

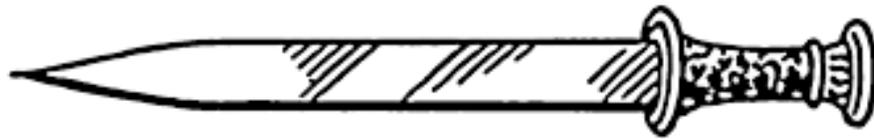
MACBETH

THE MUSICAL

Or: *Carry On Don't Lose Your Throne;*

Or: *The Scottish Play-giarism;*

Or: *Too Many Kings Spoil The Scotch Broth.*



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*Eds. Amy Hemsworth, Freddie Houlahan, Patrick Painter,
Elspeth Rogers.*

Prefatory Material

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Character List

The Macbeths

Macbeth – Slightly weak Scottish lord pushed into becoming King, who oversteps his boundaries and is made to pay for it.

L. Macbeth – Partner of the above, his motivator, and definitely the power element of the power couple.

The Servants

Clara – Head of the household staff, actually sensible.

Lara – Very big believer in the status quo, monarchist to the extreme.

Zara – About as radical as you can get and still work in a castle kitchen.

James MacChef – Violent-tempered creative food-artist, easily disturbed.

Peter Porter – Usually drunk, always making bad jokes, takes nothing seriously.

The Soldiers

Private Killer – Young guard with more confidence than knowledge.

Private Mauler – Young guard with more knowledge than confidence.

Private Giggler – Young guard lacking confidence and knowledge.

Sergeant McStabbem – World-weary and jaded, castle guard as a semi-retirement plan.

Vampires

Vlad – Confident, rich, and debonair, the undisputed leader of the pair with designs on Macbeth's castle and kingdom.

Edwin – A little less confident, a little less rich, crushing hugely on Vlad.

The Witches

Sabrina – Lead witch, too much faith in her own abilities, gets in over her head.

Hermione – Second witch, obsessed with doing everything by the book.

Ursula – Youngest witch, still learning the ropes, determined to be unimpressed.

Laddie of the Loch – Mysterious and ill-defined cousin to the Lady of the Lake, giver of mystical advice.

The Duncans

Duncan – Flamboyant and overly eloquent old king, highly posh, lives in a world of his own most of the time. Far too trusting.

Duncan XV – A many-years-previously king of Scotland, summoned by mistake at the Seance. Died during an overly excitable sexual encounter.

Duncan XIV – Likewise; died due to a hunting accident.

Duncan XIII – Likewise; died after falling off the scaffolding during castle construction.

The Experts

Buffy – You all know Buffy.

Executioner – Gruff and grumpy, has been cutting off heads with axes for twenty years and isn't about to change now.

Van Helsing – Incompetent vampire hunter, has not recognised that Duncan is in fact a vampire.

The Others

Macduff – Friend to Macbeth and Duncan, soldier and runner of messages. Well-meaning but ineffectual.

L. Macduff – Partner to Macduff, far more forthright, with a worrying amount of enthusiasm for weaponry.

Banquo – Friend to Macbeth, still living through a thirty-year-previous hippy phase. Speaks entirely in the language of cringe.

Fleance – Oldest son of Banquo, hugely embarrassed by both his father and his brother.

Séance – Younger son of Banquo, hugely embarrassed by his father, slightly worrying obsession with the occult.

Characters by Scene

1.1 [8]	Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, Vlad, Edwin.	2.1 [64]	Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Buffy, Executioner, Van Helsing.
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5 2021,22	1.2 [17]	Duncan, Macduff, Sergeant, Killer, Mauler, Giggler,	2.2 [67]	Banquo, Fleance, Seance, Vlad, Edwin.	
	1.3 [22]	Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, Macbeth, Banquo.	2.3 [70]	Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Macduff, L. Macduff, Sergeant, Killer, Mauler, Giggler, Lara.	0 73
	1.4 [28]	Porter, Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Macduff.	2.4 [76]	Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, the Laddie of the Loch.	
	1.5 [33]	Porter, Clara, Lara, Zara, MacChef, Edwin, Vlad.	2.5 [83]	Banquo, Fleance, Séance, Clara, Lara, Zara, Duncans XIII-XV.	
2 46,47	1.6 [40]	Porter, Macduff, Lady Macduff, Vlad, Edwin, Duncan, Sergeant, Killer, Mauler, Giggler.	2.6 [93]	L. Macbeth, Vlad, Edwin, Porter.	
	1.7 [47]	Vlad, MacChef, Edwin, Clara, Lara, Zara.	2.7 [102]	Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Sabrina, Ursula, Hermione, Laddie of the Loch.	
	1.8 [50]	Duncan, Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Macduff, L. Macduff, Banquo, Sabrina, Ursula, Hermione.	2.8 [112]	Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, Macduff, L. Macduff, Buffy, Executioner, Van Helsing, Giggler.	

1.9 [57]	Duncan, Sergeant, Killer, Mauler, Giggler, Macbeth, L. Macbeth.	2.9 [122]	Vlad, Edwin, MacChef, Clara, Lara, Zara.
		2.10 [127]	Everyone except Vampires, Ghosts, Laddie.

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[Page numbers in brackets.]

Song List

1.3 - The Weird Sisters	Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula.	In which the witches explain their plans and role in the play as elements of chaos.
1.7 - Haggis and Chips	MacChef, Clara, Lara, Zara, Edwin, Vlad.	A very camp number with all the kitchen staff chiming in to show that Working Together Is Good. Also an opportunity for more vampire puns.
1.8 - The Murder Song	Macbeth, L. Macbeth.	During which L. Macbeth persuades Macbeth to join in the murder frenzy. Lots of melodrama required.
2.1 - The Room Where What Happened?	Macbeth, L. Macbeth	A montage of the Macbeths continually trying to kill Vampire Duncan whilst other characters wonder where he went.
2.5 - A Haunted Melody	Duncan XV, XIV, XIII	A 'Stupid Deaths'-style lament of the ghosts complaining about

		their deadness, in hilarious style.
2.6 - Constantly Thwarted	Edwin, Vlad.	In which Edwin confesses a long-hidden love for Vlad, which meets with obstacles at every turn.
2.10 - Final Song	Everyone!	Classic OULES edition, in which everyone gets a few lines to tie things up in a pretty bow.

Act I

1.1 - Which Witch is Which?

Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, Vlad, and Edwin.

A Blasted Heath. Three witches centre stage.

Sabrina: Come gather here and close attend our tale
Fly with us north across the hill and dale
To find the margin of this bloody war
Twixt new and old, on some forsaken moor
Where grizzling sky frowns down on scenes of death
All brought here by the man they call Macbeth.

Hermione: There's danger pressing close on ev'ry side
So come along and here observe Fate's tide
When caught up in her current, who can say
If one or else the other holds the day?
Now find us at the foot of hist'ry's book
Which will some day set down the course we took.

Sabrina: How was that?

Ursula: Oh, very good. Very dramatic. I was really scared.

Hermione: You're not just saying that, are you?

Ursula: No, no. Honestly, you'll blow them away at the next Witch of the Year.

Sabrina: I just think it's important to get the basics right, you know?

Ursula: Absolutely. And you can't beat a good eldritch poem.

Hermione: Did you notice the iambic pentameter?

Ursula: I did think "foot of hist'ry's book" was a bit strained.

Hermione: I can work on it. Do you think-

Enter Vlad and Edwin.

Edwin: And so this is *Macbeth*. Goodness me, Vlad. This moorland is so dismal. So unpleasant. So much like the castle at home.

Vlad: I know. Isn't it fabulous?

Edwin: It's wonderful! The perfect place to look for a holiday home.

Vlad: And that's even before the killing starts. It's been years since I last stole a house, my friend.

Edwin: Wow, it even comes along with free snacks before the main event!

Sabrina: Free snacks?

Hermione: I think he means us, Sabrina.

Sabrina: Well, he can bloody well mean someone else. I've been witching in this valley for fifty years and this is my first big assignment. If he thinks I'm going to be dipped in hummus for his pleasure, today of all days, then he'd better think again.

Edwin: Oh, how exciting! Vlad, did you hear that?

Vlad: Yes, of course I heard. But you've always been too easily excited, Edwin. Look at this lot; not a wart between them. They're not *real* witches.

Sabrina: Not real witches, he says! Now you look here, boy. If I turned you into a newt, you'd soon believe in our abilities.

Vlad: I suppose I would.

Sabrina: Well...

Ursula: Go on, then.

Hermione: Obliterate him!

Ursula: Pulverise him!

Hermione: Make him pay!

Sabrina: I'm not sure the National Trust will approve. This is a very carefully balanced ecosystem you know.

Vlad: Thought so.

Edwin: This will save us finding a service station sandwich, Vlad.

Ursula: No, no, no. We can't possibly be murdered this week, we've got a lot of work to do. It's a big job, you know.

Vlad: Cackling?

Edwin: Making tea?

Vlad: Chasing newts across the playground?

Hermione: Playing with destiny, as a matter of fact.

Vlad: Village romances?

Edwin: Practising your cauldron-polishing?

Vlad: Counting your rat collection?

Sabrina: Altering the history books. Writing upon the stone slab of time.
Playing the game of thrones.

Hermione: It's 'kings', Sabrina. Copyright lawyers are worse than
vampires.

Sabrina: Kings, then.

Vlad: *(Aside.)* Edwin... Did she say... *kings*?

- Edwin:** She did... Is that important?
- Vlad:** Weren't you listening when I was showing you the brochure? We've got to find the witches who get Macbeth to murder the king. That's what kicks off the all-you-can-eat buffet. So, if these are *those* witches...
- Edwin:** Oh... *Right*. Got it. *(To the Witches.)* So... You know the king in these parts?
- Hermione:** Not to speak to.
- Vlad:** Do you know where we might find his castle?
- Ursula:** We might. We might not.
- Vlad:** Then maybe you could direct us to him?
- Sabrina:** You'll find him at Dunsinnet Castle, about five miles east.
- Edwin:** Many thanks. And now, you'll have to excuse me, but we missed lunch... *(He moves towards them.)*

Vlad: *(Grabbing his arm)* Are you mad?!

