

“DATING HAMLET”
by Bruce Kane

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PLACE: Elsinore Castle

CHARACTER: Ophelia - Think of her as a college sophomore. Still in her teens, she is a mixture of sophistication and romantic naivete.

LIGHTS UP: Ophelia enters dramatically dressed in a long period gown. She speaks in Shakespearean tones.

OPHELIA: “To be or not to be that is the question...” (*Dropping the Shakespearean tone and replacing it with a modern sound.*) No, it’s not... That’s not the question... That never was the question. The question is “When are we getting married?” That’s the question. But when you’re with a guy who can’t make up his mind about anything, what you get is “Whether tis nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous... blah, blah, blah”. What is with you guys anyway? Don’t you know a good thing when it’s right there in front of you? You always think something better is just around the corner and she’s waiting just for you. Well she’s not around the corner and if she was she’s not waiting for your sorry ass. Besides, there’s nothing better in Elsinore than me. I’m as hot as it gets around here. Not to toot my own horn, but this is the firmest butt and the perkier set of boobs you’re gonna find in Denmark. And it’s about time Hamlet woke up to that fact. Oh, Hamlet? (*girlishly*) He’s my boyfriend... He’s a prince... When we get married I’ll be a princess... Princess Ophelia... Has a nice ring to it. (*sarcastically*) If I ever see a ring, that is. Up to a few weeks ago, me and Hamlet were really hot and heavy... He couldn’t keep his hands off me. Not that I wanted him to. Then his old man ups and dies... Just like that... He lays down to take a nap in the garden and croaks.

Now, all of sudden Hamlet doesn't have time for me. He's too busy asking dumb questions and moping around about his dead father and his live wire mother...

Do you know she married Hamlet's uncle before the old king's body was even cold? Well, from what I hear the old man wasn't that hot when he was alive. So, you can't blame Gertrude for goin' for the gusto. A woman has needs. I can vouch for that. Hamlet acted all surprised and everything when his mother and Claudius tied the knot. Where has he been? Everybody in Elsinore knew Gertrude and Claudius have been steaming up the sheets for months. How could you not know? Everytime you turned around Claudius had his hand on her royal ass. It's not like Hamlet and his old man were that close... The king wasn't close to anyone. He was the king, for God's sakes. But Hamlet and his mother were real close. I mean, like, really close. Like in a spooky sort of way? But still, your old man dies and your mom marries your uncle ... it's got to weird you out a little bit. I get that... I'm an understanding person... I can see how he's all melancholy and everything. I tried to help him out of his funk. I even suggested we get away for a few days. He's a prince... It's not like he's got anything he's gotta do. That's the cool part of being a prince... So I said "Let's get a place at the beach... Or maybe the mountains... Just hang out.. The two of us. We'll take walks... Drink some wine... See a play." He's always saying "the play's the thing." You know what he says to me. He said I should go to a nunnery... A nunnery? Nobody parties in a nunnery. And besides they don't even allow guys. Geez....But, like I said, he's got a lot on his mind... And he's deep. Very deep. I think deep guys are sooooo sexy... don't you? But I wish he'd get off this father hang up of his. Now, he thinks Claudius, that's the new king. He's Hamlet's uncle and his step father. He's also the Queen's husband and her brother-in-law. You gotta be some kind of genius to keep all these royal family relationships straight around here. Well, anyway, Hamlet thinks Claudius killed his father... Hamlet's a big conspiracy buff. But, he doesn't just think it... He's knows it... Said his father told him. I mean, the man's dead... How's he gonna tell anyone anything? But, get this... Hamlet says his father's ghost told him... (*holds her hand up to make a pledge*) If I'm lyin', I'm dyin'. And get this... The ghost told Hamlet Claudius poured some poison in his ear when he was sleeping. I get all creepy just thinking about it. Hamlet thinks he should revenge his father and kill Claudius. If it was anyone else, I'd warn the king to

hire an army of food tasters. But this is Hamlet, we're talking about... I love the guy, God knows, but the probability of him putting together a plan to kill the king and then actually doing it has two chances... Slim and none... And even between those two, Hamlet would have trouble choosing. My father says I should stay as far away from Hamlet, as I can get.... He says he's nothing but trouble... But my father says a lot of things... "To thine own self be true... Neither a borrower nor a lender be..." Ya da da ... Ya da da..." So Hamlet's got a few issues... What guy doesn't? If you're gonna wait for the perfect guy to show up, you'll end up a shriveled old maid. And I intend to get what I want, using what I got while I still got it... I know Hamlet. And I know with a little encouragement and a gentle shove here and there... Well, you know what they say. Behind every successful man is a woman kicking him in the ass. My brother thinks Hamlet is a little light in the leotards, if you get my drift... But he says that about every guy I date. Laertes is such a jerk. Hamlet is not that way. Trust me on that. He's gonna be the king someday. Claudius is gonna shuffle off this mortal coil sooner or later. And if Hamlet ever makes up his mind, it could be sooner rather than later. And then Hamlet will be king and I'll be the Queen. Queen Ophelia... People will refer to me as her majesty. Her majesty... Sounds so... so.... majestic. That'll be so great, being the queen... I can't wait. When I'm queen, you'll bow when I walk into a room. You'll stand when I stand. You won't sit until I sit... You'll laugh at all my jokes and call me highness. You'll do what I tell you to do. And when I go back to reunion with all those girls who teased me in convent school... Well, they can all line up to kiss my royal behind. *(A clock chimes offstage)* Oh, I have to go... Hamlet asked to meet him in the great hall. I think he's going to propose... He didn't say that in so many words... Which is odd for him because when he does say anything it's usually in so many words, I'm not sure what the hell he's talking about. But, I'm sure he's going to ask me to marry him...*(rising desperation)* He has to ask me to marry him. He just has to... If he doesn't ask me to marry him... I swear... I'll kill myself.

(She runs off)

THE END

