

The Scottish Play in a Galaxy Far, Far Away

MACBETH

DECEMBER 13TH 7:00 PM

DECEMBER 14TH 2:00 PM

Tickets can be purchased at:

bcitm.booktix.com

BCIT Medford's Academy of Performing Arts

10 Hawkin Road

Medford, NJ 08055

Macbeth: The Scottish Play in a Galaxy Far, Far Away

by William Shakespeare

Original Adaptation by Scott F. Cooney

View the entire show at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sT3gjM6N->

[KQ](#)

Macbeth	Jared Jefferson
Lady Macbeth	Sarah Murray
Macduff	Brock Warren
Malcolm	Aidan Toryk
Banquo	Christopher James
Rosse	Lauren James
Seyton	Madison Boynton
Witch 1	Isabella Pacione
Witch 2	Sarah Thames
Witch 3	Roe Krilov
King Duncan/Doctor/King 8	Codi Korhammer
Angus	Avery Handy
Donalbain (King's Son)/Messenger 2	Kyle Taylor
Porter/Seyward (Soldier)	Mike Godwin
Lady Macduff	Qawiyya Haqq
Servant/King 7	Angelique Fonseca
Gentlewoman/King 5	Aniyah Gandy
Dark User 5/Young Macduff/Wilhelm	Cassidy Jarvis
Messenger/King 6	Aislinn Brooks
Fleance/King 1	Ria Nowlan
Dark User 1/Murderer 1/Apparition 1	Riley Konstance
Dark User 2/King 2	Christopher Vasquez
Dark User 4/Murderer 3/Young Seyward	Daylan Garlic Jackson
Dark User 3	Juliette Hunter
Murderer 2/Apparition 2	Avery Hannon
Lord 1/King 3/Soldier 1	Emma Cerak
Lord 2/King 4/Soldier 2	Kim Karson

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

ACT ONE - SCENE ONE (A Desert Place)

(Lady MacBeth ENT USL. Will X to UC make sure the coast is clear and head down the stage to the "Cauldron Box")

Lady MacBeth. Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge, (To self as taking out item wrapped in cloth)
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde- wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
Coole it with a Baboones blood, (Raising it eye level, activate it on "CHARM")
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Double, double, toile and trouble; (Slowly bringing it down)
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toile and trouble; (Placing it in front)
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toyle and trouble, (Slowly looking up)
Fire burne, and Cauldron...

(LIGHTING/MUSIC CHANGE)

(Lady M. arches her back and throws back her head as if her whole body is being possessed and a force is pulling her soul from her heart towards the heavens. She tries to cry out from the pain but can not speak. She holds this position for another beat and then collapses as if released, folding over with exhaustion.)

(Lights up on Witches as they appear in upstage portals W2 - UL W1 - UC W3 - UR)

All Witches. Faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre.

(Witches X DC to behind her.

W3 LM W1 W2)

Witch 1. When shall we three meet again?

In Thunder,

Witch 2. Lightning,

Witch 3. or in Raine?

Lady MacBeth. When the Hurley-burley's done,

When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

Witch 2. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

Witch 1. Where the place? (Creepy choice here, maybe treat her like pet or child)

Lady MacBeth. Upon the Heath.

There to meet with... (catches breath or dealing with the pain from choking)

...Macbeth.

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC CHANGE)

ACT ONE - SCENE TWO (A Heath near the Forrest)

(Music Change. Lights pulsing on Horns?)

(Enter Five Dark Users on stage. Enter Macbeth and Banquo in the aisles. One by One Dark Users ignite their swords. MacBeth and Banquo ignite their swords.)

(FIGHT)

(FIGHT ENDS w/Macbeth & Banquo in the House/Pit)

Macbeth. So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris?

(During previous line LIGHTS UP on Witches appear CS "Cauldron Box" location W3 W1 W2)

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question?

*(During this speech M X up HL Stairs
During this speech B X up HR Stairs
Both X to side of stairs onstage
M-CSR B-CSL)*

Macbeth. Speake if you can: what are you?

Witch 1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

Witch 2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

Witch 3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter. *(Macbeth lowers saber)*

Banquo. (To Macbeth) Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire?

(To Witches) i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neither begge, nor feare
Your favors, nor your hate.

Witch 1. Haile.

Witch 2. Haile.

Witch 3. Haile.

Witch 1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

Witch 2. Not so happy, yet much happier. *(X USL Portal)*

Witch 3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none: *(X USR Portal)*
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

Witch 1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile. *(X USC Portal)*

Macbeth. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
(Pulling Banquo DSL) By my father's death, I know I'm *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor lives
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. *(To Witches backing up to turn and X UC)* Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *(LIGHTS OUT - Witches vanish.)*

Banquo. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macbeth. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde. *(M - Saber off during this text)*
Would they had stay'd.

Banquo. Were such things here, as we doe speake about? *(B - Saber off before this text)*
Or have we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macbeth. Your Children shall be Kings. *(X DS to B)*

Banquo. You shall be King.

Macbeth. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banquo. Toth'selfe-same tune, and words: *(Both Sabers ON and turn towards USL)*
who's here?

(Enter Rosse and Angus USL.)

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Angus. Wee are sent,
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Only to harrold thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine. *(M X DS in disbelief)*

Banquo. (To Macbeth) What, can the Devill speake true?

Macbeth. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Angus. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavie Judgement beares that Life,
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrowne him.

