

Hamlet on the MOON



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Cast of Characters

Hamlet:	Eric Hedlund <i>Cloned son of Old Hamlet and Garrison.</i>
Old Hamlet:	Graham Talley <i>Dead magistrate of Moon Base Denmark, one of Hamlet's two fathers.</i>
Claudius:	Tracy Woodward <i>Brother of Old Hamlet, current magistrate of Moon Base Denmark</i>
Garrison:	Owen Thayer <i>Co-ruler of Moon Base Denmark with Old Hamlet and now married to Claudius. Hamlet's other father.</i>
Poloniusbot:	XJB-11 <i>Robotic advisor to the Magistrate.</i>
Opheliatron:	Oriana Connolly <i>Daughtertron of Poloniusbot. Sister of Laertes. Former lover of Hamlet.</i>
Laertes:	Colin Curtin <i>Robotic son of Poloniusbot, brother of Opheliatron, spends his time cavorting in Moon Base France.</i>
Translatron 3000:	Sarah Woodruff <i>Translator for Poloniusbot.</i>
Rosencrantz:	Stacie Nellor
Guildenstern:	Tyler Patterson <i>Two headed mutant friend of Hamlet's from his youth.</i>
Horation:	Daniel Moore <i>Hamlet's scholarly friend.</i>
Voltemond:	Jessica Fleitman
Cornelius:	Ryan McBride <i>Two headed mutant courtier.</i>
Osric:	Brooke Paterson <i>Two headed mutant courtier.</i>

Marcellus:	Derek Barbee
Bernardo:	Jake Shpall
Francisco:	Tyler Patterson <i>Cybornetically enhanced guard of Moon Base Denmark.</i>
Reynaldo:	Ryan McBride <i>Servent to Poloniusbot.</i>
Servant:	Matt Shayefar <i>Servent to Horation</i>
Norwegian Captain:	Jake Shpall <i>Captain in Fortinbras' army.</i>
Player 1:	Paul McCreary
Player 2:	Patrick Scoggins
Player 3:	Ryan McBride <i>Actors from Earth</i>
Gentleman:	Paul McCreary
Priest:	Jay Freeman
Robot Gravedigger:	Derek Barbee
Human Gravedigger:	Patrick Scoggins
Earth Ambassador:	Jake Shpall
Spaceman:	Jessica Fleitman

Act I

Scene i—Elsinore. A platform before the moon base.

[Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo]

Bernardo: Who's there?

Francisco: Nay, answer me: show yourself.

Bernardo: Glory to Moon Base Denmark!

Francisco: Bernardo?

Bernardo: He.

Francisco: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo: Tis precisely twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco: Thank you: it's bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bernardo: Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco: Not a rabbit stirring.

Bernardo: Well, good night.

Francisco: Goodnight.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Horation and Marcellus]

Marcellus: Hola, Bernardo!

Bernardo: Say—
What, is Horation there?

Horation: A piece of him.

Bernardo: Welcome, Horation. Welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus: What, has the thing appear'd again tonight?

Bernardo: I have seen nothing.

Marcellus: Horation says it's but a malfunction of our implants,
I have asked him to come along so that
if this apparition appears he may
verify its presence and speak to it.

Horation: Bah! 'twill not appear.

Bernardo: Let me once again assail your ears,
which are so fortified against our story,
with what we have seen these past two watches,
Last cycle at this precise hour—

[Enter Hologram]

Marcellus: Peace, be still; look, it comes again!

Bernardo: In the same form, like the dead magistrate.

Marcellus: Thou hast advanced scanners, analyze it Horation.

Bernardo: Does it not look like the dead magistrate?

Horation: Most like.

Marcellus: Question it, Horation.

Horation: What art thou that usurps this dark night?
By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus: It is offended.

Bernardo: It stalks away

Horation: Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Hologram]

Bernardo: How now, Horation! you tremble and look pale:
Isn't this something more than a malfunction?

Horation: Before my God, I might not believe this
Without the sensible and true confirmation
Of mine own instruments.

Marcellus: Is it not like the magistrate?

Horation: As thou art to thyself:
That was the very armor he had on
When he combated the ambitious Norway;
And he once frowned so when he struck down
the Polish delegates in an angry parley.
'Tis strange.

Marcellus: Thus twice before he hath gone by our watch,
With the same warlike and threatening motions.

Horatio: This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Marcellus: Why do we even hold such a strict watch during the darkest parts of the lunar night? Why the constant production of cannons and lasers?

Horatio: Well, as the story has it, our last magistrate, wagered his conquered sectors against those of Fortinbras of Moon Base Norway; valiant Hamlet slew Fortinbras who thereby forfeited those sectors along with his life. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Rash and untempered, Hath mustered a following in Norway's outer sectors. He hopes to recover those lands his father lost: this, I take it, is the main motive of our preparations, and the source of this watch.

Bernardo: I think it's a good omen that our old lord appears.

Horatio: Perhaps it foretells some impending disaster;— But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

[Re-enter Hologram]

Stay, hologram!
If thou hast voice, speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, if known may avoid disaster,
Stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus: Shall I strike at it with my blade?

Horatio: If it will not stay.

[Exit Hologram]

Marcellus: We do it wrong,
To show such violence.

Horatio: Let us impart what we have seen to young Hamlet;
By my life, this apparition, though silent to us,
will speak to him. Shall we tell him of it?

Marcellus: Let's do it; I know where we may find him
In the early waking hours.

[Exeunt]

Scene ii—A room of state in the castle.

[Enter Magistrate Claudius, Consort Prime Garrison, Hamlet, Polonuisbot, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants]

Magistrate Claudius: Though the memory of my dear brother Hamlet's death is still recent and unhealed, and it is fit for all to bear their hearts in grief,
We with wisest sorrow remember him,
As well as ourselves.
Therefore I have, with a defeated joy,—
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and grief,—
Taken to wed my once brother, now my husband.
To all, our thanks for your advice and loyalty.
Now, as you know, young Fortinbras,
Suspecting my late dear brother's death has
Weakened our state, pesters us with transmissions,
Demanding the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father to our most valiant brother.
We have here writ to the bedridden magistrate
of Moon Base Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
to suppress his nephew's preparations;
and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius and Voltimand,
To bear this greeting to the old magistrate;
Compliment your mission with haste, farewell.

Cor., Voltimand: In that and all things we will show our duty.

Magistrate Claudius: I do not doubt it: farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
what couldst thou beg that I would not willingly offer?
The offices of Denmark are most indebted
to your fatherbot for his years of excellent service.

Laertes: My revered lord,
I seek leave to return to Moon Base France;
Though, from there, I willingly came
To show my duty in your inauguration,
I must confess, that duty completed,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And I bow my will to your gracious leave and pardon.

Magistrate Claudius: Have you your fatherbot's leave?
What says Poloniusbot?

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Laertes: He gives his permission—

Poloniusbot: Bleep!

Laertes: His most gracious permission and
beseeches you to give me leave to go.

Magistrate Claudius: Thy time be thine, Laertes,
spend it as thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet: *[Aside]* A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Magistrate Claudius: How is it that a cloud still hangs over you?

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

Consort Garrison: Good Hamlet, cast off thy nighted color,
And look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever seek thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st the way of life; all that lives must die,
Passing from nature to eternity.

Hamlet: Ay, father, it is common.

Consort Garrison: Then why seems it to affect you so?

Hamlet: Seems, father! nay it does; I know not 'seems.'
My dark cloak seems,
my customary suits of solemn black seem,
the flowing of tears from my eyes,
together with all the forms,
moods, and shapes of woe, they indeed, seem;
but these displays are just the accessories of my grief:
I contain within me that which exceeds
mere show of mourning.

Magistrate Claudius: 'Tis commendable to mourn your father
But, your father lost a father,
as did his father before him.
In addition, you still have one remaining father,
and I hope you can look to me as a father as well.
You have my favor for the next

appointment to magistrate.
But to persevere in this obstinate sorrow is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault
To reason: whose common theme
Is death of fathers. As for your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most contrary to our desire:
And we ask that you remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eyes,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Consort Garrison: I pray thee, stay with us and go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet: I shall in all my best obey you, father.

Magistrate Claudius: Why, that is a loving and fair reply.
Today I celebrate my marriage;
I'll drink with the cyborgs
and toast the health of Denmark!
Let the great cannon tell the depths
of space of our rejoicing.
Come away.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet]

Hamlet: O, that this too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His law 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, and unprofitable,
All the uses of this world seem to me!
Fie on't! ah fie! That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a magistrate; that was, to this,
a king to a lecher; so loving to my father
That he would prevent the breeze
from visiting his face too roughly.
Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, the consort would dote on him,
and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—How frail is feminine nature!—
O, God! a beast would have mourn'd longer—
Before the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of his pained eyes,
He married. O, most wicked speed, to dash
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor can it come to, any good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

[Enter Horation, Marcellus, and Bernardo]

Horation: Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet: I am glad to see you well:
Horation!—or I do forget myself.

Horation: The same, my lord, your friend and servant.

Hamlet: My good friend; what brings you from the
old University of Wittenberg?

Horation: I learned everything.

Hamlet: Everything! Oh though you are apt you do but jest—
What is your affair in Elsinore?

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

Hamlet: I think it was to see my father's wedding.

Horation: Indeed, it follow'd hard upon.

Hamlet: Thrift, thrift, Horation! The funeral leftovers
furnished the marriage tables.

Horation: My lord, I think I saw your father yesternight.

Hamlet: What of it?

Horation: My lord, the magistrate your father.

Hamlet: The magistrate my father!

Horation: The past three nights these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, have encounter'd,
on their watch, a figure like your father,
armed from head to foot.
I knew your father;
these hands are not more alike,
than was this image to him.

Hamlet: But where was this?

Marcellus: My lord, upon the perimeter, where we watch'd.

Hamlet: Did you not speak to it?
Horation: My lord, I did;
But it did not answer.
Hamlet: I would I had been there.
Horation: It would have much amazed you.
Hamlet: His beard was grizzled—no?
Horation: It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Hamlet: Do you hold the same watch tonight?
Marcellus, Bernardo: We do, my lord.
Hamlet: I will watch as well;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
If you have kept this sight secret,
Let it remain in your silence still.
All: Our duty to your honor.
Hamlet: Your love is as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet]

My father's spirit in arms!
I suspect some foul play: If only it were night!
Till then sit still, my soul.

[Exeunt]

Scene iii—A room in Poloniusbot's house.

[Enter Laertes and Opheliatron]

Laertes: My materials are loaded: farewell:
And, sister, as the earth doth change face, do not rest,
But let me hear from you often.
Opheliatron: Do you doubt that you shall?
Laertes: As for Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,
His affections will not last;
No more than his flesh will outlast your alloys.

