

" MACBETH "

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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MACBETH

1st Trumpet Boom. 2 - Trumpet low roll of
Thunder.....Rain up and down. Thunder fades
Silence.

CURTAIN

Pause - then enter Macbeth and Banquo.

MACBETH

(To Banquo, as he pushes aside the leaves and
tall grass, before he sees Hecate)
So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
(To Hecate)
How far is't call't toForres?
Hecate does not answer)
(Macbeth and Banquo are suddenly aware of the
ring of women and the three witches)
(Lightning flashes)

BANQUO

What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?
(Thunder up and down)
(To the witches)
You should be woman,
and yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
(Pause)
(Thunder up and out)

MACBETH

Speak, if you can! What are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of
Glamis!
(At this Macbeth starts on his way)

S

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
(This stops him)

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! That shalt be king hereafter.
(Cut thunder, Cut Voodoo Drums)

MACBETH

By Sinel's death I know I am a thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives.
 A prosperous gentlemen; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief.

WITCHES

(In Rotation)

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
 All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
 All hail, Macbeth! That shalt be king hereafter!
 (Choir)

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair.
 (Voodoo drums in again)
 (To the witches)
 To me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH

Hail!
 (Cut Voodoo drums again)

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
 (Choir)

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.
 (Choir)

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

WITCHES

So hail Macbeth and Banquo! Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

(Turning wonderingly to Banquo)
 Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And Thane of Cawdor too; want it not so?

(Enter Ross)

BANQUO

To the selfsame tune and words.

(Sh-sh. I beat voodoo drums in. Thunder drum)
(Startles as he sees Ross)

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 prizes in his kingdom's great defense,
And, for an earnest of great honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

ALL THE WOMEN

All hail, Macbeth! Hail Thane of Cawdor!

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The Thane of Cawdor lives.

ROSS

Who was the Thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.

MACBETH

(After a moment, turns to the witches)
Tell me more.

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, Hail King.

MACBETH

(Partly to the witches - mostly to himself)
This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill
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?
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

BANQUO

Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

(To Banquo)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When these that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO

'Tis strange; and oftentimes, to win us to our harms,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

MACBETH

(Aside)

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
(Turning back to Banquo and Ross)
Pardon, kind Ross, your pains are registered where
Everyday I turn the leaf to read them.
(Starting off with them)
Let us toward the king.
(Exit Macbeth, Ross and Banquo)

FIRST WITCH

Why, how now, Hecate! You look angrily.

HECATE

(Hecate suddenly draws out a great bull whip
and lashes out at the three witches with it.
Confusion. Screeches. The low undertone of
chanting stops. "The Circle" in disorder.
Hecate speaks to the three witches over the
silence)

Have I not reason?
How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the master of your charms
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

(The sound of retreating hooves - as the
sould grows dimmer, Hecate speaks again)

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.

(Sound out)

But make amends now; Go about!
(At this command "The Circle" is reformed,
chanting resumed)

ALL

Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running, all good keep out!
About! about! ABOUT!

WITCHES

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again to make up nine.
(All women repeat this)

HECATE

Weary se'en nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.
(The witches repeat this)

ALL

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.

HECATE

I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.

ALL

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again to make up nine.

HECATE

Peace! The charms' wound up!

BLACK OUT

MACBETHACT I

Scene 2

THE PALACE: A tower right connected to palace L. by bridge which makes a gateway Center Entrance into palace - ramp over battlements or of palace leading to door at the top of tower. Tower has roof, practical. Throne under tower facing courtyard which is playing space. Exits around tower and palace proper.

TIME: Late dusk, gusty; distant thunder and lightning.

Porter is asleep at the gates.

(Enter Lady Macbeth reading letter)

LADY MACBETH

What is your tidings?

(Reading)

"I have learned by the perfectest report, they Have more in them than mortal knowledge; 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 Wierd sisters saluted me, and referred me to the Coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be". This I have thought good to deliver thee, my dearest Partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose The dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant Of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy Heart and farewell."

"Hail King" - that shalt be.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou are promised; yet do I fear thy nature It is too full o' the milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way;

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 messenger. He runs up to Lady Macbeth and throws himself at her feet)

NURSE

(He has been running)

The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH

Thou'rt mad to say it;
Is not Macbeth with him?

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true; Macbeth is coming
I have the speed of him.

LADY MACBETH

(To the porter at the gates who has awakened)
Give him tending; he brings great news.
The raven himself is hoarse.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under these 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,
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
And pall thee in the dunkest 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!

(They embrace - trumpet sounds - Malcom with
attendants comes from within - the palace and
goes to the gates. Enter other members of the
court)

MACBETH

My dearest love.

LADY MACBETH

Thy letters have transported me beyond
The ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

(The gates open wide - enter Duncan, Banquo,
Fleance, Ross and attendants - all kneel)

DUNCAN

(To Malcoln)

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

MALCOLM

My liege, they are not yet come back.
(Duncan moves to the throng)

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

MALCOLM (cont'd)

As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

(Duncan sits. All rise from their knees)

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.

(Macbeth goes to the throne, kneels at
Duncan's feet)

Here's the Thane of Cawdor!

(Macbeth rises; Lady Macbeth goes to his side)

We coursed him at the heels,
But his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help
him to his wife before us.
O worthiest cousin;
Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
What might have been mine! Only I have left to say
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH

The services and the loyalty I owe
In doing it, pays itself.

