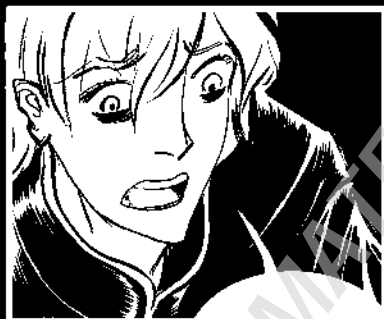
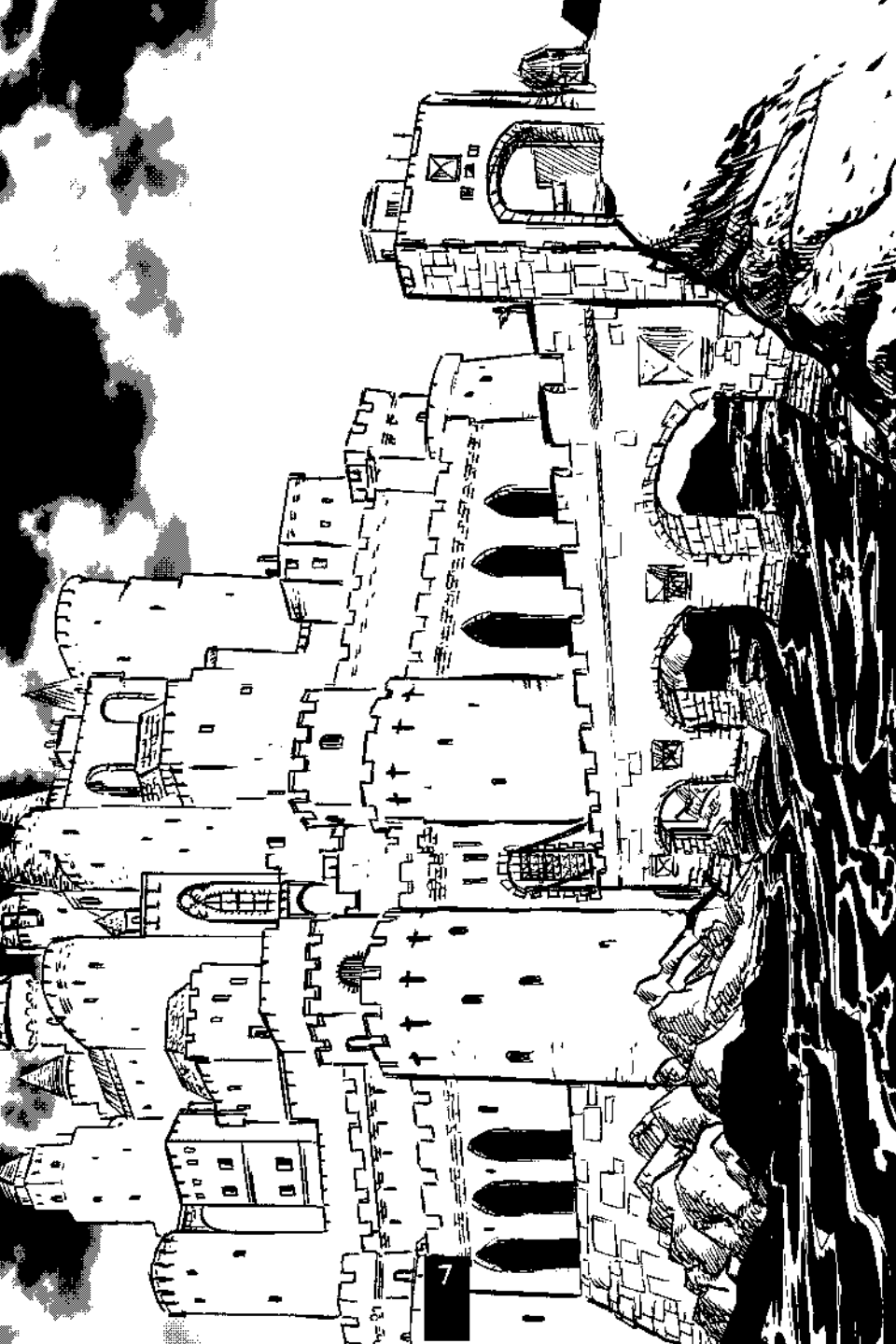
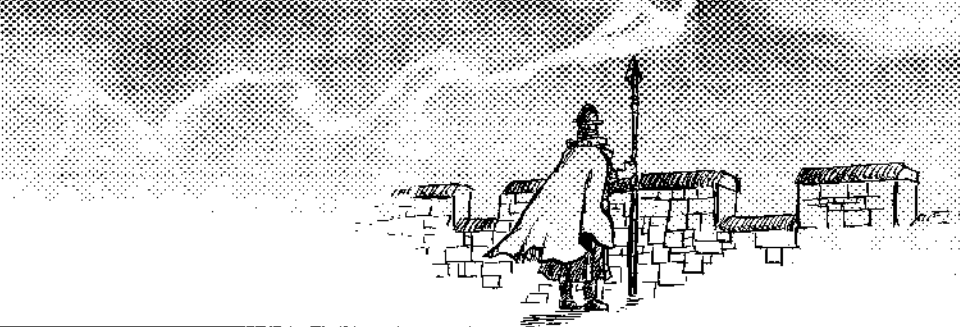


ACT I



MURDER
???





HAS THIS
THING
APPEARED
AGAIN
TONIGHT?



I HAVE
SEEN
NOTHING.

HORATIO
SAYS 'TIS
BUT OUR
FANTASY.



'T WILL
NOT
APPEAR.

IN THE
SAME
FIGURE LIKE
THE KING
THAT'S
DEAD.

LOOKS HE
NOT LIKE
THE KING?
MARK IT.

MOST
LIKE.

