

Seven Ladies Macbeth

Michael Bettencourt

347-564-9998 • michaelbettencourt@outlook.com
http://www.m-bettencourt.com
http://blockandtackleproductions.com

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DESCRIPTION

What came before Lady Macbeth became Lady Macbeth?

CHARACTERS

- GRUOCH (later, Lady Macbeth)
- ELFRIDA (mother of Lady Macbeth)/DUNCAN/GENTLEWOMAN
- SOLDIER/GILLACOMGAIN (first husband)/MACBETH's SQUIRE/DOCTOR/MACDUFF
- MACBETH
- NURSE/BISHOP/SINT (can be played by a male or female)
- CHORUS OF CROWS/GRUOCH'S ATTENDANTS/THE 3 WITCHES

CHORUS will wear half-masks made to look like crows.

There is nothing but interpretation.

Scene 1: First Lady

Blackness. In the blackness, the sound of ELFRIDA, the queen, in carnal delight and distress -- a rising wail halfway between pleasure and lamentation, with a final crescendo halfway between pleasure and a snarl.

As this happens, a light up on young GRUOCH. When ELFRIDA is finished, a light up on ELFRIDA slipping on a simple rough cotton caftan. They sit apart, at some distance. They hold each other's gaze, then GRUOCH looks away.

ELFRIDA
(annoyed)

Gruoch?

We named you Gruoch -- I don't know why.

I don't think you can change it.

The name sounds like it crawled out of the throats of crows.

Would you like me to remember for you how your world began?

Well?

Not that you have many memories --

GRUOCH

I heard -- it -- them -- the screams -- your
screams -- they -- shook me -- as I --

GRUOCH makes a sliding motion with her hand: slipping out of the womb.
ELFRIDA mockingly imitates her.

ELFRIDA

My obligatory motherly screams, my obstetrical
aria --

GRUOCH

Did I -- hurt --

ELFRIDA

As I was saying, you don't have many choices
about remembering, but do you have some. Well,
two.

GRUOCH

I don't want to choose.

ELFRIDA

Three, then.

GRUOCH

I want to go back.

ELFRIDA

Not one of the three, I'm afraid.

GRUOCH

I want to go back. To there.

ELFRIDA

(slapping her own belly)

To the queen's labyrinth?
To the garden of breedin'?

GRUOCH

Please.

ELFRIDA

That desire makes you much too much like your
father --

GRUOCH

What --

ELFRIDA

Who.

GRUOCH

(shifting)

Who is he?

ELFRIDA

Too much like any man,
which means not enough --

GRUOCH

I don't know "man" or "any" or --

ELFRIDA

Always wanting to adjourn themselves
To some moist salty female darkness --
Remember that.

GRUOCH

I don't know what you're saying.

ELFRIDA

I did not spit you into the light
for you to want such things.

GRUOCH

Can't I -- please go [back] --

ELFRIDA

You have had your last taste of paradise,
daughter --
even now, even though it's still early in your
life,
Eden has melted down into a sticky hungering
common among the common and uncommon alike --
That sticks --

(grabbing her throat)

-- here --

Doesn't it?

Panging at you forever.

So much easier to hope for better times
when you hadn't been born.

Your birth shows me
what an unraveling fact

my life is --

too bad.

GRUOCH looks crestfallen, disheartened.

ELFRIDA

I will embrace you,
if that is something
you think you want.

GRUOCH gets up, ELFRIDA gets up. They embrace each other from a
distance, without touching. ELFRIDA, for a moment, softens.

ELFRIDA

I think I am heartily sorry.

GRUOCH

What are my other choices?

But light out on ELFRIDA. At her feet, GRUOCH finds a sword and buckler. She straps it on without hesitation, stares at it. A sound of wind comes up along with the calls of crows.

GRUOCH

How did I know how to do that?

GRUOCH stares into the darkness, half a smile on her face. Out of the darkness NURSE appears.

GRUOCH

Nurse.

NURSE

I will answer to that.

GRUOCH

Why did doing that come so easily to me?
And feel so -- so --

NURSE

Is "good" the word you want?

The CHORUS OF CROWS appears. They speak GRUOCH's name as if it came from their throats.

CHORUS

Gruoch!

GRUOCH

Good?

CHORUS

An indifferent spasm
of royal fluids --
and Gruoch comes --

NURSE

(adjusting the buckler)

It would be good for you to begin forgetting --
her, for starters --
all of the bastards.

GRUOCH

Forgetting my mother would be good?

NURSE

She and the others have already made you too old
for your own good.

GRUOCH

I am completely lost.

CHORUS

When the child's tongue-tie
is cut at birth --
when that skin-thread holding
the mouth-bell's clapper is snipped --
snip! --
the one who had been muted,
the one forced by biology
to play a stuttering idiot,
now spits out rhyme, releases sense --
this is how Gruoch will suffer --
the umbilical cut now forces her
to learn the sort of knowledge
that can only turn into
a perpetual lack of wisdom --

NURSE waves her arms to shoo the birds away. They leave. NURSE
smoothes down GRUOCH's hair, clothes, then looks GRUOCH in the eye.

NURSE

You could be destined for greatness.

(looking more intently)

Or something equally as painful --
or boring.
If you're lucky, you'll die without drooling
or having to scream --
those are not small accomplishments.

GRUOCH returns NURSE's gaze. Then, with a mix of deliberation and
innocence, GRUOCH unsheathes the sword and puts it between her legs,
as if she were riding a hobby-horse. She begins to skip like a child.

GRUOCH

La - la - la - la - la - la -

GRUOCH stops, throws NURSE a defiant look, then continues skipping and
chanting.

After a few seconds, GRUOCH stops, a look of puzzlement on her face.
She looks down at the sword, back at the NURSE.

NURSE

Well?

GRUOCH rides the sword a few more times, as if testing something, then
stops again.

NURSE

Good?

GRUOCH doesn't answer right away, but then nods her head yes and
smiles.

NURSE

Who knew friction
could be so educational.

GRUOCH

I don't know what you mean.

NURSE

How does that feel?

GRUOCH

The same as when I hooked
the belt around my waist.

NURSE

Do it some more.

But GRUOCH doesn't move. Instead, she closes her eyes, as if recalling the sensation.

GRUOCH

(her eyes still closed)

My mother said I have two choices
about remembering my life,
even as short as it's been so far --
is that true?

NURSE

I don't believe in remembering anything.

GRUOCH

You are supposed to be
preparing me
for my life.

NURSE

I can't teach you the amnesia
you'll need
to find
a useable happiness.

GRUOCH

But I don't want to forget
what I am remembering
right at this moment.
It feels too good.

NURSE

The sword between your legs feels too good.

GRUOCH

Oh yes.

NURSE

Really?

GRUOCH

It feels like womb.

NURSE grabs the sword and pulls it free, shocking GRUOCH.

NURSE

And how does that feel?

GRUOCH

You could have --

NURSE

Before you accuse me, check.

GRUOCH feels between her legs.

GRUOCH

No -- I don't think you cut --

NURSE places the sword-tip against GRUOCH's dress. GRUOCH hesitates, then stands her legs apart enough for NURSE to slide the sword back into place between her knees.

NURSE

You may be both lucky and unlucky enough
to survive your childhood.
Either way, I will still get paid.
Which of us would you rather be?

GRUOCH and NURSE stare at each other for a moment, then GRUOCH grabs the hilt of the sword and begins to hobby-horse again.

GRUOCH

Keep up with me.

NURSE

I am paid to follow you.

GRUOCH

You are paid to please me.

NURSE

I am paid to hurt you
at the appropriate times,
otherwise known as education.
That may not please you,
but it pleases me.

NURSE smiles, follows. Lights down.

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Scene 2: Second Lady

Sound of wind. Lights dawn. SOLDIER stands at attention, on guard.
He rests his sword point on the ground, hands perched on its hilt.
GRUOCH skips in, NURSE following.

NURSE

(indicating sword)

It has been said
you should not be wearing that.

GRUOCH

I like to wear it.

NURSE

It is said
that it makes you
very unlike a lady.

GRUOCH stops skipping.

GRUOCH

I thought
I was being
a child.

NURSE

That's over.

GRUOCH

So short.

NURSE

You've had longer than most.

GRUOCH

When?

NURSE

The moment the word "lady"
sickened the air.

GRUOCH

Oh.
Oh.
Could you suck it
back in --

NURSE

I am not paid enough.

GRUOCH

Oh.
Is "lady"
one of the hurts?

NURSE
How do you feel?

GRUOCH
Limpid --
is that a word?
It just sprang
into my mouth.

NURSE
There may be hope
for you yet,
unfortunately.

GRUOCH
Have I been educated?

NURSE
Do you know what death is?

GRUOCH
No.

NURSE
Then no.

GRUOCH
Then I need to know death.
And lady.
And limpid.
You said "makes you" -- me --
"very unlike a lady" -- me --
And what, it is said,
is a lady?

NURSE
Whatever men say she is --
it is said.

GRUOCH
Then am I a lady?

NURSE
On the building-up towards one, yes --

GRUOCH
Then that means
I am
what men
say I am.

NURSE
You're too young
to have men say anything
about you.

Have a taste for you, yes --
always their tastes to navigate,
like walking through
a cow-shitted field --
 (tip-toes through a cow-shitted field)
And one and two and three and four --

GRUOCH imitates her, laughs.

GRUOCH
 (overlapping)
-- and two and three and four --

NURSE
Stop it!

GRUOCH stops. NURSE repeats her steps.

NURSE
And one and two and three and four --
but of that we will need to --

GRUOCH
 (pointing to SOLDIER)
Is he a man?

NURSE
You must learn to focus.

GRUOCH
Is he a man?

NURSE
As a mongrel is a dog.

GRUOCH
Is that a "yes"?
Remember,
I am young and don't yet know
the subtle corrosive power
of metaphor.
That just sprang into my mouth.

NURSE
That is a very subtle thing
for such a young
obvious
girl to say.

GRUOCH
I am trying to surprise myself
every half-hour.

NURSE
You'll be surprised

how "surprise" wears off.

GRUOCH

Is he a man who would
say things
about
what I am?

NURSE

Yes.

GRUOCH

Good!
My half-hour
was coming up.

GRUOCH walks over to SOLDIER, sword drawn.

GRUOCH

That was so much simpler,
wasn't it?

NURSE

As if "simpler"
could simply
reschedule --

GRUOCH
(to SOLDIER)

Oy!

NURSE

-- the nausea
of experience --

GRUOCH

Oy!

NURSE

Listen to me!

GRUOCH faces NURSE.

NURSE

A clear heart guarantees you nothing --
a clear heart will make nothing clear.
A clear heart tricks you
into believing
that being sincere
is a virtue.

GRUOCH stares at NURSE.

GRUOCH

La - la - la - la - la - la --

eleemosynary --
that, too,
just leaped --

GRUOCH turns back to SOLDIER.

GRUOCH

Oy!

SOLDIER does not respond, remains at attention.

GRUOCH

What do you say I am?
Balance off
what the wicked tit
over there
says about you.

No response. Wind blows.

GRUOCH
(prompting)

A lady is.

No response. Wind blows.

GRUOCH
(prompting)

As a man I say that a lady is --

No response. Wind blows.

GRUOCH

I am told men say such things.
That men which are also considered dogs --
she says --
say such things.
I don't understand how
these connections connect,
but there they are.

No response. GRUOCH turns to NURSE.

GRUOCH

Either you lied to me
and he's not a man or a dog --
or he is being --
what's the word
I have the right
to say?

NURSE

You have the right to say all of them.

GRUOCH
(reciting)

Father says words churn
the heart into piss --

NURSE

A pissant thing
for a king to say --

GRUOCH
(reciting)

Sssh! -- I'm trying to [remember] --
-- only action
makes the heart hard enough
to be hard enough
for action.

NURSE

Do you always follow your father?

GRUOCH

Do I always --

GRUOCH ponders this possible heresy.

GRUOCH

I want the word first.

NURSE

Said against
what your father says
about words.

GRUOCH
(uncertain)

Not against --

NURSE

You begin to suck on
that word-tit
and --

GRUOCH

Tell them to me!
(brandishes sword)
Or I will --

NURSE
(mimicking/mockng her action)

"Or I will!"
Or you will this:
you will kill the one person
who cares enough about you

to treat you with contempt
so that you will come to love
what you hate needing
but cannot do without
and thus be stronger
when you have to kill me
and no longer need
what you hate and pretend to love
and thus can be rid of
the squalor of pretending.

Silence. Wind blows.

GRUOCH

I did not follow that.

NURSE

Do you want me to repeat it?
That you will kill --

GRUOCH

No! I am choosing,
on this half hour,
to stay unsubtle --
let's keep it that way.

(pointing to SOLDIER)

I want to know the words.
"Or he is being -- "

NURSE

Obstinate. Or cautious.
Traitorous. Or discreet.
The word depends -- on --
how you plan to bend your heart toward
killing him or
sparing him
because --

(speaking directly to SOLDIER)

-- he is yours to kill or spare.
Aren't you?

