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Cast of Characters

FOUR WITCHES, the weird sisters

DUNCAN, CEO of Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack

MALCOLM, his son

MACBETH, Distribution Manager, Vice President and General
Manager of Sales, later CEO of Colonel Duncan's Chicken
Shack

LADY MACBETH

BANQUO, Manager for the restaurant chain

FLEANCE, his son

MACDUFF, Regional Manager for the restaurant chain

LADY MACDUFF

SON, of Macduff and Lady Macduff

LENNOX,

ROSS, and

ANGUS, all Regional Managers for the Chicken Shack

OLD MAN

DOCTOR

MESSENGER

GENTLEWOMAN, attending Lady Macbeth

SEYTON, Assistant to Macbeth

FARMHAND

FARMER JOHNSON

SWORD

WEATHERMAN

THREE APPARITIONS

THREE MURDERERS

ATTENDANTS

OLD MACBETH HAD A FARM

by Tim Kochenderfer

ACT I

Scene 1

(Thunder and lightning. Enter four WITCHES.)

WITCH #1. Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble, I smell the blood of an Englishman. *(Sniffs.)* Wait, that's not an Englishman, that's White Diamonds. Who's wearing White Diamonds?!

WITCH #2. I am, sorry. They were giving out free samples.

WITCH #1. Well knock it off. We've got to plan the downfall of Macbeth.

WITCH #3. Ohhh, let's dry up his crops and kill his pigs.

(The WITCHES cackle.)

WITCH #2. Let's give him boils all over his body and warts all over his face!

(The WITCHES cackle again.)

WITCH #3. Let's make it so he can't walk without getting the hiccups and he can't get the hiccups without walking!

(The WITCHES cackle profusely.)

WITCH #4. Let's be nice to him!

(The WITCHES begin to cackle, but quickly stop.)

WITCH #1. What?!

WITCH #4. Yeah, let's be nice to him!

WITCH #1. Susan, we're witches, we don't be nice to people! We wreak havoc on them!

WITCH #4. Being nice to people would wreak havoc on people's preconceived notion of witches, ha ha... Um. *(She looks around to see no one else is following.)* I mean, um... Let's build a bridge out of him!

(The WITCHES cackle.)

WITCH #1. Sisters, sisters. I have a plan that is more subtle and destructive. Come, let's find Macbeth.

WITCH #2. What's your plan?

WITCH #1. What?

WITCH #2. How are you going to destroy Macbeth.

WITCH #1. *(Turns to audience.)* I can't just tell you in front of all of these people.

WITCH #3. Why not?

WITCH #1. Never mind, let's go.

Scene 2

(COLONEL DUNCAN talks with FARMER JOHNSON as Duncan's young son MALCOLM gallops about the room on a broomstick horse. Also in the room are ROSS and ANGUS, his assistants.)

MALCOLM. Yee Haw!

FARMER JOHNSON. My land is fertile, fruitful and has yielded some of the finest tomatoes in all the land. Colonel Duncan, you own the biggest farm and fast food chain in the country. It would make a fine addition. Although it is my home, I'd be willing to sell it to you for a cool fifteen thousand dollars.

DUNCAN. Farmer Johnson, from what I understand, you live on nothing more than a one foot by one foot square plot of land.

FARMER JOHNSON. Well, um, yes.

DUNCAN. What am I supposed to do with a one foot by one foot square plot of land?

FARMER JOHNSON. You can grow stuff, beans, brussel sprouts, everything.

DUNCAN. I say Farmer Johnson that is ridiculous.

(MALCOLM falls off his broomstick horse.)

MALCOLM. Ow! Dad, dang horse bucked me off again!

DUNCAN. Now son, that's a broomstick horse. There's no way it could have bucked you off.

(Suddenly, a FARMHAND runs in. His shirt appears red, as if soaked in blood.)

DUNCAN. Now what bloody mess is this?

FARMHAND. It's the people from Yankee Chicken, Colonel! They pushed me over in a tomato patch and got my shirt all red!

DUNCAN. Yankee Chicken?! I say now, what did they want?

FARMHAND. Your secret recipe, Colonel, your blend of 12 delicious herbs and spices! Vice president and general manager in charge of sales, Mister Cawdor gave it to them!

DUNCAN. He gave them the Colonel's secret recipe?!

FARMHAND. Nearly sir. Cawdor had named eleven of the Colonel's secret herbs. Oregano, thyme, curry, rosemary, parsley, rose hips, Viagra...

DUNCAN. Now son, that's enough! You're going to give away the whole recipe!

FARMHAND. Sorry Colonel. Anyway, Cawdor had almost completed the recipe when your distribution manager, Mr. Macbeth beat the living junk out of those Yankees with the help of his assistant Mr. Banquo!

DUNCAN. Farmhand, I thank you for your report. Unfortunately, you know too much of the Colonel's secret blend. I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to shoot you.

FARMHAND. Aw man!

(One of Duncan's ASSISTANTS drags the FARMHAND away.)

DUNCAN. (To Ross:) Give that man a military funeral.

ROSS. But Colonel, he never served any military...

DUNCAN. Do as I say! As for Vice President and General Manager Cawdor, give him the electric chair!

ROSS. Colonel, we don't have an electric chair.

DUNCAN. Than put him in a regular chair and make him sit there until he's dead!

ROSS. That will take quite a while, sir.

DUNCAN. Then fire him out of a cannon, I don't care. Nobody crosses Colonel Duncan's Chicken! As for Cawdor's former title, give it to Macbeth, along with a coupon good for free Colonel's chicken breasts.

(They exit.)

Scene 3

(Enter four WITCHES.)

WITCH #1. Where have you been sister?

WITCH #2. Killing swine.

(The WITCHES cackle, except WITCH #4.)

WITCH #1. And you sister?

WITCH #3. This sailor's wife had some chestnuts in her lap and I was all like give me some chestnuts and she was all like no, and I was all like, come on I love chestnuts, and she was all like talk to the hand, so I started talking to her hand and she still didn't give me any chestnuts! So I cast a spell that will whip up a storm that will tear her husband's ship apart!

(The WITCHES all cackle except WITCH #4.)

WITCH #1. And where have you been sister?

WITCH #4. Resurrecting pigs and sending bad weather away from the sea!

(The WITCHES begin to cackle, then stop.)

WITCH #3. *(Angry:)* What?!

WITCH #2. It took me all day to kill those swine!

WITCH #3. I used up all my eye of wombat making the storm potion! Now I have to run to the store for nothing! Let me at her!

(WITCH #3 goes to charge at WITCH #4, but WITCH #1 holds her back.)

WITCH #1. Hold it!

WITCH #4. Is that all you do? Kill pigs and sailors?!

WITCH #2. No! We kill other people too.

WITCH #4. All you ever think about is doing bad stuff.

WITCH #3. Na ah! We recycle.

WITCH #1. Susan, listen. We're witches, okay? Witches. Now you've been very difficult to work with lately. All of the...

WITCH #2. Halt, someone's coming!

WITCH #1. It's Macbeth!

WITCH #2. Hide!

WITCH #1. No, don't hide.

WITCH #3. Shut up, here he comes!

WITCH #2. You shut up!

WITCH #1. Shut up!

(Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.)

BANQUO. *(Singing:)* 99 bottles of beer on the wall, 99 bottles of beer, if one of those bottles should happen to fall... 99 bottles of beer on the wall. 99 bottles of...

MACBETH. 98 bottles.

BANQUO. What?

MACBETH. You'd have 98 bottles of beer if one of those bottles should happen to fall.

BANQUO. The song's called 99 bottles of beer on the wall.

MACBETH. Yes, but it progresses.

WITCH #2. Boo!

MACBETH & BANQUO. (*Startled:*) Ah!

(WITCH #1 *elbows* WITCH #2.)

BANQUO. What manner of being is this? They appear to be woman, yet they are hideous. Covered from head to toe in warts. Their very presence sends a chill down my spine. They are so ugly...

WITCH #1. We're standing right here!

BANQUO. Oh, um, sorry. Did I say hideous? Because I meant beautiful. And did I say wart-covered, because I meant wart, um, smothered.

WITCH #1. Hail Macbeth, Distribution Manager of Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack!

WITCH #2. Hail Macbeth, Vice President and General Manager of Sales of Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack!

WITCH #3. Hail Macbeth, President, CEO, and Owner of Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack!

WITCH #4. Hail Macbeth, President of the United States!

(WITCH #1 *elbows* WITCH #4.)

