

Hamlet

Without a doubt, my lord. We're the finest troupe of actors in the world.

HAMLET

You will soon have an opportunity to prove that to me. But as for now, I am tired, and I ask you all to take leave of me.

(All "Yes, my lord" and exit except Hamlet.)

The Play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

(Hamlet exits. Polonius, Ophelia, and the King enter.)

KING

Ophelia, stand here and wait for Hamlet. Feign that you are meeting only by chance.

POLONIUS

We will be watching from over there. You will not be in any danger.

OPHELIA

That I could be in danger had not occurred to me.

POLONIUS

No? Than you are more trusting than I.

KING

Polonius, he is coming.

POLONIUS

Good luck, my daughter.

(They retreat to their hiding spot. Hamlet enters, brooding.)

HAMLET

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 heartache 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;

Start

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause

end (Notices Ophelia.)

~~Ah...the fair Ophelia.~~

OPHELIA

Good day, my lord. How does your honor for this many a day.

HAMLET

Well, well, well.

OPHELIA

My Lord, your letters...I wish that you would take them back.

HAMLET

Letters? I never wrote you letters.

OPHELIA

My honored Lord, you know that you did. When your words of love seemed true, these were the richest gifts I had ever received, but rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. Take them.

(She hands him the letters.)

HAMLET

Are you honest?

OPHELIA

Honest?

HAMLET

(Mimicking her.)

Honest? When I ask you a question, don't repeat it as if you don't understand. Answer it!

OPHELIA

But my Lord -

HAMLET

Are you beautiful?

OPHELIA