

HAMLET

Characters:

HAMLET

A brilliant but troubled CEO-in-waiting. (Mid-20s to 30s)

CLAUD

Hamlet's smooth, ambitious uncle, now CEO. (40s-50s)

TRUDIE

Hamlet's mother, CLAUD's new wife. (40s-50s)

HORATIO

Hamlet's loyal best friend. (Mid-20s to 30s)

OPHELIA

Paul's daughter, Hamlet's on-again, off-again girlfriend. (Mid-20s)

PAUL

The company's Chief of Security/Head of HR. (50s-60s)

GHOST

Hamlet's deceased father, projected as a holographic recording or a deep fake video.

Setting: Modern corporate offices, a high-tech boardroom, a sleek apartment.

Here's a strong, compelling opening narration to set the tone for Hamlet: Denmark Corp – modern, dramatic, and a bit self-aware, bridging Shakespearean tragedy with corporate satire and millennial angst:

---

[Opening Narration – Voiceover as lights come up slowly on a sleek boardroom. CLAUD stands near a podium, TRUDIE seated, HAMLET slightly apart. The screen behind them glows with the DENMARK CORP logo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In a world where power wears a tailored suit and betrayal is just another bullet point in the board meeting–

Welcome to Denmark Corp.

The name on the building once stood for integrity.  
Innovation. Legacy.

Then, the founder died.

A month later, his brother took the chair.

His widow took his hand.

And his son?

Well, he didn't take it so well.

This isn't just some corporate rebrand.

It's grief. Madness. Revenge.

A hostile takeover of the soul.

So forget everything you know about castles and crowns.

Here, ambition comes with a keycard.

Ghosts flicker on glass screens.

And one young heir is about to unravel it all—one boardroom scandal at a time.

Welcome to Hamlet: Denmark Corp.

Let the madness begin.

## **SCENE 1: THE BOARDROOM - Mourning and Celebration**

(Lights up on a minimalist, high-tech boardroom. A large screen displays the "DENMARK CORP" logo. CLAUD, in a sharp suit, stands at a podium. TRUDIE is seated nearby, looking uncomfortable. HAMLET, dressed in dark, slightly dishevelled attire, sits apart from the others, engrossed in his phone. HORATIO stands near Hamlet, looking concerned.)

CLAUD

(Projecting confidence, a practiced smile)

My dear colleagues, valued stakeholders, family... it has been a mere month since the untimely passing of my beloved brother, George Hamlet - a visionary leader whose legacy, I assure you, will continue to guide Denmark Corp.

(He pauses, a calculated sigh.)

CLAUD

And while our hearts still ache with grief but the show must go on. It is with a heavy heart, yet a resolute spirit, that I now stand before you, not merely as your interim CEO, but as your new leader, by unanimous board decision. And, of course, to my most beloved, TRUDIE.

(He extends a hand to TRUDIE, who offers a weak, polite smile. Hamlet visibly cringes.)

CLAUD

We acknowledge the swiftness of these changes. But let us not dwell on what was lost, but rather on what we have gained: stability, decisive leadership, and a clear path forward. To a prosperous future!

(A few scattered claps. Hamlet remains silent, head down.)

CLAUD

Hamlet, my nephew, my son... a word?

(Hamlet looks up slowly, a flicker of irritation in his eyes.)

HAMLET

(Quietly, to HORATIO) Son? He thinks he can just... inherit me.

CLAUD

(Approaching Hamlet, a hand on his shoulder)  
Still lost in the shadows, dear boy? The world moves on. Your grief is commendable, but your continued... disinterest in all of this... concerns your mother and me.

TRUDIE

(Softly, pleading) Hamlet, darling, why do you still look sad? It's been weeks. Everyone else...

HAMLET

(Rising abruptly, voice low but intense) Weeks? Mom, it feels like yesterday. And "everyone else" seems to have forgotten way too quickly. Or perhaps, they were just waiting for their chance to celebrate.

CLAUD

(Chuckles, patronizing) My dear boy, life is for the living. We honor the dead by continuing their work. We need your brilliance, your passion,

here, at the heart of Denmark Corp. Not brooding in your apartment.

