

DUNCAN	Ted Barton/us ?
MALCOLM	Mat Hofstettler/Patrick Truhler
DONALBAIN	Patrick Truhler/?
MACBETH	Philip Sneed/Stephen Weitz
BANQUO	Stephen Weitz/Seth Panitch
MACDUFF	Geoffrey Kent/Barzin
LENOX	Barzin Akhavan/Ian Anderson
ROSSE.	Chris McIntyre/Ian Anderson
	Seth Panitch?Ian Anderson—I think to replace any of these guys, we have Ian cover his stuff and theirs?
MENTETH	Ian Anderson
ANGUS	Nick Shandalow
FLEANCE	Bill Kovacsik/?
SIWARD.	Benaiah Anderson/?
YOUNG SIWARD	Stephen Weitz/Seth Panitch
SEYTON	Orion Pilger
son to Macduff	Ian Anderson
DOCTOR	Ted Barton/us Michael Kane
PORTER	Karyn Slack/Jen LeBlanc
LADY MACBETH	Jen LeBlanc/Karyn Casl
LADY MACDUFF	Jamie Romero/?
GENTLEWOMAN	Jamie Romero/?
FIRST WITCH	Karyn Casl/?
SECOND WITCH	Alex Lewis/?
THIRD WITCH	Michael Kane?Patrick Truhler
FIRST MURDERER	Seth Maisel /Patrick Truhler
SECOND MURDERER	Chris McIntyre—Rosse/Ian Anderson
THIRD MURDERER	Benaiah Anderson
SERVANT	Bill Kovacsik
MESSENGER	Seth Maisel
SOLDIER	

MACBETH

FIRST ACT

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:38 PM

Comment: Preshow Music

ACT I, SCENE I

[Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches]

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:41 PM

Comment: Macbeth Theme

Witch 1. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:40 PM

Comment: Surprise Battle Effect
MAY NEED LENGHTENING

Witch 2. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:41 PM

Comment: Witches Enviroment

Witch 3. That will be ere the set of sun.

Witch 1. Where the place?

Witch 2. Upon the heath.

Witch 3. There to meet with Macbeth.

Witch 1. I come, Graymalkin!

Witch 2. Paddock calls.

Witch 3. Anon!

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *[Exeunt]*

ACT I, SCENE II.

A camp. Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, Menteith, Angus with Attendants.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:42 PM

Comment: Duncan's Theme Page 2/Fade
Witches Environment

Duncan. Who comes here? [*Enter Rosse*]

Malcolm. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

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

Rosse. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King;

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that warrior, Macbeth, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; --

Duncan. Great happiness!
No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

Witch 3. This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good:

Witch 1. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.

Witch 2. ...you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief

Witch 3. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so it will make us mad.

Witch 1. Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Witch 2. A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then!

Witch 3. Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip.

Witch 1. Good things of Day begin to droop and drowse,
While Night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Witch 2. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Witch 3. What's done cannot be undone.

Witch 1. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Witch 2. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Witch 3. So foul and fair a day I have not seen. *[A drum within.]*

ALL. A drum! A drum!
Macbeth doth come.
*The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine
Peace!--the charm's wound up.* *[Enter Macbeth and Banquo]*

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:46 PM

Comment: Fade Witches Environment 2

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:46 PM

Comment: Dip Environment sounds for dialogue

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:44 PM

Comment: Slow heartbeat-

Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres?-- What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your looks forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can:--what are you?

Witch 1. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Witch 2. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

Witch 3. All hail, Macbeth! That shalt be king hereafter.

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

Witch 1. Hail!

Witch 2. Hail!

Witch 3. Hail!

Witch 1. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Witch 2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Witch 3. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Witch 1. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Father's death I know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?--Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish]

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

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

Banquo. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be King.

Macbeth. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Banquo. To th' selfsame tune, and words. Who's here?

[Enter Rosse and Menteith]

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend.

Menteith We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee

Rosse And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane,
For it is thine.

Banquo. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macbeth. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

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

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:47 PM

Comment: Cymbal Scrape/Fade Eniornment

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Rosse*] Thanks for your pains.
[*To Banquo*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Banquo. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of Darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
[*to Rosse*] Cousin, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good:--
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banquo. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth. [*Aside*]
If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

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

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.--
[to Banquo] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.-- Come, friends. *[Exeunt]*

ACT I, SCENE IV.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:44 PM
Comment: Duncan's Theme Page 7

Forres. The palace. Flourish.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, Angus, and Attendants

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Or not
Those in commission yet return'd?

