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Macbeth - Power and Corruption (Polanski's the Tragedy of Macbeth)

By William Shakespeare

Fair is foul and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning or in rain?
When the hurlyburly's done.
When the battle's lost and won.
- That would be ere the set of sun.
- Where?
Upon the heath.
There to meet with Macbeth.
- What bloody man is that?
- Hail, friend!
Say to the king thy knowledge
of the broil as thou left it.
The merciless Macdonwald led
his rebellion from the Western Isles.
And fortune on
his damned quarrel smiled.
- But, brave Macbeth...
- He deserves that name.
- Carved out a passage
till he faced the slave.
And ne'er shook hands
nor bade farewell...
...till he unseamed him
from the nave to the chops.
Valiant cousin!
Upon this chance did
the Norwegian king...
...with new supplies of men,
begin a fresh assault.
Dismayed not this our captains,
Macbeth and Banquo?
Yes. As sparrows eagles,
or the hare the lion.
So well thy words become thee as
thy wounds. They smack of honour.
Go get him surgeons.
- God save the king.
- What news, worthy thane?
Norway, in terrible numbers...
...assisted by this traitor,
the Thane of Cawdor...
...began a dismal conflict till

Bellona's bridegroom, Macbeth...
...confronts the king arm against arm,
curbing his lavish spirit.
And to conclude,
the victory fell on us.
Great happiness! No more that thane
shall deceive our bosom interest.
Go pronounce his present death.
And with his former title,
greet Macbeth.
So foul and fair a day
I have not seen.
What are these?
So withered and wild
in their attire...
...that look not like
inhabitants of the Earth.
Speak, if you can.
What are you?
All hail, Macbeth.
Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis.
All hail, Macbeth.
Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor.
All hail, Macbeth,
that shall be king hereafter.
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
which outwardly you show?
My partner you greet with grace
and great prediction...
...that he seems rapt withal.
To me you speak not.
If you can look into
the seeds of time...
...and say which grain will grow
and which will not, speak to me...
...who neither beg nor fear
your favours nor your hate.
Hail! Lesser than Macbeth,
and greater.
Not so happy, yet much happier.
Thou shalt beget kings,
though thou be none.
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail.

Stay, you imperfect speakers!
Tell me more.
By Sinel's death,
I know I am Thane of Glamis.
But how of Cawdor?
Say from whence you owe
this intelligence.
Or why upon this heath you stop
our way with such prophetic greeting?
Whither are they vanished?
Into the air.
And what seemed corporal melted,
as breath into the wind.
Were such things here
as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
that takes reason prisoner?
Your children shall be kings.
You shall be king.
And Thane of Cawdor. Went it not so?
To the selfsame tune and words.
The Thane of Cawdor lives.
And to be king...
... stands not within
the prospect of belief.
No more than to be Cawdor.
The king hath happily received
the news of thy success.
Thick as hail came post with post,
and everyone did bear thy praises.
We are sent to give thee from
our royal master thanks, not pay thee.
And for an earnest of a greater
honour, he bade me call thee...
...Thane of Cawdor.
What?
Can the devil speak true?
He lives. Why do you
dress me in borrowed robes?
Who was the thane lives yet,
but that life he deserves to lose.
Treasons capital, confessed
and proved, have overthrown him.
Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor.

The greatest is behind.
Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope
your children shall be kings?
Those that gave Cawdor to me,
promised no less to them.
That, trusted home, might yet
enkindle you unto the crown...
...besides the Thane of Cawdor.
Often, to win us to our harm,
instruments of darkness tell truths.
Win us with honest trifles,
to betray us in deepest consequence.
This supernatural soliciting
cannot be ill...
... cannot be good.
If ill, why hath it given me earnest
of success, commencing in a truth?
I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield
to that suggestion...
... whose horrid image doth unfix
my hair and make my seated heart...
... knock at my ribs
against the use of nature?
Present fears are less
than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet
is but fantastical...
... shakes so my single state of man...
... that function is smothered
in surmise...
... and nothing is but what is not.
I thank you, gentlemen.
Look how our partner's rapt.
If chance will have me king,
chance may crown me without my stir.
Worthy Macbeth.
We stay upon your leisure.
Give me your favour, my dull brain
was wrought with things forgotten.
Let us to the king.
Long live the king.
Nothing in his life became him

