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Shakespeare's MacBeth

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*presents*

The Narrator
Duncan
Malcolm
Harrison
Donalbain
Lennox
Witch 1,2,3
Banquo
MacBeth
Angus
Ross
Lady MacBeth
Janet
Dr. Scott
Brad
Tim Curry
MacDuff
Alex
Murderer 1
Apparition 1,2,3
Doctor

*and*
Seyton

*in ...*

*(turn the page, please)*
Shakespeare's MacBeth

by Brook Cunningham

NARRATOR: Far in the future, the majority of the human race dies out, due, in part, to a really big shipment of tainted clams. The remains of the population band together to form a business venture that was never meant to be: the mall-slash-department store. Duncan Hist, primary share-holder in the "Multi-galactic super-store that means one-stop shopping for carbon-based life forms," is sitting in his office just prior to my cutting the first scene when a blood-soaked man staggers in. Already present are his partners: Malcolm Mark and Donalbain Oracle (for whom, with Duncan, the store is named), as well as Lord of Audio Outlets and Related Branches, Lennox.

DUNCAN: Malcolm, this man appears to be bleeding on my desk. I'm not sure that pleases me, Malcolm.

MALCOLM: It's Harrison from Accounts! Good Lord, man, management really believed you could handle that extra stapler down there, but it's evident some people just go power crazy!

HARRISON: You misunderstand, Directorship. There was an uprising! The Gap formed an alliance with Baskin Robbins and stormed Accounts. Banquo, noble head of Accounts, did drive them back with the help of MacBeth, Thane of Lawn and Garden Supplies who was there picking up his pay cheque. 'Twas no great victory, though. We were only set upon by three teenaged girls and a 70-year-old man in an apron.

DONALBAIN: Still, doubtless MacBeth and Banquo did unseam the interlopers from naive to chaps and fixed their over-made-up and geriatric heads to Accounts' equivalent of battlements.
HARRISON: I would consider "beat senseless", albeit less descriptive, more accurate... Urrk!

DUNCAN: Good heavens! His wounds have overtaken him.

DONALBAIN: No. I've stabbed him with this letter opener.

MALCOLM: You never could take collective criticism... But I have surmised it was the Thane of the Food Court that did mastermind the rebellion. He has always been outspoken against store policy. He believed that the no shirt, no shoes, no service rule hurt business in the area of gelatinous patrons from the Crab Nebula.

LENNOX: Verily, the thane was born an original sinner. He was born from original sin. If he had a dollar bill for all things he done, he'd have a mountain of money piled up to his chin!

DUNCAN: Uh... yes. Malcolm! Now there's blood and a corpse on my desk. I think my Rolodex is soiled...

MALCOLM: Donalbain, have someone tell MacBeth his sorry butt has been delivered from Lawn and Garden into the fabulous fields of fast food and the occasional Elias Bros.

NARRATOR: And so it was done. As the messenger of good tidings rushes to the ear of MacBeth, we pan across the shimmering strata of the building where we spy...

WITCH 1: Why don't you just say: the scene changed?

NARRATOR: Shush. I just like being picturesque.

WITCH 2: Seems to me what ya like is the sound of your own voice! We're in the bloody commissary. Start scene three.
NARRATOR: Scene two. I cut scene one, so this is now scene two.

WITCH 3: Ooo, you son of a bitch! I knew I didn’t remember saying the "foul is fair" bit, but I put it down to old age.

NARRATOR: Well, you’ve said it now. Are you happy, you stupid cow?

WITCH 1: Piss off! We’ve got things to do, places to go, people to-- oh, hell!

NARRATOR: People to run into? Heeheeheehee.

WITCH 1: Shut up!

MACBETH: Who is this creature speaking to?

NARRATOR: Banquo shrugs, mystified by the three twisted forms he sees before him, one sprawled at the feet of his companion...

WITCH 1: I thought I told you to shut up? And you, who spilled his lunch all over my person, why don’t you watch where you’re going, eh?

MACBETH: Why don’t you?

WITCH 1: Well, I haven’t got the eye, have I? We’ve only got the one between us! Come to that... Gimme!

WITCH 3: Ouch!

BANQUO: Well, that was disgusting.

WITCH 1: Don’t knock it if you ain’t tried, luv. Ooo, ’eck, if it ain’t MacBeth. Hail to ye, ya Thane of Lawn and Garden Supplies!
WITCH 2: Hail to ye, Thane of the Food Court!

