

MACBETH

The year was 1178, and the Scottish Highlands were awash in rivers of rebel blood. Scotland had entered its darkest period of chaos; while the landed peasant class struggled under the royal yoke of King Duncan, small armies of populists led revolts in the countryside, pillaging villages while merciless bandits roved the moors, striking terror into the hearts of migrating families in search of farmland from which to eke a basic subsistence. Meanwhile, Britain eyed the instability of the independent nation with hungry eyes, ready to pounce at the first opportunity.

The time was ripe for the conniving ambition of any military officer with the guts to challenge the status quo. All that was required was a bit of political acumen, a dose of Machiavellian trickery and a ruthless appetite for power. You, of course, possess each of these qualities in spades. As the high-ranking and much feared General of the Scottish army, the name MacBeth was enough to cause bandits and rebels to quake in their boots. After a decade of hard knocks working your way up the ranks, using the tools of intimidation and blackmail, you've never let scruples and morals stand in your way. The only thing you lacked, even from the days when you contented yourself with pulling the wings off of flies and torturing your siblings, was a spine that could spur you to action. Lady MacBeth, your spouse of more than a decade, supplied the remorseless courage that you often lacked, and behind the scenes had often proven to be the instigator to your malevolent deeds. She also fueled your ambitions to the point where you sometimes felt hen-pecked. At first it was just keeping up with the MacDuffs - buying the 10 bedroom Tudor with the trendy drawbridge, sporting around in the latest model horse drawn carriage, and entertaining the Scottish royals at those interminable dinner parties. Naturally, a drop or two of well-placed arsenic during these meals invariably cut down on the competition from your military colleagues and their wives. In fact, your guests often seemed rather accident-prone when roaming the grounds of your estate.

Lately, high society has given way to active duty commandeering the royal army against the latest insurrection engineered by MacDonwald, a rebel leader who had plunged the country into civil war. Though quite a tactician in his own right, his forces were no match for yours, and after a protracted battle you emerged victorious, mercilessly crushing your enemy, and taking no prisoners. MacDonwald's head was fixed on a battlement as a reminder to all those who disobeyed the Crown.

After years of fighting for public recognition, your name is now a household word, and you have finally arrived. Or so you believe. On the way to your hero's welcome at the King's palace, in the forest of Forres, with your stalwart friend Banquo, you encounter the image of a witch, who breeds provoking thoughts.

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1. Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air,
Into the heart of darkness ye shall soon descend,
For King Duncan's throne to now ascend,
The journey to grab that golden ring,
Death and evil is sure to bring,
Though MacBeth over MacDonwald proved victorious,
What new position is found meritorious?
Heirship to the throne should soon yield,
If to King Duncan homage is kneeled,
Upon your future you now must muse,
Through artifacts you should peruse,
If one passes through the place of giving,
And pays respects to those still living,
Two parts of a challenge shall soon arise,
Of which both prayer and vegetable comprise,
The witch's words and fodder for brew,
Will soon set MacBeth astew.
 2. In the deep chasm that was your soul,
The spark of conscience still does troll,
For Duncan has honoured thee of late,
How shameful now to seal his fate,
A moment of honorable hesitation,
Is soon eclipsed by your wife's inclination,
For at the top of your concerns,
Is what the needy Lady yearns,
A small dirty morsel for hungry ambition,
Will assure you power and position,
The King is old and intestate,
The inevitable a dagger will accelerate,
How best to strike him unsuspecting,
To Higuera soon you'll be defecting,
Between a garden and a dame,
Is the middle point where you'll soon claim
The plot arrived at by Lady MacBeth,
To bring about King Duncan's death.

3. The moors are windblown, the night is cold,
September is young, but the King is old,
Too old to rule, too old to fight,
His anointed prince too young to bite,
And at your castle on this fine eve,
'Tis Scotland's royalty you receive,
But King Duncan and his entourage,
Are only guests of sabotage,
The Lady's struck a plan for his demise,
In his sleep two daggers will surprise,
His snoring chamberlains drunk on mead,
Will donate the knives to do the deed,
Blood smeared on them will point the blame,
Malcolm and Donalbain will be quick to frame,
In black and chilling night,
Higuera south will bring foresight,
Lady MacBeth sends you on your quest,
Henpecked, you pray to pass the test,
What three things does drinking provoke?
Nose-painting and sleep are two invoked,
But your attack is premature,
The King had a certain discomfiture,
He sleepwalked to a certain call,
His bloody fate soon does apall..