Macbeth. (Aside) Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. *(To Ross and Angus)* Thanks for your paines. (X U to B)
(To Banquo) Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banquo. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you. (X to R & A)

Macbeth. (Aside) Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. *(To Men)* I thanke you Gentlemen: (X DS use space)
(Aside) This supernaturall solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,

And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the use of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banquo. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macbeth. (Aside) If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banquo. New Honors come Upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. (Aside) Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banquo. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay Upon your ley-
sure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: *(X UC slowly staying open - middle platform MP)*
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred, *(Gesturing for Banquo to come to him)*
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let us toward the King: *(to Banquo)* thinke Upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then enough:
Come friends.

(Exeunt USR.)

ACT ONE - SCENE THREE (Forres. Palace Throne Room)

(Music. Enter DSL King, Seyton, Donalbaine, Malcolme and Macduff.)

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Malcolme. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

(Enter House Left Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus)

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude even now
Was heauey on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: only I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

*Macbeth. (Bends knee once in position RCS) The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe. (Rises and Hugs Duncan)*

King. Welcome hither: *(Banquo Bends knee)*

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banquo. (Rises) There if I grow,
The Harvest is your owne. *(Hugs Duncan)*

King. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate Upon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland:

All (Except Malcolm and King): Prince of Cumberland! *(dropping to one knee)*

King. which Honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deservers. *(Everyone rises)*
(To Macbeth) From hence to Envernes,
And binde us further to you.

Macbeth. The Rest is Labor, which is not used for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herberger, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macbeth. (X Down SR Stairs - Aside) The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.

(Exit HL.)

King. True worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman.

(Down Stairs Exit HL)

ACT ONE - SCENE FOUR (Macbeth's Castle)

(Enter DSL Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.)

Lady Macbeth. They met me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before, these weird Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: *(beat - cutback)* yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thould'st have, great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou doest feare to doe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To have thee crown'd withall.

(Use the letter & space)

(Enter Messenger USR out of breath.)

What is your tidings?

Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
(Kiss/Embrace...Mac gives LadyM flowers, start walking down arm and arm)

Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night. (Lady M stops him and her)

Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. (See the deed in your mind first) O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

(Bring his gaze to you. Convince him with your eyes and without words tell him you love him and want this for him. Mac shakes head yes after beat then embrace him with joy. Then X to put the box back while speaking.)

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome. (Kiss)

Macbeth. We will speake further.

Lady Macbeth. Only looke up cleare:
To alter favor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me. (Kiss)

(Exit DSL.)

ACT ONE - SCENE FIVE (Outside MacBeth's Castle)

(Enter DSR King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Seyton, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Lords w/ Laterns).

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Unto our gentle sences.

Banquo. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
The ayre is delicate.

(Enter USR Lady Macbeth & Gentlewoman X CS & Down Stairs SR of Duncan. Gentlewoman SR of Lady Macbeth one step upstage)

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The Love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your paines,
And thanke us for your trouble. *(Takes LM US hand and kisses it)*

Lady Macbeth. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Majestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? *(Lady M is not sure)*
We courst him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse

We are your guest to night.

(Bows to Lady M)

Lady Macbeth. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse.

(Present US hand...LM takes it)

(LM X DS in front of King 1st then US)

(Exit USR)

ACT ONE - SCENE SIX (Macbeth's Castle)

(Enter Macbeth - House Right Aisle Chalice in Hand.)

Macbeth. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, Upon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still have judgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inventer, This even-handed Justice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere 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 doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongv'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. *(By end of speech on stage)*

(Enter Lady Macbeth USR x CS then DS SR of Macbeth.)

How now? What Newes?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supt: 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 Businesse: *(goes to fix another drink)*
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait Upon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macbeth. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

Lady Macbeth. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
Does unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you have done to this.

Macbeth.

If we should faile?

Lady Macbeth. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Where to the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so convince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck only: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe Upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put Upon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macbeth.

Bring forth Men-Children only:

For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. (*Drinks*) Will it not be receiv'd, (*After Beat LM goes to get vial*)
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepe two
Of his owne Chamber, and used their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady Macbeth.

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Upon his Death?

(*Gives Mac a vial of green liquid.*)

Macbeth.

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat. (*Drink*)
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

(*LM Exit USR; Mac DSR.*)

ACT ONE - SCENE SEVEN (Courtyard of Macbeth's Castle)

(Enter Banquo DSL, Fleance onstage DCS feet on offstage platform, with a lantern.)

Banquo. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the Clock.

Banquo. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too. *(Hands over gloves or armor)*
A heavie Summons lyes like Lead Upon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraints in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

(Enter Macbeth Hallucinating, and a Servant with a lantern SRC. Mac X to SR of Banquo)

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macbeth. A Friend.

Banquo. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.

Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought. *(Waving hands in front of his own eyes - Hallucinating)*

Banquo. (Notices Mac acting strange) All's well? *(Mac stops and shakes head yes)*
I dreamt last Night of the three weird Sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macbeth. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
We would spend it in some words Upon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Banquo. At your kind'st leysure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banquo. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while.

Banquo. Thankes Sir: the like to you.

(Exit Banquo and Fleance SLC.)

Macbeth. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready, *(Spoken Quickly)*
She strike Upon the Bell. Get thee to bed.

(Servant Exit DSR.)

(Macbeth runs SL of stairs and throws up. Picks head up and turns towards audience and sees a dagger floating in space)

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 Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now, Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.

(A Bell rings.)

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

(Exit USR.)

ACT ONE - SCENE EIGHT (Courtyard of Macbeth's Castle)

(Enter Lady Macbeth with Candle DSL X Down SL stairs.)

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. **(OWL SOUND)**
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfetted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.

