

TNT Theatre

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH **by William Shakespeare**

Dramatis Personae

DUNCAN, King of Scotland (1)
MACBETH, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, a general in the King's army 2
LADY MACBETH, his wife 3
MACDUFF, Thane of Fife, a nobleman of Scotland 4
LADY MACDUFF, his wife 5
MALCOLM, elder son of Duncan 5
BANQUO, Thane of Lochaber, a general in the King's army 6
FLEANCE, his son 5
LENNOX nobleman of Scotland 1
Young Soldier 1
The Three Witches 1 3 6 (and 4)
Boy, Son of Macduff 3
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth 5
A Scottish Doctor 1
A Sergeant 2
A Porter 1
An Old Man 1
The Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions
First Murderer 1
Second Murderer 4
Adapted for six performers, possible doubling indicated 1- 6

NOTE *ALL ITALIC* stage directions are suggestions for staging NOT part of dialogue etc (or indeed fixed).

ACT I. SCENE I.

A forest. Thunder and lightning. Animals cry, the shapes of beasts are seen – at first it appears to the audience that the actors are „being animals“ but gradually the witches appear from the animals – the soundscape becomes musical, ritual – the Celtic theme is established from the storm as it calms enough to hear human speech and animal howls and grunts become chants and song – an animal is slaughtered with ritual and buried in a tree root.

Enter three Witches possible smoke/fog.

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
SECOND WITCH. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.
FIRST WITCH. Where the place?
SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.
THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth. (*An animal cry – half strangled human – in music/sound texture*).
FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin.
ALL. Paddock calls. Anon! (*Sung*)
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt becoming again bestial.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

A camp near Forres. Alarum within.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Sergeant. (*They move through the forest with drawn weapons in fear but their presence calms too – if smoke is used it dispels now as if the Royal presence – though threatened calms nature*)

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that? (*Shock on suddenly seeing bloody apparition then realising it is a wounded soldier of their side relief*).

MALCOLM. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

SERGEANT. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald-
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him -from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth -well he deserves that name-
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like Valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave,
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

SERGEANT: But the Norweyan King, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

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

SERGEANT. Aye,
As sparrows eagles and the hare the lion.
And so they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

SOLDIER 1. (*offstage*) God save the King!

DUNCAN. But who comes here?

SOLDIER 1. The victory fell on us!

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.

SOLDIER 2: I'll see it done.

DUNCAN. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
The victory fell on us! Amen!

ALL : Amen! The victory fell on us!

ACT I. SCENE III.

Thunder.

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other,

Drum within.

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! The charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo – exhausted bloody. Repeat of Victory theme.

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO. How far is't call'd to Forres? (*Suddenly the pair are overpowered – either strung up or caught in a net but in certainly at the mercy of witches who's awful power is revealed*). 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? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question

(*To these questions the Witches howl with laughter and grunt as if animal*).

You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can. What are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? 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 favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

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!

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

(*They are released, the witches exit*).

MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor?
And to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Speak, I charge you.

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. (*Witches echo unnoticed by B & Mc*)

BANQUO. You shall be King. (*Witches echo*).

MACBETH. And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

BANQUO. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter MacDuff and Witches hiss vanish – perhaps one stays – see below ivy crown).

MACDUFF. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
I am sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane,
For it is thine.

BANQUO. What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH. The Thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

MACDUFF. Who was the Thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
For treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. [*To Macduff*] Thanks for your
pains.

[*Aside to Banquo*] 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. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. 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-
Cousin, a word, I pray you

MACBETH. [Aside.] Two truths are told, (*He takes an ivy crown from the tree – or maybe it is given to him by one or more witch that hovers unseen*).

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme-I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? 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 murther 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.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. [Aside.] If chance will have me King, why, chance may
crown me (*Placing the ivy crown half mockingly on his own head*).
Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use. (*Toying with then destroying the crown either singly or between them*).

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH. Give me your favor; my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Let us toward the King.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough. Come, friends. Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, and Attendants.

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor?