WITCH #1. Quit exaggerating, Susan. You're not going to be the President of the United States.

BANQUO. What about me?

WITCH #4. You shall President of the United States.

WITCH #1. Susan! You will not. However, not you, but your children will one day run Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack.

MACBETH. How could I be Vice President and General Manager of Sales? He's still with the company and the Colonel loves him.

(*The WITCHES remain silent.*)

MACBETH. Speak I say!

BANQUO. Here's a question for you. If there are 99 bottles of beer on the wall, 99 bottles of beer, and one of those bottles should happen to fall, how many bottles would you have left?

(The WITCHES vanish.)

MACBETH. They disappeared!

BANQUO. I still don't think you're right about the beer song.

MACBETH. Shut up about that song! Your children will run this company!

BANQUO. You will run this company.

MACBETH. You think they're telling the truth?

BANQUO. I don't know. They were pretty horrifying. Did you see that one's mustache? They were so nasty!

(WITCH #2 emerges.)

WITCH #2. Hey! We're not nasty!

MACBETH. I thought you disappeared!

WITCH #2. Well I didn't! I was hiding the entire time to see if you were going to talk about us behind our backs when we were gone, and you did!

BANQUO. Um, sorry.

(WITCH #2 vanishes.)

MACBETH. Wait!

(Enter ROSS and ANGUS.)

ROSS. The Colonel is quite pleased with you Macbeth!

BANQUO. *(To Macbeth:)* Ah! What manner of man is this? They appear to be man, yet they are hideous...

MACBETH. Those are men, you idiot! They're Colonel Duncan's executives.

ANGUS. The Colonel appreciates you securing his secret blend of 12 delicious herbs and spices. For your efforts, here is one coupon

good for one free Hickory Dickory Chicken Dinner and another good to Colonel-size your next Chicken Shack meal for free. (*Quickly:*) Offer good for a limited time only. Colonel meal must be purchased separately. Prices and participation may vary. See stores for details.

MACBETH. Um, thanks. But I thought employees get free Colonel-sizing anyway. It was part of our Christmas bonus last year.

ROSS. Naw. Colonel was drunk at the Christmas party when he made that promise. It was quickly retracted, didn't you get the memo?

MACBETH. Oh. Well tell the Colonel thanks.

ROSS. Oh, and there is one more thing. You're now the new Vice President and General Manager in charge of sales.

BANQUO. Can the devil speak true?

ROSS. Hey, who are you calling the devil?!

BANQUO. The witches.

ANGUS. Hey, who you calling the witches?!

BANQUO. The women that were here earlier.

ROSS. Who you calling the women that were here earlier?

BANQUO. Um, no one.

ROSS. Oh, just curious.

MACBETH. But you dress me in borrowed robes. Mr. Cawdor is the Vice President and General Manager in charge of sales.

ROSS. I don't know what the borrowed robes thing means, but because of your discovery, Cawdor has been fired.

ANGUS. From a cannon that is! Ah ha ha ha ha!

ROSS. Yes, good, good Angus. Anyway, the Colonel would like to see you to discuss your new position as well as the firing of Mr. Cawdor.

ANGUS. From a cannon that is!

ROSS. Angus! That was only funny once!

ANGUS. Sorry.

ROSS. Gentlemen, if you'll follow us.

MACBETH. Certainly. If we could just have a word first.

(MACBETH and BANQUO step aside.)

MACBETH. Your children are going to run this company!

BANQUO. Based on what?

MACBETH. The witches.

BANQUO. What witches?

MACBETH. The ones that were here earlier.

BANQUO. Oh yeah, I forgot about those. Hey that means you'll run this company.

MACBETH. Those women said I would be the Vice President and General Manager of Sales and minutes later I am!

BANQUO. Yes, but beware. Sometimes evil tells us small truths to lead us to our ruin.

MACBETH. Wow, that's pretty deep Banquo.

BANQUO. Yeah, my mother used to tell me that every time someone would give me a compliment. Guess that's why I don't take compliments too well.

ROSS. Hurry up you handsome devils.

BANQUO. Watch it! *(To Macbeth:)* See what I mean?

MACBETH. We'll discuss this further later. In the meantime let's just keep this between ourselves.

BANQUO. Can I tell my wife?

MACBETH. No.

BANQUO. Good, 'cause she can't keep a secret.

MACBETH. Come Banquo, to meet the Colonel!

(They exit.)

Scene 4

(COLONEL DUNCAN sits in a board meeting with LENNOX and ATTENDANTS.)

DUNCAN. I say, has Mr. Cawdor been fired.

LENNOX. Yes Colonel. He was last seen this morning, airborne over the Mississippi.

DUNCAN. Fantastic. Did he explain himself.

LENNOX. He said it was all an accident. That he accidentally met with executives from Yankee Chicken. That he accidentally started spouting out the secret blend of delicious herbs and spices and that he accidentally ran away after Macbeth beat up the Yankee men.

DUNCAN. Well I say, I suppose that is possible.

(Enter MALCOLM.)

MALCOLM. Dad, I had to shoot my horse.

DUNCAN. Now son, why would you do a thing like that?

MALCOLM. Had to. He broke his leg. Dang horse was no good anymore.

DUNCAN. Now son, that horse didn't have legs. It was just a stuffed horse's head attached to a broomstick.

(Enter ROSS, ANGUS, MACBETH and BANQUO.)

DUNCAN. Ah MacNugget, Bangkok, come in.

MACBETH. Actually sir, it's Macbeth and Banquo.

DUNCAN. Sorry, I've been thinking about the Colonel's new Bangkok Chicken Nuggets all day.

MACBETH. It's no problem sir.

DUNCAN. Please, call me Colonel.

MACBETH. Yes Colonel.

DUNCAN. I want to thank you MacNugget for saving my delectable blend of herbs and spices.

MACBETH. Anything to defend the Colonel's secret recipe.

DUNCAN. You've perhaps saved Duncan Farms and Colonel Duncan's Chicken from ruin. For that you've been promoted to Vice President and General Manager of Sales. A position that ranks close to me.

MACBETH. It's an honor Colonel.

DUNCAN. And you are also to be entrusted with the Colonel's secret recipe.

BANQUO. *(To Macbeth:)* Did you hear that?! You're going to learn the secret recipe!

MACBETH. Of course I heard it, I'm standing right here!

BANQUO. Did you hear that Colonel? He's standing right there!

DUNCAN. I say son, you're talking gibberish. Banquo, if you'll plug your ears, I will recite to Macbeth the Colonel's secret recipe.

(BANQUO plugs his ears.)

Oregano, sage, parsley, thyme, rosemary, rose hips, salt, curry, rose petal, basil, parsley, Viagra and most important, nicotine.

MACBETH. Nicotine?

DUNCAN. Yes son, it's the only reason we're number one. Why else would you think anyone would eat the Colonel's chicken? It tastes terrible and it's bad for you.

MACBETH. I see Colonel.

DUNCAN. Now son, and I call you son because I feel like you're a son to me, and I feel like you're a son to me because you are much younger than I. Son, I want you to vow that you'll forever keep the Colonel's recipe safe.

MACBETH. I vow it.

DUNCAN. Good. Now on a totally unrelated topic, I am close to completing my will and I before I do so I want to announce that

Duncan Farms and Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack Incorporated will go to my son Malcolm upon my death or retirement once he reaches the proper age.

MALCOLM. Yippee!! If I had a horse right now I'd ride it around the room so fast!! Thanks Dad!

DUNCAN. Please, call me Colonel.

MALCOLM. Thanks Colonel Dad!

DUNCAN. In the meantime, Vice President and General Manager Macbeth, how would you like to have me over to your house for a celebration dinner?

MACBETH. Well, my wife's not much of a cook. Last time we had guests she served hotdog gravy.

DUNCAN. Well anything's got to be better than this horrible chicken, which I cannot seem to get enough of. *(Takes a bite.)* I'll be at your place tomorrow around seven.

MACBETH. It will be an honor Colonel.

(Aside. In the background BANQUO stands with his ears plugged and MALCOLM does a victory dance.)

His son taking over the company? How could that be? Were those hags telling just half-truths? Once that will is signed that brat will run this place into the ground. Or, should I stop him from signing that will completely? My thoughts are dark, like bats in an underground cave at night during an electrified dark contest. I must think this through.

(He exits.)

Scene 5

(Enter LADY MACBETH. She shouts offstage:)

LADY MACBETH. Out damn Spot! Out! *(To self:)* Damn dog's always getting into the garbage.

