

ALMOST TANGIBLE



Part 1

Sleep No More

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Introduction

William Shakespeare's epic drama about ambition, passion, power and betrayal. Foretold he will be king, Macbeth embarks on a path of murderous treason, stopping at nothing to seize the throne...

Recorded on location at Glamis Castle, Scotland, using binaural recording technology, Almost Tangible's 4-part production provides an intense, immersive 3D sound experience that puts you at the heart of the action, surrounded by the characters, quite literally 'there' with sound moving all around and through you.

Cast & Crew as Originally Broadcast

MACBETH JAMES ROBINSON

LADY MACBETH EILIDH LOAN

FIRST WITCH / SEYTON / MURDERER 3 STEPHANIE MACGARAI DH

SECOND WITCH / PORTER / MESSENGER SOPHIA MCLEAN

THIRD WITCH / OLD WOMAN BRIGIT FORSYTH

BANQUO TOM VANSON

MACDUFF JOSHUA MANNING

LADY MACDUFF / SAILOR'S WIFE TRACY WILES

DUNCAN IAIN MACRAE

DONALBAIN LEWIS RAE

MALCOLM / MURDERER 2 SAM GARIOCH

LENNOX / SERGEANT ROSS F SUTHERLAND

ROSS PETER F GARDINER

LITTLE BOY MACDUFF FERGUS DURSTON

MACDUFF CHILD 1 ISLA NELSON

MACDUFF CHILD 2 ZOEY MORGAN

MURDERER 1 GREIG BAXTER

FLEANCE JASON PAN

GENTLEWOMAN CHARLOTTE MELÉN

DOCTOR CARL PREKOPP

MUSICIAN 1 (FIDDLE) ALEXANDER INGRAM

MUSICIAN 2 (BODHRAN) GORDON ANDREW

DIRECTOR CARL PREKOPP

SOUND DESIGN DAVID CHILTON / LUCINDA MASON BROWN

PRODUCTION MANAGER ELEANOR MEIN

PRODUCER CHARLOTTE MELÉN

PROLOGUE. EXT. BATTLEGROUND

INTRO MUSIC, VARIOUS ANIMAL NOISES

A CRY TRANSPORTS US INTO THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLE, A TRUMPET SOUNDS, HORSES GALLOP, MEN CHARGE, AND SWORDS CLASH. A DRUMBEAT UNDERLIES THE BATTLE AND AS IT CLIMAXES, THE SOUNDSCAPE CHANGES TO ONE OF BIRD NOISES, WOLF HOWLS AND STRANGE CACKLES.

SCENE 1. EXT. HEATH

IT IS APPARENT THAT WE ARE FAR FROM THE BATTLE. THE BIRDS STILL CALL, AND THE CACKLES TURN INTO A DISTINCTIVE CALL OF 'SHOW'. WE ARE WITH THE WITCHES.

- 1. FIRST WITCH** When shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

- 2. SECOND WITCH** When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.

- 3. THIRD WITCH** That will be ere the set of sun.

- 4. FIRST WITCH** Where the place?

- 5. SECOND WITCH** Upon the heath.

- 6. THIRD WITCH** There to meet with Macbeth.

THE DISTINCTIVE NOISE OF A COW MOOING

WE HEAR THE OTHER WITCHES CALLING FOR THEIR FAMILIARS

1. FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin!

2. SECOND WITCH Paddock calls.

3. THIRD WITCH Anon.

4. ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
 Hover through the fog and filthy air.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A BIRDS WINGS, WE FLY AWAY FROM THE WITCHES

SCENE 2. EXT. HEATH. ARMY CAMP

THE SOUND OF HORSES AND SOLDIERS TRUDGING BACK INTO THE ARMY CAMP WHERE PREPARATIONS ARE GOING ON
CRIES OF AGONY CAN BE HEARD, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE NO WORDS IT IS CLEAR THAT THE MAN APPROACHING IS SEVERELY INJURED
MALCOLM GOES TO SUPPORT THE MAN AS HE WALKS INTO THE CAMP

5. DUNCAN What bloody man is that?

6. MALCOLM This is the sergeant
 Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

7. DUNCAN (OFF) Go get him surgeons.

1. MALCOLM Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
 As thou didst leave it.

THEY TAKE THE SERGEANT INTO A TENT, HIS WOUNDS ARE BEING
ATTENDED TO BY A SURGEON

2. SERGEANT Doubtful it stood;
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
 And choke their art. But all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name—
 Disdaining fortune —

THE NOISES OF BATTLE SOUND UNDER THE SERGEANT'S SPEECH AS IF HE
IS TRANSPORTING US THERE

—with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head to the battlements.