(*MACBETH Enters USR*)

Macbeth. Who's there? what ho? *(Stage whisper.)*
(Mac X CS then DCS)

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:
I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

(Macbeth is DC)

My Husband?

Macbeth. I have done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. I.

(Noise USL)

Macbeth. Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbaine.

(X U to stairs)

Macbeth. *(Looking at hands)* This is a sorry sight. *(Steps down to Offstage platform)*

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. *(then X up stairs a step or two)*

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleepe, *(Slowly sits or kneels)*

And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:

I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,

And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,

As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:

Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,

When they did say God blesse us.

Lady Macbeth. *(X to SR of M, sit)* 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. *(trying to look him in the eyes)* These deeds must not be thought

After these wayes: *(Pick his head up and make eye contact)* so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,

Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd Sleeue of Care,

The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,

Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,

Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady Macbeth.

What doe you meane?

(Cutoff. Get him to stop)

Macbeth. *(Jump in)* Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:

Glamis hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *(beat. Look at LM)* *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady Macbeth. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*, *(Consoling and Lovingly)*
You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke *(Motherly)*
So braine-sickly of things: *(Kiss on head or cheek)*
Goe get some Water, *(Picks Mac up)*
And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand. *(Notices daggers/ switches energy)*
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare *(Pushing him towards the stairs)*
The sleepeie Groomes with blood.

Macbeth. *(Mac starts then stops)* Ile goe no more: *(X SL)*
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: *(Takes Daggers)* the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt.

(LM Exit USR. Mac watches her leave upstairs, nervously pacing)

(Knocke offstage Right)

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? haaaaaaah: they pluck out mine Eyes. *(on haaaah to knees)*
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine, *(LM enters USR)*
Making the Greene one, Red.

(Lady Macbeth coming down steps)

Lady Macbeth. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *(Knocke.)*

I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call us,
And show us to be Watchers: (*Picks him up "Snap out of it"*) be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macbeth. (To Self) I am afraid to think what I have done.
To know my deed, 'Twere best not know my selfe.

(*Knocke. LM X SL to leave*)

(*To Knocking*) Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. (*LM returns and grabs Mac*)

(*Both Exit SLC as knocking continues*)

ACT ONE - SCENE NINE (Courtyard of the Castle)

(Enter a Porter House Right drinking from Canteen. Knocking within.)

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede:

(presenting himself) if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the Key.

(Knock. Knock. Knock.)

Knock, Knock, Knock. *(Wait...Try again "I said Knock Knock Knock!" until entire crowd responds "Who's there?")*

Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*. Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't.

(Laughs) Get it? Because we're in hell. Sweat for it? *(Stare him/her down)* Not the brightest farmer are you? *(Moves to another person down the aisle)*

(Knock. Knock.)

Knock, knock. *("Who's there?")*

Who's there, in th' *(Realizes doesn't know it)* other Devils Name?

Faith here's an Equivocator, *(Look at him/her as if they are confused)* Equivocator? Anyone? Equivicator? It means a conman, or, as I like to call em, politician. *(Laughs at own joke. Snaps out of it then continues.)* Sorry.

Knock. Knock. *(Who's there?)* Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: *(Laughs)* oh come in, Equivocator. *(Moves to next victim)*

(Knock. Knock. Knock.)

Knock, Knock, Knock. *(Who's there?)* Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *(Laughs and moves down towards the stairs)*

(Knock. Knock.)

OK. OK. Never at quiet: *(Notices a person in front row and does a double take)*

What are you? *(Beat - shakes it off like the person is the weirdest person he ever saw and continues up the House Right stairs X CS and stopping)*

but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *(Toasting the audience; drinks)*

(Knock.)

Anon, anon, *(starts to leave but stops quickly and turns to the audience)*
I pray you all remember...the Porter. *(Bows)*

(Knock. Knock. Knock. as Porter exits DSR)

(Enter Rosse, and Macduff almost immediately followed by Porter. X SRC R P M)

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Porter. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock: And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff. What three things does Drinke especially provoke?

Porter. Marry, Sir, *(sniffing/runny nose)* Nose-painting, Sleepe, and *(notices spot on pants, examines it maybe sniffs at it)* Urine. *(Both Macduff and Rosse take a step back as Porter takes a drink)*

Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator *(looking towards the Equivocator)* with Lecherie: it makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him. *(X DSL stairs to leave House Right aisle)*

Macduff. I beleeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Porter. (Continue walking) That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Macduff. Is thy Master stirring?

(Exit Porter House Right. Enter Macbeth CSL.)

Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.

Rosse. Good morrow, Noble Sir. *(Shakes hands. Then Counter X)*

Macbeth. Good morrow both. *(Shakes hands with Macduff. R M MD)*

Macduff. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macbeth. *(Glances at chamber USR)* Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.

Macbeth. Ile bring you to him. *(X up Center stairs)*

Macduff. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macbeth. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macduff. Ile make so bold to call,
for 'tis my limited service.

(Exit Macduffe USR. Macbeth X back down to Center then X to make a drink SL.)

Rosse. Goes the King hence to day?

Macbeth. He does: he did appoint so.

Rosse. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecyng, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confused Events,
New hatch'd toth'wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
And did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough Night.

Rosse. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Macduff (Offstage). O horror, horror, horror, (Enters *USR* continues to stairs then
down)
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macbeth. What's the matter? (Bottom of stairs MD M R)

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th'Building.

Macbeth. What is't you say, the Life?

Rosse. Meane you his Majestie?

Macduff. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:
See, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,

(Exeunt *Macbeth* and *Rosse* *USR*.)

