

# The Tragedy of Macbeth (1971)

Directed by Roman Polanski. Based on the play by William Shakespeare.

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## Credits

### I.

A bare plain. Very early in the morning. Wind howling. Someone coughs.  
Three witches are digging a hole in the sand. Seagull crying  
The 1st witch takes out a rope and a man's forearm from a cloth.  
They put the forearm in the sand with a dagger in the hand.  
Two witched pour some herbs over the arm and they cover everything wiith sand.  
The witch pours blood/poison on the sand.

**Three witches alltogether:**

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

The witches spit on the ground.

**Witch nr. 1 to the other two:**

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

**Witch nr. 2:**

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

**Witch nr. 1:**

That would be ere the set of sun.

**Witch nr. 2:**

Where's the place?

**Witch nr. 1:**

Upon the heath.

**Witch nr. 2 (nodding):**

There to meet with Macbeth.

Witch coughing. Noise of the chariot on the ice. Seagulls crying.

## Credits rolling

(In voice over) Noise of soldiers screaming.  
Noise of swords and horses.

### II.

A battlefield. Soldiers screaming. A man finishes another one.  
Horses and trumpets over the battlefield.

**Duncan:**

What bloody man is that?

**Malcolm:**

Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king thy knowledge  
of the broil as thou dids leave it.

**Banquo:**

The merciless Maddonwald led his rebellion  
from the Western Isles and fortune  
on his damned quarrel smiled.  
But brave Macbeth...

**Someone:**

Well, he deserves that name...

**Banquo:**

...carved out a passage till he faced the slave.  
And ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell  
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops.

Soldiers laughing. Horse

**Duncan:**

Valiant cousin! Worthy gentlemen...

**Banquo:**

Upon this change did the Norwegian king ...  
with new supplies of men, begin a fresh assault.

**Duncan:**

Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

**Banquo:**

Yes. As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

Soldiers laughing

**Duncan:**

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.  
They smack of honour. Go get him surgeons.

Horses galloping. Soldiers are leaving.

**Rosse:**

God save the king.

**Duncan:**

What news, my worthy thane.

**Rosse:**

Norway himself, in terrible numbers,  
assisted by that most disloyal traitor, the Thane of Cawdor,  
began a dismal conflict till Bellona's bridegroom,  
Macbeth confronts the king arms against arms  
curbing his lavish spirit.  
And to conclude, the victory fell on us.

**Duncan:**

Great happiness!  
No more than Thane accord us  
shall deceive our bosom interest.  
Go pronounce his present death.

Duncan throws the royal chain to Rosse.

**Duncan (cont'd):**

And with his former title, greet Macbeth.

**III.**

Plain on a mountain. Mourning tunes playing.  
Noise of punches and screams. Swords and horses galloping.  
Macbeth and Banquo leave together on horseback.

**IV.**

Heavy rain falling down and a very sad tune. Wind howling. Noise of hoofs.  
Macbeth and Banquo stop under a shelter and watch the soldiers passing.

**Macbeth:**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

They hear something and Banquo goes to check. They see three witches singing.

**Banquo:**

What are these? So withered and so wild in their attire  
that look not like the inhabitants of the Earth.  
And yet are on it?  
Speak if you can. What are you?

**Oldest witch:**

All hail, Macbeth. Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis.

**Witch nr. 1:**

All hail, Macbeth. Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor.

**Oldest witch:**

All hail, Macbeth, that shall be king hereafter.

**Banquo:**

In truth are ye fantastical,  
or that indeed which outwardly you show?  
My noble partner you greet with present grace,  
and great prediction 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.

**Witch:**

Hail! Hail! Oh, lesser than Macbeth, and greater.  
Not so happier, yet much happier.  
Thou shalt beget kings though thou be none.  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.

**Witch nr. 2:**

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail.

**Macbeth:**

Say, you imperfect speakers! Tell me more.  
By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis. But how of Cawdor?  
Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence.  
Or why upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting?

Youngest witch screaming and showing her legs. Noise of a door closing.

**Banquo:**

Whither are they vanished?

**Macbeth:**

Into the air.

Banquo laughing.

**Macbeth:**

And what seemed corporal melted, as breath into the wind.

**Banquo:**

Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten of the insane root  
that takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth and Banquo leave on their horses.

**Banquo:**

Your children shall be kings. You shall be king.  
And Thane of Cawdor. When it is not so?  
To the selfsame tune and words.

Both laughing.

## V.

Macbeth is in his tent in the battlefield/camp.

### **Macbeth (thinking):**

*The thane of Cawdor lives.  
And to be king stands not within the prospect of belief.  
No more than to be Cawdor.*

Macbeth exits his tent. He spits on the ground.  
Sad tune. Some messenger approach them.

### **Rosse:**

The king had happily received, Macbeth,  
the news of thy success.  
Thick as hail came post with post,  
and everyone did bear thy praises  
in this kingdom's great defence.

### **Angus:**

We are sent to give thee from our royal master the thanks,  
only to herald thee into his sight, not to pay thee.

### **Rosse:**

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

Music. Macbeth and Banquo are both surprised.

### **Banquo:**

What? Can the devil speak true?

### **Macbeth:**

The Thane of Cawdor lives.  
Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

### **Angus:**

Who was the thane lives yet,  
but that heavy judgement there  
that life he deserves to lose.  
Treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
have overthrown him.

Macbeth opens a little wooden box and takes out the royal chain.

### **Macbeth (thinking):**

*Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor.  
The greatest is behind.*

### **Macbeth:**

Thanks for your pains.

Noise of medals and steps.

### **Macbeth:** (to Banquo)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings?  
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor  
to me promised no less to them.

Macbeth enters the tent. Banquo stands on the "doorway".

### **Banquo:**

That, trusted home,  
might yet enkindle you unto the crown

besides the Thane of Cawdor.  
Oftentimes to win us to our harm,  
instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles,  
to betray us in deepest consequence.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill,  
cannot be good.*

Macbeth takes the present into his hands.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,  
commencing in a truth?*

Macbeth wears chain.

**Macbeth:**

I am Thane of Cawdor.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
and make my seated hearth 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 smothered  
in surmise and nothing is but what is not.*

Macbeth exits the tent.

**Macbeth to Banquo, Rosse and Angus:**

I thank you, gentlemen.

Macbeth wants to leave.

**Banquo:**

Look how our partner's rapt.

**Macbeth, thinking:**

*If chance will have me king,  
chance may crown me without my stir.*

**Banquo:**

Worthy Macbeth. We stay upon your leisure.

**Macbeth:**

Give me your favour, my dull brain  
was wrong with things forgotten.  
Let us to the king.

Macbeth mounts the horse. He leaves followed by the others.

**VI.**

Castle in view. Court in Duncan's palace.  
A bell tolling. Rumours of chains and footsteps.  
Soldiers are taking a prisoner (former Thane of Cawdor)  
up to a tower where he shall be hung.

**Former Thane of Cawdor:**

Long live the King!

**Malcolm:**

Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.

**Donaldbain:**

He died as one who had been studying his death.

To throw away the dearest thing he owed as if it were a careless trifle.

**Duncan:**

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

**VII.**

Castle in the sunset.

Tunes of banjo/cello/pipes in the background.

Castle gate closing with a messenger leaving on horseback.

Lady Macbeth reading a letter she's just received. She reads aloud:

**Lady Macbeth:**

"Hail, King that shalt be, this have I thought to deliver thee,  
my dearest partner of greatness that thou might'st not be ignorant  
of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

**Lady Macb:**

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor and shalt be what thou art promised.

**Lady Macb (thinking):**

*Yet I do fear thy nature.  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness  
to catch the nearest way.  
Thou wouldst be great,  
art not without ambition,  
but without the illness should attend it.  
What thou wouldst highly, thou wouldst holily.  
Wouldst not play false and yet wouldst strongly win.*

Lady M. folds the letter.

**Lady M (thinking):**

*Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear.*

She puts the letter in a wooden box.

**VIII.**

Duncan's palace

**Duncan:**

Hail, Macbeth! Hail, Thane of Cawdor!

**Alltogether:**

Hail, Macbeth! Hail, Thane of Cawdor!

**Duncan:**

Oh worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude  
even now was heavy on me.  
Only I have left to say,  
more is thy due than more than all can pay.

They embrace. Macbeth wears a very dusty coat.

**Macbeth:**

The service and the loyalty I owe,  
in doing it, pays itself.  
Your highness' part is to receive our duties.

**Duncan:**

Welcome hither.  
I have begun to plant thee  
and will labour to make thee full of growing.

People laughing.

**Duncan (to Banquo):**

Nobel Banquo, that has no less deserved,  
let me enfold thee and hold thee to my heart.

They embrace.

**Banquo:**

There if I grow, the harvest is your own.

People laughing.

A man tapping a wooden stick on the floor three times.

**Duncan:**

Sons, kinsmen, thanes, and you whose places are the nearest  
know we will establish our estate upon our eldest, Malcolm.

A scribe gives a piece of paper to the King.

**Duncan (cont'd):**

Whom we name hereafter the Prince of Cumberland.

Duncan signs the piece of paper then Malcolm approaches and kneels down.

The king puts his ring on his son's finger.

Malcolm takes off his belt and servants put him on another one.

**Duncan:**

Hail, Prince of Cumberland!

Macbeth seems surprised and disappointed.

**Alltogether:**

Hail, Prince of Cumberland!

**Duncan to Macbeth:**

Go hence to Inverness and bind us further to you.

**Macbeth (bowing):**

I'll be myself the messenger and make joyful  
the hearing of my wife with your approach.  
So humbly take my leave.

**Duncan:**

My worthy Cawdor.

Macbeth leaves.

**Duncan to his son:**

It is a peerless kinsman.

**Macbeth (on leaving the castle):**

The Prince of Cumberland!

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*That is a step on which I must fall down,  
or else o'erleap. For in my way it lies.*

**People from below:**

Macbeth, Macbeth!

