

TRASH MACBETH

31 March 2016
ERA
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Dramatis Personae:***Macbeth******Lady Macbeth******Macduff******Lady Macduff******Emily Post******Banquo******King Duncan:*** *played by the audience****1st Murderer:*** *played by the actor playing Banquo****2nd Murderer:*** *played by the actor playing Macduff****3rd Murderer:*** *played by the actor playing Macbeth****1st Weird Sister:*** *played by the actor playing Emily Post****2nd Weird Sister:*** *played by the actor playing Lady Macduff****3rd Weird Sister:*** *played by the actor playing Lady Macbeth****Director******Stage Manager******Musicians******Child/Son:*** *recorded voice*

STAGE MANAGER opens the doors. The show begins.

SCENE 1: THE FIRST DINNER PARTY

LADY MACBETH makes introductions to every audience member. EMILY POST sees that MACDUFF, BANQUO, LADY MACDUFF, or MACBETH bring each audience member to their correct seat. STAGE MANAGER and DIRECTOR serve drinks to seated audience members and inform them of their participation.

EMILY POST

Lady Macbeth, may I present King Duncan.

LADY MACBETH

How do you do?

EMILY POST

King Duncan may I present Mr. Banquo (or Macduff, or Lady Macduff, or Macbeth, depending on who is available). Banquo (or Macduff, or Lady Macduff, or Macbeth, depending on who is available) could you please take in King Duncan?

(Alternately: Mr. Banquo, you know King Duncan, don't you? Could you please take in King Duncan?)

BANQUO, MACDUFF, MACBETH, or LADY MACDUFF

How do you do, King Duncan, I am Banquo.

(Alternately: How do you do, King Duncan, my name is Banquo.)

Didn't I meet you at Dunsinane (or Fife or the Macbeth's or the Macduff's) last year?

(Alternately: I hear that you are going to be in Scotland all summer.)

(Alternately [for MACDUFF, MACBETH, and LADY MACDUFF]: I think my wife [or husband], Lady Macduff [or Lady Macbeth or Mr. Macduff], is a friend of yours.)

Audience member is escorted to his seat.

Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you.

(Alternately: Good-bye, I hope I shall see you again soon.)

(Alternately: Good-bye, I hope I shall see you again some time.)

This continues until all the audience is seated. While EMILY POST makes introductions, she intersperses advice to LADY MACBETH.

EMILY POST

On all occasions of formality, at a dinner as well as at a ball, the hostess stands near the door of her drawing-room, and as guests are announced, she greets them with a smile and a hand-shake and says something pleasant to each.

Unless a woman's loveliness springs from generosity of heart and sympathy, her manners, no matter how perfectly practiced, are nothing but cosmetics applied to hide a want of inner beauty; She takes your hand with a firm pressure and her smile is really a *smile* of welcome, not a mechanical exercise of the facial muscles. She gives you always—even if only for the moment—her complete attention; a hostess must show each of her guests equal and impartial attention. Also, although engrossed in the person she is talking to, she must be able to notice anything amiss that may occur. It is at the small dinner that the skillful hostess has need of what Thackeray calls the "showman" quality.

The actors make their way to the dinner table. The men pull out chairs for the women.

EMILY POST

Of course, no *true* gentleman would ever take his seat at the table before all the ladies were seated. Isn't that correct, gentlemen?

The women wait for men in the audience to stand before taking their seats. The men in the cast move to their seats and sit down.

SCENE 2: THE INVOCATION

WEIRD SISTERS

Cigarette "techniques"

The sisters stand and move to the stage, cigarettes in hand.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

The smoking habit was originally strictly a man's habit and although today many women smoke, they should certainly guard against looking masculine or uncouth.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Here are a number of suggestions to keep the smoking habit as feminine as possible.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Never hold a cigarette in the mouth without the fingers assisting.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

In other words, no dangling cigarettes.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Hold the cigarette in the hand as you strike the match and then place it between the lips for lighting.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

The fingers must stay in contact with the cigarette.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

If assistance is offered for lighting the cigarette, graciously lean towards the light.

JUNE flicks a lighter and each sister leans in to light their cigarette.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Hold the cigarette as close to the ends of the fingers as possible.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

Hold the lighted end of the cigarette toward the ceiling so the

smoke does not curl through the fingers.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Never blow smoke through the nostrils.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Do not flick the ashes from the cigarette, roll them off.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

To put the cigarette out, gently roll it in the ash tray until there is no longer any smoke.

When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

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

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

Where the place?

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Upon the heath.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

There to meet with Macbeth.

WEIRD SISTERS

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3: THE BATTLE

Men enter performing a sword fighting sequence in slow motion while a recording of a child describing the battle plays.

CHILD

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 villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
 Of Kerns and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like Valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th'chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norway Lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.
 If I say sooth, Macbeth and Banquo were
 As cannons overcharg'd 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--
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Men exit.

SCENE 4: THE PROPHECIES

*A heath near Forres. Thunder.
 Enter the three WEIRD
 SISTERS.*

WEIRD SISTERS

Spic and Span.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

This week, you can clean all your kitchen linoleum in the time it used to take to clean this small patch of linoleum. Yes, in half the time and with half the work of soap or newest detergent.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

How? With new Spic and Span. Thanks to Spic and Span's amazing cleaning power, the mop or cloth need only be damp.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Then, once over- no going back a second time to rinse and a third time to wipe dry. See? Dirt, grease, even heel marks vanish, just once over and linoleum dries instantly.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

Gleaming clean, ready to walk on or wax.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

You can replace the furniture the minute you're through.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Remember - just once over lightly with new Spic and Span.

WEIRD SISTERS

No rinsing, no wiping, once over- it's grand.
The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine
Peace!--the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.
WEIRD SISTERS begin pulling,
measuring, and winding string
in a strange tableau.*

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'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 SISTER (JUNE)

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

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

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

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be King hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair?--I'th' 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.

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

Hail!

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Hail!

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Hail!

FIRST SISTER (JUNE)

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND SISTER (DONNA)

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD SISTER (BETTY)

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

WEIRD SISTERS

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

WEIRD SISTERS vanish.

