

***Macbeth Revisited***  
by Don & Mike Citarella

This show was created not to mock the tragedy of **Macbeth** but simply to provide an humorous alternative for those who have studied the piece or love Shakespeare.

The actions and dialogue are NOT set in stone but rather are for your discrimination to be molded around the actors' strongpoints and the provided space.

Any opening speech shall serve as a launchpad for running gags throughout ["there is a common superstition in theatres that it is bad luck to say the name 'Macbeth'"...*something falls*] the play.

Feel free to play with the script. It can be a lot of fun. And if you'd like to see how our production of

***Macbeth Revisited***  
came out, correspond for a tape:  
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...we would love to see a copy of yours!!!  
(hint, hint)

Good luck!

-Don and Mike Citarella

ACT I SCENE I

*Lights up*

*>Interior: A Desert Place*

*>Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches. They take position on the stage floor, slithering.*

First Witch. When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

First Witch. How 'bout Sunday after Church,  
Then we can do lunch! [*Witches get out little black books and flip through them*]

Second Witch. No good, I've got my bingo,  
How 'bout Thursday?

First Witch. That's my Bowling Night. Saturday?

Second Witch. Needlepoint!

All. <Sigh>

Second Witch. That will be the ere the set of sun.

Third Witch. Hot Crossed Bun??? [*Like deaf*]

First Witch. SET OF SUN!

Second Witch. There to meet with...

All. **Macbeth!!!**  
[*A shoe falls*]

Third Witch. Fair is foul, foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

First Witch. What?  
[*To Second Witch*]

Second Witch. She broke wind!

First Witch. Oh.  
I come, Graymalkin!  
[*exit*]

Second Witch. Paddock calls!  
[*exit*]

Third Witch. Hi-ho Silver!!!  
[*exit*]

*ACT I SCENE II*

*>Interior: A camp near a Forres*

*>Alarum within. Enter Deaunutt, Talcum, Donatello, Ceramic,*

Deaunutt. *[Praying]*. ...so please, Lord, bless our soldiers as they do battle....on the battle field...Amen.

*Enter from center aisle of audience screaming a sergeant with arrow protruding from forehead. He is covered in stage blood*

What bloody man is that?

Talcum. This is the sergeant  
that fought `gainst my captivity.  
Say to the king the knowledge of the fight  
As thou didst leave it, sir.

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood;  
The merciless band of Washington Redskins  
Were neck and neck with Buffalo  
Trailing only a touchdown behind...

Talcum. Not that fight, you idiot!  
I was referring to that of the battle, sir.

Sergeant. Oh, we kicked their butt. *[Nonchalantly]*

Deaunutt. Oh valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

Sergeant. It was a thrilling SPAT *[Deaunutt flinches from spit]* and  
the  
Victory fell on **Macbeth**.  
*[fruit falls]*  
...But I am FAINT and my gashes cry for help  
And UNLESS you have AN ASPIRIN, I'll take my leave  
Good DAY!  
*[exits]*

*Enter Vomit sickly holding bucket and icepack. He is in a nightgown.*

Deaunutt. Who comes here?

Talcum. The worthy Thane of Vomit.

Ceramic. Is he okay?  
*[to Talcum]*

Talcum. Oh yeah.. he always looks like that.

Vomit. God save the king!

Deaunutt. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Vomit. From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norway banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
With terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, our brave soldier  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm `gainst arm,  
sword `gainst sword, face `gainst face  
ear `gainst ear, tooth `gainst tooth...  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

Deaunutt. Great happiness!

*[to Talcum]*

What'd he say?

Talcum. He died, sir.

Deaunutt. Who?

Talcum. The traitor, sir...

Deaunutt. The Thane of Cawdor?

*[Talcum nods broadly]*

Great happiness! Give his formal title to Glamis.

You may go. *[Vomit exits]* What he hath lost noble **Macbeth**  
hath won.

*[bowling pin falls]*

*[Exeunt]*

ACT I SCENE III

>Interior: A Heath.

>Thunder. Enter the three Witches playing with each other's hair down stage. One in front is playing with at doll's hair.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch. At the library.

First Witch. A sailor's wife had Rice Crispie treats in her lap, and munched and munched and munched: `Give me,' quoth I: `Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger: But in a sieve I'll thither sail--

Second Witch. You'll what?

*[soft determined drumbeat underlayed]*

First Witch. THITHER! Thither!  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have *[Holds out a thumb]*

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.  
*[Drum Within].*

Second Witch. A drum! A drum!

Third Witch. Da plane! Da plane! *[pointing upward]*

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

Second Witch. *[counting on fingers]* Six.

First Witch. Now, three plus four...

Second Witch. Seventeen!

Enter **Macbeth** and **Banquo** stage left.

**Macbeth.** What? Who are you?

First Witch. All hail, Thane of Glamis, hail to thee  
**Macbeth!**

*[solitary pingpong ball falls. Banquo picks it up and puts it in his pocket]*

Second Witch. All hail, The Thane of Cawdor, hail to thee  
**Macbeth!**

*[several pingpong balls fall. Banquo crosses and does the same]*

First Witch. All hail, whom, shall be future king! Hail to thee, **Macbeth!**

*[a bucket-full of pingpong balls fall. They fall on Banquo]*

Third Witch *[singing]*. Hail, hail, the gang's all here....

Second Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:  
So all hail Bongo and that other guy.

All. HAIL!

**Macbeth.** Stay, you imperfect speakers,

Third Witch. Worthless Sneakers??? *[Like she's deaf, again]*

First Witch. IMPERFECT SPEAKERS!

**Macbeth.** Tell me more

By my father's death, I know I am Thane of Glamis  
But how of Cawdor *[first witch vanishes]*, or king. That stands not  
within the prospect of belief. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? *[second witch vanishes]* or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? *[third witch vanishes]* Speak, I  
charge you...*[pause]*  
They're gone!

Banquo. Yeah, but one of them left this glass slipper!  
But how?

**Macbeth.** *[takes out a pipe]* Elementary, my dear Bingo!

Banquo. Banquo!

**Macbeth.** That's what I said.

*Enter Vomit and Ceramic.*

Vomit. The king hath happily received  
The news of your success.

Ceramic. He wishes to bequeath upon you the  
Title of Thane of Cawdor. It's former owner was a  
traitor. *[takes out ribbon and puts it on Macbeth]*

**Macbeth.** *[aside]* Thane of Cawdor...? Could the weird sisters be telling the truth. Or, just a coincidence? Come, friends!  
*[Exeunt].*

*ACT I SCENE IV*

*>Interior: Forres. A room in the palace.*

*>Flourish. Enter Deaunutt, Talcum, Donatello, and Attendants*

Talcum. Has the palace always looked this drab, sir?  
There's nothing much to see.

Deaunutt. Yes, yes I know.  
Is the execution done on Cawdor?

Talcum. Si, sir.

Deaunutt. See what?

Talcum. Nothing, sir, there's nothing to see.

Deaunutt. I know there isn't much to see,  
but that's what you just said.

Talcum. Said what, sir?

Deaunutt. You said, "see."

Talcum. I did not. I said "Si."  
It is how the Spanish say yes.

Deaunutt. You must mean "oui."

Talcum. We what, sir?

Deaunutt. Oui...you said "Si"  
And I can only guess that you assumed  
My last name was Spanish as it  
is not. My name is Deaunutt.  
It is indeed French, though I am Scottish.  
and the French say oui.  
Do you see?

