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**Mmmbeth: Competition Length Version**

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# MMMBETH

COMPETITION LENGTH VERSION

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Allison Williams*



*Mmmbeth*

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## Characters

**MMMBETH:** Sensitive and moody Thane of Cawdor.

**LADY MMMBETH:** A gentle housewife... at first.

**BANQUO:** Mmmbeth's best friend. Thinks something's rotten in the State of Scotland.

**MACDUFF:** Knows something's rotten in the State of Scotland.

**QUEEN DUNCAN:** Brilliant, misunderstood, and refuses to die.

**DAPHNE:** The smart witch.

**DORIS:** The sly witch.

**TWIT:** The dumb witch.

**HECATE:** Big Mama Hecate, head of the witches and a blues queen.

**TWO MURDERERS:** Eager to help dispose of inconvenient obstacles to the throne, like heirs and suspicious thanes.

**SON OF MACDUFF:** Played by MACDUFF.

**DOCTOR:** Definitely has a Ph.D.

**GENTLEWOMEN:** They don't do windows.

**TWO SOLDIERS:** Behind the door when the brains were passed out.

**SERVANTS:** Played by the cast.

Any role in this play may be played as any gender, and pronouns, titles and gendered language may be changed as needed.

If Lady Mmmbeth is played in drag, it's best to use a female Mmmbeth. If it's necessary to cast Duncan as a male, change Queen to King. Please note that this is designed to be a show with a lot of parts for women.

### Recommended doubling for cast of 10

MMMBETH  
LADY MMMBETH  
BANQUO  
QUEEN DUNCAN  
MACDUFF/SON OF MACDUFF  
HAGGY/DOCTOR  
NAGGY/GENTLEWOMAN  
TWIT/GENTLEWOMAN  
MURDERER 1/SOLDIER 1  
HECATE/MURDERER 2/SOLDIER 2

## Place

Shakespeare's Scotland.

## Time

Indefinite.

## Author's Note

I have now been a part of three productions of the “Scottish Play” and one production of *Mmmbeth*. And while I am a normal, rational (for an artist) human being, something bad happens to me every time I am involved with the Scottish Play. I have lost my wallet twice (once temporary, once permanent), lost my cool, hated my director, been savagely reviewed, and had major car trouble (every time). While working on the original 2002 draft of *Mmmbeth*, I packed the manuscript into my suitcase and spent the next thirty hours trying to fly to Florida during a dense, airport-closing fog, and once there, trying to meet up with my luggage. So when my students or fellow actors quote from the play, or say the title in a theatre, I do indeed make them leave the room, turn around three times, spit, curse, and ask permission to come back in. Some people make them run around the whole building three times, but hey, I'm not that superstitious.

That said, *Mmmbeth* is a comedy. Sometimes a goofy comedy, sometimes a black comedy. Don't be afraid to go there! And remember, it's not a tragedy, it's just a series of minor inconveniences.

The revised version of this script was developed with the help of Cris Mejia and her students at the Universal American School in Dubai.

Enjoy,  
Allison Williams

**SCENE I**

*Darkness. An eerie shriek of laughter.*

DAPHNE: When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Spooky lighting fades up.*

DORIS: When the hurly-burly's done.  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Not-spooky lighting.*

TWIT: I could do Tuesday, does Tuesday work?

DORIS: Tuesday's bad for me—how's your Thursday?

*DAPHNE hits DORIS.*

DORIS: Ow! Sorry. (*hits TWIT*)

TWIT: Ow! Sorry. (*Looks around for someone to hit. Hits self.*) Ow! Sorry.

DAPHNE: Can we get back in the mood? (*looks around at not-spooky lighting*) Ahem!

*Lights shift back to spooky. DAPHNE snaps fingers. Smoke pours from the cauldron. If your budget doesn't allow smoke, add a spooky sound effect or music under. TWIT goes into a trance.*

DAPHNE: When shall we three meet again?

DORIS: When the Thane of Cawdor's due.

TWIT: (*trancelike*) The spirits say he comes... at two. (*normal voice*) Well, two-ish, really. I've been trying to get the spirits onto one big group chat to get the schedule sorted but— (*catches DAPHNE's eye, hits self*) Ow! Sorry.

DAPHNE: Right, then. Doris, Twit, back here at two. Hair ratted, faces pale, fingernails sharpened... This is gonna be a good one!

TWIT: Yeah! We're gonna get that Mac—

*DAPHNE and DORIS grab and stifle TWIT. Lights go out. Crashing noises. Chickens.*

DAPHNE: Don't say it!

TWIT: What, Mac—

*A falling scream backstage. The scream is abruptly cut off as a body thuds to the floor.*

DAPHNE & DORIS: Don't say it!

TWIT: But Daphne, why can't we say Mac—

*DORIS stifles TWIT.*

DAPHNE: Look, Twit, everyone knows if you say the real title of this play, something bad happens!

TWIT: But we're witches, Daphne! Powerful! Otherworldly! Spoooooooooky!

DORIS: Some things are even spookier than us.

DAPHNE: There are more theatre traditions, Twit,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

DORIS: (*spooky voice*) Never wish anyone good luck!

DAPHNE: (*spooky voice*) No smoking in the green room!

