

Macbeth -- a TV production directed by
George Schaefer for NBC (1954)

00:00:00

<voiceover> xxxxxx "Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson
in Macbeth"

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.
3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
1 Witch. I come, Grey-malkin.
2 Witch. Paddock calls -- anon.
1 Witch. Fair is foul, --
3 Witch. And foul is fair. --
All. Hover through the fog and filthy air.

00:00:47

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, xxxxxx
Malcolm. xxxxxx
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. -- Hail, brave friend.
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Sergeant. God save the king!
Duncan. Whence camest thou, worthy friend?
Sergeant. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Duncan. Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sergeant. Yes --
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
They doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit -- and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Duncan. Great happiness!

Sergeant. I am faint -- my gashes cry for help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.

They smack of honour both. -- Go get him surgeons. --

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death --

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

00:02:37

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched. Give me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed runnion cried.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger.

But in a sieve I'd thither sail

And like a rat without a tail

I'll do, I'll do and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou'rt kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other.

I will 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.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

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

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

1 Witch. The weird sisters, --

2 Witch. Hand in hand, --

3 Witch. Posters of the sea and land, --

All. Thus do go about, about.

1 Witch. Thrice to thine, --

2 Witch. And thrice to mine, --

All. And thrice again -- to make up nine.

1 Witch. Peace -- the charm's wound up.

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

Banquo. How far is't called to Forres? -- What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants of the earth

And yet are on it? -- 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.

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

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

Voices above. Glamis!

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

Voices above. Cawdor!

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

Voices above. King!

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? -- In the 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.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater!

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier!

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none!

1 Witch. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

All. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

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

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis --

But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives --

A prosperous gentleman. And to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting.

Speak, I charge you.

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they 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 the self-same tune and words. -- Who's here?

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success -- and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his.

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

Ross. 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.

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives.

Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. Thanks for your pains.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. Glamis and thane of Cawdor --
The greatest is behind. -- Thanks for your pains. --
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. 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. --
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen. --
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 makes 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.
If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.
New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. 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 registered
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let us toward the king. -- Think upon
What hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough. -- Come, friend.

00:10:45

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Are not those in commission yet returned?

Malcolm. My noble father, they are not yet come back.

But I have spoke with one that saw him die,
Who did report that very frankly he
Confessed 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 greatest treasure
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.

Who comes here?

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross.

And with him our captains, Macbeth and Banquo.
Duncan. O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Would thou hadst less deserved,
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's part is to receive our duties,
And our duties are, to your throne and state,
Children and servants, which do but what they should
In doing everything safe towards 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 hath no less deserved, 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 fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
Worthy Cawdor! From hence to Dunsinane,
And bind us further to you.
Macbeth. I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach.
So humbly take my leave.
Duncan. 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 has gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman.

00:13:10

Lady Macbeth. "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles 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 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 promised 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 of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great --
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily -- would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongly win.
Thou'd'st 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 to 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 crowned withal. --

What is your tidings?
Seyton. The king comes here tonight.
Lady Macbeth. Thou art mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? -- who, were it so,
Would have informed for preparation.
Seyton. 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 Macbeth. Give him tending --
He brings great news.

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 the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The 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! --

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. Oh, 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.

00:18:47

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat.

The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress nor coigne of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Duncan. See, see, our noble hostess! --

The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield 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
Heaped up to them, we rest your hermits.
Duncan. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed 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 hold him
To his home before us. Fair and honoured hostess,
We are your guest tonight.
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.

00:20:53

Duncan. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We shall 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.
All. All hail, the prince of Cumberland!
Macbeth. 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.

00:22:18

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. But in these cases
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients 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 cherubim, 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.

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 of 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 afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life --
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in the adage.

Macbeth. Prithee, peace.

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

Lady Macbeth. What beast was it then

That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man --
And, to be more 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 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 xxxxxx
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
The 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.
Lady Macbeth. Away, and mock the time with fairest show.

00:27:18

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Duncan. Fair and honoured hostess,
We are in measureless content.
Lady Macbeth. Sweet repose attend your majesty.

00:27:48

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. -- Who's there?

Macbeth. A friend!

Banquo. What, sir, not yet in bed? The king's abed.
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.

Macbeth. Being unprepared,
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 showed some truth.