4. MacDuff and Banquo unexpectedly arrive,
A story MacBeth now soon contrives,
Upon seeing the body of the regal sage,
He slaughtered the butlers in righteous rage,
No one suspects their true design,
Though Banquo the skeptic begins to opine,
Lady MacBeth enjoys the scene,
For Scotland can finally call her queen,
But at a banquet of coronation,
Banquo engages in dangerous speculation,
The snake's been scotched, not killed,
A murderous *tasc* must be fulfilled,
Banquo and son Fleance fear your wrath,
Through palace grounds they beat a path,
There they rest in a tree's shade,
Whose location leaves persuade,
The type of which signals attack,
At the bottom of your sack.

5. The serpent lies but the worm has fled,
From which new royalty might soon be bred,
The new royals at a banquet soon celebrate,
But King MacBeth begins to hallucinate,
With four murders his mind begin to unhinge,
From the sight of blood he starts to cringe,
Is it now time to repent?
Up the mall to Cap you're sent,
Is it time now to lament,
And eulogize those that torment?
To Pine away in grief,
Might stretch the range of disbelief.
6. MacDuff's offspring spurs your appetite,
Pillage now his quaint home site,
The *rubble* of the *past* is left behind,
New victims soon you're sure to find,
Little time will you now waste,
In reducing his family to pulp and paste,
What does particularly mesmerize,
Is skewering the son between the eyes,
Peace in the stories of this house once reigned,
Now its thin walls are bloodstained,
Where once inside wee children played,
MacDuff's family has now been flayed,
A witch waits nearby to entreat,
To carnage at some fifteen feet,
The only survivor left to show,
Is grandma rocking to and fro.
7. MacDuff is now fueled by his anger,
For MacBeth no time to languor,
His grief sets his heart aflame,
Revenge is now his middle name,
But personal matters must be attended,
Lady MacBeth's lucidity has been suspended,
Of guilty matters she does pine,
It's time for that old bottle of wine,
For the conniving queen is quite depressed,

To Kelly and co. her morose words must be expressed,

Each of you should pick a remark,
And declare it with a heart so dark:

1. Out! Out! Damn spot! Where, oh where, was this
conscience bought?
2. Though false face must hide what the false heart doth know,
remorse is my eye shadow.
3. All the perfumes of Arabia, my dear,
Will not sweeten this little hand I fear.
4. 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Then to dwell in doubtful joy.

Upon your package's receipt,
Lighten the step that's in your feet,
For the Lady sleepwalks in a trance,
To cheer her up you must now dance.
But before you start to kick and spin,
Make sure you check your pin.

8. War with England threatens to burn,
The position and wealth that you've now earned,
By stabbing others in the back,
It's now time to get on the *right track*,
Your servants all seem lily-liver'd,
To MacDuff's advance they stammer and shiver,
And Lady MacBeth begins to sleepwalk,
Of Duncan's murder she's still in shock,
Now it's up to you to spearhead,
Evil's raging fountainhead,
You meet the enemy on the moors,
And slaughter at least some ninety four,
There's nothing better for relaxation,
Than a clean decapitation,
Or drawing and quartering the prisoners of war,

And hearing their gurgled pleas implore,
The field's strewn with human gore,

Now MacBeth has supped full with horror,
But MacDuff's nowhere in sight,
With Siward he has taken flight
Park and encamp at a secret locale,
Where you work on the Lady's morale:

9. Witches' prophecies are soon remembered,
With MacBeth's bias tempered,
" I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
'Til Birnam wood come to Dunsinane,
If no man of woman born shall come against me,
Than it follows logically
That such a man just cannot be,"
In the skirmish that is displayed,
MacDuff is yet to be slayed,
Where did his regiment regroup?
Siward's troops you now recoup
How else can you pass the day,
With victory so far aweigh?
Off the main you lean to starboard,
To dark feelings that you've harbored,
Your private hell shall be ephemeral,
With a next turn that is quite liberal.
10. The search to route the good MacDuff,
Must now begin from a certain bluff,
The map you found certifies,
The area that his army occupies,
Overlay the town that bears his name,
On the transparency with which you came,
Black and red marks delineate,
With plastic on paper to face plate,
Your enemy should now correlate,
With the location of a certain "gate",
1.4 miles from that entry,
Is the place to find his sentry,
A gray container for refuse,
Marks the spot of your recluse,
No parking allowed from ten to six,
But daylight's fine when you're in the sticks,

