



**Sample Pages from
Mmmbeth**

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**New
and
Improved!**

MMMBETH

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.

RUNNERS / 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

DAPHNE/DOCTOR

DORIS/GENTLEWOMAN

TWIT/GENTLEWOMAN

MURDERER 1/SOLDIER 1

HECATE/MURDERER 2/SOLDIER 2

Place

Shakespeare's Scotland.

Time

Indefinite.

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Production History

An earlier version of *MmmBeth!* was presented at the Arkansas State Thespian Festival in Jonesboro, Arkansas, February 22, 2002, by Thespian Troupe 42, El Dorado High School, under the leadership of Delaine Gates. It was directed by Allison Williams; the costumes were designed by the cast and supervised by Whitney Freeman, Andrea Cyphers, and Jessica DeLoach; the props were supervised by Emily Landry, and the sound, music and lights were designed by Will King. The original cast included:

MMMBETH: Jessica DeLoach
LADY MMMBETH: Brandon Hart
BANQUO: Alice Tam
MACDUFF/SON OF MACDUFF: Whitney Freeman
QUEEN DUNCAN: Andrea Cyphers
HAGGY (1st Witch)/DOCTOR: Casey Haynes
TWIT (3rd Witch): Melissa Weaver
NAGGY (2nd Witch)/GENTLEWOMAN: Carrie Lewis
HECATE: Courtney Gibson
MURDERER 1/SOLDIER 1: Sean Reynolds
MURDERER 2/SOLDIER 2: Josh Sinclair
MURDERER 3/MALCOLM: Caleb Baumgardner
MURDERER 4/FARMER/ROSS: J.T. Johnson
PORTER: Jared Shipp
NARRATOR: Emily Landry

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—I'm taking this great folk-dancing class,
wanna come?

TWIT: Ooo! Do you do 'Gathering Peascods on a May Morning'?

DORIS: Oh. I thought it was gathering codpieces. No wonder they
made me stop.

DAPHNE: Would you two shut up! Honestly, the only one who gets
any witching done around here is me! (*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 my Ouija board
needs an update and— (*catches DAPHNE's eye, hits self*) Ow!
Sorry.

DAPHNE: Right, then. I want everyone back here at two. Hair ratted,
faces pale, fingernails sharpened, and make sure you go before

you come. No dashing off to the privy in mid-prophecy this time, hmmm, Doris? (*looks at DORIS*)

DORIS: Hydration is important!

DAPHNE looks at DORIS. DORIS hits TWIT.

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

DAPHNE: This is gonna be a good one! We've been waiting for him for a long time.

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—

Marathon runners cross the stage, stampeding over the WITCHES. Last runner comes back, kicks DORIS and laughs like Nelson from The Simpsons.

RUNNER: Hah-ha!

DAPHNE and DORIS struggle to sit up, on top of 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!

TWIT: (*struggling out from under DAPHNE and DORIS*) How do we talk to him if we can't say his name?

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.

Enter TWO SOLDIERS. 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 sweeps in and surveys the battlefield with satisfaction.

DUNCAN: Well-done, troops! A great victory! (*turns to SOLDIERS*)
Don't you just look... historical.

SOLDIER 1: Aw, thanks Queen Duncan.

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, Protector of the People, Mistress of Justice, Verity and Temperance! We dominate the story from start to finish! 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: Kind of, but—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 Mmbeth he's promoted to Thane of Cawdor. (*to SOLDIER 2*) You! Tell Macduff to meet us at Mmbeth'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!

DORIS: Way to break the mood, Twit.

DAPHNE hits DORIS.

DORIS: Ow! Sorry.

DORIS hits TWIT.

TWIT: Ow! Sorry.

TWIT looks for someone to hit, then (depending on your theatre’s configuration) gently punches the closest audience member’s arm and gestures them to say “sorry.” or takes off a boot and flings it into the wings, with a crew member offstage yelling “Ow! Sorry!”

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 detaches from MMMBETH and fluffs up proudly. DAPHNE shakes a 'no' finger at BANQUO and indicates MMMBETH. BANQUO sags a bit, then 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: Why do we even have to be here? She's just reading a stupid letter.

DAPHNE: Watch and learn, Twit.

LADY MMMBETH approaches WITCHES.

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: What are we gonna do? 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. What I could do with six yards of intestines—(*shift back to nice*) I could knit a slimy pink sweater! (or "jumper.")

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

WITCHES gesture at LADY MMMBETH, who becomes evil again.

LADY MMMBETH: 'Hail Queen Lady Mmmbeth'... all 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!

DORIS nudges LADY MMMBETH, who switches to evil personality.