MALCOLM. My liege,
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.

MACDUFF. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

DUNCAN. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face: *(Touching face of corpse)*
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. 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.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland.

ALL *(Thanes)*. The Prince of Cumberland!

DUNCAN. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. I'll be myself the messenger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor! *(exit on Malcolm's arm, Thanes following)*

MACBETH. *[Aside]* The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.

(The witches appear above the trees and sharpen knives during this – each one is crowned with ivy).

ACT I. SCENE V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle. *The columns rotate/fold out to make a wall with entrances – a witch descends and hands Lady Macbeth the letter).*

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter. *(The witch/es speak their own lines during the letter).*

LADY MACBETH. "The Witches **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' (*echoed by Witches offstage*); by which title before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' (*again echoed by Witches*) 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."
Oh Husband
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. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Maid (A witch?)

What is your tidings?

MAID. The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

MAID. So please you, it is true; our Thane is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him,

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending;

He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, your murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! 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.

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 tonight.

LADY MACBETH. And when goes hence?

MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

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 it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,

MACBETH. We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Before Macbeth's castle. Hautboys and torches. Possible shift to mix of pillar and wall. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Banquo, Macduff, and Attendants. The music here is sweet – this is the nearest to revealed order that the play achieves until the end. The delicate air is a musical and sound texture.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO.
The air is delicate.

MALCOLM. See, see, our honor'd hostess!

DUNCAN. Our Honored Hostess!

LADY MACBETH. Your servant ever

DUNCAN. Fair and noble hostess

We are your guests tonight.

LADY MACBETH. All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house.

DUNCAN. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt and raucous ribaldry indoors/offstage.

ACT I. SCENE VII

Macbeth's castle. (Night is falling)

Enter Macbeth. Silences "party" voices by "closing doors" action. Light change.

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 judgement 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. The King '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 murthurer 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 (*start offstage soundscape, vocal rasp + rain sounds on pillars*)
trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. (*sound ends*)
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 – overlap live raucous sound “indoors”.

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he has?

MACBETH. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honor'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 valor
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!

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

(She slaps him, surprising him with her violence)

LADY MACBETH. What **beast was't** then

That made you break this enterprise to me? *(waves letter which she removes from chest)*

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 the 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 we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep-
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,

That 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 clamor roar

Upon his death? *(Hysterical laughter accompanies this conspiratorial play acting in which they delight)*

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. *(Their laughter draws them together, their conflict resolved she allows him to become he man and he picks her up and they embrace sexually as they exit- an animal passion).*

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, bearing a torch before him. BANQUO. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

. There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.
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!

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there? (*draws sword*)

MACBETH. A friend.

BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure and
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

MACBETH. Being so unprepared – (*but hastily silenced by Banquo*).

BANQUO. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth. (*The witches say Aye Aye but is a the caw of a crow?*)

MACBETH. I think not of them; (*The witches laugh but again it is an ambiguous birdlike sound*).

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. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

MACBETH. Good repose the while.

BANQUO. Thanks, sir, the like to you.

Exeunt Banquo. (*Fleance possible – visual or speaking*)

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

Is this a dagger which I see before me, (*a witches conjures a “ dagger” – the audience see it as McB reacts to the dagger in his mind*).

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppresed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, (*The witches wipe the bloody blade*)

Which was not so before. There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world (*The witches whisper this last section beneath McB's own speech the effect is almost that of an echo chamber*).

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murther,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. (*He falls to the earth here and the witches fall silent*).

Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

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, its chime struck by the witch*)

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. (Witches vanish behind the walls)

ACT II. SCENE II

Enter Lady Macbeth.

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. [Within.] 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 *(She re-enacts her actions more as a ritual than a mime – but halts with horror at the actual murder)*.

My father as he slept, I had done't.

My husband! *(She fastens on him but he is unmoved by her sensual reward)*.

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

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak? *(Since crickets are unusual in the Scottish winter they can be taken as a sound cue, the insistent repetition of menacing natural sound)*.

MACBETH. When?