Down a path of dirt steps beamed,
To a drawbridge over a trickling stream,

One hundred paces up a grade,
And rival MacDuff should soon be made,
A tree in the center of your path,
Directs you to your *righteous* wrath,
Over foliage fifty paces traipse,
Where you soon discover ominous shapes,
There you're stared at by the eyes,
Masked in eucalyptan disguise,
You soon discover to your dismay,
How Birnam Wood might take the day.

11. In this dark and tangled wood,
MacDuff's vengeance is understood,
The Son of the Dark One stopped the flood,
Of a country bathed in peasant's blood,
What did MacBeth achieve for Scotland?
The red landscape is not forgotten,
In the abyss of his death,
Cries out the ghost of evil MacBeth,
Who discovered much too late,
The key of his beheaded fate,
When you finish your enterprise,
There's Lady MacBeth to eulogize,
I n your bag are the words and tape,
One last song and you'll escape,
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

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LITTLE CLUES

1. Under kneeler/red throne in mission museum

- a. Much to MacBeth's chagrin,
He is out and the Prince is in,
Cumberland's heir follows the King's bloodline,
As the Thane of Cawdor MacBeth's consigned,
Resentment's cinders burn aglow,
MacBeth's wrath is soon to grow,
In a chamber near your lady awaits,
To sew the kernels of many fates.

2 daggers in corn husker in room next door
next to each other each containing half of next clue

- b. First dagger:

"Is this a dagger I see before me
That soon proclaims our destiny?
Did not the witches themselves agree,
By their sight ' Hail King that shalt be?'
There's nothing that would make me madder,
Than the failure to climb that ladder,
Riches, power and great position,
Of my husband I requisition,
With these two daggers I beckon thee,
To quickly end this rivalry.
King Duncan's days should now be numbered,
Without promotion so long you've lumbered,
If my aspirations you must disgrace,
Then screw your courage to the sticking place!"

Second dagger:

" Opportunity is lost to human blindness,
And diluted by the milk of human kindness,
MacBeth of your malice please don't hedge,

Conscience hovers near the Edge,
Across from a reptile and a fruit,
'Tis courage soon ye shall recruit.

2. In bubble gum alley in gum

It's in the Madonna!
Lady M.

3. The King most certainly had to go,
But more traumatically than he did know,
For MacBeth did clearly murder a good piss,
That knits up the sleeve of the hit-and-miss,
His skewered body oozed rivers of red,
His death is now on his butlers' heads,
Suspicion spreads to Duncan's offspring,
Who had much to gain by his passing,
But Malcolm and Donalbain have fled,
To MacBeth the throne is shed,
But Banquo still suspects the worst,
By occult predictions you are accursed,
Though the throne to you would soon ensue,
Its bloodline's slated to Banquo's issue,
Full of scorpions is your mind,
Two murderers are soon consigned,
North to hunt down Banquo and his son,
Between two malls off the one o one,
Linked by exit and a Spanish trail,
Under the auspices of a government seat,
Is where you'll cut short their retreat.
Two score and one will lead you to,
Where murder's soon to ensue.

4. In Magnolia tree at City adm. bldg.

The voices of slain friends and King,
In MacBeth's head start to sing,
Your mind's been pushed to the brink,
Into madness' chaos you start to sink,

To the guests you speak in garbled tongue,
But the blood on your hands remains unwrung,
What ambition's left in its deadly wake,
Insanity soon shall overtake,
Apparitions parade before your eyes,
Eight kings in forms of various guise,
An armed head and child all bloodied red,
Represent the unwilling dead,
But 'tis a child crowned with tree in hand,
That compels you now to take a stand.
Where the old King lies in due course,
Which makes its bid for your remorse,
At L3 upon the hill,
Hellish beasts torment you still.