LADY MMMBETH: Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; it is too full of the milk of human kindness...

MMMBETH: 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-wumpkiny, 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!

LADY MMMBETH summons WITCHES, who she can now see. They pose around her. [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,
Make thick my blood
And 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. Or, if actors can safely execute this, WITCHES lift LADY MMMBETH and bear her triumphantly off stage.

SCENE 5

In front of MMMBETH's castle. QUEEN DUNCAN, BANQUO, MACDUFF and the two (or two more) inappropriately attired SOLDIERS enter. SOLDIERS are now in Tudor doublets or simple medieval tunics. SOLDIER 1 wears a cone hat with trailing tartan veil, SOLDIER 2 has the sporran over the outfit.

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, there's a scavenger hunt tonight in the lounge, and the murderers will be arriving at midnight.

QUEEN DUNCAN, SOLDIERS, MACDUFF and BANQUO: What?

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

QUEEN DUNCAN: We love mermaids! They're so splashy, and the coffee's great. 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. Wanna hear?

LADY MMMBETH: Of course.

QUEEN DUNCAN: Queen Duncan Donuts!

LADY MMMBETH: Donuts?

QUEEN DUNCAN: It'll make millions! You could be a partner. You'll make ten pounds for every friend you recruit. You can throw donut parties!

LADY MMMBETH: I'll think about it.

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

LADY MMMBETH: How tall are you?

QUEEN DUNCAN: About five-six, why? (*use actor's real height*)

LADY MMMBETH: Would Your Majesty prefer a wood-grain finish or a mahogany veneer with a purple velvet lining?

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,
That I shall say goodbye 'til it be morrow. (*exits*)

SOLDIER 1: Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
(*bats eyes at SOLDIER 2*)

SOLDIER 2: Exit pursued by a bear! (*flees*)

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: Oh, too bad.

MMMBETH: What?

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: I want the lifeguard, not the ninety-pound weakling! (*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! It's making me—(*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 and grabs TWIT. Both exit.

SCENE 8

MACDUFF and LADY MMMBETH enter.

MACDUFF: Nice castle you got here.

LADY MMMBETH: (*who is getting crazier*) We bought it as a fixer-upper, then put in all new dungeons and renovated the façade to Gothic-chic. I documented the whole journey in paintings, hashtag Scottishdecor, hashtag dreamcastle, hashtag thanelife. I love this turret—perfect for sunset! We used to have a dog who sat up here with us. Angus. His name was Angus. He fell off the tower and died—or maybe he died and fell off the tower? We buried him right down there, but somebody dug him up.

MACDUFF: How terrible.

TWIT walks through with “dead” stuffed dog. [Or walking a live dog dressed like a zombie dog.]

LADY MMMBETH: We never found out who.

TWIT scoots out quickly to not get caught.

MACDUFF: That’s so sad. Now, what did you mean by, “the murderers will be arriving at midnight?”

LADY MMMBETH: Oh, uh—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*)
Wooooooo. 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*) Woooooahhhhh! Wanna see me dance?

She distracts MACDUFF by doing a little dance, perhaps tap-dancing or doing the Macarena or flossing. Behind them, DUNCAN, once again screaming, is chased by MMMBETH with a chainsaw (remove the chain for safety). [If time permits, MMMBETH can outrun his extension cord and the chainsaw stops. If so, MMMBETH stands center, frustrated, while WITCHES run past him, moving the plug end of the extension cord to the other side of the stage; MMMBETH starts up again and continues after DUNCAN.]

MACDUFF: What was that?

LADY MMMBETH: Well, it certainly wasn't my husband killing the Queen with equipment from Home Depot! (or your local DIY store name)

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 tries to take her offstage, struggling with her limp body. It's a losing battle. 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: What's going on? 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!

Ring the alarum-bell. 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: Oops! Be right back.

MMMBETH runs off. Two offstage screams. Runs back on, this time carrying bloody sporrán 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. [If time permits, he mimes defibrillating

*her, fails to rouse her, then prays over her body.]
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: (*slowly becoming conscious, very dramatic*) Where
am I... who are you... (*sees no-one else is 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! (*wheeling*) If you kill
Banquo before dinner, you can have his pork (*or "lamb"*) chop.

MMMBETH: Mmmmm... pork (*or "lamb"*) chop...

LADY MMMBETH: 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: (*fake surprise, this is a rehearsed bit they do all the time*) You're Murderer? I'm Murderer!

MURDERER 1: We're both Murderers!

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: Let's say you're at home, doing your thing, and 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!

MURDERER 2: And the price is right so you say, sure, I'll take the gig.

