

THE PLAY'S THE THING



HAMLET

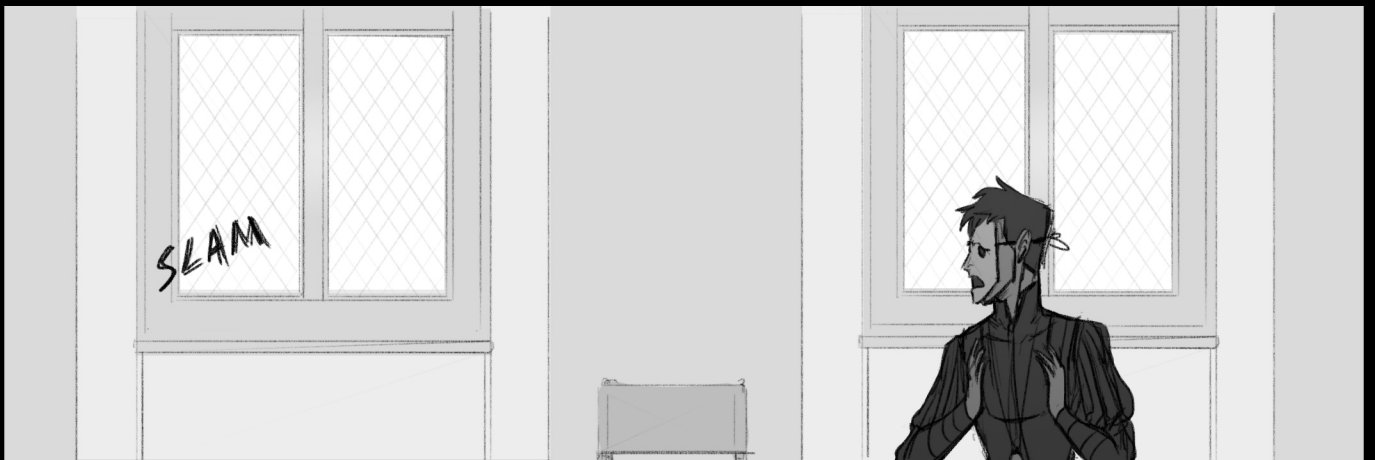
ACT II, SCENE 2

ADAPTED BY BINAH QUIOGUE



GOOD MY LORD.

AY, SO,
GOODBYE TO YOU.



SLAM



NOW I AM ALONE.



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 TO HIS OWN CONCEIT THAT FROM HER WORKING
ALL HIS VISAGE WANN'D...

TEARS IN HIS EYES,
DISTRACTION IN'S ASPECT,
A BROKEN VOICE,
AND HIS WHOLE FUNCTION SUITING
WITH FORMS TO HIS CONCEIT?




AND ALL FOR NOTHING!
FOR HECUBA!
WHAT'S HECUBA TO HIM,
OR HE TO HECUBA,
THAT HE SHOULD WEEP FOR HER?



WHAT WOULD HE DO HAD HE THE MOTIVE AND THE CUE FOR PASSION THAT I HAVE?

HE WOULD DROWN THE STAGE WITH TEARS AND CLEAVE THE GENERAL EAR WITH HORRID SPEECH,



MAKE MAD THE GUILTY
AND APPAL THE FREE,

CONFOUND THE IGNORANT,
AND AMAZE INDEED THE VERY
FACULTIES OF EYES AND EARS.

YET I, A DULL AND
MUDDY-METTLED RASCAL
PEAK LIKE JOHN-A-DREAMS,

UNPREGNANT OF MY CAUSE,
AND CAN SAY NOTHING,

NO, NOT FOR A KING
UPON WHOSE PROPERTY
AND MOST DEAR LIFE
A DAMNED DEFEAT WAS MADE.



AM I A
COWARD?



WHO CALLS
ME VILLAIN?



BREAKS MY
PATE ACROSS?



PLUCKS OFF
MY BEARD,
AND BLOWS IT
IN MY FACE?
TWEAKS ME
BY THE NOSE?



GIVES ME THE LIE I' THE THROAT,
AS DEEP AS TO THE LUNGS?



WHO DOES ME THIS?
HA, 'SOUNDS, I SHOULD TAKE IT!

FOR IT CANNOT BE BUT
I AM PIGEON-LIVER'D
AND LACK GALL TO MAKE
OPPRESSION BITTER,



OR ERE THIS I SHOULD
HAVE FATTED ALL THE
REGION KITES WITH
THIS SLAVE'S OFFAL!

