

this vault to brag of.
Live you?
Or are you aught
that man may question?
I have done the deed.
Why did you bring these daggers
from the place?
They must lie there.
What hands are here?
(Laughs)
(Macbeth) 'They pluck out mine eyes.'
Will all great Neptune's ocean
wash this blood clean from my hand?
No,
this my hand will rather
the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green one red.
My hands are of your colour,
but I shame to wear a heart so white.
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then.
To know my deed
'twere best not know myself.
Good Macduff.
Good morrow, noble sir.
Good morrow, both.
Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?
- The King, is he stirring?
- Not yet.
He did command me
to call timely on him.
I have almost slipped the hour.
I'll bring you to him.
I'll make so bold to call.
- Goes the King hence today?
- He does; he did appoint so.
(Lennox) The night has been unruly.
Where we lay,
our temples were blown down
and, as they say,
lamentings heard in the air,
strange screams of death.
'Twas a rough night.
(Sharp intake of breath)

(+12 MALCOLM)

(+12 LADY MCB)

43.21

44, 50

Confusion now
hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder
hath broke open
the Lord's anointed temple
and stole thence
the life of the building.
The life?
(Lennox) Mean you His Majesty?
(Macduff) Bid me not speak. You see.
Speak yourselves.

Awake!
Awake!
Ring the alarum bells!
Malcolm!
Malcolm!
Banquo!
Ring the alarum bells.
Banquo!
Shake off your downy sleep, man.
Death's counterfeit.
You come and look on death itself.
Huh?
Murder!
Treason!

(Lady Macbeth) What's the business?
Our royal master, he's murdered.
(Lady Macbeth) Murdered?
(Macduff) Murdered!
Those of his chamber,
their hands were all badged with blood.
Wherefore did you so?

Hm?
Who could refrain
that had a heart to love
and in that heart
courage to make love known?
(Bells ring)
How it does grieve Macbeth.
Did he not straight, in pious rage,
the two delinquents tear
that were the slaves of drink?
Was this not nobly done?
Ay.

46, 57

'Twould have angered any heart alive
to hear the men deny it.
I say he has borne all things well.
Is't known who did
this more than bloody deed?
Those that Macbeth hath slain.
(Ross) Alas, the day.
What good could they pretend?
(Macduff) Malcolm, the King's son,
is stolen away and fled,
which puts upon him
suspicion of the deed.
'Tis most like
the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
He is already named.
(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,
why, by the verities on thee made good,
may they not be my oracles as well
and set me up in hope?
But hush.
No more.
(Crowd chants) Hail, Macbeth.
Hail, Macbeth. Hail, Macbeth.
(Chanting continues)
Hail, Macbeth.
Hail, Macbeth.
(Sound muted)
(Macbeth) 'To be thus... is nothing,
'but to be safely thus!
'Our fears in Banquo stick deep.'
And in his royalty of nature
reigns that which would be feared.
'Tis much he dares
and to that dauntless temper

48.00

50.54

of his mind...
(Sword scrapes ground)
...he hath a wisdom
that doth guide his valour.
How now, my Lord?
Why do you keep alone?
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.
Things without all remedy
should be without regard.
What's done is done.
Come, gentle my Lord.
Sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial
among your guests tonight.
Thou know'st that Banquo,
and his Fleance, lives?
You must leave this.
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
only for them.
To make them kings,
the seed of Banquo kings!

51,50

What's to be done?
Be innocent of the knowledge,
dearest chuck,
till thou applaud the deed.
Full, full of scorpions, is my mind.
Thou marvell'st at my words.
Hold thee still.
Things bad begun
make themselves strong by ill.
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.
(Macbeth) Get up!
Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
and I'll request your presence.
Let Your Highness command upon me
to the which my duties are,
with a most indissoluble tie,
forever knit.
Ride you this afternoon?
Ay, my good Lord.
We should have else desired
your good advice in this day's council,
but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?
As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'twixt this and supper,
go not my horse the better.
Fail not our feast.
My Lord, I will not.
We hear our bloody cousin
is bestowed in England,
not confessing his cruel parricide,
filling his hearers with strange invention.
But of that tomorrow.
Hie you to horse.
Adieu, till you return at night.
Goes Fleance with you?
Ay, my good Lord.
Our time does call upon's.
Farewell.

53.53

(TIL BANQUO)

(TIL MOROCCO)

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.

58.47