



That Weirdo Hamlet

by Nicholas Mark Palffy

That Weirdo Hamlet

**the Tragi-Comic history of Hamlet, Prince of Brooklyn,
in One Act and a few Scenes**

written by Nicholas Mark Pálffy
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THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Hamlet (Ham)

King Claudius

Queen Gertrude (Trudy)

Polonius

Ophelia, daughter of Polonius (Fifi)

Laertes, son of Polonius (Larry)

2 clowns

Guildenstern (Guido)

Rosencrantz (Rocco)

The Fedex Messenger, the Actor, the Priest, the Pathologist

Description of the characters

Hamlet

He's a young rapper with a stuttering problem, ambiguous sexuality because of his troubled relationship with women. He wears a Batman cap.

Claudius

King is dressed as a roman emperor, lies on a couch and eats all the time. He is smart and manipulative, but, incidentally, submitted to Gertrude. He limps.

Gertrude

Overprotective mother, old fashioned Queen Victoria-like.

Ophelia

Manic-depressive young girl, alternating between exaltation and depression, anger and sadness. She is dressed in an old dress, a long raincoat and Doc Martens boots.

Polonius

Father of Ophelia and Laertes, he is dressed like a rabbi. Represents the state and the morale. Always talks too seriously.

Laertes

Dressed like a student, he wears a kipa, and alternates between the old traditions of his father and a modern and hedonist young man.

Guildenstern & Rosencrantz

They are of jewish origin, working as cops.

The Pathologist

Caricature of the mad scientist.

The Messenger

Dressed as a Fedex employee.

The priest

The actor

2 clowns

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

Act I, Scene 1

In the castle's garden. Hamlet, dressed as a rapper, with a baseball cap on his head, is listening rap music. Enter a messenger.

Messenger: Sir, Sir, I've got a message for you. It's from your father.

Hamlet: From my father? After his death?
For Heaven's sake, if in the instant thou don't speaketh,
I'll sever thee eternally from thy breath!

Messenger: Yes Sir! (reads)

Messenger: Dear son. Was murdered.
The bastard now rules Denmark.
Motherfucker is your uncle Claudius.
My soul longs for revenge.
Reply by fax only when done. Love, Dad.

Exit messenger

Hamlet: What? Murdered? Zapped? Vaporized?
O nasty stinkin mortal sin
To be knocked off by next of kin!
O cruel fate! O wicked irony!
How cursed is my karma,
For within a month, to lose so excellent a daddy
And be deprived of my mama,
Who, forgetting her only son
And all appearance of reason,
has so rapidly replaced my noble father
For a dirty crooked drunkard
In her lustful and incestuous bed.
Fie! Oh fie! What a terrible shame!
Luxury, woman is thy name!

Father, thy soul shall always survive
As your memory will thrive.

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

I'll wipe away the goddam skunk,
I'll purge Denmark of that stinkin' punk.
But hold my heart, be still my joints,
'Tis only with favorable auspice
That I'll soon do thee justice.
So better put on a frantic disposition
To cover my ass from retaliation!

(leaving) O curse spite,
That ever I was born for such a plight.
Exit

Act I, Scene 2

Enter Ophelia and Laertes, talking together. He is carrying a suitcase.

Laertes: I'm off for a while, Sis.
Take care and don't get horizontally involved, promise?
'Bout Hamlet and his insidious favour
Believe him not, or 'tis done with your honour.
Mark, the gentle manners of a loving clerk
Often but hide the soul of a lustful jerk.
On your choice depends the sanctity of your fate.
If you ever hark to his songs with too credent ear
Or be flatter'd by the prodigality of his desire
Say adieu to your chaste empire.

Ophelia: That's far from what I aspire.

Fear it Ophelia! The morbo gallo will quickly infect
Those who don't cover their object
And too soon shall with purple canker infest
The poor creatures with the spaniards' pest.
So don't fool yourself with this boy
He's just a cranky goy.
Thus must he be circum... scribed!

Ophelia: OK, Larry! But do not, dearest brother

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be so concerned 'bout my virtue
if yours is of no value.

Laertes: Fear not for me, sweetheart! And don't bother.

Enters Polonius. The sound of a departing boat is heard.

Polonius: Laertes, get lost, son!
Your boat is waiting and the winds are favourable.
Leave at once, or France shall be unaffordable.