LADY MACBETH. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY MACBETH. Ay.

MACBETH. This is a sorry sight. *[Looks on his hands.]*

LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried,
"Murther!"

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them,

But they did say their prayers and address'd them

Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodged together.

MACBETH. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say, "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH. I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! *(echoed offstage by Witches)*

Macbeth does murmur sleep" -the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast-

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean? (*A howl of frustration*).

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.

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. *Exit. Knocking within.*

MACBETH. 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 *Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your color, but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear 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.*] Hark, more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us (*Childlike dressing*)

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!

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

PORTER. 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 Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! Have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat fort. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' 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.] 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 (*pushing off woman*). bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

Opens the gate. And the two pillars half curl back. The witches slip in behind MacDuff

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF. 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. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me;

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. morrow, Sir.

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.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet 'tis one.

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

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

PORTER'S WENCH. Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH. He does; he did appoint so.

PORTER'S WENCH. 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,

PORTER. And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time.

PORTER'S WENCH. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH. 'Twas a rough fight.

PORTER'S WENCH. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Exeunt and Re-enter Macduff

MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

MACBETH. 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?

Mean you his Majesty?

MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourself.

Exit Macbeth

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Malcolm, awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
MACDUFF. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo and Lennox

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd.
LADY MACBETH. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
LENNOX. Too cruel anywhere.
BANQUO. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth

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,

Enter Malcolm

MALCOLM. What is amiss?
MACBETH. You are, and do not know't.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACDUFF. Your royal father's murder'd.
MALCOLM. O, by whom?
MACDUFF. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all 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. (*pause all look at McB – he has cast suspicion on himself*).
MACDUFF. Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. 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; there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors 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? (*A second Pause as Banquo, Malcolm and Macduff look at each other – Lady M sees the danger and fakes a faint*).

LADY MACBETH. Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF. Look to the lady.

MALCOLM. [*Aside*] Why do I hold my tongue,
That most may claim this argument for mine?

I'll away. My tears are not yet brew'd.

BANQUO. Look to the lady.

Lady Macbeth is carried out.

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.
In the great hand of God I stand.

MACDUFF. And so do I.

MACBETH. And so all. Let's briefly put on manly readiness

And meet i' the hall together.

ALL. Well contented

Exeunt all but Malcolm

MALCOLM. 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.

Where we are

There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,

The nearer bloody. Therefore to horse! *Exit Malcolm*

(*The textured build here is of a building storm and wind – from offstage with thundersheet, blends into monastic plainsong.*)

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff with Lennox.

(*A Church, a priest, plainsong. LENNOX and MACDUFF whisper as they kneel to pray.*)

LENNOX. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

MACDUFF. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

LENNOX. 'Tis said they eat each other.

MACDUFF: They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't.

LENNOX: Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

LENNOX. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm the King's son,

Has stol'n away and fled, which puts upon him

Suspicion of the deed.

LENNOX. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF. He is already named, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

LENNOX: Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

LENNOX. Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF. Well, may you see things well done there.

Adieu,

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

LENNOX. God's benison go with you and with those

That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Forres. The palace. (The heart beat/ insect /bird rhythm reasserts itself)

Enter Banquo.

BANQUO. 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 myself should 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.

MACBETH. Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast

MACBETH. Tonight 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 forever 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 tomorrow.

Is't far you ride'!

BANQUO. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper.

MACBETH. Fail not our feast.

BANQUO. My lord, I will not.

MACBETH. We hear our bloody cousin Malcom (*The mood change here is too violent and betrays Macbeth's lack of balance – he protests too much*)

is bestow'd

In England, not confessing

His cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. (*Pause, awkward silence as none confirms the King's accusations or back up his fury*). But of that tomorrow.

Hie you to horse; adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO. Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.

Farewell.

Exit Banquo.

We will keep ourself

Till supper time alone.

God be with you!

Exeunt all but Macbeth

MACBETH.

To be thus is nothing, (*Apparent in the tense scene that precedes*)

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo.

Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which I do fear. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear; He chid the sisters

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,

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered

Put rancours in the vassals of my piece

Only for them;

To make them kings -the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance!

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight. *Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE II.

LADY MACBETH. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERVANT. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

LADY MACBETH. Nought's had, all's spent, (*Bedragled, howls with despair – her own
animal self revealed like a wet dog she shakes herself*)

Where our desire is got without content.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter 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. (*At first he accepts her comfort
then roughly pushes her away revealing his split and turmoil*).

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

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

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,

Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH. Come on,

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

LADY MACBETH. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH. There's comfort yet; they are assailable. (*This is a type of spell and the
witches enter slowly to form another random bush*).

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH. What's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

(Witches join in chorus)

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! *(Witches whoosh away)*

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowes
Whilst nights black agents to there preys do rouse
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

A park near the palace.

Enter Murtherers.

FIRST MURDERER.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;

SECOND MURDERER. Hark! I hear horses.

'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER. Stand to't.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance

BANQUO. It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down.

(They set upon Banquo like animals leaping onto him)

BANQUO. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! *(As crows ascend with flapping wings and cries).*

Thou mayst revenge. O slave! *Dies. Fleance escapes.*

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

SECOND MURDERER. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER. Well, let's away and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

(A Hall in the palace. A banquet. A central column wall and two walls either side. McB addresses the audience)

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Lords, and Attendants. „Civilised music/song“)

MACBETH. You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last the hearty welcome.
Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Macbeth sees first Murderer.

MACBETH. Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaches the door.] There's blood upon thy
face. *(Not a complaint but a triumphant cry)*

MURDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

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.

MURDERER. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH. [Aside.] Then comes my fit again. *(See the bestial fit)*. 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, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears -But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

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
. (i.e more murders to be done).

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!

LADY MACBETH. May't please your Highness sit.

The Ghost of Banquo appears from within the central coulmn and sits in Macbeth's place.

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

LADY MACBETH. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH. The table's full.

SERVANT. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH. Where?

SERVANT. Here, my good lord.

LADY MACBETH. What is't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH. Which of you have done this?

MAID. What, my good lord?

MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

SERVANT. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well.

Are you a man?

MACBETH. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH. Prithee, see there! Behold! Look! Lo! How say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. *Exit Ghost. (The column folds in on ghost).*

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. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here! To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Re-enter Ghost – lifts crown from Macbeth's head

MACBETH. 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.

Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!). Exit Ghost.
Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again.

LADY MACBETH. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH. Can such things be? (*internal, broken*).

When now I think you can behold such sights (*angry bestial sudden rage with Lady
McB*)

How can you keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

SERVANT. What sights, my lord? (*Trying to prise them apart*).

LADY MACBETH. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

SERVANT. Good night, and better health

Attend his Majesty!

LADY MACBETH. A kind good night to all!

Exeunt all but 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; *(The lights now change to reveal branches behind wall, sounds of incantation and nature).*

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? *(He hacks at the table top with his knife).*

LADY MACBETH. Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH. I hear it by the way, but I will send.

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. *(becoming human, maintaining ambiguity/sympathy – nature sounds abate).* *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A heath. Thunder. Forest again – Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the branded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble. (add??)

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

(Enter Macbeth)

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess
answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches,
Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
Of nature's germains tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken, 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 murtherer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
(Pours brew into the trapped McB's mouth who howls and spits shakes and retches).

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

(Eerie voice. First Apparition: an armed Head. – a cut out shadow puppet that the witches openly manipulate).

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power-

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

FIRST APPARITION – *voice of witch.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff,
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Re-emerges.

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.

Eerie voice. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

SECOND APPARITION/witch. 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. *Descends.*

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,

Eerie voice. Third Apparition: a Child crowned?

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APPARITION/witch. 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. *Descends.*

MACBETH. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? 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!

(Banquo processes in state as Monarch like Duncan but under dim light though his crown shines puppeted by a Witch).

