

***RICK III MEETS HAWLET:  
A BASTARDIZATION***

KELLY

"RICK III MEETS HAMLET: A BASTARDIZATION"

A Stage/Screenplay by

Adam Martin

20 Hillside Drive  
Newport Beach, Ca. 92660  
(714) 759-7747

WRITER'S DRAFT  
June 9, 1990

CAST

Rick	Elvis
Hamlet	Dorset
Clarence	Anne
Brackenbury	Grey
Hastings	Queen Margaret
Buckingham	Jaws
Bill (William Shakespeare)	King Hamlet
Thomas Guide	Edward 4
Gaurd 1	Polonius
Gaurd 2	Gertrude
Ophelia	Claudius
Queen Liz	

"RICK III MEETS HAMLET: A BASTARDIZATION"

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/ENTRY - NIGHT

1

We SEE the desolate walls and floor of the desolate kings hive. RICK, the black cloaked, grimly debonair Duke of Gloucester comes forth and takes center stage. He flashes his big "R" belt buckle.

RICK

Now is the winter of our discontent.  
And whatta winter it's been. Made  
glorious Edward The Fourth's  
endless summer. Grim-visaged war  
hath smoothed his wrinkled front,  
and stung my wrinkled ass. The  
thought of my handsome brother  
Edward reminds me of my own  
deformity.

Rick motions towards his hunched back.

RICK

(continuing)

A hunched back.

Rick removes his hand from under his cloak to reveal a huge hand about three times the size of a normal hand covered by a huge glove.

RICK

(continuing)

And a Mickey Mouse hand...  
Instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
good 'ol Eddie capers nimbly in a  
lady's chamber with a buncha  
gorgeous dames blowin' hot air  
through lutes. And as for me, I  
am not shaped for sportive tricks.  
I stand here before you, rudely  
stamped, deformed, unfinished...  
and I'm a little pissed off.  
But, not so much at Edward. For  
the course of my contempt runs  
much deeper than that which I have  
for him. I must now ask you for  
your patience and understanding.  
For what I am about to tell you  
is a highly complex, and labyrinthine  
tale of trials and tribulations that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (cont'd)

extend all the way back to my earliest childhood memories... Wait... Forget about what I just said... Just forget about it... The bottom line is this. I have a thing about women, okay? Not only do I have a thing about women, but I also got a thin about Mr. William Shakespeare himself. So, I got a thing about women, and I got a thing about Bill. I mean, let's face it. When Bill sets out to write a play, it ain't the kingdom that brings down the king, it ain't the wars, and it certainly ain't the kings best pals... It's the women.

HAMLET, the melancholic stooge, enters from behind Rick holding up the skull of Yorick, dazed and confused.

RICK

(continuing)

So, if any of you women in the audience are thinkin' about givin' me a hard time, watch out... cuz I got the attitude. The kinda attitude you don't wanna mess with. The kinda attitude that seperates the lovers from the villains. When you're a lover, you gotta play by the ladies' rules. But, when you're a villain, like myself, the ladies gotta play by your rules. And another thing. I want that crown of England.

Rick backs into Hamlet. CRASH! The two topple over a table full of trinkets and tumble to the ground. Rick jumps to his feet, grabs Hamlet by the collar.

RICK

(continuing)

Who the hell are you?

Hamlet adresses his skull.

HAMLET

Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him well!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK  
What is this? Your security  
skull?

HAMLET  
It belongs to Yorick. He was a  
dear friend of mine. He was the  
only person who could make me  
laugh. He was the Court Jester.

RICK  
What is he now? A paperweight?

HAMLET  
Please! Gimme back my security  
skull!

RICK  
Why the hell should I?

Rick punts the skull offstage like an NFL field goal  
kicker.

HAMLET  
(continuing)  
Noooo! Come back Yorick! Come  
back!

Rick grabs Hamlet by the collar.

RICK  
I asked you a question! What's  
you're name?! And what are you  
doing in my castle?!

HAMLET  
I've been dazed and confused for  
so long, it's not true.

Rick rips off the dog tags from Hamlet's neck. He reads  
off the inscription.

RICK  
Hamlet. Prince of Denmark. What  
kinda bullshit is this?

HAMLET  
But, I am a prince!

RICK  
Gaurds!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Way down inside... woman... you  
need me.

RICK

What?!

Hamlet throws his arms around Rick and begins to sob.

HAMLET

She needs me! She needs me!

RICK

Who needs you?

HAMLET

Mommy! Mommy needs me!

RICK

Just as I thought. Women.  
Gaurds!

HAMLET

So excellent a king, two months  
dead, and my own mother...  
married with my uncle, thrashing  
under incestuous sheets, engaging  
in erotic interludes, rank and  
gross in nature!

RICK

Shit happens.

HAMLET

Let us remain embracing, so that I  
may find solace in your tender  
bosom.

Rick pushes Hamlet away with a look of disgust, hurling  
Hamlet to the floor. Hamlet continues to sob like a big  
baby.

RICK

Gaurds!

Rick paces around the pitiful Hamlet.

RICK

(continuing)  
Ya big fag!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREY and RIVERS, the rude, and insolent head gaurds enter from behind Rick smoking cigarettes, and each holding a beer.

GREY

Whatta ya want?

RICK

Grey! Rivers! Take this vassal spy to the dungeon. I caught him trespassing

Grey and Rivers take their own sweet time about things, just to piss Rick off. They both remain in the same spot, puffing their smokes, chugging their beer.

RICK

(continuing)

Well?! Take him away!

RIVERS

What's your rush?

GREY

Hey, did you hear what he said? He said, what's your rush?

RICK

What's my what?

RIVERS

Your rush. As in, what's your hurry?

GREY

Yeah. As in, what's your hurry?

RICK

Is there an echo in here? I told you guys to take him away! Now, do it!

RIVERS

Is than an order or a threat?

GREY

Hey. Did you hear what he said? He asked you if that was an order or a threat?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICK

(to Grey)

Look, you sons of a bitch! The only reason I gave you this summer job was to get that fat cow mother of yours, Queen Liz, off my back! So, you'd better just cut that out, or you're gonna be real, real sorry!

RIVERS

Better watch it Grey. You don't wanna end up being real sorry.

RICK

So, that's how you wanna play ball, huh? Fine. Come sunup, the two of you can kiss your asses goodbye right after the guillotine blade slices right through your necks!

GREY

So, what your trying to say is, unless we take this guy to the dungeon, you're gonna cut our heads off?

RIVERS

Did you hear what he asked you? He asked you...

RICK

Shut up!

Rick draws his sword.

RICK

(continuing)

I'm gonna kill you both right here and now!

GREY

Well, if that's the way you feel about it... we're gonna take this guy to the dungeon.

RIVERS

Yeah. We're gonna take this guy to the dungeon.

Grey and Rivers pick up Hamlet and drag him off. Grey and Rivers pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREY

Your no fun anymore, Rick.

RIVERS

Hey, did ya hear what he said?  
He said...

Rick hurls a chalice and other trinkets at Grey and RIVERS. Grey and Rivers run offstage with Hamlet. Rick Slugs himself in the forehead three times

RICK

Why do I put up with those guys?!

Rick's bro, CLARENCE enters along with BRACKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower. Rick goes to Clarence.

RICK

(continuing)

Brother, good day. What means this armed gaurd that waits upon your grace?

CLARENCE

It's that damned Edward. He has hearkened after prophecies and dreams pertaining to the phrase, "G-spot." I found this tacked to my back.

Clarence holds up a black circle with a white "G" painted on it.

RICK

Gee, I wonder who started that rumor?

CLARENCE

I know not. But, since my name of George starts with "G," he has likened me to an assassin, an usurper of royalty. And now, I have been banished to the tower. But, I do not attribute the king's actions to Edward himself. Alas, I am inclined to believe that the brunt of this insipid inquisition has been dealt by the pointy hand of Queen Liz.

RICK

Just as I thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL

Women!

RICK

Why this it is, when men are ruled by women, 'tis not the King that sends you to the tower? I don't get it. First, my bestest buddy, Hastings, gets a bum rap in that hunka cement, and now you. We are not safe, Clarence. We are not safe.

BRACKENBURY

I beseech your graces both to pardon me. His majesty hath straightly given in charge that no man shall have private conference with your brother.

RICK

Aw c'mon Brack. Lighten up. Everyone knows your the first guy with his ear to the wall. And rumor has it that you got your beady little eye on king Edward's ol' lady.

BRACKENBURY

I can assure you, my affiliation with Lady Anne is strictly professional.

RICK

Then why are you stuttering?

BRACKENBURY

I'm not stu, stu, stu, stu, stuttering.

RICK

Let's face it Brack. I got you pegged. I've seen your wondering eye scopin' out that cherry lip, that bonny eye, that passing pleasing tongue. What it boils down to is that all the guys dig Lady Anne. Except for me, of course... I don't put up with that crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRACKENBURY

I do beseech your grace to pardon me. We have to return to the 'ol tower.

RICK

How is the ol' tower?

BRACKENBURY

Same ol' tower, with the same ol' roof, and the same ol' door.

RICK

Sounds like the same ol' story with the same ol' tower and the same ol' roof, and the same ol' door.

CLARENCE

And the same ol' prisoners.

RICK

And the same ol' prisoners.

BRACKENBURY

In the same ol' shackles.

RICK

In the same ol' shackles.

BRACKENBURY

Eatin' the same ol' bread and water.

RICK

Eatin' the same ol' bread and water.

CLARENCE

Same ol' story.

BRACKENBURY

Same ol' story.

RICK

Yep. Sounds like the same ol' story... Well. You'd better be on your way.

CLARENCE

Ya gotta get me outta that tower, Rick. Ya just gotta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Your imprisonment shall not be long. I will deliver you, or else lie for you. Meantime, have patience.

CLARENCE

Later.

RICK

Later on.

Clarence exits with Brackenbury. Hamlet enters from behind Rick, hides behind a table and listens in.

RICK

(continuing)

Simple plain, Clarence. I do love thee so. And yet, I have no use for that twit. I will shortly send they soul to heaven. Boy, oh boy, am I evil.

CRASH! Hamlet knocks over an assortment of silverware.

RICK

(continuing)

What is this?! The spy! Grey! Rivers! Oh, Christ! I'll lock you up myself!

Rick grabs Hamlet by the collar.

HAMLET

Nooo! Nooo! Have pity on me! I mean you no harm! I'm not a spy!

RICK

Oh, that's right... you're one of those prince characters.

HAMLET

Am I a prince? Or am I a coward? Who calls me villain?

Rick lets Hamlet go.

HAMLET

(continuing)

This is most brave, That I, son of a dear ol' dad murdered,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET (cont'd)

prompted to my revenge by heaven  
and hell, must like a whore,  
unpack my heart with words,  
instead of taking action against  
that adulterate beast, that  
uncle o' mine, Claudius.