like the leaving it.
He threw away the dearest thing he
owed as if it were a careless trifle.
There's no art to find
a mind's construction in the face.
On him I built an absolute trust.
"Hail, king that shalt be.
This have I thought good
to deliver thee...
...my dearest partner of greatness...
...that thou might not be ignorant
of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor...
...and shalt be what thou art promised.
Yet I do fear thy nature.
It is too full of the milk of human
kindness to catch the nearest way.
Thou wouldst be great...
... art not without ambition, but
without the illness should attend it.
What thou wouldst highly,
thou wouldst holily.
Wouldst not play false,
yet wouldst wrongly win.
Hie thee hither, that I may pour
my spirits in thine ear.
Hail, Macbeth!
Hail, Thane of Cawdor!
Worthiest cousin! The sin of
my ingratitude was heavy on me.
Only I have left to say, more is
thy due than more than all can pay.
The service and the loyalty
I owe pays itself.
Your part is to receive our duties.
Welcome. I have begun to plant thee
and will labour to make thee grow.
Noble Banquo,
that has no less deserved...
...let me enfold thee
and hold thee to my heart.
There if I grow,
the harvest is your own.

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.
Hail, Prince of Cumberland!
Hail, Prince of Cumberland!
Go hence to Inverness
and bind us further to you.
I'll go and make joyful the hearing
of my wife with your approach.
- So humbly take my leave.
- My worthy Cawdor.
It is a peerless kinsman.
The Prince of Cumberland!
That is a step on which I must
fall down, or else o'erleap.
For in my way it lies.
Macbeth! Macbeth!
Stars, hide your fires.
Let not light see my black
and deep desires.
Great Glamis. Worthy Cawdor.
Greater than both
by the all-hail hereafter.
Thy letter transported me
beyond this present...
...and I feel the future
in the instant.
My dearest love...
...Duncan comes here tonight.
- And when goes hence?
- Tomorrow, as he purposes.
Never shall sun that morrow see.
Your face is as a book
where men may read strange matters.
He that's coming must be provided for.
You shall put this night's
business into my dispatch.
We will speak further.
Look like the innocent flower,
but be the serpent under it.
Leave all the rest to me.

The raven croaks the fatal entrance
of Duncan under my battlements.
Come, you spirits that tend on
mortal thoughts. Unsex me here.
Fill me from the crown to the toe
top-full of direst cruelty.
Make thick my blood. Stop up
the access and passage to remorse...
... that no compunctious visitings
of nature shake my purpose.
This castle hath a pleasant seat.
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends
itself unto our gentle senses.
Come, thick night, pall thee
in the dunnest smoke of hell...
... that my keen knife
see not the wound it makes...
... nor heaven peep through
the dark to cry, "Hold!"
Fair and noble hostess,
we are your guest tonight.
Your servant ever.
Give me your hand.
Conduct me to mine host.
We love him highly and shall
continue our graces towards him.
If it were done when 'tis done,
then 'twere well it were done quickly.
If the assassination could
trammel up the consequence...
... and catch,
with his surcease, success.
That but this blow might be
the be-all and the end-all here.
But here, upon this bank
and shoal of time...
... we'd jump the life to come.
Health to this household!
But in these cases,
we still have judgement here...
... that we but teach
bloody instructions...
... which, being taught,
return to plague the inventor.

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 newborn 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 the other side.
- Why have you left the chamber?
- Hath he asked for me?
Know you not he has?
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 in their newest
gloss, not cast aside so soon.
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 act as in desire?
Prithee, peace.
Wouldst thou live a coward, letting
"I dare not" wait upon "I would"?
Like the poor cat in the adage?
I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none.
What beast was it then, that made you
break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it,
then you were a man.
To be more than what you were,
you would be so much more the man.
Hail, Thane of Cawdor.
If we should fail?
We fail.
But screw your courage to
the sticking-place and we'll not fail.
Duncan's two chamberlains
will I with wine so convince...
...that memory, the warder
of the brain, shall be a fume.
I'll drug their possets.
When in swinish sleep their drenched
natures lie as in a death...
...what cannot you and I perform
upon the unguarded Duncan?
Bring forth men-children only...
... for thy undaunted mettle
should compose nothing but males.
How goes the night?
The moon is down.
I have not heard the clock.
- She goes down at 12.
- I take it 'tis later, sir.
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 the thoughts
that nature gives way to in repose.
Who's there?