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Stars, hide your fires.  
Let not light see my black and deep desires.*

Macbeth stops and watches briefly the former Thane of Cawdor, who's been executed.

## IX.

Inverness - Macbeth's Castle.

Music. Castle gate opening. Macbeth arrives on horseback.

The servants meet him. He greets everyone.

Lady Macbeth comes downstairs to meet him. They embrace.

**Lady Macb:**

Great Glamis. Worthy Cawdor.  
Oh, greater than both by the all-hail hereafter.

He brings her upstairs. They lie on the bed.

**Lady Macb (cont'd):**

Thy letter has transported me  
beyond the ignorant present  
and I feel now the future in the instant.

They kiss.

**Macbeth:**

My dearest love... Duncan comes here tonight.

**Lady Macb:**

And when goes hence?

**Macbeth:**

Tomorrow, as he purposes.

**Lady Macb:**

Never shall sun that morrow see.

Lady Macb. laughs.

**Lady Macb:**

Your face, my friend, is as a book  
where men may read strange matters.  
He that's coming must be provided for.  
And you shall put this night's business into my dispatch.

**Macbeth:**

We will speak further.

**Lady Macb:**

Look like the innocent flower but be the serpent under it.

They kiss.

**Lady Macb (cont'd):**

Leave all the rest to me.

**X.**

Medieval song oin air.  
Men rushing around and preparing for the arrival of Duncan.  
Cocks and pigs caught to be killed. Musicians arrive.  
Macbeth is getting ready for the evening. Lady Macbeth gives him a dagger.  
Trumpets. A raven croaking.

**XI.**

Lady Macb on a tower in her castle, looking at the landscape.

**Lady M. (thinking):**

*The raven himself is hoarse,  
that croaks the fatal entrance  
of Duncan under my battlements.  
Come, you Spirits that tend on  
mortal thoughts. Unsex me here.  
Fill me from the crown to the  
toe top-full of direst cruelty.  
Make thick my blood. Stop up  
the access and passage to remorse  
that no compunctious visiting*



*of nature shake my fell purpose.*

**XII.**

King and his servants approaching Macbeth's Castle on horseback.

**Duncan:**

This castle hath a pleasant seat.  
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends  
itself unto our gentle senses.

Music in the background. Horses nighing.  
Music fades to a sad tune as they go nearer the castle.

**XIII.**

Lady Macbeth descending from the tower to greet Duncan.

**Lady Macb. (thinking):**

*Come, thick night,  
pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell  
that my keen knife see not the wound it makes.  
Nor heaven peep through  
the blanket of the dark to cry, "Hold!", "Hold!".*

**XIV.**

Macbeth's Palace.  
The King and his servants enter Macbeth's castle.  
Lady M. greets them and kneels down.  
The King and his sons get down from their horses.

**Duncan:**

Fair and noble hostess,  
we are your guest tonight.

**Lady M:**

Your servant ever.

Macbeth is still up the stairs and looks towards his wife and the King.  
Thunder. A storm approaching.

**Duncan (to Lady M.):**

Give me your hand.

Lady M. stands up, Duncan kisses her. She smiles.

**Duncan (cont'd):**

Conduct me to mine host.  
We love him highly and shall continue our graces towards him.

They all go up the stairs/upstairs. It starts to rain quite heavily.  
Everybody runs to get things and horses under a shelter. Macbeth observes the scene from above.

**XV.**

Dining room in Macbeth's palace. Servants bringing logs, bread and meat.  
Musicians playing. Everyone's eating. Macbeth looks worried.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*If it were done when 'tis done,  
then 'twere well it were done quickly.  
If the assassination  
could trammel up the consequence  
and catch with his surcease, success.  
That but this blow might be  
the be-all and the end-all here.  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time  
we'd jump the life to come.*

Meanwhile, they all stand up to cheer.  
The King remains seated, Macbeth stands up.

**Alltogether:**

Health to this household!

They drink. A window opens suddenly due to the strong wind.  
The curtain flies away. Noise of a thunder. A man closes the window.  
Another one brings the fire to lit the candles which went off as the window opened.

**Macbeth (alone in the dark still thinking):**

*But in these cases, we still have judgement here  
but we but teach bloody instructions which,  
being taught, return to plague the inventor.*

**XVI.**

Stables in Macbeth's Castle. Doors opening and horses escaping.  
Thunder, lightning and heavy rain over Macbeth's Castle.

**XVII.**

Inside the palace: they are all seated around the table listening to Fleance who is singing.  
Macbeth is outside in the dark, looking out at the rain pouring down.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*He's here in double trust.  
First, as I am his kinsman  
and his subject strong both against the deed.*

**Macbeth (cont'd but aloud):**

Then as his host,  
who should against his murderer shut the door,  
nor to bear the knife myself.

**Macbeth (now between himself):**

*Besides, this Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek,  
hath been so clear in his great office  
that his virtues will plead like angels,  
trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking-off.  
And pity, like a naked newborn babe,  
striding the blast or heaven's Cherubins,  
horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
shall blow with the horrid deed in every eye,  
that tears shall drown the wind.*

**Macbeth (cont'd aloud):**

I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent.  
But only vaulting ambition  
which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side.

**Lady M:**

Why have you left the chamber?

**Macbeth:**

Hath he asked for me?

**Lady M:**

Know you not he has?

**Macbeth:**

We will proceed no further in this business.

Macbeth goes nearly behind his wife.  
She is disappointed to hear that he has changed his mind.

**Macbeth:**

He hath honoured me of late.  
And I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people,

which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
not cast aside so soon.

Macbeth goes inside the house.  
She follows him and she stops him on the doorway, she takes arm.

**Lady M:**  
Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself.

Lady M puts her right hand on M's neck.

**Lady M:**  
Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look  
so green and pale at what it did so freely?

Macbeth tries to turn away and looks inside the house.  
He tries to enter, Lady M is still talking to him but he seems not to pay attention to her.

**Lady M:**  
From this time such I account thy love.

They both enter the room where everybody are in a circle  
looking at two men dancing around some swords and daggers.

**Lady M (cont'd nearly weeping):**  
Art thou afraid to be the same  
in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire?

**Macbeth:**  
Peace.

**Lady M (cont'd):**  
Wouldst thou live a coward, in thine own esteem,  
letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would"?  
Like the poor cat in the adage?

**Macbeth:**  
I dare do all that may become a man.  
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth nearly weeps and sighs.

**Lady M:**  
What beast was it then, that made you  
break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man.  
And to be more that what you were,  
you would be so much more the man.

Macbeth goes to have something to drink.  
The two men are still dancing around the swords and knives.  
Malcolm hands a cup/glass to Macbeth.  
He pours some wine in it and after he pours some in his own glass.  
Malcolm rises the glass in order to cheer.

**Malcolm:**  
Hail, Thane of Cawdor.

Malcolm drinks and goes away.  
Macbeth drinks too. The two men are still dancing.  
Macbeth goes towards his wife.

**Macbeth:**  
If we should fail?

**Lady M:**  
We fail.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

But screw your courage  
to the sticking-place and we'll not fail.

Music still in the background. Someone whistles.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

Duncan's two chamberlains will I with wine  
so convince that memory,  
the warder of the brain, shall be a fume.

Meanwhile the two men (Duncan's chamberlains) have stopped dancing.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

I'll drug their possets.

Lady M wipes her tears away and smiles.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

When in swinish sleep their drenched natures lie as in death.  
What cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan?

Duncan approaches them, and takes Lady M's hand to invite her to dance.  
They dance together. Medieval song in the background.

**Macbeth (backs off, thinking):**

*Bring forth men-children only  
for thy undaunted mettle  
should compose nothing but males.*

He looks at the party dancing.

**XVIII.**

Chamber where Duncan sleeps seen from the outside.  
One of his two chamberlains turns off the candles in his room and the other closes the shutters.  
Opposite, Lady M and Macbeth are watching them.  
Now, looking at each other, they prepare a potion.  
Macbeth holds a carafe and Lady M pours in it some poison.  
She then takes it and brings it to the two chamberlains.  
She stops in a doorway as she hears voices approaching. She tries to hide.

**Banquo:**

How goes the night?

**Fleance:**

The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

**Banquo:**

She goes down at 12.

**Fleance:**

I take it 'tis later, sir.

**Banquo:**

Hold, take my sword.  
(undressing) There's husbandry in heaven.  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

Banquo gives the candle to his son.

**Banquo (cont'd):**

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
and yet I would not sleep.  
Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts  
that nature gives way to in repose.

Banquo goes upstairs and Macbeth runs towards him from the back.  
Banquo hears the steps.

**Banquo:**

Who's there?

**Macbeth:**

A friend.

**Banquo:**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.

Banquo gets down the stairs and Macbeth goes towards him.

**Banquo:**

He hath been in unusual pleasure  
and sent forth great largess to your offices.

Meanwhile Lady M. runs towards the chamberlain's room.

**Macbeth:**

Being unprepared, our will became the servant to defect.

**Banquo:**

All's well.

Macbeth shows Banquo and his son up the stairs. Banquo stops.

**Banquo:**

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.  
To you they have showed some truth.

**Macbeth:**

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

**Banquo:**

At your kindest leisure.

**Macbeth:**

It shall make honour for you.

**Banquo:**

So I lose none in seeking to augment it.  
I shall be counselled.

Banquo and his son go away. Macbeth tries to stop them.

**Macbeth:**

Good repose the while.

**Banquo:**

Thanks, sir: the like to you.

Macbeth goes away. Meanwhile Fleance prepares the bed for the night for him and for his father.  
Macbeth stops outside, leant on a wooden pillar.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
the handle toward my hand?*

Macbeth, surprised, sees a shining dagger stuck in the wood and he goes near it.

**Macbeth:**

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?

Macbeth tries to catch the dagger but he cannot.

It seems it is just a vision. Macbeth covers his face with his hands.