DAPHNE & DORIS: (*firmly in unison*) And don't say the name of this play!

DAPHNE: Just call him... Mmmbeth. (*Ducks. Nothing happens.*)

DORIS: (*testing it out*) Mmmbeth?

TWIT: (*dances the cabbage patch*) Mmmbeth, Mmmbeth, Mm-Mm-Mmmbeth

*DAPHNE and DORIS hit TWIT.*

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

WITCHES: All shall call him now Mmmbeth  
No more evil happenings  
To the battlefield we go  
There to tell Mmmbeth he's King!

*WITCHES cackle and exit.*

## SCENE 2

*A battlefield. Dead bodies. QUEEN DUNCAN sweeps in, followed by two SOLDIERS, and surveys the battlefield with satisfaction.*

DUNCAN: Well-done, troops! A great victory! (*turns to SOLDIERS*)

SOLDIERS: Long live the Queen!

DUNCAN: (*with a queen-in-a-parade wave at the audience*) Long live us!

SOLDIER 2: (*fake cough*) Not for long.

DUNCAN: What?

SOLDIER 1: Ummm... Your Majesty... you aren't in the whole play.

DUNCAN: Impossible! We are the Ruler of Scotland, Commander of Thanes, Mistress of Justice and Temperance! We dominate the story from beginning to end! And we have a great idea for a franchise opportunity.

SOLDIER 2: But—

DUNCAN: Isn't this play about the Queen of Scotland? (*gestures to self, mouthing 'us'*)

SOLDIER 2: Your part is more of a supporting role.

DUNCAN: We will support the entire play as Queen of Scotland!

SOLDIER 1: Queen Duncan, you die in Act Two.

SOLDIER 2: (*checks phone or watch*) In like, eleven minutes.

DUNCAN: Inconceivable! We have an army to protect us—(*looks at each SOLDIER then shakes head in despair*). What about Fleance?

SOLDIER 1: Runs away, Act Three.

DUNCAN: Banquo?

SOLDIER 2: Murdered, Act Three.

DUNCAN: Our two noble sons?

SOLDIER 1: They sleep through your murder and run away after your death.

DUNCAN: This is terrible! (*to SOLDIER 1*) You! Go tell Mmmbeth he's promoted to Thane of Cawdor. (*to SOLDIER 2*) You! Tell Macduff to meet us at Mmmbeth's castle. Surely we will be safe there.

*ALL exit, DUNCAN parade-waving out.*

### SCENE 3

*Spooky music. DAPHNE and DORIS enter and circle.*



WITCHES: Fair is foul and foul is fair  
Hover through the fog and filthy air

*TWIT enters late, wearing silly rubber boots, and attempts to join in.*

TWIT: —the weather’s crap (or “bad”) but we don’t care!

*DAPHNE and DORIS stare at TWIT.*

TWIT: (trying to be spooky) Ooooooooooooo!

*A didgeridoo sounds.*

TWIT: A didgeridoo, a didgeridoo, it doth be noble Mmmbeth’s cue!

*MMMBETH and BANQUO enter. The WITCHES “hide” by striking tree poses.*

MMMBETH: (inhales deeply) I love the smell of saplings in the morning!  
Don’t you, Banquo?

*BANQUO deeply smells the nearest WITCH, then coughs and chokes. The WITCH pats him on the back, sets him upright, and snaps back into a tree pose.*

BANQUO: Mmmbeth! Did you just see what I just saw?

MMMBETH: Was it a bunny? I love bunnies. Did it have a white tail?  
Was it a snuggly bunny?

*WITCHES run around BANQUO and MMMBETH screaming like banshees. BANQUO and MMMBETH clutch each other in terror. WITCHES kneel.*

DAPHNE: Hail!

DORIS: Hail!

TWIT: Weather looks fine to me!

*DAPHNE hits TWIT.*

TWIT: (remembering cue) Oh yeah. Hail!

*BANQUO takes up a “staunch best friend” pose slightly behind MMMBETH. He pokes MMMBETH, who fluffs up.*

DAPHNE: All hail Mmmbeth, Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!  
(pronounced “glahms”)

MMMBETH: That's me...

DORIS: All hail Mmmbeth, Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor! (*pronounced "kah-door"*)

MMMBETH: (*to BANQUO*) I got a promotion!

TWIT: All hail Mmmbeth, Hail to thee, Thou shalt be King hereafter!

MMMBETH: No way! Is this a prank show? (*looks around*) Is Queen Duncan watching this?

WITCHES: Poof!

*WITCHES "disappear" into tree poses again.  
BANQUO and MMMBETH look around, mystified,  
then shrug.*

BANQUO: Cool! You're gonna be King!

*BANQUO and MMMBETH high-five.*

MMMBETH: I better write a letter to my wife about this, she needs it for a prop in her next scene.

*MMMBETH pulls out pen and paper and looks at BANQUO. BANQUO, ever-suffering, bends over to be a desk. MMMBETH writes.*

#### **SCENE 4 (continuous)**

*LADY MMMBETH, in frilly apron and pearls, bustles onto the stage and tidies or dusts or checks in with audience members to see if they're comfortable. She can't see the WITCHES. [Optional sight gag set-up: her frilly apron reads "Kiss The Cook"]*

TWIT: She's gonna see us!

DAPHNE: Don't make me explain ectomorphic manifestation again.

DORIS: What? (*DAPHNE looks sharply at DORIS, who points at TWIT*)  
She said it! (*DORIS hits TWIT*)

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

MMMBETH: (*writing*) X-o-x-o-x-o. X-o.

*MMMBETH finishes his letter and folds it. BANQUO exits. DAPHNE swoops over and floats the letter through the air to LADY MMMBETH.*

LADY MMMBETH: A letter! From my dear husband! How lovely of him to think of me after a long day slaughtering rebels and hanging traitors by their own intestines. I don't deserve him, truly I don't.

DORIS: This is what we've got to work with?

MMMBETH: (*as LADY MMMBETH reads*) My dearest partner of greatness, strange things have happened. While Banquo and I were walking through the forest, these three weird sisters—

LADY MMMBETH: I hope they gave him a cup of tea.

MMMBETH: —showed up with the craziest news! They said I'm gonna be King!

LADY MMMBETH: Oh, but we couldn't possibly aspire—

*DORIS snaps fingers and LADY MMMBETH freezes.*

DORIS: Daphne!? This isn't "The Nice Guy of Scotland and His Traditional Housewife," it's "Mmmbeth!" Blood! Killing! Witches!

DAPHNE: Time for a little witching, girls.

*DAPHNE snatches the letter from LADY MMMBETH, who is confused about what just happened. DAPHNE snaps fingers and LADY MMMBETH goes into a trance. Spooky swirling lights, which can be flashlights held by the witches.*

*TWIT pulls out glow sticks and mesmerizes self until DAPHNE hits TWIT.*

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

WITCHES: (*posing around LADY MMMBETH*)

Lady Mmmbeth, stop your wishin'  
Get in touch with your ambition  
Fenny snake and ferret's eye  
Make Queen Duncan die, die, die!

DAPHNE: Let's try that again.

*DAPHNE places the letter back in LADY MMMBETH's hands, snaps fingers. LADY MMMBETH awakes.*

LADY MMMBETH: A letter! From my sweetheart! (*abrupt personality shift to very evil*) And I'm stuck here in the castle while he gets all the carnage.

MMMBETH: These weird sisters saluted me, with ‘Hail, king that shalt be’—

*WITCHES gesture at LADY MMMBETH, who becomes evil again.*

LADY MMMBETH: ‘Queen Lady Mmmbeth’... the thanes of Scotland will grovel at my feet. (*Evil laughter. Switches to nice personality, thoughtful.*) I’d have to redo the dining room, it only seats thirty-eight.

MMMBETH: Oh yeah, I got promoted. I’m Thane of Cawdor! I’m bringing Queen Duncan back to the castle, hope that’s OK?

LADY MMMBETH: (*from here, the nice and evil personalities merge into one ruthlessly competent hostess*) I love throwing parties! Let’s see, clean the castle, murder Queen Duncan, and snatch the royal titles for ourselves. I wonder if a Jell-O mold would be too formal?

MMMBETH: Your dearest pumpkin-wumpkin, Mmmbeth. (*exits*)

LADY MMMBETH: (*tucks away the letter*)

Hie thee hither,  
that I may pour my spirits in thine ear.  
It’s time to turn my little pumpkin into a one-way coach to the throne. I’m ready to lean in!

*[Optional sight gag punchline: she rips the word “Kiss” off her apron. It now reads “Kill the Cook.”]*

LADY MMMBETH: (*an incantation*)

Come you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,  
Fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty.  
(*sweetly excited*) Witches, Thane of Cawdor, King—what shall I wear?

*LADY MMMBETH sweeps off and WITCHES exit.*

## SCENE 5

*In front of MMMBETH’s castle. Two SOLDIERS on guard. SOLDIER 1 wears a giant novelty cowboy hat with a tartan hatband. SOLDIER 2 wears WWII or contemporary military gear with a sporran.*

SOLDIER 1: What are you wearing?

SOLDIER 2: What’re YOU wearing?

SOLDIER 1: I'm closer to the time period than you are.

SOLDIER 2: I didn't know Styrofoam had a time period.

*QUEEN DUNCAN, BANQUO and MACDUFF enter.*

QUEEN DUNCAN: This castle hath a pleasant seat.

MACDUFF: Seems kind of damp and spooky to me.

*Enter LADY MMMBETH with a sign saying "Welcome, Queen Duncan." While struggling with the sign, she drops a big knife and kicks it into the wings to hide it.*

QUEEN DUNCAN: See, see, our honour'd hostess!

*LADY MMMBETH sets down the sign with the back toward the audience. The back shows a big portrait of Queen Duncan and says "Viewing 4PM / Funeral 6PM / Donations to Save the Manatees" [If a stand-up sign isn't practical, this could also be a two-sided banner held by two nonspeaking SERVANTS, who stand facing upstage, or who turn to reveal the back of the sign when LADY MMMBETH and DUNCAN exit.]*

LADY MMMBETH: (*curtsies deeply*) All our service is at your service. Cocktails are at three on the Fiesta Deck, and the murderers will be arriving at midnight.

QUEEN DUNCAN, SOLDIERS, MACDUFF & BANQUO: What?

