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**HAMLET #PRINCEOFDENMARK:
EXPLORING GENDER AND TECHNOLOGY THROUGH A
CONTEMPORARY FEMINIST RE-INTERPRETATION OF *HAMLET***

BY ALLEGRA B. BREEDLOVE

**SUBMITTED TO SCRIPPS COLLEGE IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS**

**PROFESSOR HOROWITZ
PROFESSOR MACKO
PROFESSOR TAYLOR**

The Beginning: Why Hamlet?



Anna Marburger as Guildenstern, Allegra Breedlove as Hamlet, Zoe Jacobs as Rosencrantz

In the vernacular of theatre criticism *Hamlet* is widely regarded as Shakespeare's masterpiece, and the title role is considered to be one of the greatest challenges an actor can face. Hamlet as a protagonist is complex and inscrutable, irascible and vengeful, and yet still somehow maintains a certain relatable quality. He is all at once steeped in resentment and melancholy, consumed by rage and filial obligation, and gripped by terror of whatever fate awaits him after death. The dynamic of this fear and drive to fulfill the many impossible tasks that rest upon his shoulders seems to tap into a truth that is universally human and instantly recognizable. As Tony Howard writes, "the

uniqueness of Hamlet is that the part's parameters are so broad and the writing so malleable that, deliberately or unconsciously, all people expose aspects of themselves in it." (Howard, pg. 58). Hamlet's character is so broad that all people can connect themselves to at least some part of his struggle. This quality makes Hamlet a most welcome challenge for an actor. The exciting and daunting challenge lies in the part of oneself that must be exposed through the playing of the character. Speaking from an actor's perspective, there are fewer things more frightening and exciting than allowing oneself to bare something of one's own personal touch through a role. Why then, when faced with an infinite number of possibilities would I choose to take on one of the most challenging roles in the history of theatre? I, like so many actors before me, was drawn to the possibility of discovering something of myself within the experience. Like Hamlet, I can be stubborn, obstinate, idealistic, defiant, and sometimes bombastic. While still within the relative safety of this undergraduate theatre laboratory, I wanted to take the largest risk possible on a project I was truly invested in realizing, knowing that I would regret not challenging myself with the project of my dreams. I had an incredible opportunity to play Sonya in Professor Horowitz' production of *Uncle Vanya* which provided more than enough of a challenge and basis for a thesis project, but it did not seem to fully encompass the larger context of my education at the Claremont Colleges. I could not devise a media element to *Uncle Vanya* that was satisfying to me. It did not seem right that I would choose a thesis project where I could not both act and direct, considering that I have spent equal time studying both during my time in this program. I knew I wanted to direct

and act in my own project, but first, I needed to figure out just what that dream project would be.

As a dual major in Media Studies and Theatre, I knew I needed to find a project that could combine the disciplines of video production and theatre. When the second semester of junior year came along and it was time to select a thesis project, I had just returned from my semester abroad in London. My semester in the Directing course at Drama Centre London had a tremendous impact on my decision to take on Hamlet this year. During my time in the UK, I was thoroughly inspired by the craft and creativity of the thriving theatre scene. Particularly interesting to my directorial pursuits was the new focus on transmedia and multimedia theatre that was seeping into the theatre landscape. Use of video projections and integrated media was featured in several of the productions I saw in London, both in the large-scale and small, experimental houses. I became particularly fascinated with the work of Theatre Complicité after seeing an inventive and not entirely successful production of *The Magic Flute* directed by Simon McBurney for the English National Opera. The reinvention of the opera was vague and the fantastical characters and lavish, dramatic arias were often compromised by the overarching goal of contextualizing this fantasy story within a modern landscape. While I thought the production had many errors in its conception, I realized that it was bold and inventive enough to leave a deep impression on me. As a director, McBurney was able to reinvent a classic story and integrate technology into the fabric of the world of Mozart's already fantastical opera. This production was a large-scale, fully-produced opera with an

impressive budget, but it inspired me to consider integrating media into a theatre piece. McBurney utilized moving projections on screens and pieces of cloth to represent visions and hallucinations that Tamino experiences throughout his journey. He also used live projections of hand-drawn chalk designs as the ever-evolving backdrop of the stage, a technical element with which I was truly impressed. Although I knew I would not be able to afford multiple moving projectors and live streaming cameras, I began to consider the possibility of taking a classic text and re-contextualizing it in a modern setting with projections and integrated technology. To me, this seemed like a perfect convergence of my dual majors.

After determining the broad concept of my project, I began to consider which text I wanted to tackle. I have been enamored with Shakespeare since I first read *The Taming of the Shrew* in Junior High School, and it seemed only appropriate that I take on one of his works for this thesis project. For a brief, fleeting moment, I allowed myself to consider taking on the most challenging project I could imagine. This could be my opportunity to both direct and play Hamlet, a goal that I had held for many years. As I began to consider the possibility of re-imagining *Hamlet* as a contemporary multimedia theatre piece, I began to realize just how much it made sense. Imagining what Hamlet as a character would look like in a contemporary setting, the integration of video technology seemed to perfectly fall into place. A modern Hamlet would be a video blogger, using the faceless, anonymous audience of the Internet as the shoulder on which to share the burden of her confusion, just as a traditional

Hamlet communicates to the unseen audience through soliloquy. The permanence and visibility of Hamlet's online actions would play perfectly into her paranoia of being constantly watched and surveyed. The ghost of Hamlet's father could exist in video form, suggesting the eerie permanent presence of one's online identity even after death. The concept made sense to me, and I felt truly and honestly thrilled to begin work on this as a thesis project. To me, this was a significant sign that I was on the right track.

