

BAT-HAMLET

by
Jordan Pulliam

BAT-HAMLET

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BAT-HAMLET

Characters:

Hamlet: The millionaire playboy prince of Gothic castle. A sort of idiot-savant, the savant part being fighting crime and the idiot part being everything else. Dresses in dark blacks, blues, or grays. As Bat-Hamlet, he adds a cape and some manner of mask.

Horatio: Loyal friend of Hamlet despite Hamlet's thoughtless and bizarre behavior. The lone voice of reason and the straight man to Hamlet's behavior.

Jester: The king of Gothic castle. Dangerous and unpredictable. A light-hearted clown one moment, a cruel murderer the next. A theatrical speaker and given to gales of maniacal laughter. He wears a crown and a purple robe with green clothing underneath. Has very white skin, red lips and green hair.

Barbara: Daughter of King Police Commissioner Gordrick and recent wife of the Jester. Kind-hearted and seemingly unaware of Jester's cruelty, she worries about Hamlet. She wears a formal blue or black gown. As Bat-Hamlet-Girl, she adds a mask and cape.

Puffin: The rotund advisor to the king. A loving father, and long-winded speaker. Makes “Quacking” noises when he speaks.

Laertes: Puffin's son. A hot-blooded youth. Loves his family.

Ophelia: Puffin's daughter. A quiet, sincere young lady. Often ignored or mistreated by those around her.

Lord Riddles: A loyal underling of Jester's. Very animated.

Jest, Jape, Jingle: Jester's henchmen. Dressed like clowns.

BAT-HAMLET

King Police Commissioner Gordrick's Ghost: The murdered king of Gothic castle. Teases and befuddles others for his own amusement.

Guard: A slightly dramatic goofball.

Gravedigger1 &2: Two gravediggers. Dressed in simple clothes. They act smarter than they really are.

Boss and Lefty: Two crooks. Boss is short and short-tempered, Lefty is big and dumb.

Messenger: A pro. Doesn't dawdle.

Note on double-casting

The roles of the Guard, the Gravediggers, the Henchmen (Jest, Jape and Jingle), Boss, Lefty, Lord Riddles, Laertes, and the Ghost can all be double cast.

BAT-HAMLET

BAT-HAMLET

Act 1
Scene 1

Atop the walls of Gothic castle. Night. A lone GUARD enters from stage right.

GUARD. Yay, a darkness does lie upon these castle walls. Darkness wrought not by our king's tragically sudden death, not by the war that rages on our doorstep, nor by the terrible crime wave that doth plague our castle. Even the supernatural terror that stalks the midnight air cannot account for how tremendously dark the...oh, wait, no, it was that last one; scary ghost. As for the particulars of the ghost's appearance, none can say. For to gaze upon him is to wet one's britches in terror. I can only imagine the apparition's appalling appearance. (*Enter the GHOST, behind Guard.*) Surely he is deathly white in color. No doubt he staggers about with his arms held aloft. I wouldn't even put it past him to emit the occasional mournful groan. (*The ghost groans. Guard turns around.*) Oh! Hello there. You almost startled me. There's a ghost about, you see. Yep, dressed all in white, I bet. Staggering, grimacing, the whole deal. Pretty scary, huh? (*The ghost staggers and grimaces silently.*) Yeah, I'd be scared speechless too. Say, that's pretty good. What are you? A mime?

GHOST. No! I'm him! You know, the ghost.

GUARD. The ghost!? I find that rather unlikely. You don't look the part, first of all. (*The ghost indicates his tattered white rags.*) Yeah, yeah. A little cliched, don't you think? And if you really are a ghost, shouldn't you be (*speaks in a wavering, ghostly voice*) moaning and groaning like this?

GHOST. Now who's being cliched?

BAT-HAMLET

GUARD. Touche. Well, I don't know. Maybe you are a ghost. I never actually met one, so... Wait! I got it! Do a trick! Roll over! Shake! (*The ghost shakes his head.*) Speak!

GHOST. What do I look like? A cocker spaniel?

GUARD. You-you-you really are the ghost! I can't believe it! A ghost, right here in the castle! There go the property values. Say, you're dead, right? What can you tell me about the afterlife? What do you do all day?

GHOST. Lately, just talk to morons.

GUARD. Sounds dreadful. So, what can I do you for? Oh! Wait! Let's try that again. Ahem. (*Dramatically.*) What business do you seek in the land of the living, dread spirit?