LADY MMMBETH: Did I say murderers? I meant mermaids! Special late-night underwater show for Your Majesty's entertainment.

QUEEN DUNCAN: We love mermaids! Have you met Macduff, the Thane of Fife?

LADY MMMBETH: (*to MACDUFF*) Charmed. Are you in line to the throne?

MACDUFF: No. Wait, what?

LADY MMMBETH: (*perky*) Long live the Queen!

QUEEN DUNCAN: We have a wonderful idea—it came to us during the battle. Queen Duncan Donuts!

LADY MMMBETH: Donuts?

QUEEN DUNCAN: It'll make millions! Well, I'm ready for a nap. It's exhausting being so brilliant.

LADY MMMBETH: Perfect, we'll kill you in your sleep.

QUEEN DUNCAN: What?

LADY MMMBETH: Oh nothing. Right this way!

*LADY MMMBETH and QUEEN DUNCAN exit.*

MACDUFF: (*poses dramatically*) Methinks something is rotten in the state of Scotland!

SOLDIER 2: Um, wrong play.

*MACDUFF turns, sees SOLDIERS.*

MACDUFF: Ah yes. Private Romeo, I presume? No doubt it's Juliet under that charming chapeau?

BANQUO: (*to MACDUFF*) He's got a point.

MACDUFF: (*draws sword*) Do I have to kill someone to get a good exit line around here?

SOLDIER 1: No, no, carry on.

BANQUO: So touchy.

SOLDIER 2: I thought it was a great line.

MACDUFF: (*to SOLDIER*) Suck-up! (*poses*) Goodnight, sweet prince! (*exits*)

BANQUO: Parting is such sweet sorrow. (*exits*)

SOLDIER 2: Exit pursued by a bear!

*SOLDIERS exit.*

## SCENE 6

*WITCHES enter and circle. TWIT whips out a Magic 8-Ball and shakes it, then holds it up.*

DAPHNE: Round about the 8-Ball go  
Now we shall the future show

DORIS: Spiky hedgehog, llama's head  
Tell us is Queen Duncan dead?

TWIT: Tail of turgid alligator  
The 8-ball tells us—(*flips it over*)  
Sorry, try again later.

*The other WITCHES hit TWIT.*

TWIT: Ow! I'm just saying what it—(*WITCHES hit TWIT*) I can only read the—(*WITCHES hit TWIT*) Ow! Sorry.

DORIS: Here they come!

*WITCHES strike tree poses. TWIT takes up a yoga tree pose.*

DAPHNE: (*to TWIT*) Show-off.

TWIT: (*smug*) Ommmm.

*MMMBETH calls from offstage.*

MMMBETH: Honey, I'm home!

*MMMBETH and LADY MMMBETH enter and run to each other's arms. [If next two lines aren't right for your audience, start from "Isn't it great..."]*

LADY MMMBETH: Is this a dagger I see before me?

MMMBETH: No, I'm just happy to see you. Isn't it great having Queen Duncan for a sleepover?

LADY MMMBETH: Fabulous! Murder tonight, coronation tomorrow. The funeral baked meats can coldly furnish forth the buffet!

MMMBETH: Murder? Coronation?

LADY MMMBETH: The weird sisters said you'd be King. Which will make me Queen. Mmm... Queen Lady Mmmbeth. Ahhhhhh. (*briskly*) No time like the present!

MMMBETH: Prithee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man.  
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MMMBETH: I thought I was married to a real man, not some wussy little girl.

MMMBETH: That is a harmful stereotype! (*points to self*) This is what a feminist looks like!

LADY MMMBETH: (*to audience member*) Hey handsome... have you ever wanted to rule Scotland? Are you good with a dagger? You and me could really go places, if you know what I mean...

MMMBETH: Stop it! All right, all right. I'll kill Duncan so you can be queen.

LADY MMMBETH: That's my little Macky-Wacky! Screw your courage to the sticking-place!

*They exit. LADY MMMBETH pauses before exiting and mouths "call me" to the audience member.*

## **SCENE 7 (continuous)**

*WITCHES unfold from their tree poses.*

TWIT: (*holding the Magic 8-Ball*) It's doing something!

DAPHNE: Did you touch it?

TWIT: (*still holding it*) Noooooooooo...

DORIS: Sometimes it gets a pop-up.

DAPHNE: We're getting commercials on the Magic 8-Ball?

DORIS: It was nine-ninety-five to upgrade!

TWIT: Oh no... it's taking over—(*announcer voice*) Your prophecy will begin in 5-4-3-

*DAPHNE and DORIS take up commercial positions.*

DAPHNE: Tired of looking for the best castle for the night?

DORIS: Have you noticed there's so many different prices for the exact same bedchamber?

DAPHNE: We instantly compare gloomy stone fortresses all over Scotland.

DORIS: You can select based on stars...

DAPHNE: Most popular...

DORIS: And whether you'll be murdered in your sleep.

DAPHNE: Just two stabs—check in, don't check out.

*DAPHNE and DORIS snap back to themselves and exit. TWIT stares at the 8-Ball, snaps back to self.*

TWIT: Whoa...

*DAPHNE comes back, grabs TWIT and both exit.*



**SCENE 8**

*MACDUFF and LADY MMMBETH enter.*

MACDUFF: Nice castle you got here.

