

# MACHOMER

## *The Simpsons do MacBeth*

(Written by Rick Miller, adapted from William Shakespeare)  
March 25, 2001 version

*(Preshow music is TV Theme songs. Smoke. Preshow lighting is blue 'TV light' emanating from cauldron/TV and from the rear or front projected video screen)*

\*\*\*\*\* A C T I \*\*\*\*\*

*(SMOKE)*

*(Backstage Technician pushes play on VCR, removing lens cap, and we watch the MacHomer trailer)*

NARRATOR            In 1603, William Shakespeare wrote one of his bloodiest tragedies: Macbeth. It was a variation on the old "Guy murders King, Guy becomes King, Guy murders best friend, Guy murders another friends family, other friend takes Guy's head off" story. Despite suffering through 400 years of misguided interpretations, and brutal dissections, Macbeth has remained intact... Until now.

*(At the end of the trailer, when the title of "MacHomer" appears on the screen, Rick discreetly emerges through the crack in the screen, and places himself behind the cauldron, hidden. "MacHomer" painting appears. When the first "flash" sound appears, Rick suddenly rises behind the cauldron. The play begins...*

**(Scene 1. Witches' lair)**

### **IMAGE FLASH: Captain**

HECATE                When shall we three meet again?  
In Thunder, Lightning, har in Rain?...Har! Har!

### **IMAGE FLASH: Moe**

WITCH #2             When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

### **IMAGE FLASH: Skinner**

WITCH #3             That will be ere the set of Sun.

HECATE                Where the place?

WITCH #2             Upon the heath.

WITCH #3             There to meet with MacBeth!!!*(Thunder)*

WITCH #2             Oh God! Don't say that! It's bad luck.

WITCH #3             Oh...I mean MacHomer ..ahem

WITCH #2 Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

WITCH #3 Hover through the.....(*Coughs*) My tie's on fire.

WITCH #2 I told you it's bad luck, huh? Didn't I? Huh? Huh?

WITCH #3 ...and filthy har.....har har har har dar har. Har!

**(Scene 2. Duncan's castle)**

**IMAGE FLASH: Burns & Smithers**

KING Aaaaah, who comes here, Malcolm?

MALCOLM Uh, the Thane of Ross, sir.

**IMAGE FLASH: Troy McClure**

ROSS HI! I'm the Thane of Ross. I'm also playing the Thanes of Lennox, Angus, Menteith,...

KING Good for you.... Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

ROSS From MacDuff's castle in Fife, great King,  
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
The Thane of Cawdor, -  
bla bla bla bla ...And to conclude,  
The victory fell upon us -

KING Ex-cellent!  
No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our Bosom interest: Go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet .....  
*(Malcolm whispers to him) MacHomer (Laughs)*

**(Scene 3. Witches' lair)**

*(We switch to a live video feed from a camera inside the smoking cauldron)*

HECATE A drum! a drum!

WITCH #2 MacHomer doth come.  
The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,

WITCH #3 Thus do go, about, about;  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

HECATE And thrice again to make up nine...Har! Har! *(They laugh)*

*(Video feed off. We switch back to slides of characters on screen)*

Peace! Ye charm's wound up.

### **IMAGE FLASH: Homer and Flanders**

MACHOMER            So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO                He, he, he, right you are, MacHomerlee-Doudlee

MACHOMER            Shutup, Banquo.

BANQUO                Okalee-dokalee. (*Sees witches*) Woo-hoo-hoo  
 What are these,  
 So withered and so kooky in their attire?  
 That look not like the inhabitants of our blessed Earth,  
 And yet are on't.

MACHOMER            Speak if you can! What are you?

WITCH #2              All hail, MacHomer! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

WITCH #3              All hail, MacHomer! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

HECATE                All hail, MacHomer, that shalt be king har-after! (*Music*)

BANQUO                My noble partner you greet with present grace and great prediction of noble having. To me  
 you speak not...

WITCH #2              (*"Hail" on Voice-over*) Lesser than MacHomer, yet greater

WITCH #3              Not so happy, yet much happier

HECATE                Thou shalt get kings though thou be none (*They begin to breakdance*)

BANQUO                Well that justs put the 'whoa' in 'Banquo'!!.

MACHOMER            Stay, you breakdancing wyrd sisters! Tell me more:  
 By...uh...somebody's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;  
 But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives  
 A prosperous gentleman. And to be King  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief -  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Speak, I charge you!

(*Witches vanish in a flash*)

BANQUO                Whither are they vanished?

MACHOMER            Mmm...flash.

BANQUO                (*A sound is heard*) Who's here?  
 By Jiminy, it's the worthy Thane of Ross!

ROSS                    HI! I'm the worthy Thane of Ross. You might remember me from the scene 2!  
 The King hath happily received, MacHomer,  
 The news of thy success ; Bla bla bla

He bade made mee from hee call thee Thane of Cawdor  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,  
For it is thine.

