

HAMLET

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET- ANDREW BARTON
CLAUDIUS/GHOST- CALEB RUPP
GERTRUDE- EMMA GIVENS
OPHELIA- HELEN PARSON
POLONIUS/GRAVEDIGGER- ALEX BLEEKER
HORATIO- BRIAN SCHULTIS
MARCELLUS/PLAYER/OSRIC- MOLLIE REMILLARD
LAERTES/PLAYER- GABRIEL MEYERS

DIRECTOR- JAMES BENTLEY
STAGE MANAGER- GRIFFITH MALONEY
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER- ELI PHILIPS
COSTUME DESIGNER- SIMONE DUFF
CO - COSTUMER- CARA CHIARAMONTE
LIGHT DESIGNER- MYLES O'CONNOR
VIDEO- PATRICK DAVISON
SOUND DESIGNERS- BAILEY MATH
MARK STONE
SOUND OPERATOR- ASHER WOODWORTH
COSTUME ASSSITANT- BRIANA MAGNIFICO
COSTUME ASSSITANT- MAJA DEBEAR
WARDROBE- NATHALIE LOVE
RUNNING CREW- CAITLIN JOHNSON
JEREMY WALLACE
AUDIENCE WRANGLER- AMY ROSS

SPECIAL THANKS- NICK BROOKE, SUE JONES,
THE MUSIC FACULTY, HUDSON VALLEY
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, BRETT TRAVIS,
CHRIS EDWARDS, BETSY SHERMAN,
STEVEN BACH, TERRY TEITELBAUM,
COSTUME PROJECTS CLASS, BENNINGTON
AND WILLIAMS COLLEGE COSTUME SHOPS,
POMPANUCK FARM INSTITUTE
THE STRING QUARTET:

ADELE MORI
HEATHER SUMMERLAD
ALEX POWELL
MARIE WARD

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