LADY MMMBETH: (*who is getting crazier*) I just had a painting done.  
Hashtag Scottishdecor, hashtag dreamcastle, hashtag thanelife.

MACDUFF: ...Yeah. Now, what did you mean by, “the murderers will be arriving at midnight?”

LADY MMMBETH: Oh—that’s the family next door! Bob and Sue  
Murderer. Great friends, good neighbors.

*Behind them, DUNCAN, screaming, is chased by  
MMMBETH with dagger.*

MACDUFF: What was that?

LADY MMMBETH: Nothing! Just the highland wind. (*wind noise*)  
Woouoooo. Wanna see my leg?

*She distracts MACDUFF by raising her skirt just a  
little. Behind them, DUNCAN, still screaming, is  
chased by MMMBETH with an axe or sledgehammer  
or large mallet.*

MACDUFF: What was that?

LADY MMMBETH: A really brisk highland wind. (*wind noise that turns  
into screaming*) Woouooooahhhhh! Wanna see me dance?

*She distracts MACDUFF by doing a little dance,  
perhaps tap-dancing or flossing or doing the  
Macarena. Behind them, DUNCAN, once again  
screaming, is chased by MMMBETH with a chainsaw  
(remove the chain for safety).*

DUNCAN: (*offstage*) No! We don’t wanna die this early in the play! My  
part’s not over yet!

*Sounds of chainsaw, DUNCAN screaming, then  
gurgling.*

MACDUFF: Something is definitely not OK!

LADY MMMBETH: Help me hence, ho!

*LADY MMMBETH faints. MACDUFF is distracted.  
Enter MMMBETH, carrying a bloody arm.*

MMMBETH: Macduff! Great to see you, buddy! (*sticks out the arm to shake, sees it, tosses it aside, sticks out own hand. MACDUFF declines to shake.*) Queen Duncan is... asleep. Why don't you go wake her.

MACDUFF: Yeah, I'll do that. I'll put a girdle round about the castle in forty minutes.

MMMBETH: Shouldn't take that long, she's a light sleeper.

MACDUFF: I go to wive it wealthily in Padua!

LADY MMMBETH: (*sits up*) You'll love Padua this time of year! The sun, the sand—

MACDUFF: Can I please make a snappy exit?!

MMMBETH: Oh, sorry.

LADY MMMBETH: Don't mind us.

MACDUFF: (*posing*) Lord what fools these mortals be! (*exits*)

LADY MMMBETH: (*gets up, dusts herself off*) Someone's touchy.

*Enter BANQUO.*

BANQUO: How come everyone's still up? Are you murdering the Queen?

MMMBETH: No! I, uh, heard someone knocking at the door.

LADY MMMBETH: Knock, knock!

BANQUO: Who's there?

LADY MMMBETH: Kilt!

BANQUO: Kilt who?

LADY MMMBETH: You if you don't stop asking questions.

*MACDUFF staggers back in.*

MACDUFF: O horror! Horror! Horror!  
Murder and treason!  
O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murder'd!

LADY MMMBETH: What, in our house? How tacky!

MACDUFF: What happened to the royal guards?

MMMBETH: Be right back.

*MMMBETH runs off. Two offstage screams. Runs back on, this time carrying bloody sporran or SOLDIER's hat. Realizes he's carrying it and tosses it back offstage.*

MMMBETH: (*super casual*) Oh hey guys... I just killed Queen Duncan's guards. My bad.

MACDUFF: Wherefore did you so?

MMMBETH: They had one job!

LADY MMMBETH: Besides, we didn't want any witnesses. (*ALL look at LADY MMMBETH*) Oops! Help me hence, ho!

*LADY MMMBETH faints again. BANQUO and MACDUFF indicate 'I'm not picking her up.'*  
*MMMBETH fusses over LADY MMMBETH theatrically. BANQUO and MACDUFF step forward.*

BANQUO: He hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
 As the weird sisters promised.  
 But I have a feeling that something's rotten in the state of Scotland.

MACDUFF: Ha! Ha ha! Ha ha ha! I used that one already! Now you find a dramatic exit line, funny boy! (*poses*) I'll to Fife, adieu. The cold never bothered me anyway!

*MACDUFF exits. BANQUO calls after.*

BANQUO: Yeah? Well... (*to MMMBETH*) I'll get you my pretty, and your little wife, too! (*exits*)

LADY MMMBETH: (*looks around, snaps out of it*) Three down, just a few more murders to go! Do Banquo next, he's getting suspicious.

MMMBETH: But Banquo's my friend.

LADY MMMBETH: Banquo was your friend.

MMMBETH: I already killed Queen Duncan! And those two guards!

LADY MMMBETH: You're a murder expert! Grab your dagger, tighten your kilt and get stabbing. I've got a coronation to plan. (*exits*)

MMMBETH: Maybe I can subcontract this one. (*exits*)

**SCENE 9**

*WITCHES enter with Magic 8-Ball.*

DAPHNE: Double, double, toil and trouble  
Mysterious dark blue liquid bubble

DORIS: Show us now the fatal night  
When Banquo's soul must take its flight

TWIT: (*getting taken over by the 8-Ball*) It's doing it again! It's doing it again!