DUNCAN

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour to
make thee full of growing.

(To Banquo who drops to one knee)

Noble Banquo.

Thou hast no less to have done so, let me enfold
thee, and hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO

There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
(Banquo rises)

DUNCAN

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.

(Rises from the throne)

Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, who we make hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. Give me your hand.

(Duncan comes down from the throne; Court breaks up; Exits severally. With Banquo and some others, Duncan makes his way up the wall to the tower. Murmur of conversation)

LADY MACBETH

(To Macbeth)

The Prince of Cumberland; that is a step
On which you must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in your way it lies.

DUNCAN

(To Banquo, as they make their way over the ramparts)

This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor sign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they must breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

(Duncan exits with train into the tower)

LADY MACBETH

When goes to hence?

MACBETH

Tomorrow as he purpose.

LADY MACBETH

O, never - never.

Shall sun that morrow see!

(Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are left alone
on the stage - a pause)

Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men may read
strange matters

But be the serpent under't!

This night's business into my dispatch.

(The open gateway has begun to fill with a band
of cripples - Macbeth sees them - in a hushed
voice)

MACBETH

We'll speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Leave all the rest to me.

(Exit Lady Macbeth)

MACBETH

(Left alone, Macbeth tries to avoid the gaze of the cripples in the gateway - can't keep his eyes from the tower)

If it were done when 'tis done, then't were 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 end-all here,
But here, upon his bank and shoal of time,
We'll jump the life to come.

(Enter priest from Palace. He goes to gateway;
Cripples groan as he begins to shut the gates.
Macbeth's question stops him)

Comes the king forth, I pray you?

PRIEST

No, sir; and here a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand
They presently amend.

MACBETH

What's the disease you mean?

PRIEST

'Tis called the evil
A most miraculous work in this good king.
How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
To the succeeding royalty he leaves the healing
benediction.

(At these last words the priest shuts the
gates, locking himself out with the cripples)

(From far away comes once the chant "All hail
Macbeth, King of Scotland". And there is a
timy pulsing of drums)

MACBETH

I am his kinsman;

(A change comes over Macbeth's face, a look
of doubt. The drums stop)

He hath born 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.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

How, now! What news?

(Night has fallen, a still night, but there
are occasional flashes of distant lightning)

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd.

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?

MACBETH

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?
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 sore your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep ---
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him - his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wasstil so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in 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 these sleepy two;
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have don'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
(Enter, from the tower, Banquo and Fleance)
(They start down the wall. Macbeth and
Lady Macbeth hide in the shadows)

BANQUO

How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE

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

BANQUO

(Unbuckling his sword and belt)
Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.
(Handing Fleance his big plumed hat)
Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep.
(They have reached the courtyard, and stand
near where Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are
hidden)
Merciful powers
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

MACBETH

(In a whisper to Lady Macbeth)
Away!
(She steps behind Banquo and Fleance and starts
up the wall; Banquo hears her without knowing where
the sound comes from)

BANQUO

(To Fleance)
Give me my sword!
Who's there?

MACBETH

(Coming out of the shadow and approaching Banquo,
taking his attention from Lady Macbeth who gets
up the wall and into the tower unnoticed)
A friend.

BANQUO

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 he greets your wife withal.
(Gives a jewel to Macbeth, who takes it in
silence. Pause)

BANQUO (Cont'd)

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

(Starting away)

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

(Stopping a little coldly - pointedly)

So I lose none
Seeking to augment it.

MACBETH

Good repose, the while!

BANQUO

Thanks sir! the like to you!

(Banquo and Fleance exit into the palace)

(Macbeth stands alone in the courtyard. Very faintly over the air comes the throb and wail of the voodoo. "Effect". Macbeth starts back)

MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
(Effect - change - music higher)

I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not before.

(The music and chanting go up, then Macbeth kills it with the shout)

There's no such thing!

(Effect out. Silence.)

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

(Pause - silence)

Now o'er the one half - world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Dark Hecate's off'rings.

(Lady Macbeth appears above in the door of the

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(tower room. She leaves the doors open and comes down the battlements to Macbeth)

LADY MACBETH

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged
Their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them.
Whether they live or die.

(Macbeth stands staring up at the tower,
She speaks sharply)

Had he not resembled my father as he slept,
I had done't.

MACBETH

(With decision)

I go, and it is done!

(He starts up to the tower)

Thou sure and firm-set earth
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts.

(He crosses to the tower and exits)

(Macbeth appears in the door to the tower
room for a moment)

Who's there? What, ho!

(He goes back in again)

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked.
And't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.

Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.

(Macbeth comes out of the door again and
down the wall to Lady Macbeth. His hands are
bloody and he carries 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

Did you not speak?

LADY MACBETH

When? Now?

MACBETH

As I descended.

LADY MACBETH

I!

MACBETH

Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Malcolm.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

(Macbeth stands dazed. Staring down on his bloody hands)

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
"Murder".That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried "God Bless Us" and "Amen" to other.
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening to their fear, I could not say Amen
When they did say "God Bless Us".
(Gust of wind)

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could I not 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

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 murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried?