WHAT ART THOU,
WITH THAT FAIR
AND WARLIKE
FORM IN WHICH
THE MAJESTY OF
BURIED DENMARK
DID SOMETIMES
MARCH?



SPEAK!

STAY

SPEAK!

SPEAK TO ME, IF THOU ART PRIVY TO THY COUNTRY'S FATE.

SHALL I STRIKE AT IT?

IF IT WILL NOT STAND



'TIS
HERE.



'TIS
HERE!



IT WAS
ABOUT
TO
SPEAK.

IT FADED
ON THE
CROWING
OF THE
COCK.

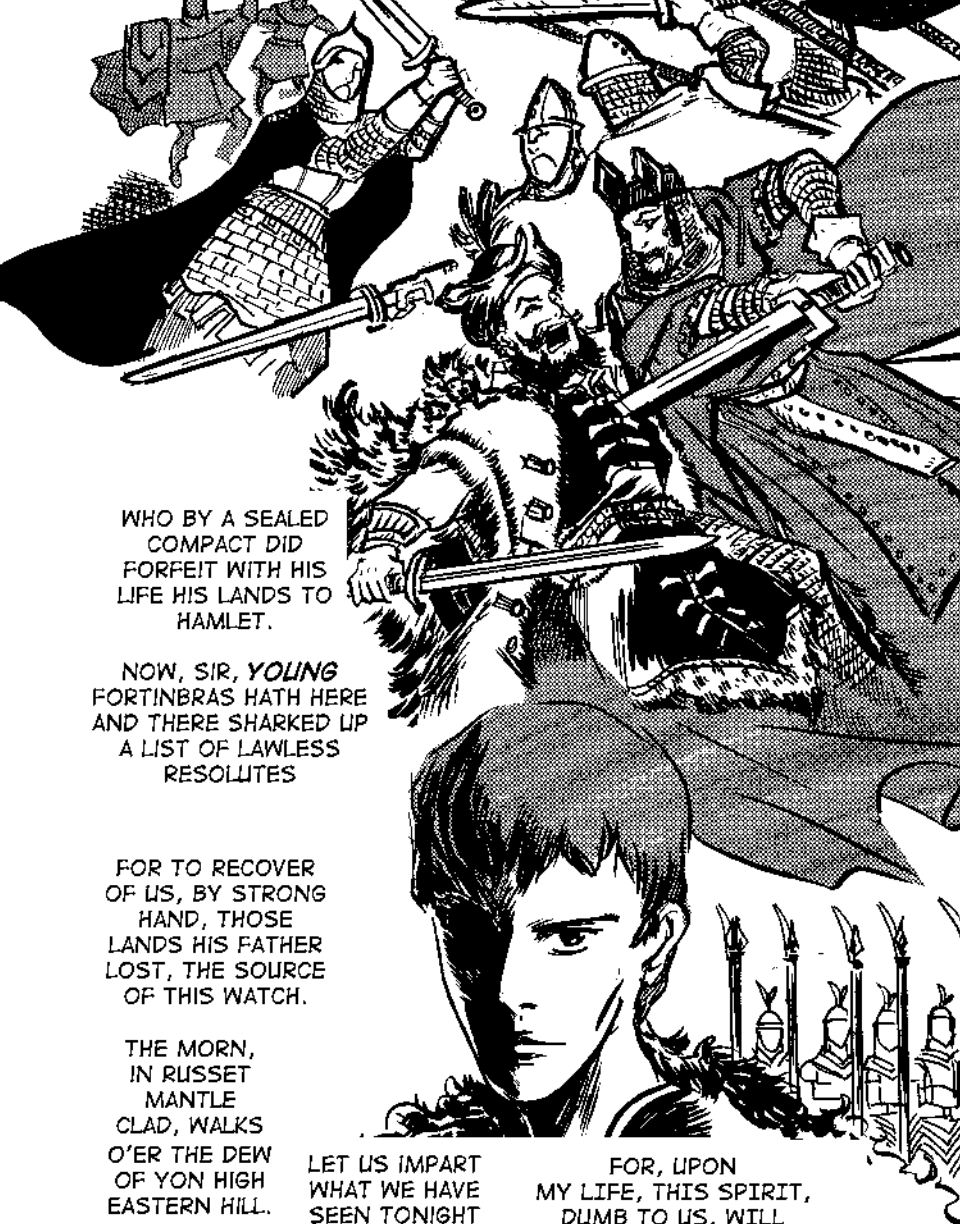
THUS TWICE
BEFORE HATH
HE GONE BY
OUR WATCH.

TELL ME, HE
THAT KNOWS,
WHY THIS WATCH
NIGHTLY TOILS.

THIS BODES
SOME STRANGE
ERUPTION TO
OUR STATE.

OUR LAST KING, WHOSE
IMAGE EVEN NOW APPEARED
TO US, WAS AS YOU KNOW
BY FORTINBRAS OF NORWAY
DARED TO THE COMBAT,

IN WHICH OUR
VALIANT HAMLET
DID SLAY THIS
FORTINBRAS,



WHO BY A SEALED
COMPACT DID
FORFEIT WITH HIS
LIFE HIS LANDS TO
HAMLET.

NOW, SIR, *YOUNG*
FORTINBRAS HATH HERE
AND THERE SHARKED UP
A LIST OF LAWLESS
RESOLUTES

FOR TO RECOVER
OF US, BY STRONG
HAND, THOSE
LANDS HIS FATHER
LOST, THE SOURCE
OF THIS WATCH.

THE MORN,
IN RUSSET
MANTLE
CLAD, WALKS
O'ER THE DEW
OF YON HIGH
EASTERN HILL.

LET US IMPART
WHAT WE HAVE
SEEN TONIGHT
UNTO *YOUNG*
HAMLET,

FOR, UPON
MY LIFE, THIS SPIRIT,
DUMB TO US, WILL
SPEAK TO HIM.