Talcum. Naw, the palace really is kind of drab,  
Sir, there's not much to see.

*[Talcum exits]*

*Enter **Macbeth**, Banquo, Vomit, and Ceramic stage left.*

**Macbeth.** *[to those who enter with him]*  
Has the palace always been this drab?  
*[others shrug]*

Deaunutt. O worthiest cousin!  
Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour



To make thee full of growing. [*hugs Macbeth*] Noble Bumblebee,  
That hast no--

Banquo. That's Banquo, my lord. My name is Banquo.

Deaunutt. Of course it is...  
Let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

Banquo. [*passionately*]  
Deaunutt...I'm a married man.

Deaunutt. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
Neon, Argon, and all other noble gases...  
We will establish our estate upon Mac-  
*[gestures towards Macbeth]*  
*Talcum slips Deaunutt a huge wad of cash*  
Our eldest, Talcum, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland  
Gentlemen, as the Holiday Inn in town  
Has no vacancy, let us off to Inverness  
And once again gaze upon the lovely Lady **Macbeth**.  
*[cat calls from all]*

**Macbeth**. Yeah...my wife! *They make excuses and silence. [aside]*  
The prince of Cumberland! That is a step  
On which I must fall down, o'erleap, or tripever,  
*[passerby trips on cue upstage]*  
For in my way it lies. For I am to be treated with  
Respect. Because I am none other than--

Deaunutt. **Macbeth!**  
*[stuffed cat falls on Banquo, he screams]*  
Let us off.  
*[exeunt]*

ACT I SCENE V

>Interior: Inverness. **Macbeth's** castle.

>Enter Lady **Macbeth**, reading a letter.

L. **Macbeth**. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than Stovetop stuffing...*[fading as her husband takes over from platform above. He is writing the letter as she now reads it. Black silhouette of him shows as the spot is still on her. The rest of the stage is not lit]*

**Macbeth**. ...Stovetop stuffing. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart...*[again crossfading back. Macbeth's silhouette vanishes]*

L. **Macbeth**. ...lay it to thy heart and farewell.  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.  
It is too full of Milk of Magnesia  
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great.

*Enter Seyton*

What is your tidings?

Seyton. The king comes here tonight

L. **Macbeth**. Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Seyton. So please you, its true, our thane is coming;

L. **Macbeth**. Give him tending:  
He brings great news.  
*[Exit Seyton]*

The raven himself is hoarse  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
take thy form from off my door!  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."  
Come, you spirits that tend on mortal  
thoughts! Unsex me here, and fill me from  
The crown to the toe top full of direst cruelty;  
Make thick my blood, and loose my bowels,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature,  
Not even Liquid Plumber, shake my purpose,

Nor keep peace between the effect and it!  
Come, thick night, come to me. Oh come all  
Ye Faithful.

*Enter Macbeth whistling "O, Come All Ye Faithful"*

**Macbeth.** Lucy, I'm home!

**L. Macbeth.** Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**Macbeth.** My dearest love,  
Deaunutt comes here tonight.

**L. Macbeth.** And when goes hence?

**Macbeth.** Tomorrow.

*Enter Bleeding Sergeant in same get-up. Everyone on stage  
freezes this time and every other time he enters. He will always  
come from stage left.*

Sergeant. The sun will come out,  
tomorrow, betcher bottom dollar that tomorrow  
there'll be sun...  
*[Exit Sergeant]*

**Macbeth.** We will speak further.

**L. Macbeth.** Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.  
*[He picks her up and they exeunt together.]*

ACT I SCENE VI.

>Interior: The same. Before the castle

>Hautboys and torches. Enter Deaunutt, Talcum, Donatello, Banquo, Vomit, and Attendants.

Deaunutt. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses. Go see what is keeping our  
Honour'd hostess, Bimbo.

Banquo. That's Banquo!

Deaunutt. That's what I said.

*Enter Lady **Macbeth** with a knife. She hides it behind her back.  
Seyton enters as well*

L. **Macbeth**. All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
You can find clean towels in the closet.  
A complementary shower cap and bar of soap is  
In the bathroom. The toilet paper is on the house.

Deaunutt. Speaking of the washroom,  
The Thane of Vomit, here, would like  
To freshen up.

L. **Macbeth**. Down the corridor, past the dungeon room,  
up the stairs first door on the left...

Seyton. Right.

L. **Macbeth**. Left.

Seyton. Right.

L. **Macbeth**. Left...

Seyton. RIGHT!!!

*[Exit Vomit]*

Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help him  
To his home before us; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess, to **Macbeth**.  
*[bird falls. Exeunt]*

*ACT I SCENE VII.*

*>Interior: The Same. A Room in the Castle.*

*>Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service.*

*Then Enter **Macbeth**.*

**Macbeth.** If it were done when t'is done, then t'were well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all the end-all here.  
Therefore, hereas and thereto, whatnot and soforth.

*[takes out flower]*

I'll kill him

I'll kill him not

I'll kill him...

Enter Lady **Macbeth**

How now! What news?

L. **Macbeth.** *[with newspaper]* There is a warmfront approaching.  
Expect partly cloudy skies with a chance of rain. Oh, there's a sale at  
the Gap!

**Macbeth.** Hath Deaunutt asked for me?

L. **Macbeth.** Know you not he has?

**Macbeth.** We will proceed no further in this  
business;  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon. I've made up my mind and that  
is that!

L. **Macbeth.** Oh, fine.....Chicken!

**Macbeth.** Nonsense.

L. **Macbeth.** You are a chicken. You are a chicken.

**Macbeth.** No, you can't make me do it. That's peer  
pressure!

L. **Macbeth.** Bawk! Bawk! Bawk! Bawk!

**Macbeth.** No stop it. Stop it!

L. **Macbeth.** CHICKEN!!! CHICKEN!!!

*[both continue until racket gets real loud, and he gives in]*

**Macbeth.** Ok! Ok! I'll do it. I'll kill him!

L. **Macbeth.** *[strict]* Fine, then it's settled.  
It shall happen tonight. When Deaunutt is asleep,  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
Will I wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Deaunutt! *[she puts her hand on his shoulder]*  
What not put upon  
His spongy offices, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell? *[Macbeth becomes aroused as  
she talks like this]*

**Macbeth.** When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

L. **Macbeth.** Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
*[Macbeth mouths the word "Roar" suggestively]*  
Upon his death?

**Macbeth.** I am settled...and bent up *[both look down towards  
Macbeth's waistline. He blushes and covers up self-consciously]*  
...Uh, bent up each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
*[He picks her up, kisses her and they exeunt]*

ACT II SCENE I

>Interior: Inverness. Court within the Castle.

>Enter Banquo, and Phlegm bearing a torch before him. Dimly lit

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

Phlegm. On horseback in armor, how else?

Banquo. No, I meant, the NIGHT [*gestures towards sky*]!

Phlegm. Oh,.....dark.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. [*he drops it and shrugs*] There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. [*takes jacket, drops it and shrugs again*]  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth, and Seyton with a torch.*

Give me my sword, who's there? [*Phlegm gives Banquo his jacket. Banquo unknowingly holds the jacket like a sword*]

**Macbeth.** It's only me Banjo!

Banquo. It's Banquo!!!