HAMLET

Brooding? Or simply... remembering? It's not clocking to you that I'm standing on business, is it? There are things that cannot be fixed with a new corporate strategy and a shady affair.

TRUDIE

(Defensive) Hamlet, your dad would have wanted us to be happy. To move on.

HAMLET

(A bitter laugh) My dad? Or Uncle CLAUD? Just a month, mom. A month between a funeral and this?. Is that truly how you honor him?

CLAUD

(Voice hardening slightly) That is enough, Hamlet. You are family, but you are also an executive in this company. Your public demeanor reflects on us all. We want you to stay, to thrive here. But if you insist on this... rebellious phase, then perhaps a leave of absence is in order.

HAMLET

(Scoffs) First of all, it's not just a phase. Secondly, a leave of absence? So you guys can

continue this nonsense ? Don't worry, Uncle. I won't go anywhere. Not yet.

(Hamlet turns and walks away. Horatio follows, concerned.)

CLAUD

(To TRUDIE, a strained smile) He'll come around. He always does.

(Lights dim on CLAUD and TRUDIE, focus shifts to Hamlet and Horatio.)

HORATIO

Helmet, duuude, you were way too harsh.

HAMLET

Harsh, Horatio? Or just honest? My dad, dead. His company, his wife... all snatched away by that... that monster. I still see him, Horatio, everywhere. In his office, at his desk. it's like i can still feel my dad's presence.

HORATIO

I... I think I know why you see him, Hamlet.

HAMLET

What are you talking about?

HORATIO

Last night. And the night before. The security cameras outside your father's old office. A... a glitch. A flicker. It looked like...

HAMLET

Like what, Horatio? Say it.

HORATIO

Like your dad. A... ghost.

(Hamlet stares at Horatio, disbelief warring with a flicker of hope/dread.)

HAMLET

A ghost? You're serious? Are you sure you're not hallucinating?

HORATIO

I swear, dude. We tried to talk to it, but it just kinda... faded. But it reacted when we mentioned you. I think It wants to speak to you, Helmet. Tonight. At midnight. Outside the old Executive Wing.

HAMLET

(A chilling determination in his voice) For real? Then I'll be there.

(Lights fade to black.)

**SCENE 2: THE EXECUTIVE WING - The Ghost's Revelation**

(Lights up on a dimly lit, modern hallway outside a glass-walled office. The atmosphere is tense. Hamlet and Horatio wait. A flickering, distorted holographic projection of GEORGE HAMLET. appears, translucent and unsettling.)

HAMLET

(Voice trembling) Dad? Is that actually you?

GHOST

(Voice distorted, echoing) Hamlet... my son... hear me.

HAMLET

Yes dad? I'm listening..

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit, condemned for a season to tread the murky night... A tale I might reveal, whose slightest utterance would rend thy soul with terror. But lo - time is fleet. Attend me now.

HAMLET

Why.. the hell are you speaking like that?

GHOST

The serpent that did sting thy father's life now wears his crown.

HAMLET

I have no idea what you're saying and also why are your clothes all torn? we buried you in a full suit!

GHOST

(clears throat) Oh sorry! Spirit stuff... anyways...I meant to say that your uncle poisoned me. My death wasn't natural.

HAMLET

Still don't understand why you need to speak like that?... (thinking) also OH CLAUD, I knew it!

GHOST

Yea sorry, been hanging out with Shakespeare a lil too much, don't mind that. Anyways, Yes. He poured poison... into my coffee, as I was working late-night. He murdered me, Hamlet. And he seduced your mother even before my body was cold.

HAMLET

(Staggering back) No...

GHOST

Avenge me! Let not the royal bed of Denmark Corp  
be a couch for luxury and damned parasites! But...  
your mother. Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul  
contrive against thy mother aught. Leave her to  
heaven. But for CLAUD... remember me.

HAMLET

Can you say that in english now please?

(The GHOST's projection flickers violently, then vanishes.)

HAMLET

Ok no then..

(lights turn dramatic, sound also dramatic)

HAMLET (alone, shaken, furious):

Oh God... and everything on this earth—should I throw myself  
in hell too? Of course I'll remember you. As long as I have  
a mind, I won't forget. I'm done holding on to the little  
distractions and memories that don't matter. From now on,  
your words are the only thing that stays with me.