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel'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.

BANQUO

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.--Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO

Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we 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. Who's here?

Enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF

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: silenc'd with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o'th'selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian 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 pour'd them down before him. I am sent,
 To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 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 borrow'd robes?

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

(*Aside.*) Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.

(*To MACDUFF.*) 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
 Promis'd 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.--

MACBETH

(*Aside.*) Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, Macduff.
 (*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
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man,
 That function is smother'd in surmise,
 And nothing is, but what is not.

BANQUO

Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH

(*Aside.*) If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

BANQUO

New honors come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

MACBETH

(*Aside.*) Come what come may,
 Time and the 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 register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them.--Let us toward the King.--
 (To BANQUO.) Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
 The Interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough.--Come, friends.

Exeunt.

SCENE 5: EXECUTION INTERLUDE

*The WEIRD SISTERS cut the
 string of life and cross
 Cawdor off the list.*

CHILD

The execution is done on Cawdor.
 I have spoke
 With one that saw him die: who did report,
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implor'd your Highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it.

WEIRD SISTERS

(Singing.) The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial,
 Dial! The soap with Hexachlorophene is Dial, Dial, Dial!
 This gentle soap does something extra for complexions- something
 Other fine face soaps just can't do. Using these two screens,
 let me show you the difference. Now, ordinary soaps remove dirt
 and makeup, sort of like this. But, they leave thousands of skin
 bacteria that often spread surface blemishes and can cause
 trouble under makeup.
 But washing with Dial every day just may clear the way- up to
 95% of them. That's because Dial contains Hexachlorophene;
 there's nothing else as good. So no matter how much (or how
 little) makeup you use, the fresh clearness of your skin is
 continuously protected underneath. Yes, Dial protects your
 complexion, even under makeup.

SCENE 6: MACBETH COMES HOME FROM WAR

*Inverness. MACBETH's castle.
Enter LADY MACBETH, reading
the writing on the walls.*

LADY MACBETH

'They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than...than...than Mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they...into which they...

Vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me...all-hail'd me...all-hail'd me...

"Thane of Cawdor"... Thane of Cawdor... Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with "Hail...Hail...Hail...

King that shalt be"...King that shalt be...King that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness)...my dearest partner of greatness...that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.--Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'th'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,
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,
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 crown'd withal.

Enter MACBETH.

MACBETH

My dearest love--

LADY 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

Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH

And when goes hence?

MACBETH

To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH

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 th'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.

LADY MACBETH

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

SCENE 7: DUNCAN DINNER (2ND DINNER PARTY)

*Enter BANQUO and MACDUFF.
DIRECTOR calls out to the
audience.*

DIRECTOR

Stand-by, Duncan.

EMILY POST rings her bell.

Duncan, go

DUNCAN

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 jutty, 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 observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

DUNCAN

See, see! our honour'd hostess.--
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.

LADY MACBETH

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 heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN

Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd 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 holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

LADY MACBETH

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.

DUNCAN

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

LADY MACBETH

King Duncan, may I present Emily Post, Lady Macduff, and of course Banquo, Macduff, and my husband, Macbeth, whom you love highly.

ALL (except LADY MACBETH)

(*To Duncan[s]*) How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

EMILY POST

(*Toasting*) To give a perfect dinner of ceremony is the supreme accomplishment of a hostess! It means not alone perfection of furnishing, of service, of culinary skill, but also of personal charm, of tact.

How A Dinner Is Given In A Great House

When Mrs. Worldly gives a dinner, it means no effort on her part whatsoever beyond deciding upon the date and the principal guests who are to form the nucleus; every further detail is left to her subordinates. She sends word to her cook that there will be twenty-four on the tenth; the menu will be submitted to her later, which she will probably merely glance at and send back. She never sees or thinks about her table, which is in the butler's province.

Fifteen minutes before the dinner hour, Mrs. Worldly is already standing in her drawing-room. She has no personal responsibility other than that of being hostess. So with nothing on her mind (except a jeweled ornament and perfectly "done" hair) she receives her guests with the tranquility attained only by those whose household—whether great or small—can be counted on to run like a perfectly coordinated machine.
 Slàinte mhath!

ALL

Slàinte Mhòr!

BANQUO

(*Toasting*) By command I mean the general's qualities of wisdom, humanity, courage and strictness. Look upon your soldiers as you do your infants and they willingly go into deep valleys with you; look upon your soldiers as beloved children, and they willingly die with you.
Slàinte mhath!

ALL

Slàinte Mhòr!

LADY MACDUFF

(*Toasting*) When your child at 2 bangs another over the head, or at 4 plays at shooting, or at 9 enjoys blood and thunder comic books, he is just passing through the necessary stages in the taming of his aggressive instincts that will make him a worthwhile citizen in the end. You can say that a child who can play at hunting and killing is able to be more friendly than the child who bottles up his hostile feelings. Enjoy your baby, he isn't a schemer.
Slàinte mhath!

ALL

Slàinte Mhòr!

MACDUFF

Let us pray.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door,

*MACBETH stands quietly and
sneaks away from the table.*

I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

ALL

Amen.

MACBETH

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th'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 judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th'inventor: this even-handed Justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd 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-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers 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--

LADY MACBETH approaches.

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not, he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honour'd 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.

*THE MACBETHS gracefully cross
through the dinner party, arm
in arm; the epitome of
perfect hosts.*

EMILY POST

No matter what happens, if all the china in the pantry falls with a crash, she must not appear to have heard it. No matter what goes wrong she must cover it as best she may, and at the same time cover the fact that she is covering it. To give hectic directions, merely accentuates the awkwardness.

*Away from the party, they
resume their argument.*

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd 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 afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i'th'adage?

MACBETH

Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their 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 pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
 As you have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail?
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th'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 receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*MACBETH and LADY MACBETH
 rejoin the dinner party.*

SCENE 8: MACBETH'S NIGHTMARE (3RD DINNER PARTY)

EMILY POST

The requisites at every dinner, whether a great one of 200 or a little one of six, are as follows:

Guests.

Food.

