

ACT 5

GOODNIGHT SWEET PRINCE

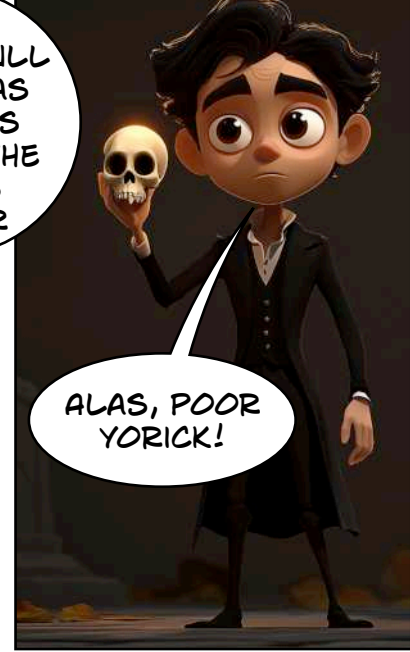
HAMLET HAS ARRIVED BACK AND MET HIS BEST FRIEND HORATIO NEAR A GRAVEYARD! MEANWHILE FORTINBRAS (REMEMBER HIM?) AND HIS ARMY ARE ON THE MARCH. THE FUNERAL FOR OPHELIA IS SOON TO BEGIN, ALTHOUGH HAMLET DOESN'T KNOW SHE'S GONE YET. AS HAMLET PASSES BY A GRAVEDIGGER DOING HIS WORK HE ASKS...



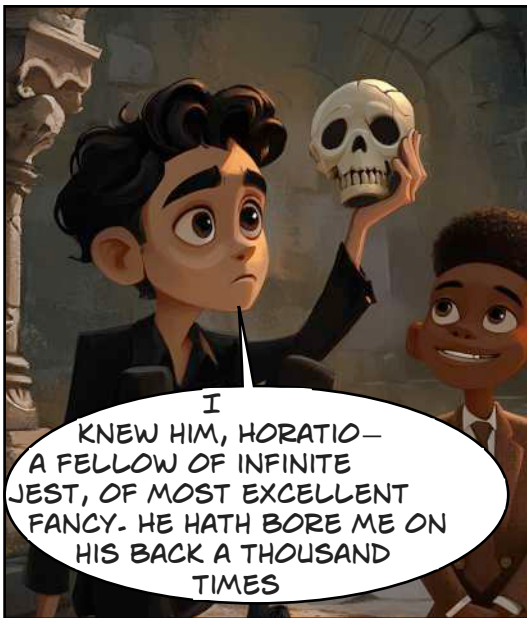
WHOSE SKULL WAS IT?



THIS SAME SKULL SIRE, WAS YORICK'S SKULL, THE KING'S JESTER



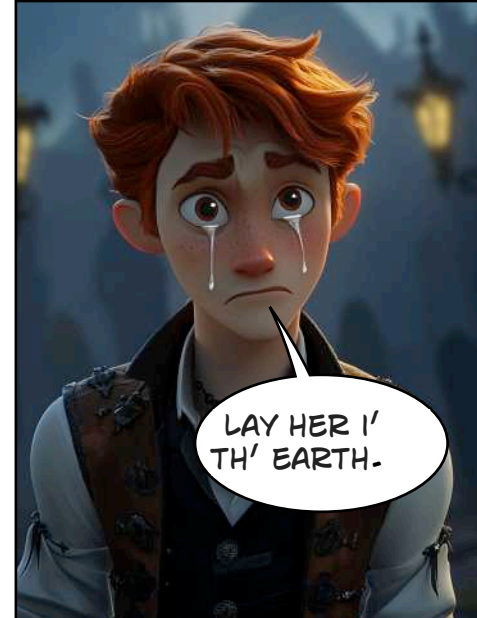
ALAS, POOR YORICK!



I KNEW HIM, HORATIO— A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY. HE HATH BORE ME ON HIS BACK A THOUSAND TIMES



BUT SOFT, BUT SOFT AWHILE, HERE COMES THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE COURTIERS, WHO IS THIS THEY FOLLOW?



LAY HER I' TH' EARTH.

HAMLET REALISES...

