

Side 25: Horatio & Fortinbras

Enter FORTINBRAS, with a handful of his soldiers, armed. The sight of so many fresh corpses chills even him.		
	FORTINBRAS	Where is this sight?
	HORATIO	What is it ye would see? If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
	FORTINBRAS	This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, That thou so many princes at a shot So bloodily hast struck?
This, needless to say, will be the last duty HORATIO executes for love before he kills himself.	HORATIO	Since so jump upon this bloody question, You from the Polack wars Are here arrived, give order that these bodies High on a stage be placed to the view; And let me speak to the yet unknowing world How these things came about: so shall you hear Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause, And, in this upshot, purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' reads: all this can I Truly deliver.
He almost manages to do this without irony; a bloodless coup is better than the one he'd had in mind.	FORTINBRAS	Let us haste to hear it, And call the noblest to the audience. For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune: I have some rights of memory in this kingdom, Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
	HORATIO	Of that I shall have also cause to speak, And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more; But let this same be presently perform'd, Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance On plots and errors, happen.
	FORTINBRAS	Let four captains Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage; For he was likely, had he been put on, To have proved most royally. Take up the bodies: such a sight as this Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot.