

THE WEIRD SISTERS ON HOLIDAY

By Dwayne Yancey

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Cast of 12 — 6 female, 4 male, 2 non-gender)

MOLLY (F)	One of the weird sisters, the disgruntled one
POLLY (F)	One of the weird sisters, the practice one, who cooks and bets on sporting events
HOLLY (F)	One of the weird sisters, who's space and romantic
DUNCAN (M)	The leader of a band of college guys at the beach
MACDUFF (M)	One of the college guys at the beach
MACBETH (M)	One of the college guys at the beach
BRENT (M)	One of the college guys at the beach
FAN 1 (F)	A fan of the weird sisters
FAN 2 (F)	A fan of the weird sisters
LADY MACBETH (F)	Girlfriend of one of the college guys at the beach
PAPARAZZI 1 (NG)	
PAPARAZZI 2 (NG)	

SET

Suggestion of a beach.

PROPS

Beach gear — chairs, sunscreen, etc.

Picnic basket for the weird sisters

A radio and earphone for Polly

A bottle of soda to spray

A knife for Lady Macbeth

Autograph books for the fans

Cameras for the paparazzi

Something to make a flash and bang when Molly casts her spell

Frogs (real or plastic)

COSTUMES

It would help if the Weird Sisters had a gothic look about them – something black that would be completely inappropriate for a beach.

THE WEIRD SISTERS ON HOLIDAY

by
Dwayne Yancey

The THREE WITCHES of Macbeth fame sun themselves on a beach. THEY may wear beach wear, if you wish, but should still be recognizable as witches — perhaps witches with a gothic bent. Black leather. Chains. All that. HOLLY wears sunglasses; the OTHERS can too. MOLLY is ill-adjusted to the fame that has come from the Macbeth episode; POLLY is the practical one who seems to know everything; HOLLY is spacey but comfortable with her past. POLLY has an earpiece that's plugged into a radio. SHE's listening to a sports broadcast. SHE might be eating something, too.

MOLLY: So, whaddya wanna do tonight?

POLLY: I dunno. Whaddya you wanna do?

HOLLY: You mean the three of us?

MOLLY: Of course, I mean the three of us. Who do you think I mean?

HOLLY: Well, I dunno. It's hard to see with these sunglasses. I thought you might have been talking to someone else. You're always talking to people.

MOLLY: Look, I'm not having some vision, OK? We're on holiday. We're off the clock. No visions.

HOLLY: Chill, Molly, chill. You could have been talking to one of our fans.

MOLLY: Little snot-nosed brats. They're as bad as the paparazzi.

POLLY: Can you hand me some more of that sunscreen?

MOLLY: Always shoving a piece of paper in your face expecting you to sign it.

HOLLY: They're not that bad. Some of 'em are rather sweet, if you ask me.

(Either MOLLY or HOLLY hands POLLY the sunscreen.)

POLLY: Thanks.

MOLLY: Or worse, expecting you to conjure up some kind of charm right then and there. Like we're some kind of common street magician.

POLLY: I think I'm burning. Am I burning, Molly?

MOLLY: *(replying to POLLY)* Maybe a little. *(Now speaking to both)* I mean, I'm not a fortune teller!

HOLLY: You did pretty good with that Macbeth fellow.

POLLY: It's heck being Scottish, you know? We don't tan well, do we?

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MOLLY: You know what I mean. Besides, we're not supposed to do that kind of thing anymore.

HOLLY: Correction: We're not supposed to get caught doing that kind of thing anymore. There's a difference.

MOLLY: I don't know what the big deal with that Macbeth thing is anyway. It's all the fault of that English writer fellow. He just blew it all out of proportion.

POLLY: Actually, we got in trouble long before he came around. You remember Hecate, the head witch?

MOLLY: Details, details. Don't get me started, OK? He made us out to be hags. "Secret black and midnight hags." Can you believe that? That's what he said.

POLLY: It's called literary license, Molly. Get used to it.

HOLLY: It think it's kind of sexy.

MOLLY: It's called libel if you asked me.

HOLLY: I think it makes us sound, you know, dangerous. Wicked.

MOLLY: Now we've got to deal with all these autograph hounds and photographers jumping out of the bushes and I don't know what all.

Tell me the truth, Polly: Do you think I should get a nose job?

HOLLY: Say, anybody wanna go swimming?

MOLLY: What?

HOLLY: Swimming. You know. Like this. (*SHE demonstrates.*)

MOLLY: Holly! We're witches. We don't go swimming.

HOLLY: Well, we could float.

POLLY: Floating's not swimming.