RICK

Oh, yeah. The guy who married  
your mother.

HAMLET

Correct.

RICK

You know what your problem is?

HAMLET

Problem?

RICK

Yeah. You procrastinate too much.

HAMLET

Procrastinate?

RICK

Yeah. You're all talk. You  
just bitch and moan. I've  
only known you for a few minutes,  
and I'm already getting sick of  
it. Bottom line. You're an  
aggressive planner, but a timid  
executor.

HAMLET

That's where you're wrong.

RICK

I beg your pardon?

HAMLET

Askew! What I meant to say was,  
you're askew.

RICK

That's better. So, how do you  
intend to deal with you're ol'  
man? Pardon me. Uncle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

As we speak, a play is underway  
before mine uncle in his castle.  
The players have just played  
something like the murder of my  
father before him. I'm observing  
his looks. I tent him to the  
quick. He blenches with disgust.  
He blenches again! And again!  
And again! And again! He  
approaches me and gazes into  
mine eyes. Out pours the lechery!  
The treachery! The hickory! The  
dickory! And as I catch the  
conscience of the king, I spit  
into his face! Ptooy! Ptooy!  
Ptooy!

RICK

Question.

HAMLET

Yes?

RICK

How can you be spitting at  
Claudius, if your standing here  
in front of me?

Hamlet looks off into space with a perplexed look on his  
face. He breaks into a hopeless, schticky sob. Rick  
comes down to Hamlet and puts his arm around his  
shoulder.

RICK

Why don't you just off the guy?

HAMLET

Off him?

RICK

Yeah. Kill him. Cut his head  
off. Chuck him off a cliff.  
Drown him in a bog. Drop a  
safe on him.

HAMLET

Yes! That's it! If I do it  
quick, there's no time for  
remorse! If the deed lasts as  
long as the mania, I am  
victorious!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

You, know, I kinda like you Hammy. You're kinda wimpy, but you got that angry edge. I like that in a man.

HAMLET

Then will you help me?

Rick backs off.

RICK

Now, wait a minute there buddy. I got enough problems of my own. I do my jobs solo.

HAMLET

Then lend me advice. Any will do.

RICK

If you can't do the time, don't do the crime. Know what I mean?

HAMLET

Yeah... I know what you mean.

LORD HASTINGS, and LORD BUCKINGHAM, Yorkist lords detested by Queen Liz, enter. They circle the room.

HASTINGS

What is this shit?!

BUCKINGHAM

Yeah! What is this shit?!

RICK

Hastings! Buckingham!

HASTINGS

So, we're walkin' down the street, right? And these two punk gaurds come outta this alley and start headin' towards us.

BUCKINGHAM

So, we walk through the marketplace, and then we look over my shoulder, and these two punk gaurds are still followin' us.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HASTINGS

So, we turn around, and we plant our feet right in the center of the road, and we look these two mugs right in the eye, and one of 'em sez, "Hey. Hastings. Buckingham. You're both under arrest."

BUCKINGHAM

So, we look these two mugs right in the eye, and we say, You talkin' to me?

HASTINGS

You talkin' to me? And the one gaurd sez, "yeah, I'm talkin' to you." And we say, "what is this shit?!"

BUCKINGHAM

And the other sez, "we're takin' you to the tower." And then they jump us, and they throw us in the tower.

HASTINGS

And so we go) to the cell door, and we stick our noses through the two little bars in the door that seperates the gaurds' face from ours, and we say...

HASTINGS/BUCKINGHAM

What is this shit?!

RICK

Sounds like you were framed.

Hamlet holds up an empty frame. Hastings and Buckingham look through the frame towards Rick.

HASTINGS/BUCKINGHAM

Damn right we were framed!

Hamlet puts down the frame.

HASTINGS

(continuing)

But, we shall live, my lord, to give them thanks that were the cause of our imprisonment, and then kick the crap out of them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Patience, my boys. Patience. We shall avenge this injustice in due time. What news abroad?

BUCKINGHAM

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy. His physicians fear him mightily, and since the queen pampers his butt like a newborn babe, he has no opportunity to leave his bed for sport and festivities.

RICK

Just as I thought.

ALL

Women!

HASTINGS

I need a beer.

BUCKINGHAM

Me too.

Hastings walks off.

RICK

Hang on guys! Take dear Hamlet with you. And make his a stiff one.

HAMLET

But, I don't drink.

Hastings throws his arm around Hamlet's shoulder and leads offstage.

HASTINGS

Ya play darts?

HAMLET

Never.

BUCKINGHAM

Ya want me to fix you up with a prostitute?

HAMLET

Can you find one that looks like my mother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hastings and Rick do a double take towards Hamlet.

HASTINGS

I think we'll just do the dart thing.

Hastings exits with Hamlet. Rick takes center stage.

RICK

Hastings. Buckingham. They make me smirk. They cannot live, I hope, and must not die 'til I bump off Clarence. And, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live. And when God takes King Edward to his mercy, he'll leave behind the world for me to bustle in! And when I bustle, I bustle! Then I'll marry Lady Anne. This may take some time, since I am the one who whacked her husband, the Prince of Wales. Yet, this is the readiest way to make the wench amends... If only she wasn't such a damn nympho. But yet I run my before my horse to market. Clarence still breathes. Edward still lives and reigns. When they are gone, then I must count my gains. )

Rick exits.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/GENERIC ROOM - NIGHT

2

We HEAR two men approach through the hall leading into the room. THOMAS GUIDE, a slim, nice looking fellow, wearing contemporary yuppy garb, enters holding a Thomas Guide in one hand and a torch in the other. He takes a look around, glancing up at the room and down at his Thomas Guide. We HEAR someone else fumbling around in the hall. CRASH! BOOM! BAM! The other fellow runs head on into some sort of furniture.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ow! God dammit!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, himself, enters, referred to as Bill. He's smug, whiney, and uptight, and wears traditional Shakespearian garb. He goes to Thomas and slugs him lightly in the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Don't walk ahead of me with the torch! I can't see a damn thing!

THOMAS

Sorry.

BILL

Now, where are we?!

Thomas flips through the guide pages.

THOMAS

Well, we're definitely in Rick's castle.

BILL

(mimicking Thomas)

Well, we're definitely in Rick's castle. I know we're in Rick's castle! But, where specifically?! Where are we on the grid?!

Bill and Thomas both eyeball the guide.

THOMAS

Uh, twenty-six, D-4.

BILL

Twenty-six D-4?! I thought you said we were on page twenty-five.

THOMAS

Oh, maybe it was page twenty-five.

BILL

Lemme see that thing.

Bill grabs the Thomas Guide and flips through the pages.

BILL

(continuing)

Let's see... Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four... twenty six... Twenty-six?! We're missing a page! What the hell happened to page twenty-five?!

Thomas pulls a wad of paper from his pocket, a look of shame on his face.

THOMAS

Uh... Here it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill grabs the wad from Thomas and scrutinizes it. He tries to unfold it. The wad just disintegrates into tiny crumbs.

BILL

What the hell happened to it?!

THOMAS

Uh... I think it went through the wash.

BILL

You think it went through the wash? Why the hell don't you empty your pockets?!

WHACK! Bill hits Thomas with the guide.

THOMAS

Hey, I'm really sorry, Bill. I was researching that particular page, and I thought it would be easier if I just removed it from the book.

BILL

(mimicking Thomas)

And I thought it would be easier if I just removed it from the book. Jesus, Thomas! Do something right for a change!

THOMAS

Sorry.

BILL

Don't sorry me.

THOMAS

Okay... Sorry.

BILL

Shut up! You're always saying sorry!

THOMAS

I'm sorry.

BILL

Forget it! Just shut up! Don't say anything! Okay?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Okay.

Bill does a Three Stooges whine under his breath.

BILL

Mmmmmm! Now, you built this castle!  
You must have some idea where we  
are!

THOMAS

Well, I didn't actually build it.  
But, I designed it.

BILL

What the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

THOMAS

Well... It means that the castle  
I designed, and the castle that  
was built are two different  
castles. But, they're still  
basically the same.

BILL

So, where are we?

THOMAS

Well, I'm not sure. But, since  
you wrote about the castle, I  
figured you'd have a pretty good  
idea where we were.

BILL

So, what the hell did I hire you  
for?

THOMAS

(smiling)

To guide you through the castle?

BILL

Mmmmmm!

Bill pulls out locks of fake hair through his head.

BILL

(continuing)

Oh, whatta night! First, Hamlet  
leaks into Richard the Third, and  
then I hire a guide who doesn't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL (cont'd)  
 know his head from his ass. I should never have created those characters while I was still alive. Now, I have to wade knee deep in this muck and try to restore my two masterpieces to their original form. Maybe suicide is the solution. To be, or not to be. That is the question.

THOMAS  
 And here's the answer. One B plus one B equals two B.

Bill glares at Thomas for a few moments, then turns away.

BILL  
 This is like a bad trip on Olvera Street!

Bill exits without Thomas. CRASH! BAM! BOOM! Bill runs into some more furniture.

BILL (O.S.)  
 (continuing)  
 Shit!

Bill re-enters.

BILL  
 (continuing)  
 Gimme that goddamn torch!

Bill grabs the torch from Thomas and exits. Thomas follows behind, and exits with Bill.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/FUNERAL ROOM - NIGHT

3

Grey, Rivers, and two GAURDS enter holding the open casket of EDWARD 4. He is dressed in royal attire with a crown, jewelry, and a big "E" belt buckle. The gaurds sound off like the Three Stooges.

GAURD 1  
 Hello!

GAURD 2  
 Hello!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREY  
Hello!

RIVERS  
Hello!

ALL  
Hello.

The gaurds bring Edward out to the center of the room and set him down.

GAURD 1  
Where is everybody?

GAURD 2  
What happened to Liz?

GREY  
She had a theatre gig.

RIVERS  
Damn shame. Damn, dee, damn,  
damn, damn.

GREY  
Yep. Damn shame.

RIVERS  
Yep.

Mike, Rivers, and the gaurds circle the room, making sure no one is watching. Suddenly, they shove there grimy paws into Edward's casket and ransack it. They take his crown, his jewelry, and his belt buckle. They all exit, fighting over their new goodies. A few moments pass. Suddenly, Edward sits up in his casket.

