
MACBETH

DIRECTED BY DECLAN DONNELLAN
DESIGNED BY NICK ORMEROD



1987

Prop Preset:

Stage Right

S
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 G
 Mart. LIAM
 Don.
 Ly A
 Ly

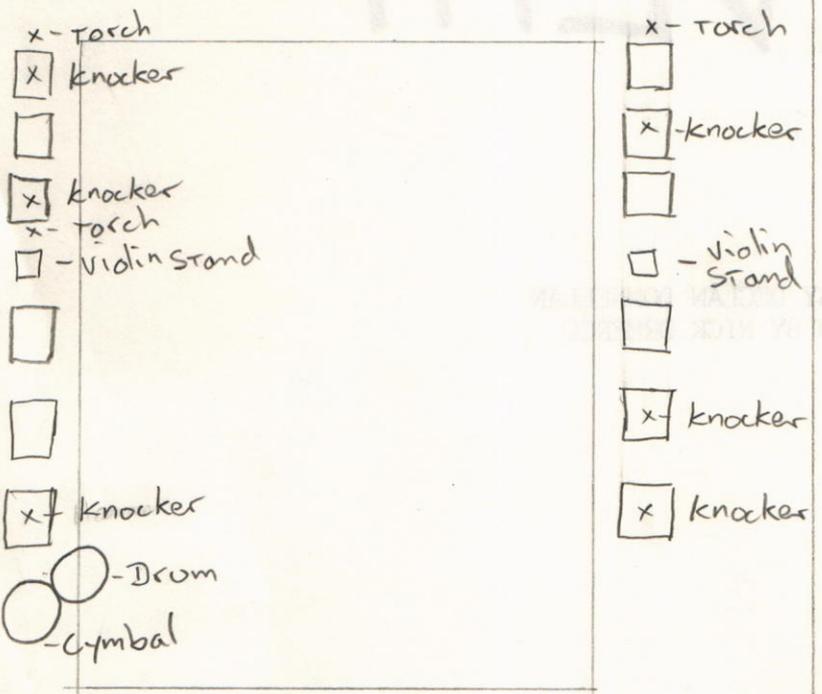
Calls:

7:10 1/2 hr.
 7:25 15 mins
 7:35 5 mins
 7:40 Beginners.

F.O.H

7:41 - 3 min
 7:42 - 2 min
 7:43 - 1 min
 7:44 - last call

① CAST on stage in Preset



OFFSTAGE RIGHT

Violin + Bow
 Trumpet } set
 Stand } @ interval
 MUTE }

OFFSTAGE LEFT

candle + light
 trumpet } set
 Stand } @ interval
 MUTE }

SB. LXQ's 1-5, House
SB S.L + SR Qlights

MACBETH

PART 1

House LXQ 1 GO

WHEN COMPLETE

S.L.+SR. Qlights GO (CAST on stage)

Enter three Witches LXQ 2 GO

① FIRST WITCH
When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Leslie 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.

FIRST WITCH
I come, Grey-Malkin.

SECOND WITCH Padock calls!

THIRD WITCH Anon!

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

Exeunt LXQ 3 GO

As Cast screams for 4 secs LXQ 4 GO

As Ged drops to knees LXQ 5 GO

① FIGHTING

DUN	M	LY	S
TO	G		T
	ON		
	ENESS		

② MARTIN X DSR

③ DISMISSES D
D X US

malcolm X of King

*Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain*

KING

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state. MALCOLM, DONALBAIN. ①

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

CAPTAIN

Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald -
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him - from the Western Isles
Of kerns and galloglasses is supplied,
And fortune on his damnèd quarrel smiling ②
Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth - well he deserves that name -
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carvèd out his passage
Till he faced the slave -
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the navel to the chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

KING

③ O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

CAPTAIN

As, whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders;
So, from that spring whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark!
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels
○ But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,

With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

KING Dismayed not this
○ Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN Yes -
As sparrows, eagles, or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds
Or memorize another Golgotha
I cannot tell.

ALL: SCOTLAND.

SB LXQ'S 6+7

- But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

KING
○ So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both. GO GET HIM SURGEONS

↓ Enter Ross and Angus

Who comes here?

MALCOLM The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX

~~What a haste looks through his eyes!~~
~~So should he look that seems to speak things strange.~~

ROSS

God save the King!

KING

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS From Fife, great King, so

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point-rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,
The victory fell on us -

CHEERS

KING

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

ROSS

I'll see it done.

KING

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. *Exeunt*

Enter Macbeth and Banquo

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen,

BANQUO

How far is't called to Forres? What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? 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, that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? - I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

SB

LXQ 7a

FIRST WITCH

Hail!

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers! Tell me more!
By Sinell's death 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 -
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you!

LXQ 7a

Go

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seemed corporal
Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

SB

LXQ 8

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we ^{drunk} eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

And Thane of Cawdor too, went it not so?

BANQUO

To the selfsame tune and words, ^{Ross - Gentlemen GENTLEMEN} Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus

LXQ8

GO

ROSS

The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises, in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

ANGUS

We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

ROSS

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
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?