GRUOCH listens with mouth agape, unsure of the logic, clear on the power underneath. She walks up to SOLDIER and inspects him as if she were inspecting a curiosity.

GRUOCH

Won't bending my heart to --
you know --

(whispers)

-- killing him --

(back to full)

-- won't that hurt me?

NURSE raises an eyebrow, which annoys GRUOCH.

GRUOCH

You have to help me learn
to learn these things --
I am dependent upon -- you --
your fart-filled skirts!

NURSE

This is what
the unlocking tongue
of your father means, Gruoch --
such questions -- philosophy --
prayer --
simply make the muscles go dim.
A pinch of gall or
the dawdle of affection
can undermine
the fevered blood
of roused power.

GRUOCH

But I should kill him because
he does not answer me?
Or because
he has offended good taste --
where did that come from? --
and needs to learn
a lesson? Or because --
I don't understand half
the words I'm using --

NURSE

Kill him because
a king's daughter can.
Kill him because
you want to.
Kill him because
there is nothing better to do.
We all die --
it's not as if the worm-feast
hovering inside our skulls
is your fault.
Or do not kill him.
As you choose.
My dear.

GRUOCH lifts her sword and swings at SOLDIER's leg. With barely a
move, SOLDIER moves and blocks her swing.

GRUOCH

Why did he do that if I can supposedly --

NURSE

You are not the only one with choices.

GRUOCH tries again. Solider easily blocks each of her thrusts.
ELFRIDA enters, watches.

Before long GRUOCH is panting heavily and drops to the ground.

GRUOCH

You are not making
my choosing easy!

NURSE notices ELFRIDA. GRUOCH notices ELFRIDA. SOLDIER kneels, head bowed. NURSE does not.

NURSE

It's how she's chosen
to work out the questions
that are questioning at her --
thinking that her father
required her to --

ELFRIDA

Shut up.

NURSE

Of course.

ELFRIDA

Gruoch!

GRUOCH stands, depleted, head bowed, unmoving.

ELFRIDA
(to NURSE)

You are deployed to protect her.

NURSE

From?

ELFRIDA

Gruoch!

GRUOCH still does not move.

ELFRIDA

From herself, at least.
This frontal --

NURSE

"Herself" is the one thing
she has to be afraid of least
around here.

ELFRIDA

Gruoch! Come here.

GRUOCH does not move.

NURSE

I have my limitations.

ELFRIDA

A wolf has only so many teeth,
yet it still manages
to feed itself well.

NURSE

Which is why you deploy me
rather than kill me.

ELFRIDA moves to GRUOCH, who has begun to shiver.

ELFRIDA

Don't begin with any excuses.
Or explanations.

GRUOCH

Nurse told me --
Nurse told me!
She told me that father --

ELFRIDA

The king, my husband, your father --

NURSE

My liege --

ELFRIDA

(indicating SOLDIER)

-- his master --
that is the world --
arranged so --
the world as it
must appear real to be real.

NURSE

The problem with that
piece of instruction is that
she may -- nay, she does --
have her problems with that --
lesson.

ELFRIDA and NURSE share a look that, if translated, would say, "A bosom full of the milk of human kindness must not interfere."

ELFRIDA takes out a small knife and walks up to SOLDIER. She gestures to him, and he exposes his neck. Without hesitation ELFRIDA plunges the small knife into SOLDIER's jugular. SOLDIER dies. NURSE moves in closer to inspect, then hands ELFRIDA a handkerchief.

ELFRIDA

(shows the knife)

Smaller, Gruoch --

(cleans knife)
-- that is how we women must deploy --
in small turns of the screw --
we gain nothing by
mimicking bucklers and slash
but must find
our own solid --

NURSE
Sordid --

ELFRIDA
-- silences.
(to NURSE)
Shut up! Otherwise --

NURSE
Otherwise look to your daughter.

GRUOCH is in tremors, staring at SOLDIER. ELFRIDA takes GRUOCH's sword, hands it to NURSE, then slips the dirk into GRUOCH's hand. Almost immediately, GRUOCH calms.

She looks at the dirk, touches her chest to feel that her breathing has calmed, then, without hesitation, goes to plunge the knife into NURSE's thigh. NURSE blocks the thrust. GRUOCH tries again and again, in a mixture of rage and calculation.

NURSE, tiring of the game, finally grabs GRUOCH's wrist, smiles.

ELFRIDA
Let her go.
Stay still.

NURSE lets her go, and GRUOCH goes to stab again -- but stops short.

GRUOCH
I choose.

ELFRIDA
Take her in and
wash her up.
Make sure she has something
that warms her.
(to GRUOCH)
I will come to you later.

GRUOCH
(pointing to SOLDIER)
What will father say?

NURSE and ELFRIDA exchange a look.

ELFRIDA
We don't need him

to know
what we have helped you
to know.

GRUOCH
(to NURSE)

You said man or dog.
Which one is he now?

NURSE
(to ELFRIDA)

We were discussing
the nature of metaphor.
We have very interesting discussions
when you are not around.

ELFRIDA
The dead may be luckier, daughter.

GRUOCH turns an unbeliever's face to ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA
Metaphor cannot break
their bones any more.

GRUOCH
What?

ELFRIDA
They are intact without being
punished for being intact.

GRUOCH turns her unbeliever's face to NURSE.

GRUOCH
Luckier?

NURSE shrugs.

GRUOCH
That little clicky catch in your throat --
will I be able to learn
to do that as well?
"Exposition of shit."
I am not exactly sure
what that means --
it just came to my tongue.
What does it mean?
What does it mean?
Will that be happening
more and more, mother --
things coming into my mouth?

GRUOCH gives her mother a shit-eating grin, all-innocence once again.

ELFRIDA

She needs something to warm her.

NURSE

I assume that means
"not you."

ELFRIDA

Go. Now.

NURSE leads GRUOCH away. ELFRIDA kneels down by the corpse, extracts the swords from his grip. The sound of wind increases as she slices the air. She exits.

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Scene 3: Third Lady

Wind continues. A wash of light from bright to dim to bright.
SOLDIER alone.

GRUOCH comes on bearing a candle, comes to the dead SOLDIER.

GRUOCH

I am warm now.
What are you now?

GRUOCH waits for a response, gets none. She sits next to SOLDIER as a child sits, takes out her dirk.

GRUOCH puts a delicate finger into SOLDIER's blood, smears it on the dirk's blade, inspects it in the light. She hears crows.

At the sound of the crows, SOLDIER sits up. GRUOCH takes this in stride.

SOLDIER

I am not philosophy --

GRUOCH

No?

SOLDIER

No -- you haven't done that to me.

GRUOCH

Oh, good -- I was afraid --

SOLDIER

You should be afraid -- but not of that. What you have in me is a corpse that will not haunt you --

GRUOCH

Do you promise?

SOLDIER

The memory of which will not haunt you --

GRUOCH

Oh, good, because --

SOLDIER

Because I mean nothing to you --

GRUOCH

That's not true.

SOLDIER

Then make it true, which is as it should be --

(points to his neck)
-- if it's done for power, nothing should haunt
you -- the soul -- you want a philosophy, their
philosophy? --

GRUOCH

I don't know --

SOLDIER

-- concern about the soul is to worry about
nothing but wind. People such as yourself --

GRUOCH

And what is that?

SOLDIER

Who.

GRUOCH

"Who," then, is that, if not a "what."

SOLDIER

"Who" is that, then: those who never have to ask
the price for what they desire. The "who" that
are "those" never worry about the wind.

SOLDIER takes the dirk.

SOLDIER

Of course this helps. Attitude only carries you
so far.

SOLDIER licks it, gives it back.

SOLDIER

Taste of metal. Can be grounded in that.

GRUOCH goes to do the same.

SOLDIER

But I wouldn't, if I were you.

GRUOCH

I am not even me, I think.
So how could you be a "me" I'm not?
(holds up knife)
If I don't know who I am,
I don't have to be any "am" at all,
do I?
So why wouldn't I do that?
Since I have become suspicious these past hours
about the usefulness of an "am," an "I."
These are the thoughts
that have come to me in my sleep
or while squatting over the privy.

SOLDIER

All I'm saying --

GRUOCH

I'm not haunted.

SOLDIER

All I'm saying is be careful about tastes --
some things, once tasted --
for instance, a slick of an apple
on a tongue named Eve --

GRUOCH licks, smacks her tongue.

GRUOCH

Metal?

SOLDIER

Metal.

GRUOCH

Metal is sweet, then.
Metal is like an apple.

GRUOCH notices SOLDIER staring at her.

GRUOCH

What?

SOLDIER

Sweet. Your mind
may not be
the only advanced thing
about you.

GRUOCH

You are talking to me.

SOLDIER

You conjured me.

GRUOCH

Because I was cold.
And my mother never came, despite her --
And my father -- well.
And Nurse has spikes in her breasts, which is odd
because they are soft and doughy, with nipples
like raspberries --

The sound of crows. The CHORUS OF CROWS enters.

CHORUS

We have come to annotate you.
Underline whatever you say.
Give you a sense of false importance.

Don't mind us.

GRUOCH

Tell me something.
I saw the knife go in.

CHORUS

Literal!
What a simpleton.

SOLDIER

What you saw was your mother
take in a breath,
then breathe it back out.

GRUOCH

(sotto voce)

"Sickened the air."

SOLDIER

What?

CHORUS

He's good to her.

SOLDIER

I am.

GRUOCH

Inside -- here -- then -- when she --
all twisted, feeling like my hair
after rough dreams --

SOLDIER

You wanted to cry out in pain and horror.

GRUOCH

Yes! Yes!

CHORUS

"And yet" --
Come on, girl!
Quicker!
Get out of your own way.
Don't sentimentalize so much.

GRUOCH

And yet to see my mother --

SOLDIER

This woman who gave you life --

CHORUS

In a manner of speaking.

GRUOCH
Make it seem like such a simple equation --
someone --

CHORUS
Your father --
Say it!

GRUOCH
Someone!

CHORUS
His name
The taste of ashes
Perhaps?

GRUOCH
Someone --

CHORUS
(sotto voce)
The father --

GRUOCH shoots CHORUS a look.

GRUOCH
Someone hurts you there,
so you hurt someone here
because there is too cold
and far away and --

CHORUS
And?

GRUOCH
And horrible --

CHORUS
And?

SOLDIER
And?

GRUOCH
And right -- no,
"horrible" can't be "right"!

But her face and body say yes. A pause as SOLDIER and CHORUS stare at her. SOLDIER takes a daub of blood and anoints her forehead.

CHORUS
Distance lends enchantment to the horrible.

SOLDIER
Shut up.

CHORUS

Just giving her
A basis
For suffering.

SOLDIER

Shut up.

GRUOCH

And thinking about both --
this done here --
(touching SOLDIER's neck)
-- for that done somewhere over there --

CHORUS

Horribly right slash rightfully horrible!

GRUOCH

Hurting in the heart
and so the impulse --

CHORUS

The desire --

GRUOCH

-- to make the equation resolve to
your advantage --
my language --

CHORUS

Will it happen?
Will it happen
Do you think?

GRUOCH

Both seemed right.

CHORUS

Ah!

GRUOCH

Killing you was right
because it could be done.
It was done,
so that must make it right.
Such rightness seemed like beauty.
Right.
Beautiful.
Action.
Equation.
Crying out in pain and horror.
And yet not crying because -- of --
this -- other --

CHORUS

She has found the truth
That will enslave her.
Innocence flipped --
Huzzah!

SOLDIER

Go away for now.

CHORUS

Now he will begin his work.
Other equations to continue.
We leave.

CHORUS disappears. SOLDIER kneels to GRUOCH.

GRUOCH

Why are you doing that?

SOLDIER

There are other bloods to know.

SOLDIER takes the dirk, daubs more blood on it, then anoints each of GRUOCH's breasts. She tries to protect herself.

GRUOCH

Don't do that!

SOLDIER hands back the dirk, then takes off his shirt. He is quite battle-scarred.

GRUOCH

This is not --

SOLDIER

Your father and mother --

GRUOCH

Nurse has told me about --

NURSE enters.

NURSE

About what?

GRUOCH

About what they do --
what they do in their darkness.
When I'm not there.

NURSE

And how you oozed out of that sweaty darkness.

GRUOCH

That was not right.

You cannot be right about that --

NURSE takes the dirk from GRUOCH, walks to SOLDIER.

NURSE

We have one map when we're born.

With the tip of the dirk, NURSE traces a line that runs from scar to scar, as if drawing a map. She circles SOLDIER like circling the globe.

NURSE

With skin so smooth, all ways look possible --
skin smooth, life begins with a lie.
Time -- another map
is etched into us --
come here --

GRUOCH joins NURSE.

NURSE

Trace. Follow.

With her fingertip, GRUOCH traces the line that NURSE traces with the dirk.

NURSE

The scars --

GRUOCH pauses to run her finger over one scar again and again.

GRUOCH

The raised flesh --
the damaged welt --
how did this happen?

SOLDIER

In service.
In harness.
In dank forests and mucked fields
where the dead-breath-smell of enemy smells
no different than the pocky breath of empire
and king and queen --

NURSE

Not yet.