(Wind again. The distant flash of lightning)

LADY MACBETH (Cont'd)

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

Infam of purpose! Give me the daggers!
 (She snatches the daggers from his hands)
 The sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil.
 (Gust of wind)
 If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
 For it must seem their guile.
 (Lady Macbeth starts up the wall. From outside
 the gates comes a double knock. Stopping)
 I hear a knocking!
 (She listens for a moment, and then, turns quickly
 and runs up the battlements and exits into the
 tower. Wind - the knocking again, louder)

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
 (Lady Macbeth comes back out of the tower, runs
 down the wall to Macbeth, who is staring at his
 hands again)

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour;
 Retire we to our chamber;
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy it is when---
 (Knocking very loud)
 Hark! More knocking!
 (Knocking)
 Get on your nightgown.
 (Lady Macbeth hurries into the palace, -knocking)

MACBETH

(As he goes out after her)
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.
 (Exit Macbeth - enter, after a moment, the porter)

PORTER

(Speaking as he crosses the courtyard to the gates)
 Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!
 Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
 Porter of hell-gate, he should grow old turning the key!

(Knocking; he sets down his lantern and begins
 fumbling)

Knock! Knock! Knock!

(The lantern set down-stage casts his shadow
 grotesquely across the gates. Struck with
 an idea the porter puts his fingers on his
 head so as to give his shadow horns. Assuming
 a false voice---)

Who's there i' the name of Beelzebub?

(Aside in his own voice)

I'll let in some of all professions that go to the
 primrose way to the everlasting bonfire!

(More knocking)

You'll sweat for it!

(Knocking)

Who's there, in the other devil's name?

(Pretending to see through the keyhole)

Faith, here's an equivocator, who committed treason enough
 for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.

O come in, equivocator!

(Knocking; in his own voice again)

Knock, knock, knock.

(More knocking)

Knock, knock, what are you?

(A whim of wind the lantern is out)

This place is too cold for hell! I'll devil-porter it
 no further.

(Knocking)

Anon, anon.

(He opens the gates, admitting Macduff and Lennex--
 There begins to creep into the scene, with the ~~xxx~~
 opening of the door, the first weak light of
 early dawn)

MACDUFF

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
 That you so 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

Mary, sir, nose-painting, sleep and uring.
 Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes;
 It provokes the desire, but takes away
 Much drink may said to be an equivocator
 With lechery!
 It makes him stand to, and not stand to.
 Giving him the lie
 Leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe, drink gave thee lie last night.

POSTER

That it did, sir, I' the very throat o' me.

MACDUFF

Is thy master stirring?

(Enter Macbeth in his nightgown)

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow, both.

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

There is his door.

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call.

(Macduff goes up the wall and exits into the
tower room)

(A slight pause)

LENNOX

The night has been unruly;

(Wind low thunder)

Where we lay.

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air;

(Wind)

Strange screams of death.

Some day, the earth was feverous and did shake.

(Silence)

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

(Macduff's voice is heard shouting in the
tower room. He enters, running down the
battlements)

MACDUFF

Ring the alarm bell.

O horror, horror, horror!

(Porter runs across the gong to ring)

MACBETH and LENNOX

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH

What is't you say?

MACDUFF

See, and then speak for yourselves.
(Macbeth and Lennox run up the wall and
exit into the tower)
(Shouting)

Awake, awake!

Murder and treason!

(Loud clanging of bell -- murmurings)

Banquo and Malcolm!

Enter, severally, in their nightgowns, and ladies
and gentlemen of the court, some bearing lights,
confusion)

Malcolm, awake!

(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;

(Enter Banquo)

The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

(Lennox re-enters from the tower room,
and comes down the wall to Malcolm, who
is just entering)

MALCOLM

What is amiss?

MACDUFF

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.
(Silence of gong)

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murder'd.
(Sensation among the court people)

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

LENNOX

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.

(A shot is fired from inside the tower house;
followed by another. Macbeth appears in the
doorway carrying two smoking pistols)

MACBETH

O, yet I do repent me of my fury
That I did kill them.
(Sensation)

MACDUFF

Did you do?

MACBETH

Here lay Duncan and there slept the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore!
Who could refrain?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!
(She collapses)

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. Fears and scruples shake us;
In the great hand of God I stand.

MACBETH

And so do I.

ALL

So all.

BANQUO

Let's briefly put on manly readiness, and meet in the
hall together.

MACBETH

Well contented.

(General murmur. All exit except Malcolm, MacDuff and Lady MacDuff, who are at one corner of the stage under the wall, and Macbeth, who stands on the wall above neither hearing nor seeing the others)

MACDUFF

Let's not consort with them
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy.

MALCOLM

Let's away!
(Low thunder and out)
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

4 LADY MACDUFF

What will you do?

MACDUFF

I'll to the coast.
(Thunder)

LADY MACDUFF

This flight is madness! When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors!

MALCOLM

Where we are,
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 our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
(Lady MacDuff starts to remonstrate further
but MacDuff silences her)
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking
But shift away!
(MacDuff hurries Malcolm off around the wall.
Macbeth, standing on the battlements above,
does not see them -- exit. Lady MacDuff
waits where they left her for a moment; and then
turns weeping, and runs into the palace.
Macbeth comes down from the battlements,
crosses to the throne, slumps wretchedly into it.)

MACBETH

Had I but dies 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.