A friend.
What, sir, not yet at rest?
The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure...
...and sent great largess
to your offices.
Being unprepared, our will
became the servant to defect.
All's well.
I dreamt last night
of the three weird sisters.
- To you they have showed some truth.
- I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat
an hour to serve...
...we would spend it in words upon
that business if you'd grant the time.
At your kindest leisure.
It shall make honour for you.
So I lose none in seeking to
augment it. I shall be counselled.
Good repose the while.
Thanks, sir. The like to you.
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 marshal'st me the way
that I was going.
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools
of the 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 withered murder,
alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf...
... whose howl's his watch.
Thus with his stealthy pace,
with Tarquin's ravishing strides...
... towards his design
moves like a ghost.
Thou sure and firm-set earth...
... hear not my steps,
which way they walk...
... for fear the very stones prate
of my whereabouts.
Hear it not, Duncan...
... for it is a knell
that summons thee to heaven...
... or to hell.
I'm afraid they have awaked,
and 'tis not done.
The attempt and not the deed
confounds us.
Hark!
Peace! It was the owl that shrieked...
... the fatal bellman, which gives
the sternest good night.
My husband?
I have done the deed.
Didst thou not hear a noise?
I heard the owl and the crickets.
- Did not you speak? Now.
- As I descended?
- Ay.
- Hark!
- Who lies in the second chamber?
- Donalbain.

This is a sorry sight.
A foolish thought,
to say a sorry sight.
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.
Nature's second course,
chief nourisher in life's feast.
Still it cried to all the house,
"Glamis hath murdered sleep...
...and Cawdor shall sleep no more.
Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Who was it that thus cried?
These deeds must not be thought
after these ways so...
...it will make us mad.
Get some water, and wash
this filthy witness from your hands.
Why did you bring these daggers
from the place?
They must lie there.
I'll go no more.
I am afraid of what I have done.
Look on it again I dare not.
Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers.
If he do bleed...
...I'll gild the faces
of the grooms withal...
...for it must seem their guilt.
Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me,
when every noise appals me?
What hands are here?
They pluck out mine eyes!
Will great Neptune's ocean wash
this blood clean from my hand?
No, this my hand will rather...
...the multitudinous seas
incarnadine...

...making the green one red.
My hands are of your colour...
...but I scorn to wear
a heart so white.
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it, then!
Retire we to our chamber.
Get on your nightgown,
lest occasion show us to be watchers.
Be not lost so poorly
in your thoughts.
To know my deed,
'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking!
I would thou couldst.
Here's a knocking indeed!
If a man were porter of hell gate,
he'd have less turning the key.
Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?
Knock, knock. Who's there,
in the other devil's name?
Knock, knock.
Never at quiet. What are you?
One that goes the primrose way
to the everlasting bonfire?
I'll devil-porter it no further.
This place is too cold for hell.
Anon, anon!
Was it so late ere you went to bed,
that you lie so late?
We were carousing
till the second cock...
...and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.
- What three things?
- Nose-painting, sleep and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes
and it unprovokes.
It provokes the desire
but takes away the performance.
It makes you, it mars you,
it sets you on...
...it takes you off, it persuades you,
it disheartens you...

...it makes you stand to
and not stand to.

- Drink gave thee the lie last night.
- That it did.
- Is thy master stirring?
- Good morrow.
- Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
- Not yet.

He did command me to call timely.

I have almost slipped the hour.

I'll bring you to him.

This is the door.

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

- Goes the king hence today?
- He does. He did appoint so.

The night has been unruly.

Our chimneys were blown down.

And, as they say, lamentings heard
in the air, strange screams of death.

Some say the earth was feverous.

- 'Twas a rough night.
- Oh, horror!

Horror, horror! Confusion now
hath made his masterpiece!

Murder hath broke open
the Lord's anointed temple.

- What is it you say?
- Mean you His Majesty?

Do not bid me speak.

See, and then speak yourselves.

Awake!

Awake! Ring the alarm bell!

Murder and treason!

Malcolm and Donalbain!

Banquo! Awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's
counterfeit, and look on death itself!

Up! Up!

And see the great doom's image.

Fleance! Banquo!

Rise up as from your graves...

...and walk like spirits
to countenance this horror.

Ring the bell!
What's the business,
that a hideous trumpet calls...
...to parley the sleepers
of the house? Speak!
Gentle lady, 'tis not for you
to hear what I speak.
Banquo, our royal master's murdered.
Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Too cruel anywhere.
I prithee, contradict thyself,
and say it is not so.
Had I but died before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time.
There is nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys.
Renown and grace is dead.
- What is amiss?
- You are, and do not know it.
Your royal father's murdered.
By whom?
Those of his chambers, it seemed,
had done it.
They were all badged with blood.
So were their daggers.
O, yet I do repent me of my fury
that I did kill them.
Wherefore did you so?
Who can be wise, amazed,
temperate and furious...
...loyal and neutral
in a moment? No man!
Here lay Duncan,
his skin laced with his blood.
There the murderers, steeped
in the colours of their trade.
Who could refrain,
that had a heart to love?
And in that heart, courage
to make his love known?
Let's briefly put on manly readiness
and meet in the hall together...
...to question

this most bloody piece of work.

