



**Sample Pages from
Hamlet, Zombie Killer of Denmark**

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HAMLET, ZOMBIE KILLER OF DENMARK

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Chris Stiles



Hamlet, Zombie Killer of Denmark
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Characters

(4M+2W+11 Either, plus extras)

Gender is for the most part irrelevant. It's nice to have Hamlet, Laertes, Ophelia, the King and the Queen played by the appropriate gender; but the rest of the cast can be cast with either gender. In the original cast, I used four males and thirteen females and it worked just fine.

Hamlet: Prince of Denmark

Bernardo: A guard

Francisco: A guard

Marcellus: Officer of the guards

Horatio: Friend to Hamlet

Zombie: The remains of Hamlet's father

King (Claudius): King of Denmark

Queen (Gertrude): Queen of Denmark

Polonius: Lord of the Court

Laertes: Zombified son of Polonius

Ophelia: Daughter to Polonius

Rosencrantz: A zombie courtier

Guildenstern: A zombie courtier

Yorick: A zombie court jester

Gravedigger: A gravedigger

Osric: A zombie courtier

Fortinbras: Prince of Norway

Extras: Soldiers to Fortinbras

Costuming

Simple costuming works the best. Make sure the zombies and the humans are easily distinguishable.

Zombie Actors

The quality of the zombie actors will make or break this show. A good zombie has a good zombie walk, a good zombie moan, is animated with his lines (a great challenge in non-verbal communication) AND of course is funny. The humans have all the verbal humor; the zombies get the physical humor. The combination makes for a hilarious show.

Original Cast

Hamlet, Zombie Killer of Denmark *premiered on March 10, 2010 at Concordia High School, Concordia, Kansas, with the following cast:*

HAMLET: Anthony May

BERNARDO: Mari Mar

FRANCISCO: Alexis Sparrow

MARCELLUS: Kristina Fraley

HORATIO: Siri McGuire

ZOMBIE (HAMLET'S FATHER): Amanda Foreman

KING (CLAUDIUS): Ross Hartzell

QUEEN (GERTRUDE): Micaelah Bieker

POLONIUS: Tyrel Peters

LAERTES: Anthony Ducote

OPHELIA: Whitney Hillman

ROSENCRANTZ: Angel Malcuit

GUILDENSTERN: Kaitlin Moore

YORICK: Angela Dvorak

GRAVEDIGGER: Mia Smith

OSRIC: Burgandy Hyde

FORTINBRAS: Madison Deal

EXTRAS: Jeanie Sullivan, Megan Ross

The playwright wishes to thank the cast for their contributions to the creation of this play.

Cutting for Time

The play should run about 35 minutes. If you are using this as a competition piece and you find the running time is cutting it too close, consider the following cuts. Preferably, none of these cuts would need to be made, and I ask that you only employ them in the face of a competition-eliminating situation.

Scene 12: Begin the scene with the Queen and Ophelia already onstage, and start the scene with Ophelia singing her second song ("He is dead and gone, lady...").

Scene 13: After the Gravedigger's line, "The Zombie King. The Zombie King that slew Hamlet's father..." Have Hamlet start to exit and skip to the Gravedigger's line, "Hey, where you going?"

Scene 14: The entire scene can be cut by adding the following to the end of Scene 13: "HAMLET: (*offstage*) What's this? Alas, poor Yorick, I suppose you could tag along. Come!" Perhaps follow it with a groan from Yorick.

Scene One – Elsinore – A platform before the castle

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter BERNARDO.

BERNARDO: Who's there? Long live the king!

FRANCISCO: Bernardo? You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO: 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO: For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold.
And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO: Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO: Not an undead stirring.

BERNARDO: If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them haste.

FRANCISCO: I think I hear them. Stand, ho!
Who is there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HORATIO: Friends of Denmark.

MARCELLUS: Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO: Is Horatio there?

HORATIO: A piece of him.

BERNARDO: Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS: Has the undead appeared again tonight?

BERNARDO: I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS: Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him.
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

FRANCISCO: Or else our eyes the zombie eat for snack!

HORATIO: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. Go home, my friend.

Exit FRANCISCO.

BERNARDO: Sit down awhile,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this...

They sit.

BERNARDO: It was a dark and stormy night, my friends...

HORATIO: This be Denmark. All the nights be thus.

BERNARDO: Anyway...
Last night of all, the bell then beating one –

MARCELLUS: Look! It comes again!

Enter ZOMBIE.