BANQUO What! Can the devil speak true?

MACBETH The Thane of Cawdor lives:  
Why do you dress me in borrowed Robes?

ROSS Who was the Thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose.

MACHOMER Huh?

ROSS He's a traitor... they're going to kill him...

*(Dumbshow music. Ross demonstrates in three stages)*

MACHOMER Oh, I see...  
*(To himself, REVERB)* O.K., brain, don't say anything stupid.  
*(Out loud)* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!....  
The greatest is behind! ...  
*(To himself, REVERB)* Did I say that or just think it.

BANQUO Di-hi-hi-hid you say the greatest is behind?

MACHOMER uhh...Noooo, I said "take this to my bride" *(Writes a letter)*  
You heard nothing, right?

ROSS Not a thing. BYE!

MACHOMER *(To himself, REVERB)* Stupid Ross. This supernatural solliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good....  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good....  
Cannot be ill, cannot be-

BANQUO Worthy MacHomer, I wait upon your leisure.

MACHOMER *(Out loud)* Can't talk, thinking.  
*(To himself, REVERB)* Ill...good...Ill...good...Ill...good...Ill...GOOD!  
*(Out loud)* Banquo, Banquo, Banquo. Give me your favour!  
My dull brain was wrought with....things forgotten.  
*(To himself, REVERB)* Oh, good cover.  
*(Out loud)* Let us kill the King...D'OH!  
I mean, let us *toward* the King : think upon  
What hath chanced: and at more time,  
let us speak our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO That sounds like a plan, Stan!

MACHOMER Shutup Banquo.

**(Scene 4, MacHomer's castle)****IMAGE FLASH: Marge**

LADY M                    *(Reading)* Hmm... They met me in a day of success. And I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. *(We hear MacHomer's voice reading in V-O)*  
 When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came a missive from the King, who hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which Title before, these Weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with *(Homer's V-O stops)* 'hail King that shalt be' .  
*(“IDEA” SFX)(Laughs)*

**(Scene 5. Outdoors)**

KING                      O worthiest ...eh...

MALCOLM                MacHomer, sir.

KING                      MacHomer! yes. More is thy due, then more than all can pay.

MACHOMER              The service, and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself.

KING                      Aah, brown-nosing your way to the throne, eh? I like your hootzpah!  
 Sons, Kinsmen, and all you visible minorities,...

MINORITY                Tell it like it is, baby.

KING                      Know, We will establish our estate upon Malcolm,  
*(“D’OH!”)* whom we name hereafter The Prince of Cumberland,  
*(Crowd cheers)*  
 From hence to MacHomer's castle at Inverness,  
 And bind us further to you.

MALCOLM                Mmmmm...

KING                      Take me away, Malcolm.

MALCOLM                Very gladly, your worshipfullness.

MACHOMER              The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step  
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,  
 Let not light see my black and deep desires.  
*(Imagines beer)* Mmmmmargh.

**(Scene six. MacHomer's castle)**

*(LADY M starts an evil incantation around cauldron, interrupted by GENTLEWOMAN)*

LADY M                   What? What is it?

**IMAGE FLASH: Lisa**

GENTLEWOMAN       The crass commercialisation of the project makes me sick to my stomach.

LADY M                Oh, lighten up, will you? What is your tidings?

GENTLEWOMAN       The King comes here tonight.

LADY M                O my God! Is not MacHomer with him?

GENTLEWOMAN       So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.

LADY M                Give him tending: He brings great news. *(She cackles evilly)*  
Shoo! Shoo!

*(Raven croaks 4 times)*

                          Hmm, the raven himself is hoarse that croaks the  
Fatal entrance of King Duncan under these battlements.

*(Window crash. Feathers fall, catching shaft of light)*

*(In demonic voice).*  
Come you spirits,  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here  
And fill me from blue hair to toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty...

*(She is interrupted again, this time by MacHomer)*

                          Oh, for crying out loud! What is it this time?  
Oh, MacHomey! I feel now the future in the instant.

MACHOMER            My dearest love, King Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY M                And when goes hence?

MACHOMER            Well, Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY M                *(In demonic voice)* O never, shall Sun that morrow see.

MACHOMER            *(On Voice-over)* Aaaaah!

LADY M                He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This nights great business into my dispatch,  
And MacHomey, don't slouch, you look droopy.

MACHOMER            Aww.. droopy... aww  
**(Scene seven. Outside MacHomer's castle)**

*(SFX of horse walking)*

KING                   Aaaaah, this castle hath a pleasant seat,

The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses. (*evilly*) Whoa! I said WHOA!

MALCOLM Yes, Sir.

KING Hello...

LADY M All our service, In every point twice done,  
And then done double.

KING Malcolm, who is that blue-haired mathematician?

MALCOLM Lady MacHomer, sir.

KING Aaah. Lady MacHomer, eh?  
Fair and Noble hostesse, we are your guest to night.  
Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly,  
And shall continue, our graces towards him...Eeeuch.  
Who wrote this feeble dialogue anyway?

