

Hamlet – Epilogue

by

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Bernstein/Hamlet - Epilogue/1

Scene – A ghostly Danish moor. Fog rolls and lifts. HAMLET, depressed, and with a large bloody wound, wanders about.

HAMLET

Dad?! Dad!

The KING – an old, voluminous ghost in white sheets, enters dramatically.

KING

HAAAAAAAM – LET! HAAAAA –

HAMLET

Yeah. Hey - over here.

KING

Hamlet! Avenge me! Avenge -

HAMLET

Right. Did that.

He gestures to the wound.

KING

Oh. Oh! Wow! Ouch! Ooh! Ow.

HAMLET

Yup.

KING

So - so - how'd that go then?

Slowly, and horrifically, the entire cast of HAMLET lurches onto the stage, moaning, wounded, poisoned, and writhing. LAERTES, POLONIUS, and CLAUDIUS all have bleeding stab wounds. GERTRUDE is green and covered in wine. OPHELIA is green and covered in seaweed, her clothing blotched and ripped. Various OTHERS with wounds, carrying skulls, come in. The KING watches them, amazed.

HAMLET

Not so well, actually.

KING

Holy mackerel! Everybody?

HAMLET

Pretty much.

KING

Bernstein/Hamlet - Epilogue/2

Boy! When you avenge, you avenge! Wow.

HAMLET

Yeah. Got a little crazy.

(pause)

Or not. Y'know – still up for debate.

The crowd wanders over to the KING, looking pathetic and unguided. He addresses them.

KING

So, who's up for cards?!

BLACKOUT