Fears and scruples shake us.

In the great hand of God I stand.

Against the undivulged pretence

I fight of treasonous malice.

- So do I.

- So all.

What will you do?

Let's not consort with them.

- I'll to England.

- To Ireland, I.

Our separated fortune shall

keep us both the safer.

Where we are,

there's daggers in men's smiles.

This murderous shaft that's shot

hath not yet lighted.

Therefore to horse.

And let us not be dainty

of leave-taking.

Shift away.

- How goes the world, Macduff?

- Why? See you not?

Is it known who did

this more than bloody deed?

- Those that Macbeth hath slain.

- What good could they expect?

They were suborned. Malcolm and

Donalbain, the king's sons, are fled...

...which puts upon them

suspicion of the deed.

Then 'tis most like the sovereignty

will fall upon Macbeth.

He's already named

and gone to Scone to be invested.

- Will you to Scone?

- No, cousin, I'll home to Fife.

Well, I will thither.

May you see things well done there.

Adieu.

Thou hast it now.

King, Cawdor, Glamis...

... all as the weird women promised.

And I fear thou play'dst

most foully for it.
Yet it was said it should not
stand in thy posterity.
But that myself should be
the root and father of many kings.
If there comes truth from them...
... may they not be
my oracles as well...
... and set me up in hope?
Hail, Macbeth!
Hail, King of Scotland!
Hail, Macbeth!
Hail, King of Scotland!
Here's our chief guest.
If he had been forgotten, it'd have
been a gap in our great feast.
Tonight we hold a solemn supper,
and I'll request your presence.
Let Your Highness command upon me...
...to the which my duties are with
a most indissoluble tie forever knit.
- Ride you this afternoon?
- Ay, my lord.
Is it far you ride?
As far as will fill up the time
'twixt this and supper.
- Fail not our feast.
- My lord, I will not.
We hear our bloody cousins are
in England and Ireland...
...not confessing
their cruel parricide.
But of that tomorrow. Hie you to
horse. Adieu till you return at night.
- Goes Fleance with you?
- Ay, my lord.
I wish your horses swift
and sure of foot. Farewell.
- Attend those men our leisure?
- They do.
Bring them before us.
To be thus is nothing,
but to be safely thus.
Our fears in Banquo stick deep.

In his royalty of nature...
...he hath a wisdom that doth guide
his valour to act in safety.
There is none but he
whose being do I fear.
And under him my genius is rebuked.
We'll keep ourself till suppertime
alone. Till then, God be with you.
He chid the sisters, when first
they put the name of king upon me...
... and bade them speak to him.
Then, prophet-like they hailed him...
... father to a line of kings.
Upon my head,
they placed a fruitless crown...
... and put a barren sceptre
in my grip.
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal
hand, no son of mine succeeding.
If it be so...
... for Banquo's sons
have I defiled my mind.
For them the gracious Duncan
have I murdered.
To make them kings.
The seeds of Banquo kings.
Stay within call.
- Was it not yesterday we spoke?
- It was, Your Highness.
Well then now, have you
considered of my speeches?
Know that it was he in times past
which held you under fortune...
...which you thought had been
our innocent self.
You made this known to us.
Is patience so predominant in
your nature that you can let this go?
Are you so gospelled to pray
for this man and for his issue...
...whose heavy hand has bowed you to
the grave and beggared yours forever?
We are men, my liege.
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.
And so of men.
Now, if you have a station
in the file...
...not in the worst rank
of manhood, say it.
And I will put that business
in your bosoms...
...whose execution takes
your enemy off...
...grapples you to the heart
and love of us...
...who wear our health
but sickly in his life...
...which in his death were perfect.
I am one whom the vile blows and
buffets of the world have so incensed...
...that I am reckless what I do
to spite the world.
And I another.
Both of you know
Banquo was your enemy.
- Ay, my lord.
- So is he mine!
Though I could with barefaced 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.
And thence it is, that I to
your assistance do make love...
...masking the business from the
common eye for sundry weighty reasons.
- We shall perform what you command.
- Your spirits shine through you.
It must be done tonight,
and some way from the palace.
And with him, to leave no rubs
nor botches in the work...
...Fleance, his son

that keeps him company...
...whose absence is no less material
to me than is his father's...
...must embrace the fate
of that dark hour.
- Resolve yourselves apart.
- We are resolved, my lord.
Advise them where
to plant themselves.
How now, my lord?
Why do you keep alone...
...of sorriest fancies
your companions making?
Things without all remedy should be
without regard. What's done is done.
We have scorched the snake,
not killed it.
But let the frame of things disjoint.
Ere we'll eat our meal in fear...
...and sleep in the affliction of the
terrible dreams that shake us nightly.
Better be with the dead...
...than on the torture of the mind
to lie in restless ecstasy.
Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever,
he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst.
Not steel, nor poison...
...malice domestic, foreign levy,
nothing can touch him further.
Come on. Gentle, my lord.
Sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial
among your guests tonight.
So shall I, love.
And so, I pray, be you.
Full of scorpions is my mind,
dear wife.
Thou knowst that Banquo
and his Fleance live.
But in them nature's copy
is not eterne.
There's comfort yet.