HOLLY: It's sorta like swimming.

MOLLY: You know what the problem with swimming is? You get wet!

HOLLY: Well, it's not like we're gonna melt if we get wet, are we? I mean, I heard that was just an old wive's tale anyway.

MOLLY: I just don't want the water to mess up my hair. The tabloids would have a field day.

HOLLY: Well, why are we wearing swimsuits if we're not here to swim?

MOLLY: Holly, you're weird.

POLLY: We're all weird, remember?

MOLLY: Whatever. It's supposed to storm this afternoon anyway.

POLLY: Really? I thought you said you were off the clock? No visions?

MOLLY: It wasn't a vision. I heard it on the Weather Channel.

POLLY: Oh.

HOLLY: What kind of storm?

MOLLY: You know, the usual. Thunder, lightning, rain.

HOLLY: We could go out clubbing tonight. You know, meet some guys.

MOLLY: Hope they're an improvement on the ones we've got back home.

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(MACBETH and BRENT enter, carrying drinks and snacks. MACBETH is already eating some, with abandon. BOTH are wearing kilts and football jerseys, or some other clothing to indicate THEY're soccer fans.)

MACBETH: *(shouting to some friends off-stage, ahead of him)* Hey guys, look at this! Look what they had down at the store! Whoo-hoo! King-size!

(HE holds up a bag of some kind of junk food.)

BRENT: Hey, gimme those.

MACBETH: Hey, bet you can't do this.

(HE fills his mouth with the junk food, then takes his hands and presses his cheeks in, crushing the food in his mouth. Naturally, some crumbs get spit out.)

BRENT: Oh, that's gross.

MACBETH: Yeah, isn't it great! Saves me the trouble of chewing!

BRENT: Come on, Mac. Or we're gonna miss the second half kick-off.

MACBETH: Wanna see me do it with the *(insert name of another snack food.)*

BRENT: You're making a king-sized mess, that's what you're making.

MACBETH: I bet Duncan can't do that. You ever seen Duncan do this?

BRENT: No, now come on.

MACBETH: I don't know how Duncan got to be president of the fan club anyway. He's so lame. I'm the one who has to bring all the munchies. Hey, look at this —

BRENT: Here, let me have one of the *(insert name of soda.)*

MACBETH: Not that one. I shook that one up. You know, like champagne! Pzzzzzt!

(MACBETH uses his hands to explain how HE intends for the soda to fizz everywhere. HE and BRENT exit.)

MOLLY: Or not.

HOLLY: What was that all about?

POLLY: There's a big soccer match going on in town.

HOLLY: Oh, so now you're having visions, huh?

POLLY: No. Listening to it on ESPN radio.

MOLLY: Who's playing?

POLLY: Scotland versus Norway.

MOLLY: Great. We came all this way on holiday and what do we find, more guys from Scotland!

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HOLLY: What's wrong with that? I mean, other than the fact they wear dresses?

MOLLY: Those are kilts, Holly. Kilts.

HOLLY: Oh.

MOLLY: And in case you hadn't noticed, Holly — they're idiots!

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Tied up, nil nil.

HOLLY: So the fact that so many of them are named Bruce — that doesn't mean, you know — ?

MOLLY: Uh uh.

HOLLY: Oh. Silly me.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Just a few minutes left in the game. You know what that means.

HOLLY: No, what's it mean?

(*Optional trim begins here.*)

MOLLY: It's just an old family name. You know, like Robert the Bruce. I don't know why they say "the Bruce," though. Maybe "the" is a middle name, for all I know.

HOLLY: Not that. What Polly was saying.

(*Optional trim ends here.*)

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Oh, man, this is a real battle. Norway's got the ball — Norway's driving toward the Scottish goal —

MOLLY: Spare us the play by play, Polly.

POLLY: Oh, all right. It just means when the game's up, everybody's gonna spill out of the stadium and all the bars downtown are gonna be packed. It's gonna be nuts getting a table tonight with all that hurley-burley going on.

MOLLY: I see.

HOLLY: I wouldn't mind coming back to the beach tonight. You know, watch the sunset. That's so romantic to watch the sun going down over the water.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Scotland just intercepted a pass!

MOLLY: Maybe the storm will have passed by then.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Scotland's driving downfield!

HOLLY: So you wanna come back tonight. You know, sit up on the dunes?

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Scotland's got a man in position!

MOLLY: We could do that.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Pass it, you fool! Pass the ball!

HOLLY: Cook some 'smores.

MOLLY: Smores?!

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POLLY: (*listening to the game*) He passes!

