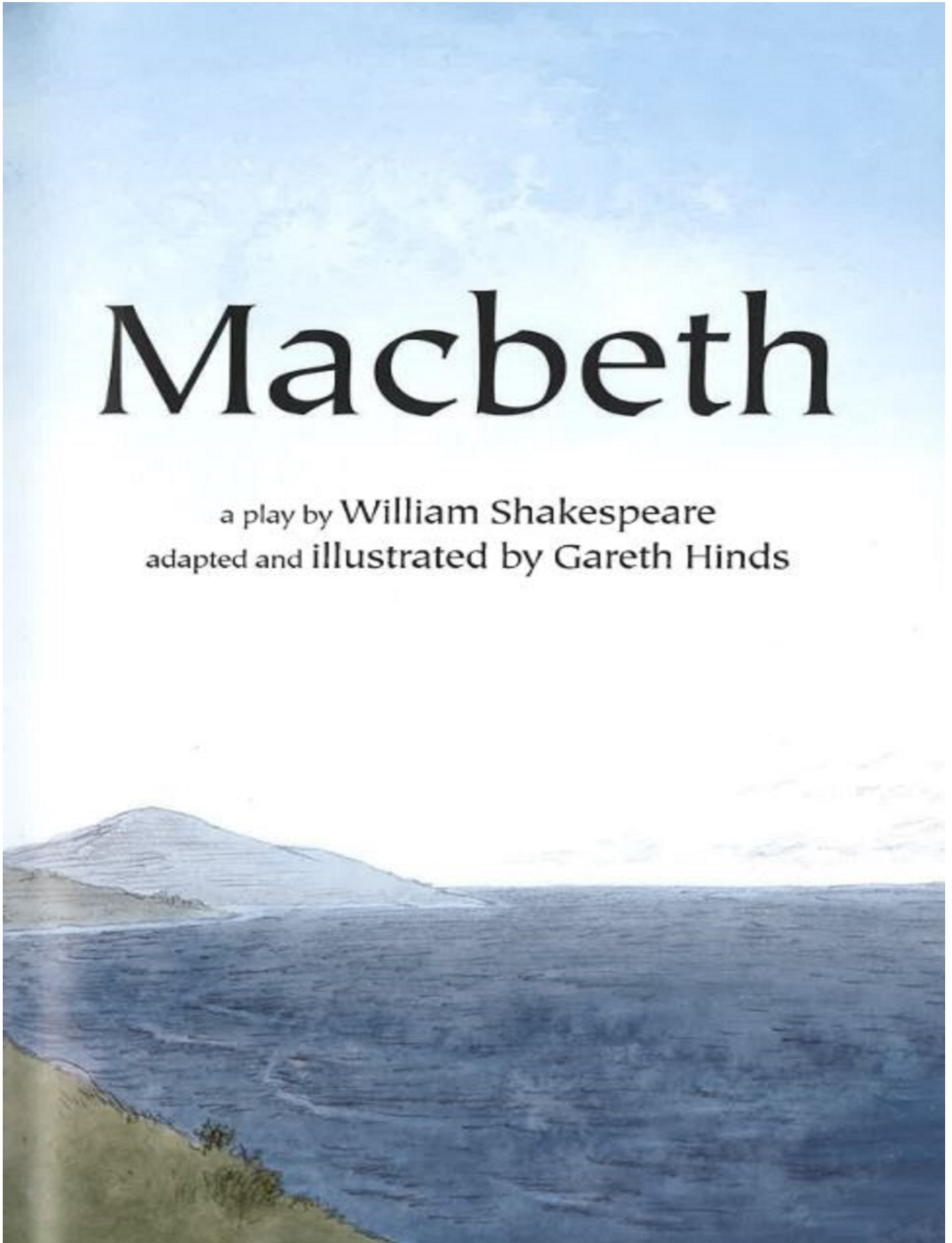


Act III

# Macbeth

a play by William Shakespeare  
adapted and illustrated by Gareth Hinds



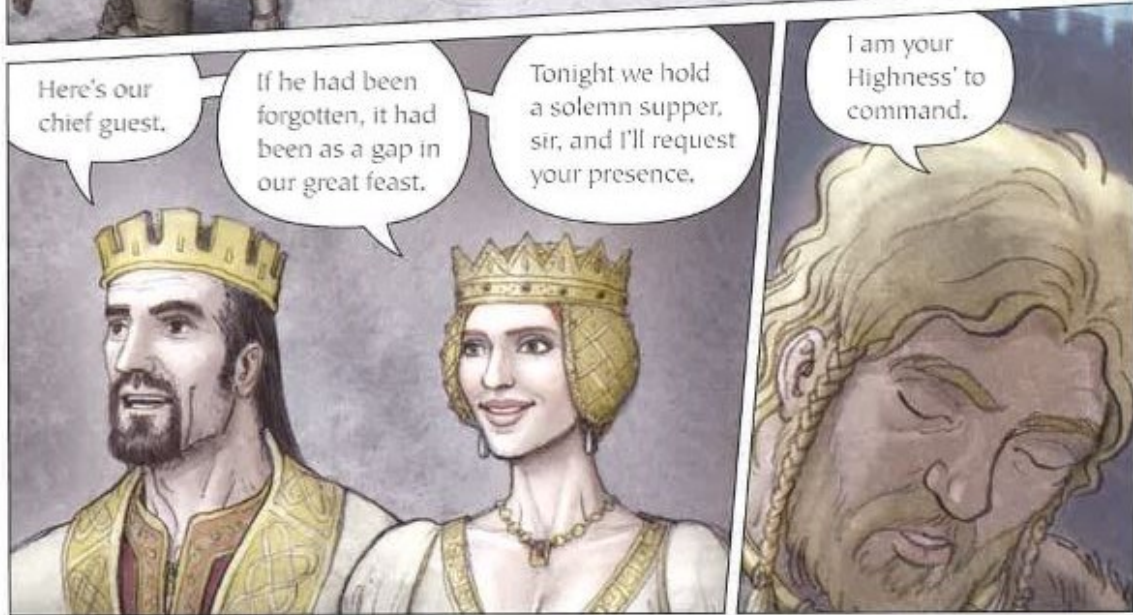
ACT III: The royal  
palace at Forres



Thou hast it  
now — King, Cawdor,  
Glamis, all, as the  
Weird Women  
promised, and I fear  
thou play'dst most  
fouly for it.

Yet they said I should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them —  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope?

But hush!  
No more.







To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus!

Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared.

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 scepter in my grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.  
  
If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I broke my oath, defiled my mind!  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered —  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than that, come fate into the list;  
I'll challenge thee!





Who's there?