Beyond wanting to play the role of Hamlet, I wanted to prove to myself that I could take on this play and create something truly unique with it. I knew, after three unsuccessful years spent attempting to convince members of the faculty to direct the play with myself as the title character, that if I was going to play Hamlet I was also going to need to direct it as well. This was not a discouraging discovery, but an incredibly liberating one. I did not see this step as a hindrance to my project, but as an opportunity to challenge myself as a director, actor, and artist. How often in the real world do we have the unfettered opportunity to pitch, design and produce a project without the added pressure of ticket sales or ad revenue or commercial value? I wanted to take full advantage of this rare chance for artistic freedom and experimentation. Thus, I devised a plan of attack for this ambitious project. I would complete the video elements in the Fall semester, and produce the live piece in the Spring. This way, I knew I would have time to cut the script and research the necessary theoretical background to support the project's artistic goals.

Semester One: Media Studies Concept and Design



Meghan Gallagher as Laertes, Manya Janowitz as Gertrude and Elly Schofield as Claudius

In “Towards a Sociological Understanding of Social Media: Theorizing Twitter,” Dhiraj Murthy identifies the microblogging site Twitter as a means for self-definition and affirmation. If individuals are defining themselves by their online public presence then the concept of “I Tweet, therefore I am,” coined by Murthy, becomes key. As our world becomes increasingly encapsulated in the public sphere of the Internet, the ways in which individuals learn to define themselves must adapt to reflect that change. Our world is becoming increasingly connected every day. The ease and access with which we as individuals can engage with impossibly large databases of information through the internet is

moving our society into a more efficient, technologically superb environment. “Internet users in the United States now spend more than one-quarter of their online time on social media applications like blogs and social networking sites” (Nielsen Report 2012). With this shift, our social interactions seem to be becoming increasingly dependent upon our engagement with the inter-connected cloud of social media. Our friendships are documented through the interactions we perform on Facebook, our accomplishments are archived in the filtered lens of Instagram, and our philosophies are shared with the world in 140-character sound bites broadcast across Twitter. If I were to investigate the themes found in Shakespeare’s classic play *Hamlet* through the lens of this ever-evolving social media landscape, I believe I could highlight some universal truths about the process of growing up and learning to define one’s own identity. Connecting a historical text to the ongoing experiences of youth culture will allow us to begin a discussion about the common threads that connect our contemporary lives with those of the Elizabethan era and examine the reasons why Shakespeare is still present and relevant in contemporary art.

Seeking self-definition and identity is not in any sense a new phenomenon. Debate and discussion about the nature of personal identity spans back to the philosophers of ancient Greece. With perhaps the most notable statement on the topic of human individuality coming from Descartes, “I think, therefore I am.” For centuries scholars, philosophers and artists have explored this concept of human identity. With such an extensive history of investigation, it seems that this topic stems from an essential human desire to find meaning in

his life and to leave a lasting and favorable impact on the world to be remembered after death. In Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*, the titular character frequently looks to the audience for affirmation through direct address. He is a young man who struggles with an existential angst while coming to terms with his individuality and mortality. He easily confesses his most private and personal thoughts to the audience, but it is his fear of being remembered unfavorably which paralyzes him and renders him incapable of acting on any of his suspicions. Shakespeare uses soliloquies to share Hamlet's private thoughts with the audience, allowing them an insight into the existential woes of this young man. Over time, humans have used advancements in technology to record, document, and create lasting images of their lives, seeking to preserve an impression of their experience in the world for generations to come. Today, with ready access to technology and social media, young individuals can seek affirmation on their personal quest for self-identification through the Internet. Individuals are seeking to define themselves and shape their identities using easily-accessible platforms such as Twitter, Facebook and YouTube.

I want to examine the tropes and common traits found in popular video blogs on YouTube, and investigate the connections between this virally popular form of expression within the context of literature which is traditionally classified as high art. Through this, I hope to highlight the similarities between modern expression of self-definition through constructed social media profiles and video diaries, and Hamlet's existential angst driven by his desire to define and preserve life in a transitive, ephemeral world of reality. Allowing visitors to

engage with Shakespearean text in the context with which they have become accustomed to interacting with friends and consuming entertainment media will help connect the classic text to the social media landscape. In the conceptual design of this project, my key concern is that the piece become accessible, interactive and present for its viewers.

Semester One: Media Studies Methodology

During my educational experience as a Media Studies major at the Claremont Colleges, I have often been asked to consider the consequences and lasting effects of this rising social media culture. In the Scripps College Humanities Institute course entitled *Social Media, Social Change*, we engaged in the topic of social media from several different perspectives. From a feminist theoretical perspective, Professor Alexandra Juhasz asked us to consider the sociological impact of online social communities that have formed on the internet. My coursework in Media Studies has lead me to question the ways in which individuals use the internet to construct and define their personalities. I am fascinated by the institutions which drive people, particularly youths raised within the culture of social media, to define themselves through internet avatars and social profiles. Intro to Video Art has inspired me to explore experimental video techniques and given me the skills that I believe will be essential to this piece. In addition, my professional experience as a Social Media intern this summer with online media production company Geek and Sundry has given me a completely

new perspective on the world of social media. During my time there, I was able to work with numerous popular video bloggers and learn about the struggles they face in merging their personal and private lives online. As much of the play *Hamlet* focuses on a young person's struggle with self-definition, permanence and mortality, I believe it is the perfect lens through which to explore the uncertainty, the blur between public and private lives, and the egocentricity of social media culture.

