

***Macbeth* Cast List**

3 Males, 3 Females, and 1 M/F

NARRATOR (M/F) Moves the plot along and makes sure we don't say M---- aloud in a theatre.

MACBETH (M) He is Thane of Scotland.

LADY MACBETH (F) She is inthane.

WITCH (F) She has at least three personalities, more if you keep score.

DUNCAN (M) He gets stabbed—a whole lot—but is surprisingly durable.

GILBERT/TIGER WOODS (M) Delivers a killer line early on but later plays his way through.

EOWYN (F) She is slumming in this production. She still looks pretty buff, though.

Sample Pages

(Lights up. Enter Narrator.)

NARRATOR: Ladies and gentlemen, the play we will be performing is the Scottish play.

MACBETH: *(Enters.)* That's not the name of the play. It's *(NARRATOR slaps hand over MACBETH'S mouth.)*

NARRATOR: You cannot say the name of the play in a theatre. *(MACBETH mumbles through NARRATOR'S hand.)* Why? Because it is bad luck.

MACBETH: *(Shakes free of hand.)* Superstitious nonsense.

NARRATOR: Oh, Gilbert. *(GILBERT enters.)* Be a dear. Read this for me.

GILBERT: *(Reading.)* The play we will be performing is Macbeth. *(Drops dead.)*

MACBETH: Coincidence.

NARRATOR: Then, by all means, introduce the next play.

MACBETH: *(Looks at GILBERT.)* What do I look like, a narrator?

NARRATOR: In that case, drag Gilbert off the stage and let me introduce the play. (*MACBETH drags GILBERT off stage.*) Ahem. Ladies and gentlemen, the play we will be performing is the Scottish play. (*Beat.*) Mac, that Scottish guy, was on his way home from a war when he bumped into three witches.

(*Enter MACBETH & WITCH from opposite sides. WITCH carries a casserole dish.*)

MACBETH: Hello. (*Looks around. To NARRATOR.*) I thought you said three witches?

NARRATOR: Ever hear of multiple personality disorder? (*Exits.*)

MACBETH: Right. (*To WITCH.*) You must be the three witches then.

WITCH: (*In three different personalities.*) Yes. Yes. Yes.

MACBETH: What's for supper?

WITCH: Eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog.

MACBETH: Oh. I've always wondered what was in hotdogs.

WITCH: Hail, Thane of Scotland and future King.

MACBETH: But we already have a King. His name is Duncan.

WITCH: About that. Duncan will meet an untimely end.

MACBETH: How does he die?

WITCH: Ballpark?

MACBETH: Good enough.

WITCH: (*Peers into casserole dish.*) He gets poisoned with hemlock, he gets trampled by a horse, he chokes on a tic-tac, he gets trampled by a horse, he gets stabbed fifty-three times, he gets trampled by a horse, he gets bludgeoned by a rubber chicken, and he gets dragged by a horse.

MACBETH: Oh.

WITCH: You will be King until the Woods come to Dunsinane Castle.

MACBETH: That's unlikely to happen.

WITCH: And you cannot be harmed by any man born of woman.

MACBETH: That's even more unlikely. Thanks for the forecast. Feel free to cackle maniacally as you disappear with a poof.

WITCH: Right. *(Cackles and poofs in three different personalities and then "disappears." Hands LADY MACBETH the casserole dish off-stage.)*

MACBETH: That was odd. I guess I'll go on home. Luckily it's only two steps this way. *(As he speaks to the audience, LADY MACBETH enters and places casserole dish on table.)* Honey, I'm home. What's for dinner?

LADY MACBETH: Tofu and eggplant hot-dish.

MACBETH: Really. Sure we don't have any battered toe or neutered dog?

LADY MACBETH: Fresh out. How was your day, dear?

MACBETH: Same old, same old. I watched Gilbert die. I met a witch with a whole lot of personality. Oh, and I'm going to be King. . . .