

« MR & MRS MACBETH »

By Sam Pinnell & Lucille O'Flanagan

An adaptation of the original masterpiece

By William Shakespeare

© October 2012

*SCENE I : (FILM ONE) WITCHES ON FILM : A wild and desolate place.
Thunder and lightning. Enter three witches.*

First Witch

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch

Where the place?

Second Witch

Upon the heath.

Third Witch

There to meet with Macbeth.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

What are these?
Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch

All hail Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

To me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman

And to be king...

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

BANQUO

Whither are they vanished?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

MESSENGER

We are 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 borrowed robes?

MESSENGER

Who was the thane lives yet;

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.

MACBETH

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:

The greatest is behind.

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

That could enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

MACBETH (Aside).

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

SCENE 2 : MACBETH'S CASTLE.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

LADY MACBETH

Glamis You art, and Cawdor; and shall be
What You art promised: yet do I fear your nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: You would be great;
Are not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it:
Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid does seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Your letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH

My dearest love,
The king comes here to-night.

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 purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! 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!'
(to Macbeth)
When goes he hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch.
We will speak further.

SCENE 3: THE CASTLE HALL

ENTER LADY MACBETH WITH KING DUNCAN

DUNCAN

This castle has a pleasant seat
Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly ...
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, King Duncan
Has borne his faculties so meek, has been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

DUNCAN

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

MACBETH

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th'other.

LADY MACBETH APPROACHES.

MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Has he asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
He has honoured me of late;

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Has 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 your love. Are you afraid
To be the same in your own act and valour
As you are in desire?

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 dared do it, then you were a man;

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,
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

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For your undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked 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 does know.

SCENE 4 COURT WITHIN THE CASTLE. BANQUO WITH A TORCH

BANQUO

Who's there?

MACBETH

A friend.

BANQUO

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

At your leisure.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

EXIT BANQUO

MACBETH

Now boy,
Go bid your mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
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.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on your blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

A bell rings.

MACBETH

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SCENE 5 : MACBETH'S CASTLE. Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

That which has made them drunk has made me bold;
What has quenched them has given me fire.
Hark! Peace! He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:

MACBETH (FROM OFFSTAGE)

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

Enter MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst you 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

Aye.

MACBETH [*Looking at his hands.*]

This is a sorry sight.

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: I stood and heard them:
One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

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

Exit. Knocking is heard

MACBETH

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

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.
I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with your knocking! I would you couldst!

***EXIT MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH
(FILM THREE : PORTER)***

PORTER

Here's a knocking indeed! knock, knock!
Who's there, in the name of
Beelzebub?

MACDUFF

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

PORTER

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great
provoker.

MACDUFF

What thing does drink especially provoke?

PORTER

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes;
it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance: it sets
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,
and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and
not stand to; in conclusion, gives him the lie and leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER

That it did, sir.

MACDUFF

Is the master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

MACDUFF (continued)

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.
Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard in the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night. This is the door.

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.
Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does

MACDUFF (re enters)

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Banquo!
Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACDUFF

O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas! What, in our house ?

MACDUFF

Too cruel anywhere.
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

LADY MACBETH faints and MACDUFF and MACBETH tend to her.
(FILM FOUR)

DONALBAIN

Our royal father 's murdered.

MALCOLM

What will you do?

Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN

To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

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

The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM

This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

But shift away: there's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

(END OF FILM FOUR)

Scene 7: MACBETH'S CASTLE. Coronation tableau. Sound "hail King Macbeth!" BANQUO watches.

BANQUO

You have it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promised, and, I fear,

You played most foully for it: yet it was said

It should not stand in your posterity,

But that myself should be the root and father

Of many kings. If there come truth from them--

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--

Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well,

And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen.

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

MACBETH

To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO

Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are for ever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord:

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.
Fail not our feast.

(Exit BANQUO)

MACBETH

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus; - Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep;
He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

(FILM FIVE)

ENTER THE MURDERER ON FILM

MACBETH

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERER

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Both of you know Banquo is your enemy

MURDERER

True, my lord.

MACBETH

So is he mine

MURDERER

I shall, my lord

Perform what you command me

MACBETH

Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourself apart:
I'll come to you anon.

MURDERER

I am resolved, my lord.

EXIT MURDERER. (END OF FILM FIVE)

MACBETH

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

SCENE 8 THE CASTLE

ENTER LADY MACBETH TO FIND MACBETH ALONE

LADY MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

MACBETH

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
You know that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be you jocund: ere the bat has flown
His cloistered flight, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

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

You marvel at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

SCENE 9 (FILM SIX)

ON FILM WE SEE THE MURDERER & BANQUO SCENE UNFOLD

MURDERER

Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO

Within. Give us a light there, ho!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

MURDERER

'Tis he.