Laertes: Yes dad!
Remember, bear our name there most proudly
And don't make a shame of thee.

Laertes: Yes dad!
Beware of the little women of Paris
If you're not ready for syphilis.

Laertes: Yes dad!
Follow my good advice
And be exempt of vice!

Laertes: Okey-Doke ! Gotcha! Farewell Ophelia! [exits Laertes]

Polonius: What were you talking about Ophelia?

Ophelia: Oh! We were just chit-chatting about Hamlet, Dad.

Polonius: Fifi, I've already warned you: never talk to a stranger
and don't ever give away your phone number.
The world is already full of abusers
Waitin' to strip you of your little flowers.
'bout Hamlet, speak to him no more.

Oph. Why?

Polonius: 'Cause he's a schmuck with bats in the top floor.

Ophelia: True... he's a bit weird but...

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Polonius: He's too high above your rank
For it not to be a silly prank.
From now on, see him no more,
And don't be a whore!

Ophelia, with irony: I'll obey, Oh sweet progenitor!

Polonius, leaving: Oh! and don't forget to take your Prozac,
Or else you'll end up in the lake.

[Exit Polonius]

Act I, Scene 3

Ophelia is playing with her gameboy in her chamber. Enter Hamlet, his clothes all messed up. He comes to Ophelia with a mad glare in the eyes, stands in front of her and opens his coat like a flasher; then leaves, laughing frantically.

Ophelia (shocked): Daaaddy!

Polonius: Hush baby, what's the matter?

Ophelia: He gives me the creeps!

Polonius: Who?

Ophelia: That weirdo Hamlet!
I was gently handling my gameboy in the room,
when he rushed in all of a sudden.
He was such a mess, should've seen him,
dressed like Belzebuth himself, a real scarecrow,
with that shifty look in the eye
as if he'd just been released from Hell.

Polonius: Holy Cow! Creuzfeldt-Jakob strikes again!
Did you serve him any beef lately?

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

Ophelia: Not a single burger. and we stuck to kosher...

Polonius: Mad for thy love?

Ophelia: Dunno. Guess so.

Polonius: Did he talk to you?

Ophelia: Nope. He just stared at me, sighing and trembling, then left, slamming the door without a word.

Polonius: He seems to have blown a fuse.
Come, let this be known to the King.

Exeunt

Act I, Scene 4:

Enter King and Queen chasing each other. They are almost getting laid when they hear a sound.

King: Ah! my sweet Gertrude!
Here comes our chamberlain.

Queen: What a hasty temperament!
He makes trenches in the pavement!
Has he seen the black villain
Or does he run to us in vain?

Polonius, bowing Shalom my Liege, Madam,
I happen to bring bad news
That I hope you'll soon excuse
Once thoroughly exposed;
And since brevity is the soul of wit
And the economy of words my concern,
I shall be brief.

Queen: To our greatest relief!

Polonius: Your royal time is money

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

So wastin' it would be wacky.
But how should I put it?

Queen: Put it as you want, but do it quick!

Polonius: Yes, My Majesty, it's no time for silence.
Here it is: Your son is crazy,
As sure as A plus B equals C.
But how to define madness?

King: Swiftly speaking...

Queen: Less matter, but more art.

Polonius: However, of a troubled folly does he suffer
With no remedy to offer.
'Tis then with no further delay
That I'll expose and display
The exact cause of the disease
The how's and why's of his unease.
Consider him nuts, as a fact.
Now, I have a daughter, who, with great tact,
Duty, and strict obedience,
Has informed me of his dalliance,
And has given me this letter:
(he reads the letter, also projected on the screen)

*To my cultish and Celestial idol
the most sexyfied Ophelia...*

Polonius: That's just the beginning,
Although not a great opening.
But wait, there's more:

*Doubt that the Stars be for hire
Doubt that thunder be stormy...
But never doubt I'm on fire
And that you make me horny.*

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Queen, shocked: Is **that** from my beloved son?

Polonius: Ay, Madam... and this rather cryptic...

*I ain't learned no Ebonics
But U make me ballistic
I just luv your cervix
Let's beat the statistics.*

King: Strange words indeed...
But how did she react?

Polonius: Who do you think I am?

King: An obsequious servant to the Crown.

