

"Hamlet" at Brookfield Theatre

Sides: Younger Man / Older Woman

HAMLET

Now, mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

GERTRUDE

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

GERTRUDE

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET

What's the matter now?

GERTRUDE

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, by the rood, not so. you are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

GERTRUDE

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

HAMLET

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you.

GERTRUDE

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

POLONIUS *[behind]*

What ho! Help!

HAMLET

How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead. *[He stabs POLONIUS through the arras]*

POLONIUS *[behind]*

O, I am slain!

GERTRUDE

O me, 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. *[He lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS' body]*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell. I took thee for thy better.
[To Queen] Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

GERTRUDE

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

HAMLET

Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
O, such a deed as from the body of contraction plucks the very soul.

GERTRUDE

Ay me, what deed?

HAMLET

Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? 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
Would step from this to this? O shame, where is thy blush?

GERTRUDE

O Hamlet, speak no more! Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,
and there I see such black and grained spots as will 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!

GERTRUDE

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