

THE CURSE OF MACBETH

(One Act)

By Kristen Doherty

CHARACTERS

JESSIE - Efficient. Takes on a directorial role. 60

POPPY - Kind conscientious girl. Secret Shakespeare fan.

DECLAN - Dedicated Drama student. Nice guy.

MONIQUE - Head Mean Girl. Infatuated with Declan.

CLAUDIA - Mean Girl. Looks up to Monique.

TIFF - Mean girl. A bit thick. A follower.

ARI - Uptight, bossy, thinks that's she's right all the time. Snobby.

MICHELLE – Sweet. Almost like a Disney princess. Obsessed with Romeo and Juliet.

ROXY - A bit of an eccentric artist. Costume designer. Sassy.

BAILEY - Has stage fright. Wants a tiny role... Tiny!

ELLIE - Has missed her bus and is waiting for the next one.

FRANKIE - A serious actor. Bound by contract.

MAXY - Choreographer with a temper. Needs it for credit.

LACHY - Basketball obsessed. A bit of a larrikin. Crushing hard on Michelle.

BRETT - Only at Drama club because his mum makes him.

KENNETH - Brett's try-hard stepbrother. Tries to be cool as his bro, but fails dismally.

CHARLIE - Wants to be a tree.

MR BECK - PE teacher. Does not want to be there. Overdue for his Long Service Leave.

*Unlimited extra student roles could be added to the ensemble scenes.

TEN MINUTE MACBETH

(Note: These roles can be swapped amongst characters. Bad Scottish accents in this scene are a must)

Narrator 1 - FRANKIE

Narrator 2 – ARI

Narrator 3 - ROXY

Witch 1 - BAILEY

Witch 2 - ELLIE

Witch 3 - MICHELLE

Macbeth - BRETT

Banquo/Ghost - LACHY

Lady Macbeth - KENNETH

King Duncan - DECLAN

Malcom - LACHY

Macduff – MAXY

Murderer 1 - CHARLIE

Murderer 2 - JESSIE

Fleance - POPPY

Apparition 1 - BAILEY

Apparition 2 - ELLIE

Apparition 3 - MICHELLE

Macduff Jr - POPPY

Lady Macduff – LACHY

Messenger- DECLAN

Ensemble/Army - ALL

SCENE 1

(A rehearsal room. Very basic. A few drama blocks, a desk and some chairs are scattered around)

(The Drama Club have gathered for their first rehearsal of the year. They enter, depending on their characters personality. Some excitedly, some reluctantly, some just to be seen. MR BECK enters in PE gear, whistle around neck. He is laden down with a bunch of scripts. The students are shocked and dismayed to see him)

BECK. Right, you guys. Mrs Mac is absent for the rest of the term, so you're stuck with me for Drama Club.

STUDENTS. *(Overlap)* No! / What!?! / The rest of the term? / Are you serious?! Etc.

CLAUDIA. I cannot believe this! We cannot be stuck with 'The Beck!'

MONIQUE/TIFF. As if! Ewh.

ELLIE. I might just go...

LACHY. B-Ball instead then?

(LACHY, BRETT, and CHARLIE throw the ball to each other)

KENNETH. Chuck it to me! Chuck it to me.

(Everyone ignores him)

JESSIE. This is a disaster.

MICHELLE. *(Puts her hand up)* Mrs Mac isn't sick is she, Mr Beck?

BECK. Shingles, I believe.

JESSIE. Do you think you should be telling us private medical information?

BECK. *(Mocks)* Do you think you should be asking me stupid questions?

ARI. You're not even a drama teacher.

BECK. *(Laughs)* Nooo! Not even close.

FRANKIE. So, how are we going to put on a play? You can't direct us!

BECK. Suck it up princess! Right'o what crapola has she set for you to do then?

BAILEY. Um, Mr Beck, I don't think Mrs Mac would like you calling the work she set, crap.

BECK. Do I look like I care? Anyhoo... Here it is... Listen up! You are going to be presenting scenes from your old friend Mr Willy the Shake. *(Sarcastic)* Well that's going to be fun, isn't it?

ROXY. What? No! Not Shakespeare!

MICHELLE. Yes! Romeo and Juliet... Are we doing Romeo and Juliet? It's definitely Shakespeare's best play.

BRETT. Quick question...What's a Shakespeare?