They are assailable.
Then be thou jocund.
Ere the bat hath flown
his cloistered flight...
...ere to black Hecate's summons...
...the shard-borne beetle
with his drowsy hums...
...hath rung night's yawning peal...
...there shall be done a deed
of dreadful note.
What's to be done?
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 prey do rouse.
- Who did bid thee join with us?
- Macbeth.
He needs not our mistrust
since he delivers our offices...
...and what we have to do
to the direction just.
Well, stand with us. The west yet
glimmers with some streaks of day.
And near approaches
the subject of our watch.
By the clock 'tis day...
...and yet dark night strangles
the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance
or the day's shame...
...that darkness does
the face of earth entomb...
...when living light should kiss it?

It will be rain tonight.
Let it come down!
Treachery!
Fly, good Fleance, fly!
Fly!
Fly!
There's blood upon thy face.
- 'Tis Banquo's then.
- Is he despatched?
His throat is cut.
That I did for him.
Thou art the best of the cutthroats.
Yet he's good that did
the like for Fleance.
If thou didst that,
thou art the nonpareil.
Most royal sir, Fleance is escaped.
Then comes my fit again.
I had else been perfect, whole as
the marble, founded as the rock.
But now I am cabined, confined,
bound in to saucy doubts and fears.
- But Banquo's safe?
- Ay, my good lord.
Safe in a ditch he bides,
with 20 trenched gashes on his head.
There the grown serpent lies.
The worm that's fled hath nature
that in time will venom breed.
No teeth for the present.
Get thee gone.
Tomorrow we'll hear ourselves again.
You know your own degrees. Sit down.
At first and last, a hearty welcome.
Thanks to Your Majesty.
Our hostess keeps her state.
Ourselves will mingle with society
and play the humble host.
- My lord, you do not give the cheer.
- Sweet remembrancer.
I drink to the general joy
of the whole table...
...and to our dear friend Banquo,
whom we miss. Would he were here.

Banquo!

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

May it please Your Highness, sit.

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

- The table's full.

- Here is a place reserved, sir.

- Where?

- Here, my good lord.

- Which of you have done this?

- What, my lord?

Thou canst not say I did it.

- Never shake thy gory locks at me.

- His Highness is not well.

Sit, friends. My lord is often thus
and hath been from his youth.

Keep seat. The fit is momentary.

Upon a thought he will again be well.

Are you a man?

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

O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting
of your fear.

This is the air-drawn dagger you said
led you to Duncan. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When
all's done, you look but on a stool.

Prithee, see there!

Behold! Look! How say you?

Avaunt, and quit my sight! Thy bones
are marrowless, thy blood is cold.

Thou hast no speculation in those
eyes which thou dost glare with.

What man dare, I dare.

Take any shape but that,
and my nerves shall never tremble.

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

What?

Quite unmanned in folly.

- Lf I stand here, I saw him.

- Fie, for shame!

Blood hath been shed ere now,
in the olden time.
And since too, murders have been
performed too terrible for the ear.
Time has been that when the brains
were out, a man would die...
...and there an end.
But now they rise again, with
You've displaced the mirth, broke the
meeting with most admired disorder.
Can such things be and overwhelm us
like a summer's cloud...
...without our special wonder?
You make me strange, even
to the disposition that I owe.
When now I think
you can behold such sights...
...and keep the natural ruby
of your cheeks...
...when mine is blanched with fear.
What sights, my lord?
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.
Good night. And better health
attend His Majesty.
Kind good night to all.
It will have blood.
They say blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move
and trees to speak.
What is the night?
Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.
How sayst thou, that Macduff denies
his person at our great bidding?
How know you this, my lord?
I hear it by the way.
There's not a one of them, but
in his house I keep a servant paid.
You lack the season

of all natures, sleep.
Come, we'll to sleep.
I must again to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak.
For now I am bent to know,
by the worst means, the worst.
For mine own good,
all causes shall give way.
I'm in blood, stepped in so far
that should I wade no more...
...returning were
as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head
that will to hand...
...which must be acted,
ere they may be scanned.
We are yet but young in deed.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
something wicked this way comes.
How now, you secret, black and
midnight hags? What is it you do?
A deed without a name.
Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn, cauldron bubble.
Toad that under cold stone,
days and nights has 31.
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
boil thou first in the charmed pot.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
wool of bat and tongue of dog.
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
lizard's leg and howlet's wing.
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
slivered in the moon's eclipse.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
in the cauldron boil and bake.
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
gall of goat and slips of yew.
I conjure you, by that which you
profess, howe'er you know it.
- Answer me to what I ask you.
- Speak!
- Demand.
- We'll answer.