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme*. awake,

Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: up, up, and see
The great Doomes Image: (*backing up X SR*) *Malcolme., Banquo,*
As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. (*Yelling offstage Right*) Ring the Bell.

(Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth tying gown & Gentlewoman MSL X DSL.)

Lady Macbeth. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macduff. (*X a few steps towards her*) O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murder as it fell.

(Enter Banquo DSR.)

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royall Master's murder'd.

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?

Banquo. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

(Enter Macbeth and Rosse USR. Rosse stays in disbelief as M X C, then midplatform)

Macbeth. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

(Enter Donalbaine and Malcolme USL.)

Donalbaine. What is amisse?

Macbeth. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macduff. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Malcolme. Oh, by whom?

Rosse. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murderers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady Macbeth. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macduff. Looke to the Lady.

(Banquo runs to Lady M as Gentlewoman comes close from behind. Macbeth and Rosse both come down)

(SPECIAL UP ON DONALBAINE & MALCOLM)

Malcolme. (Aside to Donalbaine) Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donalbaine. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Malcolme. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

(LIGHTS BACK TO NORMAL)

Banquo. (To Macbeth) Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid, *(Everyone, keep it front and end it looking at Macbeth)*
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further.

(Lady M is carried out by Macbeth, Gentlewoman exits DSL as Banquo X C)

Feares and scruples shake us:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macduff. And so doe I.

All. So all.

(Macbeth Enters DSL)

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th'Hall together.

Banquo. Well contented.

(Exeunt All DSR except Malcolme and Donalbaine who X DC and stop. D M)

Malcolme. What will you doe?

Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the false man does easie.

Ile to England.

Donalbaine. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:

Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;

The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malcolme. This murderous Shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,

Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,

And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,

But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

(Exeunt DSR.)

ACT ONE - SCENE TEN (Outside Macbeth's Castle)

(Enter Rosse CSL in front of stairs looking out)

(Enter Macduffe, Lady Macduff, and Son of Macduff MSR. Macduff arms around)

Ross. How goes the world Sir, now?

Macduff. Why see you not? *(Kisses wife on top of head X C to Ros;
LM & S stay SL; M & R will step down onto
Offstage Platform)*

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macduff. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts Upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven up
Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Sovereignty will fall Upon *Macbeth*.

Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No Cosin, (*Glancing at family*) Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well may you see things well done there:

(Extends arm, they shake, separate and begin to exit. Macduff calls over Family)

Adieu

Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell. (To entire family)

(Rosse Exits SL. Macduff and Family Exit House Right, Son running down stairs first with joy and excitement that Daddy is coming home)

ACT ONE - SCENE ELEVEN (Forres. The Palace)

(Enter Banquo DSR.)

Banquo. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As Upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

(Senit sounded. Enter USL - Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Angus, Seyton, Rosse, Lords, Servant & Gentlewoman.)

Macbeth. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

Lady Macbeth. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecomming.

Macbeth. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banquo. Let your Highnesse
Command Upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

(Macbeth whispers to LM, kisses her on cheek. LM X to Group then Exits DSL as Mac & B begin to slowly X DSR to stairs)

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoone?

Banquo. I, my good Lord.

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice
In this dayes Councell: *(stop smile at him)* but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Banquo. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper.

Macbeth. (Extends arm) Well, Faile not our Feast.

Banquo. My Lord, I will not. *(Shaking hands as Macbeth is trying to read Banquo's motives. Slight awkward beat)*

Macbeth. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. *(Looking for reaction)* But of that to morrow,
Hye you to Horse: *(Hye you to Horse = Subtext "Sorry to keep you")*
till you returne at Night. Adieu. *(Banquo X to leave DSR. Before he gets offstage continue)*
Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. (Stops. Turns) I, my good Lord: our time does call Upon's.

(Slight pause)

Macbeth. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell.

(One last look than Exit Banquo DSR.)

Let every man be master of his time,
Till seven at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
Till then, God be with you.

(Exeunt All Closest Exit. Servant remains)

Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us.

(Exit Servant Down Stairs SL/House Right.)

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus: *(X DC or DSL work the space)*
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Caesar*. *(Slight Beat)* He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King Upon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th'utterance.

(Enter Servant, and two Murderers House Right.)

Who's there?

(Macbeth gestures them up then speaks. 1 up stairs 1st X DSL of stage stairs kneels; 2 up stairs 2nd X DSR of stage stairs kneels)

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

(Exit Servant House Left.)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together? *(Goes to make drink CSR)*

2. *Murderer*. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macbeth. Well then,
Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.

1. *Murderer*. You made it knowne to us.

Macbeth. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

1. *Murderer*. True, my Lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life: (*X to throne*) and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make love,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murderer*. We shall, my Lord, Performe what you command us.

1. *Murderer*. I am one, my Liege, Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe, To spight the World.

2. *Murderer*. And I another, So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune, That I would set my Life
on any Chance, To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macbeth. (*Sitting down ignoring that they are even speaking*)
Your Spirits shine through you, both.
Within this houre, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night.
Fleance, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: (*Slight beat*) resolve your selves apart,
He come to you anon. (*Both 1 & 2 Rise*)

Murderer. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macbeth. He call Upon you straight: abide within.

(*1 & 2 Exit DSR*)

It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night.

(*LIGHTS OUT. Macbeth EXIT DSR*)

ACT ONE - SCENE TWELVE - (The Palace)

(Enter Lady Macbeth, and Gentlewoman DSL X CSL)

Lady Macbeth. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Gentelwoman. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Gentlewoman. Madame, I will.

(Gentelwoman Exits DSR.)

Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

(Enter Macbeth DSR X to LM.)