Edwin: It's been suggested.

Vlad: What did I tell you before we came?

Edwin: That I shouldn't forget to pack my toothbrush, because-

Vlad: No, no! I told you we have to wait for the chaos, right?

Edwin: Right.

Vlad: See these three? *They* are the chaos. Leave them be, Edwin. I promise you, we'll have lakes of blood to swim in by the interval. *(Dragging him offstage.)* We will bid you goodnight, midnight hags.

They exit.

Sabrina: Who's he calling a midnight hag?

Hermione: I really don't think you should have told him that, Sabrina.

- Sabrina:** It's not even as if it's midnight yet,
- Ursula:** Well, what harm can it do?
- Hermione:** I'm sure they were vampires. We shouldn't be letting them loose on the locals without at least doing a risk assessment.
- Ursula:** You can't go discriminating against people because of their diet, Hermione.
- Sabrina:** And I've got years to go before I become a hag. Old Mary Mollis was a hundred and three before they gave her the certificate. And even then, they wouldn't give it to her until she'd grown some extra warts.
- Hermione:** We can't afford to make mistakes now.
- Ursula:** It'll be fine. You're allowed to make it up as you go along.
- Hermione:** Well. Not strictly true. It says in 'Witching for Beginners' that-
- Ursula:** No one will take us seriously as a coven if you keep on citing your sources, Hermione.

Sabrina: Nice cravats they had, though.

Exeunt.

1.2 - War. Huh.

Duncan, Macduff, Sergeant, Killer, Mauler, Giggler.

A Military Camp. Duncan consulting on strategy with Macduff and Sergeant.

Duncan: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

Macduff: Yes, your majesty.

Duncan: This really is terribly troubling.

Sergeant: Yes, your majesty.

Duncan: A dreadful occurrence indeed.

Macduff: Yes, your majesty.

Duncan: And I suppose it's all my own fault.

Sergeant: Yes, your majesty.

Duncan: No, no, I really must insist, it is my— what did you say?

Sergeant: I- oh, nothing, your majesty.

Macduff: I think Sergeant MacStabbem was just saying what a shame it was, your majesty.

Duncan: I suppose I really should have realised earlier. The way that old Cawdor kept turning up behind me with a sword in his hand, or tipping strange potions into my food, or bribing my servants to give him the house keys... But one doesn't like to assume, does one?

Sergeant: Standing behind you at the top of steep cliffs...

Duncan: Yes... And removing drain covers in front of me.

Sergeant: And leaving live scorpions on your bedroom floor.

Duncan: I just thought he had a rather odd sense of humour. Ah, well. I suppose I shall have to have him executed. A great shame. See to it, will you, Macduff?

Macduff: Of course.

Duncan: And how goes it at the front?

Sergeant: Well, I spend most of my time near the back. But it seems to be going well enough. Last time we did a headcount, there were still more on our side than theirs.

Duncan: Excellent news!

Sergeant: Some of them were still attached to their original owners, too.

Enter four soldiers.

Stumble on, ricocheting into
Killer then Giggler

Sergeant: But here are some people who might know more, your majesty.

Guard Song

I'm a guard, I'm a guard, and I'm a guard
what we do is stand around in the yard
I'm a guard, I'm a guard, and I'm a guard
And what we want is to be a band

Duncan: What soldiers are these?

Sergeant: This is Private Killer, this is Private Mauler, and this... is Private Giggler, I'm afraid. Salute

Duncan: And what can you tell us of the battle?

Killer: Well, from what we saw...

Mauler: Which was all of it, obviously. *panicked, say quickly*

Giggler: From our place right at the very front.

Mauler: Thanking God for the blind archers on the other side.

Killer: Well, *anyway*... From what we saw... *(Grasping for a name)*
Macbeth was fighting pretty well.

Mauler: Oh, absolutely. Swords flying everywhere.

Giggler: We were glad he was on our side, I can tell you.

Duncan: Macbeth, eh? I have always found him too mild a man, but he has transformed himself, it seems. Many thanks, gallant officers; I shall reward him greatly for this. You may go.

Sergeant: Dismissed.

Duncan: Yes, that too.

They cross the stage.

Killer: Which one's Macbeth again?

Mauler: Short one, watery eyes.

Giggler: Oh, is he?

Killer: Damn. I thought he was the tall one.

Mauler: What made you pick him, anyway?

Killer: It was the only name I could remember. I slept through the induction meetings.

They exit.

Macduff: Not the name I was expecting.

Duncan: War brings strange things from us all. Now, Macduff; go forth, I beg of you; meet with Macbeth, and confer upon him the title which I shall have shortly to remove from the traitor.

Macduff: Could I have the Wikipedia version of that?

Duncan: Tell the general that he shall be elevated once again to a level greater than his imaginings.

Macduff: How about SparkNotes?

Duncan: The title of Cawdor shall be his forthwith.

Macduff: As you command.

Exeunt.

1.3 - Premature Incantation.

Sabrina, Ursula, Hermione, Macbeth, Banquo.

A Blasted Heath. Three witches on stage.

SONG - THE WEIRD SISTERS

Sabrina: When shall we three meet again?

Ursula: Well, I can't do Thursday, I'm babysitting.

Hermione: Friday's out. I've got to take the familiar to the vet.

Ursula: Not ill, is she?

Hermione: You know, she's never been right since we got back from the Shetlands. I'm sure the weather didn't agree with her.

Sabrina: How about Saturday?

Hermione: Oh, I don't know. Can I WhatsCat you tomorrow?

Ursula: I don't use WhatsCat - message me on Fatesbook?

Sabrina: All right, all right. Let's just get off this blasted heath, shall we?

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, talking.

Ursula: Is that who I think it is?

Hermione: Oh God, oh God, oh God... That's them, isn't it? Are we really sure we want to do this? It's totally out of our league; if the Council find out, we'll be executed... Or worse - expelled from witching!

Sabrina: Will you calm *down*? We'll be fine. Ugh, but this is totally unfair. He's not due for at least another couple of pages, I haven't done my hair, the cauldron isn't ready...

Hermione: *We're* not ready! This is way beyond our core competencies, I think we should at least check with -

Sabrina: No time, no time. Come on, go with it.

Ursula: But I haven't learnt the lines yet, I was going to do that during the next scene.

Sabrina: So improvise! Look... (*Assumes dramatic pose*)

Art thou Macbeth, the general of that name

Whose glory spreads throughout the land in fame?

Macbeth: Who wants to know?

Sabrina: Your turn.

Hermione: We are sisters three, of unholy fate
And here on this moor, your coming, we wait.

Banquo: Woah. Creepy, mate.

Macbeth: They can't mean me. I've never done anything famous.

Banquo: How do you know? Maybe you're, like, front page news in
Witchy-Witch Magazine.

Hermione: Now you, Ursula.

Ursula: Oh, God...
We here bring you news, of greatest import,
But... I can't think of any more words; abort!

- Sabrina:** *(With a glare)* I tell you, if you will take it from me,
That Scotland's next king shall surely be thee.
- Banquo:** Woah. Bare wild, man.
- Macbeth:** I'm sure it must be a mistake.
- Hermione:** We are the three witches, and we make none,
Believe us you must, before set of sun.
- Banquo:** See?
- Sabrina:** *(To Ursula)* Have another go. Try and get it right this time.
- Ursula:** Oh, um, right, okay... here we go...
Believe us or not, it's for you to choose,
But if you don't... buy a new pair of shoes.
- Macbeth:** This is really not convincing me...
- Sabrina:** You'll have a new title by end of day,

That, if naught else, should persuade you to stay.

Hermione: Oooh, that was good.

Sabrina: I thought so.

Banquo: Rock on, man. You should go on, like, Scotland's Got Talent.

Sabrina: And would you be Banquo, first of that name?

Banquo: The one and only.

Hermione: Macbeth shall be King, in fullness of time,
But not so his children; it shall be thine.

Macbeth: That's hardly fair. C'mon, mate, my feet are getting cold.

Banquo: Right on.

Exit Macbeth and Banquo.

Ursula: Is that what was supposed to happen?

Sabrina: Not exactly.

Hermione: Ugh. Typical. He's right about one thing though, it's freezing out here. Let's get indoors, I've got some hot soup in the cauldron.

Exeunt.

1.4 - Remember The Porter.

Porter, Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Macduff.

The Hallway. Porter wandering drunkenly to and fro.

Porter: Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?

Macbeth: Macbeth. Don't you know me by now?

Porter: Who?

Macbeth: It's my damn castle! Let me in, will you?

Porter: Aye, aye. Have a little patience, sir, just a little. Why, 'tis a trying—

Macbeth: And get my wife. I must speak with her upon the instant.

Porter: Upon the what?

Macbeth: The instant!

Porter: I don't think we've got one of those. You might have to speak to her upon the sofa.

Macbeth: Do as I command!

Exit Porter, grumbling, to return with Lady Macbeth.

L. Macbeth: I hope you're going to wipe that blood off your boots before you come in.

Macbeth: There are greater matters afoot.

L. Macbeth: That's right. A-foot covered in blood is going to stain my marble floors. And then a-foot in a heavy boot might be applied to the back of your head.

Macbeth: I have very important news. I am to be king.

L. Macbeth: *(Condescending, disbelief.)* That's nice, dear.

Macbeth: I said that I am to be king! Ruler of all Scotland! Leader of the nation!

L. Macbeth: Yes, yes, I heard. You've had a very long day, haven't you?

Macbeth: Three witches appeared to me and told me that I will be the king!

L. Macbeth: Silly children playing tricks.

Macbeth: You will be queen!

Immediately more interested.

L. Macbeth: What did they look like, these witches?

Macbeth: I couldn't tell. It was dark.

L. Macbeth: And you didn't take a torch? Fool.

Knocking from off. Exit Porter.

L. Macbeth: So, Duncan is dead then?

Macbeth: Alive and well.