HOLLY: Or maybe Polly wants to cook up some soup or something in her cauldron. We could have soup for supper.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Take the shot! Take the shot!

HOLLY: I just like cooking out on the beach.

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Scotland scores!

HOLLY: Maybe meet some guys and you know —

POLLY: (*listening to the game*) Scotland wins!

MOLLY: What guys? Those guys? Pshaw. Those guys are idiots.

POLLY: I knew it! I just knew it!

(*POLLY takes out a cellphone and starts dialing.*)

HOLLY: Not when I get through with them.

MOLLY: What do you mean, when you get through with them?

HOLLY: You know.

MOLLY: No, I don't know.

HOLLY: You know!

MOLLY: No, I don't know!

POLLY: (*on the phone*) Lemme talk to Nigel. Tell him Polly's calling.

MOLLY: What are you talking about?

HOLLY: A little black magic, a little Love Potion Number Nine and next thing you know, poof, I've got you under my spell.

POLLY: (*on the phone*) Ha! Did you see that goal! Am I good or what?

MOLLY: That doesn't seem quite fair, you know.

HOLLY: Fair? All's fair in love and war.

POLLY: (*on the phone*) So, OK, let's talk about the races at Derby this weekend. I want to put a quid on each one.

MOLLY: So fair is foul?

HOLLY: And foul is fair.

POLLY: (*on the phone*) . . . And I like Charlie's Girl in the fifth; I don't care what the racing form says . . .

MOLLY: That used to be our song. Remember?

HOLLY: Remember what?

POLLY: (*on the phone*) I just have a good feeling about Charlie's Girl. You know I like to play my hunches.

MOLLY: Oh, come on, you remember. Repeat after me: Fair is foul.

HOLLY: Fair is foul.

MOLLY and HOLLY: Fair is foul, and foul is fair! Fair is foul and foul is fair! Fair is foul and foul is fair!

POLLY: (*covering the mouthpiece*) Heads up, girls.

MOLLY and HOLLY: Fair is foul, and foul is —

MOLLY: What did you say?

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POLLY: *(back on the phone)* OK, now in the sixth, let's try for the triple exacta there.

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT enter, celebrating. BRENT carries a bottle of soda he's shook up. MOLLY and HOLLY stand, mouths agape.)

MACBETH: Whoo-hoo! Whoo-hoo!

DUNCAN: We're number one! We're number one! Come on, everybody.

DUNCAN, MACBETH, MACDUFF and BRENT: We're number one!

We're number one! We're number one.

MACBETH: Hey, gimme that!

DUNCAN, MACDUFF and BRENT: We're number one! We're number one! We're number one.

(MACBETH grabs the soda from BRENT, takes off the top, and the contents spray out on MACDUFF.)

MACBETH: Whoo-hoo! Whoo-hoo!

MACDUFF: Hey, you're getting me all wet!

MACBETH: It'll wash off.

MACDUFF: You do that again and I'm gonna come whip your —

MACBETH: You can't touch me!

MACDUFF: And why not?

MACBETH: Here's why!

(MACBETH sprays more soda on MACDUFF.)

MACDUFF: Hey!

MACBETH: Come on now, don't be a mama's boy. Take it like a man.

MACDUFF: Hey, don't be talking about my mama now.

(EVERYONE stops, realizing MACBETH has made a faux pas.)

BRENT: Hey, that was a low blow, Mac. You know his mama's, you know —

MACBETH: Sorry. No offense, Duff.

DUNCAN: Come on everybody, just chill, OK? We're number one! We're number one!

DUNCAN, MACBETH and BRENT: We're number one! We're number one!

DUNCAN: *(to MACDUFF)* Come on, he didn't mean anything. We're number one! We're number one!

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DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT: We're number one!
We're number one! We're number one!

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT exit.)

MOLLY: What in the world — ?

POLLY: *(hanging up the phone)* Man, that was close.

MOLLY: *(referring to the soda)* You're telling me! I almost got soaked!

POLLY: I'm talking about the game.

MOLLY: Oh.

HOLLY: You know, that one on the left was kinda cute.

POLLY: I mean, I knew all along Scotland was going to pull it out in the end, but I was beginning to wonder there for awhile.

MOLLY: I didn't know you were such a sports fan, Polly.

POLLY: Oh, I'm not. But I had a hundred pounds riding on it with a bookie from back home.

MOLLY: You're betting on the games?

POLLY: Of course. I mean, what's the point of having all these powers if you can't have a little fun from time to time?

HOLLY: I thought you had fun turning handsome princes into frogs.

POLLY: Yeah, yeah, that, too. Except there's no money in that.

