

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. To die—to sleep,  
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. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub: (Ha ha! Rub.)  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause—there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life.

For who would bear the — uh, I've forgotten.

Huh... I know I'm depressed about something.

Uh-ba-da-da... Mother: dead.... no, father dead.

Mother alive. Kind of a sexy thing with the mom.

Uncle: probably killed my father.

Girlfriend: crazy as a loon.

Her father's a chatterbox. I killed him...

Ah, this is all too complicated.

