

Hamlet, Act I, sc i: Elsinore. A guard platform of the Castle

Enter Francisco and Bernardo, two sentinels.

BERNARDO Stand. Who's there.?

FRANCISCO Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO Long live the King!

FRANCISCO Bernardo?

BERNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FRANCISCO I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

Exit.

MARCELLUS Holla, Bernardo!

BERNARDO Say-

What, is Horatio there ?

HORATIO A piece of him.

BERNARDO Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy.
That, if again this apparition come -

HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
What we two nights have seen.

HORATIO Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO Last night of all, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one-
Enter Ghost.

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

BERNARDO In the same figure like the king that's dead.

Text Scraps for Image Making

1. With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
2. 'he hath importuned me with love in honourable fashion.--With almost all the holy vows of heaven'
3. 'I did repel his letters and denied his access to me'
4. I will be brief: your noble son is mad'
5. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter.

HAMLET: WHOOSH!

Once there was a **King of Denmark** called Hamlet. He was a strong and good King and his **subjects** loved him. When he waved the royal wave, they cheered. He was married to **Queen Gertrude**, who stood by her husband's side, and they had an only son called after his father, **Hamlet**. Hamlet was very clever, and he spent all day long sitting and reading books, studying hard so that he could go to University. His parents were very proud of him. Together they lived in the royal **castle of Elsinore**, which had big tall towers and a huge wooden door to keep the people inside safe. In the same castle lived The Kings' chief advisor **Polonius** his beautiful daughter **Ophelia** and her brother **Laertes**. As they grew up Hamlet and Ophelia, walked together and talked together and sometimes at parties even danced together and finally Hamlet sent a secret letter to Ophelia which said '**I love thee best, O most best, believe it.**' And Ophelia jumped for joy and kissed the letter because she loved Hamlet too. In due time, Hamlet passed all his exams, and it was time for him to leave home. He said a fond farewell to his parents and went off to University in Wittenberg where he met up with his friend **Horatio**. The two young men had a wonderful time. They studied hard, they talked, they partied, and Prince Hamlet was very happy.

WHOOSH

Now, every day, **King Hamlet** liked to sleep in the castle orchard, surrounded safely by **trees** with spiky branches. But one day, the king slept peacefully, and a **servant** came to wake him up. However, the servant could not wake the King, try as he might, and then, in horror, he realised that the king was dead.

WHOOSH

King Hamlet had a brother called **Claudius**, and as soon as the news was out that the King had died, Claudius went to see **Queen Gertrude**. He told her that her husband was dead, and then he put his arms around her and comforted her, before going down on one knee and asking her to marry him. Gertrude nodded her agreement, and then called for a **messenger** to jump onto his horse and ride as quickly as he could to Wittenberg and find **Prince Hamlet**. Hamlet was with his friend **Horatio**, and when the messenger told them what had happened back at home, they jumped onto their horses and rode as quickly as they could back to Elsinore.

WHOOSH

At the castle, **Old King Hamlet's body** was laid out in state. **Queen Gertrude and Claudius** stood by the body, and in came **Prince Hamlet**. He knelt down at his father's side, and cried, comforted by his friend **Horatio**. **All the people** in Elsinore castle stood to pay their respects and bowed their heads. Then, Claudius clapped his hands, and called forth a **priest**. Claudius and Gertrude knelt together before the priest. They exchanged rings, they said, "**I do**" and

the priest blessed their marriage. Then, the priest took the crown of Denmark and placed it on Claudius' head, crowning him the new king. All the people cheered, and cried, "**God save King Claudius!**", and then Claudius and Gertrude walked all around the castle, whilst the people knelt and bowed low to the new King and queen.

WHOOSH

Prince Hamlet had never felt so alone. He was devastated by his father's death, and angry with his mother. Were all women as fickle? Would Ophelia behave like that? Could he trust any woman now? He clenched his fists, and cried, "**Frailty, thy name is woman! O God! A beast would have mourned longer!**" he blamed his mother for being weak and marrying again so soon. But he knew that there was nothing he could do, "**But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!**"

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 against self-slaughter. Oh God, God,
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
That it should come to this-
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two!
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth.
Must I remember? And yet, within a month-
Let me not think on it. Frailty, thy name is woman.
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,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it shall not come to good;
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.*

The Guard: Narrated Action

It was a cold and frosty night. The guard stood in his usual spot. He shivered and pulled his heavy coat closer, trying desperately to keep warm. In the frosty air, he could see his breath like smoke, and he blew on his hands, which were numb with cold. He looked around. The night was clear and the stars shone brilliant as diamonds against the velvet sky. He turned and leant out over the castle wall to look into the inky darkness below, feeling the rough, familiar stone under his palms. It was so cold, he couldn't feel his feet, so he stamped them until the feeling came back, and slowly started to walk out on his usual route. Suddenly, he stopped, frozen still. What was that? He had heard something in the darkness. His breath made clouds as he fought down his fear, forcing himself to breathe more slowly. He felt for his sword by his side. He listened. But all he could hear were the familiar sounds of the night. An owl hooted in the distance. The wind whistled gently around the ancient walls. Far below him, horses shifted in the stables. He shrugged. It was nothing. He walked on. From the north, a gust of wind blew bitter cold, and he pulled his coat around him, rubbing his arms as he walked. Suddenly, there it was again. A noise. An unnatural noise. Quick as a flash, the guard pulled his heavy sword from its scabbard, hearing the metal sing as the blade flashed high. He turned one way and the other, then stood as still as a stone as he tried to trace the sound. All around him the dark pressed in. He closed his eyes to hear. Now the wind howled and groaned. But there had been something else. Something awful. He knew it. Slowly, the guard circled, his sword raised high, every muscle tensed and ready. But there was nothing. Only the lonely walls. The guard shivered. In all his years, he had never known anything like this. His mouth was dry. His palms were sweating. Should he go on with his patrol? Forwards into the darkness? But whatever it was was out there, waiting. The guard gripped his sword tighter, and then he turned and walked slowly back the way he had come. With every step, he could feel something watching him. He looked back over his shoulder. And then suddenly he felt whatever it was loom close, suffocatingly close. He turned but there was nothing there. He struck out at the darkness with his sword, one way and the other. Then he ran to the heavy door in the castle tower. He reached for the handle, cold fingers slipping on the heavy metal ring. He turned and pulled the heavy oak door with all his might. On the back of his neck he could feel every hair standing on end as he squeezed through the doorway and desperately turned to pull the door shut. And then he saw it. Lit by the moon. Hanging in the air. There and not there. Its eyes burning in the darkness. It was the old king! Then, with a great rush of air, the door slammed shut behind him.

Ghost

1 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.

2 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,

3 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ghost: **Sleeping within my orchard,**
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous 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.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched.
O, horrible! O, horrible! O, horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Hamlet, III, i (edited)

OPHELIA: **My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
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.**

HAMLET: Ha, ha? 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: **You should not have believed me. I loved you not.**

OPHELIA : **I was the more deceived.**

HAMLET: **Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of
sinners? We are arrant knaves, all. Believe none of us.
Where's your father?**

OPHELIA: **At home, my lord.**

HAMLET: **Let the doors be shut upon him. Farewell.**

OPHELIA: **O, help him, you sweet heavens!**

HAMLET: **Get thee to a nunnery. Go, 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.**

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