Man, Like, Macbeth

By RALPH WEAVER

Act I, Scene 1: A Heath, like, Thundier. Enter three witches.

1 Witch. Let's do the chant, like.
2 Witch. Crazy, man.
3 Witch. All right, now take it from the top.

All. When do we three make the scene again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Only at Homecoming to meet

again

We're not too cool, but man

what brains.

3 Witch. Hey, like cut the ad

lib, like, the battle?

2 Witch. Newberkeleyville, man. The grey beards don't dig it and the young turks are too psyched to jam.

1 Witch. Who cares, let mix it anyway.

2 Witch. Man, that's the funkiest. Lets needle — it don't mean a thing if it don't have that, sing.

3 Witch. Cool it. A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come.

1 Witch. He's really wailing, man.

2 Witch. That Macbeth blows cool drums.

Scene II: Macbeth and Banquo come on like Gangbusters.

Mac: What a homecoming. Am I flipping or what?

Ban. I see them too, man. If they're the queens ain't they gassers?

1 Witch. Hall.
2 Witch. Hall.
3 Witch. The gang's all here.

Ban. Man, that's square. In fact, this is the least.

Mac. Don't bug me, dad, I used to pad here.

1 Witch. Hall, Macbeth, cooler yet squarer.

Mac. Why do you dress me in frowned robes?
Ban. Because she's hip your lip's gone.

2 Witch. Hall, Banquo, your sons shall be kings.
Ban. I'm hip, but slip me the odds on the session tomorrow.

Mac. She don't mean a lie.

3 Witch. Hall, Macbeth, out yet in.

Both. Man these chicks are flying. Reata must be running the place.

All. Dad, you dig the scene.

Done is doom
Now Wrong is right
Fire is Ice
And Rice ain't Nice.

Act II

Scene 1—Enter Lady Macbeth carrying a six pack.
Lady M. Oh, for a cool one! Out damned church key! Out, I say!—Will not all the taste of these Bush Arabians sweeten this little Homecoming for me?

Banquo: Dig the pinkies of that chick. They're the reddest.

Macbeth. I'm hip. But dig the sounds. This place reads like funerealism.

Banquo. Say, doll, clue me. I'm not tuned in.

Lady M. China, like, Oustville in the round. The grey beards have killed Sammy and the young turks just take it.

Macbeth. Zol! West coast cool is hip. But these cats are transuboscaneous. This is like Birdland in the off season. So like let's blow the scene.

Act III

Scene I—A castle, Lovelike. Near Birnana wood, a swamp like.

Enter Three Witches, unmistakable like.

All. Double, double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
Place is same but time has changed

Leaving only worn out brains.

1 Witch. Macbeth has faded off the scene brought to death by the loss of a dream.

2 Witch. Lady M. has bugged to Bellevue done in by H. and the squallor too.

3 Witch. Banquo blew the scene forever; couldn't fight this square get together.

All. So Rice has faded for the worse

Subject to an evil curse but, Black spirits and white
Red spirits and gray

Mingle, mingle, mingle
You that mingle may.