

6 - FRANCOIS / RAOUL / SARAH

GUILDENSTERN

My honored lord.

ROSENCRANTZ

My most dear lord.

SARAH

How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads! What's the news?

ROSENCRANTZ

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

SARAH

Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN

Prison, my lord?

SARAH

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

SARAH

A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

ROSENCRANTZ

We think not so, my lord.

SARAH

Why then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Why, then, your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

SARAH

Oh God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space - were it not that I have bad dreams. Shall we to the court?

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN

We shall wait upon you.

SARAH

No such matter, I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore

ROSENCRANTZ

To visit you my lord; no other occasion.

SARAH

Were you not sent for? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me.

GUILDENSTERN

What should we say my lord?

*They look at each other, uncomfortable.*

SARAH

Anything but to th' purpose. There is confession in your looks! I know the good queen and king have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ

To what end, my lord?

SARAH

That you must teach me.

GUILDENSTERN

My lord, we were sent for.

SARAH

I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*A beat. They are lost.*

SARAH

Well?

RAOUL

Well?

SARAH

Well?

FRANCOIS

That was good.

SARAH

(frustrated now)

Good, I don't want to be good!

FRANCOIS

Very good. No, I mean it. Very very good.

RAOUL

It was great. The cuts work well. And - that was great.

*She turns and looks at Alphonse, who watches.*

SARAH

Well?