Say if thou'dst hear it from
our mouths, or from our masters.
Call them, let me see them.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
then the charm is firm and good.
- Tell me, unknown power...
- He knows thy thought.
Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.
Beware Macduff.
Beware the Thane of Fife.
Thou hast harped my fear aright.
- But one word more...
- He will not be commanded.
Be bloody, bold and resolute.
Laugh to scorn the power of man.
For none of woman born
shall harm Macbeth.
None of woman born
shall harm Macbeth.
Then live Macduff.
What need I fear of thee?
But I'll make assurance double sure
and take a bond of fate.
Thou shalt not live!
- Macbeth shall never vanquished be.
- Never, never.
Until Great Birnam Wood...
...to high Dunsinane Hill
shall come against him.
That will never be!
Who can recruit the forest?
Bid the tree unfix
his earth-bound root?
Sweet bodements, good!
Yet my heart throbs
to know one thing:
- Shall Banquo's issue ever reign?
- Seek to know no more.
I will be satisfied! Deny me this
and an eternal curse fall on you!
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.
What, will the line stretch out
to the crack of doom?

Now I see 'tis true.
For the blood-boltered Banquo
smiles upon me...
...and points at them for his!
Where are they?
Gone!
Infected be the air whereon they ride!
And damned all those that trust them!
Macduff is fled.
- Where does he bestow himself?
- In the English court.
Where lives the son of Duncan.
Thither Macduff is gone to pray
the holy king upon his aid...
...to wake Northumberland
and warlike Seyward.
By the help of these, we may again
give to our tables meat...
...sleep to our nights,
our feasts free from bloody knives.
Some holy angel fly to England...
...that a swift blessing may soon
return to this, our suffering country.
Gentle lady.
Gracious Duncan's dead.
Gracious Duncan was pitied
of Macbeth. Marry, he was dead.
The valiant Banquo walked too late.
Whom, you may say, Fleance killed,
for Fleance fled.
Man must not walk too late.
How monstrous it was for Malcolm
and Donalbain to kill their father.
Damned, indeed.
How it did grieve Macbeth.
- Had he Duncan's sons under his key...
- As, an't please heaven, he shall not.
They should find what
it were to kill a father.
So should Fleance.
Peace.
What news?
Macduff is fled to England.
- Fled to England?

- Ay, my good lord.
Time, thou anticipat'st
my dread exploits.
The castle of Macduff
I will surprise. Seize upon Fife.
Give to the edge of the sword
his wife, his babes...
... and all unfortunate souls
that trace him in his line.
No boasting like a fool.
This deed I'll do
before the purpose cool.
You must have patience.
He had none. His flight was madness.
Our fears do make us traitors.
You know not if it was wisdom or fear.
To leave his wife and his babes in
a place from whence himself does fly?
He loves us not.
He wants a natural touch.
The wren, the most diminutive bird,
will fight...
...her young in the nest,
against the owl.
- All is the fear, nothing is the love.
- Dear coz, pray, school yourself.
But for your husband,
he is noble, wise, judicious...
...and best knows the fits
of the season.
I take my leave of you. Shall not
be long but I'll be here again.
Things at their worst will cease...
...or else climb upward
to what they were before.
My pretty cousin,
blessing upon you.
Fathered he is,
and yet he's fatherless.
I take my leave at once.
- How wilt thou do for a father?
- How will you do for a husband?
Why, I can buy me 20 at any market.
- Was my father a traitor?