(to GRUOCH)

With such -- penetrations -- comes the gift --

GRUOCH

(finger tracing scar)

Would this be a way to know
how to know what I am?

SOLDIER

Keep circling.

GRUOCH follows NURSE until they've circled SOLDIER. GRUOCH goes back to the scar, tracing her finger over it back and forth.

NURSE

With such a breach --

GRUOCH

Would this be a way to know
how to know what I am?
It looks like a star,
a blossom,
light on water --

GRUOCH indicates all the scars.

GRUOCH

Like a constellation,
a garden,
islands in an ocean --

NURSE

All of which you've only seen in books.

GRUOCH touches where SOLDIER had daubed blood on her breast.

GRUOCH

Is this part of that same map?

NURSE hands the dirk to SOLDIER, grabs GRUOCH, reaches under her dress. GRUOCH pulls back, repelled, but NURSE holds on to her, withdraws her hand. Her fingertips are bloody.

GRUOCH

What is that?
What has happened to me?
That is not my fault!

NURSE shows her fingers to SOLDIER.

NURSE

I thought something had been breached.

SOLDIER
(to GRUOCH)

What do you feel?

GRUOCH

What has happened?

NURSE wipes her hands on a handkerchief.

GRUOCH

Where did that come from?

NURSE looks at SOLDIER. SOLDIER nods, puts shirt back on, then drops down into his "dead" position. GRUOCH takes NURSE's handkerchief and smells it.

GRUOCH

Metal.

(smells again)

Metal.

NURSE

Come on. We must keep this to ourselves.

GRUOCH

Does that mean I have metal inside of --

NURSE

Do not think knowing that
means knowing very much.
You must now be very careful.
Come, we must wash you down.
Any spoor of this spilt on the air
and the licking wolves
will howl the gate down
because their tightened thighs
ache for ravage.
Come on! Come on!

GRUOCH

(pointing at SOLDIER)

What about --

The CHORUS OF CROWS enters.

NURSE

Don't worry --
He won't be wasted.

NURSE and GRUOCH exit.

CHORUS

He will not go to waste.

CHORUS kisses SOLDIER. Blackness. Wind. The sound of a world grinding on its axis.

* * * * *

Scene 4: Fourth Lady

NURSE kneeling. ELFRIDA, dirk at NURSE's throat.

ELFRIDA
And what am I supposed to do?

NURSE
Put the knife away?

ELFRIDA
You were to have kept her --

NURSE
What? Safe?

ELFRIDA lets NURSE go.

ELFRIDA
Your capacity for being perpetually underwhelming
always injures me.

NURSE
Disappointment is also a kind of service.

ELFRIDA
Do you realize what now must happen?
What the king has --

In light appears GILLACOMGAIN.

NURSE
The savagery of marriage is not my fault.
The savagery of a father arranging marriage
is also not my fault.
Nor is it my fault
that the moon aligned her guts
and opened that clitoral gate
for the hawking pricks
to come to come inside her.
I have tried to teach her
the contempt
that you have wanted her to --

ELFRIDA
It is not contempt!

NURSE
Then what would you call
the doses you have wanted fed to her
to cure -- in your words --
the malady of her femaleness?

ELFRIDA
Not contempt --

at least not poured out loud
into the cups of men's ears.

NURSE

God forbid that men's ears
are ever reamed clean
of their own self-congratulation.
Why have you instructed me to remedy
what you call the mortal injury --

ELFRIDA

Enough!

NURSE

(ignoring her)

-- of a weeping cunt and leaking breasts --

ELFRIDA

I will sew your tongue down --

NURSE

-- by teaching her to mis-mouth her thoughts --

ELFRIDA

-- with a bone needle --

NURSE

-- and lay siege against
the wicked goodness
of her own flesh?

ELFRIDA

-- and your own rat's-piss hair! I will!

NURSE

I stand reprimanded.
Vertical and yet abased.
My lady did not use "contempt."
Instead of contempt, she prefers to call it
giving her daughter
her late-blooming motherly love.

ELFRIDA looks at GILLACOMGAIN with fear and contempt.

GILLACOMGAIN

I am not accustomed to waiting.

ELFRIDA

I seem to have lost my own self-instruction.
Her father -- my liege! --
has already contracted her.
Before I could -- maneuver --

before I could -- finish --

NURSE

Don't make her suffer
because you need to suffer to feel alive.
Your suffering is embarrassing
and self-indulgent
and a little late in coming
to the table.
I need to speak before
you stitch my tongue.

GILLACOMGAIN

Gillacomgain is not accustomed to waiting.

Light up on MACBETH.

ELFRIDA

Don't you have any fear for her?

NURSE

Why would I hold her back like that?

Light up on GRUOCH with her three ATTENDANTS -- she is dressed to be wed. She notices MACBETH. MACBETH notices her. The three ATTENDANTS notice them noticing each other.

GILLACOMGAIN

Macbeth, what are you doing here?

MACBETH

I am invited --
invited, invited, invited --
to make your day bright.
Bright and happy and --

GILLACOMGAIN

(to ELFRIDA)

I want him to leave.

ELFRIDA

My lord, I can't --

MACBETH

You shouldn't put her
in such a vice, Gillacomgain.
Such a grip!
I am a guest honored to honor you
on this, your day of knots --
you should feel honored
to be so honored.

GILLACOMGAIN

Only your corpse would honor me.

MACBETH

Did the corpse you made
of my father
honor you?

(turns to GRUOCH)

Do you know why he has such flutters
about my lurking
at his heels?

GRUOCH

I am innocent of why any man flutters.

GILLACOMGAIN

Move away from her.

ELFRIDA

We really should go.

MACBETH

Because he is afraid.

MACBETH touches GRUOCH's cheek. GILLACOMGAIN challenges, but only slightly.

MACBETH

He is afraid
that I will not be
the guest I say I am.

ELFRIDA

We should not keep
my husband waiting
any longer.

GRUOCH

Who is ever the guest he says he is?

NURSE

(sotto voce)

Edge sharpens -- good.

MACBETH continues to touch GRUOCH's face. GILLACOMGAIN does not move.

MACBETH

He is afraid that I will not forget
that he killed my father
so that he can wear those robes
that have made him agreeable
to your father for
this sweaty link
to your available flesh.

(to ELFRIDA)

Did I say "sweaty"?
I apologize.

I meant, of course, "sweetened."

One ATTENDANT puts a tentative restraining hand on MACBETH's, then quickly pulls it away. MACBETH looks at ATTENDANT, nods, and ATTENDANT re-places her hand on his. MACBETH graciously withdraws his hand.

MACBETH

Do you know what my name means?

GRUOCH glances at ELFRIDA.

GRUOCH

It has been taught to me
that as a woman
I will be lucky
if I do not know
what anything means.

MACBETH

Let me then be the first sin
to breach your well-tended ignorance.
It means "son of life."

MACBETH takes her hand, leads her to GILLACOMGAIN.

MACBETH

And why would a son of life
on this day of days
do anything, my sweet-faced --
sullen-faced --
you are not happy, are you?

Everyone waits for GRUOCH to respond.

GRUOCH

"Lady Gillacomgain" has,
I am told,
the proper number of syllables
for my future.

MACBETH

It plays much more nimble
on the tongue than, say,
Lady Macbeth.

(to GILLACOMGAIN)

She is yours.
Are you hers?

GILLACOMGAIN

It was your father's tongue that unhinged him.

MACBETH wags his tongue at GILLACOMGAIN.

MACBETH

And has become hinged here --
let us not forget the miracle
of bodily resurrection
that has been offered to us all.
But has this played the uncivil tongue
by telling the truth?
Hmmm?
Would you accuse me -- it --
of truth-telling?
Dear Gillacomgain.
On this, your day of knots?

GILLACOMGAIN roughly grabs GRUOCH and they come downstage and kneel,
the three ATTENDANTS behind them. MACBETH paces upstage.

ATTENDANT 1

God's piss!

ATTENDANT 2

God's blood!

ATTENDANT 3

God's arse spinning on a spit!

ATTENDANT 1

Can you smell the pissing around of them marking
their turf?

ATTENDANT 3

The stench makes me weep.

ATTENDANT 2

Fucking children with knives, that's what they
are.

ATTENDANT 1

(indicating GRUOCH)

And look at her -- she's got the smell up her
nostrils, she does, doesn't she?

ATTENDANT 2

She does.

ATTENDANT 3

The stink of men being men.

ATTENDANT 1

Not that -- no.

ATTENDANT 3

Then what?

ATTENDANT 1

The stink of men pretending to be men.

ATTENDANT 2

Her nostrils flared.

ATTENDANT 3

(indicating GILLACOMGAIN)

And him with Macbeth's rude breath on his neck --
he can barely crimp his asshole to keep his soul
home in his body.

ATTENDANT 1

He might as well let it go -- he ain't going to
have it for long.

ATTENDANT 2

You think?

ATTENDANT 3

He has as much chance of making it to her bed
tonight as a worm singing solo at a congress of
hungry crows.

ATTENDANT 1

What a thought -- his soul bloomed out like a
fart!

ATTENDANT 2

You laugh like that's new news.

ATTENDANT 3

It is the nature of man to be nothing but gas on
a windy day.

The "ceremony" ends. GRUOCH and GILLACOMGAIN rise. MACBETH
approaches them.

GILLACOMGAIN

We don't need anything from you.

MACBETH ignores GILLACOMGAIN and takes GRUOCH by the arm.

MACBETH

Let's begin to make him
the cuckold he deserves to be.

MACBETH begins to lead her away, and it takes GRUOCH several seconds
to realize she should resist him.

GRUOCH

Leave me alone.
I said --
leave me alone.

MACBETH

(looking at GILLACOMGAIN)

I completely mean to do just that.

GILLACOMGAIN comes at him, sword drawn. They fight, savagely. Savagely. GILLACOMGAIN dies. MACBETH pulls down GILLACOMGAIN's pants, exposing him. He gives no quarter in his hatred as he stands over the corpse.

MACBETH

Did you really think?
Did you really believe?
What a rancid cunt you were,
you are,
to think in that cracked bowl
the thought
that you could sliver off
the life of Findlaech mac Ruardi
and not find his son's severing hand
ready and more than ready
to pull your guts out
through that cock
and hang them over the moon
for flies to populate
and the wind to fuck away
into dust?
Did you really --

MACBETH more or less comes to his senses, looks at GRUOCH.

MACBETH

Why aren't you weeping?

(to ATTENDANTS)

Why aren't you wailing?

GRUOCH

You seem ready and content
to do all of that for us.

GRUOCH glares at GILLACOMGAIN's corpse, takes up his sword. MACBETH seems to offer his neck.

MACBETH

I would understand if --

Instead, GRUOCH uses the tip of the sword to move GILLACOMGAIN's cock back and forth as if to study it. Then, without warning, she swings the sword at MACBETH and stops just short of slicing open his neck.

GRUOCH

(to ATTENDANTS)

Attend to him.
Make him ready
for any available honor.

The ATTENDANTS move to re-clothe and re-arrange GILLACOMGAIN in a systematic ritual manner. GRUOCH holds the sword over MACBETH's neck. It is not without its pleasure for MACBETH.

NURSE

Gruoch --

GRUOCH

Has making me a widow
made you happy?

MACBETH

Has becoming a widow
made you sad?

GRUOCH flicks his ear lobe with the tip of the sword.

GRUOCH

Has revenge made you feel
more sweet?

MACBETH

Yes.
Would revenging make you feel
less guilty?

NURSE takes the sword from GRUOCH's hands, gives it over to the
ATTENDANTS, who place it on GILLACOMGAIN.

ELFRIDA

I must inform your father.

GRUOCH

This is a day
that will not let me forget.
(to ELFRIDA)

Tell my father
that my life is now arranged
and that he can feel rested
in his labors
on my behalf.

MACBETH

You are still young.

GRUOCH

Do you think I mean the convent?

MACBETH

Do you think I think
that's what you mean?

GRUOCH

I don't know how
an assassin's mind works.

MACBETH

Neither do I.
A convent would be a shame.

GRUOCH

Perhaps it was a monastery
I was thinking of,
where men would go to rid us
of their wicked limp-cocked lives.

ELFRIDA

You must begin to act
as you should act!

GRUOCH signals the ATTENDANTS.

GRUOCH

Come you spirits
that tend
on mortal bodies --
make me wail.
Prepare my teeth for gnashing.

ATTENDANTS prepare GRUOCH, who kneels by GILLACOMGAIN. ELFRIDA stares at MACBETH.

NOTE: The grief takes place on one side of the stage, the conversation on the other. A choreography for this grief, perhaps done as dumbshow, to match the conversation.

ELFRIDA

No matter what we thought --
how we disliked --

MACBETH

What he stole I now have back.

ELFRIDA

You killed a guest!

MACBETH

What he bled from my father
has now blooded me again.

ELFRIDA

You broke our word!

MACBETH

And what the son re-possesses
the widow can now possess.
If.
She.

NURSE

Queen Elfrida -- Lady Macbeth --

ELFRIDA

(cutting her off)

Your pitch for my daughter

carries nothing but
a map of shit
and a prophecy of salt.