(There is more of the light of pale, early dawn;
A figure appears in the crack of light where the
gates stand ajar, another behind him. They
push the gates slowly, almost furtively, open.
They drag themselves into the courtyard, a
dozen or so following. They are the cripples)

(Macbeth looks up, watches them, fascinated
as they limp over to him, a grotesque, silent,
little army. Then suddenly they all stop
moving, fall to their knees at his feet. He
stiffens in the throne. From very far off
comes the chant. All Hail Macbeth! XXX Hail
King of Scotland! Then, suddenly, from above
come the hoarse voices of the three witches,
chanting quickly and sharply----)

THREE WITCHES

Weary se'n nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle peak and pine.

(The three witches are seen huddled together on
the wall. Under their chant has come a rapid
throb of drums. This reaches a crescendo under
a new voice that is Hecate's loud and rasping;
Hecate, who is seen suddenly at the very top
of the tower, leaning over the throned Macbeth
below. The light of an angry dawn flames
brighter behind him as he speaks.
The courtyard is in shadows. The cripples are
strange shapes, in the gateway. Hecate and the
three witches are birds of prey)

HECATE

I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day.
Hang upon his penthouse lid;

(Drums stop)

He shall live a man forbid!

(A thump of a drum on the last syllable of 'forbid')

BLACK OUT

(End of first half of play -- Intermission here)

ACT TWO
Scene I

We Palace -

Late Afternoon

The curtain goes up on a big flourish. Macbeth in kingly robes and crowned, sits in the throne. The Lords and captains are drawn up before him, for he is in council, - but the entire court is present, ladies, attendants and all. The entire scene is very gala.

MACBETH

We hear MacDuff and Malcolm are gone hence;
Stol'n to the coast in the secret, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention;

(Enter Banquo)

But of that to-morrow,
When there withal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly.

(Banquo has advanced into the courtyard, and
now stands center facing Macbeth)

Here's our chief guest.

(Banquo bows)

BANQUO

(formally)

Let your highness command upon me.

MACBETH

(Making an attempt at cheerful conversation)

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

(Coldly)

Ay, my good lord.

(Slight pause)

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow --

(To the court)

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!

(Rising)

While, then, God be with you.

(The court - captains, Lords, Ladies, and
attendants bow themselves out. The Lords
and military persons with some of the
attendants through the gateway, the others
into the palace. Only Banquo remains
motionless, looking at Macbeth. Macbeth's
eyes have never left Banquo's. After they
are left alone, Macbeth sits down again on
the throne. Still held in Banquo's gaze --
Silence)

BANQUO

(Speaking finally, manace and mockery in his tone)

Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't:

(Macbeth starts, is stopped by a new sharpness in Banquo's voice)

Yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father of many kings.

(Banquo goes slowly up to the throne as he speaks. Stands grinning into Macbeth's face)

If there comes truth from them ----

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,

Why, by the verities on these made good,

May they not be my oracles as well?

(A look of decision comes into Macbeth's face.

He speaks very quietly, very casually)

MACBETH

Is't far you ride?

BANQUO

(Doesn't understand, but bluffs his way with a slightly mocking bow)

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

MACBETH

Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good Lord.

(Finishing his bow he starts away. When he is nearly at the gateway, Macbeth speaks, quietly and dangerously)

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

(Turning, meeting his eye again)

My lord, I will not.

(Just as dangerously. Exit Banquo)

(Macbeth is left alone in the courtyard, brooding on his throne. Pause. Then through the air, queer and faint, comes the chant of the voodoos; "ALL HAIL MACBETH! HAIL! KING OF SCOTLAND!" Macbeth starts; When the chant dies away there is a moment's silence)

MACBETH

To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus,
 (The Voodoo music begins very softly. Panicky,
 Macbeth rises. Looks about. Then calls)

Seyton!

(He comes down from the throne, and passes across
 the courtyard)

(The music has grown louder, Macbeth's call rises
 to a shriek. It stops the music)

Seyton!

(Enter Seyton)

Sirrah, a word with you; attend those men.
 Our pleasure.

SEYTON

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

(Exit Seyton)

Our fears in Banquo stick deep;

(The voodoo music is heard again. Softer than
 ever, mostly drums, Macbeth looks up at the
 sounds)

He chid the sisters

When first they put the names 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 scepter in my grips.

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding.

If't be so

For Banquo's issue have I filled my mind

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!

(There is heard faintly the derisive, cackling
 laughter of the three witches)

Who's there?

(Macbeth wheels about at the sound just as Seyton
 re-enters with the two murderers, the murderers
 fall on their faces. He stands looking down at
 them for a moment, then motioning Seyton away)

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

(Exit Seyton. To the murderers)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER

(Without rising)

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?

(He crosses to the throne)

Know that it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self?

FIRST MURDERER

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd

~~That you can let this go?~~ To pray for this good man for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave and beggar'd
yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER

(Suppressing his anger)

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

(Sitting down)

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept

All by the name of dogs.

FIRST MURDERER

(Suddenly jumping to his feet - wildly)

I am one, my liege

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed that I am reckless what

I do to spite the world.

SECOND MURDERER

(Rising eagerly)

And I another!

MACBETH

(Leaning forward in his throne)

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life; and though I could

With barefaced powers sweep him from my sight

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,

MACBETH (Cont'd)

For certain friends that are ~~xxxx~~ both his and mine
 Whose loves I may not drop; and thence it is
 That I as to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER

We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER

Through our lives -----

(Macbeth rises from his throne, joyfully
 interrupting him)

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you!
 (He comes down between them - conspiratorially)
 It must be done tonight,
 Within this hour at most.
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company
 Whose absence is no loss material to men
 Than in his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour.

