以下是一篇《哈姆雷特》的英语短剧剧本，时长约15分钟，适合在校园或小型舞台上演出。

\*\*Title: Hamlet: A Short Play\*\*

\*\*Characters:\*\*

\* Hamlet: The Prince of Denmark

\* King Claudius: The current King of Denmark, Hamlet’s uncle and stepfather

\* Queen Gertrude: Hamlet’s mother, the Queen of Denmark

\* Polonius: The Lord Chamberlain

\* Ophelia: Polonius’s daughter, Hamlet’s love interest

\* Laertes: Polonius’s son

\* Horatio: Hamlet’s close friend

\* Ghost of Hamlet’s Father: The ghost of the former King of Denmark

\* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: Hamlet’s former friends, now spies for the King

\* Messenger, Guards, etc.

\*\*Setting:\*\*

The royal palace of Denmark

\*\*Act 1: The Ghost Appears\*\*

\*\*Scene 1: The Castle Walls\*\*

[Guards are on duty, Horatio joins them]

Horatio: What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

First Guard: I have seen nothing.

Horatio: Horatio says ‘tis but our fantasy, and will not let belief take hold of him.

[The ghost appears]

Horatio: What art thou that usurp’st this time of night, together with that fair and warlike form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Ghost: Mark me.

Horatio: I will.

Ghost: I am thy father’s spirit, doomed for a certain term to walk the night. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Horatio: Murder?

Ghost: Murder most foul, as in the best it is; but this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Horatio: Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love, may sweep to my revenge.

Ghost: Thus was I, sleeping in my orchard, when a serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark is by a forged process of my death rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth, the serpent that did sting thy father’s life now wears his crown.

Horatio: O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, with witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming virtuous queen.

Horatio: O horrible! O horrible! Most horrible!

Ghost: If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not. Let not the royal bed of Denmark be a couch for luxury and damned incest. But howsoever thou pursuest this act, taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge to prick and sting her.

Horatio: It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

[Ghost exits]

Horatio: Before I’ll close my eyes with slumber, I’ll tell Hamlet what I know.

\*\*Act 2: The Prince’s Dilemma\*\*

\*\*Scene 1: The Throne Room\*\*

[King Claudius and Queen Gertrude are on the throne, courtiers around]

King Claudius: Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death the memory be green, but to leave this in the common course of nature is fit and healthful. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, the imperial jointress of this warlike state, have we, as ’twere with a defeated joy, with an auspicious and a dropping eye, looking before and after, given a kingly woe the form of process. In the which our dear Hamlet, brother, son, each in our office, have taken part.

Queen Gertrude: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not for ever with thy vailed lids seek for thy noble father in the dust. Thou know’st ’tis common all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet: Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen Gertrude: If it be, why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet: Seems, madam! Nay, it is. I know not seems. ‘Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black, nor windy suspiration of forced breath, no, nor the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected havior of the visage, together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, that can denote me truly. These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play, but I have that within which passeth show, these but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King Claudius: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Hamlet: [aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

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

Hamlet: Not so, my lord. I am too much i’ the sun.

King Claudius: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not for ever with thy vailed lids seek for thy noble father in the dust. Thou know’st ’tis common all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity.

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King Claudius: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Hamlet: [aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

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

Hamlet: Not so, my lord. I am too much i’ the sun.

King Claudius: Yet so much difference of nature, whereof our reasons are importune, is there as between the love of a father and a son. Why wouldst thou still hold on in this distraction, in the death of thy father?

Hamlet: Sir, I lack advancement.

King Claudius: How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, and the entire love of the Queen?

Hamlet: I do not know, sir. I lack advancement.

King Claudius: How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, and the entire love of the Queen?

Hamlet: Ay, but while the grass grows, the proverb is something musty.

King Claudius: We shall, with mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, rites of woe with true love’s tears, think it no sin, so to sing a song, as it is no sin to take him thus. For to us it was some sweet comfort, this marriage of most like likelihood, would so have seem’d to one, which knows the days are come, in which kings take delight to bury all their offences.

Hamlet: [aside] O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix’d his canon ‘gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on’t! ah fie! ‘Tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two. So excellent a king, that was, to this Hyperion to a satyr. So loving to my mother, that he might not beteem the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on. And yet within a month, let me not think on’t—Frailty, thy name is woman! A little month, or ere those shoes were old with which she follow’d my poor father’s body, like Niobe, all tears—why she, even she—O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason would have mourn’d longer—married with my uncle, my father’s brother, but no more like my father than I to Hercules. Within a month, ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her galled eyes, she married. O most wicked speed, to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

[Horatio and Marcellus enter]

Horatio: Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet: I am glad