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?

(LM X to M; M wrap hands around her from behind open to audience)

Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macbeth. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake us Nightly: *(LM Reacts and pulls away X DL to off stage platform)*

Lady Macbeth. (Shakes head in agreement and then picks her head up and smiles.)

Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes, *(Referring to his dirty face)*
Be bright and Joviall among your Guests to Night.

Macbeth. (Kisses her hand) So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you: *(X SRC to wash self)*
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this. *(Pleading. "We got what we wanted. No more death")*

Macbeth. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macbeth. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Before the Bat hath flowne His Cloyster'ed flight,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?

Macbeth. (X DS to LM with) Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed:
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee goe with me.

(M has to get her to smile and come out of it without words. Say it's going to be ok. Say I love you. Tell her she is the world to you with your eyes, smile, and gestures. When she smiles you then can begin to exit.)

(Both Exeunt DSR.)

ACT ONE - SCENE THIRTEEN (Park Near the Palace)

(Enter three Murderers DSL. 3, 1, 2 order of Entrance)

1. Murderer. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. Murderer. Macbeth.

1. Murderer. Then stand with us:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.

Now spurres the lated Traveller apace,

To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches

The subject of our Watch.

(Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Lantern House Right.)

2. Murderer. 'Tis hee.

1. Murderer. Stand too't.

(2 & 1 X SR of stairs & 3 X SL of stairs. Banquo & Fleance come up house right stairs X CS as Banquo looks to the sky out over the audience) (THUNDER)

Banquo. It will be Rayne to Night.

(1 & 2 step forward with 1 slightly more Center than 2 and 2 slightly more upstage)

1. Murderer. Let it come downe. *(They both ignite their swords)*

Banquo. O, Trecherie. *(Guides Fleance behind him and lights saber to defend)*

(Once Fleance is behind and safe 3 lights saber from the shadows and strikes at Fleance.)

Nooooooooooooo!

(Banquo turns and swings toward 3 as Fleance falls to the floor in terror. Banquo is holding 3 off with all his might.)

Flye good *Fleance*, flye, flye, flye,

*(Fleance gets up and exits through house;
while 2 walks towards Banquo with pace)*

Thou may'st revenge-- *(2 drives his saber through Banquo from behind before he can finish)*

O Slave!

(2 & 3 back away as 1 comes forward in front of Banquo and strikes across his throat. Banquo's dead. They form a triangle facing the audience as they speak 3 1 2)

2. *Murderer*. There's but one downe:

3. *Murderer*. The Sonne is fled.

2. *Murderer*. We have lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. *Murderer*. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

(Blackout.)

ACT ONE - SCENE FOURTEEN (Banquet Hall in the Palace)

(Banquet. Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Seyton, Angus, Lords, Servant and Gentlewoman.)

Macbeth. You know your owne degrees, a toast: *(They raise chalices, except LM, Servant, GW)*
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

A Lord. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macbeth. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

ALL: *(Cheers then drink)*

(Enter First Murderer House Right crosses House RC in pit kneels until Mac arrives.)

Macbeth. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks *(Notices murderer and begins to rise)*
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure.

*(LIGHTS CHANGE as Macbeth Goes into audience to meet Murderer DSR
stairs/House Left gesturing him to rise)*

There's blood Upon thy face.

1. Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then. *(Wiping face where thinks it is)*

Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

1. Murderer. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macbeth. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

1. *Murderer*. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.

Macbeth. (*Macbeth chokes 1.*) Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. (*release 1 turns and X SR in pit*) But *Banquo*'s safe?

1. *Murderer*. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides.

Macbeth.
Well, Thankes for that: (*Slight pause*) Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selves againe.

(1 Bows quickly and then *Exits Almost Running for Life - House Left - LIGHTS UP ONSTAGE - During Blackout Banquo sits in throne*)

Lady Macbeth. (*X DSRC*) My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere.

(*Macbeth X up House Left stairs*)

Macbeth. Sweet Remembrancer:
Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame Upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace us with your Royall Company?

(*They split center revealing Banquo's Ghost- LIGHTS CHANGE*)

(Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost)

Seyton. What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Angus. What, my good Lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary lockes at me. *(Macbeth flees into the audience House Left aisle)*

Rosse. Gentlemen, Lords, his Highnesse is not well. *(All begin to leave. LM stops them)*

Lady Macbeth. Stay worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Prithee, be still,,
Upon a thought, He will againe be well.
Drink, and regard him not.

(X down House Left stairs speaking- LIGHTS CHANGE - Banquo will exit)

Are you a man?

Macbeth. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Divell.

Lady Macbeth. O proper stufte: *(Trying to get him to look at you)*
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*.

Macbeth. Prythee see right there:

(Pushing past LM flying up the stairs while speaking - LIGHTS CHANGE - LM follows)

Behold, looke, loe, how say...you? *(Seeing nothing is there. Looking around in disbelief.)*
If I stand heere, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. *(X to M pulls him SR)* My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macbeth. (Subtext - What? Then realizing the situation, Comes to laughing it off)

I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Give me some Wine, *(Servant X quickly to fill)* fill full:

I drinke to th'generall joy o'all attending,,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Angus. Our duties, and the pledge.

(Banquo's Ghost Enters MSR - LIGHT CHANGES)

Macbeth. Avant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee: *(Running away across the stage)*
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth. (To concerned guests) Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other.

Macbeth. (Pulls out a knife) What man dare, I dare: *(Begins to run towards LM)*
Take any shape but that, Hence horrible shadow, *(Mac breaks free and heads toward Banquo)*
Unreall mock'ry hence.