MACBETH

I will camp by the river.
I will take
as much of my contagion with me there
as I can
so as not to offend --

ELFRIDA

You think what you did was noble?

MACBETH

"Noble" is for poets and other amnesiacs.
I slaughtered a man.
Pig-style.
In rageful choice.

ELFRIDA

After insulting him
by sniffing at his --

MACBETH

This judgment face of yours --
expecting this barbarian
to pitch bright words
to celebrate his brute deeds?

MACBETH takes ELFRIDA by the arm as if they are going for a stroll --
but it is strained and sarcastic. They walk. NURSE follows.

MACBETH

Let me tell you something.

ELFRIDA tries to pull away, but MACBETH keeps her close.

MACBETH

Your daughter
did not learn her sword
from her father.
Or only.
She learned it from you.

MACBETH examines ELFRIDA's arm from shoulder to fingers.

MACBETH

The impulse for it
if not the actual muscle
in the arm,
the slang of the wrist.

ELFRIDA does not respond.

MACBETH

I can arrange reasons,
defensible ones --
after all,
that sack of tripe cooling
in the chapel
unbuttoned my father.
I can tell-tale the events
for my own glory, if I wish --
no one in this ash-pit Scotland
will untell my telling,
slimed as they are
with their own red sins.
But --
I did kill a human being.
Have you ever killed another?
Ever wished to kill another?
(running his finger down her arm)
If I opened this up,
would I find that impulse
pulsing here?

NURSE

The Queen has been
an excellent mother.

MACBETH

Then she will be able
in my words
to hear how honest I am.

MACBETH releases ELFRIDA and prepares to leave.

MACBETH

We may remorse for a slaughter
and thus truly ache to ream ourselves
of shit and salt and
new-lease a cleansed soul.
But we are ever double-faced in our single
selves,
And if our remorse does not avoid honesty
he -- or she -- can not deny
the paralleled joy that comes from being,
in that sword-handed slaughterous moment,
God-like in a life that offers us
no moments for godhead.
He deserved to die.
I deserved the joy that came
from giving him what he deserved.
It was -- I was -- not "noble" --
anything "noble" pales beside
such intoxicate power.

NURSE

Queen Elfrida -- if I may --

There is nothing ever
but opportunity.
Grief -- Gillacomgain will have
all required -- she will do
all required --
but as the river ignores the rock,
the mother ignores --

ELFRIDA

You would suggest --

NURSE

I was simply discoursing on
what little I know of
the physics of grief
and the mathematical dangers of
widowed maidens
in a world of swords.

GRUOCH and the ATTENDANTS have finished their grieving.

ELFRIDA

(to MACBETH)

Are you serious?

MACBETH

I have my kingdom back,
taken back from the one
who took it from me.
Kingdoms should be populated.

ELFRIDA leaves. NURSE follows. MACBETH leaves for the river. GRUOCH
leaves for her thoughts.

ATTENDANT 1

Figures.

ATTENDANT 2

It does.

ATTENDANT 3

The messes never end up being theirs.

ATTENDANT 1 kicks the body.

ATTENDANT 1

It's ours, now -- fillet and chop.

ATTENDANT 2 and ATTENDANT 3 give ATTENDANT 1 a look.

ATTENDANT 2

You're kidding.

ATTENDANT 1

Only half.

ATTENDANT 2

You can't mean --

ATTENDANT 1

Actually, I'm less than half kidding.

ATTENDANT 3

She does mean.

ATTENDANT 2

Fillet, chop, shank, rib --

ATTENDANT 3

He was royalty -- got fed the best grains -- he's been primed all his life.

ATTENDANT 1

Shame since now he's dispensed and dispensated that only the worms will get warm from his deliquescence --

ATTENDANT 2

Listen to her warm her tongue!

They look at each other.

ATTENDANT 2

We can't! We can't!

ATTENDANT 3

Some unused part of his coffin'd in the grave will serve to represent the whole --

ATTENDANT 1

(with pride)

Synecdoche!

ATTENDANT 3

(referring to ATTENDANT 1)

Us from the lower down can certainly benefit from what remains of the remains after what she said is satisfied --

They look at GILLACOMGAIN.

ATTENDANT 2

It is the way of nature. To feed on what does not feed on you.

ATTENDANT 1

And they did leave the leavings to us while they whirl'd off in their royal be-moan-ing.

ATTENDANT 3

So careless like them.

They look some more at GILLACOMGAIN.

ATTENDANT 2

Doing this will change us.

ATTENDANT 1

Doing this will fulfill us.

ATTENDANT 3

And fill us.

ATTENDANT 2

No -- attend me -- we will be translated. We will not be who we are now.

ATTENDANT 1

Who wants to be that anyway? It is time we took on our powers.

ATTENDANT 2

All right -- when shall we three meet again?

Darkness. The ATTENDANTS exit. GILLACOMGAIN gets up, tidies himself, exits.

Water. Wind. MACBETH at his camp. His clothes and sword lie to one side as he ritually washes himself.

GRUOCH enters. MACBETH hears her, does not clothe himself but continues to wash. When he is finished, he kneels, head bowed.

GRUOCH

You do need to pray.
A damned man should pray.

MACBETH

Either leave me alone or
leave me dead.
But leave me.

GRUOCH

Though seeing you pray
is like watching someone try to mask
shit under sugar --

MACBETH

Go back.

GRUOCH picks up MACBETH's pants.

GRUOCH

Or you will do what?

GRUOCH throws his pants away, picks up his shirt. MACBETH tries to focus, but he cannot ignore her.

GRUOCH

I would much rather watch this disease
signed Macbeth
try to cure itself.
Trying to ease the dis-eases back there
has tired me out.

GRUOCH balls up the shirt and tosses it away. She picks up the boots.

GRUOCH

No one needs to lick these anymore --
(tosses one)
-- right --
(tosses the other)
-- or left --

GRUOCH tosses away any other items she finds until only MACBETH's coat and sword remain.

GRUOCH

Ah.

GRUOCH puts on the coat, picks up the sword. Bangs the sword on the floor several times to let the closed-eyed MACBETH know she holds it.

GRUOCH

In every shriving
there comes
a penance-point.

GRUOCH points the sword at MACBETH, sights down its length.

GRUOCH

Here is yours:
I have decided to haunt you.
Because what else is a widow
good for? What else
can a pointless ghost do
but penetrate the one
who ghosted her --

GRUOCH jabs him in the ribs. MACBETH flinches but does not break his pose.

GRUOCH

-- perhaps force
the God-extracted rib back
under his heart so that he feels
pity for the trash he has created --

As GRUOCH speaks about her "ghosting," she will do all the actions noted. All through this MACBETH tries to maintain his pose of prayer.

GRUOCH
(blowing into his ear)
Perhaps become the wind-borne lament --
(puts finger in his ear)
-- that roots
like an earwig
in the brain's cleat --
(pinches his left nipple)
-- or become the guilt-arrow
that saves the heart
by savaging it in half --

GRUOCH lets the nipple go. MACBETH lets himself appear unaffected,
still deep in prayer. GRUOCH gathers his hair in her hand.

GRUOCH
Or perhaps the ghost
will grow more forgiving --
not come off so pukingly pathetic.
This Delilah hand
will take this Samson hair --

GRUOCH wipes the sword on MACBETH's hair.

GRUOCH
-- and not unman the man --
(traces his arm)
-- or disarm the arm --
(traces his thigh)
-- or hollow out the thigh --
(traces his throat)
Would such saintly restraint
be wasted
on the handsome assassin?

By this time GRUOCH is kneeling directly beside MACBETH, in profile,
whispering in his ear.

MACBETH
If you've come to kill me --

GRUOCH
I have not come to do
or to be
the expected widow.
No suck-up supplicant,
no turn-cheek sanctimone,
no harpy killer --
the usual choices.
The usual chores.

GRUOCH wedges the tip of the sword between the back of MACBETH's thigh
and the calf.

GRUOCH

Move!

MACBETH raises himself slightly and GRUOCH slides the sword across MACBETH's calves. GRUOCH lays a heavy hand on MACBETH's shoulder, and MACBETH lowers himself. GRUOCH wipes her hands on MACBETH's jacket.

GRUOCH

I have come, instead,
to name you.
You arrogant.
Son.
Of-a-bitch.

MACBETH struggles not to look at her.

GRUOCH

You half-masted.
Scut-sucking.
Cock-face.

MACBETH struggles not to respond.

GRUOCH

You spunkless.
Prick-snipped.
Coward.

Again, MACBETH masters the impulse to respond as her eyes bore into him. Then GRUOCH laughs a full-throated laugh, smacks her forehead.

GRUOCH

I have been so stupid --
pissing away such good insults --
because it's not insults
your bare-assed holiness needs --
you need to look like the clown
that you are.

GRUOCH reaches into a pocket of her dress, takes out a small earthenware pot. She rises, and with a forefinger digs out a dollop of rouge. She paints MACBETH's face and body as she speaks and will end up kneeling back where she began.

GRUOCH

Thinking only of himself.
This humble clown of God,
trying to turn his butchery
into blessing.
If he could only see
how puke-colored he is
in our eyes, how bile-bitter
his prayers smell --
let us flag him as stupidly
as he looks squatting

on his crimped ass --

Without warning, and without opening his eyes, MACBETH flicks out a hand to take GRUOCH by the throat, but she is a step ahead of him and grabs his wrist.

GRUOCH

At last.
Some honesty.

Taking his hand, GRUOCH puts his fingers on the top latch of her dress. MACBETH refuses to unbutton it.

GRUOCH

I don't have many choices.
Do it!

MACBETH does it. She moves his hand down to each latch, and he undoes each one, still keeping his eyes closed. She rises, shucks off his jacket, steps out of her dress, leaving only a simple shift. She takes MACBETH's head and holds it against her crotch.

GRUOCH

This is how a widow's fear smells.
Make it your incense, hypocrite.

GRUOCH holds his head even tighter against her pelvis.

GRUOCH

I don't have many choices.

MACBETH inhales deeply and lets out a raw ragged exhale. She takes the shift off, now naked herself, and kneels by MACBETH, waiting.

And they wait. And for the first time GRUOCH looks uncertain of herself, a look she loses immediately when MACBETH opens his eyes.

She puts a hand on his forehead, leans his head back.

GRUOCH

Open your mouth.

MACBETH does. She examines his teeth.

GRUOCH

You have them all. Good.

She moves his head back and forth.

GRUOCH

You missed cleaning your ears.

MACBETH grabs her wrist to stop her.

GRUOCH

When you don't have many choices, lord,
you check the merchandise twice,
and twice again.

MACBETH

You have interrupted my penance.

GRUOCH

I can make you feel more penitent
than any god,
if penance is what you want.

MACBETH

You have come between me and my soul.

GRUOCH

Like a harness
that ropes the horse
with the rider.

MACBETH

And which one are you?

GRUOCH

Depending on what my lord desires,
I will ride or be ridden.

MACBETH

You will ride even if you are ridden.

GRUOCH

Then that makes me a good partner
to the great lord Macbeth.

They look intently at each other.

GRUOCH

Have you ever wondered
how Eve and Adam spent
their first night
outside the garden?

MACBETH

This is not right.

GRUOCH

That is not important.
Have you ever wondered?

MACBETH

No.

GRUOCH

They tried teaching themselves

how to pray their way back in
but as sleep took them over
they found -- riding each other --
much more heart-warming.
And on the second night
they learned the same lesson.
It is funny how
after all that time
the same choices still seem
to choose us.

GRUOCH leans forward until her forehead touches the ground. MACBETH, kneeling up, takes the sword from his calves, and for a moment, a beheading is possible. Then he puts the sword to one side and takes up the same submissive posture. They then stretch out the length of their bodies and slide together as the lights go to black.

* * * * *

Scene 5: Fifth Lady

Sound of wind, then a BOOM as a gate slams. Lights up on BISHOP teased by the three ATTENDANTS, who look more feral and witch-like than before.

In indirect light MACBETH and GRUOCH lie entwined.

BISHOP

Leave me alone!

ATTENDANT 1

You're born alone.

BISHOP

Don't --

ATTENDANT 3

You die alone.

BISHOP

I am known --

ATTENDANT 2

But in-betwixt you can have us snapping at your
nates to keep you companied --

BISHOP

I don't need --

ATTENDANT 1

And out of the depths of despond --

BISHOP

My stomach is fine --

ATTENDANT 3

And from the clutches of despair --

Suddenly, ATTENDANTS stop, stare upward, cock their heads as if listening. They exchange glances.

ATTENDANT 1

Someone -- the "she" --

ATTENDANT 2

This way --

ATTENDANT 3

Comes.

They sniff the air. They exchange glances.

ATTENDANT 2

It is not him --

ATTENDANT 1

-- that feels --

ATTENDANT 3

-- despair.

ATTENDANTS

Let him float on his own.

ELFRIDA enters, ghostly and tense. She wears a scarf.

The ATTENDANTS release BISHOP but then block his exit.

ELFRIDA

Well?

BISHOP

I have been summoned.

ELFRIDA

Well?

BISHOP

And when summoned I always come.

