

# MACBAD

## By Olivia Arieti

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## CHARACTERS

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| MACBAD                       | 2 <sup>nd</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| LADY MACBAD                  | 3 <sup>rd</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| DUNCAN                       | 4 <sup>th</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| BANQUO                       | 5 <sup>th</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| FLEANCE                      | 6 <sup>th</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| 1 <sup>st</sup> WITCH        | 7 <sup>th</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| 2 <sup>nd</sup> WITCH        | 8 <sup>th</sup> TEENAGE KING |
| 3 <sup>rd</sup> WITCH        | SERVANT                      |
| 1 <sup>st</sup> TEENAGE KING | EXTRA SERVANTS (optional)    |

**\*TEENAGE KINGS may be played by males and/or females.**

## SETTING

The castle dining room.

## TIME

Evening.

## PROPS AND COSTUMES

The characters of *Macbad* should wear costumes of the time of the Scottish play. In one scene LADY MACBAD wears a night gown. The setting takes place in a dining room. A table, chairs and a couch are the essential pieces of furniture required and the necessary props are dishes, tankards, a knife, a peashooter, a scepter, and a crystal ball.

## **MACBAD**

by  
Olivia Arieti

### **ACT I**

***At Rise: The three witches are walking around the dining table, prepared for a banquet.***

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*looks at the door*) Our thane is going to come now! Must be any minute.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Weren't we supposed to meet upon the heath?

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: (*giggles*) Of course, of course, we were!

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Tell me, sisters, was the battle lost and won?

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: When was it?

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Before the set of sun, before the set of sun. (*lifts the lid of a dish; smells*) Umm . . . too bad we can't stay long.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: We're not here for the banquet.

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Yeah, we've got a job to do.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Say, is his friend coming too?

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Who cares? He's not going to become king.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: We'll meet again, I'm sure.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Some other time, some other time . . . What is foul is fair.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Nay, nay, it's the other way round, what is fair is foul.

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*shakes her head*) Neither of you got it right.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Say, who are you, Mrs. Shakespeare?

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Will you both shut up? (*grabs a tart*) Let's taste something before he comes.

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*hits her hand*) Put it down, I said!

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Mind your manners, sister, you're behaving like a witch.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Boo! (*giggles*) What is foul is foul . . . no, is fair. How the heck does it work?

MACBAD: (*voiceover*) My dear lady, where are you? It's me, Macbad, your adoring husband.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: He's here, he's here.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Our man has come.

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Quick! You two hide over there.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: (*grabs another tart*) Are we going to tell him the truth?

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: (*coarse laughter*) Of course, of course.

(2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH and 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH hide behind the curtains. MACBAD enters. Sees 1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH.)

## **MACBAD – Page 4**

MACBAD: Oh, my gosh, darling, you didn't go to the hairdresser! You should have, for I wrote you our King Duncan would be coming over for dinner. (*looks at the tarts; tastes one*) Delicious! (*sucks his fingertips*) The banquet is great, however. Always known you were a great hostess.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: (*appears*) Macbad, Macbad . . .

MACBAD: Hey, what the heck are you wearing, honey? Can't show up in such rags! Why didn't you put on something fancier for this occasion?

(*Serves himself a drink. 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH appears.*)

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Macbad . . .

MACBAD: Oh my! (*almost chokes*) Since when did you decide to wear a beard?

(*The WITCHES form a circle around him.*)

WITCHES: Was the battle lost and won, Macbad? Was it lost and was it won?

MACBAD: Hey, what's this all about? Am I seeing double? Triple?!

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: What is foul is fair, or fair and foul . . .

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH, 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: Three times hail, and hail and hail!

MACBAD: Who are you? What do you want from me?

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*giggles*) Great news, Macbad!

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Breaking news!

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: You shall be king!

MACBAD: King? Me?

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: What is fair is fair, even if this time it won't be (*giggles*) too fair . . .

MACBAD: I don't understand . . .

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*laughs*) No, it won't be fair at all, my Lord, we all know it.

MACBAD: (*startled*) What do you mean?

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: No Macdad, only Macbad . . .

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Oh, yes, no Macdad . . . your Majesty . . .

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*giggles*) Boohoo, how sad, how really sad.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: (*giggles*) Boohoo, too bad, by far too bad.

2<sup>ND</sup> WITCH: Oh my, it's so late, sisters.

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Oh my, it is.

3<sup>RD</sup> WITCH: We have to go. Farewell, Macbad. (*stuffs her mouth with tarts*)

MACBAD: No, wait!