In order to complete this extensive and fairly ambitious project, I began preliminary research over the summer. I solidified the basic idea and structure for a multimedia production of *Hamlet* in April, and presented the plan to the Pomona Theatre Department faculty. Receiving their approval and securing the performance space in my ideal location, the black box Allen Theatre, I began researching and designing my directorial vision for the project. During my educational experience at the Claremont Colleges, I have had the opportunity to work as an assistant director to several different theatrical directors, and my education as a director was strengthened by my semester abroad studying directing for theatre, film and television at Drama Centre London. What I have learned is that directors have very different approaches to beginning a project and preparing themselves for a production. During the summer I wanted to explore some of these approaches in my preparation for my senior project, so I did so in the following ways:

- I created a Pinterest board to gather images, songs, quotes and ideas to inspire my work as I began more serious progress in the fall semester. The purpose of

this method allowed me to specify and visualize my vision for the project as a director as well as begin to explore and interact with the digital online space in which my piece exists. I searched through thousands of Pinterest posts to gain a better understanding of the cultural vernacular used in these artistic online communities. Using key search terms drawn from the overall themes of my project I found a great deal of inspiration from the original artwork, repurposed photographs, and digital forms of expression being shared by users. My search terms were: “paranoia,” “video blog,” “feminism,” “violence,” “self-definition,” and “surveillance.”

- I read several editions of the text, and then selected my favorite, the Arden Shakespeare edition. I bought a copy and began to study it. At this point of text analysis, I began to identify the key themes and connections between Hamlet’s character and the form of social media and began to imagine the character in a modern context. I became particularly interested in the conflicting themes of paranoia and the desperate search for self-affirmation reflected in Hamlet’s inability to confide or trust in any other character in the play and his compulsive communion with the audience. Translating this play into a modern context, I realized that I wanted to explore the dichotomy between the fear of over-sharing on the internet and placing our personal lives and information in view of the unknown digital world and the compelling, all-consuming social media landscape which encourages us to define ourselves and seek social affirmation through interactions with online spaces. The struggle between needing to be heard and seen and validated and needing to protect oneself from potentially

threatening forces is central to the play, and brings about an engaging discussion within a modern context. I look forward to exploring this tension further over the course of my project.

- I began to edit and abridge the text to a length that can be realistically staged in the spring semester, and began to select soliloquies to feature in my video pieces. I wanted to select soliloquies which seemed most similar in tone and theme to common topics of video bloggers online as well as provided the best representation of Hamlet's struggle with the public/private binary.
- I researched and investigated online communities and video blogging trends. Searching key terms such as "video blog," "video confessional," and "confessions," I was able to watch many examples of popular video bloggers. Watching sample videos from the population, I was able to gain a better understanding of the aesthetic and video style used by video bloggers online. I decided to emulate common video blog trends by using jump cuts in the editing of the video, a close shot of my face and an intimate but visually-stimulating background.

My production schedule:

- September 30—Finalize text selection, project vision, identify crew and assistants
- October 4-5—First shoot days, scout locations, experiment with lighting equipment
- October 18-19—Shoot soliloquy footage, begin editing

- October 31-November 1—Continue editing
- November 8-9—Shoot surveillance scenes, finalize aesthetic decisions
- November 15-16—Reshoots as necessary, editing

The production process is progressing smoothly. As I am the subject and director, I have had time to experiment with several locations, lighting techniques, and camera styles. Originally, I began shooting using a Canon DSLR, as it is one of my favorite cameras to use. After watching the footage back and starting to edit, I realized that the tone and aesthetic of the video looked far too polished when compared with the video blogs that were used for inspiration. After that discovery, I began experimenting with alternative cameras. I shot footage on my phone and laptop webcam to achieve a more authentic “D.I.Y.” look. I decided that the phone footage was definitely too unfocused to use as the primary shooting source, but it could be used in shooting other video elements.

Semester One: Media Studies Reflection

This project has been an incredible learning experience for me as a student and artist. I am very proud of the final product that this piece became. That being said, I have learned many things about myself throughout the process of creating this piece that I hope I will be able to improve as I develop and begin my professional life. I think the work turned out well despite some fundamental issues that I discovered with myself as an artist. I encountered a lot of confusion

about the nature of this project as it relates to my dual thesis, which is something that I should have worked harder to clarify much earlier in the process. After the numerous meetings and pitches, I was somehow unaware of how unclear I was in presenting my end goal. It was not until late October that I realized how very different my understanding of my own project was from the Media Studies faculty's. After learning that under Scripps' rules for the dual major this project is not actually part of my dual thesis project, but instead a separate Senior Seminar project, I realized that I could have taken a great deal more creative license and created an entirely different work. I was completely stuck on keeping this project within my vision for the live production of *Hamlet* which I will complete in the spring semester, so I did not take advantage of some very fascinating artistic feedback that was given to me along the way. From this project I have learned that this problem is probably my greatest weakness. I believed that this project had to be integrated into the dual thesis project, so I limited myself to creating something that could be used in that piece. Moving forward in my career, I want to focus on becoming more artistically adaptable and fluid.

The technical process of creating this piece took a great deal of time. I realize now just how much more protective I am of this work because of the time and effort that went into its creation. I ended up completely re-shooting the piece on three separate occasions, entirely because I changed my mind on the setting, lighting and framing during the editing process. I struggled with the balance of creating a piece that looked high-quality, but also stayed true to the aesthetic of the amateur video blog confessionals which were my artistic inspiration. I

discovered the benefits and problems of acting as both director and performer. I appreciated not having to work around anyone's schedule but my own. From past experience I have learned that collaborating with students at the 5Cs can present an impossible challenge in shooting around the schedules of this incredibly over-committed population. I did, however, rely on peer feedback and review a great deal, because I needed an objective perspective along the way. I was extremely grateful for the peer review process and the group critique sessions because it forced me to show my work to other students and get a fresh point of view on the piece.