DAPHNE: Nine-ninety-five! That's all it would have taken.

DORIS: It was a subscription!

TWIT: Skip ad—skip ad!

*ENTER MURDERER 1 and MURDERER 2.*

MURDERER 1: (*cheerful/cool, directly to audience*) Hey guys, hope you're having a grisly day and welcome back to our channel! I'm Murderer!

MURDERER 2: I'm Murderer Two!

MURDERERS: (*together, it's the name of their show*) And We're Killing It!

MURDERER 2: We're here to show you guys how we slay on a daily basis.

MURDERER 1: Before we slice open today's topic, remember to like and subscribe (*points downward as if to video frame*) for all our best slaughtering tips. Today's topic is Last-Minute Murders!

MURDERER 2: So the Thane of Cawdor and Glamis calls:

MURDERER 1: (*bad Scottish accent*) Och, lassie (*or "laddie"*), me mate Banquo's making me life a bit pernickety! (*as self*) But...

MURDERER 2: (*fake surprise*) Oh no! My fave dagger's out being sharpened! And I'm all out of strychnine!

MURDERER 1: Don't worry—you can still kill it!

MURDERER 1: There's something I bet every one of you has right nearby.

MURDERER 2: That's right—a quill pen! (*pulls out a big feather quill*)

MURDERER 1: You just... turn it around! (*holds quill like an overhand stiletto, speaks seriously to the audience*) Choose the eye on the

same side as your stabbing hand. So if you're a right-handed stabber, go for the left eye, because it'll be on your right.

MURDERER 2: If you're a lefty, aim for their right eye. No matter which hand you use, give it some good arm power and a solid, overhand motion.

MURDERER 1: Next time you get that last-minute call to kill, remember you're not as unprepared as you think.

MURDERER 2: Let us know in the comments what other last-minute murder weapons you use.

MURDERER 1: Remember to like and subscribe, and we'll see you next week, wheeeeeennnnnn—

MURDERERS: *(together)* We're Killing It!

*ALL exit.*

## SCENE 10

*MMMBETH and BANQUO enter.*

MMMBETH: Tonight we hold a solemn supper,  
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO: I kind of have plans. I was going to try and escape with my life on a fast horse.

MMMBETH: My wife makes a mean pork chop.

BANQUO: Everything she makes is mean.

MMMBETH: *(genuinely hurt)* That's my wife you're talking about! *(begins crying)* We're supposed to be best friends... *(slides to the floor)*

BANQUO: *(consoles MMMBETH, gets down next to him and pulls MMMBETH into an awkward hug)* Shhh, shh, I'll come to dinner, I didn't know it was that important to you.

MMMBETH: *(calming down)* It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight  
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

BANQUO: What? Are you even OK?

*MURDERERS enter, carrying daggers.*

BANQUO: O, treachery! *(jumps up, dumping MMMBETH onto the floor)*  
Fly good Fleance, fly!

MURDERER 1: Who's Fleance?

BANQUO: He's my son. We didn't cast anyone to play him because all he does is run away.

MURDERER 2: Not much of a son.

BANQUO: Can we please just continue with the murder?

*MMMBETH crawls offstage. MURDERER 1 comes in to stab BANQUO at the same time as MURDERER 2. They stab each other and exit groaning. BANQUO is puzzled.*

*LADY MMMBETH enters behind BANQUO. She's wearing a frilly apron and a hat reading "Cookie-gram." She carries a plate of cookies.*

LADY MMMBETH: Cookie-gram for Banquo! Sign here.

BANQUO: Oh goodie! Who's it from? *(turns away from her to sign)*

LADY MMMBETH: Mmmbeth! *(she pulls out a big knife-shaped cookie and stabs him in the back)*

*BANQUO falls dead.*

LADY MMMBETH: Do I have to do everything around here myself? *(wipes dagger on apron, tucks dagger under arm, pulls out list on phone, clipboard or paper)* Hmm... Queen Duncan murdered, Banquo dead... That was my whole list today! *(exits)*

## SCENE II

*Fanfare music. LADY MMMBETH, in bloodstained frilly apron, fusses as table is brought in. SERVANTS adjust the table to her non-satisfaction.*

LADY MMMBETH: Right there. *(dismisses SERVANTS, checks table)* Melon balls, cheese log, Jell-O mold... Hashtag partygoals!

*MMMBETH, followed by WITCHES and MURDERERS enter and stand behind their chairs. DUNCAN scoots in from the other side and sits. MMMBETH and LADY MMMBETH stand at opposite ends of the table.*

MMMBETH: At first and last the hearty welcome!

*ALL guests sit.*

LADY MMMBETH: *(grabs and raises a glass; to ALL)* Here's to our new King! Long live King Mmmbeth!

ALL: Long live the King!

DUNCAN: Long live the Queen!

DAPHNE: Hey, you're supposed to be dead.

QUEEN DUNCAN: Oh, fine. *(she falls face-forward onto the table)*

LADY MMMBETH: *(prompting MMMBETH)* Didn't you have something to say? That we practiced?

*During next speech, BANQUO, now a ghost, enters.  
Only MMMBETH can see BANQUO.*

MMMBETH: Oh! Yes... um, during our reign, we're going to focus on the environment. Farmers are clear-cutting Birnham Wood at an alarming rate, but if we make important changes now, in 900 years no one will have to worry about the global climate.