L. Macbeth: That will have to change.

Macbeth: How on earth-

L. Macbeth: Oh, I can manage it.

Enter Porter and MacDuff.

Macduff: I have very important news.

L. Macbeth: Oh, not you as well.

Macbeth: What is it, my friend?

Macduff: It is the King. He comes here tonight.

Macbeth: I have issued no invitation.

L. Macbeth: He needs none. He is always welcome under this roof.

Macbeth: That's not what you said last time he came; you said—

L. Macbeth: You must have him mixed up with someone else. Or maybe me...

Macbeth: No, I definitely don't have him mixed up with you.

L. Macbeth: You may tell the King that we'll expect him for dinner.

Porter: He'll be a bit tough.

L. Macbeth: Tough?

Porter: Well, the cook won't have time to do a marinade.

Macbeth: I wouldn't worry. He's usually well basted by the time he gets here.

Exeunt.

1.5 - An Idiot Sandwich?

Porter, Clara, Lara, Zara, MacChef, Vlad, Edwin.

The Kitchens. Clara, Lara, Zara, and MacChef doing kitcheny things.

Enter Porter.

MacChef: Who's that, who's that? Is it the people from the catering agency?

Porter: Catering agency?

MacChef: You don't think I keep this kitchen running all by myself, do you?

Clara: Well, that's charming, isn't it, Zara?

Zara: Real gratitude, Clara. When I think of all the overtime I've done for you, MacChef...

Lara: All the gravy I've mopped up...

Clara: All the flour I've swept up...

Zara: All the plates I've smashed up...

MacChef: All right, all right. No need to bore me to MacDeath.

Porter: Talking of boring...

Zara: Oh yes, *you're* still here.

Porter: Talking of death, I mean. You'll never guess what.

Lara: Probably not.

Porter: Go on, Lara. Guess who's coming to stay.

MacChef: If it's my brother again then you'll just have to tell him I'm not here. Say I've been eaten by the Loch Ness Monster or something.

Zara: He didn't believe that the last three times.

Lara: We're not going to guess, so you might as well tell us.

Porter: Oh, all *right*. It's the King, if you must know.

MacChef: (*Wild panic.*) But it can't be! I've got nothing in the larder!

Porter: They do say he's coming to escape the plague in Edinburgh.

Lara: Oh yes, and bring it along with him, no doubt. The place will be filled with noxious vapours!

Clara: Should we wear masks?

Zara: We should make him wear a mask!

Lara: Zara! You can't make the King wear a mask!

Zara: With a kitchen full of carving knives? Do you want to bet?

Clara: That sounds like treason to me.

MacChef: Well, I hope they give us plenty of warning before they behead us; I'd have to get a new hat. And I'll tell you something else; there's no way we can have the court descending on us like this.

I haven't got the staff; I'll have to send for another few people from the agency.

Clara: We haven't got time if he's coming tonight. I'll ride over now, try to bring someone back to help with supper this evening.

Exit Clara.

MacChef: All I can say is, if -

Knocking. Porter clears throat.

Porter: There is a knocking without.

Zara: A knocking without what?

Porter: Without the door.

MacChef: Well, that's a real talent, that is, knocking without a door. Go on then, answer the thing.

Edwin: Ah, greetings, fellow human. Can I perhaps interest you in...
(Goes blank, glances at Vlad, who mimes violently and unhelpfully.) A... uh... Flyswat? Tennis racquet? Frying pan?

Porter: Yes, all right then.

Edwin: Oh. Um. (*Awkward silence.*) Very... useful, aren't they? Frying pans?

MacChef: Is that the people from the agency?

Porter: What, in cravats? Escort agency, maybe.

Vlad: No, no, no. We are... the people. From the agency. The people you were expecting. Those people. That's us.

Zara: That was quick! Well, are you coming in, or what?

Edwin: That, that... That depends. Are we invited?

Lara: Don't be stupid; come in, for God's sake. You're letting all the heat out.

Vlad: Ah, it seems we *are* invited. Excellent.

They walk into the kitchens.

MacChef: Been doing the job long?

Edwin: The job? Oh, no...

MacChef: That's the trouble these days.

Vlad: Only a few hundred years. We had a start-up company. Trouble was, we were struggling with *stakeholder* engagement.

Edwin: We did our best to bring in fresh blood, but...

Zara: It sucks.

Vlad: *(Panicking slightly)* It... what?

Zara: Sucks. You know, your company going under. And that.

Edwin: Oh. Yes. Thank you.

Lara: What sector was it in?

Edwin: (Simultaneously) Finance.

Vlad: (Simultaneously) Technology.

(Awkward pause.)

Edwin: Finance technology. You know... Abacuses, that kind of thing.

MacChef: But you can cook?

Vlad: Well, yes. Except for just one thing. Some of us get a little *overexcited* around certain foods, don't we, Edwin?

Edwin: (*Guiltily*) Rare steak.

MacChef: No problem there. You can make the garlic sauce.

Exeunt.

1.6 - Rain On Macduff.

Porter, Macduff, Lady Macduff, Vlad, Edwin, Duncan, and the Soldiers.

The Hallway. Porter standing to one side, Macduff begins offstage.

Porter: Who's there?

Macduff: Macduff!

Porter: Who?

Macduff: Macduff!

Porter: Macduff who?

Macduff: You know who I am! Open the door, will you, it's raining cats and dogs out here!

Porter: It's not as hard as all that.

Macduff: No, I mean literally! I've just stepped in a poo.

Porter: Poodle.

Macduff: What?

Porter: The joke is “I’ve just stepped in a poodle.”

Macduff: Yes, I know. That’s why this isn’t funny. Now open the damn door!

Enter Macduff, L. Macduff.

L. Macduff: There are strange things happening out there. I think witches may be abroad.

Porter: Weather like this, I wish I was abroad too.

L. Macduff: France would be nice, wouldn’t it? Is anyone going to take our coats?

Enter the Vampires

Vlad: Of course, of course.

Porter: You can hang them in the stables to dry.

Edwin: In the stables?

Porter: Can't have them dripping in the kitchen, MacChef'll go mad.

Vlad: But...

Edwin: Won't that mean...

Vlad: Going... outside?

Porter: Obviously. The boss is waiting in the drawing room, if you want to go through.

L. Macduff: We will, thank you.

Exit Macduff, L. Macduff, and Porter.

Edwin: But Vlad... it's still daylight...

Vlad: Not really daylight, I don't think, I mean you can hardly call

this proper daylight, can you? Not like home.

Edwin: I don't see why we're playing along with this anyway. We've got the invitation, why don't we just take over the place?

Vlad: You have no patience, Edwin, that's your trouble, none at all. Didn't you hear what the servants were saying when we arrived?

Edwin: They've got some guests coming; so what?

Vlad: Not just 'some guests', my friend. The King of Scotland, in the flesh.

Edwin: And?

Vlad: Oh, think about it, won't you? The *King*, Edwin. The King, whose death starts the whole thing off. That's when we strike, remember?

Edwin: How does that work?

Vlad: Have faith.

Edwin: I'd sooner have a plan.

Knocking at the door.

Vlad: ... Should we get that?

Edwin: I think so.

Vlad opens the door. Enter Duncan with the Soldiers.

Duncan: Oh, they've redecorated.

March On
Stand to Attention

Sergeant: I do like the fuchsia colour.

Duncan: Well now, I believe you're expecting me.

Edwin: No, we were expecting the King.

Duncan: That's lucky, then. I am the King.

Vlad: You're not as tall as I was expecting.

Killer: You can't talk to the King like that!

Mauler: Show some respect!

Duncan: Really, really, it's nothing I haven't heard before. To tell the truth, I wore stilts for the official portraits.

Edwin: Everyone is ready for you, if you'd like to go on through.

Sergeant: Oh, thank you.

Giggler: Very kind of you.

Mauler: I'm really looking forward to it,

Exit Soldiers, followed by Duncan.

Nod to Vampires as exit

Edwin: ... I think we've made a mistake.

Vlad: How do you mean?

Edwin: Correct me if I'm wrong...

Vlad: You know I always do.

Edwin: But I don't think the chef was expecting all the soldiers to eat here too.

Vlad: ... Oh.

Edwin: Yes.

Vlad: I think we'd better go and tell him. Now.

Exit Vampires.

1.7 - Kitchen In Khaos.

Vlad, MacChef, Edwin, Clara, Lara, Zara.

The Kitchens. Vlad and Edwin standing together. Clara, Lara, and Zara standing around MacChef, who has (own) head in hands.

MacChef: How could you do this to me?

Vlad: We're sorry.

MacChef: Sorry?

Edwin: ... Yes?

MacChef: You think sorry is enough?

Clara: Take it easy.

MacChef: This was going to be the pinnacle of my career, Clara!

Lara: Not difficult.

MacChef: The day I cooked a banquet for the King, with less than four hours' notice, without a single qualified person to help...

Zara: Hey!

Clara: Do you mind?

MacChef: It was all going so well, all going to plan...

Lara: Well, the soup isn't done yet.

MacChef: And now thanks to you two idiots, you buffoons, you fools of the highest order, it's all been ruined at the last possible moment!

Edwin: Is there nothing you can do?

Zara: Of course there is. Don't give up so easily. Look it up in your MacBook.

MacChef: There's nothing!

Clara: Then get a McDonald's! But don't just give up now, we haven't got time.

MacChef: Well, maybe you're right.

Lara: Of course we're right. By the time we're done here, you'll be taking first prize on Mac-sterChef.

SONG - HAGGIS AND CHIPS.

Exeunt.

1.8 - Speech and Speechification.

Duncan, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Macduff, Lady Macduff, Banquo, and the Witches.

The Great Hall. All (except the Witches) seated around a table, watching Duncan go on... and on...

Duncan: (mid-speech) And so it only remains for me to say again how very thankful I am to my good friend Macbeth, my confidante and my most trusted companion, for his hospitality, and for his help in the battles just fought, as well as those yet to come. Let us raise a glass, I beg of you all, to his valour and his loyalty. To Macbeth!

All: To Macbeth.