Opheliatron: No more but so?

Laertes: Think on it no more;
Perhaps he loves you now,
but he is subject to his cloning:
the safety of this whole state depends on his actions,
He may not choose for himself as unvalued persons do.
Consider the dishonor you will suffer,
If you lose your heart, or open your chaste machinery
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Opheliatron, fear it, my dear sister,
And watch carefully the levels of your affection,
Keep them out the dangerous reach of desire.
You are still young and know not what is best.

Opheliatron: I'll remember this lesson. But, my good brother,
Show me not life's virtuous path
while you yourself tread another.

Laertes: Fret not.
I stay too long: but here my fatherbot comes.

[Enter Poloniusbot]

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep Laertes.

Laertes: Yes, I was just departing.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Laertes: I will, my lord.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Opheliatron: Yes Laertes, listen to every man, but give few thy voice.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Opheliatron: Take each man's criticism, but reserve thy judgment.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Opheliatron: That's true.
Dress richly but not gaudily;
For the apparel often proclaims the man.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Opheliatron: Oh yes! One must always be true to ones own self;
For it follows that thou cannot then be false to any man.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep Laertes.
Laertes: Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Opheliatron; and remember well
What I have said to you.
Opheliatron: 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Laertes: Farewell.

[Exeunt]

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep Opheliatron?
Opheliatron: He spoke of something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Poloniusbot: Bleep.
Opheliatron: Ay, my lord, Hamlet hath recently made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Poloniusbot: Bleep.
Opheliatron: I do not know what I should think, my lord.
Poloniusbot: Bleep.
Opheliatron: He hath courted me in an honorable fashion.
Poloniusbot: Bleep.
Opheliatron: You would have me discontinue my contact with him?
Poloniusbot: *(Spins and whirs).*
Opheliatron: I shall obey, my lord.

[Exeunt]

Scene iv — The platform.

[Enter Hamlet, Horation, and Marcellus]

Hamlet: The cold bites strongly here. What hour is this?
Horation: Eleven fifty-nine and forty-three seconds.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordinance shot off, within]

What does this mean, my lord?

Hamlet: The magistrate carouses tonight.

Horatio: Is it a custom?

Hamlet: Ay, it is:
But in my mind it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Horatio: Look, my lord, it comes!

[Enter Hologram]

Hamlet: Angels defend us!
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
Magistrate, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
What may this mean,
that thou revisitest the starlight thus?
What should we do?

[Hologram beckons Hamlet]

Horatio: It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it desires to impart something
To you alone.

Marcellus: Do not go with it.

Horatio: No, by no means.

Hamlet: Why, what should be the fear?
I do not place much value on my life;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Horatio: What if it tempt you further past the perimeter, my lord,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might drive you into madness?

Hamlet: It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Marcellus: You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet: Hold off your hands.

Horatio: Control yourself; you shall not go.

Hamlet: My fate cries out,

[Ghost beckons]

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that stops me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Hologram and Hamlet]

Marcellus: Let's follow. It is not fit to obey him thus.

Horation: What will come of it?

Marcellus: Something is rotten in Moon Base Denmark.

Horation: Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus: Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt]

Scene v—Another part of the platform.

[Enter Hologram and Hamlet]

Hamlet: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Hologram: Hear me.

Hamlet: I will.

Hologram: I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd to confinement in the base mainframe.
During the restive cycle I am able
to siphon enough energy to create this image,
though it is only visible during
the darkest days of the lunar night.
Listen, O listen!
If thou didst ever love me, thy dear father—

Hamlet: O God!

Hologram: Revenge my foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet: Murder! Quickly let me know't, that I
May sweep to my revenge.

Hologram: I find thee able;
Now, Hamlet, hear:
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet: O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Hologram: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit and traitorous gifts,
He seduced and subverted the will
of my most seeming-virtuous consort:
O Hamlet, to descend from me,
whose love was so dignified
That it went hand in hand with our vow
of mutual rulership, to a repugnant wretch!
But my energy is dissipating; Let me be brief.
Sleeping within my arboretum,
Thy uncle entered stealthily,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And he poured the deadly distilment into my ears;
Swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And curdles the thin and wholesome blood.
Thus was I, sleeping, at once dispatch'd of life,
of crown, of consort,
by a brother's hand: cut off with no chance to confess:
to clear my conscience of my sins. Endure it not;
Do not let the royal bed of Denmark be made
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
let not thy soul contrive against thy father,
the consort: leave him to heaven. Fare thee well!
Adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exeunt]

Hamlet: O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I include hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, do not become weak,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Yea, from my memory I'll wipe away all
Trivial fondness, all pleasures past;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious consort!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My notes,—I shall set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Marcellus, Horation: *[Within]* My lord, my lord,—

Marcellus: *[Within]* Lord Hamlet,—

Horation: *[Within]* Heaven secure him!

Hamlet: So be it!

[Enter Horation and Marcellus]

Marcellus: How is't, my noble lord?

Horation: What news, my lord?

Hamlet: O, wonderful!

Horation: Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet: Good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Horation: What is't, my lord? we will.

Hamlet: Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. and Marcellus: My lord, we will not.

Hamlet: Nay, but swear't.

Horation: In faith,
My lord, I'll reveal naught.

Marcellus: Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Hamlet: Upon my sword.

Marcellus: We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet: Upon my sword!

Hologram: *[Beneath]* Swear.

Hamlet: Ah, ha!
Come on—you hear this fellow in the wiring—
Consent to swear.

Hologram: *[Beneath]* Swear.

Horation: O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet: And therefore, as a stranger, welcome it.
There are more things in this universe, Horation,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But hear me;
Never, so help you god,
However strangely or oddly I act,
Speak of this. If I behave madly,
As I may, hereafter, think to do,
Never indicate that you know aught of me.
Swear.

Hologram: *[Beneath]* Swear.

Hamlet: Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

[They swear]

So, gentlemen,
I extend to you my duty and my love:
God willing, the things I do to express
This love to you
shall not prove lacking. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was cloned to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

[Exeunt]

Act II

Scene i—A room in Poloniusbot's house.

[Enter Poloniusbot, and Reynaldo.]

Poloniusbot: *Bleep bleep, Reynaldo.*

Reynaldo: I will, my lord.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep Laertes.

Reynaldo: My lord, that would dishonor him.

Poloniusbot: *(LEDs flash colorful patterns, spins and whirs).*

Reynaldo: But, my good lord,—

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Reynaldo: Farewell, my lord.

Poloniusbot: *(AOL Goodbye)*

[Exit Reynaldo.]

[Enter Translatron]

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep?

Translatron: What's the meaning of this intrusion?
I am Translatron 3000, the court hath pleased
it for me to translate for your convenience.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep *(whir) (spin).*

Translatron: What, who are you? I don't need a translator.
—But sir the court hath—

Poloniusbot: Bleep *(LEDs) (whir).*

Translatron: I graciously accept your translatory services and
hope that your presence
may facilitate communications.
Thank you, my lord,
I pray that my services are useful to you.

[Enter Opheliatron.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep, Opheliatron! Bleep bleep?

Translatron: How now, Opheliatron! what's the matter?

Opheliatron: My lord, I have been so afrighted!

Poloniusbot: Bleep?

Translatron: By what?

Opheliatron: My lord, as I was programming in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet appeared in the the doorway,
—with his shirt all undone; pale as moon dust;
his knees knocking each other
As if he had been loosed out of hell.

Poloniusbot: Bleep?

Translatron: Mad for thy love?

Opheliatron: My lord, I do not know;
But I fear it may be so.

Poloniusbot: Bleep? *(LEDs Display)*.

Opheliatron: He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then fell to such a long perusal of my face
as though he would commit it to memory.
He heaved a sigh so piteous and profound
That it seemed to end his being; that done, he let me go:
And he seemed to find his way from my
chambers without aid of his eyes;
For he kept his gaze upon me to the last.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: Come, with me: I will seek the magistrate.
These actions are the result of love;
Whose violent nature,
Leads the will to desperate undertakings,
I am sorry,—
What, have you spoken harshly to him of late?

Opheliatron: No, my good lord; but, as you commanded,
I repelled his letters and denied
Him access to me.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that I have not paid him closer attention:
I feared that he did but trifle with thee.
Come, let us go to the magistrate:
It would be best to make this known.

[Exeunt.]

Scene ii—A room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate, Consort Prime, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.]

Magistrate Claudius: Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Although we longed to see you,
Our sending was hastened by our great
need for your service. Have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since no part of him resembles what
it once was. I can dream of nothing,
Other than his father's death, that hath moved him
So far from his former self.
I ask you both to spend some time with him,
being good friends from the days of his youth.
You are free to stay in this sector
So that you might bring him pleasure,
And gather, as much as circumstance allows,
What it is that afflicts him thus.
We hope that once discovered, it may aid our remedy.

Consort Garrison: Good gentlemen, he hath talked much of you,
I am sure there are not two men living
Whom he respects more. If it pleases you
To spend your time with us,
We will see that you are handsomely
Rewarded for your visitation.

Rosencrantz: Both your majesties,
By the power you wield over us,
Could command us,
Rather than asking so graciously.

Guildenstern: *[Slaps Rosencrantz]* We both obey,

And lay our service freely at your feet.

Magistrate Claudius: Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Consort Garrison: Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you to immediately visit
My much-too-changed son.

Ros. & Guildenstern: Heavens make our presence
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Consort Garrison: I hope that it is so!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and some Attendants]

[Enter Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep!

Translatron: Th' ambassadors from Moon Base Norway
are joyfully return'd, my good lord.

Magistrate Claudius: Thou hast been the bearer of good news.—
Tell me, how likes you this new attendant?

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep (*spin/flail*).

Translatron: I like it well—

Poloniusbot: Bleep (*Spin/whir*)!

Translatron: Very well, my lord.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: I also do think,—or else this brain of mine
would be better used as a paper weight—
that I have found the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

Magistrate Claudius: Speak of that; which I do long to hear of.

Poloniusbot: Bleep

Translatron: First give admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the dessert to that great feast.

Magistrate Claudius: Do them grace and bring them in.

[Exit Poloniusbot.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, he hath found
The source of all your son's anxiety.

Consort Garrison: I doubt it is none other than the main one,
his other father's death and our overhasty marriage.

Magistrate Claudius: Well, we shall see.

[Enter Poloniusbot with Translatron, with Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand and Cornelius, what from our brother,
Magistrate of Moon Base Norway?

