

Excerpt from...

“DATING HAMLET”
Monologue
by Bruce Kane

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

“DATING HAMLET”
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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 begins to speak 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 “Will you marry, me?” 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 partys 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?

(The play continues...)

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