

Audition Packet:

Hamlet

Fall 2018

Hello! Here are some helpful instructions and tips for auditions...

Memorize all lines for the character(s) you are auditioning for [Hamlet Auditioners may memorize 2 scenes instead of all]. It might be helpful to briefly research the character. Act and scene references have been added to make research easier (act . scene). You might notice changes from the original stageplay. These are because of time constraints and to make easier the understanding of the script for those less studied in Shakespeare.

Not all characters have a place in the auditions. If there is one you wish to audition for that's not represented, please tell me at auditions. Do come with another's lines memorized so I can still sample your skill! The same goes for characters you absolutely do NOT want to be.

If you have further questions, please email me at jwhittaker@theambroseschool.org

Looking forward to Auditions!!!!

-Mr. Whittaker

1.2 [King Claudius, Hamlet, Queen Gertrude]

KING CLAUDIUS

Though yet our memories of our dear brother Hamlet be green, and though it us befitted to bear our hearts in grief and our entire kingdom to bear one brow of woe, and so, while we must remember to mourn for him, it is also that we with wisest sorrow think on him together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore with mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

With one eye merry and the other crying, In equal scale weighing delight and dole,-- we have taken our sometime sister, now our Queen.

Nor have we barred your better wisdoms, which have freely gone with this affair.

For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth, or perhaps that the death of my brother has thrown our country into chaos, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, asking the surrender of those lands lost by his father, to our most valiant brother. So much for him.

...

KING CLAUDIUS

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 CLAUDIUS

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

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

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever 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 GERTRUDE

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.' 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor windy suspiration of forced breath, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 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 passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING CLAUDIUS

'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 persever In obstinate condolement is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief; It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

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 to-day,
 '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 GERTRUDE

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 CLAUDIUS

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks
 to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse the heavens all bruit
 again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

1.2 [Horatio, Hamlet, Marcellus, Bernardo]

All Enter

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

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

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAMLET

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

The king my father!

HORATIO

Season your admiration for awhile

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your
father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,

Appears before them, and with solemn
march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he
walk'd

By their oppress'd 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 deliver'd, 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'd.

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 vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

We do, my lord.

HAMLET

Arm'd, say you?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET

From top to toe?

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET

Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET

What, look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger.

HAMLET

Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO

Most constantly.

HAMLET

I would I had been there.

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw't.

HAMLET

His beard was grizzled--no?

HORATIO

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET

I will watch to-night;

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 conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

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 honour.

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

1.3 [Laertes, Ophelia]*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA***LAERTES**

My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
 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;
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you
 now,
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, 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 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 honour may

sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure
 open

To his unmaster'd 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.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,

Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

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 puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance

treads,

And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES

O, fear me not.

I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS

A double blessing is a double grace,

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

LORD POLONIUS

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

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing
 with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory

See 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 to thy soul with hoops of
 steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
 Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear't that the opposed 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 express'd 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 ownself 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.

LORD POLONIUS
 The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

LAERTES
 Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

OPHELIA
 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES
 Farewell.

Exit

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

OPHELIA
 So please you, something touching the Lord
 Hamlet.

LORD 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, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

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

LORD POLONIUS
 Affection! pooh! 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.

LORD POLONIUS
 Marry, I'll 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--not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Running it thus--you'll tender me a fool.

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

LORD 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.

LORD 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 somewhat scanted of your maiden
presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. 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.

1.5 [Hamlet, Ghost of Hamlet's Father]

HAMLET

Where 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 sulphurous 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,
Doom'd 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 on end,
Like quills upon the fretful 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

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;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

3.1 [Hamlet, Ophelia]

HAMLET

...The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA

Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

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 honour'd 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?

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

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
offences 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 no where 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, 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.

OPHELIA

O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name 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 marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,
tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign
reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I
see!