

Hamlet, Ophelia

Note: Ophelia only has a few lines in "Rosencrantz." For auditioning, we have one section without dialogue, and another with text from "Hamlet" that does not appear in Stoppard's play.

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[Playing what Ophelia describes in Act II Scene1 at line 77]

**Ophelia** runs on in some alarm, holding up her skirts—followed by Hamlet. Ophelia has been sewing and she holds the garment. They are both mute.

**Hamlet**, with his doublet all unbraced, no hat upon his head, his stockings fouled, ungartered and downgyved to his ankle, pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other...

...and with a look so piteous, he takes her by the wrist and holds her hard, then he goes to the length of his arm, and with his other hand over his brow, falls to such perusal of her face as he would draw it....

...At last, with a little shaking of his arm, and thrice his head waving up and down, he raises a sigh so piteous and profound that it does seem to shatter all his bulk and end his being.

That being done he lets her go, and with his hand over his shoulder turned, he goes out backwards without taking his eyes off her...

...and she runs off in the opposite direction.

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Hamlet, Ophelia

[Act III Scene 1]

*[The wail of a woman in torment as Ophelia appears, closely followed by Hamlet in a hysterical state, shouting at her circling her.]*

**Hamlet.** Go to, I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad!

*(She falls to her knees, weeping.)*

I say we will have no more marriage! Those that are married already—all but one shall live. *(He smiles briefly without mirth, and starts to back out, his parting shot rising again.)* The rest shall keep as they are. *(In Ophelia's ear, a quick clipped sentence.)* To a nunnery, go.

*(He goes out. Ophelia falls on her knees, her sobs barely audible.)*

[Next lines are not in "Rosencrantz," but direct from "Hamlet."]

**Ophelia.** O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,

Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,

T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!