Polonius: Hem...Right! So when I had seen this hot love
I asked her to give him the cold shoulder
Or at least to take a cold shower.
Consequently to which,
He couldn't stand the rebuke,
went on a strict diet,
Switched to melancholia,
Fell into a saturnine lunacy,
Which led him to the present folly.
That's how he got spiders in his hat.
Plainly said: Bad System Error.

King: Is that your analysis?

Polonius: Yeah! and what a bloody crisis!

King: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
I'd better keep an eye on that weirdo.

Exit All

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Act I, Scene 5

Enter Hamlet, furious

Hamlet: Aaaah! The bastard! the ugly cockroach
 Still clings to my mother's coach.
 Alas! My dad prompted me for revenge,
 and I still sit here, unable to avenge,
 Not knowing who I am or what I'll be.
 Yeah! To be, or not to be, that's the bloody question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
 To hang around ...or hang myself,
 To suffer the stings and burns of bad Fortune,
 Or to take arms against such slander
 And oppose it with grandeur?
 Holy God, when shall I have the guts
 to smash his face or kick his butt?
 But rest my heart, here comes young Ophelia
 With an air for melodrama.

Enter Ophelia wearing a raincoat to hide her pregnancy

Ophelia: Hi Ham, what's wrong with you? You look like shit.
 Listen, I've got here a remembrance of yours,
 That I'm really longing to deliver. (she opens her coat)

Hamlet: Give me a break, baby! and spare your wit.
 I'm not your kind of guy
 so farewell and goodbye.

Ophelia: I beg a pardon?

Hamlet: This is the end, Ma demoiselle
 'Tis time for you to hit the road and go to Hell.
 Get that printed on your pillow
 or go tell the Pope of your sorrow.
 I don't give a damn about you, Ophelia,
 'bout you and all your ...paraphernalia.
 (pointing to her belly)

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

Ophelia: You Danish dog!
My biological clock is ticking like a bell
and all you have to say is: Go to Hell?
Are you crazy or just pulling my leg?

Hamlet: That's a fair thought to pull a maid's leg...

Ophelia: You male chauvinist pig!

Hamlet: Anyway, conception is a blessing,
But not as you may conceive.
Go, go, get thee to a nunnery.
Or if thou needs marry
I'll give you this rhyme for thy dowry.
Marry a fool, for wise men know well enough,
what monsters you make of them.
Go now, you make me sick,
So get lost, and be quick!

Ophelia: You cankerous whoreson liar!
Go hang yourself from the barest tree!
Rich gifts are cheap when sucker proves unkind.
(to the public) Now I, of ladies most deject and hollow,
Am I the victim of Murphy's Law?

Hamlet (singing) To a nursery go go, to a nursery go!

Ophelia: I swear it! Asshole! You'll regret your injury,
And soon gobble the alligators of my fury.
Was *I* supposed to share your throne?
Ha! what a petty mind is here overthrown!

Exit.

Hamlet: Yeah, Yeah! I know these lyrics,
They're plain hysterics.

But let's get back to *my* outrage
and imagine, with no delay and great rage
a plan to reveal the ugly gall
and confound the slave's offal.
Here it is: I know of a witty group of actors
who'll help me denounce the usurpator.
I'll have them perform a play
In which I'll catch the conscience of the king.
I'll squeeze him by the *cojones*
And send him, *ad patres*...

Exit

Act I, Scene 6

Actor: For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping for your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently...

Ghost, furiously: I'm longing for eternity,
so could you please, dear assembly,
cut the crap out of this story?

The Court: Okay Sir, You're the boss!
For your pleasure we'll move across.

Actor, to the audience: Dear public,
the point of this appearance
was to confront, in this stance,
the treacherous usurpator,
whose crime against honor
Oh! that of a scavenger!
Longs for its prompt avenger.
Alas! the time's are odd
to tell you all and more.
The fuzzy guy over there, what a poor sod!
Urged us to act no more.

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

So before taking my leave
Please mark, the king's pissed off
And the Queen's depressive
So watch out, Hamlet, and dont scoff!
And in case you want the full option
Please turn back to Bill's version.

Exit

Act I, Scene 7

Enter Queen. she takes a seat. Enter Hamlet. Polonius is hidden behind the curtain.

