

**Ophelia, Audition Scene 1**

OPHELIA

Have you even looked at your phone?

HAMLET

It's on silent. I'm kind of *busy*.

Ophelia cuts in, turning to the girl Hamlet's been talking to.

OPHELIA

Listen, I'm sure you're a nice girl. He's probably fed you a few lines about how beautiful you'd look in a crown, right? Has he told you that he's a prince yet?

HAMLET

Ophelia!

OPHELIA

Trust me, this is *as good as it gets*. You will absolutely regret this in the morning. Go find yourself a nice, unselfish math major. Have a fulfilling evening for once.

The girl heads off, scared and intimidated. Hamlet calls after her.

HAMLET

Math majors aren't fulfilling!

OPHELIA

And undeclared seniors are?

Hamlet whirls on her, seething.

HAMLET

What the *fuck*, Ophelia?

OPHELIA

Why haven't you checked your phone?

HAMLET

I told you, it was on silent. Because I was busy, as you *clearly* saw. What are you - stop, what are you doing?

OPHELIA

I am *trying* to find your phone.

HAMLET

Stop - Jesus, if you want to cop a  
feel, just ask.

Ophelia sputters, pulling her hands out of Hamlet's pockets.

OPHELIA

I am *not* --

HAMLET

Why not? You scared off the girl  
who absolutely was going to, who  
didn't know I was a Prince yet, by  
the way --

OPHELIA

Everyone knows you're a prince,  
Hamlet. They know what kind of  
boxers you wear. The silk is  
absolutely an unnecessary  
overspend, by the way.

HAMLET

Briefs.

OPHELIA

Excuse me?

HAMLET

I wear boxer *briefs*, O. And I wore  
silk ones *one time*, so now I know  
exactly which pap photos you're  
keeping in your spank bank.

**Ophelia, Audition Scene 2**

Ophelia shivers in the snow. Hamlet shrugs off his jacket, offering it to her.

OPHELIA

What do you want me to do with that?

HAMLET

Put it on? You do know how to do that, right? One arm, then the other, suddenly you're wearing a jacket, designed to keep you warm in the snow.

OPHELIA

Wow, thank you, I never would have figured that one out.

Nonetheless, she takes the jacket and slips it on. It's a little too big, and the arms drape past her hands, and it smells like...

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Please tell me you're not wearing axe body spray.

HAMLET

It's Gill's. Makes me feel like a proper American frat boy.

OPHELIA

One more role to play.

HAMLET

Quite like that one. Very freeing.

OPHELIA

Ah, yes. All the drinking, the womanizing, the one night stands. Such a shame you've become a one-woman kind of man, now.

HAMLET

Is it?

The snow is falling, soft against Hamlet's sharp cheekbones, and maybe it isn't just the cold that's making Ophelia shiver, now. He takes half a step closer. Ophelia's quiet, almost a whisper.

OPHELIA

Yeah. Big shame.

And then Hamlet's right in front of her, the space between them barely big enough to see their breath in the cold.

HAMLET

Maybe it is. You have really long eyelashes.

OPHELIA

Yeah?

HAMLET

Mhm. Catching snow.

OPHELIA

Right.

HAMLET

Hey, Ophelia?

OPHELIA

Yeah?

HAMLET

I'm gonna kiss you now.

OPHELIA

Right. Yes. Yeah.

HAMLET

Yeah.