L. Macbeth: You have done well, you have his trust.

Macbeth: It only makes me feel worse.

Macduff: (*overhearing*) Worse about what?

Macbeth: Oh... Er...

L. Macbeth: About not having caught that traitor earlier.

Macbeth: Yes. Yes, that's it.

Macduff: Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Traitors can be everywhere. You can never tell who's going to be next. They can look like the most innocent people, and yet...

Banquo: So not cool, man.

L. Macduff: That's so true. You remember that woman we met at the festival in Glasgow last year?

Macduff: Hiding in the Portaloo with the poker? How could I forget? And poor Duncan thought that they were the best of friends. If it hadn't been for you, Macbeth...

Macbeth: Yes, yes... Well...

L. Macduff: Are you all right? You don't look very well.

L. Macbeth: My husband is feeling a little ill at the moment.

Macbeth: No I'm not.

L. Macbeth: Well, you will be if you don't watch it.

Macduff: Is... everything all right?

L. Macbeth: Oh, perfectly, perfectly. Will you excuse us for just a moment?

L. Macduff: Of course.

Banquo: Whatever, man.

L. Macbeth pulls Macbeth aside.

L. Macbeth: What are you playing at?

Macbeth: I can't go through with this.

L. Macbeth: You can and you will; we've come too far to go back now. I've given the soldiers some of your most expensive vintage whisky; they've all gone to sleep it off.

Macbeth: You've done what?!

L. Macbeth: You heard me.

Macbeth: We never agreed to that!

L. Macbeth: What were you going to do, ask them nicely to pretend they never saw you?

Macbeth: Well... Yes, actually.

L. Macbeth: Fool.

Macbeth: We can't do this!

Enter the Witches.

Sabrina: We hear of what you think you cannot do,
And so come here to carry truly through
The nature of the deed you do tonight,
To push you over that last hill of fright.

- Hermione:** All we promise you upon our right hands,
You'll gain more than you lose by our grand plans,
And Scotland's crown will rest upon your brow,
Once you seize destiny's moment, here and now.
- Ursula:** There's no place I'd rather be - so what are you waiting for?
- L. Macbeth:** I suppose these are the witches you told me about - aren't you going to introduce me?
- Macbeth:** I never got their names.
- Sabrina:** I am Sabrina, Witch Number One.
- Hermione:** I'm Hermione, Number One Witch.
- Ursula:** And I'm Ursula... uh... One Witch Number.
- L. Macbeth:** So? After all that they promise you, everything they think you can achieve, you'd rather just... let it all go? Miss the opportunity for greatness? Leave your rightful crown on someone else's head?

Ursula: Well, 'rightful' is always a bit tricky when it comes to kingdoms...

Macbeth: ... I'm going to end up doing this anyway, aren't I?

L. Macbeth: Look here, if you want to ruin your chances of being King, that's your affair. But I can't and won't put up with losing *my* chances of being Queen. Even if I have to hold the knife myself.

SONG - THE MURDER SONG.

Sabrina: Fine words, my lady.

L. Macbeth: Based on fine feeling, my... witch.

Hermione: Have we your word? Is it right? Will the crown fall into your hands tonight?

L. Macbeth: It will be so.

Ursula: Then we go.

Exit Witches. Macbeths return to the table.

Duncan: Ah, you're back at last! I was just saying, this steak is very underdone. A bloody business indeed, tonight has turned out to be.

Macbeth: More truly than you imagine, your majesty.

Exeunt.

1.9 - Death Upon Denial.

Duncan, the Soldiers, Macbeth, L. Macbeth.

Duncan's Chambers. Duncan preparing for bed, the Soldiers standing around, drugged and drunk and swaying slightly.

Not too obvious, background swaying

Duncan: Some foul weather we have had tonight, eh?

Sergeant: Sir, I must agree. Agree, sir, I must. In fact, sir... Yes.

Mauler: You know, you know, you know... you know what?

Killer: What?

Mauler: I think the Sergeant is drunk.

Giggler: I think you're drunk.

Killer: Well, I think you're drunker...er.

Mauler: Should we tell someone, do you think?

Giggler: What, and get into trouble?

Killer: We're always in trouble.

Mauler: We'll be in trouble.

Duncan: **(not listening)** You know, I do enjoy the opportunity to partake in the 'banter' of the common soldier. It's greatly refreshing for me.

Mauler: What's he saying?

Sergeant: Dunno. Wasn't listening.

Duncan: Well, I think I will retire now.

Mauler: What's he saying?

Killer: Says he's retiring.

Giggler: Are we supposed to buy him a clock or something?

ab-die-cating

Mauler: I thought it was called abdicating when kings did it.

Killer: He means he's going to bed, idiots.

Duncan: You may leave me. Thank you, and goodnight.

The Soldiers salute and cross to the front of the stage in chaotic fashion.

Sergeant: Right.

Awkward silence as everyone waits for the train of thought to leave the station.

Mauler: Left, sarge?

Sergeant: No, definitely right. Right... uh... Right, *then*. Private Killer, you're on first watch. Stand at the door, and shout if you see anything unusual.

Killer: What happens then, sarge?

Sergeant: Me and the others come running. Alright, let's go and have a sit down.

Wanderover, collapse on other side

Sergeant, Mauler, and Giggler wander over to collapse on the other side. Enter Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

L. Macbeth: Now, are you sure you know what you're doing?

Macbeth: It's not exactly rocket science, is it?

L. Macbeth: What's a rocket?... Never mind, I'm just bearing in mind my audience. (***Highly condescending.***) Now, this is a knife, yes?

Macbeth: Yes.

L. Macbeth: And what are you going to do with it?

Macbeth: To kill the king... Oh my God, I'm going to kill the king, I must be mad, what are we thinking, we can't possibly-

L. Macbeth: Quiet. We can, and we will. *You* will. Now go, take the knife, you know what to do.

Macbeth: Very well. But I don't like it.

L. Macbeth: No one's asking you to. Get it over with.

Macbeth: I'm going, I'm going...

Exit L. Macbeth. Macbeth crosses to Duncan and stabs him. Duncan wakes up.

Duncan: Ow. That hurt.

Duncan stands up.

Duncan: Oh, it's you, Macbeth. What are you doing here?

Macbeth: You- you- you're dead!

Duncan: Am I really? How inconvenient. No, but you see, I can't possibly be dead; look, I'm standing up. I can touch you, look-

Macbeth: No no, I believe you. Um. (*He stabs Duncan again.*)

Duncan: Look at that, will you? These pyjamas are silk, I'll never get that properly repaired.

Macbeth: What on Earth...

Duncan: I know, you just can't get the tailors these days. Tell you what, have another go.

Macbeth: *(Tries to stab Duncan several more times, before giving up in frustration.)* Well... Bugger.

Exeunt.

Act II

2.1 - Bloody Hard Work.

Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Mauler, Buffy, Executioner, Van Helsing.

A Room at the Castle.

SONG - THE ROOM WHERE WHAT HAPPENED?

Macbeth: Well, I give up. The man's impossible to kill.

L. Macbeth: God, you're *useless*. How are we supposed to rule properly with the old king living in the basement? It'll be like when we first got married, with your mother living in the spare tower.

Macbeth: I don't hear you having any genius solutions.

L. Macbeth: Now that's just where you're wrong. I've invited a group of experts to give us some assistance. *(To someone offstage.)* You can send them in now!

Enter Mauler.

Start on stage, move forward
kazoo time

Mauler: My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I present Buffy Anne Summers, Abraham Van Helsing, and... an Executioner.

Move backwards

look down at notes, sound unsure

Enter Van Helsing, Buffy, and The Executioner as their names are said.

Macbeth: Is the circus in town?

Executioner: If you're going to be like that, we can go home again.

Buffy: We've examined your situation very carefully.

V. Helsing: We have paid great and careful attention to every aspect.

Executioner: We've considered absolutely every option available to you, and we're all agreed on the solution.

L. Macbeth: Which is?

Buffy: A really big axe.

Macbeth: We've tried it.

Executioner: But decapitation is fatal in 99% of cases!

L. Macbeth: ... What's the one per cent?

V. Helsing: Well, the mating habits of the praying mantis are...

Macbeth: Got it, thanks.

Buffy: If that isn't working, I can only think of one solution.

Executioner: You can?

V. Helsing: Of course! Why didn't I think of it before?

L. Macbeth: Well, tell us!

V. Helsing: A stake.

Macbeth: We've tried that. He just complains that it's too well done, and asks for red wine with it.

Buffy: A *wooden* one.

Executioner: I don't believe in all these fancy foreign methods of executing people. Give me a good old axe, any time.

V. Helsing: If you can't learn to move with the times...

L. Macbeth: Enough! Clearly, you're all incapable of providing a sensible suggestion. Get out, before I have the guards take you to the dungeons.

Get on guard, hand on sword

Buffy: But-

L. Macbeth: Right! That's it. To the dungeons with you.

*Pull out sword, threaten the experts,
march them off stage*

Exeunt.

2.2 - These Hip Hips Are My Own, Y'Know.

Banquo, Fleance, Séance, Vlad, Edwin.

A Room at the Castle. Banquo and his sons are sitting at the back of the stage. Banquo is maybe asleep. The Vampires as waiting staff, holding trays at the front.

Vlad: Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Edwin: Definitely. And I think you're right; it would be so much more fun if we could turn into pigeons instead of bats.

Vlad: That's not what I was thinking. I was thinking, Edwin, that we have a serious problem here. Thanks to *somebody* not being able to wait ten minutes between meals, things aren't going to schedule, *are they, Edwin?* Because *somebody* made sure Duncan is *undead*. Which means that all bets are off, and nobody knows what's going to happen next.

Edwin: So... Not about pigeons then.

Vlad: We had a plan! Just a few days, I said, and we could feast to our hearts' content, but oh no, *somebody* had to get peckish and have a nibble at the *King*, of all people.

Edwin: It's not really that bad, is it?

Vlad: Not that bad?! The first person to die in the whole play now

literally cannot die. (He sighs.) Come on, we need to think. Well, I need to think. You can stand next to me and join in for the bits where you know the words.