**Macbeth.** That's what I said.  
You two should be sleeping.

Banquo. I'm having a real tough time getting to--[*snore*].  
[*he is asleep*]

**Macbeth.** Good night.

Phlegm. Good night.

**Macbeth.** Sleep tight.

Phlegm. Sleep tight.

**Macbeth.** Don't let the bedbugs bite.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Phlegm*]

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Seyton*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? [*girl with sign that says "Solliloquy" struts by*]

Come, let me clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but...

*Enter man*

Man. Yes, my Thane?

**Macbeth.** Who are you?

Man. Arthur.

**Macbeth.** What are you doing here?

Man. You just called me.

**Macbeth.** I did not.

Man. Yes you did.

**Macbeth.** When?

Man. Just now, you asked for Art!

**Macbeth.** No, I said `Art thou not, fatal vision'

Man. You said `Art McFlannigan come here right now. You called me and--

**Macbeth.** [name of actress], [name of another actress], can you come here a second.

*[takes out script and puts on reading glasses]*

Ok. We're in the dagger speech....Is this a blah, blah....Ah, ha!

`I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible' *[argue adding lib]*

No, see, that's a "Q"!

Man. Oh, Sorry pal.

*[Exit man.*

**Macbeth.** I can not work like this!

Offstage voice. Actors go!

**Macbeth.** ...I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which I now draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such...

*Enter another man*

Other Man. Ya, boss?

**Macbeth.** WHO ARE YOU?!?!? No wait, let me guess...

`As this which I now draw. Thou marshall'st...Marshall???

Other Man. Bingo!



**Macbeth.** You mean Banquo!

Other Man. That's what I said.

*[He is pulled offstage. Other Man. A bell rings]*

**Macbeth.** I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Deaunutt; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to...*[looks around]*

...H-E-double hockey stick.

*[Macbeth holds dagger up marches off. A scream occurs he backs back on stage and says "Sorry" and disappears farther upstage this time]*

*[Exit]*

ACT II SCENE II

**L. Macbeth** That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

*[Bloody sergeant enters and exits swiftly while yelling*

*"To arms, the infantry is coming, TO ARMS!]*

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the sternst good-night. *[Macbeth, offstage, yells "Die  
you evil scum"]*

He is about it: The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their  
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

**Macbeth.** Who's there? What, ho!

*[bump back to back with entering Macbeth who is  
carrying many bloody pieces of cutlery, silverware, hangers etc.]*

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

**L. Macbeth** I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

**Macbeth.** When?

**L. Macbeth** I don't know, a few seconds ago..

**Macbeth.** As I descended?

*[drops a dagger]*

**L. Macbeth** SSssshhhh!

**Macbeth.** oh..sorry.

*[knocking within]*

**L. Macbeth** Hark?

For that's the sound of knocking..

Or merely knuckles talking...

Whatever the case

I do hate to face

that knocking sound no more

I don't want to hear the pounding  
on the doorstep it is sounding

I beg it please

for it to cease

The evil sound

I hear around

of Jehovah's Witness at my door

*[Macbeth drops all of the daggers]*

SSssshhhh!

**Macbeth.** Get thee to sleep, my lovely dear  
for that's the sound you mustn't hear  
When It grow shorter  
then comes the porter  
just to answer the wretched bawling  
and footsteps on the floor

*[knocking within]*

And after all the tremendous riot  
I assure you dear, it will be quiet  
As you beg please  
for it to cease  
the only sound  
you'll hear around  
Is a lovely bawling of, "Avon calling..."  
or Mary Kay that's at the door.

*[knocking within]*

**L. Macbeth** Hark! Who's at the door?

*Enter Bloody sergeant*

Bloody Sergeant. O-oh the Wells Fargo Wagon is a-comin' down the  
street

Oh please let it be for me...

*[exit sergeant. knocking within]*

Lady **Macbeth.**

Tell me can you hear the knocking  
or is it only in my head?

**Macbeth.** Help me pickup these bloody daggers

So we can go to bed

*[exeunt]*

ACT II SCENE III

>Interior. The Same. There is a chair next to a table with a vase of flowers on it UC

>Knocking within. Enter a porter.

Porter. Knock, knock? what's that?  
A knockin' at my door?  
Go away I tell you  
We don't want no more  
*[knocking within]*

Knock, Knock!  
Who's there?  
*[enter bleeding sergeant 1st time]*

Sergeant. Sam and Janet's there.

Porter. Sam and Janet who?

Sergeant. Sam and Janet evening...  
You will meet a stranger...  
*[exit Bleeding Sergeant 1st time]*  
*[knocking within]*

Porter. Knock, knock, knock?  
Who is it that raps so late?  
Kindly be off.  
Wait a minute...STOP.  
I know...I got it..

'Twas many years ago,  
when I ordered it in the mail  
I had waited so very long for it  
I'd almost thought I'd fail  
And years went by, it never came  
This story's sad but true  
but now it's been delivered  
and I owe it all to you  
Sent for the legal documents  
A very loyal man  
'Cause now it's made official  
I'm a Conrad Birdie fan..  
*[slowly walks to table and picks up flowers]*  
*[enter Bleeding sergeant again]*

Sergeant & Porter. *[singing]*  
We love you Conrad, oh yes we do-oo....  
*[exit Bleeding sergeant again]*  
*[knocking within]*

Porter. *[yelling]*  
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH THE LIKES OF  
THOSE DAMN TRICK-OR-TREATERS...

Outside voice. Porter! Porter! Let us in!

Porter. *[calmly]*  
Not by the hair of my chinny-chinny-chin  
*[to the audience]*  
That reminds me of a story I heard  
when I was just a wee lad,  
would you like to hear it, boys and girls?  
*[knocking within]*

Porter. Knock! Knock!  
Who's there?  
*[enter Bleeding sergeant third time]*

Sergeant. Malcolm's there.

Porter. Malcolm who?

Sergeant. Malcolm to Cabaret, Malcolm...  
*[exit bleeding sergeant third time]*  
*[Knocking within]*

Porter. That's a lovely sound, could you do it again?  
*[knocking within]*  
I do love that sound  
I love lots of things.  
Bright copper kettles...Warm woolen mittens..  
*[enter Bleeding sergeant fourth time]*

Sergeant. Brown paper packages tied up with strings  
These are a few of my..  
*[exit bleeding sergeant fourth time]*  
*[knocking within]*  
*[Porter walks over to chair and sits down,*  
*begins knocking on table]*  
*[knocking within]*

Porter. Yes, but can you do the Lone Ranger  
*[knocks to the tune of the Lone Ranger]*  
*[knocking within]*  
*[Porter walks to the door and lets in others]*  
*[enter Macramé (sits on chair) and Ceramic]*

Macrame. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

Ceramic. Macraméthat's no way to talk to a porter,  
now get off your macduff and tip the young man...  
*[Macramay has no pockets in his kilt...he shrugs and the porter*  
*exits]*

Macramé. *[sits back down and begins to remove shoes]*  
Hello neighbor!  
*[unties his shoe]*

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood  
a beautiful day for a neighbor...

*Enter Macbeth*

Our knocking has awakened one of my  
good neighbors, now; here he comes.

Ceramic. Good Morrow, noble sir, did you sleep well?