ANGUS Who was the Thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He laboured in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH (*aside*) ~~Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!~~
~~The greatest is behind.~~ - Thanks for your pains.
(*to Banquo*) Do you not hope your children shall be
 kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence,
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

LQA 9

GO

MACBETH (*aside*) Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial theme. - ~~I thank you, gentlemen.~~
(*aside*) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears

31-10-1963

0 Math Day Enter USC from se
Ray D. S.

In borrowed robes
 Who was the Thane that day?
 But under heavy responsibilities bore that life
 Which he accepted as his. Without in any way
 With those of his own kind for the time
 With his own help and courage, he did with best
 He labored in the country's work, I know not
 His reasons, equal, costless, and good
 Have overthrown him
 MACHINERY (and) ~~the machinery of the world~~
~~the machinery of the world~~ - That's for your pain
 (In the past) he has not hope your children shall be
 like
 When those that give the Thane of Cawdor to me
 Promised no less to them
 The traitor bore
 Might yet entangle you into the crowd
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor, but his strange
 And eloquent, to win us to his cause,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest words, to betray's
 In deepest consequence
 Cunning's wheel I bear away
 MACHINERY (and) ~~the machinery of the world~~
 As happy promiser to the swelling sea
 Of the imperial throne - ~~the machinery of the world~~
 (and) The mechanical soldier
 Cannot walk, cannot be good, fill
 Why, hath it ever the count of success
 Commanding in a world? I see Thane of Cawdor
 He said, who do I hold to that suggestion
 Who has heard enough with none of you
 And now my sword shall kindle in my ribs
 Against the name of man: I'll e'en have it

Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
And nothing is but what is not.

LXQ 10

GO

BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH (*aside*)

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

BANQUO New honours 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 hour runs through the roughest day.~~

BANQUO

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH

○ Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.

LXQ 11

GO

(*to Banquo*) Think upon what hath chanced, and at more
time,

AS (MD) X'S C.S.

The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough! - Come, friends.

Exeunt

LXQ 12

GO

MACBETH
SPEAKS

*Enter King Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm,
Donalbain, and Attendants*

KING

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

MALCOLM

My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

KING

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

○ *Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus*

O worthiest cousin! ICISS MANO
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine. Only I have left to say,
'More is thy due than more than all can pay.'

MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,

LXQ 13

GO

All in OSR corner

○ Lloyd X DSL followed by group.

○ Mcbeth X King.

○ L.M. ENTERS C X OSC BY "WIFE"

The first thing I saw was
 a man in a dark suit, looking
 at me with a serious expression.
 He was standing in the doorway
 of the room, and I felt a
 sudden chill. He spoke to me
 in a low, steady voice, and
 I realized that I was in
 trouble. He told me that I
 had been caught, and that I
 would have to face the
 consequences. I tried to
 explain, but he cut me off.
 He said that I had no
 choice. I had to go with
 him. I looked at him for
 a moment, and then I
 nodded. I knew that I
 was in a bad way, and
 I needed help. I followed
 him out of the room, and
 I saw that he was leading
 me to a car. I got into
 the car, and he closed the
 door. He looked at me
 one last time, and then
 he got into the driver's
 seat. He started the car,
 and we drove away. I
 didn't know where we were
 going, but I didn't care.
 I was just trying to
 survive.

Which do but what they should by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

KING Welcome hither.

TO MACBETH I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

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

KING My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH
The rest is labour, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

AS (L.M.) X¹⁵ D.S.

LXQ 14

GO

KING My worthy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a letter

LADY *They met me in the day of success, and I have learned
by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them fur-
ther, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from
the King, who all-hailed me Thane of Cawdor; by which
title before these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me
to the coming on of time with, 'Hail, king that shalt be.'
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner
of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of re-
joicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

EXIT

LXQ 15

GO

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'the milk of human-kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis, *The Crown*
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do' if thou have it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

What do you want they should be doing everything
and toward your love and honor

Wellcome father

I have begun to plant them and will labour
to make this hill of goodness [Miles] fertile

The last no less desired nor more to be known
The last no less desired nor more to be known

And hold this to my heart

That if I grow

The forest is your own

My plantation

Waiting in silence, yet a life-breath
In drops of sorrow, faintly, faintly, faintly

And you whose place is the crown, I know
It will enfold me close upon

The crown, Macbeth, when we have parted
The crown of Cambrichtown, which, I know, shall

Be unaccompanied, never, in my life

For signs of nobility, like mine, shall speak
On all heights, from hence to the crown

And hold as further to me

MACBETH

The rest is blown, when I shall be
I'll be moved, the garden, and make it light

The hearing of my wife with your approach

So firmly into my heart

MACBETH

How Macbeth! What shall we do
The day of our death, and I shall be

By the judgment that I shall be

○ Mcbeth enters C
CREEPS UP BEHIND L.M.

○ All men enter
Ray Mast
DSC
Lyan
Lyd
Tim

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

○ Enter Messenger 5L What is your tidings?

MESSENGER

The King comes here tonight.

LADY Thou'rt mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

MESSENGER

So please you, it is true. Our Thane is coming;
One of his fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY

Give him tending:

He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

○ Into D. Room
Changes into Porter

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, 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!'

Unusual
Place

SB

LxQ

16

○ Enter Macbeth

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!

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

MACBETH My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY And when goes hence?

MACBETH Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY O never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH We will speak further. MACDUFF This castle hath a pleasant seat.

LADY Only look up clear:

To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

○ Exeunt

LxQ 16

GO

Hautboys and torches. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants

KING

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

BANQUO

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth

KING

See, see, our honoured hostess -
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid 'God 'ield us' for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY

All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

KING

Where's the Thane of Cawdor? ○
We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

LADY

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

KING

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

Exeunt

SB

LXQ 17

Touches Banquo after repeat

LXQ 17

GO

AS (M) X'S on stage

o fast down c. from back.

o Martin laughs. Exits us (✓)

o L.M. x USR

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Handwritten notes in the middle section, including phrases like "The first that..." and "Which will be..."

Handwritten notes in the lower middle section, including phrases like "How you shall be..." and "and that in the year..."

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including phrases like "When's the Time of..." and "It's search for..."

Hautboys. . Enter a Sewer and divers Servants
Then enter

○ Macbeth

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success - that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all! - here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here - that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredience of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless curriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth

How now? What news?

LADY

He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he asked for me?

