

NIIGEL TOMIMI
SHAKESPEARE'S
HAMLET
REMIXED

SPECIAL EXCERPT FOR REMIXED JOURNAL

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FOREWORD

This is not a traditional drama. This is a text wherein I have been exercised about the space between events, actors, their roles and the text itself. I have been interested in daily minutes where words live as unique events and actions and persons and actors and their names – meaningful or meaningless.

Nigel Tomm
2006, Vilnius

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DRAMATIC PERSONAE

king / **hamlet** son to the late and nephew to the present king / **polonius** lord chamberlain / **horatio** friend of hamlet / **laertes** son to polonius / **rosencrantz** and **osric** and **guildenstern** courtiers / **twins** rosenkrantz and guildenstern / **gentleman** / **priest** / **marcellus** and **bernardo** officers / **francisco** a soldier / **first player** / **first clown** / **second clown** / **fortinbras** prince of other state / **captain** / **queen** mother to hamlet / **ophelia** daughter to polonius / **lord** / **ghost** ghost of hamlet's father

ACT1

ACT1/SCENE1

an empty stage grows with a neon light by an operating-theatre audience gives small pieces of applauses into hidden event a character **bernardo** is passing through the color white when sweet imagination plays with mirrors are hanged by characters as different images of yourself they have been waiting for the question who's there the eyes you ask give no answers just a pure feeling is lived by **francisco** in the words he meets **bernardo** as a reflected sign is fluorescing by the night or blurred evening then they were sharing past too many memories are still remembered in the television voice dictates a screenplay is presented by two names **horatio** and **marcellus** become a part of night on taped impressions **bernardo** analyzes scene between a dialogue there is a missing space in the continuum of action you can't escape some slice of everyday it's just two sums of days and moments without a gap inside perfect life's surface **horatio** is happy to explain the presence with a missing detail he has ignored a melancholy of some future any future loads the view of audience into defined past you play behind the words will never happen as they are meaningless in daily life you need to be believed says **marcellus** and words are passing to the others in their own words hands hold sleepy eyes with images fragmented near nothing personal communication between their words **bernardo** tells the story about the last they were watching two pictures

behind the mirror **ghost** and obsolete **king** inside a shiny surface were split into one face and two realities are replicated into discrete moments of outlived past can't you see it now **marcellus** gives the question to the mirror is reflected near the emptiness inside the character **horatio** speaks to his voice behind experiments on words he can't impart some space to blankness or breathe without a breaking motivation **bernardo** witnesses in other mirror same **ghost** is passing through **king** he's dead at memory you have erased beyond new events **horatio** discovers white galleries in small boxes are packed like candies and visualized by other viewers some of them came from the audience they ask about **ghost's** complexity do you mean the mask corrects **bernardo** by the painted pieces we were pasting last ten minutes they still can't believe in accidental fantasy are returning on the believed phrases you nail into a copied time of others nice people said **marcellus** and washes the quiet minute from a horizon of abstract talk their have been negotiating for an hour about things some were leaved behind the language's body replicates the mirror in two views two seconds and the surface hands can't deny just broke beyond a limit now **king** is **ghost** in all possible reflections of yourself the eyes add other viewer a friendly stranger or just the name is being repeated by voices in a corridor you take a walk they talk on simplistic description of a formal day there aren't

FROM BACK COVER:

“Nigel Tomm reintroduces language in its own right.”

Dick Diver

“I would call it a text par excellence when meaning collapses into lines and goes further to smash your brains into pieces.”

Prince Myshkin

“This is a drama which explores itself. A conflict arises between words and their meanings as well as words and grammar’s structures.”

Randle Patrick McMurphy