

DANIEL: Sixteen plays in five minutes. Not bad! But if we're gonna get out of here before Adult Puppet Guy starts blowing darts at us, we have to get back to the Tragedies.

ADAM/JESS: [*They give a raised-fist salute.*] Tragedy!

[ADAM *whisks any remaining props/bookstands offstage and re-enters.*]

JESS: Interestingly, we've discovered Shakespeare's comedies aren't nearly as funny as his tragedies.

DANIEL: That is so true. You know what's funny? The Scottish Play.

ADAM: Oh yeah! *Mac*—

DANIEL & JESS: [*Ad lib.*] Sssshhh! Don't say it!

ADAM: Why not?

DANIEL: Because it's cursed. It's bad luck to say the name of that show in a theater unless you're performing it. That's why we refer to it as 'the Scottish Play.'

ADAM: But we *are* performing it. And besides, there's nothing remotely Scottish about it.

JESS: It's all in the performance. It needs to be played so that you can see the heather rippling on the highlands, feel the cold summer breeze wafting up your kilt, and smell the steaming vomit outside the pub.

DANIEL: Good idea. I'll get kilts!

JESS: I'll drink whiskey!

[DANIEL *and* JESS *look expectantly at* ADAM. ADAM *gives the raised-fist salute again.*]

ADAM: Vomit!

DANIEL: With your kind indulgence, we now present our authentically-Scottish interpretation of *Macbeth*.

[*Lights darken, and a short blast on the bagpipes is heard, as DANIEL becomes a WITCH.*]

D/WITCH: "Double, double, toil and trouble.

[JESS *enters as* MACBETH, *carrying a bag of golf clubs. In nearly impenetrable attempts at Scottish accents:*]

J/MACBETH: Stay, ye imperrrrfect MacSpeakerrrrr. MacTell me MacMorrrrrre.

D/WITCH: “Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macduff.
No man of woman born shall harm Macbeth
Till Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane,” don’t ye know.

[WITCH *exits. ADAM enters as* MACDUFF, *also carrying golf clubs and hiding behind a leafy twig.*]

J/MACBETH: Och, that’s daid greet. Then MacWhat MacNeed MacI MacFearr Macduff?

[MACDUFF *throws down his disguise, wields a golf club and throws a two-fingered gesture at* MACBETH.]

A/MACDUFF: See *you*, ye brah-flocked, nanny-figgish clunge-MacKinley! It’s days of Auld Lang Syne fer yew! “Know that Macduff was from his mother’s womb untimely ripped!” What d’ye think about that?

J/MACBETH: Och! I do nae like it, but I support a woman’s right tae choose! Lay on, haggis-breath!

[MACBETH *pulls out a golf club, and they fence.*]

A/MACDUFF: Ah, Macbeth! Ye killed me wife, ye murdered me wee bairns, and ye shat in me stew!

J/MACBETH: Och! I didnae!

A/MACDUFF: Och, aye, ye did. I had tae throw half o’it away.

[MACDUFF *chases* MACBETH *offstage. Backstage, MACBETH’S scream is abruptly cut off with a loud thwack. MACDUFF re-enters carrying a severed head.*]

A/MACDUFF: “Behold where lies the usurper’s cursed head.”
Macbeth, yer arse is oot the windee. [*Sets down the head, addresses it like a golf shot, and whacks it into the audience with his club.*]
And know that never was there a story of more blood and death
Than this, o’ Mister and Mrs. Macbeth. Thankee. [*Exits.*]

[*End Scottish accents. JESS enters.*]