Call Back Speeches and Scenes

***Macbeth***

Bardfest 2021

*(King Duncan hears how the battle is going from a soldier)*

**DUNCAN**

What bloody man is that? He can report,/ As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

**MALCOLM**

This is the sergeant/ Who like a good and hardy soldier fought/ 'Gainst my captivity. *(He helps Sergeant stand)* Hail, brave friend!/ Say to the king the knowledge of the broil/ As thou didst leave it.

**SERGEANT**

Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together/ And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald - - Worthy to be a rebel, for to that/ The multiplying villanies of nature/ Do swarm upon him-- but all's too weak: For brave Macbeth--/ Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,/ Which smoked with bloody execution,/ Like valour's minion carved out his passage/ Till he faced the slave; he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,/ and fix'd his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

**SERGEANT**

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come/ Discomfort swells*.* Mark, king of Scotland, mark:/ No sooner justice had with valour arm'd/ But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men/ Began a fresh assault.

**DUNCAN**

Dismay'd not this/ Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

**SERGEANT**

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they/ Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:/ But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. (*Enter ROSS)*

**DUNCAN**

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;/ They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. (*Exit Sergeant and Attendant)*

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

From Fife, great king; (*the slow-motion* *mime of a Norwegian Lord and fresh soldiers attacking Macbeth and Banquo continues)*Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky/ And fan our people cold. Norway himself, With terrible numbers,/ Assisted by that most disloyal traitor/ The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;/ Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm./ Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude, *(pausing dramatically - we see a mime of a Norwegian lord losing in battle to Macbeth and Banquo)* The victory fell on us. *(All cheer)*

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!/ No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive/ Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,/And with his former title greet Macbeth.

**ROSS**

I'll see it done.

**DUNCAN**

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

*(King Duncan learns that a traitor has been executed and he hails Macbeth as the hero of the battle)*

**DUNCAN**

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not/ Those in commission yet return'd?

**MALCOLM**

My liege,/ They are not yet come back. But I have spoke/ With one that saw him die: who did report/That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,/ Implored your highness' pardon and set forth/ A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died/ As one that had been studied in his death/ To throw away the dearest thing he owed,/ As 'twere a careless trifle.

**DUNCAN**

There's no art/ To find the mind's construction in the face:/ He was a gentleman on whom I built/ An absolute trust. *(Entering from SL MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS**)*/ O worthiest cousin!/ The sin of my ingratitude even now/ Was heavy on me: thou art so far before/ That swiftest wing of recompense is slow/ To overtake thee, only I have left to say,/ More is thy due than more than all can pay.

**MACBETH**

The service and the loyalty I owe,/ In doing it, pays itself. *(Macbeth and Banquo kneel before Duncan)*

**DUNCAN**

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour/ To make thee full of growing let me enfold thee/ And hold thee to my heart. *(Duncan helps Macbeth and Banquo to stand and hugs each of them)*My plenteous joys,/ Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves/ In drops of sorrow. 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. *(he bows to the King)*

**DUNCAN**

My worthy Cawdor! *(he hugs Macbeth again then the scene freezes and Macbeth speaks to the audience)*

*(Discovery of Duncan’s Murder Scene: Macduff, Lennox, Banquo, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Malcolm)*

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow.

**LENNOX**

Goes the king hence to-day?

**MACBETH**

He does: he did appoint so.

**LENNOX**

The night has been unruly: where we lay,/ Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,/ Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,/ And prophesying with accents terrible/ Of dire combustion and confused events/ some say, the earth Was feverous and did shake.

**MACBETH**

*(ironic)* 'Twas a rough night.

**LENNOX**

My young remembrance cannot parallel/ A fellow to it. (*Re-enter Macduff)*

**MACDUFF**

*(entering, having seen the murdered King Duncan)* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart/ Cannot conceive nor name thee!

**LENNOX**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious *murder* hath broke ope’/ The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence/ The life o' the building!