Macbeth. I think not of them.

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,
I 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.

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. -- Get thee to bed. --

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 marshallest 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 that 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,
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.
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.

00:33:27

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 bell-man 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.
Macbeth. Who's there? Ho?
Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. -- Hark! -- I laid the daggers ready --
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it. --
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 in the 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 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.

Listening 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 I not 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 xxxxxx

Macbeth. xxxxxx

I am afraid to think what I have xxxxxx

Lady Macbeth. xxxxxx purpose!

xxxxxx sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood

xxxxxx a painted devil. -- If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

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.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.
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. Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.

00:38:06

Porter. Here's knocking indeed. If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock,
knock, knock. Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation
of plenty. Come in time. Have napkins enow about you.
Here you'll sweat for it. Knock, knock. Who's there,
in the 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. Oh, come in, equivocator.
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. Anon, anon.

I pray you, remember the porter.
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 -- 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, in the very throat on me.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awakened him. Here he comes. --

Ross. 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 slipped 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.

That is the door.

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

Ross. Goes the king hence today?

Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.

Ross. The night has been unruly.

Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down,
And, as they say, lamentings heard in the air,
Strange screams of death --

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time.

The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.

Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Ross. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Macduff. Oh, horror, horror, horror!

Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macbeth. What's the matter?

Macduff. Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
The life of the building.

Macbeth. What is it you say -- the life?

Ross. 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. Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain, Malcolm, awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

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 sprights,
To countenance this horror.

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

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

Oh, Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered.

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

All. Too cruel anywhere.

Banquo. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself
And say it is not so.

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.

Donalbain. What is amiss?

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

Macduff. Your royal father's murdered.

Donalbain. No!

Malcolm. By whom?

Ross. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood --
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

Macduff. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood --
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breeched 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. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Donalbain. Let's away.
Banquo. Look to the lady --
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 undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
All. So all.
Ross. In God's name.
Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness
And meet in the hall together.
All. Well contented.

00:46:13

Malcolm. xxxxxx What will you do?
This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted -- and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. 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. 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.

00:47:06

<caption> "Macbeth Act II"

<voiceover> "Several months have passed, and Macbeth,
having murdered King Duncan, has now himself succeeded
to the throne."

Banquo. 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 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? -- Hush, no more.

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. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Let your highness'
Command be 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 tomorrow.
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 that Duncan's sons are now bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
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 lord. Our time does call upon us.

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

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.

Sirrah, xxxxxx Attend those men our leisure?

Seyton. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us.

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 feared. '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. 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 gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind --
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered --
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. --
Now stay here till we call.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. Well then, now --

Have you considered of my speeches --
Know that it was Banquo, in times past,
That held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent self?

1 Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. Do you find your patience so predominant

In your nature that you can let this go?
Are you so gospelled to pray for this good man,
And for his issue, whose heavy hand
Hath bowed you to the grave and beggared
Yours for ever?

2 Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, I am reckless what I do
To spite the world.

1 Murderer. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on it.

Macbeth. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

1 Murderer. 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 bare-faced 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
Whom 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.

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

1 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 of the time,
The moment on't -- for it must be done tonight,
And something from the palace -- always thought,
That Fleance, his son, who bears him company,
Must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. -- Resolve yourselves apart --
I'll call upon you straight.

1 Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth. Abide within.
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

<caption> "ONE MOMENT PLEASE WHILE WE CHANGE REELS"

00:53:55

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Gentlewoman. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

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

Gentlewoman. Madam, I will.

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.

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 scotched the snake, not killed 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 keep 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 tonight.

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. 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 etern.

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

Lady 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
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. --
Thou marvell'st at my words -- but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

00:58:16

1 Murderer. Who bid thee join with us?

Seyton. Macbeth.

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

1 Murderer. Stand with us. --

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

Seyton. Hark! -- I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light, there -- ho!

2 Murderer. Then 'tis he.

The rest that are within the note of expectation
Already are in the court.

1 Murderer. His horses go about.

Seyton. Almost a mile -- but he does usually --
So all men do -- from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

2 Murderer. A light, a light!

Seyton. 'Tis he.

1 Murderer. Stand to!

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

1 Murderer. Let it come down!

Banquo. Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou may'st revenge -- Oh, treachery!

Seyton. Who struck out the light?