(She picks up a diary.)

Hello what's this? *(Reads:)* Dear Diary, Today I met four strange women, blah, blah, blah. They said I'd be Vice President of Sales then go on to run the Colonel's Chicken Shack, blah, blah, blah. The Colonel says he's passing the company on to his son, blah, blah blah. *(To self:)* Why does he keep writing blah, blah, blah? *(Reads:)* I wonder if I should kill the Colonel. Not sure yet though. Your pal, Macbeth. P.S. stay cool. *(Looks off.)* Stay cool?

(Enter MACBETH.)

MACBETH. Hi honey, I'm home.

(LADY MACBETH looks him over.)

LADY MACBETH. Yes, it is you, isn't it? So who are these strange women?

MACBETH. What? Hey, that's my diary.

LADY MACBETH. Are they hotter than me?

MACBETH. What? No.

LADY MACBETH. That's right, because I'm the hottest woman you've ever seen, got it!

MACBETH. You tell me that every day. Listen, the Colonel's coming over to celebrate my promotion.

LADY MACBETH. The Colonel must live no more after tonight.

MACBETH. What?

LADY MACBETH. You heard your girlfriends' prophesy.

MACBETH. They're not my girlfriends, okay. They're witches.

LADY MACBETH. You know what you have to do. His brat can't run that company.

MACBETH. Yes, but perhaps...

LADY MACBETH. Perhaps nothing! Do you lack the guts to kill the Colonel? You know what? I not only think you lack the guts to kill him, I think you lack the entire digestive system to do it.

MACBETH. That doesn't even make sense.

LADY MACBETH. You don't have a digestive system do you? You've been lying to me this whole time.

MACBETH. I have a digestive system, okay?!

LADY MACBETH. Macbeth, you must do what you can to move to the top.

MACBETH. Why did you just call me Macbeth?

LADY MACBETH. That is your name, isn't it?

MACBETH. It's my last name. It's yours too.

LADY MACBETH. What would you rather I call you crap head?

MACBETH. No, I...

LADY MACBETH. Alright crap head, you should kill the Colonel. Got it crap head?

MACBETH. Don't call me crap head. I know what I have to do, okay?

LADY MACBETH. Excellent.

MACBETH. We will discuss this further.

LADY MACBETH. I'll make the plans, okay? You couldn't plan your way out of a paper sack.

MACBETH. Yes I can, remember that one time? I got right out of that paper...

LADY MACBETH. I will make the plans!

MACBETH. Yes dear.

Scene 6

(Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, ROSS, ANGUS, LENNOX, BANQUO, and other EXECUTIVES.)

DUNCAN. I say, this house has a sweet scent. Almost reminds me of cotton candy.

(Enter LADY MACBETH.)

LADY MACBETH. Colonel Duncan! So wonderful to finally meet you. I hope you're hungry, I'm making cotton candy for dinner.

MALCOLM. Yippee! Cotton Candy!

LENNOX. For dinner? It's just sugar. I can't have sugar.

DUNCAN. I say, mind your manners Lennox.

LADY MACBETH. Not to worry, I also have sugar-free regular cotton.

LENNOX. You can't eat regular cotton.

DUNCAN. I say Lennox, you'll eat it and you'll like it.

LENNOX. Yes Colonel.

DUNCAN. My, my. Such a beautiful woman, such a beautiful home. Where is my Vice President and General Manager of Sales?

LADY MACBETH. He's eager to see you. He's just off practicing his vice presidenting and general managing.

DUNCAN. That dedicated young man.

LADY MACBETH. He'll be with us shortly. In the meantime, let me take you to our sitting room where you'll be more comfortable.

(They exit. Enter MACBETH on opposite side of the stage.)

MACBETH. If Duncan dies the Vice President and General Manager of Sales does take over the company in the event that his son is too young. And his son is too young. If they did let him run it, it would be like a bad movie, *(Looks at the audience:)* or a bad play. But what if my plan backfires? *(Picks up newspaper.)* What does my horoscope say? *(Reads:)* Leo: You're assertive, yet bullheaded. Figure it out for yourself. *(Puts down paper.)* This is too risky. I really ought to think about this plan.

(Enter LADY MACBETH.)

LADY MACBETH. Who are you talking to?

MACBETH. No one.

LADY MACBETH. Why's it so chilly in here? It's almost as though someone has cold feet.

MACBETH. This isn't a good idea. Being Vice President and General Manager of Sales is a great...

(LADY MACBETH *grabs* MACBETH *by his collar.*)

LADY MACBETH. Listen crap head, the garbage man could be the Vice President and General whatever you are. I will not suffer through the rest of my life knowing my husband didn't have the guts to become the Colonel!

MACBETH. Even if he dies and I'm in charge I won't be a Colonel. You have to join the Army and...

LADY MACBETH. This is your future, Macbeth! Here's what we do, we talk the Colonel into staying the night...

MACBETH. Then we strap a keg of dynamite and blow him—and all the evidence—sky high!

LADY MACBETH. No you complete fool, you'll ruin this house that I worked so hard to make you fix up!

MACBETH. Than what do you propose?

LADY MACBETH. I'll talk the Colonel and his men into staying at our place tonight. You will, with the Colonel's very sword, stab him as he sleeps. Then make it look like one of his men did it.

MACBETH. And what if he wakes up? What if he catches me right in the act and screams for help?

LADY MACBETH. And what if he doesn't?

MACBETH. Hey yeah, I never thought about that.

LADY MACBETH. Go, greet the Colonel. And if he asks you what you're doing tonight, don't say planning on killing him.

MACBETH. I shall be as a ray of sunshine on the outside, but my intentions will be more hidden than Waldo, from Where's Waldo, on a crowded beach. I'm off.

ACT II

Scene I

(Enter BANQUO.)

BANQUO. Why don't these lights work? I've been looking for the bathroom for forty minutes!

(Enter MACBETH with flashlight.)

Who's there?

MACBETH. It's me.

BANQUO. Macbeth, why don't your lights work? I've been searching for the bathroom forever and I'm about ready to go right here.

MACBETH. You're actually in the bathroom, so go ahead.

BANQUO. Oh. What's wrong with your lights?

MACBETH. Blown circuit. Happens every time I plan to murd...I mean, um, have guests over.

BANQUO. Why are you up so late?

MACBETH. Just checking the electricity.

BANQUO. I dreamed tonight of the weird sisters.

MACBETH. Who?

BANQUO. You remember, the witches. The ones who made the predictions.

MACBETH. Hmmm. Oh them. I don't think about them anymore.

BANQUO. They revealed in my dream more truths to me, but I wasn't paying attention because I had gone to school naked and I was being chased by a giant June Bug and then I had to pee and when I woke up, I really did have to pee, so I guess my dream came true.

MACBETH. Well, relieve yourself. I'm off to bed.

(MACBETH steps away, BANQUO fades to black. Enter a SWORD.)

MACBETH. Ah! Who are you?

SWORD. Why I'm the Colonel's sword. Follow me!

MACBETH. But swords don't have legs.

SWORD. Swords don't have arms either. Come, to Duncan's room.

(Light reveals the COLONEL sleeping in bed.)

MACBETH. I'm going crazy.

SWORD. Heck yeah you're going crazy, and in case you have any doubts, check me out, I can juggle.

(The SWORD pulls out three balls and makes an attempt to juggle them but they all fall.)

Come, the Colonel awaits.

(MACBETH enters Duncan's room. DUNCAN wakes up.)

DUNCAN. I say, this bed is like sleeping on rocks, only harder.

(MACBETH picks up Duncan's sword.)

Who's there? Macbeth? I say son, what are you doing in my room?

MACBETH. Um... You're dreaming.

DUNCAN. Hmm, makes sense. Well, I'm gonna wake myself up and you better not still be here.

(DUNCAN lies down and pinches himself. He sits up and MACBETH ducks down behind his bed.)

Ah, that's better. *(Looks down.)* I say son, why are you under my bed?

MACBETH. Um, checking for monsters, like a vice president's supposed to do.

DUNCAN. Son, vice presidents don't have to... Wait, why do you have my sword?

MACBETH. I um... *(Sings:)* Rock a bye Colonel, on the tree top, when the wind blows...

DUNCAN. Oh crap, the Colonel can't resist a lullaby.

(MACBETH *sings* DUNCAN *to sleep until the lights go down.*)

Scene 2

(LADY MACBETH *sits reading. Enter* MACBETH, *stunned with the bloody sword in his hand.*)

MACBETH. It is done.