ELFRIDA

Well?

BISHOP

But this coming
this time
authorizes nothing.

ELFRIDA

You do not have a choice in this matter.

BISHOP
Choice is an illusion, lady --

ATTENDANTS
Hah!

BISHOP
Things that are right are right --
and the same for things wrong --
knowing this,
it's easy to live well
without suffering from "choice" --
as you so clearly are right now --
suffering, that is --
from choice, that is --

ELFRIDA
If you don't do this,
I will make sure
I don't suffer alone.

BISHOP
It appears you will suffer
whether I do this or not.
And none of us, really,
suffers alone, madam --
like it or not, we all
go down
to the pit
together --

ATTENDANTS
Down without a sound!

BISHOP
Though people mistake
that there is comfort
in such numbers.

ATTENDANTS
A broken heart
falls numbered
to the floor.

ELFRIDA waits. ATTENDANT 1 forms a chair on which ELFRIDA sits.

ELFRIDA
All down together, perhaps --
but on schedules I can name
as I choose.

BISHOP
I dislike pain as neatly
as the next soul,
but you can't bully me with it

into doing what
should not be done.

ELFRIDA

Convictions.

BISHOP

I sleep well at night.
Every night.
You do not look well --
if I may --

ELFRIDA

Beside the point.

BISHOP

Because you know
that this
isn't right.

ELFRIDA

That, too, now seems
beside the point.

ATTENDANTS growl at BISHOP.

ATTENDANTS

Aarggh!

ELFRIDA

(to ATTENDANTS)

Enough!

ATTENDANTS

For now.

BISHOP

How can evil be
beside the point?

ELFRIDA

Your imprimatur.

ATTENDANTS

Now.

ELFRIDA

(to ATTENDANTS)

Stop it!

ATTENDANTS

For now.

ELFRIDA stands, walks. ATTENDANTS sit.

ELFRIDA
(to BISHOP)

You question what
your lord,
my husband,
asks for?

BISHOP

He asks?
Has he asked?

ELFRIDA

I ask, he asks.

BISHOP

But in the spirit of skepticism
and science
all I can observe
is your mouth mowing the air --
so why not this evil
just from you, dame?
I have never known his voice
to carry the pig sty in it.

ELFRIDA

Your voice will stop carrying anything at all
if you keep using that voice.

BISHOP

And if he has spoken
I should hear his speaking
from him directly --
I have always heard from him --

ELFRIDA

With sharper impatience --

ATTENDANTS

Much sharper.

ELFRIDA

-- attend to me.

BISHOP

You don't do policy well.

ELFRIDA

And you're being single-minded
when you should be pluraled.
Don't you think he would be here
if he thought you important enough
to coddle and prod
and pet and flatter?

Not here, though, is he?

BISHOP

No.

ELFRIDA

Ergo -- he expects flexibility --
you are just his means --

BISHOP

An ecclesiastical tap
for a grease-rimmed bung-hole --

The ATTENDANTS, in one manner or another, growl.

ELFRIDA

(to ATTENDANTS)

Back off!

ATTENDANTS

We only exist to serve.

ELFRIDA

(to BISHOP)

I want you prepared.

BISHOP

To job out my honor like you?

ELFRIDA

Bishops are not that hard to find,
even in Scotland. Queens
are held
a little more precious.

ATTENDANTS

A little more.

BISHOP

For villainy.

ELFRIDA

For necessity.

BISHOP

What's the difference in this case?

ELFRIDA

Bishops, again, are not
that hard to find, Bishop.

MACBETH and GRUOCH stir, wrap themselves in coverlets. They listen.

BISHOP

Let the Bishop summarize:

I have performed a marriage
and a funeral
in the space of one sun's arc --
the celebrants at one
the mourners at the other --
now a wife made widow
to be made wife
to the widow-maker --
perhaps better confession
and a kiss of the scourge --

The ATTENDANTS move closer to BISHOP.

ATTENDANT 1

You shouldn't get your short hairs snicked on the
forms, father.

(grabs her crotch)

Letting these swing loose would be advice you
should follow.

BISHOP

Don't touch --

ATTENDANT 2

Especially around here.

ATTENDANT 3

Especially now.

BISHOP

Stop it!

ATTENDANT 2

Oyez.

ATTENDANT 3

Aye.

ATTENDANT 2

Loose hanging.

ATTENDANT 3

Aye.

ATTENDANT 2

Even a celibate still needs his manhood --

ATTENDANT 1

Fair is foul and foul is --

ATTENDANTS 2 & 3
(to ATTENDANT 1)

Not here!

All THREE go mum. MACBETH stands. GRUOCH stands.

BISHOP
(to ELFRIDA)

This is the house you keep now --
full of --
anatomical advice --
(pointing to ATTENDANT 1)
She's right, though --

ATTENDANT 1

Told you.

BISHOP
You treat the forms like muck and sewage,
meant to be slogged through
and then scraped off, thrown away --
but not by me --

MACBETH walks into the scene, stands in front of everyone, half-naked.
ATTENDANTS 2 and 3 make the sound of wind.

ATTENDANT 1

Enter wind. All hail --

BISHOP

Thane --

ATTENDANTS stop, then suddenly make the sound of thunder. Stop again.

MACBETH

I can understand.

BISHOP

Thane --

MACBETH

I can understand
your misunderstanding of
her proper understanding of
what needs to be done --

BISHOP

-- your clothes --

MACBETH

-- you who has
given himself over
to keeping the God in each of us
green and succulent --

BISHOP

You must cover yourself --

MACBETH makes a sweep with his coverlet, briefly exposing himself,
before more tightly cinching it around his waist.

MACBETH

Did you understand that, father?
Understand her?

BISHOP

Do you mean
am I now bettered
by the mockery of my "betters"?
Sorry, but I don't feel mocked
because I don't see any "betters"
to mock me.

MACBETH

Your theology is disrepair'd, father --
you have a hardness of heart.

BISHOP

And a marriage of slops
between a minor thane of a foul province
and a queen's daughter
will repair it?

MACBETH

I sympathize with
your moral dilemma, Bishop --
God unto God, Caesar unto Caesar,
balancing on the tip-toes,
being the amiable shepherd --
but this might be a good time
to be shrewd about
those parts of you stamped mortal.

BISHOP

Let the Bishop summarize:
It seems the common path to power
around here is to carve out
the guts of a close cousin
or discard an inconvenient father.

ATTENDANTS

(muttering)

Or ecclesiast.

GRUOCH

(to MACBETH)

I am not to be forgotten here.
(points to ELFRIDA)
And neither is she.

The ATTENDANTS move to GRUOCH.

ATTENDANT 1

Cunt speaks.

ATTENDANTS 2 & 3

Aye.

ATTENDANT 2

We attend.

ATTENDANTS 1 & 3

So should you.

ATTENDANT 3

Cunt speaks what is true.

ATTENDANTS

Always.

GRUOCH

(to MACBETH)

Tell him the truth,
and don't fall back into warrior Macbeth,
cock-tight Macbeth,
blister-tongued Macbeth.
Old Macbeth.

MACBETH looks at GRUOCH.

ATTENDANTS

Tell. Him.

GRUOCH

Don't soil us with
your gone-by pride.

ATTENDANTS

Don't.

GRUOCH

Or you will have to kill me
if you do
because I will --

ATTENDANTS & GRUOCH
(overlapping)

-- hate you --

GRUOCH

-- which would be so disappointing
and such a waste of last night's
first night.
Are you listening to me old cock?

MACBETH

I am listening to you, feather tongue.
(to BISHOP)

Truce.

BISHOP
Begin by dressing --

MACBETH
In which borrowed robes, Bishop?

ELFRIDA
Gruoch?

MACBETH
(indicating his coverlet)
This honest rag serves me at the moment --
(to ELFRIDA)
Your daughter has no name at the moment --

ELFRIDA
Yes she has!

GRUOCH
No I don't.

ELFRIDA
So it's happened.

MACBETH
(to BISHOP)
Pay attention --

GRUOCH
(to BISHOP)
Ask him about his sins.

BISHOP
What?

GRUOCH
Ask him about that rag and his sins --

BISHOP
I will not be scripted --

MACBETH and GRUOCH simply wait. Then MACBETH kneels to BISHOP.
BISHOP, nonplussed, kneels as well.

BISHOP
What of your sins, then?

MACBETH
I have none.

BISHOP
You killed a man --

MACBETH
(looking at GRUOCH)
And neither does she.

BISHOP
You have -- you have --

MACBETH
Fucked?

BISHOP
-- his instantaneous widow --
and you would deny --

MACBETH
(to ELFRIDA)
She wanted that.

BISHOP
(to ELFRIDA)
Did you?

ELFRIDA
(to MACBETH)
Give my daughter's name back!

BISHOP
Did you?

ELFRIDA
You want a theology?

A woman --

ATTENDANT 1
Alone --

ATTENDANT 2
Alone --

ATTENDANT 3
Alone! Sorry --

ELFRIDA
What justice in the life of
a woman alone?

ATTENDANTS
None! Sorry --

ELFRIDA
He offered.

GRUOCH

I accepted.

ELFRIDA
(to MACBETH)

Give her name back!

MACBETH
(indicating BISHOP)

That is entirely up to him -- to you --

BISHOP
(perplexed)

I can't help but see the evil in this --

ATTENDANTS

Old forms! Old eyes!

BISHOP
But it seems that seeing the evil
is a pointless talent --

MACBETH
Which means we can begin your repair.

GRUOCH
(to ELFRIDA)

And yours.
Take comfort, mother.

MACBETH rises, enfolds GRUOCH in his coverlet, embraces her. BISHOP rises.

GRUOCH
Think on this new theology.

MACBETH
Begins with that first night
outside banished Paradise.

The ATTENDANTS move and dance to the words.

MACBETH
Adam and Eve --
they have no more comfort --

GRUOCH
They only have the heat
from their terrible bodies --

MACBETH
Only that fuming heat
as any protection against.

And the --

ATTENDANTS

Fuck --

MACBETH

-- they made during
their first ticking darkness --

ATTENDANTS

That first night after their last night --

MACBETH

-- became the world's first absolution --

GRUOCH

-- dirt forgiving dirt --

MACBETH

-- which trumped all
that God-bitch of a flaming sword --

GRUOCH

-- and the acid serpent --

MACBETH

After that first marrying --

GRUOCH

Whatever anger they felt turned
to joint sadness --

ATTENDANTS

About their inevitable deaths --

MACBETH

And that sadness
flooded their senses --

GRUOCH

Joined death to the morning's piss
and the overnight hunger --

MACBETH

And -- most importantly --

joined a body to a soul --

GRUOCH
Because, Bishop, first Adam and first Eve
had no souls in their flesh
before they had such sadness --

MACBETH
First Adam and first Eve
made their own flesh "flesh"
during that first banished darkness.

The ATTENDANTS finish.

GRUOCH
Soul through darkness,
flesh through exile --

BISHOP
You would put yourselves over God?

MACBETH and GRUOCH face each other.

GRUOCH
Of course not.

MACBETH
Just that God seems to have better skills
at finishing things off
than beginning them.

GRUOCH
So we refinished ourselves
through what God had forgotten
but His Son remembered --

BISHOP
Murder and -- fucking! --

ATTENDANTS
Ooooh!

BISHOP
-- are not in the Gospels --

ATTENDANTS
Aaaah!

BISHOP
-- are not love!

MACBETH
That word --
that one still hanging
from your mouth --

BISHOP

Love?

MACBETH

-- is not limited --
you are.

BISHOP

The soul is the only thing
that keeps the dirt out of us,
keeps us out of the dirt --

ATTENDANTS

Oh, father! Your short hairs are snicked again!

MACBETH

Don't worry, father --
we still love our souls --

GRUOCH

We have worked hard to make them ours --

MACBETH

But we love them because
they terrify us --

BISHOP

Terrify you?

MACBETH's SQUIRE comes in carrying two bundles of clothing, for
MACBETH and GRUOCH.

BISHOP

Terrify you?

GRUOCH

Terrify us in the best
of all possible ways.

MACBETH

(to SQUIRE)

Good.

BISHOP

Terrify? Terrify?

MACBETH indicates to the ATTENDANTS to take GRUOCH's bundle, which
they do, and begin helping GRUOCH dress. SQUIRE helps MACBETH dress.
Neither are ashamed of their nakedness.

MACBETH

(to ELFRIDA)

Help your daughter.

ELFRIDA

I am too sick at heart.

MACBETH

Why is everyone here so limited?
So annoyingly tragic and sentimental?
Help.
Your.
Daughter.

ELFRIDA goes to help the ATTENDANTS.

MACBETH

Bishop?

MACBETH indicates for BISHOP to help SQUIRE, which, to his surprise, he does. MACBETH and GRUOCH face each other as everyone dresses them into their bridal clothes.

MACBETH

I am sorry for the old Macbeth.

GRUOCH

The old Macbeth was to be sorry for.

MACBETH

And the old Gruoch?

GRUOCH

What will my name be?

MACBETH

What do you want your name to do?

GRUOCH

If I take your name,
I take it --

MACBETH

Wound me.

