

MACBETH MIXED UP

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Wade Bradford

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: When two of the witches from *Macbeth* discover that Witch #3 has fallen into the cauldron, they call Rent-A-Witch. Unfortunately, they get a bubbly good-witch whom they must quickly train to be wicked before Macbeth arrives!

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(1 MAN, 3 WOMEN)

HAGATHA (f)

IZZY (f)

GWENDA (f)

MACBETH (m)

AT RISE:

Two WITCHES stand beside a cauldron, conjuring up a spell. They behave in a very serious, mysterious, and rather evil way.

HAGATHA: *(Sprinkles in a strange ingredient.)* Bubble, bubble toil and trouble.

IZZY: *(Tosses in a snake.)* Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

HAGATHA: Wait! Where's Hecuba? She's supposed to throw in the eye of newt.

IZZY: *(Calling off stage.)* Hey, Hecuba! Let's hurry it up with the salamander eyeballs!

HAGATHA: We don't have much time!

IZZY: Hecuba!

IZZY: When did you last see her?

HAGATHA: Oh, it was hours ago. She was on cauldron duty while we were out foraging - -

HAGATHA: Do you think she's taking a nap somewhere in the cave?

IZZY: Could be. She's always falling asleep on the job.

HAGATHA: Wait a minute! *(Reaches into the cauldron. Pulls out a witch hat and/or an arm.)* Oh great! Hecuba fell into the cauldron! How disgusting!

IZZY: *(Tasting the broth with a wooden spoon.)* Actually, it's not half bad.

HAGATHA: I can't believe this. Today is one of the most important days in the history of Witchery! Last night the stars foretold that we will be creating a batch of wickedness like no other! But the alignment of the stars wasn't enough, so I read the intestines of a disemboweled toad.

IZZY: *(Disgusted, slurping from spoon.)* Ugh! Please, I'm eating!

HAGATHA: Thereupon the froggy entrails told me the name of the man we are to curse this very evening. The wretched fool's name is Macbeth.

IZZY: Ah, I know of this Macbeth. He is a noble lord, brave-hearted, but dangerously ambitious. And how are we to torment this noble fellow?

HAGATHA: This morning I read the mystic tea leaves. They have given our dark-minded instructions. We are to convince Macbeth to kill King Duncan and then even bloodier acts will follow.

IZZY: Did the tea leaves say anything more?

HAGATHA: No, but I checked my horoscope. It said that Macbeth and his wife would both die and all of Scotland would be ravaged by the month's end! Now, I know that Macbeth arrives today . . . But when exactly? It's not clear to me. Do you know?

IZZY: Does it look like I have a crystal ball? Oh wait, I do. (*Looks into crystal ball.*) Macbeth will be here in the next five minutes! (*Puts down crystal ball, makes a discreet call on a phone-like device.*)

HAGATHA: Drat! Drat and double drat! We won't be able to properly curse Macbeth unless we have *three* witches. (*Pacing and grumbling.*) Oh bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, My ulcer burns and migraine's doubled.

IZZY: Thank you! (*Hangs up phone.*) All is well, my weird sister.

HAGATHA: Who was that on your hell-phone?

IZZY: Rent-a-Witch Temp Services. They are sending a replacement.

HAGATHA: Will she be arriving by broomstick?

Bubbles blow onto the stage. Fairy music begins to play.

IZZY: I don't think so.

GWENDA, a pink, perky and all-too-perfect "Good Witch" twirls and tiptoes onto the stage.

GWENDA: Good afternoon, sweet spirits!

HAGATHA: And who, pray tell, are you?

GWENDA: I am Gwenda the Good.

IZZY: The "good"?! Ugh!

GWENDA: (*A bit worried she's in the wrong place.*) I'm the enchantress you requested from the Temp Agency.

HAGATHA: Begone! You are clearly not witch material!

GWENDA: Oh, but I'm ever-so-magical. Why just yesterday, I took a poisoned apple - -

IZZY: (*Hoping to hear something evil.*) Yes???

GWENDA: And I magically gave it the antidote! And it's a good thing, too. A young princess was just about to eat it!

HAGATHA: Pathetic. We need someone who can conjure up curses!

GWENDA: Oh, but I'm sure I can be of service. At least give me a chance. Don't you have a standard sort of interview for new hires? I have a very impressive résumé.

She hands them a pink résumé.

IZZY: Did you put perfume on this?

GWENDA: How kind of you to notice. It's my own fragrance, I call it Woodland Snuggles. It's little dewdrops of chipmunk sweat.

HAGATHA: (*Tears resume in two.*) We don't need your résumé.

IZZY: We have the witchery quiz.

HAGATHA: These questions will reveal if you have a talent for the Dark Arts.

GWENDA: (*A bit nervous.*) The Dark Arts?

HAGATHA: (*Sinister.*) The Dark Arts.

GWENDA: You mean like ballet dancing while blindfolded?

IZZY: (*Even more sinister.*) You've never heard of the *Dark Arts*?!

GWENDA: Is it like finger painting with the lights off?

IZZY: No!

HAGATHA: Where did you learn witchcraft?