LADY

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business. ○ ○
He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would',
Like the poor cat i'the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee peace.

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

LADY

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

SB

LXQ 18

→ CSL down to knees

LXQ 18

GO

As Martin x5 US

BANQUO

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 fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would while it was smiling in my face
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH If we should fail? 0

SB LXQ 19 + 20

LADY We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep -
~~Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey~~
~~Soundly invite him~~ - his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a-fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH Bring forth men-children only!

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

MACBETH I am settled; and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know, ^{1st} on Drumbeat LXQ 19 GO

Exeunt

0 on 3rd Drumbeat LXQ 20 GO

'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 thy 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. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecat's offerings; and withered Murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives:
~~Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.~~

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

Enter Lady Macbeth

LADY
That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. — Hark! —
Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged their
possets

That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH (*within*) Who's there? What, ho!

LADY
Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

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

LADY
~~I heard the owl-scream and the cricket's cry.~~
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i'the second chamber?

LADY Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

LADY

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.

But they did say their prayers and addressed them
Again to sleep.

LADY ~~There are two lodged together.~~

MACBETH
One cried 'God bless us' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us.'

LADY
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 These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH
Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep - the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the 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 *Sch* What do you mean?

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

LADY
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
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?

II.2

They must lie there. Go, carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more. 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY 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

Knock within
MACBETH Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha - they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
Enter Lady Macbeth

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

I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.
Knock

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.
Knock

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! on 1st Drumbeat LxQ 20a GO
Exeunt

After 2nd Drumbeat LxQ 21 GO
With porter C.S.

Enter a Porter

Porter

Here's a knocking, indeed! If one were Porter
Of Hell Gate, they should have old turning the key.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there i'the name of
Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the
~~expectation of plenty~~. Come in time! Have napkins ~~enow~~
~~about you~~; here you'll sweat for't.

Knock

Knock, knock! Who's there in the other devil's name?
Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the
scales against either scale, who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
heaven. O, come in, equivocator.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an
English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French
hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

Knock

Knock, knock! Never at quiet! What are you? - But this
place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further.
I had thought to have let in some of all professions that
go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knock

Anon, anon! I pray you remember the porter.

○ Enter Macduff and Lennox (7024)

MACDUFF

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

Enter a Porter

○ Martin x DSC.
Annie e Tony CSR.

○ Annie x to Macdoff

○

○ Mac enters C

○ PORTER EXITS SL

○ Mac + Duff Hug C

Porter
 Here's a few things, indeed! If our dear Porter
 DEB!! Gate, they should have old making the
 Know, knock, knock! What's there? The name is
 Heloise! Heloise's a former first lady! Heloise
 explanation of party. Come in now! Heloise
 show me, but you'll never be!
 Know, knock, knock! What's there? The name is
 Heloise! Heloise's a former first lady! Heloise
 explanation of party. Come in now! Heloise
 show me, but you'll never be!
 Know, knock, knock! What's there? Heloise's
 Heloise! Heloise's a former first lady! Heloise
 explanation of party. Come in now! Heloise
 show me, but you'll never be!
 Know, knock, knock! What's there? Heloise's
 Heloise! Heloise's a former first lady! Heloise
 explanation of party. Come in now! Heloise
 show me, but you'll never be!
 Know, knock, knock! What's there? Heloise's
 Heloise! Heloise's a former first lady! Heloise
 explanation of party. Come in now! Heloise
 show me, but you'll never be!

That you do lie so late?

PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially provoke?

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

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i'the very throat on me. But I requited him for his lie and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes. *5*

LENNOX *PORTER: ON FICKING HELL.*

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow both.

MACDUFF

Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him.

I have almost slipped the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

The labour we delight in (physics pain.) Macduff too
This is the door.

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

Exit ○

LENNOX

Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH He does; he did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

○ Enter Macduff

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH and LENNOX

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life o'the building.

MACBETH What is't you say? The life?

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

① EXIT CENTER RUNNING.

MACDUFFS SPEECH ALONG
PROS

② LM X TO MACDUFF

③ M X OSL lady follows.

④ ENTER BANQUO, LEMOX. 4 Macduff
SR

MACDUFF X TO GROUP

⑤ GROUP X TO LM AS SHE SCREAMS
FAST TO D.L.

⑥ MACBETH, GEO, LIAM, DUNCAN
ENTER STOP OSR.

MACBETH
The labor we delight in physics pain
This is his day.
MACDUFF
I'll make so bold to call
You my lieutenant general.
LENOX
Does the King James today?
MACBETH
His host, he'll report so.
LENOX
The night has been tempest. Where we lay,
Our horses were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamenting their fall, the air strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
Unnumber'd to the world's time. The eastern bird
Chambrant the morning light. Some say the earth
Was frigate and did shake.
MACBETH
'T was a rough night.
LENOX
My horse's head smelt of sulfur.
A fellow in
I am already.
MACBETH
I have had time for me, for me, for me,
I have had time for me, for me, for me,
MACBETH
What's the matter?
MACBETH
Confusion and death made his masterpiece,
And serious murder has made the
The first, second, third, and fourth, there
The first, second, third, and fourth, there
MACBETH
What is't you say? This
LENOX
Then you are weary?

SB

LXQ 22

MACDUFF

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

① ~~Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox~~

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! Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell!

~~Exeunt~~

② Enter Lady Macbeth

LADY *Sch*

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

MACDUFF O gentle lady, so ③

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

Enter Banquo *+ Tim* AS Banquo enters (SR)

④ O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murdered.

LADY Woe, alas! ⑤

What, in our house!

