

THE TRAGEDY OF

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PIRATECAT, *RAT BASTARD; A JUDGE*
ARWINK, *A MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN FROM DOWN UNDER; A JUDGE*
MALDUR, *MARQUIS-IN-EXILE OF LATVERIA; A JUDGE*
MACBETH, *HAPLESS CERAMIC DM™ CONTESTANT*
BANQUO, *A REDSHIRT*
MYTHAGO, *A VILLAINESS*

Act I, Scene i.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter the three JUDGES.

Arwink. O, when are these two going to get their stories in already?

Piratecat. Technically they're not due until Friday night; the pictures weren't posted until Tuesday.

Arwink. Don't forget that I'm many hours ahead of you Yanks.

Maldur. Ahem!

Arwink. Oops. Sorry, Maldur.

All. Fair is foul, and flame is ash
Pray the EN boards don't crash.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a set of pictures I have not seen.

Banquo. What are these images
So scatter'd and so stressful to the eye
That look not like th' artwork of the earth,
And yet are on it?
I cannot see a means by which a tale
So pleasing to the eye and to the mind
Might gain thee victory.

Piratecat. Hail, Macbeth, finalist in Ceramic DM!

Mal'dur. Hail!

Arwink. Hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more!
Bard StephenFox's death dost give me rank,
Yet will the raccoon stick fall to my grasp?

Enter MYTHAGO, wielding a SEMICOLON. She stabs BANQUO through the back.

Banquo. Ow! (*Expires.*)

Macbeth. Nay, that was base and cowardly of thee
To slay dear Banquo with such stealth and guile
But as I gaze upon the weapon's blade,
I could have sworn they were a matching set?

Mythago. Aye, true, there was a semicolon match'd
To this brave weapon's heft and blade last round.
Its blade lies broken, keen edge dulled forever;
So one blade serves.

Macbeth. Thou losest labor.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With wit and punctuation make me bleed,
Let fall they blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield;
No man of woman born may harm Macbeth.

Mythago. We went over this last time. I'm not a man.

Macbeth. Ruh roh.

JUDGES begin to make popcorn.