Prologue

Book of the Ghost

Charlotte:
Why would the dead ones appear again
What do they want to tell us
To frighten us
To help us
To remind us
To kill us
To bother us
To snow us
To talk us
To include us
To spy us
To threaten us
Or is it just egotistic reasons again
To see me
Feed me
Listen to me
Obey me
Be true to me
Be me
Behave for me
Run for me
Scream for me
Even die for me
Pee pee for me
Sacrifice for me
Pay me
Come to me
Or is it just imagination

Charlotte:
It's a story about lust
It's a story about a woman
It's a story about two men and one woman
It's about someone paying a high price for love
It's a story about revenge
It's a story about obsession, about desire, about the loss of innocence
It's a story about memories
About people in a big house, looking out of the windows
It's a story about darkness and light
Inside and outside
It's a story about someone having had sex
And someone entering a library
It's a story about a queer Oedipus
It's about wearing paper clothes and being underground
It's about performing
It's a story about dreams
About the truth
And about some trying to not tell the truth
It's about speaking of doubts
It's a story about people digging
It's a story about me
It's a very old story
It's a story about a story
And a lot of things unsaid

**Book of Warrior**

**Song: Betrayal**

Charlotte:
Suddenly they started pretending like everything was normal
Like nothing had happened
Like I hadn't been acting bad
Or behaved like a lunatic
Like I had never said anything stupid
Like I had never criticized
Like I had never asked
Or spilled anything
Like I had never been the reason
Like it was not my fault
Like I was part of the family

Ann:
Charlotte, it’s good time for an interview. There’s one member of this cast I will be loyal to. I will never say who this person is. I will be loyal. He or she or it visits different countries around the world. He or she or it has a habit of putting the countries not into boxes but into houses, like the House of Austria, the House of Germany, the House of Denmark. He or she or it came to the House of Denmark three times but in the House of Denmark, no one’s home.

**Book of Young Girl**

**Song: She Is Said To Be Sad**

**Song: Short Fuse, Confused**

Ann:
That’s not fair. That’s not true. This will not insult your ancestors, your traditions, the spirits of the past and your great great great grandfather. Ophelia, stop dreaming and get changed. Maybe your mom. That’s the poison point isn’t it, that’s the reality pill. Take it, you can do this.
The kids are wearing them. Laertes is wearing it, Ophelia is wearing it, aren't you sweetheart? Mandela did it. Why is everyone making such a big fuss about this? You can wear a tie.

I'm loyal. I wore Danish design to all the rehearsals until the Japanese came and then we wore their designs. But we have to help them because their economy is so bad.

Ann:
Some might have a problem with being a secondary character. Not me, no sir. I was born secondary. Actually that's not true. Actually I am first born. I just couldn't live up to it. So on my own I choose a secondary form of existence, perfect for this part. The responsibility of playing a main character and playing it well is massive.

We all auditioned for Hamlet, hoping to get Hamlet, yet we all got cast in secondary roles. That's what all of us play - secondary roles, in our lives, our plays, in the theater of the world. And I ask you why change that - you want to stand out? Stand up? Speak out? Think? Go crazy? Be obsessed with government? Morals? No?

Come on. Don't bother... Be Happy... Don't worry be happy. Let's go to France.

Charlotte:
If you don't believe my love
My love will shrink, shrink, shrink
It's like
If I want to give you 80 percent love and you only take 20
My love will be reduced to 50 percent, that's half
But if I want to give you 80 percent love and you take also 80
It will be doubled.
Double, double, double
And
If I give to you 99 percent love
Because 100 is not possible, only God is giving that and it has not been scientifically proven
So assume if I give you 99 percent love and you take it
That will be 100 and a little more

Pichet: I am ready for my interview now, Charlotte.