GHOST. I need you to do me a favor.

GUARD. No way, pal. I know how this dance goes. You start doing favors for ghosts and, next thing you know, you're knee deep in corpses. Say, you're not one of those evil ghosts, are you? Are you going to kill me? You have to tell me if you're going to kill me. I hate surprises.

GHOST. Do you remember the king of this castle? The one who died just a while back?

GUARD. Wait a minute! Do you mean...are you trying to tell me...Did you kill him too?

GHOST. I need you to do something for me. One simple task. A real no-brainer, so you should be perfectly suited for it. I just need you to deliver a message.

GUARD. Right away! (*Guard begins walking off. Ghost taps him on the shoulder and Guard turns around.*)

You again? Now what do you want?

GHOST. Don't you want to know what the message is, or who it's for?

GUARD. You know, I'm not really trained for this sort of thing.

GHOST. Listen, I must give you an urgent message and I haven't got much time.

GUARD. Why? Are you about to fade away with the coming of the dawn?

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GHOST. No, I'm about to lose my temper and start shouting. Tell Hamlet to meet me here tomorrow night. I must talk with him. You got it?

GUARD. Sure thing, pal.

GHOST. Alright, then. Would you mind repeating the message back to me?

GUARD. Tell Helmut you saw him talking here.

GHOST. You know what? You're busy. I shouldn't bother you. I'll find someone else.

GUARD. Good idea. Sorry I can't help with your thing. How about I find someone who can? (*Enter HORATIO.*)

HORATIO. Good evening, guard. By chance have you...

GUARD. Not now, Horatio! I'm busy.

HORATIO. Certainly. I hate to disturb you and...your friend. Great Caesar's ghost!

GHOST. Guess again.

HORATIO. Do you...do you know who you are!?

GUARD. This dude? He's been hanging around like he owns the place.

GHOST. Well, fellas, it's been fun but the most important part of being a ghost is knowing when to disappear mysteriously, so...oooooh! Ooooooh!

(Backs offstage, waving his arms in the air.)

HORATIO. Wait! Wait!

(Exit ghost.)

HORATIO. I can't believe it. That was him. That was really him. What did he want?

GUARD. I guess we'll never know.

HORATIO. This is incredible. I should tell Hamlet.

GUARD. No! Don't do that!

HORATIO. Why?

GUARD. He's had a lot on his mind lately, between the king's death and the queen's marriage and all. I'm worried that too much stress might make him, you know, freak out.

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HORATIO. I cannot keep this news from him. I must tell him at once! (*Exit Horatio.*)

GUARD. Well! What a night! This is one for the books. But methinks this tale is just getting started. Who knows what adventures lie ahead for unnamed guard? Love, maybe. Laughs, for sure. And maybe, just maybe I'll even learn a little something. Yep, I think I'm finally ready for my big moment in the spotlight. (Lights down, scene ends.)

SCENE 2

Enter HAMLET, followed by BARBARA.

BARBARA. Hamlet? Hamlet, please wait. What troubles you? Why aren't you speaking to me? (Silence) Hamlet? Are you trying to communicate telepathically again? You know that doesn't work. Alright, let me concentrate.

HAMLET. Barbara, please. I'm in no mood for this foolishness.

BARBARA. You've been in such a foul temper lately. Do you still mourn for our beloved King Police Commissioner Gordrick?

HAMLET. It's only been a few weeks since his death, of course I'm still mourning. The man took me in, and cared for me like one of his own. He was like a father to me. And he WAS a father to you. Is there a reason why you, his only daughter, are not in mourning?

BARBARA. Hamlet, you know I'm not a "mourning" person. (*She laughs. Hamlet stares at her, horrified. She sees his reaction and stops.*) Oh, don't look at me like that. You've been so distant lately. We were like a family, the three of us. I loved daddy more than anything and I know he'd want us to move on with our lives and not let his death upset us so.

HAMLET. I'm not upset. And neither are you. Or your new husband.

BARBARA. Is that what's bothering you? I know our union was a little quick but it's important that Gothic has a king on her throne.

BAT-HAMLET

Our marriage may not be perfect, but no marriage is. We're working on it. Look at this note he wrote me just last night.

(Hands Hamlet note. He reads it.)

HAMLET. "Barbara, my dear. I was watching you sleep last night and I just wanted you to know...I could have broken your neck?"

BARBARA. But he didn't! I've moved on, the kingdom's moved on, isn't it time you moved on too? It's only natural. All that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. There's nothing natural about what you've done.