EDWARD 4  
(cheery-eyed)  
Hi ya, folks. I'm Edward The Fourth. Rick's older brother. Ex hubby of Queen Liz. Now, I know you all love the original version of Richard The Third, by William Shakespeare. But, I hated it, becuse when I appeared in the original play as Edward The Fourth, I was really sick, and I never got any good lines. And think about how many times Richard The Third has been  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EDWARD 4 (cont'd)  
 done since Shakespeare wrote it. For centuries, I've played this role. And now, I'm dead. If this were a real funeral scene, I would have to lie still in this casket, and do absolutely nothing. I couldn't even blink my eyes, or flip off Richard. In the old days of traditional storytelling, my existence was pretty grim, And then along comes this guy, Adam Martin, who takes Richard The Third, and Hamlet, bashes them together, pillages the storyline, and comes up with this utterly brilliant play, the one you're watching now, and gives me this brilliant monologue, the one I'm doing right now. I love it. For the first time, I can do or say anything I want! Let's see. What do I feel like saying. I know! How's this for dialogue?  
 ... Hi!... How are you!...  
 Life is but a dream!... Relish it!... Make it a spectacle!...  
 Yaaaaahooooo! Ride 'em cowboy!... Not bad, huh? Well, I don't want to hold up the story any longer, so I'm gonna die again for a few moments. I Just love funerals. After all, what do the first three letters of funeral spell?... Fun!

BONK! Edward conks out in the casket, temporarily dead. Rick enters. He goes to Edward's casket and glares down at him. He walks away from Edward's casket and addresses the audience.

RICK

Heh, heh, heh. Another one bites the dust.

We SEE Edward's middle finger rise up from the casket behind Rick, as he cackles towards us. Edward lowers his finger just as Rick turns back towards the casket. We HEAR a young girl's voice in the distance. Rick looks around.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hamlet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick spins around.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hamlet?

Rick hides behind a chair. OPHELIA, sweetheart of Hamlet enters, drunk off her ass. Her speech is slurred.

OPHELIA

Hello? Where are you my sweet?

Ophelia runs into a bouquet of flowers. Rick gets goo goo eyes for Ophelia and pops out from behind the chair.

RICK

Hi ya, toots.

OPHELIA

Hi ya, toots.

RICK

I'm Rick The Third. Villain, dark angel, anti-hero, foul devil, ass kicker about town, and a damn good lover if I don't say so my damn self.

Ophelia hugs Rick.

OPHELIA

I don't want your love... But, you can kick my ass. You can kick all night long.

RICK

I beg your pardon?

OPHELIA

Wait a second... You're not Hamlet.

RICK

No, I'm Rick The Third.

OPHELIA

Rick The Third... Okay... got it.

RICK

God, what is that perfume you're wearing? It's driving me up the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA  
You like?

RICK  
I like.

OPHELIA  
Think I'm cute?

RICK  
Yes I think your... I think...  
Look, I don't know who you are,  
And I don't even care...

OPHELIA  
My name's Ophelia.

RICK  
Ophelia. That's a beautiful  
name.

OPHELIA  
Would you like to see me naked?

RICK  
Would I?! Oh, sister! Start  
those sheets a flappin'!

OPHELIA  
Wait a second... You're not  
Hamlet.

RICK  
No! No! No! I'm Rick!

OPHELIA  
So, what you're trying to say is  
you're Rick.

RICK  
Correct.

OPHELIA  
So, where's Hamlet?

RICK  
Dumpy guy, about yay high,  
always melancholy, likes to play  
with skulls?

OPHELIA  
That's the one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK  
Haven't seen him.

Suddenly, we HEAR an older woman's voice.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Ricky! I'm home!

RICK  
Oh, geez.

Rick leads Ophelia to the casket and hurls her on top of Edward.

RICK  
(continuing)  
Don't move.

Rick runs off briefly to get the casket cover.

EDWARD 4  
Hi, good lookin'.

OPHELIA  
Hi, sailor.

Rick returns to the casket with the lid and covers Ophelia and Edward. LADY ANNE, the domineering bull wench, enters.

ANNE  
Oh, Ricky! Kiss me ya big lug!

Anne chases Rick around the casket. She catches him and lays a big grandma style smooch on his cheek. Rick pushes Anne away. The two end up on opposite sides of the casket.

RICK  
Keep your distance, lady!

ANNE  
Oh, Rick. Always playing hard to get.

RICK  
I don't play hard to get. In your case, I play easy to lose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

Oh, Rick. You and your superior wit. Your such a shrewd little bastard. And it makes me sizzle. Ssssssssss!

RICK

How can you sizzle at a time like this?! Your father lies before you dead! And his wounds bleed in my presence, because I am his murderer!

Anne glances down at a crevice in the casket lid.

ANNE

That isn't blood.

RICK

Then what is it?

Anne pulls out a bottle of ketchup.

ANNE

Heinz '57.

Anne chucks the bottle aside.

RICK

I killed your father, Anne! I killed your father! You could at least loathe me a little!

ANNE

Oh, you're right. I'm such a tart.

Anne whips out her hanky, and pretends to sob over her dead father.

ANNE

(continuing)

But, he was such an asshole to me. I never got to kiss any of my dates goodnight. Whenever I got to my front door, my father would kiss my boys on the cheek for me. You don't know what it's like to be a sexually deprived daddy's girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

No, I can't say that I do.

ANNE

You don't care about me. You don't care if I ever get to sleep with a man. I probably end up being some hapless, old maid, who gets to swap spit in a kissing booth.

RICK

Oh, Anne. It's not that I hate you. It's just that you don't know how to approach guys. It's as if you're so desperate that you're ready to cling to the first piece of meat off the hook. If I give you an inch, you take a mile. It's like I'm being smothered. And guys don't like that. They don't like girls who jump 'em on sight. What guys do like are girls who threaten to jump 'em on sight, but don't actually do it. It's the cruxt of all romantic interludes in which both parties acknowledge the animal attraction towards each other, and yet they give each other room to breathe, room to spread out, room to play the field, room to bloom.

Rick turns towards us.

RICK

What the hell am I talking about?

ANNE

(smiling)

Love. You were talking about love. Does that mean you'll marry me?

RICK

Now, hold on lady. Don't get all hot and bothered yet. If I marry you, it's only because you got friends in high places, and it might make it easier for me to become king. You'll basically be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (cont'd)  
nothing more than the court  
bimbo.

ANNE  
Anything you say Rick.

RICK  
You'll do all the cooking and  
cleaning. And I want my own  
study, my own pool table, and my  
own bed.

ANNE  
Your own bed?

RICK  
Wake up and smell the melba,  
Anne. I wanna sleep with other  
dames!

ANNE  
Well, I can live with that. As  
long as I get to sleep with you  
first!

Anne picks up Rick in her arms and begins to walk off  
with him.

RICK  
Hey! What's the big idea?!

ANNE  
I wanna do it with The Duke!

RICK  
Grey! Rivers! Help!

Ophelia gets out of the casket and wobbles around.  
Edward sticks his head out of the casket.

EDWARD 4  
Hey, darlin'. Come on back.

OPHELIA  
No. You stink.

EDWARD 4  
I gotta great idea. Why don't you  
hang around 'til this play is over,  
and then I'll come back to life,  
and then we'll go out and have a  
few drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA

I can't. I'm too young to drink in bars.

EDWARD 4

Well, you look twenty-one. What are you? Eighteen? Nineteen?

OPHELIA

Fourteen.

Edward's eyes bulge out. BOOM! He lets the lid fall back down on his casket. Hamlet enters.

HAMLET

Ophelia?

OPHELIA

Hamlet!

Ophelia runs to Hamlet. The two embrace.

OPHELIA

(continuing)

I thought I'd never see you again.

HAMLET

I'm sorry Ophelia. I just couldn't hack Denmark anymore. How did you find me?

OPHELIA

Well, I got really depressed. So, I went to the beach and got drunk. And then I saw an inscription on the bathroom wall that read, "For a good time, go to Rick's castle." And here I am.

HAMLET

Oh, Ophelia. My sweet. You can't stay here.

OPHELIA

Why not? Don't you love me?

HAMLET

I'll always love you Ophelia. It's just that I need some time alone. I need...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EDWARD 4 (O.S.)

Room to bloom.

HAMLET

Yes... Room to bloom... Thank  
you.

Hamlet does a double take towards Edward's casket.

OPHELIA

What about Claudius. Aren't  
you going to pick him off?

HAMLET

Well, I'm working on it. I  
really am. I met this really  
neat villain, named Rick. This  
is his castle. And he's gonna  
help me kill Claudius.

Edward sticks his hand out of the casket and motions to Rick with his index finger.

EDWARD 4

Hey, kid... Come here a minute.

Hamlet goes to Edward's casket.

HAMLET

Yes?

Edward sits up.

EDWARD 4

Lemme get a little piece of  
advice.

HAMLET

Yes?

EDWARD 4

You can hang out with any other  
character in the play. But, this  
Rick, guy...

Edward flaps his hands towards his chest, meaning, "no good."

EDWARD 4

(continuing)

He's no good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

(flapping hands)

Whatta ya mean he's no good?

EDWARD 4

(flapping hands)

I mean he's no good.

OPHELIA

He tried to scam on me.

HAMLET

Oh, he did, did he?

EDWARD 4

If I were you, I'd get out  
while there's still time.  
Good bye.

BONK! Edward croaks again in his casket.

OPHELIA

He's right, Hamlet. Let's go.  
We don't have to go back to  
Denmark. Screw Claudius. Let  
your mother be. We can go away  
where no one will find us, and  
start a family of our very own.

Hamlet walks away from Ophelia.

HAMLET

I'm sorry, Ophelia. But, I can't  
go with you. I must see this  
thing through with mine own  
eyes. What Edward says about Rick  
is hearsay. And if it is true,  
then I must reveal this malignancy  
in my own presence. I must know  
the truth in it's purest, uncut,  
form... A man's gotta do what a  
man's gotta do.

OPHELIA

Then I'm going with you.

HAMLET

No, Ophelia. This is no place  
for a dame. Go on. Get out,  
before I throw you out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPHELIA

But.

HAMLET

Scram! Beat it, kiddo!

Ophelia exits sobbing.

HAMLET

(continuing)

I hate doin' stuff like that. It ain't right makin' a lady cry. But, dammit. There comes a time in every man's life when he's gotta put his fist down.

Hamlet slams his fist on the casket.

HAMLET

(continuing)

He's just gotta... I need a beer.

Edward sticks his hand out of the casket holding a beer. Hamlet grabs it.

HAMLET

Thanks.

Grey, Rivers, and the two gaurds enter and pick up Edward. They sound off before they exit.

GAURD 1

Good bye!

GAURD 2

Good bye!

GREY

Good bye!

RIVERS

Good bye!

HAMLET

Good bye!

ALL

Good bye.

URRRP! Hamlet belches. All exit.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/LIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

4

QUEEN LIZ, a Liz Taylor monger with a huge ass, enters with her sons, Grey and Rivers.

RIVERS

Have patience, mom. There's no doubt you'll find another sucker. I mean king.