MACBETH. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo Down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more!
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

Exit Banquo and Witch

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand ay accursed in the calendar!
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. Infected be the 'air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who wast 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. (*Goes to exit but pulls back to overhear Macbeth's aside*).

MACBETH. [Aside.] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits.
. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
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.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Fife. Macduff's castle. Simple walls. A pleasant natural soundscape.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son who plays with a wooden sword in the corners.

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

I must have patience
He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
I know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
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;
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Sirrah, your father's dead.

And what will you do now? How will you live?

LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father's dead.

And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. As birds do, Mother.

LADY MACDUFF. What, with worms and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net

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 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. 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 Lennox.

LENNOX. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
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. 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 defense,
To say I have done no harm -What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers. (The cawing of crows and ravens, the beat of hooves).

FIRST MURDERER. *(swathed in fur and masked)* Where is your husband?

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

FIRST MURDERER. He's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

FIRST MURDERER. What, you egg!

Stabs him after perhaps picking him up to reveal how

helpless is the child.

Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has kill'd me, Mother.

Run away, I pray you!

Dies.

Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!"

Exeunt Murtherers, following her. (the cry of „murder“ and the cry of crows makes a musical pattern/song).

ACT IV. SCENE III.

England. Before the King's palace. St George's flag hung.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MALCOLM. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword. Each new morn (*He draws his sword – he is a restless figure compared with the static and firm Malcolm*)

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 sorrow. (*He offers his sword to Malcolm who much to MacDuff's surprise recoils and refuses it, we see his deviousness*).

MALCOLM.

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 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 King.

MACDUFF. I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM. But Macbeth is. (*Unpleasantly playful*).

MACDUFF. I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. (*With sudden almost vicious energy- wrong footing MacD*).

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 dishonors,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF. Bleed, bleed, poor Scotland! (*Offended*)

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.

Oh my breast!

Fare thee well, my hope ends here, poor Scotland.

MALCOLM. Be not offended;

MALCOLM. Macduff, this noble passion,

Child of integrity, hath from my soul

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me

Into his power, but God above

Deal between thee and me!

What I am truly

Is thine and my poor country's to command.
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old England, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
MACDUFF. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter Lennox

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?
MALCOLM. My countryman, but yet I know him not.
MACDUFF. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
MALCOLM. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
LENNOX. Sir, amen.
MACDUFF. Stands Scotland where it did?
LENNOX. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave.
MACDUFF. How does my wife?
LENNOX. Why, well.
MACDUFF. And all my children?
LENNOX. Well too.
MACDUFF. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
LENNOX. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
MACDUFF. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goest?
LENNOX. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight.
MALCOLM. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us ten thousand men;
And better soldiers none
That Christendom gives out.
LENNOX. 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. If it be mine, keep it not from me
Quickly! Let me have it.
LENNOX. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely murther'd.
MALCOLM. Merciful heaven!

MACDUFF. My children too?

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

MACDUFF. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

LENNOX: I have said.

MALCOLM. Be comforted.

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

MACDUFF. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man. (*Handing back sword*)

MACDUFF. I shall do so, (*Not yet accepting it in his grief/tears*)

But I must also feel it as a man.

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!

Nought that I am, not for their own demerits

But for mine fell slaughter on their souls.

Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF. Cut short all intermission, front to front

Bring thou this fiend Macbeth and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, (*Taking sword*)

Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the English King; our power is ready, (*Build of hooves music , this time more a martial sound with drums and hooves*).

Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking! Receive what cheer you may,

The night is long that never finds the day. Exeunt.

(*Reversing the image night falls – as Malcom and MacDuff exit stage right stage left the witches or a witch enter and pull light down, this is done by the lights fading from right to left in sequence with the Witch(es) move – the sound texture /music distorts at the same time and pace – the flags also fly up*).

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic 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 nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of waking! Besides her walking what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report.

DOCTOR. You may to me.

GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Lo you, here she comes! And, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense are 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!

LADY MACBETH. Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One- two -why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and *(She goes to the Doctor and treats him as her husband – taking comfort from the terrified man)* afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, *(Aggressive)*

will these hands neer be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting. *(physically attacks the Doctor)*.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not. *(Have broken away from Lady M he turns his own near hysteria on the Woman and screams at her)*.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that.