**Macbeth.** [*yawning*] Why yes, Ceramic, like a glutinous  
maggot in a heap of rotten cow dung, I slept fine

Macramé. Well I don't know about you guys,  
but all of this talk has made me hungry.  
I'm off to the refrigerator, Good evening.  
*[exit Macramé*

Ceramic. Lovely evening it is,  
the earth is so quiet that one  
can hear the spirits humming a  
sweet-- My Lord...you have a little red spot  
on your cheek, must be gravy or cranberry sauce.

**Macbeth.** Must be...  
You were saying?

Ceramic. Was I?  
Oh, I'm sorry.

**Macbeth** and Ceramic. Hmm?  
*[enter Macramé]*

Macramé. Oh horror, horror, horror!  
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

**Macbeth.** Pull up your zipper too fast again, huh pal?

Macrame. Most sacrilegious murder hath broke open  
the Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

Ceramic. The life o' the building?  
Those bastards shutoff our cable?

Macramé. Don't you understand?  
Deaunutt's been assassinated.  
Go look at 'im.  
*[exeunt Macbeth and Ceramic]*

Awake! Awake!  
Ring the Alarm-bell. Murder and treason!  
Bandito and Donatello! Talcum! Awake!  
Sleepy, Bashful, Donner, Blitzen..  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself! Talcum!

Ring the bell!

*[Porter re-enters and rings a small dinner bell]*

*[Exit Porter]*

*Enter Lady **Macbeth** and all of the chamberlains*

L. **Macbeth**. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macramé. Hideous? My lady, lots of people have told me  
that my voice is simply marvelous!

L. **Macbeth**. Name one!

Macramé. I will.....later.

*[Exit Macramé.]*

*Enter Banquo*

Lord. Banzai!  
Our royal master's murder'd!

*[Banquo laughs in hysterics]*

Banquo. ...O..you're serious.

L. **Macbeth**. Woe, alas!  
What! In our house?

*Reenter **Macbeth** and Ceramic.*

**Macbeth**. What kind of sick twisted freak could've  
performed such an act?

*[Lady and **Macbeth** exchange glances]*

*Enter Donatello and Talcum.*

Donatello. *[with crossword puzzle book]*  
What is amiss?

**Macbeth**. You are, and do not know't:

Donatello. No, I need a five letter word that means  
"Miss."

Ceramic. Do you have any letters yet?

**Macbeth**. Please, we have a horrible thing to tell you.  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd

Donatello. Is something wrong with the plumbing?

**Macbeth**. *[seeing he's getting nowhere with Donatello,  
steps over to Talcum]*

Talcum, your royal father's murder'd.

Talcum. WHAT'D YOU SAY!?, sir

**Macbeth.** *[to L. Macbeth]*

My lady, where did you  
have Talcum sleep?

L. **Macbeth.** There were no bedrooms left so we  
put him in the tower.

**Macbeth.** By the Alarum bell??

L. **Macbeth.** 'fraid so.

Fungus. MADAM! uh...a five...letter word for...miss...

**Macbeth.** I!...SAID!...THE!...KING!...IS!...DEAD!

Talcum. *[looking down at his own nightgown]*....OH!....  
...THANK YOU!!! I got it at the gap...

**Macbeth.** *[sighs]*

Donatello. Oh, by whom?

Ceramic. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:  
Their hands and faces were badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:

Donatello. Good help really is hard to find.

**Macbeth.** O! yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

All. Wherefore did you so?

**Macbeth.** Did what?

Donatello. Kill them!

**Macbeth.** Killed whom?

L. **Macbeth.** Help me hence, ho! *[faints dc]*

Donatello. *[aside to Talcum]* What is a four letter word  
for a unit of electricity?

Talcum. WHAT???

Donatello. Thank you! *[spells out as he writes in book]*  
W-A-T-T! Maybe we should leave before we get blamed!

Talcum. *[pause]*...O...OKAY!, sir!



Banquo. Look to the lady.

*[Exit Macbeth, L. Macbeth, and Lady in waiting]*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us  
like drinking a 7-11 Big Gulp only to find when  
You finish there's a tentworm's nest *[simultaneous  
gasp of chambermaids]* at the bottom. In  
the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretense I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

**Macbeth.** And so do I.

All. So all.

**Macbeth.** Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

*[Exeunt all but Talcum and Donatello, saying  
"I think it was Colonel Mustard, in the study,  
with the lead pipe...etc].*

Talcum. *[Massaging ears]* What will you do? Let's not  
consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England, sir.

Donatello. To the sewers with me. I will learn to befriend  
The rats and roaches and live off sewage that passes by.  
There I will be safe.

Talcum. Good show, I take my leave, sir.

*[Exeunt.]*

*ACT II SCENE IV.*

*>Interior: Without the Castle.*

*>Enter Vomit and an old Man.*

Old Man. Four score and seven years ago  
Our forefathers brought upon this continent  
a new nation, conceived in...

Vomit. Our forefathers???

Old man. Yes.

Vomit. I had but one.

Old man. One what.

Vomit. One father.

Old man. Oh my,

Vomit. Although, I do have a question..

Old man. And what is that, my son.

Vomit. What is South African Gazelle?

Old man. Pardon?

Vomit. Donatello lent me this puzzle book and I'm stuck!

*Enter Macramé.*

Macramé. Springbok!

Old Man. Excuse me?

Macramé. The South African Gazelle is a Springbok!

*[Vomit begins to write]*

Talcum and Donatello have fled.

Vomit. That means it is most likely the sovereignty

Will fall upon **Macbeth**.

*[several feathers gracefully float to the stage]*

Macramé. He is already named, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Vomit. Where is Deaunutt's body?

Macramé. Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

Vomit. Will you to Scone?  
Macramé. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Vomit. Well, I will thither.

Macramay, and Old Man. You'll what??

Vomit. THITHER! Thither!

Macramé. What does that mean?

Vomit. I don't know.

Macramé. Well, may you see things well done there:  
Adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Vomit. Farewell, father.

Old man. God's benison go with you: and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

*[Exeunt*

ACT III SCENE I

>Interior: Forres. A Room in the Palace.

>Enter Banquo.

Banquo. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
As upon thee, **Macbeth**  
*[stuffed dummy falls. Man wearing a "STAGE HAND" shirt enters and drags the body off]*  
But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter **Macbeth**, as king; Lady **Macbeth**,  
as queen; Ceramic, Vomit, Lords, Ladies, and Seyton.

**Macbeth**. Here's our chief guest.

L. **Macbeth**. If he had forgotten  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-things unbecoming.

Vomit. *[nauseous]* The king requests your presence  
And his royal banquet tonight. *[Macbeth nods]*

**Macbeth**. Ride you this afternoon!

Banquo. *[Astonished]* I'm not that sort  
Of man.

**Macbeth**. No, I meant are you going for a ride  
This afternoon?

*[fake horse thrown in]*  
Banquo. O, yes!

**Macbeth**. *[Moves DR and begins to speak to Seyton as a red light shines on his face. The music of the scene suddenly changes to a more solemn tone]*  
He knows too much.  
I shall have him killed *[maniacal laugh]*

Ceramic. Noble lord, I'm off to the store.  
Is there anything I can get you while I'm  
there?

**Macbeth.** *[Aside again, with the light and music, to Seyton]* He knows too much. I shall have him killed too.  
*[maniacal laugh]*

L. **Macbeth.** Honey, why did I find Monday Night Football over my General Hospital?

**Macbeth.** *[Moving DR once again, same ambiance, to Seyton]* She knows too much. I shall have her killed. *[maniacal laugh].*

Seyton. My lord, you really want the misses and Ceramic killed?