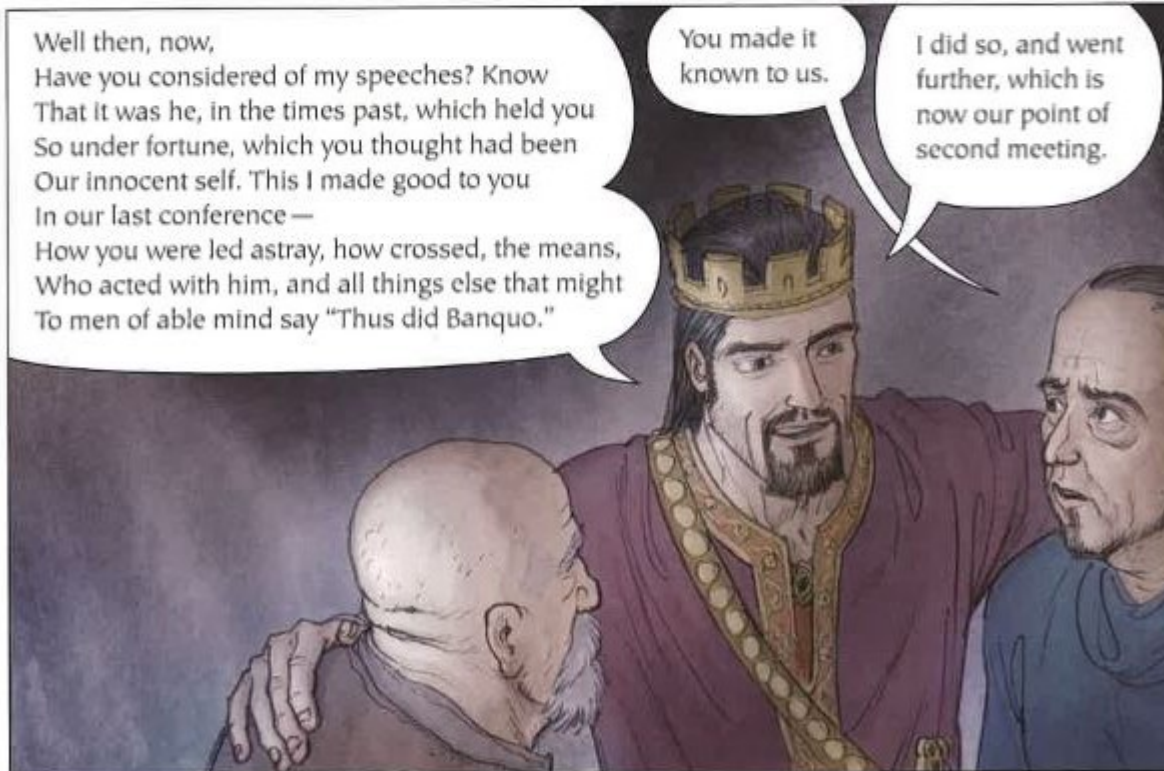


Stay at the door, Seyton, until we call.



Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

It was, so please your Highness.

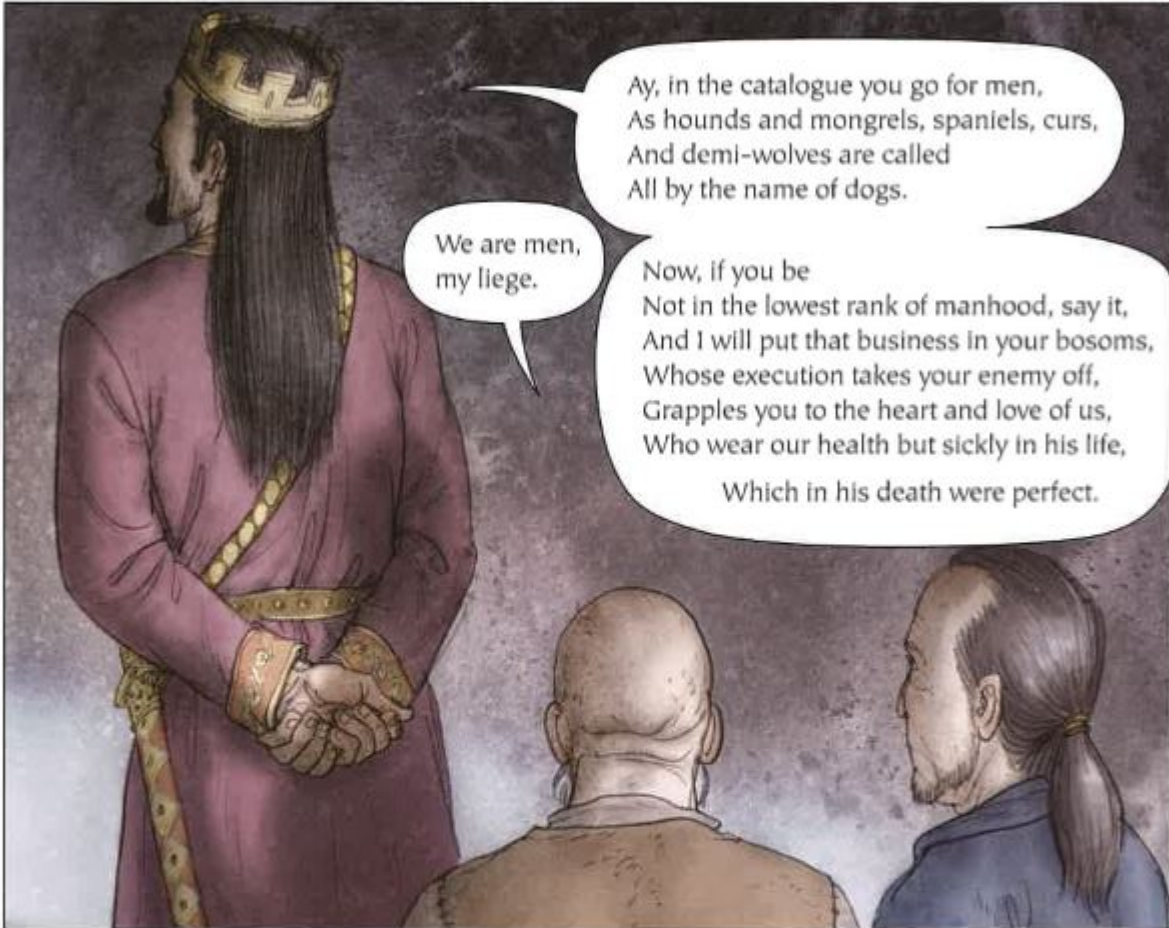


Well then, now, Have you considered of my speeches? Know That it was he, in the times past, which held you So under fortune, which you thought had been Our innocent self. This I made good to you In our last conference — How you were led astray, how crossed, the means, Who acted with him, and all things else that might To men of able mind say "Thus did Banquo."

You made it known to us.

I did so, and went further, which is now our point of second meeting.

Is 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 forever?



We are men,  
my liege.