BERNARDO: In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

HORATIO: *(to ZOMBIE)* What art thou?
By heaven I charge thee, speak!

ZOMBIE turns.

MARCELLUS: It is offended.

BERNARDO See, it stalks away!

HORATIO: Stay! I charge thee, speak!

Exit ZOMBIE.

BERNARDO: How now, Horatio! What think you on it?

MARCELLUS: Is it not like the king?

HORATIO: As thou art to myself:
Such was the very armor he had on
When Fortinbras of Norway he did fight...

Enter FRANCISCO.

FRANCISCO: He killed another guard and ate his brains!

Exit FRANCISCO.

HORATIO: 'Tis strange.

Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This zombie, dumb to us, will speak to him.

MARCELLUS: Let's do't!

FRANCISCO: (*offstage*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaa!

BERNARDO: It sounds like zombies got Francisco. Hold fast!

BERNARDO exits to rescue FRANCISCO.

MARCELLUS: I am not sure that's such a good...

BERNARDO: (*offstage*) Aaaaaaaaaaaa!

MARCELLUS: ...idea.

*Exit HORATIO and MARCELLUS, in the direction
opposite the ZOMBIE.*

Scene Two – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter KING and GERTRUDE.

KING: Though yet to Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
For Hamlet's father's skin be green as well.

Enter HAMLET.

KING: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son –

HAMLET: A little more than kin and less than kind!

KING: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET: Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun.

QUEEN: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Seek for thy noble father in the night
He stalks and seeks out brains for him to eat.

HAMLET: What?

QUEEN: I mean... all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.
 Forget that said I anything 'bout brains.

HAMLET: But I have that within which passes show
 These but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

KING: 'Tis unmanly grief.
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

QUEEN: Like zombies.

HAMLET: What?

KING: Hush, woman! Come away.

Exit KING and QUEEN.

HAMLET: How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of the world!
 Things rank and gross in nature, zombie-like
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this—
 But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two!
 So excellent a king...

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HORATIO: Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET: Horatio – I am very glad to see you.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?

HORATIO: My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET: I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO: Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
 Your mom, she moves a little fast, methinks.

HAMLET: Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 And swear I shall, some meats looked just like brains.
 My father, methinks I saw my father.

HORATIO: Where, my lord?

HAMLET: In my mind's eye.

HORATIO: My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET: Saw? Who?

HORATIO: My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET: For god's love, let me hear!

HORATIO: Two nights together had these gentleman
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch
In the dead vast and middle of the night...

HAMLET: Wait...

You speak of both Marcellus and Bernardo
Yet one appears to be not here tonight.
Wherefore not comes our good friend Bernardo?

MARCELLUS: Dead, my lord.

HORATIO: His brains be eaten out.

HAMLET: A zombie?

HORATIO: Been thus encountered. A zombie like your father
Appeared before them, and with solemn march
Went slow and stately by them; thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes...
Your father on the third time ate Bernardo.

MARCELLUS: Francisco right before!

HAMLET: I'll watch tonight.
Perhaps 'twill walk again.

HORATIO: I warrant it will.

HAMLET: If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
But do not speak to anyone of this.

ALL: Our duty to your honor.

Exit HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HAMLET: My father's spirit zombied! All is not well;
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
 Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Exit HAMLET.

Scene Three – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter OPHELIA and LAERTES.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn. (*or any other zombie-like sound*)

OPHELIA: Dear brother, what is wrong with thine true self?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn.

OPHELIA: Your skin is green, your breath it stinks of death.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn.

OPHELIA: You stalk around like corpses that do walk.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

OPHELIA: Here comes our dad; try not to act so dead.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS: Laertes, ho! My only zombie son...

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn.

OPHELIA: What did you say?

POLONIUS: Ophelia! I did not see you there.
 I said nothing. I did not mention zombies.

OPHELIA: I did not say you did.

POLONIUS: Yet here, Laertes! My blessing with you!
 Just remember this, my only son
 Neither a monster nor a specter be
 Laertes, dear son, stalk you hence to France.
 To thine own green and zombie self be true!

OPHELIA: What did you say?

POLONIUS: Say what?

OPHELIA: What did you say?
Said you something about a zombie self?

POLONIUS: Don't think so. Wild and crazy thoughts you have.
Laertes, tell her that her thoughts are nuts.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

POLONIUS: You see?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

LAERTES stalks away.

POLONIUS: Now. My dear and sweet Ophelia,
We must discuss a matter of import.
What is between you? Hamlet and yourself?

OPHELIA: He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS: Affection! Pooh! You speak like a green zombie.