THOUGH YET
OF HAMLET
OUR DEAR
BROTHER'S
DEATH THE
MEMORY BE
GREEN,

AND OUR
WHOLE
KINGDOM

BE
CONTRACTED
IN ONE BROW
OF WOE,

HAVE WE OUR
SOMETIME
SISTER,

NOW
OUR
QUEEN,
TAKEN TO WIFE.

FOR
ALL, OUR
THANKS.

NOW
FOLLOWS,
THAT YOU
KNOW,

YOUNG
FORTINBRAS,
HOLDING
A WEAK
SUPPOSAL
OF OUR
WORTH,

HATH NOT FAILED TO
PESTER US WITH
MESSAGE IMPORTING
THE SURRENDER OF
THOSE LANDS LOST BY
HIS FATHER TO **OUR**
VALIANT BROTHER.

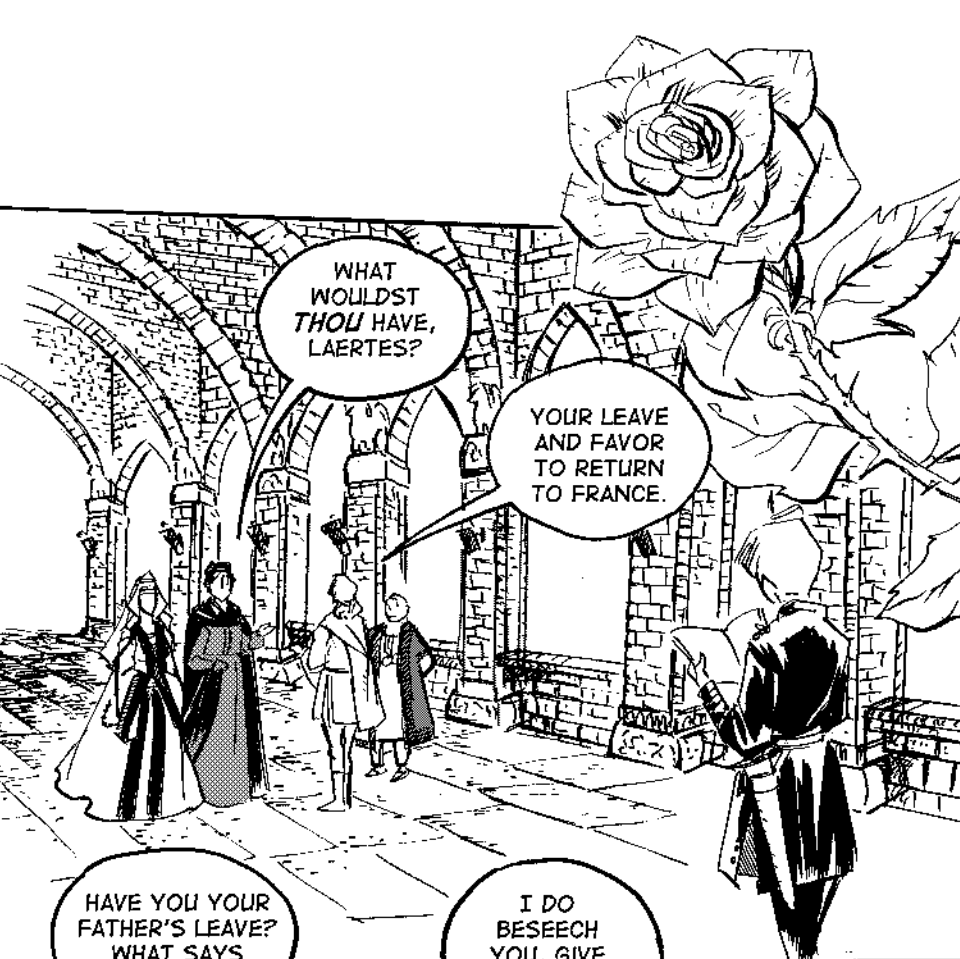
WE HAVE HERE
WRIT TO NORWAY,
UNCLE OF YOUNG
FORTINBRAS--

WHO, IMPOTENT
AND BED-RID,
SCARCELY HEARS
OF THIS HIS
NEPHEW'S
PURPOSE--

TO SUPPRESS
HIS FURTHER
GAIT HEREIN.

WE HERE DISPATCH
YOU, BEARERS OF
THIS GREETING TO
OLD NORWAY.

FAREWELL.



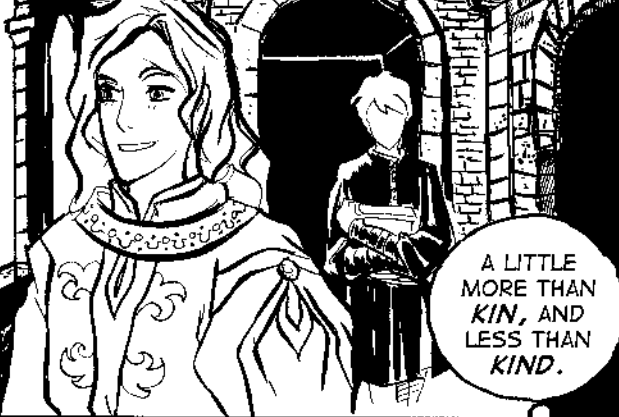
WHAT
WOULDST
THOU HAVE,
LAERTES?

YOUR LEAVE
AND FAVOR
TO RETURN
TO FRANCE.

HAVE YOU YOUR
FATHER'S LEAVE?
WHAT SAYS
POLONIUS?

I DO
BESEECH
YOU, GIVE
HIM LEAVE
TO GO.