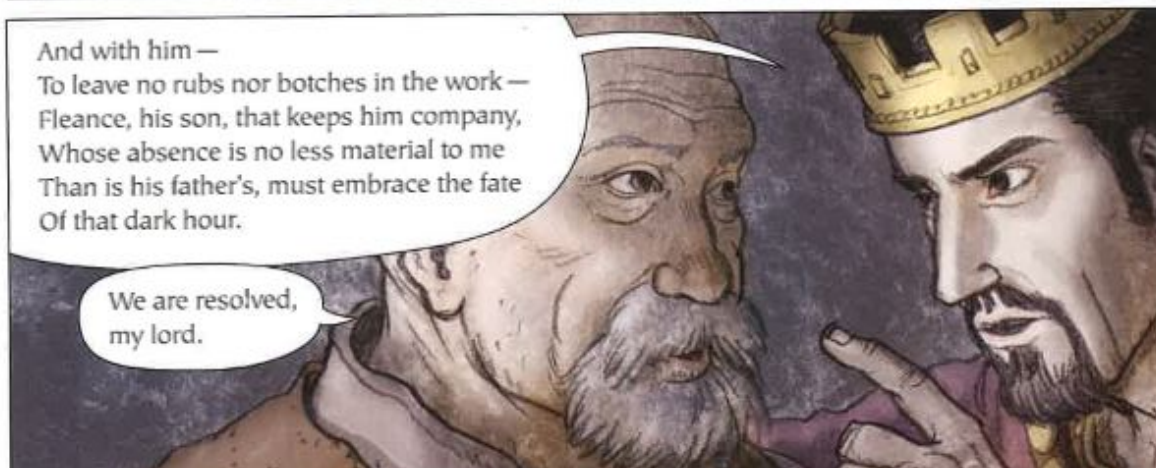
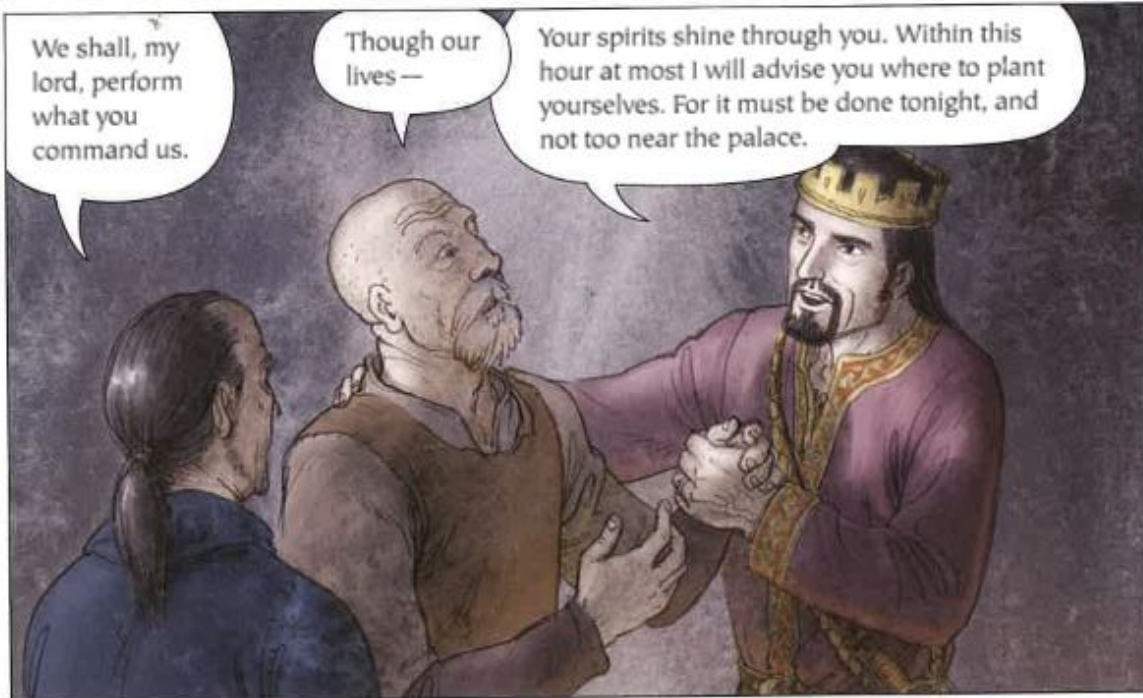
Ay, in the catalogue you go for men,  
As hounds and mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
And demi-wolves are called  
All by the name of dogs.

Now, if you be  
Not in the lowest rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

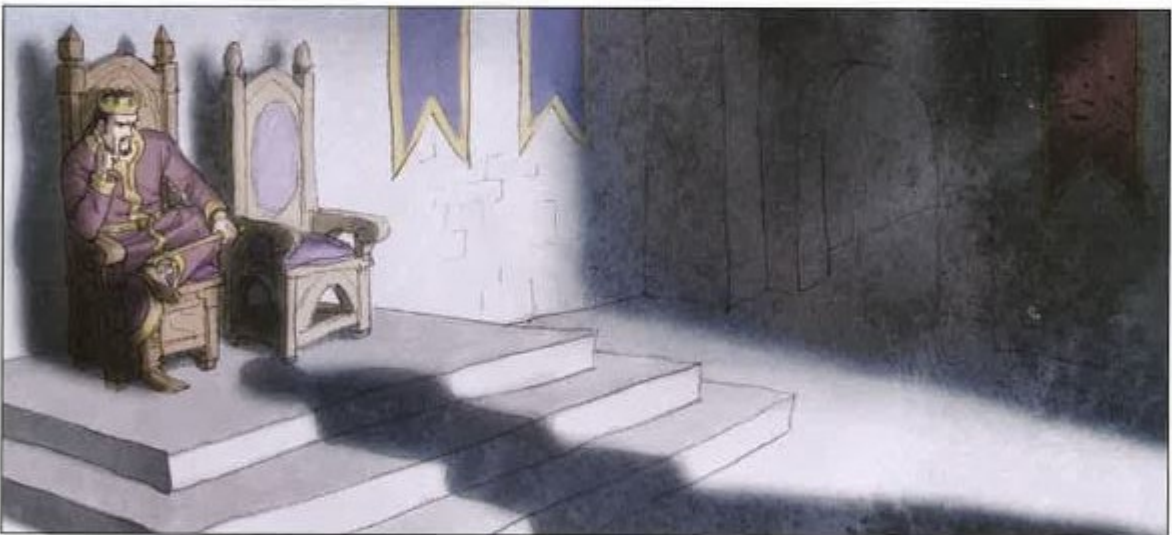
I am one, my liege,  
whom the vile  
blows and buffets  
of the world have so  
incensed that I am  
reckless what  
I do to spite the  
world.