HOLLY: It'd be a lot more fun if we could turn frogs into handsome princes. You know, just any old frog. Not just the ones that have been enchanted. We could go down to the swamp and just wave our wands and — poof — instant bachelorette party!

POLLY: Oh well. Life's not fair, is it?

MOLLY: What'd I tell you? Fair is foul —

MOLLY and HOLLY: And foul is fair.

MOLLY, POLLY and HOLLY: Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Fair is foul and foul is fair. Fair is foul and foul is fair!

MOLLY: Whoa, wait a minute.

HOLLY: What is it?

MOLLY: You're using your magic powers to make money betting on sporting events?

POLLY: Sure. Let me give you a tip. Next year's Super Bowl? Put your money on the *(insert name of pro football team.)* Fifty to one shot; it'll pay off big time.

HOLLY: Thanks.

POLLY: In fact, that reminds me. *(SHE calls on her cellphone again.)*

HOLLY: Wait — who are the *(insert name of pro football team)?*

MOLLY: And you're using your powers to get guys to fall in love with you?

HOLLY: Or at least a strong like.

MOLLY: Oh.

POLLY: *(on the phone)* Nigel? Polly here again.

HOLLY: And only until the charm wears off.

MOLLY: Oh.

POLLY: *(on the phone)* Listen, I want to get in early on the *(name of team cited above.)*

HOLLY: Sometimes I mess up and they really do turn into frogs.

MOLLY: Oh. What do you do then?

HOLLY: I give 'em to Polly.

POLLY: *(on the phone)* You heard me; don't worry about the point spread; take whatever you can get.

MOLLY: Why?

HOLLY: I dunno. She just knows all that outdoorsy kind of stuff.

MOLLY: What do you do with 'em?

POLLY: *(hanging up her cellphone)* With what?

MOLLY: The frogs that Holly gives you.

POLLY: Oh, those. I make cuisses de grenouilles.

MOLLY: Cuisses de what?

POLLY: Cuisses de grenouilles. Frog legs.

MOLLY: You eat them?

POLLY: Sure, why not?

HOLLY: You eat my little princes?

POLLY: You don't expect me to live on haggis *(alternate: swine)*, do you?

HOLLY: You eat my handsome little prince charmings?!

POLLY: Sauteed, dipped in flour, served with butter and garlic? Mmm!
(SHE puts her fingers to her lips.)

HOLLY: Oh no!

POLLY: I mean, the recipe calls for "eye of newt and toe of frog" but I figure, heck, if it works so well with the toe, why not just throw the whole thing in there? Just a regular amphibian stew, you know?

HOLLY: I think I'm going to be sick.

POLLY: Or you can just fry 'em up like chicken. They taste pretty much the same.

MOLLY: Oh man, this is really depressing.

POLLY: What? They're just frogs. I mean, I guess I could turn 'em back into princes, but handsome princes are so overrated anyway.

MOLLY: It's not that, it's just that —

POLLY: Just what?

MOLLY: Just that you two are having a lot more fun with your magic powers than I am mine. I mean, Holly there, you're making men fall in love with you. Polly, you're using yours to cash in.

HOLLY: You could at least TRY to turn them back into handsome princes!

MOLLY: But look at me? What am I doing with my magic powers?

POLLY: Dunno. What are you doing with them?

MOLLY: Well, not much. I mean, after that whole Macbeth business, when they had that big witch council, they told us to steer clear of anything to do with mortals unless it was specifically authorized in writing — in triplicate!

POLLY: You ride a broom?

MOLLY: What?

POLLY: Do you ride a broom?

MOLLY: No! What a cliché. Geez.

POLLY: Just asking. Racing's big these days. If I knew how fast you could take the turns at Martinsville, I'd put money on you.

HOLLY: I don't think Molly's the racing type.

POLLY: So what have you been doing for fun?

MOLLY: I've conjured up a few storms here or there. Blown a few ships off course. That's allowed, isn't it?

POLLY: Shipwrecks are good. So are tornadoes, floods, typhoons, earthquakes, all that. Anything you can buy insurance against — that's just another form of gambling. Say, you wanna hand me that little plastic tub?

(Either HOLLY or MOLLY hands her a plastic container from out of the picnic basket.)

MOLLY: But it just seems so, I don't know, so insubstantial. And everything I'm doing seems more like work. You two are actually having fun with your powers.

POLLY: Sounds like Holly's the one having the most fun. *(SHE takes a chicken leg out of the plastic container and starts gnawing on it.)*

HOLLY: I was until I found out you were dunking all my dates in the deep-fat frier!