*(Take your time coming to and snapping out of it. take it all in and when you are ready continue.
Live through it.)*

Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you be still.

Lady Macbeth. (Upset, Concerned, Horrified) You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? *(Goes after LM)* You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.

(Climax FAST PACING)

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse *(Subtext - "Get a hold of yourself")*
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight. *(Eyes on Macbeth for both lines)*
Stand not Upon the order of your going, *(To everyone to move it!)*
But go at once.

(Everyone scatters and Exits House Right/SL Stairs)

Seyton. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady Macbeth. (To Servant & Gentlewoman) A kinde goodnight to all.

(Exit CSL Servant & Gentlewoman LM crosses to Offstage Platform and sits upset and shaken.)

Macbeth. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood.
(Get composure then take a big breath and let it audibly out. "Well that happened")

What is the night?

Lady Macbeth. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

(Macbeth X towards LM and sits down next to her SL)

Macbeth. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

Lady Macbeth: Did you send to him Sir?

Macbeth. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. *(New thought, brilliant idea "I got it!")* I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
(Macbeth changes - "I'm going crazy"; upset. Want the craziness out of your head)
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

Lady Macbeth. You lacke the season of all Natures,
(Get him to look at you and make eye contact. "you need...") sleepe.

(He looks at her and eventually starts laughing. What a crazy night. Delusional. Lady M eventually also joins in laughing at the night. Laughing together in each other's arms. Maybe Mac puts his head in her lap.)

Macbeth. Come, wee'l to sleepe: *(Begins to rise. Kisses her on the head)*
We are yet but yong indeed.

(Macbeth exits SL still laughing.) Lady Macbeth stays behind and her laughter turns to her crying as she begins to break down.)

(We begin to hear the witches laughing).

(LIGHT CHANGES - MUSIC)

Witches. What's done cannot be undone. *(Witches continue laughing)*

(Blackout.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ACT TWO - SCENE ONE (The Palace/Cavern)

MUSIC - Lights Out

Lady MacBeth. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron... (*LIGHTS UP*)

(Lady Macbeth arches her back as if her heart and soul are being pulled to the heavens. She starts to shake and twitch and collapses passed out having a seizure.)

*(Gentlewoman Enters DSL, sees her and runs to her as Witches chant.
LIGHTS FADE - When Gentlewoman arrives trying to wake her up.)*

Witch 1,2,3. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

(Witches X downstage to platform 3 1 2.)

Witch 1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

Witch 2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

Witch 3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

Witch 2. By the pricking of my Thumbes,

Witch 3. Something wicked this way comes:

Witch 1. Open Lockes, who ever knockes.

(Enter Macbeth from House Right x Up stairs to SL of on stage steps/Witches.)

Macbeth. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

Witch 1. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

Witch 1. Speake.

Witch 2. Demand.

Witch 3. Wee'l answer.

Witch 1. Say, if th'hadst rather heare it

Witch 2. from our mouthes,

Witch 3. Or from our Masters.

Macbeth. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

All. (Witches begin to move - 2 X SR of stairs, 1 & 3 SL of stairs as Apparition appears USL Portal)

Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble. *(LIGHT CHANGES)*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknowne power.

Witch 1. He knowes thy thought:

Witch 2. Heare his speech,

Witch 3. but say thou nought.

*1. Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: Beware Macduffe,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismissee me. Enough.*

(He Descends.) (LIGHT CHANGES)

*Macbeth. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.*

Witch 1. He will not be commanded:

Witch 2. heere's another

Witch 3. More potent then the first.

(LIGHT CHANGES)

(2 Apparition appears USR Portal)

2 Apparition. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macbeth. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.

*2 Apparition. Be bloody, bold, & resolute: Laugh to scorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.*

(Descends.) (LIGHT CHANGES)

*Macbeth. Then live Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder. (Thunder)*

(LIGHT CHANGES)

(3 Apparition, UC Portal a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.)

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King?

Witch 1. Listen,

Witch 2. but speake not

Witch 3. too't.

3 *Apparition.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill

Shall come against him.

(*Descend.*) (LIGHT CHANGES)

Macbeth. (X DS) That will never bee:

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*

Shall live his Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever

Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macbeth. (X CS) I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternall Curse fall on you:

(*Music change*) what noise is this?

(*Hoboyes*)

Witch 1. Show. (Points SL/ House Right)

Witch 2. Show. (Points SL/ House Right)

Witch 3. Show. (Points SL/ House Right)

(LIGHT CHANGES)

(Macbeth X DC Offstage platform)

All. Show his Eyes, and grieve his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

(Witches exit in darkness)

(A line of 7 kings march down the aisle, and Banquo last.)

Macbeth. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne does seare mine Eye-balls. A second,
A third, are like the former. And a fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more:
(Sees Banquo's Ghost)
Horrible sight: Now I see it 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles Upon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?
You Filthy Haggas, Why do you show me this?

(Macbeth backs up and turns X DC of stage off platform - LIGHT CHANGES)

Where are they? Gone?
(To Seyton) Come in, without there.

(Enter Seyton House Right Aisle X to bottom of steps in pit.)

Seyton. What's your Graces will.

Macbeth. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

Seyton. No my Lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Seyton. No indeed my Lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them.
Who was't came by?

Seyton. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Seyton. I, my good Lord.

