

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 to 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. It will make us mad.

Macbeth: I thought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does kill sleep," the innocent sleep, sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, balm of hurt minds, 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 killed 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 brainsickly of such things. Go get some water and wash this witness from your hands. (She sees the dagger in Macbeth's hand.) Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them, and place them in the hands of the sleepy grooms.

Macbeth: I'll go no more. I am afraid to think what I have done. I dare not look on it again.

Lady Macbeth: Coward! Give me the daggers! The dead are but as pictures. I'll place the daggers, for it must seem the guilt of the grooms.

(Exit Lady Macbeth. A knock is heard on the castle gate.)

Macbeth: Whence is that knocking? How is it with me that every noise appalls me? What hands are here? Ha! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this deed clean from my hands? No! This, my hand, will rather make the multitudinous seas of green turn to red!

(Enter Lady Macbeth.)

Lady Macbeth: Now my hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white. (A knock is heard.) I hear a knocking at the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed. How easy it is then! (Another knock.) Hark, more knocking. Get on your nightgown lest they call us. Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

(Lady Macbeth exits.)

Macbeth: To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself! (Another knock.) Wake Duncan with this knocking . . . I wish thou couldst!

(Exit Macbeth. More knocking is heard at the gate. Enter Porter.)

Porter: Here's a knocking indeed! (A knock is heard again.) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? (More knocking.) Knock, knock! Never at quiet! Who are you? (More knocking. Porter opens the gate.) I pray you, remember the porter.

(Enter MacDuff and Lennox.)

MacDuff: Was it so late, friend, before you went to bed that you do lie so late?

Porter: Faith, sir, we were carousing till very late.

MacDuff: Is thy master stirring? (Enter Macbeth.) Our knocking has awakened him, for here he comes.

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 on him early. I have almost slipped the hour.

(Exits to awaken King Duncan.)

Lennox: Is the king leaving today?

Macbeth: He is. He did say so.

Lennox: The night has been unruly. Where we were, our chimneys were blown down. Some say the earth was feverish and did shake.

Macbeth: 'Twas a rough night.

Lennox: I cannot remember a worse night, sir.

(Enter MacDuff.)

MacDuff: O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth and Lennox: What is wrong?

MacDuff: A most sacreligious murder!

Macbeth: What is it you say . . . murder?

Lennox: Mean you his majesty?

MacDuff: Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight! Do not bid me speak. See, and then speak yourselves. (Exit Macbeth and Lennox.) Awake! Awake! Ring the alarm bell. Murder and treason! Banquo, Donalbain, Malcolm awake! And look on death itself!

(Trumpet blows or bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.)

Lady Macbeth: What's the business that such a hideous trumpet calls to awaken the sleepers of the house? Speak! Speak!

MacDuff: O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak. (Enter Banquo.) O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's dead!

Lady Macbeth: Woe! Alas! What, in our house?

Banquo: Dear MacDuff, I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it not so!

(Enter Macbeth and Lennox.)

Macbeth: Had I but died an hour before seeing this sight, I had lived a blessed time.

(Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.)

MacDuff: Your royal father's dead!

Malcolm: At whose hand?

Lennox: Those of his chamber, it seems, had done it. Their daggers we found upon their pillows. No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth: O yet I do repent me of my fury, that I did kill them.

MacDuff: Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth: Who can be wise at such a moment? No man. Here lay King Duncan, there the evil men who committed the deed! Who could refrain from killing them?

Lady Macbeth: Help me . . . I faint!

MacDuff: Look to the lady!

(Lady Macbeth is assisted off stage.)

Banquo: Let us meet and question this most tragic piece of work to know it further!

Macbeth: We can meet in a hall together.

(All exit except Malcolm and Donalbain.)

Macbeth: What will you do? I'll go to England.

Donalbain: To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer. Where we are there are daggers in men's smiles. We are surely in danger if we stay here.

Macbeth: Yes, our safest way is to run. Therefore to horse, and let us not be dainty of leave taking.

(Malcolm and Donalbain exit. Enter MacDuff and Ross.)

MacDuff: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them the suspicion of the deed.

Ross: Then 'tis most likely the crown will fall upon Macbeth.

MacDuff: Yes, Macbeth will be king!

(Exit MacDuff and Ross. Enter Banquo.)

Banquo: Thou hast it now, King Cawdor, Glamis. I fear thou playest most foully for it. But hush, no more.

(Enter Macbeth.)

Macbeth: Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, and I'll request your presence.