MOLLY: I need to have more fun.

POLLY: Hey, don't look at me. This really is a chicken leg. Want some?

(The OTHERS refuse.)

Actually, it's a wing. Howlet's wing. Close enough.

MOLLY: I miss the old days. Witchcraft meant something then.

POLLY: Yeah, getting burned at the stake. No thanks.

MOLLY: I mean, people really believed in witches then. Witches were scary! Nowadays when people hear "witch," what do they think of? Sabrina!

HOLLY: Or Buffy the Vampire Slayer!

POLLY: I've got some Anne Rice novels here if that'll make you feel any better.

MOLLY: I mean, we had some good times back then. Didn't we have some good times?

(The OTHERS agree).

Predicting the future, overthrowing kings, monkeying around with mortals' minds, now that was fun!

HOLLY: Wasn't that also, like, you know, illegal? Didn't we get in trouble for that?

POLLY: Yeah, double secret probation. Just like in "Animal House."

HOLLY: Speaking of "Animal House" —

MOLLY: That English writer fellow didn't write that, too, did he?

HOLLY: No, but I think those guys could have been in it.

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT enter.)

DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT: *(singing)* Scotland Forever! Scotland Forever! Scotland Forever! Whoo-hoo!

(After singing, THEY high-fiving, then resume singing.)

DUNCAN: Come on guys, one more time!

DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT: *(singing)* Scotland Forever! Scotland Forever! Scotland Forever!

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT exit.)

MOLLY: All we did was tell that Macbeth fellow what was going to happen; it's not like we made him do it.

POLLY: Heisenberg Principle.

MOLLY: Heisen-what?

HOLLY: Is that like one of those German beers?

POLLY: Heisenberg Principle. It's from physics. It's the idea that simply by observing something you change it. That's how we got in trouble.

HOLLY: Oh. I thought we got in trouble for messing with the mortals.

MOLLY: I don't care. I had fun.

HOLLY: How do you know all this stuff? You know everything.

MOLLY: I wish they still had thanes. Thanes were fun.

POLLY: Stick around for 10 centuries, you'll pick up a few things, too.

Sure you don't want a Howlet's wing?

HOLLY: I'm sure.

POLLY: There's a lizard's leg in there if you'd like that instead.

HOLLY: Well, if you insist.

(HOLLY goes for the lizard's leg.)

POLLY: Just don't take the tongue of dog. I was going to fry those up for breakfast. Just like strips of bacon.

MOLLY: There's nothing to do for fun anymore.

POLLY: What about those guys over there?

MOLLY: What guys? I don't see any guys.

POLLY: *(indicating she's peering into the future)* The eye, Molly. Use the eye!

MOLLY: Oh! Those guys!

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT enter again.)

DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT: We're number one!
We're number one! We're number one! Whoo-hoo!

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT exit.)

POLLY: Whaddya think, Molly?

MOLLY: Whadda I think? I think they're jerks. That's what I think.

POLLY: And your point is?

MOLLY: My point is they're not thanes.

HOLLY: So? The one on the right is kinda cute.

POLLY: I thought you said the one on the left the first time.

HOLLY: Left, right, what the heck, they're all cute.

MOLLY: They're just some stupid fraternity boys here on spring break.
There's nothing noble or glorious or tragic about them.

POLLY: The one on the right had real nice legs. You might want to turn him into a frog sometime.

MOLLY: Besides, you know the rules. No messing with mortals.

HOLLY: Oh, don't be such a spoilsport. Nobody's watching.

MOLLY: No.

HOLLY: Come on, just once. For old time's sake.

MOLLY: No.

HOLLY: You mean you're not tempted, even just a little?

MOLLY: Nope. I went cold turkey.

POLLY: I've got some scale of dragon. That's cold.

HOLLY: Maybe that's why you're always in such a bad mood.

MOLLY: Who's in a bad mood?

POLLY: Let's just say if they had a witch beauty pageant, you wouldn't be a contender for Miss Congeniality.

MOLLY: Well, I never!

HOLLY: My point precisely.

MOLLY: And just what point is that?

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HOLLY: You need to have a little fun, Molly. Don't be so uptight.

POLLY: It's like nothing's ever good enough for you now. If you can't dethrone a king in some bloody rebellion, well, it's like you don't even want to bother.

HOLLY: So you just sit there and stew.

POLLY: Speaking of stew, we could take all these leftovers and mix up a pretty good one tonight, don't you think?

HOLLY: Oh, a cook-out! I love a cook-out!

MOLLY: So what do you expect me to do?