Heaven knows what she has known. *(Herself on the edge of panic)*

LADY MACBETH. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

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. This disease is beyond my practice.

LADY MACBETH. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so (*Back to Doctor as husband*).

pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY MACBETH. 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. (Doctor pulls hand away and Lady M immediately sinks to the floor and wimpers like a whipped dog now that all human comfort is denied).

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.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

GENTLEWOMAN. Good night, good doctor.

DOCTOR. I think, but dare not speak.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

The country near Dunsinane. Drum and colors.

LENNOX (*With white large St George banner*):

The English power is near, led on by

Malcolm, and the good Macduff.

Reverges burn in them, for their dear causes

Near Birnam Wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

MACDUFF. What does the tyrant? (MCD & MAL enter).

LENNOX 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.

MACDUFF. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands,

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 towards Birnam. *Exeunt marching.*
(*The light follows them as Macbeth enters the lights dull*).

ACT V. SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle. Enter Macbeth,.

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."
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Country near Birnam Wood. Drum and colors.

Enter Malcolm, , Macduff, and Soldiers, marching.

MALCOLM. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
MACDUFF. We doubt it nothing.
MALCOLM. What wood is this before us?
MACDUFF. 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.
LENNOX. It shall be done.
MACDUFF: We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before't.
MALCOLM. 'Tis his main hope;
Towards which advance the war.
Exeunt Marching.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

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.

(A scream of women – Lady McB).

What is that noise?

SERVANT. It is the cry of women, my good lord. Exit.

MACBETH. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter DOCTOR the walls draw back to reveal the body

Wherefore was that cry?

SERVANT. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing. *(By the end it is his own sound and fury that makes nonsense of his life)*

Enter Messenger

SERVANT. Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

MACBETH. Well, say, sir.

SERVANT. 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!

SERVANT. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be truth – Oh!

. "Fear not, till Birnam Wood

Do come to Dunsinane," and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! (*MARTIAL FANFARE, ENTER THE WOOD - Enter Malcolm, , Macduff, and their Army - DISGUISED AS "LEAFY SCREEN"*)

If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle. Segue from previous scene

Drum and colors. They are behind the forest and emerge when Malcolm says „Throw down“.)

MALCOLM. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are

MACDUFF: Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Macduff and Malcolm remain d/s; split focus

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Dunsinane. Before the castle. Macbeth still on throne/battlements

MACBETH. 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.

Enter young Siward.

YOUNG SOLDIER. What is thy name?

MACBETH. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SOLDIER. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH. My name's Macbeth.

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

MACBETH. No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SOLDIER O Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight, and young Seward is slain. (change to Italic)

MACBETH. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born

Alarums. Enter Macduff. (change to Italic)

MACDUFF. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou best slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched slaves, whose arms
Are hired to bear their swords. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not.

Alarums.

SOLDIER. This way, my lord; the castle has surrendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The victory almost professes yours, (cut??)
And little is to do. (cut)

MALCOLM. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SOLDIER:. Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarum.

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. *Why should I play the Roman fool and die*
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF. Turn, hell hound, turn!

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already. *(Snarling MCB fights and maybe could kill McD but recoils it is a last human moment)*

MACDUFF. I have no words.

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out! *They fight.*

MACBETH. Thou lovest labor.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable heads;

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm, (*The witches appear above the trees*)
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!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That patter with us in a double sense,
I'll not fight with thee. (*He has become a snivveling beast, a wounded bear – a rare monster*).

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, (*Poking and taunting McB*)
Painted upon 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. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

ACT V. SCENE IX.

MACDUFF. Hail, King, for so thou art. Behold where stands
The usurper's cursed head. The time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine-
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, King of Scotland!

Reprise of "Paddock calls" theme

**WITCHES (sing) Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. (add??)**

-THE END-

This version edited for six performers Paul Stebbings copyright TNT
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