Banquo: Your highness.

Macbeth: Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo: Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth: Is it far you ride?

Banquo: As far, my lord, as will fill up the time between this and supper.

Macbeth: Be back in time for our feast.

Banquo: My lord, I will.

Macbeth: We hear our cousins are hiding in England and Ireland, not confessing to their cruel deed. But we can talk of that tomorrow. Farewell till you return tonight. Does Fleance go with you?

Banquo: Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth: I wish your horses swiftness and sureness of foot. Fare well.

(Exit Banquo. Macbeth speaks to a servant.) Are those men here?

Servant: They are, my lord, outside the palace gate.

Macbeth: Bring them before me. (Exit servant.) To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo stick deep. There is none but he that I do fear. (Enter servant and three revengers.) Now go to the door, and stay there till I call. (Exit servant. To the revengers.) Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Revenger: It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth: Well then, now, are you convinced that it is Banquo, and not I, that is your enemy? It is he that keeps you so in bondage. Do you believe it?

First Revenger: We do, my liege.

Macbeth: And stand you ready to free yourselves from this bondage forever?

First Revenger: We are men, my lord.

Second Doer: I am one, my liege, whom the world has treated so poorly that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

Third Revenger: And I another.

First Revenger: We stand ready, my lord, to perform what you command us.

Macbeth: Remember that I require a clearness in this. I will inform you where to plant yourselves some distance from the palace. You must do a thorough job and leave no rub or blotches in the work. Fleance, his son, will accompany him on his ride. Both father and son must die! Both! (Exit three revengers.) It is finished! Banquo, your soul is in flight. If it find heaven, it must be tonight.

(Enter Lady Macbeth.)

Lady Macbeth: How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?

Macbeth: We have but scotched the snake, not killed it!

Lady Macbeth: Come, my lord, be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macbeth: And so I shall, and so, I pray, be you. But full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife. Thou knowest that Banquo and Fleance live.

Lady Macbeth: There's comfort yet, they are assailable.

Macbeth: There shall be done a dreadful deed.

Lady Macbeth: What's to be done?

Macbeth: Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest, till thou applaud the deed.

Scene 4: A Woods Near the Castle Late in the Afternoon

(Enter three revengers.)

First Revenger: It is nearly dark, and near approaches the subject of our watch.

Second Revenger: Hark, I hear horses.

First Revenger: 'Tis he, Banquo.

Third Revenger: He usually walks from here to the palace gate.
(Banquo and Fleance enter.)

Banquo: (To Fleance.)
It will rain tonight.

First Revenger: Let it come down!
(Revengers stab Banquo.)

Banquo: O treachery! Fly, good Fleance! Fly! Fly!
(Banquo dies as Fleance flees.)

Second Revenger: There's but one down! The son is fled!

Third Revenger: We have lost the best half of the affair.

First Revenger: Let's away, and say how much is done.
(All exit.)

Scene 5: That Evening in the Castle Banquet Hall

(Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, and the attendants for the feast to celebrate the crowning of Macbeth as king. Trumpets sound as they enter.)

Macbeth: Please sit down, but first a hearty welcome.

All the Guests: Your Majesty!
(First revenger appears in doorway. Macbeth goes to him.)

Macbeth: Is he dead?

First Revenger: My lord, I did what you asked me towards Banquo.

Macbeth: Thou art the best!

First Revenger: Most royal sir, Fleance did escape.

Macbeth: Then comes my fit again! I will see you tomorrow.
Begone! (Exit First Revenger.)

Lady Macbeth: My good lord, you do not give good cheer. The feast is growing cold.

(Enter ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's chair.)

Lennox: May it please your highness, sit.

Macbeth: Where is our Banquo? His absence lays blame upon his promise.

Ross: Please it 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. (Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost.) What is it, your highness?

Macbeth: Which of you has done this?

All the Guests: What, my good lord?

Macbeth: Thou canst not say I did it. Don't shake your head at me!

Ross: Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth: Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus, and has been from his youth. Pray you, keep your seats. The fit is momentary. He will be well in a moment. If you notice him, you shall offend him. Please eat and regard him not. (To Macbeth.) Are you a man?

Macbeth: Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that which might appall the devil himself.

Lady Macbeth: This is only your imagination. This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, led you to King Duncan. When all is done, you look but on a chair!

Macbeth: Prithee see, there. Behold, look . . . what say you?

(The ghost of Banquo vanishes.)

Lady Macbeth: Get hold of thy self.

Macbeth: But I saw him!