**Macbeth.** *[Ambiance suddenly becomes normal]* Nah, I just like that line.

*[to Banquo]*

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs;  
Farewell, Burrito!

Banquo. THAT'S BANQUO!!!

**Macbeth.** That's what I said.  
Goes Phlegm with you?

Banquo. Who's Phlegm?

*[Macbeth gestures toward him]*

Oh! My son...Yes.

*[exit Banquo and Phlegm.]*

**Macbeth.** Let every man be master of his time  
'Til seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone;

*[Exeunt all but the Macbeths and Seyton.]*

While then, God be with you!

*[Exit Lady Macbeth.]*

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Seyton. What?

**Macbeth.** Are the hitmen here?

Seyton. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**Macbeth.** Bring them before us.

*[Exit Seyton. Macbeth walks over to a table sitting in the UR corner of the stage which becomes lit by a soft white light. On the table is a coffee cup and a dish of walnuts. Some Italian music starts to play as Seyton enters with the two hitmen. Macbeth begins to speak as if parodying*

*the Godfather]*

Boys, boys, sit down. STAND UP!....sit down.

*[One sits]*

First Hitman. Yeah boss, you wanted us?

**Macbeth.** Patience, Vinny!

*[Vinny enters]*

Can you please get some  
Cappuccino for my friends here?

*[Vinny exits]*

You boys want some walnuts?

Second Hitman. Let's just get down to the business.

**Macbeth.** Right, the business.

Where'd you get all the money.

Second Hitman. *[since he also played the dead king Deaunutt...]*

From an old dead guy...with a walker.

**Macbeth.** I see. I hired you two hitmen to  
knock off Bozo...

First Hitman. You mean Banquo.

**Macbeth.** That's what I said. Anyway, ace the guy and his  
son, Phlegm, and dump the bodies in a ditch. Understand?

Hitmen. Yeah.

**Macbeth.** Then why are you still here?

*[exeunt Hitmen. Macbeth leaves table and walks to DC.*

*Light and music ceases at table]*

It is concluded:

Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*[Exit.*

*ACT III SCENE III*

*>Interior: A Park, with a Road leading to the Palace.*

*[Enter two Hitmen and Seyton*

Hitman 1. Why are you here?

Seyton. My lord told me to join you.

Hitman 1. This is no place for such a  
pretty lady like yourself.  
This is a world full of hatred and hurt  
and we are only here to make it worse.  
Death can fall upon us as quickly as lightning  
and melt the life outta us like a pistachio ice cream  
on a hot summer day.

*[Hitman 2. OH MY GAWD!!! runs off screaming*

Seyton. Yes...

Hitman 1. Oh, if only I could take you away from all of  
this pain and suffering to live in harmony and peace....  
together.

Seyton. Yes...Yes..

Hitman 1. Well, I guess what I'm trying to say is..

Seyton. Yes Freddy?

Hitman 1. Seyton.....I have a really nasty splinter,  
Would you please pull it out?

Seyton. Yes Freddy, I'll pull out your damn splinter.  
Wait...*[puts head to stage floor]* I hear horses...

Banquo. Give us a light there, ho!

Phlegm. Not if your gonna treat me like that.

Seyton. Then it is he.

Hitman 1. Stand to it.

Banquo. I heard the only place you can still get Tang is in Mexico...

Hitman 1. Then let it come down! *[fight*

Banquo. O treachery! Fly, good Phlegm, fly like the wind.

Seyton. There's but one down, the son has fled.  
We have lost best half of our affair.

Hitman 1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.  
*[Exeunt all but Banquo]*  
*[Enter two men in Star Trek uniforms]*

Trekkie One. Bones, help this man!

Trekkie Two. Dammit, Jim, I'm a doctor not a....  
...oh, okay.

Trekkie One. *[pulls out walkie-talkie]* Scottie, beam us up

*[enter person with headset and cigarette]*  
Person. Actors cut! This is not working, look,  
don't call us, we'll call you.  
YOU TOO, BOB!

Banquo. THAT's BANQUO!  
*[exeunt all but Person.]*

Person. We're going to take fifteen minutes to find some new  
casting.  
Why don't you help yourself to some refreshments in the lobby...  
Thank you

INTERMISSION



*ACT III SCENE IV*

*>Interior: A room of state in the palace.*

*>A banquet prepared, Enter **Macbeth**, **L. Macbeth**, **Vomit**,  
**Ceramic**, **Fungus**, and attendants*

**Macbeth.** You know your own degrees;  
sit down: at first and last  
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

**Macbeth.** Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.

*[Enter Seyton*

*There is ketchup on thy face.*

*[brings a chalice around to the guests*

Seyton. I know. I stopped for a burger on the way here.

**Macbeth.** I see. Did you do as I told you?

Seyton. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

**Macbeth.** Very good. Now I have but one  
Favor to ask of you...

Seyton. Yes my lord?

**Macbeth.** I have some hors d'oeuvres in the oven.  
Would you get them for me?

Seyton. As you wish.

*[When the turn comes to him, Fungus pulls out a straw and  
drinks with it.*

Lady **Macbeth.** My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer!

**Macbeth.** Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
and health on both!

Ceramic. May't please your highness sit.  
*[Ghost of Banquo enters and takes a seat*

**Macbeth.** Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Baghdad present--

Vomit. That's Banquo, sir.

**Macbeth.** Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

Vomit. His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

**Macbeth.** The table's full.

Ceramic. Here is a place reserved, sir.

**Macbeth.** Where?

Ceramic. There, my good lord.  
Where that ugly ghost is sitting.  
*[Banquo splashes what is left in the chalice at Ceramic*

Vomit. What is it that moves your highness?

**Macbeth.** Which of you have done this?

Lords. Done what, my lord?  
*[Macbeth paces DL*

Vomit. Do you have any potatoes, **Macbeth**?  
*[Potato falls. Vomit gets it and sits down again.*

Fungus. How about some apple sauce and a little walnut  
ice-cream, **Macbeth**? *[accenting "Macbeth". It falls, Fungus  
retrieves it]*

Ceramic. Have you any fortune cookies, **Macbeth**? *[accenting  
"Macbeth". It falls, Ceramic retrieves it. All is quiet  
(except for various dinner noises, nothing vulgar) Banquo  
reenters and sneaks up behind Macbeth*

Banquo. Boo!  
*[Macbeth jumps on table ruining everyone's meal.  
All arise*

**Macbeth.** A vaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide  
thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.

Banquo. What'd you expect, I'm dead. You had me killed.

**Macbeth.** Oh. Then why exactly are you here?

Banquo. I've come to warn you. **Macbeth**, by the time this night is over, you will be visited by three ghosts....

**Macbeth.** Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal, mockery, hence!

Banquo. Oh....All right.  
and **Macbeth**?

**Macbeth.** *[looks up, still on the table]*  
What is it?

Banquo. You have a little piece of carrot on your cheek.  
*[exeunt]*

*ACT III SCENE VI*

*>Interior: Forres. A room in the Palace.*

*>Enter Ceramic and Fungus as mission impossible theme is piped in. They are dressed appropriately as spies with respectful weapons. Real or Unreal, it'll set the scene.*

Ceramic. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Deaunutt  
Was pitied of Cawdor: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Beachball

Fungus. Banquo.