Vampires take the trays to the characters at the back, then exit.

Banquo: It's wild, man. King, all dead and that. Crazy times.

Fleance: For God's sake, dad, it's not the 800s any more. Do you have to talk that way?

Banquo: When you get to my age, kid, you'll realise that being hip and groovy never goes out of style. It all comes round again.

Fleance: No one is ever going to be stupid enough to talk like you *again*.

Banquo: Hey now, Fleance, my dude, show some respect. I got some wild stuff to impart. Thought it was, like, too out there at first, but now old Maccy-B is on the throne, maybe it's not all that crazy.

Fleance: What are you going on about?

Banquo: Chill, bro, I'll tell you all about it. MacB and I, we were walking in the woods of the Magic Mushroom. And who should appear to us but three witches, right? MacB, now, he was gonna be king, but me? I'm gonna be the father of kings. Totally rad.

Seance: You seriously think a group of witches told Macbeth he'd be king?

Fleance: Dad isn't always wrong.

Seance: Just 98% of the time. I suppose... There's one way to know for sure.

Fleance: Seance - sometimes you're as weird as Dad.

Seance: Talking to the dead is not weird, Fleance.

Fleance: Why am I the only sane person in this family?

Seance: It wouldn't be hard, that's all I'm saying. Calling up Duncan's ghost. He could tell us who killed him.

Exeunt.

2.3 - Treachery and Treason!

Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Macduff, L. Macduff, Soldiers (except Sergeant), Lara.

The Throne Room. Macbeth and L. Macbeth on thrones, Macduffs and soldiers gathered around.

Macbeth: I am a gracious king, O subjects. Approach, and ask me what it is that you would.

Macduff: We will be leaving today. This castle is not a happy place, I'm sure you understand.

L. Macbeth: You're looking at this in entirely the wrong way, you know. It's not just the place where the old king died, but also where the new king was crowned.

L. Macduff: Even so, I think we would rather go home.

L. Macbeth: And miss out on the honours which are to come?

Macduff: I have all the honours that I will require.

L. Macbeth: And would you like to keep them?

Macduff: Is that a threat?

Macbeth: The Queen does not make threats. The very suggestion is treasonable.

L. Macduff: That one was definitely a threat.

Macbeth: Guards!

Enter the Soldiers.

Killer: Your majesty?

Macbeth: These people have been expressing treasonable sentiments in my royal presence. Kindly have them removed.

Giggler: Removed?

L. Macbeth: I suggest the dungeons. Take them away.

Exit Soldiers with the Macduffs.

go behind the throne, then march
through other side
on right arm

Macbeth: I'm sorry I doubted you. I quite like being king.

L. Macbeth: It does have its compensations. I had half a dozen of the most irritating people in the kingdom executed yesterday.

Macbeth: I don't think it was terribly fair of you. I know you never liked the local knitting club, but it seems a bit excessive.

L. Macbeth: Well, what goes around comes around. They wouldn't let me join, so they've brought it upon themselves, haven't they?

Enter Lara.

Lara: You rang, your majesticals?

Macbeth: We require dinner to be served to us here.

Lara: In the throne room?

L. Macbeth: Now that we have them, we intend to keep them.

Lara: Just as you say, your majesty. Will Banquo be joining you?

Macbeth: Why should he?

Lara: I heard a rumour he's planning a séance to contact the dead king, I thought this might be as good a place as any.

L. Macbeth: He's doing what? We can't possibly allow that!

Macbeth: Can't we?

L. Macbeth: It's meddling with the occult!

Macbeth: Well, a little light meddling never hurt anyone.

L. Macbeth: When people go meddling with the occult, my dear, they expect to find dead people, don't they? And they get very annoyed when they don't.

Macbeth: I don't understand what-

L. Macbeth: It's very *frustrating*, isn't it, when you can't talk to the *dead people* you want to talk to? Almost as if they *aren't there at all*.

Macbeth: But... Oh! Yes, very annoying.

L. Macbeth: And occult dealing *is* a crime.

Macbeth: At the very least! Have Banquo brought here immediately. And tell the guards to prepare a cell in the dungeons.

L. Macbeth: Wait. Do no such thing.

Lara: Um...

L. Macbeth: You may go... whatever your name is. Take the day off. Go for a picnic.

Lara: It's raining brass stairrods.

L. Macbeth: Such is life. Far better than the alternative.

Lara: Yes ma'am.

Exit Lara.

L. Macbeth: Now, do you still have those knives?

Exeunt.

2.4 - The Solution?

Sabrina, Hermione, Ursula, Laddie of the Loch.

A Witch's House. Three Witches in dressing gowns.

Sabrina: Well, then, that seems to be everything. Any other business?

Hermione: No, I think we've covered it all. Except for our sailor-drowning quota, but that doesn't have to be submitted for another month yet.

Ursula: I did have something, actually.

Sabrina: Go ahead.

Ursula: I'd like to propose a motion that we should have all our coven meetings indoors from now on. All those storms and things really mess with my chakras, and they're definitely not sparking joy.

Hermione: I second that.

Sabrina: But... having them outside is *tradition*. It's how things have always been done. Anyway, it's much more atmospheric than sitting here looking at Hermione's baby photos on the

mantlepiece. No offence, Hermione.

Ursula: Atmospheric just means damp though, doesn't it?

Sabrina: All right, all right. I'll put it on next month's agenda. And now... Onto our next job.

Hermione: Next job? But that's the end of the agenda. If you wanted to do something else, you should have submitted it in writing no less than twenty-four hours ago, and—

Sabrina: Steady on. It's nothing major, Hermione, I just think it would be a laugh to check in on how the King is doing.

Ursula: Oh, yes. That sounds like fun.

Sabrina: Well, I suppose it can't hurt. Not much, anyhow.

Hermione: Throw me the remote for the crystal ball, will you? I think you're sitting on it, Ursula.

Ursula: This one?

Hermione: No, that's for the cauldron thermostat. It's the long one with the silver bit on the end – yes, there we go.

They watch in silence for some time.

Sabrina: Well, it looks like this new job is really bringing out a lot of new qualities in Macbeth. Scheming, politics...

Hermione: It's all going wrong, it's getting out of hand. Maybe we shouldn't have interfered...you're not supposed to achieve this level of Meddling without at least a Level 2 Crone licence, and if this goes on, we'll be into full-on Hag territory.

Ursula: Hermione is right. As painful as it is to say it. Any piece of Meddling involving more than two people has to be cleared by–

Sabrina: All right, all *right*, I know. I never expected those vampires to get so involved. We let them go, and that was a mistake. We need to call in reinforcements.

Hermione: We should file a report with the Council, and then –

Sabrina: Dear God, no, I'm not having that load of busybodies crawling all over my witching territory. No, we're going to fix this before they ever find out it's a problem. We're going to call in the Laddie of the Loch.

Shocked silence.

Ursula: Isn't that a bit much?

Sabrina: It's the only option we have left if we want to get back to the proper course of Fate. Come on, no time like the present.

Ritual-type movements. Enter the Laddie.

Laddie: A right mess you've made of things here.

Sabrina: Yes, thank you, we *had* noticed.

Laddie: And if we're going to clear things up, it's going to take a little sacrifice.

Hermione: What are we talking here? Animal sacrifice is a regulated activity, you know.

Laddie: No, no, nothing as drastic as that. Just a bit of *alcohol* sacrifice, that's all. I can't work properly when I'm thirsty.

Sabrina: That's blackmail!

Ursula: I don't think we have much choice, Sabrina.

Sabrina: Fine, fine, I know. All right, Laddie. You tell us what to do, we'll do it. On my word as a witch.

Laddie: Ahem...

Sabrina: Oh, fair enough. I wouldn't trust a witch either. On my mother's grave, will that do?

Laddie: For now. So, what we're going to need to do first, we're going to need to knock Macbeth back off the throne. You put him there, now you take him off. Fate is mercurial, right? If any of you were licensed Hags, they'd have taught you that. Nothing stays the same forever. Except me. Time we got the wheels rolling, right?

Hermione: But... How do we do that?

Laddie: A little something called democracy.

Sabrina: Called what now?

Laddie: Democracy. You must have heard of it. Where everyone gets a say?

Ursula: What, *everyone*? I can't see that catching on.

Sabrina: But how does that help us?

Laddie: Every king knows, deep down, that he only holds his throne because his subjects allow him to. They always outnumber him. And so all we have to do is persuade the Scottish people that it's worth the trouble to get rid of him.

Hermione: But... how?

Laddie: We have to create a situation so awful that they can't put up with it any longer, and then we have to make it Macbeth's fault. So get your coats, lassies, because we're off to be very provoking to a very powerful man. We're going to incite him to murder. Again, and again, and again...

Ursula: That sounds like very hard work.

Laddie: You've done it before. Managing people is easy. He killed Duncan because you dangled the carrot in front of him, and you

did it well. But this is advanced stuff. This time... We need the stick. The Stick of Fear.

Exeunt.

2.5 - The Séance Scène.

Banquo, Fleance, Séance, Clara, Lara, Zara, Duncans XV, XIV, and XIII.

The Kitchens. All sitting in a circle with their eyes closed.

Séance: Can anyone hear me... Can anyone hear me?

Fleance: I don't know. I can hear someone who sounds like you.

Banquo: This is well groovy, man.

Séance: Will you all please shut up? I'm trying to get through to the Other Side.

Clara: The Other Side don't seem to be answering.

Séance: It takes a while sometimes.

Lara: I still don't like this. It feels spooky.

Zara: Nah, Banquo is right. It's dead cool. My gran used to do it. When she wasn't reading the tea leaves, you know.

Lara: And did she ever get an answer?

Zara: Always.

Lara: Maybe we ought to get her to do it for us.

Zara: Well, she's finding talking to the Other Side a lot easier these days. I hope, anyway. Otherwise she's going to be really lonely.

Lara: What?

Zara: She got caught up in a hit and run a couple of years ago.

Lara: I'm sorry.

Zara: They never even got the horse registration number.