LADY MACBETH. What is done?

MACBETH. The Colonel's murder.

LADY MACBETH. You murdered the Colonel?! You awful, awful man!

MACBETH. What?! It was your coaxing that...

LADY MACBETH. I'm just kidding, good job.

MACBETH. He lay there, sleeping peacefully. He reminded me of me when I was a baby. Oh what have I done?!

(LADY MACBETH *grabs* MACBETH, *shakes him and slaps his face.*)

LADY MACBETH. Get a hold of yourself!

(*She shakes and slaps him repeatedly.*)

MACBETH. Stop that!

LADY MACBETH. Listen, did anyone awake?

MACBETH. His son Malcolm. When I was on my way back from the deed he asked me to join him in a prayer that he'd get a new horse. When it came time to say amen, I couldn't say it. It was stuck in my throat. The kid had to give me the Heimlich maneuver to get it out. Since when could I not say amen?

LADY MACBETH. Our wedding. You couldn't say amen, or "I do" for that matter.

MACBETH. That wasn't my fault. I don't remember a thing from our wedding. I fell down and got amnesia, remember?

LADY MACBETH. Yes, amnesia. Certainly no one drugged you, hooked you up to strings and used your limp body as a puppet and had everyone thinking you were going through with the vows. Is that what you're thinking?

MACBETH. No...

LADY MACBETH. What's that? You brought the sword back with you?!

MACBETH. The bloody sword. What have I done? I've killed a fast food icon. I destroyed the man who introduced 'Colonel-sizing' to the English language. I'm a monster!

(LADY MACBETH grabs MACBETH and shakes him violently.)

LADY MACBETH. Get a hold of yourself. This shaking will help you forget all about that.

MACBETH. Stop that!

LADY MACBETH. I'll put the sword back in his room. You lie down and go to bed. When I come back you had better be asleep, or else you're grounded.

MACBETH. You can't ground me!

LADY MACBETH. Watch me!

MACBETH. Yes dear.

(LADY MACBETH exits.)

All the water in the ocean couldn't wash the blood from these hands. All the leading brand laundry detergents couldn't get out the ring around my conscience. I need something stronger. Hark, my lady comes. To bed with me.

Scene 3

(Enter MACDUFF with LENNOX. MACDUFF knocks on the door. MACBETH answers.)

MACBETH. Mister Macduff.

MACDUFF. Where's the Colonel? He's late for this morning's meeting and we have to figure out whether to call his new crispy chicken "extra crispy," "super crispy," or "crunch-a-riffic." The board members are all clawing at each other's throats.

MACBETH. He's still sleeping.

MACDUFF. That's odd, the Colonel never sleeps in this late. Well, except for holidays. And regular days. Hmm, I'll go wake him up.

(MACDUFF exits. Offstage he screams.)

Ahhhhh!!!

(MACDUFF comes running in.)

MACBETH. What? What's the matter?!

MACDUFF. There was a mouse in the hallway, sorry. I hate mice.

(MACDUFF exits. There is an awkward pause as MACBETH and LENNOX stand there.)

MACBETH. So how you doing?

LENNOX. Me?

MACBETH. Yeah.

MACDUFF. *(Offstage:)* Ahhhhhh!!!

(MACDUFF comes running in.)

MACBETH. What? What is it?

MACDUFF. The Colonel, he's been murdered. And there's a mouse by his bed!!

MACBETH. What? Are you sure he's not sleeping?

MACDUFF. He's dead. I saw the blood.

MACBETH. Are you sure he didn't fall asleep with a tomato in his pocket? 'Cause that can happen, you know.

MACDUFF. Go see for yourselves!

(Exit MACBETH and LENNOX.)

Wake everyone! Call the police! There's been a murder!

(Enter LADY MACBETH.)

LADY MACBETH. What's the matter?

MACDUFF. Oh sweet woman, I cannot utter the horrors of what's happened here, for to do so would defile your sweet, delicate, beautiful ears.

LADY MACBETH. *(Flattered:)* Aw, do you really think they're beautiful? Because when I was a little girl my mother used to tell me I had the ears of an elf. Years later it turned out my father actually was an elf, so I guess...

MACDUFF. Oh dear lady, the Colonel's been murdered!

LADY MACBETH. Ah! My beautiful delicate ears! They've been defiled! Who would do this?!

(Enter LENNOX.)

LENNOX. The Colonel's men, they used his very sword. It was found bloodied in their room.

(Enter MACBETH.)

MACBETH. It's true, I saw it myself.

MACDUFF. Keep the men there, I'll call the police.

MACBETH. No need. I took the liberty of arresting, charging, trying, convicting, and executing the men myself.

(Enter MALCOLM and BANQUO.)

MALCOLM. What's going on? I was having the most wonderful dream about horses when someone woke me up!

MACDUFF. Son, your wonderful father's been murdered!

MALCOLM. Aw crap! Dad? By who?

MACDUFF. We're getting to the bottom of it. In the meantime, I want you to stay with your aunt in Alaska.

MALCOLM. Aw! I hate Aunt Alaska. She never lets me wear my swim trunks.

LENNOX. Come on son.

(LENNOX puts his arm around MALCOLM and leads him out.)

MALCOLM. Aw man! What's the opposite of yee-haw?

LENNOX. I don't know that there is one son, I don't know that there is one.

(Exit LENNOX and MALCOLM .)

MACDUFF. Why did you kill those men? They could have been innocent.

MACBETH. I was overcome with anger. Plus they told me they did it.

MACDUFF. They admitted it?

MACBETH. Well, not in so many words.

MACDUFF. Someone could have planted the sword there.

MACBETH. Now why would anybody plant a sword. That sounds like the most...

(LADY MACBETH faints.)

BANQUO. The lady!

(They rush over to help her.)

MACBETH. What's the matter honey?

LADY MACBETH. I believe I've just come down with the 24 hour flu.

MACBETH. Come on honey.

(MACBETH helps her up. The two exit.)

BANQUO. Whoever did this will pay for it with their lives! If they cannot afford to pay with their life, well, then they'll wash dishes!

MACDUFF. Someone must pay a higher price than dish suds. We'll discuss this further.

(They exit.)

Scene 4

(Enter ROSS with an OLD MAN.)

OLD MAN. Aye lad, these are strange troubling times in the Colonel's passing. The things that are happening, I haven't seen such oddities since John Hargreaves invented the Spinning Jenny.

ROSS. I agree sir.

OLD MAN. You know why they call it the Spinning Jenny don't you? It's 'cause John Hargreaves didn't invent the device to process cotton, but instead as a date to the town dance. Jenny he called her, and he spun her round and round. He was arrested for it the next day, but then someone put cotton in it and they set him free and he went on to become the town king.

ROSS. Are you just telling me this because I can't disprove you.

OLD MAN. You're worse than Hargreaves.

(Enter MACDUFF.)

MACDUFF. Did you see the papers?

ROSS. Yes. I hate that Garfield. Stupid sarcastic cat. I ought to...

MACDUFF. No, the front page.

ROSS. No.

MACDUFF. Macbeth to be named CEO of Colonel Duncan's farms and restaurants.

ROSS. What?!

MACDUFF. It's in the Colonel's will. *(Takes out paper and reads:)* It reads, "I say son, I say if my son is not of age, and by of age I mean

one score, and by one score I mean twenty years and by twenty years I mean eighteen years, then the Vice President and General Manager of Sales shall run the company.”

ROSS. That’s worse than Garfield! Do they know who killed the Colonel?

MACDUFF. Those who Macbeth killed know who killed the Colonel.

ROSS. Great, maybe we could ask them.

MACDUFF. Ross! Macbeth killed the Colonel!

OLD MAN. In my day we killed Colonels left and right until the cows came home and when they left in the morning we did it again. Of course we were in the army in the middle of a war, but we had fun and that’s what I’m trying to get at.

MACDUFF. Please sir, you’re not adding to this conversation!

ROSS. The Colonel is buried tomorrow.

MACDUFF. And Macbeth will be named CEO the next day. I won’t let him get away with this, if it’s the last thing I do, I’ll stop him.

ROSS. The company appreciates your dedication.

MACDUFF. The investigation begins. But first I must go eat breakfast.

OLD MAN. Tony the Tiger appreciates your dedication.

MACDUFF. Shut up!

ACT III

Scene 1

(Enter BANQUO.)