BANQUO

It will be rain to-night.

MURDERER

Let it come down.

FLEANCE

Father !

They set upon BANQUO.

BANQUO

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes.

MURDERER

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

(END FILM SIX)

(FILM SEVEN)

SCENE 10: HALL IN THE CASTLE. A BANQUET PREPARED.

Lords & a page on film.

MACDUFF on Stage. Enter MACBETH & LADY MACBETH.

MACBETH

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

MACDUFF

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round

The murderer approaches Macbeth.

There's blood on thy face.

MURDERER

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?

MURDERER

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

MACBETH

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

MURDERER

Most royal sir,
Fleance escaped.

MACBETH

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

MURDERER

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

MACBETH

Thanks for that

EXIT MACBETH ON FILM

ENTER MACBETH ON STAGE

MURDERER LINGERS THEN STEALS OFF, EXIT MURDERER FROM FILM

LADY MACBETH

My royal lord,
May it please your highness sit.

ON FILM: GHOST OF BANQUO sits in MACBETH's place.

MACBETH

The table's full.

MACDUFF

Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH

Where?

MACDUFF

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

MACDUFF

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

You can not say I did it: never shake
Your gory locks at me.

MACDUFF

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus
And has been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?
Why, what care I? If you canst nod, speak too.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes.

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!
My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

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

And all to all.

Lords (V/O)

Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO.

MACBETH

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Your bones are marrowless, your blood is cold;
You have no speculation in those eyes
Which you do glare with!
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes.

MACBETH

Why, so: being gone
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

MACDUFF

Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH

A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH
(END OF FILM SEVEN)*

MACBETH

What is the night ?

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
I will to-morrow to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

SCENE 11: (FILM EIGHT)
ON FILM: A CAVERN. IN THE MIDDLE, A BOILING CAULDRON.
Thunder. Enter the Three Witches

First Witch

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

ALL

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

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

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

Second Witch

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

Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

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

ALL

A deed without a name.

First Witch

Speak.

Second Witch

Demand.

Third Witch

We'll answer.

First Witch

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

MACBETH

Call them; let me see them.

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

MACBETH

Tell me, you unknown power,—

First Witch

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

First Apparition

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

MACBETH

Whatever you are, for thy good caution, thanks

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child.

Second Apparition

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Second Apparition

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

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

Third Apparition

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

MACBETH

That will never be
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?

Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

WITCHES

Seek to know no more.

First Witch

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

*Music. The witches dance and then vanish.
(END OF FILM EIGHT)*

MACBETH

Time, you anticipatest my dread exploits:
Now the firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.
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.

ENTER MACDUFF READING A LETTER

Voice off:

LADY MACDUFF

What are these faces ?

1st MURDERER

Lady Macduff.
Where is your husband ?

2nd MURDERER

He is a traitor.

CHILD

You lie. You shag haired villain !

2nd MURDERER

What, you egg!

Murderers stab mother & child. Voice off - Lady Macduff & her children screaming.

MACDUFF

My children too.
Wife, children, servants, all my pretty ones.
Dispute it like a man. But I must first feel it like a man.
Bring you this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he escape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

DRUMS of preparation of war.

SCENE I2. DUNSINANE. ANTE-ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Gentlewoman & Doctor voice over, watching Lady Macbeth sleepwalking

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.
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? What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to
account?--Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him.
The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with
this starting.

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!
Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
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!

SCENE 13 DUNSINANE. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE. Enter MACBETH

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

SCENE 14. (FILM NINE) ON FILM: WE SEE THROUGH THE SMOKE OF THE CAULDRON THE COUNTRY NEAR BIRNAM WOOD.

MALCOLM

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

SOLDIERS

It shall be done.

(END OF FILM NINE) SCENE 15 DUNSINANE. WITHIN THE CASTLE. Enter MACBETH, SERVANT

MACBETH

What is that noise?

SERVANT

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

SERVANT

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

MACBETH

Well, say, sir.

SERVANT

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

***SCENE 16 ON FILM AS BEFORE: (FILM TEN) DUNSINANE.
BEFORE THE CASTLE.***

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs

MALCOLM

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

(END OF FILM TEN)

SCENE 17. AT THE DOOR TO THE CASTLE STANDS MACBETH.

MACBETH

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

Enter 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

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Despair your charm;
Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it has cowed my better part of man!
I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,

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 you opposed, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums. Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head
(FILM ELEVEN) MALCOLM APPEARS ON FILM WEARING THE CROWN

MACDUFF

Hail, King! For so you art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compassed with thy Kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

Hail Malcolm, King of Scotland!

MALCOLM: ON FILM

My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour named.

What's more to do,

As calling home our exiled friends abroad

Producing forth the cruel minsters

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 crowned at Scone.

(END OF FILM ELEVEN)