

MACBETH

I. (THUNDER/LIGHTNING: birth of witches...BATTLE)

First Witch: When shall we three meet again...in thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch: When the hurlyburly's done. When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch: That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch: Where the place?

Second Witch: Upon the heath.

Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth.

Third Witch: Anon!

All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air....*(they disappear)*

II. (DL) (Alarm within). Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain; Lennox, other soldiers/meeting a bleeding Captain)

King: What bloody man is that?

Malcolm: This is the brave sergeant who fought 'gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil as thou didst leave it!

Captain: Brave Macbeth - well he deserves that name - disdainful fortune, with his brandished steel, which smoked with bloody execution, he faced the slave; which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops and fixed his head upon our battlements.

King: O valiant cousin! Worthy gentlemen!

Captain: Mark, King of Scotland: No sooner justice had, with valor armed, the Norwegian lord, with furbished arms and new supplies of men began a fresh assault.

King: Dismayed not this our captains Macbeth and Banquo?

Captain: As eagles or the lion, I must report they were as cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe. But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King: So well thy words become thee as thy wounds; they smack of honor both. Go, get him surgeons.

All: God save the king!!

Ross: The victory fell on us!

King: Great happiness! Noble Macbeth hath won!

III. (upon the heath near Forrest/thunder)

First Witch: Where hast thou been sister?

Second Witch: Killing Swine.

Third Witch: Sister, where thou?

First Witch: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and munched and munched...
"Give me," quoth I. "Begone thee, witch," the rump-fed runnion cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, I'll thither sail.

Second Witch: I'll give thee a wind.

Third Witch: And I another.

First Witch: I'll drain him dry as hay. ***(a drum)***

Third Witch: A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come!

First Witch: The weird sisters hand in hand...

Second Witch: Posters of the sea and land...

All: Thus do go about, about... Thrice to thine and thrice to mine. And thrice again to make up nine.

Peace! The charm's wound up. ***(enter Macbeth/Banquo with attendants/torches)***

Macbeth: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo: What are these, that look not like the inhabitants o' the earth. And yet are on 't? Live you? Or are you aught that man may question?

Macbeth: Speak, if you can. What are you?

First Witch: All hail Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
Second Witch: All hail Macbeth! Hail to thee Thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch: All hail Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo: My noble partner you greet with present grace and great prediction of
noble having and royal hope. Speak now to me!

First Witch: Hail!
Second Witch: Hail!
Third Witch: Hail!
First Witch: Lesser than Macbeth and greater.
Second Witch: Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
Third Witch: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch: Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth: You imperfect speakers, tell me more!
I know I am Thane of Glamis, but how of Cawdor? And to be King stands not
within the prospect of belief!
Say from whence you own this strange intelligence!

(witches vanish)

Banquo: Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth: Into the air...
Your children shall be kings...

Banquo: You shall be king.

Macbeth: And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

Banquo: Who is here? *(Enter Ross and Soldier)*

Ross: The King hath happily received, Macbeth, the news of thy success.
And for an earnest of a greater honor, he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of
Cawdor!

Banquo: What, can the devil speak true? *(Witches laugh)*

Macbeth: Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill. If ill, why
Hath it given me success?
If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me without my stir.
Come what may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
(Banquo and Macbeth exit)

IV: Flourish: Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Ross, Lennox, and attendants: King Duncan goes to this throne)

(Enter Macbeth, Banquo, attendants...homage to king, bows, etc)

King: O worthiest cousin, more is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth: The service and the loyalty I owe in doing it pays itself.

King: Welcome, hither! *(puts necklace on him)*

Noble Banquo! That hast no less deserved, nor must be known no less to have done so. Let me infold thee and hold thee to my heart!

Banquo: There, if I grow, the harvest is your own.

King: Sons, kinsmen, Thanes, know we will establish our estate upon our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter, the Prince of Cumberland; which honor must not invest him only, but shall shine on all deservers. From hence to Inverness and bind us further to you.

Macbeth: I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful the hearing of my wife with your approach.

So humbly take my leave.