KENNETH. Only like the most legendary writer that ever existed on the face of the earth. Am I right?

BRETT. Sometimes I wonder how we're related.

JESSIE. Shakespeare? Seriously!? This group cannot do Shakespeare.

CHARLIE. I hate Shakespeare!

BECK. I, for once, agree with you Sampson.

TIFF. So do I!

LACHY. It's so boring!

BECK. I know, right!

MICHELLE. Romeo and Juliet isn't boring. It's wonderful. I love Shakespeare.

LACHY. *(Changes tune)* Do you?

BAILEY. Well, I don't. It doesn't make any sense.

ELLIE. Yeah! I don't understand a word he's saying.

A FEW. Same!

MICHELLE. If we are doing Shakespeare, I want to be Juliet! Oh, please can I be Juliet?

(BECK blows his whistle in their faces. They shut up, shocked)

BECK. *(Roars)* Do you think I want to be here? Neg.a.tory! They don't pay me enough to deal with *(shudders)* drama kids! But as a teacher I have to fulfil my extra-curricular quota... And since football season hasn't started yet, I am stuck with you lot. And *we* are doing Shakespeare my friends. And by "we" I mean YOU! Now, take a script and make me some theatre magic.

(He hands them a stack of scripts and exits)

BAILEY. This sucks!

ROXY. I don't think I even want to do Drama Club if he is running it.

BAILEY. Neither!

POPPY. It's just so disappointing.

MONIQUE. Well, *we* won't be doing it, will we girls?

CLAUDIA/TIFF. Nuh, huh.

MONIQUE. Sorry! We are outie.

CLAUDIA/TIFF. O.U.T.I.E.

(The MEAN GIRLS get up to exit. There is unrest in the group, others get up to go)

LACHY. B-Ball it is then.

CHARLIE. Let's go, lads.

KENNETH. Yo! Wait up bro.

FRANKIE. Great! At this rate there won't even be a drama club.

JESSIE. Wait!... Guys... Please. You need to look at it this way... I don't think he's going to interfere too much do you?

CLAUDIA. Doubt it.

MONIQUE. Yeah... and?

JESSIE. Well, I see that as a win.

POPPY. Jessie's right. We can just direct ourselves.

STUDENTS. *(Overlap)* Direct ourselves / Yeah / I suppose / We could. Etc.

DECLAN. We couldn't do a worse job than The Beck would!

MONIQUE. *(Flirty)* Ha! That is so true Deccy.

DECLAN. So, I'm in.

MONIQUE. So are we. Aren't we girls?

TIFF/CLAUDIA. Sure are!

BRETT. Yeah, nah. The courts await.

MICHELLE. *(Rolls eyes)* Whatever. Typical.

(The boys go to get up, LACHY noticing MICHELLE's reaction, stops them)

LACHY. Actually... Yeah, nah, we'll just go after.

BRETT. What? Come on!

LACHY. We'll go after. Promise... and I'll buy pizzas.

CHARLIE. Pizza! Yes!

BRETT. *(To group)* We're staying too.

JESSIE. Great! Well, I'd be keen to direct some scenes.

ARI. I'll direct too.

BAILEY. So, what play are we going to do?

TIFF. Ooh! I know! Let's do a theatrical version of Mean Girls.

ROXY. It has to be Shakespeare.

TIFF. Boo!

BRETT. What? Why?

JESSIE. We have to do what Mrs Mac wants. But! We can do it *how we want.*

ROXY. Shakespeare does have unlimited design opportunities....

POPPY. There is *so* much we could do with Shakespeare.

KENNETH. *(Caught up)* There sure is! Now I'm imagining the possibilities of what we could really do with the Bard's work... I'm thinking something reminiscent of Emma Rice's incredible bohemian styled masterpiece at the Globe in 2016.

(Everyone is silent for a moment. Gobsmacked)

BRETT. *(Shuts him down)* Please don't.

KENNETH. What?

BRETT. Just don't.

MICHELLE. Can I suggest Romeo and Juliet?

BAILEY. Shakespeare is pretty hard. Can't we do a musical instead?

ARI. *(Groans)* It just keeps getting worse and worse.

ELLIE. Yes, a musical! I love musicals. Matilda? Or Aladdin? I saw them both last year... What sort of budget do you have?

FRANKIE. *(Scoffs)* Budget? Here. Ha!