FIRST MURDERER

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

(He clasps their shoulders, half pushing them off)
 It is concluded!
 (Seyton has shut the gates. Macbeth unbolts them,
 whispering jokingly into their ears as they slip
 out)
 Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it finds heaven, must find it out tonight!
 (The murderer's laughter is heard off until
 Macbeth slams shut the gate. He leans on it
 wearily. The silence is broken by Lady Macbeth,
 who has entered)

LADY MACBETH

Is Banquo gone from court?

MACBETH

(Breaking down, now he's alone with his wife)
 O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

LADY MACBETH

(Crossing to the throne, staring at it bitterly)
 Nought's had, all's spent!
 Where our desire is got without content
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

MACBETH

In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
That on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

(The first and second murderers appear in the
corner under the tower -- crouch there
waiting listening)

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

(Meaningly)

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

SECOND MURDERER

He needs not our mistrust.

(He says this in a hoarse undertone to the first
murderer, who instantly silences him. MACBETH
overhears the noise, starts up joyfully)

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, are 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

(Putting his arm about her)

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, sealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear topieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens! and the crow
Makes wing to the rock wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

(MACBETH starts off with LADY MACBETH. The
lights dim out in the court which remains in
the shadow during the following scene, which
is played in the corner under the tower.
Pause. The murderers under the tower are
distinct in the twilight.)

FIRST MURDERER

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
 Now spurs the lated traveller space
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

(They prepare to spring on the approaching figure.

Hecate, muffled, steps into the light area.

Seeing it isn't Banquo, after a moment, suspiciously)

But who did bid thee join with us?

HECATE

Macbeth.

FIRST MURDERER

(Slight pause)

Then stand with us.

SECOND MURDERER

Hark! I hear horses!

BANQUO

(Offstage)

Give us a light there, ho!

FIRST MURDERER

Then 'tis he; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation
 Already are i' the court.

SECOND MURDERER

His horses go about.

HECATE

Almost a mile; but he does unually,
 So all men do, from hence to palace gate
 Make it their walk.

SECOND MURDERER

A light, a light!

(Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch)

HECATE

'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER

Stand to't.

BANQUO

It will be rain tonight.

HECATE

Let it come down.

(They set upon Banquo)

BANQUO

O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
 Thou mayst revenge, O slave!

(Dies. Fleance escapes)

HECATE

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.

(Exit first and second murderers, Hecate left standing over body of Banquo. The three witches appear suddenly on the top of the battlements. They cackle derisively at Hecate who looks up, furiously)

HECATE

Beldame as you are! get you gone!

(laughter stope)

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny;

Your vessels and your spells provide.

Your charms and every thing beside

I am for the air.

(Chanting -- "Fair is foul and foul is fair, Hover through the fog and filthy air". The three witches exit. Slight pause. Hecate resumes as the chanting grows dim.)

This night I'll spend

Unto a dismal and a fatal end;

(Waltz music starts, very faint and weird.

Hecate picks up Banquo's arm)

Great business must be wrought ere noon;

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it comes 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!

(Light on Hecate dims out as he starts to drag out Banquo. Waltz up. Lights up on dancers)

(Stage filled with waltzing figures, others, elderly dignitaries walk in, are greeted by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth)

MACBETH

A hearty welcome.

LORDS

Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

(Bows, goes from one to the other. Waltz high)

(First and second murderers appear at the door)

See, they encounter thee with their hearts! thanks.

MACBETH (Cont'd)

(Seeing first murderer, Macbeth half turns
away from him. Speaks to him under his breath)
There's blood upon thy face.

FIRST MURDERER

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

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

FIRST MURDERER

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

MACBETH

Thou art the best of the cut-throats;
(To the second murderer)
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.

SECOND MURDERER

Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again; I had also been perfect,
Whole as the marble, facund 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.

(Waltz stops)

But Banquo's safe?

(Ripples of laughter among guests)

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.

MACBETH

Thanks for that;

(More laughter)

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed
No teeth for the present.

(A silence has fallen among the guests, Macbeth
realizing he is overheard, raises his voice.
Addresses the whole company)

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.
(General murmur of courtly agreement. The
couples turn back to each other)

MACBETH

(Quickly, under his breath, to the two murderers)

Get thee gone;

To-morrow we'll hear, ourselves, again.

(Exit two murderers. Music starts again)

Dance resumed. Lady Macbeth comes over to Macbeth - courtseys)

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord.

MACBETH

(Taking her in his arms and waltzing her out)

(Onto the floor)

Sweet remembrancer!

(They dance for a while. Then suddenly the ghost of Banquo appears from behind the tower. Music, business. Dancing business, etc.)

(Macbeth, trying wildly to make Lady Macbeth see what he sees)

Prathee, see there!

LADY MACBETH

Come one; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks
Be bright and jovial
Among your guests tonight.

MACBETH

Behold!

LADY MACBETH

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard;
What's done, is done.

MACBETH

Look! Lo!

(Staggering toward the ghost, reeling out among the dancers)

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 nawas of kites!

(Ghost vanishes)

LADY MACBETH

Shame itself!

MACBETH

(To the guests, shouting wildly)

Which of you have done this?

LENNOX

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it.

ROSS

His highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy friends; my lord is often thus.
And hath been from his youth;
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well; if much you not him
You shall offend him and extend his passion
Dance and regard him not.