WITCH 3: Hail to ye, who shall be primary share-holder hereafter!

BANQUO: Good sir, why do you start and act afeared of these who do say such fair things?

MACBETH: I've had to pee for quite some time. It was just a natural reaction to being startled...

BANQUO: Yes, well... What are ye three, to speak such prophetic words? Be ye weird sisters, aprowl the staff-only halls of this monument to architecture? Or be ye queer phantasms, realizations of the evil that lurks in the hearts of men?

WITCH 1: Actually, we're the janitorial staff, or were the mops and buckets too far a chasm for your tiny mind to leap? Sakes alive! Numb-nuts hisself is none other than Banquo!

WITCH 2: Fruit of his questionable loins shall be share-holders, though he be none.

MACBETH: I pray you speak further...

BANQUO: I don't.

MACBETH: Shut up. You tax my patience, Mr. Stupid-head!

BANQUO: As you do the hags'. Behold, they have gone to fight the endless battle against the special revenge Montezuma has beset the lavatory with.

MACBETH: I'm beginning to feel my lunch was fated to grace the linoleum. If not one way... (burps) ...then another.

NARRATOR: And soon did approach Ross, crusty old security guard.

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With him was Angus, crustier older starship mechanic, famous for an accent thicker than pea-soup on amphetamines.

ANGUS: MacBeth, laddie! I dinna’ spy ye thar. Ye look a mite pale, me boyo. But the news I got ye ’ll brrrighten yar spirrrits. I’d tell ya mine own self, but me kilt is rrrridin’ up summat fierrcce!

ROSS: Mr. Hist wanted us to thank you for him for what you done down in Accounts. Beat ’em up with your own two hands, just like the good ole days. Now it’s "set phasers on mauled-by-a-large-goat"! Kids today. No appreciation for the finer things like someone else’s blood staining your knuckles, or, failing that, the smell of hot lead tearing through the flesh of... But I digress. Good job, I gotta go knock heads. Don’t you make a habit of it, though, Mr. Thane of the Food Court. Not your Union, is it?

MACBETH: Hold, old Ross. The Thane of the Food Court lives. Why do you dress me in borrowed robes smelling of ketchup?

ANGUS: Och, ’tis nay errrr. Mr. ’igh une mightay thane done fall outta favourrr with da lairrrds oop in management.

NARRATOR: Exeunt Ross and Angus. Did that make me sound condescending? Because that really isn’t the... oops. (hurriedly) We now join MacBeth’s dialogue already in progress...

MACBETH: --hope your children will be share-holders, when those that gave me Thane of the Food Court promised no less to them?

BANQUO: Oh, yes. I often find that people who would lick my shoes clean for a quarter have an uncanny ability to foresee the whims of fate.
ALL WITCHES: Did I hear something about a quarter?

NARRATOR: And on that pleasant note, our scene changes once more... We return now to Duncan’s office. He, Malcolm, MacBeth and Banquo are present.

WITCH 1: Way to keep it short and sweet, pencil neck!

MALCOLM: Surely... Surely you heard that? Voices!

DUNCAN: No, Malcolm, I didn’t. And you’re not to call me Shirley during business hours... Now. How went the execution?

MALCOLM: Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it, sire. His casting into the vacuum of space was followed immediately by a truly... bitchin’ explosion!

DUNCAN: A supernova?

MALCOLM: His head, sir.

DUNCAN: Something to do with physics, I suppose... Still! We have other business. MacBeth, Banquo,... Good job. (pause)

BANQUO: Is that all, directorship? No enfolding me and holding me to your heart? (pause) If there I grow, the harvest being yours?

DUNCAN: Are you at all well?

BANQUO: I’ll just be going now...

DUNCAN: Oh, MacBeth, don’t you totter off just yet. I’m dropping by your flat in Inverness Block. I’m thinking of buying it off you. More of a trade, actually, as I have a summer home off Dunsinane Circle that fails to please my sensibilities any
MACBETH: Thou art too kind, directorship. Dunsinane Circle is the main atrium of the entire complex! I have but a humble plot of infrastructure near my old haunt of Lawn and Garden.

DUNCAN: Well, I need a place to retire once I turn over the proverbial reins to dear Malcolm... And you are going to need to be near the thick of things with your new responsibilities!