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

Duncan. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust- [*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse*] O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Duncan. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.-- Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

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

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

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

Duncan. My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland!--That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit*]

Duncan. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Exeunt*]

ACT I, SCENE V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle. Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter

Lady Macbeth. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.-- Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do,' if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. [*Enter a Messenger*]
What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

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

Lady M. Give him tending.-

Lady Macbeth. He brings great news. *[Exit messenger.]* The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!' *[Enter Macbeth]*
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth. We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. *[Exeunt]*

ACT I, SCENE VI.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Menteith, Angus

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:47 PM

Comment: Duncan's Theme

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

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

[Enter Lady Macbeth]

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

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

Duncan. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

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

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

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:48 PM

Comment: Offstage Celebration Music 1

ACT I, SCENE VII.

Enter Macbeth

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

[Enter Lady Macbeth]

How now! what news?
Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?

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

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:48 PM

Comment: Celebration Music 2

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

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

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:49 PM
Comment: Celebration Music 3

Lady Macbeth. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

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

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

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

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

ACT II, SCENE I.

Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

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

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword.-- There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.-- Take thee that too.
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!-- Give me my sword.[*Enter Macbeth with a servant*]
Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, Sir! not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters:
To you they have show'd 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 kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while!

Banquo. Thanks, Sir: the like to you! *[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance]*

Macbeth. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready

She stike upon the bell. Get thee to bed *[Exit servant]*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:--

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.--

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.-- There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.-- Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep, and witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd Murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.-- Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. *[A bell rings]*

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. *[Exit]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:50 PM

Comment: Heartbeat/Breathing 1

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:49 PM

Comment: Light Wind

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:50 PM

Comment: Distant Thunder 1/Rain

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:50 PM

Comment: Distant Thunder 2

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:51 PM

Comment: Servant Bell from back in the
bedroom/Fade Heartbeat/Breathing

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:50 PM

Comment: Medium Thunder 3

ACT II, SCENE II.

The same. [Enter Lady Macbeth]

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.--Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,

That Death and Nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macbeth. *[Within]* Who's there? what, ho!

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done.—Th' attempt and not the deed

Confounds us.-- Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em.-- Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't. *[Enter Macbeth]*

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

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!

Who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

List'ning their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:52 PM

Comment: Universe Shrieks 1

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:53 PM

Comment: Owl- Lots of Reverb

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:51 PM

Comment: Medium Thunder 4

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:51 PM

Comment: Distant Thunder 5

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought, I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder Sleep,' the innocent Sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!'

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

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

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

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

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:51 PM

Comment: Distant Thunder 6/Fade Rain and
Wind

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:54 PM

Comment: Deep Knocking 1

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. *[Knock]* I hear a knocking
At the south entry:-- retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. *[Knock]* Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.-- Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:54 PM
Comment: Deep Knocking 2

Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. *[Knocking]*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst! *[Exeunt]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:54 PM
Comment: Deep Knocking 3

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 8:55 PM
Comment: Deep Knocking 4

ACT II, SCENE III.

The same. Knocking within. Enter a Porter

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were Porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the key. *[Knocking]* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub?-- Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time-pleaser; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. *[Knocking]* Knock, knock. Who's there, I' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. *[Knocking]* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?-- Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. *[Knocking]* Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. *[Knocking]* Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the Porter.

[Enter Macduff and Lenox]

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

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

Macduff. What three things does drink especially provoke?

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

Macduff. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

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

Macduff. Is thy master stirring? *[Enter Macbeth]*
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I'll bring you to him.

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

Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call.
For 'tis my limited service. *[Exit]*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macbeth. He does:-- he did appoint so.

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

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it. *[Re-enter Macduff]*

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

Macbeth/ Lenox. What's the matter?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building!

Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life?

Lenox. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.--Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. *[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox]*
Awake, awake!--
Ring the alarum-bell! Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, *[Enter Menteith, Angus]*
And look on death itself!-- up, up, and see
The great doom's image!-- Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! *[Enter Lady Macbeth]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:03 PM

Comment: Alarum Bells

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

Macduff. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. *[Enter Banquo and Fleance]*
O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pry'thee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so. *[Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox, with Rosse]*

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain]*

Donalbain. What is amiss?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macduff. Your royal father 's murder'd.

Malcolm. O, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were an badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!

Macduff. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away:
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo. Look to the lady: [*Lady Macbeth is carried out*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff. And so do I.

ALL. So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Malcolm. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Malcolm. This murtherous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. *[Exeunt]*

[ADD--Duncan's funeral procession. Macbeth's coronation]

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:04 PM

Comment: Macbeth's Coronation Long

ACT III, SCENE I.

Forres. The palace. Enter Banquo

Banquo. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the Weird Women promis'd, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Enter Macbeth, as King, Lady Macbeth, as Queen, Lenox, Rosse, Angus and Menteith, servant.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

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

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

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

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good Lord.

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

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

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My Lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. *[Enter Fleance]* But of that to-morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of State
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

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

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *[Exit Banquo and Fleance]*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night;
To make society the sweeter welcome,
We will keep ourself till supper-time alone:
While then, God be with you! *[Exeunt all but Macbeth and servant]*
Sirrah, a word with you,
Attend those men our pleasure?