BANQUO Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

⑥ Enter Macbeth, Lennox, and Ross + Ged

MACBETH

Had I but died an hour before this chance

LXQ 22

GO

- Mcbeth x to Group Hug for comfort.
- DONALBAIN ENTERS SR MALCOLM ENTERS SL X TO RIGHT.
- GROUP SEES THEM LM + MACBETH X TO THEM

MALCOLM CRIES
HOLDS ON TO L M. SHE BRAKES AWAY

DONALBAIN X TO MAL
NOICE STOPS

ALL MOVE IN → LINES FAST.

- MACBETH X TO MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN → MOVES ROUND

MACBETH
Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new dagger. He can bid the queen
Not and then about yourselves.

MACBETH
Ring the alarm bell! Murder and usurpation
Banquo and his children! Murder, murder!
Strike off the bloody step! Death's countenance
And look on death's pale lip, up, up, and see
The Great God's angel! Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up and with his spirits
To counterpane this horror! Ring the bell!

LADY
What's the business?
This man's a butcher, he'll kill you!
The women of the house! Speak, speak!
MACBETH
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
I'm repetition in a woman's ear.
Wouldst thou were dead!
LADY
On fatal neerer's murdered!
What's that?
BANQUO
The cruel tyrant!
I fear that I might contradict myself,
And say it is not so.
MACBETH
I had I had not seen before the close

I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys, renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain

DONALBAIN

What is amiss?

MACBETH You are, and do not know't.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

MACDUFF

Your royal father's murdered.

MALCOLM

O, by whom?

LENNOX

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; they stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,

SB LxQ's 23+24
SB off stage drum

I had lived a few days here, for from this instant
I have a country - yours is now mine.
All is but for you, and you are in the
The wine of life is down, and the more you
Is left the more to look at
I have a few days here, for from this instant

DONALDSON

What is it?

MALCOLM: You are, and do not know?
The spirit, the heart, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

MALCOLM

Your own father's murderer?

MALCOLM: O, by whom?

LENOX

Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.
Their hands and feet were all bedged with blood.
So was it the dagger, which, mangled, we found
Upon their pillow; they had used it with discretion.
The man's life was to be saved with them.

MALCOLM

O, yet I do regret me of my part.

That I did kill him.

MALCOLM: Whom? (He says not)

MALCOLM

Who can be what, without, compass and figure,
I was, and cannot, in a moment, be man.
The reputation of my father's name
Gives the power to me. (Exit Lennox)
His sword and hand with the golden beard,
And his heart, who looked like a torch in nature,
For this world's darkness, show the murderer,
Staked in the ground, if they take their pleasure,
Unhappily, because with you, who could retain

○ MACDUFF MOVES TOWARDS
MALCOLM → REJECT HIM
MAC EXITS C

MALCOLM SR
DUN SC

X
LENOX + ROSS

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

LADY Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF Look to the lady! LxQ 23 GO

MALCOLM (to Donalbain) Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours? off stage drum GO

DONALBAIN (to Malcolm)
What should be spoken here where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us? Where we are there's daggers...
Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

MALCOLM (to Donalbain)
Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion. LxQ 24 GO

BANQUO Look to the lady! LOOK TO THE LADY

And when we have our naked frailties hid
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

SB LxQ 24a + 25

MACDUFF And so do I.
ALL So all.

MACBETH
Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

ALL Well contented.
Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain

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 nea'er 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. on 1st Drumbeat LxQ 24a GO
Exeunt

on 3rd Drumbeat LxQ 25 GO

Enter MACDUFF, LENNOX, and ROSS

SB LxQ's 26-29

LENNOX Here comes the good Macduff.

ROSS How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF Why, see you not?

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS

Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF

They were suborned.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

LENNOX

'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition that will raven up

Thine own life's means!

ROSS

Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth?

ANNIE
DRUMS

MACDUFF

He is already named and gone to Scone
To be invested.

ROSS

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF

Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

ROSS

Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS

Well, I will thither. *to Scone.*

LxQ 26

GO

(AHH) ○ MACDUFF

Well, may you see things well done there - Adieu! - ○
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

LxQ 27

GO

Enter Banquo

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and I fear
Thou playedst most foully for't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope?

on cheer
Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Mac-

LxQ 28

GO

beth, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY

If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-things unbecoming.

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. ^A *Exit Banquo*

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.

To make society the sweeter welcome,
We will keep ourself till supper-time alone.

While then, God be with you! ^{As They exit}

Exeunt Lords and Lady Macbeth

Sirrah!

~~A word with you. Attend those men our pleasure?~~

SERVANT

~~They are, my lord, without the palace gate.~~

MACBETH

Bring them before us.

Exit Servant

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus! – Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind –
~~He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.~~ There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuked as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind,
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

88

LxQ 30 GO
on end of reel

LxQ 31 GO

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. *Exit Servant*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS

It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH

Well then now,
Have you considered 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 self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; passed in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

FIRST MURDERER

You made it known to us.

MACBETH

I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

FIRST MURDERER

We are men, my liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'the worst rank of manhood, say't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
~~Who wear our health but sickly in his life,~~
~~Which in his death were perfect.~~

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

MURDERERS True, my lord.

MACBETH
So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is

That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER Though our lives -
MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. 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 tonight;
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 yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH
I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

Exeunt Murderers

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

Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant

LADY
Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT
Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY
Say to the King I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

SERVANT Madam, I will. *Exit*

LADY Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth

How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

MACBETH

We have scorched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds-
~~suffer~~

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst. Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

LADY Come on,
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH

So shall I, love; and so I pray be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,

Present him eminence both with eye and tongue.
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

SB LxQ 32

LADY You must leave this.

MACBETH
O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

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

MACBETH
There's comfort yet! They are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecat's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY What's to be done?

MACBETH
Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

LxQ 32 GO
slow fade to B/O.