MALCOLM Shakespeare, sir.

KING Fire this Shakespeare fellow

MALCOLM Umm, he's dead, sir.

KING Excellent.

**(Scene eight. Inside)**

*(Sounds of dinner next door)*

MACHOMER If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,  
it were done quickly.  
*(A door slams. We hear the party next door. Enter Lady M)*  
How now? What news?

LADY M King Duncan has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

MACHOMER Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY M Know you not, he has?

MACHOMER We will proceed no further in this 'murdering' business:

LADY M Hmmmmmmm...

MACHOMER ....He hath honored me of late, and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Like..uh.. the guys at the tavern! And Banquo...stupid Banquo

LADY M Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dressed yourself?  
And bla bla bla bla bla bla bla bla

Bla bla bla bla bla  
And live a coward in thine own Esteem?

MACHOMER

Ya, butter's better than cream.

LADY M

Hmm, you're not listening to me.

MACHOMER

Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

LADY M

What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
You were a brave-hearted man.  
Hmmm (*Braveheart dream*)

MACHOMER

Ya, but if we should fail?

LADY M

We faile?... (*Sensually*)  
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not faile...Growr...

MACHOMER

Woohoo! Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
Walla, walla, walla, to the bedroom we go.  
Heh, heh, heh, (*singing away*)  
Macho, Macho-mer! I'm going to be a Macho-mer!

(Scene nine. Castle gardens)

### IMAGE FLASH: Bart

FLEANCE

Oh, man! This role sucks.

BANQUO

He, he, he, how goes the night, Fleance?

FLEANCE

Get bent, man.

BANQUO

A-he, doing a bit of ad-libbin' are you? How about we stick to the ol' scripteroonee?  
How goes the night boy?

FLEANCE

Why couldn't I play MacHomer?  
(*Imagines himself as King*) MacBart! (*Laughs*) I'm outta here. (*Exits*)

DIRECTOR

Allright! All-right! Stop the crickets!! Who is going to play the understudy to Fleance?

KID #1

Uuuuuuh, I can't do it.

KID #2

Yeah, Right. Ha ha.

KID #3

Huh,huh.

KID #4

I-I-I just pee'd in my pants.

KID #5

(*Sucking sounds*) pick me!

KID #6 Oh, pick me! I'm the only true Thespian here!

KERMIT I'm an amphibian.

DIRECTOR NO! NO! NO! You're all terrible! The role of Fleance calls for Charming naivete and saccharine-Oh, forget it!

KID #7 Hi daddy!

DIRECTOR ..Wait a minute, start them crickets!  
Get in there, kid! Go, greased lighting, go, go, go, go, go!

KID #7 Oh, boy!

BANQUO Well, He, he, how's my little Dicaprio-lee-o?  
Ready to tackle the Bard?

KID #7, FLEANCE Okalee-dokalee!

BANQUO *(Theme plays)* Okalee-dokalee-doo!  
How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE The moon is down, I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve?

FLEANCE I take't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts  
That nature gives way to in repose. *(Enter MacHomer)*  
Give me my Bible : who's there?

MACHOMER A friend

BANQUO What Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a bed.

MACHOMER He's not a bed...he's flesh & bone like you and me.

BANQUO It's an expression. It means he's dead tired.

MACHOMER The King is dead?

BANQUO O, no sir, he's sleeping.

MACHOMER Ooooh, sleeping, eh?

BANQUO Well, we've got a date with Mr. Sandman. Toodle-dee-doo!

MACHOMER Stupid Banqu- *(Sees a vision)*

Whoa! Is this a dagger, which I see before me?  
...or a pizza! agrchaa, pizza...  
*(Vision clears up)* ooaah. I see thee still

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 ...or tomato sauce....  
*(Vision clears even more)* Aah! There's no such thing.  
 I go, and it is done: the Bell invites me.  
 Hear it not not, Duncan, for it is a knell,  
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to...a place much worse!  
*(“Hell’s Bells” by AC-DC begins to play)*

KING (recorded) Huh? What's that infernal clanging?...

MACHOMER *(Goes to kill the King)*

KING Guards, Malcolm, help, help! Can't...fight...  
 Release the hounds...Treachery...  
 Oh, you'll pay for this, Mac.....Mac...

MACHOMER MacHomer, is the name.  
*(We hear the dogs barking, and attacking)*  
 ARGH! Die,...dogs...die.

MACHOMER I have done the deed:  
 Did'st thou not hear a noise?

LADY M I heard the owl scream, the crickets cry, and some very loud music.  
 Did not you speak?

MACHOMER When?

LADY M Now.

MACHOMER As I descended?

LADY M I.

MACHOMER Hearke, who lies i'th'second chamber?

LADY Malcolm.

MACHOMER This is a sorry sight.