(Aside to Macbeth - angrily)

Are you a man?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw it.

LADY MACBETH

Fir, for shame!

(Several of the gentlemen do not return to the
dance, attend Macbeth)

ROSS

(Handing Macbeth a cup of wine)

My worthy lord.

MACBETH

I do forget
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friend
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing,
To those that know me, Come, love and health to all.
(There is a serving-boy by with a trayful of
glasses. The gentlemen take drinks from him)
I drink to our friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he be here!

(The cup is just at his lips when the ghost
re-appears "EFFECT" -- It fills the whole
gateway. The cup drops from Macbeth's hands
He screams)

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

LADY MACBETH

(To the gentlemen, hurriedly, apologetic, worried)
 Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other.

MACBETH

What a man dare, I dare;
 Take any shape by that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble.

(The dancers have fallen back on either side.

Macbeth is alone, center under the great face)

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

(Ghost vanishes; Macbeth makes a desperate effort
 to regain control of himself)

Why, so; being gone, I am a man again.

LADY MACBETH

(Crossing him, she speaks quietly, but she is
 furious)

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?

(He sinks to the steps at the feet of the throne.

The court crowds round him. To Ross who is at
 his side trying to support him - pathetically)

Can you behold such sights?

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
 Question enrages him. At once, good night!

(The court, buzzing sympathy, begins to disperse)

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

(Very apologetically, the guests hurry out)

LENNOX

(As he bows himself out)

Good night! and better health attend his majesty!

(Murmuring chorus echoes the sentiment)

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

(All exit except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth)

(Lights start to dim)

MACBETH

(Still slumped on the step)

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak

Augurs and understood relations have

By magot-pies and choughs and rocks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood; What is the night?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

Strange things I have in head that will to hand
(The voodoo music begins very faintly. He
looks up)

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst.

(Rising)

I will tonight,
and betimes I will
To the weird sisters!

(Lady Macbeth backs fearfully away. Macbeth stands,
arms upraised, shouting his invocation)

(Music stops. Silence)

How, now, you secret, black and midnight hags!
(Lights start to dim. Distant thunder and
lightning)

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me;

(The music of the Voodoo steals in again
rising to a crescendo with the invocation)

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though blades corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope,
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
of nature's germens tumble all together.
Even till destruction sicken; answer me!

(Tremendous burst of thunder, stage pitch black.
Slowly the great gates swing open letting in a
strange light. Hecate is in silhouette against
it. He beckons to Macbeth)

END OF SCENE

A C T T W O

Scene 2

THE JUNGLE

A cauldron is smoking, over a blazing fire which is masked by a double half circle of the Voodoo women; squatting, as the scene begins. The three witches, raised somewhat above the stage level, are already in a state of ecstasy from the fumes rising out of the cauldron)

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

(The leaves part and Macbeth enters, followed by Hecate. All rise)

HECATE

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

MACBETH

Call'em.

(Drums. Macbeth to one side)

HECATE

Round about the cauldron go.

(The half circle becomes a full one, moves around the cauldron in time to the drums and the chanting)

In the poison'd entrails throw
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one.

FIRST VOICE

(Each item is chanted by a different voice among the celebrants)

Fillet of a foony snake
In the cauldron bail and bake;

SECOND VOICE

Eye of newt and toe of frog.

THIRD VOICE

Wool of bat.

FOURTH VOICE

And tongue of dog.

FIFTH VOICE

Adder fork.

SIXTH VOICE

And blind-worm's sting.

SEVENTH VOICE

Lizard's leg.

EIGHTH

And howlet's wing.

ALL

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

- - - - -

Scales of dragon.

- - - - -

Tooth of wolf.

- - - - -

Witches' mummy.

Naw and gulf of the ravin's salt-sea shark
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab.

ALL

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

HECATE

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
Cool it with a baboon's blood
Then the charm is firm and good.

ALL

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

MACBETH

What is't you do?

HECATE

A deed without a name.

FIRST WITCH

(Screaming out his name. Speaking through her
teeth in the queer voice of her "control")

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Beware Macduff!

Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me, Enough.

SECOND WITCH

(As the first witch - possessed)

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

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;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

THIRD WITCH

(As with the other two. His name violently
 screamed, the rest of the messaged pronounced)

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
 Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
 Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him.

MACBETH

(To himself, and partly to Hecate)
 That will never be;
 Who can impress the forest, bit the tree
 Unfix his ear-bound root? Sweet Bodements! Good.
 (To the witches, raising his voice)

Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art
 Can tell so much; shall Banquo's issue ~~never~~
 Reign in this kingdom?
 (Witches hysterical)

HECATE

Seek to know no more.
 (General panic)

MACBETH

I will be satisfied.
 (Silence)
 Deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you!
 (General derisive laughter)

HECATE

(Silencing the laughter)
 Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart!
 (Drums - first apparition rises)

MACBETH

(Terrified)
 Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
 Down!
 (Second apparition)
 Thy crown does scar mine eyeballs. And thy hair
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
 (Third apparition)
 A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
 Why do you show me this?

MACBETH (Cont'd)

A (Fourth apparition)

A fourth! Start, eyes!

(Fifth and sixth apparition)

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet!

(Seventh apparition)

A seventh! I'll see no more.

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.

4 (Turning to Hecate)

What, is this so?

HECATE

Ay, sir, all this is so.

(Macbeth turns back, but the devils have vanished)

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human status purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die

And there an end; but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns.