King: My worthy Cawdor.

Macbeth: *(aside)* The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step on which I must fall down for in my way it lies.

Stars hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires! *(Exit)*

V: INVERNESS (Macbeth's Castle) (Enter Lady Macbeth, alone...reading letter)

Lady Macbeth: "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all hailed me Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with "Hail, King that shalt be!..."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised!

Yet, I do fear thy nature. It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
Thou art not without ambition, but without the illness should
attend it. Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
and chastise with the valor of my tongue all that impedes thee from the
golden round!

(Enter Messenger) What is your tidings?

Messenger: The King comes here tonight!

Lady Macbeth: Thou'rt mad to say it!

Messenger: So please you, it is true. *(exits)*

Lady Macbeth: So, the raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
under my battlements. Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts.
Unsex me here and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst
cruelty. Make thick my blood; stop up the access and passage to remorse
that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose. **(enter
Macbeth)**
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor! Thy letters have transported me, and I feel
now the future in the instant.

Macbeth: My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?

Macbeth: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth: O, never shall sun that morrow see! Bear welcome in your eye. Look the
innocent flower,
but be the serpent under it. He that is coming must be provided for.
You shall put this night's great business into my dispatch.

Macbeth: We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth: Leave all the rest to me.

***VI: BEFORE THE CASTLE, enter the party of King Duncan: Malcolm, Donalbain,
Banquo, Fleance, attendants)***

King: This castle hath a pleasant seat.

Banquo: I have observed the air is delicate.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

King: See, see our honored hostess!

Lady Macbeth: All our service, in every point twice done and then done double were poor and single business to contend against those honors deep and broad wherewith your majesty loads our house!

King: Give me your hand; conduct me to mine host. We love him highly.

(attendants and servants set a banquet with service over the stage, then enter Macbeth)

Macbeth: If it were done, when tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.
If the assassination could be the be-all and the end-all here we'd jump at the life to come. But...we still have judgment here. He's here in double trust. First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, strong both against the deed. Then as his host, who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan hath born his faculties so meek, hath been so clear in his great office that his virtues will plead like angels against the damnation of his taking-off. I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent but vaulting ambition.
(Approach Lady Macbeth) How now, what news?

Lady Macbeth: He hath almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth: We will proceed no further in this business!

Lady Macbeth: Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself? From this time such I account thy love. Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire?

Macbeth: Prithee, Peace! I dare do all that may become a man, who dares do more is none!

Lady Macbeth: What beast was't then that made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.

Macbeth: If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth: We fail? But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, his two chamberlains will I with wine so convince that memory shall be a fume in swinish sleep. What cannot you
and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan?

Macbeth: Will it not be received when we have marked with blood those sleepy two of his own chamber and used their very daggers that they have done it?

Lady Macbeth: Who dares receive it other, as we shall make our griefs and clamor roar upon his death?

Macbeth: I am settled. Away and mock the time with fairest show...
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

VII: THE SAME, much later in the evening: enter Banquo and Fleance bearing lantern for light

Banquo: How goes the night boy?

Fleance: The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Banquo: Hold, take my sword. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep.

(Enter Macbeth with Servant)

Who's there?

Macbeth: A friend.

Banquo: What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.
All's well. I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters. To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth: I think not of them. Good repose the while.

Banquo: Thanks, sir. The like to you. **(Exit Banquo and Fleance)**

Macbeth: **(To servant)** Go bid thy mistress when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. **(Exit Servant)**

Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my 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 dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat oppressed brain? I see thee still and on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood, which was not so before. There's no such thing. It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes.

(BELL)

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to Heaven or to Hell. **(He goes to murder Duncan)**

Lady Macbeth: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.

(a screech) Hark! It was the owl that shrieked.

He is about it. The doors are open and the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets that death and nature do contend about them whether they live or die. I laid their daggers ready. He could not miss them.

(enter Macbeth)

My husband!

Macbeth: I have done the deed. Dids't thou hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth: I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Macbeth: This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth: A foolish though, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth: There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!" that they did wake each other. But they did again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth: Consider it not so deeply. It will make us mad.