GREY

Yeah. Lighten up, mom. Entertain good comfort, and cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

LIZ

Oh, boo, hoo. Now, who will betide me? Who will kiss my ass twenty-four hours a day. After all, I am an actress. Guess I'll just have to find me another boy toy.

Grey goes to Rivers.

GREY

The heavens have blessed you with goodly sons to be your comforters while you scam on other guys.

Liz goes to Grey and Rivers.

LIZ

Oh, 'tis true. 'Tis true. I have been blessed with goodly sons. And the two of you have been blessed with a queen who happens to be...

Liz waits for the expected response.

GREY/RIVERS

The greatest actress in the world.

LIZ

Thank you. Thank you. Kiss my ass, everyone. Kiss my ass. Now, give me a good review.

Grey and Rivers are silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

(continuing)

Okay, then give me a bad review.

GREY

You're a lousy, two-timing, fat, wag, who couldn't act her way out of a barnyard.

LIZ

(smiling)

Oh, that hurt. Do it again.

RIVERS

You're a hack. A has-been. Washed up. I've seen dung heaps with better complexions.

LIZ

(smiling)

Oh, that really did me in. If I can take it from my own kin, then I'll have no problem coping with the critics at large. You boys really had me goin' there. Such kidders.

Grey and Rivers look at each other.

LIZ

(continuing)

You were kidding, weren't you? Boys?! Boys?!

Buckingham and Hastings enter.

BUCKINGHAM/HASTINGS

Hi ya, Liz!

LIZ

Buckingham! Hastings! So, good to see you! Now, come down here and kiss my ass!

Buckingham and Hastings look at each other.

LIZ

(continuing; vicious)

I said, kiss it!

Liz sticks her ass way out. Buckingham and Hastings lean down and kiss it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

(continuing)

That's better. Now, gimme the latest dirt.

HASTINGS

My wife, Countess Richmond sends her apologies. She wishes to renounce the bad reviews she gave your last play.

LIZ

Oh, she does, does she? Well, you just tell that sidwinding tramp she'll have no blessings, until she agrees to kiss my ass in the towne square.

HASTINGS

Beggin' your pardon, mam. But, don't you think that's a little extreme?

LIZ

One more word out of you, and you'll both be kissing my ass in the towne square! Have you buried Edward, yet?

BUCKINGHAM

Uh, the king's in cold storage.

LIZ

Oh, how is my little love rocket?

BUCKINGHAM

We're looking for a burial site right now. It seems we have more dead kings than we thought. But, don't worry. When we get him waxed and polished, he'll be the sharpest looking stiff on the lot.

LIZ

Oh, joy!

BUCKINGHAM

Well, since you're in such a good mood, I was wondering if we might make atonement between Rick and yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ

No way, Jose!

BUCKINGHAM

Sure about that?

LIZ

I have spoken. I heard you two  
got thrown in the county lock  
up.

HASTINGS

Who told you that?

LIZ

Oh, rumors. You know how rumors  
are. A fib here and a fib there,  
and pretty soon you've got one  
huge fib circulating about the  
kingdom.

BUCKINGHAM

And what fib would that be?

LIZ

Oh, someone got the crazy notion  
that the two of you and Rick were  
trying to oust me. The things  
people say when they're possessed  
by demons.

Buckingham and Hastings retain their contempt for the  
queen. They glance at each other momentarily. Then the  
two start twitching.

HASTINGS

Demons.

BUCKINGHAM

Demons.

LIZ

I beg your pardon?

HASTINGS

Demons! My arms! My legs!

BUCKINGHAM

Demons! We are bedeviled!

LIZ

Demons?! Demons?! What kind  
of demons are these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASTINGS

The kind of demons that make you  
do things like... this!

Hastings lunges his fist into Liz's gut.

BUCKINGHAM

And this!

Buckingham lays a karate chop into Liz's back. Liz  
falls to the ground in agony. Rick enters with  
Hastings, and LORD DORSET, son of Liz by first marriage.

RICK

Oh, how I mourn for the king! If  
only I could once again see the  
king!

ELVIS enters.

ELVIS

Here, I am.

RICK

I mean, Edward.

ELVIS

Oh... Excuse me.

Elvis exits.

LIZ

Come here, Dorset! Come here  
this instant!

Dorset goes to his mother.

LIZ

(continuing)  
You keep away from my boy!

RICK

You do me wrong! And I will  
not endure it! How dare you  
fill the ears of this kingdom  
with rumors of usurpation!

LIZ

And rightly so! You... you  
dick!

RICK

Dick?! You call me a dick?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Liz reaches feels something in Dorset's pockets and pulls out a pack of Marlboros.

LIZ  
What is this?! Marlboros?!  
You've taught my son how to  
smoke?!

Liz sniffs Dorset.

LIZ  
(continuing)  
You reek of cigarettes, boy!

Dorset snags the cigarettes.

DORSET  
Gimme that!

Dorset goes to Rick and Hastings, puts a smoke in his mouth.

DORSET  
(continuing)  
Check this out. Anybody got a  
light?

HASTINGS  
Here, kid.

Hastings lights Dorset's smoke. Rick and Hastings also light up. Rick looks on proudly.

LIZ  
Gadzooks! My boy's chosen the  
dark side.

RICK  
Beats kissing your back side.

Rick and all the others crack up. OLD QUEEN MARGARET, the butch lady with a thick New York/Jewish accent enters.

MARGARET  
Hey, shut up your mouths, huh?  
I'm tryin' to get my beauty sleep,  
here!

GREY  
Then ya better sleep for another  
decade!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Or don't wake up at all.

Grey and Rivers crack up.

GREY/RIVERS

(chuckling)

Oh, Margaret! Go back to bed!

Margaret goes to Grey and Rivers.

MARGARET

Hey, how'd you like me to kick  
the both a youse right in the  
chops, huh?!

Grey and Rivers keep busting up.

MARGARET

(continuing)

All right! Put 'em up! Put 'em  
up! C'mon! C'mon! Out in the  
parking lot!

RICK

Aw, pipe down, Marge.

Margaret goes to Rick.

MARGARET

Okay, hot shot. You wanna take it  
to the streets? Think you're real  
tuff, just cuz Edward's outta the  
way, and you snuffed my Henry!  
Wanna bash heads? Think you got  
what it takes?

Margaret pushes Rick. He pushes her back.

MARGARET

(continuing)

Oh, pushfight! Wanna pushfight?!

Hastings pushes Margaret.

MARGARET

(continuing)

Oh, you too, huh?! C'mon!  
C'mon!

Rick, Margaret, Hastings, and Buckingham get into a  
gnarly old pushfight. Suddenly, Elvis enters. He  
breaks up the fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Hey! Hey! Hey! Break it up!  
Break it up!

Elvis paces about the room.

ELVIS

(continuing)

You know, I've been watchin'  
you... and you, and you, and  
you, and you. And I'll I see  
is hate and disdain for one  
another.

Elvis goes to Rick and grabs him by the collar.

ELVIS

(continuing)

Now, lemme tell you somethin'.  
Life is too short to bitchin'  
and moanin', and moanin' and  
bitchin'.

Elvis lets go of Rick and paces some more.

ELVIS

(continuing)

Why, if you're not careful, you  
might end up like me. A lonely,  
drugged out, rock star, who died  
on a racquetball court.

RICK

What's your point, rock star?

ELVIS

My point is this, Ricky boy.  
Be good to your hard headed woman.  
Give her a good luck charm, and  
don't be cruel. Ya gotta be  
willing to surrender your  
suspicious minds and love one  
another. And when the people  
you love are all shook up and  
it looks like the big shit's  
gonna hit the fan, turn to them,  
hold them in your arms, and just  
give 'em one big hunka burnin'  
love.

RICK

Hunka burnin' love?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Yeah. Hunka burnin' love. C'mon.  
Let's all hug and be friends.

Rick grabs Elvis by the collar.

RICK

Now, lemme tell you somethin'!  
I don't know who you are, and I  
don't know where you came from!  
But, I do know this! In this  
day and age, we like our killin',  
and we like our misery, and we  
like our backstabbin'! So, why  
don't you just take your hunka  
burnin' love and blow it out  
your poop chute!

Rick yanks Elvis away and hurls him offstage. He slap  
wipes his hands together.

RICK

(continuing)

Now, you all know who wears the  
pants in the kingdom.

Suddenly, we HEAR the voice of Elvis' spirit over a  
speaker.

ELVIS (O.S.)

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.  
You'll be sorry, Ricky boy.  
You'll be sorry. If the devil  
don't send you ta hell, then  
I'll send ya to Heartbreak Hotel.  
Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Rick and the others glance at each other. They run  
away, scared out of their wits, yelling like the Three  
Stooges.

ALL

Yaaaaa!

All exit.

INT. THE TOWER - NIGHT

5

We SEE Clarence pacing about the tower in deep thought.  
Brackenbury sits on a bench inside Clarence's cell,  
dangling the keys from his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRACKENBURY

Sorry, I had to lock you up like this. I hope you don't mind me lounging in your cell.

CLARENCE

No. Not at all. I enjoy your company. Would you get my bag for me?

BRACKENBURY

Certainly.

Brackenbury exits for a few moments. He returns with a suitcase and sets it down on the table. Brackenbury goes to the suitcase.

CLARENCE

Oh, no.

BRACKENBURY

What's wrong your grace?

CLARENCE

This isn't my suitcase. What does it say here?

Clarence leans down to read the inscription on the suitcase.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

"R.G." This is Rick's suitcase. Somehow they must have gotten mixed up when we departed from his castle.

BRACKENBURY

A thousand apologies my lord. I will gladly retrieve your bag upon request.

CLARENCE

No. That won't be necessary. Why don't we just put this in safekeeping until the morning?

BRACKENBURY

I will arrange it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

I'd hate to see anything happen to it. I mean, after all, it could contain valuables very dear to Rick.

BRACKENBURY

(nodding)

Valuables.

CLARENCE

Expensive clothing.

BRACKENBURY

Expensive clothing.

CLARENCE

I'm not one to pry into people's belongings.

BRACKENBURY

Obviously.

CLARENCE

Obviously.

BRACKENBURY

Obviously.

CLARENCE

Obviously.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! Clarence and Brackenbury rape the exterior of the bag with there hands. They open the bag to find a pile of G-spots, big black circles with white G's painted on them.

BOTH

G-spots!

CLARENCE

Hundreds of them! So! This is what that punk does in his spare time! I can't believe it!

Brackenbury holds up an empty frame to Clarence's face.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Framed, by my own brother!

Brackenbury throws the frame aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Get me the complete works of  
William Shakespeare!

BRACKENBURY

Right away, your grace.

Brackenbury exits, then returns with the complete works  
of William Shakespeare. He hands it to Clarence.  
Clarence thumbs through the book.

