Guildenstern, and Polonius. I was glad to have the chance to look at these scenes more closely because they reflect three different Hamlets; with Ophelia he's terribly vulnerable, with Rosencrantz/Guildenstern he's a friendly detective and with Polonius he's a tumultuous clown. During the Rosencrantz/Guildenstern scene after he finds out they are working for Claudius, I'm wondering if that's the moment Hamlet decides he cannot trust them. If so, why does he go on discussing things with them and most importantly, why did he tell them he's only acting crazy to trick his mother and Claudius?

The rest of the company arrived shortly after we worked these scenes and we ran our first half of the show before intermission, skipping the scenes we had worked earlier to save time. I'm closer to my goal of being off book, but I missed my goal last night of doing text work because I fell asleep. I have some line notes from today's rehearsal that were provided by our assistant stage manager. Tonight, my aim is to finish text work for our second half of the play. We are getting out an hour early so I can focus on learning lines and hopefully rest. I talked to the director and he was concerned about my health and wellbeing and offered an option for a day off, possibly on Monday. At this point, I'm torn because I am exhausted, but I don't want to have any regrets about time I could have used to make the show better once we're in performance. I'd

rather give it all I've got now, so I won't have any doubts that I did my best. The satisfaction of having given something your best efforts is a victory no matter the actual outcome.

We plugged in David Brown for Polonius tonight, and David is the king of improvisation. In terms of blocking with this actor, it's like trying to nail jello to a tree. We kept running the scene to solidify some choices, but nothing ever solidified. We have an overall idea of where the scene goes, but I don't know what will happen between the beginning and the end of it. This is both terrifying and exciting because on one hand, the play could come to a screeching halt if we mess this up, but conversely, his improvisational approach keeps the scene fresh and alive. This is almost guaranteed to be a practice in moment-to-moment work.

Before I left, the director and I talked about the "to be or not to be" soliloquy. We had a discussion about the motivation behind his need to share his thoughts, which are very personal. I feel like he's on an emotional edge and the soliloquy is his conversation with his own conscious about what would be the best thing for him to do. He had been considering suicide since the beginning of the play, before he was tasked with the mission to kill Claudius, an act that will also lead Hamlet to his grave. So he has to really figure out what the best option would be and in the process of trying to find a reason to live, Ophelia arrives.

Monday

October 27, 2014

Today was a rough day. We ran our second half of the show and even though I accomplished my goal of finishing text work for the second half of the show, by the time we got to rehearsal, I was sloppy with my lines. We had our photo opportunity for the press release today as well. I'm not happy about not having been given the opportunity to get a haircut before these pictures. Of course I would have liked to have looked my best for my thesis pictures, but I'll deal with it, and they will serve as a constant reminder of other people's selfishness. Anyhow, so we took pictures and stumbled through rehearsal, then the director pulled me aside and cut me from rehearsal for today. I know he probably made the decision more out of concern than disappointment, but I can't help feeling like I failed today. Especially since the rest of the cast is doing such good work, I really feel like I'm letting the company down.

To culminate this agonizing day, I got back to my vehicle and noticed a ticket on my windshield. I think the best thing for me to do at this point is work for a short period of time and make sure to get rest. I'm already coming down with some sort of health issue due to a lack of sleep and an abundance of responsibilities. Jim has told me that he would talk to my employers and the program chair about giving me some time out of the shop to dedicate to the show. At this point something has got to give otherwise I may not be able to finish this process.

Tuesday

October 28, 2014

I'm excited to say that I met my goal last night of finishing the entire second half (after intermission) of our script. The dramaturg and I worked lines, we started at about 3:30pm up until about 6pm. I'm feeling much better and much more confident in my performance in terms of committing my lines to memory. Also, the actor playing Claudius came back and we plugged him back into the play. Now that he has arrived, the play is becoming more complete. I think he did a good job catching up, although I pity his position. I'm feeling better about the play as a whole and can see its potential more clearly.

Tomorrow we are planning to work the last scene of the play and then we will go back and start a full run from the beginning of the play. The director has pointed out that the cues for the last scene have to be picked up very quickly to reflect the emotional tension and build-up during those last moments. In order to execute that successfully, I will need to study Act V in great detail. There is great physical demand during the fight scene, so familiarization with the text is vastly imperative.

I'm feeling good about the play overall, but I'm not as confident about Act V. The gravedigger scene seems stagnant to me. I need to think about what's being said in that scene. I'm wondering what Hamlet's relationship with Yorick would have been like. I think, if Yorick was a prankster, maybe he and Hamlet had a one-ups-man relationship where they'd go back and forth playing jokes on each other. Another thing to think about in the scene is Hamlet's relationship with the gravedigger. These are scenes I want to explore further. In terms of actions, I think they come from the relationship. If I can establish what my character's relationship is with other characters, it makes it easier to determine the appropriate action.

I did feel better about the monologue before Hamlet goes to his mother's bedchamber. I'm trying to use the situation leading up to this monologue, where Hamlet exposes Rosencrantz/Guildenstern for her/their disloyalty, as fuel for Hamlet's rage. I think this monologue is Hamlet's attempt to keep calm and keep from blowing his cover with his mother. I think he battles with the idea of hurting his mother, which drives him to pray for strength to keep him from harming her. I also think it would be a nice picture to have Hamlet in prayer while Claudius also prays. It speaks to the idea that we all pray to the same God and reinforces the idea that Hamlet cannot kill Claudius because of his faith.

My goal for tonight is to do text work for the end of Act V from Hamlet's apology to Laertes until the end of the play. I need to talk to the director about our discussion pertaining to dedicating some shop time to work on this play. It won't solve all my problems, but it would be a tremendous help.

Wednesday

October 29, 2014

The first thing we ran in today's rehearsal was the duel scene at the end of Act V. We walked through it to get a sense of the scene and the blocking for the fight sequence, I must admit I'm not 100% confident that there won't be any mishaps. Having to navigate the space safely while speaking lines and doing choreography will be very challenging, especially due to the exhaustion that will set in after having done the whole show leading up to the battle. It is extremely important in that last scene to have total focus and full awareness in order to ensure our safety. Another concern is voice preservation throughout the show. I have never had a line load as heavy as Hamlet's, so I will have to really make sure I warm up and use my breath to support the words. It will help with diction as well, which has long been a challenge for me. I'm still struggling in places with text, but I think I'm close. I may even be able to reach my goal of being totally off book by Monday, the first week of November.

Overall, I am so excited at this point about this show going up. We have been working diligently to do our absolute best and to have a great show, and I think we are on the brink. Now that everything is starting to come together, I'm gaining more confidence in my own performance. I'm beginning to finally carve out a character arc for Hamlet. We go into tech next week and I'm both nervous and excited, but I'm very thankful for this opportunity.

The Gertrude's bedchamber scene is still not feeling like it's reaching its full potential. There are places in the scene where things are not adding up for me. I'm wondering about the killing of Polonius; is Hamlet really regretful? Does he care? I imagine Polonius is a figure Hamlet would have had some kind of relationship with, since Hamlet has been dating his daughter. Also, I find the text very difficult to physically speak at points during this scene. These moments are complicated because there is such a lack of information about Hamlet and his mother's relationship. Why doesn't she see the ghost? Everybody else does.

It will also be physically difficult to crawl through the tunnels after Polonius dies. I'm concerned about beating up my knees and actually fitting through the openings without making too much noise while Gertrude and Claudius continue the scene. I really like the idea conceptually, but I'm worried about the danger I will be putting myself in. I'm wondering if I might need some type of eye, head, and knee protection. It's also dark under the stage and I wonder if I will need a light to see my way through the tunnel. These are some of my concerns right now, but the thing I'm focused on most importantly is text work. I'm very close to completely learning my lines, so tonight my plan will be to do text work on the play in preparation for a full run tomorrow.

Last night, I did text work on Act V, but I didn't feel very confident in knowing the lines. I worked on it in preparation for a full run today, but we didn't get through the act. As we begin to run the whole show, concerns are beginning to surface about the length of this play. We've already made a long list of cuts in the text, yet our running time is still too long. We haven't been able to get through the whole play yet and that's disheartening. I don't want to cut anything else, but I also don't want people to have to sit through a four-hour play. Over the course of the next few days, I need to dedicate some time to finding other opportunities for cuts in the script.

Since we have the next few days off from rehearsal, I need to focus on my health. One of my issues right now is that I'm having some voice problems, so I need to make sure I'm prepared for next week since we will be doing runs daily. I tried some new actions today during the gravedigger scene; such as to "chastise," to "avoid," and to "dodge." Some of these choices made the scene feel better, but some didn't work as well so I'll think about this scene before we revisit it. Hamlet's last soliloquy in Act IV about having bloody thought is difficult for me right now. I'm not sure if it's a lack of familiarity with the text, or confusion about Hamlet's emotional state at this point in the play, but something is not adding up right for me during this scene. Hamlet sees Fortinbras and his army about to go to war for nothing and it reaffirms his call to vengeance for his father. At this point, I think Hamlet has reached his breaking point and will not allow anything to stop him from honoring his father's wishes.

I really like how the director has decided to stage the moment between Hamlet and Fortinbras at the top of Act IV sc. iv. The relationships between the princes in this play are important. Hamlet may even have a desire to be more like Fortinbras, in terms of his ability to

take charge and command such a powerful army, and the moment when they lock eyes as Fortinbras leaves really speaks to that idea.

Tech rehearsal is next weekend, so I will continue to work the text. I need to focus on the end of Act IV up through the end of the play.

Saturday

November 1, 2014

The actor playing Laertes and I worked with the assistant director yesterday on some fight choreography and it is very complicated. Being this close to opening, I am nervous about getting it to a place where we will be comfortable in performance and can recreate the fight safely throughout the whole run of the show. Actually, I'm worried about the entire fifth act since we haven't really had a chance to work a lot of those moments. However, the director has assured me we will have time to address any weak moments in those scenes and throughout the play. He has been very helpful to me in terms of keeping me confident that we will have a good show and that we are doing good work. He encourages me to trust my choices, which encourages me to try new choices.

In rehearsal today we ran the Gertrude bedchamber scene, we worked the Ophelia scene and finally we did the fight scene at the end. We were not very productive performing the last scene with text because we did not know the lines well enough, so we blocked it without the words. For the fight scene, today we experimented with the actual weapons we will use. Until today we have been working with wooden sticks, but today we were given the steel rods to see what they would feel like in performance. Frankly, I thought they looked great, but I did not feel safe fighting with them. Therefore, it is crucial we run this fight scene many, many times so that we know the choreography well enough to perform it safely each night, while maintaining a sense of danger and unpredictability.

I've been doing text work on the play from Hamlet's last soliloquy in Act IV up through the end of the play. I did not quite finish the play last night, so my goal for tonight is to work through the end of the play from Hamlet's speech with Horatio in Act V through the end. I'm

finding the conversation with Horatio difficult to handle. I need to think about Hamlet's motivation for sharing this information with Horatio at this time because right now it is not very clear. Working without a clear motivation, I think, is the reason I'm having issues remembering my lines in this scene.

My immediate goal is still getting off book and learning my lines completely. I think I'm very close to meeting this goal, but there are a few rough spots that need work. Overall, I feel good about the show and though I think we may not ever be 100% ready, we will at least have a show to put up, even if it won't be the best show ever. Hopefully, people will understand the difficulty of mounting a show like this before they pass judgment on the quality of our performances. I doubt it.

Tuesday

November 4, 2014

We have 9 days until show time and I'm still having issues with the text! Particularly, I'm having trouble with Act V so I'm very concerned because this is the culmination of everything leading up to this scene. This act has to be strong, or else all the hard work we've put in throughout the play will not translate. Everything leads up to the action at the end of the play, with all of the physical and emotional demands during those scenes I have to be absolutely sure I know those lines. Wednesday we will start running the entire play, I want to be ready so I can get the most out of the rehearsal opportunities.

We worked the scene with Hamlet and Horatio in Act V where Hamlet talks about his experience at sea. I don't think I've had a clean run of that scene yet, so I'm really getting frustrated with it. I think Hamlet is telling Horatio that, essentially, he has gone through a life changing experience during his time with the pirates. I think Hamlet knows the end is near for him, so he needs to tell Horatio what happened so his story can live on after his death.

The actor playing Laertes and I walked through the fight scene. I expressed my concern about working with the daggers as opposed to the wooden sticks. I suggested we wear some type of protective gloves, but we could not think of a way to integrate the gloves into the scene without taking away from the story. Since we couldn't find a way to justify wearing, finding, or removing the gloves, we decided not to use any. As a result, our familiarity with the fight sequence will be even more vital to secure our safety.

The director and I also talked about the scene in Gertrude's bedchamber. I can't understand why she doesn't see the ghost. I don't think it will affect my performance necessarily, but I really want to know why. The actor playing Gertrude and I also discussed what was in the

letter Hamlet sent back to Denmark when he was at sea. I think he told her everything in that letter, including his plans to kill Claudius upon his return. I think this scenario falls in line with what she had been playing, since I think Hamlet and Gertrude's relationship is much better by the end of the play. I think he gets his mom back by the end of Act V, before they perish.

I've decided to dedicate this show to my own father. Hamlet's relationship with his father is what really propels this whole play. If Hamlet didn't love his father deeply, he wouldn't be motivated to kill Claudius and there wouldn't be much of a story. My father also likes Shakespeare and particularly the story of Hamlet so I think it will mean a lot to him to have this show dedicated to him. Because of this process I haven't been able to talk to him much lately, so I want him to know how much I love him and why I've been so busy. This play is taking quite a toll on my time and my relationships, but I'm so excited that we are so close to opening night.

Wednesday

November 5, 2014

For today's rehearsal, the dramaturg and I ran lines starting at about 3:40pm and we went through the whole second half of our show through the end of the play. I generally got through the whole run without any problems, except for a few textual hiccups. I feel more confident in knowing my lines and I'm excited now to try some new things before tech.

In terms of rehearsal, we worked Act V sc. ii and I'm still trying to figure some things out. In Gertrude's bedchamber scene Hamlet talks about Rosencrantz/Guildenstern having a plan to "marshal him to knavery." I was wondering if, while on his way to England, Hamlet knew what was in the letter before he looked. Also, I'm having trouble figuring out Hamlet's reason for telling Horatio the story about his time at sea because the text seems to imply that Hamlet is excited about telling this story. I've been playing with the idea Hamlet loves to share his brilliance and he is very proud of his ability to have outsmarted Rosencrantz/Guildenstern and Claudius. However, when he starts to talk about his intention to kill Claudius, there seems to be a huge emotional turn around. Right now, I'm wondering how he gets from one emotional state to the other.

The actor playing Laertes and I ran the fight scene at the end of the play repeatedly tonight and will continue to work it tomorrow. I think this sequence will work out well, but I'm still a bit concerned about when we transition into higher, performance energy. As of now, we are still missing the mark at times and hitting each other's hands, since the daggers are made of metal, those hits hurt. I think it will come together though with more runs and more practice. Evan and I have to make sure we are communicating with each other at all times during this fight sequence. I think that's the key.

We recently received our wardrobes and I've had a bit of an issue with my pants. Because the physical demand is so high for this show, I tend to work up quite a sweat during the run. As a result, my pants have developed a stench and need to be washed regularly. Unfortunately, the costume designer has informed me that since they are suit pants, he will not be able to put them in the washing machine. This is causing me unnecessary stress and adds to my overall frustration with UNO's lack of resources. As the actor tasked with the responsibility of playing the title role, I would hope that at least I can have clean clothes to wear, however I've been forced to use my own pants for this production. Meanwhile, this department has metaphorically rolled out the red carpet for potential dean candidates who are visiting. This makes me feel even more used and abused because it is clear the department is less concerned with my well-being as a human being and more concerned with impressing potential university employees. I can barely get a day off from the shop, I can't get my pants washed, I've requested kneepads to no avail, and there aren't even any band-aids in the first aid kits. This experience has really made me think about my decision to pursue a master's degree at this institution. I've given up so much and have gotten very little in return. I'm thankful for my assistantship, but it is not even enough to cover rent. With UNO's reputation steadily on the decline and faced with the constant threat of budget cuts, I'm hoping this institution will continue to sustain and my time here will not be in vain.

Thursday

November 6, 2014

We ran the whole play today and I'm exhausted. I really connected today to the idea of Hamlet having lost his father, during the opening scene. I think about Hamlet's relationship with his dad compared to the other characters', Fortinbras, Pyrrhus and Laertes, relationship with their fathers. They all act swiftly and assertively in response to defending their fathers' honor. That makes me feel like that's essentially what this play is about, honor. It seems to be the motivating force for Hamlet and the other sons in the play. I also think about my father and the thought of losing him, which I understand is inevitable, would be devastatingly painful, especially considering the way Hamlet lost his dad.

I almost fell into one of the traps in the platform, which is very dangerous. During performance, I will have to pay very close attention to where I am on stage at all times, otherwise, I could find myself catching a ride to the emergency room. Again, I feel like consideration for performers' well-being has been disregarded for the sake of UNO's reputation. Aesthetically I think the traps add value, but they also add great risk, and I wonder if performing students could sue the department when they got hurt, if the traps would still have been considered and utilized. I'm starting to deal with some knee pain after having hit my knee on the middle platform during the ghost scene, an issue that could have been prevented if I had gotten the kneepads I previously requested.

My voice held up throughout the run tonight, which is encouraging. I was able to try some new actions in the Gertrude bedchamber scene. When I came into the scene, I discovered that Hamlet is still attempting to put on his antic disposition. It isn't until Gertrude tries to leave that Hamlet loses his ability to hide his true feelings. I like the new choice and I think it adds clarity to the scene and to their relationship. The fight scene felt slow tonight, though the feedback from cast mates was that the fight looked good. I would like to get together with the

actor playing Laertes to continue rehearsing the fight scene. I don't want to have invested so much time and energy into this show, only to mess things up in the fight scene. I want it to be safe, but I also don't want it to look rehearsed. I think this will come with our familiarity and confidence.

During the run, I felt good about my command of the language and about being off book, although I had to call for line several times. I'm not as concerned about that now because I think with more runs things will start to come together more smoothly. Contrarily, one thing I am worried about right now is Hamlet's monologue before he leaves in Act IV. I have had trouble with that text since we began this process and it continues to give me problems. At this point, I don't think the motivation is the issue, I think I need to do some image work on it in order to bring those pictures to life Shakespeare is describing. This can be a very powerful soliloquy if used correctly and it must have a passionate lead up to Hamlet's ultimate pledge.

