

MACTRUMP

By
W. Shakespeare
And
W. Glickman

PERSONS REPRESENTED

MACTRUMP/LADY MACTRUMP, *Merchant of Glasgow/His Feminine Side.*

Apparition of KING OBAMA.

Three Witches.

Lords, Ladies, Lackeys and Losers.

PROLOGUE

For us and for our tragedy
Here stooping to your clemency
We beg your hearing patiently.
Here Mactrump, a merchant most ambitious.
Here Lady Mactrump, a version still more viscious.
Here witches three, haglike and most wise,
And last, Obama, King, shall summarize.
Now to a kingdom vast and uncontrolled
We wend. Our tragedy doth now unfold:

SCENE I – *An open place. Thunder and lightning*
Enter three Witches

Witch1. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder lightning or in rain?

Witch2. When his reign is lost and won
When his kingdom's overrun

Witch3. By daughter and his in-law son.

Witch1. Where the place?

Witch2. Beyond this clump.

Witch 3. There to meet with Thane Mactrump.

Witch 1. By the tweeting of his thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

Enter MACTRUMP and Retinue.

Mactrump. Who are these dogs, these slobs, these dirty pigs?
Disgusting animals, nary one to frig.
Call the guards. Ho guards! attend my orders:
Cast these foreign hags beyond our borders.

Witch 1. All hail Mactrump, hail to thee Thane of Mar a Largo

Witch 2. All hail Mactrump, who'll scrap the Rus Embargo

*Witch 3. [Aside.] Hold off the snickers and the laughter!
All hail, Mactrump, thou shalt be King hereafter.*

*Mac. [Aside.] Sooth, that should aid my trade, and bring much bling.
Not Emperor then, not Sultan? Only King?*

Witch 2. No man of woman born, no sword, artillery,

Witch 3. Shall harm Mactrump, no cavalry, no Hillary.

Witch 1. Double, triple, huge big bubbles,

Witch 2. Like stars made huge by a hundred Hubbles

Witch 1. Duchess Devos, General Flynn,

Witch 2. The Earl of Sessions, we'll usher in.

Witch 3. And as well the Duke of Exxon.

Witch 1. Who else should we three put a hex on?

*3 Witches. Fair is foul and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches vanish.]*

SCENE II A Turret in MACTRUMP Tower.

Enter LADY MACTRUMP holding bird, pacing in a bathrobe.

Lady Mac. Damn the Glasgow Times. 'Tis so elite.
Methinks I've barely time for one more tweet...
Releases bird
But hold, here lies a stain my pains outweigh.
Out damned spot! Out I say.
Bloody stain! My hands, my shirt, my suit!
My foes contend my taxes and my loot.
What need have they for the exact amount,
When none can call our power to account?
How comes this curse 'pon me when I'm so clever?
Here the smell of blood, here, or wherever.
All the oils of Arabia will not sweeten this
Little hand. Oh, oh! This deep abyss.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash what's bled
Or rather the multitudinous seas turn red?
Wash your lilliputian hands and sleep.
By my troth my foes are buried deep.
Bushes by the bushel, and Lying Cruz,
Bloated Christie, Kasich, most ill used,
And little Marco, Fiorina, all,
Undone by me! They all crouch in my thrall.
But best of all and far the greatest blow
Was Queen of Clinton, tortured and laid low
By our torrential rain of lies and fear,
With help of course from good King Vladimir.

SCENE III A *Darkling Plain*

Enter MACTRUMP.

Mactrump. Is this a vulva which I see before me,
B'fore my tiny hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A vulva of the mind, some inner smut,
A sick illusion, something mad, insane,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
'Tis true my dealings involve subterfuge,
But my accomplishments have all been huge.
'Tis true that I on screaming fits have binged.
'Tis true mine enemies say I'm unhinged-
Those surly knaves who dub me a loose cannon:
Wait until they deal with my Lord Bannon.
Tomorrow, tomorrow, the sun comes out tomorrow...
But now! This petty pace, with so much sorrow...
I'll not be judged by any so-called jury.
They're idiots, losers, full of sound and fury.
I hold them with the utmost shame and scorn...
Disgusting thought: to be of woman born!

Enter a Servant.

Mactrump. The devil damn thee black, thou cream faced loser.
Where gott'st thou that goosy look, thou boozer?

Servant. There is a hundred thousand-

Mactrump. Geese, knave?

Servant. People sir.

Mactrump. Go, prick thy face, liar,
Dare thee bear fake news to thine own Sire?

What people, whey face, be they foe or friends?

Servant. No friends my Lord: the country's citizens.

Mactrump. Take thy face hence. *[Exit Servant.*
Not even Lying Cruise
Has caused me such deep wounds as lying News.
Thou wilt no longer cause me such distress.
I bear my warlike shield: lay on fake Press.
And damn'd be him, that first doth acquiesce
[Exeunt, attacking newspaper.]

SCENE IV *Another Part of the Plain*

Enter MACTRUMP.

Mactrump. My power is on hold, so gripped in fear
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell. Let it peal.
I shall negotiate a better deal
By lashing out. I'll turn my foes to ashes.
Better on their throats my sword's deep gashes.
Better on them.

Enter 3 Witches

3 Witches. Turn, hell hound, turn.
Caldron bubble, bubble. Fire burn.

Witch 1. I will drain him dry as hay:

Witch 2. Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;

Witch 3. He shall live a man forbid.

Mactrump. Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more.
My ills no longer drizzle. Now they pour...
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care...
Now adulation curdles to despair.

Witch 1. Round about the cauldron go
In the poisoned entrails throw

Witch 2. Hair of Jeb, henbane root,

Witch 3. Chin of Christie, eye of Newt,

Witch 1. Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Witch 2. Kidney from a Muslim too.

Witch 3. Scale of dragon, beak of crane,

Witch 1. Brick from the prison that held McCain

Witch 2. Root of hemlock, just a speck,

Witch 3. Swastika from Bannon's neck

Witch 1. Stinger sharp from bumble bee,

Witch 2. Cupful of polluted sea,

3 Witches Double, double, toil and trouble,
fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Witch 3. Bone of soldier, just a sliver,

Witch 1. Coal dust from a running river,

Witch 2. Fang of hungry wolf or hound,

Witch 3. Oil pipe from sacred ground,

Witch 1. Sprinkle ash and carbon soot in,

Witch 2. Add three chest hairs plucked from Putin,

Witch 3. Flake of warhead from a nuke,

Witch 1. Hood from the head of David Duke.

Witch 2. Seven breaths of air pollution,

Witch 3. Bits of shredded constitution.

Witch 1. His tweets, receipts, his alibis,

Witch 2. His taunts,

Witch 3. His slurs,

Witch 1. His gibes,

Witch 2. His lies.

3 Witches. Double, double 'til Mactrump'll
Overheat in rage and crumple!

[MACTRUMP overheats and crumples to the ground.

3 Witches. His gaseous bloat hath burst it's frame
Pray heaven soon blot out his name.

Enter Apparition of King Obama.

Apparition. Let us call forth the exiled friends abroad,
The tempest-tossed who were expelled by sword,
Oppressed by Dukedoms foul, and Barony,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers,
corrupt viziers and courtiers most sinister
Of this dread botcher, and his inner queen,
Sans soul, sans heart but overdosed with spleen,
Who, as tis thought, by his own tiny hands
Wreaked such havoc in our b'loved lands.

[Flourish. Exeunt.