

regicide or how i became queen of the damned p.t 2

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LADY MACBETH embraces her shadow, battles King Macbeth for the throne, and becomes Queen of the Damned. Hell hath no fury like a Queen redeemed.

act 5, Scene {redacted}, Castle Walls

Enter MACBETH, sword in hand, and injured. He limps.

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman Fool and die on mine own sword?
Whilst I see lives, the gashes do better upon them!

LADY MACBETH

(O.S a roar) Turn, hellhound, turn!

points sword towards source

MACBETH

Of all else I have avoided *thee*. Get. Thee. Back.
My love. Please.

Enter

QUEEN OF THE DAMNED, LADY MACBETH, sword in hand, armored, & triumphant.

LADY MACBETH

My soul is too much charged with blood I have not spilled. *Your blood.*

points rapier

Out, Damned Despot! Out!

MACBETH

Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!

LADY MACBETH

Villain? Thou'st converse with a Queen.

Thrusts rapier

MACBETH blocks with his sword

MACBETH

A queen of the damned!

LADY MACBETH

But a QUEEN no less!

Backhands Macbeth with her free hand

MACBETH staggers away weakly

Spits blood and wipes his face.

MACBETH

Thou lovest labor with thy keen sword.

begins to laugh

Let thy blade fall on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life!

LADY MACBETH

Charmed? Thy look cursed to me, Macbeth!

MACBETH

Let not your eyes deceive you then. My life must not yield to one of woman born.

LADY MACBETH

Woman born?

LADY MACBETH laughs vindictively

Foul King. Wretched Husband. Hast thou ever heard of Patriarchy?

She slams her sword through the Earth

Hast thou ever walked sleepless nights?

Hast thou ever wanted to rip out every eye staring at you?

Hast thou ever been gazed upon?

Lusted upon?

Feasted upon?

Patriarchy is a False kingdom of Terror

A reign of Despots that transforms everything to rot.

Woman born? I was begat from you, dear KING!

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so!

For it hath cowed my better part of man!

I'll not fight with thee!

LADY MACBETH

Then yield, fool. And let the Reign of the Moon begin.

MACBETH

And who shall rule?

LADY MACBETH

Who has always ruled?

MACBETH

“Here may you see the tyrant.”

LADY MACBETH

Better Tyrant than Coward. Now yield.

MACBETH

I thought you died. Who are you? Are you a ghost wearing the face of my wife?

LADY MACBETH

No, Macbeth. I was your wife wearing the face of a Ghost. But I am neither dead nor alive now.

MACBETH

Then who are you?

LADY MACBETH

Now I am free.

MACBETH

I knew it. Life *is* but a walking shadow

LADY MACBETH

Your life!

If you're going to have a shadow, why not a “Strutting” one? A shadow that can get down! A shadow that can groove! I grew tired of fighting mine, so I decided to dance with her instead! Relearn the rhythm of my own soul! Who knew my *true* partner was my conscious role playing as the Devil on my shoulder, the entire time? If I listened to the Men in my life, then my own intuition would be my Damnation instead of my Coronation. But now I know my Salvation is my Realization! I finally know who I am! Who I always was! The only life that will be taken by *my* hands today, will be yours! Not mine own!

MACBETH

You are NOT my wife! You can't be! My wife –

LADY MACBETH

Was resurrected like Yeshua! My dear husband, I may be this land's Queen.
But right now, I am thy God!

MACBETH

You are my devil!

Raises sword

And devils must be slain.

LADY MACBETH

Then slay yourself. At the end of this battle, I will have your head.

*LADY MACBETH picks up her sword
they begin to circle each other*

MACBETH

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death!

*Strikes at LADY MACBETH
LADY MACBETH disarms him and takes his sword / pushes him back
MACBETH succumbs*

LADY MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears. Tell me, are they as sweet as I remembered?

MACBETH

I will not yield to kiss the ground before your feet.

LADY MACBETH

Would you rather kiss me?

grabs his face

Or my sword?

MACBETH

Be gone!

LADY MACBETH

Yield!

MACBETH

I yield to no woman!

LADY MACBETH
Not even your wife?

MACBETH
No!

LADY MACBETH
Not even your Queen?!

MACBETH
NO!

LADY MACBETH
Stubborn fool!

kicks him over
MACBETH disgracefully falls

MACBETH
Damn you!
Damn every womb!
Damn the forests!
Damn the trees!
Damn my own mother!
Damn those witches!
Where are you?! Come out! HELP ME!

LADY MACBETH
Thy time is up.

MACBETH
And thy time is now.

LADY MACBETH
Come here.

MACBETH obeys / crawls closer

LADY MACBETH
Any last wails?

MACBETH
When our child passed... I... I should have been there.

When you wandered the night...

I should have held your candle..

Been your light...

Just like you were mine.

My Queen.

*LADY MACBETH cuts off his head
Maybe picks it up / maybe swats it away / maybe steps on it
Gives soliloquy*

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot. And... a possibility.

Who would have thought the Scottish King to have had so much cowardice in him?

And his Queen, so much ambition?

The Thane of Cawdor *had* a wife: where is she now? Or rather

Who is she now?

Now that her sword has been unsheathed?

And her power realized?

What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Will this stomach ne'er be filled?

Will this woman ne'er be satisfied?

No more o' that, Lady Macbeth! No more o' that. You mar all with this starting!

Beats her chest

Here's the feeling of the blood still pumping in your chest!

So look not so pale!

I tell you yet again, Lady Macbeth is buried; she cannot come out on's grave.

Yet here she stands!

Yet here she remains!

Rise then! Rise! There's a future for you knocking at the gate!

Come, come, come, come! Raise your hand! Bloody or otherwise!

Let sin be your Baptism and incarnadine your Priest!

What's done cannot be undone so rise, Lady Macbeth, rise!

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!

Tomorrow is a new day!

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