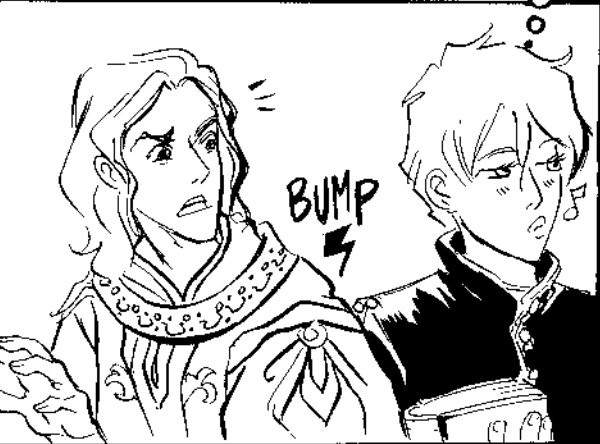
NOW
MY COUSIN
HAMLET, AND
MY SON---



A LITTLE MORE THAN *KIN*, AND LESS THAN *KIND*.



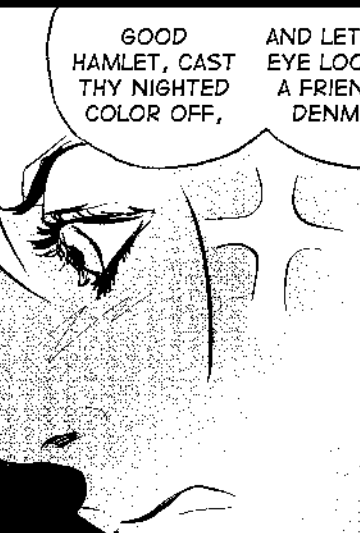
HOW IS IT THAT THE CLOUDS STILL HANG ON YOU?



BUMP ⚡



NOT SO, MY LORD. I AM TOO MUCH IN THE *SUN*.



GOOD HAMLET, CAST THY NIGHTED COLOR OFF,

AND LET THINE EYE LOOK LIKE A FRIEND ON DENMARK.



DO NOT FOREVER WITH THY VAILED LIDS SEEK FOR THY NOBLE FATHER IN THE DUST.

THOU KNOW'ST 'TIS COMMON. ALL THAT LIVES MUST DIE,



PASSING THROUGH NATURE TO ETERNITY.

AY, MADAM, IT IS COMMON.



IF IT BE, WHY SEEMS IT SO PARTICULAR WITH THEE?

"SEEMS," MADAM? NAY, IT IS. I KNOW NOT "SEEMS."



'TIS NOT ALONE MY INKY CLOAK, GOOD MOTHER-- NOR CUSTOMARY SUITS OF SOLEMN BLACK, NOR WINDY SUSPIRATION OF FORCED BREATH, NO, NOR THE FRUITFUL RIVER IN THE EYE-- THAT CAN DENOTE ME TRULY.



THESE INDEED "SEEM," FOR THEY ARE ACTIONS THAT A MAN MIGHT PLAY. BUT I HAVE THAT WITHIN WHICH PASSETH SHOW-- THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SUITS OF WOE.



'TIS SWEET AND COMMENDABLE IN YOUR NATURE,

TO GIVE THESE MOURNING DUTIES TO YOUR FATHER.

BUT YOU MUST KNOW YOUR FATHER LOST A FATHER,

THAT FATHER LOST, LOST HIS.

BUT TO PERSEVERE IN OBSTINATE CONDOLEMMENT IS A COURSE OF IMPIOUS STUBBORNNESS.



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 SON DO I IMPART TOWARD *YOU*.




GASP

FOR YOUR INTENT IN GOING BACK TO SCHOOL IN WITTENBERG,

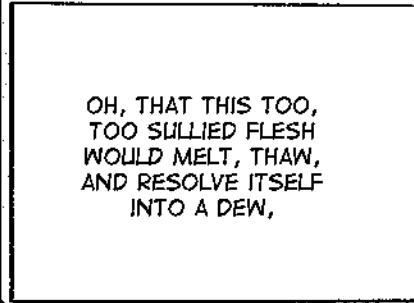


IT IS MOST RETROGRADE TO OUR DESIRE.

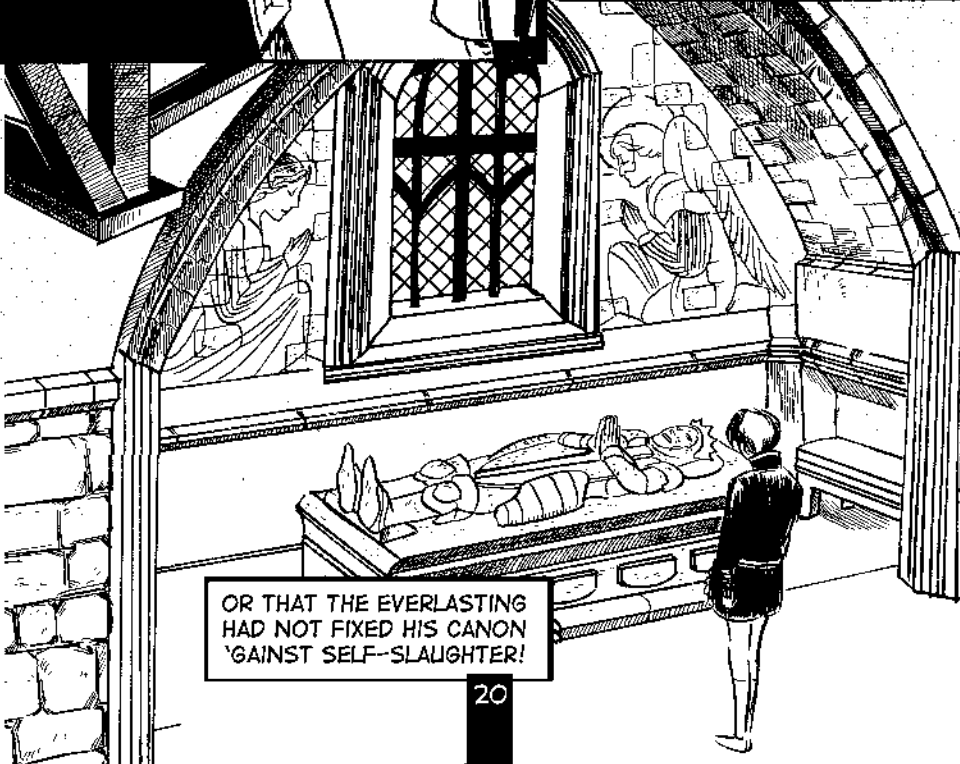




I SHALL IN
ALL MY BEST
OBEY...*YOU*,
MADAM.