BANQUO: You know what really changes the climate? Being stabbed in the back by your best friend, because that is COLD. *(shakes head sorrowfully)*

MMMBETH: Thou canst not say I did it: never shake thy gory locks at me!

*ALL are getting disturbed, whispering, etc.*

BANQUO: And you just have your party like nothing happened. This should be my funeral. A celebration of me!

*BANQUO gets up on the table and dances. If possible, he finishes with moonwalking the length of the table.*

MMMBETH: Look! Behold! *(as if compelled)* Go Banquo... Go Banquo... *(in terror)* Run Banquo run!

MURDERER I: King's going crazy, let's split.

LADY MMMBETH: *(to MMMBETH)* Banquo is not here! *(to ALL)* Sit, worthy friends—he's had a little too much sugar today. *(to a SERVANT)* I told you to keep him out of the gummi bears!

*BANQUO disappears.*

MMMBETH: He was right there on the table! Doing the *(name of dance)*! *(looks around at his aghast guests)* But he wasn't, because Banquo is alive and well... somewhere else. Banquo's gone to a nice farm in the country with lots of other Scotsmen to play with.

DORIS: Yeah, right.

*BANQUO re-enters and strikes a pose.*

MMMBETH: Avaunt! And quit my sight! Hence unreal mockery, hence!

*ALL are disturbed. BANQUO exits. MMMBETH stares after him.*

LADY MMMBETH: *(to ALL, making them leave)* We must do this again sometime, ta-ta, it's been delightful, next time we'll all get together at your castle, can't wait to see what you've done with the place.

*ALL exit except DUNCAN, still facedown on the table.*

LADY MMMBETH: Ahem! Don't you have a pyramid scheme to be setting up? Somewhere else?

QUEEN DUNCAN: Oh, yeah! *(gets up)* Now, the franchises are going to cost three hundred pounds up front, that's for using our name... *(exits)*

*MMMBETH takes LADY MMMBETH's hand and they sit together.*

MMMBETH: Honey, I did something terrible. I had my best friend Banquo murdered.

LADY MMMBETH: I know, I stabbed him with a big cookie knife. But you didn't have to ruin the party.

MMMBETH: This always happens. All our friends come over and I see some bloody apparition and ruin everything.

LADY MMMBETH: I worked so hard on those canapés, too.

*MMMBETH stands and girds loins for action.*

MMMBETH: I'll to the three weird sisters.  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,  
by the worst means, the worst.  
Those witches are some smart chicks.

*LADY MMMBETH exits, MMMBETH crosses as WITCHES appear.*

## **SCENE 12 (continuous)**

*Lights shift to spooky forest. MMMBETH looks around nervously.*

MMMBETH: Forests are scary without Banquo.



DAPHNE: Hey sailor...

DORIS: Looking for us?

DAPHNE: We knew you'd be coming around.

TWIT: We asked the Magic 8-Ball!

DAPHNE: (*hits TWIT*) Can't you keep a secret?

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

MMMBETH: All right, sisters. Time to lay it on the line. I've killed Duncan. I've killed Banquo. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I'm seeing ghosts, and my party was a flop. What's in this for me?

DORIS: You've worn out your welcome with us, big boy. You gotta ask Big Mama Hecate.

*HECATE, a big, beautiful blues queen in full club regalia, appears/enters.*

HECATE: Did somebody call my name?

WITCHES and HECATE: (*à la Aretha Franklin*)

Oo-oo, You killed the queen  
The crown you get it  
And now you're sad  
You gonna regret it  
And all because of  
Just a little killing

WITCHES:

Just a little bit

HECATE:

Killing

WITCHES:

Just a little bit

HECATE & WITCHES:

K-I-L-L-I-N-G  
Just like in the prophecy  
King of Scotland on the throne  
Now you're sad, you're all alone  
Stab stab stab stab stab stab (*15 times*)  
Killing  
Ooooooh!

HECATE: Listen up and listen good, Mmmbeth. We got three powerful warnings for you. One—

DAPHNE: Watch out for Macduff.

MMMBETH: But he's my friend!

DAPHNE: (*sarcastic*) Yeah, friendship is magic.

HECATE: Two—

DORIS: None of woman born shall harm Mmmbeth.

MMMBETH: What the heck does that mean?

TWIT: (*chirpy*) You're smart, you'll figure it out! I mean, (*spooky*)  
Oooooooo...

HECATE: Three—

TWIT: Ain't nothing can beat you 'til the trees of Birnham Wood come marching up to your front door!

MMMBETH: Well obviously that's impossible. I'm set for life! This is great!

*WITCHES and HECATE cackle.*

HECATE: We're witches, baby—just 'cause you get what you want don't mean you gonna want what you get. Come on, girls.

*WITCHES and HECATE exit singing.*

MMMBETH: Watch out for Macduff, none of woman born can harm me, I'm safe 'til Birnham Wood comes to my house? Maybe it's some kind of metaphor about my urban planning program? Augh, I don't get it! At least I can get rid of Macduff. Hey Murderers, I've got another job for you... (*exits*)

## SCENE 13

*Enter MURDERERS with frying pans and GoPros or phones, videoing selves.*

MURDERER 1: We're Killing It for you live today at Castle Fife!

