***Macbeth*** *by William Shakespeare*

Edited by Dr. Kathy Phipps (4/8/21)

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**Characters:**

Duncan, King of Scotland (later Duncan’s Ghost)

Malcom, Prince of Scotland/ First Murderer

Sergeant/ Porter/ Second Murderer/ Doctor

Lennox, a Scottish nobleman

Ross, a Scottish nobleman

Macbeth, a Scottish nobleman

Lady Macbeth/ Hecate

Banquo, a Scottish nobleman (later Banquo’s Ghost)

Macduff, a Scottish nobleman *(Soldier with MacDonwald in mime in Act I Scene 2)*

Lady MacDuff (later Lady Macbeth’s Ghost)

Angus, a Scottish nobleman *(Norwegian Lord in mime in Act I Scene 2)*/ Messenger to Lady Macduff

Fleance, Banquo’s son/ *(Norwegian Soldier in mime in Act I Scene 2)/ Sailor in early mime with Witches*/ Attendant/ Soldier

Macduff’s Son/ Attendant/ Servant/ Soldier

Gentle Woman

Young Siward/ *(MacDonwald in the mime in Act I Scene 2)/* First Apparition

First Witch

Second Witch

Third Witch

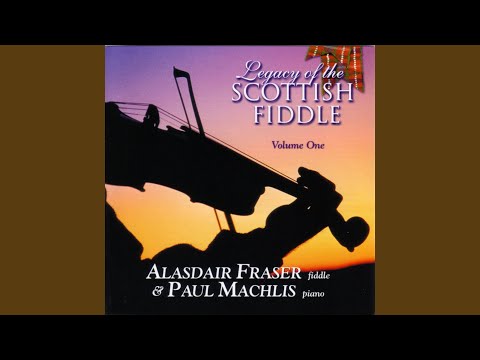
* Witch Chorus (including Sailor’s wife in mime)

**ACT I**

**SCENE 1: A clearing in the woods**

*Thunder, lightning, and music begins in a BLACKOUT. At the start of the scene, the witches are frozen, facing upstage in costumes resembling pine trees. Each soloist unfreezes and faces the audience to sing**. They are in their beautiful form.*

*Music: “Neil Gow’s Lament for his Second Wife” starts with lights up for the start of the show; house goes to half at 1:25; BLACKOUT at 2:07 and Witches take their places; lights up at 2:30 – all Witches are frozen except Witch #1 who faces the audience and sings – other witches turn around and cross to the audience as they sing – they are enchanting, alluring and beautiful)*

**[](https://www.youtube.com/embed/aQjqeiQMFUE?feature=oembed)**

**FIRST WITCH**

*(Singing at 2:38)* When shall we meet again/ In thunder, lightning, or rain?

**SECOND WITCH**

*(singing at 2:44)* When the hurlyburly's done,

**THIRD WITCH**

*(singing at 2:49)* When the battle's lost and won.

**FIRST WITCH**

*(singing at 2:52)* That will be ere the set of sun.

**THIRD WITCH**

*(singing at 2:55)* Where the place?

**SECOND WITCH**

*(singing at 2:59)* Upon the heath.

**ALL WITCHES**

*(singing at 2:59)* There to meet with Macbeth.

*(singing and dancing at 3:07)* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:/ Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*(singing and dancing at 3:21)* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:/ Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*(Instrumental interlude and All Witches dance 3:35 – 3:52)*

**FIRST WITCH**

*(singing at 3:52*) When shall we meet again/ In thunder, lightning, or rain?

**SECOND and THIRD WITCH**

*(singing at 4:02)* When the hurlyburly's done,

**ALL WITCHES**

*(singing at 4:08)* When the battle's lost and won. *(All Witches freeze)*

**BLACKOUT** *(Scene Change Music)*

* *Very quick costume change for Sailors Wife in the mime*

**SCENE 2: A Camp near the King’s Palace**

*Lights up on DUNCAN, MALCOLM, LENNOX, Attendant (McDuff’s Son). As lights come up, Sergeant is Xing to the King and kneels*

**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.

*(As the Sergeant describes the scene, we see a slow-motion mime of Macdonwald fighting and losing to Macbeth and Banquo – lights up UL)*

**SERGEANT**

Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers, that do cling together/ And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--/ *(in mime it looks initially like Macdonwald will beat Macbeth)* 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,/ *(Macbeth begins to win the fight with his broad sword)* Which smoked with bloody execution,/ Like valour's minion carved out his passage/ Till he faced the slave; *(Macbeth cuts MacDonwald from abdomen to throat in the mime)*he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,/ (*then Macbeth and Banquo pull the body off SL)* And fix'd his head upon our battlements. *(Lights down UL)*

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

**SERGEANT**

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come/ Discomfort swells*. (Lights up UL on fighting Macbeth and Banquo entering from SL, tired)* 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. *(slow motion mime of Norwegian Lord and soldiers entering from SL, attacking Macbeth and Banquo)*

**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.

***BLACKOUT*** *(Scene change music is “Neil Gow’s Lament for his First Wife”)*

**SCENE 3: A heath near the King’s palace.**

*Thunder. The lights come up on the witches. Those in the Witch Chorus are frozen in their positions from Act I Scene 1. All are beautiful and alluring.*

**FIRST WITCH**

Where hast thou been, sister?

**SECOND WITCH**

Killing swine. *(First Witch and Third Witch smile and nod in approval)*

**THIRD WITCH**

Sister, where thou?

**FIRST WITCH**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, *(lights up on the Sailor’s Wife eating chestnuts)*  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries. *(Sailor’s Wife refuses to give chestnuts to the Witch and exits, shoving chestnuts in her mouth and laughing at the Witch)*

**FIRST WITCH**

Her husband's *(lights up UL on Sailor’s husband)* to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger: *(we see Sailor in good health on the ship**)/* But in a sieve I'll thither sail, *(she mimes sailing/ flying to Aleppo)**/* And, like a rat without a tail,/ I'll do, *(gives pain to Sailor)* I'll do, *(gives pain to Sailor)* and I'll *do*. (*gives pain to Sailor)*

**Sound Cue: Griogal Cridhe Instrumental**

*[](https://www.youtube.com/embed/ZtzTK-AtcS8?feature=oembed)*

**SECOND WITCH**

I'll give thee a wind. *(Sound cue for Wind - she crosses to the Sailor and curses him - Sailor twirls around in pain from the “wind” of the Witches)*

**FIRST WITCH**

Thou'rt kind.

**THIRD WITCH**

And I another. *(she crosses to the Sailor and curses him - Sailor twirls around in pain from the “wind” of the Witches)*

**FIRST WITCH**

I myself have all the other,/ And the very ports they blow, *(she crosses to the Sailor and curses him - Sailor twirls around in pain from the “wind” of the Witches)*

All the quarters that they know/ I' the shipman's card. *(Sailor is very ill)*I will drain him dry as hay: *(she curses him and he moans – he falls to the ground))*

Sleep shall neither night nor day *(Sailor mimes tossing and turning, unable to sleep)*Hang upon his pent-house lid;/He shall live a man forbid: *(He stands and paces, unable to sleep, still in great pain)*/ Weary sev’n nights nine times nine/ Shall he dwindle *(Sailor faints)*, peak *(Sailor regains a small amount of strength)* and pine *(Sailor falls and rolls on the ground in pain)*:/ Though his bark cannot be lost,/ Yet it shall be tempest-tost. *(Sailor dies – Witches laugh and celebrate)*/ Look what I have.

