

## Claudius-Laertes

**KING 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?

**KING CLAUDIUS**

What would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

**LAERTES**

To cut his throat i' the church.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence  
For sport and exercise in our defense bring you in fine together

In a fencing match with Hamlet

Set wager on your heads: Hamlet, being remiss,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practise  
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,  
So mortal that, not can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Let's further think of this; if this should fail,  
I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry--  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
A chalice for the event, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. Come Laertes.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,  
Til there in patience our proceeding be