

## Side 21: Laertes, Claudius & Gertrude – Give me my father

Entering in a murderous rage	<b>LAERTES</b>	I pray you, give me leave. O thou vile king, Give me my father!
Trying to interpose herself between CLAUDIUS and LAERTES	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	Calmly, good Laertes.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard, Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.
Still impressively calm	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude. Speak, man.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	Where is my father?
	<b>GERTRUDE</b>	But not by him.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Let him demand his fill.
	<b>LAERTES</b>	How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with: To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged Most thoroughly for my father.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Good Laertes, If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	None but his enemies.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Will you know them then?
	<b>LAERTES</b>	To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms.
	<b>CLAUDIUS</b>	Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensible in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pierce As day does to your eye.