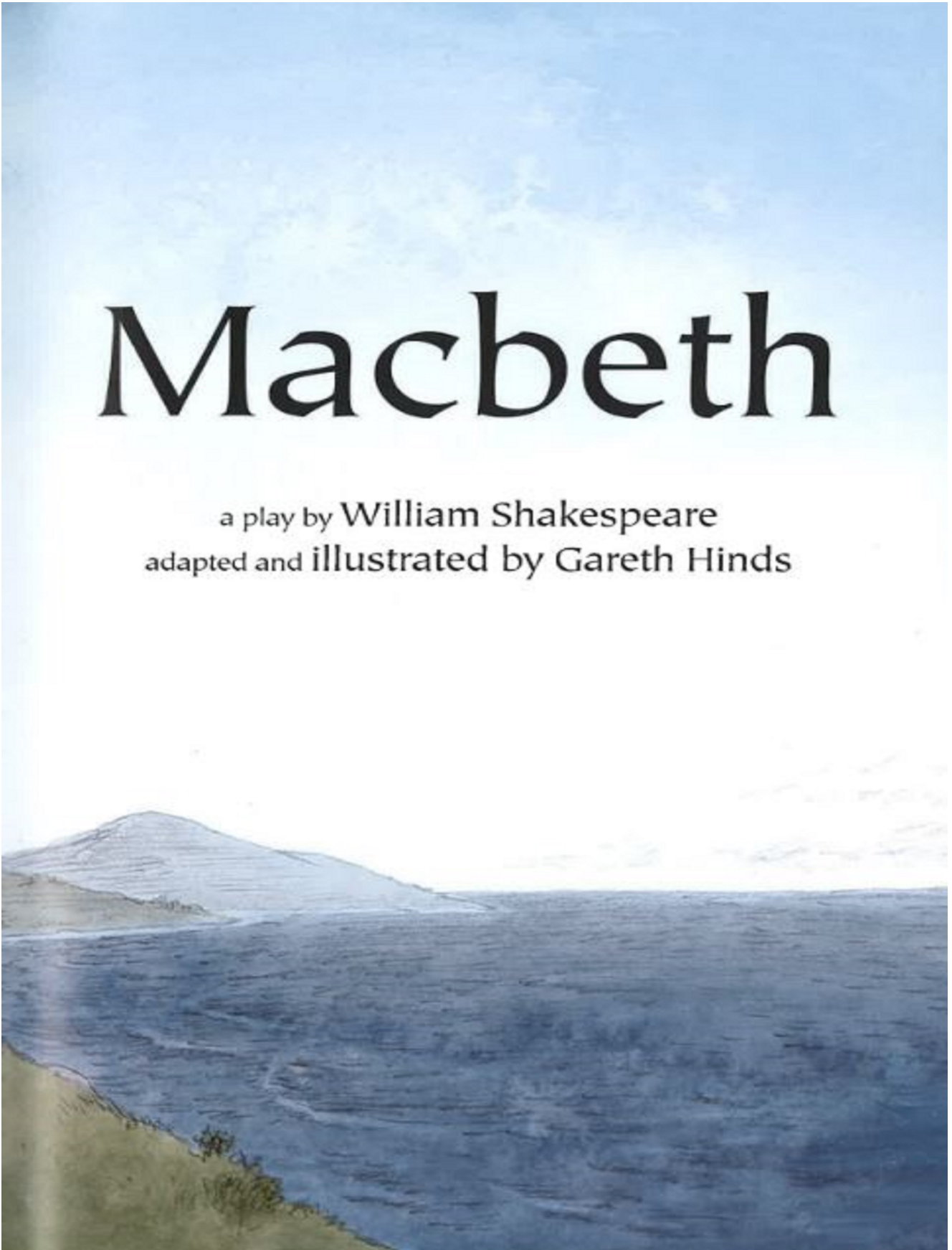


Act II

# Macbeth

a play by William Shakespeare  
adapted and illustrated by Gareth Hinds



ACT II: Elsewhere in the castle





What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed. He hath been in unusual pleasure, and spoke with great largess to your loyalty.



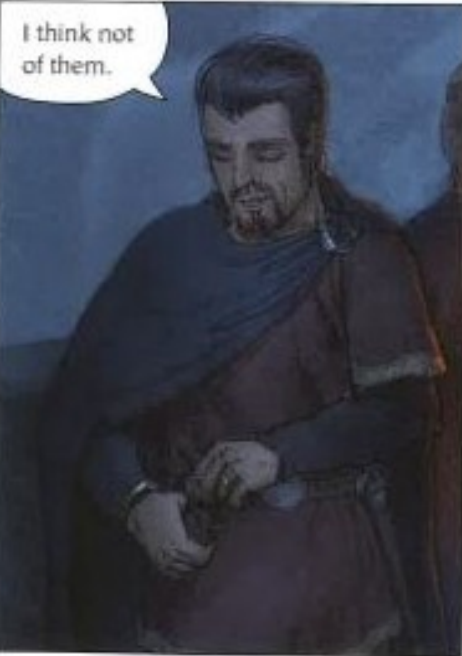
This diamond he greets your wife withal, and calls her most kind hostess.



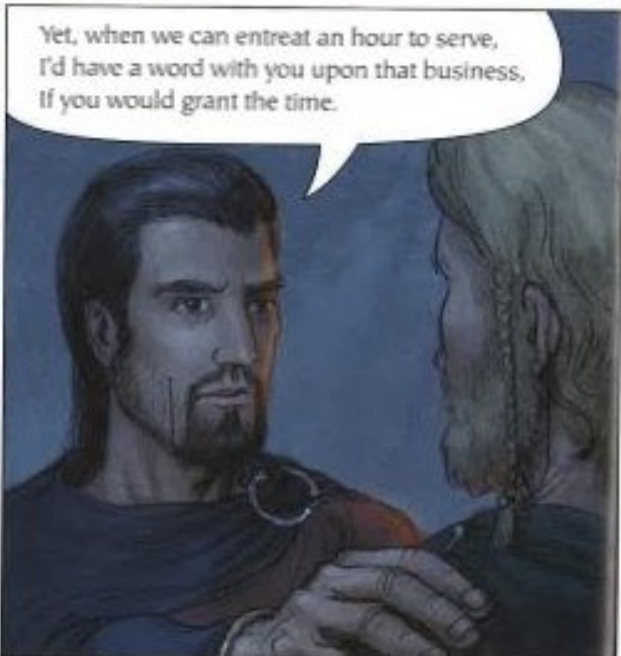
Being unprepared, our hospitality does not fit the King.

I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.

To you they have showed some truth.



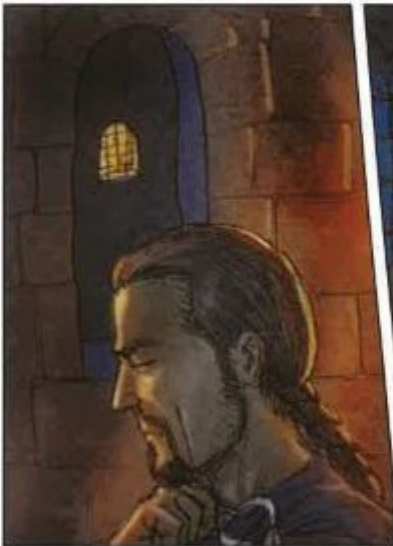
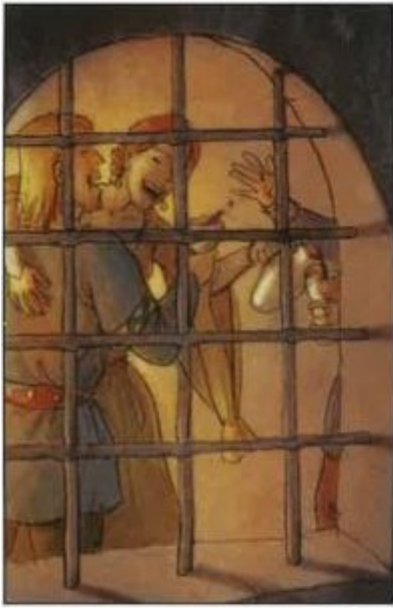
I think not of them.