Queen, angry: Hamlet, your father feels most insulted!
Hamlet: Motha, *my* father feels more insulted.
Queen: Come, Come, your words are so mean.
Hamlet: Go, go, your means are far worse!
Don't you feel any remorse?
Queen: Are you threatening the Queen?
Hamlet, menacing: Sit down now! And listen!
Queen: Help! help!
Polonius: Help! Help!
Hamlet: What, a rat? Lunch for the cat! (shoots Polonius)
Polonius: O, I am slain! (noise of saucepans falling)
Queen: Alas! What have you done? What a bloody deed!
Hamlet: A bloody deed, indeed! almost as bad, good motha
as to shoot a king, and marry his brotha.
(discovering Polonius) You stupid fool,
Sould've known that life's too short
To gamble it on the wrong sport. Now you...
(pointing finger)
Queen: What have I done to deserve thy thunderous index?
Hamlet: Nothing! But to live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty, -
Queen: Enough! Your words are daggers in my heart!
Hamlet: Hush! Hush! Repeat after me: O Shame, where is thy
blush?
Queen: O shame, where is thy blush...

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Ophelia looking perturbed, crosses the stage. She is carrying a stone attached to her ankle by a rope.

Ophelia: Why should I be a breeder of sinners?
 Enough gentlemen. Good night, ladies.
 Good night sweet ladies. Good night.

She goes offstage. The audience hear a scream and the sound of someone falling into water.

Exeunt

Act I, Scene 8

In the cemetery. Two clowns are digging a hole.

First clown, singing in the manner of Elvis, handing his shovel like a guitar

1st Clown: 'Tis your muddy bed
 With sheets of clay and stones
 Where you won't eat bread
 Cause you'll turn to bones...

2nd Clown: 'Tis time to dive
 Say farewell and jive
 Fifi, Your hole is ready
 sleep well ... and keep steady

1st clown: Say, man, did she try to swim across the Channel
 or was it for the Guinness Book of Records?

2nd clown: Dunno! the girl sunk into desperation
 Forgot to take off her chastity belt
 And drown'd herself in oblivion.
 I guess that's as sad as she felt.

1st clown: Well, now she complies with our biodegradability
 standards.

2nd clown: Yeah! I bet she's going to like her permanent
 habitational unit.

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: Hi guys! What's up? Oh, that's a nice hole you're digging there. Who's dead?

1st clown: Some... body.

Hamlet: Gee guys! You just kill me.
Still got software in the skull.
But what's this noise?

The Court enter, following a coffin. Music «Marche funèbre»

Hamlet (apart): Whose corpse is borne with such solemnity?
Haven't we had enough calamity?

Hamlet runs away to hide. Court gather around the corps. Priest gives Ophelia her last sacraments.

Laertes: Is that all you'll do for her?

Priest: Correct Sir. In nomine patri, that's all we can do, et filii,
'Cause her death's kind of unnatural, et spiritus sancti,
So give me a break, I've got my job to do now, okay? Amen.

Laertes: So lay her in the ground, you churlish priest,
And from her sweet and *nearly* unpolluted flesh
may something spring...

Hamlet: Ophelia dead? Poor kid.
She didn't make the right bid.

Laertes: Fall ten time treble on that cursed head
Whose incestuous deed thy most wicked sense
Deprived thee of ! Hold off the dirt a while
Till I have her once more in mine arms...

Hamlet: Who is he, whose grief is so insane?
This is I, Hamlet the Dane.

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Laertes: The devil take thy soul! (grasping Hamlet by the throat)

Hamlet, pointing gun: Thou pray'st not well!
 Hold off thy hand and thy spell!

Queen: Hamlet! Hamlet! [they get separated]

Hamlet: I loved Ophelia more than you did.
 What would you do for her?
 Weep? Fight? Drink? Eat a crocodile?

King: O he is mad, Laertes!

Hamlet: Have you come here to whine?

Laertes: I'll kill you, you dirty swine!
 Wait a minute and I'll make sausage meat of you!

Hamlet: Why don't you like me? Are you angry?
 But it is of no matter: the dog will bark
 and Diogene will walk his fish.

Exeunt all except King and Laertes

Act I, Scene 9

King: Have you guts? Where's your courage?
 Are you waitin' for sour rage
 or are your sorrows empty words?
 I tell you: this is a matter of swords.