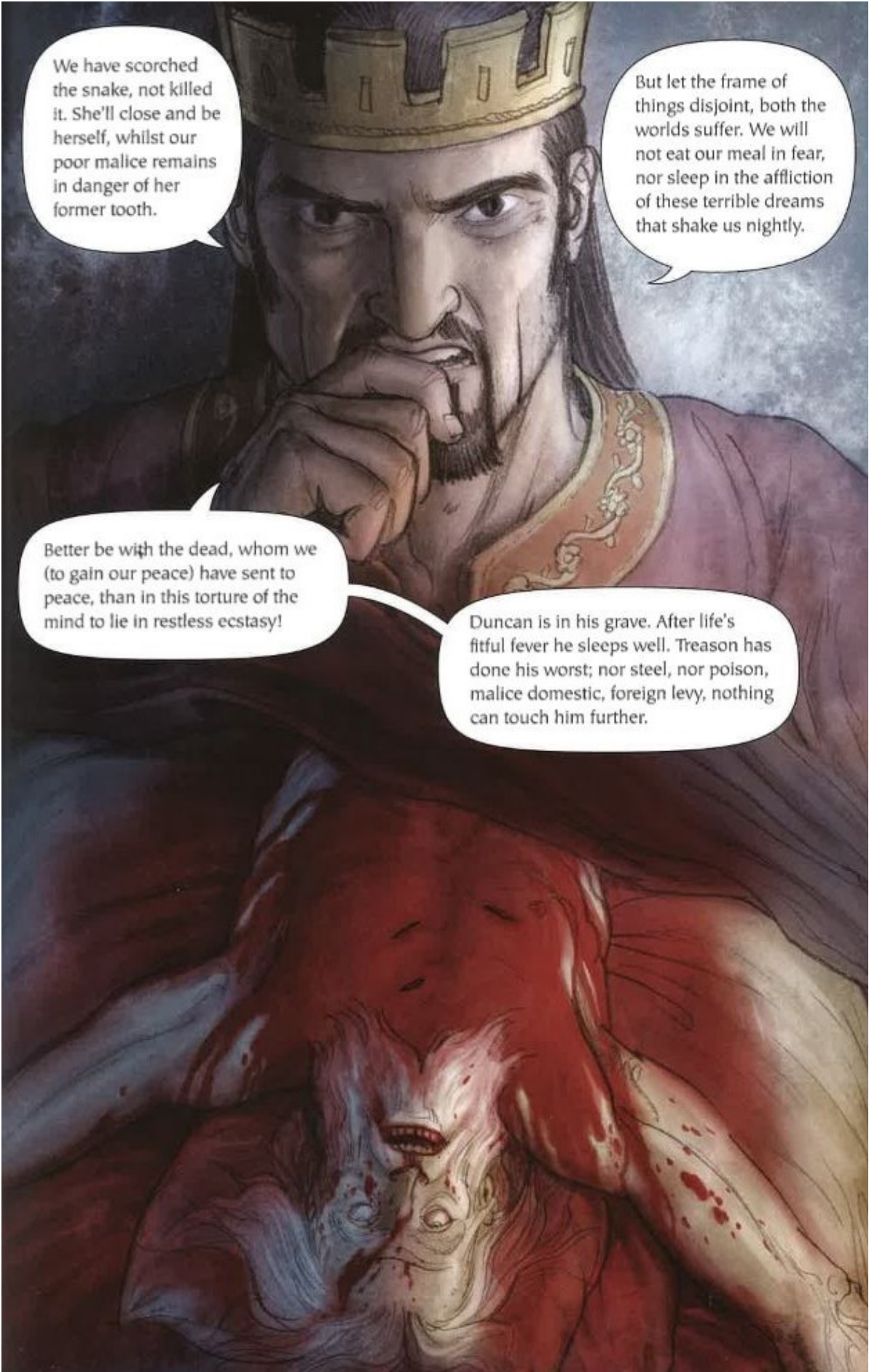


And I  
another.







A comic book panel. The top half shows a close-up of a man with a crown and a goatee, looking thoughtful with his hand to his chin. The bottom half shows a distorted, bloody face with wide, staring eyes. Four speech bubbles contain text.

We have scorched the snake, not killed it. She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer. We will not eat our meal in fear, nor 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 in this 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.



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

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.



But they are not immortal.

There's comfort yet; they are assailable.

Then be thou jocund, for soon there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.



What's to be done?

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

Come, night, sew up the tender eye of pitiful day.

Thou marvest at my words, but hold thee still. Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. So, prithee, go with me.

A forest near the palace



Who bid thee  
join with us?

Macbeth.

He needs not  
our mistrust.



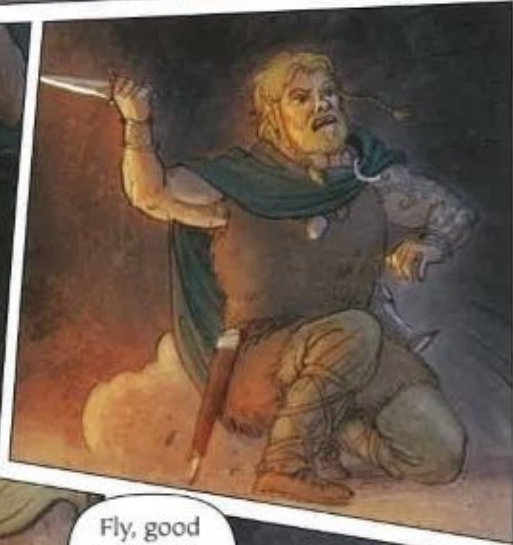
Hark!  
I hear  
horses.

It must be he. The  
rest that are expected  
already are in the court.

A light!







Treachery!

Fly, good  
Fleance,  
fly, fly, fly!



Thou mayst  
revenge.

O slave!







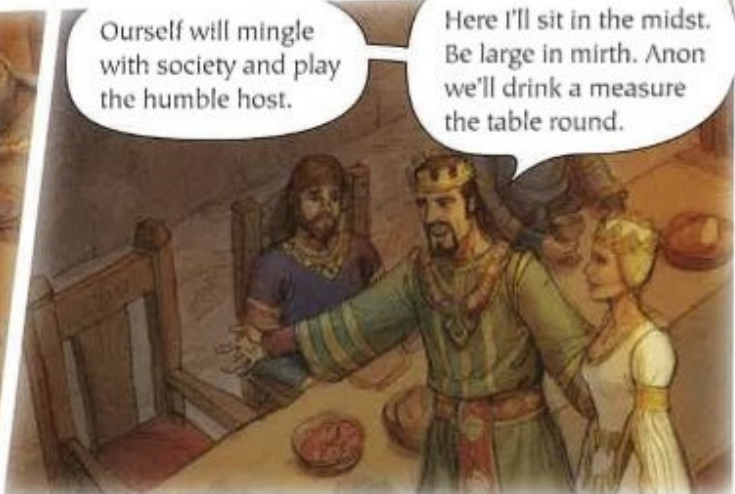
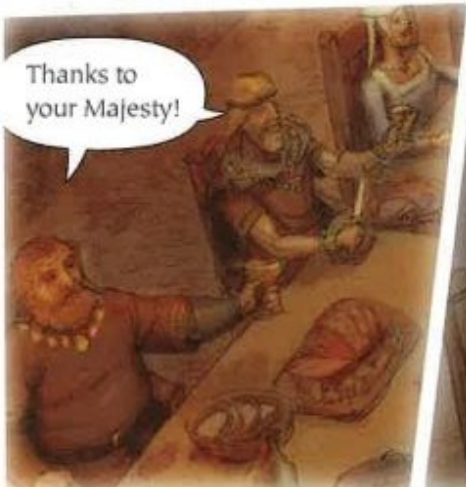
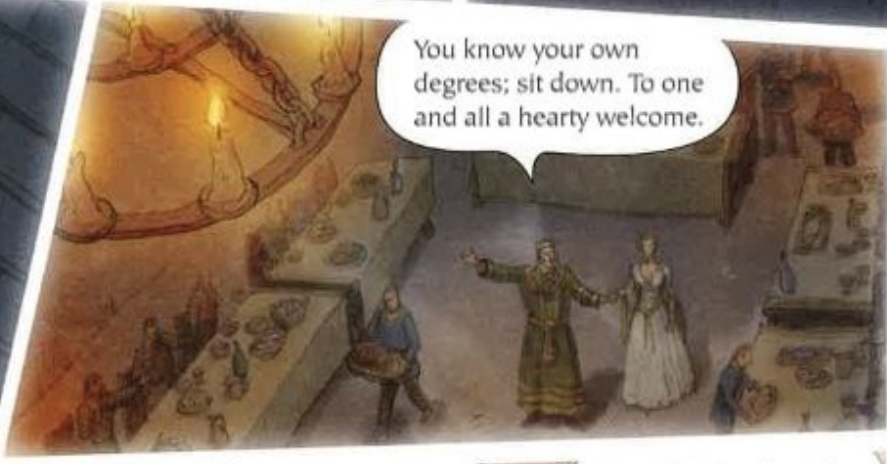
There's but one down. The son is fled.