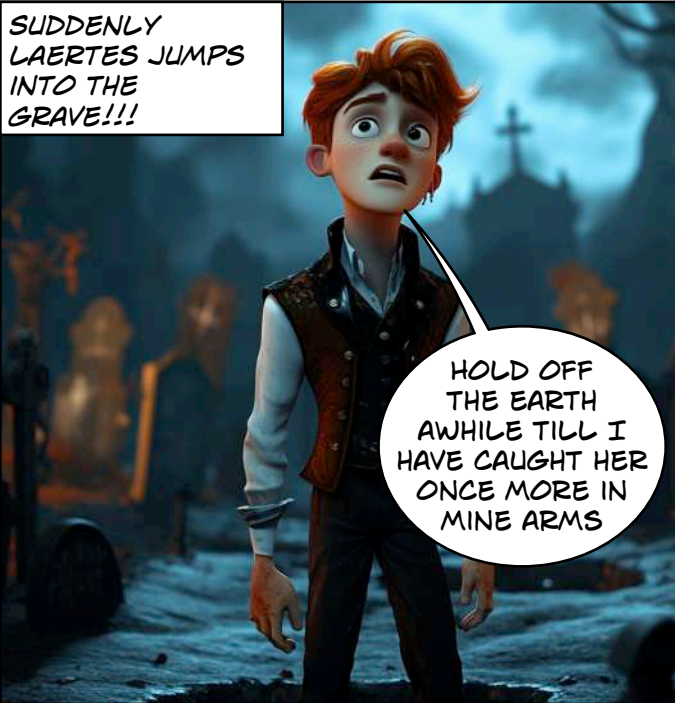


WHAT? THE FAIR OPHELIA!!!



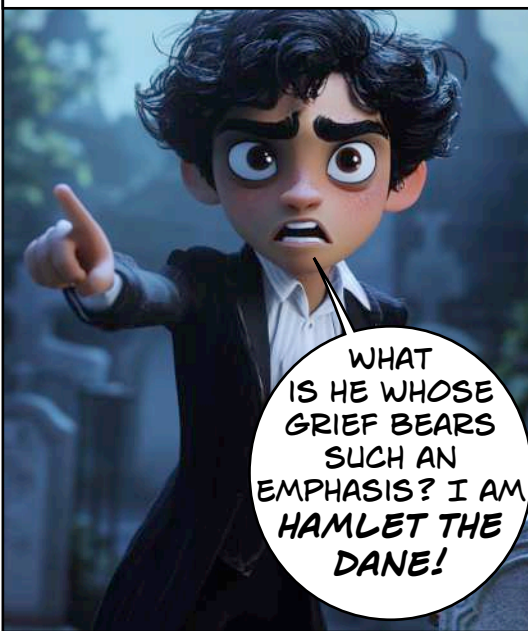
SWEETS TO THE SWEET FAREWELL. I HOPED THOU SHOULDST HAVE BEEN MY HAMLET'S WIFE

SUDDENLY
LAERTES JUMPS
INTO THE
GRAVE!!!

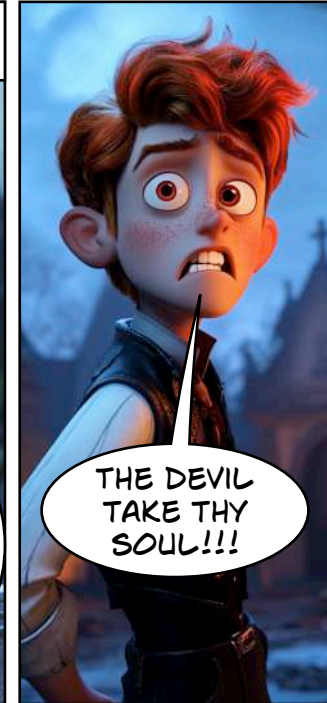


HOLD OFF
THE EARTH
AWHILE TILL I
HAVE CAUGHT HER
ONCE MORE IN
MINE ARMS

HAMLET THINKS HE SHOULD BE
MORE UPSET THAN LAERTES!

