

## 18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice is sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed, a half empty bottle of wine at her side, several bottles and packets of pills are scattered on the floor beside her. She is bruised, with a cut lip, her face wet with tears. She is staring straight ahead, slowly rocking backwards and forwards.

Throughout the following monologue we see her fighting the urge to take the pills...

ALICE

*(rocking back and forth slowly under her breath she chants)* To be, or not to be, To be, or not to be, To be, or not to be...

She holds a bottle of pills in her hand. Our focus shifts to the bottle of pills. She turns the bottle around slowly.

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? *(she pops open the lid)*

To die: to sleep; No more; No more, and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.  
*(She pours some of the pills into her hand, she takes some washed down with wine)*

To die: to sleep; to sleep perchance to dream: ay, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil? *(She looks at the pills left in her hand before swallowing them washed down with wine. She pours out more pills into her hand)*

But that the dread of something after death, the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns, puzzles the will... To be, or not to be, to die, to sleep..

*(She puts the pills back into the bottle and shuts the lid)* Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

She slowly places the pill bottle beside her. She rests her head against the bed, she is both mentally & physically exhausted. She sits staring blankly. Faintly we hear the sound of a mobile phone, it grows clearer, she looks at the phone vibrating on the floor, reaching for it she answers it..

PORTIA

*(Seeing the state of Alice's face)* Oh that a man refused, should on a woman abuse. *(pause)* Why doest thou live a coward in thine own esteem, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage?

ALICE

*(quietly)* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, and makes it fearful and degenerate...

PORTIA

Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep. Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

ALICE

I have no thought, other than to think not of what has happened here.

PORTIA

If you prick us do we not bleed? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not be revenged?

ALICE

If it were done when 'tis done...

PORTIA

...then 'twere well It were done quickly *(pause)* If the deed could trammel up the consequence, and catch with his surcease success; but that this blow might be the be-all and the end-all...

(pause) Here, but here, upon this bank  
and shoal of time, you'd jump the life  
to come.

ALICE

But in these cases we still have  
judgment here; that we but teach  
bloody instructions, which, being  
taught, return to plague the inventor:  
this even-handed justice commends the  
ingredients of our poison'd chalice to  
our own lips.

PORTIA

When he is asleep; where to the rather  
shall his day's hard drinking soundly  
invite him, when in swinish sleep his  
drenched natures lie as in a death,  
what cannot you perform upon his  
unguarded person? (silence) Let grief  
convert to anger; blunt not the heart,  
enrage it. Go, and it is done..(the  
call is ended)

ALICE

(she drinks the last of the wine from  
the bottle) That which hath made him  
drunk hath made me bold.

Alice stands up puts her phone in her pocket, picks up the  
wine bottle, this makes her stumble as the effects of the  
wine & pills start to take effect. Bottle in hand she walks  
slowly and purposefully out of the bedroom. The necklace  
remains on the floor, broken.

FADE INTO