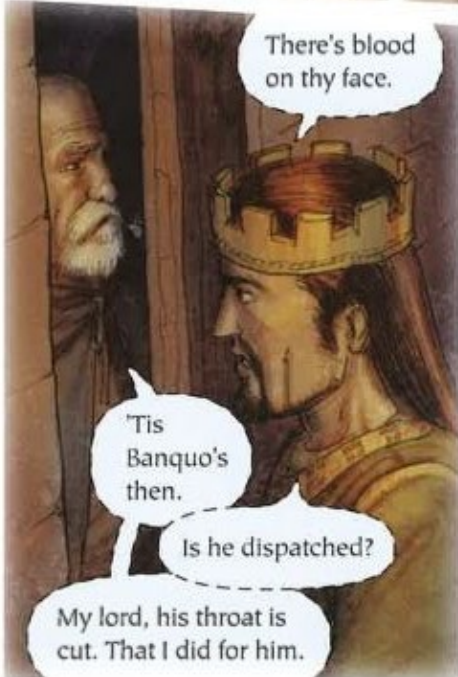
We've lost one half our charge.

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









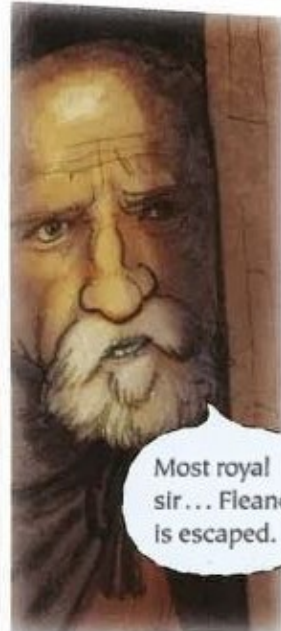
There's blood on thy face.

'Tis Banquo's then.

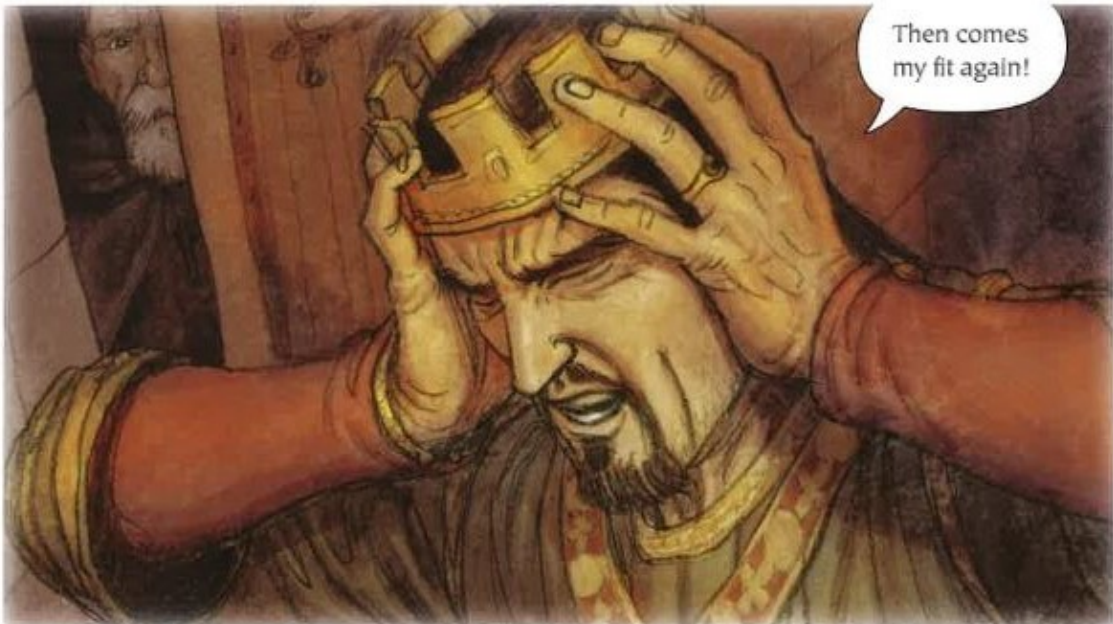
Is he dispatched?

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

Thou art the best of the cut-throats — save only he that did the same for Fleance.



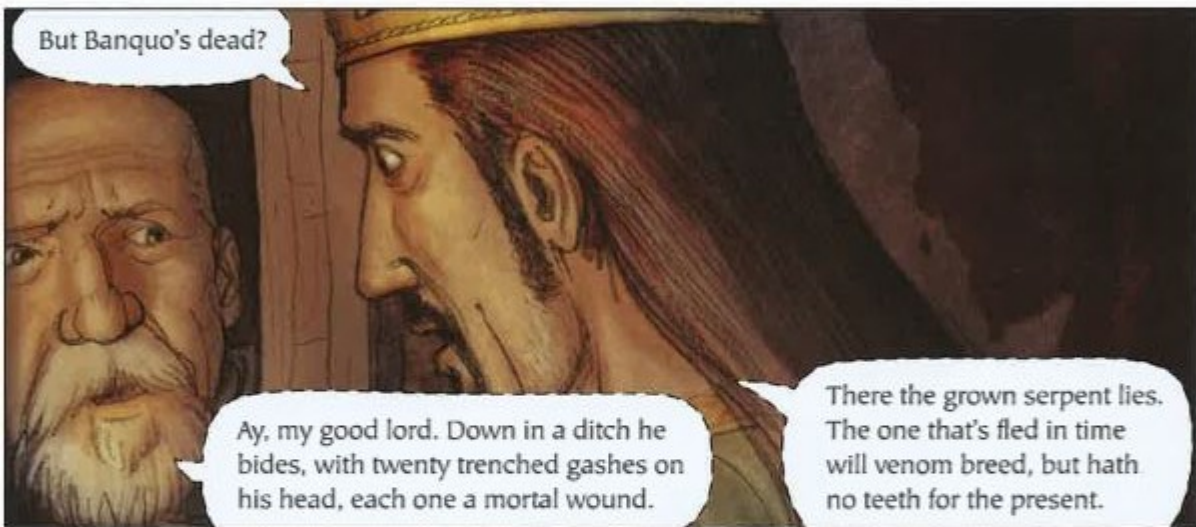
Most royal sir... Fleance is escaped.