Table furnishing.

Service.

Drawing-room.

A hostess of charm.

A cordial and hospitable host.

She raises her glass for a toast.

All hail Macbeth!

LADY MACBETH

Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

LADY MACDUFF

All hail Macbeth!

MACDUFF

Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

ALL

All hail Macbeth!

BANQUO

Thou shalt be king hereafter.

MACBETH

For a better start in life, start Cola earlier!

EMILY POST

Hail, Hail, Hail! Lesser than Macbeth, and Greater!

LADY MACBETH

When you durst do it, then you were a man.

LADY MACDUFF

The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial, Dial.

MACDUFF

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor!

LADY MACBETH

All hail Macbeth! All hail Macbeth! All hail Macbeth!

BANQUO

You shall be king.

MACBETH

Is it always illegal to kill a woman?

EMILY POST

All you do is just add 'em to milk and beat 'em up. /That's it.
So creamy, so cool, so delicious. The requisites at every
dinner, whether a great one of 200 or a little one of six, are
as follows: Guests.

Food.

Table furnishing.

Service.

Drawing-room.

A hostess of charm.

A cordial and hospitable host.

LADY MACBETH

This is the very painting of your fear.
/This is the air drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan.

LADY MACDUFF

(Singing.) The soap with Hexachlorophene is /Dial, Dial, Dial.
The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial, Dial...
(Repeat until "other smoking tobacco.")

MACDUFF

I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

BANQUO

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

MACBETH

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd 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.

LADY MACBETH

(Continues until MACDUFF & BANQUO's line "Mild and tasty, crimp cut." Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky.--Fie my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared?--What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! Oh! Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

More men smoke Prince Albert than any other smoking tobacco.
(Song ends.) Mild and tasty, crimp cut.

LADY MACBETH

How can I get his shirts as white as he wants unless I bleach
 the life out of them?

*The group laughs & LADY
 MACBETH tszujes her hair. A
 nightmare dance sequence; the
 WEIRD SISTERS end on stage.
 The men end at the back of
 the house.*

WEIRD SISTERS

(Singing.) The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial,
 Dial; The soap with Hexachlorophene is Dial, Dial, Dial!
(Speaking.) This gentle soap does something extra for
 complexions- something Other fine face soaps just can't do.

Using these two screens, let me show you the difference. Now, ordinary soaps remove dirt and makeup, sort of like this. But, they leave thousands of skin bacteria that often spread surface blemishes and can cause trouble under makeup. But washing with Dial every day just may clear the way- up to 95% of them. That's because Dial contains Hexachlorophene; there's nothing else as good. So no matter how much (or how little) makeup you use, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath. Yes, Dial protects your complexion, even under makeup.

They repeat this until the coins are revealed.

MACDUFF

Start your trick by telling your audience that you're going to magically switch a coin from one hand to the other. Close your hand into a fist, but make the tiniest gap created by your index finger of the hand. Move your hand over your other hand, dropping the coin in without opening your fist. Ask a volunteer to say which hand the coin is in. Slowly reveal both hands, the original hand empty and the new hand with the coin.

*A coin trick is performed.
The WEIRD SISTERS wind up
MACBETH in string.*

WEIRD SISTERS

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

*The WEIRD SISTERS cut
MACBETH's string; MACBETH
chokes, spits out a coin and
falls dead on his ottoman.
MACDUFF and BANQUO exit. LADY
MACBETH places a dagger in
MACBETH's pocket. Exeunt
except MACBETH.*

SCENE 9: INVOCATION OF MURDER

MACBETH awakes.

MACBETH

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:--
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.--
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th'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 curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's off'rings; and wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd 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 where-about,
 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.

LADY MACBETH

(*Entering as she speaks.*) 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 th'access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of Nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 Th'effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick Night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,

A bell rings.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

Exit MACBETH.

SCENE 10: THE MURDER OF DUNCAN

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.--Hark!--Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, 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 drugg'd their possets,
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

MACBETH

(Off) Who's there?--what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack! *(pause)* I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:--th'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!

Pause.

MACBETH

I have done the deed. *(pause)*--Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!
This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them again to
sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried, 'God bless us!' and,--

LADY MACBETH

'Amen, '

MACBETH

--the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
List'ning their fear, I could not say,--

LADY MACBETH

'Amen, '

MACBETH

--When they did say, 'God bless us.'

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce--

LADY MACBETH

'Amen'?

MACBETH

--I had most need of blessing, and--

LADY MACBETH

'Amen'

MACBETH

--Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

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 ravell'd 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;--

ALL

Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder Sleep

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried, /'Sleep no more!'--

ALL

Sleep no more!

MACBETH

--to all the house:

'Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

ALL

Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

Exit. Knocking from outside.

MACBETH

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

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH

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

Knocking from outside.

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.--

Knocking.

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

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knocking.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Move to "chamber."

SCENE 11: THE DISCOVERY OF DEAD DUNCAN

Enter EMILY POST. As she speaks, MACBETH and LADY MACBETH prepare themselves to react to the discovery of the dead king.

EMILY POST

The footmen also take turns in answering the door. In houses of great ceremony like those of the Worldlys' and the Gildings', there are always two footmen at the door if anyone is to be admitted. One to open the door and the other to conduct a guest into the drawing room.

MACBETH

Had I but died an hour before this death...
Had I but died an hour before this *chance*!
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this moment...
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this *instant*!
Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in anything...
 There's nothing serious in *mortality*!
 Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; renown, and grace, is gone...
 All is but toys; renown, and grace, is *dead*!
 Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd 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 grape skins...
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere *lees*!
 Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd 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 talk about...

EMILY POST

But, if formal company is expected, the butler himself is in the front hall with one or two footmen at the door.

STAGE MANAGER rushes to the door and opens it. BANQUO and MACDUFF enter.

BANQUO

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 slipp'd 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.
This is the door.

MACDUFF

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

Exit.

BANQUO

Goes the King hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does:--he did appoint so.

BANQUO

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th'air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th'woeful time, the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

BANQUO

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH & BANQUO

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'th'building!

MACBETH

What is't you say? the life?