Macbeth. 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 & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize Upon Fife; give to th' edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole.
(*Begins to exit through house*) Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

(*Seyton and Macbeth Exit House Right.*)

(LIGHT CHANGE)

ACT TWO - SCENE TWO (Fife. Macduff's Castle)

(Enter Macduffes Wife and Rosse USR X C. Son is on floor SL reading)

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none: *(Stopping UC)*
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us Traitors. *(Continuing down stairs)*

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? *(Stopping on platform)* to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe does flye? He loves us not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason. *(X downstairs to DSCL -- SON LM R)*

Rosse. My dearest Cuz, *(LM watching Son write)*
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband, *(Turning back towards Rosse)*
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing Upon you. *(Kisses her hand and bows his head)*

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer

(Exit USR Rosse.)

holds him)

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Lady Macduff. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.

Lady Macduff. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

(Enter a Messenger 2 USR Barging in Out of Breath and in a Panic.)

(LM stands quickly and turns, mother instinct of protection)

Messenger 2. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too savage:

To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer.

(Exit Messenger USR)

Lady Macduff. *(X U few Steps to platform)* Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. *(he's gone, X back DS to child)* But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
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 harme? *(Grabs son by hand starts to lead towards USR exit)*

(Enter USR 1 Murderer)

Come little bird, we---- *(Sees 1 and turns starts X DSL as 2 Murderer pops up the stairs)*

(Backing up towards SR, 3 is coming down X DSL of 1, 1 X to CS) What are these faces?

(LM turns to see 3 Murderer standing there DSR, Stuck holding her child close DCR)

1. *Murderer.* Where is your Husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.

2. *Murderer.* He's a Traitor. *(LM looks at 2 keeps focus there)*

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

1. *Murderer.* *(1 X and grabs Son from LM)* What you Egge?

Lady Macduff. No!!!! *(Tries to run to son but 2 pulls her back as 1 passes Son to 3.)*

3. *Murderer.* Yong fry of Treachery? *(Holds son.)*

Lady Macduff. Please. Don't hurt him.

Lady Macduff. (Screams) NOOOOOOOO!!!!

(3 pushes son into 1 who stabs him)

Son. (Beat. Looking at sword then slowly towards LM).

(1 pulls sword out as Son drops. LM gets free and runs to him. She cradles him in her arms.)

He has kill'd me Mother. (Son reaches up to touch LM's cheek)

Run away I pray you. (LM grabs hand and kisses it and holds it close to her face as he dies).

(She holds him close to her crying, Continually rocking in shock.)

1. Murderer. Go find the others. Leave none found alive.

(2 & 3 Exit SL as 1 steps in front of LM who never looks up. He strikes her down.

BLACKOUT)

ACT TWO - SCENE THREE (Forest)

(Enter Malcolme. and Macduffe. House Left MAL MD)

Malcolme. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Malcolme. I am thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell.

(Enter Rosse House Left.)

Macduff. See who comes heere.

Malcolme. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.

Macduff. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither. *(Shakes hands)*

Malcolme. I know him now. *(Macduff X SL of Pit as Mal CX to Rosse)* Good God betimes remove
The meanes that makes us Strangers. *(Extends hand)*

Rosse. *(Shakes hand)* Sir, Amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. (R X C; Mal CX SR) Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malcolme. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macduff. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macduff. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macduff. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em

Macduff. Be not a hoarder of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
(To Malcolme) Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our people fight,

To doffe their dire distresses.

Malcolme. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macduff. (*X DS*) If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. (*Scared to hear it*) Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malcolme. Mercifull Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your hat Upon your browes:
Give sorrow words; the griefe that does not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macduff. My Children too?

Rosse. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macduff. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Malcolme. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macduff. (Climbing stairs) He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malcolme. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff. (Facing upstage) I shall do so: *(Turning towards them)*
But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

Malcolme. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
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 my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Malcolme. This time goes manly: *(X upstairs followed by Rosse both kneel next to MD)*
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready, *(R MD Mal)*
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above
Put on their Instruments: *(Mal rises & R help MD up)* Receive what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that never findes the Day.

(Mal & Rosse Exit DSR 1st followed by MD. BLACKOUT)

ACT TWO - SCENE FOUR (Dunsinane Castle)

(Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Gentlewoman w/ candle USL X UC.)

Doctor. I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last walk'd?

Gentlewoman. (Stop at top of steps C) Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown uppon her, unlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write Upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doctor. (Continuing down steps X DSL, Doc C, G SL) A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

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

Gentlewoman. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse to confirme my speech.

(Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Candle. House Right)

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

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

(LM climbing stairs X CS)

Doctor. You see her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. I but their sense are shut.

(LM passes candle to Doctor X D onto Offstage Platform)

Doctor. What is it she does now? Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lady Macbeth. Yet heere's a spot.

Doctor. Hearn, she speaks...

Lady Macbeth. Out damned spot: out I say.

One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't:

Hell is murky.

Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd?

what need we feare? who knows it, when none can call our powre to accompt:

yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him. *(dropping to knees)*

Doctor. Do you marke that?

Gentlewoman. Aye.

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?

What will these hands ne're be cleane?

No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Doctor. Go too, go too:

You have knowne what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she has knowne.

Lady Macbeth. Heere's the smell of the blood still:

all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh. *(Rises. Turns. Grabs Candle starts up stairs to platform. Doc SL of stairs, G SL of Doc)*

Doctor. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

(Macbeth enters unseen House Right)

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried;
he cannot come out one's grave.
To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come: give me your hand:

(LM reaching towards Macbeth, Mac steps forward and slowly raises his arm to reach for her, but then slowly lowers his hand and head after he realizes she's gone,)

What's done, cannot be undone. *(Begins to exit)* To bed, to bed, to bed.

(His love is gone. Macbeth watches her exit USR, helpless, and then turns and leaves the stage as Doc & G X up to top platform Center.)

