

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Macbeth for four actors with narration

By William Shakespeare

Adaptation by Carmen-maria Mandley and Hannah Cordes

Character	Macbeth, Bloody Soldier A CHRIS	W1 Banquo Malcom Doctor Duncan B MEGAN	W2 Macduff Seyton Fleance Gentlewoman C HANNAH	W3 Lady Macbeth Ross Murderer (M1) D ERICA
Beat				
1	Bloody Soldier	W1/Duncan	W2	W3/Ross
2	Macbeth	Banquo	W2	W3
3	Macbeth	Banquo	Ross	
4	Macbeth			Lady Macbeth
5	Macbeth			Lady Macbeth
6	Macbeth			Lady Macbeth
7		Banquo		
8	Macbeth	Banquo	Fleance	Murderer
9	Macbeth	W1	W2/Seyton	W3
10		Malcom	Macduff	Ross
11		Doctor	Gentlewoman	Lady Macbeth
12		Malcom		
13	Macbeth		Seyton	
14	Macbeth		Macduff	
15		Malcom		

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

- A:** The Tragedy of Macbeth was written by William Shakespeare sometime between 1599 and 1606.
- C:** Although Macbeth was a real person, the character Shakespeare wrote about more closely resembled the story of a different man who was involved in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605.
- D:** Some people believe, for various reasons, that this play is cursed.
- B:** Some common remedies to shake the curse include that any person who speaks the word 'Macbeth' inside of a theater must leave, perform one of a number of rituals, and be invited back in,
- A:** or turn three times, spit over their left shoulder, and swear or recite a line from another of Shakespeare's plays
- C:** At the beginning of the play we are at war.
- D:** Norway and Ireland have allied and are fighting Scotland. The Thane of Glamis, also known as Macbeth, and Banquo have just defeated the forces led by merciless McDonwald. A bloody Scottish soldier returns from the war. He hails great stories of the great warrior Macbeth.
- B:** Meanwhile, some weird sisters or witches are conjuring in the woods.

BEAT ONE

WITCHES:

When shall we three meet again

BLOODY SOLDIER:

Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

And choke their art.

W2: In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

The merciless Macdonwald--

Worthy to be a rebel, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth--

W3: When the hurlyburly's done,

W1: When the battle's lost and won.

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

W2: That will be ere the set of sun.

ROSS:

Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

W1: Where the place?

Norway himself,

With terrible numbers,

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

W2: Upon the heath.

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

W1: There to meet with Macbeth.

Till that brave Macbeth confronted him

W2: I come, Graymalkin!

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.

W1: Paddock calls.

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

W2: Anon.

The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN:

Great happiness!

W2: Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

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

ALL:

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

W2: A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

W2: The weird sisters, hand in hand,

W1: Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

W3: And thrice again, to make up nine.

WITCHES: Peace! the charm's wound up.

A: Macbeth has come back from a great battle, and on the way,

B: He and his kinsman, Banquo, run upon three weird sisters in the woods.

C: They give Macbeth a prophecy that details his rise into “Thane of Cawdor”. He is already the Thane of Glamis, and doesn’t expect more than this—

D: but then they tell him next, that he will be the **KING**.

C: They also tell Banquo that he will be the Father to a **LINE** of Kings.

BEAT TWO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

BANQUO 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? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:

MACBETH Speak, if you can: what are you?

W3 All hail, Macbeth!

W2 Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

W3 All hail, Macbeth,

W2 Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

ALL All hail, Macbeth, thou 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? to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

WITCHES Hail!

W3 Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

W2 Not so happy, yet much happier.

W3 Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

W2 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

W2 & 3 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish

BANQUO Whither are they vanish'd?
MACBETH Into the air; Would they had stay'd!
BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about?
MACBETH Your children shall be kings.
BANQUO You shall be king.
MACBETH And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
BANQUO To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

BEAT THREE

ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success;
I am sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
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?