Ceramic ..Banquo walked too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Phlegm kill'd,  
for Phlegm fled: men must not walk too late.  
You know what I always say; early to bed, early to rise  
Bandaid...

Fungus. Banquo.

Ceramic. ...took the bull by the horns and decided to  
spill the beans. When Cawdor found he was in hot water,  
He decided to avoid the truth like the plague and since  
Time is money and a stitch in time saves nine, he knocked  
Off Boo-boo!

Fungus. Banquo.

Ceramic. Exactly.

Fungus. So, essentially, what you're saying is that Cawdor  
Eighty-sixed Bellbottom...

Ceramic. Banquo.

Fungus. ...like stealing candy from a baby, and Macramay,  
seeing the knife cuts both ways, got off his High horse  
and burned rubber north of the border and...

Both. That's the way the ball bounces!

Ceramic. Bingo!

Fungus. You mean Banquo.

Ceramic. Of course. Sir, can you tell me where he bestows himself?

Fungus. To England with Talcum.

Ceramic. And Donatello?

Fungus. Some have heard he's underneath the New York  
Subway System, living with the rats.

Ceramic. God help them all.

*[Exeunt.]*

*ACT IV SCENE I*

*>Interior: A Cavern. In the middle a boiling Cauldron.*

*>Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third witch. Harpier cries:[looks at watch] Tea time! Tea Time!

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

All. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Dirty sweat socks found i' the attic  
Lava lamps and vegamatics  
Soap on a rope and candied yams  
Some vinegar and a can of Spam  
A Big Mac an' fries, a purple clam shell  
The secret sauce from Taco Bell

All. Double, double your refreshment

Double, double your enjoyment  
No single gum double freshens your mouth like  
Doublemint doublemint...

Third Witch. Come on and double it!

All. Doublemint, doublemint gum!

Second Witch. Cool it with some baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

*Enter Macbeth.*

**Macbeth.** How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags! What is't you do?

First Witch. Well, if you're gonna act like that, I'm not  
gonna tell you!

**Macbeth.** Beg your pardon, I meant, please tell me what  
is't you do?

Second Witch. *[stirring with a big stick, pulls out an  
undergarment]* Catchin' up on some laundry.

**Macbeth.** I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches;  
Though the yesty waves confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Though the light of day be vanquished  
Though the world be smothered in fog  
Though...what was my point again?

First Witch. Speak!

Second Witch. Demand!

Third Witch. Call now, sorry, no C.O.D.'s!

First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths, or from our masters?

**Macbeth.** Call'em; let me see'em.

Third Witch. *[pulls phone out of cauldron, dials]* Do you  
have a calling card? *[second witch pulls phone from her  
hand and throws it in the cauldron].*

Witches. *[plays with cauldron]* Come, high or low;  
Thy...

**Macbeth.** Wait!.....What's the cauldron for?

First Witch. Would you like some  
Soup before we begin? *[ladles]*

**Macbeth.** I wouldn't want to impose...

Witches. Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show.  
*[smearing whipped cream all over Macbeth]*

Thunder. First Apparition, a cabbage patch kid.

**Macbeth.** Tell me, thou unknown power,

First Witch. He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition. **Macbeth,** *[fake rock falls]*  
**Macbeth,** *[another]*  
**Macbeth!** *[another]*  
Beware Macramay; Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me.  
Enough.  
*[Descends.]*

**Macbeth.** Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word  
more,

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a Stuffed Animal.

Second Apparition. **Macbeth,** *[fake rock falls]*  
**Macbeth,** *[another]*  
**Macbeth!** *[another]*

**Macbeth.** Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, be bold, and resolute;  
Laugh to scorn the power of man, for no woman shall harm  
you.  
*[Descends.]*

**Macbeth.** Whew! Then I guess Macramay won't hurt me.  
*[laugh. Thunder]* It was a joke, sorry!

Thunder. Third Apparition, a rubber duck

Third Apparition. **Macbeth** *[Fake rock falls]*...shall never  
Vanquish'd be until. Great Birnham wood to high Dunsinane



hill, shall come against him.

**Macbeth.** that will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root?

Third Witch. Uh... **Macbeth** *[something falls]*  
you're talking to a rubber duck!

**Macbeth.** Advise me, master!

Third Apparition. OK! There is one way that you  
Won't die. One way, I can save you from an attack.  
One way to be victorious over the enemy and one way  
To live a prosperous king. That one way is...*[sound of  
radio losing reception]* Car 18, we have a one eleven on  
The corner of East and Main, Car 18, there's a one-eleven  
On the corner of East and Main, over!  
*[Descends.*

**Macbeth.** *[as if panting]* Come back!

Witches. Seek to know no more.

**Macbeth.** I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know!

*[blindfolding Macbeth]*

First Witch. Show!

Second Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;  
Banquo's Ghost following.*

**Macbeth.** Thou art too like the spirit of Bashful!

First Witch. Banquo!

**Macbeth.** What's this? A king? Filthy hags? Why do I see  
Elvis? Another! And another! There's one more! Could it be  
that Badger..

Second Witch. Banquo!

**Macbeth.** that Banquo's rule shall succeed my death through  
five, no six, seven dynasties? I'll see no more;  
For the blood-bolter'd Booger...

Third Witch. Banquo!

**Macbeth.** Banquo smiles upon me, and points at them for this

*[Apparitions and witches vanish. taking off blindfold*

Where are they? gone?

*Enter Seyton.*

**Macbeth.** Saw you the weird sisters?

Seyton. You mean the Pointer Sisters?

**Macbeth.** No, the witches!

Seyton. No, my lord.

**Macbeth.** Came they not by you?

Seyton. No indeed, my lord.

**Macbeth.** Infected be the air whereon they ride,

Seyton. Macramay is fled to England.

**Macbeth.** Fled to England!

Seyton. Ay, my good lord.

**Macbeth.** *[aside]* Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits  
From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macramay I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
that trace him in his line. They all know too much...I shall have them  
killed

*[laugh....cough!]*

I've gotta stop doing that!

*[Exeunt.*

*ACT IV SCENE II*

*>Interior: Fife. Macramé's Castle.*

*>Enter Lady Macramay, her Son, and Vomit*

**Lady Macramé** What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Vomit. You must have patience, madam.

**Lady Macramé** He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors

Vomit. You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

**Lady Macramé** My bet is fear! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes, his mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
One crown says he whimpered off with his tail between  
his legs.

Vomit. It's a bet! Your husband is noble, wise judicious  
and best knows the fits o' the season. I dare not speak  
much further;  
I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!  
*[Exit.*

**Lady Macramé** Sirrah, your father's dead:  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother

**Lady Macramé** You mean you'll sit all day in a nest and  
wait for me to regurgitate worms down your throat?

Son. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

**Lady Macramé** Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a  
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

**Lady Macramé** Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Really?

**Lady Macramé** Twenty-five if there's a blue light  
special!

Son. Wow! Was my father a traitor, mother?

**Lady Macramé** Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

**Lady Macramé** why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

**Lady Macramé** Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged; that swear and lie?

**Lady Macramé** Everyone.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macramé. Why, the honest men.

Son. Why must they hang them?

Lady Macramé. Because.

Son. With what do they hang them?

Lady Macramé. Ropes.

Son. Where do they hang them?

Lady Macramé. Anywhere.