Although I do regret not taking greater artistic risks with this project, I am still very happy with the way the piece looks. I believe I utilized my research well and integrated it into the aesthetic of the work. I think I achieved an authentic video blog style which was my goal. I had originally intended to install the piece in the gallery and create a more interactive experience, but I am glad that I was able to recognize the lack of justification behind this idea. It was a concept that I thought might be interesting and fun to explore, but I didn't have a real reason to bring it into a gallery or online public space. After discussing my project with Professor Ma before the Work in Progress presentations, I realized that the inherent theatricality of Shakespeare's text did not belong in the actual virtual space, and therefore should not be uploaded to YouTube. Instead, I wanted to present the piece in a way that would remind viewers of their interaction with the real internet, but not actually exist in that space. I think that working on these videos this semester has had an incredibly beneficial impact on the overall dual

thesis product. Since I was able to isolate the media elements this semester and focus on them apart from the production, I was forced to critically examine the reasons why I am choosing to re-contextualize *Hamlet* in this contemporary social media setting. I am now convinced more than ever that this is a relevant and worthy pursuit. The themes of self-definition, self-discovery and paranoia are so prevalent in the original text and they are still completely present in this contemporary landscape. Social media and video blogging has completely changed the ways in which we interact with the concept of the public sphere. In the wake of the recent cyber hacking that stole hundreds of private photos and released them into the public online space and the hacking of Sony Pictures' email system that has taken hundreds of private email conversations between prominent film executives and made them public, I believe this fundamental shift in the concepts of public and private lives is a subject for conversation that we need to have at this time. After this project, I feel confident that this video piece is indeed an integral part of the conversation that I intended to begin with my thesis. I look forward to continuing this discussion by integrating my piece into the live performance next semester.

Putting it All Together: Cutting the Script



Elly Schofield as Claudius, Adam Faison as Polonius, and Yasmin Adams as Ophelia

Following the Fall semester, I was ready to begin cutting the full text of the script into a manageable piece. Facing the challenges of assembling a group of student actors here at the Claremont Colleges, where every student is quadruple-booked on any given weekday evening, I wanted to cut the script to a length that would be no more than an hour and a half running time. As I began to attack the text, trying to pull out all non-essential strands of plot and poetry, I learned how difficult it could be to abridge Shakespeare's text. I wanted to maintain the integrity of the story, but I knew I would need to remove a great deal of the expository text in order to keep the time down. I decided to cut most of the text that dealt with the political woes of Denmark, deciding instead to focus on

the interpersonal drama of the central characters. I removed the existence of Fortinbras and the threat of foreign rebellion, and left only the basic outline of the story. To ensure that I did not remove any essential plot lines, I used the One Act Hamlet edited by J.P. Crabb as a guideline for the editing process, then added and removed lines as needed to fit this contemporary version. I took a great deal of liberties with the text, bending the meaning to adjust to my modern setting. For example, I struggled to find a modern equivalent to fencing or fighting for sport that could be used in place of the sword fight between Hamlet and Laertes. I wanted to find an equally brash and dangerous activity, so I finally settled on the knife game. It seemed a logical replacement for the medieval fencing scene that maintained the bravado and danger that is the true intention of the act. During this scene, I needed to bend the meaning of the dialogue surrounding the fight. The rules of fencing are essentially the opposite of the knife game, where one scores a point in touching the other during fencing one gains a penalty from touching the other in the knife game. The scene had to be inverted, which seemed justifiable considering the final outcome was the same.

A difficult cut that had to be made for this production was the loss of the player scene. In my original concept design for this project, I intended to film the player scene as a video element, and then project it live. In the end, I had to cut this idea because I ran out of time. Through the challenges in juggling the schedules of eight performers plus myself, I simply did not have time to make this scene happen in an artistically satisfactory way. Rather than put together a hastily assembled video, I decided to remove the entire scene and conceit of the

players from the production. I was deeply sad to see it go, but the play went on and made perfect sense without it. I knew it would be better not to have the scene then to have a video that was poorly done.

“Frailty Thy Name is Woman:” The Rehearsal Process

During the great deal of time spent with the text in the cutting process, I realized just how complicated this gender-fluid production of the play would be. Imagining *Hamlet* in a contemporary setting allowed me to re-examine traditional gender roles and challenge questions of gender and sexuality within the text from a new perspective. By casting myself as the title character, I knew that I would need to decide whether I would play Hamlet as a male or female character. It was only after finishing the casting process and discussed the topic with my ensemble that I came to a decision about the genders of these characters. Ultimately, I decided that we would play the characters as the gender with which the actor personally identifies. This version of the play was going to be set in a contemporary setting, and thus it should follow that our contemporary attitudes toward gender fluidity and identity should apply to the characters. When I considered what a contemporary *Hamlet* would look like, gender played a very minimal part. While I am in no way suggesting that we live in a post-gender society that fully accepts the exploration of gender fluidity, I do believe that the rigid gender roles that applied to men and women during the time in which Shakespeare wrote have certainly begun to dissolve. Casting the show as a

complete gender swap seemed to be just as selective and restrictive as casting the roles in the “traditional” genders to which they are usually assigned.

Therefore, I did not want gender to be a factor in my casting process. I decided to cast the most qualified, most dedicated actors possible, and then work out the gender complications from there. Drawing from the talented pool of willing and available actors at the Claremont Colleges, I found a wonderful, predominantly female cast. Seeing the absolute joy and enthusiasm from my female friends when offered the opportunity to take on roles that are typically cast as male characters, I knew that this was going to be an incredible project. Creating this piece was going to allow very talented and intelligent actors take on roles that they have always wanted to play, but never thought they might have the opportunity.