GRUOCH

You don't give the name to me.

MACBETH

I'll take the wound as a gift.

GRUOCH

Will you give the same wound to me?

MACBETH

Wounds are like mouths --
through what else
can we feed each other
grace?

The dressers turn MACBETH and GRUOCH to face outward. The ATTENDANTS grab BISHOP and dance him around. SQUIRE finishes dressing MACBETH, ELFRIDA finishes dressing GRUOCH.

ATTENDANT 1 licks BISHOP's ear.

BISHOP

Don't --

ATTENDANT 1

You have wax in your ears.

ATTENDANT 2 puts a finger in BISHOP's ear.

BISHOP

Please --

MACBETH

His confusion will save him.

ATTENDANT 2

The worms will crawl in.

BISHOP

Please --

ATTENDANT 3 cups her hands around his ears and whispers to him. BISHOP collapses.

ATTENDANT 3

The worm is in!

GRUOCH

Because his confusion
will make him more tender.

ATTENDANTS roll BISHOP into sitting up, fan him, mock-minister to him.

ATTENDANT 1

Runion.

ATTENDANT 2

Aroint.

ATTENDANT 3

Rump-fed.

BISHOP comes to, sees the ATTENDANTS, throws himself forward on his hands and knees. ATTENDANT 1 is immediately on him like a wrestler and easily flips him onto his back, pins his shoulder. ATTENDANT 2 slams her hand down to signal the pin, ATTENDANT 3 holds BISHOP in her lap as if they were a Pieta. ATTENDANTS 1 and 2 kneel to either side like mock cherubim.

MACBETH and GRUOCH are now completely dressed.

MACBETH
(to SQUIRE)

Let her sit.

SQUIRE gets on his hands and knees. ELFRIDA sits on his back. MACBETH goes to her, touches her cheek, which ELFRIDA does and does not accept. Then ELFRIDA bites his hand, just a nip, quickly and without malice.

ATTENDANTS begin humming a lullaby to BISHOP.

MACBETH and GRUOCH come down to BISHOP's level. BISHOP shifts his eyes between them but dares not move.

MACBETH
Father, bless you that you dwell
among the perfect forms
and try to outfit us with them.

GRUOCH
Because the ordinary folk,
simmering in their flesh,
need the forms --

MACBETH
For comfort --

GRUOCH
To soothe the shame they feel
for accepting to be, well, ordinary --

MACBETH
And safe --

GRUOCH
And spineless --

MACBETH
Letting the terrible beauty of their souls
boil away into prayer --

GRUOCH
And devotion --

MACBETH
And compassion --

GRUOCH
And good works.

MACBETH
Sin is the soul's way
to get back to
its first enormous power.

GRUOCH

Evil is the soul's way
to keep itself
from suffocating under the tedium
of a good heart.

ATTENDANTS

(as CHORUS OF CROWS)

Bishop, you are being renovated.
Unremember all.
They do not go that way.

MACBETH

You see -- limited --

ATTENDANT 1

No other way to say it!

ATTENDANTS

(as CHORUS OF CROWS)

By thinking the usual soul
Has only the good
At its heart's core --

ATTENDANT 2

The spark!

ATTENDANT 3

Of divinity!

MACBETH

And this -- belief --
that if you let the spark
ignite --

ATTENDANTS

Whoosh!

ATTENDANT 3

The body will be salvationed
by that goodness.

ATTENDANTS

Not so!

They all spit.

GRUOCH

That is such a mean and small purpose
for something made so beautiful
by pain.

GRUOCH leans in to BISHOP.

GRUOCH
(whispering)

The soul has explosions in it
which threaten to make us great --

MACBETH also moves in.

MACBETH
To make us great
before death
shaves off our tongues.

GRUOCH
We will not go the usual way.

MACBETH
Do you follow?

BISHOP
I should not be hearing this.

MACBETH
Are you terrified for your soul?

BISHOP
I don't know.

MACBETH
Good.

(to ATTENDANTS)
Set him up.

ATTENDANTS manhandle BISHOP into standing. ELFRIDA stands. SQUIRE stands. BISHOP prepares.

ATTENDANTS go to ELFRIDA. Light shifts to those four. ATTENDANTS, as one, gasp and moan as if in orgasm. GRUOCH moves into the light.

ATTENDANTS
Do you remember?

ELFRIDA
We named you Gruoch --
I don't know why.
I don't think you can change it.
The name sounds like it comes from
the throats of crows.

GRUOCH
You said that to me.

ELFRIDA
Not that you have many memories --

GRUOCH

And I said, "I heard -- it -- them -- the screams
-- your screams -- they -- shook me -- as I -- "

GRUOCH makes a sliding motion with her hand: slipping out of the womb.

ELFRIDA

"The obligatory motherly screams," I said.

GRUOCH

Did I -- hurt --

ELFRIDA

And I said, "You don't have many choices -- "

GRUOCH

"I want to go back. To there."

ELFRIDA

(slapping her own belly)

"To the queen's labyrinth?"

God, I am so foul!

ATTENDANTS

Foul is fair --

ELFRIDA

"I did not spit you into the light to want such
things."

GRUOCH

I pleaded.

ELFRIDA

"You have had your last taste of paradise,
daughter -- "

God, I am so foul!

ATTENDANTS

Fair is foul --

ELFRIDA

I will embrace you,
if that is something
you think you want.

They do not embrace.

ELFRIDA

I am -- still -- heartily sorry.

ELFRIDA turns and leaves. MACBETH indicates for SQUIRE to follow her.

MACBETH
(to BISHOP)
Begin it and end it.

BISHOP
You do?

MACBETH and GRUOCH nod.

BISHOP
'Tis done.

BISHOP exits. ATTENDANTS suddenly sniff the air.

ATTENDANT 1
He's here.

ATTENDANT 2
He's come.

ATTENDANT 3
Late for one, on time for the other.

MACBETH
(to GRUOCH)
I was hoping we could avoid him.

GRUOCH
I think it will be good to have him here.

MACBETH
I hate having to respect
what deserves no respect.

GRUOCH
Then it gives you the model of
what not to be when you become.

MACBETH shoots her a look.

GRUOCH
You are currently a minor thane
of a foul province,
according to some.

ATTENDANT 1
He's coming closer, you two.

MACBETH
You are pitching something to me.

GRUOCH
Nothing that's not already
pitched its tent in your mind.

ATTENDANT 2

Just pitch it out! He's --

MACBETH

I disagree with you.

ATTENDANT 3

Just admit it -- she's got your number --

GRUOCH

I have a father in absentia,
a mother in absentia-to-be,
and am now yoked --
by choice, don't get me wrong --
to a minor thane of a foul province,
and possessed of a soul of terrifying beauty.
Which way do my thoughts go?

MACBETH

Turning theory into practice, it seems.

GRUOCH

What else do you plan on doing
with your life?
Our life?

The ATTENDANTS strike an annunciatory pose.

ATTENDANTS

Duncan, Duncan
Brute stupid from birth
Throne-stuck by chance
Comes to celebrate
His ignorance.

DUNCAN comes in cradled by the SOLDIER. He is shocked to see MACBETH and GRUOCH. SOLDIER wears two swords.

DUNCAN

Where is Gillacomgain?

SOLDIER puts DUNCAN down, who totters.

DUNCAN

Where is Gillacomgain?

MACBETH kneels. GRUOCH kneels. ATTENDANT 1 picks up a wooden box and brings it to SOLDIER, who opens it, reacts repulsed, then shows it to DUNCAN. DUNCAN stares at the contents. SOLDIER goes to close the lid -- DUNCAN stops him. DUNCAN stares. For a long time. Finally, he gestures. SOLDIER closes the lid. ATTENDANT 1 takes it but carries it back to the other ATTENDANTS. Slowly each passes it to each -- each looks, each reacts.

DUNCAN
Where is -- the rest?

MACBETH
Resting.

DUNCAN
Through him to me.
Through him to me.

MACBETH
Through him to her.
To queen, not king.
My father is avenged.

SOLDIER whispers in DUNCAN's ear.

DUNCAN
I had heard about that.
His doing that.
So you --

DUNCAN stares, seems to have lost his train of thought.

MACBETH
Through him to her.
To queen, not king.

DUNCAN
I am satisfied. Satisfied.
(to GRUOCH)
Are you satisfied?

GRUOCH
I am a faithful wife.

DUNCAN
"Faithful" from your mouth -- when --

DUNCAN points to the box but says nothing more. For a long time.

DUNCAN
Something has shifted.

MACBETH rises, gives a hand to GRUOCH, who rises. MACBETH goes to DUNCAN, who at first backs away from him. But with care MACBETH lifts DUNCAN to carry him, and carries him off. SOLDIER remains. ATTENDANTS put the box down, wait.

GRUOCH walks up to SOLDIER.

GRUOCH
Do I [know] --

SOLDIER hands her a sword.

GRUOCH

I do.

GRUOCH kisses the sword, tastes the metal on her lips.

GRUOCH

I thought I was going
to have to lose this --

They fight hard. Hard. To an agreed draw. GRUOCH goes to give him back the sword, but then keeps it. GRUOCH exits. SOLDIER waits, exits.

Wind. Thunder. Slam of doors. ATTENDANTS carry the box downstage.

ATTENDANT 1

If they want to be really human -- fully human --

ATTENDANT 2

Then let's do "human" to them --

ATTENDANT 3

In full measure.

ATTENDANT 1

Shouldn't be too hard.

ATTENDANT 3

I mean, they're asking for it.

ATTENDANT 2

They should get what they ask for.

ATTENDANT 1

Are you hungry?

ATTENDANT 1 opens the box. The three stare at the contents. Together they spit into the box. ATTENDANT 2 closes it. ATTENDANT 3 picks it up and shakes it, puts it back down, opens it.

ATTENDANT 2

I'm hungry.

ATTENDANT 3

Hungry I am.

ATTENDANT 1

Come wind.

ATTENDANTS

Come wrack.

Wind. Thunder. Slam of doors. Darkness.

* * * * *

Scene 6: Sixth Lady

GRUOCH with quarterstaff. Hair wild, half-dressed. She wears a leather thong from which hangs a small wooden cross. ATTENDANTS, now completely the witches they were meant to be, also have quarterstaves. They are off to the side, as if tramps around a fire. They occasionally pick something to eat from the wooden box.

Not far from them lies SINT, bloodied and unconscious. Next to him is a kit bag.

Wind. Thunder. GRUOCH takes several steps. Suddenly silence, light.

ATTENDANT 2
Something --

ATTENDANT 3
Putrid?

ATTENDANT 1
Paltry?

ATTENDANT 3
Pickled?

ATTENDANT 2
This way comes.

GRUOCH takes one more step. Wind. Thunder.

ATTENDANTS
Wicked -- yes -- that's [it] --

GRUOCH takes one more step. Silence, light. She fakes a step, but the earth is not fooled.

ATTENDANT 1
You have to be quicker than that, cuntster.

GRUOCH swings her quarterstaff at ATTENDANT 1, who with only half an effort blocks it. Wind and thunder return.

ATTENDANT 2
Your grief embarrasses us.

ATTENDANT 2 swings at GRUOCH, who blocks it. They exchange several blows.

ATTENDANT 1
We thought you were better --

GRUOCH
You think I cherish it?

ATTENDANT 3

We didn't give it to you for you to cherish --

ATTENDANT 1

We gave it to you to keep your wounds fresh --

ATTENDANT 2

And thus your mind open.

GRUOCH

You killed my father?

ATTENDANT 1

The death of a father --

ATTENDANT 2

Is not hard --

ATTENDANT 3

-- to arrange.

GRUOCH

He was still young!

ATTENDANT 1

Before his time?

ATTENDANT 2

Who knows?

ATTENDANT 3

Every day is our last day.

ATTENDANT 2

Besides, entropy churns all your philosophies to
shit.

ATTENDANT 1

Besides -- it's not like you didn't want it to
happen.

The wind fills the ears.

ATTENDANT 3

Take note.

ATTENDANTS 1 & 2

Taking note.

ATTENDANT 3

She doth not protest too much.

ATTENDANTS 1 & 2

Nope.

SINT groans. They all ignore him.

ATTENDANT 2

Mother's soon to follow?

GRUOCH

Don't you dare.

ATTENDANT 3

Who are you to command anything, dame?

SINT groans. They all ignore him.

ATTENDANT 1

You're just a cunt -- cunts don't get to command anything.

ATTENDANT 3

No matter how much you have a husband who says he is your dearest partner --

ATTENDANT 1

Has he really let you do anything?

ATTENDANT 2

After all, he is just another father for you -- and father-cock trumps daughter-cunt every time.

ATTENDANT 1

Unless you have fatherless cunts like ours.

ATTENDANT 3

Would you like to be one of us?

ATTENDANT 1

Think you could rise to that level?

SINT groans. They all ignore him. He groans again, sits up, looks around. A look of panic -- he pats his jacket, pulls out a pair of glasses, puts them on.

ATTENDANT 2

The first thing you did was take those off and tuck them away -- shielded them. What are they?

SINT

Have I done something to deserve

what I received from you all?