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Awake, awake/ *Ring the alarum-bell*. *Murder* and *treason*! *(bell rings and continues)*  
Banquo and Malcolm! awake!/ Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,/ To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business,/ That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley/ The sleepers of the house? speak, speak! *(Bell stops)*

**MACDUFF**

O gentle lady,/ 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,/ Would murder as it fell. *(Enter BANQUO)*O Banquo, Banquo, Our royal master 's murder'd!

**LADY MACBETH**

*(pretends to be horror-struck)* Woe, alas!/ What, in our house?

**LENNOX**

Too cruel any where./ Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,/ And say it is not so.

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,/ I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,/ There 's nothing serious in mortality:

*Enter MALCOLM*

**MALCOLM**

What is amiss?

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd. *(Lady Macbeth swoons and a noble helps her stand)*

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't: *(Lady Macbeth cries out in horror)*  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found/ Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life/ Was to be trusted with them.

------------------------------------------------------------------

*(Macbeth is terrorized by the Ghost of his best friend, Banquo, whom he had murdered Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Lennox, & Ross)*

**ROSS**

Please't your highness/ To grace us with your royal company. *(he gestures to the seat where the Ghost of Banquo sits)*

**MACBETH**

The table's full.

**LENNOX**

Here is a place reserved, sir. *(nodding to the seat where the Ghost of Banquo sits)*

**MACBETH**

Where?

**LENNOX**

Here, my good lord. *(pointing to the place where the Ghost of Banquo sits – Macbeth is horrified – only Macbeth sees the Ghost)* What is't that moves your highness?

**MACBETH**

Which of you have done this? *(Banquo’s Ghost looks at Macbeth and shakes his head “No”)*

**ROSS/ LENNOX**

*(ad lib)* What, my good lord?

**MACBETH**

*(to Banquo’s Ghost)* Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake/ Thy gory locks at *me*.

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. *(the Lords stand)*

**LADY MACBETH**

*(to the Lords)* Sit*,* worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you*, keep seat;* *(the Lords sit)*  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought/ He will again be well

**MACBETH**

*(to Lady Macbeth, pointing towards Banquo’s Ghost)* Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!/ *(to Banquo’s Ghost – who nods to Macbeth)* how say you?/ *(speaking louder to Banquo’s Ghost)* Why, what care I? *(screaming at Banquo’s Ghost – who continues nodding)* If thou canst nod, **speak too**. *(Banquo’s Ghost stands King Duncan’s Ghost enters and Xs to Banquo’s Ghost – they walk towards Macbeth together, threateningly)*If charnel-houses and our graves must send/ Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites*. (Ghosts of Banquo and Duncan’s Ghost walk past Macbeth and exit – he whimpers in gratitude that they are gone)*

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

**MACBETH**

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,/ Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;/ Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd/ Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,/ That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; ***but now they rise again***, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: this is more strange/ Than such a murder is.

**LADY MACBETH**

My worthy lord,/Your noble friends do lack you. *(an uncomfortable silence as Macbeth realizes the Lords are not eating and are watching him)*

**MACBETH**

I do forget. *(he looks around and laughs nervously)* Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,/ I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing/ To those that know me. *(picking up a wine glass to make a toast)* Come, love and health to all; *(all raise their glasses to Macbeth – he quickly drinks the whole glass of wine*

**LORDS (ROSS AND LENNOX)**

*(toasting to Macbeth and drinking a sip of wine)* Our duties, and the pledge. *(Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO)*

**MACBETH**

*(he screams in shock and horror seeing the Ghost again and the Lords stand – Macbeth speaks to Banquo’s Ghost)* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!/ Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes/ Which thou dost glare with!

**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**

What man dare, I dare:/ Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;/ Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves/ Shall never tremble: or be alive again,/ And dare me to the desert with thy sword;/ If trembling I inhabit then, protest me/ The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!/ Unreal mockery, hence! (*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishe**s)*

*(to the Lords)* Why, so: being gone,/ I am a man again. Pray you, *(raising his voice to them)* **sit still**. *(they sit)*

**LADY MACBETH**

*(aside to Macbeth)* You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,/ With most admired disorder.