Voltimand: Nothing but most excellent news.
After hearing us, the magistrate investigates
His nephew's armies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation against Moon Base Poland;
But, upon further inspection, he finds
It was indeed against your highness;
This discovered, the magistrate sends orders
for Fortinbras to cease this effort;
He obeys, and vows to never more
Raise arms against your majesty.
Norway's magistrate, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns;
And permission to employ those same soldiers
against Poland: With a treaty, herein,
[Gives a digital medium.]
Asking you to grant them peaceful passage
Through your sector for this enterprise.

Magistrate Claudius: It would be our pleasure;
We'll view this and finalize the agreement.
Meanwhile we thank you for your successful endeavor:
Go to your rest; tonight we'll feast together:
Welcome home!

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: This business is well ended.—
My lieges, — to examine
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night is night, and time is time.

Is nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
I will be brief: — your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is it but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Consort Garrison: More matter, with less art.

Poloniusbot: Bleep, bleep.

Translatron: I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true;
But forget it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and remains thus.
Consider:
I have a daughtertron, — have whilst she is mine, —
Who, in her duty and obedience,
Hath given me this: now conclude, and surmise.

Poloniusbot: *[Plays Recording.]*
'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Opheliatron,' —
'In her excellent chrome bosom, these words belong.'

Consort Garrison: Came this from Hamlet to her?

Poloniusbot: *(Clicks and whirs and spins).*

[Plays Holograph.]

'Doubt thou the stars are fusion;
Doubt that the Earth doth move;
Doubt truth to be occlusion;
But never doubt I love.
'O dear Opheliatron, These days I'm none too well;
I have not art to
reckon my groans: but that I love thee best,
O most best, believe
it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore, most dear lady,

whilst this body is to me,
HAMLET.'

Magistrate Claudius: But how hath she
Received his love?

Poloniusbot: Bleep?

Translatron: How do you think of me?

Magistrate Claudius: As a bot faithful and optimized.

Poloniusbot: *(Spins and whirs).*

Translatron: Allow me prove it. When first I heard of this
I did speak thusly to my young daughtertron:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, a human, out of thy sphere;
This must not be:' and then I told her,
That she should lock herself from his favor,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
She took the fruits of my advice;
And he, rejected,
Fell into this madness where now he raves,
And which we all wail for.

Magistrate Claudius: Do you think 'tis this?

Consort Garrison: It may be, very likely.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: Hath there ever been a time,
That I have positively said 'It is so,'
When it proved otherwise?

Magistrate Claudius: Not that I know.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep, bleep.

Translatron: Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[Points to Poloniusbot's upper frame and lower frame.]

Magistrate Claudius: We should test this further.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: You know sometimes he walks for hours on end
Here in the lobby.

Consort Garrison: He does indeed.

Poloniusbot: *(Spins and whirs).*

Translatron: At such a time I'll loose my daughtertron to him:
You and I can mark the encounter from
behind a tapestry,
to see if he love be the cause,
Of his fall from reason.
If it is not so,
Let me be no assistant to the state,
But instead keep a farm of craters.

Magistrate Claudius: We will try it.

Consort Garrison: But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep *(Spins).*

Translatron: I beseech you, let me hold discourse with him alone.

[Exeunt Magistrate, Consort, and Attendants.]

[Enter Hamlet, reading.]

[Hamlet interrupts Translatron as necessary]

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Hamlet: Well, God-a-mercy.

Poloniusbot: Bleep?

Translatron: Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet: Excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: Not I, my lord.

Hamlet: Then I would you were so honest a robot.

Poloniusbot: Bleep!

Translatron: Honest, my lord!

Hamlet: Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man
picked out of ten thousand.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: That's very true, my lord.

Hamlet: As true as the sun breed maggots in a dead dog —
Have you a daughtertron?

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: I have, my lord.

Hamlet: Let her not walk i' the sun:
humanity is a blessing, but not
as your daughtertron may become human:—
friend, look to it.

Poloniusbot: Bleep?— [*Aside.*] Bleep bleep. Bleep bleep.
(*Spins and whirs*). Bleep bleep.— Bleep bleep?

Translatron: What do you mean by that?—
[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughtertron:—
yet he did not know me at first;
he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone:
but yet in my youth I too suffered
much extremity for love; very near to this.
I'll speak to him again.— What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet: Words, words, words.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep (“*Gesturing*” towards Hamlet’s book).

Hamlet: Oh, this has nothing but slanders, sir:
for the satirist says here that old bots
have rust beards; that their metals are dented;
their exhausts purging thick soot and plum-tree gel;
and that they have a plentiful lack of circuitry,
together with most weak locomotion: all which,
sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe,
yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down;
for you yourself, sir, should be human as I am,
if, like an android, your machinery were of another age.

Poloniusbot: [*Aside.*] Bleep bleep (*whir*).—
Bleep.

Translatron: [*Aside.*] Though this be madness,
there is a method in it.—
I will leave him and contrive the means of a meeting
between him and my daughtertron.— My honorable
lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet: You cannot, sir, take from me anything
with which I will more willingly part,
—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Hamlet: These tedious old robots!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep. *(Flailing towards Hamlet).*

Rosencrantz: *[To Poloniusbot.]* God save you, sir!

[Exit Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

Ros. & Guildenstern: *[Simultaneously]* My *(honored)/(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 that we are not over-happy;
We are not the very feather in fortune's cap.

Hamlet: Nor the soles of her shoes?

Rosencrantz: Neither, my lord.

Hamlet: Then you live about her waist,
or in the middle of her favors?

Guildenstern: In private, yes.

Hamlet: In the private parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a
strumpet. What's the news?

Rosencrantz: None, my lord, but that the Moon's grown honest.

Hamlet: Then doomsday is near; but your news is not true.
Let me ask a more particular question:
what have you, my good friend...s,
done at the hands of fortune,
that she sends you to this prison?

Guildenstern: Prison, my lord!

Hamlet: The Moon's a prison.

Rosencrantz: Then the Universe is one.

Hamlet: A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Moon Base Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. & Guildenstern: We do not think so, my lord.

Hamlet: Why, then 'tis not one to you; for it is our thoughts that govern our perceptions: to me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz: Why, then, your ambition makes it one; Denmark is too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet: O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, if I didn't have bad dreams.
Shall we to the court?
For, by my faith, I cannot straighten my thoughts.

Ros. and Guildenstern: We'll attend you.

Hamlet: No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; But, in the beaten way of friendship, what brings you to Elsinore Sector?

Rosencrantz: To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet: Were you not sent for?
Come, deal justly with me: come; nay, speak.

Ros. & Guildenstern: What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet: Why, anything – but to the purpose.
There is a kind of confession in your looks.
I know the good magistrate and consort
have sent for you.

Rosencrantz: For what purpose, my lord?

Hamlet: That you must teach me.
But let me ask you, by the rights
of our friendship, whether you were sent for or not,
be even and direct with me.

Rosencrantz: [*To Guildenstern.*] What say you?

Hamlet: [*Aside.*] Ah, I see how it is. – If you love me, hold not off.

Guildestern: My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet: I will tell you why;
so my anticipation shall prevent your discovery,
and your secrecy to the magistrate and consort
shall be left intact.
I have of late,— I know not why,—lost all my mirth,
abandoned all customary exercises;
and indeed, it goes so
heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame,
the moon, seems to me a sterile promontory;
this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,
this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical
roof fretted with golden fire,—
why, it appears no other thing
to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.
What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!
in action how like an angel!
in apprehension, how like a god!
the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
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 do not delight in man,
the players shall provide you with scant entertainment:
we ran into them as we journeyed here;
and they are coming hither to offer you service.

Hamlet: He that plays the magistrate shall be welcome.
What players are they?

Rosencrantz: Those that you will delight in,—the
Tragedians of the Old Earth.

[Music within.]

Guildestern: That must be them.

Hamlet: Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore Sector.
Your hands, come: let me show you my friendship in
this; lest the outward joy which I must show to the

players, should overshadow our brotherhood.
You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-father
are deceived.

Guildenstern: In what, my dear lord?

Hamlet: I am but mad north-north-west:
when the Earth wanes southerly I
know a macaroon from a merengue.

[Enter Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep!

Translatron: Greetings, gentlemen!

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: My—

Hamlet: Bleep indeed! I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in
Rome,—

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: —

Hamlet: Buzz, buzz!

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: Up—

Hamlet: Then came each actor on his ass,—

Poloniusbot: Bleep, bleep.

Translatron: The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy,
history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,
tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral—

Hamlet: *[To Translatron]* Yes, yes, I heard him.
O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure thou hadst!

[Enter Players.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep?

Hamlet: You are welcome, masters; welcome, all—
I am glad to see thee

well. — we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

Player I: What speech, my lord?

Hamlet: I heard thee speak a speech once—
but it was never acted;
the play, I remember, pleased not the million;
It recounted the tale of the noble colony insurrection.
One said there were no flourishes, no
unnecessary extravagance in the lines.
One speech in it I chiefly loved: that of Priam's slaughter:
if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—
let me see, let me see:—
The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,—
it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—
'The rugged Pyrrhus splattered in crimson blood,
Wanders the streets, decked in the coagulate gore
Of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Seeking old grandsire Priam.
So, proceed you.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Player I: Anon he finds him, striking weakly at the Greeks.
Driving towards Priam,
Pyrrhus, in his rage, strikes wide,
But with the very wind of his swing,
The unnerved father falls.
Thus over him, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stands.
And does nothing, but as we see
Before a great storm, there was a silence in the heavens
And a hush, as of death,
Spread over the cratered orb.
Then, the vengeance sparks anew in Pyrrhus's eyes
And he swings downward with force enough
To splinter the very atoms of the air as his
Blow descended remorselessly on Priam.

Hamlet: Say on; come
to Hecuba.

Player I: But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen,—

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: Mobled queen is good.

Player I: Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With her tears; a cloth upon her head
In place of a crown, and for a robe, a blanket,
It was a sight that would force any who saw it
To rail against fortune with a venom'd tongue
And had the Gods themselves borne witness,
When she saw Pyrrhus making malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant, soul-torn cry that she made,—
Unless things mortal move them not at all,—
Would have burned the very eyes of heaven

Hamlet: 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—
Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Do you hear? Treat them well,
for they present the chronicles of the time;
after your death, you would be better
to have a bad epitaph than their
ill report while you live.

Poloniusbot: (*Spins and whirs*).

Hamlet: Follow him, friends. we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[Exeunt Poloniusbot with all the Players but the First.]

Old friend? Can you play 'The Murder of
Gonzago'?

Player I: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: We'll ha't to-morrow night.
You could, for a need, study a
few changes to the opening which I would set down and
insert in it? Could you not?

Player I: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: Very well.

[Exit First Player.]

—My good friends [*to Ros. and Guild.*], I'll leave you till
night: you are welcome to Elsinore Sector.