1 Murderer. Was't not the way?

Seyton. There's but one down. The son is fled.

2 Murderer. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 Murderer. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

00:59:52

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. 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.

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit in the midst.

Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.

There's blood upon thy face.

1 Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatched?

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

Macbeth. Thou art the best of the cut-throats.

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

If thou didst it, thou art the non-pareil.

Seyton. Most royal sir,

Fleance escaped.

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 cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?

1 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 the present. -- Get thee gone. Tomorrow

We'll hear ourselves again.

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold

That it is not often vouched, 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.

Lennox. May it please your highness sit?

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present --

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance.

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. -- Please't your highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. --

What is it that moves your highness?
Macbeth. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.
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. Oh, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts --
Impostors to true fear -- would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth. Prithee, 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.

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time.
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And then 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 the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here. To all and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Banquo's Ghost. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless and thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other.
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Pray you, sit still.

Macbeth. Why so, being gone, I am a man again.

Lady Macbeth. You have displaced 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 blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you, sit still. He grows worse and
worse.

Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lennox. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady Macbeth. A kind goodnight to all.

Angus. I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth -- marry, he was dead --
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact --
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Ross. Was that not nobly done?
Angus. Ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that I say
He has borne all things well. I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key --
As an't please heaven he shall not -- they should find
What 'twere to kill a father. Sir, can you tell
Where they bestow themselves?

Ross. The son of Duncan,
Lives in the English court. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the English king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That with the help of these -- with Him above
To ratify the work -- we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now.

Angus. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accursed.

Ross. I'll send my prayers with him.

01:08:14

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 maggot-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 tomorrow --
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
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,

That must be acted ere they may be scanned.
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.

1 Witch. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth --
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me -- enough.

2 Witch. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth --
Be bloody, bold and resolute. Laugh to scorn
The power of man -- for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

3 Witch. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macbeth. 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. Where are they? -- Gone? --
Let this pernicious hour
Stand eye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Seyton. What's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Seyton. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Seyton. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them. -- I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

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

Macbeth. Fled to England?

Seyton. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits!
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,

Seize upon Fife, give to 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.
But no more sights!

01:13:49

<caption> "Macduff's Castle at Fife"

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

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love.

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself. Your husband, Macduff,

Is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits of the season.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here. Hence with your little ones.

I dare abide no longer.

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm.

Ross. I dare not speak much further.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before. -- My pretty cousin,

Blessing upon you.

Lady Macduff. Fathered he is,

And yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father's dead.

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Young Macduff. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

Young Macduff. xxxxxx father is not dead, for all your
saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead.

How wilt thou do for a father?

Young Macduff. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

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

Young Macduff. 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.
Young Macduff. Was my father a traitor, mother?
Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.
Young Macduff. What is a traitor?
Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.
Young Macduff. And be all traitors, that do so?
Lady Macduff. Everyone that does so is a traitor,
And must be hanged.
Young Macduff. And must they all be hanged, that swear
and lie?
Lady Macduff. Every one.
Young Macduff. Who must hang them?
Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.
Young Macduff. Then the liars and swearers are fools --
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
honest men and hang up them.
Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

What are these faces?
1 Murderer. Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.
1 Murderer. He's a traitor.
Young Macduff. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain.
1 Murderer. What, you egg!
Lady Macduff. Murder, murder, murder!
1 Murderer. Young fry of treachery!
Young Macduff. He has killed me, mother.
Run away, I pray you.

01:16:56

<caption> "England the Royal Palace"

Macduff. xxxxxx
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.
Malcolm. 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 touched you yet. I am young -- but something
You may deserve of him through me.
Macduff. I am not treacherous.
Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may submit
To an imperial charge.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes. 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. See who comes here?

Macduff. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers.

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace.

Ross. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

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

Ross. I have words
That would be howled 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?

Ross. 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.

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

Macduff. I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!
What, man, give sorrow words.

The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

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

Ross. I have said.

Macduff. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? Oh, 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? Heaven rest them now.

Ross. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief

Convert to anger -- blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes

And braggard 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. Let's make us medicines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief. What I am truly

Is thine and my poor country's to command --

There would be hands uplifted in my right --

And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands. Come, go we to the king.

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.

01:21:44

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last
walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, 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 slumbery 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 anyone, having no witness
to confirm my speech.