Séance: Quiet, quiet! I think I'm getting something...

Clara suddenly sits bolt upright.

Clara: (possessed) Hello... Hello...

Séance: Oh my God. It's never actually worked before.

Lara: What have you done to Clara?!

Séance: Shush, shush. Hello? Can you hear me?

Clara: Hello... You're through to the Other Side.

Banquo: Fantabulous, man.

Clara: Thank you for calling. In order to be connected to the appropriate person, please select from the following options.

Séance: Uh. This wasn't in any of the books.

Clara: On your ouija board, please select 1 for family connections. Select 2 to query an outstanding bill. Select 3 for prophecy. Select 4 for all other services.

Zara: It's 3, isn't it?

- Lara:** But we don't want to know about the future, we want to know about something that's already happened.
- Fleance:** Definitely not a family connection.
- Banquo:** God, no. The Duncster owed me fifty quid for our last karaoke night; that counts as a bill to me.
- Séance:** Shut up, shut up. I'm going to say 4.
- Clara:** You have selected option 4. Please hold. An afterlife operator will be with you shortly.
- Lara:** I'm not so sure about this...
- Clara:** Hello, this is Helen speaking. How can I help you today?
- Séance:** Quiet, quiet. Hi Helen... Uh, we were hoping to talk to a King Duncan. Is he available?
- Clara:** I've got fifteen of them up here, my love, you're going to have to narrow it down.

Séance: He'll be the most recent one.

Clara: Ah yes, I have him for you here. One moment, please.

Enter Duncan XV, to general amazement.

Duncan: I say, they tell me you've been asking to speak to me. Is that so?

Séance: Fleance, you owe me a tenner.

Banquo: Yo, Duncan Doughnuts, man. You're looking a bit... different. How's death treating you?

Zara: Different? He's a totally different person!

Seance: Well, he's dead. You've got to expect him to look a bit odd.

Zara: He's shrunk by two feet!

Duncan : I cannot be with you for long, I fear. Long enough to answer what questions you may put, and then I must leave you to wander this immortal plane once more.

Banquo: Bad luck, my dude.

Séance: I don't understand it - something must be wrong. Can we get Helen back?

Duncan XV: Who are you all?

Fleance: Never mind us, who are *you*?

Duncan XV: I'm the King, I'll have you know. Well, one of them. King Duncan XV.

Lara: Never heard of him.

Fleance: I dunno, it rings a bell. We learnt about him in history, maybe.

Zara: Oh! The one who... with the sixteen feather dusters?

Duncan XV: There were only four.

Zara: But that was *centuries* ago. What happened to *our* Duncan?

Silence for a moment.

Seance: Can we... Uh, Helen, can we try another one?

Clara: Certainly, my love, just one moment if you please...

Lara: Are we just working through the whole back catalogue?

Enter Duncan XIV.

Duncan XV: Oh, hello, Dad! Long time, no see.

Duncan XIV: Too right! Would a bunch of flowers on the gravestone occasionally have been too much to ask? Now, what the hell's going on?

Duncan XV: This lot are trying to get in touch with a King Duncan.

Duncan XIV: It's their lucky day then, isn't it?

Duncan XV: We are not the Duncans they're looking for, though.

Duncan XIV: Oh, they must mean Great-Grandad. Do you remember him?

Duncan XV: The one with the headless horse? I can never work out how he sees where he's going.

Duncan XIV: That's the one. Call him up, will you, Helen?

Clara: One moment, trying to connect...

Enter Duncan XIII.

Duncan XIII: Honestly, can't a man have a moment's peace when he's trying to be dead?

Duncan XIV: Is this the one that you want?

(Optional 'ooh ooh ooh, honey'.)

Lara: I, um... I feel a bit sick, actually.

Seance: No, no, no! You must have someone a bit more up to date!

Duncan XIII: Up to date, he says! Up to date! You think we just hang around rattling our chains all day up there? Oh, no. We are abreast of

the situation.

Duncan XV: We know what's what and who's who. And let us tell you... We ain't taking this lying down.

SONG - A HAUNTED MELODY.

Clara: Ow. My head hurts.

Séance: Really? How does it feel?

Clara: Like twenty people used it for a trampolining party, I think...
What's a trampoline?

Fleance: No idea.

Clara: I'm never doing that again.

Séance: But I don't understand... I know I did everything right. If he was on the Other Side, we'd have found him.

Zara: Which can only mean...

Fleance: He wasn't there.

Seance: So then where is he?

Exeunt.

2.6 - Some (Brief) Actual Lines From The Actual Play.

L. Macbeth, Vampires, Porter.

The Castle Walls. L. Macbeth wandering in her sleep.

L. Macbeth: Faith, but here's a spot... A mark, a damned mark, a speck of blood. A red spot on my palm, and will it never wash out? Blood will have blood; ay, blood and blood again...

Enter Vampires.

L. Macbeth: Blood in these great oceans, swelling forth from my hand...

Vlad: Did she say...

Edwin: I think so. Oh, Vlad!

Vlad: Stay strong, Edwin, stay strong. We've lasted this long without it. Well. *I* have. One moment at a time, remember. Focus on your breathing. In, out...

Edwin: In, out, in... out... in... Vlad...

Vlad: Out, in, out... Yes, Edwin?

- Edwin:** We don't breathe. We're undead. Remember?
- Vlad:** Well done. I was wondering how long it would take you to spot that.
- L. Macbeth:** Spot, you say, spot? Ay, such spots as have never blemished my skin since I was fifteen and impure of hygiene. Spots of blood like the plague...
- Edwin:** What's she talking about?
- Vlad:** Haven't a clue. But it's all right, I don't think she does either. There isn't any blood.
- Edwin:** Still no blood? This is ridiculous. You promised me lakes of it!
- Vlad:** Remember what I told you. We don't need it. It's all in your mind, and if you can push through the wall, move past it—
- Edwin:** No, no, I mean, this is *Macbeth*. The stuff should be pouring off the walls by now, Scotland should be drowning in it under a reign of terror - and since that's clearly not about to happen, why don't we just go home?

L. Macbeth: I see blood where'er I look... It follows me, chases me, returns to its beginnings... And yet, who'd have thought that old Duncan would keep all his damn blood in him?

She exits.

Edwin: (*Sighs.*) Do you think we ought to get someone?

Vlad: Nah. Let her fall off the battlements if she wants to; it saves us a job later. I still want to win this castle; we cannot just give up.

Edwin: So... Why don't we give her a push?

Vlad: Haven't you caused enough chaos in this story already? You cannot just go around killing off characters whenever you get bored. There are some rules, you know.

Edwin: I'm sick of rules! It's all you ever talk about. 'No, Edwin, don't bite her; it's not your turn yet!' 'No, Edwin, don't turn into a panther and climb the tree; the rules say it has to be a bat!'

Vlad: You cannot turn into a panther anyway, it's outside your power.

Edwin: That's not the point! I want to be allowed to, even if I can't!

Vlad: What?

Edwin: ... That made more sense in my head. Anyway, are you sure we can't just give her a little nudge? No one would ever know.

Vlad: Believe me, Edwin, patience will have far greater rewards. If we push them now, we may have the castle; if we wait, I promise you the kingdom.

Edwin: How does that work, then?

Vlad: They're inexperienced, these witches. That, and your interference, have made things... delicate. Tricky. We can no longer predict how things will turn out. With Duncan still around, there's every chance the Macbeths won't hold the throne for much longer, and all our plans will be upset. The chaos will still come, Edwin; our chance at seizing the throne will arrive. But it may be a little delayed. We've waited five hundred years, what's a few more months?

Edwin: Gosh.

Vlad: Do you understand?

Edwin: I do, Vlad. I'm sorry. **(Pause.)** The stars are bright tonight, aren't they?

Vlad: Very. Don't panic, there's no chance of them turning us to dust.

Edwin: No, that's not what I- I mean... Oh, never mind.

Vlad: Did you have something to say?

Edwin: The sky is very dark. And the darkness, Vlad, it... Well...

Vlad: What is it?

Edwin: It reminds me of you. You see-

Enter Porter, extremely drunk.

SONG – CONSTANTLY THWARTED.

Porter: Ay, an' as long as I wander along the battlements, I s'pose they'll never think of askin' me if I want another drink. Typical. All your life, you give to this bloody castle, an' yet... An' yet... What are you two doing up here, anyway?

- Edwin:** (Bitterly.) Oh, nothing. Absolutely nothing at all.
- Porter:** You wanna watch it, winna-wonna- *wandering* around up here in the middle of the night. Not very warm, either. People might think you're up to something. Or several somethings.
- Vlad:** We'll bear it in mind.
- Porter:** Here's me thinking it already, see. What did I yell to. Tell you.
- Vlad:** Amazing. I don't know how you do it.
- Porter:** Aye, well. Since I like you, I'll tell you. (Tries to tap his nose and misses.) I knew I was thinking it, see.
- Vlad:** Utter genius.
- Porter:** It is. And there's not a lot of people around here appreciate it. Well now, I'll be going. And I'll wish you fine gennelmen a goodnight. Or good morning. Is it the morning?
- Edwin:** Quarter past two.

Porter: Ah, time I was getting up for breakfast.

Exit Porter.

Edwin: Well. Isn't the castle beautiful? Just like-

Vlad: Just like home, right? Grey stone, grey skies, flickering torches... I mean, people aren't as scared of us, but that can easily be arranged once they've got some first-hand experience.

Edwin: Um... Yes, but that wasn't actually what I was going to say.

Vlad: Oh, don't tell me! It's the suspense, right? The uncertainty, the sense of not being sure what's going to happen, who's going to survive... It makes me feel so alive. Which is hilarious, really.

Edwin: The thing is, Vlad... That's not all that makes me feel alive.

Vlad: The smell of a fresh coffin in the morning... The beautiful contrast of ruby-red blood against white fangs... A well-tied cravat...

Edwin: Oh, Vlad! I knew you felt the same way!

Vlad: It's a kind of lust, isn't it?

