

## Short Comedy: Making the 'Hamlet'

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Narrator: As you know well, these days being over-weight is one of the most serious problems in health because it can cause many life-style related diseases. If you were a corpulent person, you would have twice or three times more chance of death unfortunately. Therefore, the so-called 'eating like a horse' or preferring sweets means a suicidal behaviour for you. This has been a global and familiar problem for many years. Even in sixteenth century.

(Whispering) To tell the truth, one of the most famous playwrights, William Shakespeare, had the same problem when he was writing 'Hamlet'. This is an episode at that time.

Winning wonderful fame and wealth has made him a very stout man, so he is going on a diet. Owing to three months' diet, his weight begins decreasing gradually. One day, he is struggling to find the perfect words for the climax, that is, the most well-known scene that Hamlet is worrying about his decision.

-----At Shakespeare's study-----

Shakespeare: Shit! I can't hit upon a good idea. I wonder what should make Hamlet say. There aren't any words that will move and impress everybody, are there? ...Uhmhhh... Dear, dear! A little more, it's just little more! But my hunger makes it very difficult to think of them. Oh my god!

Maid: (knocking on the door) Sir, your dinner is prepared.

S: Thanks, come in.

M: Yes, sir, here you are. Today's menu is the most delicious one among these three months', sir.

S: Wow, lovely! It sounds great. Let me see.

M: Here, a thin slice of bread, a small green salad, and a cup of plain tea, sir. What a delicious dish, do you think?

S: Oh no! That's all? None of your jokes. Are you going to make me die of hunger? I'd like to have much more. I'll really starve to death.

M: No, sir. Your wife strictly ordered me not to serve any food to you without a prescribed diet from your doctor. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't .....

S: I know well I must lose weight. But I'm bored with this diet. Please bring me my favorite sweets, just a bit of strawberry pie and a cup of hot chocolate, secretly. Please.

M: All right, sir. But it's none of my business if your wife tells you off severely. Be sure to defend me against her scolding, sir.

S: Yes yes, of course. Never mind. Believe me.

M: All right. Wait a moment, sir.

(She leaves his study and returns quietly with a tray after a while.)

M: Sir, here you are. Is that all right?

S: Thank you very much. You looks like a goddess. I've been looking forwards to having them for these three months. Keep it secret from my wife.... Well, you can step back. Thanks.

M: Yes, sir. (She steps back.)

S: Ohhhhh.... It smells nice. (Eating with stealth) Delicious. I'm dreaming of this happy time. How wonderful!..... But wait! I have to consider well. If I yield to temptation of these sweets, my past efforts shall be in vain. I'm sure I'll turn back to be a miserably fat man like that tub at the corner. What shall I do? ....Uhmhhh.....

(Walking here and there with being worried about it.)

Tubby or not tubby. Fat is the question! ....Tubby or not tubby. Fat is the question!

Alas! Good words have just flashed into my mind! (Writing on paper at his desk) At last I've finished my 'Hamlet'! Unbelievable, just finished!

N: Thus was his 'Hamlet' completed. This is the true story, I swear.