**SECOND WITCH**

Show me, show me.

**FIRST WITCH**

*(holding up a thumb and laughing)* Here I have a pilot's thumb,/ Wreck'd as homeward he did come. *(Drum heard from off-stage)*

**THIRD WITCH**

A drum, a drum!/ Macbeth doth come

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO – they think the witches can’t see them and watch; the Witches dance from 1:25 – 1:46 and then sing and dance to “**Griogal Cridhe”*

**ALL WITCHES**

*(Speaking at video 1:47)* The weird sisters, hand in hand,/ Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about:

(at *video 2:00 singing)* Thrice to thine and thrice to mine/ *(at video 2:10)* And thrice again, to make up nine;

(at *video 2:20)* Thrice to thine and thrice to mine/ *(at video 2:27)* And thrice again, to make up nine.

**FIRST WITCH**

*(at video 2:38, speaking)* When shall we meet again/ In thunder, lightning, or rain?

**SECOND WITCH**

*(at video 2:45, speaking)* When the hurlyburly's done,

**ALL WITCHES**

*(at video 2:45, speaking)* When the battle's lost and won.

**FIRST WITCH**

*(spoken)* Peace! the charm's wound up.

*(All Witches freeze in a tableau with a finger to their lips, as if saying “Shhhh” – the music fades)*

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**BANQUO**

*(Referring to the Witches)* What are these/ So wither'd and so wild in their attire,/ That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,/ And yet are on't? *(He crosses to the witches and looks at them, waiting for them to speak)* Live you? or are you aught/ That man may question? You seem to understand me,/ By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips:

**MACBETH**

*(Xing to a Witch, addressing her)* Speak, if you can: what are you?

**FIRST WITCH**

*(crosses to Macbeth and kneels)* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

**SECOND WITCH**

*(crosses to Macbeth and kneels)* All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

**THIRD WITCH**

*(crosses to Macbeth and kneels)* All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

*(All Witches kneel)*

**ALL WITCHES**

*(ad lib, murrurming)* King hereafter *(Macbeth looks alarmed - during Banquo’s next speech, the Witches hum the “Griogal Cridhe” melody under the dialogue)*

**BANQUO**

*(to Macbeth)* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear/ Things that do sound so fair? *(to the Witches)* I' the name of truth/Are ye fantastical, or that indeed/ Which outwardly ye show? *(gesturing towards Macbeth)* My noble partner/ You greet with present grace and great prediction/ Of noble having and of royal hope,/ That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not./ If you can look into the seeds of time,/ And say which grain will grow and which will not,/ Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear/ Your favours nor your hate.

**FIRST WITCH**

*(stands and bows to Banquo)* Hail!

**SECOND WITCH**

*(stands and bows to Banquo)* Hail!

**THIRD WITCH**

*(stands and bows to Banquo)* Hail! *(The* *Three Witches circle around Banquo as they speak – the Witch Chorus continues humming “Griogal Cridhe”)*

**FIRST WITCH**

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**SECOND WITCH**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**THIRD WITCH**

Thou shalt **get** kings, though thou be none:/ So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**ALL WITCHES**

*(stop humming)* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! *(All Witches begin to exit)*

Sound Cue: Griogal Cridhe fading up at 2:00

**MACBETH**

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:/ *(the Witches stop their exit and stand still- the instrumental music plays under the dialogue)*By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;/ But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,/ A prosperous gentleman; and to be king/ Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence/ You owe this strange intelligence? or why/ Upon this blasted heath you stop our way/ With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

(*The Witches Chorus mock Macbeth repeating “Speak, I charge you.”* *All Witches sing the chorus of “Griogal Cridghe”)*

**ALL WITCHES**

*(at* *video 2:35 singing)* Thrice to thine and thrice to mine/ (*at video 2:45 singing*) And thrice again, to make up nine;

(at *video 2:56)* Thrice to thine and thrice to mine/ *(at video 3:04)* And thrice again, to make up nine.

**BLACKOUT** *(with thunder and lightning and the Witches vanish)*

**BANQUO**

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,/ And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted/ As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

**BANQUO**

Were such things here as we do speak about?/ Or have we eaten on the insane root/ That takes the reason prisoner?

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

*(laughing to himself, as if the idea was silly)* And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

To the selfsame tune and words. (*Enter ROSS and ANGUS)* Who's here?

**ROSS**

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,/ The news of thy success; As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear/ *Thy* praises in his kingdom's great defence,/And pour'd them down before him.

**ANGUS**

We are sent/ To give thee from our royal master thanks

**ROSS**

And, for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: *(he holds up the chain of office for Cawdor)*/ In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!/ For it is thine.

**BANQUO**

*(aside to the audience)* What, can the devil speak true? *(ROSS puts the chain of office around Macbeth’s shoulders)*

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me/ In borrow'd robes?

**ANGUS**

Who was the thane lives yet;/ But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose./ He labour'd in his country's wreck, treasons capital, and confess'd and proved,/ Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

[*Aside*] Glamis, and *(touching the chain of office around his neck)* thane of Cawdor!/ The greatest is behind. *(To ROSS and ANGUS)* Thanks for your pains.

*(To BANQUO**, pulling him to the side*) Do you not hope your children shall be kings,/ When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me/ Promised no less to them?

**BANQUO**

*(initially excited for his friend)* That trusted home/ Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,/ Besides the thane of Cawdor. *(becoming concerned)* But 'tis strange:/ And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,/ The instruments of darkness tell us truths,/ Win us with honest trifles, to betray's/ In deepest consequence. *(to Ross and Angus*) Cousins, a word, I pray you. *(Banquo, Ross, and Angus cross away from Macbeth to talk SL)**.*

**MACBETH**

(*Aside to the Audience**)* Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success,/ Commencing in a truth? *(looking at the chain of office an Xing DS)* I **am** thane of Cawdor:/ If good, why do I yield to that suggestion/ Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair/ And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,/ Against the use of nature? Present fears/ Are less than horrible imaginings:/ My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man that function/ Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is/ But what is not.*/* If **chance** will **have** me **king**, why, **chance** may **crown** me, **Without** my **stir.****/** Come what come may,/ Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *(Macbeth Xs to the other three, slaps Banquo on the back good naturedly, and the four exit SL)*

***The scene continues uninterrupted as we go to the King’s Court***

**SCENE 4: The King’s Palace**

*(Royal Music) Entering from SR DUNCAN, MALCOLM, LENNOX, and Attendants*

**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)*

**MACBETH**

*[Aside to the audience, over Duncan’s shoulder – who faces upstage]* Stars, hide your fires;/ Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

**BLACKOUT** - **very quick scene change – no music –** the actors quickly exit SR as Lady Macbeth enters SL in a spotlight – as soon as she is onstage, the lights come up

**SCENE 5: Macbeth's castle in Inverness**

*From SL Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have/ learned by the perfectest 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!' This have I thought good to deliver/ thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou/ mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being/ ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it/to thy heart, and farewell.'  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be/ What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;/ It is too full o' the milk of human kindness/ To catch the nearest way: thou *wouldst* be great;/ Art not without ambition, but without/ The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,/ That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,/ And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,/ ' Hie thee hither,/ That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;/ And chastise with the valour of my tongue/ All that impedes thee from the golden round,/ Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem/ To have thee crown'd withal. *(Enter a Servant, quickly, out of breath)**/* What is your tidings?

**SERVANT**

The king comes *here* to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it:/ Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,/ Would have inform'd for preparation.

**SERVANT**

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:/ One of my fellows had the speed of him,/ Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more/ Than would make up his message.