MACBETH: (under his breath) Like regulating mustard distribution at Hot Sam's!

DUNCAN: I'm sorry, what? Oh, well, if it's not important just send your wife an appropriate fax, so things will be ready upon my arrival. I prefer extra-tasty crispy, you know.

NARRATOR: And so we join MacBeth and his Lady shortly after the former's fateful meeting, with the latter clutching what amounts to Cliff Notes of the first 3 scenes, and if you say one word I will smack you.

WITCH 2: So exactly how far is that bug up your--ow!

LADY MACBETH: Lawn and Garden Thane thou wert, Food Court thou art, and shall be what thou art promised. Yet I do fear thy nature. It is too full of the orange juice of human kindness.

MACBETH: The calcium enriched kind, yes? Because only Citrus Hill makes orange juice that provides more than just vitamin C.

NARRATOR: And a special thanks in the form of a blatant plug to Citrus Hill for their generous contribution.
LADY MACBETH: Did you hear...? Never mind. I was considering offing the old goat, myself.

MACBETH: As was I, for you read between the lines of my fax well. But I have since reconsidered the career move that is assassination and deemed it unwise.

LADY MACBETH: Oh! And how it pains me to recall the effort I put into what I believed would be Duncan's last meal. I have given suck... (pause) Nursed a baby!

MACBETH: Oh... yes. Go on.

LADY MACBETH: But, if I had sworn as you, I would, while it was smiling in my face, have plucked it from my nipple and dashed its brains out.

MACBETH: I didn't actually swear...

LADY MACBETH: And then I'd scoop the brains up in my bare hands...

MACBETH: Alright, I see.

LADY MACBETH: ...and I'd dump the putrid mess in a little paper sack, light it on fire,...

MACBETH: I think I get it.

LADY MACBETH: ...and then I'd lay the flaming mess in front of Lady MacDuff's flat and ring the bell and she'd--

MACBETH: I GET IT, OKAY? Just leave me to my thoughts...

NARRATOR: And so does the lady comply, while poor Duncan draws with each step closer to the walk across the arboretum that
would be his last! Ooo, but pay attention now. This is a good bit...

MACBETH: Is this a high intensity mark V laser rifle with infrared sight and custom macanite grip I see before me? Or is it a what I just said of the mind, a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in a form as palpable as this which I now draw near. (pause) Maybe I'll just drop a 16-ton weight on the bastard.

NARRATOR: And so we press forward in time after the terrible deed.

LADY MACBETH: He's got to do it he's got to do it he's got to do it...

MACBETH: Who's there? What, ho?

LADY MACBETH: None, it's your wife. Though I'm shamed to say it. Did you lack the vertebrae to even let go of a rope attached to a weight far distant? Had he resembled my father a bit more, I'd done it myself!

MACBETH: Faith, woman, I have done the deed. (pause) Didst thou hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH: Were you not speaking?

MACBETH: When?

LADY MACBETH: Now?

MACBETH: As I descended?

LADY MACBETH: Aye.

MACBETH: Sure?
LADY MACBETH: Yes!

MACBETH: Hark!

DR. SCOTT: Janet!

JANET: Dr. Scott!

BRAD: Janet!

JANET: Brad!

TIM CURRY: Rocky!

ALL: Ungh!

NARRATOR: That was unnecessarily silly.

MACBETH: Methought I heard a voice cry "sleep no more! MacBeth does murder sleep."

LADY MACBETH: Methought I heard an inane reference to the Rocky Horror Picture Show. Never mind that, you've got blood on your hands!

MACBETH: 'Tis a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH: Should be nary a sight at all. You did drop a 16-ton weight on him? From fifteen feet away wasn't it?

MACBETH: I... uh... picked his pocket afterward.

LADY MACBETH: You what?!?

MACBETH: He had "Phantom" tickets...
LADY MACBETH: Oh, well okay, but go check to see if you left any prints...

MACBETH: I'll go no more! I am afraid to think what I have done. Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY MACBETH: Oh! Infirm of... ahem. Purpose. I'll do it for you, thou big baby! Just mind to wash up.

NARRATOR: Little did these two know, exiting the elevator just then into the Inverness block and the adjoining arboretum were MacDuff, Lennox, and Banquo.

... continued ...