BARBARA. Hamlet, please speak kindly. And throw off these nighted colors. You've worn nothing but black for so long, what will people think?

JESTER. Nonsense! *(Enter JESTER followed by his three HENCHMEN.)* I think it suits him. After all, one never knows when one may be attending a funeral. Even one's own.

HAMLET. Hello, Jester.

JESTER. That's "King Jester." *(Angrily, Hamlet gets up and stalks towards Jester. The three henchmen move to stand between them. Jester and Hamlet glare at each other. Hamlet returns to where he was.)*

JESTER. Was it something I said? Alright, alright, just "Jester" is fine. After all, we are practically a family now.

HAMLET. A little more than kin and less than kind.

JESTER. I know that the last king was something of a mentor to you and you're taking his death kind of hard. I was hoping maybe I could fill that void for you. Before long people will be saying "There go Jester and Hamlet. I can hardly tell the two of them apart."

HAMLET. I'd sooner die.

JESTER. Now, now. Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

HAMLET. I did notice something in the king's manner of death that won't let me rest easy.

JESTER. You should take a cue from old Gordy and just rest in peace.

BAT-HAMLET

HAMLET. His death was strange and suspicious. That's why I ordered the autopsy.

BARBARA. The what?!

JESTER. Very astute. Pray, what did the doctors uncover?

HAMLET. Nothing. They all died strange and suspicious deaths.

JESTER. My word! It sounds contagious. You'd best keep your distance from the matter.

BARBARA. Yes, Hamlet. Such things only serve to dampen your disposition.

JESTER. Honestly. We have enough to worry about with that scoundrel Prince Fortinbras of wherever assailing our walls. So lighten up. You've been nothing but doom and gloom ever since my glorious coronation. You're practically nocturnal! Perhaps if you got more sun.

HAMLET. Does the sun still shine? I've seen naught but darkness since your coronation.

JESTER. Seriously? Or is that just, like, a metaphor for the huge crime wave that's sweeping the castle?

HAMLET. Crime wave.

JESTER. Well it can't be helped. That dick, Fortinbras, requires most of my attention. As for crime, the guards seem entirely unmotivated to strike these dangerous criminals from our fair castle for some reason.

HAMLET. I bet I can guess why.

JESTER. (*Gradually flying into a rage.*) Alright, Hamlet. As entertaining as your soul-crushing depression may be, it's distressing to our beloved queen. You're casting a pall over my favorite accessory to this crown. So do me a favor and choke down a Valium, put on your big-boy pants and get in line before I rip off your head and stick it on a pike with a sign reading "No crybabies," you candy-ass little pansy!

HAMLET. What do you care?! I'm returning to Wittenberg tomorrow to resume my studies!

JESTER. Dandy!

BARBARA. Oh!

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JESTER. Now, dear boy, let's not be hasty. You can be a bit of a pill sometimes but my beloved new bride seems to want you around for some reason, so could you perhaps bless us with your delightful presence at least through the coronation festivities before you hightail it back to Dodge? What do you say? *(Pause.)*

BARBARA. Oh Hamlet, please won't you stay?

HAMLET. I can but obey, my queen.

JESTER. There's a good boy. And remember, all that brooding about is simply no good for your blood pressure. For my sake, and the queen's, and most importantly, your own, try to take that sad little frown of yours and turn it upside down. Ta-ta. *(Exit Jester.)*

BARBARA. Please, try to cheer up. If not for my sake, for daddy's. *(Exit Barbara.)*

HAMLET. I still can't believe he's gone. Not with that foul replacement, that mockery of a king on his throne. Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, evaporate, and spread across the land as the morning dew. What's the point? The king is a depraved maniac, this once fair city has fallen into decay, and the queen... Ha! Once I called her "friend." What kind of daughter could mourn her father and marry his greatest enemy within a month's time? Frailty, thy name is "woman!" And now it seems only I remember him. *(Enter Horatio)*

HORATIO. Hamlet, my lord!

HAMLET. Horatio, or I forget myself.

HORATIO. Ever your poor servant. How do you?

HAMLET. Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would...well, it's complicated. And you?

HORATIO. I am well, my lord. I did travel from afar once I heard of the good king's passing. The kingdom suffers for his loss.

HAMLET. I know too well. Stories of unrest do mark my ears. Truth be told, the king's death weighs heavily on my mind.

HORATIO. And now he's gone.

HAMLET. He is not gone. I see him still.