Enter three Murderers

FIRST MURDERER
But who did bid thee join with us?
THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.
SECOND MURDERER
He needs not our mistrust, ~~since he delivers~~
~~Our offices and what we have to do~~
~~To the direction just~~
FIRST MURDERER Then stand with us;
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
THIRD MURDERER Hark, I hear horses!
BANQUO (*within*)
Give us a light there, ho!
SECOND MURDERER ~~'Tis he.~~
~~The rest that are within the note of expectation,~~
~~Already are i' the court.~~
FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.
THIRD MURDERER
Almost a mile; but he does usually.
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch
SECOND MURDERER
A light, a light!
THIRD MURDERER
'Tis he.
FIRST MURDERER Stand to't!
BANQUO
It will be rain tonight.
FIRST MURDERER Let it come down!

SB LxQ's 33 + 34

BANQUO

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

THIRD MURDERER

Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER

Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER

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

SECOND MURDERER

We have lost

Best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER

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

Non Violin refrain

LXQ 33

GO

*Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants*

MACBETH

You know your own degrees, sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome.

LXQ 34

GO

LORDS

Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

SB LXQ 35

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY

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

Enter First Murderer

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.

He rises and goes to the Murderer

There's blood upon thy face!

FIRST MURDERER

'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH

'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatched?

FIRST 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.

FIRST MURDERER

Most royal sir - Fleance is scaped.

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?

FIRST MURDERER

Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

MACBETH

Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves again. *Exit Murderer*

LADY

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold

That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,

LXQ 35 GO
(w/ Lloyd in position)

SB LXQ 36

LXQ 36 GO
As Lloyd exits

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

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. 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 thou canst nod! Speak, too!
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Exit Ghost

LADY

~~What, quite unmanned in folly?~~

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY

Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
~~Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;~~
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end. But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

*Gentlemen, I do beseech
you - Feed and regard him
NOT.*

Bar Bells

And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY 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!

Enter Ghost

I drink to the general joy o'the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here! To all - and him - we thirst,
And all to all.

LORDS ~~Our duties and the pledge~~

MACBETH
Hence Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

LADY Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it ^{MARRS} spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH
What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Exit Ghost*
Why, so; being gone,

SB End Act I

I am a man again. – Pray you sit still.

LADY

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

MACBETH

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS

What sights, my lord?

LADY

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.

LENNOX

Good night; and better health

Attend his majesty!

LADY

A kind good-night to all! *Exeunt Lords*

MACBETH

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way. But I will send.

SB LXQs 37, F/O, HL, LXQ 39

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow -
And betimes I will - to the Weird Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
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

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.

Exeunt

LXQ 37+F/O

GO

When (M) + (LM) exit

House Lx ↑

LXQ 39
(Reset)

GO

Interval

ACT 2 ACTORS PRESET.

SI G LI LES

m. T O LY AN

KEITH

RAU ON DRUMS

SB House Lx ↓

SB LXQ'S 41-47

SB S.L.+S.R. Q Lights

F.O.H. Calls:

- 4 mins / 3 min. call
- 3 mins / 2 min. call
- 2 mins / 1 min. call
- 1 min. / about to begin.

Interval

on clearance

House Lx ↓

S.L. + S.R. Q Lights

GO

RAY
DRUMS

PART II

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH As whistle starts

LxQ 41

GO

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

ALL A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me -
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken - answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH Speak.

SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH

TUNY Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths
Or from our masters.

MACBETH Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

~~FIRST WITCH~~

~~Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.~~

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

As (M) kneels

LxQ 42

GO

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power -

FIRST WITCH ANN He knows thy thought.

GED Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

FIRST APPARITION

ALL Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! Dismiss me. Enough.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;

Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more

on 'Roar'

LxQ 43

GO

FIRST WITCH

GED He will not be commanded. Here's another
DUNCAN.

More potent than the first

LxQ 44

GO

wait till Keith turns S.R.

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,

LXQ 45

GO

MACBETH

Then live Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

LXQ 46

GO

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL

Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APPARITION

ANN

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

LXQ 47

GO

MACBETH

That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! Good!
Rebellious dead rise never till the wood
Of Birnan rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

SB LXQ 48 + Follow ons
SB LXQ⁵ chase + 49

FALL SILENT

ALL

Seek to know no more.

WIND STARTS

MACBETH

I will be satisfied! Deny me this
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron?

Hautboys

~~And what noise is this?~~

FIRST WITCH

Show!

LXQ 48

GO

SECOND WITCH

Show!

THIRD WITCH

Show!

ALL

Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
A show of eight kings, and Banquo

MACBETH

IMAGE OF FLEANCE

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo. Down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. - Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this? - A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more!
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more. And some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What! Is this so?

Follow on

GO

GO

GO

GO

GO, GO

chase

Chase

GO

SILENCE.

LXQ 49

GO

Enter Lennox

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

LENNOX

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

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

SB

LXQ 50

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting, like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights ~~— Where are these gentlemen?~~
~~Come, bring me where they are.~~

LXQ 50 GO

Exeunt

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Ross

WIFE

What had he done to make him fly the land?

ROSS

You must have patience, madam.

WIFE

He had none.

His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

WIFE

Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love,
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS

My dearest cuz,

I pray you school yourself. But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further,

But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know, ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease or else climb upward
To what they were before. - My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

WIFE

Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit

WIFE

Sirrah, your father's dead.
And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON

As birds do, mother.

WIFE

What, with worms and flies?

SON

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

WIFE

Poor bird, thou'dst never fear
The net nor lime, the pitfall nor the gin!

SON

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

WIFE

Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

SON Nay, how will you do for a husband?

WIFE Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

~~WIFE~~

Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, ~~i'faith,~~ with wit enough for thee.

SON Was my father a traitor, mother?

WIFE Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

WIFE Why, one that swears and lies.