Then comes my fit again!



I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble,  
solid as the rock, as vast  
and carefree as the open  
sky. But now I am cabined,  
cribbed, confined, bound  
in by teeming doubts  
and fears!



But Banquo's dead?

Ay, my good lord. Down in a ditch he  
bides, with twenty trenched gashes on  
his head, each one a mortal wound.

There the grown serpent lies.  
The one that's fled in time  
will venom breed, but hath  
no teeth for the present.



Get thee gone.  
Tomorrow we'll  
speak again.



My royal lord, you do  
not give good cheer. The  
sauce to meat is ceremony;  
dinner is bare without it.



Sweet remembrancer!



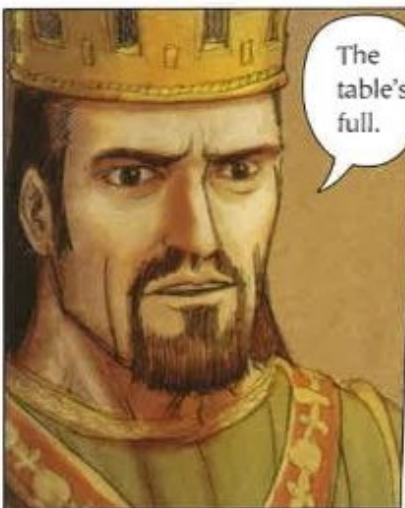
Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!



May it please your Highness sit.

We'd all the pride of Scotland here, if only noble Banquo were present.

His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise. Please it your Highness to grace us with your royal company?



The table's full.



Here is a place reserved, sir.

Where?

Here, my good lord.



What is it that moves your Highness?



Which of you have done this?

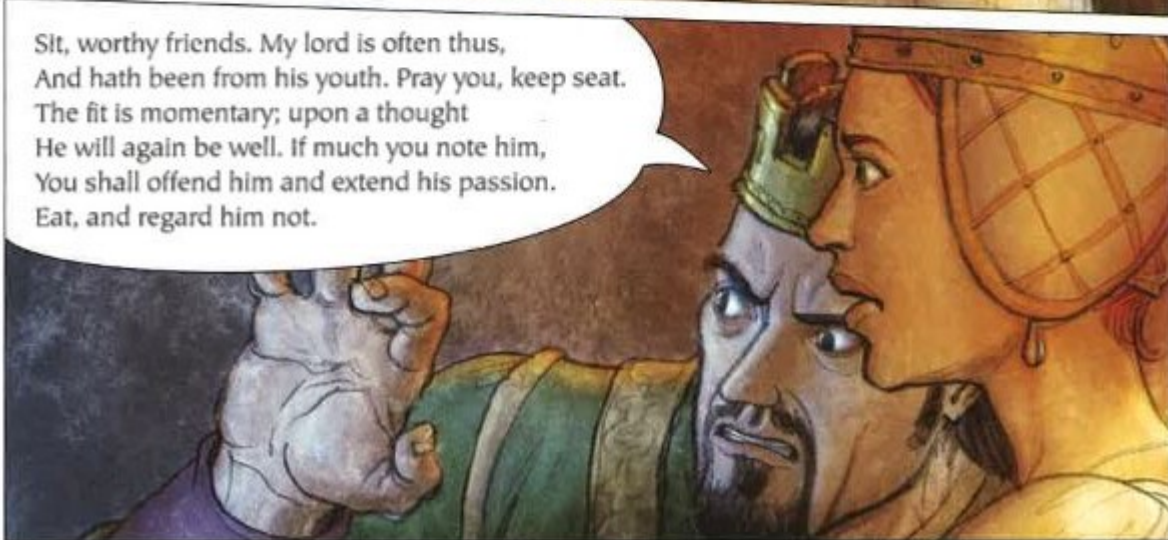
What, my good lord?



Thou canst not say I did it! Never shake thy gory locks at me!



Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.



Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him and extend his passion. Eat, and regard him not.



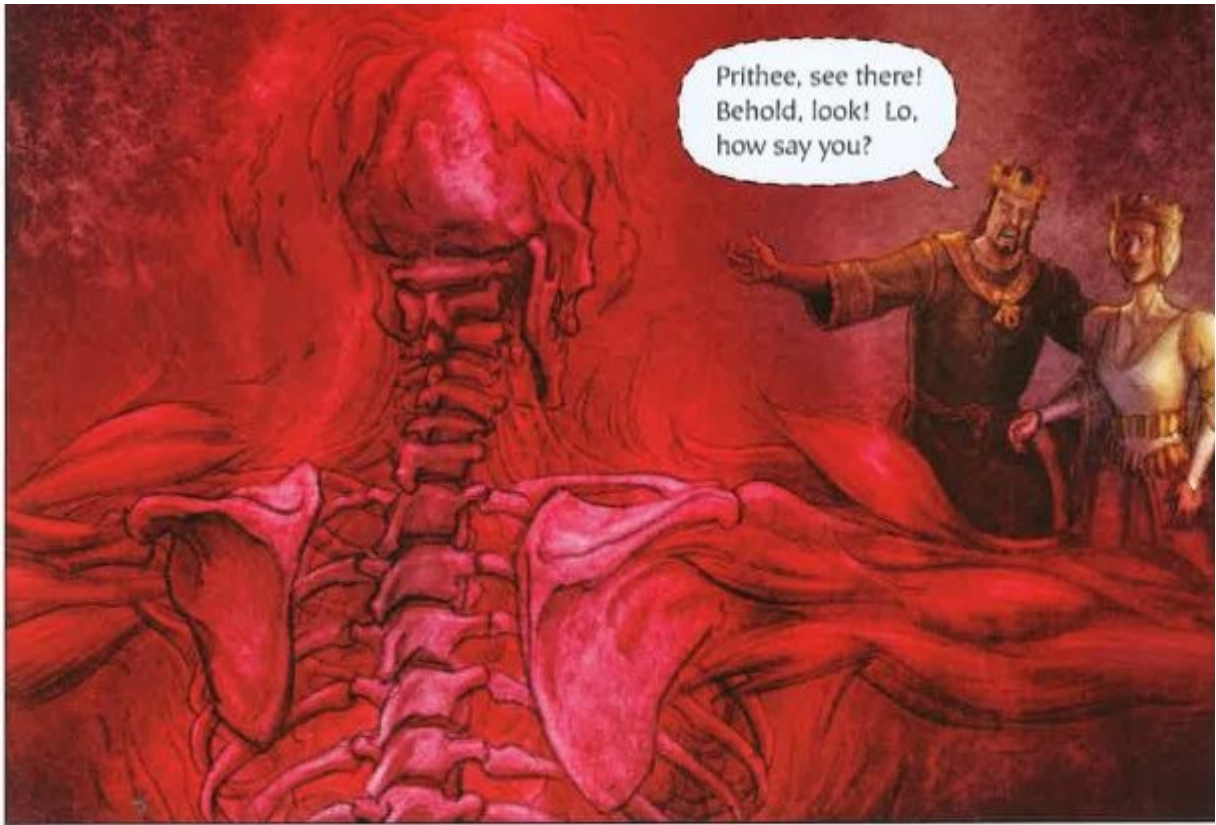
Are you a man?