Edwin: Well... Yes, if you want to put it like that, I guess it is.

Vlad: An urge, a yearning, a *need*...

Edwin: All of those things!

Vlad: Well, you don't have to worry about it any more, Edwin.

Edwin: You mean...

Vlad: I've been cruel. I've been blind to your needs.

Edwin: No... not really.

Vlad: No, I have, and I should have been more understanding. But I'm going to do my best to put it right.

Edwin: You are?

Vlad: I am. After all, there are plenty of horses in the stables.

Edwin: Um... What?

Vlad: Well, one warm-blooded creature is much like the next. And if you're really that desperate for a meal...

Edwin: No, no, no! (*Sighs.*) Look. There are some things I should tell you...

Exeunt.

2.7 - A Sedentary Occupation.

Macbeth, L. Macbeth, Witches, Laddie.

The Throne Room. Macbeth and L. Macbeth on thrones as before.

Macbeth: Well, this is boring.

L. Macbeth: That's the third time you've said that in the last ten minutes.
Will you give it a rest?

Macbeth: I'm only saying what you're thinking.

L. Macbeth: No I am not.

Macbeth: Winning the throne was exciting. It was bloodthirsty and tense
and dramatic.

L. Macbeth: You practically wet yourself.

Macbeth: I did not.

L. Macbeth: In fact, I was talking to Lara, who does your laundry, and –

Macbeth: The point is, winning the throne was an achievement. But now I've –

L. Macbeth: Ahem.

Macbeth: All right, now *we've* won it, and so... what is there left to do, really? I mean, we can repel barbarian hordes, that sort of thing, but there aren't any. Sergeant MacStabbem did offer to dress up a few soldiers, but it just wouldn't be the same, would it?

L. Macbeth: You're not actually inviting a coup, are you?

Macbeth: Well, of course not, but it would be something to do, wouldn't it?

L. Macbeth: Followed very quickly by never having to do anything ever again, I would imagine.

Macbeth: I believe they sometimes let you live.

L. Macbeth: Not when you murdered your way onto the throne in the first place, my dear. Or tried to, at least. I think the saying is 'what goes around comes around'.

Macbeth: Really? How interesting.

L. Macbeth: Even trying to kill a king is quite a serious crime.

Macbeth: Ah, but that's the genius of the system, isn't it? I'm king now, and they'd have to kill me.

L. Macbeth: How about taxation?

Macbeth: I imagine there are faster methods of execution.

L. Macbeth: No, no, dear. As your new hobby, something to keep kinging interesting.

Macbeth: Oh, I see. But I don't really know anything about economics.

L. Macbeth: Well, don't let that stop you. You like money, don't you?

Macbeth: Of course.

L. Macbeth: Then just put all the taxes up. What could go wrong?

Macbeth: Then we've dealt with taxation, haven't we? So now what do I do?

L. Macbeth: There's the coronation...

Macbeth: But we'll have to wait for the taxation before we can do that, surely. Someone has to pay for it.

L. Macbeth: And then there's –

Enter the Witches.

L. Macbeth: Oh, hello, you three. Long time, no see.

Sabrina: Congratulations are in order, your majesties.

Macbeth: Oh, well... I'm sure it's very kind of you to take the trouble. Don't you have a cauldron to be dancing around, something like that?

Hermione: Isn't gratitude a wonderful thing?

Ursula: When you think of all we've done for him.

Sabrina: We could have asked for a knighthood each, or a lot of money, or even a castle. Did we?

Hermione: We did not. All we wanted was a little bit of appreciation; just a 'thank you' would have done, some recognition of the work that we put into getting him on the throne, and did we get it?

Ursula: Did we? I don't think so. Do you remember getting a card?

Sabrina: Not so much as a note.

L. Macbeth: It is unwise to upset witches, my dear.

Macbeth: Surely so. And yet I'm having trouble concentrating at the moment. They're reminding me so much of my Auntie Vi.

L. Macbeth: Was she the one who was burnt at the stake?

Macbeth: No, although I think most of us wished she had been. She was the one who came for Christmas last year and complained about everything. MacChef nearly resigned then and there.

Sabrina: Well, there we have it.

- Hermione:** Doesn't even want to know why we're here.
- Macbeth:** Oh, I'm sorry. Why *are* you here?
- Ursula:** We have more important news to give you. But we're really not sure if you deserve it.
- Sabrina:** And since you've already had the free sample, there will be a charge this time. We'll be needing your firstborn child, whenever you get around to it. People don't value what they don't pay for.
- Macbeth:** I can't promise you that!
- Hermione:** Really? Most people do. Still, if 'family' is more important to you than getting on in life, I suppose...
- Macbeth:** I'm the king! How much further on do you think I need to go?
- Sabrina:** Aye, well, there's the thing.
- L. Macbeth:** Oh no, not another prophecy, please.

- Hermione:** What you have gained is all well and good, but
There's this you must know, if keep it you would.
- Ursula:** There are those around you who have the strength
To cut your reign short, before its full length.
- Sabrina:** What you have today, you may take as a pleasure, Lord
Macbeth. But will it endure once you meet your death?
- Macbeth:** ... that didn't scan.
- Sabrina:** It wasn't supposed to. The rhyme was a coincidence.
- Macbeth:** So now you're telling me that someone is plotting to overthrow
me?
- Hermione:** We're telling you no such thing. That would be totally improper
of us. It would break every rule in the book.
- Ursula:** All we're saying is that there *might* be someone out there who,
if they plotted to overthrow you, could *possibly* succeed.

L. Macbeth: Who? I demand you name them!

Sabrina: For that, we must call in an external consultant. And he has his own fees to apply.

Macbeth: You can't both have my firstborn child, it doesn't add up.

Sabrina: His needs are more modest. A crate of finest whisky.

L. Macbeth: That, we can spare. Call him in.

Enter the Laddie.

Laddie: A pleasure to meet you both in the flesh at last.

L. Macbeth: Oh, you've seen my portraits?

Laddie: Bless you, no. But you've appeared in my crystal ball many a time. And often, I've seen your reflection as you pass along my shore.

Macbeth: We're wasting time. What is it that you have to tell us?

Laddie: There's many a man can overthrow you, my lord. Many a man as would like to, as well. But only one man who combines both of those sterling qualities.

L. Macbeth: Who is it?

Laddie: Macduff. That's the man who should be first to go.

Macbeth: I don't believe it. My old friend, my loyal companion?

Laddie: The man you locked up in your dungeons to rot?

Macbeth: Oh yes, I'd forgotten about that.

Laddie: Let him out, that's my advice. Let him out... oh, and throw him from the top of your tallest tower.

Macbeth: Well, I don't know, that seems a bit extreme, I mean –

L. Macbeth: Consider it done. Take your payment whenever you please, I'm sure you can find the cellars by yourself. As for you three hags, I dare say –

Sabrina: Actually, none of us have passed our –

L. Macbeth: Silence! You have tried to extort funds from the king. For that, the penalty is death. We will have you locked away.

Macbeth: What happened to ‘it is unwise to upset witches’?

L. Macbeth: I’m not going to upset them. I’m going to infuriate them. And then, we will see what may be done.

Exeunt.

2.8 - Fools Imprisonment.

The Witches, Macduff, L. Macduff, Buffy, Executioner, Van Helsing, Private Giggler.

The Dungeons. All standing in various attitudes of gloom.

Macduff: I can't believe it.

Buffy: So you keep saying.

Macduff: I just can't believe it.

L. Macduff: I told you, I never did like him.

Macduff: That was just because we went out haggis-hunting and didn't get back until far too late. You can't tell me you ever thought he'd lock us up.

L. Macduff: Only because I never expected him to be in a position to.

Giggler: You're not really supposed to talk.

L. Macduff: Come in here and stop us.

Van Helsing: Leave the poor guard alone. It's not as if they're to blame.

Buffy: For the gate being locked?

Van Helsing: Well...

L. Macduff: You three are witches; can't you magic us out of here?

Sabrina: It doesn't work like that.

Hermione: For one thing, you can't use magic on iron.

Ursula: For another thing, you can't do magic without dancing.

Sabrina: And it's... um... kind of against the rules.

Hermione: Witches aren't supposed to get locked up in the first place. The Council thinks you should be clever enough to avoid getting caught.

Ursula: We're going to be in so much trouble.

Giggler: I think you're in quite a bit already. They were sharpening the axes when I came through the armoury this morning.

Executioner: They needed it, to be fair. You've got to look after your tools in this job.

Sabrina: What's that old saying...

Buffy: Speak softly and carry a big stick?

Sabrina: No.

Van Helsing: If you would have peace, prepare for war?

Sabrina: No.

Hermione: A soft answer turneth away wrath?

Sabrina: No, it's... Oh, I know. 'Never argue with a man with a big axe.'

Ursula: I beg your pardon?

Executioner: Sounds like solid common sense to me.

Ursula: Depends what you have in mind, I suppose.

Macduff: So are you telling us you can't get us out of here?

Sabrina: We're saying we can't get ourselves out of here.

Hermione: And we're too selfish to let you go without us.

Ursula: So we're all stuck for the time being. However long a time the time being turns out to be.

Hermione: Come again?

Ursula: I'd rather not; I didn't even want to be here the first time round.

Giggler: Well, that makes two of us, then.

L. Macduff: I think it might be a few more than two. But you can go if you don't want to be here. You're not locked in.

Giggler: No, I can't. They'll shout at me. And probably laugh at me.

L. Macduff: Look here... Oh, what's your name?

Giggler: Private Giggler.

L. Macduff: I bet that gets a few laughs.

Giggler: Not as many as you'd think.

L. Macduff: The point is, Private, sometimes in life, you get shouted at. Sometimes you get laughed at. Sometimes you get locked up in dungeons despite not having done anything wrong. But if you let it all get on top of you, you'll stay locked up in the dungeons all your life. You need to pull yourself together.

Giggler: You're right.

L. Macduff: I know I am.

Giggler: I can show them all. Pull myself together. Turn myself into the best soldier in the world. Be an amazing guard. Make everyone proud.