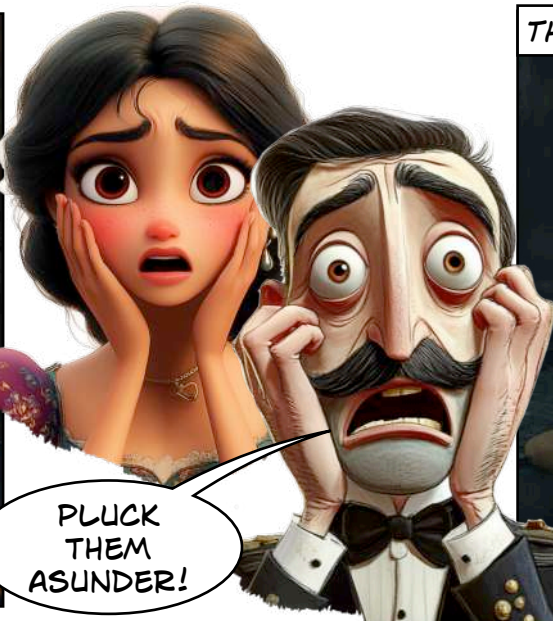


WHAT
IS HE WHOSE
GRIEF BEARS
SUCH AN
EMPHASIS? I AM
HAMLET THE
DANE!



THE DEVIL
TAKE THY
SOUL!!!

HAMLET RUSHES OUT
AND GRABS LAERTES...



PLUCK
THEM
ASUNDER!

THE FIGHT CONTINUES...



WHY, I WILL FIGHT
WITH HIM UPON THIS
THEME UNTIL MY EYELIDS
WILL NO LONGER
WAG!

FINALLY THE TWO OF
THEM ARE PULLED
APART AND EVERYONE
GOES BACK TO THE
CASTLE. THE FUNERAL
HAS BEEN RUINED,
EVERYONE IS UPSET.
LAERTES GOES TO HIS
ROOM, WHILE HAMLET
IS SITTING WITH
HORATIO TELLING HIM
ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO ROSENCRANTZ AND
GUILDENSTERN ON THE
SHIP ...



UP FROM
MY CABIN,
GROPE I TO
FIND OUT
THEM...



WHERE I
FOUND AN
EXACT
COMMAND, MY
HEAD SHOULD
BE STRUCK
OFF!



IS'T
POSSIBLE?

I SAT
ME DOWN,
DEvised A NEW
COMMISSION,
WROTE IT FAIR





THAT ON THE VIEW AND KNOWING OF THESE CONTENTS, HE SHOULD THOSE BEARERS PUT TO SUDDEN DEATH!

SO GUILDENSTERN AND ROSENCRANTZ GO TO IT

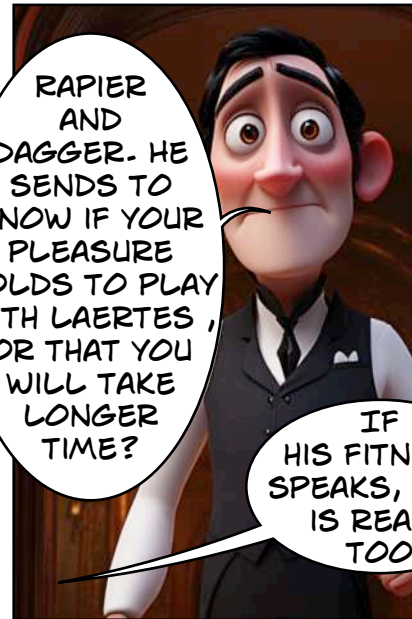
SO HAMLET WROTE HIMSELF A NEW LETTER AND SWAPPED IT FOR THE OLD ONE. ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE NOW CARRYING A LETTER TO ENGLAND WHICH ASKS THE KING TO KILL THEM! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE GOODBYE ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN!!! HAMLET DOESN'T FEEL BAD ABOUT IT, COS HE RECKONS THEY BOTH BETRAYED HIM...



MY LORD HIS MAJESTY HAS LAID A GREAT WAGER ON YOUR HEAD



WHAT'S HIS WEAPON?