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appall the devil!

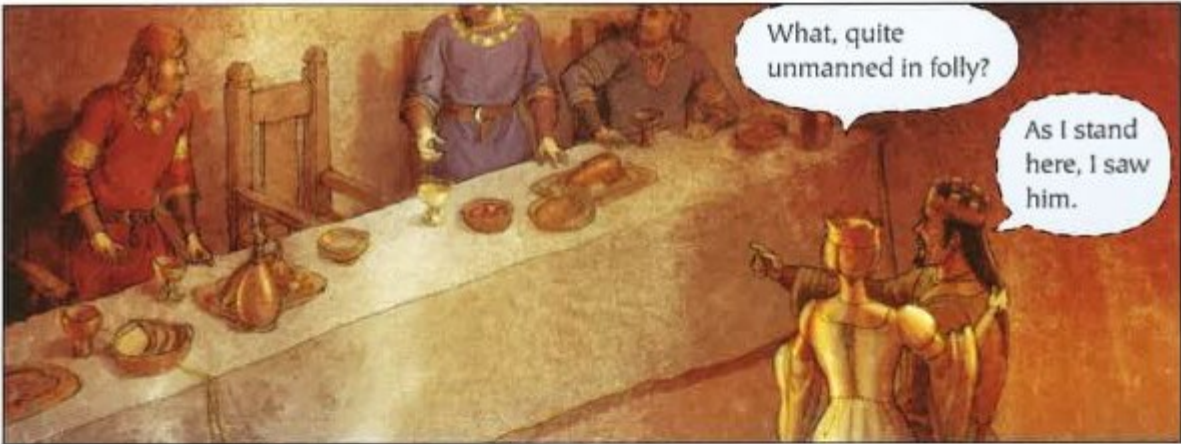


This is the very painting of your fear. This is the air-drawn dagger which you said led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, impostors to true fear, would well become a campfire story told by boys.

Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? You look but on a chair!

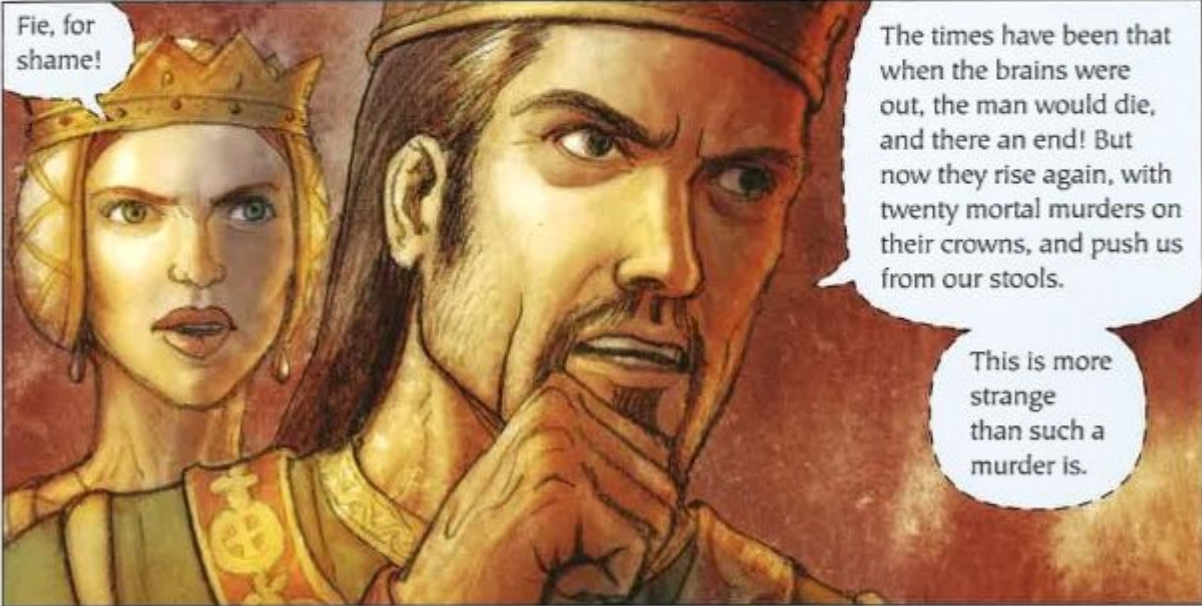


Prithee, see there!  
Behold, look! Lo,  
how say you?



What, quite  
unmanned in folly?

As I stand  
here, I saw  
him.