As a cast, we decided to change the pronouns of the characters to match the gender of the character as they were going to be played in this production. This caused some complication of language in the translation of titles, but ultimately we decided to change all but those that directly implied a specific role of power; thus “King” and “Queen”, “Prince” and “Princess” would remain the same, but the casual use of “Lord” and “Lady” would be changed. Which is how we came to have Lady Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. It was imperative to me that the power structures remained intact and true to the play, while gender identities changed to reflect the gender of the actor. While holding creative license of this project, I felt little obligation to remain true to traditional interpretations of the text. I knew that the changing of genders was going to lead to some significant

differences from what Shakespeare originally intended with the play, but I firmly stand behind this as a contemporary adaptation. Choices had to be made to situate this play in a contemporary setting. We were careful to examine the text for clues and character intentions. However, when a character's intention was in question, I decided as a director to always at least consider the answer that would empower the women. If that answer did not seem to line up with the textual evidence or truth of the character, then other possibilities would be examined; but we always tried to find a solution that was empowering to our female characters. While this may seem like a radical or blasphemous approach to Shakespeare, it was creatively inspiring to be able to let go of our obligation to the late Bard and allow this production to evolve in its new context. For example, while discussing the character choices for Gertrude, our actress Manya Janowitz proposed the idea that she might have sought refuge from hidden abuses shown to her by her husband King Hamlet. We discussed the obvious obstacle, that the evidence in the text shows nothing but positive attributes to the deceased King, but decided that spousal abuse often goes unchecked and unrecognized to those outside of the marriage, and is not discussed. We decided to accept the choice that empowered Gertrude to seek refuge from the abuse of her husband in his sister. As Sarah Werner summarizes, "Received notions of Shakespeare's female characters can obscure feminist reinterpretations, with unquestioned assumptions about women's behavior replacing textual inquiry and standing in for assertions of universality." (Werner, pg. 31). As a director, I wanted to establish a creative environment that allowed feminist reinterpretations to be

considered, rather than dismissed. It seems such a simple solution, but I think it had a radical impact in the final product. I also encouraged our female actors who played traditionally male roles to keep character intention at the forefront of their portrayal, rather than socialized gendered behavior. I did not want them to eliminate their femininity, nor did I want them to emphasize it. I simply wanted them to play them to the fullest extent of their characters' intentions. This, to me, seemed the most truthful approach to directing a contemporary *Hamlet*. As an actor in this ensemble as well, I challenged myself to work collaboratively with the rest of the group. My usual tendency when I delve into Shakespeare is to hide in text analysis instead of connecting with other actors. During this process, I would begin almost every rehearsal with a detailed discussion of the scenes that were going to be rehearsed. As an ensemble, we talked through the meaning of each scene. This approach was very effective, as it not only allowed us to explore the smaller parts of the play, but allowed us time to discuss the details of our characters as they relate to one another. We made key discoveries about character relationships through these discussions, which in turn lead to discoveries about the context of each scene.

The excitement and intellectual curiosity that was sparked by the concept of the play being set in a social media landscape from the very beginning of the rehearsal process was to me an indication that this project was going in the right direction. I felt that if these incredibly talented and intelligent actors were engaged by the concept, then I might just be on to something. It felt incredibly gratifying to recognize that there were other artists out there who seemed to think

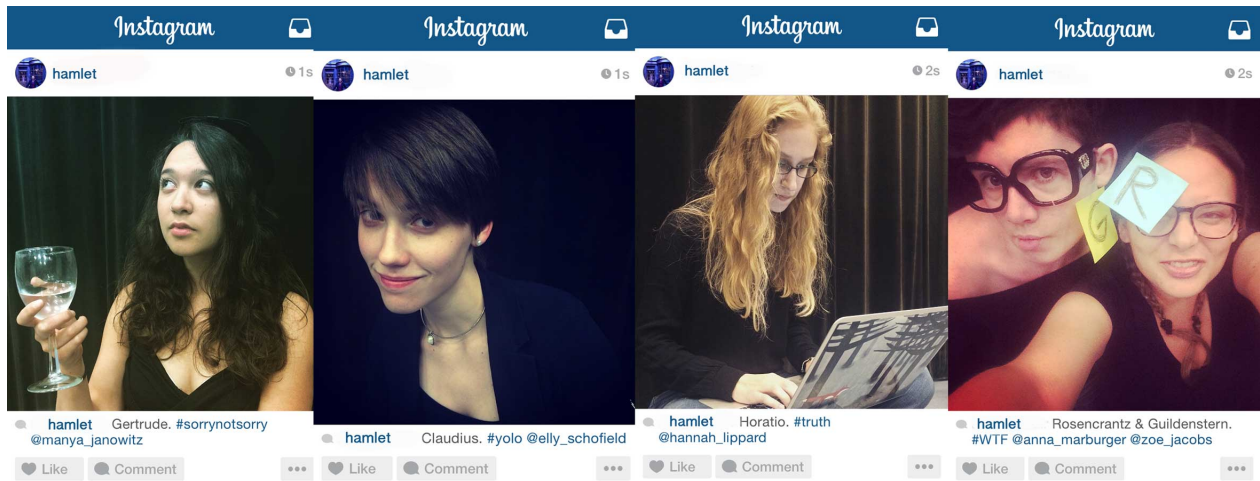
that this approach to *Hamlet* was worthwhile and exciting. Soon into the rehearsal process, I learned that I needed to relinquish some of the artistic stronghold with which I had guarded this project up to that point. This play was going to thrive on the artistic input of my very creative ensemble. I began opening discussion up to my cast, and whenever questions about the text or concept arose, I included the entire ensemble in the decision-making process. I ultimately knew I had the final decision, but I learned that the creative input of the cast was incredibly beneficial to the life of this process.