OPHELIA: I do not know of zombies that you speak.
But mention them continually you do.

POLONIUS: Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby
But to young Hamlet, never zombies speak.

OPHELIA: I shall obey, my lord.

Exit POLONIUS and OPHELIA.

Scene Four - Elsinore - A platform before the castle

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

HORATIO: Look my lord, here it comes!

Enter ZOMBIE.

HAMLET: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
I will speak to thee.

HORATIO: It beckons you to go away with it.

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: It only groans, so I will follow it.

HORATIO: What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or cracks your skull in two and eats your brains?

HAMLET: It could be worse. Go on! I'll follow thee!

*ZOMBIE stalks away. HAMLET follows. Exit
HORATIO.*

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

The ZOMBIE stops, turns to HAMLET.

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Speak! I am bound to hear.

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: What?

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: O God!

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Zombies?!

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: My uncle?

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.

Exit ZOMBIE.

HAMLET: O all you host of heaven! Hold, hold, my heart!

HORATIO enters.

HORATIO: My lord! My lord! Lord Hamlet! What news, my lord?

HAMLET: You'll be secret?

HORATIO: Ay, by heaven, my lord!

HAMLET: A zombie, a zombie take the crown of Denmark.
A zombie king! And he will turn the land
Into a swarm of zombie rogues and fiends...
Mine uncle, mine own flesh and undead blood
Zombified my father, doomed him to
Eternal life of eating flesh and brains.

HORATIO: You got all that from just his moans and groans?

HAMLET: Non-verbal cues. Just like the game charades.

HORATIO: These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET: I am sorry they offend you, heartily
But there be nothing pleasant 'bout the zombie.
Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO: My lord, I will not.

HAMLET: Nay, but swear it. Swear by my sword.

ZOMBIE: (*from offstage*) Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HORATIO: I swear!

Exit HAMLET and HORATIO.

Scene Five – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter POLONIUS and OPHELIA.

POLONIUS: How now Ophelia! What's the matter?

OPHELIA: Alas! My lord, I have been so affrighted.
Lord Hamlet, with his face all rotten green
His voice a death like moan, garbled so...
He seemed a bit alike the zombies heard
In legendary tales of fright and woe.

POLONIUS: There be not things as zombies, this you know.

OPHELIA: You mentioned them before, that's why I said it.

POLONIUS: I mentioned zombies not.

OPHELIA: Yes, you did.

POLONIUS: But be not things as zombies, so you know.

OPHELIA: I never said there was, just seemed him so.

POLONIUS: I never said there was, as well...

OPHELIA: Say what?

POLONIUS: Ne'er mind, ne'er mind. Let's change the subject now.

OPHELIA: I've heard some people say this more than once,
That you're the biggest idiot in town.
I'm starting to see what they mean.

POLONIUS: Words, words, words. Let's go see the king.

OPHELIA sighs in disgust. Both exit.

Scene Six – Outside of Elsinore Castle

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ and
GUILDENSTERN. ROSENCRANTZ carries a DVD
case.*

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: My excellent good friends.
How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: What make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Come, come. Nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: I know the King and Queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnn?

HAMLET: What a piece of work is a zombie.

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnn?

HAMLET: Never mind. What hast thou there?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: A video? What video is it?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET takes the DVD from ROSENCRANTZ.

HAMLET: Let me see... *Night of the Living Dead?*

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: I see great purpose in this film. We'll have this video tomorrow night, in the presence of the king.

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Good bye to you, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnn.

Exit ALL.

Scene Seven – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

KING: And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...

QUEEN: Did he receive you well?

GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnn...

QUEEN: Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnn...

QUEEN: He wants to watch a movie?

POLONIUS: 'Tis most true.
And he beseeched from me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the film.

KING: A film? That sounds quite good to me.
Good gentleman, give him further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ: Nnnnnnnnnnn...

Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

KING: Sweet Gertrude, leave us, too
For we know Hamlet might, by accident,
Right here affront Ophelia.

QUEEN: I shall obey.

Exit QUEEN.

POLONIUS: Ophelia, walk you here. When Hamlet comes
We will bestow ourselves behind this wall.

OPHELIA: I have a question, to which I need to ask.
Are Rosencrantz and Guildenstern undead?

POLONIUS: Like zombies?

KING: No!

POLONIUS: Don't fill your head with such!

OPHELIA: Just wondering.

POLONIUS: I hear him. Hide!

