

Better Macbeth

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Original Author
Some British Dude

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Act I

Scene I: A desert place.

Original

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

First Witch

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

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch

Paddock calls.

Better

The weather is fucking horrible in Scotland. Three Witches,
enter the scene. They huddle and chant around a big 'ol
pot of boiling water.

First Witch

When is the next time you guys want to meet? Can we
get together during the next downpour because I hate
the fucking sun in me face. I cant see shit when I'm
riding my broom. I prefer to commute in bad weather.

Second Witch

Let's meet up again when this shit show is over.

Third Witch

The war ends at 7:45pm. Its so fucking cool that we
can see into the future.

First Witch

Where are we meeting?

Second Witch

Let's meet on the large meadow. That's my favorite spot.

Third Witch

We can bring the Scottish general Macbeth. He thinks
he is the shit.

First Witch

Third Witch

Anon.

ALL

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

Exeunt

FUCK. Sorry guys. I have to go. Its my cat, Graymalkin's
bath time.

Second Witch

That reminds me, my pet toad Paddock needs to be fed.
I always forget to feed him.

Third Witch

Yeah, well...then fuck you guys, I'm gonna leave also.

ALL

Yin and Yang. Good luck flying through the fog and
filthy air.

The Witches Exit.

Scene II: A camp near Forres.

Original

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding SERGEANT

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth
by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier
fought 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say
to the king the knowledge of the broil As thou didst
leave it.

SERGEANT

Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling
together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villanies
of nature Do swarm upon him--from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; And fortune, on
his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore:
but all's too weak: For brave Macbeth--well he deserves

Better

Trumpet sounds. But like, a war trumpet. Shit's going
down. Some SERGEANTS all bloody and King DUN-
CAN shows up with his kids, MALCOLM, Donalbain,
and LENNOX. Donalbain doesn't have any lines, so I
left him in lower case. Anyway, the king also can show
up with a bunch of guys who work for him, if you have a
lot of extras. The king, DUNCAN, starts talking to the
SERGEANT.

DUNCAN

Who the hell is this dude? This bloody dude? Is this
dude a soldier? Jesus Christ. I hope he's got something
important to tell us.

MALCOLM

Yeah, Sarge saved my life! They almost had me! Sarge,
tell them all about it!

SERGEANT

Yeah, so, it was super touch and go there for a little
bit. You ever seen, like, two kids who can't swim holding
onto each other? And they're basically just dragging each

that name-- Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution, Like valour's minion
carved out his passage Till he faced the slave; Which ne'er
shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd
him from the nave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon
our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms
and direful thunders break, So from that spring whence
comfort seem'd to come Discomfort swells. Mark, king of
Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, But the
Norwegian lord surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms
and new supplies of men Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN

Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SERGEANT

Yes; As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say
sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharged
with double cracks, so they Doubly redoubled strokes upon
the foe: Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha, I cannot tell. But I am
faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN

Exit SERGEANT, attended

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS

MALCOLM

The worthythane of Ross.

LENNOX

What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS

other down? It was a lot like that. So we're fighting
this Macdonwald guy, right, and all his guys. He had
normal soldiers but also some island-type dudes on horses.
This dude was just fucking cruising. Real rich, lucky son
of a bitch. But so we were like, let's wipe that lucky
grin off your fucking mug, you know? So, you know
Macbeth, right, ain't scared of nothing, just charges
right up to Macdonwald. And Macbeth just fucking
SHREDED this dude. Macbeth stabbed the
fucking guy's stomach and just cut him in half all
the way up to his head. And the crazy son of a bitch
decapitated him and put the head up on the walls. I'm
like, is he even allowed to do that? But obviously I
didn't say anything. Like, I was shaking. That dude is
something else, honestly.

DUNCAN

Haha, hell yeah! Nice! Nice. Macbeth is great.

SERGEANT

Well, hang on, so it gets worse, listen. So obviously
Macdonwald's dudes are fleeing, right? But then the
goddamn Norwegians came crawling out of the goddamn
floorboards. And we'd just, like, totally forgotten about
the Norway situation.

DUNCAN

Oh my God, right, the Norwegians! I honestly forgot
about them, too. So even the sergeants have got to be
shitting themselves at this point, right? Macbeth and
Banquo are shitting themselves at this point, right?

SERGEANT

No, dude. Have you been listening? Macbeth literally
decapitated Macdonwald on a battlefield. Do you know
how long it takes to decapitate someone? A while. It takes
a while. And these soldiers are all just, like, standing
around, watching him do it. No, he wasn't scared of
the Norwegians. He basically just kept going ham. He
fucked them up. Anyway, so I'm literally dying. I gotta
go.

DUNCAN

Oh, yeah, my bad, haha. Thanks for the info! Someone

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

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

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

That now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he
disbursed at Saint Colme's inch Ten thousand dollars
to our general use.

DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom
interest: go pronounce his present death, And with his
former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

Exeunt

get this guy a doctor.

The SERGEANT leaves. Some of the extras help him, or
Donalbain or whoever.

ROSS and Angus enter. Angus also doesn't actually need
to be here, though. It's another Donalbain-type situation.

DUNCAN

Jesus Christ, who is it now?

MALCOLM

It's Ross, dad.

LENNOX

EDITOR'S NOTE: this is literally Lennox's only line in
this scene lol

ROSS

'Sup Dunc?

DUNCAN

'Sup Ross? Where've you been?

ROSS

DUNCAN nods and gestures as if to say "I know, right?"

So anyway, that skeezy thane of Cawdor was with them,
the one who grassed you, remember?

And he just snuck up on us with all these Norwegians.
But so this guy Macbeth, have you heard of Macbeth?
This guy Macbeth literally killed like a whole platoon
or whatever himself.

The Norwegians just booked it, man.

This Macbeth dude is crazy.

Watch out for this Macbeth dude.

DUNCAN

Haha, nah, dude, he's the best! God, that sounds so cool.

ROSS

Well so Sweno, the King of Norway, he wants to call it
even stevens. We were like, no, dude, fuck off my property,
you know? Fuck out of here, and give us ten thousand

dollars!

DUNCAN

Yeah, goes to show that oily Caiador motherfucker who's boss around here. Have someone just kill him. I'm sick of him. Macbeth's the new thane, I don't give a fuck.

ROSS

Uh, sure. I'm on it.

DUNCAN

God damn Macbeth is so cool.

Everyone leaves