BANQUO

Mean you his Majesty?

MACDUFF

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

Exeunt MACBETH and BANQUO.

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell.--Murder, and treason!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!--up, up, and see
The great doom's image!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!

*Bell rings. Enter LADY
MACBETH.*

LADY MACBETH

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

MACDUFF

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

*Re-enter BANQUO. Re-enter
MACBETH.*

MACBETH

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
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.
Our royal master's murder'd.

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

BANQUO

Too cruel, anywhere.

LADY MACBETH

O! by whom?

BANQUO

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;
No 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, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason.--Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF

Look to the Lady.

BANQUO

Look to the Lady:--

LADY MACBETH faints.

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 undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

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.

MACBETH

But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

They prepare for the coronation.

SCENE 12: THE CORONATION

The MUSICIANS play a song while the coronation takes place. No dialogue.

SCENE 13. MURDERERS' MEETING

BANQUO

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the Weird Women promised; and, I fear,
 Thou play'dst 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?

*Enter MACBETH, as king, and
 LADY MACBETH, as queen.*

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH

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

BANQUO

Let your Highness
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good Lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desir'd your good advice
 (Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
 Is't far you ride?

BANQUO

As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

MACBETH

Fail not our feast.

BANQUO

My Lord, I will not.

MACBETH

Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes your son, Fleance with you?

BANQUO

Ay, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

MACBETH

I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.--

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.

Exeunt all except MACBETH.

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 fear'd: '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 rebuk'd; 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 hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common Enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to th'utterance!--Who's there?--

Enter 1ST & 2ND MURDERERS.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1ST MURDERER

It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH

Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches?--know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self? This I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'
 More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

1ST 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 gospell'd,
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

1ST 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 valu'd file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous Nature
 Hath in him clos'd; 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'th'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.

2ND MURDERER

I am one, my Liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1ST MURDERER

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

MACBETH

Show her it's a man's world.
 Van Heusen man's world ties.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

True, my Lord.

MACBETH

Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.
 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-fac'd 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.

2ND MURDERER

We shall, my Lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1ST 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'th'time,
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness: and with him
 (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches?--know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self? We wear the cleanest clothes in town.

1ST 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 gospell'd,
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

1ST MURDERER

We are men, my Liege.

MACBETH

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for /men;

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Men

MACBETH

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of /dogs:

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Dogs

MACBETH

The valu'd file
Distinguishes the /swift,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Swift

MACBETH

The /slow,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Slow

MACBETH

The /subtle,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Subtle

1ST MURDERER

Shhh.

MACBETH

The housekeeper, the /hunter,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Hunter

MACBETH

Every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him /clos'd;

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Clos'd

MACBETH

Whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them /all alike;

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

All alike

MACBETH

And so of /men.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Men

MACBETH

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'th'worst rank of /manhood,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Manhood

MACBETH

Say't;
And I will put that business

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Business

MACBETH

In your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of /us,

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Us

MACBETH

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his /death

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Death

MACBETH

Were /perfect.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

Perfect

MACBETH

You are a "man alive" in a clipper craft suit.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

True, my Lord.
Though our lives--

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you.
The finest money can buy, in the best-tailored, best-fitting
swim
and sunclothes in the world.
Acquaint you with the time,
Fleance his son,
Must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour;
Air rifles and pistols for the young sharp shooter.

1ST & 2ND MURDERERS

More men smoke Prince Albert than any other smoking tobacco.

MURDERERS

Mild and Tasty. Crimp Cut.

*Snapping, which leads into a
dance, begins.*

In the catalogue we go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are cleft
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous Nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike; and so of men.

SCENE 14: TILL THOU APPLAUD THE DEAD

*Enter LADY MACBETH. MURDERERS
 1 & 2 exeunt. (Cut from
 production.)*

LADY 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 scorch'd the snake, not kill'd 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,
 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 MACBETH

Come on home for supper, darling. Corn beef hash, poached eggs,
 and a new bottle of Heinz ketchup!
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

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, we swear by Tide,
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH

You must leave this.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till 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 th'rocky wood; Trans World Airlines;
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.
Say what's that noise how can you stand it?

LADY MACBETH

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Exeunt.

SCENE 15: BANQUO'S MURDER

Enter BANQUO and MACBETH, the latter disguised.

BANQUO

It will be rain to'night.

My name is Banquo. I am 31 years old. I am from Scotland. I am a general. I am not a judgmental person. I am in pretty good shape. My greatest fear is being killed in battle. My greatest longing is to see my son crowned King. Odd habits I have include biting my fingernails and taking way too long to eat my food. I fight alongside Macbeth. I believe my son Fleance will become king. I don't like being double crossed. I die.

MACBETH stabs BANQUO in the back. The WEIRD SISTERS cut the string of life and cross off BANQUO's name.

SCENE 16: THE BUNGLED DINNER PARTY (4TH DINNER PARTY)

A banquet prepared. Enter LADY MACBETH, who makes herself a cocktail, and EMILY POST.

EMILY POST

One thing is certain, no novice should ever begin her social career by attempting a formal dinner, any more than a pupil swimmer, upon being able to take three strokes alone, should attempt to swim three miles out to sea. The former will as surely drown as the latter.

How A Dinner Can Be Bungled:

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH

Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
It's French style onion soup by Crosse & Blackwell.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Quickest way to get him home is to buy a can or two.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th'midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.
Some day all beer cans will open this easy.

MACBETH reads the wall.

EMILY POST

When your house is "in order", the impulse suddenly comes to you
to give a dinner!

MACBETH

"Banquo's throat is cut."

EMILY POST

Your husband thinks it is a splendid idea.

*MACBETH announces his success
to LADY MACBETH.*

MACBETH

Banquo's throat is cut.

*MACBETH reads more of the
wall.*

EMILY POST

You pick out your best tablecloth, but you find rather to your
amazement that when the waitress asks you about setting the
table, you have never noticed in detail how the places are laid.

MACBETH

"Fleance is 'scaped."

EMILY POST

Knives and spoons go on the right of the plate, of course, and
forks on the left, but which goes next to the plate, or whether
the wine glasses should stand nearer or beyond the goblet you
can only guess.