Book of Mad Woman

Charlotte:
Hello I am Gertrud
I am Mother
I have never done anything wrong to my son
I have always loved him
Always asked him
What is wrong
And listened to him
I am his mother and
If I am not

There for him,
He is always taken care of
By professionals
Or by friends who are good for him
As they say in the Kindergarten
What is good for me
Is good for him.
They say that I don’t love his father
That’s a lie.
So we are not talking about that now

Charlotte:
I was Hamlet
I woke up in the middle of the night
My mother had gone out
To see other men.
Mothers have the right to do that.
She can send me to school
Or to a summer camp
Or she can send me to her bedroom.
When she has cut herself
So I can stop the blood
If it pleases her.
Her new boyfriends can come and hug me
And call me
Son
In front of her.
And all right in front of me.
They can masturbate
Or she can send me away forever
If it pleases her.

Charlotte:
What do you expect and demand from your child
That he loves you, respects you and always tell the truth
That he goes to school and learns to think
That he does the right things
That he goes first in the procession of demonstrators and protest against the injustice in
The other parts of the world
That he risks his life
That he holds up a mirror to you and tells you your mistakes

Charlotte:
Stand up
Don’t sink
Don’t be a monster
I love you, say something
Don’t sleep on the toilet
Don’t fall on my staring feet
Your eyes cannot see
And I will rip them out
With my fingers
Stop me

From being bigger than you
You will always be stronger

Stay, come home
I call to you, to anyone
In the night,
Stand up, I trample on you
I can't move
One cut with this knife
The floor could be red
With that wine that you
Licked in your mouth
To celebrate
For me
Your life of lies
I'm standing in something wet
And I say
Speak if thou hast any sound left
I stand in front of you
I stand in your urine
I stand up

Charlotte:
How many times have I asked myself
When will he come
When will he show up
I only get these little messages
That he wants to be here
That he hates his life
That I mean everything to him
That he wants to give me everything or nothing
I know what to do to hurt him
I stop talking about him
And I can do worse
I stop thinking about him

Song: Dear

Book of the Demon

Charlotte:
It happens very often that people get poisoned
It happens very often that women get poisoned
And girls too
It happens often at a certain age and in certain bars that certain
women or girls get poisoned

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And very often they die but more often they get raped and humiliated and wake up a couple of days later and don’t die

It happens very often that people get adopted
It happened to a woman
She was brought to a new home and a new country as a little baby
And it happened that this woman one day asked about her background
And her Swedish mother told her that she had been found on a garbage mountain outside the city of Seoul
It happens very often that at a certain age people want to know more about their backgrounds
And it happened to this woman
She went back there, went into a bar, got poisoned and woke up a couple of days later on a garbage-mountain outside the city of Seoul

Ann:
My mom died. My mom dreamed, my mom dreamed. No wait, I dreamt this. I had a dream in which I saw my mom vacuuming, cleaning up cookie crumbs after the party after her funeral. Vacuuming the rug in the basement of the United Methodist church in Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. She had actually expected more people to come for her funeral. She was alone when I entered and she asked me how I was, was I OK? I said no, I am miserable, I live in Denmark now. And I am dying. We are dying. We live in the House of Denmark. The House of Denmark is empty. Something’s rotting.

We are dying. Any politicians in the audience tonight? Do we have any first-grade second-class Danish politicians here in the House tonight? The Cultural Minister? Have you planned your funeral? Has anyone here planned their funeral yet? We’ve got a lot of people out there planning their funerals today, that’s big nowadays. Hands up, we really wanna know this one. Get your hands up if you have planned your funeral.

I have not planned my funeral yet. But I have made my spiritual ascension wish list. Like the train ride home after our first week of rehearsals where there was so much work to do. I sat down with the notes, thoughts, dirt and work in front of me and behind me. I knew full well that it was my responsibility to organise the past, present and future. And then you sent two angels onto the train. This can be easily timed. Somewhere between Humlebaek and Helsingor. I want them just like it was, two Japanese design students from Stockholm. They sat face to face with me and we had the simple joy of sharing, with limited language skills, as lovers – open. About pop art, installations that function. And I will enter the gates of heaven babbling about alternative art forms and with the simple joy of a visit to Louisiana.

Epilogue

Charlotte:
I am not yet playing Hamlet
I don’t know where he is
I don’t know why everybody is looking for him
He might be worth looking for
Or he might be not
Something to look forward to
Something to look for, look at, or
Something to look after
I am not looking.
But I am definitely existing.