Servant. They are my Lord,
Without the palace gate

Macbeth. Bring them before us. [Exit Servant]

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!-- Who's there?—
[Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers]
Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call. [Exit Servant]
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your Highness.

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

First Murderer. You made it known to us.

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

First Murderer. We are men, my Liege.

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

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

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

Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer. Though our lives--

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work),
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

First Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. *[Exeunt Murderers]*
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. |

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:06 PM
Comment: Macbeth's Theme (Evil Dance)

ACT III, SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. [*Enter Macbeth.*]

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

Macbeth. We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady Macbeth. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

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

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

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

Lady Macbeth. What's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that, great bond
Which keeps me pale!-- Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of Day begin to droop and drowse,
While Night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. *[Exeunt]*

ACT III, SCENE III.

A park near the palace. Enter three Murderers

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer. Macbeth.

Second Murderer. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Murderer. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer. Hark! I hear horses.

Banquo. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Second Murderer. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court. A light, a light!

[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch]

Third Murderer. 'Tis he.

First Murderer. Stand to't.

Banquo. It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo]

Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge--O slave! *[Dies. Fleance escapes]*

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

Second Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer. Well, let's away,
And say how much is done. *[Exeunt]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 12:21 PM

Comment: Killing Banquo- potential for underscore

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:05 PM

Comment: Distant Horse Whinnie

Michael Rasbury 6/6/08 11:04 PM

Comment: Distant Thunder

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:08 PM

Comment: Universe Shrieks 2

ACT III, SCENE IV.

The same. Hall in the palace. A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Menteith Angus, and Attendants

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

Angus. Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

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

[First Murderer appears at the door]

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. *[Goes to door]*
There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut;
That I did for him.

Macbeth: Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

First Murderer. Most royal sir...
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.-- But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer. Ay, my good Lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that.--
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present.-- Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer*]

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

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

Lenox. May't please your Highness sit?

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
[*The GHOST OF Banquo enters*]

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lenox. Here, my good Lord. What is't that moves your Highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Menteith. What, my good Lord?

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

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:25 PM

Comment: Horror sound

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

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

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

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:26 PM

Comment: Scream plus end Banquo's
Environment, Macbeth can't see him anymore

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:28 PM

Comment: Banquo Reappears

Macbeth. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.--
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost of Banquo vanishes*]

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:29 PM

Comment: Banquo Disappears with Scream

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.-- Give me some wine: fill full!--
I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! *[Re-enter Ghost of Banquo]*
To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:30 PM

Comment: Banquo Reappears

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

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! *[Ghost of Banquo vanishes]*
Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again.-- Pray you, sit still.

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:30 PM

Comment: Banquo Disappears/Scream

Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

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

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. 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. Good night; and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady Macbeth. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth]

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

Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

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

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the Weird Sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. *[Exeunt]*

Intermission

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:12 PM

Comment: Montage

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:12 PM

Comment: Macbeth's Theme (End of
Montage on last note)

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:12 PM

Comment: Intermission Music

ACT IV, SCENE I.

Enter the three Witches

Witch 1. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Witch 2. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Witch 3. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

Witch 1. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

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

Witch 2. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

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

Witch 3. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

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

Witch 2. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Witch 2. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks! | *[Enter Macbeth]*

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:38 PM

Comment: Witches Ambience

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:37 PM

Comment: Start normal heartbeat and make get faster

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:38 PM

Comment: Stop Heartbeat/Punctuation to stop heartbeat

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

ALL. A deed without a name.

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

Witch 1. Speak.

Witch 2. Demand.

Witch 3. We'll answer.

Witch 1. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macbeth. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

Witch 1. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show! [*Enter First Apparition*]

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,--

Witch 1. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition. (*Duncan*) Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.-- Dismiss me.-- Enough. [*Descends*]

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

Witch 1. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first. [*Enter Second Apparition Young Macduff*]

Second Apparition. (*Young Macduff*) Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 12:24 PM

Comment: Vocal Alteration and
Replacement

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. *[Descends]*

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—*[Enter Third Apparition, Fleance]*
What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition (Fleance). Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *[Descends]*

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

ALL. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.--
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

Witch 1. Show!

Witch 2. Show!

Witch 3. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart! *[Enter GHOST OF Banquo]*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: I'll see no more:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me. *[Apparitions vanish]*
What, is this so?

Witch 1. Ay, sir, all this is so. *[The witches vanish]*

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!--
Come in, without there! *[Enter Lenox]*

Lenox. What's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

Lenox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No, indeed, my Lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!-- I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

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

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Lenox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. *[Aside]* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
But no more sights! -- Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *[Exeunt]*

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:41 PM

Comment: Ambience Stops

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:14 PM

Comment: ADDED: Lady Macbeth sends a servant to warn MacDuff Underscore

ACT IV, SCENE II.