HECATE

But why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

MACBETH

Let this pernicious hour

Stand aya accursed in the calendar!

(With determination)

From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart

Shall be the firstlings of my hand!

(There is the first light of dawn)

HECATE

No boasting like a fool;

Seize on Macduff, give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his lince.

MACBETH

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool

(Suddenly fearful again)

But no more sights!

(He runs out. All laugh wildly)

(Hecate holds up his arm in a gesture he uses
always for cursing Macbeth. Absolute and
sudden silence)

HECATE

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear;

(To the celebrants)

And you all know, security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

END OF SCENE II

ACT THREE

Scene 1

THE PALACE

Early morning.

(Enter Lady Macduff, her son and Nurse carrying baby)

LADY MACDUFF

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

NURSE

You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none.

NURSE

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 peer trees,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

NURSE

O, your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits of the season.

4 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.

NURSE

What, with worms and flies?

SON

With what I get.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor bird! Thou'ldst never fear the net her 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 and sell again.

NURSE

Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
with eno^ugh for thee

SON

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

SON

What is a traitor?

NURSE

Why, one that swears and lies.

SON

And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

Everyone 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 man.

SON

Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are
liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men and
hang them.

NURSE

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

LADY MACDUFF

But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON

If my father 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 priest. He hurries over to Lady Macduff
and speaks to her, half under his breath)

PRIEST

Bless you, fair dame!
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly;
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.

(EXIT)

(Nurse hysterical)

LADY MACDUFF

Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; there 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 those faces?

FIRST MURDERER

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

(Going over to him, facing him)
Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

FIRST MURDERER

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

SON

He has kill'd me, mother;
Run away, I pray you!

(Dies)

(Lady Macduff goes to her son, is shot. The
Nurse carrying the baby, runs out shrieking,
"Murder"; the murderers in pursuit. Her cries
echo through the palace, then there is an awful
scream - silence)

END OF SCENE ONE

SCENE II, the Coast. Against blackness
a fence of grass blades, through which
enter - as the light of a hot noon
reveals the scene - Macduff and Malcolm.)

MALCOLM

Let us seek but 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!
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance,
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 still, Macbeth
~~Has not touch'd you yet.~~
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet.
I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM

But Macbeth is.

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country.
I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Without leave-taking?

MACDUFF

Fare thee well, Lord;
I would not be the villain that you think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp.

MALCOLM

(Stopping Macduff with his words)
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.

MACDUFF

(Facing him)

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

MALCOLM

I grant him bloody
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name;; But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids could not fill up
The cistern of my lust,
Better Macbeth than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF

(Coming back to Malcolm)

Boundless intemperance in nature is a tyranny;
But fear not yet, we have willing dames enough.

MALCOLM

With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A staunchless avarice; That I should gorge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal
Destroying them for wealth.

5 MACDUFF

(Losing hope again)

This avarice sticks deeper.

MALCOLM

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell.
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF

(Turning away, wretchedly)

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak!

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!
No, not to live! O nation miserable,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
Now does blaspheme his breed?

MACDUFF (Cont'd)

(Turning back to him again)

Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived;
 (Starts to exit)
 O, my breasts.....Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM

Macduff.

(Macduff stops)

This noble passion,
 Wipes out all scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour, Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me,
 But God above deal between thee and me!
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman. My first false speaking
 Was this upon myself; what I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command.

MACDUFF

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

(Enter Ross)

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

Good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country!
 Almost, afraid to know itself. It cannot
 Be called our mother, but our grave;
 The dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their cape;
 Dying or ere they sicken.

MAC DUFF

How does my wife?

ROSS

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

ROSS

Well, too.

Now is the time of help; 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; gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men.

ROSS

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?

If it be mine,

Keep it not from, quickly let me have it.

ROSS

Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
 Your wife is dead, sir;
 Killed. Your wife and babes
 Killed. Savagely slaughtered.

MALCOLM

Merciful heaven!

(Pause)

MACDUFF

My children too?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

And I must be from thence!

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

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 sweep?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man,
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most previous to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part?

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.

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.
He's 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.

(EXEUNT)

END OF SCENE TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE THREE. This scene is entirely incomplete. It's setting and arrangement depend on physical production decision.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

THREE WITCHES

Here eyes are open
Their sense is shut.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--- One:
Two; why, then't is time to dā 't.
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?
Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so
much blood in him.
The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?
What, will these hands ne'er be clean? mar all with this
starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still; all the
Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh;
Wash your hands, put on your night-gown;
I tell you yet again
Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave,
Even so?
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)

WITCHES

Unnatural deed do breed unnatural troubles;
Infected minds keep eyes upon her.

(Enter Macduff, Malcolm, Ross and forces)

MALCOLM

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury.

MACDUFF

How 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 upon him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

3-3-48

MALCOLM

What wood is this before us?

HECATE

The wood of Birnam,

Let every soldier hew him down a bough

~~xxxxxxx~~ And bear't before him; thereby shall you shadow

The numbers of your host and make discovery

Err in report of you.

MACDUFF

It shall be done.

END OF SCENE III

SCENE FOUR. The Palace. Macbeth, wild-eyed, dressed only in his trousers and shirt, on the throne, five or six runners on their faces before him.

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Thill Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane.

(Sits)

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"

(Enter servant, running up to throne,
throwing himself at Macbeth's feet)

Where got'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT

(Breathlessly)

There is ten thousand --

MACBETH

Geese, villain?

