

## 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 show us

To take us

To include us

To spite us

To threaten us

Or is it just egoistic 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 chose 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 to 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 is 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 at night 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  
Lifted to 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

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 is 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