Friday

November 7, 2014

After the run today, the length of the play is a primary concern. We started rehearsal before 7:30pm and ran until around 11pm, which is too much time to ask of people, especially modern audiences, to sit in a theatre. We need to find places to squeeze the air out of the play, yet the director has encouraged me to take my moments. Although I sincerely appreciate his encouragement and am thankful for the opportunity to play freely, I'm not sure the show can afford to add any more time than it already requires.

Unfortunately, I had a bit of an issue with one of my cast mates today, the actor playing Gertrude, about something that happened yesterday during the pre-show. I will concede that the pre-show is very confusing. We don't know if we are actually characters with potential names, or if we are essentially ourselves under new circumstances. Anyhow, during pre-show, while I lay on Horatio's legs in position for the start of the play I heard the actor playing Gertrude call out, "boy." I do not like being called "boy" since I'm legally an adult and, given the historical use of the word to address adult males of African decent in a derogatory fashion, I would have thought the average person would understand that. So when I did not respond, the actor playing Gertrude then called out, "blackie." The actor playing Horatio responded and said, "his name's not 'blackie,'" to which the actor playing Gertrude's rebuttal was that she was actually talking to the actor playing Horatio. So today, in hopes of finding some type of mutual understanding, I approached the actor playing Gertrude about the situation and to my bewilderment she proceeded to burst into tears and dashed into the women's dressing room. This frustrated me a great deal, so we talked about it at a later time. Her argument was that she would never do what I thought she intended to do and that "boy" was used because of her pre-show back-story, which I was not

privity to. My argument was although she may not have had malicious intentions, what she said made me feel uncomfortable and I needed to let her know so we can have a productive future. If I had ever done or said something that made her feel uncomfortable, I'd want to know. I believe we are all different people with different perspectives and the only way to build a constructive community and reach a common understanding is through communication. She continued to defend her actions and the conversation failed to achieve any measurable progress. A simple way to avoid all of the confusion would have been to simply call me by my name.

Tonight I tried a few new things in terms of actions. For Polonius, instead of chasing him out of the room, I chose to tease him from a distance. I liked the choice but I'm not sure if I'll keep it. Another thing I tried differently tonight was putting Rosencrantz/Guildenstern to work in our scene before the players arrive in Act II sc. ii. I got the idea when I discovered Hamlet's line, "your hands come then" and I thought it would be a great opportunity to establish our relationship and logistically to get dressed more easily. I'm also feeling better about my performance of the monologue in Act IV sc. iv before Hamlet goes to England. I think my work on this text is starting to show and the performance is beginning to really flow.

I asked the director about any problem areas he's seen in the play during my performance. He directed me to essentially look at the end of Act IV and the entire Act V, which is no surprise since these have been challenges for me since the beginning of this process. Hamlet has experienced so much growth throughout the course of this play and it is difficult to determine what man he is after having killed Polonius. I think maybe even Hamlet doesn't know who he is at that point because he was never really cut out for killing. He was only following his father's command to kill Claudius, whom he thought was the intruder. He never meant to slay

Polonius and once the deed is done, I think Hamlet himself needs to re-evaluate who he is and the man he wants to become.

I experienced an exciting phenomenon today at rehearsal as well. For the first time during the “to be or not to be” speech, I felt like I had an audience. There is something about that monologue that is exceptionally relatable and needs to be shared with an audience; I think that’s a key to it. Those thoughts and feelings are so universal that everyone can relate to and hopefully empathize with what Hamlet is going through. This experience gives me more confidence in knowing I can find someone in every audience to take the journey with me, which will make this soliloquy as new and as fresh as each new audience.

This entry is for tech weekend, Saturday November 8th and 9th. We started with a cue-to-cue on Saturday at 10am and after we finished we took a break to eat, then we returned to begin a run of the whole show. By 10pm Saturday, we had not finished the show, so we picked back up on Sunday morning. Once we completed the run from the previous night, we took a break to eat and returned to re-run the entire show with David as Polonius. Needless to say, I am exhausted. Have I ever said that before? Thankfully, the actor playing Marcellus brought some chocolate goodies for everybody to snack on throughout the day. The fact that she provided snacks speaks to her value as an ensemble leader, and again, UNO's lack of concern for its student performers. Food should be provided for every tech and strike in my opinion. The few dollars it would take to feed people, who are investing a great deal of their time and energy to make these UNO shows the best they can be, would be well used and greatly appreciated.

I'm having some recurring issues with Hamlet's soliloquy in Act II sc. ii when he talks about "what a rogue and peasant slave am I" and his soliloquy in Act IV sc. iv when he concludes that all occasions "spur [his] dull revenge". For the life of me, I cannot commit these lines to memory. I think these are two of his most powerful moments and I can't get past the lines. This is so frustrating! I need to do more imagination and text work on these two pieces, as well as the entire Act V. I think our lack of time dedicated to working this part of the play is evident. Things tend to fall apart toward the end of Act IV and I don't want that to happen in performance. I will commit to studying those problem areas in great detail in the coming days.

On the bright side, I got a chance to work with the actor playing Fortinbras as Polonius today. Though I think our original actor playing Polonius does an excellent job with the

character, I also enjoy working with our alternate in this scene and we don't get many chances to rehearse it. I think it's very interesting to witness their different approaches to the character of Polonius. While Trey's comedic style is more animated and physical, David's style is more subtle and cerebral. I'm thankful for the opportunity to work with both of these gentlemen in the same show.

There continue to be issues with wardrobe. We did not see the costume designer during tech, although there were rumors he had come and left early. I would have liked to talk with him about some options for getting fresh pants, a different solution for adding grip to my shoes (for safety) and to remind him I still don't have a cross for the swearing scene at the end of Act I. The costume designer and I talked early in the rehearsal process about my character analysis and I shared with him my belief that Hamlet was a very religious person. I thought having a cross would have been essential to my process of building this character. During the whole rehearsal process so far, I haven't received a cross. I don't mean to throw all of the blame on the costume designer. Hamlet is a big show with a large cast number to manage. However, despite these odds it is my understanding these are issues that are delegated to the wardrobe department and I'm frustrated that I was not able to address these issues because of his absence. I understand if he's under a lot of pressure, we all are, as this show is taking up a great deal of our time. However, we have to make sacrifices and we have to be able to communicate constructively. That's what working together is all about and that's what theatre is all about, it's a collaborative art, we win together and we lose together. I admire the costume designer a great deal and revere his work; I just wish he was more accessible and involved in my thesis project process.

I need to work the text for the end of Act IV through the end of the show. The gravedigger scene felt better in terms of line memorization and varying my actions during

rehearsals over tech weekend, now this scene is starting to develop a rhythm. I still need to look at the text in this scene though because I'm continuing to miss cues, which slows the scene down.

I feel like I'm beginning to dive deeper into Hamlet's emotional state regarding his father's death. The thought of having lost a father at the hands of an uncle is almost unbearable. People generally don't discuss Hamlet's relationship with his father, but I think Hamlet really admired and wanted to emulate his dad. Their relationship is the crux of the play and I find the more I invest in their relationship, the more grounded and motivated I am throughout the rest of the play.

Monday

November 10, 2014

Today, I was blessed with the opportunity to meet with Dr. Loomis once more before opening night. She is immensely knowledgeable and I am forever grateful she has taken the time out to talk with me about Hamlet. I went to her office, which was decorated with scholarly novels and journals. I could feel the wealth of knowledge in the air. At this point in my process I had a few specific questions in mind and we talked about those specific concerns as well as information regarding other moments in the play.

I was thrilled to finally ask Dr. Loomis about Hamlet's state of mind after his return to Denmark in Act V. She reminded me of the religious influences on this play. She held that Hamlet had experienced something spiritual while at sea with the pirates; that his return was a confirmation from God. After having dealt with pirates, the Hamlet in Act V is a different man. He is able to understand things better and he's able to share a different perspective. He is now able to better communicate with the people of Denmark and he is shaping up to potentially be a legendary king. He learns that being a leader is not about being able to control things, but more about being able to control yourself when things get out of control. He's at a place in his life when he is ready for anything. He has found the answer to the question of "to be or not to be," which is to simply let be.

I wondered about Hamlet's state of mind after killing Polonius in the Gertrude bedchamber scene in Act III sc. iv. Dr. Loomis pointed out that Hamlet may blame himself for the murder of Polonius a great deal, which was contrary to the way I'd been playing it. In my interpretation of the text, Hamlet had little remorse for his actions because he felt like he had been ordained to kill Polonius. However, after thinking more about what the Shakespearian

expert suggested, I think I will have to experiment with some different actions in that scene. That may be just the information I needed to make some new discoveries and really add some dimension to this scene.

She shared some information regarding Ophelia's funeral scene and the altercation that ensues between Hamlet and Laertes. I wondered if the act of Laertes physically jumping into the grave was what fueled Hamlet's explosive entrance. She confirmed a lot of my speculations in this scene and reaffirmed my suspicions that Hamlet loved Ophelia very deeply. Although some scholars believe Hamlet's last lines to Laertes are his way of trying to put on an "antic disposition," Dr. Loomis informed me this was not his intent according to her research. I think this whole scuffle between Hamlet and Laertes was Hamlet's last wake-up call that he, as intelligent and rational as he may be, is susceptible to making rash and destructive decisions, another instance of Hamlet's acceptance, self-recognition, and growth.

At the end of the meeting I was still unclear about Gertrude's relationship with the ghost. I pointed out that everyone else saw and recognized the ghost, yet Gertrude cannot see it. I think my frustration with finding a clear answer to this will aid me in the bedchamber scene when Hamlet is dumbfounded with her inability to clearly see the spirit. We also talked about Hamlet's relationship with Gertrude by the end of the play. My intuition was that they had a better understanding of each other by Act V where Hamlet finally had gotten his mother back. They were closer by the end of the play, which informed me about the content of the letter Hamlet sent to her and Claudius. I will have to talk with the actor playing Gertrude about what I think Hamlet may have written to her character. In observation of her artistic choices pertaining to her character thus far, I think she will share a similar perspective.

This meeting with Dr. Loomis was very informative and interesting, as expected. I'm looking forward to her pre-show discussion during the run of the show. Even if I'm not able to physically make it to the event, I think the people who do attend are really receiving a great value for their time. I am so thankful to Dr. Loomis for her help throughout this process. This show could not have been what it is without her. I can't say enough about her excellence and esteem.

Tuesday

November 11, 2014

We were able to run the show today after a day off on Monday. During the time off I was able to do text work on the entire show and by Tuesday, was able to get through the entire show running lines with the dramaturg. By 6pm Tuesday, I had gotten to the end of the play and was ready for rehearsal. I was excited and confident that I was ready for opening night. Of course I wasn't expecting it to run without any mishaps, but I was confident I knew the lines well enough to keep the show moving. This was a victory.

I also had a quick conversation with the costume designer in the costume shop and I think it was very constructive. We talked about what I needed in terms of having handkerchiefs, fresh socks and clothes, patching up my pants and he gave me the perfect cross for Hamlet's character. I was glad to finally get a chance to talk with him face-to-face because I had been feeling like he didn't want to be a part of this production and, since he was heavily involved in Bengal Tiger, I had begun to take it personally. Now, I think we have a better understanding of each other and we can work cohesively and constructively through the rest of the run. This was another victory.

Being so close to opening night, I'm beginning to really feel the butterflies. There's so much anticipation about the show and such high expectations for a successful run. The pressure of having to do a good job with this show is intimidating to me, but the very process Hamlet goes through during the play is similar. Just as he discovers in the play, I've adopted the philosophy that fate is inevitable. Opening night will come and people will fill the seats, there is nothing I can do to change it. Therefore, my task is not to worry about the outcome and try to control how audiences will perceive the play; instead my goal is to face those fears, to have faith and to "let be". Besides, at this point, we need an audience. We've worked so many hours for so long, we

have to share this with people. This has been an amazing journey, but its greatest reward is the moment we get to share it with an audience. I'm looking forward to having some guests.

I do have a few lingering concerns about the upcoming performances. Although I've tried different techniques for diction and annunciation, there are still certain lines and moments in the play when I can hear myself losing focus in terms of vocal clarity. Also in relation to these obstacles, breath support is continuing to be an issue for me. I think I've gotten better with these things over the course of this process, but as soon as I address one area, something goes wrong in another. I think continuing to work and run these scenes will help with these issues.

There were some new and exciting moments that occurred during rehearsal today. Particularly tonight during the players' scene when the actor portraying the Player King recited the monologue about Pyrrhus, all of a sudden his character had an Irish accent. I thought that choice was absolutely brilliant and was well executed. I was floored in amazement at the actor's ability to make such a bold new choice so confidently and so close to opening night. It made me, and I suspect many of our colleagues, feel like we still had time to try new things and keep the show alive and fresh. Pete has really been an asset to this company and I'm thankful for the opportunity to work with him on my thesis project.

Given this encouragement from Pete and considering my recent conversation with Dr. Loomis, I think I'd like to try some new things in the bedchamber scene with Gertrude. With regards to the killing of Polonius, I'd like to see what it would feel like to add more investment to Hamlet's relationship with Polonius. I think having more sympathy or consideration for having killed him would add more dimension to my character. It would make a lot of sense. Hamlet has known Polonius probably most of his life and he ends up murdering him by mistake. This has got to take an emotional toll on Hamlet in this scene. With these thoughts in mind, I

would like to experiment with a few different choices regarding these moments. Hopefully it's not too late.

In the meantime, I need to get to sleep so that I'm well rested for the upcoming Hamlet marathon.

Wednesday

November 12, 2014

Preview Performance

Today was our unofficial preview night. We were encouraged to invite one or two guests to see the show and I extended an invitation to Dr. Loomis. Not only did she come, she also gave us gifts. I was so delighted to have her come see the show before opening night and when I talked to her after rehearsal I was so honored to receive her blessing. She expressed how much she had enjoyed the show, which makes me feel invincible. If Dr. Loomis approves, no one can stop us. One thing that can stop us though, is exhaustion. I don't think I've ever felt this drained during a play rehearsal and performance process. This show has required me to give all I've got each night. While it is very painful, the growth associated with this process will be well worth the effort.

I profess, having worked the Ophelia scene in acting class today, I felt warmed up going into the performance tonight. My annunciation and diction were better and I felt connected throughout the performance. There is still a need to continue to focus on those things though, because lazy diction can easily creep back into the performance. Also, I need to keep track of my vocal quality. Tonight I lost my voice by the time we got to the soliloquy in Act IV sc. iv. I think this is a direct result of breathing improperly, due to being caught up in the excitement of the moment. This cannot persist. I also had a few issues with lines during the last scene in Act V. I need to revisit those final moments and study them.

Generally speaking, I think we had a pretty good run tonight. I forgot my kneepads, so I will have to remember to make those a part of my daily dress routine. I think the audience was very engaged and I really appreciated that. One of the things I discovered tonight was that not

everyone is comfortable with the direct interaction during the soliloquies. Some people may want to just observe and not get involved. However, it is my job to make us face these ugly realities that Hamlet talks about. As long as we are here together, as long as we are breathing at the same time, we are experiencing some of the same worries, fears, and anxieties. Everybody is connected and everybody has to be involved. Now when we have bigger houses, I will have more options of people to talk to if I'm making someone uncomfortable, but I will not sway because someone gets self-conscious.

The light designer has really made this show shine. Seeing the lighting arrangements has been very rewarding. Many nights in rehearsal I've watched our Lighting Designer intensely watching the show from the top of house left. She'd sit there, sometimes with our Scenic Designer, sometimes alone, quietly making notes in her notepad long after I thought she had already done a good job. Seeing her work inspires me and is an example of what a true artist does. She continued to work and improve upon her work until she had a light plot that literally and figuratively lit up this play and added so much value to the production. I'm glad she and our Scenic Designer are working on this show, I think they are a very talented team and they complement each other in their work and designs. If I ever opened up a theatre company, I'd definitely want them on staff. UNO is certainly better for having these two individuals.

Well, to sleep perchance to dream, so I am going to bed. It's important to make sure I get rest during this process to prevent any illness. Now is the time for me to trust myself, trust my choices and trust the work. We worked very hard on this show and I think that will be evident. I'm very proud of the show we've mounted as a group, and I'm excited to share our work.

Thursday

November 13, 2014

Opening Night

I'm so thankful for my cast mates! As we circled up before the show, the director talked to everyone about how proud he was of our work and how excited he was to share it with an audience, finally. I looked around the circle, which was fairly large and there was such a sense of family and support, love and encouragement. I am so extremely grateful that everyone has given so much to make this show a success. I know I naively assume that their efforts are on my behalf because it's my thesis, but really what we all share is a tremendous love for the work. That feeling of being surrounded by artists, who are fully invested in the work, is infinitely inspiring.

Tonight was so emotionally full. We've been working so hard for so long and tonight we finally got a chance to share our work. After fight call, warm-up, and circle-up, I went to work on some sense memory exercises and journaling before the show. I continued to do a quick vocal warm-up in the shop before going to places backstage. While behind the curtain, I prayed and then met up with the actor playing Horatio to walk out onto the stage for preshow. As I looked at her, I thought about how quickly we had gotten to this point and how fast this run was going to go by.

I took a deep breath and entered the stage. It was like going through a portal. I could hear and feel so much stuff going on around me. Because my pre-show character was high off heroine, my eyes were closed for most of pre-show. Therefore, I couldn't see what my cast mates were doing, nor did I have a sense of the size of the audience. It wasn't until the play began and we took our Act I places that I took a glimpse around the room and saw that the theatre was almost at capacity. A range of emotions immediately came over me when I saw them, excitement

and fear being the most prominent. Seeing my cast mates bravely perform before me gave me comfort and confidence in knowing there was nothing to worry about. I knew the people who came to see the show were essentially our guests. They wanted to be there and they were just as excited about seeing *Hamlet* as we were about performing it.

Before I knew it, the show was underway and it was my turn to speak. The first lines had always been rough for me because the character sits for so long, and then he speaks from a seated position. I have to pay close attention to posture and breath support. I also felt a bit intimidated by the proximity of the audience, but it was also comforting because they acted as blinders and forced me to focus. As a result, I think my first scene went fairly well. The audience was giving great energy and I felt like we were all present and listening and off to a great start.

The play within the play scene in Act III was a big hit. People were laughing and seemed to be really enjoying the play. The applause at intermission served as confirmation that we were being received well and our work was appreciated. I also felt really good about the “to be or not to be” soliloquy. I felt like people were really there for me during my character’s mental and emotional debate. I didn’t feel like anyone was uncomfortable when I spoke to different individuals. I felt like almost everyone felt something during that monologue and that feeling of having reached somebody is what motivates me as an artist.