HORATIO. Where!?

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HAMLET. In my mind's eye. There is not a stone in this castle that does not remind me of he.

HORATIO. I saw the queen's wedding as well.

HAMLET. Of course you did. You could hardly see the one without the other.

HORATIO. Yes, the wedding did follow fast upon the funeral.

HAMLET. Thrift, Horatio. Thrift. The leftovers from the wake were used at the wedding reception. The kingdom was hardly given time to mourn his passing.

HORATIO. He is already missed. He was a goodly king.

HAMLET. He was a man, and as mortal as any other. We won't see his like again.

HORATIO. I think I saw him last night.

HAMLET. Yeah. *(Pause.)* Wait, what?

HORATIO. For the last few nights the guards have seen a spirituous apparition haunting the battlements. With my own eyes I did see it last night, and in appearance it did resemble the late king.

HAMLET. This is impossible. Have you told anybody else?

HORATIO. Only you, my lord. I have sworn the rest of the guards to secrecy.

HAMLET. His ghost. Why would it haunt the castle? What does it want?

HORATIO. He desires to speak with you, my lord.

HAMLET. When does he appear?

HORATIO. He has uncloaked himself these past few nights at half past midnight, on the West wall.

HAMLET. Then I shall go there tonight and see with mine own eyes if this incredible tale can be true, discover what this spirit seeks and whether it truly is the king. Until tonight, Horatio.

Expect me on the twelfth hour. And tell no one.

(Lights down. Scene ends.)

BAT-HAMLET

SCENE 3

Laertes' bedroom. LAERTES is packing a bag. His sister, OPHELIA, stands nearby.

OPHELIA. Do you really have to go, Laertes?

LAERTES. I came to see the coronation. I saw the coronation. So, yes, I'm going.

OPHELIA. You could stay for a few more days.

LAERTES. I could, but I'm eager to return to my studies.

OPHELIA. And get back out from underneath our father's watchful eye.

LAERTES. Yes, that too.

OPHELIA. But you haven't been back in ages and you never write.

LAERTES. I'll write you a letter as soon as I get back. In fact I'm already composing the first draft. "Dear Ophelia, Thank you for pestering me nonstop while I packed. I'm gladder than ever to be away and I'm never coming back."

OPHELIA. Don't! I won't pester you anymore. I'll just sit here quietly and go unnoticed until I die.

LAERTES. Fine. I'll put off leaving until tomorrow. Happy?

OPHELIA. *(Sulking.)* Yes.

LAERTES. You're not smiling. Where's a smile? Really, you're going to put me through all that, get what you want, and still not smile? Come here. *(He tickles her until she starts laughing.)* Much better.

OPHELIA. You're such a goof.

LAERTES. I'm the best older brother in the world.

OPHELIA. I know. Can we spend the rest of the day together?

LAERTES. I insist. You still haven't told me about this new boyfriend of yours. Why is that, I wonder?

OPHELIA. No reason. Can't a girl have her secrets?

LAERTES. Dad told me you're dating Prince Hamlet.

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OPHELIA. Dad says a lot of things. And this one happens to be true.

LAERTES. So, tell me about him.

OPHELIA. We met at a dance a few weeks ago. I was standing in the back with all my friends. One by one their boyfriends took them out to the dance floor until I was left all alone. I was about to go home when he walked over. It was too noisy to talk at the dance so we went for a walk through the gardens and down by the river. We watched the dragonflies leave ripples all across the water alight with the stars' reflections. We must have talked for hours and when he kissed me I felt...

LAERTES. Whoa, whoa, whoa! He kissed you? On the first date? Moving a little fast, isn't he?

OPHELIA. It's not like that. He's a nice guy.

LAERTES. Oh, he sounds like a nice guy. A really nice guy. I'm going to kill him.

OPHELIA. Laertes! You sound just like daddy.

LAERTES. He's your first boyfriend. I just don't want to see you hurt when youthful fancy turns his fickle heart elsewhere. Give him sweet words if you must but let not his actions wrest from you more than you would give.

OPHELIA. I've already gotten this speech from daddy and I'll tell you what I told him. I'm a grown up and I can take care of myself.
(*Enter the PUFFIN.*)

PUFFIN. *Quack, Quack.* Ah yes, here you are, my two ducklings. Laertes, my boy. Still here? Affection for one's family is truly a fine thing but when one flies the coop, one stays flown.

LAERTES. My stuff is all packed, father. I'm just staying an extra day to spend some time with Ophelia and give her some advice.