Son. When do they hang them? How do they hang them? Do they hang them on full moons? How long do they hang? Do they hang them on rainy days? Do they hang them on empty stomachs or full? What is the color of the shoes of the person who lives near the second aunt of the first cousin of the person being hanged?

Lady Macramé. Now God help thee, poor monkey!

*Enter Hit men.*

Hitman 2. Where is your husband?

**Lady Macramé** I hope in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Hitman 2. He is a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

Hitman 1. What! You EGG!

*[stabs son]*

Son. He has kill'd me, mother.  
Run away, I pray you.  
*[both dead.*

Hitman 2. `You egg'? What kind of insult is that?

1st. It was the best I could do on short notice.

Hitman 2. Couldn't you have said something like `You twerp' or  
`You brat'?

1st. Leave me alone, It was a mistake, ok?

Hitman 2. Gosh, see next time I let you kill a kid!

1st. Get off my back, I said it was a mistake!

Hitman 2. he he he, You egg (muttered under breath).

1st. That's it! *[stabs Hitman 2]*  
*[dies. Exit.*

*ACT IV SCENE III*

*>Interior. England. Before the kings palace  
Enter Talcum and Macramé.*

Talcum. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
weep til our sad becomes empty  
Check!

Macramé. let us rather  
hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
bestride our downfall'n birthdom...  
What did you say?

Talcum. I said, "CHECK!"

Macramé. No it's not!

Talcum. My dear, Macramay,  
look where Deaunutt is standing  
It is clearly a check and now a check mate!

Macramé. But Deaunutt is dead,  
the heir is now placed  
upon the closest living pawn....**Macbeth!**  
*[fish falls]*

Talcum. Well that's a lousy rule...  
Who ever heard of a chessboard without a king?  
Wait...That's just the way he wanted it...  
Macraméare you thinking what I'm thinking?

Macramé. Does it involve sardines and whipped cream?

Talcum. NO. look at the chessboard, what do you see.

Macramé. A chessboard

Talcum. Look harder!

Macramé. OOOh...don't move, I'll help you find it.

Talcum. Find what?

Macramé. Your contact lens

Talcum. My contact lens? I'm talking about the game...  
Don't you see it? Without the king, *[as if figuring it out]*  
a pawn would easily be able to take his place.  
That PAWN is none other than.....Uh-Oh

Macramé. What is it?

Talcum. Don't move! I dropped my contact lens  
*[enter Vomit. Picks up fish, hides it in his coat.*

Macramé. See who comes here

Talcum. It's the worthy thane of Vomit

Macramé. Good morrow, brother

Talcum. Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to regurgitate itself.  
It cannot be called our juices, nor our fluids  
but our grave. But nothing;  
who knows nothing is one seen to spittle.

Macramé. Well said, dear Vomit.

Talcum. What's the newest grief?

Vomit. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
Each minute teams a new one.

Macramé. How does my wife?

Vomit. Why well.

Macramé. And all my children.

Vomit. There is love there as well..

Macramé. And General Hospital?

Vomit. A bit confusing.  
But Debra and Shawn are getting married.

Macramé. Oh..Amore amore!

Vomit. Good sir. There ran a rumor  
of many worthy fellows that were out.  
Which was to my belief the rather  
for I saw the tyrants power a-foot  
But I have words  
that would be howled out in the desert air  
Where hearing should not latch them

Macramé. If it be mine  
Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

Vomit. Your castle is surprised.  
Your wife and babes savagely slaughtered  
Your barn burned, your cattle set free  
your lakes and rivers polluted,  
your cakes were eaten, your apples picked  
And your chickens....

Macramé. What of my chickens...

Vomit. Gone, all of them.

Talcum. Good lord!

Macramé. All my chickens?  
Reginald, Richard, Ronald and.....Ralph.

Vomit. Please don't say that name, sir.

Macramé. What of the name Ralph.

Talcum. Sir Vomit....He had a brother named Ralph.

Macramé. Oh...Sorry....Where was I...  
All my chickens, Sephus, Norton, and Angelique?  
O I could play the woman of mine eyes.  
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself,  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!  
*[exit*

Talcum. What an exhilarated man!

Vomit. I'll say. Mind if I take over?  
*[referring to chess game*

Talcum. Be my guest

Vomit. Is this your contact lens?  
*[Exeunt.*



*ACT V SCENE I*

*>Interior: Dunsinane. A room in the Castle*

*>Enter a Doctor and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

Doctor. When was it you last walked her?

Gent. You mean when she last walked?

Doctor. Of course.

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field.

Doctor. Does she have any fleas?

Gent. Pardon?

Doctor. Fleas, does she have any?

Gent. I certainly hope not. His majesty spends many a nights in the same bed as her. Would he too have fleas?

Doctor. My dear Missus, are you implying that the king, our king, sleeps with a dog?

Gent. She's not that ugly!!!

Doctor. No, I mean a canine...

Gent. I was referring to the queen.

Doctor. Then why did you send for me?

Gent. You said you cured the royal fits.

Doctor. Indeed I did? I said I cured the royal pets. I am a veterinarian! Nevermind that, what is so suspicious about her?

Gent. I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances. All I can recommend is flea collars.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

Gent. Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep.

Doctor. Her eyes are open!

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now! Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! She speaks! What's she doing?

Lady. Out, damned spot! out I say: One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! [*she is now spraying rug cleaner on the stage and scrubbing*]

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Gent. How strange!

Doctor. Aye!

Gent. No, I mean, we have stain resistant carpets!

Lady. The Thane of Fife? Oh, I'm Mac's wife, he took a knife, to Deaunutt's life, that'll end his strife! In Inverness, the blade was pressed, to Deaunutt's chest, you know the rest! Our poor king, with the angels does sing, he felt a sting, when we unsheathed the thing!

Doctor. There once was a man from Nantucket...

Gent. Shhh!

Lady. The old man lay fast asleep, brought to an untimely death, but my lord doth not weep, his murderer was...was...

Doctor. [*realizing what happened*] **Macbeth!!!**  
[*Stuffed Dog falls.*]

Gent. Spot! [*retrieving, and running off with the dog*]  
Out, Damned Spot, out I say!  
[*Exit Lady Macbeth, shortly after.*]

Doctor. Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles;  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! [*reenter Gentlewoman*] Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all this annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.  
Gent. Thank you doctor.

Doctor. Madam?

Gent. Yes.

Doctor. Was that your dog?

Gent. Aye.

Doctor. Then how did...*[pointing to above]* Nevermind,  
does he have a veterinarian?

*[Lights down.*

*[Exeunt.*

*Act V Scene II*

*>The country near Dunsinane*

Ceramic. The English power is near, led on by Talcum

Fungus. Well, we can fight, and get ourselves killed...  
or we can turn back now.

Vomit. Let's get outta here...

Ceramic. Whoa, guys, We aren't here to kill or be killed

Fungus and Vomit. We aren't?

Ceramic. No

Vomit. Then....why are we here?

Ceramic. [*"Glory, Glory Hallelujah" fades in*]

Gentlemen. We have a duty. To fight for what we  
know is true and win. When you're on that battlefield  
looking into the eyes of those you kill, think not of  
their thoughts but of their acts. For they are the enemy  
and they must all perish in a painful fiery death.

....Vomit? Are you crying. [*he shakes his head*]

ARE YOU CRYING?

Fungus. Take it easy. [*to Vomit*]

come on buddy, you can do it..

