

Hamlet Cast List

2 Male, 3 Male/Female, 4 Extras M/F

NARRATOR (M/F) Gets to die on stage. Cool.

WATCHMAN 1 (M/F) Hates the night shift. Dies on stage.

WATCHMAN 2 (M/F) The master of the bad joke. Dies on stage.

GHOST (M) Hamlet's father, who is on a transparent quest for revenge. Already dead on stage. But dies again anyway.

HAMLET (M) Really, he should have sought counseling a long, long time ago.

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

Sample Pages

(Lights up. Enter NARRATOR & WATCHMAN 1 & 2, who stand shivering.)

NARRATOR: Welcome ladies and gentlemen. The play we are to perform is The Tragic Tale of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The play starts with our two night watchmen on a cold winter's night.

WATCHMAN 1: *(Shivering.)* 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: Two tapeworms were talking in a pub.

WATCHMAN 1: Tapeworms? In a pub?

WATCHMAN 2: Yeah. Anyway, one said to the other, "Are you from the city?" And the other answered, "No, I live in a hamlet." Get it? Hamlet?

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

NARRATOR: Suddenly, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears.

GHOST: *(Enters.)* I am the ghost of Hamlet's father.

WATCHMAN 2: You sort of expect a ghost on the graveyard shift.

WATCHMAN 1: Great. First tapeworm jokes and now ghost jokes? I hate the night shift.

GHOST: Go, run! Get my son Hamlet.

WATCHMAN 2: We can't run and do anything.

GHOST: Why not?

WATCHMAN 2: We're watch men.

WATCHMAN 1: Stick to parasite jokes.

GHOST: Go get Hamlet!

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

GHOST: Hamlet!

HAMLET: Dad! *(They run toward each other with their arms out to hug, but just pass by each other making it look as if HAMLET passed right through GHOST.)* Dad?

GHOST: I need to talk to you!

HAMLET: But you're dead.

WATCHMAN 2: That explains his grave expression. *(All stop and turn slowly in unison to stare at WATCHMAN 2 who laughs at own joke.)*

GHOST: 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 who laughs at own joke.)*

HAMLET: What would you have me do?

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

(HAMLET takes his sword and stabs WATCHMAN 2.)

WATCHMAN 1: Thank you, sir.

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

GHOST: Hamlet, while I was asleep under a tree, my brother (your uncle) killed me.

HAMLET: Both of them?

GHOST: *(To audience.)* He takes after his mother. *(To HAMLET.)* My brother, who is your uncle killed me.

HAMLET: Oh. *(Beat.)* Killed you? How? Did he stab you? Smother you?

GHOST: He poured poison in my ear.

HAMLET: He poured . . . *(Looks confused.)* Poison? In your ear? Well, that's pretty lame. Didn't you wake up?

GHOST: That's beside the point. I need you to avenge my death.

HAMLET: I mean, are you used to having stuff poured in your ear while you sleep? Got a big problem with swimmer's ear?

GHOST: Hamlet, you need to focus here. Your uncle killed me and married your mother.

HAMLET: Oh, wow.

GHOST: Horrendous, isn't it?

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

GHOST: Hamlet, focus. You must avenge—

HAMLET: But, if I'm my own cousin, can I even get married?

GHOST: *(Sighs.)* Yes. Now, back to the matter at hand: you need to kill your uncle. It's got to be done tonight!

HAMLET: How? Pour poison in his ear?

GHOST: Anyway you like. Just make sure it's violent. It'll help our ratings. . . .