5. In tree at Pine Mtn. Cemetery L3

Your heroic rival the worthy MacDuff,
To your antics says "Enough!"
Four men are dead from your design,
From your throne you should resign,
Survivors are framed and blackmailed,
And their families assailed,
Flight from Scotland looks like guilt,
Upon Fleance's absence a case is built,
Great Scotland crumbles in MacBeth's rage,
Now 'tis time for war to wage,
With the help of England's force,
Up the 101 he plots his course,
Bypass him to his town of Fife
Where he left his kids and wife,
Nothing makes your blood run cold,
Like a double-cross so bold,

In garbled Gaelic a spy relays,
Where Duff's cute family stays,
Am taigh de liudhagan,
Is where you park your wagon,
Barrachd infrinnean is the thing,
To MacDuff's family you now bring,
Drop an r and it will state,
The location of their fate.

6. In rocking chair/family house at
Helen Moe's Museum on traffic bingo card

With the MacDuff family dead,
There's only *one way* to which you're led,
Do not enter the gates of hell,
Unless a *detour* you first compel,
For your wife now becomes insane,
Fortify yourself at Dunsinane,
Make a *U-turn* at the One o One,
Run down *cyclists* and you're done,
Beware the *limit is just fifty*,
A *stop* in Paso would not be nifty,
For you'll be waylaid by *traffic lights*,
And *road repairs* and accident sites,
A *stop ahead* at the Forty six,
A *left turn* here you must surely nix,
The Lady's in the clutches of deep remorse,
Free her with a *righteous* course,
There's no time to feel too peachy,
Her highness' cries sound much too screechy,

To a happy *median* you can surely *truck*,
As long as *children* and *deer* don't run amuck,
And Liz must quickly be passed,
Lest your fate to *curves* be Cast,
A *train* may cause you to soon *yield*,
But trees are left standing in the field,
A twelve o'clock road should be ignored,
Starry nights won't brighten the queen's discord,
A *slippery road* will help you recover,

An endpoint soon you should discover,
For traffic signs are always in need,
This *warning* now you must carefully heed,
Do not pass a master's castle,
Too far it is to be so facile,
A *speed zone* is not required,
Scenery must be admired,
Where signed letters in order converge,
Is the place for the MacBeths to *merge*.

7. a. Pinned to 4 kilts (kilts provided by Kelly)

Contemplating quick departure,
From Dunsinane is premature
There's nothing like a winery,
For a jig in Scottish finery,

Your bag of goodies should reveal,
The step and gesture before you steal,
With hands on hips and overhead,
Scottish kicks should soon be bred,

To the tunes of your jambox,
But shake not your gory locks!
Dancing while clad in kilt,
Is sure to lighten the lady's guilt,

If your performance does satisfy,
Libations soon may gratify.

b. In "Heart of Darkness" bottle given by Kelly after performance

It's time to look about a carriage,
To save your crumbling off-kilter marriage,
MacDuff's military position might leave you agape,
If you first locate a videotape,
A second problem is left to resolve,
A better scent might soon absolve,
Heavy guilt's exacting demands,

That leaves bloodstains dripping on the Lady's hands,
A place at Crocker and sixth,
Should soon dispel the myth
That speed's delayed
By devices seen displayed,
A lever will show you the way,
Where tape in hand you can replay.

8. Video:

to anchor on Embarcadero in Morro Bay

On slot machine filled with bad perfume in train brakes:

Town and Country

Video 98 Main

9. Map of Great Britain with marks to indicate where
plastic overlay goes

(overlay in bag which encompasses all of Morro Bay)

10. a. Behind a mask, on MacDuff card:

MacDuff's army was camouflaged,
With leaves and bark to sabotage,
The evil palace of Dunsinane,
This mask will tell you who shall reign,
For now MacDuff takes his stand,
He faces you with sword in hand,
The duel of blades cuts the air,

It's time to whisper one last prayer,
For the last lunge of MacDuff's great sword,
With your neck finds its accord,
A quick pull of the attached string,
The witches' fate is sure to bring.

- b. String pulls Styrofoam head.
Head falls; in head is card w/last clue

MacBeth was not slain by man of woman born.,
For MacDuff from his mother's womb was untimely torn,
MacDuff to new Dunsinane is sent,
There is no guilt that's left to vent,
To coded locale your path is done,
If you charge back to the One,
From words a locale blanks will fill,
But numbers require that bitter pill,
Blue, orange, green and white,
Will tell you where you must alight,
Dunsinane is found at ocean side,
Far from thoughts of homicide.