**LADY MACBETH**

Give him tending;/ He brings great news*. (Exit Servant)*

The raven himself is hoarse/ That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements.

**Sound Cue: Griogal Cridhe**

*(Lighting a candle, kneeling, making summonsing gestures w hands)*

Come, you spirits *(witches off stage begin to softly hum the chorus of “Griogal Cridhe” and hum it thru the rest of the scene* 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, nor keep peace between/ The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,/ And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,/ Wherever in your sightless substances/ You wait on nature's mischief! *(The Witches enter with long black cloaks with hoods and their faces concealed – they sing and move around Lady Macbeth as she speaks )* Come, thick night,/ And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,/ Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,/ To cry 'Hold, hold!' (*Enter MACBETH – she stands and crosses to him – the Witches continue humming and move back from Lady Macbeth, forming a semi-circle around Lady Macbeth – when the music comes to the “thrice to thine and thrice to mine” melody, they softly hum the lament under the rest of the scene till the Black out)*Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!/ Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond/ This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,/ Duncan comes *here* to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes hence?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never/ Shall sun that morrow see! *(Macbeth is shocked at her candor)*  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men/ May read strange matters. To beguile the time,/ Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,/ Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,/ But be the serpent under't. He that's coming/ Must be provided for: and you shall put/ This night's great business into my dispatch;/ Which shall to all our nights and days to come/ Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Only look up clear;/ To alter favour ever is to fear:/ Leave all the rest to me. *(they embrace as– the Witches, unseen by Macbeth, pull closer to them, humming the last phrase: “thrice again to make up nine”)*

***BLACKOUT*** *(Scene change music is “Griogal Cridhe”)[everyone onstage exits SL – Lady Macbeth exits last, as she enters from SL right away]*

**SCENE 6: At the Gates of Macbeth's Castle.** *Royal music plays. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants from SR*

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air/ Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses. *(Enter LADY MACBETH**)* See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,/ Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you/ How you shall bid God shield us for your pains,/ And thank us for your trouble.

**LADY MACBETH**

*(kneeling to Duncan)* All our service/ In every point twice done and then done double/ Were poor and single business to contend/ Against those honours deep and broad wherewith/ Your majesty loads our house.

**DUNCAN**

*(Duncan is very touched and helps Lady Macbeth to stand)* Where's the thane of Cawdor? He rides well;/ And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him/ To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,/ We are your guest to-night. *(offering his arm to her)* Give me your hand;/ Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,/ And shall continue our graces towards him./ By your leave, hostess. *(Duncan and Lady Macbeth exit SL together, followed by others)*

*(Macbeth enters SR)*

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well/ It were done quickly: if the assassination/ Could trammel up the consequence, and catch/ With his surcease success; that but this blow/ Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,/ We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases/ We still have judgment here; that we but teach/ Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return/ To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice/ To **our** own lips. 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 borne his faculties so meek, hath been/ So clear in his great office, that his virtues/ Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against/ The deep damnation of his taking-off;/ And pity, like a naked new-born babe,/ Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed/ Upon the sightless couriers of the air,/ Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,/ That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur/ To prick the sides of my intent, but only/ Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself/ And falls on the other. (*Enter LADY MACBETH from SL)* How now! what news?/ Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:/ He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought/ Golden opinions from all sorts of people,/ Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,/ Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk/ Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale/ At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard/ To be the same in thine own act and valour/ As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that/ Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,/ And live a coward in thine own esteem,/ Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

**MACBETH**

Prithee, *peace*: (*pauses and thinks)*

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;/ And, to be more than what you were, you would/ Be so much more the man. I have given suck, and know/ How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:/ I would, while it was smiling in my face,/ Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,/ And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you/ Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail!/ But screw your courage to the sticking-place,/ And *(emphasize each word)* we'll not fail. *(pause)* When Duncan is asleep--/ Soundly invite his two chamberlains/ Will I with wine and wassail so convince/ That memory, the warder of the brain,/ Shall be a fume, when in swinish sleep/ Their drenched natures lie as in a death,/ What cannot you and I perform upon/ The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon/ His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt/ Of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only;/ For thy undaunted mettle should compose/ Nothing but males. Will it not be received,/ When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two/ Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,/ That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,/ As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar/ Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up/ Each corporal agent to this terrible feat./ Away, and mock the time with fairest show:/ False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *(they exit SL)*

*From UR Xing to DC, Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE*

**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)*

**MACBETH**

*(Sound cue: wolf howls - FIRST WITCH enters from SR with a black cloak, unseen, with a dagger)*Is this a dagger which I see before me,/ The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee./ *(The Witch teases Macbeth – as he is close to catching the dagger, she pulls it away)* 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?. *(Sound cue: wolf howls)* Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,/ Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still. *(The Witch sets down the dagger and Macbeth picks it up – he holds it up on “pale Hecate’s offerings)* Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse/ The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates/ Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder, *(Sound Cue: wolf howls)**/* Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf*,* */* Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace. *(First Witch exits, laughing)*Thou sure and firm-set earth,/ Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear/ Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,/ And take the present horror from the time,/ Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:/ Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. *(A bell rings)*

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. *Exit*

**BLACK OUT** – quick exit in one direction of Macbeth and entrance of Lady Macbeth – no music

**SCENE 7: Near the King’s chamber in Macbeth’s Castle**

*Enter LADY MACBETH with a container of drugged wine – she wears the large diamond ring, a gift from King Duncan, on her right hand (Sound Cue: Owl shrieking)*

**LADY MACBETH**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;/ What hath quench'd them hath given me fire./ Hark! Peace!/ It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,/ Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:/ The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms/ Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd/ their possets,/ That death and nature do contend about them,/ Whether they live or die.

**MACBETH**

*[from off-stage]* Who's there? what, ho!

**LADY MACBETH**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,/ And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed/ Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;/ He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled/ My father as he slept, I had done't. *(Enter MACBETH with bloody hands, carrying two daggers**)* My husband!

**MACBETH**

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

**LADY MACBETH**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry

**MACBETH**

(*Looking on his hands)* This is a sorry sight.

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight./ These deeds must not be thought/ After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

**MACBETH**

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!/ Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,/ Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,/ The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,/ Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,/ Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

**LADY MACBETH**

What do you mean?

**MACBETH**

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor/ Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY MACBETH**

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,/ You do unbend your noble strength, to think/ So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,/ And wash this filthy witness from your hand. *(realizing that he has the daggers with him)*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:/ I am afraid to think what I have done;/ Look on't again I dare not.

**LADY MACBETH**

Infirm of purpose!/ Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead/ Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood/ That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;/ For it must seem their guilt. *(she takes the daggers from him and exits.)*

**MACBETH**

(*Knocking within*) Whence is that knocking?/ How is't with me, when every noise appals me?/ What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood/ Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather/ The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,/ Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH with bloody hands*

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your colour; but I shame/ To wear a heart so white.

(*Knocking within)* I hear a knocking/ At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;  
A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it, then! Your constancy/ Hath left you unattended./ (*Knocking within – they are both startled)* 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

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. (*Knocking within)*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! *(they Exit - Quick costume change into nightgowns and capes – quickly wash blood from hands)*

**BLACKOUT –** quick change – no music – Porter enters in a spotlight as Lady Macbeth and Macbeth exits, and lights come up

**SCENE 9: The gate of Macbeth’s Castle**

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

**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)*

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the *lie* last night. *(calling to Porter)* Is thy master stirring? *(Enter MACBETH)**/* Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

He did command me to call timely on him:// I have almost slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll bring you to him./ This is the door.