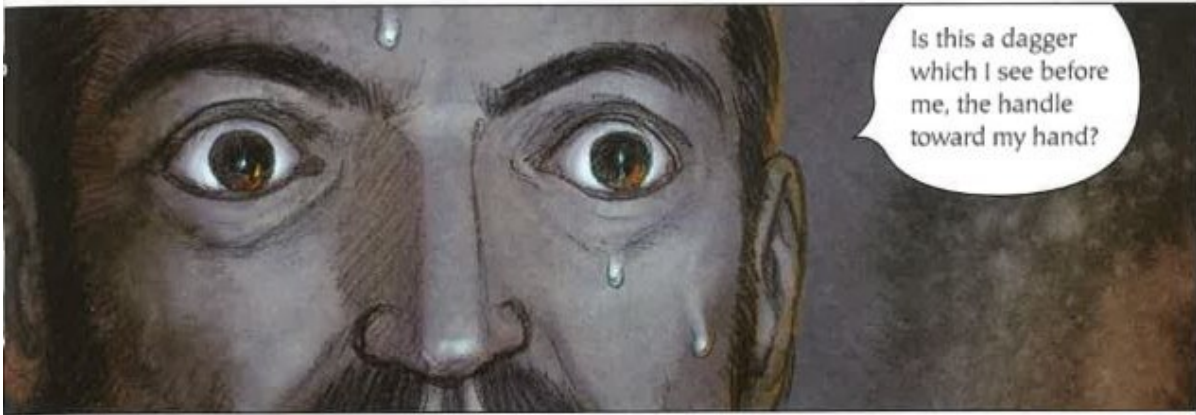
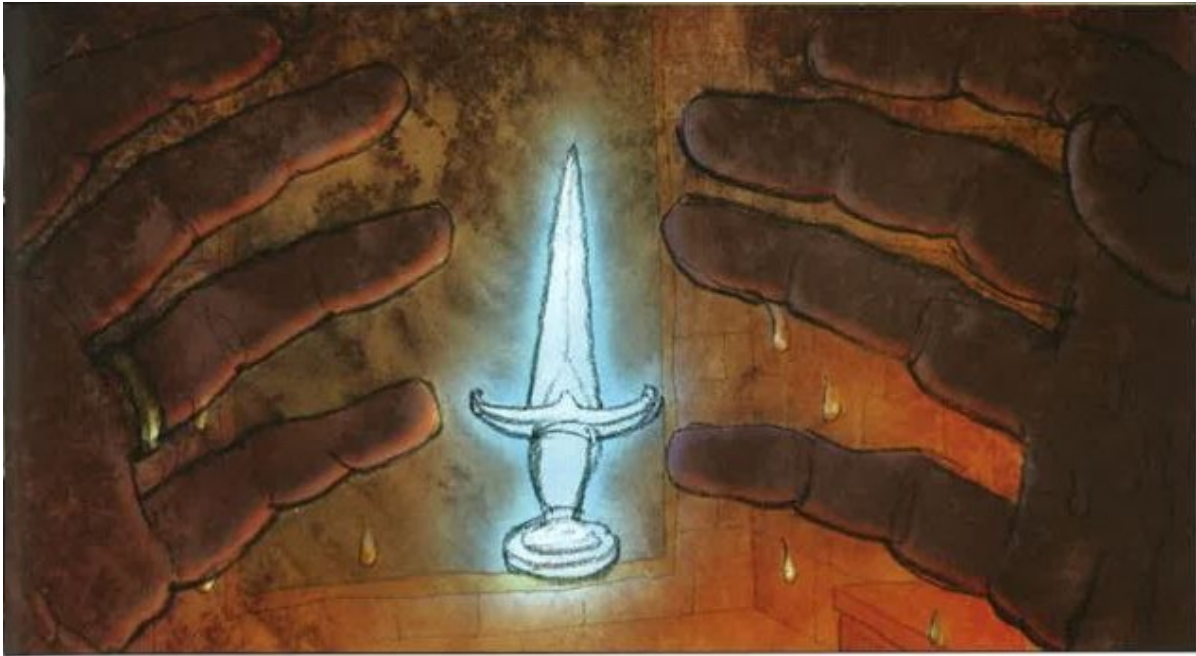
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, I'd have a word with you upon that business, if you would grant the time.











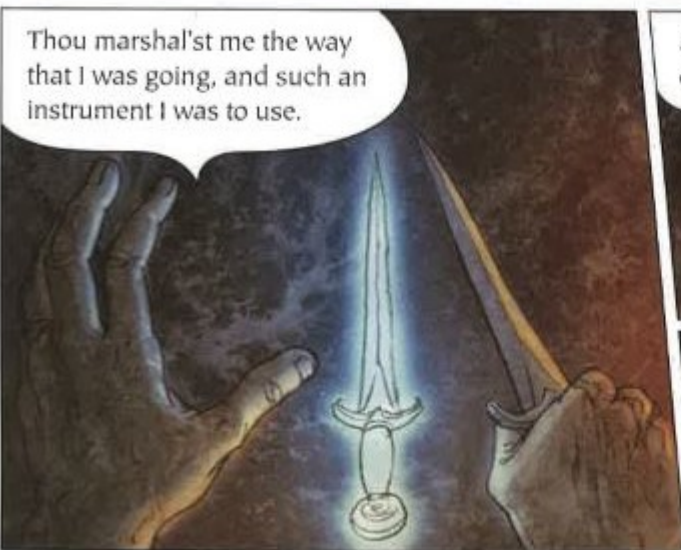




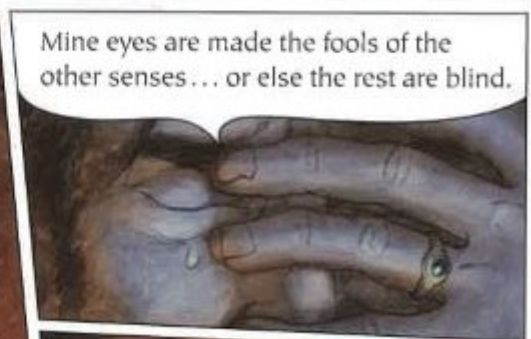
Or art thou but a dagger of the mind? A false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?



I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw.

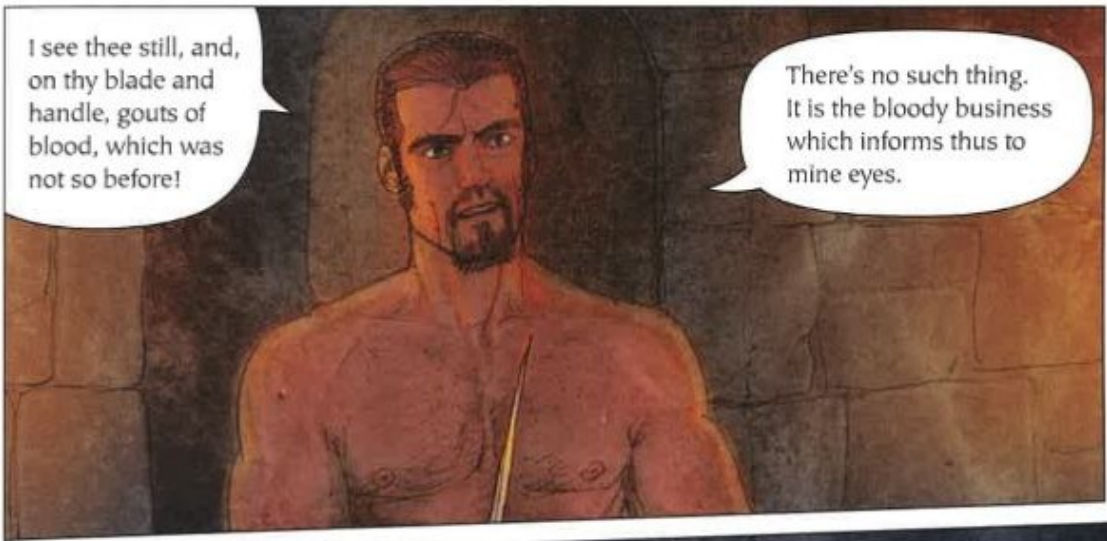


Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going, and such an instrument I was to use.