*MACBETH announces his defeat
to LADY MACBETH.*

MACBETH

Fleance is 'scaped.

EMILY POST

Then you notice there are a great many forks on the table!

MACBETH

Then comes my fit again:

*DIRECTOR and STAGE MANAGER
begin to clear the dinner
table.*

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 cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.--A skinny man hasn't a chance.
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th'present;
The speedy cleanser that hasn't scratched yet.

LADY MACBETH

My royal Lord, except for stubborn stains
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer!--
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LADY MACBETH

May it please your Highness sit.

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters,
and sits in MACBETH's place.*

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
 Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
 Than pity for mischance!

LADY MACBETH

His absence, Sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise.

EMILY POST

Then, suddenly, the fire smokes...

LADY MACBETH

Please't your Highness
 To grace us with your royal company.

MACBETH

The table's full.

LADY MACBETH

Here is a place reserved, Sir.

MACBETH

Where?

LADY MACBETH

Here, my good Lord.

EMILY POST

And in the midst of the smoke your other guests arrive.

LADY MACBETH

What is't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

LADY MACBETH

What, my good Lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.

LADY MACBETH

Self-polishing Simoniz also lasts longer.

EMILY POST

Although everyone has arrived, there is no sign of dinner.

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts--
Impostors to true fear--would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you? The red menace is real!
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.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes.
DIRECTOR and STAGE MANAGER
pull plates and table
settings from the table.*

LADY MACBETH

What! quite unmann'd in folly?

EMILY POST

Gradually you are becoming nervous--what can have happened?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH

Fie! for shame!

EMILY POST

The dining-room door might be that of a tomb for all the evidence of life behind it.

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time 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,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget.--

EMILY POST

Then comes the soup.

MACBETH

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.

EMILY POST

You don't have to taste it to see that it is wrong.

MACBETH

--Give me some wine: fill full:--

EMILY POST

You taste it, fearing the worst, and the worst is realized.

MACBETH

I drink to the general joy o'the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here!

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO.

To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

LADY MACBETH

Our duties, and the pledge.

EMILY POST

You don't know what to do next; you know there is no use in
apologizing, there is no way of dropping through the floor, or
waking yourself up.

MACBETH

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;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time;
You're softening my hands in dishwashing liquid.

MACBETH

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd 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 mock'ry, hence!--

EMILY POST

You have collected the smartest and the most critical people
around your table to put them to torture such as they will never
forget.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

EMILY POST

Whatever possessed you to ask these people to your horrible
house?

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 blanch'd with fear;
Let the King have his fling in Textron Menswear.

LADY MACBETH

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:--

EMILY POST

You know that it will be years (if ever) before any of them will
Be willing to risk an evening in your house again.

LADY MACBETH

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. A kind good night to all!

*All movement freezes, save
EMILY POST.*

EMILY POST

You also know that without malice, but in truth and frankness,
they will tell everyone: "Whatever you do, don't dine with the
Macbeth's unless you eat your dinner before you go, and wear
black glasses so no sight can offend you."

Exeunt all except MACBETH and

*LADY MACBETH. Move audience
away from table.*

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

*MACDUFF family portrait comes
alive.*

LADY MACBETH

Did you send to him, Sir?

MACBETH

I heard it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow--
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
Stepp'd 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 scann'd.

LADY MACBETH

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed;
/That bright, fresh, ketchup flavor has my mouth watering
already.

LADY MACBETH

Lucky me with porcelain on steel Enameledware; it stays beautiful for years.

Exeunt MACBETH and LADY MACBETH in different directions. MACDUFF family portrait diassappears.

SCENE 17: THE DEED WITHOUT A NAME

A commercial for Witch Switch New Instant Prophecy Mix. LADY MACBETH samples her soup.

LADY MACBETH

Fie, for shame!

1ST & 2ND SISTERS

(Offstage.) All hail Banquo!

LADY MACBETH

What's done cannot be undone!

1ST & 2ND SISTERS

(Offstage.) Beware Macduff!

LADY MACBETH

You don't have to taste it to see that it's wrong.

1ST & 2ND SISTERS

(Offstage.) Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a fatted ox with hatred therewith.

LADY MACBETH

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this!

1ST & 2ND SISTERS

(Offstage.) Whatever possessed you to ask these people to your horrible house?

LADY MACBETH

Hide that dishpan!

*1ST and 2ND WEIRD SISTERS
enter on their brooms.*

1ST SISTER

Is that old, ordinary soup not satisfying your husband?

2ND SISTER

Are your prophecies as stale as yesterday's bread?

1ST & 2ND SISTERS

Try Witch Switch new instant prophecy mix!

LADY MACBETH

Just add hot water?

WEIRD SISTERS

Made from these simple ingredients:

*The SISTERS add the
ingredients to the cauldron.*

1ST SISTER

1 1/2 cups poison entrails

2ND SISTER

1 1/2 pounds ground lean toad

3RD SISTER

4 fillets of fenny snake

*The WEIRD SISTERS meet at the
soup pot and knead with
vigor.*

1ST SISTER

Blend into a meat-bread mixture.

*The WEIRD SISTERS return to
adding ingredients to the
cauldron.*

2ND SISTER

1/2 tbsp minced eye of newt

3RD SISTER

2 tbsp. French's toe of frog

The WEIRD SISTERS take a quick cocktail shake-break.

1ST SISTER

Don't expect the best results from this recipe with any other brand.

2ND SISTER

1 1/2 tbsp prepared wool of bat

3RD SISTER

3 tbsp finely diced tongue of dog

1ST SISTER

2 tbsp French's Adder's fork

2ND SISTER

1/3 cup blind worm sting

3RD SISTER

Sprinkle a dash of lizard's leg and a pinch of howlet's wing

The WEIRD SISTERS stir their pots.

1ST SISTER

Bring to a hell broth boil and bubble.

2ND SISTER

Finish with a packet of our

WEIRD SISTERS

Crown o'Gold topping!

