

**H A M L E T**  
compiled by Bogumiła Misztal

**DENMARK CORP. HALL**

**Marcella:**

Has this thing appeared again tonight?

**Bernardo:**

I have seen nothing.

**Marcella:**

Horatio says 'tis but your fantasy . Therefore I have entreated him along with us to watch the minutes of the night. That, if again this apparition come, he may speak to it.

**Horatio:**

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

**Bernardo:**

Sit down awhile

**Marcella:**

Break thee off. Look, where it comes again.

**Bernardo:**

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

**Marcella:**

Speak to it, Horatio.

**Horatio:**

It harrows me with fear and wonder.

**Marcella :**

Speak to it.

**Horatio:**

I'll cross it , though it blast me.

Stay , illusion.

By heavens, I charge thee speak.

**Marcella:**

It is offended.

**Horatio:**

Let us impart what we have seen tonight unto young Hamlet;

For upon my life,

This spirit , dumb to us, will speak to him.

**CONFERENCE ROOM**

**Claudius:**

Therefore our sometime sister

Now our Queen

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,

Taken to wife.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras hath not failed to pester us with message importing the surrender of those lands lost by his father , and with all bonds of law to our most valiant brother.

## DENMARK CORP. LIFT

**Claudius:**

But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son  
Why do clouds still hang on you?

**Gertrude:**

Good Hamlet, let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not forever seek for thy noble father in the dust. All that lives must die,  
passing through nature to eternity.

**Hamlet:**

Ay, Madam, it is common.

**Gertrude :**

If it be, why seems it so particular with thee?

**Hamlet:**

Seems, Madam? Nay, it is. I know not “seems”.

**Claudius:**

‘Tis sweet in your nature, Hamlet, to give these mournings duties to your  
father.  
But to preserve in obstinate condolment is a course of impious stubbornness.

## H O T E L

**Hamlet:**

Oh God, God, How weary, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two.  
So excellent a king, so loving to my mother.  
And yet within a month-let me not think on’t  
Frailty, thy name is woman.

I am glad to see you...  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

**Horatio:**

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

**Hamlet:**

Do not mock me, fellow student,  
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 the marriage tables.  
My father!- He was a man. I shall not look upon his like again.

**Horatio:**

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

**Hamlet:**

Saw? Who?

**Horatio:**

The king, your father.

**Hamlet:**

I would I have been there.

**Marcella:**

It would have much amazed you.

**Hamlet:**

I will watch tonight. I'll speak to it though hell itself should bid me hold my peace.

### **POLONIUS'S APARTMENT**

**Laertes:**

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

**Polonius:**

The time invites you. Go.

**Laertes:**

Farewell, Ophelia, and remember what I have said to you.

**Polonius:**

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

**Ophelia:**

Something touching the Lord Hamlet.

**Polonius:**

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

**Ophelia:**

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

**Polonius:**

Affection! Think yourself a baby that you have taken these tenders for true pay.

**Ophelia:**

My lord, he hath importuned me with love in honourable fashion.

**Polonius:**

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers.

I would not, from this time forth

Have you give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet. Look to't, I charge you.

### **H O T E L**

**Ghost:**

Mark me. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.

**Hamlet:**

I will.

**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.

**Hamlet:**

O God!

**Ghost:**

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

**Hamlet:**

Murder?

**Ghost:**

Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, a serpent stung me.

But know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life now wears his crown.

**Hamlet:**

My uncle!

**Ghost:**

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. And remember me. Fare thee well.

**Hamlet:**

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? Remember thee?

**Horatio:**

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

**Hamlet:**

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

### **COFFEE SHOP**

**Hamlet:**

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

### **OPHELIA'S STUDIO**

**Polonius:**

Mad for thy love?

**Ophelia:**

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

### **CLAUDIUS AND GERTRUDA'S PENTHOUSE**

**Polonius:**

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.

**Gertrude:**

More matter.

**Claudius:**

How hath she received his love?

**Polonius:**

I went to work, and my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

“Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star. This must not be.”

She took the fruits of my advice and he, repulsed, fell into a sadness, thence into the madness wherein now he raves and all we mourn for.

**Claudius:**

Do you think 'tis?

**Gertrude:**

It may be, very like.

## NIGHTCLUB

**Hamlet:**

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' the worst. What make you here?

**Rosencrantz:**

To visit you , my lord.

**Hamlet:**

Were you not sent for? Deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak.

**Guildenstern:**

What should we say , my lord?

**Hamlet:**

Anything but to the purpose. You were sent for. There is a kind of confession in your  
looks. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

**Rosencrantz:**

To what end, my lord?

**Hamlet:**

That you must teach me.

Be direct, whether you were sent for or no.

**Guildenstern:**

My lord, we were sent for.

**Hamlet:**

I will tell you why. I have of late – but wherefore I know not- lost all my mirth,  
forgone all custom of exercise. And indeed this goodly frame, the earth , seems to me  
a sterile promontory. The air, look you, this majestical roof fretted with gold fire, why  
it appears nothing to me but a foul and congregation of vapors. What a piece of work  
is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form how like an angel, in  
apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world, paragon of animals, and yet to  
me, what is this quintessence of dust?

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

**Guildenstern**

In what?

**Hamlet:**

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

## H O T E L

**Hamlet:**

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 that from her working all his visage waned, tears in his eyes, a broken voice. And all for nothing.