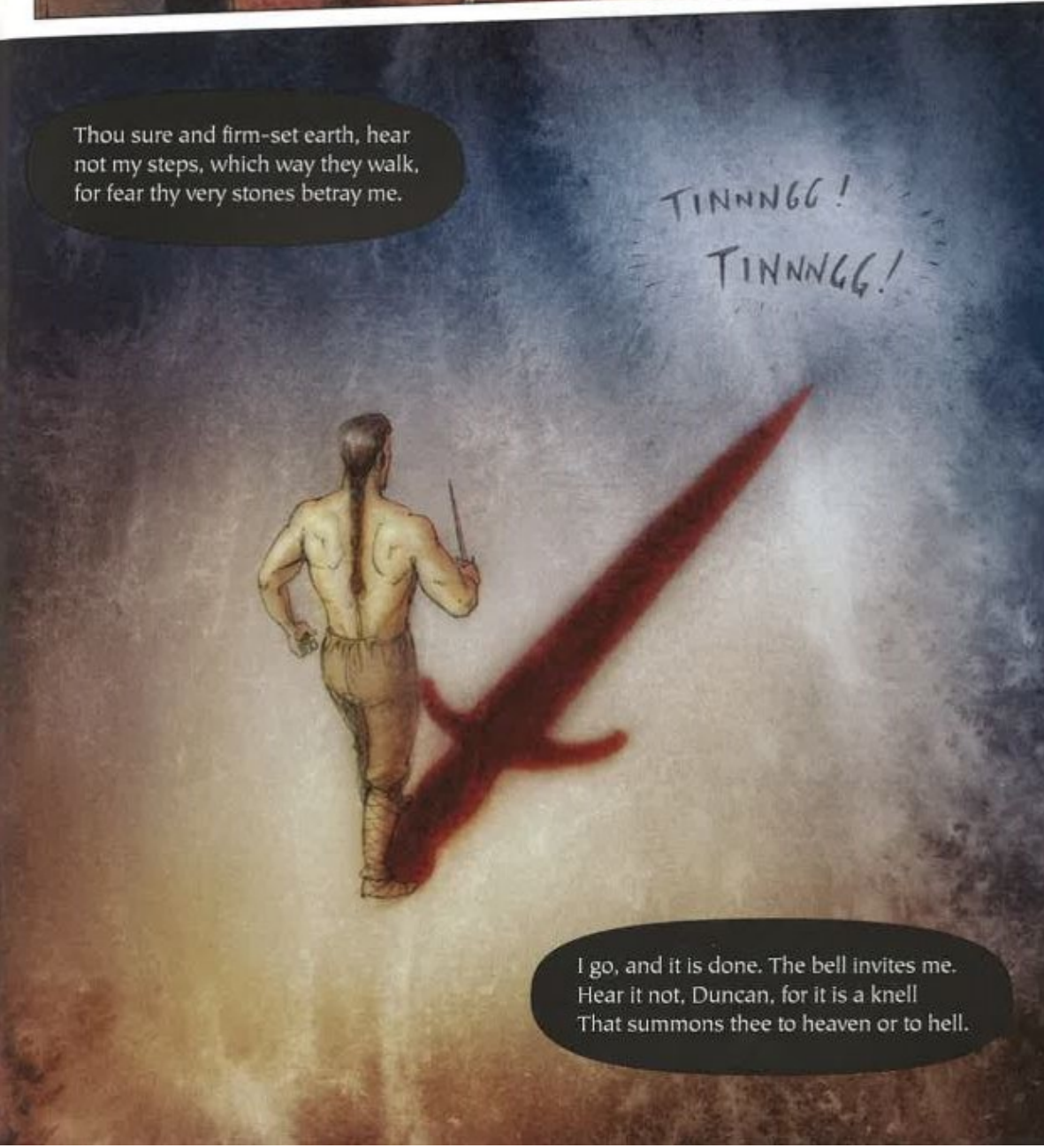
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses... or else the rest are blind.





I see thee still, and,  
on thy blade and  
handle, gouts of  
blood, which was  
not so before!

There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business  
which informs thus to  
mine eyes.

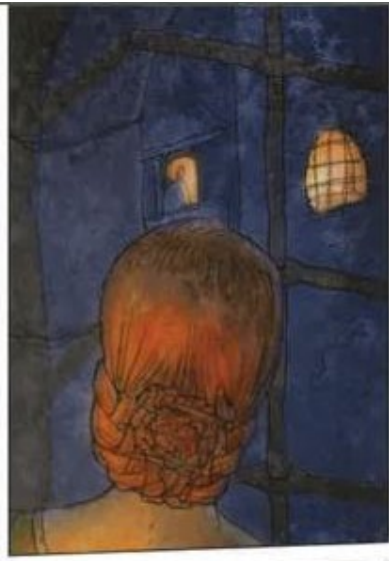
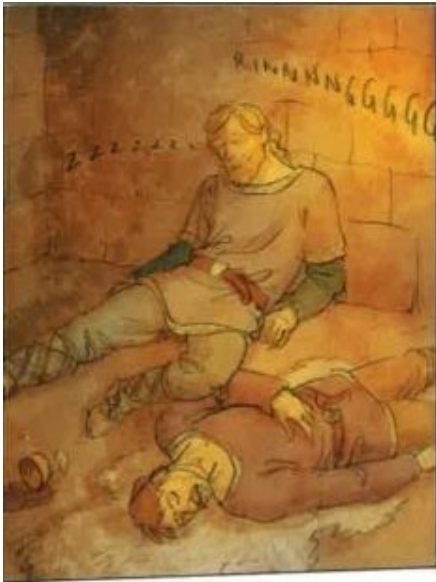


Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear  
not my steps, which way they walk,  
for fear thy very stones betray me.

TINNNG!  
TINNNG!

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.





That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold; what hath  
quenched them hath given me fire.



He is about it. The doors are  
open, and the drunken grooms do  
mock their charge with snores.



Hark!

Peace.  
It was the owl  
that shrieked,  
that fatal omen.



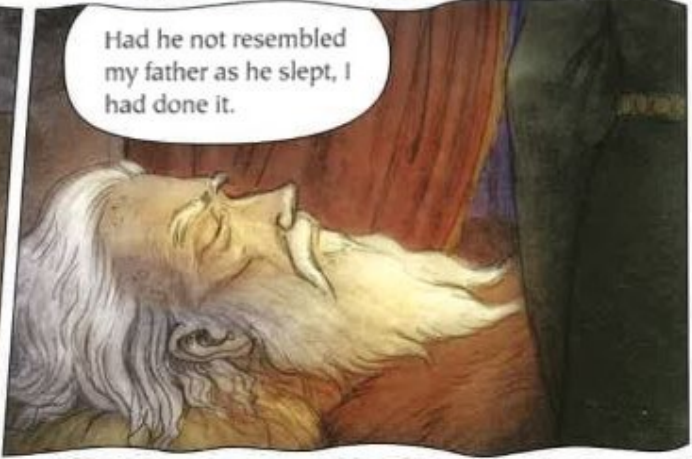
Who's there?  
What, ho!



Alack, I am afraid they have  
awaked, and 'tis not done. The  
attempt and not the deed ruins all.



I laid their daggers  
ready; he could  
not miss them.



Had he not resembled  
my father as he slept, I  
had done it.



My husband!



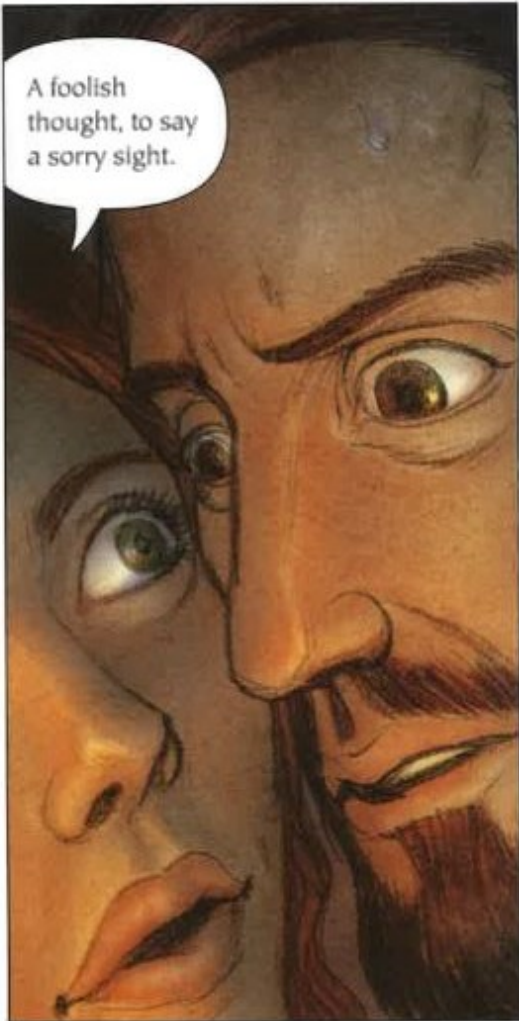


I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

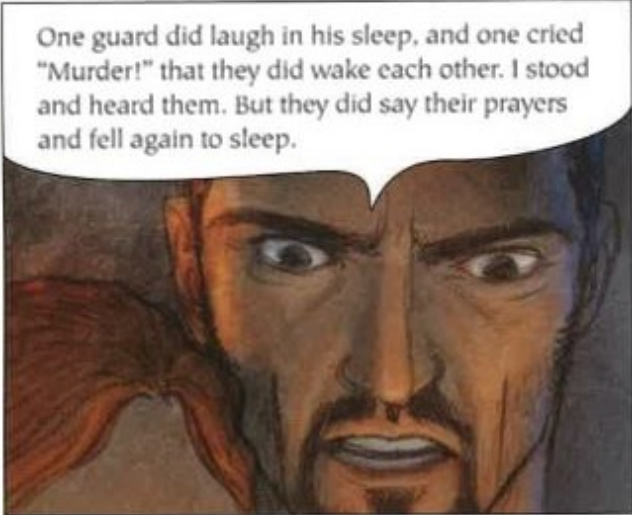


I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

This is a sorry sight.