(dramatic sound cuts off) Wait, why am I speaking like  
that?

(tape rewinding sound effect)

My uncle... the one who killed my father...He's going to pay

(Horatio cautiously approaches.)

HORATIO

Helmet, What happened?

HAMLET

(Eyes blazing) Horatio, swear to me that you will tell no one what you've seen.

HORATIO

I don't know what you're talking about... but I swear bro, I won't tell anyone.

HAMLET

Good. Now I need to put on an act. Pretend to be... insane. It's the only way to get close enough. To observe. To plan. Denmark Corp will achieve justice.

(Lights fade as Hamlet's expression becomes intensely determined.)

SCENE 3: PAUL'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - Advice and Surveillance

(Lights up on a sleek, modern office, which can double as an apartment. PAUL is giving advice)

(OPHELIA enters.)

PAUL

(Turning to OPHELIA, serious) Oh there you are, Ophelia. I wanted to talk to you about Hamlet? His behavior has been... erratic. Disturbed.

OPHELIA

He's grieving, dad. He's going through a lot.

PAUL

Grief is one thing. But his actions, his words suggest a deeper mess. He's been sending you... unusual messages. Odd emails.

OPHELIA

(Hesitates) He... he's just expressing himself. He's always been intense.

PAUL

Intensity is fine for an artist, Ophelia. But Hamlet is a future CEO. His stability is crucial to Denmark Corp. And to your own future, if I'm being honest. I don't want you seeing him, corresponding to his messages, until he shows some signs of normalcy. He's playing with you, Ophelia. Or worse, he's mentally unstable.

OPHELIA

But Dad, you don't understand. He loves me.

PAUL

Love? Or manipulation? I want you to give him back anything he's given you. No further contact. Consider it a direct order from the Head of HR.

(Ophelia looks distressed but nods slowly. Paul exits, pleased with himself. Ophelia looks conflicted. Lights dim.)

**SCENE 4: HAMLET'S APARTMENT - The Soliloquy and Confrontation**

SETTING

A dimly lit, cluttered apartment. Posters of bands and digital art line the walls. A book lies on the couch. There's an energy drink can tipped over on a desk. Hamlet paces the floor in socks and a hoodie, lost in thought.

(Lights up. HAMLET stops pacing, rubs his temples, then looks directly ahead as if into a mirror. He speaks quietly, then louder as he unravels.)

HAMLET

To live... or not to live.  
That is the question, isn't it?

Is it braver to just take whatever life throws at you—  
the pain, the loss, the guilt, the constant noise—  
or to fight back, to shut it down completely,  
to sleep... forever?

No more pressure. No more fake smiles.  
Just quiet. Peace.

But sleep comes with dreams...  
and dreams, yeah, they mess with you.  
What if the pain doesn't stop after?  
What if death's just another version of this mess?

And that's the problem.  
That what if.  
That fear of the unknown  
keeps us stuck in these broken routines,

wearing masks, pretending to be okay.

Who puts up with the crap we do?

Being ignored, heartbroken, humiliated,  
waiting on systems that don't care,  
bosses who treat you like nothing,  
people who say they love you and leave the next day?

Why do we do it?

Because we're scared.  
We're all scared.

So we keep breathing,  
even when it hurts.  
And we call that bravery.

(He grabs the book, stares at it, then throws it onto the couch. He sinks into the chair, hands on his face. A beat. The door opens gently. OPHELIA steps in. She carries a small box—soft, cautious energy.)

OPHELIA

Hey... Hamlet?

(He straightens up instantly, like he's just been caught crying. The emotional walls come up.)

HAMLET

Ah, look who it is.  
The angel of mercy herself.

OPHELIA

(Rolling her eyes) I... I brought these.  
Things you gave me.  
Thought you might want them back.

(She offers the box. He doesn't take it.)

HAMLET

I didn't give you anything.

OPHELIA

Yes, you did. You know you did.

Notes, little gifts. You called them "pieces of you."

They meant something to me.

But now? They feel...

empty.