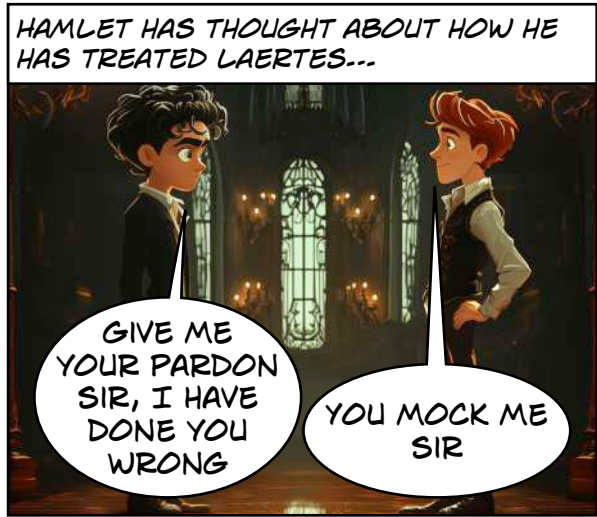


RAPIER AND DAGGER. HE SENDS TO KNOW IF YOUR PLEASURE HOLDS TO PLAY WITH LAERTES, OR THAT YOU WILL TAKE LONGER TIME?

IF HIS FITNESS SPEAKS, MINE IS READY TOO



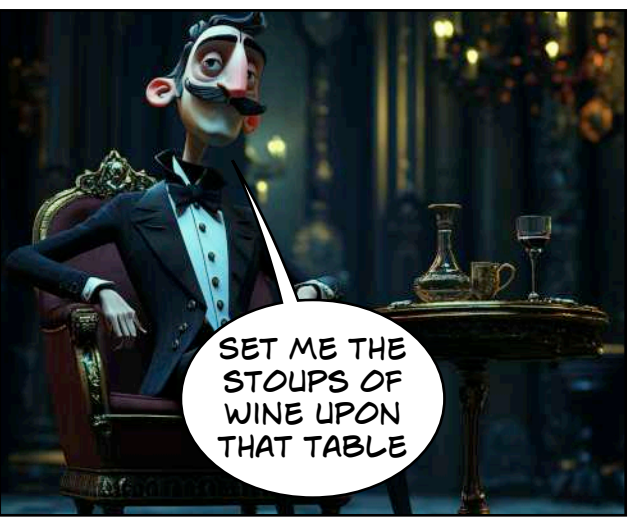
THE KING AND QUEEN ARE COMING DOWN



GIVE ME YOUR PARDON SIR, I HAVE DONE YOU WRONG

YOU MOCK ME SIR

HAMLET KNOWS THAT LAERTES, LIKE HIM, ONLY WANTS TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE. LAERTES DOESN'T BELIEVE HIS APOLOGY AND SO... THE SCENE IS SET. LAERTES HAS POISONED HIS BLADE AND CLAUDIUS HAS THE POISON READY TO PUT IN A CUP FOR HAMLET TO DRINK...



SET ME THE STOUPS OF WINE UPON THAT TABLE

TRUMPETS PLAY AND THE CONTEST IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

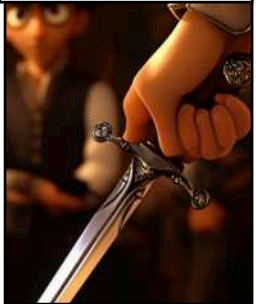


LAERTES IS READY...



HAMLET IS READY...

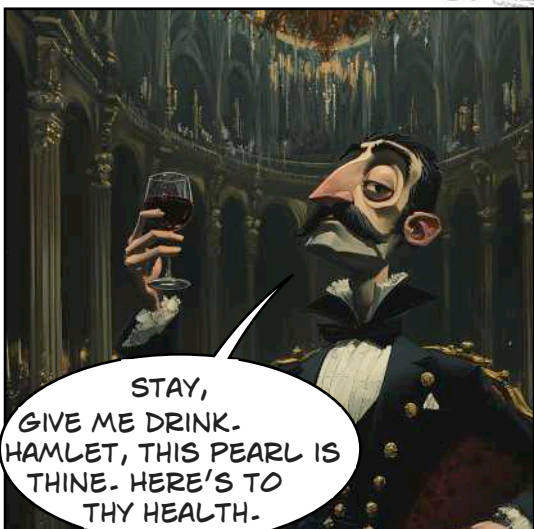
THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN EVERYTHING HAPPENS VERY FAST...



THE FIGHT BEGINS!!!



SWORDS CLASH!!!



STAY, GIVE ME DRINK. HAMLET, THIS PEARL IS THINE. HERE'S TO THY HEALTH.



CLAUDIUS SLIPS HIS POISON INTO THE DRINK!

BUT GERTRUDE PICKS IT UP!



THE QUEEN CAROUSES TO THY FORTUNE, HAMLET!