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foule whisp'rings are abroad: unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Divine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes Upon her: So goodnight,
My minde she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gentlewoman. Good night good Doctor.

(Doc Exits USL & G USR - MAC goes to hankerchief picks it up and collapses in tears)

(Lights Out)

ACT TWO - SCENE FIVE (Country Near Dunsinane)

(LIGHTS UP - Rosse & ANGUS Offstage Platform R - C A - SL)

Rosse. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Unkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. What does the Tyrant.

Rosse. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Angus. Now does he feelee
His secret Murders sticking on his hands:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feelee his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.

Rosse. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, does condemne
It selfe, for being there.

(Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne DSR)

Malcolme. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Rosse. We doubt it nothing.

Seyward. What wood is this before us?

Rosse. The wood of Birnane.

Malcolme. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

All. It shall be done.

Seyward. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malcolme. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership.

Seyward. 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 certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the warre!

(EVERYONE BIG REACTION)

(Exeunt DS/House Left Stairs)

ACT TWO - SCENE 6 (Dunsinane. Room in the Castle)

(Macbeth is drinking heavily over his wife's condition. Seyton present.)

Macbeth. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*? (*Seyton exits DSL*)
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power Upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

(Enter Servant DSR.)

The divell damne thee mask, thou pale-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Servant. There is ten thousand.

Macbeth. Geese Villaine?

Servant. Souldiers Sir.

Macbeth. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Servant. The English Force, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence *(Tosses Servant towards USL spot X to make a drink SR)*.
Seyton, I am sick at hart, When I behold: *(notices he's not there)*
Seyton, I say, *(Yelling to offstage left)* *Seyton!*

(Enter Seyton DSL)

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What Newes more?

Seyton. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Give me my Armor.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. Ile put it on:
Send out more Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare.
Give me mine Armor:

(Doctor enters DSL, Seyton exits DSL)

How does your Patient, Doctor?

Doctor. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that?
Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes Upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.

Macbeth. Throw Physicke to the Dogs! *(To doctor)* Ile none of it.

(Look Doctor in the eyes "You will cure her or else!"

Eventually starts laughing it off. Goes to get his drink)

(While taking another drink) Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Sword:

(Towards Doctor as X DSC Platform) I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

(Women Crying offstage Left screams.)

What is that noyse?

Doctor. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

(Seyton enters DSL with armor and sword in hand)

Macbeth. Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The Queene, my Lord: she's dead.

(Macbeth eventually grabs sword and kills Doctor with pure anger and sadness. Mac weeps and weeps)

Macbeth. She should have dy'de heereafter;
There would have beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. *(Trying to stop tears)* Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre Upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

(Enter a Messenger DSR. Running in stops stands at attention.)

Macbeth. Thou com'st to use thy Tongue? thy Story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macbeth. Well, say sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch Upon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
I say, a moving Grove.

Macbeth. (Aside) I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. *(To Seyton)* Arme, Arme, and out,
(Aside) If this which he avouches, does appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon. *(Lights Saber)*
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe.

(Exeunt ALL DSL) BLACKOUT

ACT TWO - SCENE SEVEN - (Outside the Castle)

(Enter Malcolme., Seyward, Macduffe, Rosse, Angus, Young Seyward with Boughes HOUSE LEFT.)

(Drop trees to the house left side of the house left step when at the top of the stairs)

Malcolme. (CS) Now neere enough:
Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
And show like those you are: You (worthy Unkle)
Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take Upon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order.

Seyward. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our Trumpets speak, give thẽ all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death!

(Exeunt DSR)

(Alarums continued.)

(Alarums. Macduff from Offstage Right.)

Macduff. That way the noise is: *(ENTERS DSR X CS w/ Rosse & Angus)*

Tyrant show thy face,

If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,

My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:

Let me finde him Fortune: more, I begge not. *(X USC - Center Portal and Exit USR)*

(Macduff Exit USL behind Portal wall.)

(Enter Macbeth USR. Soldier "Wilhelm" attacks from behind and throws him offstage)

Macbeth. *(While moving down the stairs to DSL)*

Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye

On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes

Do better Upon them.

(Macduff ENT USC Portal)

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:

But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words,

My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine

Then tearmes can give thee out!

Turne Hell-hound, turne!

(Fight)

Macbeth. Thou loosest labour

As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre

With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:

(Fight)

(Macbeth stabs Macduff)

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

(Mac leaves through House Left/Stage Right stairs)

Macduff. (Screams in pain)

Dispaire thy Charme, *(Standing up)*

And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *(Pulling out sword and turning)* *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely ript.

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:

Macduff. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the show, and gaze o'th'time.

Macbeth. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabblies curse.

(Fight)

Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last.

(Fight)

Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

(Macbeth slaine. Gets out handkerchief. Looks for Lady M. Macduff comes down with both swords in anger. BLACKOUT.)

Macduff. Haile King, for so thou art. *(X DStairs to mid platform)*

Behold where stands

Th'Usurpers cursed head: *(tosses head to floor)*

the time is free:

I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That speake my salutation in their minds:

Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland. *(Kneels)*

All. Haile King of Scotland. *(Kneels)*

(Flourish.)

Malcolme. *(X DC)* We shall not spend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your severall loves,

And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen

Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland

In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruell Ministers

Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;

Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else

That call's Upon us, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe 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. Haile King of Scotland!

Haile King of Scotland!

Haile King of Scotland!

(Exeunt through House except Macduff, who slowly walks towards relic. Picks it up walks downstage looks up. BLACKOUT)

FINIS.