CLARENCE

I've got a really bad feeling  
about this storyline. Ah! Here  
we are. The Tragedy of King  
Richard The Third. Oh, so Rick  
sends two murderers to kill me?!  
I'll fix that!

Clarence, enraged, rips that section of the book,  
hurling pages everywhere.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Now, there is no tragedy! No  
coherent, credible storyline!  
No pre-destined fate for the  
characters! No nothing! Now,  
I'm gonna do a little rewriting  
of my own. Brackenbury! Prepare  
my steed! We're going to Rick's  
castle, and we're gonna beat the  
shit out of him!

BRACKENBURY

Right away, your grace.

Brackenbury exits. Clarence rummages through the  
suitcase. We HEAR the fiendish laughter of two men  
outside the cell door.

CLARENCE

Who goes there?

Hastings and Buckingham enter.

HASTINGS

Hey there, Clarence.

BUCKINGHAM

Clarence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

Ah, so you two are playing the murderers.

HASTINGS

Actually, we're method actors who play murderers.

BUCKINGHAM

That's about all they ever play.

CLARENCE

Fascinating. And I suppose Rick sent you here to kill me?

HASTINGS

Something like that.

CLARENCE

Hmm. Let's see.

Clarence picks up a handful of pages on the ground.

CLARENCE

(very blase)

Ah, here it is. Act one, scene four. I'm sleeping. You two wake me up. I don't know your here to murderer me, at first. Then I figure out you're murderers, and go on, and on, and on, and on about how much I love Richard, and I try to persuade you not to kill me. But, you do anyways. One guy says, "take that. And that." You stab me, and then I croak on page five-sixty-six, line two-sixty-seven. Am I right, or am I right?

BUCKINGHAM

Couldn't have said it better myself.

HASTINGS

Hit it right on the nose.

RRRIP! Clarence tears up the murderers roles.

CLARENCE

Well, now those parts of the play doesn't exist. So, your roles don't either.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HASTINGS

Well, if our roles don't exist,  
then yours don't either.

CLARENCE

What I meant was, your roles don't  
exist within the context of the  
original version of this play. But,  
mine still does, because I haven't  
ripped up my entire role, within  
the original version of that play.

BUCKINGHAM

But, we all exist within the  
context of this version. Right?

CLARENCE

Right. But, in this version we can  
do whatever the hell we want. And  
the Rick you work for isn't the  
original Richard The Third.

HASTINGS

Then your not the original Clarence.

CLARENCE

And you're not the original  
Hastings and Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

This is turning out better than I  
expected!

CLARENCE

How so?

BUCKINGHAM

Well, instead of murdering one  
Clarence, we getta murder two  
Clarence's.

Hastings points behind Clarence.

HASTINGS

Look! Godzilla and his arch  
enemy, Mothra!

CLARENCE

Where?!

Hastings and Buckingham lunge their daggers into  
Clarence's abdomen. Clarence screams in pain, and falls  
to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASTINGS

I love playing a murderer.

BUCKINGHAM

Me too. How was I?

HASTINGS

A little too speechy. But, we'll work on that.

Hastings and Buckingham exit.  
All exit. Clarence regains consciousness. He gets to his feet. Blood spurts out of his abdomen by way of some device with plastic tubing.

CLARENCE

Brackenbury! Help me! I'm dying! I'm dying!

Clarence falls about the room, unable to die.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

I'm dying! At least I think I'm dying. I'm dying! I'm dying! Technically, I should be dead. I'm dying! Here's the part where I die. Right here on this spot. Here's where I die. Right here. On your marks, get set, die. I can't die. How come I'm not dying? The dagger went right through my abdomen. Where's the author? Somebody get the author! That sadist bastard! To him it's all a big joke! And I'm dying. I know I'm dying. I've gotta be dying. But, I can't die all the way. Brackenbury! Brackenbury!

Clarence exits.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

Help me! I'm dying!

Gaurd one and two enter.

GAURD 1

Oh, boy! Here's our big chance! Now, we can stage our own play!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAURD 2

Who do you wanna be?

GAURD 1

I'll be Rick!

GAURD 2

I'll be Hamlet!

GAURD 1

All right. Let's have a really neat sword fight.

Hastings and Buckingham enter and go to the gaurds. They give the gaurds the Moe Howard treatment. Hastings double slaps the two gaurds.

HASTINGS

What's the big idea?

BUCKINGHAM

Yeah.

GAURD 1

We're starring in our own play.

GAURD 2

Yeah. Just us two.

BUCKINGHAM

I'll give ya two.

Buckingham pokes Gaurd one in the eyes. Hastings pokes gaurd two in the eyes.

GAURD 1 &amp; 2

Oh! Oh! We can't see! We can't see!

HASTINGS

Why not?

GAURD 1 &amp; 2

We got our eyes closed.

Buckingham grabs gaurd one by the ear. Hastings grabs gaurd two by the ear. They drag the gaurds off.

HASTINGS

Why I outta.

BUCKINGHAM

Get outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All exit. Brackenbury enters. He sees Clarence's blood on the floor. He dips his fingers in it and looks at it.

BRACKENBURY

Blood! Clarence! Murdered! What has become of his carcass?!

We HEAR the opening theme to "JAWS." The MUSIC dies down. We HEAR a KNOCK at the door.

BRACKENBURY

(continued)

Who is it?

Long pause.

JAWS (O.S.)

Telegram.

Brackenbury answers the door. JAWS pokes his head in the door and gobbles Brackenbury's head and shoulders. Jaws yanks Brackenbury offstage as he screams.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/COLD STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

6

The room is filled with an eerie blue light as Grey and Rivers enter in ghostly attire. KING EDWARD 4 lies dead in his casket.

GREY/RIVERS

Boo... Boo... Boo...

The ghost of Hamlet's father, KING HAMLET, enters in ghost battle attire. He addresses Grey and Rivers.

KING HAMLET

I am thy father's spirit. Doomed for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confined to fast in fires, til the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away.

GREY

I beg your pardon?

KING HAMLET

Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there, from me, whose love was of that dignity, that it went hand

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING HAMLET (cont'd)  
 in hand, even with the vow I made  
 to her in marriage, and to decline  
 upon a wretch whose natural gifts  
 were poor to those of mine!

RIVERS  
 Uh... I'm not Hamlet.

GREY  
 Neither am I.

KING HAMLET  
 Oh... It's hard to see in here.  
 The lighting's really bad...  
 sorry... Hope I didn't scare  
 the both of you.

RIVERS  
 On the contrary. We're ghosts  
 too.

GREY  
 Rick killed us off.

All appear a bit embarassed and awkward.

KING HAMLET  
 Oh. Well... There ya have it.

RIVERS  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GREY  
 Yep.

KING HAMLET  
 Allow me to introduce myself.  
 I'm King Hamlet. Hamlet's  
 father. The ghost of Hamlet's  
 father, that is.

The three shake hands.

RIVERS  
 And I'm the ghost of Lord  
 Rivers.

GREY  
 Ghost of Lord Grey.

KING HAMLET  
 Delighted to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Got any plans for this evening?

KING HAMLET

Oh, no. Not really. I'm kind  
of a home body.

GREY

Ya play cards?

KING HAMLET

Cards? Oh, sure. I know a few  
card games.

RIVERS

Rummy?

KING HAMLET

Don't know it.

GREY

Five Card Stud?

KING HAMLET

Sorry.

RIVERS

Hmm.

KING HAMLET

I don't suppose you know Go  
Fish?

GREY

Oh, yes! Go Fish!

RIVERS

Certainly!

KING HAMLET

Splendid!

The three sit down at a table. Grey deals seven cards  
to himself and the others. He places the rest of the  
deck on the table.

GREY

Do you have a seven?

KING HAMLET

Ah! You got me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

King Hamlet gives his seven to Grey. Grey places the pair of sevens on the table.

GREY  
Do you have a nine?

RIVERS  
Sorry. No nine.

GREY  
Doggone.

RIVERS/KING HAMLET  
Go fish!

ALL  
Oh, ho, ho, hee, hee, ha, ha,  
ho, ho!

Thomas enters with the torch. The others turn to him.

THOMAS  
Hi. How do you do?

KING HAMLET  
Fine, thanks. Would you like  
to join in our game?

THOMAS  
What are ya playin'?

GREY/RIVERS/KING HAMLET  
Go Fish!

THOMAS  
That's my favorite game!

CRASH! BANG! BOOM! We HEAR someone run into some furniture offstage.

BILL (O.S.)  
Thomas! Where's that torch?!

THOMAS  
I've got it right here!

Bill enters all pissed off. He hits Thomas in the arm.

BILL  
I know! You never shine it  
where I need it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS  
Ya wanna play cards?

BILL  
Cards?

THOMAS  
Yeah. With these three ghosts.

BILL  
Three ghosts?!

Bill turns to the three ghosts. He gets a closer look.

BILL  
(continuing)  
Yaaaaa!

Bill pulls out more of his hair.

BILL  
(continuing)  
This isn't happening! This isn't  
happening!

King Hamlet stands up and addresses Bill.

KING HAMLET  
I am thy father's spirit, doomed  
for a certain term to walk the  
night.

Bill hits King Hamlet in the arm.

BILL  
Ya bloody sod! I'm not Hamlet!  
I'm William!

KING HAMLET  
Oh. Sorry.

BILL  
Don't say that word! What the  
hell are you doing here?! You're  
supposed to be confronting Hamlet  
in the first act of Hamlet!

KING HAMLET  
Well, I showed up. But, he wasn't  
there.

Bill glares at King Hamlet.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BILL

Don't move!

Bill goes to Grey and Rivers.

BILL

(continuing)

And what the hell are you two doing here?

GREY

Playing cards?

Bill picks up the deck and chucks it on the floor.  
He grabs Grey and Rivers by the collar with each fist.

BILL

I can see that, lamebrains!  
What I wanna know is what you're doing here as ghosts?! You're supposed to haunt Rick just before he's killed by Richmond, near the end of the play!

RIVERS

Rick had us executed.

BILL

How can he have executed you, if you haven't gotten to that scene yet?!

GREY

I don't know.

BILL

(mimicking Grey)

I don't know. That's all I ever get from you guys is, I don't know.

Bill lets go of Grey and Rivers and goes to Edward's casket.

BILL

(continuing)

And who's this?!

Bill removes the lid of the casket to expose the face of dead Edward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

(continuing)

I don't believe it! Edward The Fourth! Dead! Something actually went right!

EDWARD 4

My sentiments exactly!

Bill does a gnarly double take. Gaurd one and two enter.

GAURD 1

Hi, guys.

BILL

Who are you?

GAURD 2

Gaurds one and two. Adam Martin wants you to get on with the play.

BILL

Which play is that?

GAURD 1

The play that you're in.

