

SCONES

(Or, Macbeth Part II)

A ten-minute play by Jake Lewis

CHARACTERS:

Malcolm -- 20s-30s -- new king of Scotland

Witch 1 -- any age, the smart one

Witch 2 -- any age, the hungry one

Witch 3 -- any age, the dumb one

SETTING:

A field outside Inverness Castle

Immediately following Macbeth's defeat

Lights rise on:

MALCOLM, the newly-crowned king of Scotland, standing before his people, holding the head of Macbeth high.

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you.
My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named,
What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else,
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Who we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Raucous cheering as MALCOLM and the crowd exit.

The three WITCHES are left behind after the crowd disburses.

W1:

So...

W2:

Yeah...

W3:

Nice speech, though.

W1:

A little flowery, if you ask me.

W3:

Yeah, a bit. But I liked the rhymes.

W2:

Did they say something about scones?

W1:

You're always hungry.

W3:

Well, anyway, looks like that's all settled, then.

W2:

I'm going to follow 'em. See what that scone business was about.

W1:

I just wish all those happy people knew that it was us who got them here. Not that big, strapping, hunky Malcolm.

W3:

It just goes to show women never get recognized in the workplace as much as men.
(*Beat.*) Imagine how much worse it would be if we were ugly!

W1:

I can't even. But it just feels like there's...unfinished business.

W2:

Oh. So we're doing this talking thing, then?

W3:

Macbeth was beheaded. That seems pretty finished to me.

W2:

Ok, I don't need a scone. Haven't eaten in 300 years, but that's fine. Let's do more talking instead.

W1:

Don't you think we deserve some thanks, sis?

W2:

For what? I didn't get into this profession for the fame.

W1:

Duncan was a terrible king, right? So, we planted the idea in Macbeth's head to, y'know, murder him and everything. Then, one thing leads to another, and before you know it, a lot of people are dead, BUT we have a better king. So, I ask you, aren't we due some thanks?

W2:

I'd settle for some scones, actually.

W3:

(To W1) I agree with you, it'd be nice to get some recognition, but what can ya' do? That's the world we live in, I'm afraid.

W1:

But it doesn't have to be! We can change it!

W3:

How?

W2:

I know! Make them eat scones until they burst!

W3:

Can you stop talking about scones for, like, a minute? We get it. You like them.

W2:

I'd stop talking about them if I had one in my mouth!

W3:

(To W1) What do you propose we do?

W1:

What we do best. A new curse!

W2:

On who? Everyone bad is dead. And even some good people are dead too. I'd say, mission accomplished. Now, let's all cheer up and get some scones.

W1:

Malcolm said something that got me thinking. He said, "We will perform in measure, time, and place." *Perform*. He's going to continue to tell how brave he was, and how ridding Scotland of Macbeth was all his doing, but he's going to *perform* it.

W3:

You mean...like...he's going to become...an actor?

W1:

You saw him up there! He loved the spotlight! You even said yourself how powerful his speech was! And if he does turn this tragedy into some play, do you think we'll come off as heroes?

W2:

No?

W1:

Damn right, no! Therefore, we should create a curse so that anyone who says Macbeth's name will have something terrible happen to them!

W2 raises a hand.

W1:

Yes?

W2:

But, according to your logic, that would make the story disappear, including our part in it!

W1:

I'm one step ahead of you. Like usual. To prove I'm not completely evil, what about if bad things only happened to the people who say his name...ready for this?...in a certain location?

W3:

Ooh! Like on a heath!

W1:

No, not a heath, because most people don't even know what a heath is.

W3:
Scottish people do.

W1:
And no one can understand Scottish people!

W2:
What about in one of those...umm...what do you call it? Rooms where actors get up and say things.

W1:
A theatre?

W2:
Yes! That!

Beat, as though they think it's a terrible idea. Then W1 and W3 react excitedly.

W3:
They could still tell the story, but they would have to come up with a different name for him! Like, MacDonald!

W2:
Or MacScone!

W1:
Genius, right? I'm going to be the most infamous witch who ever lived! Now, let's see, to cast our curse we first need a cauldron.

She snaps her fingers and a cauldron appears in a puff of smoke.

W1:
Never gets old. Next, we gotta add some disgusting and random objects together.

All three witches open their tunics, and reveal various odd objects hanging inside like they are street corner hustlers selling watches.

W3:
Would a rat testicle help?

W1:

I got a leftover goat sphincter that'll work.

They both look at W2.

W2:

I guess I don't need this expired moose spit.

They toss in their items.

W1:

And now, we recite the curse, which somehow we already all know even though we've never talked about it before.

ALL THREE WITCHES:

Triple, triple, mush it up and ripple,
The fate of theatre we thus do cripple!

The witches step back, as though awaiting something to happen. Nothing does.

W3:

So...Are we good?

W1:

Umm, yeah? I think so?

W3:

Well, that was fun. I should get back. I have a pot on the stove.

W2:

Wait! I think...who are those people? *(Points to audience.)*

W3:

Does something wicked this way come?

W1:

Oh, them? They're just stragglers from Malcolm's speech.

W2:

But...why are they watching us so closely?

W1:

(To the audience.) Can I help you? The show is over, exits in the rear!

W3:

(To herself.) Show... *(Beat.)* Oh, no.

W2:

They. Aren't. Leaving. It's as if they're waiting for us to do something. Like this is a performance or something.

W1:

Well, Mother always said I did have a flair for the dramatic!

W1:

Eh, ignore it. They look harmless enough.

W3:

But your curse about actors performing....*that* guy's story...in a theatre...

W1:

"That" guy? You mean...Macbeth?

Suddenly, a flash of lightning (or a ceiling light) hits W1, and W1 drops dead.

W3:

Umm...

W2:

That. Was. Weird.

W3:

Well, we are called The Weird Sisters.

Awkward moment as the two remaining witches look at each other, their dead sister, the sky, the audience, etc.

W3:

So I should get going...

W2:

Sure, no problem. Meet you again in the thunder, lightning, and rain?

W3:

And when the hurly-burly is done. Don't forget that.

W2:

Right. Always forget the part about the hurly-burly.

W3 waves goodbye and exits.

W2:

(Looking at W1's body.) Just goes to show, some obsessions are not healthy. *(Starts dragging the body offstage.)* I definitely deserve a scone for this.

Lights fade to black.

The End