ROXY. I've always wanted to work on a musical. I have spectacular ideas for Mamma Mia costumes.

MONIQUE. Yes. Mamma Mia. I would be an amazing Sophie.

CLAUDIA/TIFF. *(Excited)* And we could be Sophie's friends. *(realise they're in sync)* Ohh, snap. Jinx! Double jinx!

FRANKIE. We can't do a musical, we don't have any musicians.

BRETT. Hey! I play the drums.

KENNETH. And I can play the piano, guitar, trumpet, accordion, banjo, fiddle, bass. I also dabble in the bassoon, berimbau, bongo, and the cello... Oh! I almost forgot; I play the drums too.

(A few side-eyes. BRETT takes KENNETH aside)

BRETT. Kenneth, don't ever admit that in public ever again.

KENNETH. Musical aptitude is nothing to be ashamed of, Brett... I'm also considering taking up the organ.

BRETT. Please mate... Just stop.

KENNETH. Bagpipes? ...Piccolo?

FRANKIE. Well, I reckon we should make short films. I've got Movie Maker on my iPhone.

BRETT. Yes! We can do a zombie horror short.

CHARLIE. Yes! *(Imitates zombie)* Brains! Brains!

ROXY. Oh! I've got a recipe for fake blood... It uses Milo.

CHARLIE. Yum, Milo.

MONIQUE. Ewh.

ARI. I'm getting a migraine.

JESSIE. We are getting nowhere here.

KENNETH. Guys, I hate to be a party pooper, but Mrs Mac did quite clearly say that we had to do Shakespeare...

(Everyone chucks something at KENNETH)

CHARLIE. Suck up.

BRETT. Shut up!

(POPPY gets up to defend KENNETH)

POPPY. Hey guys, give the work Mrs Mac set a chance. We have to do Shakespeare... For her.

DECLAN. Poppy is right. Let's do it for Mrs Mac!

MONIQUE. Oh Deccy. You are so sweet! And so right. For Mrs Mac. *(Announces)* We are doing Shakespeare guys! We'll do it because we are dedicated to drama. But just so it's known, I'm not happy. I still can't believe she's making us do Shakespeare.

CLAUDIA. I know! It's like Mrs Mac is obsessed with him.

MONIQUE. She is so weird. How can a playwright who died like 600 years ago be in any way relevant to us now?

TIFF. Gah! She is so annoying. Mean Girls would have been so much more relevant. I actually know girls exactly like that.

JESSIE. *(Rolls eyes)* So do I.

TIFF. Same. But Shakespeare... You know, he's just so old!

CLAUDIA. And so dead!

POPPY. *(Passionate)* Shakespeare is relevant. So relevant. The themes within his plays are timeless; love, death, ambition, revenge, power, fate. His words make people fall in love. He understands our hearts, how we humans feel... He makes me believe that true love is really possible.

(DECLAN is totally caught up in her words. MONIQUE has noticed)

MONIQUE. *(Irritated)* You already said 'love'. --

POPPY. It's like when you say his words, you can really feel it... Do you know what I mean?

(Hamlet) Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

DECLAN. Wow.

(MONIQUE looks from POPPY to DECLAN, furious)

MONIQUE. Hmm, seems Mrs Mac isn't the only 'weird one' obsessed with the old fart.

(Her cronies burst out laughing)

JESSIE. Ok, Mrs Mac has given us what looks like a pile of scenes from different Shakespearean plays. So, which one do you want to do?

MONIQUE. I don't know... What are his plays?

TIFF. Ohh! Ohh! Romeo and Juliet, um --

MICHELLE. Yes! Romeo and Juliet!

TIFF. That Dream play...Um... That's about it, isn't it? Oh, no wait ... Umm...What's his name? Hamlet?

POPPY. Shakespeare wrote 37 plays.... That they know of.

BRETT. 37? Jeeze!

POPPY. And 154 Sonnets.

BRETT. Impressive (*Beat*) What's a Sonnet?...

KENNETH. A sonnet, coming from the Italian word, sonetto, is a fourteen-line piece of poetry where each line is made up of ten syllables...

(Everyone looks at him in shock)

KENNETH. (*Laughs nervously*) Yeah... Pretty lame right.

BRETT. Yep! You read my mind. Lame.

MICHELLE. And out of all of those plays, Romeo and Juliet is still the world's most popular. Oh, can we please just do Romeo and Juliet!?

