

# Act 2 scene 2

Hamlet's monologue

Am I a coward? Who doesn't take me seriously? I am the son of the king who was murdered, and all I am doing is thinking. Making me revenge against heaven and hell.

A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me "villain"? Breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i' th' throat

My father had just been murdered, and I am ready to give revenge by heaven and hell to whomever committed this crime.

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Is hamlet really crazy? Did he really see the ghost? Did the uncle really kill his brother? Is he so overwhelmed that he doesn't even know how to deal with the situation?

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words  
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,

All I can do is talk about it, and not actually do anything All I've been doing is cursing.

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
A scullion! Fie upon 't, foh!

About, my brain.—Hum, I have heard

All he can say is words, and he cant do, which is interesting. Does he feel useless?

That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,

Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

I have heard that people who see plays with the crime they committed makes them confess.

am I a coward? Is there  
anyone out there  
who'll call me "villain"  
and slap me hard? Pull  
off my beard? Pinch  
my nose? Call me the  
worst liar?

What an ass I am. I'm so  
damn brave. My dear  
father's been murdered,  
and I've been urged to  
seek revenge by heaven  
and hell, and yet all I  
can do is stand around  
cursing like a whore in  
the streets. Damn it! I  
need to get myself  
together here! Hmm....  
I've heard that guilty  
people watching a play  
have been so affected by  
the artistry of the scene  
that they are driven to  
confess their crimes out  
loud.