**Macbeth (cont'd but between himself):**

*Or art thou but a dagger of the mind,  
a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?*

Macbeth uncovers his face, turns and sees the dagger flying, now.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

*I see thee yet in form as palpable as this which now I draw.*

Macbeth draws his dagger out of its sheath.  
He proceeds towards the flying dagger with his own in hands.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

*Thou shalt lead me the way  
that I was going and such an instrument I was to use.*

Macbeth tries to get hold of the dagger but it is still just a vision.  
Now he looks at his own dagger. The other seems to disappear.

**Macbeth (cont'd but aloud):**

Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses  
or else worth all the rest.

Macbeth looks again to the other dagger, which has now reappeared.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

I see thee still. And on thy blade and dudgeon,  
gouts of blood which was not so before.

Macbeth turns away. The dagger disappears again.

**Macbeth (leant to the wall):**

There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business  
which informs thus to mine eyes.

**Macbeth (cont'd but thinking):**

*Now, o'er the one half-world  
nature seems dead and withered murder,  
alarmed 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 the very stones prate of my whereabouts.*

Macbeth stops leant to a wall. In the meantime, Lady M is pulling down a rope (a knell?).  
He watches her from behind.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

*Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
that summons thee to heaven or to hell.*

## **XIX.**

Macbeth approaches a door and enters the room. He is now in front of a fire.  
He sees the two chamberlains laying on the ground.  
He tries to touch them and discovers they are both sleeping heavily.  
He kicks one of the two, and then moves the one who was in the way.  
He takes out from the pocket of one of them a dagger and opens the door of Duncan's chamber.  
He stops in the doorway and looks at Duncan, who is sleeping on the bed.  
He approaches him and with the dagger he uncovers him.  
He points the knife to his bosom but he trembles with fear. He stops and Duncan wakes up.  
He opens his eyes, sees the dagger and screams.

**Duncan:** Well...

Duncan screams and Macbeth puts his hand on his mouths, to silence him.  
Macbeth stabs him more than once. Duncan is now lying in the bed full of blood.

He screams. His crown falls on the ground. Duncan falls on the ground with his blankets around. Macbeth finishes him by stabbing him in the neck.

**XX.**

Outside the rooms, in the court.  
Lady M hears the howl shrieking.

**Lady M:**  
Hark!

**Lady M (thinking):**  
*I'm afraid they have awaked and 'tis not done.  
The attempt and not the deed confounds us.*

She hears the owl again and she is frightened.

**Lady M (aloud):**  
Hark!

**Lady M (thinking):**  
*Peace! It was the owl that shrieked,  
the fatal bellman which gives the sternest good night.*

She smiles a bit and looks up, hearing some footsteps.

**Lady M (aloud):**  
My husband?

Macbeth appears with the dagger in his right hand.  
He descends the stais and meets his wife. He is dirty with blood.

**Macbeth:**  
I have done the deed.

Macbeth looks around quite frightened.

**Macbeth:**  
Didst thou not hear a noise?

**Lady M:**  
I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

**Macbeth:**  
When?

**Lady M:**  
Now.

**Macbeth:**  
As I descended?

**Lady M:**  
Ay.

Macbeth hears the owl.

**Macbeth:**  
Hark!

**Macbeth (cont'd):**  
Who lies in the second chamber?

**Lady M:**  
Donaldbain.

They both look at his right hand which is covered with blood.  
Lady M looks frightened.

**Macbeth:**

This is a sorry sight.

Lady M embraces him.

**Lady M:**

A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

**Macbeth:**

Methought I heard a voice cry,  
"Sleep no more. Macbeth does murder sleep."

He tries to seat down.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

The innocent sleep, sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds.  
Great **(but)** Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

**Lady M:**

What do you mean?

**Macbeth:**

Still it cried to all the house,  
"Glamis hath murdered sleep  
and Cawdor shall sleep no more.  
Macbeth shall sleep no more."

**Lady M:**

Who was it that thus cried?  
These deeds must not be thought  
after these ways so it will make us mad.

**Lady M:**

Get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hands.

Lady M. takes his husband's hand and sees that he brought daggers with him.

**Lady M:**

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

She is on the point of crying.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

They must lie there.

**Macbeth:** I'll go no more.

I'm afraid to think of what I have done.  
Look on it again I dare not.

**Lady M:**

Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers.

She stretches her hands towards him to get the weapons. He gives her the daggers.

**Lady M:**

If he do bleed  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal  
for it must seem their guilt.

She leaves. Macbeth goes to wash his hands. He takes a pot from the pit.  
He hears someone knocking at the gate and he lets the pot with the water falling down.

**Macbeth:**

Whence is that knocking?

He hears nothing else and turns again to the water.

**Macbeth:**

How is it with me,



when every noise appals me?

He hears again someone knocking but this time he doesn't let the water falling down again into the pit. He puts his hands into the water.

**Macbeth:**

What hands are here? That pluck out mine eyes?  
Will great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?  
No, this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas  
incarnadine making the green one red.

Meanwhile Lady arrives near Macbeth and she shows her hands covered in blood.

**Lady M:**

My hands are of your colour.

Lady M washes her hands.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

But I scorn to wear a heart so white.

The owl shrieks.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

A little water clears us of this deed.

Macbeth pours the water, now full of blood, on the muddy ground.

**Lady M:**

How easy it is, then.

Noise of someone knocking. They both stop and look at the door. Now they look at each other.

**Lady M:**

Retire we to our chamber.  
Get on your nightgown lest occasion show us to be watchers.  
Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

**Macbeth:**

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

Lady M tries to get hold of Macbeth. They still hear someone knocking.

**Macbeth:**

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst.

They both go inside.

## XXII.

In the morning. Macbeth's palace. Cocks crowing.

**Porter:**

Here's a knocking indeed!  
If a man were porter of hell gate,  
he'd have less turning the key.  
Who's there, in the mane of Beelzebub?

The porter stops to pee in a corner.

**Porter (cont'd):**

Knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?

Knocking continues.

**Porter (cont'd):**

Knock, knock. Never at quiet. What are you?  
One that goes the primrose way  
to the everlasting bonfire?

He goes towards the door.

**Porter (cont'd):**

I'll devil-porter it no further.  
This place is too cold for hell. Anon, anon!

The porter opens the gate. Macduff and Lenox enter.

**Macduff:**

Was it so late ere you went to bed,  
that you lie so late?

**Porter:**

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

**Macduff:**

What three things?

**Porter:**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine.  
Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes.

In the meantime everybody is let in and they have closed the gate.  
The Porter closes the gate.

**Porter:**

It provokes the desire but takes away the performance.  
It makes you, it mars you, it sets you on, it takes you off,  
it persuades you, it disheartens you, it makes you stand to and not stand to.

**Macduff:**

Drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter:**

That it did, sir, the very throat on me...

**Macduff:**

Is thy master stirring?

**Macbeth:**

Ay.

In the meanwhile they have reached the court in the palace.  
Macbeth has risen and greets them from upstairs.

**All:**

Good morrow!

**Macduff:**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**Macbeth:**

Not yet. He did command me to call timely on him.  
I have almost slipped the hour.

Noise of a dove/pigeon flying away. Macbeth descends the stairs.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

I'll bring you to him.

He descends the stairs and shows Macduff and Lenox to the King's chamber.  
Cock, horse, cocks. They mount the stairs.

**Macbeth:**

This is the door.

**Macduff:**

I'll make so bold to call for 'tis my appointed service.

Macduff knocks at the door.

**Lenox:**

Goes the king hence today?

**Macbeth:**

He does, he did appoint so.

Macduff, in the meantime, opens the door. Door cracking.

**Lenox:**

The night has been unruly.  
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down.  
And, as they say, lamenting heard in the air,  
strange screams of death.

Noise of someone knocking at something.

**Lenox (cont'd):**

Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.

**Macbeth:**

'Twas a rough night.

**Macduff:**

Oh, horror!

Macbeth and Lenox turn to the door and stare in amazement.

**Macduff (cont'd):**

Horror, horror! Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

**Macbeth:**

What's the matter?

**Macduff:**

Murder hath broke open the Lord's anointed temple  
and stole thence the life of the building!

**Macbeth:**

The life? What is it you say?

**Lenox:**

Mean you His Majesty?

**Macduff:**

Do not bid me speak.  
See, and then speak yourselves.

**Macduff (cont'd):**

Awake! Awake! Ring the alarm bell! Murder and treason!  
Malcolm and Donaldbain! Banquo! Awake!

**Macduff (cont'd):**

Shake off this downy sleep, death's conterfeit,  
and look on death itself! Up! Up!  
And see the great doom's image.  
Fleance! Banquo! Rise up as from your graves...  
and walk like spirits to countenance this horror.  
Ring the bell!

Bells ringing. Macbeth opens the shutters of Duncan's chamber.

Dogs barking and bells ringing. The two chamberlains awake  
and discover that their hands and faces are covered in blood.

They also see their daggers covered in blood.

In front of such sight, Macbeth takes out Lenox's sword and wants to kill them.

In the courtyard they are all rushing around. Lady M, on hearing the bells, awakes  
and joins the others in the courtyard.

**Lady M:**

What's the business, that a hideous trumpet calls  
to parley the sleepers of the house? Speak! Speak!

**Macduff:**

Gentle Lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak.

**Macduff (cont'd):**

O Banquo, Banquo! Our royal master's murdered.

**Lady M:**

Woe, alas! What, in our house!

**Banquo:**

Too cruel anywhere! Dear Duff, I prithe, I  
contradict thyself and say it is not so.

Macbeth appears upstairs and they all look at him.

**Macbeth:**

Had I but died before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time.  
For, from this instant there is nothing serious in mortality.  
All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead.

Malcom and his brother Donaldain are awoken.

**Donaldbain:**

What is amiss?

**Macbeth:**

You are, and do not know it.

**Malcolm:**

Your royal father's murdered.

**Donaldbain:**

By whom?

