

Ophelia is also Dead, 2019, the Durham Drama Festival

'Ophelia is also Dead' is a tragicomic show that follows the story of Shakespeare's most neglected heroine, Ophelia of *Hamlet*. The show won many awards at its festival run in Durham, including Best Writing, Best Directing, and Best Leading actress, as well as the Hatfield College Trust Award. It was received warmly at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival 2019, being awarded four out of five stars by the Wee Review, and five out of five by The Student. The following pages are an excerpt of 'Ophelia is also Dead', as well as a selection of reviews.

Durham 2019

<https://www.palatinate.org.uk/review-ophelia-is-also-dead/> :5 / 5 stars

The Edinburgh Fringe 2019

<https://theweereview.com/review/ophelia-is-also-dead/> : 4 / 5 stars

<https://studentnewspaper.org/ophelia-is-also-dead-review/> : 5 / 5 stars

Shot by Seleste Woo



OPHELIA: Their rehearsals were fun to watch. The director was this upstart crow straight from RADA or LAMDA or something, full of physical theatre crap and Stanislavski. So she sits Hamlet down and tells him to analyse him using the Method, the Stanislavski Method, building Hamlet from the ground up with his favourite foods and dreams and IKEA-brand furniture. Would Hamlet buy a Billy bookcase? Would Hamlet like Soreen Maltloaf? Would Hamlet dare eat a peach? No, yes, yes. And it's cute, it's a boys school, and everything is

funny. They're all lads doing drama in between rugby and wanking and scoring Cs in maths. It's shownight, lights are on, and it's going hilariously. They're having a laugh. But then I come on, and --

LAERTES: I was the more deceived.

LAERTES flounces off. HORATIO (as HAMLET) stares at OPHELIA.

HORATIO: Get thee to a nunnery!

HORATIO leaves.

OPHELIA: Just the way he said it. Something about that one word, that one nunnery, just that one time. It's how he said it. Jumping over the syllables, the hint of a stammer, weird accent from that uni in Wittenberg. It was him. And I sat there, watching that sixth former in an inside-out school blazer and shoes that his mum promised he'd grow into and suddenly I was fourteen. I was fourteen and pretty and dry and alive and happy and scared and so much more than this. What gave him the right? What gave Henry, or Harry, or Hamlet, or whatever his name was, the right? My Hamlet was fifteen and pretty and dry and alive and happy and scared. Your Hamlet is dead. What gives you the right?

[End excerpt.]