MURDERER 1: (*fake surprise*) Oh no! My fave dagger's out being sharpened! And my garrotte snapped last week on that dude with the neck muscles!

MURDERER 2: But we kept it moving! Swipe with the poleaxe, took him down. You killed it!

MURDERER 1: (*fake scolding*) No... we killed it.

MURDERER 2: (*moved*) Murderers forever.

MURDERERS link pinkies and have a moment.

MURDERER 1: So you've got a whack job but nothing to ice with!

MURDERER 2: Defenestration?

MURDERER 1: No windows.

MURDERER 2: Poison?

MURDERER 1: It's in your other bag.

MURDERER 2: 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*)
By the way, this quill's from our sponsor, Donalbain's Stationery Supplies.

MURDERERS: (*together*) Shout-out!

MURDERER 2: You can get all the quills, parchment and inkwells you need for that important first day of boarding school at Donalbain's. This week only, use the code 'BURST SPLEEN' for twenty percent off! (*to MURDERER 1*) You know what I say about Donalbain's?

MURDERER 2: What?

MURDERER 1: They're quilling it!

MURDERERS fake-stab each other like "you're so bad!"

MURDERER 1: (*holds up quill*) You might be thinking, 'what am I gonna do with this?' Tickle my victim to death?

MURDERER 2: Who has that kind of time? Plus, sooooo much clean-up.

MURDERER 1: You just... turn it around! (*holds quill like an overhand stiletto, speaks seriously to the audience*) It's all about the aim. Choose the eye on the same side as your stabbing hand. So if you're a right-handed stabber—that's most of us—you want to stab the left eye, because it'll be on your right.

MURDERER 2: If you're possessed by an evil spirit, like me, and you use your left hand—(*pretends their left hand is trying to strangle MURDERER 1, holds it back with their own right hand*)

MURDERER 1: (*mock scared*) Hand of evil! Hand of evil!

MURDERERS laugh.

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: So next time you get that last-minute call to kill, take a look around! You're probably not as unprepared as you think.

MURDERER 2: Why be sad when you can be Stabby McStabface? 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, wheeeennnnnn—

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

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)* Sorry, we're all under a lot of stress—I didn't mean—*(MMMBETH wails, BANQUO hugs him onto his lap)* 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?

MMMBETH: I hate myself. I'm a horrible person.

BANQUO: No, no... you're my best friend. *(They awkwardly do a special handshake, with MMMBETH still on BANQUO's lap. Call-and-response.)* You can take our lives—

MMMBETH: But ye canna take our—

BANQUO & MMMBETH: *(together)* Freeeeeeeeedom!

*MMMBETH sniffles and musters a brave smile.
MURDERERS enter, MURDERER 1 carrying a dagger,
MURDERER 2 carrying a rope suitable for garroting.*

MURDERER 1: (to BANQUO) This your victim?

MURDERER 2: Why's he already crying?

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?

Directions in brackets are if you have a qualified stage combat choreographer; otherwise skip those parts.

MURDERER 1 comes in to stab BANQUO. BANQUO grabs the MURDERER's wrist [raises it high, and slams it into his own knee]. MURDERER 1 drops the dagger. [BANQUO punches MURDERER 1 in the face.] MURDERER 1 staggers past BANQUO. BANQUO kicks MURDERER 1's behind, sending MURDERER 1 sprawling or staggering away.

MMMBETH crawls over and grabs the dagger, places it between his teeth, and army-crawls to the front of the stage.

MURDERER 2 brings rope over BANQUO from behind, pinning BANQUO's arms to his sides. [Or brings rope over BANQUO's throat, BANQUO holding the rope with hands between rope and throat. BANQUO squirms and chokes, then yanks the rope down to his waist, where it pins his arms to his sides] BANQUO turns inside the rope and shoves MURDERER 2, who drops rope.

MURDERER 2: What are you, some kind of super ninja?

MURDERER 1: (*accusingly to MMMBETH*) Dude's got skills.

MURDERER 2: Kill him yourself, Mr. Witholds Important Information From His Hired Assassins!

MURDERERS exit.

BANQUO: Hired assassins? Mmmbeth!

MMMBETH: (*kneeling*) I have become that which we both despise—I'm a frenemy. (*holding dagger to stab self*) O happy dagger, this is thy sheath!

BANQUO: No! We can talk this out! (*kneels next to MMMBETH*)
Freeeeeddom! (*they hug*)

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

LADY MMMBETH: (*in a disguised voice*) Are you Banquo?

BANQUO: Yeah.

LADY MMMBETH: Cookie-gram! 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 into MMMBETH's lap.

