

## Side 8: Polonius & Ophelia – As I was sewing in my closet

2.1 - POLONIUS discovered onstage, working on a Norway PowerPoint presentation; OPHELIA enters stage left		
With an utter hysteria that suggests the roots of her later madness	OPHELIA	O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Irritated; Polonius has never had much time for Ophelia in the best of circumstances.	POLONIUS	With what, i' the name of God?
	OPHELIA	My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors,--he comes before me.
Cynically; we've had this discussion before...	POLONIUS	Mad for thy love?
	OPHELIA	My lord, I do not know; But truly, I do fear it.
Beginning to scent a potential opportunity instead of an inconvenience, but cautious, not allowing easy belief to take hold of him	POLONIUS	What said he?
	OPHELIA	He took me by the wrist and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, he raised a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being: that done, he lets me go: And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; For out o' doors he went without their helps, And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Huzzah! The easy path to power!	POLONIUS	Come, go with me: I will go seek the king. This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself And leads the will to desperate undertakings As oft as any passion under heaven. I am sorry. What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Fury; you're blaming your father for making that demand of you, and you're blaming yourself just as much, for not having found the will to defy him.	OPHELIA	No, my good lord, but, as you did command, I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.
	POLONIUS	That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy! Come, go we to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might Move more grief to hide than hate to utter love.