GERTRUDE, DO NOT DRINK!

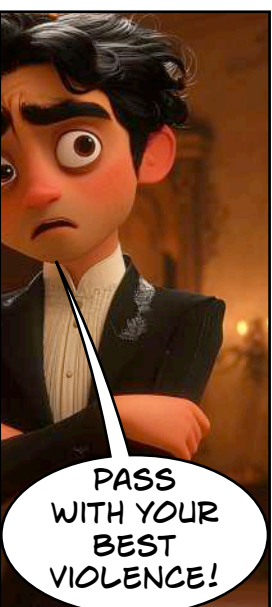


I WILL MY LORD!



SWISH

LAERTES USES THE DISTRACTION AND HITS HAMLET'S ARM WITH THE POISONED SWORD!



PASS WITH YOUR BEST VIOLENCE!

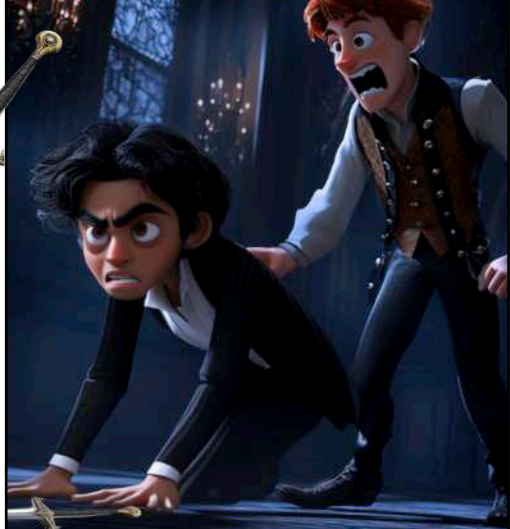
THE TWO MEN GRAPPLE AND THE SWORDS FALL TO THE FLOOR...



WHICH IS THE POISONED ONE?



THEY RUSH TO PICK THE SWORDS UP...



AND HAMLET SLASHES LAERTES...



I AM JUSTLY KILLED WITH MINE OWN TREACHERY



LAERTES IS HIT!!!

HOW DOES THE QUEEN?

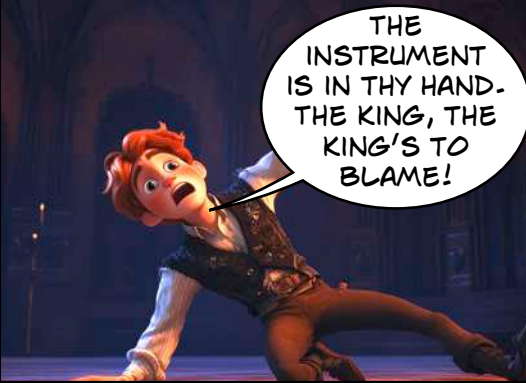


THE DRINK, THE DRINK, I AM POISONED!

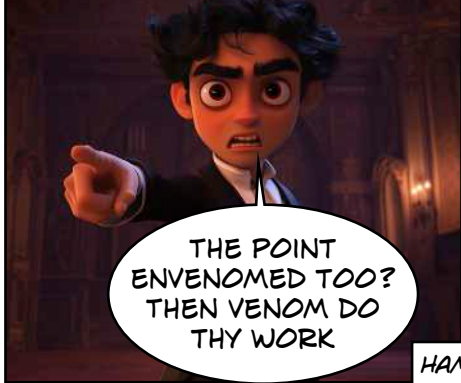


TREACHERY, SEEK IT OUT!

THE INSTRUMENT IS IN THY HAND. THE KING, THE KING'S TO BLAME!



THE POINT ENVENOMED TOO? THEN VENOM DO THY WORK



O, YET DEFEND ME FRIENDS!



HAMLET MAKES CLAUDIUS DRINK THE POISON

THE POISON WORKS QUICKLY ON HAMLET...



HORATIO, I AM DEAD. TELL MY STORY

NOW CRACKS A NOBLE HEART. GOODNIGHT SWEET PRINCE AND FLIGHTS OF ANGELS SING THEE TO THY REST



IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS...



FORTINBRAS BURSTS IN TO TAKE THE CROWN!

AND SO, THEY ARE ALL GONE AND THE SAD STORY IS OVER...



THE END