**MACDUFF**

I'll make so bold to call,/ For 'tis my limited service. *(Exit)*

**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**

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!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight/ See, and then speak yourselves. (*Exit MACBETH and LENNOX)* Awake, awake/ Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason! *(bell rings and continues to ring)*/ Banquo! Malcolm! awake!/ Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,/ And look on death itself! up, up, and see/ The great doom's image! 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?

**BANQUO**

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

*(Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS)*

**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:/All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;/ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees/ Is left this vault to brag of.

*(Enter MALCOLM)*

**MALCOLM**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

You are, and do not know't:/ The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood/ Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

**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**

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,/ That I did kill them.

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,/ Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:/ The expedition my violent love/ Outrun the pauser, reason. *(gesturing in one direction*) Here lay Duncan,/ His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature/ For ruin's wasteful entrance: *(gesturing in another direction)* there, the murderers,/ Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers/ Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart/ Courage to make 's love known?

**LADY MACBETH**

*(fainting)* Help me hence, ho! *(she faints into Macbeth’s arms who steadies her)*

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady*.*

*(During the next speech the nobles make sure Lady Macbeth is alright while Malcolm crosses away – the nobles help her to sit and an attendant gets her a drink of water. Lady Macbeth tries to stand and faints into her husband’s arms)*

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady: / And when we have our naked frailties hid,/ That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work,/ To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:/ In the great hand of God I stand; and thence/ Against the undivulged pretence I fight/ Of treasonous malice. (*MACBETH helps LADY MACBETH off-stage)*

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

*(ad lib)* So all.

**MACDUFF**

Let's briefly put on manly readiness,/ And meet i' the hall together.

**ALL**

*(ad lib)* Well contented*. (Exit all but Malcolm)*

**MALCOLM**

*(aside to audience)* What will I do? I’ll not consort with them**:**  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office/ Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,/ The nearer bloody.

This murderous shaft that's shot/ Hath not yet lighted, and my safest way/ Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;/ But shift away: there's warrant in that theft/ Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. *(Exits – quick costume change to FIRST MURDERER)*

*(Enter DOCTOR and ROSS)*

**DOCTOR**

Threescore and ten I can remember well:/ Within the volume of which time I have seen/ Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night/ Hath trifled former knowings. 'Tis unnatural.

**ROSS**

And Duncan's horses--a thing most strange and certain--/ Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,/ Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,/ Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make/ War with mankind.

**DOCTOR**

'Tis said they eat each other.

**ROSS**

*(in horror)* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes/ That look'd upon't.  *(Exit DOCTOR – quick costume change to Second Murderer)*

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Malcolm, the king's son,/ is stol'n away and fled; which puts upon him/ Suspicion of the deed.

**ROSS**

Then 'tis most like/ The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

**MACDUFF**

*(shocked at how quickly this has happened)* He is already named, and gone to Scone/ To be invested.

**ROSS**

Will you to Scone?

**MACDUFF**

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

**ROSS**

Well, *I* will thither. *[to Scone]*

**MACDUFF**

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!/ Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

**ROSS**

Farewell. *(They exit in opposite directions)*

**BLACKOUT** *Scene Change music*

**SCENE 10: The King’s Palace**

**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, LADY MACBETH, as Queen, LENNOX, ROSS, ANGUS, Attendants, and Murders (dressed as servants - standing off to the side)*

**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)*

*(to the Lords)* Let every man be master of his time/ Till seven at night: to make society/ The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself/ Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you! *(Lady Macbeth, the Lords and Attendants exit, but Murderers wait UL)*

*(touching his crown – aside to the audience – Xing DR)* 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 fear'd: 'tis much he dares;/ And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,/ He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour/ To act in safety. There is none but he/ Whose being I do fear: *(Xing DC)* When first they put the name of king upon me,/ And bade them speak to *him*: then prophet-like/ They hail'd *him father* to a line of kings:/ Upon my head they placed a *fruitless* crown,/And put a *barren* sceptre in my gripe,/ Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,/ For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; *(DUNCAN’S GHOST Xs to Macbeth – who backs away from the Ghost in horror, moving closer to the Murderers)*/ For *them* the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;/ Put rancours in the vessel of my peace/ Only for them; and mine eternal jewel/ Given to the common enemy of man,/ To make *them* kings, the *seed* of *Banquo* kings!/ Rather than so, come fate into the list./ And champion me to the utterance! *(DUNCAN’S GHOST exits and the Murders clear their throats to get Macbeth’s attention – this terrifies the paranoid Macbeth)* Who's there!*(Noticing the Murderers – now, not as afraid)**/* Was it not yesterday we spoke together? *(the Murderers nod in agreement)*

**MACBETH**

*(Xing DS)* Both of you / Know Banquo was your enemy.

**BOTH MURDERERS**

*(looking uncertain, but Xing to him)* True, my lord.

**MACBETH**

So is he mine; and though I could/ With barefaced power sweep him from my sight/ And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,/ *(pause)* For certain friends that are both his and mine/ Masking the business from the common eye/ For sundry *(holding out a bag, heavy with coins)* weighty reasons.

**FIRST MURDERER**

We shall, my lord,/ Perform what you command us. *(he takes the bag of coins)*

**MACBETH**

Within this hour at most/ I will advise you where to plant yourselves;/ Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,/ for't must be done to-night,/ and with him--/ leave no rubs nor botches in the work--/ Fleance his son, that keeps him company,/ Whose absence is no less material to me/ Than is his father's, must embrace the fate/ Of that dark hour. *(the Murderers react in surprise and concern at killing a child)* Resolve yourselves apart:/ *(Macbeth takes back the bag of gold and starts to walk away)* I'll come to you anon. *(pause)*

**BOTH MURDERERS**

(*reluctantly*) We are resolved, my lord*. (Macbeth gives them the gold)*

**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you straight: abide within. *(Exit Murderers)*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,/ If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*(Enter LADY MACBETH)*

**LADY MACBETH**

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,/Of sorriest fancies your companions making,/ Using those thoughts which should indeed have died/ With them they think on? Things without all remedy/ Should be without regard: what's *done* is *done.*

**MACBETH**

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:/ She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice/ Remains in danger of her former tooth. *(Witches hum “Griogal Cridhe” offstage)*  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the/ worlds suffer,/ Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep/ In the affliction of these terrible dreams/ *(GHOST OF DUNCAN enters and crosses to Macbeth)* That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,/ Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,/ Than on the torture of the mind to lie/ In restless ecstasy. *(Macbeth is horrified by the GHOST OF DUNCAN)* Duncan is in his grave;/ After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;/ Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,/ Can touch him further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Come on;/ Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night. (*DUNCAN’S GHOST exits and Macbeth is relieved – Witch’s humming fades)*

**MACBETH**

*(with a forced smile)* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you: *(pause)*

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;/ Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:/ And make our faces vizards to our hearts,/ Disguising what they are.

**LADY MACBETH**

You must leave this.

**MACBETH**

*(crying out in anguish) O,* full of scorpions is my mind, *(said derisively)* dear wife! *(she exits, hurt)*Come, seeling night,/ Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; /And with thy bloody and invisible hand/ Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond/ Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow/ Makes wing to the rooky wood:/ Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;/ While night's black agents to their preys do rouse./ Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;/ Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. *(Exit)*

***BLACKOUT*** *scene change music “Neill Gow’s Lament”*

**SCENE 11: A Park near the King’s Palace**

*(Enter Murderers)*

**FIRST MURDERER**

Hark! I hear horses.

**BANQUO**

*[off-stage]* Give us a light there, ho!

**SECOND MURDERER**

*(seeing Banquo’s torch – aside to FIRST MURDERER)* A light, a light! (*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch)*

**BANQUO**

*(to FLEANCE)* It will be rain to-night.