SON And be all traitors that do so?

WIFE

Every one that does so is a traitor,
And must be hanged.

SON

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

WIFE Every one.

SON Who must hang them?

WIFE Why, the honest men.

SON Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are
liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang
up them.

WIFE Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt
thou do for a father?

SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would
not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new
father.

WIFE Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here. Hence with your little ones!
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

SB LxQ's 51-54a

wife DSC.

ALU

MALCOLM DSC
PRAYING
MO ENTER FROM C

~~SON: I'm not a father, neither
 wife: I'm not a mother
 SON: What is a father?
 WIFE: Why are you asking me?
 SON: And he is a father, isn't he?
 WIFE: Every one that has a son is a father.
 And must be happy.
 SON: And must they all be happy that have a son?
 WIFE: Every one.
 SON: Who must be happy?
 WIFE: Why, the father, the
 son, then the wife and sweetest, we look for them and
 let the sweetest know to look for them and hang
 up their
 WIFE: How can I help you, poor monkey, but how will
 you do for a father?
 SON: If he were dead, you'd weep for him, if you could
 not, it was a good sign that I should really have a son
 father.
 WIFE: Poor monkey, how then do I
 have a father?
 MESSAGE
 Please you, this thing I am not to you know,
 Though in your state of honor I am not lost.
 I doubt some danger does approach you way,
 If you will take a study man's advice,
 Be not afraid, come, I'll show you how to
 I'll fight for you, this I am not saying,
 To do worse to you, you will see.~~

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *Exit*

WIFE Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly, ~~Why then, alas,~~
~~Do I put up that womanly defence~~
~~To say I have done no harm?~~

LXQ 51 GO

Enter Murderers

~~What are these faces?~~

MURDERER
Where is your husband?

WIFE
I hope in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

MURDERER He's a traitor.

SON
Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

MURDERER ~~What, you egg,~~
Young fry of treachery! ~~Arm, arm, leg, leg~~

LXQ 51a GO

A AFTER SIMON JOHNSON'S SCENE LXQ 52 GO

Exit Wife crying 'Murder'

5 SECS AFTER 3/0 LXQ 53 GO

When CAST EXITS
Enter Malcolm and Macduff

MALCOLM *As Lennox leaves Malcolm*
Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

LXQ 54 GO

MACDUFF Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

LXQ 54a GO

GOOD
MACDUFF

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

MALCOLM What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but
 something
You may deserve of him, through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
T'appease an angry god.

MACDUFF
I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM
Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
~~All continent impediments would o'erbear~~
~~That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth~~
~~Than such a one to reign.~~

MACDUFF Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny. It hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold; the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough. There cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

MALCOLM With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house,
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear:
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

MALCOLM But I have none.
The king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF Fit to govern!

No, not to live! O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,

 Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banished me from Scotland.

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
~~The taints and blames I laid upon myself~~
~~For strangers to my nature.~~ I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. ~~My first false speaking~~
~~Was this upon myself.~~ What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; ~~and the chance of goodness~~
~~Be like our warranted quarrel!~~ Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

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

Enter Ross

MACDUFF

See who comes here.

MALCOLM

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

~~I know him now.~~ Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country,

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF:

I put myself to the direction and
Unquest mine was detouring to the right
The time and place as I had seen myself
Re-appeared to my senses - I was yet
Unborn to woman, never was I born
Somebody else covered what was mine own
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. ~~Myself~~
Was this your sense? When I was truly
I think and my poor country, in command,
Whither indeed, before thy late approach
Oh! Spurred with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point was come to be
Now we'll explain, and the plan of it
In the next movement, ~~command~~ What are you about?

MACDUFF
Such witness and on'day's things at once
It's best to conclude
Dear Ben

MACDUFF See who comes here
MALCOLM
My countryman, but yet I know him not
MACDUFF
My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither
MALCOLM
I have been told, Good God, you have removed
The incense that makes us enemies
All, amen

MACDUFF
Noble Scotland where it did
All, amen
Alone shall to know truth it cannot
He called our master, but our guest; what nothing
But who knows nothing is sure, see to make
What eyes and goodness and ~~the~~ if a man the all
The master, but ~~the~~ what's yours, narrow seems
A master's master, I be dead man's flesh
I have scarce asked for who, and good man's lives
I give before the towers in that city,
Dying or ere they strike.

Malcolm US TO MO.

MACDUFF O relation
 Too nice and yet too true.
MALCOLM What's the newest grief?
ROSS
 That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.
MACDUFF How does my wife?
ROSS
 Why, well.
MACDUFF
 And all my children?
ROSS Well too.
MACDUFF
 The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
ROSS
 No. They were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
MACDUFF
 Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes't?
ROSS
 When I came hither to transport the tidings
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out,
 Which was to my belief witnessed the rather
 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
 Now is the time of help. (To Malcolm) Your eye in
 Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight
 To doff their dire distresses.
MALCOLM Be't their comfort
 We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
 Lent us good Seyward and ten thousand men -
 An older and a better soldier none
 That Christendom gives out.
ROSS Would I could answer

Lines on Ross SC

Let's Ross go

Malcolm

APOL

Macduff US

MASS.