BLOODY,
BAWDY
VILLAIN!

REMORSELESS,
TREACHEROUS,
LECHEROUS,
KINDLESS
VILLAIN!

O,
VENCEANCE!



WHY, WHAT
AN ASS AM I.

THIS IS
MOST BRAVE...

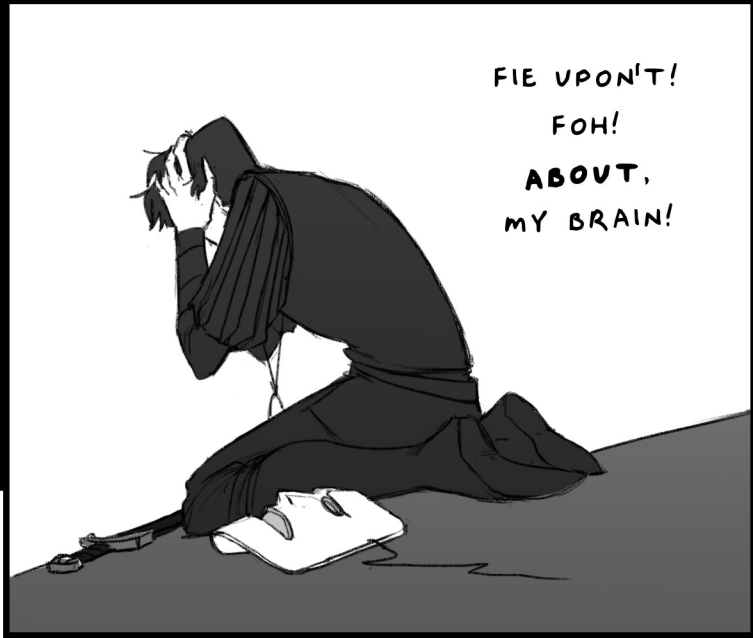


THAT I, THE SON OF A
DEAR FATHER MURDERED,
PROMPTED TO MY REVENGE
BY HEAVEN AND HELL,

MUST, LIKE A WHORE,
UNPACK MY HEART
WITH WORDS,

AND FALL A-CURSING,
LIKE A VERY DRAB,
A STALLION!



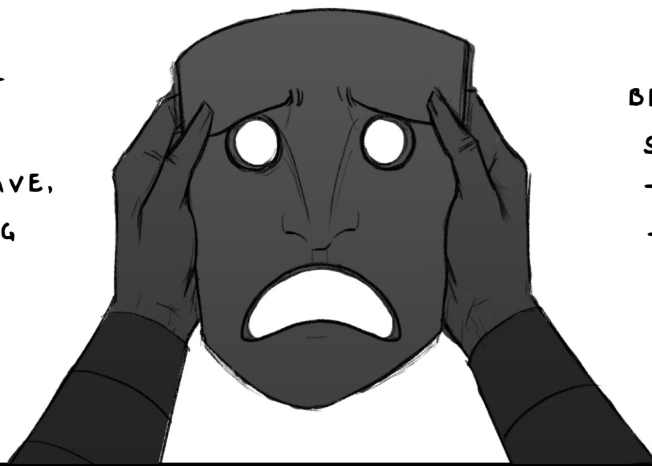


FIE UPON'T!
FOH!
ABOUT,
MY BRAIN!



HUM.

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 PRESENTLY
THEY HAVE PROCLAIM'D
THEIR MALEFACTIONS...

FOR MURDER, THOUGH IT HAVE NO TONGUE, WILL SPEAK WITH MOST MIRACULOUS ORGAN.

I'LL HAVE THESE PLAYERS PLAY SOMETHING LIKE
THE MURDER OF MY FATHER BEFORE MINE UNCLE.



I'LL OBSERVE HIS LOOKS.

I'LL TENT HIM TO THE QUICK.

IF HE DO BLENCH, I KNOW MY COURSE.

THE SPIRIT THAT I HAVE SEEN MAY BE THE DEVIL,



AND THE DEVIL HATH POWER TO ASSUME A PLEASING SHAPE...

YEA, AND PERHAPS OUT
OF MY WEAKNESS
AND MY MELANCHOLY,



AS HE IS VERY POTENT
WITH SUCH SPIRITS,
ABUSES ME TO DAMN ME.

I'LL HAVE GROUNDS MORE
RELATIVE THAN THIS.



THE PLAY'S THE THING WHEREIN
I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING!