

Hamlet the Killer

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Scene One

(Hamlet is in his room. There are three chairs, two of which have the severed heads of his parents, whom he himself killed. There is a gift envelope, a food tray from his father's body, snow joy, a flowerpot, three goblets, a noose, and several other gifts in Hamlet's room. It is the twenty-eighth day of the month, and Hamlet has been performing a daily ritual during this time. He is listening to music. Occasionally, he pauses it and performs a show for the heads.)

Hamlet:

Oh God, a wild beast who lacks the discourse of reason, would have shown more kindness to his child. Was it for money that you, oh hastily evil one, cast me away? Mother, Father, this is not good, and indeed, nothing good can come of it. But break, my heart, what should I have kept my tongue for? (As if the play is over, he speaks to himself.) These are only the noise and the external appearances of sorrow, but you, you have something within that surpasses mere performance. (In a defensive posture, as if in court.) Oh God, a wild beast who lacks the discourse of reason, would have shown more kindness to his child. Was it for money that you, oh hastily evil one, cast me away? Mother, Father, this is not good, and indeed, nothing good can come of it. But break, my heart, what should I have kept my tongue for? (As if the play is over, he speaks to himself.) These are only the noise and the external appearances of sorrow, but you, you have something within that surpasses mere performance. (Crying.) Oh God, a wild beast who lacks the discourse of reason, would have shown more kindness to his child. Was it for money that you, oh hastily evil one, cast me away? Mother, Father, this is not good, and indeed, nothing good can come of it. But break, my heart, what should I have kept my tongue for? (As if the play is over, he speaks to himself.) These are only the noise and the external appearances of sorrow, but you, you have something within that surpasses mere performance. (He moves the chair towards the audience, coming to the front of the stage, distressed.) Oh God, a wild beast who lacks the discourse of reason, would have shown more kindness to his child. Was it for money that you, oh hastily evil one, cast me away? Mother, Father, this is not good, and indeed, nothing good can come of it. But break, my heart, what should I have kept my tongue for?

Scene Two

(Hamlet, after a brief pause, begins giving his parents their anniversary gifts.)

Hamlet: The jewels of my life! It's a strange moment, isn't it? After all these years, we're still all together. By the way, I'm not late, am I?! (He looks at his wrist but doesn't have a watch. Immediately, he picks up the cup and his mother's head and dances.) Yes, by Mary, it's a ceremony. But in my opinion, as someone born here and raised in this tradition, this is a ceremony where breaking it brings more value than preserving it. This heavy joy, in the East and the West, causes other nations to criticize and scorn us. They call us drunkards, and by calling us pigs, they make our reputation filthy; thus... (He places the head on a chair and sits in front of his father, holding a watch box.)

Dad, I have a gift for you, like every night. I guess you'll really like it, Dad. Who and who are they? You don't want to open it? Yeah... I'm not as tasteful as Mom, but I'm so sensitive about you, it's an important night for me, how could I not appreciate you? Mom, I have something for you too... you're so beautiful... Thus, this may happen in special individuals, or because of a malignant gene in them, (He picks up his mother's head and, with disgust, starts applying lipstick.) I mean in their birth, they are not guilty of it, because a person cannot choose their origin (this is repeated). So you must be beautiful, Mom, or with excessive growth of one of the four humors, which may break the strongholds of the mind, (He moves toward his father and begins combing and grooming him.) These admired qualities, these people, carrying the sign of a defect, whether in society's nature or bad luck, in the eyes of public judgment, will take on ruin from that specific flaw, a demon's coin certainly destroys any noble essence and leads to the disgrace of that very essence. (He places the head back, takes the necklace and watch from the box, throws them. He looks at the watch.) Good, I'm on time, it's an important night. If you weren't here, I would never have understood what suffering means. Dad, Mom, happy anniversary. (He sprays happiness snow.)

Scene Three

(With another stroke, it is dinner time, and it moves toward the body parts on the food dishes.)

