

SIDE 1

HAMLET

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
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 reveng'd,
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.
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, 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 damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

SIDE 2

HAMLET

Look here upon th's picture, and on this,
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 mildew'd 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
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
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 ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

HORATIO Audition Side
Scranton Shakes 2021

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead vast 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 pressed and fear-surprised eyes*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak. This to me
In dreadful secrecy did they impart,
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 other,
These hands are not more like.
And answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself 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. 'Tis very strange
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.

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 circumscrib'd
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 unmast' red 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 scopes not calumnious strokes.
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
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 AUDITION SIDE

Ophelia

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
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 music vows —
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

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, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
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 enactures with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, 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 favourite flies,
The poor advanc'd 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,
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.

POLONIUS Audition SideScranton Shakes 2021

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

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd 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-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,

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

Give every man thine 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 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!

CLAUDIUS Audition Side
Scranton Shakes 2021

SIDE 1
CLAUDIUS

O, my offence 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 cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd 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 possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder-
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove 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
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
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 new-born babe!
All may be well. He kneels.

GERTRUDE Audition Side
Scranton Shakes 2021

Gertrude

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

~~Laertes. Drown'd! O, where?~~

Gertrude

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come
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 weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

GRAVE DIGGER Audition SideS
2021

Scranton Shakes

Hamlet..Whose grave's this, sirrah?

GRAVE DIGGER. Mine, sir.
[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.3460

Hamlet. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

GRAVE DIGGER. 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.

GRAVE DIGGER. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

GRAVE DIGGER. For no man, sir. Hamlet. What woman then?

GRAVE DIGGER. For none neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?

GRAVE DIGGER. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute the knave is! How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

GRAVE DIGGER. 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?

GRAVE DIGGER. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born- he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

GRAVE DIGGER. Why, because 'a was mad. 'A shall recover his wits there; or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

GRAVE DIGGER. 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad?

GRAVE DIGGER. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

GRAVE DIGGER. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground?

GRAVE DIGGER. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy thirty years.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

GRAVE DIGGER. Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in, I will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he more than another?

GRAVE DIGGER. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now. This skull hath lien you i' th' earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

GRAVE DIGGER. A whoreson, mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

GRAVE DIGGER. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Hamlet. This?

GRAVE DIGGER. E'en that.

ROSENCRANTZ + GUILDENSTERN Audition SideS
Scranton Shakes 2021

(FEEL FREE TO READ BOTH R+G AS THE SAME PERSON OR WITH TWO DIFFERENT CHARACTERIZATIONS)

SIDE 1

Guildenstern.
My honour'd lord!

Rosencrantz
My most dear lord!

Hamlet
My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Rosencrantz
As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern
Happy in that we are not over-happy. 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 favours?

Guildenstern
Faith, her privates we.

Hamlet
In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true! she is a strumpet. What news ?

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 bad 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

I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late- but wherefore I know not- lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed.....Man delights not me- no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rosencrantz

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

Hamlet

Why did you laugh then, when I said 'Man delights not me'?

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.