3. DUNCAN O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

4. SERGEANT As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,

With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

1. DUNCAN

Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

2. SERGEANT

Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

3. DUNCAN

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.

4. SERGEANT

Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DRUMS

5. DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

1. ROSS I'll see it done.

ROSS EXITS TENT

2. DUNCAN What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

SCENE 2A. EXT. STREETS

A STRANGE BREATH AND THE SOUND OF SOMEONE EATING CHESTNUTS

3. FIRST WITCH Give me.

4. SAILOR'S WIFE No.

5. FIRST WITCH Give me.

6. SAILOR'S WIFE No.

7. FIRST WITCH Give me.

8. SAILOR'S WIFE Aroint thee, witch.

9. FIRST WITCH I hear your husband's away at sea

A RAGING STORM AT SEA. A BOAT BEING WRECKED. SAILORS CALLING AGAINST THE STORM. A WITCH'S LAUGHTER AND CALL.

SCENE 3. EXT. BY A RIVER

*WITCHES HUM, BIRD NOISES, SOUNDS LIKE BIRD TURNS INTO WITCH
THE OTHER WITCHES ARE APPROACHING ON FOOT*

1. THIRD WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?

2. SECOND WITCH Killing swine.

3. THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?

4. FIRST WITCH A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

5. SECOND WITCH I'll give thee a wind.

6. FIRST WITCH Thou'rt kind.

7. THIRD WITCH And I another.

8. FIRST WITCH I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

1. SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.

2. FIRST WITCH Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

SOUND OF A DRUM

3. THIRD WITCH A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

SOUND OF A DRUM AGAIN

4. ALL The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

SOUND OF A DRUM AGAIN

And thrice again, to make up nine.

1. THIRD WITCH Peace! the charm's wound up.

THE WITCHES BEGIN TO SING. SO VERY GENTLY. HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL.
MACBETH AND BANQUO APPROACH ON HORSE BACK. A SHRIEK. THEY
FORM A SEMI CIRCLE AROUND THE TWO MEN AT A DISTANCE

2. MACBETH So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

3. BANQUO How far is't call'd to Forres?

THE WITCHES LET OUT A STRANGE NOISE

What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?

BANQUO DISMOUNTS

Live you? or are you aught
That man may question?

4. WITCHES Shhhhhh

5. BANQUO You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

1. MACBETH Speak, if you can: what are you?

MACBETH DISMOUNTS

2. FIRST WITCH All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

3. SECOND WITCH All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

4. THIRD WITCH All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

MACBETH GASPS

5. BANQUO Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' 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.

6. FIRST WITCH Hail!

1. SECOND WITCH Hail!

2. THIRD WITCH Hail!

3. FIRST WITCH Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

4. SECOND WITCH Not so happy, yet much happier.

5. THIRD WITCH Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

6. FIRST WITCH Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

THE SOUND OF A BIRD FLYING AWAY. CROWS CAW AND BIRDS CHIRP.

7. 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.

STRANGE LAUGHTER AND A GASP AS THE WITCHES VANISH

8. BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

1. MACBETH Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.

SOMEWHERE VERY FAR AWAY WE HEAR THE WITCHES CALLING/SINGING

SCENE 4. EXT. TAVERN.

WE ARE WITH A CAT. MEOW

*WE HEAR THE MUSIC AND LAUGHTER WITHIN. WE APPROACH THE DOOR,
OPEN IT AND SLIP INSIDE*

SCENE 4A. INT. TAVERN. CONTINUOUS

MUSIC AND DANCING, WEARY YET HAPPY

*WE APPROACH THE TABLE WHERE MACBETH AND BANQUO ARE TALKING
OVER A MEAL AND A DRINK. THEY ARE JOKING AND MAYBE A BIT DRUNK*

2. MACBETH Would they had stay'd!

3. BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

4. MACBETH Your children shall be kings.

5. BANQUO You shall be king.

6. MACBETH And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

7. BANQUO To the selfsame tune and words.

THE TAVERN DOOR SWINGS OPEN ABRUPTLY.

Who's here?

Enter ROSS. THEY ARE ALL OVERJOYED TO SEE EACH OTHER

1. ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

CAT MAKES A NOISE

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

CAT MAKES A NOISE

2. BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?

3. MACBETH The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

4. ROSS Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

1. MACBETH

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.

To 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?