A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.



One guard did laugh in his sleep, and one cried "Murder!" that they did wake each other. I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers and fell again to sleep.

One said "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other, As if they'd seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen" When they did say "God bless us!"

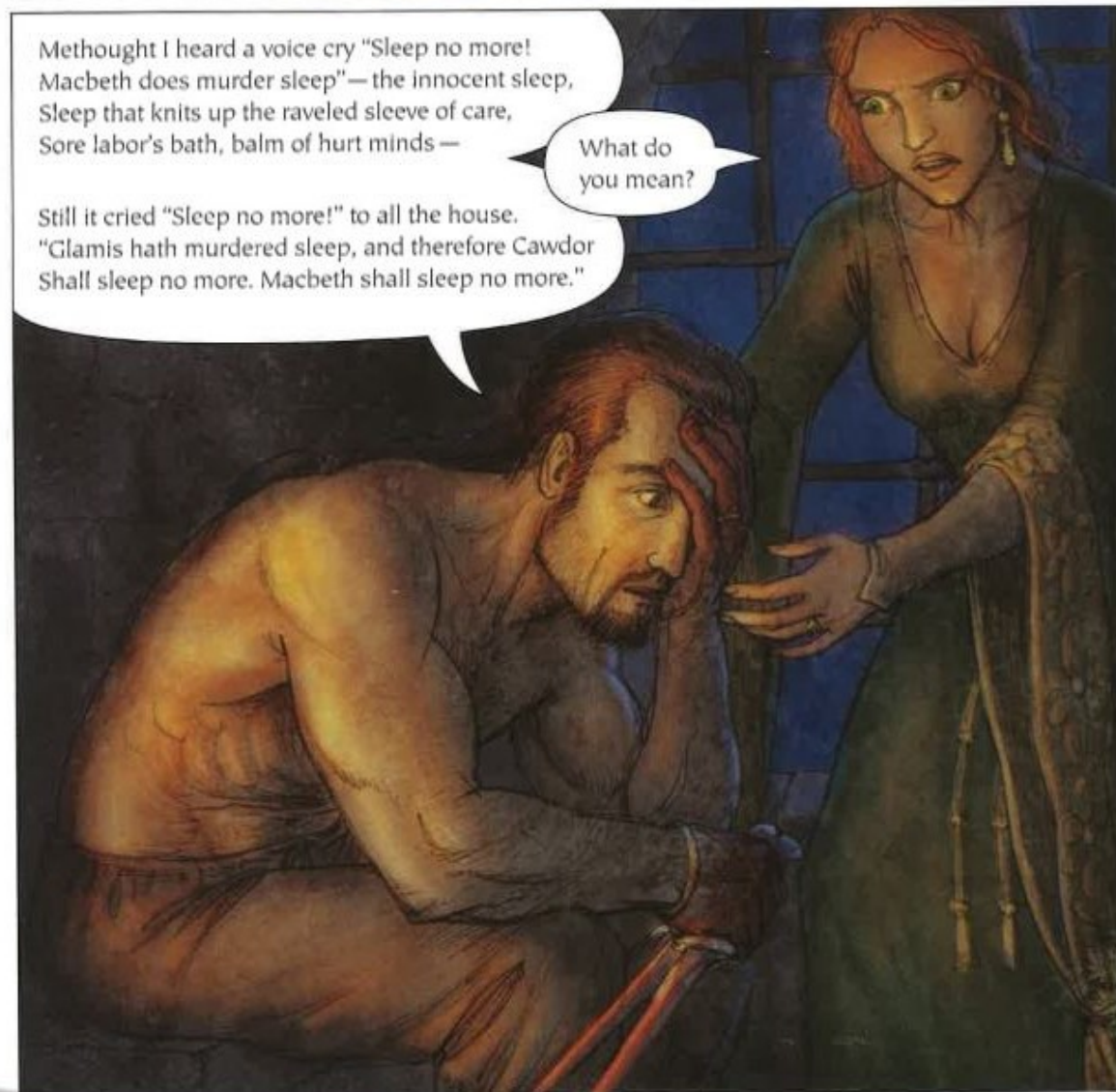




Consider it not so deeply.

But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"? I had most need of blessing, and "Amen" stuck in my throat.

These deeds must not be thought of in such ways — if so, 'twill make us mad.



Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep" — the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, Sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds —

What do you mean?

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."



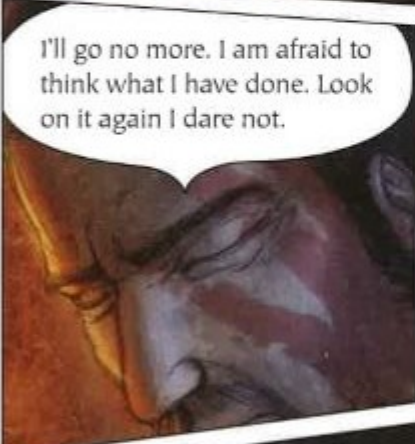
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water  
And wash this filthy witness from your—!



Why did you bring these daggers from the  
place? They must lie there! Go carry them,  
and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.



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



Infirm of  
purpose!

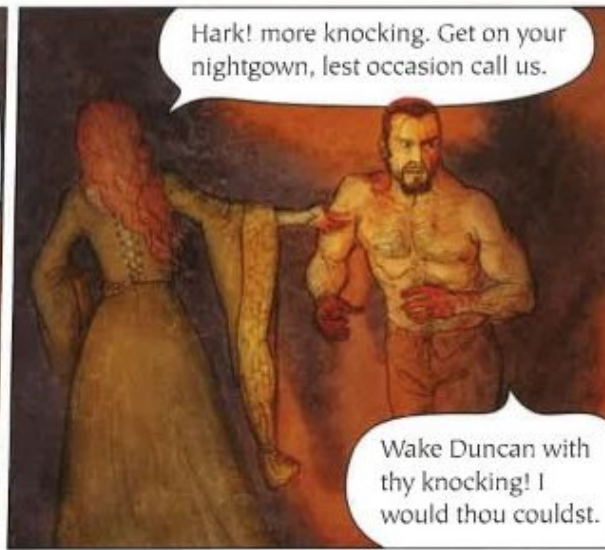
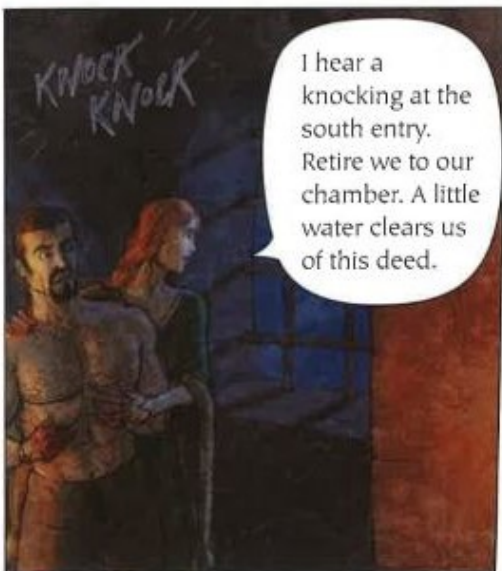
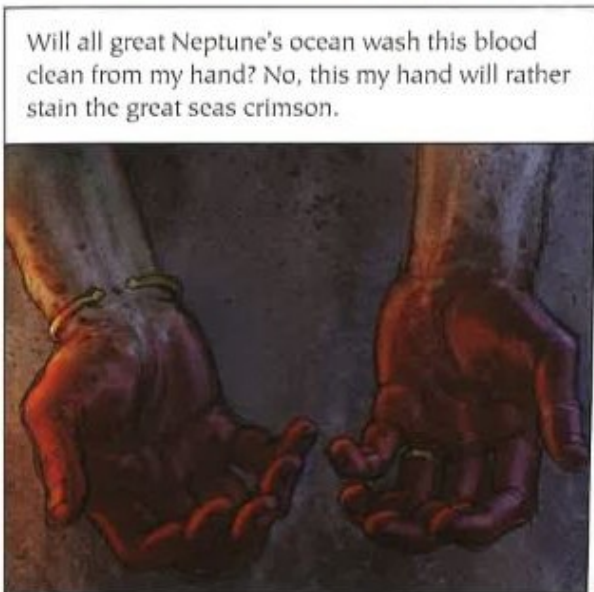
Give me the  
daggers.



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.



