

SIDE 1

Lady Macbeth / Macbeth

— — —

MACBETH

How now, what news?

LADY MACBETH

She has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath she asked for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not she has?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
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.

SIDE 2

Macduff / Ross / Malcom

— — —

MACDUFF

If it be mine,
Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.

ROSS

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

MACDUFF

Hum! 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.

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"? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so,

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now.

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief

Convert to anger. Blunt not the heart; enrage it.

MACDUFF

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission! Front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.

Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too.

SIDE 3
Lady Macbeth

— — —

DOCTOR

Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR

Hark, she speaks.

LADY MACBETH

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

DOCTOR

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR

Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there!

SIDE 4

Macbeth

— — —

MACBETH

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word.

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.

SIDE 5

Macbeth & Macduff

— — —

MACDUFF

Turn, hellhound, 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 in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.

MACBETH

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

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

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted 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. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damned be him that first cries "Hold! Enough!"