ROSS Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. treasons capital,
confess'd and proved, have overthrown him.

MACBETH Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.
[To ROSS]
Thanks for your pains.
[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 But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousin, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.
Aside
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane 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:

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without my stir.

BANQUO

New honors come upon him,

MACBETH

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt

C: With a new title as Thane of Cawdor, Macbeth is given new and invigorated respect from the Court, while Banquo is shown affection from the King.

B: Cut to Lady Macbeth reading a letter from Macbeth in which he privately details all that happened in the forest with the weird sisters. He also tells his wife that King Duncan is on his way to their house.

A: Lady Macbeth calls upon all the spirits to give her the abilities of cruelty, remorselessness, gall, and the ability to murder.

BEAT FOUR

LADY MACBETH

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, 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 to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, 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. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;

MACBETH

We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

C: Duncan, the King of Scotland, visits Macbeth's castle to celebrate their victory.

B: Macbeth and Lady Macbeth pay a visit to the King with the full intent of murdering him in his sleep.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

C: Macbeth, however, has doubts. He speaks to the audience of his logic, and his hesitation. Lady Macbeth grows impatient with his indecision, and snaps him into shape.

BEAT FIVE

MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
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

MACBETH 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:

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.

MACBETH Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

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--
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

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

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

C: Macbeth grapples further with the decision, but he eventually goes into the King's chamber and murders him in his sleep.

B: He hears voices which tell him that he will never sleep again, and that he has murdered sleep. He tries to pray, but the prayers stick in his throat when he tries to pronounce "amen".

BEAT SIX

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, He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:

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

Enter MACBETH

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.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
This is a sorry sight. *[Looking 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
'Murder!' That they did wake each other:
One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
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

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? 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: 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?
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

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

Knocking within

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking. 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

B: After the murder, Macduff, the Thane of Fife, discovers the body of the King.

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror!
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!

B: Macbeth and Lady Macbeth act horrified Macbeth let's everyone know that he was responsible for killing the groomsman who were guarding the King because THEY killed King Duncan.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

C: Malcom and Donalbain, Duncan's sons, Flee to England and Ireland, afraid for their lives. Macduff rallies men to investigate the murder.

A: Because the sons flee, they are under suspicion for the murder. Malcom is next in line to the throne, so Macbeth is crowned King.

D: Lady Macbeth is Queen. Macduff, having suspicions, goes to Fife and raises an army with Malcom. Banquo remains, but starts to have serious reservations about his pal Macbeth.

BEAT SEVEN

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--
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

A: Macbeth in turn remembers the weird sisters saying that Banquo would be father to a line of Kings, implying that Macbeth's line will end with him. Macbeth fears losing power, especially since he currently has no children.

D: He employs a murderer to kill his friend Banquo and Banquo's son Fleance in hopes of avoiding the prophecy.

Exeunt

BEAT EIGHT

MACBETH

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. 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:
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 murder'd;
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

MUR1 It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH Know That it was Banquo in the times past which held you
So under fortune,

MUR1 You made it known
I shall, my lord,
Perform what you command.

MACBETH Your spirits shine through you.
For't must be done to-night,
Fleance his son, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour.
I'll come to you anon.

MUR1 I am resolved, my lord.

MACBETH I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Exit

BANQUO [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

MUR1 Then 'tis he:

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch

BANQUO It will be rain to-night.

MUR1 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

MUR1 There's but one down; the son is fled.
I have lost the
Best half of our affair.
Well, I'll away, and say how much is done.

D: When Macbeth hears that Fleance has escaped, he is incensed, but relieved that Banquo is gone.

C: He holds a feast in his new castle and holds a toast to his dear friend Banquo who mysteriously has missed the supper. As he toasts Banquo, the ghost of Banquo appears to him, bloody and shaking his head. It appears to the crowd that Macbeth is going mad and talking to spirits.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

D: Lady Macbeth assures them that it is only an illness that he suffers from and has since his youth. She asks the crowd to disperse and Macbeth decides to pay a visit to the weird sisters in the forest.