*KING and POLONIUS hide. OPHELIA exits. Enter
HAMLET.*

HAMLET: Zombie, or not zombie. 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 zombies

And by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep
 No more – and by a sleep we mean to say
 We walk around with flesh so green and eat
 The brains of those who still breathe full of life?
 Thus zombies do make cowards of us all...

Enter OPHELIA.

HAMLET: The fair Ophelia – from whence you come?
 You walk so soft, unlike the coarse undead.

OPHELIA: Undead, undead – that’s all I hear about
 Yet father says it’s just my foolish mind.

HAMLET: ‘Tis true.

OPHELIA: Say what?

HAMLET: ‘Tis true!

OPHELIA: Say what?!

HAMLET: ‘Tis true!!
 The zombies plague the Denmark that I love.
 The King is zombified as well...

OPHELIA: Say what?!

HAMLET: Stop saying that. And get thee to a nunnery.

OPHELIA: Why?

HAMLET: Wise men know well what zombies you make of them. To
 a nunnery go.

OPHELIA: Wait a minute. So the zombies are my fault?

HAMLET: Take it any way you want. I’ll no more of it. It hath make
 me mad. To a nunnery. Go!

Exit HAMLET.

OPHELIA: Hamlet! Blasted with zombies, o woe is me!

Exit OPHELIA. Enter KING and POLONIUS.

KING: T’was weird. What think you on’t?

POLONIUS: He's on to us.
 To England send him, or have Rosencrantz
 And Guildenstern have breakfast with his brains.
 Your wisdom best shall think it.

KING: It shall be so.
 A zombie hunter must not unwatched go.

Exit KING and POLONIUS.

Scene Eight – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter HAMLET, holding a DVD case and a bag of popcorn.

HAMLET: The first scene of the film is filled with hordes
 Of zombies – it will make the king unnerved
 And then shall I have proof of his green hand
 In zombie plots that rule and stain this land.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS and OPHELIA.

KING: How fares our cousin Hamlet? You are well?

HAMLET: I am quite well. Popcorn to snack while watching?

KING: Nay. Prefer I brains – I mean, no thanks.

POLONIUS: I heard this film is great. A classic flick.

HAMLET: You know not what we watch, you idiot.

QUEEN: Let us sit and watch.

KING: Hear, hear, my love.

*All sit, stare as though watching TV. Spooky music
 and sounds of terror (from the movie) are heard.*

OPHELIA: My lord, what do you call this film?

HAMLET: *Night of the Living Dead*. It is the tale of a land taken
 over by zombies, and how the living fight gallantly to save
 themselves. This woman that runs through the woods, her
 brother was killed by zombies. How terrible it would be to
 have one's family attacked by zombies. Right, Ophelia?

OPHELIA: You are a good chorus, my lord.

HAMLET: Look, here come the zombies. You shall see how they relentlessly pursue the living.

The KING suddenly gets up.

OPHELIA: The king rises.

KING: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: What, frightened with false fire!

QUEEN: How fares my lord?

KING: Give me some light. Away! Nnnnnnnnn!

The KING exits.

POLONIUS: Hit the pause button! Hit the pause button!

Exit ALL but HAMLET.

HAMLET: I'll take the zombie's word for a thousand pound. Upon the talk of zombies, upon the sounds of groans, upon the sight of stalking, flesh eating undead, I did very well note of him. Aha! The king be a zombie! And I, Hamlet, Zombie Killer of Denmark, must take action! Or not. No, I will take action! Of course, maybe it's too soon. Man, I've got commitment issues.

Exit HAMLET.

Scene Nine – The King's Quarters

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

KING: I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness rage. Therefore prepare,
And he shall England go along with you:
Somewhere along the way I bid you two
Tear away his flesh and eat his brains.

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN: Nnnnnnnnnnnnn.

*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN. Enter
POLONIUS.*

POLONIUS: My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him.
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

KING: Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit POLONIUS.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
 Of course, perhaps it's just my zombie funk.
 I'll light a candle, mask the stench with incense.
 Where did I leave those matches? 'Twas down here?

He kneels. Enter HAMLET, yielding a sword.

HAMLET: Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
 And now I'll do't – and so he goes to heaven;
 And so I am revenged. That would be scanned.
 A zombie slays my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same zombie send
 To heaven. No!
 Up, sword; and know thou in a more horrid hent:
 When he is stalking, seeking other's flesh
 Or eating brains and such, zombie acts
 That have no relish of salvation in it;
 Then trip him, that his green skin scoff at heaven.

Exit HAMLET. The KING rises.

