

ACT IV, SCENE 1

Written by

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EXT. NEW YORK BROADWAY THEATER DISTRICT - DAY

A small mob of actors and actresses push their way through the narrow doorway of a tall dingy office building.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - SAME

THREE WITCHES holding their staves, dressed in hooded black robes with their faces hidden, wait by the elevator. The mob shoves them aside and crowds into the large industrial size elevator. No room left for The Witches. The doors slam shut in their faces.

A sign posted next to the elevator doors:

**MACBETH AUDITIONS, 10TH FLOOR**

INT. 10TH FLOOR ELEVATOR ENTRANCE - SAME

The doors open and the mob pours out. The Three Witches are already there ahead of the crowd, not walking but gliding down the hall to the audition studio.

INT. AUDITION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The flood of people jam into the room, a cavernous space with folding chairs lining two long walls. Floor to ceiling windows at the far end reveal a breathtaking postcard view of New York city.

Behind a single folding table in the middle of the room sits THE DIRECTOR - a snobbish older British dandy.

EMILY, the Director's assistant, gathers head sheets. Performers sit in areas marked with the names of the characters they are auditioning for: Macbeth, King Duncan, Macduff, Lady Macbeth, Banquo, The Witches, etc.

The Three Witches sit in their section with a bizarre collection of odd looking women.

Another crowd from the elevator arrives for the auditions, as they settle in--

The Director circles the room, sneering and appalled by the general appearance of the group.

THE DIRECTOR  
(In an affected tone  
throughout)  
(MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Looks like fifty or sixty of you.  
Know that only a cast of 18 will be  
left standing. Blood will be  
spilled, tears will be shed.  
Shakespeare is a bitch!

(Pause)

How many of you know the play  
Macbeth? Have read Macbeth? Have  
already performed in Macbeth?

(Pause)

Raise your hands.

Most hands shoot up, some not.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, those who have not  
raised their hands, get out now.

A small group grab their things and rush out.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Go back to your simple minded  
graphic novels, your pathetic TV  
commercial auditions and your  
ridiculous Dinner Theater  
productions of *The Fantasticks*.

(Beat)

I wouldn't let any of you even play  
a tree.

Some young women are crying on the way out.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Really, ladies! No crying in  
baseball, or Shakespeare!

The Director walks slowly up and down the two rows of actors  
and actresses, stops for a long moment in front of the Three  
Witches sitting in their hooded robes - faces hidden - then  
continues to the end.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Emily, organize my leads. Get 'em  
up and in groups. The Macbeths over  
here, Lady Macbeths there, Banquos  
there, and the Witches over here.

(Pause)

Before you even open your mouths,  
Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a  
strict policy: if you don't look  
the part you don't get the part.

Using his gnarled forefinger as a pointer and a prod, he thins out the group of Macbeths. Pointing and sneering at a very old actor--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

No offense, Grandpa, but we can't have an 80-something Macbeth unless you want the audience to believe The King is 125, and you are going to kill him by turning off his life support system.

(Beat)

Hobble along now. Go. Go. Shoo.

Pointing to a tall "Lurch" look alike--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Wrong audition, my friend, the Addams Family casting is down the hall.

LATER:

Weeding out the Lady Macbeths, he points and waves different women out the door. One by one they suffer his sarcasm and nastiness.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I am sorry but there are no parts for Little Sister Macbeths.

(Beat)

I also don't remember any parts for Fat Old Auntie Macbeth.

(Beat)

And who do you think you are, young lady, Goth Macbeth?

Stopping at a young woman wearing cowboy boots--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And what's your name, darlin'?

ANNA

(In a southern drawl)

My name is Anna May Sue Ellen McCoy

THE DIRECTOR

Well, Miss Anna May Sue Ellen McCoy I'm not planning to have any tumble weeds or cow pies in the Birnam Wood...

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 (mimicking her)  
 ...so, why don't you giddy-up outta  
 here, y'all.

LATER:

Scrutinizing the Banquo's--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Let me narrow this down right off  
 the bat. You, you with the bulging  
 codpiece, wait for me in my limo.  
 Just kidding, sweetie.

LATER:

Looking over various Witches, dispensing with them like  
 taking pot shots at tin cans on a fence --

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 So here we have The Bitches.

To his first victim, with a dog face--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Well, all your moles are certainly  
 a plus.

Locking eyes with a disheveled, crazed looking woman:

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, can you use your magical  
 powers to make yourself disappear?

Looking at the Three Witches, their faces hidden under the  
 hoods:

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 So, what's this, "Team Witches?"  
 Show me your faces, my darlings.

They look up at the Director, red eyes burning in pools of  
 black under their hoods. He steps back, shocked.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Wow, this certainly would be a  
 challenge for hair and make-up.

WITCH #1  
 Careful not to twist your blade...