Lo you, here she comes. Observe her -- stand close. This is her very guise -- and, upon my life, fast asleep.
Doctor. How came she by that light?
Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually -- 'tis her command.
Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.
Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. Look what she does now. See 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. 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 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 would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? The thane of Fife had a wife -- where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that -- you mar all with this starting.

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

Gentlewoman. She has spoken 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.

Doctor. Oh, what a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

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

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice -- yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands -- put on your night-gown -- look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried -- he cannot come out on's grave. To bed, to bed. There's knocking at the gate. Come. Come, come. Come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

01:27:40

Menteith. The English power is near,
Led on by Malcolm, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them -- for their dear causes

Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.
Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we meet them. That way are they coming.
Menteith. What does the tyrant?
Caithness. 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 distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.
Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands.
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.
Caithness. Well, march we on.
Menteith. Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Angus. Make we our march towards Birnam.

01:28:39

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? 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.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced 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-livered boy. What soldiers, whey-face?
Servant. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Take thy face hence. -- Seyton! -- I am sick at
heart
When I behold -- Seyton, I say! -- This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
I have 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 news more?

Seyton. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

Give me my armour.

Seyton. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. -- Give me my armour. --

Doctor, how does your patient?

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 diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the sluffed bosom of that perilous stuff

That 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 my my sword. --

Seyton, send out! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --

Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast

The waters of my land, find her disease

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo

Which would applaud again. -- Pull't off, I say. --

What rhubarb, senna, what purgative drug

Could 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.

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

01:31:52

Malcolm. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear't before him.

Menteith. It shall be done.

Malcolm. Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Caithness. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down before it.

Malcolm. 'Tis his main hope --
For where there is advantage to be given
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.
Towards which, advance the war.

01:32:43

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. -- What is that noise?

Seyton. The cry of women, my good lord.

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
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 supped full with horrors.
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?

Doctor. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. 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
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.

Messenger. Gracious my lord --

Macbeth. Thou comest 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 it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
xxxxxxx

The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath if it 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 pall 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 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.

01:36:40

Malcolm. Now near enough. Your leafy screen throw down
And show like those you are. -- You, worthy Macduff,
Shall lead our first assault -- and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak -- give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

01:37:14

Macbeth. They have tied me to the 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.

01:37:29

Macduff. 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 kerns whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. -- Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not.

Menteith. This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Caithness. Enter, sir, the castle.

01:38:25

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? While I see lives, the gashes
Do better on them.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back. My soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words.

My voice is is my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

Macbeth. Thou lovest labour.

As easy as 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, that must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm --

And let the angel that thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth. Cursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it has cowed my better part of man.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense --
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. -- I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze of the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon 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 opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet will I try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold where lies
The usurper's cursed head. The time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland.

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves
And make us even with you. What's more to do,
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 crowned at Scone.

01:42:40

Macbeth	Maurice Evans
Lady Macbeth	Judith Anderson
First Witch	Jane Rose
Second Witch	Frieda Altman
Third Witch	Maud Sheerer
Duncan	House Jameson
Malcolm	Roger Hamilton
Sergeant	William Woodson
Ross	Guy Sorel
Banquo	Staats Cotsworth
Angus	Michael Kane
Seyton	Basil Langton
Fleance	John Reese
Porter	Pat O'Malley
Macduff	Richard Waring
Donaldbain	Peter Fernandez
Doctor	Noel Leslie
First Murderer	George Ebeling
Second Murderer	Robert Carricart
Menteith	Ford Rainey
Lady Macduff	Margot Stevenson
Young Macduff	Rhoden Streeter
Gentlewoman	Nan McFarland
Caithness	Edwin Jerome
Servant	Val Wrenne
Messenger	Roy Dean

Music composed and conducted by	Lehman Engel
Settings by	Otis Riggs
Costumes	Noel Taylor
Makeup and hairstyles	Nina Blanchard Ernest Adler
Duels staged by	Rod Colvin
Technical Director	Robert Long
Associate Director	Sutton Roley
Associate Producers	Mildred Freed Alberg Emmett Rogers
NBC Producer-Director	Hudson Faussett
Executive Producer	Jack Rayel
Directed by	George Schaefer

A Maurice Evans Production in cooperation with NBC