LACHY. I'm up for a bit of R and J.

ROXY. No! Everyone does Romeo and Juliet.

MICHELLE. So? That means it's good.

ROXY. That means it's overdone.

POPPY. Well, do you want to do a comedy like Measure for Measure, or As You Like It? The Tempest? Much Ado? Twelfth Night?

ARI. No, too obscure for this lot.

BAILEY. I've never heard of any of them.

POPPY. Or a history play? One of the Kings?

MONIQUE. Boring!

FRANKIE. We need to pick something with an emotional range.

POPPY. Well...A tragedy, like Hamlet or Othello, Lear or Macbeth?

KENNETH. Ah yes, Macbeth. The Scottish Play.

ELLIE. The Scottish play?

BRETT. (*Scottish accent*) See you, Jimmy!

ROXY. Shush! You're not supposed to say that name out loud in a theatre.

BRETT. What's wrong with Jimmy?

ROXY. No... The other one.

ELLIE. What? M—

ROXY. (*Silences her*) You can't say it!

ELLIE. Why not?

ROXY. It's cursed.

MICHELLE. What?

CHARLIE. Cursed?

ELLIE. Pft! Whatever!

ARI. Don't say you haven't heard of the curse?

ROXY. Seriously, the curse of Macbeth is legendary. Terrible things have happened to people who have said his name in a theatre. Accidents.... Even deaths... Apparently if you say it by mistake, you've got to spit and run around the theatre three times... or something like that.

CHARLIE. Cool.

MONIQUE. Ewh...

CLAUDIA. You are so weird!

TIFF. So weird!

DECLAN. No... I've heard about the curse as well.

MONIQUE. (*Immediately changes her tune*) Really?

DECLAN. Yeah! You're not ever supposed to say the 'M word'

MONIQUE. (*Flirty*) The 'M word'? Seriously?

POPPY. They're right. They say --

MONIQUE. Who says?

POPPY. I don't know... 'Theatrical folklore' says that back in the day, Shakespeare used incantations of real spells that he heard around the rural townships of London in his characters dialogue.

ELLIE. What? Like he used the real words for the Witches lines?

POPPY. Exactly! And Lady Macbeth's.

TIFF. (*Gasps*) You said it!

ELLIE. Surely, it's got to be ok to say it in rehearsals and performances, otherwise the play would never get put on... Would it?

MICHELLE. I'm definitely going to have nightmares tonight.

BAILEY/BRETT. Same!

LACHY. (*Scrolls through phone*) This is cool! Mr Google says, “Legend has it, that in revenge for Shakespeare's inclusion of a number of accurate spells within the play, a coven of witches cursed it for all eternity.”

FRANKIE. The three ‘Weird Sisters’

CLAUDIA. Three witches. Awesome! There’s three of us, let’s do their scene.

TIFF. Yes! That’d be so epic.

MONIQUE. Oh... I was kinda hoping Deccy and I could do a scene together. (*To DECLAN*) You could be Macbeth and I could be Lady Macbeth.

MICHELLE. Hey that’s not fair. If I can’t be Juliet, I want to be Lady Macbeth.

MONIQUE. (*Manipulative*) Are you sure? Lady Macbeth chants real spells in her dialogue.

MICHELLE. Yeah.... That is pretty creepy actually.

MONIQUE. Did you know that she has been called the evillest female character ever written?

MICHELLE. No? Really?

MONIQUE. Yeah! She is brutal. She conjures up evil spirits and convinces Macbeth to murder the king, then she goes crazy and can’t stop seeing the blood of her victims on her hands.

(MICHELLE looks increasingly uncomfortable)

BRETT. He murders the king? Cool!

CHARLIE. Better get that Milo ready.

MICHELLE. No. Actually, now that I think about it, I want nothing to do with that character. I’ll just play a heap of smaller roles. That’d show my range as an actor better anyway.

MONIQUE. So true. (*Satisfied, she turns to DECLAN*) So? Deccy, you and me? Mr and Mrs Macbeth?

DECLAN. Yeah. Sure! Happy to do a scene.

(DECLAN flicks through the Macbeth script)

DECLAN. I’m looking at something challenging like Act 1, Scene VII, where Lady Macbeth convinces Macbeth to kill Duncan by insulting his masculinity, or Act II, Scene II, when Macbeth has killed the king and Lady Macbeth finishes the job for him.... So, if you don’t mind learning lots of lines?