**FIRST MURDERER**

Let it come down. (*They set upon BANQUO, FIRST MURDERER strikes him with a knife)*

**BANQUO**

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!/ Thou mayst revenge. O slave! *(stage fight as SECOND MURDERER kill Banquo, slitting his throat - He falls on the torch to plunge the scene into darkness and Banquo dies - FLEANCE escapes – the scene is in blue shadows)*

**SECOND MURDERER**

Who did strike out the light?

**FIRST MURDERER**

Wast not the way?

**SECOND MURDERER**

There's but one down; the son is fled.

**FIRST MURDERER**

We have lost/ Best half of our affair.

**SECOND MURDERER**

Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *(Exit)*

*(Very quick make-up change for Banquo – battered head, whitened skin, and slit neck)*

**BLACKOUT** *Scene change music “Griogal Cridhe” – crew sets tables and chairs for banquet*

**SCENE 12: Dining Hall in the King’s Palace**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

You know your own degrees; 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.

**LADY MACBETH**

to all our friends;/ For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*(FIRST MURDERER appears at the door, DR)*

**MACBETH**

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks./ Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:/ Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure/ The table round. *(Approaching the Murdere**r)* There's blood on thy face.

**FIRST MURDERER**

*(wiping his face with a handkerchief)* 'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee without than he within./ Is he *(pause)* dispatch'd?

**FIRST MURDERER**

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good/ That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,/ Thou art the nonpareil.

**FIRST MURDERER**

Most royal sir,/ *(pausing)* Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,/ Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,/ As broad and general as the casing air:/ But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in/ To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

**FIRST MURDERER**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,/ With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's chair (Witches hum “Griogal Cridhe” off stage)*

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that:/ There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled/ Hath nature that in time will venom breed,/ No teeth for the present. Get thee gone *(Exit Murderer)*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,/ You do not give the cheer:

**MACBETH**

Sweet remembrancer!/ Now, good digestion wait on appetite,/ And health on both!

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

**MACBETH**

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,/ Were the graced person of our Banquo present;/ Who may I rather challenge for unkindness/ Than pity for mischance!

**ROSS**

His absence, sir,/ Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness *(gestures to the chair where Banquo’s Ghost sist)*To grace **us** with your royal company.

**MACBETH**

*(referring to Banquo’s Ghost who sits in his place)* The table's full.

**LENNOX**

*(nodding towards the chair where Banquo’s Ghost sits)* Here is a place reserved, sir.

**MACBETH**

Where?

**LENNOX**

Here, my good lord. *(pointing to the place where the Ghost of Banquo sits – Macbeth is horrified)* 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”)*

**LORDS**

What, my good lord?

**MACBETH**

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

**ROSS**

*(standing)* 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 – Macbeth paces and cries in misery and horror)*The fit is momentary; upon a thought/ He will again be well: if much you note him, You shall offend him and extend his passion:/ Feed, and regard him not. *(aside to Macbeth)* Are you a man?

**MACBETH**

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that/ *(pointing to Banquo’s Ghost)* Which might appal the devil.

**LADY MACBETH**

*(to Macbeth)* O proper stuff!/ This is the very painting of your fear:/ Impostors to true fear, would well become/ A woman's story at a winter's fire/ Shame itself!/Why do you make such faces? When all's done,/ You look but on a stool.

**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 and is joined by DUNCAN’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*. (GHOST OF BANQUO and DUNCAN’S GHOST walk past Macbeth and watch him from SR – Witch’s humming stops)*

**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,/ 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, *(Lords pretend not to hear, but react)*And there an end; *(pointing to the GHOSTS OF KING DUNCAN and BANQUO)* **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. (*The GHOSTS OF KING DUNCAN and BANQUO exit – Macbeth sigs in relief)*

**LADY MACBETH**

My worthy lord,/ *(gesturing to the Lords)* 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;

**LORDS**

*(all stand, toasting each other)* to your health!

**MACBETH**

*(All raise their glasses to Macbeth – he quickly drinks the whole glass of wine)*Then I'll sit down. *(He double checks the chair to see if Banquo’s Ghost is gone then sits)*

Give me some wine; *(A Servant fills the glass and Macbeth drinks it quickly)* - fill full*. (Servant fills wine glass again and Macbeth drinks it quickly – he raises his empty glass to the servant who fills it again – Macbeth is ready to toss back another glass of wine when he realizes everyone is staring at him – so he offers another toast)*I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; (*raising his cup again in a toast)*

**LORDS**

*(standing and toasting)* To Banquo!

**MACBETH**

*(Macbeth drinks half the glass of wine while the Lords take a sip)* Would he were here! *(looks around worried for a moment that the Ghost of Banquo might re-appear)* to all, and him, we thirst, *(toasting to everyone around him)* And all to all. *(Macbeth finishes the glass of wine)*

**LORDS**

*(toasting to Macbeth)* Our duties, and the pledge. *(The Lords drink a sip of wine)*

*(Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO – witches sing “Griogal Cridhe” [“thrice to thine and thrice to mine”] soflty off stage)*

**MACBETH**

*(he screams in shock and horror seeing the Ghost again and the Lords stand – speaking 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 exits,* *the Witch’s humming ends as the GHOST exits* *– Macbeth* *speaks to the Lords – completely better, for a moment)* Why, so: being gone,/ I am a man again. *(Speaking to the LORDS)* 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,/ *(speaking to the Lords and Lady Macbeth)* When now I think you can behold such sights, *(gesturing in the direction where BANQUO’S GHOST exited)*/ 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! *(all Exit except MACBETH and LADY MACBETH)*

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

*(sound of Witches laughing off-stage – then* *a wolf howls)* What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person/ At our great bidding?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will send:/ There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,/ And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,/ By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,/ All causes shall give way: I am in blood/ Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,/ Returning were as tedious as go o'er: Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;/ Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:/ We are yet but young in deed. (*He exits – Lady Macbeth sits and pours herself a glass of wine to steady herself. As she raises her glass to drink she sees the ring on her finger from King Duncan. She puts her head on the table and sobs)*

**BLACKOUT**

***INTERMISSION***

**ACT II**

**SCENE 1: The King’s Palace**

**LENNOX**

Things have been strangely borne. The right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,/ For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.

**ROSS**

The son of Duncan,/ Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace/  - thither Macduff/ Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid/ That, by the help of these*—(making the sign of the cross)* with Him above/ To ratify the work--we may again/ Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,/ Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage and receive free honours:/ All which we pine for now: and this report/ Hath so exasperate the king that he/ Prepares for some attempt of war.

**ANGUS**

*(to ROSS)* Advise Macduff to a caution, to hold what distance/ His wisdom can provide.

**LENNOX**

Some holy angel/ Fly to the court of England and unfold/ His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country/ Under a hand accursed!