Macbeth: Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep" - the innocent sleep.

Lady Macbeth: What do you mean?

Macbeth: It cried, "Sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady Macbeth: Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth: I'll go no more. Look on it again, I dare not!

Lady Macbeth: Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal. For it must seem their guilt. *(she goes)*

(LOUD KNOCKING)

Macbeth: Whence is that knocking? How is't with me when every noise appalls me? What hands are here? Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?

Lady Macbeth: *(reentering)* My hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white.

(Knocking)

I hear a knocking at the south entry! Retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed. Hark! More knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us and show us to be watchers.

Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts!

(Knocking)

Macbeth: Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!!

(Enter a Porter, waked by the knocking)

Porter: Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of Beezlebub? COME in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat! Knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale. O, come in, equivocator! Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here you may roast your goose. Knock, knock! Never at quiet. What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. Anon, anon. I pray you, remember the porter.

(Enter Macduff and Lennox)

Macduff: Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

Porter: Faith sir, we were carousing. And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff: What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter: Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Macduff: I believe drink gave thee the lie last night. (Macbeth and Lennox enters)

Lennox: Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth: Good morrow, both.

Macduff: Is the king stirring, noble Thane?

Macbeth: Not yet.

Macduff: He did command me to call timely on him.

Macbeth: I'll bring you to him.

Macduff: I know this is a trouble to you.

Macbeth: The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macduff: I'll make so bold to call, for tis my limited service.

Lennox: Goes the King hence today?

Macbeth: He does; he did appoint so.

Lennox: The night has been unruly.
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth: 'Twas a rough night.
(Enter Macduff)

Macduff: O horror, horror, horror!!!

Lennox: What is the matter?

Macduff: Do not bid me speak! See and then speak yourselves.
(Lennox and Macbeth rush out)
Awake! Awake! Ring the Alarum bell. Murder and Treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake! Ring the bell!
(Bells ring....enter Lady Macbeth)

Lady Macbeth: What is the business that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley the sleepers of the house? Speak! Speak!!

Macduff: O, gentle lady, tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
(Enter Banquo)
O Banquo, Banquo. Our royal Master's murdered!!!

Lady Macbeth: What, in our house?

Banquo: Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself and say it is not so!
(re-enter Macbeth and Lennox)

Macbeth: Had I but died an hour before this chance I had lived a blessed time.
(enter Malcolm and Donalbain)

Donalbain: What is amiss?

Macbeth: You are and do not know it.

Macduff: Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm: O, by whom?

Lennox: Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it. Their hands and faces were all

badged with blood.

Macbeth: I do repent me of my fury, that I did kill them.

Macduff: Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth: The expedition of my violent love outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
his silver skin laced with his golden
blood. There...the murderers....their daggers unmannerly breeched with
gore. WHO could refrain?

Lady Macbeth: *(in a faint)* Help me hence, ho!

Macduff: Look to the Lady. *(all to her aid...she is removed)*

Malcolm: *(aside to Donalbain)* Why do we hold our tongues that most may claim the
argument for ours?

Donalbain: What should be spoken here may rush and seize us. Let's away. Our tears
are
Not yet brewed.

Banquo: Let us meet and question this most bloody piece of work! In the great hand of
God I stand and thence I fight against this treasonous malice!

Macduff: And so do I!

All: So all!

Macbeth: Let us meet in the hall together! *(exit all but Malcolm and Donalbain)*

Malcolm: Let's not consort with them. To show an unfelt sorrow is
an office which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain: To Ireland I. Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer. Where we
are, there's daggers in men's smiles.

Malcolm: This murderous shaft that's shot, hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse! And let us not be dainty of leave
taking, but swift away!

(Enter Ross and Macduff)

Ross: How goes the world now, Macduff? Is it known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macduff: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

Ross: Then tis most like the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macduff: He is already named and gone to Scone.

Ross: Will you to Scone?

Macduff: No cousin, I'll home to Fife.

Ross: Well, I will thither.

Macduff: May you see things well done there. Adieu.

Ross: Farewell.