(MONIQUE grabs the script off him and flicks through it, disdainfully)

MONIQUE. Hmm. There is a lot. Soz. Mables not. (*She turns to her girls*) The Weird Sisters it is, girls.

(CLAUDIA and TIFF squeal and jump up and down in excitement)

TIFF. This is so cool. They're kinda like a Shakespearean 'Mean Girls,' almost... which is the play I really wanted to do.

CLAUDIA. It's not a play, honey. It's a movie.

TIFF. Oh... It's an awesome movie though...

(CLAUDIA pats TIFF sympathetically)

CLAUDIA. It sure is.

MONIQUE. As long as we can be hot witches! Not like hook-nose, broomstick-riding, old, cat-lady hags.

CLAUDIA/TIFF. Uh, huh. Hot witches.

ROXY. Guys! This is going to be so cool. You are going to love my costume design ideas. I'm thinking of some sort of 'Post-Apocalyptic, Steam Punk' styling.

MONIQUE. *(Bratty)* I have no idea what you just said but, whatever! Come on 'sisters' lets go rehearse our scene.

MEAN GIRLS. When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lighting or in rain?

(Exit MEAN GIRLS)

SCENE 2

JESSIE. Ok... So, Michelle you definitely don't want to play Lady Mac?

MICHELLE. Not at all!

JESSIE. And Poppy, you're happy to do it?

POPPY. Umm... I'm not sure. It's just so... so... you know?

MICHELLE. Evil?

POPPY. No. Epic.

JESSIE. Well, Frankie, you do acting out of school. You'd kill this role.

FRANKIE. Sorry. It's in my contract with my agent that I can't take on a major role without his prior consent.

JESSIE. But this is just Drama club.

FRANKIE. I don't write the rules, Jessie. Besides, I have enough lines to learn for my National Theatre audition as it is. I have my priorities you know... Standards too. No offence.

JESSIE. *(Sighs)* None taken. Roxy? Lady Mac?

ROXY. Sorry! Doing costumes... I don't act.

JESSIE. You won't even consider...?

ROXY. There's no way.

JESSIE. But we could...

ROXY. Nope. Not happening. No way. No how.

JESSIE. Ok, moving on.... Maxy?

MAXY. Yeah, no. I'm just here to choreograph something. I need a piece for my final Dance assessment. Mrs Mac promised me I could do a number with the Drama Club production as credit; I can't believe she's let me down... Seriously, who gets shingles in this day and age?

BAILEY. She didn't get sick on purpose, Maxy.

MAXY. Whatever!

JESSIE. Well, I'm sure you can still choreograph something for Macbeth... Dancing witches maybe?

MAXY. Hmm... Dancing witches...

JESSIE. Bailey? Interested?

BAILEY. Yeah... Nah. I want a really small role. Tiny! With hardly any lines.

CHARLIE. Same... Can I play like a tree, or something?

KENNETH. In this play you actually can.

CHARLIE. What the? Actual? There are human trees?

KENNETH. Yep.

CHARLIE. Nice!

JESSIE. Ellie?

ELLIE. I'm just hanging out, til my bus gets here later...

JESSIE. Sorry, Poppy, seeing the others won't do Lady Mac, and we don't have anyone else... and you seem to get it more than any of us do. Please?

ALL. Please Poppy.

BRETT. If you don't do Lady Macbeth, Kenneth's going to have to.

KENNETH. Hey! I'd nail that role!

(All laugh)

ARI. Poppy... Can you see the depths to which we are stooping? Just take the role.

POPPY. (*Concedes*) Ok... If I have to.

DECLAN. You'll be great!

JESSIE. Ok, well I'll direct you guys.... And Ari, you direct the ensemble?

ARI. Wow. All the other roles? Ok. I'll need to work out the key scenes. (*Flicks through script*) There's a lot!

MAXY. I'll do some work on the chorey first then.

FRANKIE. Ok, great! Let's split up and meet back later to show The Beck what we've done.

ARI. Wish us luck... We're gonna need it.

BRETT. (*Shows off muscles*) You don't need luck when you've got this much talent.

CHARLIE. (*Guffaws*) Better get my magnifying glass.

ARI. Give me strength.