**ROSS**

I'll send my prayers with him. (*Exit)*

**BLACKOUT –** *Scene change music “Neill Gow’s Lament” – crew sets cauldron and fire*

**SCENE 2: A Heath.**

*Thunder and lightning – the Three Witches and Witch’s Chorus are around a cauldron, preparing their potion - they are no longer beautiful*. *Thunder and lightning. HECATE comes to the witches – they fear her*

**FIRST WITCH**

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

**HECATE**

Have I not reason, beldams as you are,/ Saucy and overbold? How did you dare/ To trade and traffic with Macbeth/ In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,/ The close contriver of all harms,/ Was never call'd to bear my part,/ Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done/ Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,/ Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,/ And at the pit of Acheron/ Meet me i' the morning: thither he/ Will come to know his destiny: *(cat meows softly in the distance)*Your vessels and your spells provide,/ Your charms and everything beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend/ Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:/ Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound; *(cat meows softly in the distance)*I'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that distill'd by magic sleights/ Shall raise such artificial sprites/ As by the strength of their illusion/ Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear/ He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:/ And you all know, security/ Is mortals' chiefest enemy. *(cat meows softly in the distance, for the third time, calling her)* Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,/ Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. (*Exit)*

***Play Griogal Cridhe Instrumental***

**[](https://www.youtube.com/embed/ZtzTK-AtcS8?feature=oembed)**

*(All speak dialogue over the instrumental until they sing with he instrumental music)*

**FIRST WITCH**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**SECOND WITCH**

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

**THIRD WITCH**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

**FIRST WITCH***(all witches dance around the cauldron as they add things to it)*

Round about the cauldron go;/In the poison'd entrails throw. *(They put things in the cauldron)*Toad, that under cold stone/Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,/Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

**ALL**

*(singing and dancing at video 0:40)* Double, double toil and trouble;/ Fire burn, and cauldron bubble./ *(singing and dancing at video 1:02)* Double, double toil and trouble;/ Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

*(as Witch speaks, Witches Chorus dances and adds ingredients to the caldron)*

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,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,/ Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

*(**singing and dancing at video 2:00)* Double, double toil and trouble;/ Fire burn and cauldron bubble./ *(singing and dancing at video 2:20)* 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 ravin'd salt-sea shark,/ Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse, /Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe /Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab: /Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

**ALL**

*(s**peaking and dancing over then ending instrumental of the song)* Double, double toil and trouble; /Fire burn and cauldron bubble./ Double, double toil and trouble; /Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**SECOND WITCH**

Cool it with a baboon's blood,/ Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, crossing to the other three Witches*

**HECATE**

*(stirring the caldron and smelling its contents)* O well done! I commend your pains;/ And every one shall share i' the gains;  
And now about the cauldron sing,/ Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

**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 which you profess,/ Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
To what I ask you.

**FIRST WITCH**

Speak.

**SECOND WITCH**

Demand.

**THIRD WITCH**

We'll answer.

**FIRST WITCH**

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**FIRST WITCH**

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw/ Into the flame. *(they give him a cup to drink from the Caldron)*

**ALL**

Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder and lightning - Hecate creates the First Apparition: a Soldier with a sword*

**MACBETH**

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

**FIRST WITCH**

He knows thy thought:/ Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

**FIRST APPARITION**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. *(Apparition exits)*

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;/ Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one/ word more,--

**FIRST WITCH**

He will not be commanded: here's another,/ More potent than the first.

*Thunder and lightning – Hecate creates the Second Apparition: a nurse carrying a newborn child*

**SECOND APPARITION**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

**SECOND APPARITION**

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn/ The power of man, for none of woman born/ Shall harm Macbeth. *(Apparition exits)*

**MACBETH**

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?/ But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.

*Thunder and Lightning – Hecate creates the. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a small pine tree in his hand (Fleance, but his face is obscured)*

**MACBETH**

What is this/ That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round/ And top of sovereignty?

**ALL WITCHES**

Listen, but speak not to't.

**THIRD APPARITION (FLEANCE)**

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care/ Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:/ Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until/ Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill/ Shall come against him. (*Apparition exits)*

**MACBETH**

That will never be/ Who can impress the forest, bid the tree/ Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!/ Yet my heart/ Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art/ Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever/ Reign in this kingdom?

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied: deny me this,/ And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.

**FIRST WITCH**

Show!

**SECOND WITCH**

Show!

**THIRD WITCH**

Show!

**ALL**

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;/ Come like shadows, so depart!

*A procession of seven Kings (played by Lennox, Ross, Angus, Malcolm, Doctor, Young Siward, Macduff - followed by the GHOST OF BANQUO who holds a mirror -and Fleance)*

**MACBETH**

*(referring to the first King)* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. *(referring to the second King)* And thy hair,/ Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first./ *(referring to the third King)* A third is like the former. Filthy hags!/ Why do you show me this? *(referring to the fourth King)* A fourth! Start, eyes! *(the fifth King passes)*What, will the line stretch *(the sixth King passes)* out to the crack of doom? *(seventh King passes)*Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:/ *(Banquo’s Ghost appears with a mirror and Fleance behind him)* And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass/ Which shows me many more; and some I see/ Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;/ For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,/ *(the Ghost of Banquo points at the Kings)* And points at them for his. *(Banquo laughs, pointing at Macbeth, then Fleance laughs, pointing at Macbeth – the procession of Kings, Banquo, and Fleance all laugh at Macbeth - then thunder and lightning, a BLACKOUT and the Kings vanish* *- Macbeth speaks to the Witches)* What, is this so?

**FIRST WITCH**

Ay, sir, all this is so: but why/ Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

*Thunder and Lightning* **BLACKOUT** *and the Witches, the cauldron, and HECATE vanish*

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour/ Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
*(hearing something in the bushes)* Come in, without there!

*(Enter LENNOX)*

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

**MACBETH**

*(crying out to the sky)* Infected be the air whereon they ride;/And damn'd all those that trust them! *(to Lennox)* I did hear/ The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

**LENNOX**

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word/ Macduff is fled to England.

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord. *(Macbeth gestures for LENNOX to leave and he exits)*

**MACBETH**

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:/The flighty purpose never is o'ertook/ Unless the deed go with it; from this moment/The very firstlings of my heart shall be/ The firstlings of my hand. And even now,/ To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:/ The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword/ His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls/That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;/ This deed I'll do before this purpose cool./ *(gesturing towards where the Witches were)* But no more sights *(Exit)*

**BLACKOUT –** *Scene Change Music*

**SCENE 3: Macduff's castle in Fife**

*Enter LADY MACDUFF (holding a baby), her Son, and ROSS*

**LADY MACDUFF**

What had he done, to make him fly the land?

**ROSS**

You must have patience, madam.

**LADY MACDUFF**

He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,/ Our fears do make us traitors.

**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 in a place/ From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,/ The most diminutive of birds, will fight, /Her young ones in her nest, against the owl./ All is the fear and nothing is the love;/ As little is the wisdom, where the flight/ So runs against all reason.

**ROSS**

My dearest coz,/ I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows/ The fits o' the season. I dare not speak  
much further;/ But cruel are the times, when we are traitors/And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour/ From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea/ Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:/ Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward/ To what they were before. My pretty cousin,/ Blessing upon you!

**LADY MACDUFF**

Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

**ROSS**

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,/ It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:/I take my leave at once. (*Exit)*

**LADY MACDUFF**

*(to her son)*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; and so do they.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,/ The pitfall nor the gin.

**SON**

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for./ My father is not dead, for all your saying.

**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'll buy 'em to sell again.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith,/ With wit enough for thee.

**SON**

Was my father a traitor, mother?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Ay, that he was.

**SON**

What is a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, one that swears and lies.

**SON**

And be all traitors that do so?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

**SON**

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Every one.

**SON**

Who must hang them?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, the honest men.

**SON**

Then the liars and swearers are fools,  
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat/ the honest men and hang up **them**.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!/ But how wilt thou do for a father?

**SON**

If he were dead, you'd weep for/ him: if you would not, it were a good sign  
that I should quickly have a new father.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! (*Enter a Messenger)*

**MESSENGER** *(ANGUS disguised)*

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,/ Though in your state of honour I am perfect./ I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:/ If you will take a homely man's advice,/ Be not found here; hence, with your little ones./ To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;/ To do worse to you were fell cruelty,/ Which is too nigh your person. *(makes the sign of the cross)* Heaven preserve you!/ I dare abide no longer. (*Exit)*

**LADY MACDUFF**

Whither should I fly?/ I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm/ Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,/ Do I put up that womanly defence,/ To say I have done no harm? (*Enter Murderers)*/ What are these faces?