(She sets the box down gently.)

HAMLET

(Snapping, bitterly)

Are you FOR REAL?

OPHELIA

What?

HAMLET

Are you real? Are you kind?

Or just pretty words and pretty smiles?

OPHELIA

What are you talking about?

HAMLET

You say you're beautiful and honest.

But if you're both, that's a dangerous combo.  
I used to love you.

OPHELIA

I believed that.  
You made me believe it.

HAMLET

Well, you shouldn't have.  
I didn't. I don't.  
Love is just dopamine and bad decisions.

OPHELIA

(Small voice) I was wrong about you.

HAMLET

Go. Go somewhere safe.  
Go become a nun or whatever.  
The world doesn't need more people screwing each  
other over.  
It needs less.

(He starts pacing, voice building, manic energy surfacing.)

You think I'm messed up?

You should see what goes on in my head.

I've done things.

Thought things.

Things that make me wish I'd never been born. I'm not  
normal, Ophelia.

I'm weird. I'm a weirdo. Have you ever seen me without this  
stupid hat on? That's weird.

(takes the hat off)

OPHELIA

(whispers to herself) since when did he wear a hat...?

( uncomfortable pause.)

HAMLET

So um..Where's your dad?

OPHELIA

(Tense. Cautious.)  
He's... at home.

HAMLET

Tell him to lock the door and throw away the key.  
Let him play his games alone.  
I'm done with all of it.  
All of you.

No one understands me.

(He turns away. OPHELIA watches him, heartbroken. Her face crumples, but she doesn't let him see. She slowly backs out and exits. HAMLET remains still, breathing heavily. Then he sees the box. He walks over and kneels, touching it like it might burn him.)

(Softly, barely audible.)  
I'm sorry.

(Lights fade.)

**INTERMISSION**

[Horatio steps forward briefly, casual but tense.]

HORATIO:

Things are getting... messy.

Hamlet's seeing ghosts, Claud's sweating bullets, and I'm just trying not to lose my job.

Take five. It only gets worse from here.

### **SCENE 5: THE BOARDROOM - The Play's the Thing**

(Lights up in the boardroom again. CLAUD, TRUDIE, PAUL, and a few other executives are present, gathered around the large screen. HAMLET, HORATIO, and OPHELIA (looking subdued) are also there. HAMLET has a tablet and a small projector. The mood is tense but expectant.)

CLAUD

So, Hamlet. You wish to present a... creative work? An artistic statement?

HAMLET

Indeed, Uncle. A short film. A modern interpretation of an old tragedy. I call it... "The Mousetrap."

TRUDIE

How... intriguing, darling.

HAMLET

(With a significant look at CLAUD) It's about a king, a good king, who is murdered by his ambitious brother for the crown and for the queen. It's a very... direct narrative.

PAUL

(Clears throat) Perhaps a bit blunt for a corporate setting, Dear Hamlet?

HAMLET

On the contrary, Paul. I believe its message is universally understood. Horatio, if you please.

(Horatio connects Hamlet's tablet to the main screen. A powerpoint presentation begins. It shows a stylized corporate office. GEORGE HAMLET. is seen sleeping at his desk. Another figure, clearly CLAUD, approaches stealthily and pours a substance into the sleeping figure's coffee. The figure collapses as soon as he takes a sip of the coffee. The CLAUD figure then takes the crown/CEO title from the dead figure and embraces a figure representing TRUDIE. The animation is simple but chilling. Hamlet watches CLAUD intently.)

(As the murder scene plays out, CLAUD grows increasingly agitated. His face pales. He shifts uncomfortably, then rises abruptly, knocking over his chair.)

CLAUD

(Shouting, clearly panicked) Lights! Lights! Stop this! This is preposterous! Get this... this filth off the screen!

(He clutches his chest, visibly unwell. TRUDIE looks at him with alarm. Hamlet smiles, a cold, triumphant expression.)

HAMLET

(Quietly, but loud enough for CLAUD to hear) A hit! A blockbuster hit!

CLAUD

(To Paul, gasping) I need air! Get him out of my sight! The light... It hurts my eyes!