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 they proclaimed their malefactions. For murder, though it has no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ. I know my course. The play is the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

**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 honoured lord, you know right well you did. And with them, words so sweet breath composed as made these things more rich. Their perfume lost,

Take these again, for to the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

**Hamlet:**

Are you honest?

**Ophelia:**

My lord?

**Hamlet:**

Are you fair ?

**Ophelia:**

What means your lordship?

**Hamlet:**

I did love you once.

**Ophelia:**

Indeed , my lord, you made me believe so.

**Hamlet:**

I loved you not.

**Ophelia:**

I was the more deceived.

**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 shall not escape calumny.

Get thee to a nunnery. Go. Or , if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well what monsters you make of them.

## O U T S I D E

**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 flesh is heir to.

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.  
To die, to sleep, to sleep, perchance to dream.

## PENTHOUSE

**Hamlet:**

This film contains a scene depicting the murder of my father. Watch Claudius's reaction carefully, my friend.

**Horatio:**

I will, my lord.

**Gertrude:**

How fares, my lord.

**Claudius:**

Give me some light. Away!

**Polonius:**

Lights, light, lights !

**Hamlet:**

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

**Horatio:**

Very well , my lord.

**Hamlet:**

Upon the poisoning?

**Horatio:**

I did very well note him.

**Claudius:**

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven. A brother's murder. Pray can I not though inclination be as sharp as will.

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 the effects for which I did the murder. My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.

**Hamlet:**

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying . And now I'll do it.

**Claudius:**

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

## GERTRUDE'S ROOM

**Hamlet:**

Now, mother, what's the matter?

**Gertrude:**

Hamlet, thou thou hast thy father much offended

**Hamlet:**

Mother, you have my father much offended.

**Gertrude:**

Have you forgot me?

**Hamlet:**

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

Come and sit you down.

You shall not budge, you go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you.

**Gertrude:**

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

**Polonius:**

What ho? Help!

**Gertrude:**

What hast thou done?

**Hamlet:**

Nay I know not. Is it the King?

**Gertrude:**

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

**Hamlet:**

A bloody deed- almost as bad, good Mother, as kill a king and marry with his brother.

**Gertrude:**

As kill a king!

**Hamlet:**

Ay, lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched , intruding fool, farewell!

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit your down and let me wring your heart , for so I shall if it be made of penetrable stuff. You have married a murderer.

## DENMARK CORPORATION

**Laertes:**

Where is my father?

**Claudius:**

Dead.

**Laertes:**

How came he dead? I'll be revenged most thoroughly for my father.

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia. Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge, it could not move thus.

**Ophelia:**

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember.

And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

There's fennel for you and columbines.

There's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb- grace o' Sundays.

You must wear your rue with a difference.

There's a daisy. I would give you violets, but they withered all when my father died.

They say he made a good end-

**Claudius:**

Where the offense is, let the great ax fall.



## GRAVEYARD

**Hamlet:**

Whose grave's this, sir?

**Gravedigger:**

Mine, sir.

**Hamlet:**

What man does thou dig it for?

**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:**

Ophelia...

**Laertes:**

Lay her in the earth. And from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring!

**Gertrude:**

Sweets to the sweet! Farewell !

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:**

O, fall ten times treble on that cursed head whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense deprived thee of.

The devil takes thy soul.

**Claudius:**

Pluck them asunder.

**Hamlet:**

I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers could not , with all their quantity of love, make up my sum

**Claudius:**

If you want to fight, you can do it in the lobby. A fencing match may solve your problems .

## OUTSIDE

**Claudius:**

Hamlet, you know the wager?

**Hamlet:**

Very well, my lord.

Come on, sir.

**Laertes:**

Come, my lord.

**Hamlet:**

One.

**Laertes:**

No.

**Hamlet:**

Judgement.

**Referee:**

A hit. A very palpable hit.

**Laertes:**

Well, again.

**Claudius:**

Stay, give me drink.

**Give him the cup.**

**Hamlet:**

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

Another hit, what say you?

**Laertes:**

A touch. I do confess it.

**Claudius:**

Our son shall win.

**Gertrude:**

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

**Hamlet:**

Good Madam!

**Claudius:**

Gertrude, do not drink-

**Gertrude:**

My lord, I pray you pardon me.

**Hamlet:**

Come, for the third, Laertes. I pray you, pass with thy best violence.

**Laertes:**

Say you so? Have at you now!

**Referee:**

Look at the queen there, ho!

**Laertes:**

I am justly killed with my own treachery.

**Claudius:**

She swoons to see them bleed.

**Gertrude:**

No, no, the drink- O my dear Hamlet- the drink! I'm poisoned.

**Hamlet:**

Ho, let the door be locked. Treachery. Seek it out.

**Laertes:**

It is here. Thy mother's poisoned. The king's to blame.

**Hamlet:**

Here, Drink this potion. Follow my mother.

**Laertes:**

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet, mine and my father's death come not upon thee, nor thine on me!

**Hamlet:**

Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.

Horatio, I'm dead. Thou livest. Report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied. And  
in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, to tell my story  
The rest is silence.

**Horatio:**

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night , sweet prince. And flights of angels sing  
thee to thy rest.

**Fortinbras:**

Where is this sight?

**Horatio:**

What is it you would see? If Aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

**Fortinbras:**

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.