2. 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's
In deepest consequence.
Cousin, a word, I pray you.

BANQUO GOES TO JOIN ROSS AND ANGUS

3. MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—

1. WOMAN Dance with me, my worthy thane

2. MACBETH I thank you, gentle Lady.

MACBETH PUSHES HIS WAY OUT OF THE TAVERN. A SUDDEN NAUSEA
OVERTAKES HIM

SCENE 4B EXT. TAVERN. CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW MACBETH UNSEEN. WE CAN HEAR THE NOISE OF THE TAVERN
BEHIND US AND THE STILLNESS OF THE STAR LITTERED SKY.

3. MACBETH Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

THE OTHERS COME OUTSIDE TO JOIN MACBETH. THEY LAUGH AT SEEING
HIM SO OUT OF SORTS

4. BANQUO (OFF) Look, how our partner's rapt.

1. MACBETH [Aside] If chance will have me king,
Why, chance may crown me, without my stir.

2. BANQUO (*OFF*) New horrors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

3. MACBETH [Aside] Come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

4. BANQUO (*OFF*) Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH WANDERS BACK TOWARDS THE MEN.

WE STAY WHERE WE WERE AS THOUGH OUR WORK HERE IS DONE.

5. MACBETH Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

THEY GO BACK INSIDE.

SCENE 5. EXT. CASTLE. EXECUTIONERS BLOCK

DRUM SOUNDS. WE ARE WITH THE EXECUTIONER'S SWORD ABOVE
CAWDOR.

THE WHIMPERING AND SCREAMING OF A TERRIFIED CAWDOR CONFESSING
HIS TREASON. BEGGING TO BE PARDONED – 'I CONFESS, TREASON AND

UNFORGIVABLE BETRAYAL. I BEG OF YOU TO PARDON ME. YOU WERE A FRIEND AND AS A FRIEND I BEG OF YOU, FORGIVE ME'

THE BLADE COMES RUSHING DOWN TOWARDS HIM. A HEAD IS CUT OFF MID SENTENCE. BLOOD SPILLS AND TRICKLES HEAVILY ACROSS THE FLOOR.

DUNCAN COMES OUT TO JOIN THE SMALL GATHERING. HE IS SOMEWHAT UNMOVED.

1. DUNCAN *(OFF)* Is execution done on Cawdor?

2. MALCOLM Very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it;

3. 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.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, 'GOD SAVE THE KING'

4. DUNCAN O worthiest cousin!
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.

1. MACBETH

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,

2. DUNCAN

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.

TO THE ASSEMBLED CROWD

Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland;

MACBETH WALKS AWAY MUTTERING TO HIMSELF.

WE FOLLOW HIM TO HIS HORSE.

3. MACBETH

[Aside] 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.

MACBETH URGES HIS HORSE FORWARD FASTER AND FASTER THROUGH
THE NIGHT

WE HEAR A LETTER BEING WRITTEN UNDER THE SOUND OF HOOVES
THE SOUND OF HOOVES BECOMES THE SOUND OF WINGS AND WE FLY
ONWARDS TOWARDS A ROOM HIGH UP IN MACBETH'S CASTLE

SCENE 6. INT. MACBETH CASTLE. CHAMBER

LADY MACBETH HAVING A BATH READING THE LETTER

1. 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 mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

LADY MACBETH GETS OUT OF BATH

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst 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 should 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 crown'd withal.

1. MESSENGER My Lady!

Enter a MESSENGER

2. LADY MACBETH What is your tidings?

3. MESSENGER The king comes here to-night.

4. LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

5. MESSENGER 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.

1. LADY MACBETH Give him tending;
He brings great news.

Exit MESSENGER

WATER DROPLETS AND A RAVEN CAWS

2. LADY MACBETH 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!

STRANGE NOISE

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!'

Enter MACBETH WHO RUSHES TO HIS WIFE. THEY EMBRACE PASSIONATELY

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.

1. MACBETH My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

2. LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

3. MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes.

4. LADY MACBETH O, 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 for all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

1. MACBETH We will speak further.

2. LADY MACBETH Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me.

*WE SCURRY BENEATH THE KITCHEN FLOORBOARDS LIKE A MOUSE AND UP
DRUM NOISE*

SCENE 7. EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

ENTER DUNCAN, & BANQUO AND SOME OTHER ATTENDANTS

3. DUNCAN This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

4. BANQUO This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here:

5. DUNCAN See, see, our honour'd hostess!

LADY MACBETH RUNS TOWARDS DUNCAN

6. LADY MACBETH All our service
 In every point twice done and then done double
 Were poor and single businesses to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad wherewith

HUGS THE KING

Your majesty loads our house:

1. 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, doth help him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

2. LADY MACBETH Your servants ever

3. 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.