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:14 PM
Comment: Duncan's Theme (Page 37)

England. Before the King's palace. [Enter Malcolm and Macduff]

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. 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, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

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

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

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

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love),
Without leave-taking?-- I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not cheque thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd!-- Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Malcolm. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macduff. Not in the legions
Of horrid Hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign. The king-becoming graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temperance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland!

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

Macduff. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.-- O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King: the Queen that bore thee,
Of't'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.-- O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: would not betray
The Devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile. [*Scene remains onstage*]

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

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

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

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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

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

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

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

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

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

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

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

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

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st! *[Enter a Messenger]*

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit]*

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? *[Enter Murderers]*
What are these faces?

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

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

First Murderer. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer. What, you egg! *[Stabbing him]*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! *[Dies]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:15 PM

Comment: Orchestral Murder (Page 42)

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:15 PM

Comment: Universe Shrieks 3

ACT IV, SCENE IV

England. Enter Rosse

Macduff. See, who comes here?

Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

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

Macduff. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Malcolm. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
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 batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

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

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

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

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

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

Macduff. Humh! I guess at it.

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

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!--
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

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

Rosse. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

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

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 heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

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

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

Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. *[Exeunt]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:16 PM
Comment: Duncan's Theme (Page 46)
EDIT

ACT V, SCENE I

Dunsinane. [Enter a Doctor and a-Gentlewoman]

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report.

Gentlewoman. I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.
[Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper] Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

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

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?-- What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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

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

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

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

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

[Exit]

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

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

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt]

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:17 PM
Comment: Duncan's Theme (Page 48)
EDIT

ACT V, SCENE II

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 12:29 PM

Comment: Maybe underscore this scene
Good Guys Theme

Enter Menteith, Angus, Lenox and Soldiers

Donalbain. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
Our uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for our dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them.

Mentieth. What does the tyrant?

Lenox. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause.
Within the belt of rule.

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

Donalbain. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Mentieth. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V, SCENE III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Macbeth. *[offstage]* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
[Enter Macbeth, Doctor] Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'-- Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear. *[Enter a Servant]*
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand--

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, Sir.

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

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence. *[Exit Servant]*--Seyton!--I am sick at heart,
When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

[Enter Seyton]

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

Seyton. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

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

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.--
How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

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

Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.--
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.--
Seyton, send out.-- Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.--
Come, sir, dispatch.-- If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say.--
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?-- Hear'st thou of them?

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

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

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *[Exeunt]*

ACT V, SCENE IV.

Country near Birnam wood. [Enter Malcolm, Siward and Young Siward, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Fleance, Angus, Mentieth and Soldiers.]

Michael Rasbury 6/2/08 4:32 PM
Comment: European Sounding scene change

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

Mentieth. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Mentieth. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Rosse. It shall be done.

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

Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

[Exeunt]

ACT V, SCENE V.

Dunsinane. [Enter Macbeth, Seyton]

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. *[A cry of women within]*
What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. *[Exit]*

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. *[Enter Seyton]*
Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.--
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *[Enter]*
Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

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

Macbeth. Liar, and slave!

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

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

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:18 PM

Comment: Alarum Bells 2

ACT V, SCENE VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle. [Enter Malcolm, Siward Young Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Macduff, Fleance, Angus, Mentieth and their Army, with boughs]

Malcolm. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.-- You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.--
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. *[Exeunt]*

[Battle]

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:19 PM
Comment: Battle Sounds and Continue

ACT V, SCENE VII

[Another part of the field. [Enter Macbeth]]

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.-- What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.*[Enter]*

Young Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.

Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. *[They fight and Young Siward is slain]*

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman:--
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit]*

[Battle]

[Enter Macduff]

Macduff. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. *[Exit.]*

[Battle]

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:19 PM

Comment: Duck Battle Sounds

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 12:34 PM

Comment: Short Battle

[Enter Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Fleance, Soldiers]

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Rosse. *[discovers Young Siward's body]*
Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siward. Then he is dead?
Has he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd. *[Exit Rosse w/Young Siward]*

Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siward. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 12:34 PM

Comment: Off stage left battle to garner their attention- several people fighting

ACT V, SCENE VIII.

Another part of the field. [Enter Macbeth]

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. *[Enter Macduff]*

Macduff. Turn, Hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! *[They fight]*

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

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

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

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

Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' *[Fight, Macbeth dies]*

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:20 PM

Comment: Macbeth Drums

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:20 PM

Comment: Macbeth Flute (The Kill)

ACT V, SCENE IX

[Enter Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Lenox, Fleance, Soldiers]

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
Th' usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL: Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

Malcolm: We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt

Michael Rasbury 6/1/08 9:21 PM
Comment: Finale Curtain Call