OH, THAT THIS TOO,
TOO SULLIED FLESH
WOULD MELT, THAW,
AND RESOLVE ITSELF
INTO A DEW,

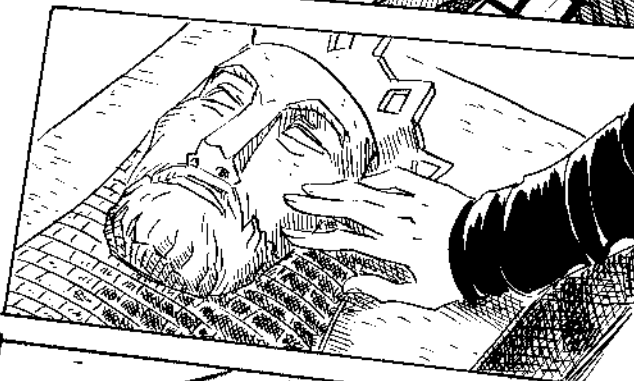
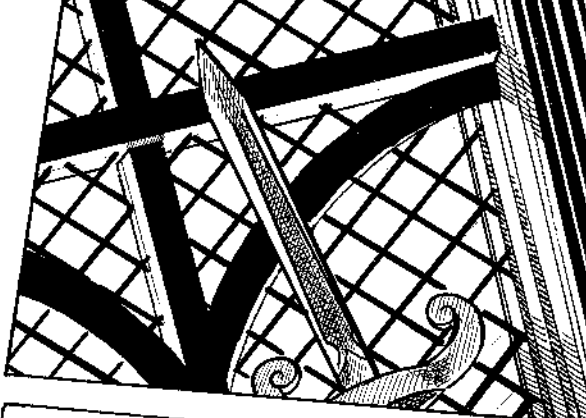


OR THAT THE EVERLASTING
HAD NOT FIXED HIS CANON
'GAINST SELF-SLAUGHTER!

O GOD, GOD! HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT, AND UNPROFITABLE SEEM TO ME ALL THE USES OF THIS WORLD!

FIE ON'T,
AH 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 ON
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
MOURNED LONGER!---



MARRIED WITH
MY 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!

IT IS NOT, NOR
IT CANNOT COME
TO, GOOD.



HORATIO?

GOOD
EVEN,
SIR.



BUT WHAT IS YOUR AFFAIR IN ELSINORE?

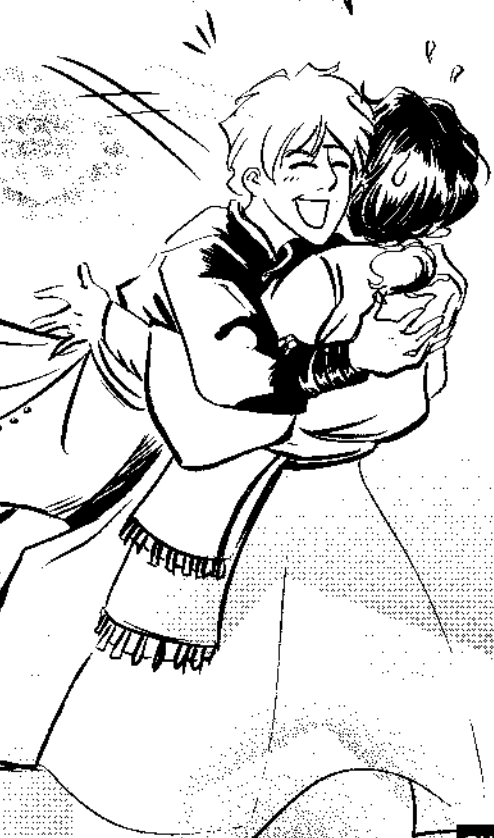
MY LORD, I CAME TO SEE YOUR FATHER'S FUNERAL.

I THINK IT WAS TO SEE MY MOTHER'S WEDDING.

THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!

THE *FUNERAL* BAKED MEATS DID COLDLY FURNISH FORTH THE *MARRIAGE* TABLES.

IN MY MIND'S EYE METHINKS I SEE MY FATHER.



MY LORD, I...THINK I SAW HIM... *YESTER-NIGHT...*

THE KING MY FATHER? FOR GOD'S LOVE, LET ME HEAR.

FOR HAMLET
AND THE
TRIFLING OF
HIS FAVOR--
PERHAPS HE
LOVES YOU
NOW, BUT
YOU MUST
FEAR.

FOR IN HIS CHOICE
DEPENDS THE
SAFETY AND
HEALTH OF THIS
WHOLE STATE.

HE MAY NOT,
AS UNVALUED
PERSONS DO,
CARVE FOR
HIMSELF,

FEAR IT,
OPHELIA--KEEP
YOU, MY DEAR
SISTER, OUT
OF THE SHOT
AND DANGER
OF DESIRE.

I SHALL, MY
BROTHER.

I STAY
TOO
LONG.
BUT
HERE MY
FATHER
COMES.

YET HERE,
LAERTES?
ABOARD,
ABOARD, FOR
SHAME!

AND THESE
FEW PRECEPTS
IN THY
MEMORY
LOOK THOU
CHARACTER:

GIVE THY THOUGHTS
NO TONGUE, NOR ANY
UNPROPORTIONED
THOUGHT HIS ACT.