2ND SISTER

Made from:

The WEIRD SISTERS return to adding ingredients to the cauldron.

3RD SISTER

4 egg whites

1ST SISTER

1/4 teaspoon French's scale of dragon

2ND SISTER

4 tbsp. French's tooth of wolf

LADY MACBETH

7 3oz packages of witch's mummy

1ST SISTER

1 can maw and gulf of a ravined salt sea shark

2ND SISTER

4 1/2 cups grated root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark

3RD SISTER

1 8 oz jar liver of blaspheming Jew

1ST SISTER

4 1/2 cups cold gall of goat, divided

2ND SISTER

2 tbsp. slips of yew, finely slivered

3RD SISTER

2 envelopes unflavored nose of turk

1ST SISTER

And in our spicy flavor--finger of a birth-strangled babe,
ditch-deliver'd by a drab.

WEIRD SISTERS

Make the gruel thick and slab
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*The WEIRD SISTERS do some
spooky spell casting.*

Double, double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble

MACBETH

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

WEIRD SISTERS

GET READY TO GUESS...

*They pull out microphones
from soup pot.*

THE DEED WITHOUT A NAME!

JUNE

Now, here's the star of Deed Without a Name, MacBETH!

Applause.

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 lodg'd, 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.

JUNE

Hello, hello, hello, Betty and Donna

DONNA

Hello, hello, hello, Betty and June

BETTY

Hello, hello, hello, Donna and June

JUNE

Thank you very much,

WEIRD SISTERS

Okay.

JUNE

Thank you, one and all for joining us, here--

DONNA

Whether you're at home by your tv set--

BETTY

Or here in the studio in the person.

JUNE

(to Macbeth:) And it's nice for you to show up too because we couldn't do it without you.

DONNA

Let's say hello to our players now, June--

BETTY

Donna--

JUNE

and Betty!

Applause.

BETTY

Now we'd like to find out a little bit about all of you!

JUNE

Now we'll begin with you, Donna, and ask you to tell us a little bit about yourself.

DONNA

My name is Donna, I am many years old, I am from Ladue, My profession is housewitch. I love cooking... potions and I have two sisters. I like to feel in control, my greatest fear is Hecate, and I enjoy having fun!

Applause.

Now, Betty, let's find out about you!

BETTY

My name is Betty, I am many, many years old. My zip code is *also* in the 63124, and I work full time as a spellcaster for Hecate. Something people don't know about me is that:

WEIRD SISTERS

I often speak in unison with my sisters!

BETTY

I enjoy bad weather and pure malice.

Applause.

Now June, let's find out about you.

JUNE

My name is June, I am many, many, many years old. I live on old Warson, and I'm a stay-at-home house witch. I interact with Macbeth and I feel a strong connection to nature. I dislike disorder but my likes include singing, brooms, and preying on people's weaknesses.

Applause.

DONNA

I just want to point out to you that you'll be matching as many prophecies as you can, and then the winner will go on to play the big money supermatch.

BETTY

Speak.

JUNE

Demand.

ALL

We'll answer.

MACBETH

/Call 'em; let me see 'em.

DONNA

Okay Betty,

WEIRD SISTERS

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

DONNA

"Beware 'blank'." Whom should Macbeth beware?

A pause.

The first ones are kind of difficult, we're waiting on you my dear. "Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware..."

BETTY

"Macduff"?

DONNA

Ok, what is the prophecy? Betty says "Macduff," the prophecy says...

WEIRD SISTERS

SHOW SHOW SHOW!

MACBETH

Tell me, thou unknown power,--

JUNE

(Pulling prophecy string out of soup pot.) "Beware Macduff!"

MACBETH

/Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.--But one word more:--

WEIRD SISTERS

It's a match!

Applause.

BETTY

Now June, let's see how you do!

WEIRD SISTERS

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

BETTY

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of 'blank blank'
Shall harm Macbeth."

A pause.

June, "Laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of 'blank blank'
Shall harm Macbeth."

JUNE

"Woman born"?

BETTY

She says, "none of 'woman born'
Shall harm Macbeth."
What is the Prophecy?

WEIRD SISTERS

SHOW! SHOW! SHOW!

DONNA

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

MACBETH

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

WEIRD SISTERS

It's a match!

Applause.

JUNE

Now, it's Donna's turn for the big money super match!

Applause.

MACBETH

/What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

WEIRD SISTERS

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

JUNE

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

A pause.

"Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great 'blank' wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

DONNA looks terrified.

What wood, Donna?

DONNA

"Birnam"?

JUNE

What does the prophecy say?

WEIRD SISTERS

Show! Show! Show!

BETTY

"Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
'Great Birnam' wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him!"

WEIRD SISTERS

/It's a Match!

Applause.

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 Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd 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?

WEIRD SISTERS

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied: deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know/.--
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

WEIRD SISTERS

/Show! Show! Show!
Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

DONNA

You may have not won the big money supermatch, and you may not
be the King of Scotland but everybody's royalty on *The Deed
Without a Name!* June, what have we got for them?

BETTY

Come, sisters, cheer we up their sprites,
And show them the best of our delights.

JUNE

Crowns for everyone!

*Enter GHOST OF BANQUO.
MACBETH speaks to the
audience, who are now the
line of ghost kings. JUNE and
BETTY pass out colorful
crowns to the audience as
DONNA clears away the Witch
Switch cauldron.*

MACBETH

/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 th'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 scepters carry.
Horrible sight--Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.

*WEIRD SISTERS and GHOST OF
BANQUO exit.*

--What! Is this so?

DONNA

Portions of this program affecting the outcome have been edited over the last 400 years. *A Deed Without a Name* is brought to you by Witch Switch Instant Prophecy Mix. Witch Switch: a subsidiary of Kraft Foods. Also, by: Dial. The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial, Dial. The soap with Hexachlorophene is Dial, Dial, Dial! This gentle soap does something extra for complexions - something other fine face soaps just can't do. And by Spic and Span. This week, you can clean all your kitchen linoleum in the time it used to take to clean this small patch of linoleum. Yes, in half the time and with half the work of soap or newest detergent. How? With new Spic and Span's amazing cleaning power. Once over - no going back a second time to rinse and a third time to wipe dry.

