

# BETTER MACBETH

Michiko Feehan  
and  
Lane Lawley

**Original Author**  
Some British Dude

2019

Rochester League for  
Understandable Classics

# Act I

## 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 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,

### Better

*Trumpet sounds. But like, a war trumpet. Shit's going down. Some SERGEANT's all bloody and King DUNCAN 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 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.

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 Norweyan 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**

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him sur-  
geons.

*Exit SERGEANT, attended*

Who comes here?

*Enter ROSS*

**MALCOLM**

The worthythane of Ross.

**LENNOX**

What a haste looks through his eyes! So should

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.  
Macbeth just fucking **S H R E D D E D** 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 crawl-  
ing 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 watch 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.

he look  
That seems to speak things strange.

**ROSS**

God save the king!

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norweyan 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**

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

*Exeunt*

**DUNCAN**

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

He looks pretty shaken up!

*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**

Dude, I was in Fife. There were Norwegians *everywhere*.

Everyone's super scared.

Everyone had completely forgotten about the Norwegians.

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

So anyway, that skeevy 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 dol-  
lars!

**DUNCAN**

Yeah, goes to show that oily Cawdor mother-  
fucker 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**

*Visibly unsettled*

Uh, sure. I'm on it.

**DUNCAN**

God damn Macbeth is so cool.

*Everyone leaves*