

*Enter Witch other side, with her book.*

WITCH. I know, I know – you’ve missed me – I’ve missed you!  
But here I am, to break the tension through!  
What tension? O you cheeky little brat!  
70 I know MacDeth’s turned out to be a twat,  
But O, his Lady – she’s a twisted sole,  
It cost her half a million for that mole:  
The Marilyn/Madonna look, how nice!  
Backstage I’m trying hard to her entice  
To launch a book I’ve written by myself:  
To do something artistic with her wealth!  
It’s called, *The Witch: An Artist’s Life in Drag*;  
Subtitled: *I Could Really Suck a Fag!*  
A deep examination of the art,  
80 Of prancing round a stage dressed like a tart!  
How dare you laugh – it’s serious and thick,  
And comes in handy when you need a brick!  
But, won’t you buy a copy? Lend a hand,  
I spent my wages printing up a grand!  
A thousand of these bitches in my house;  
He’s constantly complaining, is my spouse:  
“I can’t get in the bedroom!” “Yes you can!”  
“Your bestseller’s not selling, lady-man!”  
*Knocking within.*  
Hang on, I hear some knocking at the gate:  
90 A fan seeking an autograph? O wait!

*Exit Witch.*

*Re-enter Witch with MacBuff and Ross.*

O welcome, Ross – and with the great MacBuff!  
(*aside*) MacBuff is the quite the stud – I’ve seen his stuff!