**Lenox:**

Those of his chambers, it seemed, had done it.  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood.  
So were their daggers.

**Macbeth:**

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

Dogs barking. Macduff, Banquo, Rosse and Lady Macbeth stare at him surprised.

**Macduff:**

Wherefore did you so?

**Macbeth:**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
loyal and neutral in a moment? No man!

While he speaks everybody goes upstairs.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Here lay Duncan, his skin laced with his golden blood.  
There the murderers, steeped in the colours of their trade.  
Who could refrain, that had a heart to love?  
And, in that heart, courage to make his love known?

They all go to see the dead body of Duncan.  
Steps and screams. Lady M faints as she sees the blood.  
The servants wash the body of the king.

**Banquo:**

Let's briefly put on manly readiness and meet in the hall together  
to question this most bloody piece of work, to know it forward.

Fears and scruples shake us. In the great hand of God I stand;  
and thence against the undivulged pretence I fight of treasonous malice.

**Macduff:**

So do I.

**Macbeth:**

So all.

All the men go outside to discuss the matter.  
Only the servants and Duncan's sons remain in the chamber.

**Donaldbain:**

What will you do? Let's not consort with them.

**Malcolm:**

I'll to England.

**Donaldbain:**

To Ireland, I.

Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer.

Where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles.

**Malcolm:**

This murderous shaft that's shot hath not yet lighted.

*[Looking towards the door]* Therefore to horse.

They both stand up and go towards the door.

**Donaldbain:**

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking.

**Malcolm:**

Shift away.

They carefully exit.

### XXIII.

A group of men on horseback are leaving the castle.  
They are carrying the dead body of the King on a chariot.  
Rosse, on horseback is watching them from far and then reaches them.

**Rosse:**

How goes the world, Macduff?

**Macduff:**

Why? See you not?

**Rosse:**

It is known who did this more than bloody deed?

**Macduff:**

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**Rosse:**

Alas, the day! What good could they expect?

**Macduff:**

They were suborned.

Malcolm and Donaldbain, the king's son, are fled,  
which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

**Rosse:**

Then 'tis most like the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

**Macduff:**

He's already named and gone to Scone to be invested.

**Rosse:**

Will you to Scone?

**Macduff:**

No, cousin, I'll home to Fife.

**Rosse:**

Well, I will thither.

**Macduff:**

Oh, may you see things well done there. Adieu.

Macduff reaches the other man while Rosse stays back.

#### **XXIV.**

A barefoot man with a white gown is walking on a big stone and stops where there are two footsteps carved in the stone. It is Macbeth who is being made king. He is wearing the crown.

**Banquo (thinking):**

*Thou hast it now. King, Cawdor, Glamis  
all as the weird women promised.  
And I fear thou play'dst most foully for it.*

Macbeth is given a sword and a scepter by two men. He now holds them.

**Banquo (cont'd):**

*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 comes truth from them may they not be  
my oracles as well and set me up in hope?*

Macbeth is now standing on a circle platform and he is held by several men (Rosse, Banquo etc). He is proclaimed king.

**Rosse:**

Hail, Macbeth! Hail, King of Scotland!

**All together:**

Hail, Macbeth! Hail, King of Scotland!

#### **XXV.**

A massive castle in view.

#### **XXVI.**

Court in the palace. Several dogs are barking in front of cage where there is a bear imprisoned and everybody is teasing it. People cheering.

**Macbeth:**

Here's our chief guest.

Lady M laughs.

**Lady M:**

If he had been forgotten,  
it'd have been a gap in our great feast.

People laughing. Dogs barking.

**Macbeth:**

Tonight 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 forever knit.

**Macbeth:**

Ride you this afternoon?

**Banquo:**

Ay, my good lord.

**Macbeth:**

Is it far you ride?

**Banquo:**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
twixt this and supper.

**Macbeth:**

Fail not our feast.

**Banquo:**

My lord, I will not.

**Macbeth:**

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed in England  
and Ireland not confessing their cruel parricide.  
But of that tomorrow. Hie you to horse.  
Adieu till you return at night.

Fleance comes.

**Macbeth:**

Goes Fleance with you?

**Banquo:**

Ay, my lord.

**Macbeth:**

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot. Farewell.

Macbeth and his wife want to go upstairs.

Lenox follows them. Macbeth stops to ask him something.

**Macbeth:**

Attend those men our leisure?

**Servant:**

They do, my lord.

**Macbeth:**

Bring them before us.

Now Macbeth and his wife mount the stairs.

**Macbeth:**

To be this is nothing, but to be safely thus.  
Our fears in Banquo stick deep.  
And in his royalty of nature he hath the wisdom  
that doth guide his valour to act in safety.

Now they are in a corridor in the palace.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

There is none but he whose being do I fear.  
And under him my genius is rebuked.

They want to go upstairs but they are followed by servants.

Macbeth alone mounts some steps and turns towards the servants.

**Macbeth:**

We'll keep ourselves till suppertime alone.  
Till then, God be with you.

Macbeth is alone in his chambers and looks down to see Banquo and his son leaving on horseback.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*He chid the sisters, when first  
they put the name of the King upon me  
and bade them to speak to him.  
Then, prophet-like they hailed him  
father to a line of Kings.  
Upon my head, they placed a fruitless crown  
and but a barren sceptre in my grip.  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
no son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
for Banquo's sons have I defiled my mind.  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered.*

Macbeth takes off his cloak.

**Macbeth (cont'd but aloud):**

To make them Kings. The seeds of Banquo kings.

Someone knocks at the door.

Macbeth goes towards the door and opens it.

Two men enter the door and one stays outside. The twos bow in front of him.

**Macbeth:**

Stay within call.

Macbeth shuts the door.

**Macbeth:**

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**1st Murderer:**

It was, so please your Highness.

Macbeth claps his hands.

**Macbeth:**

Well then now, have you considered of my speeches?  
Know that it was he in times past which held you so under fortune,  
which you thought had been our innocent self.

**1st murderer:**

You made this known to us.

**Macbeth:**

Do you find your patience so predominant  
in your nature that you can let this go?  
Are you so gospelled to pray  
for this good man and for his issue,  
whose heavy man has bowed you  
to the grave and beggared yours forever?

**2nd Murderer:**

We are men, my liege.

**Macbeth:**

Mmh. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.

Macbeth takes some cups to drink.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs, shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept,  
all by the name of dogs. And so of men.

Macbeth pours some wine in the cups.

The two murderers go to the table and drink with him.

Macbeth pours some wine in his own cup.

**Macbeth:**



Now, if you have a station in the file,  
not in the worst rank of manhood, say it.  
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.

**1st Murderer:**

I am one, my liege, whom the ville blows and buffets  
of the world have so incensed that I,  
I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

**2nd Murderer:**

And I another.

**Macbeth:**

Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

**1st Murderer:**

Ay. My Lord

**2nd Murderer:**

Ay.

**Macbeth (interrupting):**

So is he mine! Though I could with barefaced power  
sweep him from my sight and bid my will avouch it.

The 1st murderer tries to say something to the second.

**Macbeth:**

Yet I must not for certain friends  
that are both his and mine, whose loves I may not drop.  
And thence it is, that I to your assistance do make love  
masking the business from the common eye  
for sundry weighty reasons.

**1st Murderer:**

We shall, my Lord, perform what you command.

**2nd Murderer:**

Though our lives --

**Macbeth (interrupting):**

Your spirits shine through you.

Macbeth pats on their stomach.

**Macbeth:**

It must be done tonight, and some way from the palace.  
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 in that dark hour.

Macbeth shows them outside and opens the door.

**Macbeth:**

Resolve yourselves apart.

**1st murderer:**

We are resolved, my Lord.

**Macbeth:**

Advise them where to plant themselves.

They both exit and Macbeth closes the door. He continues to drink from his cup.  
He puts the cup on the table and the crown on his bed.  
Now he sits on the bed and falls asleep.

Macbeth dreams that Fleance appears in front of him and mounts on the bed.  
Macbeth tries to reach for his crown but Fleance takes the crown and puts it on his head.  
Also Banquo appears and is sitting on the bed and watches his son with the crown.  
A second shot shows Fleance in an armour, jumping on the bed and subsequently taking out an arrow.  
He tries to kill Macbeth with the arrow, while his father, Banquo silences him by putting a hand on his mouths.  
Macbeth awakes all sweated and frightened and finds his wife embracing him. He understands he had a nightmare.

**Lady M:**

How now, my Lord? Why do you keep alone  
of sorriest fancies your companions making?  
Things without all remedy should be without regard.  
What's done is done.

**Macbeth:**

We have scorched the snake, not killed it.  
But let the frame of things disjoint.  
Ere we'll eat our meal in fear  
and sleep in the affliction of these terrible dream  
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.  
Not steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy,  
nothing can touch him further.

**Lady M:**

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

**Macbeth:**

So shall I, love. And so, I pray, be you.

Macbeth pours some water in a basin and washes his face.

**Macbeth:**

Full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.  
Thou knowst that Banquo and his Fleance live.

**Lady M:**

But in them nature's copy is not eterne.

**Macbeth:**

There's comfort yet. They are assailable. Then be thou jocund.  
Ere the bat hath flown his cloistered flight.  
Ere to black Hecate's summons the shard-borne beetle  
with his drowsy hums hath rung night's yawning peal  
there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

**Lady M:**

What's to be done?

Macbeth kisses her. She seems afraid of something.

**Macbeth:**

Be innocent of the knowledge,  
dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed.

Macbeth opens the window.

**Macbeth:**

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.

Music starts. It is a very sad tune

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood.

They're watching outside the window. A beautiful sun setting in view.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse  
while night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

**XXVII.**

In a wood. Rosse is riding in the wood.

He rides on a bridge till he joins the murderer who is cutting a tree.

**2nd Murderer:**

Who did bid these join with us?

**Rosse:**

Macbeth

**2nd Murderer (while cutting a tree):**

He needs not our mistrust since he delivers our offices  
and what we have to do to the direction just.