LADY M A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

MACHOMER Methought I heard a voice cry... “Sleep no more...*(Malcolm’s voice joins him in eerie voice-over)*...Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more – MacHomer shall sleep no more!” *(Knocking)*  
 and I love sleeping

LADY M That’s someone knocking at the gate  
 To come and find us. I’ll smear the dogs with blood,  
 And you, for crying out loud, go wash your hands.

MACHOMER Oh, someone knocking at the gate to ...AAAH!  
*(SFX, running away in a panic, slamming doors)*

**(Scene 10. Gate)**

*(Enter porter, extremely crusty)*

**IMAGE FLASH: Krusty**

PORTER Oooh, knock, knock, knock. If a man were  
 Porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the key.  
 Whatever the hell that means.  
*(Knock)* Knock, knock, knock.  
*(Reads cue cards)*  
 Faith, uuh, waza, waza, waza, I've got nothing to work with here. uuh. *(Knock)* Oh, God!  
*(opens door)* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter. Hey, MacDuff.

*(Enter MacDuff)*

**IMAGE FLASH: Barney**

MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
 That you do lie so late?

PORTER Faith sir, we were carowsing till the second cock. Oh oh, shouldn't have said that word.

RABBI *(Watching him on TV)* That...is not my boy.

PORTER --And drinke, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF What three things does Drinke especially provoke..UUURP!

PORTER Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and Urine.  
 Lecherie, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes  
 The desire, but it takes away the performance. Haheheheh!  
 HI, KIDS! Speaking of PERFORMANCE,  
 HEE-RE'S a little ITCHY & SCRATCHY cartoon!Hahohaaha!

*(Theme, and short, violent cartoon)*

*(Add title to cartoon : Send in the Crowns)*

MACDUFF Ha, ha! Oh, look. Here comes MacHomer.  
 Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

MACHOMER No, he's dead...uh...tired.

MACDUFF I'll go check on him, OK?.*(Exits)*

MACHOMER *(Aside)* Oh, oh. *(To Porter)* Hey, you smell of alcohol.

PORTER Ya, well you've got blood on your hands.

MACHOMER Get outta here.

PORTER Okay *(Exits)*

MACDUFF *(Reenters)* O horror, horror, horror.  
 Approach the chamber, and destroy your sights  
 With a new gorgon. Do not bid me speake:

See, and then speake yourselves: awake, awake!

*(Enter Banquo and everybody else)*

BANQUO            We-he -hell, what's all the hubbub?

LADY M            What's going on?

MACDUFF          O Banquo, Banquo, Our royal Master's murder'd.

BANQUO            The King is dead?

MACDUFF          The King is dead? Oh no!

MALCOLM          What is amiss?

MACDUFF          Your royal Father's murder'd.

MALCOLM          Oh, no! By whom?

ROSS                HI! The Kings hounds, as it seem'd, had don't:  
Their jaws and paws were all badged with blood.  
By Golly, it brought out the dog in me!  
Right, baby?

FLOOZIE            Right, Ross. Rowwwrrrr!

BANQUO            Will if the doggies did the dirty deed,  
Who killed the doggies

MACHOMER        My wife.

LADY M            Homer!

.MACHOMER        Ok it was me.  
Here lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with his golden blood. There, the murdering dogs  
howling at me, *(He demonstrates using shadow puppetry, getting carried away with his  
shadow doggie)* AROOOO! AROOOO! He-he-he-...dog. Anyhoo, so I killed them.  
*(Shocked reactions)*

MACDUFF          Wherefore did you so?

MACHOMER        Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,  
Loyal, and neutral, and kind to animals in a moment? Who, I ask you...  
Whoooooooooooooooooooo....

BANQUO            And Let's have a little pow-wow, and  
Question this most bloody piece of work to know it further.

*(Sounds of everyone saying : "Well contented!")*

MACHOMER        Ah, ya....*(sounds of everyone leaving)* well contented.

LAWYER            Don't worry, MacHomer. MacHutz, attorney-at-law.  
I'm famous for the defense of Richard III,

in the slaying of the Princes, and...

MACHOMER

Hey, didn't he die for those murders?

LAWYER

Oh no. Look! There's a donut!

MACHOMER

Where? *(Lawyer takes off. SFX of leaving)* Aw, there's no donut. *(He sees Malcolm crying)* What are YOU crying for. YOU're the King now.

MALCOLM

You can have the crown. I'm going into therapy.

MACHOMER

*(Watches Malcolm leave)* Ya, so I have the crown...I still don't have a donut. *(To himself, with reverb)* Being King means you can have lots and lots of donuts *(Out loud)* Excellent!

**(Scene 11. Outside MacHomer's castle)**

ROSS

Hi MacDuff! Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF

Those hounds that MacHomer hath slain. You said so yourself!

ROSS

I know but  
Alas the day, What good could those doggies pretend?

MACDUFF

Uh I dunno.  
But now that Malcolm hath stolen away and fled into therapy,  
The suspicion of the deed must fall upon him.

