

Macbeth -- a movie directed by Orson Welles (1948)

00:00:21

Witches. Double, double, toil and trouble.

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Witch. Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow.

Witch. Grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

Witch. Finger of birth-strangled babe

Witch. Ditch-delivered by a drab,

Witch. Make the gruel thick and slab.
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
For a charm of powerful trouble.

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

Witch. When the hurly-burly's done, --

Witch. When the battle's lost and won.

Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

00:02:47

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

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

Witch. A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

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

Banquo. What are these,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on't?

Macbeth. Speak if you can. What are you?

Witch. Hail!

Macbeth. What is't you do?

Witch. Hail!

Witch. Hail!

Witch. Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

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

Witch. Hail!

Witch. Hail!

Witch. Hail!

Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, --

Witch. -- and greater!

Witch. Not so happy, --

Witch. -- yet much happier!

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

Witches. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Holy Father. Go herefrom! Leave!

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

I am the 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.

Ross. My lord Macbeth!

Macbeth. Kind gentlemen.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success.

Holy Father. As thick as tale

Came post with post -- and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence.

Ross. We give thee from our royal master thanks --

He bade us, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Holy Father. 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?

Holy Father. Who was the thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.

Ross. Treasons capital, confessed and proved,

Have overthrown him.

Banquo. Glamis and thane of Cawdor --

The greatest is behind.

Macbeth. This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,

Why hath it given me an 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?

Holy Father. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour.

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. --

Witches. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear --

Macbeth. Let us toward the king.

Witches. Hail!

00:06:39

Macbeth (dictating). Whilst 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.

Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires.

Lord Banquo!

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

Banquo. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor.

Holy Father. 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. --

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings!

Banquo. You shall be king!

Macbeth. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

Holy Father (reading). "Hail, king that shalt be."

Macbeth (dictating). 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.

Lady Macbeth (reading). "... what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. 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. He that's coming

Must be provided for.

Macbeth. We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth. Put this night's business into my dispatch.

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 it.

00:14:02

xxxx King Duncan!

Lady Macbeth. When Duncan is asleep --

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him --

I'll drug his servants' wine.

Macbeth. King Duncan is my kinsman.

He 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.

Holy Father. Saint Michael the archangel, be our safeguard

against the wiles and wickedness of the devil. Do thou,
o prince of the heavenly host, by the divine power, thrust
into hell Satan and the other evil spirits, who roam
through the world, seeking the ruin of souls. Amen!

Dost thou renounce Satan?

All. I do renounce him.

Holy Father. And all his works?

All. I do renounce him.

Holy Father. And all his pomp?

All. I do renounce him.

Holy Father. Amen!

All. Amen!

King. My son, is execution done on Cawdor?

Malcolm. My liege, it is.

And very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness's pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

But where's Macbeth, the thane of Cawdor?

Oh, worthy Cawdor! Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine.

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.

King. Noble Banquo,

Thou hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so. Give me your hand.

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.

00:18:32

Macbeth. 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'll 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.

Lady Macbeth. 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.

Lady Macbeth. Seyton!

Macbeth. 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 it?

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

Macbeth. Leave all the rest to me.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?

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

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 at rest? 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,
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.

To you they have showed some truth.
Macbeth. I think not of them. Good repose the while.
Banquo. Thanks, sir -- the like to you.

00:22:11

Macbeth. 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. --

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.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.
Art thou not, fatal vision, as 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 still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. -- There's no such thing.

How now? What news?

Lady Macbeth. The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores.

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
On 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?

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

Lady Macbeth. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man --
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.
I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
I would, while it was smiling in the 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.

Macbeth. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts.
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.

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.
He is about it.

Macbeth. Who's there? What ho?

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. -- I laid their daggers ready --
He could not miss 'em. --
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! -- 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. 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.

Lady Macbeth. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. --
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

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

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.
Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed. --
How easy it is then!
Hark, more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers.

Macbeth. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.

00:32:05

Porter. Who's there? Knock, knock, never at quiet! A
plague o' these xxxx xxxx Knock, knock! Knock, knock,
knock! My lord Macduff!

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.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Macbeth. Macduff!

Lennox. 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 had almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth. There is the door.

Macduff. I'll make so bold to call.

Lennox. Goes the king hence today?

Macbeth. He does -- he did appoint so.

Lennox. 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, obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth. 'Twas a rough night.

Macduff. Murder and treason!

Macbeth. What is't you say?

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Ring the alarum bell!

Awake! Banquo and Malcolm! Malcolm, awake!

Lady Macduff. My lord!

Macduff. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Malcolm! Malcolm, awake!

Lady Macduff. Husband!

Macduff. Horror, horror, horror!

Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

Confusion now hath made his master-piece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple and stole thence

The life o' the building. Awake!

Malcolm. What is amiss?

Holy Father. 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.

Malcolm. Oh, by whom?

Holy Father. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had
done't.

Lennox. Their hands and faces were all badged with blood.

Macbeth. So were their daggers.