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone?--Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!--
Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!
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,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to th'edge o'th'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.

Exit MACBETH.

SCENE 18. LADY MACDUFF'S MURDER

Enter LADY MACDUFF. She quickly sews, smokes, burps a baby, rocks a baby, sweeps, and tears fabric.

LADY MACDUFF

What had he done, to make him fly the land?

LEAD MUSICIAN

You must have patience, Madam.

LADY MACDUFF

He had none:

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

LEAD MUSICIAN

You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF

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.

LEAD MUSICIAN

My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th'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! I take my leave at once.

LADY MACDUFF

Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Exit. LADY MACDUFF unfolds
children's clothes and lays
them on the ground. She moves
very slowly and deliberately.*

*She speaks to a faraway
voice.*

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

SON

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF

What, with worms and flies?

SON

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

LADY MACDUFF

Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

SON

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

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

SON

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF

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

SON

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

SON

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

SON

And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

SON

And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one.

SON

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

SON

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

LADY MACDUFF

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.

LADY MACDUFF

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter LADY MACBETH, disguised
with a black lace veil.*

LADY MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH hides.

LADY MACDUFF

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?

She speaks to the audience.

I am Lady Macduff. I am 30 years old. I am a mother. I am from Fife. I like smoking and making perfectly portioned lunches. I dislike dirty toilets and boring company. I long for passionate love. I am not a perfect housewife. I am strong-willed and stubborn. I am not afraid of men. Odd habits I have include crying in the shower. I love being a mother more than being a wife. I hate traitors. I think the world is a dangerous place. I fear being alone. My husband has left us.

Enter MURDERERS.

FIRST MURDERER

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

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

FIRST MURDERER

He's a traitor.

SON & LADY MACDUFF

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

SON

He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you!

Repeats until MACBETH begins to strangle LADY MACDUFF. LADY MACDUFF is killed. Exeunt MURDERERS. LADY MACDUFF is dead. LADY MACBETH disguised in black veil approaches LADY MACDUFF. LADY MACBETH drapes LADY MACDUFF with black veil. EMILY POST enters. EMILY POST and LADY MACBETH mourn the dead children. LADY MACDUFF sits up.

LADY MACDUFF

Doubt

Inhibitions

Ignorance

Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy, married love.

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself.

Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing complete feminine hygiene as provided by vaginal douches with a scientifically correct preparation like "Lysol." So easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep lovers apart.

Germ destroyed swiftly.

LADY MACBETH takes baby clothes one at a time, places them in the bassinet, and snips a thread of life for each. EMILY POST sweeps blood trash into piles where the children were.

"Lysol" has amazingly proved power to kill germ-life on contact...truly cleans the vaginal canal, even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of

objectionable odors is eliminated.

For Complete Feminine Hygiene, rely on Lysol (brand), a concentrated germ-killer.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm gentle tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to ensure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to protect your marriedhappiness...keep you desireable!

Exeunt.

SCENE 19. MACDUFF FINDS OUT ABOUT HIS DEAD FAMILY

MACDUFF

My name is Macduff. I am 36 years old. I am from Scotland. I am an honest, loyal, and motivational person. I am emotional at heart, respected in the community and religious. I work too much and I don't get enough sleep. My greatest fear is having too much power. My greatest longing is unity and peace. I like banquets and long walks on the beach. I dislike liars and Macbeth. I am a thane. I am a husband. I am a father.

Enter GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF.

MACDUFF

See, who comes here?
My countryman; but yet I know thee not.
My ever-gentle lady, welcome hither.
Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF

O,
 Too nice, and yet too true!
 What's the newest grief?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
 Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF

How does my wife?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Why, well.

MACDUFF

And all my children?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Well too.

MACDUFF

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

They were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

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 witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
 Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

MACDUFF

Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us ten thousand men.

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

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

MACDUFF

What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF

If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF

Humh! I guess at it.

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

MACDUFF

My children too?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

MACDUFF

And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

I have said.
Be comforted:
Go make you medicines of your great revenge,
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?

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

Dispute it like a man.

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!

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

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!

GHOST OF LADY MACDUFF

This tune goes manly.
Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt.

SCENE 20. THE DETERIORATION OF LADY MACBETH

*Enter LADY MACBETH onto the
dining-room table. Enter
EMILY POST.*

EMILY POST

At no time does solemnity so possess our souls as when we stand deserted at the brink of darkness into which our loved one has gone. And the last place in the world where we would look for comfort at such a time is in the seeming artificiality of etiquette; yet it is in the moment of deepest sorrow that etiquette performs its most vital and real service. It is the time-worn servitor, Etiquette, who draws the shades, who muffles the bell, who keeps the house quiet, who hushes voices and footsteps and sudden noises; who stands between well-meaning and importunate outsiders and the retirement of the bereaved; who decrees that the last rites shall be performed smoothly and with beauty and gravity, so that the poignancy of grief may in so far as possible be assuaged.

Exit EMILY POST.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot. (*First gesture.*) Out, damned spot! out, I say! (*Second gesture.*)--One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't. (*She kneels.*)--Hell is murky. (*Third gesture.*)--Fie my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared?--What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? (*Fourth gesture.*)--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? (*Fifth gesture.*) The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? (*Sixth gesture.*)--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting. (*Seventh gesture.*) Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. (*Eighth gesture.*) Oh! oh! oh! (*Ninth gesture.*) Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave. (*Breath.*) To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. (*Breath.*) Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. (*Breath.*) What's done

cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

*1ST & 2ND SISTERS enter
sweeping in blood.*

Yet here's a spot. (*First gesture.*) Out, damned spot! out, I say! (*Second gesture.*)--One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't. (*She kneels.*)--Hell is murky. (*Third gesture.*)--Fie my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared?--What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to accompt? (*Fourth gesture.*)--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? (*Fifth gesture.*) The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? How do you clean stubborn spots off floors? (*Sixth gesture.*)--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting. (*Seventh gesture.*) Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. (*Eighth gesture.*) Oh! Oh! Oh! Tide's got what women want. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave. (*Breath.*) To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. (*Breath.*) Come, come, come, give me your hand. (*Breath.*) What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. Only Sollax cleans this amazing new way.