The rest of the play went well, but I did have some hiccups in some places. I tripped going up the stairs in Act I and hurt my finger, but it didn’t bother me much once the play got underway. During the Rosencrantz/Guildenstern scene in Act II sc ii, I had line issues, particularly when Hamlet is getting information about why they’ve come to visit him. This has been a trouble scene for me, so I will definitely address it. Another scene I had an issue with was in Act V when Hamlet is telling Horatio about how he got back to Denmark from his trip to

England. Again, this has been a problem scene for me, so I will definitely address it. Finally, in the last scene of the play, when Hamlet dies, I think I may have made a few line mistakes. I don't think any of these small issues negate the overall good of the show, but it's important to me to do the best I can. So I want to point these things out, not out of self-loathing, but so I can change them and hopefully add value to the show.

As the end of the play arrived, I closed my eyes and felt the room go cold, and then there was an eruption of applause as we found our positions for curtain call in the blackout. As the lights came up, people continued to clap and started to stand to their feet. Although I've fought against the idea in rehearsals, the company strongly encouraged me to take an individual bow for curtain call. When I did finally bow, it was out of sincere gratitude for the audience's encouragement and support. I was thankful that they had given us so much great energy and made the commitment to watch a full three and a half hour show. I was very grateful.

Well, we are underway. As I stated earlier, I have a strong feeling that this process will really fly by, so I have to make sure to enjoy it, and so far I'm having no issues there. I'll continue to look at those problem areas I tend to have trouble with, but I won't worry about them too much. I think it's more important to get some rest and look at them tomorrow. I'm very excited about the run of the show. I cannot believe we are actually doing *Hamlet* and I'm Hamlet, and it's a good show!! I never would have thought. I thank God.

Friday

November 14, 2014

Performance #2

Overall, I think tonight went pretty well. I sustained a pretty bad injury with Laertes during the fight scene at the end of the play. The rhythm was off and we were not in-tune during the duel. Because we got off track, we weren't communicating well and the skin on my left index finger knuckle was knocked off and remained connected by only a small piece of skin. To nurse it, I had to clean it up in the dressing room and place the skin back over the knuckle. I went to find a band-aid, and after searching two first-aid kits, I was unable to locate one. So I had to wrap my finger, which was in great pain by this point, with tissue and tape. I was discouraged, but I continued to go out and talk to guests after the show to thank them for coming.

Again, tonight's crowd filled the theatre. I think there were even more people here tonight than were yesterday. I knew this play was famous, but I didn't know if modern audiences were interested. Seeing these crowds changes my perception to an extent of what modern audiences want to see. Although, most may be students and are required to see the show, we are really blessed with some really good audience members. I could hear people talking during intermission and they seemed to be having a good time, which was very encouraging.

I think my overriding feeling is that I'm exhausted. We've been going so long and the thought of being so close to a break is helping me to push through. My main goal for now is to get some rest. The actor playing Laertes and I will address the fight tomorrow. I need to sleep and give my body a chance to heal physically, emotionally, and mentally.

Saturday

November 15, 2014

Performance #3

In terms of the performance, I felt less invested emotionally and the overall energy was lower, particularly during the opening segments of the show. Even before pre-show, during warm-ups, everyone seemed lethargic. I think exhaustion and diminishing health are a factor not only for me, but also for the entire cast at this point. This show is so physically demanding we need a reasonable amount of rest in order to sustain the energy necessary to maintain physicality and fully support the text through breath support. I'm discovering that breathing is truly the key to unlocking this text. This is especially true for our production, which spans the entire theatre space.

Tonight, I had the additional obstacle of fighting a cold. I wasn't able to annunciate and it was especially difficult to find the proper air support. Having the sniffles through a performance in a Shakespeare play can definitely impact your performance. So aesthetic choices I made in the Polonius scene were not my best. After that scene, I left the stage feeling like I had just "gone through the motions," and hadn't fully invested in the scene moment to moment. I felt like I had cheated the audience and myself, but the experience helped me to recommit to making each performance and each scene fresh each night.

In conjunction with practicing proper breath support, I've been applying other acting methods in an effort to reach Hamlet's emotional state. To do this, I've mainly focused on the relationship between Hamlet's father and himself and mirrored that with my own relationship with my father. To help channel Hamlet's mental state, I've listened to a lot of Kid Cudi, an artist who has dealt with the loss of his father through his music. I think that relationship is the key to unlocking Hamlet's emotional journey throughout the play, with breath support being the foundation.

To consummate what I felt was a lackluster performance on my part, the fight scene was an absolute disaster. The first round started out in sync, but by the second round, we began to pick up speed and lose control. By the third round, we were completely out of harmony before I ascended the platform. However, having no alternatives, we pushed through the rest of the fight and embarrassingly bowed at curtain call. That being said, one of the things I'm definitely gaining from this run is courage and perseverance. There are a multitude of things that can go wrong each night and they usually do. Being forced to fight through these event-filled performances will hopefully make me a fearless actor.

My goals for next week are to get rest, review and fine tune trouble areas which are mainly Acts 4 and 5 in the text, work the final fight sequence with Laertes and journal about Hamlet's relationship with his father. My family is coming next week, so I'm interested to see what kind of effect my dad's presence will have on the performance. As for now, I am so very excited and thankful to have a few days to rest and recover.

Thursday

November 20, 2014

Performance #4

The break was needed. I felt so much better going into the performance tonight. After making it through the first weekend, I think we're starting to hit a stride, which makes me more confident and able to allow myself to fully experience the emotional journey.

I spoke with my father today for his 68th birthday. Concurrently, my wife is five months pregnant with our first child. This play has really forced me to look at life differently and ponder what it is all about. I think about the cycle of life and how we're born to live for a short time and then pass on. When I'm on stage, holding Yorick's skull, I think about the idea that the skull is roughly the weight of a newborn and that my son will proverbially hold my skull one day, just as I will one day have to hold my father's. There is such an appreciation of life I have, as the actor, after doing that scene. This play is about the value of time.

With this sudden awareness and surfacing sensitivity, and after reading a letter from my father before the show, I felt full of emotion during the opening sequences. That investment, focusing on Hamlet's relationship with his father, carried on throughout the play and helped to strengthen my actions throughout the show. I felt like I was fighting for more and with more passion. I would say tonight was a success in terms of character development and investment.

In terms of the technical side of the performance, I certainly missed the mark in some areas in terms of text. Annunciation was an issue for me tonight and I'm not certain if it's a result of the newfound emotional investment, or if I should focus more on diction during warm-ups. Currently before shows, I attend the group warm-up, led by the actor portraying Rosencratz/Guildenstern and then I practice text while biting down on a wooden pencil. I will continue to incorporate these warm-up methods and perhaps try to find some time to use additional vocal warm-up techniques. However, after checking props and wardrobe, and because I'm scheduled for several fight calls and I choose to attend the company warm up, there is very

little time left to try additional vocal warm up exercises. Nevertheless, I will focus on that tomorrow and I'll start by getting some rest now. We have a long weekend ahead. I'll miss this show.

Friday

November 21, 2014

Performance #5

My main goal for tonight was to pay closer attention to having proper diction and annunciation and I felt like I met that goal. One scene I was particularly concerned about was the Gertrude scene that takes place in her bedchambers. This scene is so emotionally intense and

physically engaging that it requires absolute focus in performance. In addition to the scene's emotional and physical difficulty is the fact that it's written entirely in verse. With speeches written in verse, there is a certain rhythm we have to adhere to in order to give clarity and encourage understanding. However, that rhythm is hard to achieve during so much physical activity. Having proper breath support is key.

I think starting the warm-up earlier with my pencil in mouth helped to give me the ability to form Shakespeare's words better. I was also vigilant about staying hydrated throughout the day, which helped with my overall health. Allergies, sinuses, and mucus continue to be an issue for me going into our second week, though. I'm dealing with the remnants of a cold, so getting rest will be vital. Going into our show's last night, however, I'm not sure I'll allow myself the luxury of sleep for too long.

Something happened tonight that really bothered me; a few people actually left during the show, while a few others chose not to come back after intermission. Of course I assumed the worst and took responsibility for their leaving. I talked to my cast mates about the guilt I felt for not being able to retain our guests, but they assured me it wasn't my fault. They went on to share with me their joy for just being able to do this play. What they said helped me to refocus for the second half of the show and go out with more confidence and an unbreakable spirit. This process is making me a braver, stronger actor.

My family is coming tomorrow and I'm nervous about how their presence will affect the performance. I will be very excited to see them and glad my parents will get the chance to see me do *Hamlet*. I'm very proud of the show we have created together and am eager to share our work and corroborate why I haven't been in touch for months.

As far as the show goes, I'm still having some issues finding my way after Hamlet escapes his trip to England and returns to Denmark. I'm starting to connect the dots more, but there are still a couple of spots where I'm still unclear about what my character must be thinking and feeling. Particularly, Hamlet's decision to fight Laertes is questionable to me. After getting divine confirmation that he should kill Claudius, why does Hamlet accept this duel? For now, I think he trusts fate more now and understands he has no control over his destiny. He believes he is destined to kill the king and it will happen. I will continue to investigate those scenes to see if there is anything deeper there. For now, I'll get some rest and get ready for our final evening performance.

Saturday

November 22, 2014

Performance #6

I looked for my dad before the show and I couldn't find him, but I knew during the performance he was there. There was a particular energy in the room I can't articulate, but it was

very inviting. I felt like we were working well on all cylinders and the energy between performers and the audience was equal. I'm sure the presence of my family was a factor. The tragedy Hamlet suffers throughout the show is so universal; it's about life and death. It has encouraged me to cherish life and my loved ones who live. Responsibilities have taken me away from them for so long and so much time has passed. Being made more aware of the possibility of imminent death makes me appreciate life more and wish to spend more time with those I love and cherish. I think this feeling of gratitude propelled my performance tonight.

During the soliloquies, I was able to connect to the audience and I felt like they really took the journey with my character. Having an encouraging audience makes such a huge difference in the performance. Tonight, I was able to surrender to the emotional journey of my character while maintaining the structure of the text. This has always been my ultimate goal, so in those terms I would consider this performance a success.

I'm nervous about tomorrow's last show. So much has gone into this show and I'm wondering what kind of emotional environment the last show will bring. As for tonight, I think I'll stay loose and see what happens tomorrow. I'd like to practice being in the moment more, without concern about misspoken text. Now that we are more comfortable with our lines, I think we are at a great place to try new things and rediscover the play. Of course tomorrow is our last show. Such is the nature of theatre.

Sunday

November 23, 2014

Performance # 7

Today we had to strike Hamlet. I knew the time would fly, but I still was not prepared. The show was a matinee, which are always weird to me, but we had a good show. I felt connected to the circumstances of the play and committed to my actions throughout, while allowing myself to live in each moment. If we had another week with this play, I'd focus more on letting him be in the moment more. Hopefully, I'll have another chance to play the Prince of Denmark one day.

I'm thankful for this opportunity, although I felt like it was an unreasonable and unethical workload. I feel like the process has given me the ultimate validation that I can make it as an actor. Or at least I can have some confidence in my abilities as an actor, given the vast complexity and difficulty in playing Hamlet. Things continue to become clearer to me in this script. I think I have a better idea of what Hamlet is going through toward the end of the show. By the time he talks about there being "providence in a sparrow's fall," I think Hamlet has finally transcended into the man he was destined to be. At that moment, Hamlet is finally ready to ascend the throne.

After the show, a few of the cast members went to a local bar to culminate the experience. This was a journey I will never forget.

Chapter 5: Artist Evaluation

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

-Hamlet

Looking retrospectively at the whole process of building the character of Hamlet and performing with my cast mates for the run of the show, I am filled with many different emotions and thoughts. Of course with any performance, there are things I generally look back on, thinking I should or could have done things differently. My experience with *Hamlet* is no exception. It was very intimidating to take on the role and though I was excited upon hearing the news I would have to perform Hamlet as my thesis, I was equally terrified at the possibility of failure. I quickly decided I would give my all and there would be no such thing as failure. I soon began seeing the process as an opportunity for growth, which helped me to remain positive during some of the more difficult parts of the process.

The character of Hamlet is very complex, but before I could even get into the character, I had to learn his lines. The process of getting off-book was brutal. Because I had such a small window of time, having been simultaneously cast in *Bengal Tiger*, I spent countless nights up studying my lines until sunrise. I ran lines as often as possible with cast and crew, and I am thankful they made themselves available to me. Particularly, I had the hardest time memorizing Hamlet's conversation with Horatio in Act V scene ii. Because the show was so physical and unpredictable, I knew I had to have my lines memorized as well as my ABC's. This was my most important goal because generally a great deal of my understanding of a character comes by way of what they say and do. I think this was a goal that was met and well orchestrated.

Physicality was a huge part of this rehearsal process and performance. Initially, sustainability was a major concern. Even if I had succeeded in building the character of Hamlet, there was no way I would be able to repeat it without eventually facing exhaustion. Even though I stayed well hydrated, there were moments during the rehearsal process when I was unable to physically move. I often fell asleep while writing in my journal or during class. Particularly I was concerned about my safety during the fight sequences in Gertrude's chamber, at Ophelia's grave, and throughout the final duel with Laertes. I was also worried I would get hurt crawling through the tunnels by any protruding screws and about the possibility of getting sawdust in my eyes. Despite a few minor scrapes and scratches, thankfully we all completed the run with no major injuries, and my goal of sustainment was accomplished.

Hamlet was undoubtedly my biggest challenge as an actor. There were some moments, very slight instances, when I had to think about whether I should even be an actor. However, the lure of playing such a powerful role always refocused my energy and made me excited about the process. The cast and crew of this production had such a supportive spirit, and I always felt like everyone was fully committed to make the show a success. Having completed the process of building the character of Hamlet, I feel empowered.

Appendix I: Scored Script

PROLOGUE

Enter Fortinbras

FORTINBRAS

Where is this sight?

HORATIO

What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR

The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing

To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO

Not from his

mouth,

Had it th' ability of life to thank you.

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view,

And let me speak to <th> yet unknowing world

How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and <forced> cause,

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I

Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS

Let us haste to hear it

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw <on>

more,

But let this same be presently performed

Even while men's minds are wild, lest more

mischance

On plots and errors happen.

FORTINBRAS

Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royal.

ACT I SC I

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BARNARDO

Who's there?

HORATIO

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS

And liegemen to the Dane.

BARNARDO

Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO

A piece of him.

BARNARDO

Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus.

HORATIO

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

BARNARDO

I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off! Look where it comes again.

BARNARDO

In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS *[to Horatio]*

Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO

Looks he not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO

Most like. It ~~charrs~~ me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS

Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

HORATIO

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BARNARDO

Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO

Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee,

Speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO

See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

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

Ghost exits.

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

How now, Horatio, you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS

Is it not like the King?

HORATIO

As thou art to thyself.

MARCELLUS

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO

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.

MARCELLUS

Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So rightfully 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.
Who is 't that can inform me?

HORATIO

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 prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
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 motley competent
Was gag'd 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, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shar'd up a list of lawless resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And 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.

BARNARDO

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.

HORATIO

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest 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 precursse 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.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

It spreads its arms.

If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

'Tis gone.
We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO

It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. 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.

Or if thou hast upbarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, <you> spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. *The cock*
crows.

Stay and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike it with my partisan?

HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO

'Tis here.

HORATIO

'Tis here.

<Ghost Exits>

MARCELLUS

MARCELLUS
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 so gracious is that time.

HORATIO

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; for, 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?

MARCELLUS

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

They exit.

ACT I. SC. II

*Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the
Queen, the Council, as Polonius, and his son Laertes,
Hamlet, with others. Among them Voltemand and
Cornelius.*

KING

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,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime 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,

Of these dilated articles allow.

[Giving them a paper]

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND

In that and all things will we show our duty.

KING

We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

*<Voltemand and Cornelius
exit>*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

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,

Collegued 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 bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother—so much for him.
Now for myself 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; and 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

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.

KING

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS

Hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave
By laborious petition, and at last
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent]
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

KING

Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son—

HAMLET [aside]

A little more than kin and less than kind.

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy 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.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

"Seems," madam? Nay, it is. I know not "seems."

'Tis not alone my inked cloak, <good> mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, [shapes] of grief,
That can <denote> me truly. These indeed "seem,"
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father.
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, <and> 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 till 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.

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.

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 between the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,
Must I remember? Why, she <would> hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month
(Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman!),
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she 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,

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. Come away.

Flourish. All but Hamlet exit.

HAMLET

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

*No purge
to help a friend
understand what
I'm going through*

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.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

HORATIO

Hail to your Lordship.

HAMLET

I am glad to see you well.

Horatio—or I do forget myself! *to embrace*

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

to test
Sir, my good friend. I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

MARCELLUS

My good lord.

HAMLET

to inquire
I am very glad to see you. [To Barnardo.] Good
even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

to examine
I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence
To make it trust of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

to hold
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

HAMLET

to honor
He was a man. Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw who?

HORATIO

My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET

to clarify
The King my father?

HORATIO

Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver

We'll teach you to drink <deep> ere you depart.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

I prithee, do not mock me, fellow student.

to expose
I think it was to <see> my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

to amuse
to surrender
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET

Upon the witness of these gentlemen

This marvel to you.

HAMLET

to entreat
For God's love, let me hear!

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,

Appears before them and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them. 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 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.

HAMLET

But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did,

But answer made it none. Yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away

And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true.

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, sir, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch tonight?

ALL

We do, my lord,

HAMLET

What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET

Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET

And fixed his eyes upon you?

HORATIO

Most constantly.

HAMLET

I would I had been there.

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

Very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

BARNARDO/MARCELLUS

Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw 't.

HAMLET

I will watch [tonight.]

Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO

I warrant it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever 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.

ALL

Our duty to your Honor.

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[All but Hamlet exit.]

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.

He exits.

ACT I. SC III.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.

LAERTES

My necessities are embarked. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convey <is> assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute,

No more.

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more.

Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will; but you must fear,

His greatness 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.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads

And reck's not his own rede.

LAERTES

O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

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

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with thee.

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,

Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy (rich, not gaudy),

For the apparel oft proclaims the man,

And they in France of the best rank and station

<Are> of a most select and generous chief in that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender <be,>

For <loan> oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing <dulls the> edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well

What I have said to you.

OPHELIA

'Tis in my memory locked,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

Farewell.

Laertes exits.

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord

Hamlet.

POLONIUS

Marry, well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so I must tell you

You do not understand yourself so clearly

As it behooves my daughter and your honor.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS

Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them?

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or you'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA

My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion—

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

Ay, <springes> to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Even in their promise as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence.
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to part. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger <tether> may he walk
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, 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> This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you. Come your ways.

OPHELIA

I shall obey, my lord.

They exit.

