

Hamlette Cast List

2 Female, 3 Male/Female, and 4-8 Extras M/F

NARRATOR (M/F) narrates the show and dies on stage.

WATCHMAN 1 (M/F) hates the night shift and dies on stage.

WATCHMAN 2 (M/F) a master of the bad joke and dies on stage.

QUEEN/GHOST (F) Hamlette's mother, who is on a transparent quest for revenge. Already dead on stage but dies on stage again anyway.

HAMLETTE (F) Really, she should have sought counseling a long, long time ago.

ASSORTED CASUALTIES (M/F) Only one line each, but they die spectacularly on stage.

Sample Pages

(Lights up. Enter NARRATOR.)

NARRATOR: Welcome ladies and gentlemen. The play we are about to perform is The Tragedy of Hamlette, Princess of Denmark.

QUEEN: *(Entering.)* Hamlet? No, no, no. I've already sat through that. Five minutes of bloodletting and three hours of monologuing. And no romance to speak of!

NARRATOR: No, not Hamlet. This is Hamlette.

QUEEN: Hamlette?

NARRATOR: Prince-ess of Denmark.

QUEEN: *(Excited.)* A chick-flick?

NARRATOR: Precisely.

QUEEN: Wonderful! Finally, a play for us women! Well? Do begin.

NARRATOR: You'd better get ready. You're a ghost.

QUEEN: *(Confused.)* A ghost? I thought this was a chick-flick?

NARRATOR: Er . . . it is. You die . . . for love.

QUEEN: How romantic! Just let me get ready! *(Exits.)*

NARRATOR: *(Smiles at audience and begins. Enter WATCHMAN 1 & 2.)* The play starts with our two night watchmen on a cold winter's night.

WATCHMAN 1: *(Shivering.)* It's a cold winter's night. Man, I hate the night shift.

WATCHMAN 2: But we're night watchmen.

WATCHMAN 1: Oh. Right.

WATCHMAN 2: How about a joke to pass the time?

WATCHMAN 1: All right.

WATCHMAN 2: What do you call people who provide timepieces for lords on horseback?

WATCHMAN 1: I don't know. What do you call people who provide timepieces for lords on horseback?

WATCHMAN 2: Knight watch men.

WATCHMAN 1: *(Long pause.)* Man, I hate the night shift.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, the ghost of Hamlette's mother appears. *(Exits.)*

GHOST: *(Entering.)* I am the ghost of Hamlette's mother.

WATCHMAN 2: You sort of expect a ghost on the graveyard shift. Get it? Ghost? Graveyard shift?

WATCHMAN 1: I hate the night shift.

GHOST: Go, run! Get my daughter Hamlette.

WATCHMAN 1: Daughter Hamlette?

WATCHMAN 2: Weren't you listening to the narrator?

WATCHMAN 1: My attention wanders during Shakespeare.

WATCHMAN 2: We don't have a ham actor hogging the stage. We have a Hamlette.

WATCHMAN 1: I really hate the night shift.

GHOST: Go get Hamlette!

HAMLETTE: *(Entering.)* Somebody call my name?

GHOST: Hamlette!

HAMLETTE: Mom! *(They run toward each other with their arms out to hug, but just pass by each other. Make it look like HAMLETTE passed right through GHOST.)* Mom?

GHOST: I need to talk to you!

HAMLETTE: But you're dead.

WATCHMAN 2: That explains her grave expression. *(ALL stop and turn slowly in unison to stare at WATCHMAN 2 while he laughs at own joke.)*

GHOST: Hamlette, I know I'm a ghost, but you need to talk to me anyway. I need you to do something.

WATCHMAN 2: *(Pointing to GHOST)* That's the spirit! *(ALL stop and turn slowly in unison to stare at WATCHMAN 2 while he laughs at own joke.)*

HAMLETTE: What would you have me do?

WATCHMAN 2: Whatever it is, it doesn't stand a ghost of a chance.

(HAMLETTE takes her sword and stabs WATCHMAN 2.)

WATCHMAN 1: Thank you.

HAMLETTE: *(Squats down and holds WATCHMAN 2's chin and contemplates.)* Alas, poor Dork. I knew him well. A man of infinite jest.

GHOST: Hamlette, we don't have time for one of your monologues now. I need you to avenge . . . a murder!

HAMLETTE: A murder? Who was killed?

GHOST: *(Beat.)* Hello? Ghost?

HAMLETTE: Right. Who killed you?

GHOST: Your aunt. My sister.

HAMLETTE: Both of them?

GHOST: *(To audience, nodding toward HAMLETTE.)* She takes after her father. *(Back to HAMLETTE.)* My sister who is your aunt killed me. *(To audience.)* I died for love, though this isn't exactly what I was thinking. *(To HAMLETTE.)* Your aunt killed me and married your father.

HAMLETTE: Oh, wow.

GHOST: Horrendous, isn't it?

HAMLETTE: No, I just realized that . . . I'm my own cousin.

GHOST: Hamlette. I need you to avenge my death.

HAMLETTE: If I'm my own cousin, can I even get married? . . .