LADY MMMBETH: Do I have to do everything around here myself?
(*feminist yell*) I am so tired of emotional labor! (*relieved by the
expression of her feelings*) Oooo, it does help to just get it all out!
(*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*)

MMMBETH: (*à la Marlon Brando*) BAAANQUO! BAAAAAANQUO!
(*cries*)

*[If time and staging permit, BANQUO's blood spurts
up into MMMBETH's face.] Lights out.*

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!

LADY MMMBETH: Sit, worthy friends, sit!

GUESTS sit.

MMMBETH: *(crosses and hisses to LADY MMMBETH)* There's blood upon thy apron!

LADY MMMBETH: *(through a gritted smile)* That's because I took care of a job you were supposed to do.

MMMBETH: Can we not fight in front of my friends?

LADY MMMBETH: Your friends? I don't see Banquo here. I wonder why your best friend isn't here?

BANQUO, now a ghost, enters and sits in MMMBETH's place. Only MMMBETH can see BANQUO.

MMMBETH: Banquo's here! You came! I knew you wouldn't leave me!

LADY MMMBETH: *(to MMMBETH)* Banquo is not here! *(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?

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 time permits, this can be a longer moment. Otherwise, just a couple of moves. 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: 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!

MMMBETH: There's a dead body dancing right there!

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)* So nice to have you, 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, and an investment of two hundred pounds in sprinkles and frosting... (*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. There were pigs in blankets. You love pigs in blankets. (*or "samosas."*)

MMMBETH: Was there spicy mustard (*or "tamarind sauce"*) to dip them in?

LADY MMMBETH nods sadly.

MMMBETH: You're the best wife ever.

LADY MMMBETH nods in agreement. MMMBETH stands and girds loins for action.

MMMBETH: I will avenge your spoiled dinner party or my name's not 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?

DAPHNE: Do you really want to know?

TWIT: That's why he's here. (*DAPHNE and DORIS look at TWIT, who hits self*) Ow! Sorry.

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

MMMBETH: Big who?

DORIS: Big Mama Hecate's the head witch around here.

TWIT: She's not usually in the play because her scene's kind of confusing, and Shakespeare probably didn't even write that part!

DAPHNE: Twit! Don't make me get the spoon. (*calling dramatically*) Big Mama Hecate!

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

HECATE: Did somebody call my name?

WITCHES & 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 and 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?

DORIS: We just dish it out, honey—interpretation is up to you.

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! OK, just one more thing—

HECATE: You got your three prophecies, baby. Don't get greedy.

MMMBETH: Oh come on, just one more little prophecy? Pretty please?

HECATE: You sure you wanna know?

MMMBETH: Tell me tell me tell me!

HECATE: Child, I got some bad news for you. All that killing? You did it all for nothin'. You gonna be King for about another six minutes, then you gonna get killed and dethroned. You're not even gonna have any babies to inherit.

MMMBETH: No kids? But my wife is so nurturing! Did you say six minutes?!?

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... double pay, with overtime! And a great 401(k) plan (or "RRSP" or "pension")! (exits)

SCENE 13

Sound of baby crying. WITCHES appear, DAPHNE holding swaddled bundle.

DAPHNE: Now we've got Mmmbeth in deep
Around his heart the evil creeps

DORIS: Off he goes to kill Macduff
One more murder's not enough

TWIT: Stabbing, killing, hacking, maybe
Let's not make him kill the baby.

DAPHNE: I never liked that part either. Grow up kid!

DAPHNE tosses bundle into the wings. Crying stops abruptly. Enter SON OF MACDUFF, played by the same actor as MACDUFF, wearing a backwards ball cap and carrying a feminine wig.

SON: Mom! Hey Mom! Where's my freakin' dinner? It better not be haggis again. Or that blood pudding stuff you keep telling me is "traditional."

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: This is your special bonus livestream for our patron only! Earl of Southampton wut-wut!

MURDERER 1: Today we're gonna slay in a whole new way—

MURDERER 2: Frying pans!

MURDERER 1: It's an Elizabethan thing.

SON: Mom... call the exterminator, we've got idiots!

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: Are you sure? You look an awful lot like Macduff.

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

MURDERER 2: Sure, whatever you say. Hashtag low-budget. Where's your mom?

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

MURDERER 1: Are you sure we're supposed to kill you?

SON: Come on, how bad can it be? Look at you guys—was this the best Mmmbeth could get? Was there a sale on murderers at McWalMart?

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 2: Let's see that again!

MURDERERS and SON boomerang back and forth through the action of killing SON, then drop SON to the floor.

