

(+12 MORDOENH)

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 it 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.
Fly!
Fly, Fleance! Fly!
(Chanting)
Hail, Macbeth! Hail, Macbeth!
Hail, Macbeth!
You know your own degrees.
Sit down. At first and last,
the hearty welcome.
Our hostess keeps her state
but in best time
we will require her welcome.
Pronounce it for me, sir,
to all our friends,
for my heart speaks
they are welcome.
Your Majesty.
Be large in mirth, anon,
we'll drink a measure
the table round.
There's blood upon thy face.
'Tis Banquo's then.
Is he dispatched?
My Lord, his throat is cut.
He's good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it,
thou art the nonpareil.

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Most royal sir,
Fleance is scaped.
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.
My royal Lord,
you do not give the cheer.
Thanks for that.
Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite
and health on both.
Here had we now
our country's honour roofed,
were the graced person
of our Banquo present,
who may I rather challenge
for unkindness
than pity for mischance.
His absence, sir,
lays blame upon his promise.
What is't that moves Your Highness?
- Which of you have done this?
- (Lennox) What, my good Lord?
Thou canst not say that I did it.
His Highness is not well.
Sit, worthy friends.
Pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary.
Upon a thought he will again be well.
If much you note him,
you shall offend him
and extend his passion.
Feed and regard him not.
Are you a man?
Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that
which might appal the devil.
(Lady Macbeth) O proper stuff!
Prithee, see there.
Behold.
Look, lo! How say you?

Banquo's
GHOST

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This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger
which you said led you to Duncan.
Why do you make such faces?
If I stand here, I saw him.
My worthy Lord,
your noble friends do lack you.
Blood hath been shed ere now,
in the olden time.
The time has been that,
when the brains were out,
the man would die
and there an end.
But now they rise again
and push us from our stools.
This is more strange
than such a murder is.
I do forget.
Come.
Love and health to all.
(All) Our duties and the pledge.
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 Macbeth) Think of this,
good peers...
...but as a thing of custom.
'Tis no other.
I pray you, sit still.
(Door opens)
(Door closes)
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.
- What sights, my Lord?
- I pray you, speak not.
He grows worse and worse.
Question enrages him.

TIL BAHQUO

MC RUFF LEAVES

Stand not upon the order of your going
but go at once.

Good night, health attend His Majesty.
and better

A kind good-night to all.

It will have blood.

They say blood will have blood.

What is the night?

Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.

How say'st thou
that Macduff denies his person
at our great bidding?
You lack the season of all natures.
Sleep.

(Macbeth) '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.'

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

Speak, I charge you.

Be lion-mettled, proud,
and take no care who chafes,
who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be.

Until Great Birnam Wood
to high Dunsinane Hill
shall come against him.

(Soldier) Beware Macduff.

Beware the Thane of Fife.

Dismiss me, enough.

- Beware Macduff.
- Beware Macduff.

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- Beware the Thane of Fife.

- Beware Macduff.

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- Beware Macduff.

Beware the Thane of Fife.

Be bloody,

bold, and resolute.

Laugh to scorn the power of man,

for none of woman born

shall harm 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.

(Rumble of thunder)

Saw you the Weird Sisters?

No, my Lord.

Came they not by you?

No, indeed, my Lord.

Infected be the air whereon they ride

and damned all those that trust them!

(Whoops)

(Macbeth) 'Who was't came by?'

'Tis two or three, my Lord,

that bring you word.

Macduff has fled to England.

- Fled to England?

- Ay, my good Lord.

The flighty purpose never is overtook

unless the deed go with it.

The very firstlings of my heart

shall be the firstlings of my hand.

Be it thought and done.

Hell is murky.

What's done cannot be undone.

Skirr the country round.

Hang those that talk of fear.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise,

seize upon Fife,

give to the edge of 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.
(Sobbing)
(Lady Macduff) Murder!
Murder!
Murder!
I have done no harm!
I have done no harm!
Murder!
(Screaming)
Murder!
No!
No, please, my babies!
No!
(Macbeth) Bring me no more reports.
Let them fly all.
Till Birnam Wood
remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear.
What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman?
The spirits that know
all mortal consequence
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.
Why are you silent?
(Lady Macduff) This tyrant,
whose sole name blisters our tongues,
was once thought honest.
Now is the time of help.
Your eye in Scotland
would create soldiers,
make our women fight
to doff their dire distresses.
Be it their comfort
we are coming thither.
I have words
that would be howled in the desert air

TU LADY MACBETH
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