

Jewel Weekes
St Peter Claver College

Annotated Script

* Despite saying 'Polonius' & 'Hamlet', these are Ophelia's reflections, depictions, & memories of them she plays out herself in her attempts to find herself as she goes mad

Translation

OPHELIA - O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown
 O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown
 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!

how a great mind is now lost. Used to be obvious heir. He was admired & now has fallen so low!

POLONIUS - Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. Still, straight, still

it is important to watch when great people show signs of insanity

OPHELIA - 'Tis in my memory lock'd
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

worrying about wrong person

I will not forget

HAMLET - The most beautified Ophelia,
 Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt I love.

H gives a heart. lots of gesture for H

all these things are certain like my love for you

OPHELIA - But never doubt I love
 But never doubt I love
 But never doubt I love

almost in a trance

never doubt love

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

what did he tell you?

OPHELIA - ~~nothing touching~~ the Lord Hamlet?

POLONIUS - What is between you? give me up the truth.

what's going on? tell me the truth

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

he's given me a bit of affection lately

POLONIUS - Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

do you believe him?

OPHELIA - I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
 he hath importuned me with love
 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt I love.

love = all consuming

I do not know he talked about love with holy vows

try to look at her face but focus on her hair

she always wants to impress her father

POLONIUS Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 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. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 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

Ophelia portrays
 him furiously,
 she is scared,
 warns herself, &
 is heavily impacted
 by this

he doesn't feel
 love.
 when a heart is on
 fire, there's more light
 than heat, the fire will
 be out before promises
 are made. Don't
 mistake that for
 love.
 Don't believe what
 he says. Don't
 waste your time with
 him & do as I say

OPHELIA - is 't possible a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

But never doubt I love...] remembering hamlet, looks @ heart
 My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

Is it possible my
 sanity could die
 as quick as an old man?

I have your letters
 I gave you nothing
 you know you did

HAMLET - No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA - My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;] crushed

HAMLET - Ha! are you honest?
 Are you fair?

if you are both,
 your honesty shouldn't
 have anything to do
 with your beauty

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] heart shatters
 with honesty?

could beauty be
 more valuable than
 honesty?
 yes

HAMLET - Ay, truly
 I did love you once.] rips paper heart abit

OPHELIA - once?
 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.] rips in half

OPHELIA - I was the more deceived.

then I guess I was
 misled.

Translation

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

completely rips paper heart into pieces

Go thy ways to a nunnery.

OPHELIA - to a nunnery

confused, compliant

Go thy ways to a nunnery

To a nunnery

A nunnery?

HAMLET - GO!

you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. It hath made me mad!

furious

To a nunnery go!

O breaking point

OPHELIA - How should I your true love know From another one?

broken

He is dead and gone, lady,

P&H → **POLONIUS** - He is dead and gone;] reflections of P&H

OPHELIA - To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

tries to reassemble pieces of paper heart

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber-door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed.

upset

HAMLET - So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,] self-centred manner

be a nun & do not give birth to sinners? I am good but wouldn't even accuse me of that it'd been better if I wasn't born

you excuse your actions by being ignorant to them?

how can you tell between your true one and someone else?

(rebell's story)

left no longer a virgin

my god, what a shame! men are bad before you got me in head, you promised to marry me

I would have

An thou hadst not come to my bed.] snarky

OPHELIA - And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed:

He never will come again.

He is gone, he is gone,

O, woe is me,

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

O, woe is me,

O, woe is me

O, woe is me

broken

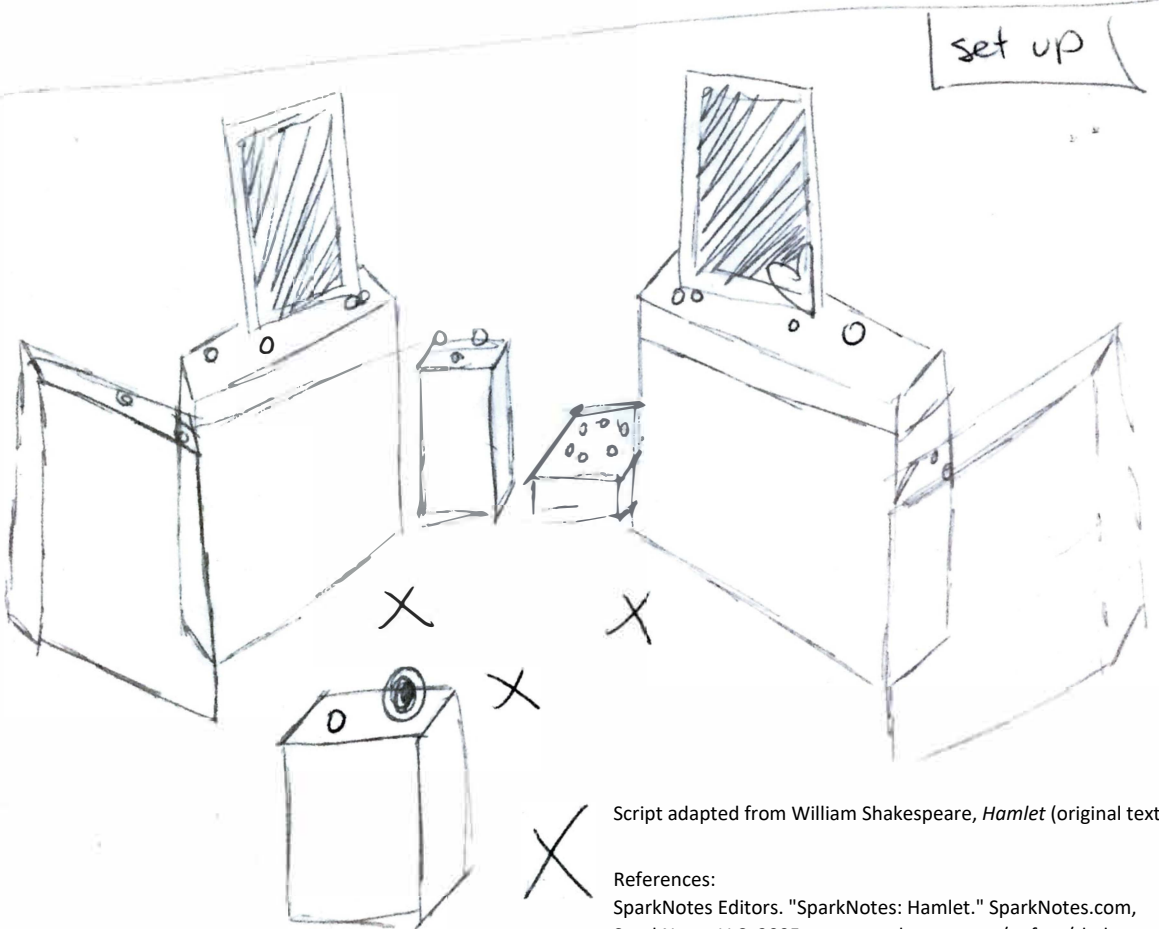
look in small mirror @ herself

smashes mirror ~~with~~ against block as she no longer recognises the person she sees in her reflection

Translation
if ya hadn't slept with me

what he used to be & what they are now
great mind lost

oh how miserable I am



Script adapted from William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (original text)

References:

SparkNotes Editors. "SparkNotes: Hamlet." SparkNotes.com, SparkNotes LLC, 2005, www.sparknotes.com/nofear/shakespeare/hamlet/

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