MURDERER 1: Let's go two for two! *(grabs the wig and pulls up SON)*
Death is in the house for Lady Macduff!

SON: Oh no, I ain't doin' that again, B. That broke my skriznef for real, yo.

MURDERER 1: What?

SON: You know, that dranged on my sheestraw.

MURDERER 2: Is that supposed to be slang? Who wrote this?

SON: It's a tale told by an idiot.

MURDERER 1: Don't break character, you two! ... awww, fish sticks.

SON: Snap! I'm outta here, bizkits! *(shrugs and rolls eyes at the atrociousness of his exit line, exits)*

MURDERER 2: No, wait... we need Lady Macduff! I don't believe this. Hey...

Goes into audience, sets wig on VOLUNTEER. Pick a happy-looking parent-aged mom or dad close to the

aisle. Old enough to play along and not upstage you, young enough to fall on the floor.

Let's welcome Lady Macduff! (*leads round of applause*)

MURDERER 1: Nice to meet you. I'm Murderer.

MURDERER 2: And I'm Murderer!

MURDERERS: (*together*) And we're killing you!

MURDERER 2: Nothing personal. It's pretty simple.

MURDERER 1: We'll help you. Just listen closely.

MURDERERS step back. MURDERER 2 pulls out an enormous knife and tests the edge. MURDERER 1 grins maniacally and gives the thumbs-up sign to the VOLUNTEER. MURDERER 2 speaks as a sports commentator.

MURDERER 2: It's a tense night here at the Macduff house. Macduff Junior is down for the count and Lady Macduff is weighing the options, fight or flight. (*looks at VOLUNTEER, who probably does nothing*) Oh! Looks like she's paralyzed by indecision! The murderers are closing in. (*hands knife to MURDERER 1*) That's the handoff, and Murderer takes a clean shot at the chest!

MURDERER 1 gently lifts VOLUNTEER's arm and tucks the knife under, then helps coach VOLUNTEER into doing the actions if needed.

MURDERER 2: Lady Macduff is stumbling! She sways left... she sways right... she drops to her knees!

MURDERER 1 stops VOLUNTEER from dropping, then puts a pillow down and encourages VOLUNTEER to kneel on the pillow. MURDERER 1 takes the knife away so it doesn't hamper VOLUNTEER's movement.

MURDERER 1: (*to VOLUNTEER, indicating she should clutch her "wound"*) Just apply steady pressure.

MURDERER 2: Lady Macduff is straining to breathe—that's gotta be a direct hit to the left ventricle. This is not looking good for the home team! Lady Macduff struggles to her feet (*repeat instructions or use hand signals if needed to get the VOLUNTEER to stand up*) She spins around! She goes into convulsions! And she dies!

MURDERERS let VOLUNTEER get to the ground before saying in unison:

MURDERERS: Over there.

VOLUNTEER re-dies at new location, MURDERER 1 sliding pillow beneath VOLUNTEER's head.

MURDERER 2: And that wraps up the game, it's all over! (*MURDERERS assist VOLUNTEER to standing*) Let's hear it for our Lady Macduff!

MURDERERS lead applause and escort VOLUNTEER back to seat, stairs or edge of stage.

SCENE 14

WITCHES swirl in. If double-cast, DAPHNE is the Doctor and TWIT and DORIS divide the Gentlewoman's lines between them. If not double-cast, skip to second version of chant.

DOUBLE-CAST CHANT:

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

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

DAAPHNE: She walks the castle in her sleep
Disguise ourselves and take a peep

TWIT: Magic charms become unlock'd here
This time Twit gets to be the doctor?

DAAPHNE and DORIS look at TWIT.

DAAPHNE & DORIS: Nice try.

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

If double-cast, skip from here to DOCTOR's first line, WITCHES donning costume pieces to become GENTLEWOMEN and DOCTOR.

SINGLE-CAST CHANT:

DAAPHNE: 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. WITCHES (if not double-cast) take up places around the stage watching 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 and her old dog Angus. Creep-tastic, if you ask me.

DOCTOR: I didn't. What have you done for her?

GENTLEWOMAN: Hey, I don't do windows, chamber pots, or psychos wandering in the night.

DOCTOR: You are an idiot.

GENTLEWOMAN: Like you have a PhD.

DOCTOR: I do.

GENTLEWOMAN: Oh.

Lo you, here she comes! Observe her; stand close.

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

DOCTOR: You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN: She's dead to the world. (*waves in front of LADY MMMBETH's face*) HEY LADY MMMBETH! (*to DOCTOR*) See?

DOCTOR: 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. Oh oh oh!

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... medical symptoms dismissed by the patriarchy... (*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!



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

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