Hamlet: (Holding a dish) Let's have dinner, Dad. Mom's favorite dish, meat stew. Mom always makes the best choices, the perfect dish for this cold season, you know, Dad? When I say the best choices, I mean you. You taught me how to endure, how to survive at any cost, even at the cost of my share being taken from me. I am condemned to walk the late-night hours and be bound during the day to fast in the fire. It was tough, Dad. At first, it was very difficult, even in the middle, until the moment I decided to come back. But in those minutes, when I didn't think I could hold on, your words made me feel like I could fight, like I could win. If I had left that day in the middle of the argument and not come back, it was so that the grievous sins I committed in the normal days of my life could be burned and purified. Oh, Mom! Why aren't you eating? (He picks up a piece of her brain and offers it to her.) Don't push it away. I tried so hard to make it like your cooking. That way, you'll always remember our memories. If I hadn't been restrained, I would have revealed the secrets of our house. I could tell you a story... never mind, family is the most valuable thing in the world, right, Dad? Even money, money should be sacrificed for family. So why did you forget me that day? Why did you make me act against your words? When I left the house in winter with empty pockets, I promised myself that I would later recreate a scene for you. A scene where the lightest word would tear your soul apart, where your blood would freeze with cold. (To his mother) Your eyes would shoot out from their spheres like stars, your tangled and braided hair would separate, and each strand would stand stiff as needles like excited porcupine quills. (Pause) Maybe in this warm, safe house, you cannot imagine my homelessness. For me, it was only with the thought of returning that I could fall asleep in the streets. Oh, Mom, no, no, please, Mom, you shouldn't cry. See, everything is alright now. We are all together again. And to make sure I never forget you, I've decided to always keep you like this. (He eats a piece of his parents' brain) Our memories will always stay with me this way. Mom, please don't insist that I tell you what happened to me because this revelation of eternal secrets must never reach ears made of flesh and blood. (He rushes toward his father) But why? Beniush, Beniush, hey Beniush! (He shouts) If you ever loved your precious son... (He throws his head to the ground, sits, and presses one foot on his father's head.) I would have figured you out quickly, and you would have been more lifeless than the weeds that root easily at the edge of the river of death, decaying. If you hadn't shaken your head. (He picks up his mother's head, places it where his father's head was, and caresses his father's hair.) Don't you have a brain anymore, Dad? It doesn't matter. I'll buy you a new one with your own money. Now, Father, listen, it has been said that when you were sleeping in your penthouse, a snake bit you. Thus, everyone's ears were deceived with a fabricated story of your death. (He laughs) People love hearing about dramatic deaths. Tell me you're proud of me, Dad! Tell me the story I've arranged is much better than the reason for your death. And you, Mom? Are you heartbroken over Dad's death? Do you love him? I'm enjoying that I've kept your cloud safe with these stories. But know this, Father, that snake that bit your life has now claimed your wealth. (He places the heads back in their places and takes some bills from his wallet, putting them next to them.)

Scene Four

(Hamlet continues to ascend to another part of the ceremony with a repeated pause.)

Hamlet: So what comes after dinner? A game! Dad! No, don't bring it up. You know this ceremony tonight is happening only because of you. Mom, tell Dad I'm doing all of this only and only for you. Tell him how much you mean to me. Ugh! I almost forgot; you can't (holds the mother's head in front of his face.) This skull had language in it, and it could recite poetry at some point. So now stay quiet and just let's carry on with our night. (Suddenly shifts from anger to joy. Places the mother's head on a chair and walks around.)

Mom, wherever I am, whether in your belly, in your house, in the street, or the world after death, wherever, I'm fine. It's this world that should feel comfortable with me. The one who accepts me as a non-productive consumer, just like when I sucked your blood and split your skin, as you got bigger in mercy. This is my Earth. It doesn't matter where I am because the world, anyway, you know? (Laughs) You know it, darling. The world is a spacious prison, where there are many cells, chains, and dark places. Like your belly, your womb, your intestines, your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your rectum, your pancreas, your gallbladder, your anus... (laughs) all those little things of yours that I was among. Ugh, this place, one of the worst of them. You locked me up, mom, at Dad's hands. (Takes the rope hanging from the ceiling, places the father's head in the scarf, and swings it.)

But for you (swings and pauses.) For you, the world isn't a prison. Because there's nothing that's good or bad, but thinking makes it so, Dad, wow! How fun this is. (Swings it hard. Then changes position and, with a strong swing, throws the head toward the wall.) For me, the world is a prison. Shall we play another game? (Sits down.) I'll close my eyes, you and mom go hide. It's starting! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! So why didn't you go? (Angry.) Are you mocking me? Oh, no, it's fine. No problem. You didn't know how I feel in there. Now, now you understand. Now you understand. It's fine, Dad, it won't happen again, right? So, I'll close my eyes one more time. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten! What happened? Why didn't you go hide again? What, Mom? What? (Lifts his head and places his ear near her.) You say you don't know how? Well, I didn't know how to play either. (Shouts) Then why did you bring me into this world? (Sobbing and crying, slowly calms down. Puts his head under his mother's clothing. Walks like a pregnant woman.)