POLLY: I brought my cauldron with the little gas grill. Pretty nifty, don't you think?

HOLLY: You need a hobby. That's what you need, Molly.

MOLLY: You mean like collecting dolls?

HOLLY: Maybe if they're voodoo dolls.

POLLY: She's saying you need to find a way to express yourself more.

HOLLY: Turn a few tricks.

POLLY: Not those kind of tricks, mind you.

MOLLY: Well, like what then?

(Two FANS enter, with autograph books. FAN 1 approaches MOLLY; FAN 2 hangs back.)

FAN 1: Uh, excuse me. I'm sorry to bother you, but uh, my friend and I over there were, uh, we were, you know, wondering, you know. See my friend thought you sorta look like — you're not, you know, are you?

MOLLY: *(Gives name of current popular movie star)*? No, I'm not her.

FAN 1: Oh.

HOLLY: Come here, honey. Who do you think we are?

FAN 1: Well, you know, it was really my friend's idea — she thought you looked like, you know, those sisters.

POLLY: Weird sisters?

(HOLLY takes the FAN's autograph book and signs it.)

FAN 1: Well, I didn't really want to say that, you know, especially if it's not right.

POLLY: Care for some wool of bat? Kind of like cotton candy.

FAN 1: Uh, no thanks.

HOLLY: There you go, honey.

(HOLLY hands the autograph book back.)

FAN 1: *(reading)* "Fair is foul and foul is fair . . ." *(Shrieks)* IT'S THEM!

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IT'S REALLY THEM! OOOH!

MOLLY: Hey, not so loud, we're in the same dimension. (*Alternate: Astral plane.*)

(*FAN 2 comes running.*)

FAN 2: Is it them? Is it them? Is it really them?

FAN 1: It's them! It's them! See! See? I told you it was them!

FAN 2: Oh, we're like your biggest fans! Ever since 8th grade English class when we had to read — well, you know what we had to read!

Oh, I can't believe it's really you!

MOLLY: Don't believe everything you read.

POLLY: Here, let me sign that for you.

(*FAN 1 hands POLLY her autograph book.*)

FAN 1: Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

FAN 2: This is like so awesome! I told her, you know, I bet that's them! And it was! Oh! Could you know, could you like, maybe, sign this and

—
HOLLY: (*signing FAN 2's autograph book*) Sure thing. There you go.

POLLY: What's your name?

FAN 1: Me? I'm Chelsea and this is friend Nicole.

FAN 2: You can call me Nikki.

POLLY: With two K's, right?

FAN 2: How'd you know?

POLLY: The eye!

FAN 2: Oh!

FAN 1: Aren't they awesome!

FAN 2: You're awesome!

FAN 1: I told you they were awesome!

FAN 2: So we, like, know all the words and everything. Well, just the words to your part, not those other parts, but that whole fair is foul and foul is fair thing is just so wicked and that double double toil and trouble thing is just incredible.

FAN 1: That's our favorite!

(*MOLLY is trying to ignore them but by now the FANS have gotten autographs from both HOLLY and POLLY.*)

HOLLY: Go on, Molly.

MOLLY: Oh, all right.

FAN 2: So, like, how did you think that up? That whole cauldron thing, I mean?

FAN 1: Did you, like, make that up or did you find it in a recipe book somewhere?

FAN 2: We tried one time in her mom's kitchen when her mom wasn't there and we made like the biggest mess —

FAN 1: Well, we couldn't find half the stuff so we had to make some substitutions —

FAN 2: Like her brother's pet snake for the fenny snake. That was one of the big ones.

FAN 1: I like got so grounded after that!

FAN 2: And that was just for the mess! She never did find out what happened to the snake, did she?

FAN 1: No, but I think my brother suspects something. Do you think you could, you know, maybe show me how to put a curse on him? Just a little one. Please? If it's not too much trouble. He's a real pain in the patoot!

POLLY: Whoa, whoa, whoa — you want us to teach you how to put a curse on someone?

FAN 1: Uh, yeah.

FAN 2: And there's this girl in homeroom who's like the biggest you know what, and she stole my boyfriend, and her name's Clarissa and I'd sure like to turn her into a frog or a toad or lizard or some kind of reptile — not that she isn't one already but you know what I mean and —

POLLY: No curses.

FAN 1 and 2: Oh.

POLLY: Very much against the witch rules.

FAN 1 and 2: Oh.

HOLLY: But we can let you in on a little secret.

FAN 1: A secret?

FAN 2: What kind of secret?

HOLLY: The secret of threes. See, that's why your cooking thing didn't work. You only had two of you. You need three if you're going to do any kind of really hard spells.