ACT I. SC. IV

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO

It is <> nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET

What hour now?

HORATIO

I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS

No, it is struck.

HORATIO

Indeed, I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets and two pieces goes off.

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO

Is it a custom?

HAMLET

Ay, marry, is 't,
But, to my mind, though I am native here

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or you'll tender me a fool.

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HORATIO

Is it a custom?

HAMLET

Ay, marry, is 't.
But, to my mind, though I am native here

to mock

And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO

Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Hamlet,"
"King," "Father," "Royal Dane." O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

MARCELLUS

Look with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground.

But do not go with it.

HORATIO

No, by no means.

HAMLET

It will not speak. Then I will follow it.

HORATIO

Do not, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, what should be the fear?

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

HORATIO

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,
Whereto we saw thee quietly interred,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

<Ghost>

beckons.

HORATIO

It beckons you to go away with it

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

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.

HAMLET

It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

You shall not go, my lord. *[They hold back Hamlet]*

HAMLET

Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

Be ruled. You shall not go.

HAMLET

My fate cries out

And makes each petty arture in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away!—Go on. I'll follow thee.

Ghost and Hamlet exit.

HORATIO

He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO

Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO

Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS

Nay, let's follow him.

They exit.

ACT I. SC. V.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET

Whether wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no further.

GHOST

Mark me.

HAMLET

I will.

GHOST

My hour is almost come

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

HAMLET

Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET

Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET

What?

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit,

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night

And for the day confined to fast in fires

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away. 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.

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET

O God!

GHOST

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET

to check
Murder?

GHOST

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

HAMLET

Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as-swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST

I find thee apt;

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

HAMLET

And prey on garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air.
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hemlock in a vial
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leoprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth <posset>
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most loathsome, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

O, my prophetic soul! My uncle!

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, 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 <s> 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, <just> though to a radiant angel linked,
Will <ate> itself in a celestial bed

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,
Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me <He exits.>

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me <stiffly> up. Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, whilst memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables—meet it is I set it down

That one may smile and smile and be a villain.

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[He writes.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.

It is "adieu, adieu, remember me."

I have sworn 't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

HORATIO

My lord, my lord!

MARCELLUS

Lord Hamlet.

HORATIO

Heavens secure him!

HAMLET

So be it.

MARCELLUS

How is 't, my noble lord?

HORATIO

What news, my lord?

HAMLET

O, wonderful!

HORATIO

Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET

No, you will reveal it.

HORATIO

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS

Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET

How say you, then? Would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

HORATIO/MARCELLUS

Ay, by heaven, <my lord.>

HAMLET

There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark.

But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

HAMLET

Why, right, you are in the right.

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

You, as your business and desire shall point you

(For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is), and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

HORATIO

These are but wild and whiting words, my lord.

HAMLET

I am sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

HORATIO

There's no offense, my lord.

HAMLET

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offense, too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost—that let me tell you.

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

HORATIO

What is 't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET

Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO/MARCELLUS

My lord, we will not.

HAMLET

Nay, but swear 't.

HORATIO

In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET

Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS

We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET

Indeed, upon my ~~sworn~~ ^{cross} swear 't.

GHOST

cries under the stage

Swear.

HAMLET

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

HORATIO

Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET

Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my ~~sworn~~ ^{cross}.

GHOST

[beneath] Swear.

HAMLET

Swear by my ~~sworn~~ ^{cross}.

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST

[beneath] Swear by his sword.

HAMLET

HORATIO

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

HAMLET

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in 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,

~~Make~~ 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.

GHOST,

[*beneath*] Swear.

HAMLET

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.

As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

POLONIUS

Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA

My lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS

What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

They exit.

ACT II. SC. 1

Enter Polonius and Ophelia

POLONIUS

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

With what, i' th' name of God?

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all 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

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.

POLONIUS

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 desperate undertakings
As oft as any passions under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA

No, my good lord, but as you did command

I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS

That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not coted him. I feared he did but trifle
And meant 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.

They exit.

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,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN

Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,
And sure I am two men there is not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and goodwill
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

ACT II. SC. II

*Flourish. Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern [and Attendants.]*

KING

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, so 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,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN

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

KING

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUILDENSTERN

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

QUEEN

Ay, amen!

Rosencrantz and

Guildenstern exit [with some attendants]

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

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

KING

Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS

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 do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING

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

POLONIUS

Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING

Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.

[Polonius exits.]

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

QUEEN

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

KING

Well, we shall sift him.

Enter Ambassadors <Voltemand and Cornelius [with] Polonius.>

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND

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 'gainst the Polack,
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat, grieved
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 as before, against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[He gives a paper.]

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.

KING

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!

[Voltemand and Cornelius] exit.

POLONIUS

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,

QUEEN

More matter with less art.

POLONIUS

In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.—

QUEEN

Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS

Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.

[He reads the] letter.

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,

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he's 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, and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,

Or, rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause,

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter (have while she is mine)

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.

*[He reads.] To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a
vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus: *[He reads].*

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

KING

But how hath she received his love?

POLONIUS

What do you think of me?

KING

As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing

(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> mate 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." And then I prescripts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from <his> resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
 And he, 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 declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves
 And all we mourn for.

KING

[To Queen] Do you think <'tis> this?

QUEEN

It may be, very like.

QUEEN

So he does indeed.

POLONIUS

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
 [To the King.] Be you and I behind an arras then.
 Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

KING

We will try it.

[Enter Hamlet] reading on a book

QUEEN

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes
 reading.

POLONIUS

Away, I do beseech you both, away.

POLONIUS

Hath there been such a time (I would fain know
 that)

That I have positively said "'Tis so,"

When it proved otherwise?

KING

Not that I know.

POLONIUS

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.

KING

How may we try it further?

POLONIUS

You know sometimes he walks four hours together

Here in the lobby.

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

King and Queen exit [with Attendants]

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET

Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS

Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET

Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS

Not I, my lord.

HAMLET

Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS

Honest, my lord?

HAMLET

Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to

to speak
to insult

be one man picked out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS

That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET

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

POLONIUS

I have, my lord.

HAMLET

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

POLONIUS

[Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on

my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I
was a fishmonger. He is far gone. And truly, in my

youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very near
this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my
lord?

HAMLET

Words, words, words.

POLONIUS

What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET

Between who?

POLONIUS

I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET

Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here
that old men have gray beards, that their faces are
wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and
plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of
wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir,

though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I
hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for
yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab,
you could go backward.

POLONIUS

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

HAMLET

Into my grave?

POLONIUS

Indeed, that's out of the air. [Aside] How
pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness
that often madness hits on, which reason and
<sanity> could not so prosperously be delivered of. I
will leave him <and suddenly contrive the means of
meeting between him> and my daughter.—My lord,
I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET

You cannot, <sir> take from me anything that I
will more willingly part withal—except my life,
except my life, except my life.

POLONIUS

Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET

<Aside> These tedious old fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS

You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.

ROSENCRANTZ,

[To Polonius] God save you, sir.

[Polonius exits.]

GUILDENSTERN

My honored lord.

ROSENCRANTZ

My most dear lord.

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN

Happy in that we are not <overhappy>

On Fortune's <cap> we are not the very button.

HAMLET

Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ

Neither, my lord.

HAMLET

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

GUILDENSTERN

Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET

In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true!

She is a strumpet. What news? *to share a joke*

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

GUILDENSTERN

Prison, my lord?

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

Why, then, your ambition makes it one.

'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET

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

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs
and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.
Shall we to th' court? For, by my fay, I cannot

reason

ROSENCRANTZ/GUILDENSTERN

We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET

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 beaten way of friendship, what make you at
Elsinore?

to soften

to pry

ROSENCRANTZ

To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET

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

to deflect

to question

with me whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ

[to Guildenstern] What say you?

HAMLET,

[Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If
you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN

My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET

I will tell you why; 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; this most
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging

to demand

to comfort

* text was performed

to demand
speak,

GUILDENSTERN

What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET

Anything but to th' purpose. You were sent
for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks
which your modesties have not craft enough to
color. I know the good king and queen have sent for
you.

to accuse

ROSENCRANTZ

To what end, my lord?

HAMLET

That you must teach me. But let me conjure
you by the rights of our fellowship, by the 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

to flatter

to guilt

firmament, this majestical roof, fretted
with golden fire—why, it appeareth nothing to me
but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.
What <a> piece of work is a man, how noble in
reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving
how express and admirable; in action how like
an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the
beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and
yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man
delights not me, <no,> nor women neither, though by
your smiling you seem to say so.

to reveal

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

to confront

ROSENCRANTZ

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.

HAMLET

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 [rickle] o' th' sear,> and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the <blank> verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ

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

to inquire

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

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET

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.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

to ally

to anger

HAMLET

How chances it they travel?

A flourish <for the Players.>

GUILDENSTERN

There are the players.

HAMLET

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.

to prepare

GUILDENSTERN

In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET

POLONIUS

My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET

My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius was an actor in Rome—

to mock

POLONIUS

The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET

Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS

Upon my honor—

HAMLET

Then came each actor on his ass.

POLONIUS

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, <tragical-historical,

tragic-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, 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.

HAMLET

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

POLONIUS

What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET

Why,

*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovèd passing well.*

POLONIUS

[Aside] Still on my daughter.

HAMLET

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

POLONIUS

If you call me "Jephthah," my lord: I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET

Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS

What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET

Why,

As by lot, God wot

and then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

to greet
You are welcome, masters; welcome all.—I am glad to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends.—O <my> old friend!

to direct
Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like <French> falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality. Come, a passionate speech.

<FIRST> PLAYER

What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once;

'Twas Aeneas' <tale> to Dido, and

thereabout of it especially when he speaks of

Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line—let me see, let me see:

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couchèd 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'ersizèd with coagulate gore,

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So, proceed you.

POLONIUS

'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good

accent and good discretion.

<FIRST> PLAYER

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 of Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerv'd father falls. <Then senseless Ilium>
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick.
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
<And> like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arous'd 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 [fellowies] from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!

POLONIUS

This is too long.

HAMLET

It shall to the barber's with your beard.—
Prithee say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or
he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

<FIRST> PLAYER

But who, ah woe, had seen the moblèd queen—

HAMLET

"The moblèd queen"?

POLONIUS

That's good. <"Moblèd" Queen is good.>

<FIRST> PLAYER

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'erteem'd loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,

'Gaius 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>,
The instant burst of clamor that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.

POLONIUS

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

HAMLET

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

to cheer up
to direct

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

POLONIUS

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

HAMLET

God's 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. Take them in.

POLONIUS

Come, sirs.

HAMLET

Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play tomorrow. *[As Polonius and Players exit, Hamlet speaks to*

the First Player.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?

<FIRST> PLAYER

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

We'll ha 't tomorrow night. You could, for <a> need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

<FIRST> PLAYER

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

Very well. Follow that lord—and look you mock him not. *[First Player exits.]* My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ

Good my lord.

HAMLET

Ay, so, good-bye to you.

[Rosencrantz and Guildenstern] exit.

Now I am alone.

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> visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
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-metled 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 as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Hal! '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 tattle-tale 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

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

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

GUILDENSTERN

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.

QUEEN

Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ

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 that 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,
 Abuses me 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.

He exits.

ACT III, SC I

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
 Guildenstern, <and> Lords.*

Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition.

QUEEN

Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

Madam, it so fell out that certain players
 We o'eraught on the way. Of these we told him,
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it. They are here about the court,
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

POLONIUS

'Tis most true,

And he beseeched me to entreat your Majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

KING

With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANIZ

We shall, my lord.

Rosencranz and Guildenstern [and Lords] exit.

KING

Sweet Gertrude, leave us <too,>

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, <lawful espials,>

<Will> so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge

And gather by him, as he is behaved,

If 't be th' affliction of his love or no

('Tis too much proved), that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

POLONIUS

I hear him coming. <Let's> withdraw, my lord.

[They withdraw]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

To be or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—
No more—and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks

That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN

I shall obey you.

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honors.

OPHELIA

Madam, I wish it may.

Queen exits.

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. *[To Ophelia,]* Read on this
book,

That show of such an exercise may color

Your <loneliness.>—We are oft to blame in this

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, *to preach*

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? Who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country from whose bourn

to awaken

*to plead
to search*

to sober

to burst

to campaign

No traveler returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards <of us all,>
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is <sicklied> o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA

Good my lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA

HAMLET

Are you fair?

OPHELIA

What means your Lordship?

HAMLET

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

OPHELIA

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

HAMLET

Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than
the force of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now
the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA

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

HAMLET

No, not I. I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honored lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made <the> things more rich. Their perfume
lost,

Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET

Ha, ha, are you honest?

OPHELIA

My lord?

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET

You should not have believed me, for virtue
cannot so <inoculate> our old stock but we shall
relish of it. I loved you not.

OPHELIA

I was the more deceived.

HAMLET

Get thee <to> a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be
a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things that it
were better my mother had not borne me: I am
very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses
at my beck than I have thoughts to put them
in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act
them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves

<all> believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father?

OPHELIA

At home, my lord.

HAMLET

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

OPHELIA

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a
nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what
monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and
quickly too. Farewell!

to drive out

to shame

to smother

<Th' expectancy> and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his musicked vows,
Now see <that> noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
That unmatched form and stature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

KING

Advancing with Polonius

Love? His affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose

OPHELIA

Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

I have heard of your paintings <too> well
enough. God hath given you one face, and you
make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and
you <dispr> you nickname God's creatures and make
your wantonness <your> ignorance. Go to, I'll no
more on 't. It hath made me mad. I say we will have
no more marriage. Those that are married already,
all but one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.
To a nunnery, go.

to give it

to curse

He exits.

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword,

Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

POLONIUS

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.—My lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him

To show his grief. Let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING

It shall be so.

Madness in great ones must not <unwatched> go.

They exit.

ACT III. SC. II

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

HAMLET

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.
Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the
word, the word to the action, with this special
observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of
nature. For anything so o'rdone is from the purpose
of playing, whose end, both at the first and
now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to
nature, to show virtue her <own> feature, scorn her
own image, and the very age and body of the time
his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off,
though it makes the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious

to coach
to encourage
to vitalize
to empower

grieve, the censure of <the> which one must in your allowance
o'erweigh a whole theater or others. Go make you ready.

<Players exit.>

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.

How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of
work?

POLONIUS

And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET

Bid the players make haste.

[Polonius exits]

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ

Ay, my lord.

They exit.

HAMLET

What ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO

Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET

There is a play tonight before the King.
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,

to orchestrate

want players to
do their best
to move
claudius

to energize

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO

Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And 'scape <detecting>, I will pay the theft.

[Sound a flourish].

HAMLET

They are coming to the play. I must be idle.

Get you a place.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. <Enter> King, Queen,

Polonius, Ophelia, <Rosenkrantz, Guildenstern, and other

Lords attendant with [the King's] guard carrying

Torches>

POLONIUS

I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i' th'

Capitol. Brutus killed me.

HAMLET

It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a

calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ

Ay, my lord. They stay upon your

patience.

QUEEN

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET

No, good mother. Here's metal more

attractive

[Hamlet takes a place near Ophelia]

POLONIUS

[to the King] Oh, ho! Do you mark that?

KING

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET

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

KING

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

HAMLET

No, nor mine now. *[To Polonius]* My lord, you
played once i' th' university, you say?

POLONIUS

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

HAMLET

What did you enact?

HAMLET

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA

No, my lord.

<HAMLET

I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA

Ay, my lord>

HAMLET

Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA

I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET

That's a fair thought to lie between maids'

legs.

OPHELIA

What is, my lord?

Nothing.

HAMLET

OPHELIA

You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET

Who, I?

OPHELIA

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

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

OPHELIA

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET

So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,

[Players exit]

OPHELIA

What means this, my lord?

HAMLET

Marry, this <is mitching> mallecho. It means
 mischief.

OPHELIA

Belike this show imports the argument of the
 play.

Enter Prologue.

HAMLET

We shall know by this fellow. The players
 do not
 cannot keep <counsel> they'll tell all.

OPHELIA

Will he tell us what this show meant?

for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two
 months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's
 to crucify
 hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half
 a year.

The trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows.
Enter a King and a Queen, <very lovingly> the Queen
embracing him and he her <She kneels and makes show of
protestation unto him> He takes her up and declines his
head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of
flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon
<comes> takes off his crown, kisses it, pours
poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen
returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The
poisoner with some three or four come in again, seem to
condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The
poisoner woos the Queen with gifts. She seems harsh awhile but in
the end accepts <his> love.

HAMLET

Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be
 not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you
 what it means.

OPHELIA

You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the
 play.

PROLOGUE

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

[He exits]

HAMLET

Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?
 to embarrass

OPHELIA

'Tis brief, my lord.

to string

HAMLET

As woman's love.

Enter [the] Player King and Queen.

PLAYER KING

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' <orbed> 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.

PLAYER QUEEN

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But woe is me! You are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from <your> former state,

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.

HAMLET

That's wormwood!

PLAYER QUEEN

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

PLAYER KING

I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the 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.

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 sixed, my fear is so:
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

PLAYER KING

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

PLAYER QUEEN

O, confound the rest!

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
Their own enactors with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief <joy> 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 tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try

to relish

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.
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

PLAYER QUEEN

Nor Earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 [To desperation turn my trust and hope,
 [An] anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.]
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
 Meet what I would have well and it destroy.
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

HAMLET

If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING

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

[Sleeps]

PLAYER QUEEN

Sleep rock thy brain.
 And never come mischance between us twain.

[Player Queen exits]

HAMLET

Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET

O, but she'll keep her word.

KING

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

HAMLET

No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No
 offense i' th' world.

KING

What do you call the play?

HAMLET

"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 unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA

You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET

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

OPHELIA

You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET

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

OPHELIA

Still better and worse.

HAMLET

So you mis-take your husbands.—Begin,
 murderer. <Pox,> leave thy damnable faces and
 begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for

to rush

revenge.

LUCIANUS

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

agreeing,

<Confederate> season, else no creature seeing.

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice <infected,>

Thy natural magic and dire property

On wholesome life <usurp> immediately,

<Pours the poison in his

ears.>

HAMLET

He poisons him i' th' garden for his estate. ~~His~~

name's Gonzago. The story is extant and written in

<very choice Italian>. You shall see anon how the

murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

[Claudius rises]

to arouse
to provoke
to incite

Very well, my lord.

HAMLET

Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO

I did very well note him.

HAMLET

Come, some music!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GUILDENSTERN

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word

with you.

HAMLET

Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN

The King, sir—

OPHELIA

The King rises.

<HAMLET

What, frighted with false fire?>

QUEEN

How fares my lord?