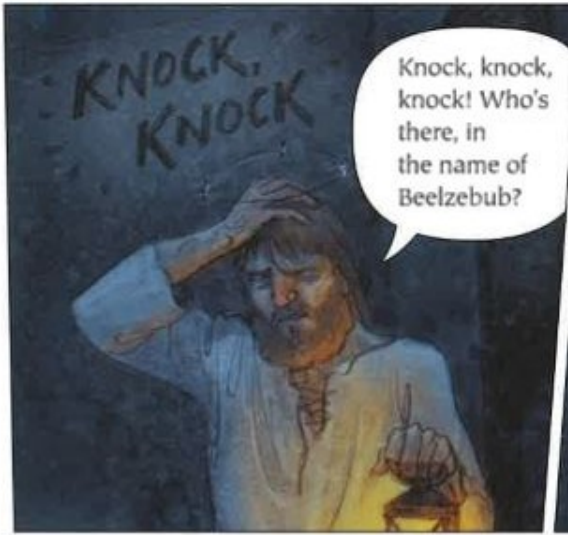






The castle courtyard

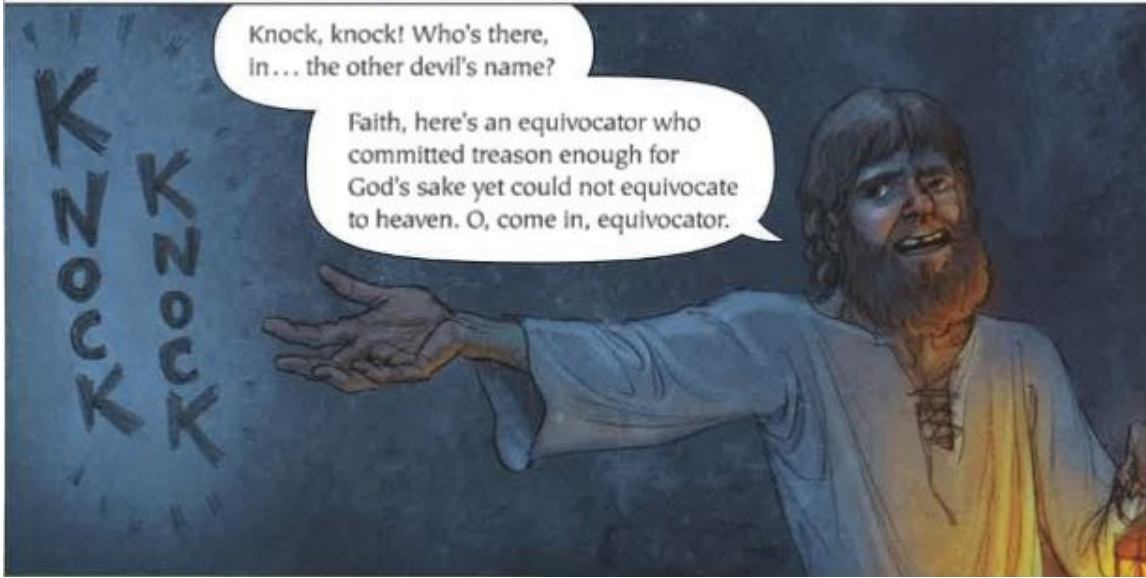
Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have no rest from turning the key.



Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?



Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in, sir! Have kerchiefs enough about you; here you'll sweat for it.



Knock, knock! Who's there, in... the other devil's name?

Faith, here's an equivocator who committed treason enough for God's sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.

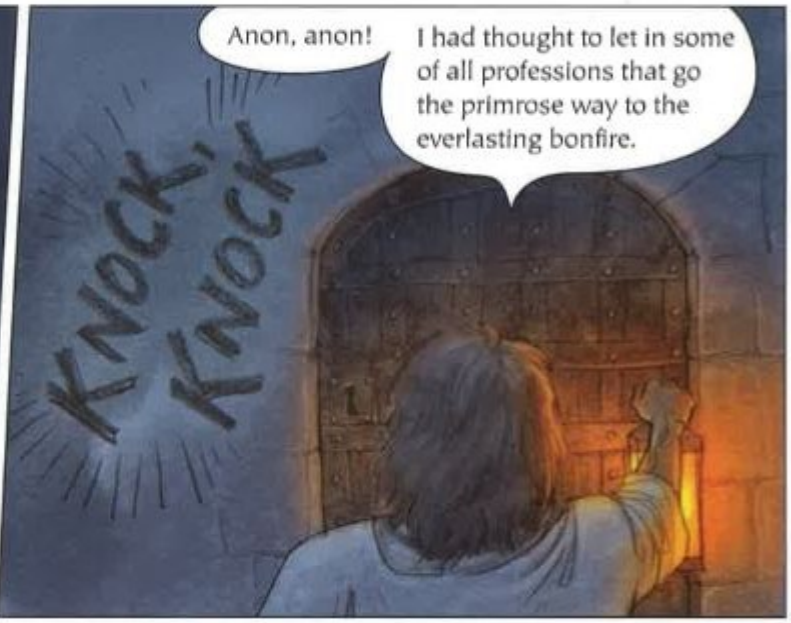


Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing cloth from a French hose.

Come in, tailor! Here you may roast your goose.



Knock, knock! Never at quiet! Who are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further.



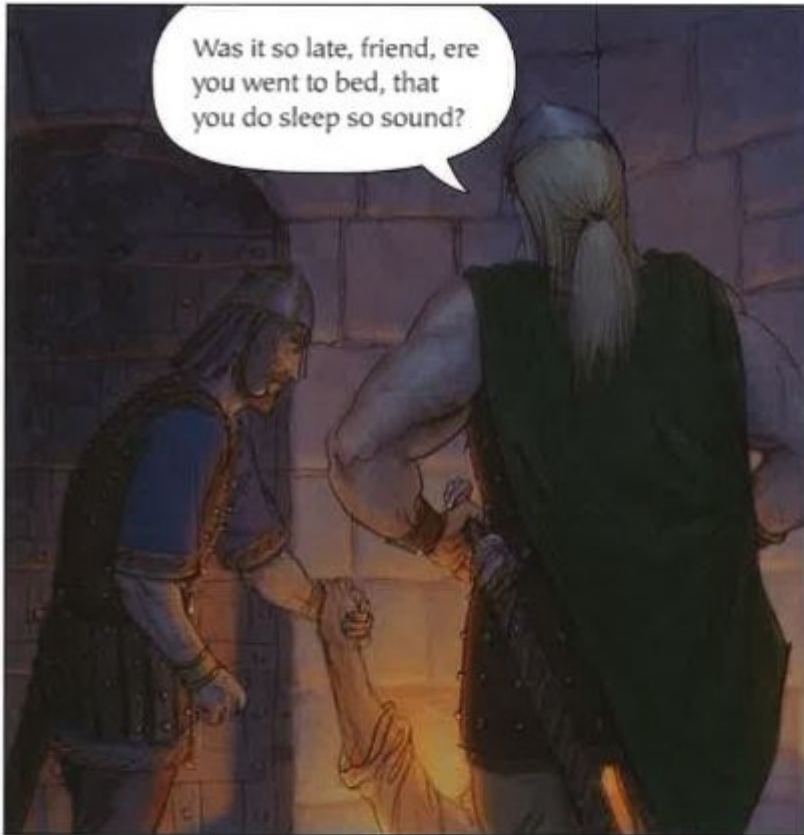
Anon, anon!

I had thought to let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.



I pray you, remember the porter?





Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do sleep so sound?



Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock — and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

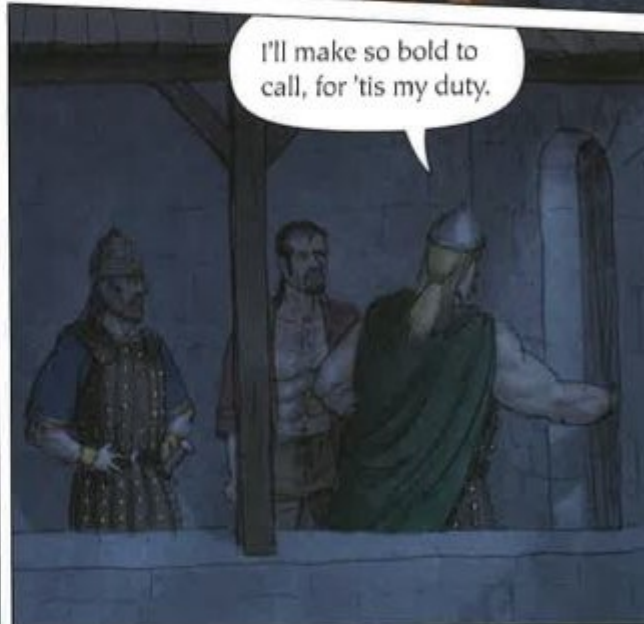


What three things does drink especially provoke?

Marry, sir, stumbling, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes. It provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

That it did, sir, though I made a shift to cast it off.