**MACBETH**

Can such things be,/ And overcome us like a summer's cloud,/ Without our special wonder? You make me strange/ Even to the disposition that I owe,/ 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**

*(aside to Macbeth)* I pray you, **speak not**; *(to the Lords)* he grows worse and worse;/ Question enrages him. *(she stands and the Lords stand, too)* 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! (end scene)

*(Banquo and his son arrive at Macbeth’s castle where the King is visiting)*

**BANQUO**

How goes the night, boy? *(Macbeth hears Banquo and Fleance enter and listens from DL, unseen)*

**FLEANCE**

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

**BANQUO**

And she goes down at twelve.

**FLEANCE**

I take't, 'tis later, sir. *(As Banquo speaks, Macbeth pulls a bit closer to listen, unseen)*

**BANQUO**

Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;/ Their candles are all out. Take thee that too./ A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,/ And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,/ Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature/ Gives way to in repose! (*Macbeth has been pulling closer to them to listen and Banquo hears Macbeth)*/ Give me my sword./ Who's there? *(he takes the sword from Fleance to defends them)*

**MACBETH**

A friend.

**BANQUO**

*(lowering his sword, chuckling that he raised a sword to his friend)* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:/ He hath been in unusual pleasure, and/ Sent forth great largess to your offices./ This diamond *(Banquo holds up a large diamond ring - a gift for Lady Macbeth)* he greets your wife withal*, (Macbeth reacts guiltily to the very generous gift)**/* By the name of most kind hostess; All's well. *(Banquo gives the diamond to Macbeth - Macbeth, unseen. reacts that all is not well during the pause)* I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:/ To you they have show'd some truth.

**MACBETH**

I think not of them:/ Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,/ We would spend it in some words upon that business,/ If you would grant the time.

**BANQUO**

At your kind'st leisure.

**MACBETH**

Good repose the while!

**BANQUO**

Thanks, sir: the like to you! (*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE SL)*

***(****Banquo fears that Macbeth has murdered to become King and he fears for his safety and that of his son)*

**BANQUO**

*(Enter BANQUO* and *Fleance* - *aside to audience)* Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,/ As the weird women promised, and, I fear,/ Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said/ It should not stand in thy posterity,/ But that myselfshould be the root and father/ Of many kings. If there come truth from them--/ As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--/ Why, by the verities on thee made good,/ May they not be my oracles as well,/ And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

*Trumpet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King*

**MACBETH**

*(gesturing towards BANQUO)* Here's our chief guest. To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,/ And I'll request your presence.

**BANQUO**

Let your highness/ Command upon me; to the which my duties/ Are with a most indissoluble tie/ For ever knit.

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good advice,/ In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow./ Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time /'Twixt this and supper: *(all chuckle good naturedly)* go not my horse the better,/ I must become a borrower of the night/ For a dark hour or twain.

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast. *(Macbeth hugs Banquo)*

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

*(to Banquo and the Lords)* We hear, our bloody cousin is bestow'd/ In England, not confessing his cruel patricide, filling his hearers / With strange invention; *(to Banquo)* Hie you to horse: adieu,/ Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord: *(lovingly slaps his son on the back)* our time does call upon 's.

**MACBETH**

Farewell. *(Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE)*

*(Lennox and Macduff arrive late to Macbeth’s Castle with Macduff and they knock to be admitted. The porter who must open the gate to the castle is drunk)*

*(Lennox read Macduff’s lines)*

**PORTER**

*(drunk with a bottle)* Here's a knocking indeed! If a/ man were porter of hell-gate, he should have/ old turning the key. (*Knocking within)*

Knock,/ knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of/ Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged /himself on the expectation of plenty: come in/ time; have napkins enow about you; here/ you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking within)*

Knock,/ knock! Who's there, in the other devil's/ name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could/ swear in both the scales against either scale;/ who committed treason enough for God's sake,/ yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator. (*Knocking within)* Knock,/ knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an/ English tailor come hither, for stealing out of/ a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (*Knocking within, more urgent)*

Knock,/ knock; never at quiet! What are you? But/ this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter/ it no further: I had thought to have let in/ some of all professions that go the primrose/ way to the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking within, more urgent)*

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. *(He opens the gate)*

*(Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX)*

**MACDUFF**

*(speaking to the PORTER)* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,/ That you do lie so late?