ATTENDANT 1

(to ATTENDANT 2)

What I want to know is, Do you have food in that bag?

SINT

In a manner of speaking.

(to GRUOCH)

I know you -- lady.
These others --

ATTENDANT 3

For today -- who knows about tomorrow? Entropy
churns all philosophies to --

ATTENDANT 2

What kind of "manner of speaking"?

SINT

(ignoring ATTENDANT 2)

I was coming to seek shelter at your --
I am lost.

ATTENDANT 2

Talk to me.

GRUOCH

I am in mourning.

SINT

Is that why these three pummeled me down?
Is that part of a ritual in this area --
to batter travelers as a sign of
the reigning grief?

SINT reaches into his bag and pulls out a notebook and a pencil.

SINT

I must record
this strange [behavior] --

GRUOCH

I am in mourning!
I have lost --

But before finishing her sentence, GRUOCH wheels on the three ATTENDANTS, and the four of them engage in a fierce round of quarterstaffing -- though it is clear, from their choice not to gang up on her, that the ATTENDANTS serve as vents for GRUOCH's confusions.

SINT makes sure to keep himself and his bag clear of the battle. As they fight, SINT writes.

ATTENDANT 1

Done yet?

GRUOCH

No!

ATTENDANT 2

Done yet?

GRUOCH

No!

ATTENDANT 3

Done yet?

GRUOCH

Yes.

SINT

Excuse me -- is that, too,
all part of -- something --
common to this area --
sorry, don't mean to be intrusive --

Winded, GRUOCH tries to catch her breath. The ATTENDANTS watch her. SINT writes, waits, writes, ponders, writes. Finally, GRUOCH speaks.

GRUOCH

I did hate him.

SINT

Who?

Sorry --

not my turn, right.

But this doesn't prevent SINT from writing in his journal.

ATTENDANT 1

He was never there -- now your father'll never be there forever.

ATTENDANT 2

He's reached his zenith of doing best what he did best in his life --

ATTENDANT 3

Which is ignoring you.

ATTENDANT 1

You should be grateful that death has relieved him of the tedium of feeling guilty about ignoring you --

ATTENDANT 2

And that with his death you are now free to suffer your freedom completely free of --

ATTENDANT 3

Isn't that what all that blather you and Macbreeeeaaaaath --

(mimic of heavy breathing)
-- made about Adam and Eve and fucking yourself
into existence all about?

SINT
(sotto voce)
I am lost but fascinated --

ATTENDANT 1
You, girl, have to learn to live with the
consequences of getting what you desired if not
deserved.

SINT
(sotto voce)
Yes, yes --

ATTENDANT 1 suddenly lifts her head, sniffs. So do the other two
ATTENDANTS. So does SINT, though he has no idea what he is sniffing
for. ATTENDANT 1 reaches into a pocket and pulls out dice. She rolls
them. The three read the results. They sniff again. ATTENDANT 1
picks up the dice. They turn to GRUOCH.

ATTENDANT 1
Last chance to join us.

ATTENDANT 2
With us, you get freedom without the dire
consequences.

ATTENDANT 3
Way better than staying on the tedious path of
being and becoming a human -- humping along all
that unfinishable business --

GRUOCH ignores them. They prepare to leave.

ATTENDANT 2
A drum, a drum --

ATTENDANT 3
Dum-dum-dee-dum --

ATTENDANT 1
Fee-fi-fo-fum --

They exit, taking the wooden box with them. SINT is writing,
finishes. He waits. GRUOCH stares. SINT clears his throat --
nothing. Silence. Wind.

SINT
As I said --

GRUOCH
Shut up.

SINT
Of course.

GRUOCH
I have lost my father.
Don't you have an opinion?

SINT
You told me to shut up.

GRUOCH
I told you to shut up.

SINT
Right.

GRUOCH
Because in the end
words are useless --
like boils --

SINT
Like plagues.

GRUOCH
Serve only to afflict --

SINT
Affect --

GRUOCH
Shut up.

SINT
Right -- just following along --

GRUOCH
The disease of chatter in my head --

SINT
(sotto voce)
An unfortunate habit --
mine [also] --

GRUOCH
(ignoring him)
-- chatter chatter chatter,
the barking of crows,
none of it adds up --

SINT
Lady, you are in grief --

Before SINT can finish, GRUOCH threatens him with the quarterstaff.

SINT
I would prefer that you didn't --
again --
it hurts --
I am not an enemy --

GRUOCH
You are an accident --

SINT
No --
well, perhaps --

GRUOCH
-- "chatter" who presumes to tell
the lady what she feels --

SINT
To explain would be -- bold --
wouldn't it? --
who could explain a lady?
"she moves with grace" --
who can explain movements of grace? --
I just observe --

GRUOCH
What?

SINT
A human in pain --
lost in the middle of the road --
not unlike myself, though I would never --
equate --
no, I was trying to find shelter --
as I said, I am lost --
and I observe --
that --
you --
are --

GRUOCH moves away from him. SINT pulls his bag closer to him.

GRUOCH
There is a war going on.

SINT
Yes -- true --
I am trying to avoid --
no, not avoid --
don't get me wrong --

GRUOCH
My husband is off fighting --

SINT

Macbeth --
Macbeth mac Findlaech.

GRUOCH

You know him.

SINT

Of him.
Word of his --

GRUOCH

What do you have in that bag?

SINT

Nothing.

GRUOCH

It's not empty.

SINT

I meant nothing of
any importance
to a lady.

GRUOCH makes the gesture of writing.

GRUOCH

What was that?

SINT

I try to do nothing that offends --

GRUOCH

When the three she-phlegms were here --

SINT

I don't think I was --

GRUOCH slams the quarterstaff on the ground.

SINT

Writing -- I was writing --
you look puzzled --

GRUOCH

What is writing?

SINT stands -- in pain, to be sure, but steady.

SINT

Excuse me --
I've just been a little --
disjointed here --

He carefully and stiffly sets the kit bag over his shoulder.

SINT

There. Good.
Now -- you ask,
what is writing?

GRUOCH

(pointing to glasses)

And what --

SINT

(pointing to glasses)

These?
You don't --
of course not,
why else would you ask --
these are called "glasses"
or "spectacles" --

On an impulse, he takes them off and goes to put them on GRUOCH's face. GRUOCH pulls back. SINT pulls back, realizing his breach of etiquette. GRUOCH gestures to him, and he places the glasses on her. GRUOCH looks around, not sure what it is she's seeing through.

SINT pulls out his journal, opens it, holds it in front of GRUOCH.

SINT

What happens?

GRUOCH jerks back, then leans forward.

SINT

Take them off,
then put them back on --
to compare --
yes, right, like that --

GRUOCH

They make things clearer --
these --

SINT closes the journal, takes the glasses back, puts them on.

SINT

In a manner of speaking, yes --
clearer --

GRUOCH

And in that -- thing --

SINT

This? Journal -- a kind of book --

GRUOCH

That's writing?

SINT

Yes.

SINT puts the journal down, pulls out a wooden case from his bag, opens it, takes out the pencil he was using.

SINT

I use this --
my own invention, actually --
a long thin piece of coal
that I've sanded down --
cupped it in two halves of
a twig I've split
and hollowed out,
wrapped in leather to keep
the halves together --

SINT hands it to her -- carefully, reluctantly eager to get it back.

SINT

To keep it sharp
I can just grind it on a rock
or something hard and rough --
a beggar's beard, say --
that was a joke --
please, be careful --
sorry, don't mean to be --

But GRUOCH is not going to do anything to harm the pencil. She hands it back to him. SINT puts it away, gets his journal.

GRUOCH

The journal uses your words.

SINT

Well, yes, uses --
collects --
you're right --

GRUOCH

Words --

SINT

You sound --

GRUOCH

They lie. Cheat.

SINT

To me, words are like these glasses.

the truth --
just locks you --
locks one --
down.
Locks one in.

GRUOCH

Make it simpler.

SINT

To a sheep, the fence is a truth,
and the sheep believes
the fence will keep it safe.

GRUOCH

Until the wolf slithers in and --

SINT

The wolf is clarity.
The wolf brings in clarity
about the vulnerability of fences.
Of truth.

GRUOCH

Through blood.

SINT

It's only one sheep.

GRUOCH

But for that sheep,
it's a steep lesson --

SINT

How much does one sheep matter
if other sheep --
if they can move out of
being sheep for the moment --
learn something real
from the wolf?

GRUOCH

That they're just available meat?

SINT

We're all just meat --
the world has been nothing ever
but a slaughterhouse,
history nothing but an instruction manual
for butcher's tools --
that's nothing new, nothing useful --
do you need a tutor,
by any chance?
For anyone in Inverness --
children?

Yourself?
I am quite available.

GRUOCH
So meat is the end-all of it all.

SINT
Let's take this as a job interview, shall we?
Here's my best:
I prefer to think
that thinking of meat --
I'm sorry, always making
these split distinctions --
"think that thinking of" --
force of [habit] --

GRUOCH
Quit lip-flapping --

SINT
Thinking of meat
is the beginning-all,
not the end-all --
once you know you're meat and
not really some sort of
broken-backed angel trash-tossed
in ancient times out of a garden
with uneatable apples --
really, the stories people
tell themselves --

GRUOCH goes to swipe the legs out from under SINT, but he leaps over the quarterstaff.

SINT
Did that touch a nerve --

SINT ducks a swipe from GRUOCH.

SINT
If I am hopping and dodging here,
how can I finish answering
your excellent questions
and challenging observations?

GRUOCH
I am not meat. My father is not --

SINT
Have I told you my thoughts
on feeling grief
for the death of a father?
Have I?

GRUOCH stops.

SINT

Do not mishear me --
I have the greatest respect
for human "meat" --
it is the ground and root
of all we are --
thinking meat,
feeling meat,
grieving meat.
Respecting that idea
is like having these spectacles --
it clears things up.

GRUOCH

My father's meat rots.

SINT

Bodies rot.
But not your memory
of him in you.

GRUOCH

He had such grace.

SINT

Grace continued in you,
so therefore not lost.
Lady, do you not understand?
Not that you're not capable
of under[standing] --

GRUOCH

Stop sucking back in fear
everything you spit out.
Spit it out.

SINT

You won't hit me?

GRUOCH

Only if I need to clarify you.

SINT

I will be clear
so that I can be clear of bruises
but not so that you can be clear of me and --
all right, I'll move it on --
here is the lesson:
once you understand meat,
once you understand the wolf,
what follows is that you,
the sheep that survives,
has the necessity --
no -- the right --
to make sure that

no wolf ever clarifies you
down to death.
That look -- you don't believe?

GRUOCH

You sound like my nurse.

SINT

Then you have a smart nurse
because she and I are right --
whatever the sheep does
in protection of its own meat
is the right thing done.

GRUOCH

Had.

SINT

What?

GRUOCH

Had a nurse.

SINT

I'm sorry --

GRUOCH

I killed her --
a sign of love
that I no longer needed her --

SINT

And I am scoring in you
the theology of meat?

GRUOCH

Anything? Anything done?

SINT

Do you not love your father?

GRUOCH

What do "father" and "anything done"
have to do with each other?

SINT

Think on the connections --
the father in you
who made you fierce and graceful --
and then history
always never-endingly meat-hungry --
and then your husband off at war --
for --
what?

Whatever it is he fights for?
Done to protect --
protect you, protect him --
he is precious to you?

GRUOCH

You are very confusing.

SINT intakes a big lungful of air.

SINT

Then I suck all the words back.
Even though you told me not to do --
not to confuse the lady.

SINT shoulders his bag, prepares to leave. GRUOCH pounds the
quarterstaff.

GRUOCH

I said that you were confusing --
not that I was confused,
you patronizing clot-pole.

SINT

Then the interview is going well?

GRUOCH lifts up her head, sniffs, suddenly feral.

SINT

Sorry. What?

GRUOCH

His fighting -- endless --
they have just --

SINT

Is it possible --
should we move off the road?

GRUOCH

You were looking for shelter.
You'll stay with me.
With us.

SINT

That is kind --

GRUOCH

I am not kind.
I want something from you.

SINT

"Kind" and "want"
are not mutually exclusive --

GRUOCH

Shut up.
You're in danger.

The ATTENDANTS return, carrying their box.

ATTENDANT 1

Either of you hungry?
We have new bits.

They circle SINT, picking at his clothes, his bag, his hair.

ATTENDANT 2

Warm --

ATTENDANT 1

Warmish --

ATTENDANT 2

Fresh --

ATTENDANT 3

Mostly --

ATTENDANT

From the field of battle --

ATTENDANT 3

"Field of battle" -- sounds rural -- bucolic --
(belches)
-- the "colic" part is right -- might as well
call it the wolf's dinner plate --

ATTENDANT 2

Even the ravens got bored with the amount of
unjointed carnage lying around --

ATTENDANT 1

Scavenging can be such tedious work --

ATTENDANTS

So, what have you two been up to?

GRUOCH

You saw him, didn't you?

The ATTENDANTS sit, start eating out of their box, don't answer right
away. SINT reaches into his bag for his journal, thinks better of it.