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: (*bows*) So long, your Majesty.

2<sup>ND</sup>, 3<sup>RD</sup> WITCHES: (*bow*) Regards to your Lady.

## **MACBAD – Page 5**

1<sup>ST</sup> WITCH: Yeah, to your dear Lady *Macmad!*

ALL WITCHES: (*laugh*) To Lady Macmad. To Lady Macmad, our future queen. (*THEY leave hurriedly.*)

MACBAD: Hey, come back here! Please, tell me something more.

LADY MACBAD: (*enters; holds a letter in her hand*) My dear Lord!

MACBAD: My dear Lady, at last.

LADY MACBAD: (*angry*) Couldn't you have sent me a telegram instead? Didn't even have the time to get ready and prepare a decent banquet for such a royal guest. And please, once and for all, make your letters short!

MACBAD: Oh, my fairest companion of greatness! First of all, let me look at you. Hum . . . hair will do . . . two or three ropes of pearls, and a few more diamonds would have been better . . . Yeah, the gown is okay too . . .

LADY MACBAD: (*cross*) If you didn't spend so much time on sending me those tedious letters, and won more prey, Sir, I'd have more money to spend on clothes and jewelry.

MACBAD: (*shouts*) That's enough! I know it all by heart, my darling. (*solemn*) However, I'm proud to announce to you that all our troubles are over, for I shall become king and you, my dear, queen.

LADY MACBAD: Queen?!? Did you say *queen*?

MACBAD: Exactly!

LADY MACBAD: (*hugs him*) How? When? Who told you?

MACBAD: (*puzzled*) Er . . . that's the problem . . . I don't know . . . Some weird creatures were here . . .

LADY MACBAD: No time to waste! Let me figure out something, and I'll tell you *how*.

MACBAD: I was sure you would know what to do.

LADY MACBAD: Did you forget ambition and I are one, my love?

MACBAD: Had no doubt. But please remember, I am one with holiness and highness.

LADY MACBAD: Nonsense. (*walks up and down*) I've got it, I've got it!

MACBAD: Great!

LADY MACBAD: The plan is this: after dinner, our noble guest, King Duncan, will lie on that couch, for he'll become extremely sleepy due to the heavy meal he's just had. Let's see . . . prawn cocktail, garlic bread, onion soup, to begin with . . . We've always got lots of leftovers.

MACBAD: Yeah, we do.

LADY MACBAD: Then we'll serve shepherd's pie, haggis, roasted pheasant, a few spare ribs, grilled trout with vegetables and potatoes, and of course a tuna salad.

MACBAD: Oh, that's enough now, I'm already feeling sick.

## **MACBAD – Page 6**

LADY MACBAD: Afterwards, the deserts, chocolate fudge cake, a slice of apple pie with cream, and a good Irish coffee to throw it all down. We're not at war with Ireland, darling, are we?

MACBAD: No, just a few problems with Norway, but nothing serious.

LADY MACBAD: Good, no herrings then. His Majesty will feel a bit drowsy, lie down and then you'll serve him a special drink . . . "Just to digest your meal, your Highness", you'll say, - instead it will be a poisoned potion.

MACBAD: (*puzzled*) But, honey . . .

LADY MACBAD: (*enthusiast*) He will die happy and we will become king and queen and live happily ever after.

MACBAD: Hum . . . how do you know he will die happy?

LADY MACBAD: Can't be otherwise after such a delicious meal.

MACBAD: And what about us? Are you sure we'll live happily ever after?

LADY MACBAD: Are we or are we not Macbad and Lady Macbad? What evil can we fear that cannot fear us?

MACBAD: Don't you think it's a bit too cruel, my dear?

LADY MACBAD: You are too kind, my lord. Have drunk too much milk.

MACBAD: It's good for your health. Better than all the bread and honey you've eaten in the parlour. (*low*) Made you fatter but not sweeter, it seems.

LADY MACBAD: My Lord!

MACBAD: What if we gave him something to make him sleep forever, you know like Sleeping Beauty . . . I'd certainly have the time to become king and rule till my very last days before someone would kiss him!

LADY MACBAD: Nonsense! We would have tourists coming and going all day long just to see the sleeping king.

MACBAD: We could charge an entrance fee and become rich.

LADY MACBAD: Nay, it wouldn't work. We must be firm in our resolution.

MACBAD: Well . . . I guess you're right . . . Maybe those witches foresaw our naughty deed. There's only one thing that should be changed.

LADY MACBAD: What is it?

MACBAD: *You* should give him the drink.