BILL

The play that I'm in?!

GAURD 2

Ta, ta.

Gaurd one and two saunter off with a stupid smiles on their faces and exit.

THOMAS

Whatta ya gonna do, Bill?

BILL

Shut up. I'm thinking. I've got it. You three ghosts come with me. I'm going to put your characters back into your original contexts.

Bill exits hurridley, ahead of the others. CRASH!  
BANG! BOOM! Bill runs into something.

BILL (O.S.)

Thomas!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Coming, Bill!

Thomas and the ghosts exit. Rick enters and goes to Edward's casket. He whips out a pad and pencil.

RICK

Edward. Dead. Guess I'll just chalk another one off for ol' Rick.

We HEAR Clarence offstage.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

Help me! I'm dying! I'm dying!

Rick hides behind Edward's casket, behind his head. Clarence enters, bleeding, and goes to Edward.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Your grace! Edward! Tell me you're still alive! I need your help!

Rick clutches the hair on the back of Edward's head and makes him sit up. Rick does a ventriloquist bit with Edward's corpse.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Do you hear what I say?

Rick nods Edward's head.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

Can you speak?

RICK (O.S.)

Oh, yeah. Sure. I can speak. What can I do for you?

CLARENCE

It's Rick! He tried to murder me!

RICK (O.S.)

No foolin'?

CLARENCE

No foolin'. I fear you'll be next on his list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (O.S.)

Ooh, that's bad. What do you think we should do?

CLARENCE

If I can band together a small army of men, I think I can overtake him.

RICK (O.S.)

What kind of army are we talkin' about?

CLARENCE

Twenty, twenty-five men will suffice.

RICK (O.S.)

Twenty-five men. Got it. What else do you need?

CLARENCE

Twenty-five gallant steeds.

RICK (O.S.)

Twenty-five gallant steeds. Got it. Anything else?

CLARENCE

Uh, swords.

RICK (O.S.)

No problem.

CLARENCE

And lots of bows and arrows.

RICK (O.S.)

I'll get right on it.

CLARENCE

When can I expect to have my forces?

RICK (O.S.)

Oh, some time tommorow morning.

CLARENCE

Bless you, your grace.

RICK (O.S.)

Don't forget to kiss my hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARENCE

Of course.

Clarence kisses Edward's hand.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

You wouldn't happen to have any bandages around here, would ya?

RICK (O.S.)

Uh, right down the hall.  
Seventeenth door to your left.

CLARENCE

Bless you, your grace.

Clarence exits to get bandages. Rick waits until he is gone, then sneaks out of the room.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/CATAPULT ROOM - NIGHT

7

Hastings and Buckingham enter holding on to the bound Grey and Rivers, and throw them down on the ground. Rick enters with Dorset, a disturbed look on his face. He goes to Grey and Rivers.

RICK

How come the two of you weren't guarding the dungeon in scene six?! Hmm?!

GREY

We we're trapped inside of an extraneous scene that had nothing to do with the original play?

RICK

Ah, the old we were trapped inside of an extraneous scene that had nothing to do with the play ploy. And you?

RIVERS

It's like the man said. We ended up in the game room as ghosts, and we played Go Fish with the ghost of King Hamlet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Ah, the old we were playing Go Fish with King Hamlet's ghost ploy.

GREY

It's the truth!

RICK

Well, I don't buy it. You know what I think? I think the two of you were trying to rewrite the play so that I get killed off before I kill you. Clarence tried the same thing. And now that pitiful little cretin lies on the floor of the tower with a blade in his gut. Blood spurting everywhere. Spurt. Spurt. Spurt.

Dorset peers outside.

DORSET

Your grace!

RICK

What is it, Dorset?

DORSET

Richmond has joined forces with the forces of Fortinbras from Hamlet and become one big huge force! They're heading straight for the castle!

RICK

Oh, they are, are they? Well, have I got a surprise for them! Hastings! Buckingham! Dorset! Fasten the bombs to Grey and Rivers and prepare them for the catapult!

Hastings, Buckingham, and Dorset retrieve four huge cherry bombs about three feet by one foot. They fasten a bomb to Grey, Rivers.

RICK

Dorset! Prepare the catapult!

Dorset exits to prepare the catapult.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREY  
Black bottled spider!

RIVERS  
Foul bunch-backed toad!

GREY  
Defacer of God's handiwork!

RIVERS  
Asshole!

RICK  
Thank you. Thank you very much.  
Let's get this show on the road.

Grey, and Rivers are led offstage by Hastings and Buckingham. Dorset enters.

DORSET  
The catapult is ready! The first  
man is ready to fling!

RICK  
Fire one!

DORSET  
(to others)  
Fire one!

We HEAR the catapult FLING, Grey SCREAM, nothing.

RICK  
Musta been a dud. Fire two!

DORSET  
Fire two!

We HEAR the catapult FLING, Rivers SCREAM, then BOOM!

RICK  
That's better.

The others rush back in.

BUCKINGHAM  
We did it! We did it! We've  
maimed the forces of Richmond  
and Fortinbras! They're running  
away!

We SEE a figure moving behind a curtain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASTINGS

Three cheers for Rick!

ALL

Hip! Hip! Hooray!

RICK

(smiling)

God, I'm a mean son of a bitch.

Hamlet rushes in with a knife, heads towards Rick, goes right past him and stabs the figure behind the curtain. POLONIUS falls from behind the carpet.

POLONIUS

Oh, I am slain!

RICK

A spy!

HAMLET

No. Not a spy. A fishmonger!

RICK

You know this man?

HAMLET

Yes. I know him all too well. He is the chief brown-noser of my father Claudius. Father of Ophelia.

RICK

Had you not rushed in, he would surely have killed me. Perhaps he meant to kill you. Nevertheless, you did save my life, and I thank you for it.

Rick goes to put his arm around Hamlet's shoulder. Hamlet jumps back, dagger pointed outward.

HAMLET

Hold your ground, deceiver.

RICK

Deceiver? Who? Me?

HAMLET

Yes. You. I know you layed your hands on Ophelia! And although you did not violate her, the thought surely crossed your mind!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICK

Who told you that?

HAMLET

Ophelia.

RICK

Oh... Well... Might I testify  
on my behalf, as to what really  
happened?

HAMLET

Speak your mind, scammer!

RICK

Look. She'd been drinking,  
all right? I didn't come on to  
her. She came on to me.  
Furthermore, I was in mourning,  
and standing right in front of  
Old Edward's casket. We were at  
a funeral for chrissake! Now,  
do I look like the kinda guy  
who would make advances towards  
a drunken maiden at a funeral?

Rick turns to the others.

RICK

(continued)

Don't answer that.

HAMLET

You play games with my mind!

RICK

I smell liquor on your breath.  
You been hittin' the bottle?

HAMLET

Nay. I'm perfectly sober.

RICK

Then why are you stumbling?

HAMLET

I'm not...

CRASH! Hamlet runs into a table. Rick moves towards  
him. Hamlet gets to his feet, redraws his dagger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

(continuing)

Stand back! Stand back, I say!

Rick gets close to Hamlet so that the end of his dagger sticks into his Abdomen.

RICK

Go ahead. Make my day. Just remember. A real man does his killin' sober.

Hamlet bursts into a sob and drops the dagger.

HAMLET

I just wanna be loved! Is that so wrong!

Rick comforts Hamlet.

RICK

Lighten up, kid. You had a bad day. It happens to the best of us.

HAMLET

What will become of me?

RICK

You know what your problem is, Hammy? You're too paranoid.

HAMLET

Maybe suicide is the solution. To be, or not to be. That is the question.

RICK

And here's the answer. Let's all go to the wet bar and have a drink!

All, except Hamlet, CHEER.

RICK

(continuing)

Whatta ya say, Hammy?

HAMLET

I'm gonna be sick.

RICK

Get this man a bottle!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All, except Hamlet, CHEER and exit. Clarence enters bleeding all over the place.

CLARENCE

Oh, woe is me.

POLONIUS

(whisper)

Help me... Help me.

Clarence goes to Polonius. He helps him up.

CLARENCE

Who may you be?

POLONIUS

Polonius. Father of Ophelia.  
My time is short. Things are  
beginning to swirl. I'm seein'  
spots before my eyes. My time  
grows shorter, and shorter, and  
shorter, and shorter.

Polonius conks out momentarily.

POLONIUS

(continuing)

And shorter, and shorter, and  
shorter... and... How come  
I'm not dying?

CLARENCE

I know not. All I know is that  
our fates have been betrayed by  
some higher authority.

POLONIUS

But, who?

CLARENCE

It's a long story. C'mon. On  
your feet, man. We'll seek out  
the truth together.

Clarence gets Polonius to his feet. Bill enters holding the torch. CRASH! BANG! BOOM! We HEAR Thomas eat shit in the hall. Thomas enters all dirtied.

BILL

Got ya, didn't I?!

Bill gets a good look at Clarence and Polonius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL  
(continuing)

Yaaaaa!

Bill pulls out his own hair.

BILL  
(continuing)

You two are supposed to be dead!

Bill trys to strangle Clarence. Thomas and Polonius pull him off. Bill has a cardiac arrest and drops to the floor.

THOMAS

Cardiac arrest!

Thomas gets on his knees and hits Bill on the chest. He counts five seconds, hits him again, counts five seconds, hits him again. Bill comes around. He's delerious.

BILL

Mommy. Read me a bedtime story.

CLARENCE

Ya okay, Bill?

BILL

Life is but a stage, and we all must play our parts. And in life there are seven stages.

OTHERS

We know, Bill. We know.

BILL

Thomas... tell me what part I'm playing. Am I the real William Shakespeare? Or am I an actor at all times, playing the role of a man who happens to call himself William Shakespeare?

THOMAS

Snap out of it, kid!

BILL

If I am the integrated, non-schizoid William Shakespeare, do I know William Shakespeare?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS  
Know thyself! Know thyself!

BILL  
Does anybody really know  
themselves... mommy?

POLONIUS  
What's happened to him? He used  
to be so self-contained?

THOMAS  
Oh, it's nothing. He gets like  
this when one of his plays leaks  
into another.

Thomas whips out a vial of valium.

CLARENCE  
What is that?

THOMAS  
Valium. His nerves are shot.  
This'll help calm him down.

CLARENCE/POLONIUS  
Ohhhhh.

Thomas pours the pills down Bill's throat. He holds  
Bill up.

THOMAS  
Where you two headed?

CLARENCE  
We don't know.

POLONIUS  
We aren't supposed to be alive.  
So, there's nothing for us to do.

THOMAS  
Well, we could go look for Rick.

CLARENCE  
Yeah. I'd like to get to the  
bottom of this.

POLONIUS  
Me too.

BILL  
Me three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Follow me.