Rosencrantz: Good, my lord!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Hamlet:

Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!
Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
In but a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conception
That from his speaking, his visage waned;
Tears in his eyes,
A broken voice, and his whole function bent on
Forms of his imagination? 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 appall the free.
Yet I, I can say nothing, no, not for
A father murderously cleaved from his dear life.
Am I a coward? Who calls me villain?
Comets, I should take it. For it cannot be
But I am gutless, and lack courage
To make oppression bitter; or before this
I should have fatted all the moon's creatures
With the innards of this slave:
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
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 simple gutterswipe,
Oh damn it all to hell! — Turn about, my brain!
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
They have proclaimed their misdeeds;
I'll have these players play something like
The murder of my father. I'll observe his looks;
If he but pale in the least,
I know my course. The image that I have seen
May be some anomaly: or

The work of some lawless scoundrel who,
Preying on my weakness and melancholy,
Would spur me on to unjust murder.
I'll have grounds
More relative than this. — the play is the bait
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the magistrate.

[Exeunt]

Act III

Scene i—A room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate, Consort, Poloniusbot with Translatron, Opheliatron, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Magistrate Claudius: Have you been able to discover why he has been acting
With such turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Rosencrantz: He confesses he feels distracted,
But he will not speak of the cause.

Guildenstern: Instead he keeps aloof with a crafty madness.

Consort Garrison: Did he receive you well?

Rosencrantz: Most like a gentleman.

Consort Garrison: Has he shown interest in any pastime?

Rosencrantz: We told him of some players
Who are arrived from Earth,
And he seemed to take a kind of joy
In hearing it: they are about the court,
and, I think, they have already been ordered
To play before him this night.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: 'Tis most true;
And he requested that I invite your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

Magistrate Claudius: I am glad to hear him so inclined.—
Good gentlemen, see that he takes
full enjoyment from these delights.

Ros. and Guildenstern: We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Magistrate Claudius: Sweet Gary, leave us too;
For we have sent for Hamlet,
That here he may, as 'twere by accident,
Come upon Opheliatron:
Her fatherbot and I

Will bestow ourselves so that
We may frankly judge their encounter;
And gather from this
If it is love that causes his suffering.

Consort Garrison: I shall obey you:—
And for your part, Opheliatron, I wish
That your beauty is the cause
Of Hamlet's wildness and I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his proper ways again,
To both your honours.

Opheliatron: My lord, I hope you're right.

[Exit Consort.]

Poloniusbot: Opheliatron, Bleep.—*[To Opheliatron.]* Bleep, bleep.

Translatron: Opheliatron, walk here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will hide ourselves.—Read this book;
How common it is that we cover up our
deceptions with the image of devotion.

Magistrate Claudius: *[Aside.]* O, that speech gives my conscience such a blow!
Makeup on a harlot's face
does not conceal her sinful trade
Anymore than my most eloquent speech
covers my terrible deed.

Poloniusbot: Bleep!

[Exeunt Magistrate and Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Hamlet: To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a fate
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contempt,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
And the insolence of office,
When he himself might make his peace
With a bare dagger? Who would these burdens bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something
after death puzzles the will,
And makes us bear those ills we have rather
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the natural hue of our resolve
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And loses the name of action. — Soft you now!
The fair Opheliatron!

Opheliatron:

My good lord,
How does your honor this fine day?

Hamlet:

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Opheliatron:

My lord, I have gifts 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.

Opheliatron:

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
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?

Opheliatron:

My lord?

Hamlet:

Are you fair?

Opheliatron:

What do you mean?

Hamlet:

If you are honest and fair then your honesty
should not rely on your beauty.

Opheliatron: Could beauty, my lord,
have better commerce than honesty?

Hamlet: Undoubtedly; for the power of beauty
will sooner transform honesty into lechery
than the force of honesty can
shape beauty into his likeness:
I did love you once.

Opheliatron: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet: You should not have believed me; I loved you not.

Opheliatron: I was the more deceived.

Hamlet: Get thee to some utopian robotic colony:
why wouldst thou model thyself on
sinners? I could accuse myself of such things that
it would have been better had my fathers not cloned me:
I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;
with more offenses I could call up
than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape,
or time to act them out.
What should such fellows as I
do crawling between earth and heaven?
We are arrant naves, all;
believe none of us. Farewell.

Opheliatron: O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet: God hath given you circuits,
yet you hide behind a mask: you jig, you
amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures:
calling an oryctolagus carnivora a "moon bunny;"
you turn your logic into uncertainty.
I'll speak no more on it; it hath made me mad.
If thou dost marry human and robotic ways,
even if thou be as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape suffering.
Or, if thou must marry, marry a man, marry a fool;
for wise men know what monsters you make of them.
To a robotopia, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Opheliatron: O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet: I say, we will have no more marriages:
those that are married alerady,

all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.
To a robotopia, go.

[Exeunt]

Opheliatron: O, what a noble mind is here overthrown!
The scholar's tongue, the soldier's skill,
The pride of the whole sector,
And I, now the most deject and wretched of ladies,
Once sucked the honey of his musical vows;
O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[Re-enter Magistrate and Poloniusbot.]

Magistrate Claudius: His affections do not tend towards love;
and though what he said lacked form,
it was not like madness.
I do not doubt that his erratic ways will be dangerous
if left unchecked:—he shall be sent to Earth:
Hopefully the change of setting will settle him.
What do you think of it?

Poloniusbot: *(Displays LEDs).*—Bleep, Opheliatron!
(Clicks and whirs).

Translatron: It shall do well: but I still believe
The origin of his grief sprung from neglected love.
—How now, Opheliatron!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let the consort alone with him
To hear his grief: see if he will be straight with his father;
And I'll be placed, if it pleases you, in earshot
Of all their conference. If he discovers nothing,
To Earth send him.

Magistrate Claudius: It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[Exeunt.]

Scene ii—A hall in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet and certain Players.]

Hamlet: Play the scene, I pray you, exactly as I gave it to you. Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. I would have a fellow whipped for overdoing his role. Pray you avoid it.

Player I: I understand my lord.

Hamlet: Be not too tame neither; suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

Player I: I hope we have fixed any inadequacies, sir.

Hamlet: Salutations, Horation!

[Enter Horation.]

Horation: Salutations, lord, at your service.

Hamlet: Horation, thou art the embodiment of what a man should be.

Horation: O, my dear lord,—

Hamlet: Nay, I do not flatter;
Thou hast been a man that has taken
Fortune's toils and rewards
With equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune to
play what tune she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
in my heart's heart, as I do thee.—But enough of this.—
There is a play tonight before the magistrate;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Of my father's death: when thou see'st that act a-foot
Observe mine uncle: if his hidden guilt
Does not unveil itself in this performance,
It is a damned anomaly that we have seen.

Horation: Very well, my lord:
If he shows a reaction and I do not detect it,
Then these scanners are not worth
the metal they are made of.

Hamlet: They are coming. I must be idle:
Take a seat.

[Danish march. A flourish. Enter Magistrate, Consort, Poloniusbot with Translatron, Opheliatron, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and others.]

Magistrate Claudius: How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Hamlet: Excellent, i' faith; I feed off the promise-crammed air.

Magistrate Claudius: This answer means nothing, Hamlet.

Hamlet: My lord, you played once in the university, you say? *[To Poloniusbot]*.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet: What did you enact?

Poloniusbot: *(Spins and whirs)*.

Translatron: I did enact Stanley in A Streetcar Named Desire.

Hamlet: You would have probably been better as a Julius Caesar.

Consort Garrison: Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Hamlet: No, good father, here's metal more attractive.

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep? *[To the Magistrate]*.

Translatron: O, ho! do you mark that? *[To the Magistrate]*.

Hamlet: Lady, shall I lie in your legs?

[Lying down at Opheliatron's feet.]

Opheliatron: No, my lord.

Hamlet: I mean, my head upon your lap?

Opheliatron: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: Do you think I meant private matters?

Opheliatron: I think nothing, my lord.

Hamlet: That's a fair thing to lie between robots' legs.

Opheliatron: What is, my lord?

Hamlet: Nothing.

Opheliatron: You are joking, my lord.

Hamlet: Who, I?

Opheliatron: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: What should a man do but joke?
look how cheerfully my father looks, and my father died
two hours ago.

Opheliatron: Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet: So long? Well then, let the devil mourn.
Heavens! Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope a great man's memory
may outlive his life half a year.

Pro.: For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet: Is this a prologue, or trivial sentiment?

Opheliatron: 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet: As is love.

[Trumpets sound. The Players.]

[Enter a Player Magistrate and a Player Consort very happily. Consort kneels, and makes show of obedience and love unto him.]

Consort Garrison: My good lord, here is the information
thou hast requested. It is an honor and a pleasure to
serve alongside of thee.

[Magistrate Claudius: Stands P. Cons. up, and acknowledges only the functional value of their relationship, ignoring any emotion.]

Magistrate Claudius: Acknowledged, it is advantageous for us
to maintain the functionality of these offices.

Consort Garrison: As long as I may live I will never love a lord

as I love thee.

Magistrate Claudius: *[Emotionless]* There is no greater honor.

[Consort seems satisfied by Magistrate's emotional indifference, Magistrate makes no outward notice.]

Hamlet: How do you like this play, father?

Consort Garrison: The consort settles for too little, methinks.

[Magistrate reclines in an arboretum: Consort, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the magistrate's ear, and exit. The Magistrate dies. The Consort returns, finds the Magistrate dead, and makes passionate action.]

Opheliatron: The Magistrate rises.

Hamlet: What, is the play too scary?

Consort Garrison: How fares my lord?

Poloniusbot: Bleep! Bleep bleep! *(Whirs)*

Translatron: Stop the play!

Magistrate Claudius: Give me some light:—away!

All: Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horation.]

Hamlet: O good Horation, I'll take the hologram's word for a thousand pound! Did you see it?

Horation: Very well, my lord.

Hamlet: Upon the talk of the poisoning?—

Horation: I noted him well.

Hamlet: Ah, ha!—Come, some music! Come, the holophoners!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Guildenstern: My good lord, might I have a word with you.

Hamlet: Sir, you may have a whole history.

Guildenstern: The magistrate, sir—

Hamlet: Ay, sir, what of him?

Guilkenstern: He is pissed, my lord.

Hamlet: Piss-drunk, sir?

Guilkenstern: No, my lord; burning with rage.

Hamlet: It would be wiser for you to tell this to the doctor.

Guilkenstern: My good lord, put your discourse into some frame, and do not start so wildly about me.

Hamlet: I am tame, sir:—speak.

Guilkenstern: Your father, the consort, hath sent me to you.

Hamlet: Well then, you are welcome here.