LADY MACBAD: Me? No, you should be the brave, the daring one.

MACBAD: What if his ghost came back and haunted us? (*scared*) You know how afraid I am of ghosts.

LADY MACBAD: (*angry*) Isn't your heart full of ambition, or are you a sissy, my Lord?

MACBAD: Did Shakespeare use that rude word?

## **MACBAD – Page 7**

LADY MACBAD: (*stamps her foot*) I don't care what Shakespeare used! I want to become queen and you have to make me one! I didn't marry you only to live in this old rotten castle and read your silly letters.

MACBAD: There, there, honey, don't get angry . . .

LADY MACBAD: Won't you *dare*, my love?

MACBAD: (*shaking*) Sure . . . of course . . . I'll dare whatever a man can dare . . . (*resolute*) More would turn me into a show off. Can't risk that.

LADY MACBAD: Bah, excuses.

MACBAD: There must be a more peaceful solution, however . . . What if after such a horrible deed, I shall sleep no more?

LADY MACBAD: There're lots of sleeping herbs in the garden. Nothing better than a camomile tea before going to bed.

MACBAD: (*worried*) You know how nervous I get when I don't have my hours of peaceful rest.

LADY MACBAD: Don't worry, you'll sleep, darling . . . (*moves close to him*) I'll make you have the sweetest dreams there are . . . Am I not the most beautiful woman in the kingdom? My mirror tells me so every day.

MACBAD: (*hugs her*) You sure are, my dear.

LADY MACBAD: Then make me also the richest, *your Highness!*

(*drums, trumpets*)

MACBAD: (*excited*) He's here, he's here! Our king Duncan has come.

LADY MACBAD: Calm down, calm down, dear. You always said that your face must falsely hide what your false heart knows.

MACBAD: How gracefully wicked, my lovely Lady Macbad.

SERVANT: (*enters*) The king has arrived, my Lord.

(*KING DUNCAN enters followed by SERVANTS. MACBAD and LADY MACBAD bow.*)

DUNCAN: My dear and noble Thane, we are honoured to spend the evening with you and your fair lady.

MACBAD: (*looks around*) We?

LADY MACBAD: (*low*) How stupid, it's the royal we.

MACBAD: (*recovering*) Oh, not as much as we are, your Highness. Let me introduce you to my beloved wife, Lady Macbad.

DUNCAN: (*looks at her; enthralled*) Pleased to meet you, my noble and beautiful, Lady *Macbed*.

LADY MACBAD: (*smiles*) Macbad, your Highness . . .

DUNCAN: We apologize, my Lady.

## **MACBAD – Page 8**

LADY MACBAD: Please sit down at our table and let's start with our dinner, for you sure must be hungry.

*(They ALL sit down.)*

*(low to MACBAD)* The quicker the better.

MACBAD: Servants, the wine!

*(SERVANTS start filling the tankards.)*

DUNCAN: It's a pleasure for us to sit beside such a gracious woman, my dear Lady, especially after such a long and weary journey. *(sighs)*  
We are getting old, my friends . . .

LADY MACBAD: Please enjoy the dinner we've prepared, especially for you.

DUNCAN: There're so many dishes we wouldn't know where to start.

LADY MACBAD: No hurry, our Majesty is our guest for the whole night.

DUNCAN: *(takes her hand)* Oh, oh, my dear Lady, how nice of you to care for us.

MACBAD: We couldn't let your Highness undergo another journey in the middle of the night.

LADY MACBAD: *(looks at MACBAD)* Absolutely couldn't.

DUNCAN: What glorious friends! Everything is delicious, *(sucks his fingers; SERVANTS pour more wine)* and your wine is great.

MACBAD: If you eat too much, you might feel ill after such a heavy meal.

*(LADY MACBAD kicks her husband's foot.)*

*(to LADY MACBAD; low)* Let me play my role.

LADY MACBAD: Don't worry, you may eat whatever you wish, for we have a special drink for indigestion that will make you better at once.

DUNCAN: Too kind, my dear friends, too kind.

LADY MACBAD: Will you please try my cakes, your Highness?

DUNCAN: Thank you, but we believe we're through. As a matter of fact,

*(DUNCAN gets up; ALL get up)*

we think we have eaten too much.

MACBAD: *(nods)* I believe *you* did, your Majesty.

DUNCAN: And now, please, excuse our manners, but we are really feeling so sleepy and the sight of that sofa over there is so inviting . . . *(yawns; to LADY MACBAD)* Do you think we may rest on it for a while?