POLLY: Like cooking. Cooking's really hard.

FAN 1: Oh wow, we didn't think about that.

MOLLY: That's why I microwave everything at home.

HOLLY: So you need to get one of your friends to help you.

FAN 1: Oh! We could get Ashley. She's into all that home ec stuff.

FAN 2: No, wait, Sarah!

FAN 1: Yeah, Sarah's cool!

FAN 2: Better yet — Liza!

FAN 1: Yes! Absolutely! Liza!

FAN 2: And she's got a dog! Well, her neighbor's got a dog. You know that dog that barks all the time?

FAN 1: Yeah, yeah!

FAN 2: And her father's always talking about how he'd like to shut the thing up for good, right?

FAN 1: Yeah, yeah!

FAN 2: So there's our tongue of dog!

FAN 1: Oh, that's brilliant! Yes!

FAN 2: Thank you, thank you!

FAN 1: Oh, you are so awesome! Thank you!

MOLLY: Uh, Holly? Are you sure that's such a good idea.

HOLLY: And one more thing — practice every day.

FAN 2: Practice every day. Right! Practice every day!

POLLY: And if you make mistakes, don't let that get you down. Holly, I'm running a little low on the frog legs, just FYI.

FAN 1: Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

POLLY: You want to see some magic before you go?

FAN 2: Oh could we? Oh that would be so wonderful?

FAN 1: We don't want to be a bother or anything.

POLLY: Molly there will do a trick for you. Won't you Molly?

MOLLY: What? Me? Oh no, I don't do tricks like that anymore.

HOLLY: Oh, come on, Molly. Just this once. For the kids, OK?

MOLLY: I dunno. I can't really think of anything right now.

POLLY: You could do something with those guys over there.

MOLLY: What guys you talking about?

POLLY: The eye, Molly! The eye!

(DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH and BRENT enter).

DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MACBETH AND BRENT (singing): Scotland forever! Scotland forever!

MACBETH: *(spraying more soda on MACDUFF and OTHERS)* Yoo-hoo! We're number one!

MACDUFF: Whoa, you're getting me all wet!

BRENT: Hey, it wasn't my idea.

MACDUFF: If you do that one more time, I'm gonna kill you. I swear I am.

MACBETH: Don't be such a spoilsport.

DUNCAN: Hey, speaking of sport — Scotland forever! Scotland forever!

DUNCAN, MACDUFF, MAC AND BRENT: *(singing)* Scotland forever! Scotland forever!

(POLLY whistles, loudly. The MEN stop singing).

MACBETH: What was that?

POLLY: Yo, you guys. Over here.

BRENT: Hey, check out the chicks.

MACBETH: Whoa! Look at that.

BRENT: Those are not natural!

MACBETH: You're telling me!

DUNCAN: I thought you guys had girlfriends?

MACBETH: Yeah, we do, but so what?

HOLLY: Come here, fellas. You want to play a little game?

MACBETH: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

HOLLY: (*to the FANS*) Just watch this, OK?

FAN 1 and FAN 2: OK.

POLLY: You may want to take notes.

HOLLY: Molly, they're all yours.

MOLLY: Mine?

POLLY: Go on, read their fortunes.

MOLLY: Well, gee, I dunno.

HOLLY: Molly's kinda shy sometimes. Just give her a while to warm up.

POLLY: This is gonna be so good.

MOLLY: I dunno. I don't think this is a good idea.

HOLLY: Sure it is.

POLLY: Here, I'll start then. What are your names?

DUNCAN: Uh, well, I'm Duncan.

POLLY: Duncan, huh?

HOLLY: We know all about Duncans, don't we?

MOLLY: Oh great. Just great.

POLLY: And let me guess. You're president of the fan club, aren't you?

DUNCAN: Yeah, how'd you know that?

POLLY: Just a lucky guess.

HOLLY: See how she did that?

FAN 1: Uh huh! She is so good!

FAN 2: They're all good!

FAN 1: Uh huh!

MOLLY: So who are these other guys?

DUNCAN: Uh, well this is Duff.

POLLY: You sure that's not MacDuff?

MACDUFF: That's OK. You can just call me Duff.

POLLY: Is that what your mother calls you?

MACDUFF: What? Well my mother's dead.

HOLLY: Oh, I'm so sorry.

POLLY: See.

MOLLY: I'm not sure I like where this is going.

POLLY: Go on Molly. It's fate.

HOLLY: (*to the FANS*) I saw this coming a mile away. Trust me.

MAC DUFF: I guess I could go by Mac but Mac was already taken.