JESSIE. It will be amazing... Meet back in an hour.

(*JESSIE, POPPY and DECLAN exit*)

BRETT. Wait! Did you just say "all the other roles?" How many are there?

LACHY. Isn't there a hundred characters in Macbeth?

ELLIE. Yeah, and isn't it like four hours long?

MICHELLE. Romeo and Juliet is only three hours... Just saying.

ARI. We don't need to do the whole play, just a few scenes to support the main characters.

BRETT. What's a scene?

ARI. ... Or, you know, we could just do the whole play.

A FEW. What?!

ARI. Like a series of vignettes of the whole play; the major plot points, but really fast, in like five or ten minutes.

CHARLIE. Ten Minute Macbeth.

KENNETH. Yes, Ten Minute Macbeth. I'm liking it.

BRETT. Vignette? Is that like a salad dressing?

BAILEY. Oh, dear lord.

LACHY. Vinaigrette? Is it lunch yet? I'm starving.

BRETT. Same... But I can't stand salad.

FRANKIE. Don't you know anything? Vignettes... Like a snippet of the scenes all pieced together.

BRETT. I am so confused...

ALL. Same!

MICHELLE. Great!... *(sighs)* I wish we'd done Romeo and Juliet.

SCENE 3

(JESSIE, DECLAN and POPPY are rehearsing in another room)

JESSIE. OK, Poppy, Declan, what scene do you guys want to start with?

DECLAN. Um... How about the first one. When Lady Mac welcomes Macbeth back from battle.

JESSIE. Ok, Act I Scene II. Here's your scripts. Ok, Macbeth stand by, enter Lady Macbeth.

POPPY. *(Lady Macbeth)* Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.
Thy letters have transported me beyond,
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

DECLAN. *(Macbeth)* My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night.

POPPY. *(Lady Macbeth)* And when goes hence?

DECLAN. *(Macbeth)* Tomorrow, as he purposes.

POPPY. *(Lady Macbeth)* O, never shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book
Where men may read strange matters.

JESSIE. Ok stop. I think Lady Mac needs to be quite intimate and sweet here, so we see the contrast between that and what she becomes later. So, stroke his face when you say that line.

POPPY. *(shyly)* Really?

DECLAN. It's ok... I don't mind.

(POPPY nervously touches DECLAN's cheek. They fall in love at this moment)

POPPY. *(Lady Macbeth)* Your face, my thane, is as a book,
Where men may read strange matters.

(They stand, staring at each other for a while before JESSIE breaks the spell.)

JESSIE. *(Claps).* Bravo! That's amazing! You guys have such a great connection.

DECLAN. *(Softly)* We do, don't we.

(He smiles and grabs her hand as they stare into each other's eyes, unaware of the MEAN GIRLS watching them from the side)

SCENE 4

(The MEAN GIRLS storm into another space, led by MONIQUE who lets out a frustrated scream)

MONIQUE. OMG! I can't believe it!

CLAUDIA. Neither!

TIFF. Neither! Neither!

MONIQUE. Her! He wants her, when he could have me?

CLAUDIA. I know right.

TIFF. What an idiot!

MONIQUE. No! I'm the idiot for liking him in the first place. He's going to be sorry! He is going to love me... you'll see!

TIFF. What are you going to do Monique?

MONIQUE. *(Sinister)* I'm going to make the most of the opportunity that has been afforded to us.

TIFF. You say what now?

MONIQUE. His words make people fall in love.

CLAUDIA. *(Clueing in)* You're going to use the curse, aren't you?

MONIQUE. Well, I'm sure going to try! Apparently, this curse is legendary. So, my sisters, let's try and use the witches' incantation to make a love spell.

CLAUDIA. Epic!

TIFF. This is going to be amazeballs.

MONIQUE. Tiff put the script there, where we can see it.

(TIFF obliges and runs back to join hands with the others, together they chant, building into a crescendo)

MEAN GIRLS. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.

(Nothing happens)

CLAUDIA. This is stupid. Thrice to nine? This is not going to work.

MONIQUE. *(Determined)* He is going to love me. And if I say going to work, it's going to work, so say it like you mean it.

(They try again, with feeling)

MEAN GIRLS. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! The charm's wound up.

(SFX. Suddenly the theatre is immersed in flashing lights. Thunder and lightning)

(They break apart. Scared, startled, confused)

TIFF. What was that!?