Laertes: Yeah! Be this my alternative
 Or from my father I'm not native.

King: On both your heads I'll wager
 And so praise thee, and thine dagger
 That Hamlet, believing this blabber,

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Will soon fight... and stagger!

Laertes: For that purpose I'll oint my bullets
With dreadful and deadly venom.

King: Good! He will soon perish!
When his thirst to diminish
He'll ask for a pint of ale
It'll be to turn dead pale! HahaHa! (Both laugh)

Exeunt

Enter the Court, then Hamlet and Laertes, ready for the fight. Both are dressed in military uniforms. They both choose a gun.

King: Hamlet! Laertes! Prepare yourself!
Cousin Hamlet, you know the stake
Don't let Denmark suffer a break.
Bring us the stoups of wine!
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.

Hamlet: Ready, sucker?

Laertes: Yeah, scumbag!

*Lights off. the public hear the sound of shooting.
(Rambo style) . Lights on.*

Hamlet: Missed!

Laertes: Aoutch!

*Lights off. Sound of shooting again.
Lights on.*

Hamlet: Missed again!

King: Our son shall win.

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- Queen: He's on WeightWatchers, and breathing like a mule.
Here, sweetheart, take my handkerchief
and wipe that runny nose.
I'll drink to your honour.
- King: Trudy, do not drink!
- Queen: Sorry, but I must. (she drinks)
- King (apart): It's the poison'd cup, it's too late.
- Laertes: I'll have you this time. You'll pay for what you've done.
I'm gonna make holes in your bloody Highness.
You soon won't be waterproof!
- Hamlet: I doubt it, you're shooting like a blind donkey
Is that all what you learn at Eurodisney?
- They shoot again. Both are wounded. Laertes falls.
The Queen falls too, dying.
- Hamlet: Mommy, what's wrong with you?
- Queen: The drink's poisoned. O Annus horribilis, I'm dying. Argh!
[Dies.]
- Hamlet: O Vilainy! Who's the bastard?
- Laertes: Hamlet, I got you, twice. I poison'd the bullet.
You're a dead man walking.
Your mom's dying too. The King's to blame.
- Hamlet: What? Then strike back my gun. (He shoots the King)
Here, have some lead in your wicked head
You damned, incestuous, bloody Dane.
Meet my mother in Hell, you adulterate beast!

THAT WEIRDO HAMLET

Laertes: Well done buddy. Sorry for the trouble,
T'was nothing personal, man, just the bad Zeitgeist.
Farewell, I'm dead now, See'ya up there, man.
Dies

Hamlet: I'm dying too.
Haven't got time to tell my bloody story to my psychiatrist.
But it is of no matter; It will soon spread all over the Globe.
I'm gone now. The rest is silence. Dies.

Exeunt

Epilogue: Hamlet, the day after

The castle. Enter Rosencrantz (left). Enter Guildenstern (right).

Ros: By the foreskin of Moses, Is that you Guido?

Gui: By the white bones of Adam, is that you Rocco?

Ros: No shit! I thought you wuz *dead*, man!

Gui: Hey, I thought *you* wuz dead too! Gimme *five* man!
(they clap each other's hands and they embrace)

Gui: Hey, where's Hamlet? Where's everybody?

Ros: Hamlet's history. They're *all* history.

Gui: Hamlet? Dead? Poor kid. What happened?

Ros: Dunno. We're waitin' for the lab report.

Gui: Looks like there was a serial-killer around.
Is this a remake of Pulp Fiction?

(enter Pathologist)

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Path: Oh that mine eyes were even as the bleeding orbs of Oedipus of ancient fame, ere it should fall to my doleful lot to bear my sorry news of woe! Even as Phidippides from Marathon's crimsoned field have I lately...

Ros: Yeah, yeah... Gimme the pictures (he takes them, and Guildenstern looks on)

Gui: Fuck! He got killed by that tiny scratch?

Path: In very Sooth! For even as the serpent, venom-fanged, that creeps on Africa's distant shores, so dripped the base knave's blade that laid to rest the noble Prince!

Ros (whistles): So they snuffed him with just that little scratch?

Path: Alas! Lord Hamlet! A most unfortunate prick!

Exeunt. Music from the Adam's Family.

*** The End***

Epilogue: based on an idea from John Scott.

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