BANQUO. CEO, Vice President and General Manager in charge of sales, just as the strange, horrible, nasty witches promised. Like a dishonest, legless mule who won a gold medal at a dance contest, something tells me you didn't achieve the title fairly.

(Enter MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.)

MACBETH. I just caught the last part of what you said Banquo and I'm going to have to ask you never to use a simile like that in this house again.

BANQUO. Yes Colonel.

MACBETH. Unfortunately it's not Colonel. Armed forces won't give me that title no matter how much I pay them for it.

BANQUO. I'm sorry to hear that sir.

MACBETH. But, I can call myself a count. Count Macbeth's Chicken. You don't have to do anything for that title. What do you think?

BANQUO. Sounds too vampire-ish.

LADY MACBETH. The Count and I would like to invite you to dinner tonight Banquo. Our new crispy chicken is to die for. Ha ha ha ha!

MACBETH. *(Laughing:)* Good one honey.

BANQUO. I don't get it. Must be an inside joke.

LADY MACBETH. Yes! And the punch line will kill you! Ha ha ha!

MACBETH. *(Laughing:)* Two in a row!

BANQUO. I'm not sure why that's funny either, but there's got to be a great reason.

LADY MACBETH. Well don't think about it too hard. Curiosity killed the cat you know! Ha ha ha!

MACBETH. *(Laughing:)* You're killing me honey!

LADY MACBETH. You?

(The two laugh extremely hard.)

BANQUO. Hey, I get it now.

LADY MACBETH. *(Gets serious:)* You do?

BANQUO. Yeah, it's one of those jokes you've got to think about!
Ha ha! I love those.

MACBETH. *(Uncomfortable laugh:)* Ha ha, yes. Well, um, you should really bring your son. What's his name?

BANQUO. Fleance.

LADY MACBETH. The hell kind of name is Fleance?

MACBETH. It doesn't matter, he'll be dead tonight!

(MACBETH begins to laugh, but LADY MACBETH elbows him.)

BANQUO. Ha ha! Well, I must be off to prepare for tonight's feast.

MACBETH. Well, have a safe trip home.

LADY MACBETH. But not too safe.

BANQUO. Why not?

LADY MACBETH. Um, you, um. You wouldn't want to look paranoid.

BANQUO. Well, I'm off. See you tonight.

(BANQUO exits.)

LADY MACBETH. If he lives that Fleance kid will one day run your company. If we have a child you know what will happen? He'll be working for Fleance, probably at the drive-through window of a remote restaurant for the rest of his life! If Banquo and his son live, the only words we'll need to bother teaching our child will be "do you want fries with that. Do you want that?!"

MACBETH. Fries?

LADY MACBETH. No! Our son, a chicken jockey!

MACBETH. I will meet with the murderers this afternoon.

LADY MACBETH. Then meet with them.

See the job done.

Don't be afraid to bargain,

Two murders for the price of one.

(They exit.)

Scene 2

(Enter MACBETH and three MURDERERS.)

MACBETH. Have you made the arrangements?

FIRST MURDERER. Yes sir, we have.

MACBETH. Yes, 50 dollars each, plus high-ranking positions in our sister company, Hamburger Haven.

FIRST MURDERER. That's good sir, only you said it would be fifty thousand dollars each, plus you were going to give us capital to start our own restaurant chain "The Three Murderers' Pork Palace."

MACBETH. First of all, nobody's going to go to a restaurant chain that serves strictly pork and they certainly won't go to one that boasts that it's run by murderers.

FIRST MURDERER. Well, the final concepts haven't been worked out yet.

MACBETH. I'll start you as a Hamburger Haven manager. Who are these men?

FIRST MURDERER. This is Stick Teeth Steve and that's Handsome Sal.

MACBETH. They're both quite ugly, but they'll do.

SECOND MURDERER. Hey, I can hear you.

MACBETH. First let me tell you why you're doing this to Banquo. He plots to destroy the Colonel's farms and restaurants, yours and my livelihood. I've also received confirmed rumors that he plans to kill me.

FIRST MURDERER. Why don't you call the police.

MACBETH. Well, I um, did.

FIRST MURDERER. And what did they say.

MACBETH. They told me they didn't care.

FIRST MURDERER. That doesn't sound like the police I know. They're right on top of things.

MACBETH. Listen, this man must be dealt with. The other day I caught him cooking the books.

SECOND MURDERER. You mean he was forging the financial statements of Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack to mislead shareholders?

MACBETH. That, and I caught him putting our books in water and boiling them.

SECOND MURDERER. Why didn't you call the S.E.C.?

MACBETH. Look, I'm not paying you to critique my logic. Just know that your cause is just.

FIRST MURDERER. Yes sir.

MACBETH. And see to it you get that Fleance too.

SECOND MURDERER. Why? He's just a teenager.

MACBETH. A teenager? You ever see that kid eat? You don't kill him he'll devour you all!

THIRD MURDERER. Oh my gosh!

FIRST MURDERER. *(To Third Murderer:)* Hey! You're not supposed to talk!

MACBETH. Carry this out gentlemen and you'll be a friend to Colonel Duncan's Chicken for life.

FIRST MURDERER. We'll see it done sir.

(They exit.)

Scene 3

(Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE.)

FLEANCE. Dad, can I get my named changed?

BANQUO. What's wrong with Fleance?

FLEANCE. The kids at school all make fun of me. They call me flea-ants.

BANQUO. That's your name, son.

FLEANCE. No, they call me flea, like the bug, and then ants, like the bugs. Even the teachers call me that sometimes.

BANQUO. How do you know they're not just saying your name?

FLEANCE. Well I...I don't know, I just assumed they'd make fun of me.

BANQUO. Come son, we dine at Macbeth's tonight.

FLEANCE. That stupid Malcolm kid's not gonna be there is he? He keeps trying to make me groom his fake horse.

(Enter MURDERERS.)

FIRST MURDERER. There he is!

BANQUO. Who are you?

FIRST MURDERER. I'm Lord Charington, that's Stick Teeth Steve and that's Handsome Sal. We sir, are murderers.

BANQUO. You sure are ugly.

FIRST MURDERER. Masks on!

(They all put on masks.)

SECOND MURDERER. Shouldn't we have put these on first?

FIRST MURDERER. Quit living in the past man. Attack!

(They attack BANQUO.)

BANQUO. Ah! Ouch! Crap that kills! Wow! Man, this sucks! Owwww. Fleance! Run!

FLEANCE. Don't call me Flea-ants!

BANQUO. Run now!

(FLEANCE escapes. BANQUO dies.)

FIRST MURDERER. That takes care of that.

SECOND MURDERER. What about his son?

FIRST MURDERER. At least we got half the job done.

THIRD MURDERER. At least he didn't try to eat us.

FIRST MURDERER. Stop talking!!

Scene 4

(Buffet. MACBETH stands at the end of the table. Seated are LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, ATTENDANTS.)

MACBETH. I hold this banquet in both celebration and in mourning. But before I begin, I'd like to announce the marketing of a new item on the Colonel's menu, in memory of the man who founded our company. I call them, "Irresistibles." They're just like the Colonel's original Chicken Nuggets only with more of a particular secret herb.

ROSS. Nicotine.

MACBETH. Yes! We'll get kids started on them early. They'll be marketed using adorable spokesperson, "Ira, the Irresistibles Lizard."

ROSS. Sir, those nuggets have 90 grams of fat as it is...

MACBETH. There's nothing illegal about fat. Fat is all natural. Fat is an essential part of nature.

(Enter FIRST MURDERER. He is covered in blood. Everyone is disturbed, MACBETH is as well, but covers up.)

MACBETH. Ah, Mister Charington. I'd like to introduce you to the board.

FIRST MURDERER. Hi.

LENNOX. What's all over you.

MACBETH. Mister Charington has been working on a new item for the Colonel's menu, Deep Fried Ketchup Balls.

ROSS. Gross!

FIRST MURDERER. *(To Macbeth:)* Sir, a word with you.

MACBETH. Excuse me.

(MACBETH and FIRST MURDERER step aside.)

What are you doing here!

FIRST MURDERER. It's finished sir.

MACBETH. And you came here to tell me?!

FIRST MURDERER. I couldn't wait sir. I thought you'd be happy. I guess some people just don't appreciate my work.

MACBETH. No, it's not that. Is he dead?

FIRST MURDERER. His throat slit sir.

MACBETH. Gross. Why didn't you just shoot him?

FIRST MURDERER. Hey, I don't criticize your work.