Exeunt

SCENE 8. EXT. BY A LOCH

THUNDERSTORMS. MACBETH IS LOOKING OUT AT THE WATER

4. 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'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 poison'd 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.

LADY MACBETH RUSHES DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE TO JOIN HIM

1. LADY MACBETH (OFF) My Lord!

2. MACBETH How now! what news?

3. LADY MACBETH He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

- 1. MACBETH** Hath he ask'd for me?
- 2. LADY MACBETH** Know you not he has?
- 3. MACBETH** We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd 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.
- 4. LADY MACBETH** Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd 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? 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' the adage?
- 5. MACBETH** Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
- 6. 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

WALKS TOWARDS THE CASTLE AND TURNS BACK TO SHOUT

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 pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

THUNDER

1. MACBETH If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH WALKS BACK TOWARDS MACBETH, WE HEAR HER CLOSE

2. LADY MACBETH We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--
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?

1. MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

2. LADY MACBETH

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

3. MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*A WITCH IS NEARBY AND SINGS THE SAME SONG OF A DEAD CHILD
WE HEAR A BABY CRYING IN THE WIND*

SCENE 9. EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

*SINGING. WE STAND HIDDEN. BANQUO HAS COME TO FIND HIS SON
FLEANCE WHO IS TENDING THE HORSES*

- 1. BANQUO** How goes the night, boy?
- 2. FLEANCE** The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
- 3. BANQUO** And she goes down at twelve.
- 4. FLEANCE** I take't, 'tis later, sir.
- 5. BANQUO** Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Here, 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!

*THE DISTANT CRY OF A WOMAN OR MAYBE AN ANIMAL. WE HEAR SOMEONE
APPROACHING, IT IS MACBETH RETURNING FROM THE LOCH*

- 6. BANQUO** Give me my sword.
Who's there?
- 7. MACBETH** (*OFF*) A friend.
- 8. BANQUO** Get thee to bed
- 9. FLEANCE** Goodnight father
- 10. BANQUO** What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure.

SCENE 10. INT. CASTLE DINING HALL

THEY WALK TOGETHER INTO THE CASTLE.

SERVANTS CLEARING AWAY DISHES FROM THE PARTY

1. BANQUO All's well?
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH SEEMS SOMEWHAT DISTRACTED

2. MACBETH I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you were to grant the time.

3. BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

4. MACBETH Good repose the while!

5. BANQUO Thanks: the like to you!

6. MACBETH (*CALLING TO THE SERVANT WHO IS CLEARING DISHES*)
Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

7. SERVANT Yes Sir.

*AS THE SERVANT CARRIES DISHES OUT OF THE ROOM, A KNIFE FALLS
FROM A PLATE AND ONTO THE FLOOR*

1. MACBETH

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-oppresed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dagger gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd 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 whereabout,
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.

A DISTANT TINKLING BELL RINGS BRINGING HIM SLOWLY BACK TO
NORMALITY

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.

SCENE 10A. INT. DUNCANS ROOM

MACBETH PUSHES THE DOOR TO THE CHAMBER OPEN, WE HEAR HIS
BREATH AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF THE GUARDS SNORING. THE SOUND
OF THE DAGGER

1. DUNCAN Macbeth!

MUSIC . WE HEAR THE GURGLING OF BLOOD SEEPING FROM THE KING'S
HEART AND DRIPPING ON THE FLOOR. MACBETH STABS AGAIN AND AGAIN
AND AGAIN. BLOOD IS NOW POURING ONTO THE FLOOR. ALL THE WHILE
THE SLEEPING GUARDS ARE SNORING LIGHTLY. MACBETH STANDS UP. WE
HEAR THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD – AT A DISTANCE AT FIRST BUT THEY GET
LOUDER INSIDE HIS HEAD

2. FIRST WITCH Sleep no more!

3. SECOND WITCH Macbeth does murder sleep!

UNEARTHLY LAUGHTER

4. FIRST WITCH Glamis hath murdered sleep.

1. FIRST WITCH Cawdor shall sleep no more!

2. VOICES Who's there

3. SECOND WITCH Sleep no more!

4. FIRST WITCH Macbeth shall sleep no more!

5. PORTER Who's there?

GASP AND END MUSIC

END OF PART 1