(CLAUD stumbles out, supported by Paul, leaving the others stunned. TRUDIE stares at Hamlet, a dawning horror in her eyes.)

TRUDIE

(To Hamlet, in a low, furious voice) What have you done?

HAMLET

(Calmly) I just showed the world, the truth, Mom. The truth you chose to ignore.

(TRUDIE recoils. Ophelia looks on, shocked and horrified. Lights fade.)

**SCENE 6: TRUDIE'S APARTMENT - The Confrontation and the Killing**

(Lights up on TRUDIE'S elegant apartment. She paces anxiously. HAMLET enters, his face set. He closes the door behind him.)

TRUDIE

Hamlet, what was the meaning of that display? You have insulted your uncle, disgraced yourself!

HAMLET

Insulted him? Mom, he murdered my dad! He poisoned him!

TRUDIE

(Gasps, aghast) That's a monstrous lie! How could you even think of something like that?

HAMLET

The ghost told me... Dad's spirit. He appeared to Horatio and me.

TRUDIE

You're crazy! You've gone completely mad! This grief... it's consumed you! And I knew Horatio was a bad influence.

HAMLET

Crazy, huh? Or am I just seeing clearly for the first time? Don't tell yourself that your shady little affair was anything but a betrayal. You're with a murderer, mom! A disgusting, vulgar murderer!

TRUDIE

(Slaps him) Stop it! You are speaking about your future stepdad! I love him.

HAMLET

(Grabbing her arm, his voice a furious whisper) You call that love? That's lust! And a desperate ambition for status! Did you ever truly love my dad? Or were you just waiting for the next powerful man to claim you?

TRUDIE

(Tearful, shaken) Hamlet, please! You're hurting me!

(A rustle from behind a large, modern art installation or a tall bookshelf. PAUL has been hiding there, trying to record the conversation with his phone.)

HAMLET

(Hearing the sound) What's that? A rat? (He pulls out a concealed letter opener or a sharp, heavy object he carries. Without a second thought, he

thrusts it through the screen of the art piece/into the bookshelf.)

(A muffled cry. PAUL stumbles out, clutching his chest, a recording device falling from his hand. He collapses, dead.)

TRUDIE

(Screams) Paul! Oh my god, Hamlet, what have you done?!

HAMLET

(Staring at the dead Paul, shocked at his own impulsive act) Is it... Paul? I thought it was... CLAUD. My God. What have I done?

(He looks at his hands, then at TRUDIE, a dawning horror on his face. TRUDIE is sobbing, clutching Paul. Lights quickly fade to black.)

SCENE 7: HORATIO'S APARTMENT - The Aftermath

(Lights up on HORATIO'S apartment, which is sparse and functional. HORATIO sits with HAMLET, who is pale and distraught. News alerts about Paul's death flash on a large screen in the background.)

HORATIO

They're saying it was an accident. CLAUD is furious. He's already planning to send you away. To a corporate retreat in Norway.

HAMLET

(Dully) Norway. Exile. It was bound to happen. I killed Paul. An old man. An innocent man, in a way. He was just a tool.

HORATIO

He was spying on you, Hamlet. CLAUD would have used whatever he found against you.

HAMLET

Doesn't make it right, does it? I'm becoming what I hate. A monster.

HORATIO

No, Hamlet. You're human. And you're trapped.

HAMLET

(Looks up, a flicker of his old fire) CLAUD will not win. Not like this. He sent me away, but I'll find my way back. And when I do...

(A sudden, urgent notification on Horatio's phone. He checks it, his face paling.)

HORATIO

Hamlet... (too shocked to say anything but just one word) Ophelia...

HAMLET

Ophelia? What about her?

HORATIO

She's... she's had a breakdown. After her father's death, and your... accusations. They found her wandering by the company water feature. She... she drowned.

(Hamlet stares, utterly devastated. He doesn't speak. He closes his eyes, a single tear escaping. He has gone too far.)

HAMLET

(A whisper, broken) Ophelia... my Ophelia...

(Lights slowly fade to black, leaving Hamlet in silent despair. The play ends on this tragic note, emphasizing the devastating consequences of his actions and the pervasive corruption of the world he inhabits.)

**End**