

Side 9: Claudius – Our sometime sister, now our queen

<p>For Claudius, think 'Bill Clinton'. On the surface, he's smooth, polished, charismatic with just the faintest edge of sleaze. A media darling, jealous of his popularity and concerned with anyone and anything that might threaten it. Special emphasis on "Nor have we herein barr'd your better wisdoms, which have freely gone with this affair along;" the line is always cut, and I have NO idea why, because it's arguably the most important line in that speech.</p>	<p>KING CLAUDIUS</p>	<p>Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, (banner of King Hamlet is taken down ceremoniously; banner of Claudius replaces it) The imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,-- With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole,-- Taken to wife: (Golf clap) nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Collegued with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother. (Tears the dispatch and tosses it away carelessly) So much for him. (Golf clap) And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? what wouldst thou beg, That shall not be my <i>offer</i>, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?</p>
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