MACBETH. Nobody's criticizing. How about the boy?

FIRST MURDERER. You mean Flea-pants? He escaped.

MACBETH. What?! That's terrible. He is a boy now, but the boy becomes a man and that man becomes a skeleton but before he becomes a skeleton he seeks revenge on the man who took his father.

FIRST MURDERER. Look, I'm not interested in your philosophies. When do we get our money and jobs.

MACBETH. Tomorrow.

LADY MACBETH. CEOs do not leave their guests waiting. Come Colonel, our dinner awaits your blessing.

(Exit FIRST MURDERER. MACBETH returns to the table.)

MACBETH. I told you honey, I'm not a Colonel. Bow your heads. May the Lord bless this, our dinner and...

(Enter GHOST OF BANQUO.)

A ghost!!

ALL. May the Lord bless this our dinner and a ghost.

LADY MACBETH. Amen. Let's eat.

MACBETH. No...

ROSS. Sir, please, have a seat.

(The GHOST OF BANQUO sits in Macbeth's seat.)

MACBETH. I can't, someone's sitting there.

LADY MACBETH. Honey, what are you talking about.

(MACBETH walks over and lifts the sheet over the GHOST.)

MACBETH. Banquo!

ROSS. Yes, where is Banquo? Was he not supposed to be here?

MACBETH. He sits in my seat.

LENNOX. No one is there sir.

ROSS. Have a seat sir, you seem to be ill.

MACBETH. No, no, there's no one there. I'll just eat on the floor.

(MACBETH sits on the floor.)

ROSS. Suit yourself.

LADY MACBETH. So, Lennox, I heard your region has excelled this quarter.

LENNOX. Yes, well the quarter went great.

(The GHOST turns towards MACBETH.)

GHOST OF BANQUO. Boooooo! Boooo!

MACBETH. Shut up!

LENNOX. Excuse me?

MACBETH. Not you, the ghost.

LADY MACBETH. The CEO is not feeling well.

LENNOX. Maybe he ate something that didn't suit him. My aunt...

GHOST OF BANQUO. Boooooo!

MACBETH. Shut...up!

LENNOX. (*Offended:*) Well, I never.

MACBETH. Not you! I said I'm talking to the ghost.

(Exit GHOST.)

That's better.

(MACBETH takes his seat.)

LADY MACBETH. You'll have to excuse him. He's been extremely busy.

ROSS. Yes, well that will have you seeing things for sure, ha-ha.

(They all chuckle.)

LADY MACBETH. Please Lennox, tell us how your region got to be number one.

LENNOX. It took a lot of planning, but if I was to take credit, I'd be a liar. I've got some great managers, they really do a great job, but, what the heck, I'll take credit for it, ha ha ha!

(Enter GHOST.)

MACBETH. Foul creature! You don't belong on this Earth! Leave!

LENNOX. I've never been so insulted.

MACBETH. I'm not talking to you.

LADY MACBETH. Gentlemen, my husband's not feeling well. I'm sorry, I'm afraid he'll come down with something terrible. Let's postpone this dinner for another time.

ROSS. Understandable ma'am. Sir, I hope you feel better.

(All leave except MACBETH and LADY MACBETH. LADY MACBETH grabs MACBETH and starts shaking him.)

LADY MACBETH. What is wrong with you!

MACBETH. Banquo's ghost, he haunts me.

LADY MACBETH. I told you our honeymoon night, there's no such thing as ghosts, and now there's no such thing as Banquo.

MACBETH. Keeping this secret weighs heavier than I expected. Like a chef who doesn't know the difference between the handle and the blade, my hands get bloodier and bloodier. I must visit those weird sisters again.

LADY MACBETH. Why?

MACBETH. I need answers.

LADY MACBETH. You love them more than you love me, don't you?

MACBETH. No, I must see what the future holds for me.

LADY MACBETH. What you need is sleep. Go get your somewhat attractive butt in bed.

MACBETH. Then let us sleep. And let us hope the fears that shake me depart with the night.

LADY MACBETH. And don't forget to brush your teeth.

MACBETH. You don't need to remind me every night, okay? I'm not going to forget.

LADY MACBETH. Hey! If I wanted lip I'd get collagen implants, got it?

MACBETH. Yes ma'am.

Scene 5

(Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN.)

ROSS. I miss Colonel Duncan, his TV commercials. You know, the ones where he'd declare war on a hen house, then he'd come out with sweet oven roasted chicken.

OLD MAN. I miss how he used to bust those bad guys. Too bad his show got cancelled.

ROSS. You're thinking of MacGyver.

OLD MAN. No, I'm thinking of that Webster kid.

ROSS. Ah, the Colonel. Murdered. Macbeth in his place. It's so good that a formal investigation couldn't take place because Macbeth killed the suspects. It's great how Banquo, who may have known some truths, was mysteriously murdered. Yup, everything's great. It's so great in fact that Colonel Duncan's Chicken Shack should change its name to Happyland.

OLD MAN. Young man, in my day we didn't have sarcasm. People either told it like it was or like it wasn't. What we wouldn't have given for the tool of sarcasm. You young people abuse it.

ROSS. *(Not paying attention:)* The Colonel will be avenged! Right now, Macduff is heading to Alaska, to bring young Malcolm to help him begin a formal investigation into Mr. Macbeth. Macbeth will spend the rest of his life behind bars. But he should be executed.

OLD MAN. You're lucky. When I was your age we didn't have executions. If we wanted someone to die we had to sit there and watch them until their natural deaths occurred.

ROSS. *(Gives the Old Man a strange look.)* Why do I hang out with you?

OLD MAN. Because I'm the only way you can meet girls.

ROSS. Hmmm. Makes sense.

ACT IV

Scene 1

(Thunder. Enter the four WITCHES chanting around a cauldron.)

WITCH #1. Bubble bubble, toil and trouble,
The world's woes in our cauldron bubble.

WITCH #2. Spider's eye, and crow's feather.

WITCH #3. Venom of snake, entrails of vulture.

WITCH #4. And a pinch of ginger for good measure.

WITCH #1. Susan!

WITCH #4. What?

WITCH #1. We're not baking! You've ruined the spell.

WITCH #4. I did not!

WITCH #2. You did too! Look over there, a rainbow.

WITCH #3. Great.

(Enter MACBETH.)

MACBETH. Strange women!

WITCH #1. *(Startled:)* Ah!

WITCH #2. Macbeth!

WITCH #3. What are you doing here?

WITCH #1. Who do you think you are, barging in on us? We could have been in our underwear!

MACBETH. I'm not interested in your witches' britches. I need to know my future.

WITCH #1. Your future?

WITCH #2. Of course.

WITCH #3. We'd be delighted.

WITCH #4. Step up, you shall see it.

(MACBETH steps to the cauldron.)

WITCH #1. Knee of bat, nose of rat.

WITCH #2. Ear of pig, tail of cat.

WITCH #3. Wart of frog, swimmer's itch.

WITCH #4. Hide of boar and hair of witch.

(WITCH #4 plucks a hair out of WITCH #3.)

WITCH #3. Ouch! Susan!

WITCH #1. Behold Macbeth, your future.

(Enter APPARITION #1.)

APPARITION #1. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware! Beware!
Beware!

MACBETH. Beware of what?

APPARITION #1. Beware the Ides of March.

MACBETH. It's April.

APPARITION #1. It is? Crap. Um...I must go.

(Exit APPARITION #1.)

MACBETH. Well, that sucked.

WITCH #1. Hey, we do the best we can, okay? Here comes another apparition.

(Enter APPARITION #2.)

APPARITION #2. Macbeth, listen close and heed my words, lest it cost your life.

MACBETH. I'm listening.

APPARITION #2. Do not, Macbeth, feed any bears. They might be cute and cuddly but trust me, they're dangerous. If a bear looks hungry, report it to a forest ranger, or let it starve...Starve...Starve!

(Exit APPARITION #2.)

MACBETH. That's common knowledge. This has nothing to do with my future.

WITCH #1. Hold on, hold on. Here comes another.

(Enter APPARITION #3.)

What say you?

APPARITION #3. Macbeth, you will be visited by two useless apparitions.

MACBETH. That's already happened.

APPARITION #3. It has? Oh I'm sorry, I'm late. Once again, I must pick up their slack. OK, first off, beware Macduff. Secondly, don't worry too much, you cannot be killed by any man born of a woman. And finally, Macbeth's power shall not come to an end until a shrub attacks his house.

