

Side 20: Ophelia, Claudius & Gertrude – Mad scene

<p>Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA. Ophelia is pregnant and unkempt; no one has tried to bathe, change or minister to her in a long time. In truth, no one knows what to do with her. She has withdrawn into Hebeephrenia, and has few if any moments of lucidity. Her aspect tends to be melancholic and distracted rather than manic, but the melancholia is interspersed with brief episodes of socially unacceptable sexuality surfacing.</p>		
	OPHELIA	Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
	GERTRUDE	How now, Ophelia!
	OPHELIA	[Sings] How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.
	GERTRUDE	Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
	OPHELIA	Say you? nay, 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.
	GERTRUDE	Nay, but, Ophelia,--
	OPHELIA	Pray you, mark. Sings White his shroud as the mountain snow,--
Enter KING CLAUDIUS		
	GERTRUDE	Alas, look here, my lord.
	OPHELIA	[Sings] Larded with sweet flowers Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.
	CLAUDIUS	How do you, pretty lady?
	OPHELIA	Well, God 'ild you! 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!
	CLAUDIUS	Conceit upon her father.
Here's a perfect place for all that pent-up sexuality to surface.	OPHELIA	Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: Sings To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.
	CLAUDIUS	Pretty Ophelia!
	OPHELIA	Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't: Sings By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; By cock, they are to blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed. So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.
	CLAUDIUS	How long hath she been thus?

	OPHELIA	I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.
--	----------------	--