**1st Murderer:**

Well, stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.

And near approaches the subject of our watch.

the 1st Murderer is fixing a rope on a tree. they're making a trap for Banquo and Fleance.  
Banquo and his son are riding quietly in the forest. Pheasant singing.

**Banquo:**

By the clock 'tis day

and yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

Is it night's predominance or the day's shame

that darkness does the face of earth entomb

when living light should kiss it?

Thunders.

**Banquo:**

It will be rain tonight.

They both stop suddenly as they see someone on horse back with a pike and a rope in his hand.

**2nd Murderer:**

Let it come down!

The 1st Murderer cuts the rope which kept the tree up and, by cutting it, it lets the tree falling down.  
Thus, it blocks Banquo's passage in the back.

**Banquo:**

Treachery!

Banquo and his son begin to ride.

Banquo takes out his bow and tries to hit the men. They fight violently.

**Banquo:**

Fly, good Fleance, fly!

The 1st Murderer tries to hit Fleance's horse.

**Banquo (to Fleance):**

Fly!

Fleance goes quickly away, while his father stays and fights against Banquo

**Banquo:**

Fly!

Banquo sees that Rosse is trying to kill Fleance so he hits Rosse's horse with an arrow.

The horse falls and so does Rosse. Fleance manages to escape.  
Meanwhile Banquo is hit in the back with the axe by the 2nd murderer.  
He screams, falls on his knees and he's kicked in the river by the 2nd Murderer. He is dead.

### XXVIII.

Court in Macbeth's palace.

A bear is giving spectacle. Several dogs are set free towards him.

Macbeth and his wife are watching them. Lenox arrives and says something into Macbeth's ear.

Macbeth goes away. Lenox takes a torch and shows Macbeth through a door.

Door closing. Macbeth meets the 2 murderers.

**Macbeth (to the 1st Murderer):**

There's blood upon thy face.

The murderer wipes the blood from his face.

**1st Murderer:**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**Macbeth:**

Is he despatched?

**1st Murderer:**

My Lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.

**Macbeth:**

Thou art the best of the cutthroats.

Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.

If thou didst that thou art the nonpareil.

**1st Murderer:**

Most royal sir, Fleance is escaped.

Macbeth leans to the wall and sighs.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Then comes my fit again.*

*I had else been perfect, whole as the marble,  
founded as the rock. But now I am cabined, caught,  
confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears.*

**Macbeth (aloud):**

But Banquo's safe?

**1st Murderer:**

Ay, my good Lord.

Safe in a ditch he bides,  
with 20 trenched gashes on his head.

**Macbeth:**

There the grown serpent lies.

The worm that's fled hath nature

that in time will venom breed.

No teeth for the present. Get the gone.

Tomorrow we'll hear ourselves again.

Macbeth pats the murderer on his back. The murderers leave.

They meet Lenox who shows them out.

Then, Rosse joined them and they are shown through a room.

There, they find other two men who show them through another door,  
which in reality is a hole where they are thrown.

### XXIX.

Macbeth's palace.

The bears have been killed by the dogs and they are dragged into a room, followed by several men and dogs. In the meantime, other men clean the ground which is dirty with blood.

**XXX.**

Lenox washing his face in Macbeth's dining room.

**Macbeth:**

You know your own degrees.  
Sit down. At first and last, a hearty welcome  
Our hostess keeps her state.  
Ourself will mingle with society and play the humble host.

Men laughing.

**Lady M:**

My royal lord, you do not give the cheer.

**Macbeth:**

Sweet remembrancer.

Macbeth holds a cup and takes a look at Rosse.

**Macbeth:**

I drink to the general joy of the whole table.  
And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss.  
Would he were here.

Everyone raises their cups.

**Everyone:**

Banquo!

**Macbeth:**

Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!

**Lenox:**

May it please Your Highness, sit.

**Rosse:**

Please it Your Highness to grace us with your royal company?

**Macbeth:**

The table's full

**Lenox:**

Here is a place reserved, sir.

**Macbeth:**

Where?

**Lenox:**

Here, my good Lord.

Lenox and Rosse show the vacant seat to Macbeth.  
Macbeth sees that the ghost of Banquo is sitting there. The ghost turns.  
Macbeth drops his cup and spills all the wine on the ground.  
Lenox immediately gets the cup and cleans the ground.

**Macbeth:**

Which of you have done this?

**Lords:**

What, my good Lord?

Banquo, all covered with blood, stretches his hand towards Macbeth.

**Macbeth:**

Thou canst not say I did it.

Banquo's ghost nods.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Never shake thy gory locks at me.

**Rosse:**

Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

**Lady M:**

Sit, worthy friends. My Lord is often thus  
and hath been from his youth. Pray, keep seat.  
The fit is momentary. Upon a though he will again be well.

Lady M rises from his seat and goes towards Macbeth. She wishpers to his ear.

**Lady M:**

Are you a man?

**Macbeth:**

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

**Lady M:**

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

**Macbeth:**

Prithee, see there! Behold, look! How say you!  
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.

Banquo's ghost advances while Macbeth retreats. He stumbles onto a step and falls.

**Macbeth:**

What man dare, I dare. Take any shape but that,  
and my nerves shall never tremble.  
Oh, hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

Banquo is now holding a hawk on his right arm  
and Macbeth is so frightened that he covers his face and looks away.  
He now hides on the floor. Lady M reaches him.

**Lady M:**

What? Quite unmanned in folly.

Macbeth rises and tries to see more clearly if the ghost is still there.  
He has gone and now he sees all the assembly which is staring at him.

**Macbeth:**

If I stand here, I saw him.

**Lady M:**

Fie, for shame.

**Macbeth:**

Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time.  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed too terrible for the ear.  
Time has been that when the brains were out,  
a man would die and there an end.  
But now they rise again, with 20 mortal gashes  
on their crowns and push us from our stools.

**Lady M:**

You've displaced the mirth,  
broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.

Now the assembly stares at him both preoccupied and surprised.

**Macbeth (trying to keep his countenance):**

Can such things be and overwhelm us  
like a summer's cloud without our special wonder?

You make me strange, even to the disposition that I owe.  
When now I think you can behold such sights  
and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks  
when mine is blanched with fear.

**Lenox:**

What sights, my Lord?

**Lady M:**

I pray you, speak not, he grows worse and worse.  
Question enrages him. At once, good night.  
Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

Lenox taps his stick to the ground and shows everyone off the room.

**Rosse (to Lady M):**

Good night, and better health attend His Majesty.

**Lady M:**

Kind good night to all.

**Macbeth:**

It will have blood.  
They say blood will have blood.  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak.

Everybody exits. Macbeth takes a seat. Lady M opens the shutters to look outside.

**Macbeth:**

What is the night?

**Lady M:**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Lady M joins his husband at the table. She seats opposite to him.

**Macbeth:**

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

**Lady M:**

How know you this, my lord?

**Macbeth:**

I hear it by the way.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

There's not a one of them, but in his house I keep a servant paid.

**Lady M:**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**Macbeth:**

Come, we'll to sleep.

Lady M takes the candle and they go to sleep.  
They mount the stairs.

**XXXI.**

In Macbeth's chamber. He is talking to his Lady on the bed.  
There's a red light which illuminates the room.

**Macbeth:**

I must again 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 cause shall give way.  
I'm in blood, stepped in so far that should I wade  
no more returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,  
which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

We are yet but young in deed.

They try to sleep.

**XXXII.**

Court in Macbeth's palace, daylight.

Lady M looks at Macbeth who is leaving on horseback.

He is going to meet the 3 weird sisters.

Sad tune playing.

**XXXIII.**

A dark, gloomy and sinister place in a plain.

It's night. Macbeth arrives on horseback.

The weird sisters are singing. He approaches their refuge.

One of the three, the youngest, is naked and waits for him.

She shows him into their refuge.

He enters and sees lots of naked women

and in the middle there's a boiling cauldron.

**Eldest witch:**

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
something wicked this way comes.

All the witches are laughing.

**Macbeth:**

How now, you secret, black and midnight hags? What is it you do?

**Witch 1:**

A deed without a name.

**All together:**

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

Macbeth advances.

**Witch 2:**

Toad that under cold stone,  
days and nights has 31.

She puts a frog into the cauldron.

**Witch 3:**

Swelted venom sleeping got,  
boil thou first in the charmed pot.

She throws into the pot some liquid.

**Witch 4:**

Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
wool of bat and tounge od dog.

She throws into the pot all these things.

**Witch 5:**

Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,  
lizard's leg and howlet's wing.

**Witch 6:**

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
slivered in the moon's eclipse.

Macbeth looks at them, disgusted.

**Witch 7:**

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
in the cauldron boil and bake.



**Witch 8:**

Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
gall of goat and slips of yew.

**Macbeth:**

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

**Eldest witch:**

Speak!

**Witch 2:**

Demand!

**Eldest witch:**

We'll answer. Say if thou'dst hear it from our mouths,  
or from our masters.

**Macbeth:**

Call them let me see them.

A witch takes out a cup from a bag. She pours into it some of the liquid they are boiling into the cauldron.

**Eldest witch:**

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
then the charm is firm and good.

She pours the blood into the cup. They all bring the cup to Macbeth.  
He takes it in his hands and drinks it. He is about to faint.  
The witches take him and bring him in front of the cauldron.  
He looks into it and sees his face reflected.

**Macbeth:**

Tell me, thou unknown power.

**Witch:**

He knows thy thought.

**1st Apparition (whispering):**

Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.  
Beware Macduff! Beware the Thane of Fife.

**Macbeth:**

Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more!

**Witch:**

He will not be commanded.

The apparition disappears. Then comes another one.  
Someone is cutting and opening a belly.  
Someone takes out a baby and puts him into the arms of a woman.  
Another woman smiles. Then a boy appears.

**2nd Apparition (a boy):**

Be bloody, bold and resolute.  
Laugh to scorn the power of man.