Holy Father. They stared and were distracted.

Macbeth. No man's life

Was to be trusted with them. But yet I do

Repent me of my fury, that I did kill them.

Banquo. Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth. 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?

Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!

xxxx Look to the lady.

Holy Father. And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let's meet

To question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further.

Ross. Fears and scruples shake us.

Macduff. In the great hand of God I stand.

Macbeth. And I.

Banquo. So all.

Holy Father. How goes the world, sir, now?

Banquo. Why, see you not?

Lady Macduff. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Banquo. Those that Macbeth has slain.

Holy Father. I have seen

Hours dreadful and things strange. But this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Lady Macduff. 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?

Holy Father. 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done.

Lady Macduff. What will you do?

Macduff. Do?

Malcolm. Where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Macduff. Therefore, to horse!

Lady Macduff. My husband!

Macduff. And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

But shift away!

Macbeth. Seyton!

Malcolm. Farewell, father.

Holy Father. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes.

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird sisters promised -- and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it. Yet was it 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 hopes?

Seyton. Malcolm and Macduff, my lord, are fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England!

If we could intreat an hour to serve,
We'd 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.

00:38:44

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

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.

Lady Macbeth. Banquo?

Macbeth. 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 it 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.

Lady Macbeth. Things without all remedy

Should be without regard. What's done is done.
To bed, to bed. Come.
Macbeth. I'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed.

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.

00:41:55

Witch. I will drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
He shall live a man forbid.

Macbeth. To be thus is nothing
But to be safely thus.

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

Lady Macbeth. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none.

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Lady Macbeth. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom? To leave his wife and babes,
All in a place from which himself does fly?

Macbeth. We hear Macduff and Malcolm are gone hence,
Not confessing their cruel murders,
But filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow.
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 upon me.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. We should have else desired your good advice
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.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. Farewell.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.
To make society the sweeter welcome,
We will keep ourselves till supper time alone.
While then, God be with you.

00:46:12

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 -- and under him
My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Attend those men our pleasure?

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

Macbeth. Bring them before us.

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 he, in the times past, which 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?

1 Murderer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs.

But if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank o' manhood, say it!

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

2 Murderer. And I another.

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.

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

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't -- for't must be done tonight,
And something from the castle -- always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. -- Resolve yourselves apart --
I'll come to you anon.

2 Murderer. We are resolved, my lord.

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

Lady Macbeth. Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks.
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macbeth. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.

Yet be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born 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
Whilst night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

00:52:40

1 Murderer. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn -- and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

2 Murderer. Hark!

1 Murderer. 'Tis he.

2 Murderer. Stand to it.

Banquo. It will be rain tonight.

1 Murderer. Let it come down.

Banquo. Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly!

2 Murderer. The son is fled.

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

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

00:53:29

Macbeth. There's blood upon thy face.

1 Murderer. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macbeth. Is he dispatched?

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

Macbeth. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats. Yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance.

1 Murderer. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth. Then comes my fit again! I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. -- But Banquo's safe?
Murderers. Ay, my good lord.
1 Murderer. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes in his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.

00:54:34

Banquo. Thou hast it now -- king, Cawdor, Glamis, all --
all,
As the weird sisters promised -- and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it --
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.

Macbeth. Is't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt now and supper.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not --

I will not --

I will not --

I will not --

I will not fail your feast.

00:56:05

Macbeth. You know your own degrees. Sit down.
And first and last, a hearty welcome.

Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present.

Ross. His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise.

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord, you do not give the cheer.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer! --

I drink to our good friend Banquo, whom we miss.
Would he were here.

Which of you have done this?

Lennox. What is't that moves your highness?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did. 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.

Macbeth. Oh, look! Lo! How say you? --

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other.

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Shame itself!

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

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

Thy bones are marrowless. Thy blood is cold.
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth. The fit is momentary. Upon a thought
He will again be well.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger --
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Lady Macbeth. This is the very painting of your fear.
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan.

Macbeth. Duncan!

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. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, in the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal.
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 there an end. But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is. 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 are blanched with fear.

Gentlewoman. What sights, my lord?

Lady. 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.

xxxx Good night, and better health
Attend your majesty.

Lady. A kind goodnight to all.

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
Augurs 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.

More shall they speak -- for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst.

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

Witches. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth -- Beware Macduff --
Macduff -- beware Macduff.

Macbeth. He's fled to England. But I'll reach him still --

Give to the edge o' 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 this purpose cool.

Witches. Macbeth --

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

Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macbeth. That will never be!

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?

Then live, Macduff! What need I fear of thee?

Witch. Beware Macduff! Beware Macduff!

Macbeth. But yet I'll make assurance double sure
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live --
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Witch. Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Macbeth. Sweet bodements -- good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise -- and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. What, is this?

Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so.

01:06:47

Lady Macduff. Your father's dead, my child -- and what
will you do now?

Child. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

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

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

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

Child. Then you're buying to sell again.

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

Child. Was my father a traitor, mother?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Child. What is a traitor?