Final Production Elements

I am very satisfied with the final media products in this project. Although I do still mourn the loss of the player scene film, I do think that the media was well produced and justified within the play. I think that the soliloquies were very well suited to the video blog style, and that the filmed soliloquies allowed for some welcome slowing down of the pace of the show. I filmed the soliloquies as any actual amateur video blogger would—on my laptop webcam. Last semester I attempted to film these videos on high-quality cameras and alter the quality in post-production, but I found that it was much simpler and more authentic to film them directly on my webcam and edit from my laptop. I think the quality effectively mimicked the video blogs that I studied as a style reference. If I could go back and alter these videos, I do wish I had thought to edit them to look like YouTube videos. I think the addition of a small YouTube symbol at the corner of

the video would have been an effective reminder that these videos are intended to represent an interaction with the Internet rather than just a private video. I am very pleased with the outcome of the Ghost media. I think the effects were odd and unsettling enough to suggest something supernatural but not too overdone. The scene that supplemented Gertrude's description of Ophelia's death I believe effectively compensated for the cutting of the scene in which Ophelia goes mad. I did consider the possibility of keeping the scene, but the possibility of telling the story through another creative media element seemed more effective and exciting. I think the video of Ophelia scattering flowers and looking into the fountain was suggestive enough to convey the story while also suggesting another element of video surveillance. Although I did produce and edit almost all of the media elements of this production, I did enlist help from fellow media studies major Alexandra Weston to help me create the video of the "live" Tweet. I did not know how to create this effect, but she did, and she was able to put together a very convincing fake Twitter screen video in just a few minutes. I was so lucky to get tech help from my very talented peers. I thought Horatio's live Tweet was absolutely necessary to draw back the use of social media at the end of the play, and acknowledge the use of Twitter as a tool for the radical dissemination of knowledge.

In addition to the media for the performance, I also created the promotional material for the show in the form of a series of fake Instagram photos featuring each individual character with a carefully selected popular hashtag that corresponds to her character.



Gertrude: #sorrynotsorry, Claudius: #yolo, Horatio: #truth, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: #WTF

With this online promotional campaign, I hoped to set the tone of the show as well as establish recognizable profiles for each character. I wanted to draw audiences in and introduce them to the characters before they even arrive for the show.

“Goodnight Sweet Prince:” In Conclusion

I am so proud of the final product of this project. Although the ultimate iteration of the project is quite different from my original concept—having had to cut the player scene and the use of several extra screens due to technical difficulty—I do believe that the heart of the show is exactly as I intended. I do feel that through the ensemble-based directing process, we were able to produce a feminist re-interpretation of the play that was inventive, creative, and full of life. I can honestly say that I was able to fulfill my dream project with my senior thesis, and I can think of no better way to culminate my education in Theatre and Media Studies at the Claremont Colleges. Of course there are elements I would love to

improve, and I do not feel that I am ready to put this concept to rest. I hope to produce this version of the play in the future, with perhaps a slightly larger rehearsal schedule. I would like to keep exploring and improving this production to push the limits of technology and creativity to fully realize a complete version of the script with this concept. I would perhaps choose not to play Hamlet and direct simultaneously. While I do enjoy a challenge, I think this production would have benefitted from both a Hamlet and director who could be more completely invested in a single role. Though it was certainly not a perfect production, I learned so much from the experience of directing, producing, designing and performing this piece. I learned how to formulate an artistic vision, communicate that vision, and execute that vision. While it was one of the most challenging endeavors I have faced so far, I learned invaluable lessons about leadership that I will carry with me in all creative projects I will pursue in the future.

The Final Script

Hamlet #princeofdenmark

By William Shakespeare

Edited by J.P. Crabb and Allegra Breedlove

“SCENE. Elsinore.

Scene I. Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

BERNARDO: Who's there?

FRANCISCO: Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO: Long live the king!

FRANCISCO: Bernardo?

BERNARDO: Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO: Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO: If you meet Horatio
The rival of my watch, bid her make haste.

FRANCISCO: I think I hear her—Stand, ho! Who's there?

[Enter Horatio]

HORATIO: Friend to this ground. And liegemen to the Dane.

BERNARDO: Welcome, Horatio:

HORATIO: Has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO: I have seen nothing.

FRANCISCO: Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of her.
Therefore I have entreated her along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this **apparition** come
She may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO: Sit down awhile.

FRANCISCO: Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!

[Enter Ghost] VIDEO

BERNARDO: In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

FRANCISCO: Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO: What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

FRANCISCO: It is offended.

BERNARDO: See, it stalks away!

HORATIO: Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak!

[Exit Ghost.]

FRANCISCO: 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BERNARDO: How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?

FRANCISCO: Is it not like the King?

HORATIO: As thou art to thyself:
'Tis strange.

BERNARDO: Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO: In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Scene II. Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.

[Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Lords, and Attendant.]

KING: 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,
Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—or all, our thanks.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
What wouldst thou have?

LAERTES: Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France.

KING: Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS: She hath, my lord.
I do beseech you, give her leave to go.

KING: Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my daughter—

HAMLET: [Aside.] A little more than kin, and less than kind!

KING: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

QUEEN: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET: Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN: If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET: Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.

KING: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his daughter
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our daughter.

QUEEN: Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET: I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING: Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.
[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

VIDEO

HAMLET: **O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,**

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:— O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

[Enter Horatio and Bernardo.]

HORATIO: Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET: I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HORATIO: The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET: What is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HORATIO: My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET: I prithee do not mock me, fellow-student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO: Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET: Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
My father,—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO: Where, my lord?

HAMLET: In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO: My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET: Saw who?

HORATIO: My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET: The King my father!

HORATIO: Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAMLET: For God's love let me hear.

Scene III. A room in Polonius's house.

[Enter Laertes and Ophelia.]

LAERTES: My necessities are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA: Do you doubt that?

LAERTES: For Hamlet, and the trifling of her favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

OPHELIA: No more but so?

LAERTES: Think it no more: Perhaps she loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of her will: but you must fear,
Her greatness weigh'd, her will is not her own;
For she herself is subject to her birth:
She may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for herself; for on her choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list her songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To her unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

OPHELIA: I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart.