Malc x to MD US

Ross collapse MD

The comfort with the idea that I have words
 That would be handed out in the desert air,
 What's handing should not lack them.
 MACHUEN: What concern they?
 The general cause, or is it a local?
 ROSE: In some single books?
 ROSE: For mind that's bound?
 But in it there's some word, though the main part
 Remains to you alone.
 MACHUEN: If it be mine,
 Perhaps not from me; quickly let me have it.
 ROSE:
 Let not your eye despise my tongue for love,
 Which shall power them with the bestial sound
 That you yet they heard.
 MACHUEN: How'd I guess at it.
 ROSE:
 Your critic is surprised, your wife and babe
 Jovially staggered. To raise the matter
 Were on the ground of the ~~...~~
 To add the death of you.
 MACHUEN: Malcolm's power!
 One sorrow words: the girl that does me speak
 Whispers the e'erlasting heart and bids it break.
 MACHUEN:
 My children too?
 ROSE: Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.
 MACHUEN: And I must be born there?
 My wife killed too?
 ROSE: I have said.
 MACHUEN: He comforted
 Let's take an instance of our great tragedy

↖ Macduff
 Lian
 ↗ Malcolm

Ross
bangs floor

To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF He has no children.
All my pretty ones? Did you say all?
O hell-kite! All? What, all my pretty chickens
And their dam, at one fell swoop?

SB LxQ's 55+56

MALCOLM
Dispute it like a man.

SB Candle sequence

MACDUFF I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

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

MACDUFF
O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too.

1 on 1st Drumbeat LxQ 55 GO

MALCOLM
~~This tune goes manly.~~
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.

Exeunt

1 on 3rd Drumbeat LxQ 56 GO

SR LxQ S6a

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the field I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual 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 anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth AS (L.M) X'S DS.

Lo you! Here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. 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.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR What is it she does now? ~~Look how she rubs her hands.~~

GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR ~~Hark! She speaks.~~ I will set down what comes

LxQ S6a

GO

from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
LADY 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?

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY 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.

DOCTOR Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

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

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

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

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

~~DOCTOR Well, well, well.~~

~~GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be, sir.~~

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY 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.

~~DOCTOR Even so?~~

LADY 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.

~~AS (CM) EXITS~~

Exit

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

SB LxQ 56B

STRANGLING.
WASHING.

TURNS US
TO DOCTOR HOLDING
ON.

HE BRACES AWAY

LxQ 56b

GO

SB LxQ^s 57, 57a, 58

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR

~~Foul whisperings are abroad, unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.~~

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor. *Simon*
on 1st Drumbeat LXQ 57 GO
Exeunt

Leslie takes over drumming
Lloyd sets chairs
*Drum and colours. Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus,
Lennox, Soldiers*

on 3rd Drumbeat LXQ 57a GO

MENTETH

Clear
The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Seyward and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS

Near Birnan Wood

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

CATHNESS

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX

For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Seyward's son
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

MENTETH

What does the tyrant?

LXQ 58 GO

CATHNESS

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad. Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTETH ~~Who then shall blame~~
~~His pestered senses to recoil and start,~~
~~When all that is within him does condemn~~
~~Itself for being there?~~

CATHNESS ~~Well, march we on~~
~~To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.~~
~~Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,~~
~~And with him pour we in our country's purge~~
~~Each drop of us.~~

LENNOX ~~Or so much as it needs~~
~~To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.~~
~~Make we our march towards Birnan. *Exeunt*~~

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants

MACBETH
Bring me no more reports; let them fly all.
Till Birnan 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.

Enter Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT

There is ten thousand -

MACBETH

Geese, villain?

SERVANT

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

Exit Servant

Seyton! - I am sick at heart

When I behold - Seyton, I say! - This push
Will chair me ever or dis-seat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton

SEYTON

What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH

What news more?

SEYTON

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

SEYTON

'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH

I'll put it on.

~~Send out more horses, skirr the country round,~~

~~Hang these that talk of fear.~~ - Give me mine armour. -

How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies

That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

MACBETH

Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it. -

Come, put mine armour on, ~~give me my staff.~~

~~Seyton,~~ send out. - Doctor, the thanes fly from me. -

Come, sir, dispatch. - If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo

That should applaud again. - ~~Pull't off, I say.~~ -

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

SB LxQ's 59+ 59a

3 beats
on down

SECTION
All is arranged, my lord, which was required
MAYOR
The lady will be in her room by then be broken
Give me my money
SECTION
I must needs go
MAYOR
If you'll go
Send my man to the lady, give the money to her
Hand her the money - Give me my money
How does your patient do now?
DOCTOR
Not so sick, my lord
As she is troubled with this coming sickness
The lady has been here
MAYOR
Give her of this
Can't she not be taken to a quiet chamber?
Bring from the nursery a quiet chamber
Place on the right-hand side of the house
And with some sweet odours, such as
Change the stuffed chamber of the garden and
Which might be more to her
DOCTOR
I'll leave the patient
Must needs to remain
MAYOR
I'll have her at the house I'll have it
Come you will have her at two-to-two
Sweet lady, I'll have her at two-to-two
Come, she is sick - If she could, do not say
The words of my lord, that he has
And bring it to a woman and let her be
I would apply that to the lady's head
That should apply to the lady's head
What should I do, my lord, to let her be
It would be better to let her be

DOCTOR

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

MACBETH - ~~Bring it after me.~~

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnan forest come to Dunsinane.

Exit

LxQ 59

GO

DOCTOR

~~Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.~~

Exit

LxQ 59a

GO

on shouting

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Mac-
duff, Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and
Soldiers

MALCOLM

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

MENTETH We doubt it nothing.

SEYWARD

What wood is this before us?

MENTETH The wood of Birnan.

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.

SEYWARD

~~We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before't.~~

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope.

~~For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,~~

~~And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.~~

MACDUFF Let our just censures

~~Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.~~

SB LxQ 60

LxQ 60

GO

DRUMS
MARCHING
TRUMPETS
SHOUTING

NOISE

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls.
 The cry is still, 'They come.' Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up.
 Were they not farced with those that should be ours
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
 The time has been my senses would have cooled
 To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors:
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

(Re-enter SEYTON)

Wherefore was that Cry?

