

Side 22: Claudius & Laertes – Cut his throat i' the church

	CLAUDIUS	If it be so, Laertes-- As how should it be so? how otherwise?-- Will you be ruled by me?
	LAERTES	Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
	CLAUDIUS	I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under the which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practise And call it accident.
	LAERTES	My lord, I will be ruled; The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.
	CLAUDIUS	Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?
	LAERTES	Why ask you this?
	CLAUDIUS	Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake, To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?
Laertes' spiritual nadir.	LAERTES	To cut his throat i' the church.
	CLAUDIUS	No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; Revenge should have no bounds. Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home: We'll put on those shall praise your excellence And set a double varnish on your fame; bring you in fine together And wager on your heads: he, being remiss, Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, you may choose a sword unbated, and in a pass of practice requite him for your father.
	LAERTES	I will do't: And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, I'll touch my point with this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death.
	CLAUDIUS	We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings: When in your motion you are hot and dry-- As make your bouts more violent to that end-- And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, Our purpose may hold there.