LAERTES: I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

[Enter Polonius.]

POLONIUS: Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

[Laying his hand on Laertes's head.]

And this precept in thy memory look
Thou character: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES: Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS: The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

LAERTES: Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPHELIA: 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The platform.

[Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Bernardo]

HAMLET: The air bites shrewdly. What hour now?

HORATIO: I think it lacks of twelve.

BERNARDO: No, it is struck.

HORATIO: Indeed? I heard it not: then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
Look, my lord, it comes!

[Enter Ghost.]

HAMLET: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again!

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

HORATIO: It beckons you to go away with it.

BERNARDO: Do not go!

HORATIO: No, by no means.

HAMLET: It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HORATIO: Do not, my lord.

HAMLET: Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

HORATIO: What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness

HAMLET: It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.

BERNARDO: You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET: Hold off your hands.

HORATIO: Be rul'd; you shall not—

[Ghost beckons.]

HAMLET: Unhand me.

[Breaking free from them.]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of her that lets me!—
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.
[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Scene V. A more remote part of the Castle.

[Enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

HAMLET: speak! I'll go no further.

VIDEO

**GHOST: My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'urous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.**

**GHOST: If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.**

HAMLET: Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

**GHOST: 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.**

HAMLET: O my prophetic soul!
Mine aunt!

**GHOST: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of her wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to her shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy Aunt stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment.**

**Thus was I, sleeping, by a sister's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well!
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.
[Exit.]**

HAMLET: Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

Scene VI. A room in Polonius's house.

[Polonius discovered. Enter Ophelia.]

POLONIUS: How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

OPHELIA: Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POLONIUS: With what?

OPHELIA: My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lady Hamlet,—with her doublet all unbrac'd;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if she had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—she comes before me

POLONIUS: Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA: My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS: What said she?

OPHELIA: She took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all her arm;
And with her other hand thus o'er her brow,
She falls to such perusal of my face
As she would draw it. Long stay'd she so;
At last,--a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice her head thus waving up and down,—
She rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all her bulk
And end her being: that done, she lets me go:
And, with her head over her shoulder turn'd
She seem'd to find her way without her eyes;
For out o' doors she went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS: Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This must be known.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. A room in the Castle.

[Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.]

KING: Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; What it should be,
More than her father's death, that thus hath put her
So much from the understanding of herself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both
That, being of so young days brought up with her,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts her thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN: For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks

As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ: Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN: We both obey. And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

QUEEN: I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed daughter.

GUILDENSTERN: Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to her!

QUEEN: Ay, amen!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants].

[Enter Polonius.]

POLONIUS: My good liege,
I do think,—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING: O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

QUEEN: I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

POLONIUS: I will be brief:—your noble daughter is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

QUEEN: More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS: Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That she is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
Mad let us grant her then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[PHOTO]

QUEEN: Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS: Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me;
And more above, hath her solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING: But how hath she receiv'd Hamlet's love?

POLONIUS: To my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lady Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere;
This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
And she, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a **sadness**; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now she raves.

KING: Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN: It may be, very likely.

POLONIUS: Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said 'Tis so,'
When it prov'd otherwise?

KING: Not that I know.
How may we try it further?

POLONIUS: You know sometimes he walks for hours
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN: So he does indeed.

POLONIUS: At such a time I'll loose my daughter to her:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if she love her not,
And he not from his reason fall'n thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

KING: We will try it.

Scene VIII. A room in the Castle.

[Hamlet sits. Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

GUILDENSTERN: My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ: My most dear lord!

HAMLET: My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah,
Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ: As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN: Happy in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAMLET: Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ: Neither, my lord.

HAMLET: What make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ: To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAMLET: Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?
Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN: What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET: Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a
kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to
color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ: To what end, my lord?

HAMLET: That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ: [To Guildenstern.] What say you?

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET: I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ: My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET: Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN: In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET: I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Scene IX. A room in the Castle.

[King, Queen, Polonius, and Ophelia.]

KING: Sweet Gertrude, leave us;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: Her father and myself,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN: I shall obey:—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again.

OPHELIA: Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.]

POLONIUS: Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.— [To Ophelia.] Read on this;
That show of such an exercise may colour Your loneliness.
I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King and Polonius.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

(video)

**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;
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,
Th' 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 th' 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 undiscovered 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?**

OPHELIA: Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET: I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA: My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET: No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA: My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
There, my lord.

HAMLET: Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPHELIA: My lord?

HAMLET: Are you fair?

OPHELIA: What means your lordship?

HAMLET: That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse
to your beauty.

OPHELIA: Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET: Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from
what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love
you once.

OPHELIA: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET: You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old
stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA: I was the more deceived.

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am
myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were
better my mother had not borne me: We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of
us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? Good night, sweet prince,
and flights of angels sing thee to t

OPHELIA: At home, my lord.

HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA: O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. Go to, I'll no more on't; We will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit.]

OPHELIA: O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

[Re-enter King and Polonius.]

KING: Love! her affections do not that way tend;
Nor what she spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in her soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger:

POLONIUS: It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of her grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lady Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But let her queen mother all alone entreat her
To show her grief: let her be round with Hamlet;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find her not,
confine her where Your wisdom best shall think.

KING: It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.]

Scene X. A room in the Castle.

[Hamlet discovered. Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

GUILDENSTERN: Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

ROSENCRANTZ: Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET: O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROSENCRANTZ: She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAMLET: We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ: My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET: And so I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ: Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET: Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET: I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN: Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET: I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN: I know, no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET: 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN: But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET: Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart

of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[Exit.]

Scene XI. A room in the Castle.

[Enter Polonius.]

POLONIUS: My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

KING: Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees! All may be well.

[Retires and kneels.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

HAMLET: Now might I do it; now he is praying;
And so he goes to heaven; am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

KING: My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[EXIT]

Scene XII. Another room in the castle.