MURDERER 2: Today we're gonna slay in a whole new way—

MURDERER 1: Frying pans!

MURDERER 2: It's an Elizabethan thing.

*Enter SON OF MACDUFF, played by the same actor as MACDUFF, wearing a backwards ball cap and carrying a feminine wig.*

MURDERER 2: Hey, Macduff—you're not supposed to be home.

SON: I'm not Macduff, I'm Macduff Junior. Son of Macduff.

MURDERER 1: You look an awful lot like Macduff.

SON: See this cap? This cap is backwards. Son of Macduff.

MURDERER 2: Hashtag low-budget. Where's your mom?

SON: *(holds up wig)* She'll be here in a minute.

*MURDERERS shrug and go in for the attack.*

MURDERER 2: What! You egg! The young fry of treachery!

*MURDERER 1 holds SON while MURDERER 2 bashes SON in the head with a frying pan. SON dies.*

MURDERER 1: Let's go two for two!

MURDERER 2: *(grabs the wig and pulls up SON.)* Death is in the house for Lady Macduff!

SON: That hurt! I'm outta here. *(exits)*

*MURDERERS are nonplussed.*

MURDERER 2: Who wrote this?

MURDERER 1: It's a tale told by an idiot.

*MURDERERS exit.*

## SCENE 14

*WITCHES swirl in.*

DAPHNE: Double double toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble

DORIS: Mmmbeth's brain is weak and hazy  
Now his wife is going crazy

TWIT: She walks the castle in her sleep  
It's enough to make you weep.  
It really is pretty sad.

*DAPHNE and DORIS look at TWIT.*

TWIT: *(sighs with exasperation, hits self)* Ow, sorry, whatever!

*Enter DOCTOR and GENTLEWOMAN. (If double-cast, WITCHES don costume pieces, otherwise they watch the action.)*

DOCTOR: What seems to be the problem?

GENTLEWOMAN: It's Lady Mmmbeth—she's sleepwalking, and washing her hands every five minutes, and babbling about blood and chainsaws.

DOCTOR: Shh, here she comes!

*LADY MMMBETH enters, wearing bloody frilly apron over nightgown or onesie.*

DOCTOR: You see, her eyes are open. *(waves in front of LADY MMMBETH's face)* HEY LADY MMMBETH! *(to self)* Hmmmm...

LADY MMMBETH: See spot. See spot drip. Rub, spot, rub. Clean clean clean!

*QUEEN DUNCAN enters, carrying a box of donuts. Behind her, SOLDIERS scribble notes.*

QUEEN DUNCAN: We open stores in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Loch Ness first, get the tourists hooked...

LADY MMMBETH: See Duncan. See Duncan run. Go Duncan go. Go, go, go!

QUEEN DUNCAN: *(offering the box)* Donut?

LADY MMMBETH: *(selects a jelly donut and shoves it in DUNCAN's face)* Die, Duncan, die! Die die die!

*DUNCAN runs off, leaving the donut box. Now LADY MMMBETH has jelly on her hands.*

LADY MMMBETH: Yet here's a spot: All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

*LADY MMMBETH passes the DOCTOR, who reaches out and takes a jelly sample, then tastes it.*

DOCTOR: Raspberry. It's worse than I thought.

*GENTLEWOMAN and DOCTOR exit.*

LADY MMMBETH: I can't take it anymore! (*Begins cramming donuts into her mouth, down her shirt, rubbing them on her arms and face, whatever the actor is up for and your level of mess allows*) Preservatives... coursing through my veins... lard... clogging arteries... (*she dies*)

DAPHNE: (*calling off*) Yo, Mac! The queen, my lord, is dead!

*MMMBETH enters and rushes to LADY MMMBETH.*

MMMBETH: My love? My love! (*cradles her body*)  
 She should have died hereafter.  
 There would have been a time for such a word.  
 Tomorrow and tomorrow and—  
 Donuts? I can eat my feelings!

*MMMBETH begins eating donut pieces with great emotion, picking them from LADY MMMBETH's face and body. Enter MURDERERS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS and DUNCAN, as a line of marching soldiers, crossing the front of the stage. WITCHES merge into the line, DUNCAN is last.*

MARCHING SOLDIERS: Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to war we go!  
 We'll stab and shoot and fight and loot, let's go, hi ho hi ho hi ho!

MMMBETH: (*counts the line*) Wait a minute! (*to DUNCAN*) You're dead!  
 I killed you!

QUEEN DUNCAN: We are never going to get Queen Duncan Donuts into the European market if you keep interrupting! Fine! (*falls down dead*)

*MMMBETH follows SOLDIERS off. DUNCAN looks around, gets up and exits to the other side.*

## SCENE 15

*WITCHES enter and circle.*

TWIT: (*shakes Magic 8-Ball and turns it up*) "If you enjoy Magic 8-Ball please take a moment to rate and review."

DAPHNE: Just put it away. Time to send in the troops! (*calls*) Oh, Macduff!

*Enter MACDUFF. WITCHES pretend to be little old ladies.*

DORIS: Macduff? We are but humble crones, and we have bad news.



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