



MACBETH
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Abridged by Valerie Goodwin

Extract

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MACBETH

Characters

KING DUNCAN

MALCOLM – Son of Duncan

DONALBAIN – Son of Duncan

MACBETH

LADY MACBETH

MACDUFF – Scottish Lord

BANQUO – Scottish Lord

FLEANCE – Banquo's son

LADY MACDUFF

YOUNG MACDUFF

LENNOX – Scottish Lord

ANGUS – Scottish Lord

ROSS – Scottish Lord

MENTEITH – Scottish Lord

CAITHNESS – Scottish Lord

3 WITCHES

SEYTON – Servant to Macbeth

SIWARD – Earl of Northumberland

HECATE – Queen of Witches

3 further WITCHES

APPARITIONS

PORTER

GENTLEWOMAN

DOCTOR

OLD MAN

GHOSTS OF KINGS

SERVANTS, SOLDIERS & ATTENDANTS

Act 1 Scene 1

(Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches)

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

First Witch; Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch; Killing swine.

Third Witch; Aroint thee witch, the rump fed runnion cries
And like a rat without a tail
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

First Witch: I'll drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
He shall live a man forbid.
Look what I have.

Second Witch: Show me, show me.

First Witch: Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

Third witch: Finger of birth strangled babe ditch delivered by a drab
Make the brew both thick and slab

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

Second Witch: When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch: That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch: Where the place?

Second Witch: Upon the heath.

Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth.

Third Witch: Anon.

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

(Drum within)

Third Witch A drum, a drum—
Macbeth doth come.

All ***(dancing in a ring)***
The weird sisters hand in hand,
Posterns 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-on horses)

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

Banquo What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth
And yet are on 't?—

Macbeth ***(to the Witches)*** Speak, if you can. What are you?

First Witch; All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis.

Second Witch; All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor.

Third Witch; All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo; If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch; Hail!

Second Witch; Hail!

Third Witch; Hail!

First Witch; Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch; Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch; Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

All: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! (*they vanish*)

Macbeth; Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
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.

(The Witches have vanished)

Banquo; The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth; Into the air, and what seemed corporal
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.

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' self-same tune and words.

Enter Angus

Angus: Hail, Thane of Cawdor

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 under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth; **(aside)** Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor.
The greatest is behind.
(To Angus) 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
Promised no less to them?

Banquo ; 'tis strange,
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths.

Macbeth; **(aside)** Two truths are told.
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?

(Exeunt)

ACT 1 SCENE 2

(Enter Lady Macbeth, with a letter)

Lady Macbeth 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,
Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
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 tonight.

Lady Macbeth And when goes hence?

Macbeth Tomorrow, 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 1 Scene 3

(Hautboys and torches. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and attendants)

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

Banquo The heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here.
This bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

King Duncan See, see, our honoured hostess!

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love..

Lady Macbeth All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
We rest your hermits.

King Duncan Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

Lady Macbeth Your servants ever

King 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)

Act 1 Scene 4

(Hautboys. Torches. Enter a sewer and divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then 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.
This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned 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-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
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 th' other.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

How now? What news?

Lady Macbeth He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth Hath he asked for me?

Lady Macbeth Know you not he has?

Macbeth We will proceed no further in this business.
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.

Lady Macbeth Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed 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?
Live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would",
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

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

Lady Macbeth What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
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 plucked my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed 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. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies 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 received,
When we have marked 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 2 Scene 1

(Enter Banquo and Fleance, with 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 ***(giving Fleance his sword)*** 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 cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

(Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch)

Give me my sword. 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 largesse to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal
By the name of most kind hostess,
In measureless content.

Banquo All's well.
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 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 franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled

Macbeth Good repose the while.

Banquo Thanks, sir. The like to you.

(Exeunt Banquo and Fleance)

Macbeth ***(to the Servant)*** Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike 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-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'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 curtained sleep.
Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed 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 whereabouts,

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)

Act 2 Scene 2

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

Lady Macbeth That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark, peace!—
It was the owl that shrieked, 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 drugged their possets
That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

(Enter Macbeth above)

Macbeth Who's there? What ho?

(Exit)

Lady Macbeth Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
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 below)

My husband!

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 *(looking at his hands)* 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 addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth There are two lodged 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.

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 ravelled 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 murdered 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 brain-sickly 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)

(Knock 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 incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

(Enter Lady Macbeth)

Lady Macbeth My hands are of your colour, but I shame
 To wear a heart so white.

(Knock within)

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 within)

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.

Macbeth

To know my deed 'twere best not know myself.

(Knock within)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst.

(Exeunt)