PUFFIN. Yes, yes. Advice. *Quack, Quack.* Giving advice is good but getting advice is even better. Let me share a few words of wisdom with you, my boy. And remember, this comes straight from the king's personal advisor, a position for which I am most honored and overqualified.

LAERTES. Dad, we've already...

BAT-HAMLET

PUFFIN. Quiet, my boy. You listen with your ears, not your tongue. Hmm, *Quack, Quack*, where was I? Ah yes. Give thy thoughts no tongue nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be familiar but by no means vulgar. Grapple thy friends unto thy soul with hoops of steel but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged courage.

LAERTES. What ?

PUFFIN. Neither a borrower nor a lender be. Give every man thy ear but few thy voice. When in doubt, hide behind a curtain. And above all else remember this: to thine own self be true. Now fly! Fly, my hatchling! The wind is under your wings! I've enough to worry about advising the king and keeping an eye on this little one here to worry about keeping an eagle caged. Soar, my boy!

LAERTES. Alright, I'm going. Sorry, Ophelia. I'll come back and visit real soon. I promise. Remember what I said. (*Exit Laertes. Ophelia stands at the stage edge and watches him go.*)

PUFFIN. What has he said to you?

OPHELIA. He's just worried about me and Hamlet.

PUFFIN. And so he should be. Sensible boy. Maybe all my speech hasn't fallen on deaf ears after all. *Quack, Quack*. Let me take you under my wing, dearest. (*Puts his arm around her.*) Tender feelings, I know they seem important but let not the blood of youth burn too fiercely in your veins. Love that burns brightest can also burn shortest, giving more light than heat. I think you have spent long enough with this young man, my dear. It's time you found yourself another suitor. I'll not have you waste any more time or words with Prince Hamlet. Myself, I never liked the boy, especially with his mopey demeanor of late. You'd best not like him either. Understand?

OPHELIA. Yes, daddy.

PUFFIN. That's a good gosling. Come along. (*Exit Puffin and Ophelia. Lights down. Scene ends.*)

BAT-HAMLET

SCENE 4

Nighttime, outside. Hamlet and Horatio are on the battlements.

HAMLET. Still no sign?

HORATIO. Not yet.

HAMLET. Where could he be?

(Enter Ghost.)

HORATIO. There he is!

HAMLET. Impossible! It's really him.

GHOST. Hamlet, greetings. Sorry I'm late. I got distracted.

HORATIO. By what?

GHOST. Not that it's any of your business but I was exploring the mysteries of life and death from beyond the shadowy reaches of the unknown.

HORATIO. Then why are you holding a scratch-off lottery ticket?

GHOST. That's...not for you to know. So mind your business.

HORATIO. Why have you come here? What is it you want?

GHOST. What I want is to have a few words with Hamlet, here. In private. Ahem. So take a walk! *(Horatio exits, muttering to himself.)*

HAMLET. He's a friend of mine. Why did you talk to him like that?

GHOST. Why? He comes to town to watch that Jester get crowned and he pals around with those worthless guards that just let me get offed. The past is but a memory to him, but it's all that remains of me. Plus that little twerp just bugs the hell out of me. Besides, I need you, not him.

HAMLET. You need me? Well, I don't know much about ghosts. The only thing I can do is advise you to do is move towards any bright lights you happen to see.

GHOST. I have information for you. Strange and disturbing information. You see, my death, it was not a natural one.

HAMLET. I have heard rumors.

GHOST. You have?

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HAMLET. Word on the street is that when you died...

GHOST. Yes?

HAMLET. ...you were wearing weird underwear.

GHOST. What? There's nothing weird about being comfortable. And I was. Before the murder.

HAMLET. Were all those buckles comfortable?

GHOST. That's right! Murder most unpleasant.

HAMLET. Murder! But who? You were beloved by all, not the least of which me.

GHOST. You'd make a lousy detective, boy. Who sits now on my throne? Who has taken my beautiful daughter's hand in a marriage I would never have stood for? What former criminal menace stands idly by while my castle is plagued by crime?

HAMLET. The Penny Pillager?

GHOST. The Jester! It was the Jester who killed me!

HAMLET. I knew it! I knew it! Even when I thought it was that other guy I knew it was him! That rat bastard! I'll kill him!

GHOST. Good.

HAMLET. Except...

GHOST. Whoa, whoa, whoa. "Except?" What "except?"