The boy is now wearing an armour and he takes the voice of another man.

**2nd App (cont'd):**

For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

**Macbeth:**

None of woman born shall harm Macbeth.  
Then live Macduff. What need I fear of thee?

3rd Apparition (someone in an armour is offering a sword to Macbeth).

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

But I'll make assurance double sure and take a bond of fate.

Macbeth takes out his sword.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Thou shalt not live!

Macbeth kills with his sword the man in the armour who falls into pieces.  
The armour lies now in a forest, it is all covered with blood.  
From the head snakes are coming out. Macbeth looks at him a bit frightened.  
Two men (Donaldbain and Malcolm) dressed with white gowns, applaude.

**Donaldain:**

Macbeth shall never vanquished be.

**Malcolm:**

Never, never.

**Don (speaking as if there was an echo):**

Until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane Hill  
shall come against him.

2nd man laughs. Now they both laugh and go away.

**Macbeth (always echoing):**

That will never be! Who can recruit the forest?  
Bid the tree, unfix his earth-bound root?  
Sweet bodements, good!

Music jingles.

**Macbeth:**

Yet my heart throbs to know one thing:  
shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?

Macbeth tries to makes his way in the forest.

**Voices from very far:**

Seek to know no more.

**Macbeth:**

I will be satisfied! Deny me this  
and an eternal curse fall on you!

Macbeth manages to get out from the intricate trees and reaches a place where he sees a throne.  
Upon it, sits a man, with a crown which spreads light.

**Macbeth:**

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.  
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.

Now it is clear that the man is Banquo. He takes out a mirror and holds it.  
Macbeth sees his face on it and then he seems to enter a room,  
where there's still Banquo holding another mirror.  
The scene repeats several times until Macbeth sees in the mirror Fleance,  
wearing a royal gown and a crown, smiling.

**Macbeth:**

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Now I see 'tis true.

Macbeth sees in the mirror Banquo all wet,  
trying to take the axe out of his back.  
Banquo turns, sees M and smiles.

**Macbeth:**

For the blood-bultered Banquo smiles upon me and points at them for his!

Macbeth takes out his sword and breaks the mirror.

Now the room becomes a dark old place which seems a cave.  
There's a cauldron and Macbeth is lying on the floor.  
Rain is falling on his face. He awakes and stands up.

**Macbeth:**

Where are they?

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Gone!

Macbeth hears his horse neighing. He goes outside. It rains heavily.

**Macbeth (shouting):**

Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
and damned all those that trust them!

#### **XXXIV.**

A room in Macbeth's palace.  
His wife is sitting on an armchair, asleep.  
Enters Lenox and speaks to Angus, Menteth and Cathness.

**Lenox:**

Macduff is fled.

**Angus:**

Where does he bestow himself?

**Lenox:**

In the English court. Where lives the son of Duncan.  
Thither Macduff is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid  
to wake Northumberland and warlike Seyward.

Lenox pours some wine into his cup, then Cathness adds some wine and Lenox drinks it.

**Lenox (cont'd):**

By the help of these, we may again give to our tables meat,  
sleep to our nights, our feasts free from bloody knives.

**Menteth:**

Some holy angel fly to England  
that a swift blessing may soon return  
to our suffering country.

From the window it can be seen that a man on horseback is approaching the castle.  
A maid wakes up Lady Macbeth, who, very frightened, shouts. She looks at her hands and sees blood in them.

**Maid:**

Gentle Lady.

**Lady M:**

Gracious Duncan's dead.

The four men stand surprised. Now they look at each other.

**Menteth:**

Gracious Duncan was pitied of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.

**Angus:**

The valiant Banquo walked too late.

**Lenox:**

Whom, you may say, Fleance killed, for Fleance fled.

**Cathness:**

Man must not walk too late.

They all smile.

**Angus:**

How monstrous it was for Malcolm and Donalbain to kill their father.

**Menteth:**

Damned, indeed. How did it grieve Macbeth.

**Cathness:**

Had he Duncan's sons under his key--

**Lenox:**

As, an't please heaven he shall not.

**Cathness:**

They should find what it were to kill a father.

They all laugh.

**Menteth:**

So should Fleance.

Everyone laughs.

**Lenox:**

Peace.

Everybody stands up as Macbeth enters the room. He is accompanied by Seyton.

**Macbeth:**

What news?

Lenox goes towards him and bows.

**Lenox:**

Macduff is fled to England.

**Macbeth:**

Fled to England?

**Lenox:**

Ay, my good Lord.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.*

Macbeth gives his gloves to Seyton.

Macbeth goes to see his wife, who is mending something but seems unwell.

He turns off the torch with his hand and sits next to her. He looks outside the window.

**Macbeth (thinking - cont'd):**

*The castle of Macduff I will surprise.*

*Seize upon Fife. Go to the edge of the sword  
his wife, his babes and all unfortunate souls  
that trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool.*

View of men with their horses near a cart road, a castle in the background.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

*This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.*

**XXXV.**

Court in Macduff's palace.

A pond with some ducks.

A man shaving off the wool of some sheeps.

A man and children playing. The children are laughing.

**Rosse:**

You must have patience.

**Lady Macd:**

He had none. His flight was madness.  
When our actions do not, our fears do make us traitors.

**Rosse:**

You know not if it was wisdom or his fear.

**Lady Macd:**

Wisdom! to leave his wife and his babes,  
his mansion and his titles in a place  
from whence himself does fly?  
He loves us not. He wants a natural touch.  
For the poor wren, the most diminutive bird  
will flight her young in the nest,  
against the owl. All is the fear, nothing is the love.

**Rosse:**

My dearest coz, pray, school yourself.

Rosse kisses her twice on her cheeks.

**Rosse (cont'd):**

But for your husband, he is noble, wise, judicious  
and best knows the fits of the season.

She nods, as for approving. They both look briefly at the children playing.  
Then Rosse takes his leave.

**Rosse:**

I take my leave of you.  
I shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at their worst will cease  
or else climb upward to what they were before.

The children playing have reached Rosse.  
One is wearing a cap which covers all his face and makes him blind.  
A man removes it from his face and the child sees Rosse.  
Rosse takes the child in his arms.

**Rosse:**

My pretty cousin, blessing upon you.

**Lady Macd:**

Fatheres he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Lady Macd takes the child in her arms.

**Rosse:**

I take my leave at once.

A servant shows him off and opens the gate.  
Rosse, on horseback, goes out of the gate.  
He gives a last glance at the servant and nods.  
The servants let the gate opened and goes away.  
Now a group of men, on horseback, approach the castle. They enter.

**XXXVI.**

A room in Macduff's palace.  
Lady Macd is washing his son.

**Lady Macd:**

How wilt thou do for a father?

**Son:**

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

**Lady Macd:**

Why, I can buy me 20 at any market!

**Son:**

Was my father a traitor?

**Lady Macd:**

Ay, that he was.

In the meantime she covers him with a cloth/towel.

**Son:**

What is a traitor?

**Lady Macd:**

Why, one that swears and lies.

**Son:**

Be all traitors that do so?

**Lady Macd:**

Everyone that does so is a traitor  
and must be hanged.

Lady Macd mimes someone cutting the throat to someone else.

**Son:**

Who must hang them?

**Lady Macd:**

Why, the honest man.

**Son:**

Then the liars and swearers are fools,  
for there are enough of them to beat  
the honest men, and hang them up.

In the meantime Lady Macd prepares his bed.

**Lady Macd:**

God help thee, poor monkey.

**Son:**

If he were dead, you would weep for him.

They both hear someone shouting and turn instantly.

Shouting continues. Lady Macd goes out the room to see what's happening.

She sees a man approaching on the stairs.

She drops what she had in her hands and runs into the room.

She tries to protect her child. Two murderers enter the room.

One, with his sword, drops the carafe which breaks into pieces.

He approaches then the two hawks on the pedestal.

He then takes in his hands a toy which was on the mantelpiece.

**1st Murd:**

Where's your husband?

**Lady Macd:**

I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
where such as thou mayst find him.

The 2nd Murd laughs.

**2nd Murd:**

He's a traitor.

The child goes towards the murderer and tries to beat him.

**Son:**

Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

**2nd Murd:**

What, you egg?

The 1st Murd laughs and with his swords he lets the toys on the mantelpiece fall on the ground and breaks them. Lady Macd is frightened and turns around.

**2nd Murd:**

Young fry of treachery!

The 2nd Murd pierces the child with the sword in his back. The son, still alive, goes towards his mother. He is about to die.

**Son:**

He has killed me, mother.

Lady Macd embraces him and sees all the blood coming from the wound in the back. Someone outside is still shouting. The 1st murd sits on a chair, whereas the 2nd lets the child fall to the ground and takes Lady Macd. They fight, she scrapes the murderer in his face and she manages to escape. She goes to the other room where a group of men are raping a servant woman. She goes into another room and sees the corpse two children, all covered in blood. The rest of the palace is all in flame.

**XXXVII.**

Lady M's chamber.

The doctor is seen through the holes of a screening.

**Doctor:**

Besides her walking and other actual performances, what has she said?

**Maid:**

That which I will not report after her.

**Doc:**

You may to a doctor. 'Tis most meet you should.

**Maid:**

Neither to you, nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

**Doc:**

Very well.

The man is writing something. They both catch sight of Lady M who is watching them. She is walking naked in her room.

**Doc:**

Her eyes are open.

**Maid:**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Lady M seats at a table and pretends to be washing her hands in a bowl.

**Doc:**

What is it she does now?

**Maid:**

An accustomed action. To seem thus washing her hands.

The man goes towards her. She is still "washing" her hand. The man puts a hand in front of her face to see if she realises something but she continues. She stops trembling and she looks at her hands.

**Lady M:**

Yet there's a spot.

The man signals something to the maid.

**Lady M:**

Out, damned spot. Out, I say.

She is still wiping her hands very vigorously.  
The maid brings a bag and the man takes out a piece of paper and a feather.  
Lady M looks at him.