**FIRST MURDERER**

Where is your husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

I hope, in no place so unsanctified/ Where such as thou mayst find him.

**SECOND MURDERER**

He's a traitor.

**SON**

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

**FIRST MURDERER**

What, you egg! *(Stabbing him**)* Young fry of treachery!

**SON**

He has kill'd me, mother:/ Run away, I pray you! (*Dies)*

*Exit LADY MACDUFF( holding her baby), crying 'Murder!' Exit Murderers, following her*

***BLACKOUT*** *– Scene Change music*

**SCENE 4: Near the English King's Palace**

**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: each new morn/ New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows/ Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out/ Like syllable of dolour.

**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**

Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,/ For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear thou  
thy wrongs; *(gesturing to Malcom, who continues to drink and feel sorry for himself)* The title is affeer'd! 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**

Boundless intemperance/ In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne/ And fall of many kings. 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**

This avarice/ Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been/ The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;/ 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.

*Enter ROSS*

**MACDUFF**

See, who comes here? My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither./ Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

Alas, poor country!/ Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot/ Be call'd our mother, but our grave;

**MACDUFF**

O, relation/ Too nice, and yet too true!

**MALCOLM**

What's the newest grief?

**ROSS**

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:/ Each minute teems a new one.

**MACDUFF**

How does my wife?

**ROSS**

*(stammering, looking away from Macduff)* Why, well.

**MACDUFF**

And all my children?

**ROSS**

*(stammering, looking away from Macduff)* Well too.

**MACDUFF**

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

**ROSS**

No; they were well **at peace** when I did leave 'em.

When I came hither to transport the tidings,/ For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: /Now is the time of help; *(to Malcom)* your eye in Scotland/ Would create soldiers, make our women fight,/ To doff their dire distresses.

**MALCOLM**

Be't their comfort/ We are coming thither

**ROSS**

*(he can no longer hide the murder of Macduff’s family from him)* Would I could answer/ This comfort with the like! But I have words/ That would be howl'd out in the desert air,/ Where hearing should not latch them.

**MACDUFF**

What concern they?/ The general cause? or is it a fee-grief/ Due to some single breast?

**ROSS**

No mind that's honest/ But in it shares some woe; though 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 for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound/ That ever yet they heard. *(gathering his courage to speak)* Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes/ Savagely slaughter'd

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven!/ Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak/ Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

**MACDUFF**

My children too?

**ROSS**

Wife, children, servants, all/ That could be found.

**MACDUFF**

And I must be from thence!/ *(pausing in disbelief)* My wife kill'd too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

**MALCOLM**

Be comforted:/ Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,/ To cure this deadly grief.

**MACDUFF**

*(gesturing to Malcom)* He has no children*. (to Ross)* **All** my pretty ones?/ Did you say **all**? O hell-kite! All?/ What, all my pretty chickens and their dam/ At one fell swoop?

**MALCOLM**

Dispute it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I shall do so;/ But I must also **feel** it as a man: *(pause)*I cannot but remember such things were,/ That were most **precious** to me. Did heaven look on,/ And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,/ Not for their own demerits, but for mine,/ Fell slaughter on their souls. *(making the sign of the cross)* Heaven rest them now! *(Ross and Malcom make the sign of the cross)*

**MALCOLM**

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief/ Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes/ And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,/ Cut short all intermission; front to front/ Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;/ Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,/ Heaven forgive him too!

**MALCOLM**

Our power is ready;/ Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth/ Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above/ Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:/ The night is long that never finds the day. *(All Exit)*

**BLACKOUT** *–* short with no scene change music

**SCENE 5: the King’s Palace**

*Enter Doctor and a Waiting-Gentlewoman*

**DOCTOR**

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

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen/ her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown 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.

**DOCTOR**

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects/ of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her/ walking and other actual performances, what, at any/ time, have you heard her say?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

**DOCTOR**

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to/ confirm my speech.

(*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a candle)*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;/ and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

**DOCTOR**

How came she by that light?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Why, it stood by her: she has light by her/ continually; 'tis her command.

**DOCTOR**

You see, her eyes are open.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**DOCTOR**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus/ washing her hands: I have known her continue in/ this a quarter of an hour.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**DOCTOR**

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from/her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LADY MACBETH**

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,/ then, 'tis time to do't*.—(pause, then crying out loudly)* Hell is murky!--Fie, my/ lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we/ fear who knows it, when none can call our power to/ account?— *(DUNCAN’S GHOST passes by her and she sees it)* Yet who would have thought the old man/ to have had so much blood in him.

**DOCTOR**

Do you mark that?

*(THE GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF, holding her baby and GHOST OF HER SON pass by Lady Macbeth)*

**LADY MACBETH**

*(seeing the GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF)* The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--/ What, will these hands ne'er be clean?— *(to imagined Macbeth)* No more o'/ that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with/ this starting.

**DOCTOR**

*(to the Gentlewoman)* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of/ that: heaven knows what she has known.

**LADY MACBETH**

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the/ perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little/ hand. Oh, oh, oh! *(sobbing)*

**DOCTOR**

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the/ dignity of the whole body.

**DOCTOR**

Well, well, well,--

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Pray God it be, sir.

**DOCTOR**

This disease is beyond my practise

**LADY MACBETH**

*(as if speaking to Macbeth)* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so/ pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he/ cannot come out on's grave. *(BANQUO’S GHOST passes by Lady Macbeth and she screams – or is startled and upset)*To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:/ come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's/ done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed! (*Exit)*

**DOCTOR**

Will she go now to bed?

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Directly.

**DOCTOR**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds/ Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds/ To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:/ More needs she the divine *(making the sign of the cross)* than the physician.  
God, *(speaking towards heaven*) God forgive us all! *(to the Gentlewoman)* Look after her;/ Remove from her the means of all annoyance,/ And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:/ My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight./ I think, but dare not speak.

**GENTLEWOMAN**

Good night, good doctor. (*Exit)*

**BLACKOUT** *– no music – quick change*

**SCENE 6: The countryside near Macbeth’s Palace**

*Drum and banners. Enter ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers*

**ANGUS**

The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,/ and the good Macduff:

Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes/ Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm/ Excite the mortified man. Near Birnam wood/ Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

**LENNOX**

What does the tyrant?

**ANGUS**

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him/ Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,/ He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause/ Within the belt of rule.

Now does he feel/ His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,/ Nothing in love: now does he feel his title/ Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe/ Upon a dwarfish thief.

**LENNOX**

Well, march we on,/ To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Make we our march towards Birnam. *(they* *Exit)*

**BLACKOUT/** *No Scene change music – quick change*

**SCENE 8: in Macbeth’s Palace**

**MACBETH**

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 that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman/ Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,/ false thanes,/ And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear/ Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. (*Enter a Servant* *rushes in with urgency – Macbeth speaks to him)* The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!/ Where got'st thou that goose look?

**SERVANT**

There is ten thousand--

**MACBETH**

Geese, villain!

**SERVANT**

*(terrified and unsure whether to speak)* Soldiers, sir.

**MACBETH**

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,/ Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine/ Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

**SERVANT**

The English force, so please you.