BE THOU FAMILIAR, BUT
BY NO MEANS VULGAR.

THOSE FRIENDS THOU
HAST, AND THEIR
ADoption TRIED,
GRAPPLE THEM UNTO
THY SOLIL WITH
HOOPS OF STEEL,

BUT DO NOT DULL THY PALM
WITH ENTERTAINMENT OF
EACH NEW-HATCHED,
UNFLEDGED COMRADE.

BWARE OF ENTRANCE TO
A QUARREL, BUT BEING IN,
BEAR'T THAT THE OPPOSED
MAY BWARE OF THEE.

GIVE EVERY MAN THY EAR
BUT FEW THY VOICE. TAKE
EACH MAN'S CENSURE, BUT
RESERVE THY JUDGMENT.

COSTLY THY HABIT AS THY
PURSE CAN BLY, BUT NOT
EXPRESSED IN FANCY—

RICH, NOT GAUDY, FOR
THE APPAREL OFT
PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

NEITHER A BORROWER
NOR A LENDER BE, FOR
LOAN OFT LOSES BOTH
ITSELF AND FRIEND.

THIS ABOVE ALL:
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE TRUE,
AND IT MUST FOLLOW,
AS THE NIGHT THE DAY,
THOU CANST NOT
THEN BE FALSE
TO ANY MAN.



MOSTLY HUMBLY
DO I TAKE MY
LEAVE, MY LORD.

FAREWELL,
OPHELIA, AND
REMEMBER
WELL WHAT I
HAVE SAID TO
YOU.

'TIS IN MY
MEMORY
LOCKED,

AND YOU
YOURSELF
SHALL KEEP
THE KEY OF IT.

WHAT
IS'T,
OPHELIA,
HE HATH
SAID TO
YOU?


SO PLEASE YOU,
SOMETHING
TOUCHING THE
LORD HAMLET.

'TIS TOLD ME HE
HATH VERY OFT OF
LATE GIVEN PRIVATE
TIME TO YOU,

AND YOU YOURSELF HAVE OF
YOUR AUDIENCE BEEN MOST
FREE AND BOUNTIFUL.

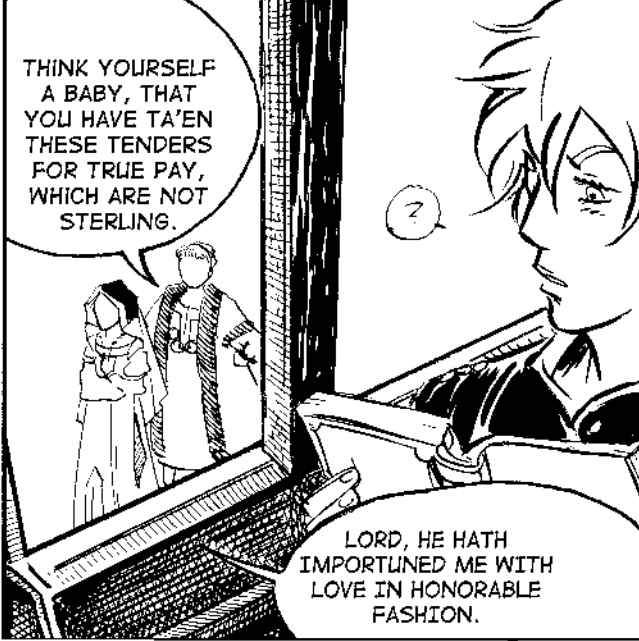
WHAT IS BETWEEN
YOU? GIVE ME UP
THE TRUTH.

HE HATH, MY
LORD, OF LATE
MADE MANY
TENDERS OF
HIS AFFECTION
TO ME.



AFFECTION?
POOH! DO YOU
BELIEVE HIS
"TENDERS"?

I DO NOT
KNOW, MY
LORD, *WHAT*
I SHOULD
THINK.




THINK YOURSELF
A BABY, THAT
YOU HAVE TA'EN
THESE TENDERS
FOR TRUE PAY,
WHICH ARE NOT
STERLING.


LORD, HE HATH
IMPORTUNED ME WITH
LOVE IN HONORABLE
FASHION.

AY, "FASHION" YOU MAY CALL
IT. I DO KNOW, WHEN THE
BLOOD BURNS, HOW PRODIGAL
THE SOUL LENDS THE TONGUE
VOWS.

I WOULD NOT, IN
PLAIN TERMS, FROM
THIS TIME FORTH,



HAVE YOU SO
SLANDER ANY
MOMENT LEISURE
AS TO GIVE WORDS
OR TALK WITH
HAMLET.



LOOK TO'T, I
CHARGE YOU.

I SHALL
OBEY, MY
LORD.



TWO NIGHTS
TOGETHER
HAD THESE
GENTLEMEN
BEEN THUS
ENCOUNTERED:

A FIGURE LIKE
YOUR FATHER,
ARMED, BEFORE
THEM---AND
WITH SOLEMN
MARCH GOES
SLOW AND
STATELY BY
THEM.

THIS, TO
ME, IN
DREADFUL
SECRECY
IMPART
THEY DID,

AND I WITH
THEM THE THIRD
NIGHT KEPT THE
WATCH. THE
APPARITION
COMES...

'TIS VERY
STRANGE.

ARMED FROM
TOP
TO TOE?

FROM
HEAD TO
FOOT.

THEN SAW
YOU NOT
HIS FACE?

OH YES,
MY LORD.

WHAT,
LOOKED HE
FROWNINGLY?

A
COUNTENANCE
MORE IN
SORROW THAN
IN ANGER.



I WILL
WATCH
TONIGHT.
PERHAPS
'Twill WALK
AGAIN.

IF IT
ASSUME
MY NOBLE
FATHER'S
PERSON,
I'LL SPEAK
TO IT,

THOUGH
HELL ITSELF
SHOULD
GAPE AND
BID ME
HOLD MY
PEACE.