(KING'S PALACE...Coronation of Macbeth as King of Scotland)

Banquo: Thou hast it now....King...Cawdor. Glamis...All...As the Weird Sisters promised, and yet, I fear thou play'd most foully for it. But hush, no more...

Macbeth: Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth: If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast and all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth: Tonight we hold a solemn supper sir, and I'll request your presence.

Banquo: Aye, my good lord.

Macbeth: We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed in England and in Ireland, not confessing their cruel parricide. But of that tomorrow. Hie you to horse. Adieu, till your return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo: Aye, my lord.

Macbeth: I wish your horses swift and sure of foot, farewell. ***(All exit but Macbeth...to his servant)***

Sirrah, a word with you? Attend those men our pleasure?

Seyton: They are, my lord.

Macbeth: Bring them before us. To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo stick deep, and in his royalty of nature reigns that which would be feared.

(enter two assassins)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murderer #1: It was so please your highness.

Macbeth: Both of you know that Banquo is your enemy.

Murdered #1: True, my lord.

Macbeth: So is he mine. Every minute of his being thrusts against my near'st of life.

Murderer #2: We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

Macbeth: Within this hour I will advise you where to plant yourselves, for it must be done tonight. And with him, Fleance, his son, that keeps him company must also embrace the fate of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; I'll come to you anon. *(they exit)*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight...if it find Heaven, must find it out tonight.

(enter Lady Macbeth)

Lady Macbeth: How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone? Things without remedy should be without regard. What's done is done.

Macbeth: Better be with the dead, whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.

Lady Macbeth: Come on, gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial amongst your guests tonight.

Macbeth: Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance, lives.

Lady Macbeth: But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

(A Park near the Castle: two assassins enter hiding in the dark)

Banquo: *(entering with his son)* It will rain tonight!

Murderers: Let it come down!

(Fight/Banquo murdered)

Banquo: Fly good Fleance....fly!

Murderer: The son is fled! ***(they pursue)***

(Banquet Hall in the Castle)

Macbeth: Sit down! At first and last the hearty welcome!

Lords: Thanks to your Majesty.

Macbeth: Ourself will mingle with society and play the humble host.

(Assassins at door)

There's blood upon thy face.

Murderer#1: 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth: Is he dispatched?

Murderer#1: His throat is cut. That I did for him.

Murderer #2: Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth: Get thee gone. Tomorrow we'll hear ourselves again. (murderers exit)

Lady Macbeth: My royal lord....you do not give the cheer.

(enter Ghost of Banquo)

Macbeth: Here had we now our country's honor roofed were Banquo present.

Ross: His absence sir, lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
to grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth: ***(sees the ghost of Banquo)***

Lennox: What is't your highness?

Macbeth: Which of you has done this?!

Lords: What, my good lord?

Macbeth: Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake thy gory locks at me.

Ross: Gentlemen, his highness is not well!

Lady Macbeth: Sit worthy friends. My lord is often thus, and hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought, he will be well again. **(to Macbeth)** Are you a man?

Macbeth: Aye, and a bold one that dare look on that which might appall the devil.

Lady Macbeth: O proper stuff! These flaws and starts would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire. Why do you make such faces?

Macbeth: Prithee, see there! Behold! Look! LO! How say you?

Lady Macbeth: What folly! **(Ghost exits)**

Macbeth: If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth: Fie, for shame! **(covering for him)** Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth: I do forget. My most worthy friends, I have a strange infirmity which is nothing to those who know me. Come! Love and health to all!

(reenter Ghost)

I drink to the general joy of all and to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss.

Lords: Our duties and the pledge.

Macbeth: **(seeing Ghost again)** Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold!

Lady Macbeth: Think of this good peers, but as a thing of custom. Tis no other. Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth: Take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble! Hence, horrible shadow! **(exit Ghost)** Why so, being gone, I am a man again. Pray you stay.

Lady Macbeth: You have displaced the mirth.

Macbeth: You make me strange when now I think you can behold such sights and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks when mine is blanched with fear.