**MACBETH**

Take thy face hence. (*Exit Servant)*

*(calling for a Noble who is off-stage)* Seyton!--I am sick at heart,  
When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push/ Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life/ Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,/ As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,/ I must not look to have; but, in their stead,/ Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,/ Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. (*Enter SEYTON)* Seyton!

**SEYTON**

What is your gracious pleasure?

**MACBETH**

What news more?

**SEYTON**

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd./ Give me my armour.

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

*(raising his voice)* I'll put it on./ Send out more horses; skirr the country round;/ Hang those that talk of fear. *(to Seyton)* Give me mine armour. *(Seyton exits to get armor)* / *(to the Doctor)* How does your patient, doctor?

**DOCTOR**

Not so sick, my lord,/ As she is troubled with thick coming fancies,/ That keep her from her rest.

**MACBETH**

**Cure her of that**. *(pause)*Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,/ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain/ And with some sweet oblivious antidote /Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff /Which weighs upon the heart?

**DOCTOR**

Therein the patient / Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. *(Calling to Seyton who enters with Macbeth’s armor)* Come, put mine armour on; *(Macbeth begins putting on his armor, assisted by Seton)* give me my staff./ *(to the Doctor)* Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
*(to Seton)* Come, sir, *dispatch*. *(to the Doctor)* If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, **find her disease,****/ And purge it** to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,/ That should applaud again*.(begging the Doctor to cure his wife – this does not refer to armor)* --**Pull't off, I say**.--  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,/ Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

**DOCTOR**

Ay, my good lord

**MACBETH**

Bring it after me./ I will not be afraid of death and bane, /Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

**DOCTOR**

[*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,/ Profit again should hardly draw me here. (*Exit)*

**BLACKOUT** *– quick change – no scene change music*

**SCENE 8: Countryside near Birnam wood and inside Macbeth’s Palace**

*Drum and banners. Enter MALCOLM, YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching*

**MALCOM**

What wood is this before us?

**ROSS**

The wood of Birnam.

**MALCOLM**

Let every soldier hew him down a bough/ And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow/ The numbers of our host and make discovery/ Err in report of us.

**MACDUFF**

It shall be done.

**MALCOM**

The time approaches/ That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war. *(they exit SL)*

**BLACKOUT** – *(Macbeth and Seyton are hit with s spotlight DR and there is a continuous scene – once Macbeth and Seyton are lit w the spotlight, the stage lights come up)*

**SCENE 9: Inside Macbeth’s Palace**

**MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength/ Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie/ Till famine and the ague eat them up:/ Were they not forced with those that should be ours,/ We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. (*A cry of women within)* What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit SR)*

**MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd/ To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair/ Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;/ Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts/ Cannot once start me.

(*Re-enter SEYTON from SR)* Wherefore was that cry?

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead. *(He exits SR)*

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
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. *(Pause -* *Enter a Messenger)*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*(Witches softly sing “Griogal Cridhe” offstage – it underplays the scene)*

**MESSENGER**

Gracious my lord,/ I should report that which I say I saw, / But know not how to do it.

**MACBETH**

Well, say, sir. (*GHOST OF DUNCAN passes by Macbeth)*

**MESSENGER**

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,/ The wood began to move.

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave! *(GHOST OF BANQUO passes by Macbeth)*

**MESSENGER**

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;/ I say, *(pause)* a moving *(pause)* grove.

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st false,/ Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,/ I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin/ To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood (*GHOST OF* *LADY MACDUFF holding her baby, GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF’S SON, and pass by Macbeth)* Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood/ Comes toward Dunsinane. *(yelling at the Messenger)* Arm, arm *[to arms]*, and out! *(Messenger exits)* If this which he avouches does appear,/ There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. *(GHOST OF LADY MACBETH to Xs Macbeth)**/* **I gin to be aweary of the sun,****/ And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.** *(LADY MACBETH’S GHOST exits)*Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!/ At least we'll die with harness on our back. (*Exit)*

**BLACKOUT** – *(Malcom is hit with s spotlight and there is a continuous scene – once Malcom is lit, the stage lights come up)*

**SCENE VI. Dunsinane Hill, just outside Macbeth’s Palace**

*Drum and banners. Enter MALCOLM, MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, ANGUS, and Army, with boughs (the Witches conceal them with their tree costumes)*

**MALCOLM**

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down./ And show like those you are. *(Witches stand aside to reveal the army – Witches exit, laughing – Witches change into black cloaks quickly off-stage)*

**MACDUFF**

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. *(Men exit with Malcom SL)*

**MACBETH**

*(Enter MACBETH SR)* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,/ But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he/ That was not born of woman? Such a one/ Am I to fear, or none.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

*(entering from SL, Xing to Macbeth)* What is thy name?

**MACBETH**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name/ Than any is in hell.

**MACBETH**

My name's Macbeth.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

The devil himself could not pronounce a title/ More hateful to mine ear.

**MACBETH**

No, nor more fearful.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword/ I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. (*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain)*

**MACBETH**

*(to Young Siward’s body – with his back towards SL)* Thou wast born of woman *(he laughs manically)*/ But swords I smile at, weapons *laugh* to scorn,/ Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

**MACDUFF**

*(entering from SL, Xing to Macbeth)* Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,/ My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

**MACBETH**

*(aside to the audience, not acknowledging Macduff)* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die/ On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes/ Do better upon them.

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

*(Macbeth turns to face Macduff)* 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! (*They fight – during the fight, the GHOSTS OF DUNCAN, BANQUO, LADY MACDUFF with her baby, and the GHOST of her SON appear – at different key moments in the fight, Macbeth sees them and it throws off his focus)*

**MACBETH**

Thou losest labour:  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,/ To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;/ And let the angel whom thou still hast served/ Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb/ Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,/ For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
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, as our rarer monsters are,/ Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

**MACBETH**

I will not yield,/ To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse./ Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,/ And thou opposed, being of no woman born,/ Yet I will try the last. Before my body/ I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,/ And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!*' (Macduff fight and eventually kills Macbeth – his body stays on the stage. Ghosts XUL)*

*(Enter, with drum and banners, MALCOLM, ROSS, ANGUS, and Soldiers – Witches enter in black cloaks, unseen)*

**MALCOLM**

*(calling to soldiers off SL as he enters)* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived./ Macduff is missing

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands *(pointing towards the dead Macbeth)*The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

**MACDUFF**

*(kneeling to Malcolm)* Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL SCOTTISH LORDS AND SOLDIERS**

*(kneeling)* Hail, King of Scotland! *(the Ghosts SL and Witches - forming a semi circle around the cast - remain standing)*

**Sound Cue: Instrumental “Neil Gow’s Lament for his Second Wife” (edit to begin at 3:01)**

[](https://www.youtube.com/embed/3GEcRirHlqE?feature=oembed)

**MALCOLM**

My thanes and kinsmen,/ Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland/ In such an honour named. 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;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers/ Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands/ Took off her life; 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 *(gesturing to the crowd)*  and to each one, *(helping MacDuff to his feet)* / Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

**ALL LORDS AND SOLDIERS**

All Hail King Malcom!

*(Everyone onstage except the Witches freeze – Witches pull forward)*

**FIRST WITCH**

*(singing at video 3:53)* When shall we meet again/ In thunder, lightning, or rain?

**SECOND AND THIRD WITCH**

*(singing at 4:03)* When the hurlyburly's done,

**ALL WITCHES**

*(Singing at video 4:10)* When the battle's *(to Macbeth)* lost and won.

**BLACKOUT**

**BOWS to “Neil Gow’s Lament for his Second Wife”**

***[](https://www.youtube.com/embed/XV8r7Ln6Lf8?feature=oembed)***