I PRAY
YOU ALL,

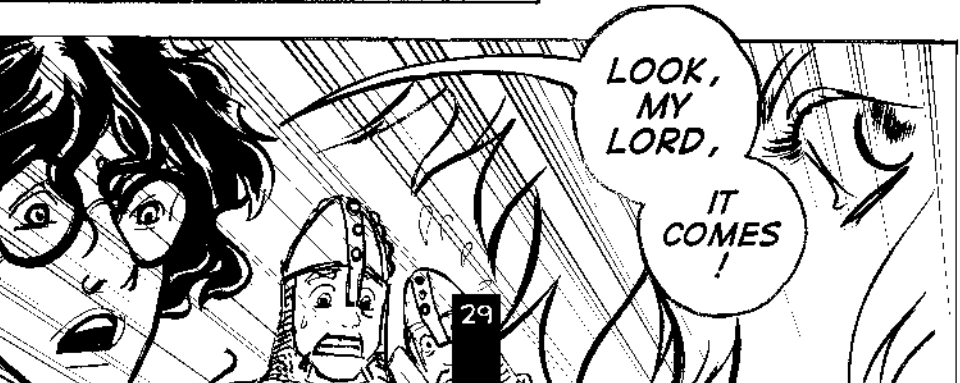
WHATSOEVER
ELSE SHALL
HAP TONHT',
GIVE IT AN
UNDERSTANDING--

BUT NO
TONGUE.



MY FATHER'S SPIRIT--
IN ARMS?
I DOUBT FOUL PLAY.
'TIL THEN, SIT STILL,
MY SOUL.

FOUL DEEDS WILL RISE,
THOUGH ALL THE EARTH
O'ERWHELM THEM TO
MEN'S EYES.



LOOK,
MY
LORD,

IT
COMES
!



BE THOU A
SPIRIT OF
HEALTH OR
GOBLIN
DAMNED,

I WILL
SPEAK TO
THEE.

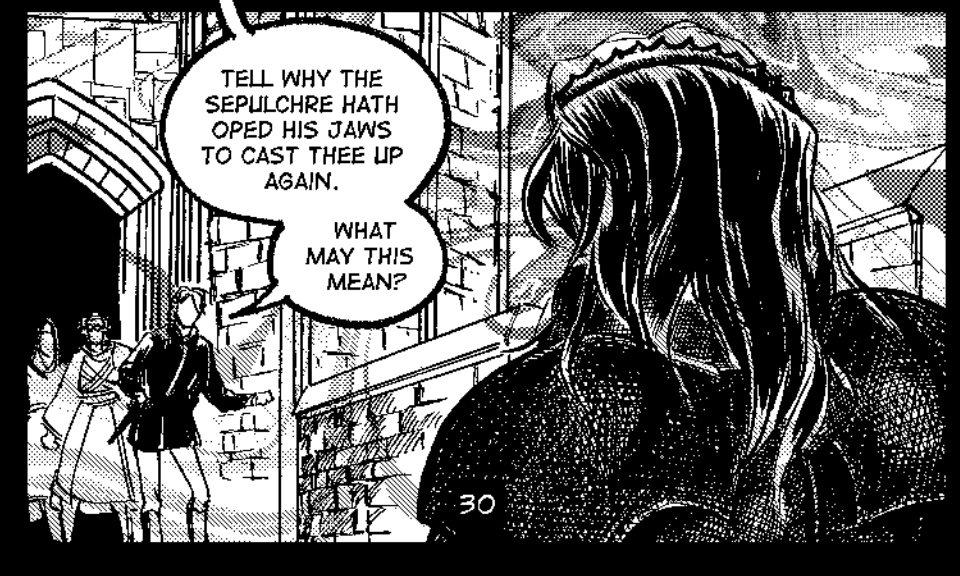
I'LL CALL
THEE
"HAMLET,"

"KING,"

"FATHER,"

"ROYAL
DANE."

O,
ANSWER
ME!



TELL WHY THE
SEPULCHRE HATH
OPED HIS JAWS
TO CAST THEE UP
AGAIN.

WHAT
MAY THIS
MEAN?



IT WILL NOT
SPEAK.
THEN I WILL
FOLLOW IT.

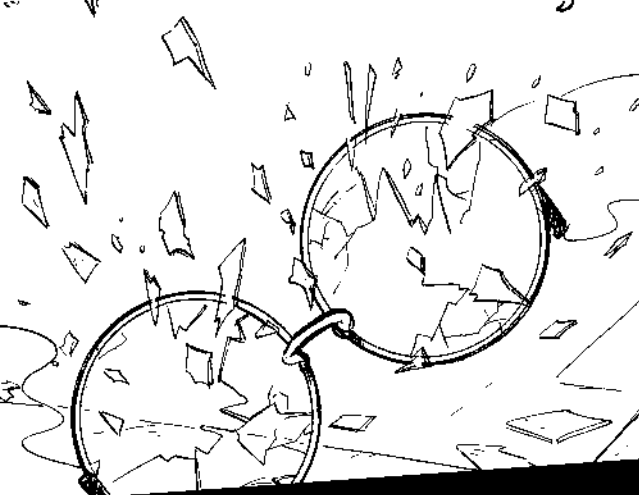


YOU
SHALL
NOT
GO, MY
LORD!

WHAT IF IT
ASSUME
SOME OTHER
HORRIBLE
FORM,
AND DRAW
YOU INTO
MADNESS?
THINK OF
IT.

YOU
SHALL
NOT
GO.

HOLD
OFF
YOUR
HANDS!



GO ON.
I'LL
FOLLOW
THEE.



SOME-
THING
IS
ROTTEN

IN
THE
STATE

OF
DENMARK.





WHITHER
WILT THOU
LEAD ME?

SPEAK.

I'LL
GO NO
FURTHER.



