OPHELIA/HAZMAT

A one-minute Minuet

By

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Characters

Ophelia

Hazmat

Time – MustHaveAStop

Space – IsWhereIt'sAt

HereAtTheDeadCenterOfAmerica

OPHELIA

A pubic hair so grey I save/I bite it out I spit away
I sink beneath my wat'ry grave/I riseth up another day

HAZMAT

"But, soft, the fair Ophelia."

OPHELIA

"I weigh what loss my honor may sustain
If too credent ear I list his songs
Or lose my heart, or my chaste treasure open
To his unmast'red importunity"

HAZMAT

I said, "But SOFT, the fair Ophelia."

OPHELIA

I say, But, HARD the foul Hazmat.

HAZMAT

"Nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered."

OPHELIA

Buck, in thy orifices, tread with me the path of primrose dalliance.

HAMLET

I must take my leave of you.

OPHELIA

I will dress as HazMat and take my leave *with* you. To Chernobyl, Three Mile Island, Fukushima Daiichi. "Please do not go outside. Please stay indoors. Please close windows and make your homes airtight. Please hang on your laundry indoors."

HAZMAT

You cannot, madam, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal — except my life, except my life, except my life in the hazardous waste industry. Hanging on my laundry indoors.

OPHELIA

Master of Importunity, make yourself an honest man and marry me in a trice.

HAZMAT

Once, twice, trice.

OPHELIA

HamNet, HamLet, HazMat.

Fini.