[Enter Queen and Polonius.]

POLONIUS: She will come straight. Look you lay home to her:
Tell her her pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace—

HAMLET: [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN: I'll warrant you:
Fear me not:—withdraw; I hear her coming.
[Polonius goes behind the arras.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

QUEEN: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET: Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN: Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET: Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN: Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET: You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN: What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

POLONIUS: [Behind.] What, ho! help, help, help!

HAMLET: How now? a rat?

[Draws. Makes a pass through the arras.]

POLONIUS: [Behind.] O, I am slain!

[Falls and dies.]

QUEEN: What hast thou done?

HAMLET: Nay, I know not: is it the king?

[Draws forth Polonius.]

QUEEN: O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET: A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his sister.

QUEEN: As kill a king!

HAMLET: Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.
Look here upon this picture, and on this,—
The counterfeit presentment of two siblings.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man;
This was your husband.—Look you now what follows:
Here is your wife, like a milldew'd ear
Blasting her wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

QUEEN: O Hamlet, speak no more:
These words like **daggers** enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET: A murderer and a villain;

QUEEN: No more.

HAMLET: A king of shreds and patches!--

HAMLET: How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN: Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?

[ENTER GHOST]

HAMLET: On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN: Nothing at all.

HAMLET: Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN: No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET: Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now out at the portal!
[Exit Ghost.]

QUEEN: This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET: Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

QUEEN: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET: O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.—For this same lord
[Pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

One word more, good lady.
Let not the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.

[Exit Hamlet, dragging out Polonius.]

Scene XIII. A room in the Castle.

[Enter King.]

[A noise within.]

KING: Alack, what noise is this?

[Enter a Gentleman.]

What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN: Save yourself, my lord:
Young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your offices. The rabble call her lord;
They cry 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
(**everyone shouting**) 'Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!'
[A noise within.]

KING: The doors are broke.

[Enter Laertes, armed;]

LAERTES: O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

KING: Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES: That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

KING: What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

LAERTES: Where is my father?

KING: Dead.

LAERTES: How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
I dare damnation:—only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING: Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.
For she which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

LAERTES: If that be so, then tell me why
You have proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature.

KING: O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen her mother
Lives almost by her looks. The other motive,
Why to a public court I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear her;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES: And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
but my revenge will come.

KING: If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAERTES: Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

KING: To thine own peace. —I will work her
To exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which she shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind shall breathe;
But even her mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

LAERTES: My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

KING: It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from her
As did that one.

LAERTES: What part is that, my lord?

KING: Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with her envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with her.

LAERTES: What out of this, my lord

KING: Good Laertes, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet soon shall know you are come home:
We'll bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: she, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
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 practice,
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, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
This is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall her slightly,
It may be death.

KING: When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.
[Enter Queen.]

How now, sweet queen!

QUEEN: One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES: Drown'd! O, where?

(video playing over monologue)

QUEEN: There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES: Alas, then she is drown'd?

QUEEN: Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES: Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears:—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.
[Exit.]

KING: Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow.
[Exeunt.]

Scene XIV. A churchyard.

[Enter Priests &c, in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and Mourners following; Hamlet, King, Queen, their Trains &c.]

{Hamlet and Laertes Move Boxes}

LAERTES: What ceremony else?

[No reply.]

What ceremony else?

PRIEST: Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranties: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES: Must there no more be done?

PRIEST: No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES: Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

QUEEN: Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES: O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

[To Hamlet.]

The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

HAMLET: Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat!

KING: Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN: Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL: Gentlemen!—

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

HAMLET: I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

KING: O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN: For love of God, forbear him!

HAMLET: 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I!

QUEEN: This is mere madness:

HAMLET: Hear you, lady;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

Scene XV. A hall in the Castle.

[Enter Horatio and Hamlet.]

HORATIO: You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET: I do not think so; since he went to France I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HORATIO: If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET: Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now.

[Enter King, Queen, Laertes, attendants]

KING: Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

HAMLET: Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES: I am satisfied in nature,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET: I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

LAERTES: Come, one for me.

HAMLET: I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES: You mock me, sir.

HAMLET: No, by this hand.

KING: Give them the foils. Hamlet, you know the wager?

HAMLET: Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

LAERTES: This is too heavy, let me see another.

[They prepare to play.]

KING: Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,—
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin:—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET: Come on, sir.

LAERTES: Come, my lord.

[They play.]

HAMLET: One.

LAERTES: No.

HAMLET: Judgment!

(R) OSRIC: A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES: Well;—again.

KING: Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

HAMLET: I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you?

LAERTES: A touch, a touch, I do confess.

[They play.]

KING: Our son shall win.

QUEEN: He's scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET: Good madam!

KING: Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN: I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

HAMLET: I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

QUEEN: Come, let me wipe thy face.

HAMLET: Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you pass with your best violence:
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES: Say you so? come on. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

KING: Part them; they are incens'd.

HAMLET: Nay, come again!

[The Queen falls.]

OSRIC: Look to the queen there, ho!

HORATIO: They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

OSRIC: How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES: Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET: How does the Queen?

KING: She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN: No, no! the drink, the drink!—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd.
[Dies.]

HAMLET: O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.
[Laertes falls.]

LAERTES: It is here, Hamlet: thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET:
Then, venom, to thy work.
[Stabs the King.]

OSRIC and LORDS: Treason! treason!

KING: O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

HAMLET: Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion.—Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.
[King dies.]

LAERTES: She is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!
[Dies.]

HAMLET: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
[Dies.]

HORATIO: Now cracks a noble heart.—**Good night, sweet prince, to Ham
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! #RIPHamlet #princeofdenmark
tweet**
[Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies.]

blackout

CURTAIN”

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