WITCH #2

For soon the grave digger shall use  
his spade...

WITCH #3

When in the ground you are laid.

THE DIRECTOR

Ooooh, that's clever. Who wrote  
that?

(Beat)

Gus Shakespeare?

LATER:

Down to a handful of hopefuls for each part, including the  
Three Witches.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

All right my lovelies, time to run  
your lines.

TIME DISSOLVE THROUGH THE AUDITIONS:

MACBETH #1

"Is this a dagger which I see  
before me? The handle toward my  
hand? Come, let me clutch thee."

LADY MACBETH #1

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"

BANQUO #1

"All's well. I dreamt last night of  
the three weird sisters."

LADY MACBETH #2

"Come, you spirits, that tend on  
mortal thoughts, unsex me here."

MACBETH #2

"Who should against his murderer  
shut the door, Not bear the knife  
myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek."

BANQUO #2

"What, can the devil speak true?"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDITION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Drained, slouched in his chair --

THE DIRECTOR

My, God, my ears are bleeding.

(Beat)

Emily, bring me all the Witches,  
and group them in threes.

Emily waves the final group of witches forward with her clip board --

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

OK, let's narrow down the girls,  
then I want to get on a broom stick  
myself and fly out of here.

The women move to the center of the studio. The Three Witches stand behind the others. The Director begins his surgery--

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Well here we are finally, Act IV,  
Scene I, "The Witches Spell."  
Understand, don't just read your  
lines, make me feel some magic!

FIRST GROUP OF THREE WOMEN

Woman #1: "Thrice the brinded cat  
hath mew'd"

Woman #2: "Thrice and once, the  
hedge-pig whin'd."

Woman #3: "Harpier cries:--'tis time!  
'tis time!"

THE DIRECTOR

Maybe, maybe if I was directing  
"Halloween Hillbillies." Next!

SECOND GROUP OF THREE WOMEN

Woman #1: "Round about the caldron  
go. In the poisoned entrails  
throw."

Woman #2: "Fillet of finny snake,  
in the caldron boil and bake."

Woman #3: "Scale of dragon, tooth of  
wolf."

THE DIRECTOR

Actually, you give me something to  
think about, ladies. I like two of  
you. But one of you is just plain  
awful. I guess I can always pull  
someone from the other group.

The Director waves the Three Witches closer. Without walking, they glide forward across the floor as a threesome.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Ah, yes, "Team Witches."

He parades in front of the three and pulls back their hoods to reveal very old, grey haired women.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
OK, work your magic spells.

WITCH #1  
"Thrice the brinded cat hath  
mew'd."

WITCH #2  
"Thrice and once, the hedge-pig  
whin'd."

WITCH #3  
"Harpier cries: 'tis time! 'tis  
time!"

WITCH #1  
"Round about the caldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw."

ALL 3 WITCHES  
"Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

THE DIRECTOR  
Stop, stop. This is not working for  
me. My, God!

(Pause)

This comes off like a Granny Fest!  
Way, way over the top. Totally  
unconvincing. And who told you to  
come in these trashy dime store  
costumes? I guess you can always  
wear them to your nursing home  
costume party.

(Beat)

Another gross waste of my time.  
Ladies get on your brooms, and fly.

WITCH #1  
You still give full force to your  
hurtful barbs and sounds,

WITCH #2  
So now you shall learn,

WITCH #3

A witches revenge knows no bounds.

The sunny view of New York City quickly begins to darken with black rolling clouds, flashes of lightening and thunder, and fierce howling winds.

The Three Witches slam their staves on the floor three times, then levitate and circle around the stunned Director.

ALL THREE WITCHES

Now the crucifier shall be crucified.

They levitate The Director off the floor, his arms outstretched, as if on a cross.

They begin their spells --

WITCH #1

The biting tongue shall silence itself.

A magic force stretches The Director's tongue out of his mouth until he uncontrollably bites it off. It flops on the floor like a dying fish out of water. A pulsating geyser of blood spews from his mouth.

WITCH #2

Broken hearts shall be repaid with broken bones.

His arms, then legs, snap like toothpicks at gruesome angles. Bloody bare bones exposed.

WITCH #3

Crimson shall be the tears of the tear maker.

The Director's gnarled forefinger tears apart from his hand, streaming blood, and it gouges out his eyes.

Witch #1 sends her staff sailing into the air, and it impales The Director, colonoscopy style.

As grotesque as everything is, the terrified audience of performers are enjoying the show.

ALL THREE WITCHES

And now, out, out damned Director!

The Director explodes through the back windows and is swept into the black swirling clouds and lightening.

The Three Witches disintegrate into the air.

Total silence hangs in the air for an eternity.

Then --

MACBETH #1

Damn, they're really good!

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: (White type on black)

**"We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'"**

Shakespeare, from *Macbeth*

FADE OUT.