Lady Macbeth. Why, one that swears and lies.

Macduff's Child. And be all traitors, that do so?

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

Child. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

Lady Macbeth. Every one.

Child. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Child. Then the liars and swearers are fools -- for there
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and
hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now God help thee, poor monkey. How will
thou do for a father?

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

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Holy Father. Bless you, fair dame --

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

Be not found here. Hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus methinks I am too savage.
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too near your person. Heaven preserve you,
Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
Holy Father. I must abide no longer.
Lady Macduff. I have done no harm.

Macbeth. Where is your husband?
Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Macbeth. He's a traitor.
Child. Thou liest. -- He has killed me, mother.

Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
Macbeth. I am in blood
Steeped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Lady Macbeth. 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

01:10:32

Malcolm. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds --
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.
Macduff. I am not treacherous --
Siward. But Macbeth is.
Malcolm. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds -- and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right --
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands.
Siward. See who comes here!
Macduff. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers.
Holy Father. Sirs, amen.
Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?
Holy Father. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave -- where nothing
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile --
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not marked -- where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy. The dead-man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who -- and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macduff. How does my wife?

Holy Father. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children?

Holy Father. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

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

Holy Father. Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Siward. Be it their comfort
We are coming thither.

Malcolm. Gracious England hath
Lent us lord Siward and ten thousand men --

Macduff. An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Holy Father. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But 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?

Holy Father. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe -- though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
That shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. I guess at it.

Holy Father. Your castle is surprised --

Malcolm. No! --

Holy Father. -- your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered.

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

Macduff. My children too?

Holy Father. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

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

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

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?
Malcolm. 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 braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.
Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king.
Siward. Our power is ready --
Our lack is nothing but our leave.
Holy Father. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.
Malcolm. Receive what cheer you may --
The night is long that never finds the day.

01:16:49

Macduff. Halt!
How does the tyrant?
Lennox. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Ross. Some say he's mad.
Holy Father. Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.
Malcolm. 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.

01:18:09

Macbeth. Fly! Fly!
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 have pronounced me thus --
Fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

xxxx There is ten thousand ----

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

xxxx Soldiers, sir.

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

xxxx 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!

Seyton. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

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

Macbeth. Give me mine armour.

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

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

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

Doctor. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs -- I'll none of it. --
Come, put mine armour on -- give my my staff. --
Seyton, send out! -- Doctor, the thanes fly from me. --
Come, sir, dispatch. -- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I should applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again. -- Pull it off, I say. --
What rhubarb, senna, what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence?
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

01:23:25

Macduff. What wood is this before us?

Ross. The wood of Birnam.

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

Malcolm. It shall be done.

01:24:58

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

Gentlewoman. Doctor, 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. What at any time have you heard her say?

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

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

Gentlewoman. Lo you, here she comes. And, upon my life,
fast asleep.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. She has light by her continually -- 'tis her
command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here's a spot.

Doctor. Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem
thus washing her hands.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot -- out, I say. One --
two -- why, then 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky.

Fie, my lord, fie!

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. 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 spoke what she should not, I am sure of that.

Lady Macbeth. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Doctor. The heart is sorely charged.

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

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

Doctor. God, God forgive us all!

01:32:04

Macbeth. What is that noise?

Seyton. It is 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 it. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that cry?

Gentlewoman. 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.

xxxx Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

xxxx As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee. -- If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. Fear not till Birnam wood
Be come to Dunsinane -- and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. -- Arm, arm, and out!
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! -- Seyton! --
Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

01:36:58

Macduff. 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.

Macbeth. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let you lie
Till famine and the ague eat you up.
Were you not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met you daresful, beard to beard,
And beat you backward home.

Siward. This way, my lord. Our castle's gently rendered.

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

Macbeth. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Young Siward. Abhorred tyrant.

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman --
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by a man that's of a woman born.

Macduff. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
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.

Macbeth. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff. Despair thy charm --
And let the devil whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped!

Witches. Untimely ripped!

Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
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 o' 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 I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries Hold, enough.

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold where stands
The usurper's cursed head. The time is free.

Hail, Malcolm, king of Scotland!
All. Hail! Hail! Hail!

Witch. Peace! the charm's wound up.

01:42:32

Macbeth	Orson Welles
Lady Macbeth	Jeanette Nolan
Macduff	Dan O'Herlihy
Malcolm	Roddy McDowall
Banquo	Edgar Barrier
A Holy Father	Alan Napier
Duncan	Erskine Sanford
Ross	John Dierkes
Lennox	Keene Curtis
Lady Macduff	Peggy Webber
Siward	Lionel Braham
Young Siward	Archie Heugly
Fleance	Jerry Farber
Macduff Child	Christopher Welles
Doctor	Morgan Farley
Gentlewoman	Lurene Tuttle
First Murderer	Brainerd Duffield
Second Murderer	William Alland
Seyton	George Chirello
A Porter	Gus Schilling
	Brainerd Duffield
The Three	Lurene Tuttle
	Peggy Webber