Guilkenstern: Nay, my good lord, that is not how I mean. If it shall please you to give me a straightforward answer, I will do your father's bidding: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Hamlet: Sir, I cannot.

Guilkenstern: What, my lord?

Hamlet: Give you a straightforward answer; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my father shall command: therefore no more, but to the point: my father, you say,—

Rosencrantz: He says: your behaviour hath struck him into amazement and wonder.

Hamlet: O wonderful son, that can so astonish a father!— So he merely sent you to deliver his praise?

Rosencrantz: He desires to speak with you in his chamber before you go to bed.

Hamlet: We shall obey, were he ten times our father. Anything further?

Rosencrantz: My lord, you loved us once.

Hamlet: And so I still do, by these snatcher-grabbers.

Rosencrantz: My good lord, what is disturbing you? You do, surely, stand in the way of your own recovery if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Hamlet: Sir, I lack advancement.

Rosencrantz: How can that be, when the magistrate himself proclaims you next in line for the magistratedom?

Hamlet: Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows the horse starves,' or so they say.

[Re-enter the Players, with holophoners.]

O, the holophoners:—let me see one.—
Step aside with me:—why are you stalking me like a hunter, as if you would drive me into a snare?

Guildenstern: O my lord, if I am trying greatly to uncover your secrets it's because my love for you is also great.

Hamlet: I do not understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildenstern: My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet: I pray you.

Guildenstern: Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet: I do beseech you.

Guildenstern: I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet: 'Tis as easy as lying: cover these holes, give it breath, and it will produce most eloquent music and beautiful images. Look you, these are the stops.

Guildenstern: But I have not the skill to command these to any utterance of harmony.

Hamlet: Why, look you now, what an unworthy thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my range; and there is much music, an excellent voice, in this little organ, yet you cannot make it speak. Comets! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[Enter Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

God bless you, sir!

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: My lord, the consort wishes to speak with you,
and soon.

Hamlet: I will come by and by.

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: I will say so.

Hamlet: By and by is easily bleeped.

[Exit Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

—Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt Ros, Guil., Horation, and Players.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now I could drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my father.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; I will speak daggers to him,
but use none; Let my tongue and soul in this be
hypocrites.

[Exeunt]

Scene iii—A room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

Magistrate Claudius: I like this not; it is not safe for us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare yourself;
I will dispatch you both to escort
Hamlet to Moon Base England,
We will contain this threat
that grows hourly out of his lunacy.

Ros. and Guildenstern: We will make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

[Enter Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep.

Translatron: My lord, he's going to his father's chamber:
I'll hide myself therein, as you wisely bid me do,
To observe the process; Farewell, my liege:
I'll call upon you before you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Magistrate Claudius: Thanks, my dear rovat.

[Exeunt Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, —
A brother's murder! — I can not pray,
Though I am strongly inclined:
My intentions are overpowered by my guilt;
What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, —
Is there not enough rain in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? But, O, what form of prayer
Can pardon me? Forgive me my foul murder! —
That cannot be; since I still possess
Those things for which I committed the murder, —
My crown, mine own ambition, and my husband.
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O tainted soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more bound! I shall make an attempt:
Angels help me, Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart,
with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

[Retires and kneels.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Hamlet: Now might I do it, now he is praying;
And now I'll do it; — and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. — that would be scanned:

A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, send this same villain
To heaven.
O, this would be a cheap revenge.
He killed my father while he was sleeping,
Without a chance to confess his sins;
All his crimes full blown;
Up, sword, and know thou a less graceful time:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. The consort waits:
Thine praying but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exeunt]

[The Magistrate rises and advances.]

Magistrate Claudius: My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[Exeunt]

Scene iv—Another room in the castle.

[Enter Consort and Poloniusbot with Translatron.]

Poloniusbot: Bleep bleep.

Translatron: He will be here soon. Look you lay into him:
Tell him his shenanigans have gone too far,
And that your grace hath stood between
Him and much heat. I'll silence me over here.
Pray you, be blunt with him.

Hamlet: *[Within.]* Father, father, father!

Consort Garrison: Do not fear:—Stow thyself; I hear him coming.

[Poloniusbot and Translatron go behind the arras.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Hamlet: Now, father, what's the matter?

Consort Garrison: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet: Father, you have my father much offended.

Consort Garrison: Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet: What's the matter now?

Consort Garrison: Have you forgot me?

Hamlet: No, by the Earth, not so:
You are the Consort Prime,
your lord's brother's husband,
And, — would it were not so! — you are my father.

Consort Garrison: Fine, I'll send someone else to speak to thee.

Hamlet: Come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I show you a mirror
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Consort Garrison: What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? —
Help, help, ho!

Poloniusbot: *[Behind.]* Bleep! Bleep, bleep, bleep!

Translatron: *[Behind]* Help! Help, help, help!

Hamlet: How now? a rat? *[Draws].*
Dead for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras.]

Poloniusbot: *[Behind.]* (Robot sparking and powering down)

[Falls and dies.]

Translatron: *[Behind].* O, I am slain!

Consort Garrison: O my, what hast thou done?

Hamlet: Nay, I know not: is it the magistrate?

[Draws forth Poloniusbot, Translatron follows.]

Consort Garrison: Dammit Hamlet!

Hamlet: A petty deed! — not nearly as bad, good father,
As kill a magistrate and marry with his brother.

Consort Garrison: As kill a magistrate!

Hamlet: Ay, 'twas my word. —
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[To Poloniusbot].
 Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
 If your habits have not hardened it against reason.

Consort Garrison: What have I done, that you speak so rudely to me?

Hamlet: You have committed such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue hypocrite; such a deed
 that plunders the very soul.

Consort Garrison: Ah me, what act roars so loud and
 thunders upon your conscience?

Hamlet: Look here upon this picture, and on this, —
 See what a grace was seated on this brow;
 The face of Jupiter himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A stance like Mercury on a heavenly hill:
 He was a god among men and a king among gods!
 This was your lord. — Look you now what follows:
 Here is your husband, like a milldew'd ear
 Blighting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; at your age
 The passion in the blood is tame,
 it waits upon the judgment:
 and what judgment would step from this to this?
 O shame! where is thy blush?

Consort Garrison: O Hamlet, speak no more:
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such blackness etched
 That there is no trace of it's former color.

Hamlet: Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of a greasy bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty filth, —

Consort Garrison: O, speak to me no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Hamlet: A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not a twentieth part of a tenth
Of your precedent lord;
A thief of the empire and the rule,
That stole the precious crown from a shelf
And put it in his pocket!

Consort Garrison: No more.

Hamlet: A king of shreds and patches! —

[Enter Hologram.]

Angels, save me and hover o'er me with your wings,

Consort Garrison: Alas, he's mad!

Hamlet: Do you come to scold your tardy son,
That, lacking time and passion,
delays acting on your dread command?
O, say!

Hologram: Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look at thy father's bewilderment:
Step between him and his confusion, —
Such emotions work strongest in the weakest bodies, —
Speak to him, Hamlet.

Hamlet: How is it with you, lord?

Consort Garrison: Alas, how is it with you,
That you do stare at vacancy,
And converse with the very air?
Your eyes dart as if possessed;
Gentle son, stifle the flame of thy madness!
What do you look upon?

Hamlet: On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His fury and cause together could move
stones to action. —
Do not look upon me!

Consort Garrison: To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet: Do you see nothing there?

Consort Garrison: Nothing but the room.

Hamlet: Nor did you nothing hear?

Consort Garrison: No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet: Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!

[Exit Hologram.]

Consort Garrison: This is only a creation of your mind.

Hamlet: Of my mind!
My pulse, as yours, keeps steady time:
It is not madness that I have uttered.
Father, for the love of grace,
Repent what you have done, do no further;
And forgive me my desire for virtue;
For in these times virtue must beg forgiveness from vice.

Consort Garrison: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet: O, throw away the worser part of it,
And with the other half live more purely.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good-night:
And when you desire to be bles'd,
A blessing I'll beg of you. —
For I do repent the destruction
of this lord, *[Pointing to Poloniusbot.]*
but heaven hath pleased it,
To punish me with this, and this with me;
I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will assume responsibility for
The death I gave him. So again, good-night. —
One more word, good father.

Consort Garrison: What shall I do?

Hamlet: By no means
Let the bloat magistrate tempt you again to bed;
Lewdly pinch your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Make you divulge that I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. No. Let him know,
For only a noble father would conceal
Things from such a grotesque fiend.

Consort Garrison: Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Hamlet: I must go to Earth; you know that?

Consort Garrison: Alack,
I had forgot: it was concluded.

Hamlet: My two schoolfellows, —
Whom I will trust as I would moon rabbits, —
Bear the orders; they must clear my way
And usher me to treachery. Let it work;
For 'tis in high fasion to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.
I'll lug the bits into the garbage room. —
Father, good-night. —
Indeed, this counsellorbot is now most grave,
Who was in life a malfunctioning knave.
Come, bot, off to the dumpster with you: —
Good night, father.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet, dragging out Poloniusbot, Translatron following.]

Act IV

Scene i—A room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate, Consort, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Magistrate Claudius: You seem distraught, what is the reason for these sighs?
Where is your son?

Consort Garrison: Grant us peace alone for a while.

[To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what I have seen to-night!

Magistrate Claudius: What, Gary? How's Hamlet?

Consort Garrison: Mad as a solar flare:
Hearing something stir behind the curtain, he
Whips out his blade, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this crazed apprehension, kills
The unseen good old robot.

Magistrate Claudius: O heavy deed!
It could have been me, had I been there:
His freedom is a threat to us all;
Alas, how shall I respond to this bloody deed?
The duty falls to me.
I should have restrained this mad young man,
But my love for him was so great that
I would not understand what was best;
Where has he gone?

Consort Garrison: To dispose of the robot he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his madness shows itself pure.
He weeps for what is done.

Magistrate Claudius: O Gary, come away!
The sun shall no sooner touch the craters
Than I shall ship him hence:
I must with all my majesty and skill
Make this vile deed more palatable to the masses
—Ho, Guildenstern!

[Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Hamlet in his madness hath Poloniusbot slain,
Go seek him out; speak to him as friends,
and bring the body
Into the chapel. Please, make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Come, Gary, I'll gather the region's respected lords;
And let them know both what I mean to do
And what's been untimely done:
so hopefully slander at this deed
May miss my name.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

Scene ii—Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Hamlet: Safely stowed.

Ros. and Guildenstern: *[Within].* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Hamlet: What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Rosencrantz: What have you done, my lord, with the dead robot?

Hamlet: Compiled it with dust.

Rosencrantz: Tell us where it is, that we may bear it to the chapel.

Hamlet: Do not believe it.

Rosencrantz: Believe what?