CLAUDIA. It worked!... It really worked!

TIFF. That is incredibubble!

MONIQUE. *(feeling powerful)* We have the power of 'The Three'.

TIFF. The what?

MONIQUE. The power of the three.
Three is the number of time.
Three is the number of the divine.
Past Present Future
Birth Life Death
Beginning Middle End

TIFF. That is so cool! How do you know that... rhyme?

MONIQUE. *(Shrugs)* Dunno... Saw it on Charmed re-runs, I think...

CLAUDIA. Nice one.

MONIQUE. Come on sisters, let's go get my boy back. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

CLAUDIA. When the hurlyburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.

TIFF. That will be 'ere the set of sun.

(SFX - Thunder/lightning sound again)

CLAUDIA. *(gleeful)* Where the place?

TIFF. Upon the heath.

MONIQUE. There to meet with Dec-lan!

(They run toward the door, only to pause at the last minute, collect themselves, primp and preen and sashay offstage. BECK emerges from backstage)

BECK. How cool are those lights guys! And those sound effects! Made your scene look pretty epic, even if I say so myself... Pretty easy this Drama teaching gig, I recon. Don't know what Mrs Mac's been whinging about all these years.

(He notices they are no longer there)

BECK. *(Calls out)* Oi! You lot! Were those lights ok for your scene? The sound effects? Guys?... Be like that then! Your loss!

(He giggles gleefully and runs backstage and starts a light and sound show of ridiculous proportions)

SCENE 5

(SFX – Epic battle scene music plays (i.e. 'O'Fortuna' by Carl Orff)

(The ensemble crawl dramatically over drama blocks, with MAXY leading the choreography. Everyone holds a bush. They are struggling to keep up. ARI not participating, sits in the corner sorting through the scripts)

MAXY. Five, six, seven, eight, now sashay, sashay, step, ball change, step ball, change, march, march, march, march. Eyes fixed to the front. Sway, sway, sway and disperse, disperse! Now flock, flock. Move it Lachy! Your arms are dead at your side. I said flock! You guys are useless. Useless! How am I ever going to get my extra credit?

FRANKIE. I don't know what you're expecting Maxy, but I don't think when Shakespeare wrote that Birnam Wood was on the move, this is what he had in mind.

MAXY. I need to choreograph a large ensemble piece for my dance assessment, and the Birnam Wood scene is the one with the most actors in it. It has a whole army. So, this is the scene we are using. So, let's go again.

(All groan and go back to their starting positions)

MAXY. From the top. Five, six, seven, eight.

LACHY. This is hard!

BAILEY. I'm struggling.

MICHELLE. I think I'm dying.

ELLIE. Um... I recon my bus is due.

MAXY. *(Fierce)* Do not move from your position!

ELLIE. (*Scared*) Ok... I'll catch the next one.

MAXY. Now on your own.

(*Turns to watch them. To judge*)

MAXY. Stop, stop, stop! Line up!

(*Terrified, the group complies*)

MAXY. Michelle, you are sloppy. Ellie, it's like you don't even want to be here--

ELLIE. Funny that...

MAXY. Shush! Commitment, Ellie. This is what you signed up for.

ELLIE. But I didn't actually sign up--

MAXY. Commitment! Frankie, not bad, I suppose. Bailey, you are weak! WEAK!

BAILEY. (*About to cry*) I'm sorry!

MAXY. Charlie. Good! Keep it up.

CHARLIE. Thanks... I've always wanted to play a tree.

MAXY. And Brett, I am impressed.

BRETT. Thank you, Me Lady. (*Bows*)

KENNETH. You should be thanking mum for the lessons.

BRETT. Quiet pleb!

MAXY. However, Lachlan you are treating this whole thing as a joke.

LACHY. (*Meekly*) But, I'm trying really hard.

MAXY. Silence!

(*JESSIE, POPPY and DECLAN enter*)

JESSIE. How are you guys going? Our scene is done.

LACHY. (*Desperate*) Get out while you can!

MAXY. Lachlan get back into position. (*To JESSIE*) Well, if you are finished, you might as well join the ensemble. Get in line.

(*JESSIE, DECLAN and POPPY confused, don't move*)

MAXY. (*Roars*) I said, get in line!

*****End of Preview, please email kristencmdoherty@gmail.com for full perusal script*****