POLONIUS

Give o'er the play.

KING

Give me some light. Away!

POLONIUS

Lights, lights, lights!

All but Hamlet and Horatio exit.

HAMLET

O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for

a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HORATIO

HAMLET

Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN

Is in his retirement marvelous

distempered.

HAMLET

With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN

No, my lord, with choler.

HAMLET

Your wisdom should show itself more richer

to signify this to the doctor, for for me to put him to

his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more

choler.

GUILDENSTERN

Good my lord, put your discourse into

some frame and <start> not so wildly from my

affair.

HAMLET

I am tame, sir. Pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

Sir, I cannot.

ROSENCRANTZ

What, my lord?

HAMLET

Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's
discased. 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—

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

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

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET

And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows"—the
proverb is something musty.

~~To withdraw,~~

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

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

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

GUILDENSTERN

My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET

I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN

Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET

I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN

I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET

to quit

It is as easy as tying. Govern these ventages
with your fingers and <thumb> give it breath with
your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent
music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN

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

HAMLET

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing
you make of me! You would play upon me, you
would seem to know my stops, you would pluck

out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me
from my lowest note to <the top of> my compass;
and there is much music, excellent voice, in this
little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood,
do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?
<Call me what instrument you will, though you <can>
fret me, you cannot play upon me.

to challenge

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir.

POLONIUS

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

<HAMLET>

Then I will come to my mother by and by.

<POLONIUS>

I will say so.

<HAMLET>

to dismiss

"By and by" is easily said. Leave me,
friends.

All but Hamlet exit.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself <breathes>
out

to relish

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood
And do such <bitter> business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.

~~O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever-~~

~~The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.~~

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak <daggers> to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

to advise

to admit

How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

to pray

He exits.

ACT III, SC. III

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

KING

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.
If 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.

GUILDENSTERN

We will ourselves provide.

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

We will haste us.

[Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern] exit.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him
home;
And, as you said (and wisely was it said),
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

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 forestall'd 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 <above> 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

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

KING

Thanks, dear my lord.

[Polonius]

exits.

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin
And both neglect. What if this curs'd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?

In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.
All may be well.

[He kneels]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

Now might I do it <pat> now he is a-praying,

to spy

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

We will haste us.

[Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern] exit.

Enter Polonius.

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Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.
All may be well.

[He kneels]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

Now might I do it <pat> now he is a-praying,

to spy

And now I'll do 't. [He draws his sword.]

And so he goes to heaven,

And so am I <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?

No.

Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.

[He sheathes his sword.]

ACT III SC. IV

Enter <Queen> and Polonius.

POLONIUS

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
with

And that your Grace hath screened and stood
between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.

Pray you, be round <with him>.

HAMLET,

within

Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN

I'll <warrant> you. Fear me not. Withdraw,

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,

At game, a-swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in 't—

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soul may be as damned and black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Hamlet] exits.

KING

[Rising]

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

He exits.

I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides behind the arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET

What's the matter now? *to challenge*
QUEEN

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife, *to flatten*
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass *to threaten*
Where you may see the <inmost> part of you.

QUEEN

to attack What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!

POLONIUS,

[behind the arras]

What ho! Help!

HAMLET

How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead. *to find*

[He <kills Polonius> by

thrusting a rapier

through the arras.]

QUEEN

O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET

Nay, I know not. Is it the King? *to block*

QUEEN

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother, *to reveal*
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN

As kill a king?

HAMLET

Ay, lady, it was my word.

[He pulls Polonius' body from behind the arras.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

to blame I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.

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

[To Queen.] Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit
you down,

to berest And let me wring your heart; for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

to blame If damned custom have not brazed it so

That it be proof and bulwark against sense

QUEEN

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

In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose *to trash*

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows

As false as diceers' on the *to trash*

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 healed visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN

Ay me, what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

HAMLET

Look here upon this picture and on this,

as if my mother married a poor good uncle
I'm comparing the two

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 mudded 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?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

to clarify

Thou turn'st my eyes into my <very> soul,
And there I see such black and <grained> spots
As will <not> leave their tinct.

HAMLET

Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty!

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

A murderer and a villain,

A slave that is not twentieth part the <little>
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

to awaken

Would step from this to this? [Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
Is apoplexed; for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference:] What devil was 't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?

~~O shame, where is thy blush?~~

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.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, speak no more!

~~That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.~~

QUEEN

No more!

HAMLET

A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

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

to idolise

QUEEN

Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET

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

to apologise

O, say!

GHOST

Do not forget. This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But look, amazement on thy mother sits.

O, step between her and her fighting soul.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET

How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN

Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

HAMLET

Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN

No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET

Why, look you there, look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Ghost exits.

QUEEN

This is the very coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

HAMLET

<Ecstasy>

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,

Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

HAMLET

On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. *[To the Ghost.]* Do not

look upon me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects. Then what I have to do

Will want true color—tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN

To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET

Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

And <D> the matter will reword, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flatteringunction 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 pesty times,

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!

HAMLET

O, throw away the worse part of it,

And <live> the purer with the other half!
Good night. But go not to my uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue if you have it not.

[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a look or tivity

That aptly is put on.] Retrain—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 {we} 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. For this same lord

[Pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so

To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[One word more, good lady.]

QUEEN

What shall I do?

HAMLET

Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a queen; fair, sober, wise;
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and 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.

QUEEN

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.

HAMLET

I must to England, you know that.

QUEEN

Alack,

I had forgot! 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET

[There's letters sealed; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will 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.—

Good night, mother.

[They] exit, [Hamlet begging in Polonius.]

ACT IV. SC. I

Enter King and Queen

KING

There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN

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

KING

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN

Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,

QUEEN

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.

KING

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!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body

Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat,"
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

KING

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all—
To you yourself, to us, to everyone.
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 pith of life. Where is he gone?

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

<Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.>

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

They exit.

ACT IV. SC. II

<Enter Hamlet.>

HAMLET

Safely stowed.

to resurface

<GENTLEMEN

Within Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAMLET

But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

to answer

Enter Rosencrantz, <Guildenstern,> and others.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

<Compounded> it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

HAMLET

Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ

Believe what?

HAMLET

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?

body is and go with us to the King.

HAMLET

The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN

A "thing," my lord?

HAMLET

Of nothing. Bring me to him. ~~Hide fox, and~~
~~all after!~~

They exit.

ACT IV SC. III

Enter King and two or three.

KING

I have sent to seek him and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

ROSENCRANTZ

Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET

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. When he needs what you have
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you
shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ

I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET

I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, you must tell us where the

Yet must not we put the strong law on him.

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And, where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weighed,

But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved

Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Hamlet.

How now, what hath befallen?

ROSENCRANTZ

Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

KING

Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET

At supper.

KING

At supper where?

HAMLET

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service—two dishes but to one table. That's the end.

[KING

Alas, alas!

HAMLET

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat

of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.]

KING

What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET

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

KING

Where is Polonius?

HAMLET

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

KING

[to Attendants.] Go, seek him there.

HAMLET

He will stay till you come.

[Attendants exit.]

KING

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety (Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve for that which thou hast done) must send thee hence

<With fiery quickness.> Therefore prepare thyself. The bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th' associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

HAMLET

For England?

KING

Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET

Good.

KING

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

HAMLET

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

Farewell, dear mother.

KING

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET

My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, <and> so, my mother.— Come, for England.

He exits.

KING

Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.

Delay it not. I'll have him hence tonight.

Away, for everything is sealed and done
That else leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haste.

All but the King exit.

And England, if my love thou hold'st 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 imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,

He exits.

ACT IV SC. IV

Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage.

FORTINBRAS

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.

HAMLET

How purposed, sir, I pray you?

CAPTAIN

Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET

Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET

Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

CAPTAIN

Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

CAPTAIN

I will do 't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS

Go softly on.

[All but the Captain exit.]

[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, [Guildenstern,] and others.]

HAMLET

Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN

They are of Norway, sir.

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAMLET

Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is already garrisoned.

HAMLET

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.

CAPTAIN

God be wi' you, sir.

[He exits.]

ROSENCRANTZ

Will 't please you go, my lord?

HAMLET

to investigate

to shame

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

[All but Hamlet exit.]

How all occasions do inform against me

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? *A beast, no more.*

Sure He that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason,

To just in us unused. Now whether it be

Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event

(A thought which quartered hath but one part

Wisdom)

And ever three parts coward; I do not know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do,"

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

to appease

to examine

to clarify

As if I saw the weakest guy I know gather his traps to go kick someone's ass over something trivial and I can't even avenge my father's murder.

To do 't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

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!

[He exits]

ACT IV SC. V

Enter Horatio, [Queen,] and a Gentleman.

QUEEN

What would she have?

GENTLEMAN

She speaks much of her father, says she hears

There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her

heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt

That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection. They <aim> at it

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield

them,

Indeed would make one think there might be

thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO

"Twere good she were spoken with, for she may

strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

[QUEEN]

Let her come in.

[Gentleman exits.]

[Aside.] 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.

<Enter Ophelia distracted.>

OPHELIA

Where is the beautiful Majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN

How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA

[Sings.]

*How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.*

QUEEN

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings.]

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

Oh, ho!

QUEEN

Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA

Pray you, mark.

[Sings.]

*White his shroud as the mountain snow—
Enter King.*

QUEEN

Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

[Sings.]

*Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.*

KING

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

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

KING

Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA

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

[Sings.]

*Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose and donned his clothes
And dipped the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

KING

Pretty Ophelia—

OPHELIA

Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

[Sings.]

*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."*

KING

How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA

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

<She exits.>

KING

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

[Horatio exits.]

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 hugging-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
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 to a murrain's plague, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

A noise within.

KING

Enter a Messenger.

What is the matter?

MESSENGER

Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous 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!"
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

A noise within.

Enter Laertes

LAERTES

Where is this king

O, thou vile king,

Give me my father!

QUEEN

Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me
bastard,
Cries "cuckold" to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

KING

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

LAERTES

LAERTES

My will, not all the <world>
And for my means, I'll husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

KING

Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopetake, you will draw both friend and
foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES

None but his enemies.

KING

Will you know them, then?

LAERTES

To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms

Where is my father?

KING

Dead.

QUEEN

But not by him.

KING

Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING

Who shall stay you?

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repay them with my blood.

KING

Why, now you speak

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

Enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam! O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as <an old> man's life?

<Nature is fine in love, and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.>

OPHELIA

[Sings]

*They bore him barefaced on the bier,
<Hey non nonny, nonny, lay nonny,>
And in his grave rained many a tear.*

Face you well, my dove.

LAERTES

Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPHELIA

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

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES

Thought and afflictions, passion, hell itself
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

OPHELIA

[Sings.]

*And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,
<All> flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a mercy on his soul.*

LAERTES

This nothing's more than matter.

OPHELIA

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

LAERTES

A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

OPHELIA

There's fennel for you, and columbines.
There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we
may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. <must> wear
your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would
give you some violets, but they withered all when
my father died. They say he made a good end.

[Sings.]

And of all Christians' souls, <I pray God> God be wi'
you.

She exits.

LAERTES

Do you <see?> this, O God?

KING

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.

LAERTES

Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral
(No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation)
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

KING

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

They exit.

ACT IV SC. VI

Enter Horatio and others.

HORATIO

<Reads the letter> Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a <good> turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the <bore> of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have

HORATIO

What are they that would speak with me?

GENTLEMAN

Seafaring men, sir. They say they have letters for you.

Enter Sailors.

SAILOR

God bless you, sir.

HORATIO

Let Him bless thee too.

SAILOR

He shall, sir, <an 't> please Him. There's a letter for you, sir. It came from th' ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. *[He hands Horatio a letter.]*

much to tell thee. Farewell.

<He> that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will <give> you way for these your letters
And do 't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

They exit.

ACT IV SC. VII

Enter King and Laertes.

KING

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

LAERTES

It well appears. But tell me
Why you <proceeded> not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

KING

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

Letters, my lord, from
Hamlet—
These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

KING

From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

Sailors, my lord, they say. I saw them not.

KING

Laertes, you shall hear

them—

Leave us.

[Messenger exits.]

[Reads.]

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

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered for so <loud a wind,>
Would have reverted to my bow again,
But not where I have aimed them.

LAERTES

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

KING

Break not your sleeps for that.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

<How now? What news?

MESSENGER

<and more strange> return. <Hamlet.>

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

LAERTES

Know you the hand?

KING

'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked"—

And in a postscript here, he says "alone."

Can you <advise> me?

LAERTES

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

It warms the very sickness in my heart

That I <shall> live and tell him to his teeth

"Thus didst thou."

KING

If it be so, Laertes

(As how should it be so? how otherwise?),

Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES

Ay, my lord,

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

KING

To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
As <checking> at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will 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,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

[LAERTES

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

I have seen myself, and served against the French,
And they can well on horseback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't. He grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been encorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast. So far he topped <my> thought
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Came short of what he did.

LAERTES

A Norman was 't?

KING

A Norman.

LAERTES

Upon my life, Lamord.

KING

The very same.

LAERTES

KING

It falls right.

You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAERTES

What part is that, my lord?

KING

A very ribbon in the cap of youth—
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.] Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.

I know him well. He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

KING

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

LAERTES

What out of this, my lord?

KING

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

LAERTES

Why ask you this?

KING

Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words?

LAERTES

To cut his throat i' th' church.

KING

No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;

So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING

Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad
performance,
'Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project
Should have a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning—

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together
And wager <on> your heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a <pass> of practice
Requite him for your father.

LAERTES

I will do 't,

And for <that> purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank

I ha 't!
When in your motion you are hot and dry
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared
him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what
noise?

Enter Queen.

QUEEN

One wee doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES

Drowned? O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows askant the brook
That shows his <hear> leaves in the glassy stream.

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowsfeet, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do "dead men's fingers" call
them.

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her woody tresses and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Therefore, let's follow.

They exit.

ACT V SC. I

Enter [Gravedigger and Another.]

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

OTHER

I tell thee she is. Therefore make her grave
straight. The crowner hath sat on her and finds it
Christian burial.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defense?

OTHER

LAERTES

Alas, then she is drowned.

QUEEN

Drowned, drowned.

LAERTES

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

He exits.

KING

Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again.

Why, 'tis found so.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

It must be *<se offendendo>*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three
branches—it is to act, to do, to perform. *<Argal,>* she
drowned herself wittingly.

OTHER

Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver—

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to
this water and drown himself, it is (will he, nill he)
he goes; mark you that. But if the water come to him
and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he
that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his
own life.

OTHER

But is this law?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Ay, marry, is 't—crown'r's 'quest law.

OTHER

Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been
a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o'
Christian burial.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Why, there thou sayst. And the more
pity that great folk should have count'nance in this
world to drown or hang themselves more than
their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no
ancient gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and
grave-makers. They hold up Adam's profession.

OTHER

Was he a gentleman?

thousand tenants.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

I like thy wit well, in good faith. The
gallows does well. But how does it well? It does
well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the
gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the
gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

OTHER

"Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,
or a carpenter?"

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

OTHER

Marry, now I can tell.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

To 't

OTHER

[GRAVEDIGGER]

He was the first that ever bore arms.

<OTHER

Why, he had none.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the scripture? The scripture says Adam
dugged. Could he dig without arms?> I'll put another
question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the
purpose, confess thyself—

OTHER

Go to!

[GRAVEDIGGER]

What is he that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

OTHER

The gallows-maker; for that <frame> outlives a

Mass, I cannot tell.

<Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off>

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with
beating. And, when you are asked this question
next, say "a grave-maker." The houses he makes
lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a
stoup of liquor.

[The Other Man exits

and the Gravedigger digs and sings.]

In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet

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

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

HAMLET

to seek understanding

Hamlet's
apprise
what makes
his go
what gives

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He sings in grave-making.

HORATIO

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET

'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

[Sings]

But age with his stealing steps

Hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

[He digs up a skull.]

HAMLET

That skull had a tongue in it and could sing

once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if

'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder!

This might be the pate of a politician which this ass

now o'erratches, one that would circumvent God,

might it not?

HORATIO

It might, my lord.

HAMLET

Or of a courtier, which could say "Good

morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?"

This might be my Lord Such-a-one that praised my

Lord Such-a-one's horse when he went to beg it,

might it not?

HORATIO

Ay, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, e'en so. And now my Lady Worm's,

to correct
[grave digger's]
behavior

chapless and knocked about the <mazard> with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? Mine ache to think on 't.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

[Sings.]

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet,

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[He digs up more skulls.]

HAMLET

Whose grave's this, sirrah?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Mine, sir.

[Sings.]

<O> a pit of clay for to be made

<For such a guest is meet.>

HAMLET

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

[GRAVEDIGGER]

You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis

not yours. For my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is

mine.

HAMLET

Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine.

'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou

liest.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again

from me to you.

HAMLET

What man dost thou dig it for?

to knock

to accuse

to straighten out

[GRAVEDIGGER]
For no man, sir.

HAMLET
What woman then?

[GRAVEDIGGER]
For none, neither.

HAMLET
Who is to be buried in 't?

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

HAMLET
How absolute the knave is! We must speak by
the card, or equivocation will undo us.
How long hast thou been
grave-maker?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

[GRAVEDIGGER]
'Twill not be seen in him there. There
die men are as mad as he.

HAMLET
How came he mad?

[GRAVEDIGGER]
Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET
How "strangely"?

[GRAVEDIGGER]
Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET
Upon what ground?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

Why, here in Denmark. I have been
sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET

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

HAMLET
How long is that since?

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

HAMLET
Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

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

HAMLET
Why?

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

[GRAVEDIGGER]
Faith, if he be not rotten before he die
(as we have many pocky corses <nowadays> that will
scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some
eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine
year.

HAMLET
Why he more than another?

[GRAVEDIGGER]
Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his
trade that he will keep out water a great while; and
your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead
body. Here's a skull now hath lien you i' th' earth
three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET
Whose was it?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

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

HAMLET

Nay, I know not.

[GRAVEDIGGER]

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

HAMLET

This?

[GRAVEDIGGER]

E'en that.

HAMLET,

[taking the skull] <Let me see.> Alas, poor
Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite

jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his
back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in
my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung
those lips that I have kissed I know not how off.
Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your
songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to
set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your
own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my
lady's <chamber,> and tell her, let her paint an inch
thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh
at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO

What's that, my lord?

HAMLET

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this
fashion i' th' earth?

HORATIO

Subj: A childhood
friend who's older in
To ease age
to make share
A final joke with

E'en so.

HAMLET

And smelt so? Pahl! *[He puts the skull down.]*

HORATIO

E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, <Lords attendant,> and the
corpse [of Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.]*

But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King,
The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark. *[They step aside.]*

LAERTES

What ceremony else?