What a masterpiece of creation is man, how exalted in reason, how infinite in the power of body and soul, in manner and motion, how beautifully crafted and praiseworthy, how angelic in action, how godlike in learning, the beauty of the world, the ideal of the world, and yet, for me, what is this fifth element of alchemy in the dust? (As if in labor, holds his head in pain and tries to comfort her to sleep.)

My sweet little one, your place is dry, you've had milk, you're healthy, you just need to sleep, sleep, dream beautiful dreams, may you see dreams...dreams, which are but a shadow. (Lays the mother's head to sleep and goes to his father.)

Father, I was telling you that our beggars are alone and our great kings and heroes are the shadows of beggars. You threw me out because you thought I was begging from you, right? But Dad, maybe you don't know, I'm a head in the sunlight.

Scene five

(With a pause, he tries to put his newly born child to sleep. He places the mother's head on the stand and lies down in front of her.)

Hamlet: Mom! Mom! Every night you used to come and sit by my bed, next to me, and you would say: "Hamlet, my little sparrow, doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun moves," remember, Mom? Every night you would stroke my hair and tell me, "Hamlet, my son, doubt that a liar is true, but never doubt that I, your mother, love you."

Mom, I loved you so much, in a way that forty thousand sons could not compare their love for their mothers to mine. Why, after a while, did I no longer matter to you? Why didn't you stop me when I was leaving? Why didn't you tell Dad not to treat me like a bug? Mom, you should have died. (He throws the mother's head aside.)

Scene Six

(In the final section, Hamlet, collecting items, gifts, and heads in a trash bag, says goodbye to his parents for the last time.)

Hamlet: It's been twenty-eight days, and every day we've been holding ceremonies. A month of celebrations, lovely, right? You know, it's become tiring for me, but longing isn't something that can easily be forgotten. In the end, I am alone. Oh, how low and coarse and disordered I am, Father, Mother. Isn't it astonishing that here, alone, in a tale of madness, I can align my mind so with my thoughts that, based on my mental actions, my face suddenly pales, tears gather in my eyes, confusion shows on my face, my voice breaks, and the entire function of my body harmonizes with the particular visions of my thoughts? And all this, for nothing. Nothing, no, but now... I haven't been able to change you, not even myself. Only each day, I become more exhausted. I wish, I wish I were your parents. In my opinion, being a righteous person in a world moving forward means being someone chosen from among ten thousand. Then, you would not be responsible for anything of mine. Yet, I am a corrupted, rusted soul, confused like a sleepwalker, indifferent to my own being, unable to say anything, not even for a child.

Father, (kneels before him) am I a coward? (hugs his father's head and punches him) Who calls me vile? Who strikes me? Twists my nose, drags me by my throat, calls me a liar, a liar until the depth of my lungs. Who does this to me? Hah! It's okay, Father, I forgive you. I hope in your next life, I'll be your father and take good care of you, Father.

Now is the most enchanting moment of the night, when hell itself exhales poisonous and foul breaths into this world. If I were my parents' parent, I'd find the one who killed them and kill him myself. A murderer, a bastard scum! When you tear apart the flesh, skin, and bones from which you were born... But, but I've changed so much. I want to be tried in a fair court. Now, I am my own judge. (He stands in a judge's posture, facing the audience.) Rise up! Rise up! Rise up in respect for the court! (A narration plays.)

To be or not to be, that is the question. Is it nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of

outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them? To die, to sleep, no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. (He stands on a platform, putting the noose around his neck.) The court's verdict is death, to die, to sleep, no more; and by a sleep to end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep, perhaps to dream. Oh no, I don't like this death. (He removes the rope from his neck, steps down from the platform, and begins walking.) These are merely the outer layers of sorrow, but you hold that which lies beyond the show, from the beginning... (He sits in a chair, Metallica music plays, the lights go out, and the sound of a gunshot is heard. The lights go out.)

The End