Thomas gets Bill to his feet. All exit.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/WET BAR - NIGHT

Rick, Hamlet, Dorset, Hastings, and Buckingham enter.

RICK

Dorset. Pour us some grog.

Dorset breaks out eight cups and pours the men some grog from a big jug marked "GROG."

RICK

(continuing)

Would anybody care to make a toast to me?

HASTINGS

To Rick. The best villain a murderer could ever work for.

BUCKINGHAM

You mean, kill for.

RICK

Aw, you guys.

BUCKINGHAM

To Rick. The most diabolical mo' fo' I ever laid eyes on.

HASTINGS

And then some.

DORSET

To Rick. The guy who taught me how to smoke and spit at people.

RICK

You're all too kind.

HAMLET

To Rick. The guy who made me realize how rotten women really are.

RICK

You know, I'm glad you brought that up, Hammy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick breaks off from the others.

RICK

(continuing)

I've been doin' some thinkin', lately. And ya know, this whole Liz, Ophelia, Marge, Anne thing has really been bothering me. And I've come to the conclusion that we would all advance to positions of authority much sooner if it wasn't for...

BUCKINGHAM

Women?

RICK

Yes. And I think we'd all be a lot happier if it weren't for...

HASTINGS

Women?

RICK

Yes. You see, I just have this thing about...

OTHERS

Women.

RICK

Yes. And I think I've come up with a rather brilliant solution to all our problems in regards to... women.

HASTINGS

Concrete Shoes!?

BUCKINGHAM

The Iron Maiden!

HASTINGS

The Old One Two!

BUCKINGHAM

The Happy Birthday!

DORSET

The Big Sleep!

HAMLET

The Winsdor Swindsor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Nope. None of those. What I am going to propose is by far the most superior solution ever endeavored by an evil genius.

Rick pulls out a big box and removes a sign. He puts it around his neck. It reads, "WOMAN HATERS CLUB" in big black letters.

RICK

(continuing)

We're going to start a Woman Haters Club! And I hereby appoint my self chairman and founding member. Are there any takers?

OTHERS

Yaaaay!

The others grab a sign and hang it around their necks. They congratulate each other for joining. Elvis enters.

ELVIS

Howdy boys.

Rick draws his sword.

RICK

Ah, ha! The rock star! And the only good rock star is a dead rock star!

ELVIS

Now, hold on a minute there, fella I wanna join your club.

RICK

Did you hear that boys?! The rock star wants to join our club!

ELVIS

C'mon Rick. Have pity on me.

RICK

And why should I have pity on you?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ELVIS

Well... Ya see... Percilla  
left me for some other guy.

RICK

Some other guy?

ELVIS

Yeah... He teaches a karate  
class down at the 'Y.' Guess  
I'm not the man I thought I was.

RICK

And what kind of man are you?

ELVIS

Well, lemme tell ya... I'm the  
kinda man who hates women.

RICK

Hmm. I like you rock star. Pour  
him some grog, Dorset.

ELVIS

Thank ya, Rick... Boys.

Dorset pours some grog for Elvis. He also gets his own  
sign. The two guards enter clutching Anne, Ophelia,  
Margaret, Liz, and GERTRUDE.

GAURD 1

Look what we found sneakin'  
in the back door!

RICK

Women!

HAMLET

Ophelia! Mother!

GERTRUDE

Oh, Hamlet! How could you hook  
up with such a piece of rot such  
as Rick?!

HAMLET

Mother! Forgive me!

GERTRUDE

You've been drinking again,  
haven't you?! Just wait'll  
Claudius hears about this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Oh, mother. Please don't hurt me. Please be merciful.

BOOM! Something explodes outside.

RICK

Dorset! Go see what that is!

Dorset exits for a few moments.

RICK

(continuing)

Look, girls. We formed a Woman Haters Club.

Dorset enters again.

DORSET

Your grace! Richmond and Fortinbras have sent a second platoon towards the castle!

RICK

Ah, ha! Break out the bombs, and haul back the catapults! The big guns are out tonight!

The men begin binding the women with rope and fastening bombs to them.

HAMLET

What are you going to do?!

RICK

Hurl them at the army, of course.

HAMLET

No! Not my mother! You musn't hurl my mother!

RICK

All right. Spare the mother. We'll torture her instead.

Gertrude is led offstage by a gaurd.

HAMLET

And who's the one that keeps staring at you?

RICK

Oh, Anne?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Yes. Can you spare her too?

RICK

Hmm. I dunno. Don't push it.

HAMLET

Ophelia seems to like you.  
 Maybe we could make a little  
 swap, and just be part-time  
 woman haters.

RICK

Shh! Keep it down... Uh, I  
 think we'll torture Anne and  
 Ophelia also.

Anne and Ophelia are led offstage.

MARGARET

Hey, yo! What about us, huh!?

RICK

What about you?

MARGARET

Why don't you come over her and  
 talk into my face, so I can bite  
 it off, huh!?

LIZ

How can you deny the world of  
 a talent such as I?! The world  
 stoops for Liz! The world  
 depends on Liz!

RICK

Well, I don't. Let's get this  
 show on the road.

MARGARET

You are so low!

RICK

Oh, yeah? How low am I?

MARGARET

You are so low, that when you  
 sneak under the door of a pay  
 toilet, you don't have to duck!

LIZ

You are so rotten!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Oh, yeah? How rotten am I?

LIZ

You are so rotten, that when you  
get a bad apple, you eat the  
worms and throw away the fruit!

RICK

Well, you two are so ugly, that  
I could run over your faces with  
a Trojan Warhorse, and it would  
be an improvement!

Margaret and Liz curse Rick as they are led out by the  
guards and the others. Rick, Hamlet, and Dorset remain.

RICK

(continuing)

Fire one!

DORSET

(to others)

Fire one!

We HEAR the catapult FLING, Liz SCREAMS, then BOOM!

RICK

Fire two!

DORSET

Fire two!

We HEAR the catapult FLING, Margaret SCREAMS, then BOOM!  
Then another BOOM!

RICK

What the hell was that?!

HAMLET

They put two bombs on Margaret.

RICK

Good thinking.

DORSET

The platoon is maimed! They're  
running away!

The others enter CHEERING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Yes! Yes! Victory is mine!

We HEAR footsteps.

HAMLET

Someone's coming!

Everyone hides. CRASH! BANG! BOOM! We he HEAR Bill and his cronies fumbling over each other. Bill enters with Thomas, Clarence, and Polonius. Bill sniffs around.

BILL

Thomas. Gimme another valium.

THOMAS

Certainly.

Thomas hands Bill a vile of pills. Bill puts a handful in his mouth and gobbles them down.

BILL

That's better.

Bill keeps sniffing.

BILL

(continuing)

I smell fresh burnt gunpowder.  
They've been here.

Thomas glances towards the battlefield.

THOMAS

Someone's been hurling people  
with the catapult.

The others look towards the battlefield.

BILL

Egad! Look at all the body bits!  
I see soldier parts! They must  
have confronted Richmond! Oh,  
shit! Why me!?

Bill faints in the arms of the others.

THOMAS

Don't they battle at Brian  
Bosworth field, in act five?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

(hysterical)

Yes. And Richard says "A horse!  
a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"  
And then whack! Richmond's army  
hacks him to pieces! I really  
enjoyed killing Richard off. I  
really did.

The others sit Bill up.

CLARENCE

From the looks of this play, it  
doesn't seem like it's gonna  
turn out that way.

POLONIUS

At least you don't have to deal  
with Fortinbras' army.

THOMAS

Anything's possible in this play.

BILL

(mimicking Thomas)

Anything's possible in this play.  
Don't make me more paranoid than  
I already am! Christ, if that  
happens I'm throwin' in the towel.  
Where the hell are we Thomas?

THOMAS

According to this guide, we're  
ninety meters from the back door  
of this castle.

BILL

Which way?

THOMAS

Straight down this hall.

CLARENCE

Perhaps they're aware of our  
presence and are trying to escape?

BILL

But where?

POLONIUS

Into another one of your plays?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL  
 Judas Priest! I never thought of  
 that! C'mon! We have no time to  
 waste! We have to head 'em off at  
 the pass!

Bill races off.

THOMAS  
 You want the torch?

BILL (O.S.)  
 What?

CRASH! BANG! BOOM! Bill runs into something.

BILL (O.S.)  
 C'mon! Let's go!

Thomas, Clarence, and Polonius exit. Rick and the  
 others come out of hiding.

RICK  
 Clarence lives!

HAMLET  
 And so does Polonius!

RICK  
 Actually, he gave me a great  
 idea.

HAMLET  
 What was that?

RICK  
 We'll escape into another play.  
 But, first we have to tie up  
 our loose ends by liquidating  
 Bill and his little rascals.  
 Otherwise, they'll be on our  
 tails forever.

HAMLET  
 What play are we going to  
 leak into?

Jaws enters.

JAWS  
 How about The Forest of Arden?

The others draw their swords.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

What madness is this?! A talking  
land shark!

JAWS

It's in the play, As You Like It.  
I hear it's a place where the  
birds fill the air with song,  
the fish swim in serendipitous  
harmony, and the flowers bloom  
with buds of romance. You see,  
my love life's been on the skids,  
and, well, I'm pushin' forty.  
All my other friends have been  
killed off by Roy Schieder, and  
Michael Caine. So, I figure why  
not quit while I'm still ahead.

RICK

And what would keep you from  
eating the likes of us?

JAWS

Well, as long as I'm fed, I'm  
quite harmless.

RICK

Hmm. How'd you like to be a  
Woman Hater?

JAWS

I'd love it.

Rick gives Jaws a sign.

RICK

How'd you like to eat William  
Shakespeare?

JAWS

I'd love it.

RICK

Gird up your loins! Roll out  
your pantaloons! We're going  
into battle!

The whole drunken bunch lets out a BATTLE CRY and exits.



INT. RICK'S CASTLE/BACK DOOR ROOM - NIGHT

8

Bill, Thomas, Clarence, and Polonius enter, swords drawn. We SEE a big sign on the door that reads, "BACK DOOR."

THOMAS

Ah, the back door.

BILL

Dammit. Where are they? What if they went out the front door?

CLARENCE

Not likely.

BILL

Why is that?

CLARENCE

Well, generally speaking, when royalty see no other way out of a sticky situation, they take the back door.

POLONIUS

The same goes for writers who can't think of an ending for their play.

BILL

What are you insinuating?

POLONIUS

Oh, nothing personal, Bill.

BILL

(mimicking Polonius)

Oh, nothing personal, Bill.

We HEAR Rick and the boys coming down the hall.

BILL

(continuing)

Here they come! Stand your ground!

THOMAS

Sounds like we got more than we bargained for.