Ross: What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth: I pray you speak not. He grows worse and worse. Questions enrage him. At once, good night. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!

Lennox: Good night and better health attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth: A kind good night to all. *(they exit)*

Macbeth: It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood. I will tomorrow to the weird sisters. Strange things have I in my head.

Lady Macbeth: You lack the season of sleep.

Macbeth: Come, we'll to sleep.

(THE WITCHES' CAVE)

First Witch: Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Second Witch: Thrice, and once the hedge pig whined.

Third Witch: Harpier cries, tis time, tis time!

First Witch: Round about the cauldron go...in the poisoned entrails throw.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: Fillet of a fenny snake, in the cauldron boil and bake. Eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog, adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch: Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witches' mummy, maw and gulf of the ravined salt-sea shark, root of hemlock digged in the dark. Finger of a birth-strangled babe ditch delivered by a drab. Make the gruel thick and slab and thereto a tiger's chaudron for the ingredients of our cauldron.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch: By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.
Open locks whoever knocks!

(enter Macbeth)

Macbeth: How now you secret, black and midnight hags? What is't you do?

All: A deed without a name.

Macbeth: I conjure you by that name which you profess...answer me to what I ask you.

First Witch: Speak...

Second Witch: Demand...

Third Witch: We'll answer.

1st Apparition: Macbeth...beware Macduff...beware Macduff! Beware the Thane of Fife.

(witches do a wild action)

2nd Apparition: Macbeth..Macbeth... Be bloody, bold and resolute. Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

(witches do a wild action)

3rd Apparition: Macbeth.... shall never vanquished be until Great Birnam Wood to High Dunsinane Hill shall come against him.

Macbeth: That will never be! Who can impress the forest, bid the tree unfix his earthbound root? Good! Yet my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me...

Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?

All: Seek to know no more.

Macbeth: I will be satisfied!! *(witches vanish)* What? Where are they?

(enter Lennox) Saw you the weird sisters?

Lennox: No, my lord.... My lord... Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth: Fled to England?

Lennox: Aye my lord, to meet with young Malcolm.

Macbeth: From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand. The castle of Macduff I will surprise....Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword his wife,

his babes, and all that trace him in his line.

No boasting like a fool; this deed I'll do before the purpose cool.

(Macduff's Castle at Fife)

Lady Macduff: What had he done to make him fly the land? His flight was madness!

Ross: You know not whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff: Wisdom? To leave his wife? To leave his babes, his mansion, and his titles. He loves us not. His flight runs against all reason.

Ross: My dearest coz, Macduff is noble, wise, and best knows the fits o' the season. I take my leave of you. Blessing upon you all. *(he exits)*

Lady Macduff: Sirrah, your father's dead, and what will you do now? How will you live?

Son: As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff: What, with worms and flies?

Son: With what I get, I mean.My father is not dead.

Lady Macduff: Yes, he is dead, how wilt thou do for a father?

Son: Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff: Why I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son: Then you buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff: Poor monkey....
(enter murderers) What are these faces?

Murderer: Where is thy husband?

Lady Macduff: I hope in no place so unsanctified where such as thou mayst find him.

Murderer: He is a traitor.

Son: Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

Murderer: What, you egg! *(kills son)*

Son: He has killed me Mother!

Lady Macduff: Murder!!! Murder!!! *(her throat is cut)*

(ENGLAND)

Malcolm: Macduff...let us seek out some desolate shade.

Macduff: Let us rather hold fast the deadly sword and like good men stand o'er our downfall'n birthdom.

Malcolm: What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest.

Macduff: We'll together, and the chance of goodness be like our warranted quarrel!

(enter Ross)

Macduff: My ever gentle cousin, welcome!
Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross: Alas, I have words that would be howled out in the desert air where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff: What concern they?

Ross: The main part pertains to you alone.

Macduff: If it be mine, keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

Ross: Let not your ears despise my tongue forever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound that ever yet they heard. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes savagely slaughtered.

Malcolm: Merciful Heaven! **(Macduff is heavily grieved)**

Macduff: My children too?