IZZY: And you better not say Hogwarts!

GWENDA: My mommy taught me.

HAGATHA: That explains it.

GWENDA: My mother says I'm the wickedest witch she's ever met.

IZZY: If you didn't go to witch school then you've never been screeched at by a banshee.

HAGATHA: You've never been scratched and kicked and bitten by your backstabbing friends.

IZZY: Never been the victim of a voodoo doll curse!

HAGATHA: No socialization!

GWENDA: But I've learned ever-so-much from my books. I know how to turn a handsome prince into an even handsomer prince.

HAGATHA: That's not proper witch behavior.

IZZY: You don't even dress like a witch.

HAGATHA: Where's the traditional drab black clothing?

IZZY: You're supposed to wear something scary.

GWENDA: No, look, I have spooky earrings.

IZZY: Where's your pointy hat?

GWENDA: Right here! *(She puts on a birthday party hat. Optional: She blows a party favor in the WITCHES' faces.)*

HAGATHA: Where's your witch's broom?

GWENDA: In my closet at home.

IZZY: Why aren't you using it?

GWENDA: Oh, that's the maid's job.

HAGATHA: Can you take orders?

GWENDA: Yes, ma'am. I can give orders too!

HAGATHA: I didn't ask - -

GWENDA: I run my own part-time business. I create designer wands. Have a free sample.

She gives each witch a flowery magic wand with ribbons and sparkles.

HAGATHA: You made these things?

GWENDA: No, my happy little worker elves did!

IZZY: Ah, you run a sweatshop. Now we're getting devious.

HAGATHA: Have you ever fired anyone?

GWENDA: Sadly, yes.

HAGATHA: How long did they burn?

IZZY: *(She's been moving to check off stage.)* Macbeth is approaching!

HAGATHA: By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes!

GWENDA: *(Looking around, expecting someone.)* Something Wicked? Elphaba?

HAGATHA: No, it's Macbeth, the Scottish lord we're going to doom by revealing to him an insidious prophecy!

GWENDA: *(Gazing off stage into the distance.)* Ooh, he's kinda cute.

IZZY: Should I call the agency again?

HAGATHA: There's no time. To the cauldron! Uh, Gwenda, you stand here.

MACBETH: *(Boldly, from off stage.)* So foul and fair a day I have not seen!

HAGATHA: Now remember, I tell him that he'll rise to power . . .

IZZY: And I'll make him think he's indestructible . . .

GWENDA: What do I do?

HAGATHA: Just don't smile. Look serious.

GWENDA glowers all too seriously.

HAGATHA: And convey a sense of mystery.

GWENDA covers her face with a fan, like a southern belle.

IZZY: And don't forget to look evil!

GWENDA suddenly lowers fan and hisses like an evil cat. She hides behind the fan again.

HAGATHA: (*Snatches away fan.*) Give me that.

MACBETH enters. He carries a sword at his side and wears a kilt - - if the director can convince the actor to wear one, that is!

HAGATHA: All hail Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

IZZY: All hail Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

GWENDA: All hail - - He's wearing a dress.

HAGATHA: (*Whispering loudly.*) It's a kilt!

GWENDA: Oh. Hail Macbeth, soon to be king or whatever.

MACBETH: Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief.

GWENDA: Uh, I can't understand a word he's saying.

IZZY: It's iambic pentameter!

GWENDA: I thought his name was Macbeth.

MACBETH: How is it you know my name?

GWENDA: Oh, we know lots of things. We know that you'll become that thane of Cawdor guy, and that your power-hungry wife will convince you to murder King Duncan.

MACBETH: Really?

GWENDA: Yep.

IZZY: Uh, Gwenda . . .

GWENDA: Then you'll rise to power, but you'll have to kill off your friend Banquo in the process.

MACBETH: Oh no!

HAGATHA: Let's not get too specific with our prophecies.

MACBETH: No, please, tell me more!

The WITCHES try to silence GWENDA, but she's having too much fun.

GWENDA: After you butcher Banquo, you'll be haunted by ghosts and your wife will go crazy and kill herself. Then your archrival Macduff will disguise his army as a bunch of trees and storm your castle. Then he'll cut off your head and carry it around the battlefield.

MACBETH: Macduff will behead me? We were supposed to go golfing this weekend!

HAGATHA: Gwenda, you fool! You gave too much away!

GWENDA: My, it's fun to gossip about the future!

MACBETH: Please, I don't want to murder my friends. I don't want to be decapitated!

IZZY: Baby!

MACBETH: Isn't there something else I can do? I may be ambitious, but my dreams aren't of a violent nature.

GWENDA: Well, perhaps you can change your destiny.

MACBETH: But how?

GWENDA: Close your eyes and imagine your heart's desire.

MACBETH: *(Closes eyes.)* I'm envisioning my destiny! I know what I want to do with my life!

GWENDA: What?

MACBETH: *(Reveals sparkly wands.)* Design adorable magic wands!

GWENDA: Great! We can start a franchise!

IZZY: Can we fire her?

HAGATHA: I'll get the matches.

BLACKOUT.

THE END