- Ay, that he was.
- What is a traitor?
- Why, one that swears and lies.
Be all traitors that do so?
Everyone that does so is a traitor
and must be hanged.
- Who must hang them?
- The honest men.
The liars are fools, for there are
enough of them to hang the honest men.
- God help thee, poor monkey.
- Lf he were dead, you'd weep for him.
Where's your husband?
I hope in no place so unsanctified,
where such as thou mayst find him.
He's a traitor.
- Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!
- What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery!
He has killed me, Mother.
Besides her walking and other actual
performances, what has she said?
That which I will not report after her.
You may to a doctor.
'Tis most meet you should.
Neither to you, nor anyone, having
no witness to confirm my speech.
- Her eyes are open.
- Ay, but their sense is shut.
- What is it she does now?
- An accustomed action.
To seem thus washing her hands.
Yet here's a spot.
Out, damned spot.
Out, I say!
One.
Two.
Why then 'tis time to do it.
Hell is murky.
Fie, my lord, fie!
A soldier and afeard?
What need we fear who knows it, when
none can call our power to account?
Yet who'd have thought the old man

to have so much blood in him?
Well, well!
The Thane of Fife had a wife.
Where is she now?
What, will these hands
ne'er be clean?
No more of that, my lord.
You mar all with this starting.
Go to. You have known
what you should not.
She has spoke what she should not,
I am sure of that.
Here's the smell of blood still.
All the perfumes of Arabia will not
sweeten this little hand.
What a sigh is there!
The heart is sorely charged.
Wash your hands,
put on your nightgown.
Look not so pale.
I tell you, Banquo's buried.
He cannot come out of his grave.
Even so?
To bed, to bed.
Come. Come.
Come, give me your hand.
What's done cannot be undone.
To bed, to bed.
More needs she the divine
than the physician.
God! God forgive us all.
Look after her. Remove from her means
of annoyance and keep eyes upon her.
- Good night.
- Good night, good doctor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Not so sick, as she's troubled with
fancies that keep her from her sleep.
Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister
to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
Raze out the written troubles
of the brain?

And with some sweet,
oblivious antidote...
...cleanse the bosom of that perilous
stuff which weighs upon the heart?
Therein the patient
must minister to himself.
Throw physic to the dogs.
Bring me no more reports.
Let them fly. All!
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 pronounced me thus:
"Fear not. No man that's born of woman
shall e'er have power upon thee."
Then fly, false thanes...
...and mingle
with the English epicures!
Our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds.
And each new day
a gash is added to her wounds.
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.
Who comes here?
A countryman
who seems a stranger to us.
My ever gentle cousin.
Welcome hither.
- Stands Scotland where it did?
- Alas, poor country.
Afraid to know itself. It cannot
be called our mother, but our grave.
- What's the newest grief?
- Each minute teems a new one.
- How does my wife?
- Well.
- And my children?

- Well too.
- The tyrant has not battered at them?
- No. They were well at peace.
Be not a niggard of speech.
How goes it?
Your eye in Scotland will create
soldiers, make our women fight.
We are coming thither.
Gracious England hath lent us
good Seyward and 10,000 men.
An older and a better soldier none
that Christendom gives out.
Would I could answer
this comfort with the like.
But I have words that
will be howled out...
...where hearing should not catch them.
- What concern they?
- The main part pertains to you.
If it be mine, keep it not from me.
Quickly, let me have it.
Your castle is surprised,
your wife and babes slaughtered.
Merciful heaven.
What, man!
Ne'er put your hat upon your brows.
Give sorrow words.
My children too?
Wife, children, servants.
All that could be found.
- And I must be from thence. My wife?
- I have said.
Be comforted. Let's make us
medicines of our great revenge...
...to cure this deadly grief.
He has no children.
All my pretty ones!
Did you say all?
Hell-kite! What, all my chickens
and their dam at one fell swoop?
Dispute it like a man.
I shall do so, but I must
also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember

such things were...
...that were most precious to me.
Did the heaven look on
and would not take their part?
Sinful Macduff,
they were struck for thee.
Not for their own demerits, but for
mine, fell slaughter on their souls.
Heaven rest them now.
Be this the whetstone of your sword.
Let grief convert to anger.
Blunt not the heart, enrage it!
Gentle heavens,
cut short all intermission.
Front to front bring thou
this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Our power is ready.
Macbeth is ripe for shaking.
Within my sword's length set him.
If he escape, heaven forgive him too.
- What does the tyrant?
- Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad. Others, that
lesser hate him, call it valiant fury.
Those he commands move in command.
Nothing in love.
He feels his title
hang loose about him...
...like a giant's robe
upon a dwarfish thief.
All that is within him
does condemn itself.
The English power is near,
led by Malcolm, Seyward and Macduff.
Near Birnam Wood shall we meet them.
That way are they coming.
The devil damn thee black, thou loon!
Where gotst thou that goose look?
There is 10,000...
- Geese? Villain?
- Soldiers, sir.
Thou lily-livered boy.
What soldiers, patch?
Those linen cheeks of thine

