

Side 6: Polonius & Ophelia – Think yourself a baby

	LORD POLONIUS	What is't, Ophelia, be hath said to you?
Turns her attention back to the flowers pointedly; it's the closest thing to disrespect she can show	OPHELIA	So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
As affectionate as his relationship with Laertes is, his relationship with Ophelia is problematic. She's the wilder and less obedient of the two, and any lack of ability to control his daughter will reflect badly on Polonius' statecraft.	LORD POLONIUS	Marry, well bethought: 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late Given private time to you; and you yourself Have of your audience been most free and bounteous: If it be so, You do not understand yourself so clearly As it behoves my daughter and your honour. What is between you? give me up the truth.
Note of stubbornness here; she sees the fight coming and doesn't back down from it	OPHELIA	He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.
	LORD POLONIUS	Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl, Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
A little too sweetly, as if to complete that sentence with 'but I'm sure you're going to tell me'.	OPHELIA	I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
	LORD POLONIUS	Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; (slaps her) That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or--not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus--you'll tender me a fool.
Snaps back gamely, furious	OPHELIA	My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.
	LORD POLONIUS	Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
	OPHELIA	And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
	LORD POLONIUS	Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: From this time Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence; For Lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young And with a larger tether may he walk Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows; This is for all: I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any moment leisure, As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet. Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
	OPHELIA	I shall obey, my lord.