L. Macduff: Exactly. (*Hugs him.*)

- Giggler:** Thank you. You've opened up a whole new world to me.
- L. Macduff:** *(Producing keys just taken from the guard.)* And so have you to me.
- Giggler:** Oh... *(About to swear, but is knocked out halfway through, and pushed offstage by Ursula.)*
- L. Macduff:** Well, what are you all waiting for?
- Macduff:** That was incredible.
- L. Macduff:** Doesn't it remind you of our honeymoon?
- Macduff:** I thought we agreed never to mention that in company.
- Sabrina:** Oh, well done! You'd make a wonderful witch.
- Hermione:** Unfortunately there are no vacancies at the moment. Try again in the next application cycle.
- L. Macduff:** Right. Well, I've had about enough of this. Kings and witches be damned. We're going up there, Macduff, and we're going to

sort this out once and for all.

Macduff: They do have an army, my dear.

L. Macduff: I don't think the army that trained that guard is going to pose any problems to us whatsoever.

Enter Duncan in full Vampire King costume, ideally with a glass of red wine.

Ursula: Everyone, everyone! Look who it is!

Duncan: I say. Party, is it? Jolly good of you all to come. Can't say I remember inviting so many people.

Ursula: You know what this means?

Sabrina: We can reset the whole game! Go right back to the beginning!

Duncan: Oh, games as well? Best kind of party. Let me just find my deck of cards...

Macduff: But... but that's impossible! You're supposed to be dead!

L. Macduff: And he is! Don't you see? The fangs, the cape, the bloodstained mouth... It all adds up!

Blank looks all around.

L. Macduff: Oh, for goodness' sake. He's a *vampire*!

Van Helsing: Don't be ridiculous! I'm the world's foremost vampire expert; he can't possibly be a vampire.

Buffy: Actually, *I'm* the world's foremost vampire expert. He's right, though. Vampires are supposed to sparkle in the sun these days. A friend of mine told me.

Executioner: He'd be lucky, seeing the sun around here. I think Lady MacDuff's right, you know.

Sabrina: But that's wonderful!

Hermione: It is?

Sabrina: A king who'll rule forever! And he's not technically dead, so the crown is still his.

Ursula: He *looks* pretty dead.

L. Macduff: No, he's definitely not dead. In fact, he's definitely *undead*.

Sabrina: All we need now is the Laddie back, and it'll be as if nothing ever happened!

Duncan: Oh, now, that rings a bell. Civilised fellow, was he? Damp-looking, handshake like a bit of pondweed?

Ursula: That's him!

Duncan: Ate him, I'm afraid. Can't think what came over me. A terrible thirst, all of a sudden. Very embarrassing all round.

They all stare at him for a moment.

L. Macduff: This has gone far enough. Now, pass me that halberd.

Sabrina: That what?

L. Macduff: The thing that looks like an axe on a stick. To the left of the mace.

Hermione: The what?

L. Macduff: The thing like an angry iron hedgehog on a stick. Honestly, have none of you ever done any jousting? Well, no matter. And I'll have a couple of those swords, too. You know what those are, I hope.

Ursula: But what are you going to do?

L. Macduff: I'm going to teach that jumped-up idiot a lesson or two, and he'd better pay attention if he wants to come out the same shape that he started in. We've got the rightful king with us here, and we're going to let everyone know it. Right, enough talking. Everyone grab something sharp and come with me.

Exeunt.

2.9 - Fondness and Farewells.

Vlad, Edwin, MacChef, Clara, Lara, Zara.

The Kitchens. All standing around in a random way which is definitely not a line.

Lara: But I don't understand.

- Vlad:** It's a complicated story, I know...
- Lara:** No, I mean... Why choose here for a holiday home? It rains quite a lot.
- Clara:** And the sun never shines.
- Zara:** And the food is odd.
- MacChef:** Because the kitchens are rubbish.
- Edwin:** You probably wouldn't understand. It's just that...
- Lara:** What?
- MacChef:** For a vampire, those are good things. I mean, you don't want to be collapsing into dust on the sunny beach at Brighton, do you?
- Vlad:** Exactly! This castle was perfect for us. Right in the middle of a blood-soaked tragedy.

- Edwin:** It's a shame. We're really going to miss you all. Every time we see a wild haggis frolicking on the hillside, we'll definitely think of you.
- Vlad:** And whenever we accidentally derail the course of human history by going in search of a snack, Scotland will be in our hearts.
- Edwin:** We just can't stay right now, though. We had a bit of a talk on the way down here, and the two of us have some things to work through at home... Don't we, Vlad?
- Vlad:** We do, O dark and empty pit which is my heart.
- Edwin:** You say the sweetest things... Yes, we just thought you all deserved the truth, before we go.
- Zara:** It won't be the same without you. Are you sure we can't persuade you to stay for the coronation ball?
- Vlad:** Oh, I'm not much of a dancer...
- Lara:** No... We need a few extra hands to help serve the snacks.

Clara: Garlic canapes.

MacChef: I was wondering where all my garlic had gone. How many have you made?!

Zara: Um... It wasn't all for the food. Some of it, I made into a necklace. For... well. Protection.

MacChef: I wouldn't have thought anyone would need to use much protection while they were wearing a garlic necklace.

Zara: No, I mean...

Edwin: We know what you mean. And we understand.

Lara: So, just to be absolutely clear. You're not planning on taking over the kingdom any longer?

Vlad: There's no point, not now all those lovely bloody murders won't be happening. Anyway, Edwin says I'm not allowed any more kingdoms until I've finished with the ones I've already got. Which is probably fair, to be honest. Back home, we haven't even got on to crop rotation yet.

Lara: Well, that's a shame.

Edwin: Why?

Lara: You couldn't be much worse than the ones we've got at the moment, could you?

MacChef: Don't say things like that, Lara.

Lara: Sorry, I know you're all in favour of monarchy and everything, but--

MacChef: No, I just can't afford to have any more of my staff carted off to the dungeons. There's still a coronation dinner to serve, you know.

Vlad: Actually, a little bird tells me you might want to hold off on that. I won't tell you why, though – it's hard to translate from Bat into Human. Gives me an awful headache whenever I try, too.

Edwin: Good luck to you all. And I'd stay out of the courtyard for the time being, that's all I'm saying.

Clara: The courtyard?

Vlad: That's right. Now we really will have to go, I'm afraid.
Goodbye!

Exit vampires. A moment's silence.

Clara: Ok, so who else is coming to the courtyard?

Exeunt.

2.10 - The Climax. No Giggling.

Everyone.

The Castle Courtyard. Macbeth and L. Macbeth stand at one side with the Soldiers, everyone else except the Vampires, Duncan Ghosts, Porter, onstage standing opposite.

Macbeth: An escape plan, I see. Very clever, but you won't get far.

L. Macduff: You'll never get away with this!

L. Macbeth: So they tell me. But never is a long time. Sergeant!

Sergeant: Ma'am?

L. Macbeth: Arrest these people.

Sergeant: What, again?

L. Macbeth: Yes, again. And again, and again, and again, until they finally learn that there is no sense in resisting us. We have the crown, the ultimate authority. Scotland is ours.

Banquo: This is super uncool, man. Totes not hip.

Fleance: For once, Dad, you're right.

- Séance:** Totally right. This is definitely not groovy.
- L. Macduff:** This castle may be yours, but this country is not. You stole your throne, Macbeth, and I have the man you stole it from at my side. Surrender now.
- Macbeth:** You have the Witches there with you, I see. It's amazing what people can be made to believe, isn't it? And even more amazing how they can be made to believe that they were made to believe it.
- Sabrina:** What?
- Macbeth:** Potions and so on. Charms. Enchantments. When a peasant's mind is not their own, they may believe all kinds of unsavoury things about the monarch.
- Hermione:** Oh, you crafty –
- Clara:** Say whatever you want!
- MacChef:** Careful Clara, remember someone has to serve my cullen skink!

Clara: It doesn't matter what you say. We're not as stupid as you think.

Lara: Yeah!

Zara: I think you mean 'No!'.

Lara: Shut up. I'm agreeing with Clara.

L. Macbeth: It seems the kitchen staff are revolting. But then... we knew that anyway. Now, all this is a waste of time. Private Killer!
Fire!

Macduff is shot.

L. Macduff: You coward!

Macbeth: I have it in a prophecy! Only one man can defeat me, and he now lies dead!

Macduff: Actually, the heart's not as far to the left as people think -

Macbeth: Kneel before your king, people of Scotland, and accept the right and fitting punishment which I shall bestow.

L. Macduff: You can stick that right up your –

Sabrina: Careful!

L. Macduff: No, I will not be careful. I've had about enough of these two, and I don't care who knows it, so whether you lot are coming or not, I'm going to go and give them a piece of my mind.

*look at each other, pause, then Macduff
after*

L. Macduff charges towards the Macbeths, who stand for a moment but then, as others begin to follow, turn and run. The Witches are left alone at the centre of the stage as in 1.1

Sabrina: Well, that could have gone worse.

Hermione: Worse?! We all nearly lost our witching licences!

Ursula: Yes, but Macbeth was overthrown. Isn't that the main thing?

Hermione: Oh, well, yes... Of course... It gets Fate back on track, anyway.

Sabrina: I never thought he'd fall for that 'one man' thing.

Ursula: Remind me how it worked again?

Hermione: Well, it was all totally true. Macduff was the one man who could defeat him. But Macbeth had a lot *more* than one man against him at the end. It just shows what people can do when they work together.

Sabrina: Don't be revoltingly soppy.

Ursula: All's well that ends well, I suppose. Now, bring on the King!

Enter Duncan wearing Macbeth's crown, with Macduff and L. Macduff on either side of him. The Witches high-five, or similar.

Sabrina: A job well done, sisters.

Enter MacChef, Lara, and Zara, holding trays.

MacChef: *(Serving food to Duncan.)* Here you are, your majesty. A nice plate of your favourite garlic canapes. That'll make you feel better.

Sabrina: No, wait!!

Ursula: Too late...

SONG – FINAL SONG.