**Lady M:**

One.

Lady M looks in front of her. The man stops writing.

**Lady M:**

Two.

She stands up.

**Lady M:**

Why then 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky.  
Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier and afeard?  
What need we fear who knows it,  
when none can call our power to account?

She walks towards the curtain and stops.  
She has a fixed and lost gaze.

**Lady M:**

Yet who'd have thought the old man  
to have so much blood in him?

**Doc:**

Well, well.

**Lady M:**

The Thane of Fife had a wife.  
Where is she now?

She looks again at her hands.

**Lady M:**

What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

She leans to the curtain. Her tone changes.

**Lady M:**

No more of that, my lord. No more of that.  
Your mar all with this starting.

**Doc (to the maid):**

Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

**Maid:**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that.

**Lady M:**

Here's the smell of blood still.

She begins to cry.

**Lady M:**

All the perfumes of Arabia  
will not sweeten this little hand.

She cries and screams.

**Doc:**

What a sigh is there! The heart is solely charged.

Lady M turns towards them.



**Lady M:**

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown. Look not so pale.

She backs off towards the maid and the doctor.

**Lady M (cont'd):**

I tell you, Banquo's buried.  
He cannot come out of his grave. Even so?

She grasps the gown of the doctor.

**Lady M:**

To bed, to bed. Come, come, come.

They help her to bed.

**Lady M:**

Come, give me your hand.  
What's done cannot be undone.  
To bed, to bed.

**Doc (between himself):**

More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God! God forgive us all.

**Doc (to the maid):**

Look after her. Remove from her  
the means of all annoyance and keep eyes upon her.

He takes his bag and leaves.

**Doc:**

Good night.

**Maid:**

Good night, good doctor.

He leaves her room. Door closing.

**XXXVIII.**

Macbeth is on a tower and looks at the panorama.  
The doctor reaches him.

**Macbeth:**

How about your patient, doctor?

**Doc:**

Not so sick, my lord, as she's troubled with some  
thick-coming fancies that keep her from her sleep.

**Macbeth:**

Cure her of that.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?  
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote  
cleanse the charged bosom of that perilous stuff  
that weighs upon the heart?

**Doc:**

Therein the patient must minister to himself.

**Macbeth:**

Throw physics to the dogs. I'll none of it.

**XXXIX.**

Court into M's palace. Some messengers arrive with letters and a royal chain. They exit immediately.  
A man of the court brings the letter and the chain to Rosse, who brings them to Macbeth.

**XL.** In Macbeth's palace.

Macbeth opens the 1st letter and, after having read it, he tears it into pieces.  
Rosse gives him the second letter.  
Macbeth takes it and throws it into the fire.  
Everyone laughs.

**Macbeth:**

Bring me no more reports. Let them fly. All!

He goes out of the room.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Till Birnam Wood remove the Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear.  
What's the boy, Malcolm? Was he not born a woman?

Everybody laughs and leaves the room.  
Just two men stay in the room.  
They stand up in silence and look at each other.

**XLI.**

Macbeth goes on a tower and looks at the surrounding area.  
He notices the messengers going away.  
He seems afraid or scared in some way.

**Macbeth:**

The spirits that know all mortal consequences pronounced me thus:  
"Fear not, Macbeth. No man that's born a woman  
shall e'er have power upon thee."

**Macbeth (shouting at the messengers):**

Then fly, false thanes and mingle with the English epicures!

Macbeth points to Rosse the Royal chain.  
Rosse gives it to him and M puts it onto Lenox.  
They all go in except Rosse, who stays a bit longer.

**XLII.**

Groups of men walking down a cart road.  
A battlefield in sight.

**Macduff:**

Our country sinks beneath the yoke.  
It weeps, it bleeds. And each new day a gash  
is added to her wounds.

**Malcolm:**

Each new morn new widows howl, new orphans cry.  
New sorrows strike heaven on the face  
that it resounds as if it felt with Scotland.

**Macduff:**

Who comes here?

A man on horseback is coming down from a hill.

**Malcolm:**

A countryman who seems a stranger to us.

The man approaches them. It's Rosse.

**Rosse:**

My ever gentle cousin.

**Macduff:**

Welcome hither.

Rosse bows and embraces Macduff.

Malcolm signals to the guards to take Rosse's horse.

**Macduff:**

Stands Scotland where it did?

**Rosse:**

Alas, poor country. Afraid to know itself.  
It cannot be called our mother, but our grave.

**Macduff:**

What's the newest grief?

They begin to walk.

**Rosse:**

Each minute teems a new one.

**Macduff:**

How does my wife?

**Rosse:**

Why well.

**Macduff:**

And all my children?

**Rosse:**

Well too.

**Macduff:**

The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

**Rosse:**

No. They were well at peace when I did leave them.

Rosse turns and looks back.

**Macduff:**

Be not a niggard of speech. How goes it?

**Rosse:**

Your eye in Scotland will create soldiers,  
make our women fight to doff their dire distresses.

**Malcolm:**

We are coming thither.

They stop and look at two men fighting with the sword.

Around them a group of men are gathered and are watching them.

**Malcolm:**

Gracious England hath lent us  
good Seyward and 10,000 men.

The group of men supports the men fighting. Rumours of swords.

When the men fighting see Malcolm, they stop a while and bow in front of him.

Malcolm nods and the men start fighting again.

**Malcolm (cont'd):**

An older and a better soldier  
none that Christendom gives out.

The three of them walk in the camp.

Rosse walks slowly than the others and stops to watch a catapult. Then he rejoins them.

**Rosse:**

Would I could answer this comfort with the like.  
But I have words that will be howled out in the desert air,  
where hearing should not catch them.

**Macduff:**

What concern they?

**Rosse:**

The main part pertains to you alone.

**Macduff:**

If it be mine, keep it not from me.  
Quickly, let me have it.

**Rosse:**

Your castle is surprised,  
your wife and babes savagely slaughtered.

**Macduff:**

Merciful heaven.

Macduff is shocked. Malcolm is surprised too.

**Malcolm:**

What, man! Never put your hat upon your brows.  
Please. Give sorrow words.

**Macduff:**

My children too?

**Rosse:**

Wife, children, servants. All that could be found.

**Macduff:**

And I must be from thence. My wife killed too?

**Rosse:**

I have said.

**Malcolm:**

Be comforted. Let's make us medicines  
of great revenge to cure this deadly grief.

**Macduff:**

He has no children - All my pretty ones!  
Did you say all? Hell-kite! All?  
What, all my chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?

**Malcolm:**

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 the heaven look on and would not take their part?  
Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee.  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

Macduff kneels down and cries.

**Malcolm:**

Be this the whetstone of your sword.  
Let grief convert to anger.  
Blunt not the heart, enrage it!

Malcolm takes his sword out and gives it to Macduff.  
Macduff rises his head slowly and takes the sword in his hand.

**Macduff:**

Gentle heavens, cut short all intermission.  
Front to front bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.

**Malcolm:**

Our power is ready. Macbeth is ripe for shaking.

Macduff rises.

**Macduff:**

Within my sword's length set him.  
If he escape, heaven forgive him too.

#### **XLIII.**

Two men on horseback in a valley are joining some soldiers in the camp.  
They all cheer when they see them.

**Lenox:**

What does the tyrant?

**Cathness:**

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad.  
Others, that lesser hate him, call it valiant fury.

**Angus:**

Those he commands move in command. Nothing in love.

**Lenox:**

Now does he feel his title hang loose about him,  
like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.

**Cathness:**

All that is within him does condemn itself for being there.

**Lenox:**

The English power is near, led by Malcolm,  
Seyward and the good Macduff.

**Menteth:**

Near Birnam Wood we will meet them.  
That way are they coming (he points to the north).

#### **XLIV.**

A room in Macbeth's castle. He is talking to a servant.

**Macbeth:**

The devil damn thee back, thou loon!  
Where gotst thou that goose look?

Men at court laughing. The soldier pants.

**Servant:**

There is 10,000...

**Macbeth:**

Geese, villain?

**Servant:**

Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth is eating but he doesn't seem very shocked or surprised.

**Macbeth:**

Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul.  
Those linen cheeks of thine are counsellors to fear.

What soldiers, whey-face?

Men laughing.

**Soldier:**

The English force, so please you.

Macbeth becomes serious and drops what he is eating in the plate.  
All the men at court have become serious too. Macbeth knocks his hand on the table.

**Macbeth:**

Seyton! Take thy face hence!

The soldier bows and leaves. Macbeth takes his cup in his hands,  
a man pours something to drink into it.

**Macbeth:**

I am sick at heart, when I behold -- Seyton, I say!

Macbeth drinks and then stands up.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*I have lived long enough.  
My way of life is fallen 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.*

Macbeth goes outside onto a small balcony.

**Macbeth:**

Seyton!

**Seyton:**

What's your gracious pleasure?

**Macbeth:**

What news more?

**Seyton:**

All is confirmed, my Lord, which was reported.

**Macbeth:**

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

**Seyton:**

'Tis not needed yet.

**Macbeth:**

I'll put it on.

Macbeth goes back into his palace, Seyton and another servant run to get this armour.

**Macbeth (cont'd in voice over):**

Send out more horses, scour the country.  
Hang those that talk of fear.

Some men are rushing around, one hurts the doctor and a boy who fall on the ground.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

Come, put mine armour on, give me my sword.

Macbeth spreads his arms and waits for the servants to put on his armour.

**Macbeth (to the doctor):**

Doctor, the thanes fly from me. Come, sir, despatch.

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.

**Macbeth (to the servants):**

Pull it off, I say!

The servants dress him up with the armour.

**Macbeth (to the doctor):**

What rhubarb, sernna or what purgative drug  
would scour these English hence? Hearst thou of them?

**Doctor:**

Ay, my good Lord. Your royal preparation  
makes us hear something.

Macbeth and his servants laugh.  
Macbeth advances towards the doctor,  
while the servants are still dressing him up.