BEAT NINE

W2 'Tis time,

W1 'tis time,

W3 'tis time.

W2 Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.

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

W2 Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

W1 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

W3 For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

W2 Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

W3 By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

ALL 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, To what I ask you.

W2 Speak.

W3 Demand.

W1 We'll answer.

W2 Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH Call 'em; let me see 'em.

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

MACBETH Tell me, thou unknown power,
- *Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head*

W2 He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

W1 Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
Descends

MACBETH but one word more,--

W2 He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first
Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

W3 Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
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,
thou shalt not live;
Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand
What is this?
That rises like the issue of a king,

W2 Listen, but speak not to't.

W1&3 Be lion-mettled, proud;
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.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

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!

W2 Show!

W1 Show!

W3 Show!

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

W1 Turns into Banquo and the other two witches stand with crowns

MACBETH Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Horrible sight! What, is this so?

Witches Vanish

D: So Macbeth finds out that a moving forest and someone not born of a woman are the things he needs to fear.

B: He also sees again the ghost of Banquo and a long line of his sons as Kings.

C: He vows then to basically kill everyone, including Macduff, the Thane of Fife, and his whole family for rising up against him.

MACBETH I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

SEYTON: Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England!

SEYTON: Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!-- *Exeunt*

Exit

B: Macbeth hires murderers to go the Macduff's house, but only his family is home, as he is off with Prince Malcom. His family is brutally murdered.

BEAT TEN

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

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

MALCOLM What's the newest grief?

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

MACDUFF How does my wife?

ROSS Why, well.

MACDUFF And all my children?

ROSS Well too.

MACDUFF The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

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

ROSS the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ROSS Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

MALCOLM Merciful heaven!
Give sorrow words

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 swoop?

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 precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee!

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

MACDUFF Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOM Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

A: Lady Macbeth has been spotted sleepwalking through the castle at night.

B: She is speaking of the murder.

C: She is crying out and rubbing her hands as if to wash something out of them.

A: The gentlewoman brings the doctor to see her behavior.

BEAT ELEVEN

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

DR 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 afeard? Yet who would have thought the
old man to have had so much blood in him.

DR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be
clean?--

DR Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

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

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

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

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

DR This disease is beyond my practise:

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

- LADY MACBETH** Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
- DR** 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! *Exit*
- DR** Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
- GW** Good night, good doctor.
- A:** The English force fast approaches, led by Prince Malolm. The sleepless Macbeth readies his forces.
- B:** Ten thousand soldiers approach, and he learns the news that Lady Macbeth is grievously ill with nighttime visions that keep her from her rest. He tells the doctor to fix her, and prepares for battle.
- C:** He remains confident because of the witches' prophecy that he need only fear a moving forest and a man not born of woman.
- D:** Meanwhile, Prince Malcom convinces his soldiers to cut down limbs of trees as camouflage and carry them before them as they approach.

BEAT TWELVE

- MALCOLM** Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
The wood of Birnam.
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.
We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

C: Macbeth is still preparing for battle when he hears a cry from a woman. A servant gives him the news that his wife is dead.

BEAT THIRTEEN

SEYTON The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow,
a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more:
it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
Thy story quickly.

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

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

SEYTON I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

SEYTON 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 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
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.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

D: In the midst of the battle, Macduff is only looking for Macbeth, knowing that his wife and children are dead because of the tyrannical king. They finally find one another, and the final battle of the play ensues.

BEAT FOURTEEN

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.

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 labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

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

MACBETH Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

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

MACBETH I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

D: Macduff cuts off Macbeth's head, and brings it to show the troops to signify that his tyrannous reign is over. Malcom, once a Prince, is now the King of Scotland.

BEAT FIFTEEN

Flourish

MALCOLM

We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

ALL

Hail King of Scotland!
Hail King of Scotland!
Hail King of Scotland!

Flourish. Exeunt