[*continues with words of persuasion and encouragement*]

[*Exeunt*]

*Act V Scene III*

*>Dunsinane; a room in the castle*

*>Enter **Macbeth**, Doctor, and Attendants*

**Macbeth.** Bring me no more reports; let them fly all  
Till Birnham wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot faint with fear. What's the boy Talcum?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, sir, no man that's born of woman  
Shall ever have power upon thee. Then fly false thanes  
And mingle with the English epicures:

*[Enter young soldier*

The devil damn thow black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where gott'st thou that goose look!

Soldier. There is ten thousand

**Macbeth.** Geese, villain?

Soldier. Soldiers, sir.

**Macbeth.** Go, prick thy face, and over-rod thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch!  
What soldiers, whey-face?

Soldier. The English force, so please you.

**Macbeth.** Go to your room!

*[exit soldier, crying*

**Macbeth.** ...And no dessert!!!

Seyton! I am sick at heart  
When I behold-Seyton I say! This  
push will cheer me ever or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow loaf;

*[enter Seyton*

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?

**Macbeth.** Could you get me, like, some Tang?  
or something. My throat is just really dry...

Seyton. We sent Banquo to get it and he--

**Macbeth.** Ice tea will be fine. Thank you, Seyton

*[exit]*

You want anything? She really is an  
excellent cook.

Doctor. No thank you.

Sir, I must leave. I assure you, the Lady **Macbeth** will be fine. Just keep her off her feet and give her some gingerale. The best to you and yours...

**Macbeth.** Yes--Seyton!--I'll have  
Seyton show you to the door.

*[Exeunt*

*ACT V SCENE IV*

*>Interior: Country near Birnham Wood.*

*>Drum and colours. Enter Talcum, Macramé, Fungus, Ceramic, Vomit, and soldiers, marching*

Vomit. We learn no other but the confident tyrant keeps  
still in Dunsinane  
And will endure our setting down before't

Talcum. 'tis his main hope. What wood is this before us?

Fungus. The wood of Birnham.

Talcum. Let every man hew him down a bough  
and bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us

Vomit. It shall be done

Talcum. Advance the war  
*[exit*

Vomit. Advance the war  
*[exit*

Fungus. Advance the war  
*[exit*

Ceramic. Advance the war  
*[exit*

Macramé. Vavance wa dore. Damn!  
*[exit*

ACT V SCENE V

>Interior: Dunsinane, Within the castle

>Enter, with drum and colours, **Macbeth**, Doctor, and Soldiers

**Macbeth.** Hang our banners on the outward walls;  
["yes sir"] Bring forth our tapestries of war ["yes  
sir"]...take this jacket to the cleaners ["right away,  
sir"] The cry is still "They come!" our castle's strength  
Will laugh siege to scorn; here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.  
[cry of women within.  
What is that noise?

*Enter Bleeding Sergeant.*

Sergeant. Give my regards to Broadway  
remember me to Harold Square. Tell all the  
gang at forty-second street that I will soon be there  
[exit]

Doctor. [speaking over noise] tis the cry of women, my  
good lord  
[Exit.

Enter Soldier, sad

**Macbeth.** What has happened?

Soldier. Detroit lost to New York in overtime...

**Macbeth.** Now there's a surprise!  
I have almost forgot the taste of fears  
The time has been my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night shriek and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Reenter Doctor*

Wherefore was that cry?

Doctor. The queen, my lord, is...

**Macbeth.** Dead?

Doctor. Nah! She ran off with the porter leaving a note  
describing various sexual acts.

[Exeunt all but **Macbeth**.

**Macbeth.** She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and to...[looks around]



tomorrow, and tomorrow, and to..[looks around, then at watch] Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and to..

*Enter Bleeding Sergeant*

Sergeant. Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love ya  
You're only a day away!!!

**Macbeth.** A little late!

*[exit.*

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.  
Yea as I walk through the valley of death  
I shall fear no evil for the Lord is at my side  
Amazing Grace how sweet the sound that saved...

*Enter Seyton.*

Seyton. My gracious lord,

**Macbeth.** Yes.

Seyton. I should report that which I say I saw,  
but know not how to do it.  
As I did stand my watch upon the hill I looked  
toward Birnham, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.  
*[Bleeding Sergeant runs in singing "The hills are alive with the sound of..." He exits]*

**Macbeth.** Liar and slave!

Seyton. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

**Macbeth.** If thou speak'st false,  
So help me god *[raises arm]*

Seyton. No, sir  
*[exit]*

**Macbeth.** Fear not till Birnham wood  
Do come to Dunsinane'; and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And with the estate o' the world were no undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.  
*[Exeunt.*

ACT V SCENE VI

>Interior: The Same. A Plain before the castle

>Enter two men, one large and burly, the other small.

Small man. What's that ya got thar, Lenny?

Lenny. Nothing. I ain't got nothin' George

George. Give it here!

Fa Christ's sake Lenny, stop playin' with mice

Lenny. Tell me 'bout the rabbits again George.

*[exeunt.]*

*Enter with drum and colours, Talcum, Macramé, and company with tree limbs*

Talcum. Now, near enough; your leafy screens throw down,  
And show like those you are.

*[exit them off one side enter Macbeth's cavalry on the other]*

**Macbeth.** They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he  
that was not born of woman! Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none *[exeunt right-stage]*

*Alarums. Enter Macramé and his army, left-stage*

Macramé. Tyrant, show thy face  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

Talcum. The game is afoot. Upon this charge cry for  
God, Harry, England and Saint George!

*[exeunt stage left]*

*[Enter Macbeth's army, stage right]*

**Macbeth.** Why should I play the roman fool and die on mine own  
sword, while I see the lives, the gashes do better upon them!  
*[start to exit again stage right, members of army are REALLY  
confused]*

Macramé. Turn Hell-hound, turn!

**Macbeth.** You didn't say, "Simon says..."  
CHARGE!!!

*[both armies advance running right past eachother exiting on  
opposite sides]*

Macramé. I have no words, my voice is in my sword!

*[stage hand runs across with fog device  
[fighting between Macbeth and Macramé]*

**Macbeth.** Wait! Didn't you just say, "you have no words, your voice is in your sword.."

Macramé. Yea..

**Macbeth.** Isn't that an oxymoron?

Macramé. No, just irony. Now do you mind? I'm trying to slay you!

*[fighting]*

**Macbeth.** No I think it WAS an oxymoron!

Macramé. Have it your way!

*[fighting]*

**Macbeth.** STOP! [leans on Macramé] what I really don't understand is that the rubber ducky ghost told me that none of women born shall harm me... How do you fig?

Macramé. That's easy, my mother had a sex change!

**Macbeth.** That certainly does clear something's up... do you mind if we inauspiciously fight off that end of the stage now?

Macramé. Fine by me..

*[Narrator enters]*

Narrator. The army of Macramé took on **Macbeth** and his soldiers  
There was blood, guts, torsos and disgruntled postal workers...  
And when the smoke cleared, Macramé reenters with a symbol of his  
victory.

*[Enter Macramé's army, except for Macramé]*

Vomit. Enter, sir, the castle...

Talcum. Hey... has anyone seen Macramé?

*[Enter Macramé with a rubber chicken]*

Macramé. Hail king, for so thou art..  
For I have slain....**Macbeth!**

*[all look up, expecting something to fall, when nothing  
does, all shrug, and exeunt, mumbling]*

*[Macbeth's head falls, curtain closes.]*