## **MACBAD – Page 9**

MACBAD: Only *you*, Your Highness!

DUNCAN: (*chuckles*) Of course, of course.

LADY MACBAD: I'll prepare my special drink to make sure you shall  
(*smiles*) relax better . . .

MACBAD: Is . . . is it necessary, my dear?

LADY MACBAD: (*looks at him furious*) It is, darling, don't you remember  
the magic effects of my potions?

DUNCAN: (*makes himself comfortable on the sofa*) Oh, yes, yes, we are  
willing to drink it,

MACBAD: *I'm* not! (*low*) Just in case my dear wife should get mixed up  
with all these royal we..s!

DUNCAN: If it will make us dream of such a beautiful lady as is our  
noble host's wife!

LADY MACBAD: Thank you, your Majesty.

DUNCAN: How pleased we are to be your guests tonight. We knew we  
were in the house of friends we could trust and rely upon . . . Nothing  
more comforting for a king to know he is in friendly hands.

MACBAD: In double trust your Highness, for I am both your kinsman  
and your host . . . (*broken voice*) I . . . I simply-

LADY MACBAD: (*hurriedly*) My husband will certainly make sure you will  
rest peacefully.

DUNCAN: Oh my, we feel so sleepy . . . (*yawns*) We'll just take a little  
nap . . . only for a few minutes . . .

LADY MACBAD: (*hurriedly*) Please do, your Majesty. I'll get your drink  
ready at once. (*starts preparing the drink*)

MACBAD: (*low*) Are you sure you want to proceed? I sort of feel sorry  
for the old man . . .

LADY MACBAD: Absolutely! Hand me that knife over there, got to open  
this bottle.

MACBAD: The knife? (*starts trembling*) I see no knife.

LADY MACBAD: That one over there.

MACBAD: (*takes or mimes taking the knife*) Gosh, is this the dagger?

LADY MACBAD: We're not going to stab him, only to poison him.

Quick, Macbad!

MACBAD: It's covered with blood! Bah, sticky blood.

LADY MACBAD: (*grabs it from his hand*) Will you stop being so upset?

It's simply a knife. (*wipes it with a finger, sucks it*)

MACBAD: (*horrified*) Oh my, I married a vampire!

LADY MACBAD: How silly, it's strawberry jam.

MACBAD: I'm going mad, won't proceed any further, no sir.

LADY MACBAD: (*pours the poison into the glass*) Nonsense! (*hands  
him the drink*) Take this to our King, my Lord.

MACBAD: I . . . I can't now . . .

LADY MACBAD: Why?

## **MACBAD – Page 10**

MACBAD: Er . . . have to pee.

LADY MACBAD: Now?!

MACBAD: (*nods*) Don't want me to pee in my pants, do you? And in front of my king?

LADY MACBAD: A silly excuse! You're a real sissy, that's what you are. Don't you realize we can't wait any longer? He'll be fast asleep in a few seconds. I'll have to do it, then.

MACBAD: Perfect. Exactly what I was hoping. Oops, have to go! (*runs out*)

LADY MACBAD: (*shakes her head*) What a foolish husband I have. (*takes the drink; hand shakes*) Oh my, my hand is shaking . . . (*looks at DUNCAN*) He . . . he looks exactly like my father, that same scolding stare! I'll wait for my Lord and let him do the job. It's not that easy after all . . . Bad deeds need a certain disposition, I presume . . . In the meantime better hide this stuff.

(*LADY MACBAD exits. MACBAD enters.*)

MACBAD: (*low*) Psss, psss, darling, have you done? I know you did it for me . . . Did everything go well?

(*DUNCAN turns round, sleepy; yawns; MACBAD sees him.*)

Oh my gosh! (*starts shaking*) Oh, my gosh, his ghost is already here!

DUNCAN: (*looks at him; startled*) My dear Lord, did we understand well? Did . . . did we have your permission?

MACBAD: (*frightened*) I knew it, I knew it!

DUNCAN: (*sits up*) Come near us, worthy Macbad,

MACBAD: Boy, they use the royal we up there too.

DUNCAN: And tell us if you were willing to let your king enjoy your fair Lady's sweet favours?

MACBAD: (*steps back*) Whatever you wish, your Highness, but please forgive me, I'm just a poor devil, didn't mean any harm . . . It was all her fault.

DUNCAN: At all, at all, it is most noble of you to sacrifice what you love most to your king. These deeds are really appreciated in the high spheres.

MACBAD: I knew you would go straight there. You've always been so good . . .

DUNCAN: Not good enough compared to your generosity and loyalty.