DOCTOR

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'erways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodged
Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers
<Shards,> flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
her.

Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES

Must there no more be done?

DOCTOR

No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead

the quick
switch to
verse
to hide
to observe

To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES

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

HAMLET

[to Horatio] What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN

Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

[She scatters flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

LAERTES

LAERTES,

[out of the grave]

The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET

Thou priy'st not well. [They grapple.]
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenitive & rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING

Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN

Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL

Gentlemen!

HORATIO

Good my lord, be quiet.

O, treble woe

Fall ten times <treble> on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee off!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

<Leaps in the grave.>

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET

[Advancing]

What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[Hamlet and Laertes are separated.]

HAMLET

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

QUEEN

O my son, what theme?

HAMLET

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

KING

O, he is mad, Laertes!

QUEEN

For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET

'Swounds, show me what thou 't do.
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear

thyself,

Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?

I'll do 't. Dost <thou> come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN

This is mere madness;

And <thus> awhile the fit will work on him.

Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET

ACT V, SC. II

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep. <Methought> I lay

Worse than the mutines in the <hilboes> Rashly—

And praised be rashness for it: let us know,

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will—

HORATIO

That is most

certain.

HAMLET

Up from my cabin,

Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever. But it is no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet exits.

KING

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Horatio exits.

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see.

Till then in patience our proceeding be.

They exit

My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,

Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew

To mine own room again, making so bold

(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold

Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,

A royal knavery—an exact command,

Larded with many several sorts of reasons

Importing Denmark's health and England's too,

That on the supervise, no leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,

My head should be struck off.

HORATIO

Is 't possible?

HAMLET

Here's the commission. Read it at more leisure.

[Handing him a paper.]

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

to fease

HORATIO

I beseech you.

HAMLET

They had begun the play. I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labored much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

to rudge

to bait

HORATIO

Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

HAMLET

They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

to blame

HORATIO

Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET

Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,
Popped in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect
conscience
<To quit him with this arm? And is 't not to be
damned

to build a case

Without debatement further, more or less,

He should those hearers put to sudden death,

to shock

Not striving time allowed.

HORATIO

How was this sealed?

HAMLET

Why, even in that was heaven's ordinance.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,
<Subscribed> it, gave 't th' impression, placed it
safely,

to impress

The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

HORATIO

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

to persecute

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

It will be short. The interim's mine,
And 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 favors.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

to apologize

to justify

HORATIO

Peace, who comes here?

Enter <Orric> a courtier.

OSRIC
Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

HAMLET
[Aside to Horatio.]
Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO
[Aside to Hamlet] No, my good lord.

HAMLET
[aside to Horatio.] Thy state is the more gracious,
for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much
land, and fertile. Let a beast be lord of beasts and his
crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a clog,
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC
Sweet lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I

OSRIC
Of Laertes?
HORATIO
His purse is empty already; all 's golden words
are spent.

HAMLET
Of him, sir.

OSRIC
I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET
I would you did, sir. Yet, in faith, if you did, it
would not much approve me. Well, sir?

OSRIC
You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes
is—

HAMLET
I dare not confess that, lest I should compare

should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

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

OSRIC
My lord, his Majesty
bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager
on your head.

Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes—believe
me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent
differences, of very soft society and great showing.
Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or
calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the
continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET
[to Osric] What imports the nomination of
this gentleman?

with him in excellence. But to know a man well
were to know himself.

OSRIC
I mean, sir, for [his] weapon. But in the imputation
laid on him by them, in his meed he's
unfellowed.]

HAMLET
What's his weapon?

OSRIC
Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET
That's two of his weapons. But, well—

OSRIC
The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not
exceed you three hits. He hath laid on twelve for
nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your

Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET

How if I answer no?

OSRIC

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

HAMLET

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

OSRIC

Shall I deliver you <e'en> so?

HAMLET

To this effect, sir, after what flourish your

nature will.

OSRIC

I commend my duty to your Lordship.

HAMLET

Yours. [Osric exits.] <He> does well to commend
it himself.

[Enter a Lord.]

LORD

My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by
young Osric, who brings back to him that you
attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your
pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will
take longer time.

HAMLET

I am constant to my purposes. They follow
the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is
ready now or whensoever, provided I be so able as

now.

LORD

The King and Queen and all are coming down.

HAMLET

In happy time.

LORD

The Queen desires you to use some gentle
entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET

She well instructs me. [Lord exits.]

HORATIO

You will lose, my lord.

HAMLET

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

Nay, good my lord—

HORATIO

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

Not a whit. We defy augury. There is <a>
special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be
<now,>'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be
now; if it be not now, yet it <will> come. The
readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves
knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

A table prepared. <Enter> Trumpets, Drums, and Officers
with cushions, King, Queen, [Osric,] and all the state,

foils, daggers, text from the <lagons of wine> and Laertes.

KING

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

[He puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's]

HAMLET

[To Laertes]

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

And you must needs have heard, how I am punished
With a sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

To apologize
to Laertes and
Gertrude

I do receive your offered love like love
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET

I embrace it freely
And will this brothers' wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils. <Come on.>

to embrace

LAERTES

Come, one for me.

HAMLET

I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

to flatter

LAERTES

You mock me, sir.

HAMLET

No, by this hand.

KING

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

to acquit

<Sir, in this audience>

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

to disburden

LAERTES

I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honor
I stand aloof and will no reconciliation
Till by some elder masters of known honor
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To <keep> my name ungored. But <till> that time

Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET

Very well, my lord.
Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

to sting

KING

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

LAERTES

This is too heavy. Let me see another.

HAMLET

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

to check

OSRIC

Ay, my good lord.

<Prepare to play.>

KING

Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an <union> shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin.
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Trumpets the while.

HAMLET

Come on, sir.

LAERTES

Come, my lord.

<They play.>

to taunt

HAMLET

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

Come. [They play.] Another hit. What say you?

LAERTES

<A touch, a touch> I do confess 't.

KING

Our son shall win.

QUEEN

He's fit and scant of breath.—

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

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

[She lifts the cup.]

HAMLET

Good madam.

KING

Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN

to respectfully decline

HAMLET

One.

to declare

LAERTES

No.

HAMLET

Judgment!

to prove

OSRIC

A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES

Well, again.

KING

Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health.

[He drinks and then drops the pearl in the cup.]

Drum, trumpets, and

shot.

Give him the cup.

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

[She drinks.]

KING

[Aside]

It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.

HAMLET

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

to appease

QUEEN

Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES

[to Claudius]

My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING

I do not think 't.

LAERTES

[Aside]

And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET

Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.

I pray you pass with your best violence.

I am <afraid> you make a wanton of me.

to provoke

LAERTES

Say you so? Come on.

<Plap.>

OSRIC

Nothing neither way.

LAERTES

Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet. Then < in scuffling they change
rapiers,> and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

KING

Part them. They are incensed.

HAMLET

Nay, come again.

to dare

[The Queen falls.]

OSRIC

Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO

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

OSRIC

How is 't, Laertes?

LAERTES

Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

[He falls.]

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

How does the Queen?

to check

KING

She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN

No, no, the drink, the drink! O, my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink! I am poisoned.

[She dies.]

HAMLET

O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked. [Osric exits.]

Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES

It is here, Hamlet. <Hamlet,> thou art slain.

No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour's life.

The treacherous instrument is in <thy> hand,

Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice

Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.

I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

HAMLET

The point envenomed too! Then, venom, to thy

work.

<Hurts the King.>

to terminate

ALL

Treason, treason!

KING

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

HAMLET

Here, thou incestuous, <murd'rous,> damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is <thy union> here?

to castrate

[Forcing him to drink the poison.]

Follow my mother.

<King dies.>

LAERTES

He is justly served.

It is a poison tempered by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

<Dies.>

HAMLET

Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.—

to forgive

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu.—
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time (as this fall sergeant, Death,
 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—
 But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead.
 Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO

Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Here's yet some liquor left. *[He picks up the cup.]*

HAMLET

As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: I step to't; my heaven, I'll be it.

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind

*to bid
farewell*

*wants
to
ensure
an
honorable
lasting
legacy*

~~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.

HAMLET

O, I die, Horatio!

The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.

But I do prophesy th' election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.

So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited—the rest is silence.

<Dies.>

HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.



THE UNIVERSITY *of*
NEW ORLEANS

DEPARTMENT OF
FILM AND THEATRE



Program



DEPARTMENT OF

Film & Theatre

THE UNIVERSITY of NEW ORLEANS

Theatre UNO

2014 - 2015

**Bengal Tiger at
the Baghdad Zoo**

by Rajiv Joseph

Directed by David W. Hoover

Oct. 2-12, 2014

Robert E. Nims Theatre

Hamlet

by William Shakespeare

Directed by Jim Winter

Nov. 13-23, 2014

Robert E. Nims Theatre

Melancholy Play

A Contemporary Farce

by Sarah Ruhl

Directed by J Hammons

March 3-8, 2015

Robert E. Nims Theatre

The Misanthrope

by Moliere

Directed by David W. Hoover

April 16-26, 2015

Robert E. Nims Theatre

BOX OFFICE: 280-SHOW (7469)

Theatre UNO
proudly presents

Hamlet

by William Shakespeare

Directed by James Winter

With Erick Wolfe and Randy Malbrough Jr.

November 13-23, 2014

Scene Design
Kevin Griffith

Costume Design
Tony French

Lighting Design
Diane Baas

Stage Manager
Jenny L. Billot

Sound Design & Composition
Asher Griffith

Robert E. Nims Theatre
UNO Performing Arts Center

This show will have one 15 minute intermission

Thank you for Coming & Enjoy the Show!!

Hamlet Cast

<i>Hamlet</i>	Sam Malone+
<i>Claudius</i>	Jarred Marlatt
<i>Gertrude</i>	Meghan Rose Shea
<i>Ophelia</i>	Stevie Cavalier
<i>Laertes</i>	Evan Eyer
<i>Polonius</i>	Trey Lagen
<i>Horatio</i>	Caitlin "Evey" Sorbet
<i>Fortinbras</i>	David Brown*
<i>Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, & Gravediggers</i>	Lauren Erwin
<i>Player King, Ghost</i>	Peter Smith
<i>Player Queen, Marcellus, Captain, Messenger, & Osric</i>	Sarah Beth James
<i>Player, Barnardo, Cornelius, Gentleman, & Ambassador</i>	John Charles II
<i>Player, Voltmand, Sailor, Doctor, & Lord</i>	Christian Tarzetti
<i>Musician</i>	Asher Griffith

+This production serves as partial completion of the MFA in Acting

*Will be performing the role of Polonius on November 22.

Hamlet Cast

Lauren Erwin (Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Gravedigger) is a native of Thibodaux, Louisiana, and a graduate of NYU's Tisch School of the Arts and The Stella Adler Studio of Acting. Last year she studied Acting Shakespeare at The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. She is currently in the Film Arts program at UNO. One day she will write an amusing bio, but it is not this day. Thanks to Mom, Andrea, and Alex for always being supportive.

Hamlet CAST

Sam Malone (Hamlet) is a Third-Year MFA Candidate at the University of New Orleans. Sam was last seen on stage as Tom in UNO's production of **Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo**. He is thankful for the opportunity to be a part of this passion-driven production, with such a stellar production team, and such an immensely talented cast. Sam would like to send a special thanks to God, his wife Natasha, his Parents, family, friends, and everyone for their continuing love and support. He dedicates this show to his own father, with love.

John Charles II (Player) is a Theatre Arts major at UNO in his freshmen year. This is his first UNO production and he is excited to be a part of the cast. He would like to thank the cast for giving him such a wonderful time and experience. He would also like to thank his mentors Jan Corzo, Amy Waguespack, and her company Actin' Up for always pushing him. Also a special thanks goes out to his friends, family and beloved parents John and Nichole Charles for their never-ending and constant support.

Sarah Beth James (Player Queen) is a second-year graduate student pursuing her MFA in Theatre Performance from the University of New Orleans. Her previous UNO shows include **Parsifal Worthy** and **To Kill a Mockingbird**. She is thrilled to be part of another exciting production and would like to thank everyone for supporting the performing arts!

Meghan Rose Shea (Gertrude) is seeking her Masters in Performance here at UNO. Most recently she has enjoyed playing in **Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo, RX, To Kill a Mockingbird**, and **Father**. She would like to Thank Jim Winter for the once in a lifetime opportunity to play Gertrude, a dream role, and the entire cast and crew for inspiring her on a daily basis. Meghan would also like to give a shout out to the great Casey Taylor for supporting her in this crazy pursuit that is the theatre.

Trey Lagan (Polonius) is a graduate of Southeastern Louisiana University with a concentration in Theatre and has taken a Master Class with a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company. He is currently working on projects in the New Orleans independent film scene in association with Flittermouse Films. Trey enjoys performing Improvisational and Stand-up Comedy and instructs an improv workshop for the Theatre Honors Organization (APO) at Southeastern. He is honored to be working with such a talented and dedicated group of individuals and would like to thank Jim and Jenny for putting up with his crap. Enjoy!

Hamlet CAST

Evan Eyer (Laertes) is a senior at UNO pursuing a degree in Film Arts. He has recently been seen in Theatre UNO's productions of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Father*. Evan is happy to return to the stage.

Stevie Cavalier (Ophelia) is incredibly excited for the opportunity to perform in Theatre UNO's production of *Hamlet*. It is her first production outside of high school, and she has enjoyed the journey. Her most recent credits include Tranio in *The Taming of the Shrew* with Tulane's "All Things Shakespeare" program, the Narrator in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*, and Scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*. In the future, Stevie hopes to continue working in theater as well as pursuing her degrees in Film Arts & International Studies. When she is not on the stage, Stevie enjoys singing, reading, filming, & spending time with her friends, family, and God. Stevie wishes to thank her mama & papa for fostering a love of the arts, & the Lord for His love & provision.

Caitlin Sorbet (Horatio) is a junior at the UNO with a concentration in Theatre Arts. *Hamlet* is the first production she's been in since *Chicago* in 2008, and she is thrilled to be a part of it. Her most recent activities include being one of the lucky playwrights for the 2014 Hammond Horror Festival and just this summer participating in University UNO Writing Workshops Abroad in Cork, Ireland. In her spare time she is one of the writers/performers associated with *Esoterotica: Original Erotic Readings* by Local Authors. She would like to thank her family, her friends, and her tribe at Esoterotica for being so supportive and for pushing her to do her best, both on stage and off. She would also like to thank her very talented castmates, directors, and stage-managers for making this experience so much fun.

David Brown (Fortinbras/Polonius understudy) began acting in film and theatre 7 years ago and is currently pursuing his masters degree in performance. He loves improv and has performed as an improviser across the country. Aside from acting David is a sportsman, a Korean speaker, a husband, and a father.

Peter J. Smith (Player King) is a fourth year Theatre Arts undergraduate at the University of New Orleans. He was last seen as Doc Porter in Cutting Edge Theatre's production of *Crimes of the Heart*. *Hamlet* marks Peter's seventh appearance in a UNO production since the beginning of 2013, starting with the university's Big Easy award winning production of *Orestes 2.0*, and most recently it's production of *Rx*. Peter is ecstatic to be working on such an iconic show with such a talented group of people.

Hamlet CAST

Jarred Marlatt (Claudius) works for UNO's Division of International Education running summer abroad programs in Creative Writing, Literature, Theatre, and Film. He graduated from Muhlenberg College with a B.A. in Theatre, History, and English, and West Chester University with a M.A. in English. He is currently a fiction student in UNO's Creative Writing MFA Program. Past credits include *Murderous Innocent*, *The Zoo Story*, *The Cask of Amontillado*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Oklahoma!*, *The Crucible*, and *Our Town*.

Christian Tarzetti (Player) is excited to be making her debut at UNO in this wonderfully unique production of *Hamlet*. She graduated from St. Mary's Dominican high school and is now a freshman majoring in Theatre Arts. Christian has been seen in productions in and around the New Orleans area. Some of her previous roles include Belle in *Disney's Beauty and the Beast* at Dominican, Wednesday Addams in *The Addams Family Musical* at Jubilee Entertainment, and Leisl in *The Sound of Music* at Jefferson Performing Arts Society. This is Christian's first time in a straight play and her first time in a Shakespearean play! Christian would like to thank everyone in the cast and crew for always being helpful and making this experience a great one!

SPECIAL THANKS

The company of **Hamlet** would like to thank several people who made this production possible.

Mignon Charvet

Emily Nodine

Mike Harkins

Chad Winters

NOCCA

Southeastern Theatre

Silas Cooper

Chelsey Davis

Dr. Catherine Loomis

Hamlet Production Team

Director	James Winter
Assistant Director	Erick Wolfe
Dramaturg	Randy Malbrough Jr.
Stage Manager	Jenny L. Billot
Technical Director.....	Diane Baas
Scenic Design	Kevin Griffith
Costume Design.....	Tony French
Lighting Design	Diane Baas
Sound Design & Composition	Asher Griffith
Make up Design.....	Jamie Choina
Asst. Stage Manager.....	Misty Gros
Asst. Stage Manager.....	Amanda Francis
Vocal Coach.....	Michael Aaron Santos
Sound Consultant	Justin Guidroz
Fight Choreography	Erick Wolfe
Running Crew.....	Joseph Jacobs
Box Office.....	Ross Nelson
House Manager.....	Mitchel Corville
Poster Design	Michael Harkins
Set Crew	FTCA Theatre Practicum
.....	Technical Production Students

Hamlet PRODUCTION TEAM

Jenny L. Billot (Stage Manager) is a proud UNO alum. She couldn't be more thrilled to return to her alma mater and theatre home to work on this production of Hamlet. She has worked as a stage manager for several years throughout the New Orleans area. She has worked with such groups as The NOLA Project, InSideOut, Theatre 13, JPAS, NOCCA, Southern Rep and others. She would like to thank Jim and her remarkable cast, crew, and production team for this incredible experience.

Hamlet PRODUCTION TEAM

Jim Winter (Director) is a professional actor, director, playwright, and producer. He has performed at Madison Square Garden, The Kennedy Center, The Hudson Guild, 13th Street Repertory Theatre, Cleveland Public Theatre, and in numerous international venues including Scotland, Ireland, and The People's Republic of China. Jim is the author of four published plays and three theatre textbooks. He is an Associate Professor of Acting at Southeastern Louisiana University where he currently holds the Endowed Professorship in Fine and Performing Arts and is a winner of the President's Award for Artistic Excellence. Jim also teaches playwriting, screenwriting, and acting for the University of New Orleans Low-Residency Creative Writing MFA program. A proud alumnus of UNO, Jim would like to thank David Hoover and the wonderful theatre faculty at this university for inviting him to join them as a guest director.