MACBETH: I'm Mac.

MOLLY: That wouldn't happen to be Macbeth would it?

MACBETH: It's Mac!

BRENT: He thinks Macbeth is a sissy-fied name, so he shortened it.

Didn't you, Beth?

MACBETH: It's Mac, OK!

BRENT: Whatever you say, Beth.

MACBETH: It's an old family name, OK?

BRENT: Beth, Beth, Beth, Beth!

MACBETH: I'm gonna kill you if you say that one more time.

(Pause.)

BRENT: Beth!

(MACBETH lunges for BRENT.)

DUNCAN: Hey!

MACDUFF: Easy there!

(DUNCAN and MACDUFF pull MACBETH off BRENT.)

HOLLY: I knew that was coming! I just knew it!

FAN 2: Did you write that down? She knew it was coming?

FAN 1: Uh huh. But how'd she know it was coming?

FAN 2: I dunno. Maybe she'll tell us, OK?

FAN 1: OK.

(By now MACBETH and BRENT have been separated.)

DUNCAN: All right, everybody just back off a little.

MACDUFF: Just take it easy there man.

DUNCAN: Take a deep breath. Count to ten.

MACDUFF: Easy, guys, easy.

MACBETH: Sorry, I don't know what came over me there. Friends?

(HE extends his hand.)

BRENT: Friends.

(THEY embrace.)

HOLLY: Oh that is so sweet. Isn't that sweet? This is going to be just like the original.

MOLLY: Except in the original they were thanes!

POLLY: Say, Mac, what's your position in the fan club?

MACBETH: What? Me?

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BRENT: He's one of the vice presidents.

MACBETH: First vice president?

POLLY: But you'd really like to be the president, wouldn't you?

MACBETH: I didn't say that.

POLLY: You didn't have to. *(SHE turns to MOLLY, as if in a courtroom.)*

Your witness.

FAN 1: Wow, did you see that?

FAN 2: She really is incredible isn't she?

MOLLY: And you are?

BRENT: Me?

HOLLY: Oh! Oh! Let me guess! Let me guess!

POLLY: Sssh. Calm down Holly.

HOLLY: Don't tell me. Don't tell me!

MOLLY: Oh no, it's not — please tell me it's not —

HOLLY: Starts with a B! It starts with a B doesn't it?

POLLY: One more word out of you and I'll turn you into a frog, Holly!

HOLLY: Sorry.

BRENT: I'm Brent.

MOLLY, POLLY and HOLLY: Brent?

BRENT: Yeah.

MOLLY: Brent?

BRENT: Sure. You act like it's a problem.

MOLLY: Brent's not short for anything is it?

BRENT: Umm, not that I know of.

MOLLY: So we've got a Duncan —

DUNCAN: That's me!

MOLLY: A MacDuff, —

MACDUFF: It's Duff!

MOLLY: A Macbeth —

MAC: It's Mac!

MOLLY: Whatever. And a Brent. Something's not right here.

HOLLY: You sure it's not Banquo?

BRENT: Banquo? What kind of name is Banquo?

MACDUFF: Sounds Italian. You're not Italian are you Brent?

BRENT: Uh-uh.

MACBETH: Banquo? Sounds like banquet.

BRENT: I worked in a restaurant once. Does that help?

MOLLY: Hmm. Guess it's not fate after all, huh?

POLLY: Oh well, guess not. Sorry girls. You came this close to seeing some first-rate magic.

HOLLY: Say, fellas, what are you doing tonight? We're going to be hanging out down here tonight, you know, up in the dunes, cooking out, watching the sun go down and —

(BETH enters.)

BETH: Mac! Mac! Where are you?

MACBETH: Uh oh! Hide!

HOLLY: What's wrong?

BRENT: It's his old lady.

HOLLY: She doesn't look old to me.

POLLY: It's an expression.

MACBETH: If she catches me here talking with these girls, she's going to be sooo mad!

BETH: Mac! Where are you?

MACBETH: She's got a knife, too!

BETH: There you are. I was having some trouble cleaning those fish you caught and I thought maybe you could —

DUNCAN: Whoa, easy with that blade there, lady, you might hurt somebody.

BETH: Hey, what's all this?

MACBETH: Uh, these, are, uh, these are just some people we met —

MOLLY, POLLY and HOLLY: Hello.

MACBETH: They're, uh, they're sisters!

BETH: You just met them and already you know they're sisters, huh?

They look kind of strange to me. Downright weird, if you ask me.

BRENT: Oh, they're weird, all right — they thought my name was brisquet or brasket or something —

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