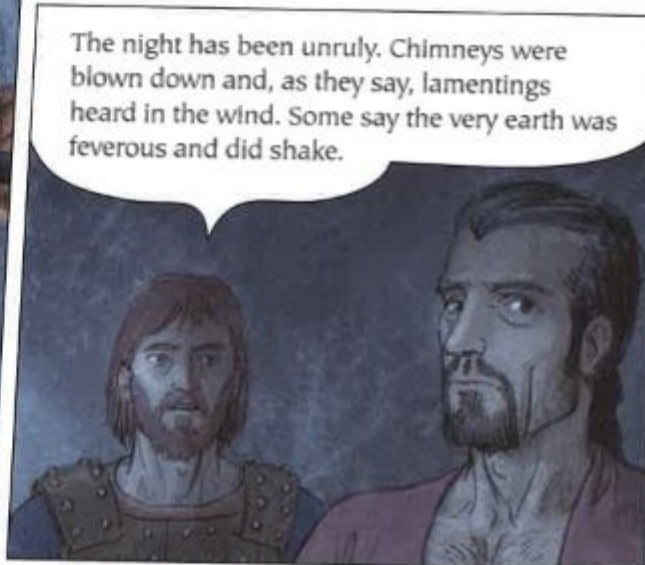






Goes the King hence today?

He does. He did appoint so.



The night has been unruly. Chimneys were blown down and, as they say, lamentings heard in the wind. Some say the very earth was feverous and did shake.



'Twas a rough night.

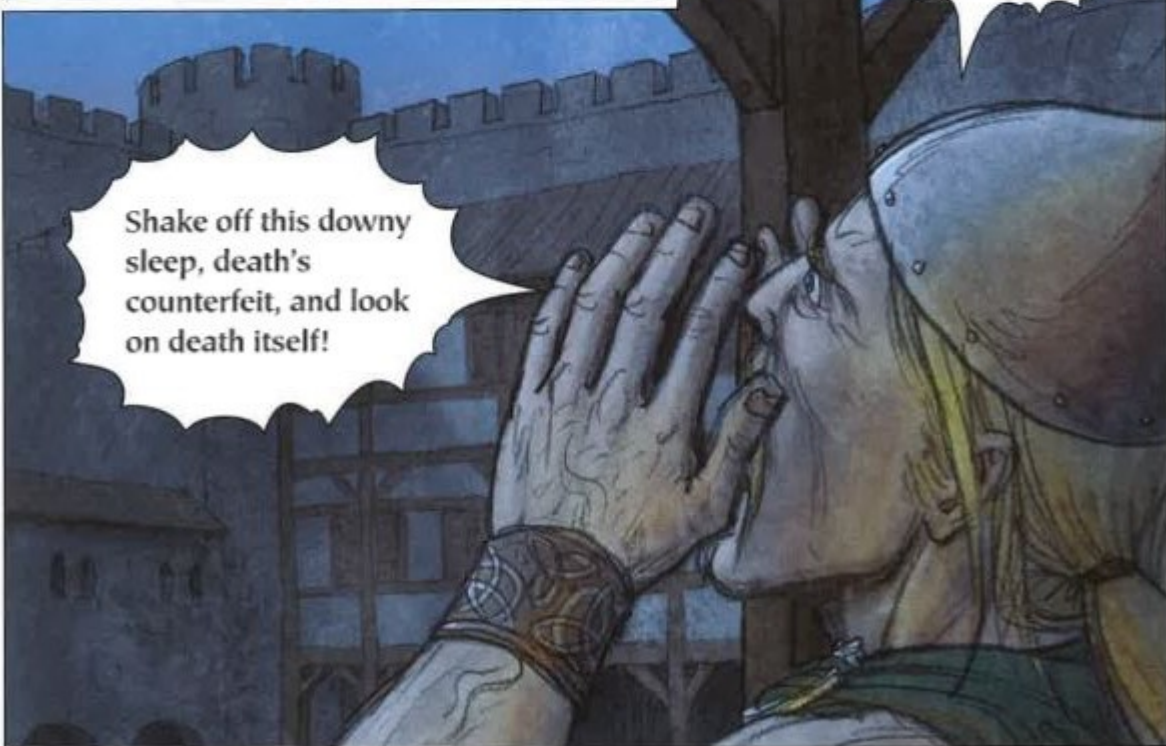
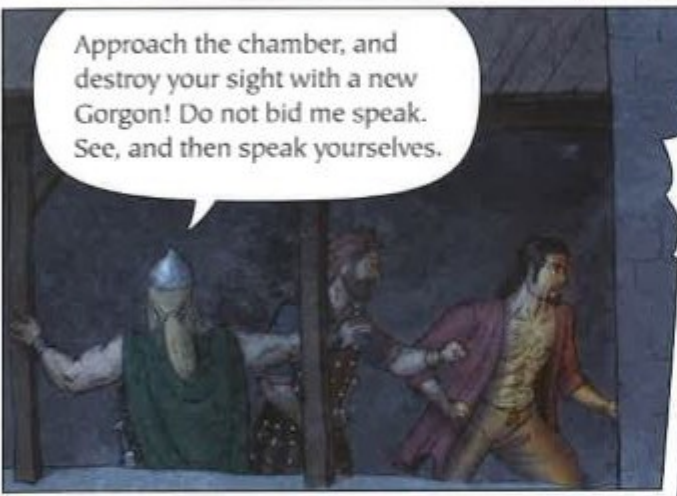
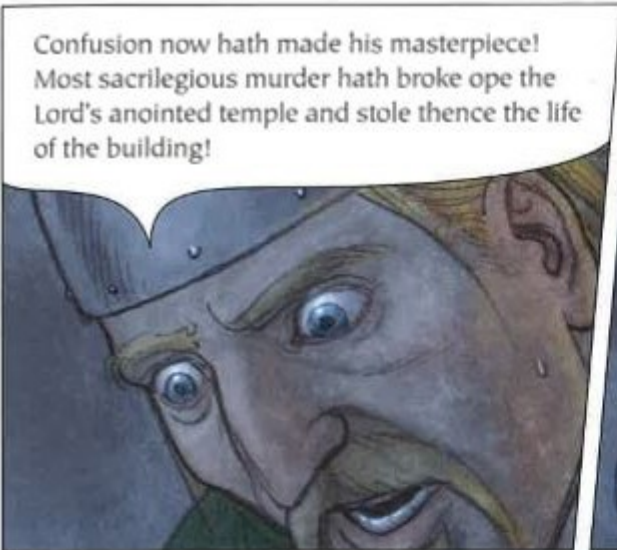
My young remembrance cannot parallel an equal to it.



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



What's the matter?

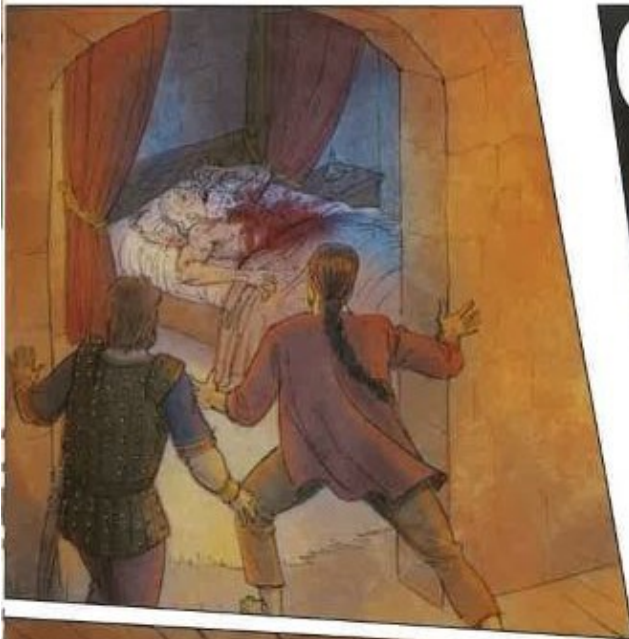




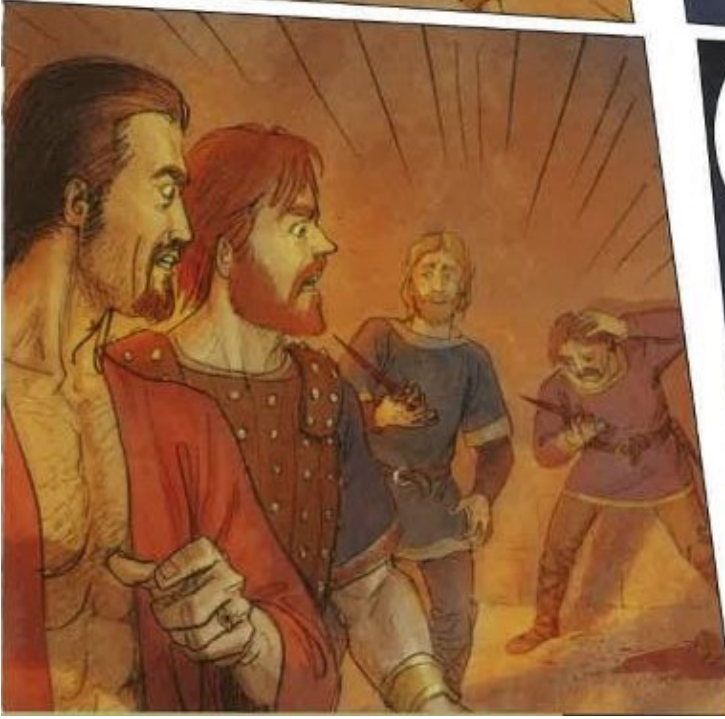


Up, up, and see the great doom's image! Ring the bell!