I AM THY
FATHER'S
SPIRIT...

...DOOMED FOR A
CERTAIN TERM TO
WALK THE NIGHT,
AND FOR THE DAY
CONFINED TO
FAST IN FIRES,

'TIL THE FOUL
CRIMES DONE IN
MY DAYS OF
NATURE ARE
BURNT AND
PURGED AWAY.

LIST,
LIST--
O LIST!

IF THOU
DIDST EVER
THY DEAR
FATHER
LOVE---

REVENGE
HIS FOUL
AND MOST
UNNATURAL
MURDER.

O
GOD!

MURDER
???

MURDER
MOST FOUL,
STRANGE AND
UNNATURAL.

HASTE
ME TO
KNOW'T,

THAT I,
WITH WINGS
AS SWIFT AS
MEDITATION OR
THE THOUGHTS
OF LOVE,

MAY
SWEEP TO
MY REVENGE!



NOW,
HAMLET,
HEAR.

'TIS GIVEN OUT THAT,
SLEEPING IN MY ORCHARD,
A SERPENT STUNG ME.

BUT, THOU NOBLE
YOUTH, THE SERPENT
THAT DID STING THY
FATHER'S LIFE
NOW WEARS HIS
FATHER'S
CROWN.

MINE
UNCLE
???

AY, THAT *INCESTUOUS*
BEAST WON TO HIS
SHAMEFUL *LUST* THE WILL
OF MY MOST SEEMING-
VIRTUOUS QUEEN.

BUT SOFT! METHINKS I
SCENT THE MORNING
AIR. BRIEF LET ME BE...

SLEEPING WITHIN MY
ORCHARD, MY
CUSTOM ALWAYS OF
THE AFTERNOON...





UPON MY
SECURE HOUR
THY UNCLE
STOLE WITH
JUICE OF
CURSED
HEBONA IN
A VIAL...



AND IN THE
PORCHES OF
MINE EARS
DID POUR THE
LEPEROLIS
DISTILMENT.



THUS WAS I OF LIFE,
OF CROWN, OF QUEEN
AT ONCE DISPATCHED.

OH HORRIBLE,
OH HORRIBLE,
MOST
HORRIBLE!





LET NOT THE
ROYAL BED OF
DENMARK BE A
COUCH FOR
LUXURY AND
DAMNED
INCEST.



BUT
HOWSOEVER
THOU
PURSUEST
THIS ACT,



TAINT NOT THY MIND,
NOR LET THY SOUL
CONTRIVE AGAINST THY
MOTHER ALIGHT.
LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN,

AND TO THOSE
THORNS THAT
IN HER BOSOM
LODGE TO PRICK
AND STING HER.

FARE THEE
WELL AT
ONCE.
ADIEU,
ADIEU,




ADIEU.
REMEMBER
ME!



O ALL YOU
HOST OF
HEAVEN!


O
EARTH!



WHAT ELSE?
AND SHALL I
COUPLE
HELL?



REMEMBER
THEE!



YEA, THY
COMMANDMENT ALL
ALONE SHALL LIVE
WITHIN THE BOOK
AND VOLUME OF MY
BRAIN, UNMIXED
WITH BASER
MATTER.

YES, BY
HEAVEN!

O MOST
PERNICIOUS
WOMAN!

O VILLAIN,
VILLAIN,
SMILING,
DAMNED
VILLAIN!



ONE MAY
SMILE, AND
SMILE...
AND BE A
VILLAIN.




LORD
HAMLET!

WHAT
NEWS,
MY
LORD?

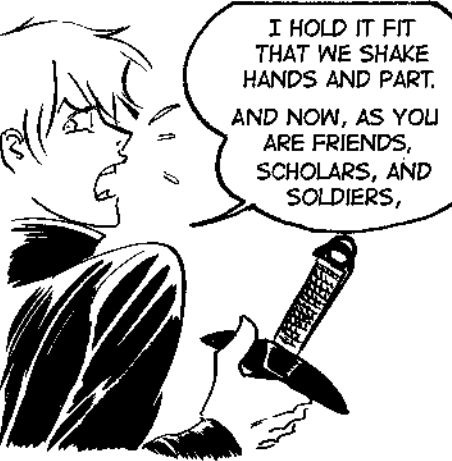


NO.
YOU
WILL
REVEAL
IT.

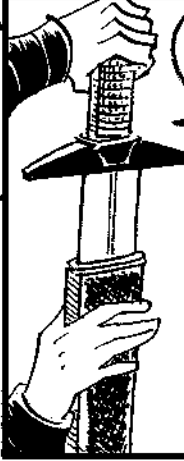


NOT I, MY
LORD, BY
HEAVEN.

NOR
I, MY
LORD.



I HOLD IT FIT
THAT WE SHAKE
HANDS AND PART.
AND NOW, AS YOU
ARE FRIENDS,
SCHOLARS, AND
SOLDIERS,



GIVE ME ONE
POOR
REQUEST.



WHAT
IS'T, MY
LORD?



SWEAR BY
HIS SWORD.

NEVER TO
SPEAK OF
THIS THAT
YOU HAVE
SEEN.

SWEAR
BY MY
SWORD.

O DAY AND
NIGHT, BUT THIS
IS WONDROUS
STRANGE!

THERE ARE MORE
THINGS IN HEAVEN
AND EARTH, HORATIO,

THAN ARE DREAMT
OF IN YOUR
PHILOSOPHY.

BUT
COME:

AS I
PERCHANCE
HEREAFTER
SHALL THINK
MEET TO PUT
AN ANTIC
DISPOSITION
ON,

YOU NEVER
SHALL NOTE
THAT YOU
KNOW AUGHT
OF ME.

SWEAR.

SWEAR!

THE TIME IS
OUT OF JOINT.

O CURSED SPITE,
THAT EVER
I WAS BORN

TO SET
IT RIGHT...