**PORTER**

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the/ second cock: 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. *(PORTER runs off stage to relieve himself – Macduff and Lennox chuckle at his urgency exiting)*

*(After his father King Duncan was murdered, Malcolm goes to England, fearing for his safety. He is very leery of spies who might trick him into coming back to Scotland only to kill him)*

**MALCOLM**

*(He has been drinking and is depressed)* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there/ Weep our sad bosoms empty.

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather/ Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom

**MALCOLM**

What I believe I'll wail,/ What know believe, and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. *(pause – he is concerned initially that Macduff is a spy)*What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,/ Was once thought honest: you have loved him well./ He hath not touch'd you *(pause)* yet. I am young;  
but something/ You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb/ To appease an angry god.

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

**MALCOLM**

But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil/ In an imperial charge. *(pause)* But I shall crave your pardon;/ That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;/ Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,/ Yet grace must still look so. *(he continues to drink)*

**MACDUFF**

I have lost my hopes.

**MALCOLM**

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child, /Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,/ Without leave-taking? I pray you,/ Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,/ But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,/ Whatever I shall think.

**MACDUFF**

Fare thee well, lord:/ I would not be the villain that thou think'st/ For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,/ And the rich East to boot*. (he begins to exit)*

**MALCOLM**

*(standing – Macduff stops to listen to him)* Be not offended:/ I speak not as in absolute fear of you. / I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; it weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash/ Is added to her wounds: I think withal There would be hands uplifted in my right;/ And here from gracious England have I offer/ Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,/ Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country/ Shall have more vices than it had before,/ More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,/ By him that shall succeed.

**MACDUFF**

What should he be?

**MALCOLM**

It is myself I mean: in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted/ That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth/ Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state/ Esteem him as a lamb, being compared/ With my confineless harms. *(he drinks more)*

**MACDUFF**

Not in the legions/ Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd/ In evils to top Macbeth.

**MALCOLM**

I grant him bloody, / *(a humorous moment as he begins to drunkenly list all of Macbeth’s sins)* Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,/ Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin/ That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,/ and my desire/ All continent impediments would o'erbear/ That did oppose my will: better Macbeth/ *(gesturing to himself)* Than such an one to reign.

**MACDUFF**

But fear not yet/ To take upon you what is *yours.*

**MALCOLM**

With this there grows/ In my most ill-composed affection such/ A stanchless avarice that, were I king,/ I should cut off the nobles for their lands,/ Desire his jewels and this other's house:/ And my more-having would be as a sauce/ To make me hunger more; that I should forge/ Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,/ Destroying them for wealth.

**MACDUFF**

Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will./ Of your mere own: all these are portable,/ With other graces weigh'd.

**MALCOLM**

*(worried he will not be a good king – Duncan was known for his virtue)* But I have none: the king-becoming graces,/ As justice, verity, temperance, /perseverance, mercy, lowliness,/ Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,/ I have no relish of them, Nay, had I power, I should/ Uproar the universal peace, confound/ All unity on earth.

**MACDUFF**

O Scotland, Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

*(gesturing to himself)* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:/ I am as I have spoken.

**MACDUFF**

O nation miserable,/ With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,/ When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,/ Since that the truest issue of thy throne/ By his own interdiction stands accursed,/ Thy royal father/ Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,/ *(making the sign of the cross)* Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,/ Died every day she lived. *(He begins to exit)* Fare thee well!/ O my breast,/ Thy hope ends here!

**MALCOLM**

*(now he is encouraged by the virtue of his parents – standing, calling Macduff back)* Macduff, this noble passion,/ Child of integrity, hath from my soul /Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts/ and modest wisdom plucks me/ From over-credulous haste: but (*making the sign of the cross)* God above/ Deal between thee and me! *(crossing to Macduff)* for even now/ I put myself to thy direction, and/ Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure/ The taints and blames I laid upon myself,/ For strangers to my nature. Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, *(makes the sign of the cross)* my first false speaking/ Was this upon myself: what I am truly,/ Is thine and my poor country's to command:  
Now we'll together; Why are you silent?

**MACDUFF**

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once/ 'Tis hard to reconcile.

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