Music comes in.

(*First gesture.*) Then, once over - no going back a second time to rinse and a third time to wipe dry. --One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't. (*She kneels.*)--Hell is murky. (*Third gesture.*)--Fie my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared? The soldiers need our help. Turns out you gals are useful after all. (*Fourth gesture.*)--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? (*Fifth gesture.*) The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? Shipwrecked on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. (*Sixth gesture.*)--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting. (*Seventh gesture.*) Why ruin the evening, mother? Housework on hot days is bound to have you tired and cross. (*Eighth gesture.*) Oh! Oh! Oh! Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave. (*Breath.*) To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. (*Breath.*) Every afternoon get into the tub with a cake of Ivory soap. (*Breath.*) Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. (*Breath.*) What's done cannot be undone. Remember - just once

over lightly with new Spic and Span. To bed, to bed, to bed.

SCENE 21. THE END. CHAPTER 1: 10,000 GEESE

*Enter MACBETH. Enter GHOST OF
BANQUO. Weaving begins. LADY
MACBETH begins to make a
poison cocktail.*

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 Fleance?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequence have pronounc'd 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.
(*To 2nd Sister:*) The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SECOND SISTER

Only 59--

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

SECOND SISTER

Cents plus tax.

MACBETH

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

SERVANT

Westmore Hollywood Cosmetics.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.--Seyton!--I am sick at heart,
When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, 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!

GHOST OF BANQUO

Remember, Tide gets clothes cleaner than any other washday
 product you can buy.

MACBETH

What news more?

GHOST OF BANQUO

Your truth dollars fight communism in its own backyard.

MACBETH

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.

GHOST OF BANQUO

Face the facts! When tempted to overindulge, reach for a Lucky
 instead.

MACBETH

I'll put it on.
 Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.--
 How does your patient, Doctor?

FIRST SISTER

When she overreacts to any situation.

MACBETH

Cure her of that.
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

FIRST SISTER

Since I have been taking Nervine nothing bothers me.

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.

*MACBETH continues speaking
over MACDUFF.*

MACDUFF

Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. I will put upon you none other burden. But that which ye have already hold fast till I come. And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.

MACBETH (continued)

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, cyme, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?--Hear'st thou of them?

FIRST SISTER

Rub in Ben-Gay fast.

MACBETH

Bring it after me.--
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Exit MACBETH.

FIRST SISTER

When the patient tells you that she is too easily upset, think of Mebaral.

CHAPTER 2: INDUSTRIOUS SOLDIERSHIP

MACDUFF

These things sayest the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God.

Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on

Industrious soldiership.

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Exit MACDUFF.

CHAPTER 3: THE CRY OF WOMEN

Enter MACBETH. MACBETH and LADY MACBETH begin speaking at the same time.

LADY MACBETH

/I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

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 supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,

Cannot once start me.

Fare thee well, Witches.

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 forc'd with those that should be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And beat them backward home.

WEIRD SISTERS begin to sing. Macbeth speaks upon hearing it.

1ST AND 2ND SISTERS

(Singing.) /The soap that gets you extra clean is Dial, Dial, Dial. The soap with Hexachlorophene is Dial, Dial, Dial.

Repeat.

MACBETH

What is that noise?

LADY MACBETH

I am Lady Macbeth. I am 37 years old. I am from Scotland. I am married. I am a housewife. I have no children. I was pregnant at one time. I love my husband. I am afraid of being embarrassed. My greatest longing is to be a mother. Odd habits I have are killing people. My likes include a good cocktail, cleanliness, pretty dresses, and my husband. My dislikes include, guilt, shame, fear, and filth. I am a woman, I am the queen, I die.

She drinks. WEIRD SISTERS 1 & 2 hand her thread; she cuts it and holds it up.

MACBETH

Wherefore was that cry?

LADY MACBETH

The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

She drops the thread on the ground. Her sisters help her off the table.

ALL SISTERS

(Singing.) As I did stand upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.--
Liar and slave!
If you speak false,
Upon the next tree shall you hang alive,
Till famine cling you: if your song be sooth,
I care not if you do for me as much.--
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th'equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane';--and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.--Arm, arm, and out!--
If this which they avouch does appear,

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I'gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish th'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.

Exit MACBETH.

CHAPTER 4: TURN HELL-HOUND

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

MACDUFF

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.
 There thou shouldst be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune!
 And more I beg not.

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, hell-hound, turn!
 Thou sayest, I am rich,
 And increased with goods, and have need of nothing;
 And knows not that thou art wretched,
 And miserable, and poor,
 And blind, and naked.
 Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen,
 and repent. I am Alpha and Omega,
 The beginning and the ending:
 Which is, and which was,
 And which is to come.

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd

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 may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life; which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Silence.

CHAPTER 5: SIGNIFYING NOTHING

MACBETH

My name is Macbeth.
I am 30 years old.
I am from North Scotland.
I change my mind often.
I worry about being undermined.
I lean on my wife.
I am insecure about my masculinity.
I love when people pay attention to me.
I don't think things all the way through.
I am a good soldier.
I have been promised great things.

I have no living children.
 I am King.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

CHORUS

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

MACDUFF

Thou sayest, I am rich,
 And increased with goods, and have need of nothing;
 And knows not that thou art wretched,
 And miserable, and poor,
 And blind, and naked.
 Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen,
 and repent. I am Alpha and Omega,
 The beginning and the ending:
 Which is, and which was,
 And which is to come.

CHORUS

/Tomorrow
 Day
 Time
 Fools
 Candle
 Player
 Stage
 Tale

Fury
Nothing

MACDUFF

(at the same time as the rest of the ensemble.)

Fall
Repent
Wretched
Miserable
Poor
Blind
Naked
Alpha
Omega
Nothing

*MACDUFF cuts MACBETH down in
slow motion. He swings to
deliver the death blow and --
just before he connects with
MACBETH's neck -- BLACKOUT.*