ATTENDANT 1

We saw him.

GRUOCH

And?

ATTENDANT 2

Very king-like, that Macbeth.

SINT can't resist. He pulls out his journal and pencil and begins to write and sketch.

ATTENDANT 3

(laughing)

Which only means that he sliced up more people than anyone else!

GRUOCH

And Duncan -- where was Duncan?

ATTENDANT 1

Very far away, his orders to his soldiers like farts, smelly and weightless --

ATTENDANT 2

Unpleasant but easily ignored --

ATTENDANT 3

Which Macbeth did -- very king-like in his ignoring -- slice-slice --

ATTENDANT 1

Chop-chop --

ATTENDANT 2

Snick-snack --

ATTENDANT 3

The ravens and the wolves loved him.

ATTENDANT 3 nudges the others, points to GRUOCH.

ATTENDANT 3

She muses. And him -- look at the scribbler-dribbler over there, sucking it all down.

ATTENDANT 2

Greedy bastard.

ATTENDANT 1

He's got something up his sleeves --

ATTENDANT 2

And something down his pants --

ATTENDANT 1

The lady has been so alone lately.

ATTENDANT 2

And then he just shows up --

ATTENDANTS 1 & 2

Hmmm.

ATTENDANT 3
(to GRUOCH)

Oy!

GRUOCH turns slowly to face the ATTENDANTS.

ATTENDANT 3
Snap out of your reverend reverie. You have to use us or lose us -- we are getting bored with how little progress you have made -- after all our teachings. Other opportunities call.

GRUOCH looks to SINT. SINT stops writing.

GRUOCH
You said anything done?
To protect?

SINT
That's my opinion.
Otherwise --

SINT points at the ATTENDANTS, who are still eating from their box.

ATTENDANT 3
What?

ATTENDANTS 1 & 2
What?

SINT
Otherwise it ends in that --
drool and molars and
munch and munch and munch
and then the pit privy.

GRUOCH
How much clearer could it be?

SINT
As clarity goes in a confusing world --

GRUOCH
(to ATTENDANTS)
Take me back there.

ATTENDANT 1
The battle's done.

ATTENDANT 2
The battle's lost and won.

GRUOCH

I want to see him --
but I don't want him to see me.

The ATTENDANTS look at one another.

ATTENDANT 3

We can do that -- that would be a good way of
using us.

ATTENDANT 2

And not losing us.

ATTENDANT 1

Thanks for choosing us.

The ATTENDANTS close their box and stand up.

ATTENDANT 1

We were getting low anyway.

ATTENDANT 2

We seem to need a lot.

ATTENDANT 3

More than we imagined.

GRUOCH

Then wait.

ATTENDANTS

Our love for you allows us to be commanded.

GRUOCH signals for SINT to move closer so the ATTENDANTS can't hear.

SINT

Just be careful.
They love nothing.

GRUOCH

So now you introduce love.

SINT

That is all
I've been talking about,
lady --

SINT holds up his journal.

SINT

-- love threads through everything.
Without love,
we are just ravens,
ravenous,
ravening up.

GRUOCH

You have an strange idea of love, then.

SINT

What's strange is that
anyone thinks that love is at heart
gentle, kind, deferential, reciprocal --

GRUOCH

I have often suspected --

SINT

Of course.
Your nurse --

GRUOCH

My father --

SINT

Why else are you here now,
like this?
What you are going
to go do with them for him
is going to be done for love.

GRUOCH

And you say love can embrace such a --

SINT

It embraces everything, lady.
That's what makes love so
fearsome. That's why people try
to tame love down
to a heart and a flower
and a squeeze and a bump.

(whispers)

They fear the greatness
love can lead them to.
And you, my lady,
have a hunger for greatness.

ATTENDANTS

Are we leaving with you, or leaving you with him?

SINT holds up his hand to them.

SINT

Almost done.

The ATTENDANTS hold up three middle fingers back to him.

GRUOCH

My dead father --

SINT

This is the only way
to compass the grief
for your absent father.
This is where this all started,
isn't it?

GRUOCH

Otherwise --

SINT

Go on.

GRUOCH

Otherwise it will eat me up.

SINT

Grief is such a wolf.

GRUOCH

Clarifies or butchers.

SINT

Your choice.
Make it your choice.

GRUOCH slips the leather thong with the cross over her head and hands it to SINT.

GRUOCH

The heap of stone we call home
is that way.
That will get you in.
Wait.

GRUOCH also hands him the quarterstaff.

GRUOCH

Just in case
you meet strange women
on the way.
And one last thing.

GRUOCH touches the journal.

GRUOCH

You will teach me to do this.

SINT

That was already assumed.

GRUOCH moves to the ATTENDANTS. Each holds out a hand.

ATTENDANT 1

The Weird Sisters --

ATTENDANT 2

Hand --

ATTENDANT 3

-- in hand.

GRUOCH

It seems that I have come home.

Hand in hand, they exit. SINT alone. He writes.

SINT

"The Weird Sisters, hand in hand -- "

SINT closes the journal, puts it and the pencil away.

SINT

The gift of gab once again
does the trick --
my meat is still my own.

A hesitation, then SINT exits in the direction taken by the women.

Darkness. Wind.

* * * * *

Scene 7: Seventh Lady

DOCTOR and GENTLEWOMAN in a corridor in the castle. To one side, in shadow, is SINT with his journal open, pencil ready.

DOCTOR

I have two nights watched with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN

Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal
it, and again return to bed; yet all this while
in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching!

Enter GRUOCH.

GENTLEWOMAN

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her;
stand close.

SINT

(in a whisper)

Now we begin.

DOCTOR

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her
hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus
washing her hands: I have known her continue in
this a quarter of an hour.

GRUOCH

Yet here's a spot.

SINT

(following along in journal)

"Yet here's a spot."

DOCTOR

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

DOCTOR pulls out paper and his own pencil.

SINT

Already done.

As GRUOCH speaks, SINT follows along in his journal, as if he were
ready to prompt her with cues in needed.

GRUOCH

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--

DOCTOR

'Tis as if she reads from segmented pages --

GRUOCH

Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none
can call our power to account?--Yet who would
have thought the old man to have had so much
blood in him.

DOCTOR

Do you mark that?

SINT

Mark away.

GRUOCH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more
o'that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all
with this starting.

DOCTOR

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

SINT

The best is to come.

GENTLEWOMAN

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of
that: heaven knows what she has known.

SINT

You are quite amazing.

GRUOCH

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged.

SINT

We should be charging you admission.

GENTLEWOMAN

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the
dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR

This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have
known those which have walked in their sleep who
have died holily in their beds.

GRUOCH

What's done cannot be undone.

DOCTOR

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles --

GRUOCH takes out the dirk and, without hesitation, plunges it into her
heart. SINT mimics the action. GRUOCH crumples. DOCTOR moves
forward. GENTLEWOMAN squelches a scream.

DOCTOR

My God!

GENTLEWOMAN holds him back.

GENTLEWOMAN

No physic, no physic for her -- her heart is finally at peace.

DOCTOR

But her soul!

GENTLEWOMAN

Do you think she has one left? Corroded to a nubbin by her griefs. Besides, what you can do about her soul? Go. Tell.

DOCTOR

God, God forgive us all! Look after her. My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN

Reverse this -- do not think, and go speak.

DOCTOR exits at a run.

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor.

GENTLEWOMAN waits, looking in the direction of the departing DOCTOR.

GENTLEWOMAN

He's gone.

GRUOCH gets up, removes the knife from her heart. SINT comes on, takes out a handkerchief and wipes the knife clean.

SINT

You did the lines well.

GENTLEWOMAN

His own foul blabs
will be soon be genuine abroad.
To sundry, then to all.

SINT

We only need the one to hear.
(to GRUOCH)
And you?

GRUOCH

(indicating GENTLEWOMAN)
Not in front of her.

SINT

Of course not. Go.

GENTLEWOMAN

Yes, my queen. My pay?

SINT takes coins out of his pocket, hands them over. GENTLEWOMAN leaves. The ATTENDANTS come out of the darkness.

GRUOCH

She is her own species of blabbermouth.

ATTENDANT 1

She won't be that for long.

SINT

Let her do her work first --
she has more lines to say.

ATTENDANT 1

I don't listen to you.

GRUOCH

Do as he says. So that she says.
(to them all)
And then we will ready ourselves
for the trip.

The ATTENDANTS leave.

GRUOCH

I suppose we should get ready.

SINT

I've written you a future in which
your talents will be uniquely honored.

A scream, as if echoing down a stone hallway. Faintly heard: "The queen, my lord, is dead."

GRUOCH

The arrival.

More screams, clash of swords, general chaos. The ATTENDANTS appear, pushing a rack with clothing on it. On the bottom of the rack are five briefcases.

ATTENDANT 2

It's a right smart chaos down among the bowers
slogging up to Dunsinane.

ATTENDANT 1

Dunce.

ATTENDANT 3

Insane.

ATTENDANT 2
(to SINT)

I have to hand it to you, Bint --

SINT

Sint.

ATTENDANT 2

Lint --

SINT

Sint.

They all start exchanging their clothes for the clothes on the rack.

ATTENDANT 2

You wrote a mean scripting for the hoi polloi and
glitterati of the Scottish court -- Duncan's
butchering --

ATTENDANT 1

Then our blabberings about a line of eight kings
--

ATTENDANT 3

No man of woman born --

ATTENDANT 2

That was good.

ATTENDANT 1

You have 'em carving each other up!

They have all changed into smart modern business clothing.

ATTENDANT 1

Blood gushing.

ATTENDANT 2

Guts a-flying.

ATTENDANT 3

Felt a little longing for the old days.

They take their leather briefcases.

GRUOCH

There are no more old days from now on.

They sit at a modern conference table. They take reports out of their
briefcases. MACBETH runs in, sword in hand, bloodied.

GRUOCH
We no longer do it that way.

ATTENDANT 1
Now by market share.

ATTENDANT 2
Aggregate percentages.

ATTENDANT 3
Unsubsidized offshore partakings.

MACBETH
What are you talking about?

GRUOCH goes to MACBETH, takes his sword.

GRUOCH
We no longer do it this way, is what they're saying -- unless we rent people with your skilled barbarics to secure a market for us here or there around the world --

GRUOCH throws the sword away.

GRUOCH
Of course, no longer dignity or glory for you in doing any of that for us -- just contract, just part of it's "simply business."

MACDUFF enters. MACBETH turns to face him, empty-handed. GRUOCH moves back to the conference table, and the five of them enact/mime a "conference": discussion, checking of PDAs, cellphones, note-taking, etc. Occasionally they watch the fight that moves around them, but they don't take much note of it.

MACBETH
(to GRUOCH)
You knew the wolf was coming, didn't you?

GRUOCH
No more or less than you did.

MACDUFF steps to MACBETH's sword.

MACBETH
Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF
I have no words:
My voice is in my sword --

MACDUFF kicks MACBETH's sword to him. They fight.

MACDUFF

Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

MACBETH

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm...Macduff was from his mother's
womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

MACBETH speaks right into GRUOCH's ear.

MACBETH

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
I'll not fight with thee.

MACBETH lowers his sword. MACDUFF looks at him in disbelief.

MACDUFF

Don't be a fucking idiot. You have to --

MACBETH

I don't have to do anything --

MACDUFF

You will not cheat me!

MACDUFF lays on and drives MACBETH to the ground, his sword at
MACBETH's throat. MACDUFF drops his sword and kneels. As he kneels,
he pulls a huge hunting knife from his belt. He is going to behead
MACBETH.

GRUOCH signals to SINT, who hands her his journal. He bends over her
shoulder as she crosses something out and writes something else in.

MACDUFF

You stupid git, you force me to be more savage
than is required by this act of forced honor --

MACDUFF moves to do the beheading. GRUOCH clears her throat, signals
MACDUFF to come to her. He does. She has him read the journal.

MACDUFF

Really?

GRUOCH

That will be beheading enough.
It's the only kind of beheading
that makes sense in the world
as it now is.

MACBETH

What?

MACDUFF returns to MACBETH, shoving him back. Neck exposed, MACBETH waits. But instead of slicing his throat, MACDUFF moves to MACBETH's crotch, and in one swift slice severs his genitals. MACBETH screams.

MACDUFF brings the bloody mess to the conference table. ATTENDANT 1 opens the wooden box, and MACDUFF drops it inside.

MACDUFF

(pointing to journal)

What does it say there I'm to call it?

GRUOCH

Profit.

MACDUFF

"Profit" it is.

MACDUFF leaves. GRUOCH comes over to MACBETH, kneels by him.

GRUOCH

Welcome to the new world order.
What you did, we now do.
What was done to you is now
the measure of our successes.
It's a much much saner way --

ATTENDANT 2 puts a hand on the box. ATTENDANT 3 slaps the hand.

ATTENDANT 2

And cleaner --

GROUCH

Much saner and cleaner way
to run the war of every man
against every man.
What you lost is what we want
from everyone.

GRUOCH takes MACBETH's sword and begins to carve the air with it. SINT and the ATTENDANTS put things away in their briefcases, stand ready to leave.

Lights go to black.