ROSS

Then the sovereignty will fall upon MacHomer.

MACDUFF

Let's check the news...*(Turns on TV)*

ANCHORMAN

And, to conclude, the Scottish group the Proclaimers...  
Twins, or trick photography.....*(Music)* Mmmm, catchy...  
Join us next week, when the burning question will be...  
Is this our new King.....or a potato. That's next week.  
I'm Kent Brockman, for 'My Two Pence'. Goodnight, and Godspeed.

MACDUFF

I guess MacHomer's already named himself King.

ROSS

Will you back home to his investments?

MACDUFF

No, I'll to Moe's Tavern.

ROSS

Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF

*(Pause)* Which means...?

ROSS

I have no idea. BYE!

**(Scene 12. Somewhere in castle)**

MACHOMER

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus:  
Our fears in Banquo stick deep,



MURD #1                   Welcome aboard, Sonny!

MURD#3                   Hearke, I hear horses...he, he.

BANQUO                   *(Voice-over)* Give us a wee-bit'o'light, there, okalee-dokalee?

MURD#2                   A light, a light.

MURD#3                   Tis hee.

BANQUO                   *(Entering with Fleance)* Well hey, strangers. What's with the old traperoonee?

MURD#2                   Let it come down!

BANQUO                   O, trecherie! Flye good Fleance, flye, flye,  
 flodledeedoodleedoddlee--  
*(M#2: He is not shutting up! M"3: Hit him with the ax! M#2: OK!)*  
 doodleefloddle--agh!

*(We hear a swirling vortex sound, ending in a blackout)*

MURD#3                   Whoa, who did strike out the light?  
 I can't see anything.

MURD#2                   There's but one down: Fleance is fled.

MURD#3                   Oh, man, we lost the little dude.

MURD#2                   Well, let us hide Banquo's battered body.

MURD#1                   Who's Banquo? Where am I? What's this dead guy doing here?...

*(The narrator begins to sing on VOICE-OVER, while Rick positions himself for puppet show)*

NARRATOR               If you fell asleep, if you're a little slow.  
 Listen while I summarize the first part of MacHooooo-mer...

*(We hear the Summary of part one sung with the puppets on the live video feed)*

etc...etc...etc...  
 That was Part One!!

## \*\*\*\*\* A C T II \*\*\*\*\*

**(Scene 1. Banquet)**

MACHOMER            You know your own degrees, sit down:  
 At first and last, the hearty welcome.  
 Our self will mingle with society,  
 And play the humble host....*(Enter murderers)*  
 And go talk to..those bloody guys over there.

ROSS                    HI, Mr. Connery! What brings you here?

CONNERY                It's the Scottish Play; I figure  
 there should at least be one true Scot in it!

TOKEN SCOT            What am I? A horse's arss?

MACHOMER             *(To murderers)* There's blood upon thy face.

MURD #3                'Tis Banquo-Dude's then.

MACHOMER             Is he dispatched?

MURD #3                His throat is cut, that I did for him.

MACHOMER             Thou art the best o'th'cut-throats, hi hi hi...get it? Cut – throat... Ha ha ha ha  
*(They laugh, nervously)*

MURD #1                Should we tell him the kid escaped?

MACHOMER             D'OH! *(‘HA HA!’ in background)* But Banquo's safe?

MURD #2                I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

MACHOMER             Thanks for nothing!

LADY M                 My royal Lord, you do not give the cheer.

MACHOMER             Oh yes, the cheer! Here were now everything fine and dandy  
 Were good ol' Banquo present

ROSS                    Pleas't your highness to grace us with your Royal Company?

MACHOMER             The table's full.

ROSS                    Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACHOMER             Where?

ROSS                    Here my good Lord.  
 What is't that moves your highness?

*(We see a projection on video of Rick as bloody Banquo's ghost)*  
 BANQUO*(Ghost)*        He, He, Hey good lookin'!

MACHOMER            Which of you have done this?  
 Thou canst not say that I did it: never shake  
 Thy goary locks at me.

*(Pause)*

CONNERY             Gentlemen rise, his highness is not well.

LADY M                Sit worthy friends: my Lord is often thus,  
 And hath been since... beer prices came down. Pray you keep seat.  
*(To MacHomer)* Why do you make such faces?  
 When all's done you look but on an empty stool.

MACHOMER           Behold, look, our graves send  
 Those that we bury, back.

LADY M                What? Quite unmanned in folly.

MACHOMER           I'th'olden time, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
 And there an end: But now they rise again.

LADY M                My worthy Lord, Your Noble friends do lack you... hint, hint.

MACHOMER           Do not muse at me my most worthy friends,  
 I have a.....strange infirmity  
*(To himself, REVERB)* Oh,slick as ever.  
*(To all)* I drink to the general joy o'th'whole table  
 --And to our dear friend Banquo,  
 Whom we dissed—uh...--MISS! Miss, miss:  
 To all, and him we thirst, and all to all.