SERVANT

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

(Striking him violently across the face)

What soldiers, patch?

SERVANT

(Covering his face with his hands. After a
moment terrified)

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

(Exit Servant - the rest remain on their knees)

Seyton! I am sick of heart,
I have loved 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: Seyton!

(Still no answer) He turns to one of the kneeling
figures)

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR

(Looking up)

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

MACBETH

(Turning away)

Cure her of that.

DOCTOR

Therein the patient must minister to himself.
(Macbeth wheels on him; he bows his head to the
ground again quickly)

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll have none of it.
Seyton! Seyton! I say!
(Enter Seyton, running)

SEYTON

What is your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

(Prostrating himself)

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

Hang our banners on the outward walls;
(All but three of four, the messengers, rise
at this, and a couple exit)
The cry is still "They come"; Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the plague eat them up.
Give me my clothes there. I'll put them on.
(Some of the servants have Macbeth's coat,
sword and plumed hat. They hurry over to
him and help to dress him)

Hang those that talk of fear!
Come, put my belt on now! Give me my sword!
Come sir, dispatch! Put on, I say!
Seyton, send out.

(Macbeth stands up, fully dressed, brave in his
shining regalia. Proudly to the Doctor, who
stands near the throne)

Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
(From outside the palace comes a strange sound,
high pitched chorus of wails. It is heard very
suddenly and the effect should be startling.
All jump to their feet, frightened. Stand
waiting, listening - silence)

What is that noise?

(After this last line of Macbeth's, the sound again, more reaction)

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

(General relaxation, relief, but all still very mystified. The sound again, and now it continues. growing louder)

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. Wherefore was that cry?

DOCTOR

The queen, my lord, is dead.

(They bring the down and get it before Macbeth
He stares at it. Chanting stops)

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.

(The porter runs down front his watch on the battlements)

Thou comest to usethy tongue; thy story quickly.

PORTER

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

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

PORTER

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

(Sensation; Screams. All exit in confusion except Porter and Macbeth, who has jumped on the former and holds him by the throat)

MACBETH

Liar and slave!

PORTER

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
I say, a moving grove.

(The tops of palm trees begin slowly to rise over
the battlements, jungle creeps in the gates --
slowly, slowly)

MACBETH

If thou speak'st false
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee;

(The jungle grows. Macbeth suddenly sees it.
he lets the porter drop. Stares at it)

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

(The trees rise, the leaves move in. Drums.
The Porter picks himself up and scrambles off.
At length Macbeth speaks)

"Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." Arm, arm, and out!
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.

(Cries, shots from within the foliage)

Ring the alarm-bell! Blow! Wind, come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

(Bell begins to clang, shot and cries up.
Macbeth starts up the battlements)

What's he

That was not born of woman. Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

(Enter young Siward from the mass of still rising
leaves. Pistol in hand, he confronts Macbeth)

YOUNG SIWARD

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 shoots him)

MACBETH

My name's Macbeth.

(Siward falls)

Thou wast born of woman!

(He turns and continues up the wall. Enter
Macduff below the gates)

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

MACDUFF

Let me find him, fortune! Tyrant, show thy face!

(Macbeth, on the wall above, hears his voice, and stands frozen with horror. Macduff is moving toward the wall looking for him)

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves.

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still!

(Macduff has started up the battlements.
Macbeth wheels and starts running madly over
the bridge. Macduff sees him)

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

(The last turn stops Macbeth, who wheels to face him)

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And love to be the show and gaze o'the time;
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant".

MACBETH

I will not yield
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
Yet I will try thee last.

MACDUFF

I have no words.

(He fires at Macbeth, who shoots back. He fires
his other gun. All aims have missed. Macduff
draws his sword and runs up to Macbeth.
They fight -- the lower stage is completely
filled with the leaves the army is bearing. All
sound way down here. Even the drums very low)

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;

(On "Charm" sudden complete silence)

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

(Macbeth is off his guard. Macduff runs him
through. Macbeth stands, teetering, clutching
his wound. The silence is filled weirdly with the
witches chant: "All hail Macbeth! Hail, King of
Scotland")

MACBETH

Accursed be the tongue that tell me so
And he these juggling fiends no more believed!

(Macbeth falls dead. The derisive cackle of the
witches is heard. Macbeth has fallen so his
body is hidden behind the battlements at the top
of the tower. Macduff kneels behind this during
the laughter and rises to silence it, holding in
his hand, Macbeth's bloody head. Macduff throws
the head into the mass of waving leaves below)

MACDUFF

Hail, king!

(At this the army drops the branches and jungle
collapses; revealing a stage-full of people.
Malcolm is on the throne, crowned. All bow
before him -- All but Hecate and the three witches
who stand above the body of Lady Macbeth. They
have caught Macbeth's head and they hold it high,
triumphantly)

For so thou art! Behold,
Where stands
The usurper's cursed head;

(The witches gleefully raise the head above them)

The time is free!
Hail King of Scotland!

VOICES OF VODOO WOMEN

All hail Malcolm ----

(They are interrupted by the thunderous chorus
of the army --)

ARMY

Hail, king of Scotland.

VODOO WOMEN

Thrice to mine and thrice to thine;
And thrice again to make up nine.

HECATE

Peace!

(Drums, army, music, voodoo voices, all are
instantly silent)

The charm's wound up!