Randy Malbrough Jr. (Dramaturg) is a graduating senior at SLU. While this is his first time acting as a dramaturg, Randy has numerous acting, directing, and sound design credits on the collegiate and professional level. In addition he previously served as president of Southeastern's chapter of Alpha Psi Omega. Randy is also the recipient of 2 Broadcaster of the Year awards from 90.9 FM KSLU, Southeastern's radio station. Currently he is pursuing a broadcasting career.

Misty Gros (Assistant Stage Manager) This is Misty's first time working with Theatre UNO. Misty has recently been a part of the 4th Horror, 24 hour stage production, *7 BRIDES OF 7 MONSTERS* and during the summer she was a part of Southeastern's production of *Choose Your Own Oz*. She has over 8 years of training in multiple styles of dance. At the moment she is a part of the Alpha Epsilon Psi Omega Chapter, at Southeastern Louisiana University. After working this show, she has hopes to become more involved with the production side of theater.

Erick Wolfe (Assistant Director) has been training & directing actors and performers for over 15 years. Working in New York, London, and Wales, his credits include Opera, Ballet, Theatre, Commercials, Television, and Film. Erick is a Certified Teacher with the British Academy of Stage Combat and the Academy of Performance Combat. In addition to his fight credits, Erick is also the national representative with the Association of Theatrical Movement Educators. Erick moved to New Orleans after finishing work on an international documentary on the subject of Bartitsu, the martial art of Sherlock Holmes. Erick is pursuing a Directing MFA, and runs the Wolfe Action Academy, a school for training performers for film and theatre in New Orleans.

Hamlet PRODUCTION TEAM

Amanda Francis (Assistant Stage Manager) is a senior Theatre Arts Major, set to graduate in December. Amanda has directed several productions in New Orleans and is a co-founder and Artistic Director of Ampersand Productions. She is thrilled and honored to work on this production with such a brilliant and inspiring team. Special thanks to her family & friends for their eternal love & support!

Diane K Baas (Lighting Design) is the Technical Director and Lighting Design faculty for the Film and Theatre Department at UNO. Professionally she has designed lights for numerous productions around New Orleans and the country. She has also participated in numerous capacities in the creation of new works in Pennsylvania and Washington state. She's very excited to be a part of creating work with the students at UNO.

Asher Griffith (Sound Design) Thanks you for coming and hopes you enjoy the play.

Jamie Choina (Makeup Design) has worked in the industry for over nine years designing makeup for theatrical and film productions as well as runway and print work, including a feature in *Marie Claire* magazine. Jamie is graduating from UNO in December with a degree in Theatre Arts. She cannot thank Jim Winter enough for always having confidence in her abilities and giving her the opportunity to work on this show.

NAST

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOLS OF THEATRE

The University of New Orleans Department of Film & Theatre Arts is proud to be an accredited member of the National Association of Schools of Theatre (NAST).

NAST, founded in 1965, is an organization of higher education institutions (colleges, universities and conservatories). There are approximately 150 accredited institutional members. It establishes national standards for undergraduate and graduate degrees and other credentials.

UNO was first accredited by NAST in 2000. We continue to be the only NAST accredited program in the New Orleans metropolitan area.

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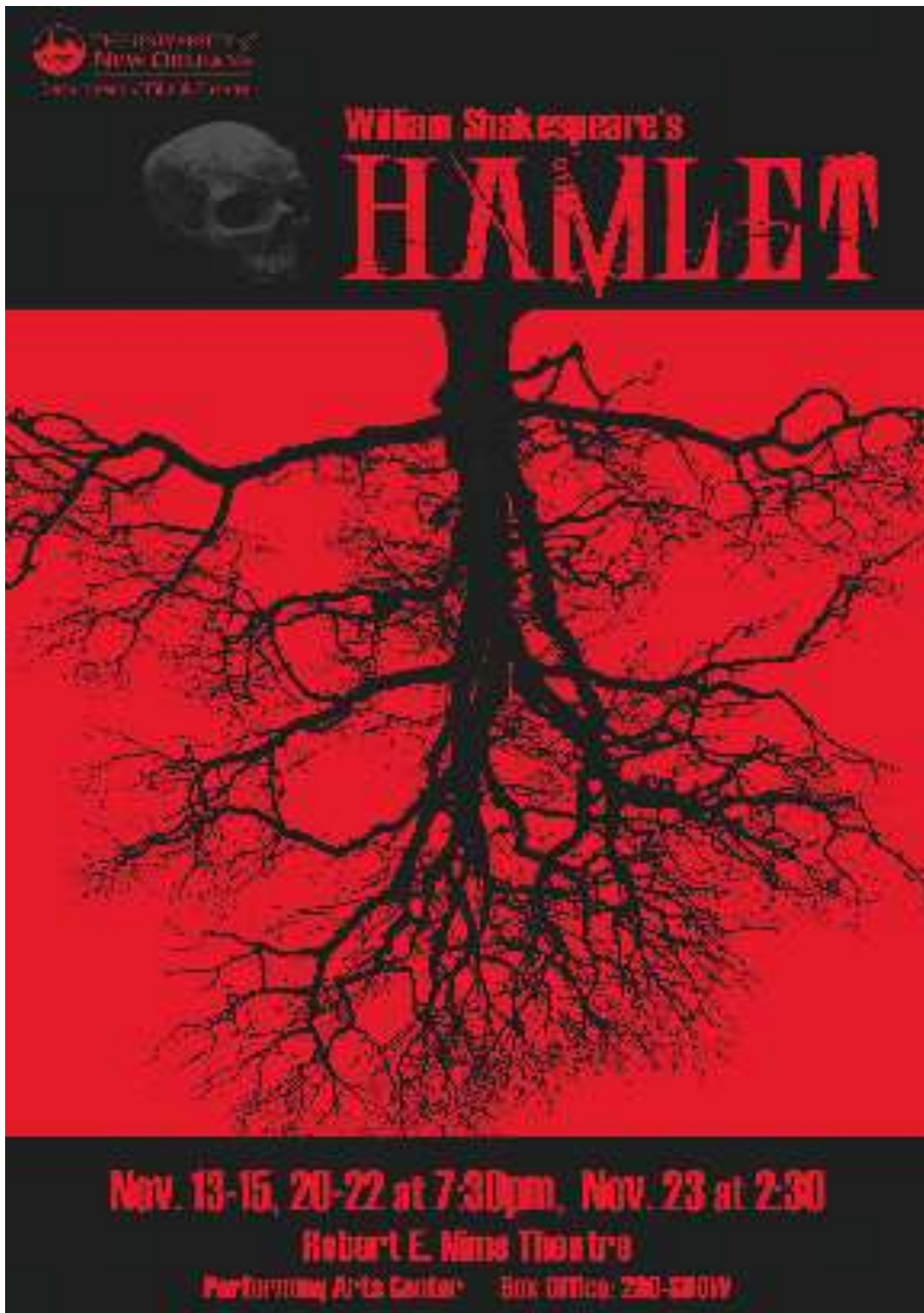
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Play Publicity Poster

UNO Theatre strays from usual "Hamlet" casting

Veronica Mamsell
Driftwood Staff

UNO's theatre department recently wrapped its first series of the 2014-2015 year with much success.

"Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo", written by Rajiv Joseph, examines the destruction of war in Iraq through soldiers, civilians, and animals. The production was directed by David W. Hoover, who will also direct the spring production of "The Misanthrope."

Third year grad student Margaret Broach looks forward to the rest of the theatre season based on the production of "Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo."

Broach said "Bengal Tiger" was a really exciting show. It was interesting to watch a performance dealing with current issues. The show was very emotional and real."

"Hamlet" is the next production running November 13-24 at the Robert E. Nims theatre, located in the Performing Arts Center. The Shakespearean play will be directed by Jim Winter.

The leading role of Hamlet will be played by Sam Malone, who has acted both at UNO and professionally in New Orleans over the years. Malone is a final year graduate student in the Film and Theatre program at UNO.

"Hamlet is a tough script, an actor's Mount Everest. I'm excited for the opportunity to play the character of characters," Malone said.

Hamlet rehearsals are well underway with the cast and crew working around the clock on the production. "Every scene has it's own mountains to climb. I'm really trying to dive into the emotional journey of my character," said

Malone.

Bringing a universally in-depth script to life is another exciting, yet challenging element for actors and crew. "No theatre performance is a solo job. It takes a team, and it's great to be surrounded by a great cast and director, Jim Winter, who has brought some great additions and ideas to really own the production," Malone said.

There is already buzz around campus about the production. Students are excited about the talented cast and different direction Winter is taking with Hamlet.

Senior Amelia McCoy looks forward to the modernization of the play. "It's going to be different than the traditional. "Hamlet" we have seen time over and over. The theatre group has modernized the old classic by putting their own spin on it."

Tiffany Anderson, working on

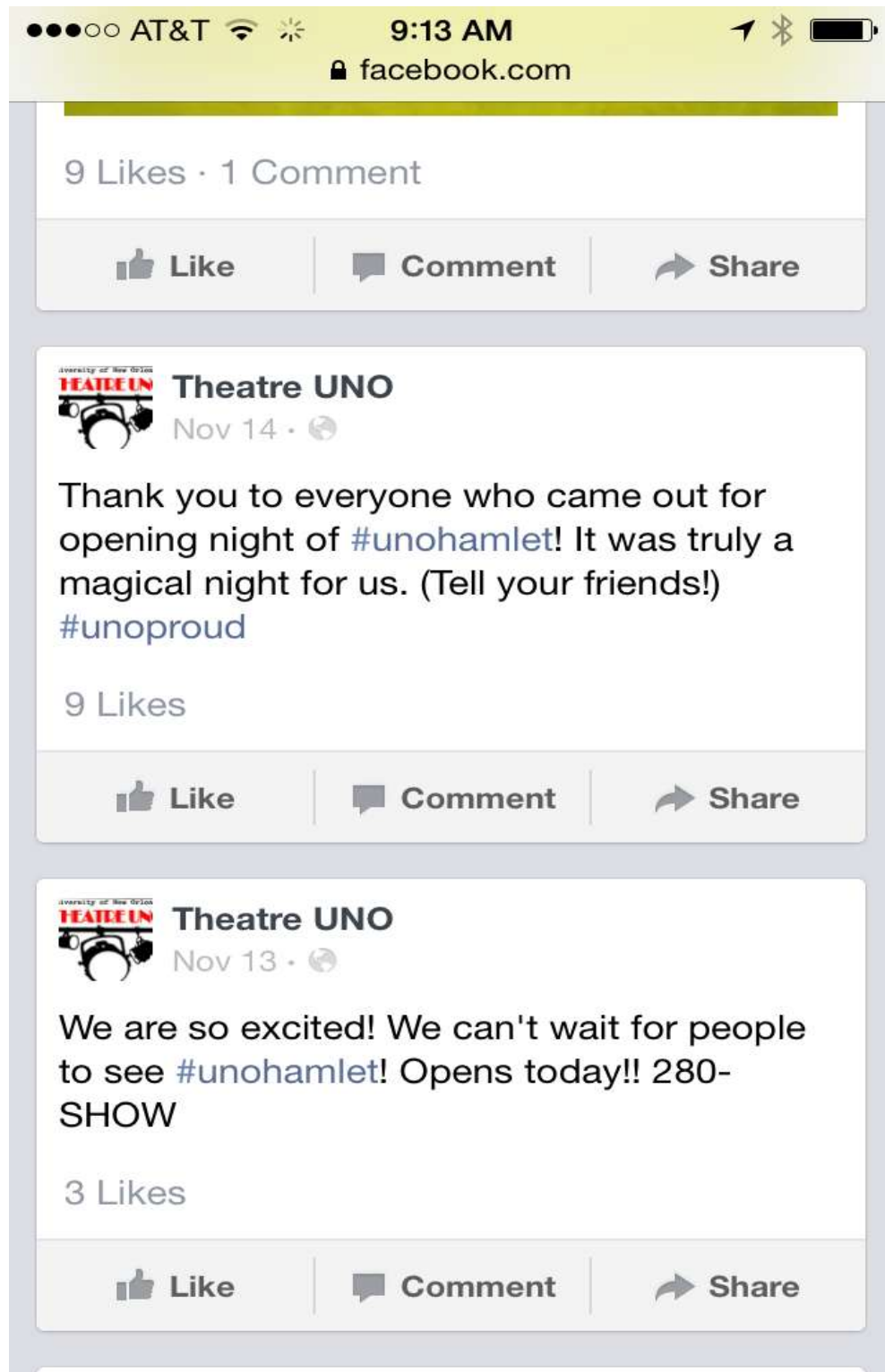
her MFA in Theatre Arts at UNO, encourages the shift from traditional type casting. "I'm excited to see a black Hamlet. The company is breaking the stereotypical rules of casting Shakespearean plays and Sam is a great actor."

The production will run Thursday-Saturday at 7:30 p.m. with one matinee performance on Sunday (11/24) at 2:30 p.m. General tickets are \$12 and student tickets are \$8.

Tickets for Hamlet are now available for purchase online at uno.edu or call the UNO Box Office at 504-280-SHOW (7469).

Theatre UNO received early recognition from the Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival for last weekend's performances of "Bengal Tiger at the Baghdad Zoo," a Pulitzer-nominated, Tony Award-winning play by Rajiv Joseph. The play runs again this weekend at the Robert E. Nims Theatre on campus. Join us!





Publicity Via Social Media

**Theatre UNO**

Nov 11 • 🌐

"Have you a daughter?" Well chances are she will have to read Hamlet in high school. Bring you budding young scholars! Support local theatre and arts education! [#samlet](#)
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We are getting so close!!!!!! Eeeeeehhh!
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We are wishing all of our grad students good luck on their comps today! [#theygotthis](#)
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Theatre UNO

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Three more chances to catch Tiger! Get your tickets! [#unobengal](#) [#proud](#)

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Theatre UNO

"I wish everyone could experience watching Osric from this hole" voices from trap doors. [#samlet](#) [#unohamlet](#) [#thingsyouhearinrehearsal](#)

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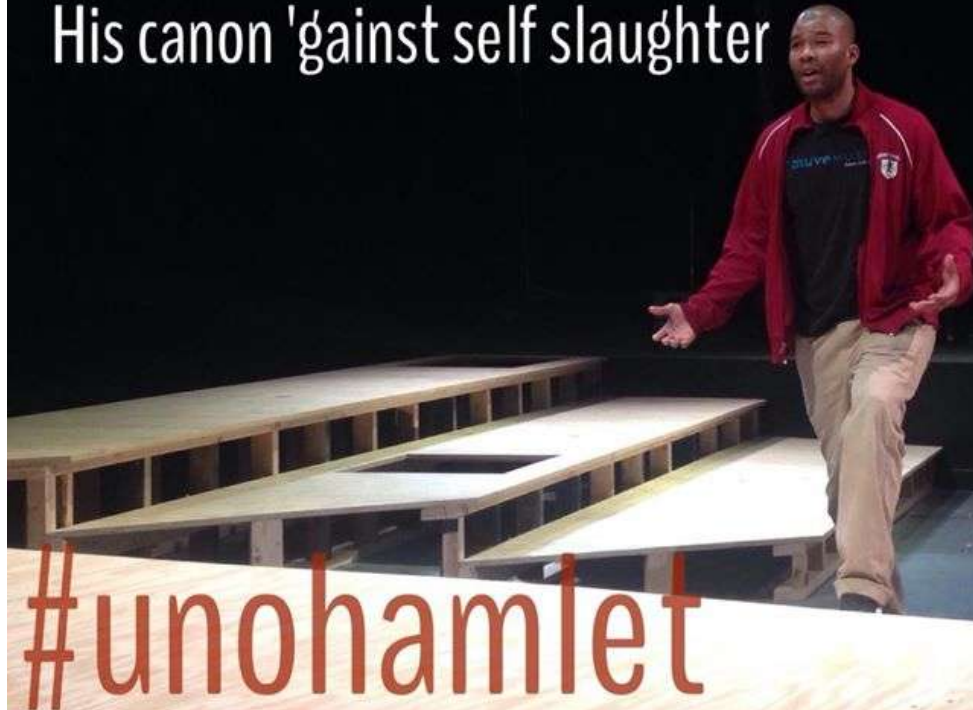
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O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self slaughter



Theatre UNO

#unohamlet opens Nov. 13! #unoproud
#theatre

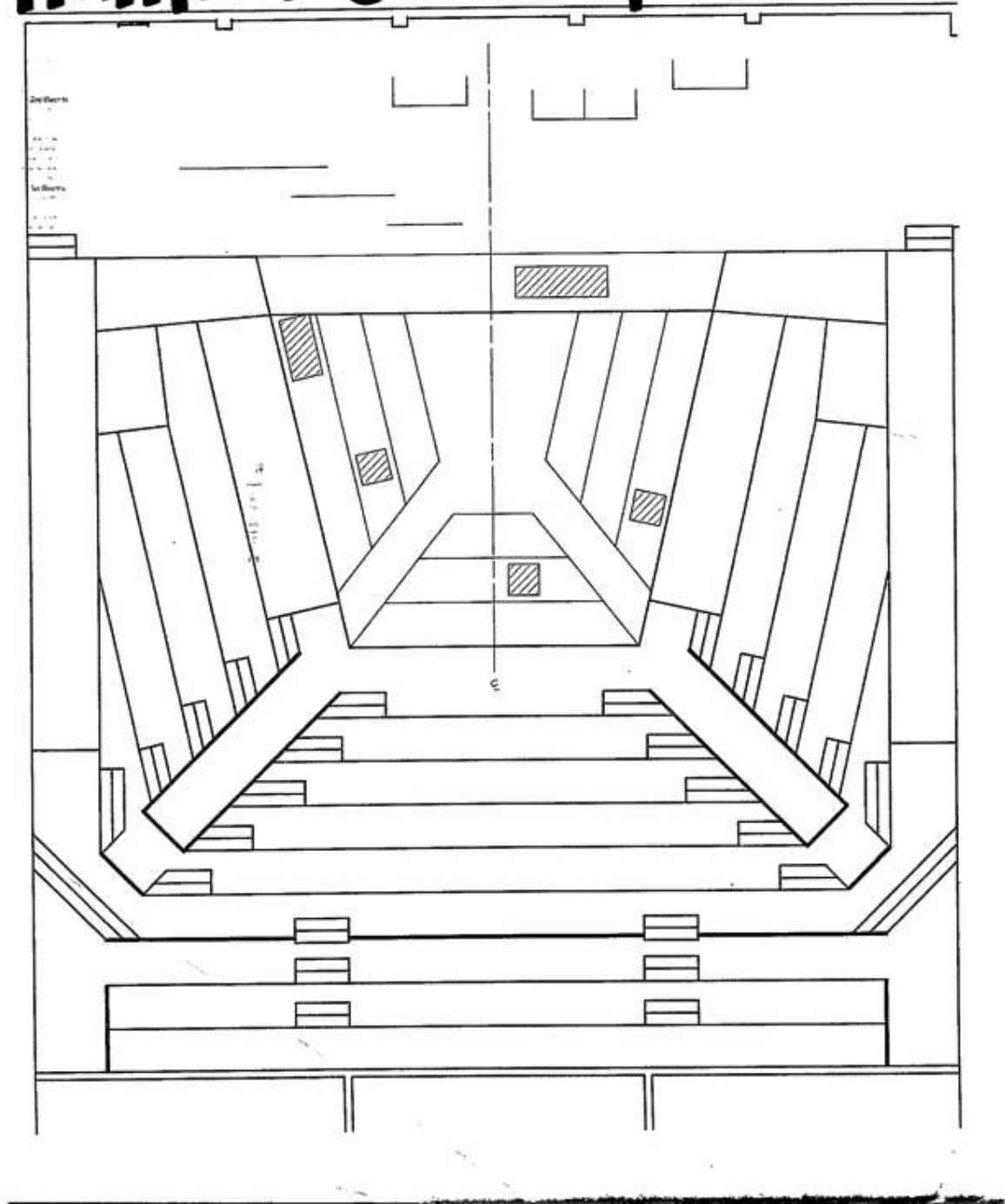
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Hamlet Groundplan !