*(Banquo's ghost appears again onscreen)*

BANQUO              *(Onscreen)* Flye good Fleance, flye, flye, flodledeedoodleedoddlee—

MACHOMER           Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:  
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold...  
*(Relaxing)* Why so, being gone I am a man again: I SPILLT MY BEER!  
*(Licking feverishly)* Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu...

ROSS                    What sights, my Lord?

LADY M                I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse  
 at once, goodnight. Hmmm...

CONNERY              Uh, you missed a spot. Ha, ha, ha,....

HECKLER #1           *(From box above, like Muppet guys)* Hey, what's that Connery  
 Guy doing here?

HECKLER #2           Well, stars like to come on the show to show that they have a  
 Sense of humour, and to boost their careers.

HECKLER #1           Kinda like on the muppet show, huh?

HECKLER #2                   Kinda feels like we're on the muppet show, what with these luxury boxes and all! *(They laugh)*

**(Scene 2. Witches' lair)**

*(RAP music starts again. We switch to a live video feed from a camera inside the smoking cauldron. Witches use PROPS for this scene)*

ALL                            Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

HECATE                       Fillet of ye fenny snake,  
In ye cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog, *(Hey!)*  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog.  
Harf, harf, arf, arf.

ALL                            Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

WITCH #2                     Finger of Birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Oh God, that's disgusting! Geez!

ALL                            Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

WITCH #3                     Cool it with a baboon's blood;  
Then the charm is firm .....and good!

WITCH #2                     Don't drink it, Rub-a-dub.

*(Video feed off)*

MACHOMER                   Must..find...weird...sisters.  
*(Knocks a door down to find Selma and Patty)*  
AAAH!

PATTY                         Get lost!

SELMA                        He already is lost. Heh heh, heh heh heh. ....

PATTY                         Oh, that's priceless. Hm hm, hm, hm...

MACHOMER                   Euch! Wrong weird sisters,....um...  
How now you secret, black, and midnight hags?  
What is't you do?

HECATE                        A deed without a name

MACHOMER                   Twister? Yuck!! Well, I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me--

To what I ask you.

HECATE                   Come high or low: Thyself and office deftly show.

*(Whoosh sound. 1st apparition. Rick actually steps into cauldron, with smoke all around)*

APPARITION #1       MacHomer, MacHomer, MacHomer: Beware MacDuffe,  
Beware the Thane of Fife! dismiss me. Enough. That is all.

MACHOMER            What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more--

WITCH #3             He will not be commanded: har's another  
More potent than the first.

*(Whoosh. Second Apparition)*

APPARITION #2       MacHomer, MacHomer, MacHomer

MACHOMER            MacBain, MacBain, MacBain.

APPARITION #2       Ya, dat's me. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: Laugh to scorn  
The power of man: for none of girlie-woman born  
Shall harm MacHomer. *(Exits)*

MACHOMER            HA! HA! HA! Then live MacDuff: what need I fear of thee? thou art of girlie woman born!

*(Whoosh. Third Apparition)*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,  
O.J. Simpson? Get the hell outta here

MURDERER #4        Hear me out, man! Us Simpsons gotta stick together.

MACHOMER            Ya, but you're a killer, and I'm a ... killer. Wait a minute!

APPARITION #3       *(From cauldron)* Would you please come down from there.  
This is my turn in the spotlight. *(Pulls O.J. down, and pops up)*

MACHOMER            Sideshow Bob!

APPARITION #3       Yes, yes. Now where's my 'whoosh'. The other two got a 'whoosh',  
how come I -- *(Whoosh)* Thank you.  
MacHomer shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Byrnem Wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
Shall come against him. Thank you, th—

MACHOMER            *(Knocking on the door. 'Police, open up!'. SFX: Lid falls on head)*  
*(Nervously)* Police? Uh-oh....Hello!

POLICE #1            Allright you scumbag, you're under arrest for the grizzly murders of King Duncan,  
his hound, and your best friend.

POLICE #2 Hey, Chief! There's a couple of chicks in their underwear next door

POLICE #3 Ya, real babes.

POLICE #1 Oo-ho-hooo, boy!  
Hahahaha.....uh....underwear eh?  
Ha... Just don't do it again, ok?  
Let's hit the road, boys!

MACHOMER O-kaaay... So where was I? MacDuff, the born of woman thing, and the moving wood...  
My heart throbs to know one thing: tell me,  
Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?

*(We see the children of Banquo multiply)*

Wait a minute! I'm beginning to detect a pattern here. Those are Banquo's kids....Shutup!!  
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo...DOWN!!! GO AWAY!! GO AWAY!

*(He goes nuts trying to make them disappear, and they all do so in a series of 'Whooshes'. Lightning)*

MACHOMER Where are they? Gone!

Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.  
The Castle of MacDuff, I will surprise,  
Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o'the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. That sounds like a lot of work!..

APPARITION #3 Is he gone yet?