Hamlet: That I can trust you and not myself.
Besides, for a sponge to make demands!
—what reply should be made by the son of a magistrate?

Rosencrantz: Do you take us for a sponge, my lord?

Hamlet: Ay, sir; that soaks up the Magistrate's
orders and rewards.
But when he needs what you have absorbed,

He will squeeze you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again.

Rosencrantz: I do not understand you, my lord.

Hamlet: I am glad of it: a cunning linguist
arouses not the foolish ear.

Rosencrantz: My lord, you must tell us where the body is
and go with us to the Magistrate.

Hamlet: The body is with the Magistrate,
but the Magistrate is not with the body.
The Magistrate is a thing,—

Guildestern: A thing, my lord!

Hamlet: Of nothing: bring me to him.

[Exeunt.]

Scene iii—Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate, attended.]

Magistrate Claudius: I have sent attendants to seek him and to find the body.
It is a great danger that this man goes loose!
Yet I must not put him to trial:
He's loved by the distracted multitude,
Who follow not their judgment, but their hearts;
Where this is so, the offender's punishment is weighed,
But never the crime.
To keep everything smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Thoughtful and deliberate.

[Enter Rosencrantz, half outside.]

How now! what has occurred?

Rosencrantz: He will not tell us
Where the dead robot is bestowed, my lord.

Magistrate Claudius: But where is he?

Rosencrantz: Outside, my lord; guarded.

Magistrate Claudius: Bring him before me.

Rosencrantz: Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.

[Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.]

Magistrate Claudius: Now, Hamlet, where's Poloniusbot?

Hamlet: At supper.

Magistrate Claudius: At supper! where?

Hamlet: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of oxidizations are at him.
Your fat king and boxy robot are but two dishes
on the same table. In the end, time makes iron oxide
of us all, and, did you know that the vast majority of
digital information is stored in drives made of
iron oxide?

Magistrate Claudius: What dost thou mean by this?

Hamlet: Nothing but to show how pornography may be stored
in the blood and guts of a magistrate.

Magistrate Claudius: Where is Poloniusbot?

Hamlet: In heaven: send a messenger to check:
if he does not find him there,
seek him in the commingled recycling yourself.

Magistrate Claudius: Go seek him in the dumpster. *[To some Attendants.]*

Hamlet: He will stay till you get there.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Magistrate Claudius: Hamlet for thine own safety,
We must send thee away.
Prepare thyself; The ship is ready, and everything is set
For Earth.

Hamlet: For Earth!

Magistrate Claudius: Ay, Hamlet.

Hamlet: Good.

Magistrate Claudius: So it is, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Hamlet: Save your knowledge for your guts.

Come; for Earth!—

[Exeunt]

Magistrate Claudius: Follow him and do not delay;
I'll send him off tonight: all has been taken care of.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

And, Earth, if you value my good will,—
Which it would be wise for you to do,
Since your scars are still raw
From the day of Lunar Independence,—
you may not neglect our sovereign process;
Which demands, with all urgency,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, Earth;
For I will not rest 'til I know it is done.

[Exeunt]

Scene iv—A plain in Denmark.

[Enter Fortinbras, and Forces marching.]

Fortinbras: Go, Captain, greet the Danish magistrate:
Tell him that, by his previous agreement, Fortinbras
Seeks to transport his forces through this sector.

Captain: I will do't, my lord.

[Exeunt all For. and Forces.]

[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.]

Hamlet: Good sir, whose soldiers are these?

Captain: They are of Norway, sir.

Hamlet: For what purpose, may I ask?

Captain: To invade some part of Moon Base Poland.

Hamlet: Who commands them?

Captain: The nephew to Norway's magistrate, Fortinbras.

Hamlet: Goes it against Poland's Main Base, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Captain: We go to gain a barren crater
That hath in it no profit but the name.

Hamlet: Why, then they never will defend it.

Captain: They have already stationed troops on the perimeter.

Hamlet: Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not settle this matter.
This is the infection of much wealth and peace,
I humbly thank you, sir.

Captain: God be with you, sir.

[Exeunt]

Rosencrantz: Will you please continue, my lord?

Hamlet: I'll be with you soon. Go on ahead.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

All that I see reminds me of my incomplete revenge!
What is a man, if his chief good
Is but to sleep and feed? He's a beast, no more.
Surely he that made us with such large discourse,
Did not give us that godlike reason
To fester in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven practice,
Of thinking too precisely on the event, I do not know
Why I live to say 'This is left to do;'
Since I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Witness this army, of such size and force,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that chance, death, and danger,
Even for a wasteland. How do I stand then,
That have a father killed, another stained,
Desires of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? While, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That go to their graves like beds; fighting for a plot
Which would not make a tomb large enough

To hide the slain?
—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exeunt]

Scene v—Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

[Enter Consort, Gentleman, and Horation.]

Consort Garrison: I will not speak with her.

Gentleman: She is distant, indeed malfunctioning,
as though crucial programs have been deleted:
her mood deserves pity.

Consort Garrison: What does she want?

Gentleman: Her speech carries but half-sense.
She talks much of her fatherbot; says she hears
There's deceptions shrouding the moon,
she screams and flails wildly.
Her speech is illogical, it carries but half sense.
She winks and gestures in such ways that the hearers
botch up her words to fill their own tempting thoughts.

Horation: Twere good she were spoken with,
She may strew dangerous notions in ill-breeding minds.

Consort Garrison: Let her come in.

[Exit Gentleman.]

To my sick soul, every innocent event
Seems Prologue to some great amiss:

[Enter Opheliatron.]

Opheliatron: Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Consort Garrison: How now, Opheliatron?

Opheliatron: *[Sings].*
How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and' staff

And his sandal shoon.

Consort Garrison: Alas, sweet lady, what is the reason for this song?

Opheliatron: Pray you, mark.
[Sings].
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

[Enter Magistrate Claudius:]

Consort Garrison: Alas, look here, my lord!

Opheliatron: *[Sings].*
Bedecked all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.

Magistrate Claudius: How are you, my lady?

Opheliatron: They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
Lord, we know what we are,
but know not what we may be.
God be at your table!

Magistrate Claudius: Fantasies about her fatherbot.

Opheliatron: Pray you, let's have no talk of this;
but when they ask you what
it means, say this:
[Sings].
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning bedtime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And opened the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

Magistrate Claudius: Pretty Opheliatron!

Opheliatron: Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:
[Sings].
By Christ 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 promis'd me to wed.
So I woulda' done, by yonder sun,
Hadst thou not come to my bed.

Magistrate Claudius: How long has she been like this?

Opheliatron: I hope all will be well. But I can but weep,
to think they would dissemble him and scrap his parts.
My brother shall know of it:
and so I thank you for your audience.
—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night,
sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exeunt]

Magistrate Claudius: Follow her close; watch her well, I pray you.

[Exit Horation.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it all springs
From her fatherbot's death. O Gary,
When sorrows come, they come not as single meteors,
But as whole showers! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone;
the people are restless in their thoughts
They whisper about good Poloniusbot's death;
we have given him meager ceremonies: poor Opheliatron
Divided from herself and her fair judgment.
Her brother has come in secret from Moon Base France;
And has no lack of buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his fatherbot's death.

[A noise within.]

Consort Garrison: Alack, what's that noise?

Magistrate Claudius: Where are my cyborgs? Let them guard the door.

[Enter a Gentleman.]

What is the matter?

Gentleman: Save yourself, my lord:
The solar tide eats not the flats of
Mercury with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, with an armed mob,
Marches on your offices. The rabble call him lord.

Danes: Laertes shall be magistrate!

Consort Garrison: How cheerfully they cry!
O, this is betrayal, you false Danish dogs!

[Noise from within]

Magistrate Claudius: They've broken the doors.

[Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.]

Laertes: Where is this vile magistrate?—
Sirs, all of you, stand outside.

Danes: We will.

Laertes: Now to you, give me my fatherbot!

Consort Garrison: Calmly, good Laertes.

Laertes: That circuit that's calm proclaims me bastard.

Magistrate Claudius: What is the cause of this rebellion?—
Let him go, Gary; tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gary:—
Speak, man.

Laertes: Where is my fatherbot?

Magistrate Claudius: Dead.

Consort Garrison: But not by him.

Magistrate Claudius: Let him demand his fill.

Laertes: How came he dead? I'll not be toyed with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
I dare damnation:
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my fatherbot.

Magistrate Claudius: What shall sate your thirst for revenge?

Laertes: No force in all the world except that of my will.

Magistrate Claudius: Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the details
Of your dear fatherbot's death, will you, in your revenge
slay both friend and foe?

Laertes: None but his enemies.

Magistrate Claudius: Why, now you speak
Like a good robot and a true gentleman.
I am guiltless of your fatherbot's death,
And grieve most deeply for it.

Danes: *[Within]* Let her come in.

Laertes: How now! What noise is that?

[Re-enter Opheliatron, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.]

O heat, melt these wires! Tears corrode this metal!—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Opheliatron!—
O heavens! is it possible a young robot's wits
Should be as fragile as an old robot's life?

Opheliatron: *[Sings].*
They bore him barefac'd on the bier
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes: It would not move me more
If you had your senses and persuaded me to revenge.

Opheliatron: You must sing 'Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a.' O, how this refrain becomes it!
It is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughtertron.

Laertes: How pregnant her words are.

Opheliatron: There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love,
remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes: A document in madness.

Opheliatron: There's fennel for you, and columbines:—
there's rue for you;

and here's some for me.

O, you must wear your rue with a difference.

—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets,
but they withered all when my fatherbot died:

—they say he made a good end,—

[Sings].

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laertes: Her thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell itself,
She turns all to charm and prettiness.

Opheliatron: *[Sings].*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
God have mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, God b' wi' ye.

[Exeunt]

Laertes: Do you see this, O God?

Magistrate Claudius: Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you do me wrong. Go consult your wisest friends,
And they shall hear and judge between you and me.
If they find me guilty, I will give to you my sectors,
My title, my life, and all that I call mine; but if not,
Lend me your patience,
And we shall jointly labor to give your soul
The peace it is due.

Laertes: It shall be so; there is much that cries for answers:
His means of death, his obscure services,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment over his casing,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
I must call all these things into question.

Magistrate Claudius: So you shall;
And where the offense is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.]

Scene vi—Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Horation and a Servant.]

Horation: Who wishes to speak with me?

Servant: Spacemen, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Horation: Let them come in.

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of space
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

[Enter Spacemen.]

Sailor I: God bless you, sir.

Horation: Let him bless thee too.

Spaceman.: There's a letter for you if
your name be Horation.
It comes from the ambassador that was bound for Earth.