**Macbeth:**

I will not be afraid of death or bane  
till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.

Macbeth retreats and his servants follow him.

**Doctor (aside):**

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear  
profit again should hardly draw me here.

The doctor and the boy pick up their stuff which had fallen on the ground and leave.

**XLV.**

A land force is advancing in a battlefield.  
Thousands of men on foot and on horseback  
are advancing with the sound of drums in the background.  
In the middle of the valley they meet the rest of the army,  
which comes from the other hill.  
All the soldiers cheer as they meet the others.  
Some soldiers hold some pikes, others hold flags. Birnam wood in view.

**Old Siward:**

What wood is this before us?

**Menteth:**

The wood of Birnam.

**XLVI.**

In the wood a group of men are cutting some pine trees /firs.

**XLVII.**

Macbeth's palace in view.  
Sound of flutes and pipes in the background.  
The music becomes deeper and deeper. (more and more pealing.)  
The camera tightens the shot on a window.  
The shot displays now Lady M who opens a little wooden box and takes out a letter.  
She unfolds it and reads it.

**Lady M:**

"They met me in the day of success.  
And I have learned by the perfect'st report  
they have more in them than mortal knowledge.  
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me,

Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before,  
these weird sisters saluted me  
and referred me to the coming on of time with:  
'Hail, king that shall be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee,  
my dearest partner the greatness that thou mightst not  
be ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.  
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Lady M sobs and weeps.

**Lady M:**  
Farewell.

#### **XLVIII.**

The palace in view.  
Now the scene moves into the castle.  
Macbeth is sitting on his throne and next to him sits Seyton.

**Macbeth:**  
Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
the cry is still, "They come!"

Macbeth and Seyton nod.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**  
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 stuffed with those that should be ours,  
we might have met them dareful, and beat them backward home.

They stop talking because they are interrupted by the cry of a woman,  
which comes from inside the palace. They look at each other.

**Macbeth:**  
What is that noise?

Seyton goes to have a look. Macbeth looks very worried.

**Macbeth (between himself):**  
I've almost forgot the taste of fear.

Macbeth stands up, goes towards the wall and grasps a log.

**Macbeth:**  
The time has been, my senses would have cooled  
to hear a night-shriek.  
My fell of hair would at a dismal  
treatise rouse and stir as life were in it.

Macbeth puts the piece of wood/log into the fire.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**  
I have supped full with horrors.

Seyton rejoins Macbeth and he stops between the two columns.

**Macbeth:**  
Wherefore was that cry?

**Seyton:**  
The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

**Macbeth:**  
She should have died hereafter.  
There would have been a time for such a word.

Macbeth exits the room and goes down the stairs.

**Macbeth (thinking):**



*Tomorros and tomorrow and tomorrow  
creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
to the last syllable of recorded time.  
And all our yesterdays have lighted  
fools the way to dusty death.*

M arrives in the court where the servants are all joined together.  
They kneel in front of the Lady's corpse.  
The Lady's maid is crying. Macbeth looks at the sky.

**Macbeth:**

Out, out, brief candle!

Macbeth cries slightly and walks back into the palace.

**Macbeth:**

Life's but a walking shadow.  
A poor player struts and frets  
his hour upon the stage  
and then is heard no more.

Macbeth stops, leaning to the wall.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

**Messenger:**

Gracious, my Lord!

**Macbeth:**

Thy story, quickly!

**Messenger:**

I should report that which I saw, but know not how to do it.

**Macbeth:**

Well, say, Sir.

**Messenger:**

As I did stand my watch, I looked toward Birnam.  
And anon, methought, the wood began to move.

**Macbeth:**

Liar and slave!

**Messenger:**

Within a mile may you see it coming. A moving grove.

Macbeth climbs the stairs and goes to have a look himself.  
He stands on the stairs of the little tower and looks towards the wood.  
He doesn't appear to see nothing. He turns to the messengers.

**Macbeth:**

If thou speakst false, upon the next tree  
shalt thou hang alive till famine cling thee.

But the messenger is not speaking false.  
He points to the right direction and shows Macbeth the army.  
Macbeth looks again more attentively. He seems amazed and shocked.  
He remembers what he heard in his dream.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Fear not till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane.  
And now a wood comes to Dunsinane.*

**Soldier 1:**

Every soldier hath downed a wood and bears it before him.

**Soldier 2:**

Thereby they shadow the number of their host

and make discovery err in report of them.

Every soldier stand amazed on the tower,  
looking in the direction of the wood which is moving towards the palace.

**Macbeth (cont'd):**

*I 'gin to be aweary of the sun.  
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.*

Macbeth goes down the stairs in a hurry.

**Macbeth:**

Ring the alarum bell! Blow, wind! Come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back!

Seyton rings the Bells. A man opens the castle's gate and exits on horseback.

Everyone is packing up their stuff and moving quickly to leave the castle.

Seyton wants to prevent them from running away and he stands in front of the gates with an axe in his hands.

But a soldier casts an arrow to his forehead and kills him. Now everybody can escape.

Everything that is left in the courtyard is the corpse of Lady Macbeth and of Seyton.

**LIX.**

A misty morning. The army/wood is lined up in front of the castle.

**Macduff:**

Make all our trumpets speak.

A man raises his left arm and the soldiers begin to play their trumpets.

Nobody in the castle replies. They begin to throw some blazing balls to the palace.

**Malcolm:**

Worthy Macduff, you, with young Seyward, lead our first assault.

Some soldiers begin to play drums.

Others, on horseback, go towards the castle gates.

The gate is open. Macduff enters the first. Apparently, nobody is in there.

**Macduff:**

Tyrant, show thy face!

**Macduff (cont'd):**

Let me find him, Fortune.  
And more I beg not.

Macduff discovers the corpse of Lady Macbeth,

which is lying under a cover. He uncovers it and the covers it again.

**Macduff (cont'd):**

If thou be slain and with no sword of mine  
my wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

Some soldiers have now entered the rooms in the palace, but no one is in, apparently.

Then they arrive in M's room and see him sitting on his throne.

**Siward:**

What is thy name?

**Macbeth:**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

**Siward:**

No, though thou callst thyself  
a hotter name than any in hell!

**Macbeth:**

My name's Macbeth!

**Siward:**

The devil himself could not pronounce

a title more hateful to mine ear.

**Macbeth:**

No, nor more fearful.

**Siward:**

Thou liest, abhorrent tyrant!

With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speakst.

Siward approaches to Macbeth, Macbeth pulls out his sword and they begin to fight.

Siward falls repeatedly. Macbeth is the strongest fighter. Macbeth puts his sword on the ground and takes his dagger out.

With this, he stabs Siward on the neck. All the other soldiers are afraid and watch the fight.

**Macbeth:**

Thou werest born of woman.

Macbeth goes towards the other soldiers who partly want to fight and partly back off.

One who tries to fight is gashed in his face.

Macbeth takes the axe that the soldiers was holding in his hands and then hits the soldier in the stomach.

Macbeth kills everyone who tries to fight with him. He then stops and watches at a stake.

**Macbeth:**

They have tied me to the stake. I cannot fly.

But bearlike I must fight the course!

Why should I play the Roman fool and die on mine own sword

while I see lives that gashes do better on them?

Macbeth arrives on a little balcony and watches at the court, which is completely invaded with soldiers.

**Macbeth (to the crowd):**

What's he that was not born of woman?

Such a one am I to fear, or none.

**Macduff:**

Turn, hell-hound! Turn!

Macbeth turns to his left and sees Macduff. Macbeth descends the stairs.

**Macbeth:**

Of all men else, I have avoided thee.

**Macduff:**

I have no words. My voice is in my sword.

Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!

They begin to fight. They both fall on the ground but Macbeth is quicker than Macduff and stands up, then he points his sword to his throat.

**Macbeth:**

My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

Macbeth removes the sword from Macduff's throat.

**Macbeth:**

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.

Macbeth wants to leave. The crowd of soldiers opens to let him pass.

**Macbeth:**

I bear a charmed life which must not yield to one of woman born!

Macbeth throws his axe who takes away Rosse's helmet.

**Macduff:**

Despair thy charm and let the angel

whom thou hast served tell thee

Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped.

Macbeth stops and remembers the dream he had when he saw a child being taken out of his mother's womb.

**Macbeth (thinking):**

*Accursed be that tongue that tells me so  
for it hath cowed my better part of man.  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed  
that palter with us in a double sense.  
That keep the word of promise  
to our ear and break it to our hope.*

**Macbeth (aloud):**

I will not yield to kiss the ground  
before young Malcolm's feet  
and to be baited with the rabble's curse!

Macbeth goes back towards Macduff.

**Macbeth:**

Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane  
and thou opposed being of no woman born  
yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff.  
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

Macbeth stops. Every soldiers offer Macduff his sword/dagger. He takes none of them. He fights without weapons. They fight until Macbeth is mortally wounded. Macbeth manages to climb the stairs. When he has reached the top Macduff finishes him by beheading him. His head falls on the ground.

**Young Siward:**

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

**Macduff:**

Hail, king, for so thou art.  
Behold where lies the usurper's cursed head.

Macbeth's head in sight.

**Macduff (cont'd in voice over):**

The time is free.

Rosse takes the crown, cleans it a bit from the blood. He raises it and the crowds shouts. He then gives it to young Siward.

**Rosse:**

Hail, King of Scotland!

**Crowd:**

Hail, King of Scotland!

Young Seward takes the crown and puts it in his head. In the meantime some soliders have taken Macbeth's head and put it on a stake. They bring it around the court and all the men in the crowd laugh at it. The sound of the laughters is not heard but it's replaced by some deep music. Macbeth's head is held on a high stake and it's shown to the crowd of soldiers which remained outside the castle. The crowd cheers aloud.

**L.**

The place where Macbeth met the witches the first time. Very deep music. Donaldbain goes to meet them. It rains heavily.

**End credits.**