

The wheel Triumphest

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A voice from behind the curtain

Voice: And then what happened?

Curtain up

Enter Hamlet carrying a chair

Hamlet: so fair and foul a day I have not seen. It is noon let's see. He must come now.

Twelve it is said. (*enter an old man with a lamp that is not lit*) Now, what art thou speak speak.

Old man: a tale signifying nothing (*exit*)

Hamlet: (*looking around him scared*) who's that? Who are you that usurpest the night with your untimely birth. Oh, in vain I rehearse no one is here. I have not seen a soul since I left the palace. All is well. All is well. There is something rotten somewhere. (*with a wry smile*) it...smells...to...heaven.

Enter Ophelia (*carrying a mirror*): What a mind is here overthrown! That was good.

(*Looks in the mirror*) my arms, my breasts what arms what breasts

A voice: at least punctuate. Hamlet continues: Now how can I make the choice? I have to decide.

Enter old man: Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or... or...die oh no not this where is the script...ture? Then fly... there is no one by. Great as you are let me see the sun. run oh run (exit)

Ophelia: oh that I can find a man to appreciate these curves. If there is any man let him show up.

Enter Shakespeare carrying an empty cradle

Shakespeare: Yes I am. William that is I am I. Is there a murderer here? No. Yes. I am.

Oh no I am not what I am, for if I am I kill not you son. Hamlet. oh no no God forbid.

Hamlet: murder! Murder! My father is murdered while trying to smile and smile and be a villain. He was killed by a drunken spy. I must be revenged. Oh Claudius, thou must die.

Die ... die

Ophelia: I'm a naughty girl you needn't sham you know I am. But there is no man to see let alone touch.

Hamlet: Get thee to a nunnery... get thee to a nunnery. ... who will get to a nunnery no one is here. Am I man. Yes I am. No I am not. For this is but an act.

A voice: this is Virginia Wolf and Endward Albee from B.B.C. and this is your world today. Let us start with the headlines.

Shakespeare: I am happy it has ended.... Now I can rest (Hamlet gives him the chair he sits rocking the empty cradle. Voices of babies coming from under the stage) swear... swear.

Hamlet: I will. I will. I am free now. I loved thee not. Denmark is a prison. The world is a prison. I will hammer it out. I cannot do it.

Shakespeare: tombs and furries. I must rest my limbs. Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. Yet I lie. I am not.

Enter old man: Though it be madness.... Is there a method in it?

(Tableau)

Enter 1st author: What have I done? Did I do this? This is utter madness. I must give up.

Brother, take thou this pen. Kill whomsoever you wish create whomsoever you want but please keep her.

Curtain

A voice from behind the curtain

Voice: The time is out of joint oh cursed spite that I was ever born to set right.

Another voice: End of the prologue

Enter first author from the amongst the audience

First author: O..phelia (returns to his place) Interlude

Curtain up Ophelia and Shakespeare are discovered in wedding clothes sitting on the opposite sides of a long table.

Shakespeare: Look at me I marry in a haste to beget thee Hamlet. Were there any way for you to be, I would do anything. To be or not to be.

Ophelia: this is the question yes this is it. Is it a kiss that you are after Willy?

Enter old man

Old man: signifying nothing

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: this world is a stage. Man and women mere players. They have their entrances and their exits.

Enter 1st author

1st author: what else do they have? (to the old man) speak thou what else?

Hamlet: Melancholia

All and a spectator: Poo!

Old man: signifying nothing (exit)

1st author: In a life of writing books I have been lost in the mazes of doubts but I have erected a column to which I can always return. But the wheel is now full circle and I am here trying to find directions. One day, I said to myself the place is empty now might I do it pat. But the place is full of voices and furies. I thought I can control this world yet look at me I am trapped in my own net. One question must I ask: Is It mine? Am I I?

Enter old man: Signifying nothing.

Curtain

A voice: or does it?

Another voice: An Epilogue

Curtain up

Enter old (without his lamp) and Ophelia (with a broken mirror)

Old man: Tragedy is the worthiest of all dramatic genres because it tells about the worthiest of men.(exit)

Ophelia: Oh what will happen to me now. My face is clearer now. Oh divine light forsake me not. Oh I am lost. But I am trying. We are trying.

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: Shee Wa Wa!

Music of shee wa wa

Trying to make you move. Trying to make you improve.

Enter first author dancing

Together: Shee wawa here and shee wawa there everybody won't sit everywhere. With clowns around, life can seem so easy.

Music stops enter a clown

Clown: Your pleasure is my pain your glee is my torment I labor to make you happy.

1st author: What does he think he is doing? If he won't do it I will. (he trips him. The clown falls)

Clown: that I to all men a jester must be and nor gods nor men are fun to me. (dies)

1st author: He must have died hereafter. this is not the right time for such a word or is it?

Curtain

Enter Shakespeare from amongst the audience

Shakespeare: in the beginning was the author and he looked around him and said let there be light and there was light let there be music

A voice from inside

Voice: oh God! I said punctuate

Shakespeare: and there was music and all the creatures of this world glorified his name and sang his victory but is this the real story. When I came to being if being it was there

was light and music and a decree that says chant chant to the beginning when you are at the end. Yet, it must be true for if not then I am not what I am. Oh lead me not into madness lead me not into madness.

Curtain up again empty stage.