HAMLET. Of course, this is a serious accusation. I'll need proof to convince others.

GHOST. That's the beauty of vengeance. No convince! Sword through heart equals vengeance!

HAMLET. No. I must gather evidence by questioning that jesting fiend and his comrades in crime. But in order to peek into their minds I'll need to scare them. Criminals are a cowardly sort. I must make myself into a symbol of fear to seek the evil hidden in their innermost hearts. But what?

GHOST. (*Pointing up.*) Look, a bat.

HAMLET. Bat! Where!? Is it in my hair!? Does it have rabies!? Shoo! Shoo!

GHOST. Not that strange, really. At this time of night, in this climate. Hardly worth pointing out.

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HAMLET. Wait! That's it! I know how to strike fear into the heart of that dastardly clown. I shall adopt the crime fighting persona of... "Rabies Man!"

GHOST. You might want to rethink that one.

HAMLET. "Evil-doers, beware the foaming mouth of justice!" Nah, seems kind of silly. I'll need to dress up as something serious to avenge my ghost buddy. But what? (*Exit Hamlet.*)

GHOST. I'm starting to think I came to the wrong guy. Where'd that Horatio go? (*Ghost looks around. Lights down. Scene ends.*)

SCENE 5

Nighttime. The stage is barely visible. There is the sound of rainfall. The occasional short burst of lightening illuminates the stage for a fraction of a second. Two crooks, BOSS and LEFTY creep across the stage.

BOSS. Alright, Lefty, this is far enough.

LEFTY. Are you sure, Boss? We don't want them guards on us.

BOSS. Sure I'm sure. Now shut yer yapper and fork over the loot.

LEFTY. It's a good haul, huh, Boss?

BOSS. Yeah. Now we split it as usual. Seventy-five, twenty-five.

LEFTY. Duh, how come I only get twenty-five, Boss?

BOSS. Because I do the thinking and I think twenty-five is a more than generous cut for you, numb-skull. That's why! Now zip your lips!

LEFTY. Oh yeah. I forgot. (*Pause*) Did you hear that?

BOSS. If it's the sound of you being quiet, no. If it's the sound of your two brain cells clinking together, also no. Now shut it.

LEFTY. Ok. But what if it's that thing what Knuckles seen take out his whole gang single-handed.

BOSS. Knuckles is a wimp and his gang is even weaker than he is. They probably wandered into the wrong alley and got beaten up by a litter of new-born kittens. Knuckles made that whole story up.

(*Enter Hamlet, just a shadowy figure in the darkness.*)

BAT-HAMLET

LEFTY. Ok. But Louie seen him too. Says everyone who sees him gets roughed up real bad and left for the guards.

BOSS. Then if Louie's seen him he should be rotting in jail too, right?

LEFTY. Uhhhh...

BOSS. The answer you're looking for is "yes." Never try to reason with an ape. I keep telling myself. *(They keep dividing up the loot. Hamlet sneaks up behind Lefty and taps on his shoulder.)*

LEFTY. Who's dere? *(Hamlet knocks him unconscious with one punch.)*

BOSS. What's that?! *(He pulls out his sword but Hamlet disarms him with a karate chop to the arm. They struggle. Boss tries to turn and run. Hamlet grabs him by his collar and spins him around.)*

HAMLET. Hello.

BOSS. Ahh! Ok, ok! You can have it! All the money! It's yours! Just let me go, man!

HAMLET. And let you keep terrorizing the innocent citizens of Gothic?

BOSS. Please! Please don't hurt me!

HAMLET. I'm not going to hurt you.

BOSS. What are you going to do with us?

HAMLET. Your friend is going to jail. You seem a little smarter though. I've got something different in mind for you.

BOSS. What?

HAMLET. I'm letting you go. But in return, two things. First, no more crime. If I catch you stealing again I'll break your legs.

BOSS. Ahhh! Ok, ok!

HAMLET. And second, I want you to remember this story. And I want you to tell it to every crook, criminal and scumbag out there who think that the law doesn't apply to them. Let them know I'm out here and if they keep it up, they just might get to meet me themselves.

BOSS. Who are you, man!? *(Hamlet tosses him aside and stands at center stage with hands on hips looking out on the audience.)*

HAMLET. I'm Bat-Hamlet.

BAT-HAMLET

*A flashing lightning bolt lights the stage up, revealing Hamlet, now wearing a cape and cowl. Just as quickly the stage is dark again.
End scene.*

**THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
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