BILL

Hide! We'll ambush 'em!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill and his troop hide and observe. Rick, Hamlet, Hastings, Buckingham, Dorset, Jaws, Elvis, and two gaurds enter with swords drawn. Bill, Thomas, Clarence, and Polonius attack Rick and his army.

RICK

Oh, it's you guys!

BILL

Yeah, it's us guys!

RICK

Kill 'em all!

The two armies collide, engaging in the best sword fight ever attempted by college students. We HEAR AD LIB BATTLE CRIES and ONE-LINERS from the warriors. Bill gets in a duel with Hastings and Buckingham. Thomas duels with the two gaurds. Polonius kills Dorset. Clarence kills Jaws and Elvis. Rick attacks Clarence.

BILL

No!

Rick kills Clarence.

BILL

(continuing)

God dammit! Stop that!

Hamlet kills Polonius.

BILL

(continuing)

You sons of bitches! That does it!

Bill kills off Hastings and Buckingham. He picks up another sword and gets in a double handed sword fight with Rick and Hamlet.

RICK

Glad you could make it, Bill!

HAMLET

Great sword fight, huh?!

BILL

Why I outta!

Rick and Hamlet stab Bill at the same time. Bill falls. Thomas kills the two gaurds. Hamlet duels with Thomas. Rick ducks out and exits. Hamlet slays Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Rick! Where for art thou, Rick?!

Hamlet exits.

INT. RICK'S CASTLE/MAKE OUT ROOM - NIGHT

9

Hamlet enters.

HAMLET

Rick? Hey, Rick? Where are  
you Rick?

We HEAR GIGGLING from under a table with a huge cloth  
over it. Hamlet goes to the table and lifts the cloth.  
We SEE Rick necking with Gertrude under the table.

HAMLET

(continuing)

Blasphemy!

Rick and Gertrude look up. Rick is at a loss for words.  
The two climb out from under the table.

RICK

Oh, hi ya Hammy.

GERTRUDE

Hi... son.

HAMLET

Mother! What on God's green  
Earth are you two doing?!

GERTRUDE

Oh, nothing.

RICK

Yeah... nothing... We were  
just... sitting here...  
necking.

Hamlet grabs Rick by the collar and yanks him out from  
under the table.

HAMLET

Now, I am sober. Thanks to  
you, I am more sober than I've  
ever been before. I now see  
you as you really are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

So, I made out with your mother.  
Big deal.

HAMLET

And when she requites your love,  
the Woman Haters Club is  
dissolved, and you'll no longer  
have any use for me!

RICK

We can start another club. Ya  
like to build model boats?

HAMLET

I am the apple of my mothers  
eye! And you are the serpent  
in that apple!

RICK

Oh, the old Adam and Eve guilt  
trip.

HAMLET

Prepare to die!

RICK

Oh, right! Stab a guy when  
he's unarmed! I suppose you  
slug guys who wear glasses!

GERTRUDE

Don't kill him, Hamlet!

HAMLET

Pipe down, harlot!

RICK

A real man does his killin'  
when the stakes are equal.

HAMLET

And what are your stakes.

RICK

A duel to the death... with  
poisoned tipped swords.

HAMLET

So be it. Where are these swords.

Rick pulls a pair of swords out of a chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Here you are. One poison tipped sword.

Hamlet takes a sword. The two go to opposite sides of the room.

GERTRUDE

Couldn't you just have a fist fight?

RICK

Pipe down, harlot!

HAMLET

Don't you speak to her like that!

CLAUDIUS enters with gaurd one and two.

CLAUDIUS

Hamlet!

HAMLET

Father!

CLAUDIUS

Get your ass back to Denmark, right this instant!

GERTRUDE

Claudius! My love!

Gertrude runs to Claudius.

HAMLET

Some love!

RICK

Can we get on with this?!

CLAUDIUS

Hamlet! Come!

HAMLET

Sorry, old man. I'm having a duel to the death with the knave opposite me.

CLAUDIUS

Well, in that case, I'll stay and watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Allow me to introduce Rick The Third. He's an adulterating beast, like yourself.

CLAUDIUS

Droll. Very droll. Where's my wine?

Guard one hands Claudius his bottle of wine.

GERTRUDE

Lemme have a swig!

CLAUDIUS

No, dear. Hands off. This is for Hamlet and our new found friend Rick if they get thirsty, which I'm sure they will.

RICK

C'mon, while we're young!

HAMLET

Here's looking at you, Rick.

Rick and Hamlet commence with the sword fight. Rick slashes Hamlet. Hamlet slashes Rick. Hamlet sticks Rick in the hand. Rick drops his sword. Hamlet prepares to stab Rick. He drops his sword on the ground and drops to his knees.

HAMLET

Alas, no medicine in the world can do us good. We are slain.

RICK

No, Hammy. We're not slain.

HAMLET

Don't belittle the matter. We are justly killed with our own treachery.

RICK

The swords weren't poisoned.

HAMLET

A joke. I admire you Rick. You die as casually as you slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

I'm tellin' ya, no one's gonna die. I like you Hammy. I wouldn't kill you. I just like to dick you around. That's all. You're as amusing as you are complex. You have the makings of my favorite playthings.

Rick stands up.

RICK

(continuing)

Dammit man, stand up! Don't be so gullable.

Hamlet slowly stands up.

RICK

(continuing)

Well? How do ya feel.

HAMLET

Vigorous... alert... fine...  
Look, father! I live! I live!

CLAUDIUS

Oh... I see... Sip my wine.  
It will relieve you further.

HAMLET

I'm not thirsty.

CLAUDIUS

I insist.

Bill enters crazed, delirious, and bleeding all over.

BILL

Go on, Hamlet! Drink! Drink!

RICK

You're mighty gregarious for a man a who just tried to off his own characters. Lemme see that bottle.

Rick sips the wine, then spits it out. Rick goes to Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK  
 (continuing)  
 Hmm. Not bad. Perhaps you'd  
 like the first swig, Bill?

BILL  
 (nervous)  
 I don't drink.

Rick grabs Bill's neck.

RICK  
 Now, you do.

Rick shoves the bottle down Bill's throat. Bill sucks  
 down gobs of wine. Rick lets go of Bill. Bill begins  
 to twitch. He goes into convulsions and then drops  
 dead.

RICK  
 (continuing)  
 Just as I thought! Spiked!

GERTRUDE  
 Spiked?!

HAMLET  
 Spiked?!

CLAUDIUS  
 Don't look at me!

Hamlet grabs the bottle and shoves it down Claudius'  
 throat, and makes him drink. Claudius begins to twitch.

CLAUDIUS  
 (continuing)  
 You're mother! It was her doing!  
 She wanted us both out of the  
 way, so that she could have Rick!  
 I swear upon my last gasp!

Claudius drops dead. Hamlet goes to Gertrude.

GERTRUDE  
 No, Hamlet! No! I'll marry you  
 if that's what you want!  
 Everyone will think we're really  
 kinky, but I'll still marry you!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HAMLET

Nothin' doing!

Hamlet forces the bottle down Gertrude's throat. She begins to twitch, goes into convulsions, drops dead.

RICK

Hey, look, Hammy. About that little fling under the table. Your mother really came on to me. She really did.

HAMLET

Rest at ease, Rick. I know who is to blame.

RICK

Who?

HAMLET

This whiney little man.

Hamlet kicks Bill's carcass.

HAMLET

(continuing)

His life is a plethora of failed romances. So, he writes plays about characters who meet similar fates. And in the end we turn against each other, rather than the creator, while he looks on like some maniacal puppeteer.

RICK

Perhaps. But, now that we have made our point, it is time to give back what we have taken away. We have endured regeneration. Now, we will be reborn.

Rick snaps his fingers.

RICK

(continuing)

You can come out everybody.

The entire cast emerges onstage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

(continuing)

Tell me, Hammy. What's gonna be your New Years resolution?

HAMLET

I'm gonna try to stop being so Oedipal. How about you?

RICK

I've been accused of being anal retentive. I could loosen up a bit.

Anne goes to Hamlet and hangs on him.

ANNE

Hammy?

HAMLET

Yes, Anne?

ANNE

Are we still... a thing?

HAMLET

Get over here, you nutty dame.

Anne goes to Rick. Ophelia winks at Rick.

OPHELIA

Hi there, Ricky.

RICK

Come here you knucklehead.

Ophelia goes to Rick and hugs him.

RICK/HAMLET

Noogies!

Rick and Hamlet give the girls playful noogies.

RICK

So, whatta ya say, gang?! Are we gonna do the Forest of Arden?!

Everyone CHEERS.

RICK

(continuing)

Somebody wake up Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others lightly kick Bill. He comes around.

RICK  
(continuing)  
How about it, Bill?

BILL  
How about what?

HAMLET  
Would you like to join us?

BILL  
Join you?!

RICK  
Yeah. We're going to the Forest  
of Arden. You know how wonderful  
it is. You created it.

Bill is silent.

HAMLET  
What's it gonna be, Bill? Yay,  
or nay?

RICK  
Bill, get over here. C'mon. I  
wanna talk to you.

Bill goes to Rick grudgingly.

RICK  
(continuing)  
How old are you?

BILL  
Forty five.

RICK  
Forty five. The average life  
expectancy of this day and age  
is around fifty. If I were you,  
I'd think about retiring.

BILL  
Ahh.

HAMLET  
What was the last play you wrote?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Oh, the last play I wrote by myself, was The Tempest, and then I collaborated with some other guys... It turned out kinda crappy. The Tempest was basically my farewell to the theatre.

RICK

Perfect timing. I think after what we've been through, we're ready to say goodbye to the theatre, as well.

HAMLET

And how.

RICK

The castle will always be here. If you want, you could always create other characters to play the characters we played.

HAMLET

Or the characters in the original version of your plays.

Bill meanders away from Rick and Hamlet.

BILL

No... No... That's not the way were gonna end this at all.

Bill pulls out a huge time bomb.

RICK

What is that?!

BILL

Time bomb.

HAMLET

Please don't destroy us! We've come so far!

RICK

Where's your sense of humor?!

BILL

Alive and well, thank you. I set the timer, like so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill sets the timer on the bomb.

BILL

(continuing)

And then I press this button.  
Sixty seconds later, boom! No  
more castle! You can all relax.  
By the time the bomb does  
explode... we'll all be in the  
Forest of Arden.

THOMAS

But, Bill. This castle contains  
your life's work! And mine!

BILL

Our job is finished here, Thomas.  
This castle spells inevitable  
insanity for those who waltz  
within it's walls. I can't  
leave it behind knowing that  
someone will unknowingly fall  
prey to it. Just as I did.

Bill sets the bomb.

RICK

Wagons hooooo!

We HEAR some goofy LATIN MUSIC. Everyone exits doing  
the Konga. BOOM! The castle blows.

FADE TO BLACK