Original Ground Plan

Hamlet Sign in Sheet

	11.8	11.9 a	11.9 p	11.11	11.12	11.13	11.14	11.15	11.19	11.20	11.21	11.22	11.23
Sam	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM
Jared	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM
Meg	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS	MS
Stevie	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC	SC
Evan	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE	EE
Trey	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH	TH
Carlin	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS	CS
David	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD	DD
Lauren	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE	LE
Peter	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS	PS
Sarah	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS	SS
Christian	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT	CT
John	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC	JC
Amanda	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM
Misty	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME	ME
Joseph	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS	JS

Please initial next to your name
when signing in.

document prepared by jillian

Cast Sign-in Sheet

Hamlet Concessions Sign Up Sheet

Thursday, November 13th
(6:15 call time)

Kernesha Miller

Dajanea Thomas

ALEX

Friday, November 14th
(6:15 call time)

Shelby Tompkins

Jeff McCormick

Saturday, November 15th
(6:15 call time)

Franny

~~Levi Hood~~

Emilie

~~Muhammad Farooq~~

Thursday, November 20th
(6:15 call time)

~~Rachet Seiger~~

Betty
Vernado

LFP - Alex?

Friday, November 21st
(6:15 call time)

Shelby Tompkins

Parsley Ford

Saturday, November 22nd
(6:15 call time)

Levi Hood

Muhammad Farooq

Sunday, November 23rd
(1:15 call time)

LFP

Sam Miller

~~Franny Hood~~

Hamlet Usher Sign Up Sheet

Thursday, November 13th
(6:30 call time)

Kristin Wallace

~~Ashley Wilkes~~

Juliana Weyers

Alex
Friday, November 14th
(6:30 call time)

Brianna McManus

Nikka Hunter

Saturday, November 15th
(6:30 call time)

Mik

Kutano

Thursday, November 20th
(6:30 call time)

Bachel Morris

Adam Halter

ahalter@uwo.edu

Alex

Friday, November 21st
(6:30 call time)

Franney Harold

~~Franney Harold~~

~~[Redacted]~~ John

Saturday, November 22nd
(6:30 call time)

~~Franney Harold~~

T.L

Sunday, November 23rd
(1:30 call time)

~~Betty Varnado~~ Olivia William

Ashleigh Johnson

Appendix III: Rehearsal Schedule
& Scene Breakdown

theatre tno

Hamlet : Rehearsal Schedule

DAY	DATE	SCHEDULE	WORK	CAST/CREW NOTES	CONFLICT NOTES	PRODUCTION NOTES
SUN	9/14	7:00-10:00 Design Lab (323)	7:00 Table work continue	CALLED: all	No Evan	
MON	9/15	OFF				
TUES	9/16	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- Work Act I, I.iv, & I.v	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- Caitlin, Peter	No Lauren No Evan	
WED	9/17	6:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	7:00- Work Act Iii, 8:00- Work I:iii, Players 9:00- Work Iii (pg 77-81)	CALLED: 7:00 Sam, Jarred, Meghan, Evan, Trey, Caitlin, Sarah Beth, Christian, John 8:00 [add] Stevie & Peter		
THURS	9/18	OFF				
FRI	9/19	OFF				
SAT	9/20	11:00-7:00 Lab Theatre	11:00- Work I:ii 3:00- Lunch 3:30- Work III:iii & III:iv, Players	CALLED: 11:00 Sam, Jarred, Meghan, Trey, Lauren, Christian, John 2:00 Sarah Beth & Peter	No Stevie, No Christian, Jarred until 7:30, Peter until 5:00, John after 12:30, Caitlin after 4:00	John will be late for the scene being worked.
SUN	9/21	7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	7:00- Work IV:i, IV:ii, IV:iii	CALLED: 7:00- Jarred, Meghan, Lauren, 8:00- [add] Sam	No Evan, No Stevie, No Caitlin, No David	Bengal has at 2:00 run
MON	9/22	2:30-3:30	Work with Erick	John & Christian		
TUES	9/23	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet and Ophelia 7:00- Work IV:vi (pg 221-223) (maybe) work Ophelia song 8:30- Work Pro (pg 283-287)	CALLED: 7:00- Caitlin & Christian (maybe Stevie) 8:30- [add] David & John	No Lauren No Evan	
WED	9/24	7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	7:00- Work IV:vii (pg 223-233) 8:30- Work V:i (pg 239-243)	CALLED: 7:00- Evan & Jarred 8:30- Lauren		
THURS	9/25	OFF				
FRI	9/26	2:30-3:30	Work with Erick	John, Christian, Sarah Beth, & Peter		
SAT	9/27	OFF				
SUN	9/28	OFF				
MON	9/29	2:30-3:30	Work with Erick	John & Christian		
TUES	9/30	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- IV:iv (Pg 199-201) Players	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- Peter, Sarah Beth, David, Christian, John	No Lauren No Evan David after 8:00	
WED	10/1	OFF				
THURS	10/2	OFF				
FRI	10/3	2:30-3:30	Work with Erick	John, Christian, Sarah Beth, & Peter		
SAT	10/4	OFF				

Hamlet 9/18/14

Theatre vNO

Hamlet : Rehearsal Schedule

SUN	10/5	OFF				
MON	10/6	6:30-10:00 Lab Theatre	6:30 IV:iv (199-205) 7:00-III:ii (155-169) 8:00 V:ii (259-271)	6:30 David, Sarah, & Sam 7:00 Trey, Caitlin, Lauren 8:00 Sarah, Christian	No Evan No Jarred	No Jenny
TUES	10/7	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Lab Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00-III:ii (155-155)	7:00- Sam, Jarred, Meghan, Stevie, Peter, Sarah Beth, Christian, John, Justin	No Lauren No Evan	No Jenny
WED	10/8	6:30-10:00 Lab Theatre	7:00-IV:iv	CALLED: Jarred, Meg, Stevie, Evan, Caitlin, Sarah, John		Production Meeting @ 5:15
THURS	10/9	OFF		John, Christian, Sarah Beth, & Peter		
FRI	10/10	2:30-3:30	Work with Erick			
SAT	10/11	OFF				
SUN	10/12	OFF				
MON	10/13	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Pro-pg 31	6:30 Caitlin, David, John, Sarah, Peter, Sam, Meghan, Trey, Christian	No Evan No Jarred	Will need to read for Evan and Jarred
TUES	10/14	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- (pg 31-39) (pg 49-69)	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- Sam, Caitlin, Sarah, John, Peter	No Lauren No Evan	
WED	10/15	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30-(pg 39-49) (pg 77-93)	CALLED: 7:00-Stevie, Evan, Trey, Jarred, Meghan, Sam, Lauren, Christian, John		
THURS	10/16	7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	7:00 (pg 93-119)	CALLED: Sam, Trey, Lauren, Peter, Sarah, Christian, John	No Stevie Sarah and Peter after 7:15	
FRI	10/17	6:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:00 (pg 123-153)	CALLED: Sam, Jarred, Meghan, Trey, Caitlin, Lauren, Peter, Sarah, Christian, John	No Stevie	
SAT	10/18	11:00-7:00 Thrust Theatre	11:00 - Stumble thru PRO-pg 153 (work rough spots)	CALLED: ALL	No Meghan, No Stevie Evan after 5	
SUN	10/19	OFF				

Rehearsal tmo

Hamlet: Rehearsal schedule

* P.M.C. = Percussion, Movement, Character

DATE	THURST Theatre	P.M.C.	PROG DATE	NO MECHAN, NO STOVE, JARRED	NO MECHAN
10/18	Thrust Theatre	131-135, Play within a play, P.M.C.			
	Thrust Theatre	P.M.C.			
TUES 10/21	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- Work rough spots, P.M.C.	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- ALL	No Lauren, Jarred, Evan	
WED 10/22	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Stumble through Our Act 1 P.M.C.	CALLED: 6:30- ALL	No Jarred	
THURS 10/23	7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	7:00- Rough spots, P.M.C., Combat.	CALLED: 7:00- ALL	Peter after 7:15 No Jarred No Meghan, David, and Sarah Beth (Break a leg on comps)	
FRI 10/24	6:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:00- Combat, P.M.C., Rough spots,	CALLED: 6:00- ALL	No Jarred	
SAT 10/25	11:00-7:00 Thrust Theatre	11:00 Run our Act 1, re-visit our Act 2 scenes without Claudius.	CALLED: 11:00- ALL	No Jarred, Christian	
MON 10/27	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Re-visit our Act 2 scenes without Claudius, P.M.C.	CALLED: 6:30- ALL	No Jarred	
TUES 10/28	3:30-6:00 TBA 7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- Plug Jarred into all his missed scenes, P.M.C.	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- ALL	No Lauren No Evan	
WED 10/29	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Stumble through our Act 2. P.M.C.	CALLED: 6:30- ALL		
THURS 10/30	7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	7:00- Work rough spots of our Act 2. P.M.C.	CALLED: 7:00- ALL	Sarah and Peter after 7:15	
FRI 10/31	6:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:00- P.M.C. and Combat.	CALLED: 6:00- ALL	No Trey, David, Jarred	No Amanda
SAT 11/1	11:00-7:00 Thrust Theatre	11:00- TBA	CALLED: 11:00- ALL	No Trey, Sarah Beth, Jarred	
SUN 11/2	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre				
MON 11/3	3:30-6:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Run Show	CALLED: 6:30- ALL	No Jarred	
TUES 11/4	7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	3:30- Work Hamlet 7:00- Run Show	CALLED: 3:30- Sam 7:00- ALL		

Jeffrey 9.13.14

Hamlet : Rehearsal schedule

WED	11/5	6:30-10:00 Thrust Theatre	6:30- Run Show	CALLED: 6:30- ALL		
THURS	11/6	7:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	7:00- Run show	CALLED: 7:00- ALL		
FRI	11/7	TBA Thrust Theatre	Dry tech/ Paper tech	NO Actors	NO Actors	TBA
SAT	11/8	10:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	TECH	Tech call 9:00 Actor call 10:00		
SUN	11/9	10:00-10:00 Thrust Theatre	TECH			
MON	11/10	TBA	TBA		No Jarred	
TUES	11/11	6:00 CALL 7:30 Dress Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30- GO			
WED	11/12	6:00 CALL 7:30 Dress Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30- GO	PREVIEW?		PREVIEW?
THURS	11/13	6:00 CALL 7:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain	OPENING NIGHT		OPENING NIGHT
FRI	11/14	6:00 CALL 7:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain			
SAT	11/15	6:00 CALL 7:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain			
SUN	11/16	OFF				
MON	11/17	OFF				
TUES	11/18	OFF				
WED	11/19	OFF 6:00 CALL, 7:30 Pick Up rehearsal	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain	REHEARSAL	ALL CALLED	
THURS	11/20	6:00 CALL 7:30 Pick-Up Rehearsal Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain	Run the show with David as Polonius		
FRI	11/21	6:00 CALL 7:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain			
SAT	11/22	6:00 CALL 7:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain			
SUN	11/23	1:00 CALL 2:30 Performance Thrust Theatre	6:00 CALL 6:30 Fight call 7:30 Curtain	Strike after.		Strike after.

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documents prepared by: jbfiler

Hamlet Scene Breakdown

		Pg 123-125	Pg 125-127	Pg 127-133	Pg 133-135	Pg 135-139	Pg 139-139	Pg 139-139	Pg 139-141	Pg 141-143	Pg 143-145	Pg 145-147	Pg 147-151	Pg 151-153	Pg 153-155	Pg 155-159	Pg 159-161	Pg 161	Pg 163	Pg 163-165	Pg 165-167	Pg 167-169	Pg 169	Pg 169-177	Pg 177-179	Pg 179-185
Sam	Hamlet																									
Jared	Clayton																									
Meg	Gertrude																									
Sevin	Ophelia																									
Erin	Larissa																									
Ty	Polonius																									
Colin	Horatio																									
David	Fortinbras																									
Lauren	A.B.G.																									
	Overseers																									
Peter	Player King																									
	Ghost																									
Sarah	Gertrude																									
	Polonius																									
	Horatio																									
	Fortinbras																									
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Hamlet Scene Breakdown

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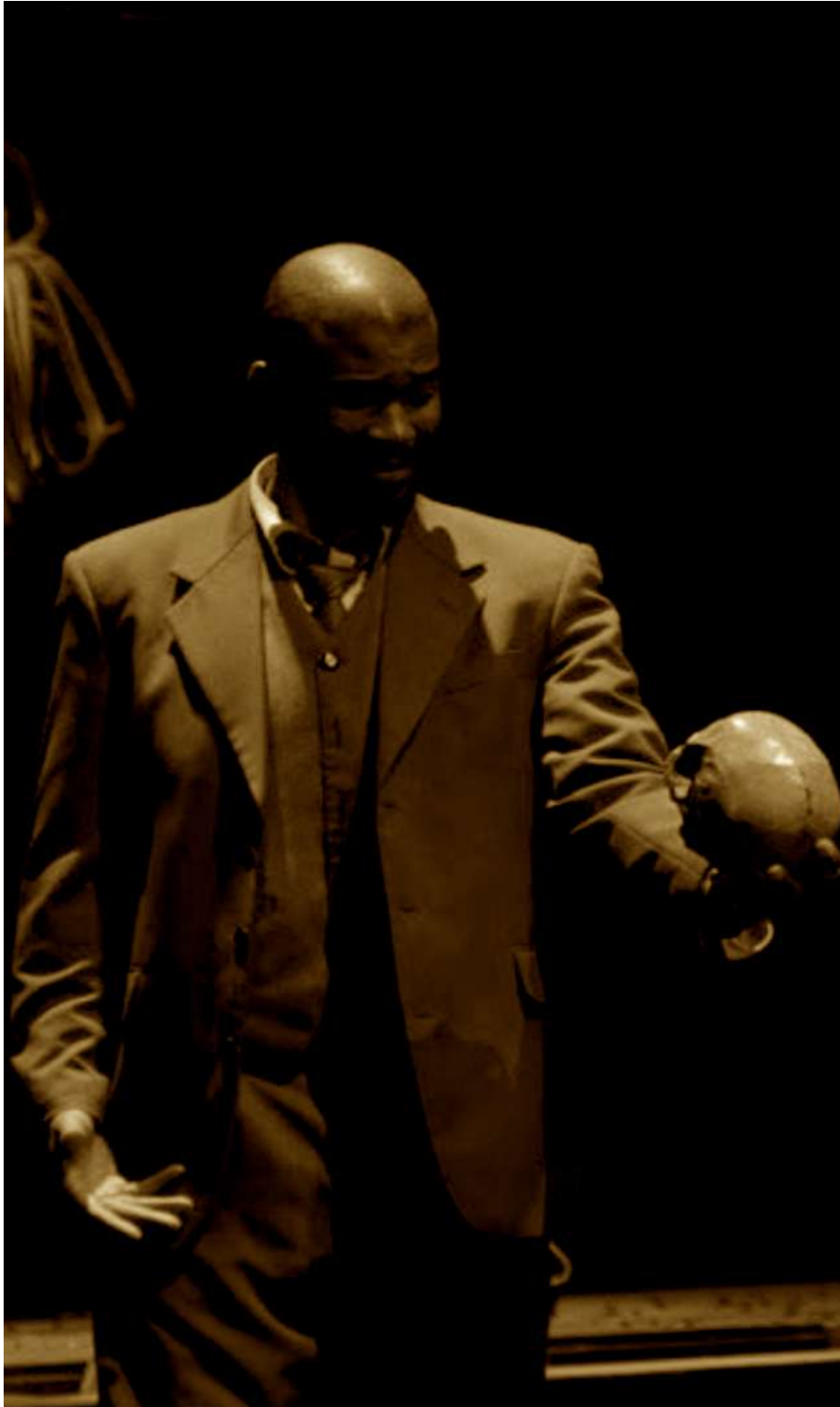
Appendix IV: Production Photos



Cast + Dr. Loomis



Curtain Call



Poor Yorick

Vita

The youngest of three children, Samuel Christopher Malone III was born in Natchez, Mississippi in February of 1984. His father was a rural carrier for the United States Post Office while his mother was employed as a registered nurse during his formative years. Samuel attended Natchez High School for his 9th and 10th grade years and the Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science for his 11th and 12th grade years. After graduating from MSMS, Samuel was accepted into LSU's Summer Scholar program, which would be the beginning of his career at the school that would become his undergraduate alma mater. He earned his B.A. in Theatre with a concentration in performance from Louisiana State University in 2010.

After graduating from LSU, Samuel began working professionally in New Orleans until David Hoover accepted him into the UNO Graduate acting program in August of 2012. While at UNO, Samuel served as a carpenter in the scene shop under the tutelage of Kevin Griffith and Diane Baas. He has also taught several Acting I classes during his tenure at UNO and was a member of Lake Front Players.

Outside of UNO, Samuel has worked professionally on several film and television projects. Upon graduation, he hopes to continue his professional film and television career, while teaching and performing Theatre. He also has to eat, shit, and sleep just like everybody else.