

Hamlet

written by

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CAR INT. NIGHT.

We see a car parked in traffic, a red light streaking across its windows. Inside the back of the car sits Hamlet. Hamlet is wearing a suit but is battered and bruised with cuts on his cheek, he has clearly been in some sort of altercation. Hamlet is deep in thought contemplating life and death. We hear his inner monologue.

HAMLET (V.O.)

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?

The car drives off Hamlet continues to think.

The car pulls into a car park down an ally.

Hamlet sits and waits for the driver to open his door.

HAMLET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To die: to sleep, no more. 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.

The door is opened for Hamlet. He steps out and straightens his jacket.

HAMLET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Hamlet walks slowly around to the boot of the car.)

To die, to sleep; To sleep: perchance to dream?

Hamlet opens the boot of the car. We then see Ophelia a young woman tied up and gagged with a bag over her head in the boot.

HAMLET (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(From her perspective we see hamlet looking at her as he finishes his monologue.)

ay, there's the rub.

Hamlet reaches inside the boot to grab Ophelia

Hamlet and the driver then lift and carry Ophelia out of the boot and into a building.

CLUB INT. NIGHT.

The scene opens on an empty club. Some of the lights are turned on but no music is playing. Hamlet is standing in front of Ophelia who is tied to a chair in the centre of the dance floor on a sheet of tarp/plastic.

HAMLET

For in that sleep of death what
dreams may come? when we have
shuffled off this mortal coil, it
must give us pause: there's the
consideration that makes the
tragedy of so long a life.

Hamlet removes the bag covering Ophelia's head. She is battered and bruised with cuts and scrapes upon her face. She looks terrified.

Hamlet haloed in light throws the bag to the floor. He leans in to Ophelia to her eye level.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

For who would bear the whips and
scorns of time?

Hamlet straightens up and crosses the room to grab a chair.

Ophelia doesn't move her head much but watches with her eyes. She is sweating and nervous.

He drags the chair over to the right side of Ophelia and sits on it facing it backwards his face close to hers.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

(hamlet now starts to
rant, signalling out each
point with his fingers.)
The oppressor's wrong. The proud
man's scorn. The pangs of despised
love. The law's delay. The
insolence of office and the spurns
that patient merit of the unworthy
takes.

(he calms down and returns
to an even tone)
When he himself might his quietus
make?

Hamlet gets up from the chair and faces Ophelia again

HAMLET (CONT'D)

(he pulls out a gun)
With a gun?

(MORE)

HAMLET (CONT'D)

(He pulls out a knife)

A knife?

He raises the gun and knife in each hand posturing.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

who would bear burden, to grunt and
sweat under a weary life?

But that the dread of something
after death. The undiscovered
country from whose journey no
traveller returns, puzzles the will
and makes us rather bear those ills
we have, than fly to others that we
know not of? Thus conscience does
make cowards of us all.

Hamlet takes a step back. Hamlet is bathed in red light.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

And thus the native hue of
resolution...

We centre on Ophelia who is under a white light

HAMLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast
of thought.

Hamlet walks around behind Ophelia placing his hands on her
shoulders.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

And enterprises of great pith and
moment with this regard their
currents turn awry, and lose the
name of action.

Hamlet raises his knife to Ophelia's throat.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

Soft you now.

Hamlet slits Ophelia's throat. He takes a small step back as
blood pours from her body and her head droops signalling her
death.

Hamlet then places his cheek against hers and whispers.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

The fair Ophelia, nymph, in thy
orisons be all my sins remember'd.

END