DONG!  
DONG!



What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley the sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!



O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak. The repetition, in a woman's ear, would murder as it fell.

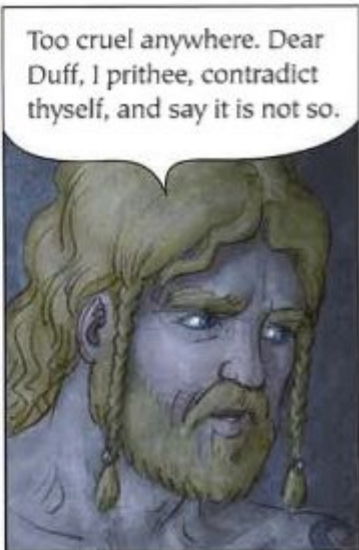






O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murdered!

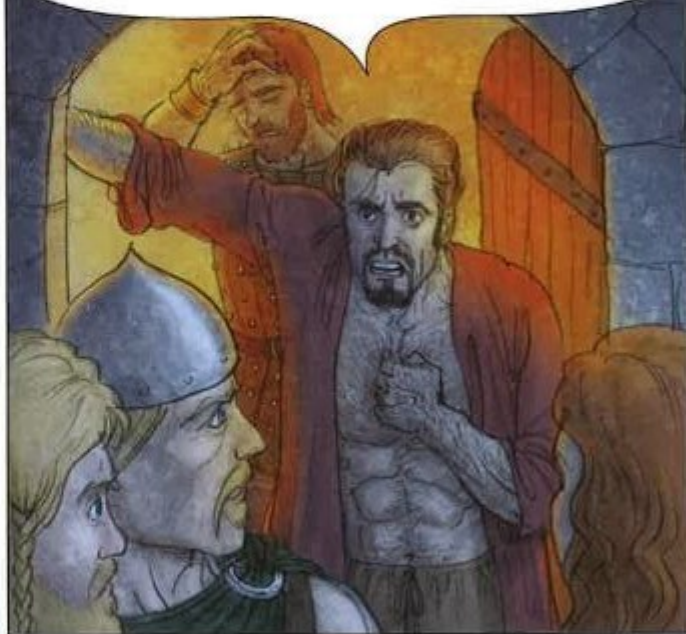
Alas! What, in our house?



Too cruel anywhere. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.



Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant there's nothing sacred in this mortal life. All is hollow. Renown and grace is dead. The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs are left within the vault.



O, Malcolm! Donalbain, oh!





What is amiss?



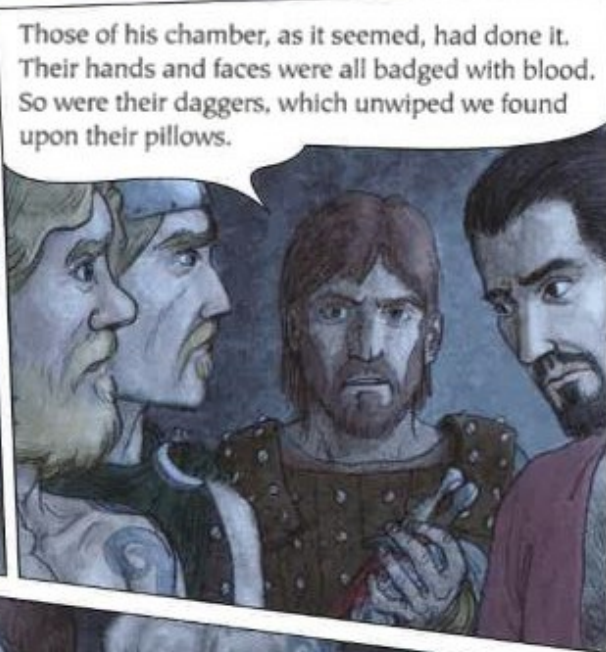
You are, and do not know it.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

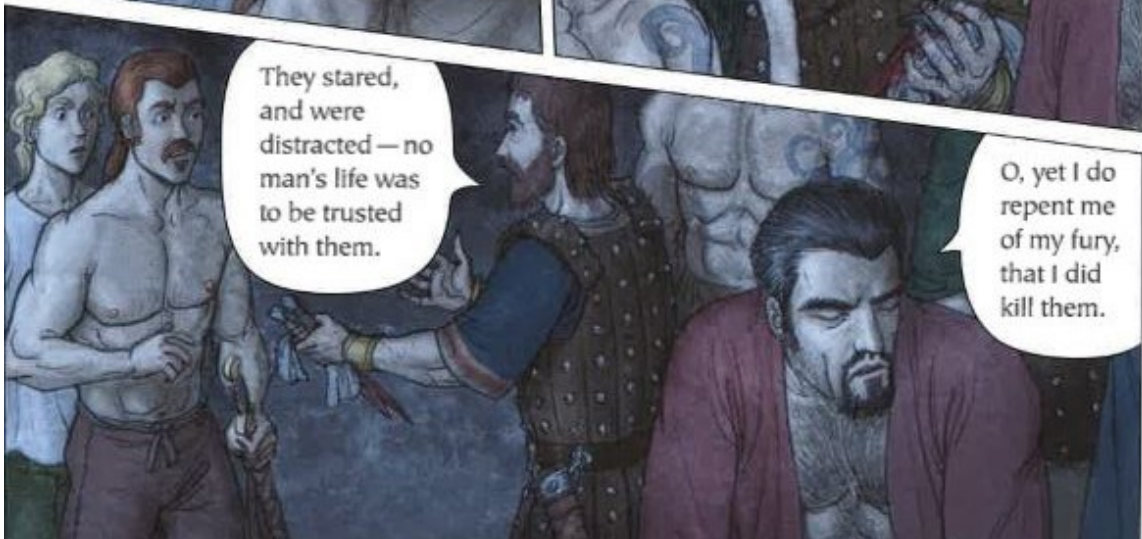
Your royal father's murdered.



By whom?



Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done it. Their hands and faces were all badged with blood. So were their daggers, which unwiped we found upon their pillows.



They stared, and were distracted — no man's life was to be trusted with them.

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

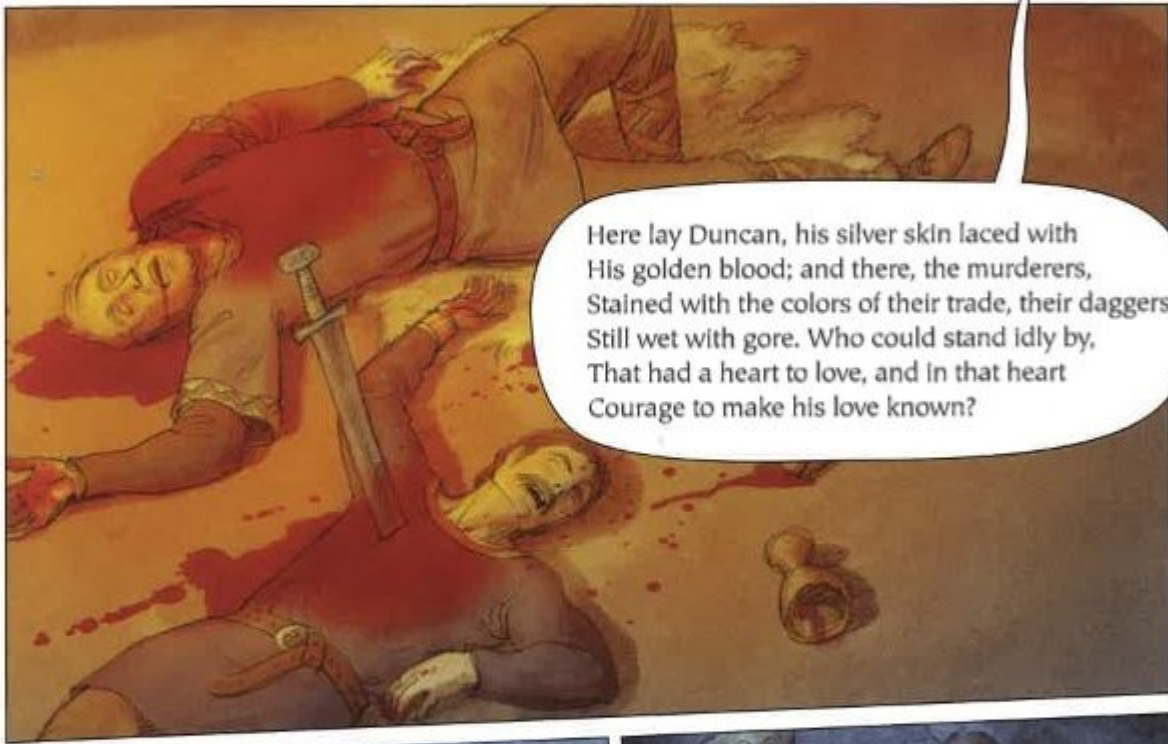




Wherefore did you so?



Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man. The expedition of my violent love outran the pauser, reason.



Here lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with His golden blood; and there, the murderers, Stained with the colors of their trade, their daggers Still wet with gore. Who could stand idly by, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make his love known?



Oh!



Look to the lady!





Why do we hold our tongues?

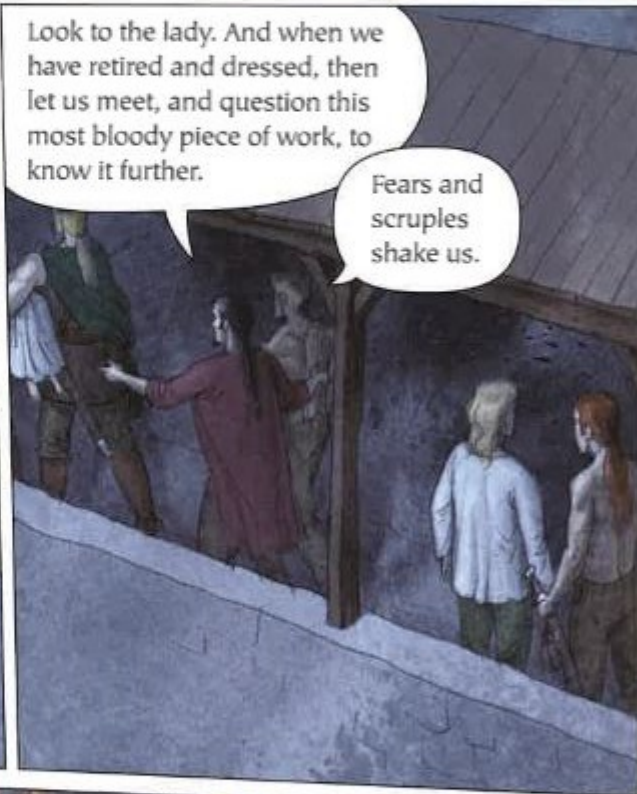
What should be spoken here, where danger pens us in? Let's away. Our tears are not yet brewed.

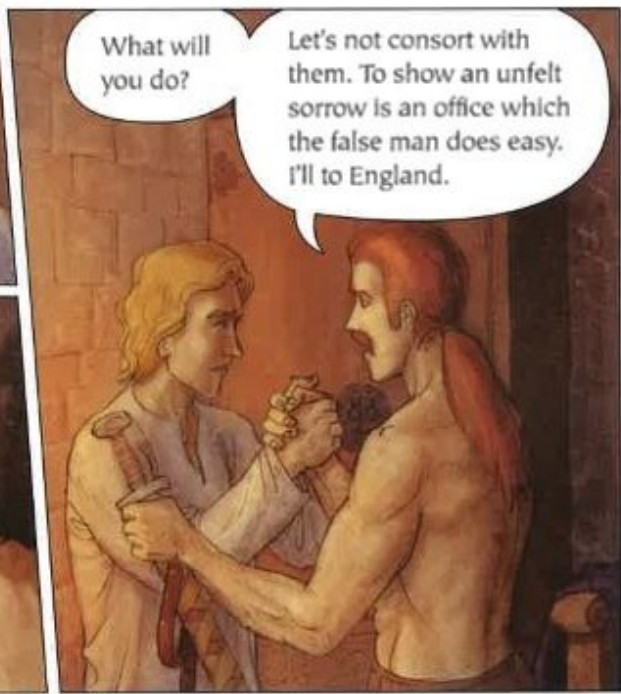
Look to the lady. And when we have retired and dressed, then let us meet, and question this most bloody piece of work, to know it further.

Fears and scruples shake us.



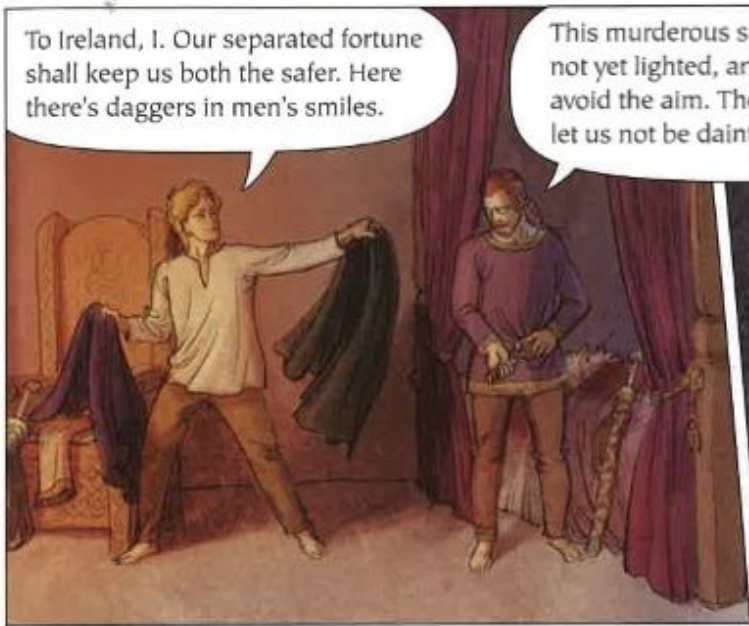
Nor our strong sorrow ready yet to act.





What will you do?

Let's not consort with them. To show an unfelt sorrow is an office which the false man does easy. I'll to England.



To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune shall keep us both safer. Here there's daggers in men's smiles.

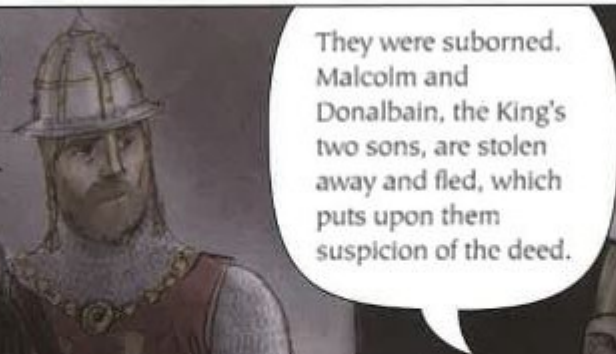
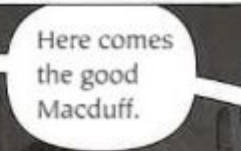


This murderous shaft that's shot hath not yet lighted, and our safest way is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse, and let us not be dainty of leave-taking.









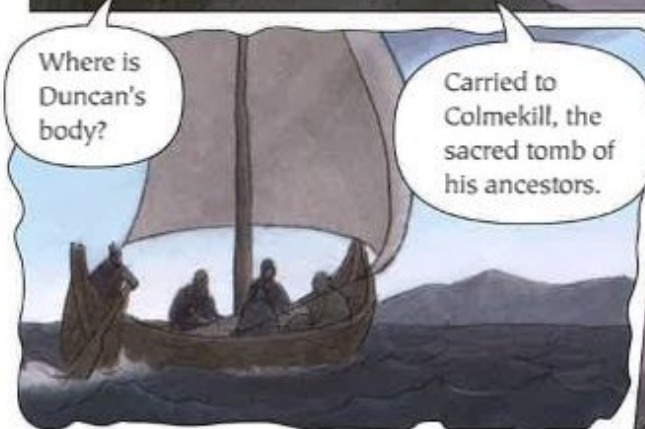




Thriftless ambition,  
against all nature!

Then 'tis most like the  
sovereignty will fall upon  
Macbeth.

He is already  
named, and  
gone to Scone  
to be invested.



Where is  
Duncan's  
body?

Carried to  
Colmekill, the  
sacred tomb of  
his ancestors.



Will you to  
Scone with  
me?



I'll to Fife.  
Good cousin,  
adieu!

Farewell,  
good sir.

God's blessing go  
with you, and with  
those that would  
make good of bad,  
and friends of foes!