Ross: Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macduff: And I must be from thence! My wife killed too?

Ross: I have said..

Malcolm: Be comforted. Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge to cure this deadly grief.

Macduff: He has no children! All my pretty ones? Did you say all? O hell-kite! All? What, all my pretty chickens at one fell swoop?

Malcolm: Dispute it like a man.

Macduff: I shall do so; but I must also feel it as a man. Heaven rest them now.

Malcolm: Let your grief convert to anger...blunt not the heart, enrage it!

Macduff: Front to front bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself!

Malcolm: Our power is ready. Macbeth is ripe for shaking!....Advance the war!

(Macbeth's Castle)

(enter Doctor and Macbeth's Lady-in-Waiting)

Doctor: I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Lady: Since his Majesty went into the field I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. Lo, here she comes. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor: You see her eyes are open.

Lady: Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor: Look, how she rubs her hands.

Lady Macbeth: Out damned spot! Out I say! One. Two.
Why then tis time to do it. Hell is murky.
Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?
The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?
What, will these hands ne'er be clean.
No more o' that, my lord, no more!
Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!
Wash your hands. Look not so
Pale. I tell you again Banquo's buried!.....To bed, to bed. What's done cannot be undone. To bed....

Doctor: More needs she the divine than the physician....Look after her. Good night. ***(all exit)***

(DUNSINANE: a room in the castle)

(Enter: Macbeth, Doctor, Seyton)

Seyton: The English power is near, led on by Malcolm and Macduff, revenges burning in them.

Macbeth: ***(throwing objects to the floor)*** Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear.. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits have pronounced me thus: "Fear not Macbeth. No man that's born of woman shall e'er have power upon thee." ***(enter Servant)*** Thou cream-faced loon, where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant: There is ten thousand -

Macbeth: Geese, villain?

Servant: -soldiers sir...the English force..

Macbeth: Take thy face hence. ***(exit Servant)***

Seyton— Give me my armor. ***(SCREAM of a woman within....Seyton exits)***

Macbeth: Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton: ***(Seyton returns)***The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth: She should have died hereafter. There would have been time for such a word. 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.

Out, out brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. ***(Messenger enters)***

Messenger: Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, but know not how to do it.

Macbeth: Well, say sir!

Messenger: As I did stand my watch, I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought, the wood began to move.

Macbeth: Liar! I 'gin to be aweary of the sun and wish the estate of the world were now undone. - Ring the alarum bell! - Blow wind, come wrack! At least we'll die with

harness on our back! I cannot fly, but bearlike, I must fight the course. What's he that was not born of woman? Such a one am I to fear, or none!

(The battle begins - Macbeth slays soldiers. Macduff enters)

Macduff: Turn hellhound, turn!

Macbeth: Of all men else I have avoided thee. But get thee back. My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

Macduff: I have no words; my voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!

Macbeth: Thou lovest, Macduff; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.

Macduff: Despair thy charm!! And let the angel whom thou hast served tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped!

Macbeth: Accursed be that tongue that tells me so! I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff: Then yield thee, coward, and live to be the show and gaze 'o the time. We'll have thee painted upon a pole and underwrit: "Here you may see the tyrant!"

Macbeth: I will not yield to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet. Lay on, Macduff and damn'd be him that cries, "hold, enough!"

(Fight ensues. Macbeth is slain. Enter with drum and colors Malcolm, Ross, Thanes; with soldiers)

Macduff: Hail, King, for so thou art. Behold where stands the usurper's cursed head. *(Macbeth's head on pike)* The time is free. Hail, King of Scotland!

All: Hail, King of Scotland!!! *(flourish)*

Malcolm: We shall not spend a large expense of time before we reckon with your several loves and make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen, henceforth be Earls, the first ever that Scotland in such honor names. What's more to do which would be planted newly with the time as calling home our exiled friends abroad that fled the snares of watchful tyranny of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen.

This...and what needful else that calls upon us by the Grace of Grace, we

will perform in measure, time, and place. So thanks to all at once and to each one whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

All: Hail, King of Scotland!!! (*all bow*)