KING: I know not where I put that match. Oh well.
 Perfume helps not. A zombie smells like hell.

Exit KING.

Scene Ten – The Queen's Quarters

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

POLONIUS: He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
 Tell him this zombie talk is gossip. Lies!

QUEEN: But lies they're not. The kingdom's full of them.
 Zombies here, zombies there!

POLONIUS: Stop!
 'Tis true, but Hamlet has his doubts of this.
 Let's keep it thus, else he'll seek revenge.

QUEEN: Gotcha.

HAMLET: (*within*) Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN: Worry, not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

*POLONIUS goes behind the arras (curtain). Enter
 HAMLET.*

HAMLET: Now mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET: Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN: *Night of the Living Dead?* What's up with that?

HAMLET: The king a zombie is – that is the truth?

QUEEN: If he a zombie is, how then he talks?
 A zombie moans and groans, he lurks and stumbles
 Say, just like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

HAMLET: So zombies are those wanton rogues, indeed?

QUEEN: I never said that.

HAMLET: I think you did.

QUEEN: I think not so.

HAMLET: I think so so, so there.

HAMLET draws sword.

QUEEN: What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me!
 I'm not a zombie! I just married one!
 Help, help ho!

POLONIUS: (*from behind arras*) What ho! Help, help, help!

HAMLET: How now? A rat?
 Dead, for a zombie, dead!

HAMLET stabs POLONIUS behind the arras.

POLONIUS: O, I am slain!

POLONIUS dies.

QUEEN: O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET: Nay, I know not.
Is it the zombie king?

QUEEN: He was no king, he was not even zombie!

HAMLET: Oops.

QUEEN: Oops indeed. Your father will not like this.

HAMLET: My father or your husband? Which is which?
This zombie, that zombie, they all so look alike.
You mix them up.

QUEEN: O, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers enter mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet! Get you gone from here!
And don't forget to take that murdered corpse.

HAMLET: Yes, mother.

Exit QUEEN. HAMLET drags corpse. Enter ZOMBIE.

Oh there you are, dear dad. What do I now?

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: This is to whet my almost blunted purpose?

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: I need to finish what I did begin?

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: The zombies want to kick my lily ass? (or "rear")

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern will ambush me on a boat? Not if I get them first!

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: My thanks, dear dad, you always know what's best.

ZOMBIE: Nnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: *(to POLONIUS' corpse)* Come, sir!

Exit ZOMBIE. Exit HAMLET, dragging the corpse.

Scene Eleven – Inside Elsinore Castle

Enter KING, HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

KING: Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET: At supper.

KING: At supper? Where?

HAMLET: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of zombies are eating at him.

KING: What dost thou mean by this? Denmark hath no zombies! Where is Polonius?

HAMLET: In heaven. But if you find him not, you might see his brain juice on the chin of the undead.

KING: Hamlet... for that which thou hast done, I must send thee hence for England.

HAMLET: For England?

KING: Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET: Very well, then. Good farewell, dear zombie.

KING: Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET: Dear zombie. Father is a man and zombie eats flesh of man, and so, dear zombie. Come! For England!

Exit HAMLET.

KING: Follow him at foot. Tempt him with the taste of brains... Pray you, make haste.

Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN. Exit KING opposite.

HAMLET: (*from offstage*) Ho, Rosencrantz, what art thou – zombie? Say it!

ROSENCRANTZ: (*from offstage*) Nnnnnnnnnnnnn!

HAMLET: And Guildenstern? Art thou the same? Speak!

GUILDENSTERN: (*from offstage*) Nnnnnnnnnnnnn!

HAMLET: I thought so. Take this!

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!

Scene Twelve – The Queen’s Quarters

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN: (*to offstage servants*) Let her come in.

Enter OPHELIA.

QUEEN: How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA: (*singing a Renaissance-style tune*)
 How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his zombie hat and staff
 And his green skin shone.

QUEEN: Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA: (*singing*) He is dead and gone, lady
 He is dead and gone, he be.
 At his head a grass green spook
 At his heels a zombie be.

Enter KING.

KING: How do you do, pretty lady?

OPHELIA: Lord, we know what you are, but know not what you be.
My dead father be still, while others be zombies.

KING: She's mad. How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA: I cannot choose but weep, to think he be dead, while
others be undead, snacking on his flesh. Good night, sweet
zombies.

Exit OPHELIA.

QUEEN: She may be mad, but she's got this zombie thing figured
out.

KING: What?

QUEEN: I didn't say that.