MACBETH. A shrub! Ha ha. Well looks like I rule. What's a bush gonna do to my house!

APPARITION #3. Shrub, not bush. There's a big difference.

MACBETH. Whatever.

(Exit APPARITION #3.)

WITCH #1. Now leave Macbeth, and question us no more.

MACBETH. Well, ladies, I'm satisfied, so I curse you before I leave.

WITCH #4. All of us?

MACBETH. I cast a spell on ye.

WITCH #2. You can't cast a spell foolish mortal.

MACBETH. *(Mocking:)* Double, double, double and double.

WITCH #1. Hey! That's not how you do it!

MACBETH. *(Sarcastic:)* Uh oh, did I make the witches mad at me? What are you gonna do? Get your broomsticks?

WITCH #3. Stop making fun of us.

MACBETH. What are you gonna do? My future's set.

WITCH #1. Is it? Behold!

(The WITCHES raise their arms. Enter FLEANCE in a crown dancing around.)

FLEANCE. *(Sings:)* Hail to the Chief, the chief of Colonel Duncan's Chicken. I run the company and not Macbeth's sons.

MACBETH. What? How can this be? Is not all that you've shown true?

WITCH #3. Yup!

MACBETH. Answer me, how can this be? Torture my soul no further.

WITCH #2. Sorry, no answers.

WITCH #1. But maybe this will ease your tortured soul. Come on sisters!

(They begin to dance.)

MACBETH. Stop that! Stop that!

(Enter LENNOX. The WITCHES vanish.)

LENNOX. Stop what sir?

MACBETH. Did you not see the strange sisters?

LENNOX. Who? The McKedsie twins? Yeah, I think it's weird too how they always walk exactly in step with one another.

MACBETH. No the... Never mind.

LENNOX. Sir, I've come with word that Macduff has fled to Alaska.

MACBETH. Alaska?

LENNOX. Yes, he's trying to get young Malcolm involved in an investigation against you.

MACBETH. Okay, first of all he's fired.

LENNOX. Consider it done sir.

MACBETH. Beware Macduff. If he wants to play with my life, then I'll play with his. To the cannon with his wife and his kid. Fire them

out through the flight of the flea, and those who try to give away the Colonel's secret recipe.

(LENNOX *wipes a tear from his eye*. MACBETH *notices*.)

What?

LENNOX. Sir, that was beautiful.

MACBETH. (*Pause*.) Thank you.

(*They exit*.)

Scene 2

(*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her* SON, *and* ROSS.)

LADY MACDUFF. Why has he gone to Alaska? Is he in trouble? Why didn't he tell us?

ROSS. Mrs. Macduff, your husband goes with a just cause, he...

LADY MACDUFF. Is it another woman?

ROSS. No...

LADY MACDUFF. Another man? Crap, it's another man, I knew it!

ROSS. No, it's not another man. It's business.

LADY MACDUFF. Why would he just leave? Doesn't he love me?

ROSS. He loves you. Well, I assume he loves you. I mean, I never actually heard him say that he loves you, but you can tell. Even though he really never mentioned you that much (*Thinks*.) if at all.

LADY MACDUFF. That bastard!

ROSS. Okay, look. Macbeth is a murderer and a liar, and your husband is going to make sure he goes where he belongs.

LADY MACDUFF. My husband is a murderer and a liar, for he has murdered my heart and then lied to it, in that order!

ROSS. Listen, I'm asking you to just have a little faith. When it's all over they'll be calling Macduff a hero. Now I must leave.

LADY MACDUFF. If you hear from him tell him my faucet's still leaking and if it's not fixed soon I'll seek the help of our handsome milkman.

ROSS. I'll tell him.

(Exit ROSS.)

LADY MACDUFF. Son, you know how I've always told you I suspect your father doesn't love us?

SON. Yes.

LADY MACDUFF. Well, I was right. It turns out your father doesn't love us.

SON. Well the man said he's away on important business.

LADY MACDUFF. Let me teach you something about men, son. Anytime they say they're away on business, it means they're up to no good. Especially if they're away on business.

SON. Why are you telling me this? I'll be a man.

LADY MACDUFF. Because I have no daughter, so I'll warn you about men instead.

(Enter MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER. Ma'am, young lad.

LADY MACDUFF. Who are you?

MESSENGER. A messenger. I come with a grave message from a dear friend. You are in great danger. You must flee this home at once.

LADY MACDUFF. Oh? And who is this "dear friend"? Doris Johnson? She's wanted this home for years. There's no way I'm leaving.

(Enter MURDERERS.)

FIRST MURDERER. Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF. Why does everyone think they can just barge in here? Who are you?

FIRST MURDERER. Dear lady, I am Lord Charington, that's Stick Teeth Steve and that's Handsome Lionel.

THIRD MURDERER. Sal, Handsome Sal.

FIRST MURDERER. Shut up!

LADY MACDUFF. What do you want?

FIRST MURDERER. I'm terribly sorry, but we're going to have to kill you.

LADY MACDUFF. Me or all of us?

FIRST MURDERER. All of you.

MESSENGER. You can't kill me. I'm the messenger.

SECOND MURDERER. I think we can kill you. You're not our messenger. You didn't deliver a message to us.

MESSENGER. Beware the Ides of March. There.

FIRST MURDERER. I don't know...

MESSENGER. The rule says don't kill the messenger.

FIRST MURDERER. Fine! I hate that rule! Let's go.

(They exit.)

Scene 3

(MALCOLM rides around on his stick horse.)

MALCOLM. Yee haw! Yee haw!

(He stops.)

Aw dang. You want to stop for water again? Fine, hurry up.

(MALCOLM gets off the broomstick horse, sets it down and waits.)

Come on, hurry up. That's enough.

(He picks up the horse and mounts. Enter MACDUFF.)

MACDUFF. Malcolm.

MALCOLM. (*Startled:*) AH!

(He begins to ride around like crazy.)

You spooked my horse! Whoa! Whoa!

(Malcolm is thrown off the pretend horse.)

That's it. I'm going to have to shoot it.

MACDUFF. Malcolm!

MALCOLM. Uncle Macduff?

MACDUFF. That's Mister Macduff. I have to take you with me. We've got to go to Washington to get your daddy's farm and restaurant chain back.

MALCOLM. No way! I like it here. I've got tons of land I can race around on, an endless supply of horses and Aunt Alaska says I don't ever have to grow up if I don't want to.

MACDUFF. Malcolm, son, this is your future. Your father's heritage. Come to Washington, win it back.

MALCOLM. I'm sorry but...

MACDUFF. (*Angry:*) Now you listen to me. Your father built that company from the ground. You know what he went through to invent that secret blend of delicious herbs and spices? He spent countless hours in the garden combining herbs. He was nearly blown apart when he combined the wrong spices, but he didn't give up! It took years, until one night he was walking down the street when a hobo offered him a piece of chicken. The Colonel held a gun to his head until that hobo revealed every last herb and spice. Your dad then shot that hobo and brought his wonderful recipe to millions of Americans. It was his sweat and blood that built this company and I'll be damned if I let a thief and a murderer run it. Got it?!

MALCOLM. Alright, fine. I'll go to Washington.

MACDUFF. You come back, you can buy all the horses you want.

MALCOLM. Yee haw! Horses!

(Enter ROSS.)

Ross? What are you doing in Alaska?

ROSS. Nothing.

MACDUFF. You traveled thousands of miles for nothing? How's the company?

ROSS. Bad. Macbeth, he's putting too much nicotine in the blend. It's ruining the balance. The FDA's going to be all over us.

MACDUFF. How's my family? How did my wife take the news?

ROSS. They're um... Well...

MACDUFF. What?

ROSS. If I tell you, your ears will hate my tongue for the load it is about to bear upon them.

MACDUFF. My ears hate everybody's tongue, it's just how they are. Spill the news.

ROSS. Your home was attacked. Your wife and son were...

MACDUFF. Are they...

ROSS. Fired, fired from the Colonel's cannon. Your wife, your son, your butler, your maid, your cat, your parakeet.

MACDUFF. I just got that parakeet!

ROSS. Oh sir, it was like a fireworks show.

MACDUFF. No!! That vile fiend! I'll slice him in two!

ROSS. Young Malcolm, you must aid in the investigation process. You must reclaim the company. Macbeth has murdered your father as well!

MALCOLM. He did?! That pile of horse crap! I'm gonna kill him with my bear hands. Take me to the bear costume store so I can buy some bear hands!

MACDUFF. This is my fault.