SEYTON The Queen, my Lord, is dead

MACBETH She should have died hereafter:

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

ged (Enter a Messenger)

~~Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.~~

MESS Gracious my Lord,

~~I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do't.~~

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

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

MACBETH Liar, and slave!

MESS Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

shouting 3 down beats

SB LxQ's 61-64
visual.

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. 'Fear not till Birnan Wood
Do come to Dunsinane' - and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
~~If this which he avouches does appear,~~
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone. -
Ring the alarum bell! - Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Exeunt*

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their army.

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

LxQ 61 GO

Enter Macbeth drums

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.

LxQ 62 GO

Enter Young Seyward

YOUNG SEYWARD
What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

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

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

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

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SEYWARD
Thou liest, abhorred tyrant! With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Fight, and Young Seyward slain

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman.

LxQ 63 GO

on 1st Drumbeat *Exit*

Alarums. Enter Macduff

MACDUFF on 2nd Drumbeat

LxQ 64 GO

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face.
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

↓ BOARD OF TAXES.

ONLY 2 BEATS?

107 - 10
107

WAGNER
If this speech is false
Upon the next day shall I have thee
I'll know thee then. If the speech be good
I care not if thou live for me as much
I get in resolution and begin
To doubt the resolution of the hand
The first like truth, I see not in human Word
Do come to the window - and bow a word
Come forward, I am sure, I see, and out
I'll have it in my power to carry here
There is not that I have not carried here
I can to be aware of the end
And with the rest of the world, with new wisdom
Hanging the air in both, I have with some words
At least as if the world were on my back

WAGNER
I'll have it in my power to carry here
There is not that I have not carried here
I can to be aware of the end
And with the rest of the world, with new wisdom
Hanging the air in both, I have with some words
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There is not that I have not carried here
I can to be aware of the end
And with the rest of the world, with new wisdom
Hanging the air in both, I have with some words
At least as if the world were on my back

Ext OC

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH

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

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF

Turn, hellhound, turn!

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

MACBETH

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

Bar Bells

SB LxQ's 65+66

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
~~Though Birnan Wood be come to Dunsinane~~
~~And thou opposed, being of no woman born,~~
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
~~I throw my warlike shield.~~ Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

1 ON 1st Drumbeat *Exeunt*

LxQ 65 Go

Exit Macduff

1 ON 3rd Drumbeat *Enter*
Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers

LxQ 66 Go

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SEYWARD

Some must go off; and yet, by these I see

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing

Enter Macduff

SB LxQ's 67-71

MACDUFF

BLEEDS

SB End Act II

Hail, King! For so thou art. Behold where ~~stands~~
The usurper's cursèd 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, King of Scotland!

ALL

Hail, King of Scotland! x 4

MALCOLM

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

Exeunt

As Lennox kicks 'head'

LxQ 67

GO

CROWNING.

On last Drumbeat

LxQ 68

GO

B/O

When cast in position
call lights.

LxQ 70

GO

House Lx ↑

AFTER last call

LxQ 71

GO

Reset

MACBETH:

LX Q NO.	COUNT
Preset	-
2	25 secs.
3	Snap
4	2 secs.
5	Snap
6	5 3 secs.
7	5 secs.
7a	3 secs.
8	5 secs
9	5
10	5
11	3
12	8
13	7
14	3
15	5
16	10
17	2
18	3-
19	Snap
20	Snap
20a	Snap
21	Snap
22	20 secs.
23	Snap
24	Snap

MACBETH:

LxQ NO.	COUNT
24a	Snap
25	Snap
26	5 secs.
27	15
28	3
29	5
30	5
31	5
32	25
33	15
34	5
35	3
36	3
37	15 secs
(Follow on)	3 secs
<u>Interval</u>	3
41	25 secs
42	40
43	Snap
44	6 secs.
45	Snap
46	8 secs
47	Snap
48	60 secs.
49	Snap
50	6 secs
51	3
51a	Snap
52	Snap
53	5 secs
54	5 secs
54a	10 secs.

Bath Scenes too bright,
Que 13

Que 16 not bright enough.

Que 18 timing longer.

Rehovs Blues + Wall Light

Look at night state U/S/C.

Newer bloody - darker.

More definition on banquet.

Look at head state.

Sleep walking to quick to light

English power.

Screw down loose board.

Hot light.

K more D/S sooner on two truths.

Kings

Timing candle.

MACBETH:

LxQ	NO.	COUNT
	55	Snap
	56	Snap
	56a	3 secs
	56b	5 secs.
	57	Snap
	57a	Snap
	58	5 secs.
	59	3 secs
	59a	20 secs
	60	3 secs
	61	3
	62	7
	63	Snap
	64	Snap
	65	Snap
	66	Snap
	67	25 secs
	68	Snap
	70	Snap
	71	3 secs

MACBETH TECHNICAL INFORMATION - AUTUMN TOUR 1987

Crew Call

Get in: Electrics - 3 people, Stage - 2 people
Show call: 1 Lx board operator

Set

24' x 22' plywood floor, to play as far down stage as possible. (It will have the facility to play at 22' x 22' where needed.)

32' x 24' painted drop

Black cord carpet, to play around plywood floor.

Electrics

Plan to follow

All re-lights by Nick Kidd, Technical Stage Manager

We will tour 6 Lx ladders which are to be flown, 3 stage right and 3 stage left.

We will also tour 7 650 watt minuettes and floor stands.

Sound

No requirements

Masking

Stage right and stage left masking needed to run up and down stage perpendicular to the setting line.

Borders as needed

Dressing Rooms

Required for 10 men and 2 women.

Wardrobe Facility

Access to washer and dryer

Any information on express dry cleaners would be appreciated.

Miscellaneous

We intend to use an open flame in this production!

A candle will be used during the Lady Macbeth sleep-walk scene.

Tabs will not be required