Horation: *[Reads.]* 'Noble Horation, when thou hast read this,
see to it that these men are allowed access to the
magistrate: they have letters for him.
Ere we were two days out at space, a pirate of
very warlike standing gave us chase.
Finding ourselves too slow of thrust,
we forced ourselves to bravery,
and in the ensuing battle I boarded them:
at that instant they got clear of our ship;
so I alone became their prisoner.
They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy:
but they knew my status; I am to do a good turn for
them. Let the magistrate have the letters I have sent;
and proceed to me as swiftly as thou wouldst fly death.
I have words to speak in thine ear that will strike thee
dumb. These good fellows will bring thee to where I am.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for
Earth: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
HAMLET.'
Come, I will give you means to the magistrate;

[Exeunt.]

Scene vii—Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Magistrate and Laertes.]

Magistrate Claudius: Now you know the truth of the matter,
Let your mind acquit me of these crimes
and trust me as a friend.
He who hath slain your noble fatherbot
Pursu'd my life as well.

Laertes: It well appears:—but tell me
Why you took no action against these offenses,
So criminal and so capital in nature.

Magistrate Claudius: For two reasons;
Which may perhaps seem weak to you,
But to me they are most strong. Garrison, his father
Lives almost by his looks; and,
whether it is my virtue or my plague,
The consort is so central to my life and soul,
That, as the planets are bound to their orbits,
my actions revolve around him. My other motive
For not bringing him to trial
Is the great love the general public bear him;
They would transform his faults into graces and
Turn the whole affair around so that I seem the criminal.

Laertes: And so I have a noble fatherbot lost;
A sister driven to system instability,—
Whose perfection was unequaled on Earth or Moon:—
but my revenge will come.

Magistrate Claudius: Waste no energy concerning that:—you must not think
That I am made of stuff so flat and dull
That I will let my beard be shook by danger,
And think it pastime.
I lov'd your father, and I love myself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

[Enter a Messenger.]

How now! What news?

Messenger: Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This for your majesty; this for the consort.

Magistrate Claudius: From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Messenger: Spacemen, my lord; I saw them not:
They were given to me by Benvolion.

Magistrate Claudius: Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads] 'High and mighty,—
You shall know I am set naked on your Magistratedom.
To-morrow I shall beg leave to see your kindly eyes:
when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,
recount the occasions of my sudden return.
HAMLET.'

What does this mean? — 'Naked!' —
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
Can you decipher it?

Laertes: I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the sickness in my circuitry
That I shall have a chance to tell him to his face,
'Thus didest thou.'

Magistrate Claudius: If it be so, Laertes,—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laertes: Ay, my lord;
As long as you will not o'errule my vengeance.

Magistrate Claudius: I will uphold it. With Hamlet now returned,
I will devise a plan by which he shall inescapably fall:
And even his father shall dismiss the incident
And call it accident.

Laertes: My lord, though I will be ruled;
I'd rather if you could orchestrate it so
That I might be the instrument of Hamlet's demise.

Magistrate Claudius: It plays out well.
You have been much talked of since your travel
For your skill at swordplay,
Wherein they say you shine.

Laertes: Yes, my lord?

Magistrate Claudius: Two months ago,
A gentleman of Moon Base France,
Normandy Sector, was here—

Laertes: Upon my life, Lamord.

Magistrate Claudius: The very same. He praised you greatly;
And gave you such a masterly report
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you. Sir, this report of his
So envenomed Hamlet with envy
That he could do nothing but wish and beg
Your coming o'er, to try his skill against your own.
Now—

Laertes: What of this, my lord?

Magistrate Claudius: Laertes, was your fatherbot dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laertes: Why do you ask this?

Magistrate Claudius: Not that I think you did not love your fatherbot;
But what would you undertake
To show yourself your fatherbot's son more in deed
Than in words?

Laertes: I'd cut Hamlet's throat i' the church.

Magistrate Claudius: Indeed, Revenge should have no bounds.
But, good Laertes, will you do this,
stay within your chum Bernardo
Hamlet shall know you have returned:
We'll send to him those that shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you;
We will then wager on your skills: he,
Being unsuspecting, will not examine the swords;
with a little shuffling, you may choose
A blade with a fatal power level,
And, with a devious thrust,
you may repay him for your father.

Laertes: I will do't:
And for that purpose I'll anoint my laser.

I have in my possession a poison
So deadly that if it but scratch you,
Whether you be man or machine,
No antidote can save you from death.

Magistrate Claudius: Let me think further on this;
This undertaking must have a backup in case it fails,
Let me see:— I ha't:
I'll prepare for him a poisoned chalice from which
he may drink when he becomes hot and
parched with sport;
If he by chance escape your venom'd strike,
Our purpose may hold there.

[Enter Cons.]

How now, sweet Consort!

Consort Garrison: One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laertes: Drown'd! Where?

Consort Garrison: In the boreal preserve, there is a willow tree
That reaches out across the lake.
There she went with fantastic garlands of flowers:
Of nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That our cynical maids call dead men's fingers.
There, on the unstable boughs, struggling
To hang her coronet of weeds,
an envious branch gave way
And she tumbled into the melancholy pool.
Her clothes spread out wide around her;
And for awhile, mermaid-like, they bore her up.
All the while she chanted snatches of old tunes
As though unaware of her own distress,
But it was not long before her garments,
Heavy with their drink,
pull'd down the unfortunate doll
And flooded her delicate circuitry.

Laertes: Alas, then she is drown'd?

Consort Garrison: Drown'd, drown'd.

Laertes: Thou hast had too much of water, poor Opheliatron,
And therefore I shall inhibit my tears: but yet

It is our trick; so are we designed,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
They will take with them my unmanly nature.—
Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that seeks to blaze,
But this flawed emotion drowns it.

[Exeunt]

Magistrate Claudius: Let's follow, Gary;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.]

Act V

Scene i—A churchyard.

[Enter two Gravediggers, with spades, &c. Gravedigger 1 is a robot]

- Gravedigger I:** Is she to be given a Christian burial when she sought her own destruction?
- Gravedigger II:** I tell thee she is; the coroner hath examined her, and finds it should be a Christian burial.
- Gravedigger I:** How can that be, unless she drowned herself in self defence? Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, by his will that he goes, but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, if the coroner be correct, which I fear he is, this young robot was the victim of some aquatic assault.
- Gravedigger II:** Will you have the truth of the matter? If this had not been a bot of high standing, she would have been buried out o' Christian rites.
- Gravedigger I:** Why, there you're right: and more's the pity that great folk should have privilege in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their fellow Christians.— Come, my spade. I'll ask thee a question: Who builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
- Gravedigger II:** The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.
- Gravedigger I:** No. A robot.
- Gravedigger II:** —
- Gravedigger I:** Fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Second Gravedigger.]

[Enter Hamlet and Horation]

[Digs and sings.]

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;
To spend all my time with my chrome bosomed dove,
And to all other plans delete.

Hamlet: Has this robot no feeling for his business,
that he sings at grave-making?

Horation: Custom hath made it easy for him.

Hamlet: So it is: the hand and soul grow ever more calloused
Through their bitter repetitions.

Gravedigger I: *[Sings.]*

But time and duty, with stealing steps,
Have clawed me in their grasp,
And shipped me hence into the dirt,
With no regard for my past.

[Throws up a skull.]

Hamlet: That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once:
how the knave hurls it to the ground,
as if 'twere Hitler's jawbone!
This might be the head of a politician,
which this ass now gets the better of.

Horation: It might, my lord.

Hamlet: Or of a courtier, which could say
'Good morrow, sweet lord!
How dost thou, good lord?'
Where be his possessions and distinctions now?
Even the very deeds to his lands would scarcely
fit inside this box.

Horation: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: And now jawless, and knocked about the head
with a gravedigger's spade: here's a fine class revolution,
an we had the luck to see't.

Gravedigger I: *[Sings.]*

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
O, and a shrouding sheet;
A pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest as me.

Hamlet: Whose grave's this, sir?

Gravedigger I: Mine, sir.
[Sings.]
 O, a pit of clay for to be made
 For such a guest as me.

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

Gravedigger I: You lie outside it, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours:
 as for me, 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 is a lie.
 'Tis for the dead, not for the living; therefore thou liest.

Gravedigger I: 'Tis a lie with a life of its very own, sir.

Hamlet: What man dost thou dig it for?

Gravedigger I: For no man, sir.

Hamlet: What woman then?

Gravedigger I: For none neither.

Hamlet: Who is to be buried in't?

Gravedigger I: One that was a robot, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet: How literal the knave is! We must speak accurately, or
 ambiguity will undo us.
 —How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Gravedigger I: Of all days, I came to it the day that our
 late Magistrate Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet: How long is it since then?

Gravedigger I: You don't know? every fool knows that:
 for it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,
 —he that is mad, and sent off to Earth.

Hamlet: Ay, marry, why was he sent into Earth?

Gravedigger I: Why, because he was mad:
 he shall recover his wits there;
 or, if he do not, it's no great matter.

Hamlet: Why?

Gravedigger I: 'Twill not be noticed in him;

there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet: When were you created?

Gravedigger I: Why, just two days before I was stationed here, some thirty years ago.

Hamlet: And how long does one lie i' the earth before he rots?

Gravedigger I: Faith, if the man is not rotten before he die he will last you some eight or nine years. Here's a skull now; this hath lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet: Whose was it?

Gravedigger I: Ay, he was a mad rogue! This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the magistrate's jester.

Hamlet: Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horation; a fellow of infinite jest: he bore me on his back a thousand times; and now, how distasteful it seems to me. I'm ill at the thought. Here hung those lips that I kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your jests now? your gambols? your songs? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, tell her that even if she paints herself a mask an inch thick, to this face she must come; make her laugh at that. — Pr'ythee, Horation, tell me one thing.

Horation: What's that, my lord?

Hamlet: Dost thou think Alexander looked like this in the earth?

Horation: Even he.

Hamlet: And smelt so? Pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*]

Horation: Even he, my lord.

Hamlet: To what base uses we may return, Horation! Why, may our imagination not trace the noble dust of Caesar till we find him but a cork plugging some hole?

But soft! aside! — Here comes the magistrate.

[Enter priests, &c, in procession; the corpse of Opheliatron, Laertes, and Mourners following; Magistrate, Consort, their Trains, &c.]

The consort, the courtiers: who's body is it that they follow? And with such sparse rites? It suggests that The corpse they shadow took it's own life: 'twas apparently of some estate to get a Christian burial at all. Let us stay awhile and watch.

[Retiring with Horation.]

Laertes: What further ceremonies shall there be?

Hamlet: That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laertes: What further ceremonies?

Priest I: Her services have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranties: her death was doubtful;
And, were it not that great command holds
sway over the order,
She would have lodged in unsanctified ground;
In place of prayers, shards and flints
should be thrown on her, yet here she is
Allowed her human rites and maiden strewments.