APPARITION #2 Ya, he vent to kill MacDuff's innocent family.

APPARITION #1 Let's get outta here. I'm sweating like a pig.

MURDERER #4 I tell you guys, I'm innocent.

APPARITION #2 Oh, just shutup...put a lid on it, Simpson, you stupid ass.

*(The slaying of MacDuff's family happens onscreen. Last kill is Kenny from South Park.)*

NARRATOR You're a mean one, MacHomer  
Your heart's a stinky turd  
Your mind is Machiavellian, though you can't pronounce the word  
MacHomer

MACHOMER Macia-roni, macarena

NARRATOR Not only have you killed MacDuff's entire kin, you killed Kenny, you BASTARD!

**(Scene 3. Moe's tavern)**

*(This entire scene has a laugh track)*



O hell-kite! All? What, all my pretty chickens,  
And their damme at one fell swoop? (*Audience 'aaww's' in sympathy*)

ROSS Yes, chickens and all.

MACDUFF No, that was a metaphor.

BARFLY #1 Dispute it like a man.

TOKEN SCOT (*Tearing off his shirt*) Dis-PUU-te it like a man!

BARFLY #2 Pelee a lo hombre. Una cerveza, senior?

MACDUFF Muchas Gracias senior. (*Drinks beer, SFX gulp and "Buuuurp!"*)  
Gentle heavens, cut short all intermission: Front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself  
Within my ... MUG's length set him;  
I'm swearing off beer, cuz my family's dead.  
And in this mug, I'll fit MacHomer's fat head! (*Cheers*)  
Oh, oh. My heart just stopped.... Oh, there it goes.

**(Scene 4. Garden)**

MURD #3 I have two nights watched with you dudes,  
but can perceive no truth in your report.  
When did Lady M. last walked?

MURD #1 Since his Majesty went to Dunsinane hill, I have seen her  
rise from her bed, throw on her Night-Gown, chop off her hair,...  
I can't remember. Leave me alone.

MURD #2 Lo you, here she is coming:  
and upon my life fast asleep: observe her, stand close.

MURD #3 Gnarly. How came she by that light?

MURD #2 She has light by her continually,

MURD #3 Whoa! Look how she rubs her hands.

LADY M Out damned spot: out I say.  
(*Hand Falls off after too much rubbing*)  
Whoops, ripped my hand off!  
One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do it:  
Fie, my Lord, Fie, what need we fear?  
Who knows it, when none can call  
(*Satan voice*) OUR POWER to accompt.

MURD #2 Great Krishna! Mark that voice change!

MURD #3 Cool!

LADY M To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:  
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:

What's done cannot be undone... except my hand. To bed, to bed, to bed. *(Exits)*

MURD #3 Will she go now to bed?

MURD #2 Directly.

MURD #3 Woooh! She needs a hand...ha, ha!

MURD #2 *(Picking up hand)* That is utterly disgraceful, but also very humorous. You deserve a hand...*(They laugh)*

MURD #3 I gotta hand it to you, man.

MURD #2 God, forgive us all. *(He puts the hand in the cauldron. SFX: TRASH CAN)*

MURD #1 I'm going home...I'm cold and frightened.

**(Scene 5. Helicopter and church)**

*(SFX Helicopter sputtering, then stopping)*

TRAFFIC GUY Up in the sky, it appears that MacHomer and his entourage have retreated to Dunsinane Castle, and I am sitting in a helicopter, which has not – I repeat NOT – been invented yet.....AAAH! *(SFX: Crash)*

PREACHER We remember Arnie Pie...Mmmmm.....  
What's the point, Lord, there's nobody here. I'm leaving!

SHORT MAN *(From his church pew)* Ooooh, forgotten again.

**(Scene 6. Dunsinane)**

MACHOMER Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:  
Sideshow Bob said :Till Byrnam wood come to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear.

CONSCIENCE I'm scared.

MACHOMER Shutup!

CONSCIENCE Okay, I'm sleepy.

MACHOMER Ya, me too. Doctor? How does your patient?

MURD #3 She's getting out of hand! ...ha... she's crazy!

MACHOMER Cure her of that!

MURD #3 I dunno how!

MACHOMER Can'st thou not pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?

MURD #3 Uhhhh...*(Dream sequence, like a quiz show)*

HOST                                Okay, Otto-man, for one million dollars, find the correct reply to:  
How does one pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow? Contestant #1.

DOCTOR #1                        With a sharp scalpel....Hi, everybody!

DOCTOR #2                        No, with intensive acupuncture and choc therapy.

DOCTOR #3                        Good evening, uh, with my new 'Sorrow Retriever Lever'  
uh, okay, uh, you just take the, uh, lever, and...*(Breaks)* damn.

DOCTOR #4                        He, he, he, no, no, no, Otto, therein the patient must minister  
to herself.

*(End of dream)*

MURDERER #3                    Uh...what was the question again?