KING: I'll have her followed. Give her good watch, I pray you.

QUEEN: You better, or this zombie thing is up.

KING: What?

QUEEN: Nothing. I said nothing of zombies. I suppose I should start
dinner. Did you want flesh and brains again?

KING: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

Exit QUEEN. Enter LAERTES.

KING: Ah, Laertes! What news do you bring?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: What? Ophelia dead? She was just here a second ago. How
did this happen?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: Chased by zombies, and she fell in the creek?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: The cause of this be Hamlet's. It's all his fault.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: Your father's death, the drowning of your sister...

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn.

KING: My Rosencrantz and Guildenstern dead too?

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: That does it. We shall revenge these deaths.
 A duel with your swords you will engage.
 And tip your sword with brains so vile and foul
 That either kill him will these brains or else
 He will become a zombie just like us.
 It is a win-win situation.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

KING: And to be sure this works, I'll have some drinks.
 And when he calls for drink I'll have prepared for him
 Some brain juice for the nonce, whereon but drinking
 Our purpose may hold there. Therefore, let's follow.

LAERTES: Nnnnnnnnnn!

KING: I couldn't have said it better myself!

Exit KING and LAERTES.

Scene Thirteen – A short distance from Elsinore Castle

*Enter HAMLET and GRAVEDIGGER. GRAVEDIGGER
 digs and whistles.*

HAMLET: Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he whistles
 at grave-making? I will speak to him. (to GRAVEDIGGER) Whose
 grave's this, sir?

GRAVEDIGGER: It be no one's grave at the moment. Its owner has
 vacated.

HAMLET: Vacated? What do you mean?

GRAVEDIGGER: I mean, good sir, I bury the dead, but they don't
 stay dead, they become undead, rising from the earth.

HAMLET: You're speaking of zombies?

GRAVEDIGGER: I'm surely not speaking to zombies. Terrible conversationalists, they are. Lots of groaning.

HAMLET: Has this become a big problem?

GRAVEDIGGER: I'll say. There be zombies everywhere. The boneyard is filled with 'em.

HAMLET: Really?

GRAVEDIGGER: There's one now.

Enter YORICK, a zombie.

HAMLET: Who is this?

GRAVEDIGGER: Who was this. Be now he a zombie, and a zombie isn't is – a zombie was. They be undead, so he isn't – he was.

HAMLET: Okay. Who was he?

GRAVEDIGGER: This zombie, sir, was Yorick, the king's jester.

HAMLET: This one? Let me see. (*grabs YORICK*) Alas, Yorick! I knew him! A fellow of infinite jest; and now, how abhorrent he is! (*to YORICK*) Where are your gibes now?

YORICK: Nnnnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Your songs?

YORICK: Nnnnnnnnn.

HAMLET: Your flashes of merriment?

YORICK: Nnnnnnnnn.

Exit YORICK.

HAMLET: Poor Yorick. Once a jester, now just a zombie, just like my father and the others. If only there was something to be done.

GRAVEDIGGER: There is.

HAMLET: What's that?

GRAVEDIGGER: The prince. The Prince of Denmark.

HAMLET: What about him?

GRAVEDIGGER: I hear he's quite the zombie killer.

HAMLET: Really?

GRAVEDIGGER: Killed two of the king's zombies. Sliced off their heads like they was butter.

HAMLET: It's true.

GRAVEDIGGER: Ah... you know it? Then you also know he's run away.

HAMLET: Run away?

GRAVEDIGGER: Run to England. Run to England, because he's coward, too coward to kill the Zombie King.

HAMLET: Well, can you blame him? It's the king, after all.

GRAVEDIGGER: The Zombie King. The very Zombie King that slew Hamlet's father, then turned him into a lifeless monster, doomed to walk the earth eternally, searching for flesh and brains.

HAMLET: Well, if you put it that way...

GRAVEDIGGER: All I know is if it were my father that be zombified, I'd be all over that Zombie King like stink on a dog.

HAMLET: Really?

GRAVEDIGGER: Of course, my father did stink like a dog. A garbage man he was, Denmark's best. Which isn't saying much. Dad always hoped I would do better in life, take a step up. And funny thing is, gravedigger is a step up from garbage man. It's ironic, though, in order to step up in life, I have to step down into a grave. Hey! That's rich. I should write that down. Do you have a quill on you? Of course, I'm completely illiterate. More of life's ironies. (*HAMLET turns to exit*) Hey! Where y'going?

HAMLET: I have to kill some zombies.

HAMLET exits.



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