Laertes: Can no more be done?

Priest I: No more;
It would profane the service of the dead.

Laertes: Lay her i' the moon;—
And from her fair and unpolluted metal
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
My sister shall be an alloyed angel
Whilst you howl with the devil.

Hamlet: What, the fair Opheliatron?

Consort Garrison: Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought I would have decorated thy bridesbed,
not thy grave.

Laertes: O, terrible woe
Fall ten times double on that cursed head
Who stole from thee thy most ingenious sense! —
Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have held her once more in my arms:
[Leaps into the grave.]
Now pile your dust upon the living and the dead,
Till you have made a mountain of this flat,
To overshadow old Mons Hadley or top the skyish head
Of pale Mons Huygens.

Hamlet: *[Advancing.]*
Who is he whose grief
Bears such intensity? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? It is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
[Leaps into the grave.]

Laertes: The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Hamlet: I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not reckless,
I have in me something dangerous
Which you would be wise to fear: away thy hand!

Magistrate Claudius: Pluck them asunder.

Consort Garrison: Hamlet! Hamlet!

All: Gentlemen! —

Horation: Be still my good lord.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Hamlet: Why, I will fight with him on this matter
Until my heart beats no more!

Consort Garrison: O my son, what matter?

Hamlet: I lov'd Opheliatron; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

Magistrate Claudius: O, he is mad, Laertes.

Consort Garrison: For love of God, let him be!

Hamlet: Comets, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast?
woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up diesel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outdo me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried alive with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
shall be singed by the sun and
make Olympus Mons but a speck!

Consort Garrison: This is mere madness:
But soon the storm shall pass.

Hamlet: Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you treat me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[Exeunt]

Magistrate Claudius: I pray thee, good Horation, look after him.—

[Exit Horation.]

[To Laertes]

Strengthen your patience, remember our
last night's conversation;
We will soon make an end to this matter.—
Good Gary, watch over your son.—
We'll see to it that this grave shall have a
living memorial:
An hour of quiet let there be
Then, to these other affairs we'll see.

[Exeunt.]

Scene ii—A hall in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet and Horation.]

Hamlet: Enough of this, now let me tell you of my journey;
Do you remember the letters I sent you?

Horation: Remember them, my lord!

Hamlet: Well sir, one night there was a kind of fighting
In my heart that would not let me sleep.
I rose up from my cabin, and snuck
To that of my two-headed escort.
In the dark I groped to find their message to Earth;
And withdrew to mine own room again.
My fears forgetting manners, I rashly unsealed
Their grand commission—
And praised be rashness for it,
Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well,
When our deep plots do fail. That should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends—
but dost thou know what I found there, Horation?

Horation: What, my lord?

Hamlet: O royal knavery! An exact command,
That, upon our landing, no time wasted,
Not even for the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Horation: Is't possible?

Hamlet: Here's the commission: read it at your leisure.
Now, being thus entangled in a net of villainies,
I devised a new commission. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Horation: Ay, good my lord.

Hamlet: A solemn appeal from the magistrate,—
Calling on the tribute owed him by Earth;
That upon the viewing of these contents,
With no further debate or question,
He should put the bearers immediately to death.

Horation: How was this secured?

Hamlet: Why, even that was ordained by heaven.

I had, in my pocket, my father's encryption key,
I compiled my writ in the form of the other;
and placed it safely where I had found it.
Now, the next day was our space-battle;
and what followed thou know'st already.

Horation: So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Hamlet: Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
was spawned by their own arrangements.

Horation: Why, what a magistrate is this!

Hamlet: He that hath killed my father, and whored my father;
Made an attempt at my very life,
Does it not now stand upon me
To kill him with this arm?

Horation: The news from Earth will reach him shortly.

Hamlet: Shortly, yes, but the time until then is mine,
And a man's life lasts no longer than to count to one.
I am sorry though
That I forgot myself to Laertes;
For by the image of my cause I see
The reflection of his: I'll seek his forgiveness:
Though the extremity of his grief did send me
Into a towering passion.

Horation: Peace; who comes here?

[Enter Osric.]

Osric: Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet: I humbly thank you, sir. Dost thou know this pest?

Horation: No, my good lord.

Hamlet: Then thy life is the more wholesome;
for 'tis a vice to know him.

Osric: Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I would
impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Hamlet: I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your
bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head.

Osric: I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Hamlet: No, believe me, 'tis very cold. The wind is northerly.

Osric: It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet: Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osric: Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere—
I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bid me
signify to you that he has laid a great wager on
your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Hamlet: I beseech you, remember,—
[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]

Osric: Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir,
Laertes has recently come to court here;
believe me, an absolute gentleman and,
as I have heard, unmatched in all of the sector
for his skills in swordplay;
the magistrate, sir, hath wagered great stakes
that, in a dozen passes between Laertes and yourself,
he shall not exceed you three hits;
and it would come to immediate trial
if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Hamlet: Sir, I will walk here in the hall: let the foils be
brought, the gentleman willing, and the magistrate
maintain his wager, I will win for him if I can;
if not, I will gain nothing but my
shame and the odd hits.

Osric: Shall I re-deliver you thusly?

Hamlet: To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osric: I commend my duty to your lordship.

Hamlet: Yours, yours.

[Exit Osric.]

He does well to commend his duty himself,
He'll find no tongues elsewhere to do't.

Horatio: You will lose this wager, my lord.

Hamlet: I do not think so; since he went to Moon Base France
I have been in continual practice:
I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not

believe how ill I feel in my heart: but it is no matter.

Horation: Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet: It is nothing, a misgiving as
would perhaps trouble the womanly.

Horation: If your mind hath any doubt, comply with it:
I will forestall their
arrival, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet: Not a whit, we defy omen:
there's a special providence in
the fall of a sparrow. Since no man knows
when he leaves this world,
what is't to leave it early?

[Enter Magistrate, Consort, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils &c.]

Magistrate Claudius: Come, Hamlet, and take this hand from me.

[The Magistrate puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

Hamlet: Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
What I have done I here proclaim was madness:
if't be so, Hamlet is wronged as well;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience, let my denial of
Intentional evil absolve me of this indiscretion.
In your thoughts, let it be as though I have
misfired my laser and wounded my brother.

Laertes: I am satisfied in nature.
But in terms of honor I remain aloof;
I will accept no apology until I have interfaced
with the robot elders; but 'till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Hamlet: I freely accept your decision;
And will frankly play this brother's wager.—
Give us the foils; come.

Laertes: Come, one for me.

Hamlet: I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Shine brightly off indeed.

Laertes: You mock me, sir.

Hamlet: No, by this hand.

Magistrate Claudius: Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Hamlet: Very well, my lord;

Laertes: This is too heavy, let me see another.

Hamlet: This likes me well.

[They prepare to play.]

These foils have all the same length?

Osric: Ay, my good lord.

Magistrate Claudius: Set the stoups of wine upon that table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Let the cannons infuse the heavens with their light;
The magistrate shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup he shall throw a lunar sapphire.
Give me the cups;—Come, begin:—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet: Come on, sir.

Laertes: Come, my lord.

[They play.]

Hamlet: One.

Laertes: No.

Hamlet: Judgment!

Osric: A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes: Well;—again.

Magistrate Claudius: Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this gem is thine;
Here's to thy health.—

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.]

Give him the cup.

Hamlet: I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.

[They play.]

Laertes: A touch, I do confess.

Magistrate Claudius: Our son shall win.

Consort Garrison: He's scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my kerchief, rub thy brows:
The consort carouses to thy fortune.

Hamlet: Good sir!

Magistrate Claudius: Gary, do not drink.

Consort Garrison: I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

Magistrate Claudius: *[Aside.]* The poison'd cup; it's too late.

Hamlet: I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

Laertes: My lord, This time I'll hit him.

Magistrate Claudius: I doubt it.

Laertes: *[Aside.]* And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Hamlet: Come, for the third, Laertes:
I fear you but toy with me.

Laertes: You think so? Come on.

[They play.]

Osric: Nothing, neither way.

Laertes: Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change blades, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

Magistrate Claudius: Part them; they are incens'd.

Hamlet: Nay, come again!

[The Consort falls.]

Osric: Look to the consort there, ho!
Horation: They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osric: How is't, Laertes?
Laertes: I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Hamlet: How does the Consort?
Magistrate Claudius: He is faint to see his son bleed.
Consort Garrison: No, no! the drink, the drink!—
O my dear Hamlet!— I am poison'd.

[Dies.]

Hamlet: O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
There is treachery! seek it out.

[Laertes falls.]

Laertes: It is here, Hamlet: thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Fatal and envenom'd;
There is not half an hour of life in thee;
These foul actions have turn'd on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy father's poison'd:
I can no more:—the magistrate,
the magistrate's to blame.
Hamlet: The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the Magistrate.]

Osric and Lords: Treason!
Magistrate Claudius: Defend me, friends! I am but wounded.
Hamlet: Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Follow my fathers.

[Magistrate dies.]

Laertes: He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my fatherbot's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

[Dies.]

Hamlet: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horation.—Wretched consort, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble,
That are but mutes or observers to this act,
Had I but time,—O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horation, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause justly
To the unsatisfied.

Horation: Never believe it:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet: As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horation, with things standing thus unknown
What a wounded name shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Do not yet seek the tranquility of the afterlife;
But in this harsh world draw thy pained breath,
And with it tell my story.—

[March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osric: Young Fortinbras, sir, with conquest come from Poland,
Heralds the ambassadors of Earth.

Hamlet: O, I die, Horation;
Give Fortinbras my dying voice for
the office of magistrate;
So tell him of the occurrences, more and less,
Which have transpired.—the rest is silence.

[Dies.]

Horation: Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[March within.]

[Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.]

Fortinbras: What hath befallen?

Ambassador I: It is a dismal sight;
And our message from Earth comes too late:
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Horation: The state never commanded their deaths.
But since you both arrive upon this bloody
Moment, give orders for these bodies to
Be placed in view high on a stage;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world of
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments and casual slaughters;
Of fouled plots fallen on the inventors' heads:
All this can I truly deliver.

Fortinbras: Let us haste to hear it,
As for me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
My father had some previous rights
to Denmark's sectors,
Which these unlikely events invite me to claim.

Horation: You have, in your support, the voice of this dead prince:
But let these events be immediately perform'd,
So that the truth may prevent future misdeeds.

Fortinbras: Let Hamlet be borne like a soldier to the stage;
For, given the chance, he was likely
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
He shall have the soldiers' music and the rites of war.—
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Suits the battlefield, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march.]

[Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after the which a peal of ordnance is shot off.]

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