are counsellors to fear.
What soldiers, whey-face?
The English force, so please you.
Seyton! Take thy face hence.
I am sick at heart, when I behold...
Seyton, I say!
I have lived long enough.
My way of life is fallen
into the sear, the yellow leaf.
And that which should accompany
old age, as honour, love...
... obedience, troops of friends...
... I must not look to have.
But in their stead, curses...
... not loud, but deep.
Mouth-honour...
... breath which the poor heart
would fain deny and dare not.
- Seyton!
- What's your gracious pleasure?
- What news more?
- All is confirmed which was reported.
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh
be hacked! Give me my armour!
- 'Tis not needed yet.
- I'll put it on.
Send out more horses,
scour the country.
Hang those that talk of fear.
Come, put mine armour on,
give me my sword.
Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, despatch.
If thou couldst, doctor,
cast the water of my land...
...find her disease and purge it
to a sound and pristine health.
I would applaud thee to the very echo
that should applaud again.
Pull it off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna
or what purgative drug...
...would scour these English hence?
Hearst thou of them?

Ay, my good lord. Your royal
preparation makes us hear something.
I will not be afraid
of death or bane...
...till Birnam Forest come
to Dunsinane.
Were I from Dunsinane
away and clear...
...profit again should
hardly draw me here.
- What wood is this before us?
- The wood of Birnam.
"They met me in the day of success.
And I have learned by
the perfect'st report...
...they have more in them
than mortal knowledge.
While I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came...
...missives from the king,
who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor...
...by which title, before,
these weird sisters saluted me...
...and referred me to
the coming on of time with:
'Hail, king that shall be! '
This have I thought good to
deliver thee, my dearest partner...
...that thou mightst not be...
...ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."
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 stuffed with
those that should be ours...
...we might have met them daring,
and beat them backward.
What is that noise?

I've almost forgot the taste of fear.
The time has been, my senses would
have cooled to hear a night-shriek.
My fell of hair...
...would at a dismal treatise
rouse and stir as life were in it.
I have supped full with horrors.
Wherefore was that cry?
The queen, my lord, is dead.
She should have died hereafter.
There would have been
a time for such a word.
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...
... creeps in this petty pace
from day to day...
... to the last syllable
of recorded time.
And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools the way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle.
Life's but a walking shadow.
A poor player 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.
Gracious, my lord!
Thy story, quickly!
I should report that which I saw,
but know not how.
Well? Say, sir.
As I did stand my watch,
I looked toward Birnam.
And anon, methought,
the wood began to move.
Liar and slave!
Within a mile may you see it coming.
A moving grove.
If thou speakest false, upon the next
tree shalt thou hang alive...
...till famine cling thee.
Fear not till Birnam Wood
do come to Dunsinane.

And now a wood comes
towards Dunsinane.
Every soldier hath downed a bough
and bears it before him.
Thereby they shadow the number
of their host...
...and make discovery err
in report of them.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun.
And wish the estate of the world
were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell!
Blow, wind! Come, wrack! At least
we'll die with harness on our back.
Make all our trumpets speak.
Worthy Macduff, you, with young
Seyward, lead our first assault.
Tyrant, show thy face!
Let me find him, Fortune.
And more I beg not.
If thou be slain and
with no sword of mine...
...my wife and children's ghosts
will haunt me still.
- What is thy name?
- Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
No, though thou callst thyself
a hotter name than any in hell!
My name's Macbeth!
The devil could not pronounce
a title more hateful.
- No, nor more fearful.
- Thou liest, abhorred tyrant!
With my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speakst.
Thou werest born of woman.
They have tied me to the stake.
I cannot fly. But bearlike
I must fight the course!
Why should I play the Roman fool
and die on mine own sword...
...while I see lives
that gashes do better on them?
What's he that was not born of woman?

Such a one am I to fear, or none.
Turn, hell-hound! Turn!
Of all men else, I have avoided thee.
I have no words.
My voice is in my sword.
Thou bloodier villain
than terms can give thee out!
My soul...
...is too much charged
with blood of thine already.
Let fall thy blade
on vulnerable crests.
I bear a charmed life...
...which must not yield
to one of woman born!
Despair thy charm and let the angel
whom thou hast served tell thee...
...Macduff was from his mother's womb
untimely ripped.
Accursed be that tongue
that tells me so...
... for it hath cowed
my better part of man.
And be these juggling fiends no more
believed that palter with us.
That keep the word of promise
to our ear and break it to our hope.
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 opposed being
of no woman born...
...yet I will try the last.
Lay on, Macduff.
And damned be him that first cries,
"Hold, enough!"
So great a day as this
is cheaply bought.
Hail, king, for so thou art.
Behold where lies

the usurper's cursed head.

The time is free.

Hail, King of Scotland!

Hail, King of Scotland!