ROSS. You can't blame yourself. True, had you not left you could have stopped the murder. Or, if you had killed Macbeth right away your wife and kid would still be alive, or even if you had pursued an investigation into the matter this wouldn't have happened, but you can't blame yourself!

MALCOLM. Yee haw! My horse wants revenge!

ROSS. Then let's go to Washington.

MACDUFF. No! Washington is out of this. Macbeth will answer to my sword.

ROSS. Then let us be off, Colonel's Chicken Shack be saved, we'll develop a 99 cent menu, and everyone will rave!

(They exit.)

ACT V

Scene 1

(Enter GENTLEWOMAN and DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR. How long has she been doing it?

GENTLEWOMAN. This is the fourth night.

DOCTOR. And what exactly does she do?

GENTLEWOMAN. She rises from her sleep, comes in here and moves her hands about like she's washing them, but there's no sink. She just washes her hands over and over.

DOCTOR. And Lady Macbeth does not awake?

GENTLEWOMAN. No, I've even shouted at her. Wake up! Hey! Wake up!

DOCTOR. And she doesn't?

GENTLEWOMAN. Nope, she just continues to wash her hands.

DOCTOR. Hmm, sounds like obsessive compulsive disorder to me. Better get the morphine.

GENTLEWOMAN. That's your solution to everything. Hay fever, broken bones, common colds—morphine!

DOCTOR. Hey! I didn't spend a year in medical school to have you...

(Enter LADY MACBETH.)

GENTLEWOMAN. Look, she comes.

LADY MACBETH. There's a spot.

DOCTOR. Where?

LADY MACBETH. There's another. Out damn spot! Out I say! Ring around the collar. Out ring around the collar. Out blueberry stains! Out rust marks! Out oil and grease!

DOCTOR. Oh my. It's like nothing I've ever seen.

LADY MACBETH. Out dandruff! Out tobacco stains! Out toilet bowl ring!

DOCTOR. This requires not medicine. She seems to be possessed by some sort of ultra tidy demon.

LADY MACBETH. Oh the smell of blood, the smell of blood is still here. Blood! Blood everywhere!

DOCTOR. (*Scared:*) Ah! I'm out of here!

(DOCTOR *runs away*. GENTLEWOMAN *follows*.)

Scene 2

(MACBETH *tears papers over a garbage can*.)

MACBETH. An investigation he wants? Well, I will make short work for those investigators. Macbeth will be a model CEO. (*Rips up papers*.) Goodbye plans for extra nicotine chicken. (*Rips up papers*.) Goodbye section in autobiography where I reveal that I killed the Colonel. (*Rips up papers*.) Goodbye how-to book on killing your friends. (*Rips up papers*.) Goodbye manual on how to run a successful farm and fast food chain... Crap.

(*Enter SEYTON, out of breath*.)

SEYTON. Sir...Sir...

MACBETH. What is it Seyton?

(SEYTON *tries to catch his breath*.)

SEYTON. It's...

(*He breathes heavier*.)

MACBETH. Catch your breath.

SEYTON. Thank you sir.

(SEYTON *bends down and breathes heavily*. Eventually he catches his breath, but takes a long time doing so.)

MACBETH. Seyton! What is it?!

SEYTON. Sir, it's... (*Breathes heavily*.)

MACBETH. Speak!

SEYTON. Sir, I have just learned Macduff hasn't gone to Washington.

MACBETH. Wonderful, he's come to his senses. Kill him.

SEYTON. No sir, he's coming for you.

MACBETH. For me?

SEYTON. Yes, with him is young Malcolm and supporters.

MACBETH. No man born of a woman shall harm Macbeth. Get my sword, I will keep it by me at all times. I will be ready for Macduff.

(Enter DOCTOR.)

Doctor, how's my wife.

DOCTOR. Which one's your wife?

MACBETH. The only woman in this household right now who is sick!

DOCTOR. Oh right, her. Well she's still seeing spots.

MACBETH. Well cure her!

DOCTOR. I've tried! I've tried everything! I've tried giving her medicine, she still sees spots. I've told her to keep her eyes closed, she still sees spots. I've tried shining lights in her eyes and she still sees spots! Her problem is greater than I can cure. I'm done! I'm through!

MACBETH. Get a hold of yourself doctor! Get a hold of yourself!

DOCTOR. The other day I wore a polka-dot tie, just to cheer her up. She scrubbed at it until she nearly choked me. I can't take it!

MACBETH. Go rest doctor. You just need rest.

DOCTOR. Perhaps you're right. Sorry.

(The DOCTOR exits.)

MACBETH. Seyton! Hire the best security there is! I want two full staffs guarding every entrance, and an entire entourage guarding me.

SEYTON. I'll see it done sir.

MACBETH. No traitor will get within a football field's reach of Macbeth. Unless of course, he's got super stretchy arms that are super long. (*Ponders.*) Still, no one shall reach Macbeth!

(*MACBETH exits.*)

Scene 3

(*Enter MACDUFF and MALCOLM on a broomstick horse.*)

MACDUFF. You already have one horse, why do you need more?

MALCOLM. You need one in case we have to take off real quick, or in case we wanna race.

MACDUFF. (*Annoyed:*) If I want to take off real quick I'll run, and if you want to race I'll beat you because that's not a real horse!

MALCOLM. (*To horse:*) Don't listen to him Coleslaw, he's just trying to dehumanize you.

MACDUFF. He's going to try and kill you Coleslaw, he's done it to every other horse.

MALCOLM. I am not! That's it, I can't travel with you!

MACDUFF. Look, listen, Malcolm. I am about to make you the owner of one of the largest fast food dynasties in the world. You'll be able to buy all the horses you want then.

(*Enter ROSS.*)

MACDUFF. Who's there?

ROSS. It's me, Ross. I just got back from the farm. Macbeth knows you're coming for him.

MACDUFF. What? How'd he find out?

ROSS. What am I, his biographer? Macduff, you've got to exercise caution. He's got security, a lot of it.

MACDUFF. How tight is this security?

ROSS. Well, he's got a team of personal security guards that stick near his room, then he has guards guarding them and guards guarding those guards. Outside is even more security. His lawn has more guards than blades of grass.

MACDUFF. Drat! How do I pass them?

ROSS. (*Thinks:*) Hmm, what if... Nah, that'll never work.

MACDUFF. No, no, let's hear it. I need ideas.

ROSS. No, this one wasn't any good.

MACDUFF. No, say it.

ROSS. Well, I was going to say, what if you just walked up to his house, walked in and killed him.

MACDUFF. You're right, that wasn't any good.

ROSS. Hey, I got an idea. What if you dress up as a shrub, then all you do is move through his lawn, each day moving one inch so they don't notice.

MACDUFF. That could take years at that rate. Hmm. Hey, I got it. What if I dressed up as a shrub and moved one foot every minute. That will work! Great plan me!

ROSS. Hey, that was just my plan slightly modified.

MACDUFF. Yup, I'm a great planner. Come Malcolm, we're off!

Scene 4

(*Enter* MACBETH, SEYTON.)

SEYTON. Good news sir. The reports are in from the new menu. The extra secret herb chicken sales are through the roof. Unfortunately your pork flavored chicken and deep fried grapes aren't selling as well as we'd hoped.

MACBETH. Any sign of Macduff?

SEYTON. No sir. There's no way he could sneak past your guards. It took me three hours to get through them all.

(A lady's scream is heard.)

MACBETH. What was that?

SEYTON. Sounds like a monkey.

(Enter DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR. The Lady Macbeth is dead.

MACBETH. What?! How did she die?

DOCTOR. From the surface it appears deep-seated guilt. But deep down, I suspect high cholesterol played a role.

MACBETH. Great! Now who's gonna boss me around?! Seyton! You're assigned!

SEYTON. Okay, um. Go clean your room!

MACBETH. Don't tell me what to do!

(MACBETH stabs SEYTON, he dies.)

Oh dear. Um, sorry.

(Enter MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER. Sir! Sir!

MACBETH. What do you want, Messenger?

MESSENGER. Sir, a shrub just killed three of your guards!

MACBETH. What?!

(MACBETH draws his sword and holds it to the MESSENGER's neck.)

You'd better not be lying, or I'll cut you in two!

MESSENGER. Doesn't anyone pay attention to the rules? You can't kill the messenger!

MACBETH. Well, I really don't think it applies if you're lying.

MESSENGER. It applies no matter what.

(MACBETH puts his sword away.)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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