MACHOMER                        Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it.  
Come put mine armour on:  
Doctor, Pull't off I say, on, off, on, off, on, off

MURD #3                            Dammit, man. I'm a doctor, not a light switch!

MACHOMER                        I will not be afraid of death and Bane,  
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

### **(Scene 7. Birnam Wood)**

*(MacDuff is training, coached by Willie)*

WILLIE                                Work it, ya fat pile of crap! Yer a bum, yer not worthy to play a Scotsman!

MACDUFF                            61, 62

ROSS                                 *(Swinging a golf club)* I prefer golf. Much more relaxing, ...and more Scottish!

MACDUFF                            What kind of club is that?

ROSS                                 It's a wood.  
*(Mimes a club swing, and lets it go. SFX: Flying club)*  
Whoops!

### **(Scene8. Dunsinane)**

*(The club is heard crashing into a window. SFX: Crash, woman screaming)*

MACHOMER                        Wherefore was that cry?

MURD #2                            The Queen has been struck by a golf club projectile.

MACHOMER                        What kind of golf club?

MURD #2                            A wood.



MACHOMER            Let fall thy mug on vulnerable crests,  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born...Yadda-dadda-da-da.

MACDUFF             Dispair thy charm. MacDuff was from  
His mother's womb untimely riiiiiiiiiiiiipped.

MACHOMER           D'oh! *(With Big Echo effect: d'oh...d'oh...d'oh..., turns into evil Vader music)*  
MacDuff, give in to your hate. Embrace the Dark side of the Force.  
Join me, I.....AM....YOUR....DRINKING BUDDY!!

MACDUFF             That's IMPOSSIBLE! Yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o'th'time.

MACHOMER           Though Byrnan wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,  
I throw my warlike...hand. Lay on MacDuff, Duff, Duff.  
*(Imagines him as a large beer) mmmmmmmmm.....Duuufffff*

MACDUFF             Hey, why are you looking at me like that?

*(Slo-mo fight to Moby's "Why does my heart feel so bad". We see MacHomer's head being lobbed off by the beer mug)*

MACDUFF             Haile King Fleance, for so thou art.  
Behold where stands the usurper's cursed head: the time is free.  
Hail, King of Scotland. Hail! Hail! ...Hey, where's Fleance?

KING                 Sitting on a pile of gold. Like I always say:  
When the author's dead, and you feel you've been jipped,  
You can count on a bribe, to modify the script!  
*(Big boos)* Ha! I'm the King, and it's the end of the play. Fie, on all you purists!

***(Thunder and lightning on screen. Rick switches to Live video feed)***

RICK                 Hi, I'm actor Troy McClure! You might remember me from other Simpsons do  
Shakespeare classics, like "Othell-D'Oh!", "King Beer", and "Mmm...Ham-Let".  
We can't end the show on a tragic note like that, can we? Here's something completely  
unrelated to Macbeth: we've gathered the entire cast of MacHomer to sing you that anthem  
of philanthropy, "WE ARE THE WORLD".

*(Rick sings WE ARE THE WORLD with Simpsons images in the background, ending on "D'OH!")*

*(Backstage Technician pushes pause on VCR)*

*(Bows? Or perhaps lead right into BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY, which will be on CD.*

*NB: The CD and VCR should be started at the same time (approx.), since there is a smoky background image that accompanies the DJ voice-over, and only the V-O.*

*NB: There are 5 seconds of black between 'WE ARE THE WORLD', and 'BOHEMIAN smoke' on tape)*

**Finale: BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY (on CD)**

*(with Backstage Tech pushing PLAY on VCR for intro V-O, then PAUSE when music starts)*

DJ(voice over) I'm your DJ Shadow Fax, and it's time for another classic cut with a twist (WITH A TWIST!)  
This one's a benefit for Sally Struthers and her hungry African friends (HUNGRY AFRICANS!)  
Here is Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody* sung by 25 of the most annoying voices in the music industry  
such as Bob Dylan

Neil Young  
Michael Bolton  
Elvis Costello  
Willie Nelson  
Johnny Cash  
Jon Bon Jovi  
Tom Waits  
Neil Diamond  
Aaron Neville  
Colm Wilkinson (of Les Miz)  
Barney The Dinosaur  
Aerosmith  
Meatloaf  
Crash Test Dummies  
Tom Petty  
Beck  
AC/DC  
Metallica  
Rolling Stones  
Ozzy Osborne  
Julio Iglesias  
Bobby McFerrin  
Andrea Bocelli  
Guns 'N Roses: ...Nothing really matters, except Meeeeeeeeee (*he gives the finger to audience and falls*)

THE END

*(Backstage Technician pushes PLAY on VCR, and [www.MacHomer.com](http://www.MacHomer.com) promo appears for 4 minutes, while audience walks out.*

*NB: There are 5 seconds of black between 'BOHEMIAN smoke' and 'www.MacHomer.com promo' on tape)*