Shakespeare's Soliloquies - Adapted

Adapt these popular Shakespearean monologues into a more modern form of communication. The first one has been done for you.

As You Like It (Act I, Scene 7)

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

As You Like It (Modern Slang)

I met a crazy guy out in the woods
wearing patches, what an awful place!
He was there as sure as I'm standing here now.
He was chillin' on the ground in the sun
and cursing his luck with some big words.
Using big words and wearing patches!
I said, "How's it going, Fool?" and he said
"Don't call me fool until I get some luck"
Then he pulled out his watch
And gazed at it for a minute
"It's ten o'clock," he said.
"Where the heck does the time go?
"Just an hour ago it was 9:00
"And it will be 11:00 in an hour,
"We all keep aging nicely
"But we're all also getting old."

Julius Caesar (Act III, Scene 2)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

Hamlet (Act III, Scene 1)

To be, or not to be--that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep--
No more--and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep--
To sleep--perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life….