MACBAD: No, no, please stop it, I'm feeling guilty enough . . . If only you could have mercy now on this poor fellow.

DUNCAN: (*shakes his head*) No, Macbad.

## **MACBAD – Page 11**

MACBAD: Shall I be damned forever?

DUNCAN: No, (*grave*) but you shall sleep no more.

MACBAD: I knew it! I knew it would end up like this. I'll become extremely nervous, your Highness. It was all her fault, I insist.

DUNCAN: Your worries and suspicions will tear you to pieces and turn you into a ghost, we're afraid . . .

MACBAD: (*whitens*) Me too?

DUNCAN: (*annoyed*) Let us finish. If you obey your wife's wishes, of course.

MACBAD: Don't worry, Sir, it will never happen again. Lady Macbad is sometimes silly, a bit naughty but she has a heart too.

DUNCAN: A heart too full of ambition and coquetry!

MACBAD: She's a woman, your Majesty, you know how women are . . .

DUNCAN: (*nods*) Unfortunately, we do, we do, dear friend.

MACBAD: If . . . if I promise I won't listen to her anymore . . . will you leave? Forever?

DUNCAN: (*shakes his head*) "Forever" is a big word . . . let's say, for a few years.

MACBAD: (*frightened*) Then you will come back?

DUNCAN: Of course. Everyone comes back to the scene of the crime.

MACBAD: (*desperate; low*) Oh my gosh, we'll never get rid of his ghost!

DUNCAN: Now, Macbad, you must come with us.

MACBAD: With you? Good heavens, where are you taking me, Sir?

DUNCAN: To the garden.

MACBAD: (*alarmed*) To my garden? It's so dark now and brr . . . quite chilly too . . . I might even catch a cold.

DUNCAN: (*resolute*) Come, Macbad, follow us! It's an order from your king.

MACBAD: Oh my, I wonder when this horrible night will ever find its day?

(*DUNCAN exits. MACBAD follows him trembling.*)

LADY MACBAD: (*enters; doesn't see DUNCAN on the couch*) Oh, oh, my gosh! The king is gone! My dear husband must have thought he was dead and had him taken away. They'll bury him somewhere around here alive and his cries will haunt the castle forever. Have to find Macbad at once!

(*BANQUO and FLEANCE enter.*)

BANQUO: Good evening, my fair Lady Macbad.

LADY MACBAD: Oh, Banquo!

BANQUO: I have come to see your noble husband.

## **MACBAD – Page 12**

LADY MACBAD: I am afraid he is not available at the moment and I'm a bit in a hurry too.

BANQUO: Have to talk to him, he told me that some strange creatures foresaw his growing power-

FLEANCE: My old man still believes in witches.

LADY MACBAD: (*impassive*) Really? (*low*) Can't my husband ever keep his big mouth shut?

FLEANCE: (*impatient*) Halloween's over, Dad.

BANQUO: I wanted to ask him if he had met them again and if there were any news for me too.

LADY MACBAD: I'm sorry, dear Banquo, but if there had been such an encounter, I would have been informed.

FLEANCE: I told you, I want to go home now.

DUNCAN: (*voiceover; from the garden*) Macbad, Macbad . . .

LADY MACBAD: (*startled; low*) Oh my, I can hear his cries already!

BANQUO: Who's calling, my Lady?

LADY MACBAD: (*impassive*) Calling? Did you hear anybody call?

BANQUO: It sounded more like cries . . . maybe I should go and check.

LADY MACBAD: Certainly fruit of your imagination, Sir.

FLEANCE: Hey, I heard them too.

DUNCAN: (*voiceover*) Macbad, we're down here, where have you gone?

BANQUO: (*worried*) It sounds like our king Duncan. (*runs to the window*) It's him! Seems as if he were in trouble. (*shouts*) I'm coming, your Highness! Let's go, Fleance.

(*THEY exit hurriedly.*)

LADY MACBAD: How could I tell him they were only cries of a ghost?

(*MACBAD enters; frightened*)

MACBAD: Oh, Lady Macbad!

LADY MACBAD: Oh, my dear Lord, at last! Where did you hide him?

MACBAD: Hide who?

LADY MACBAD: Our king!

MACBAD: (*desperate*) How can you ever hide a ghost?

LADY MACBAD: So you've done it? Can't believe it!

MACBAD: He tried to take me with him, but I ran away.

LADY MACBAD: He wanted that?

MACBAD: Whew! I'm so lucky to be still alive.

**MACBAD – Page 13**

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