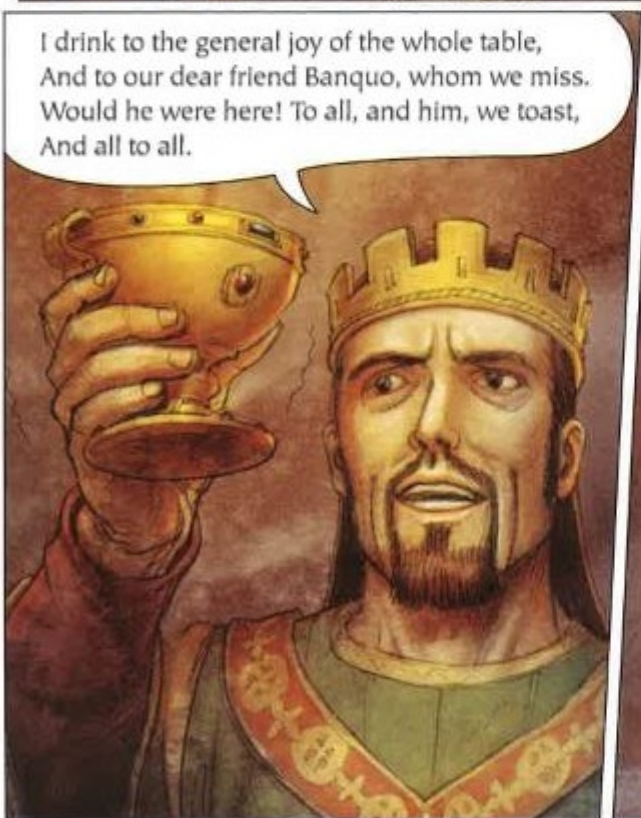
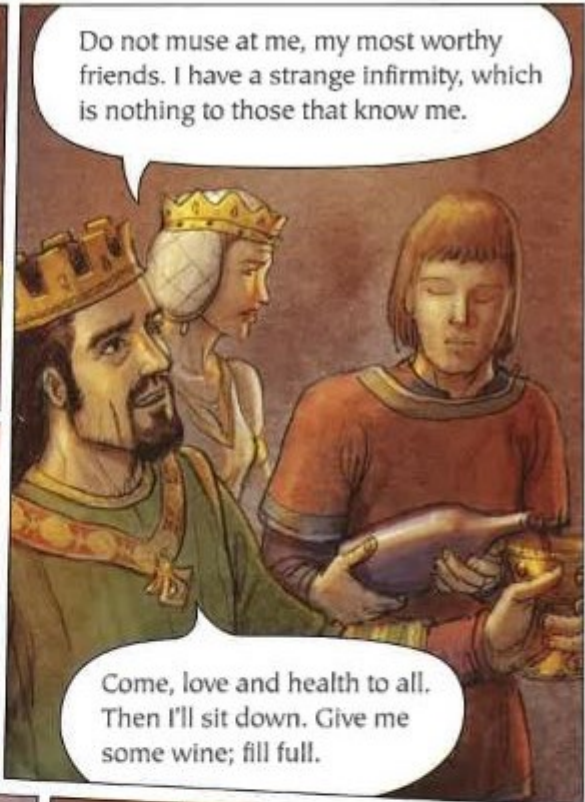


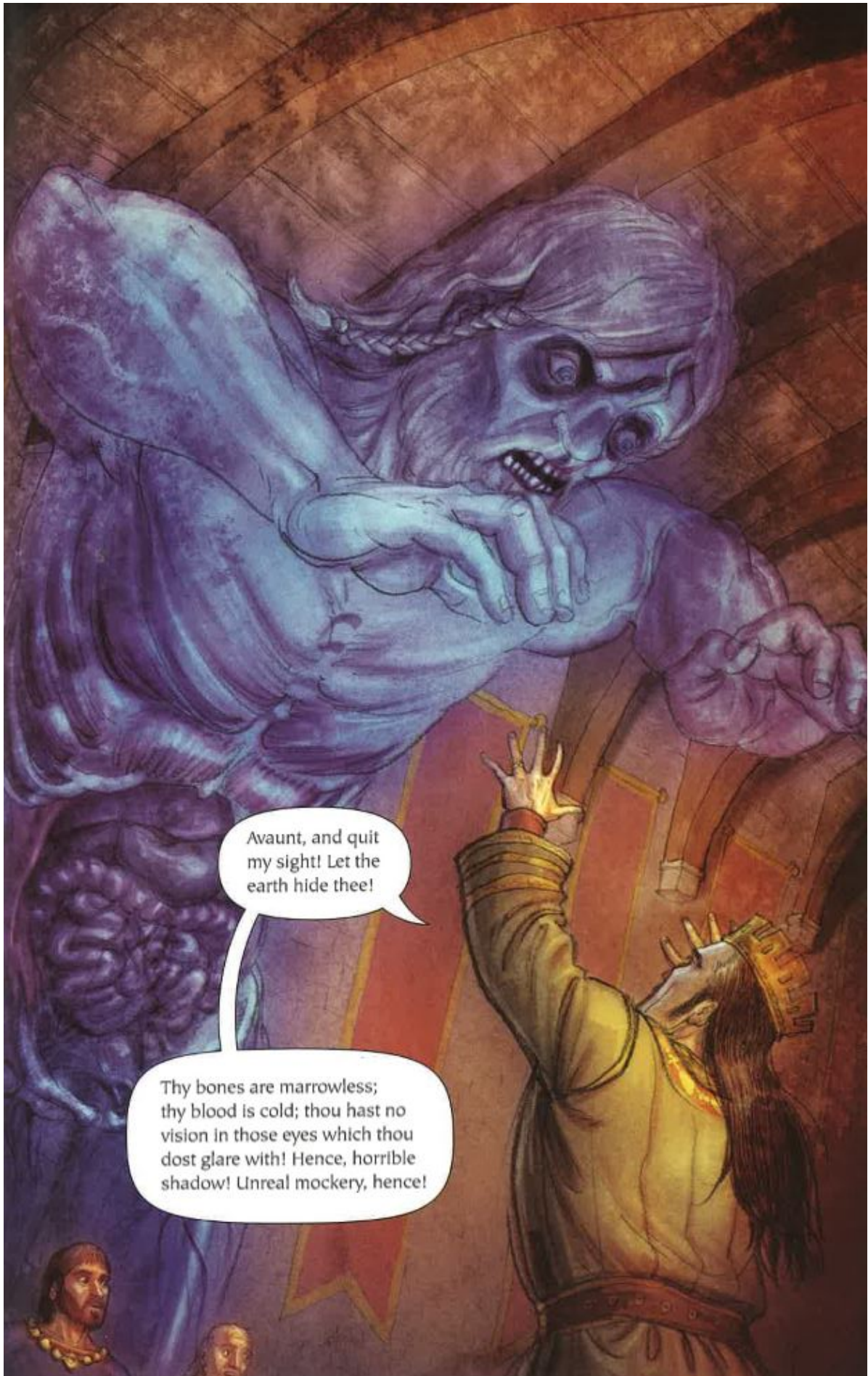
Fie, for  
shame!

The times have 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.

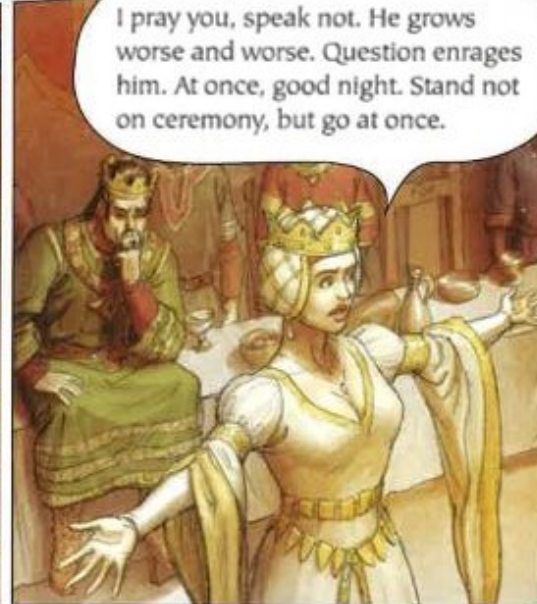
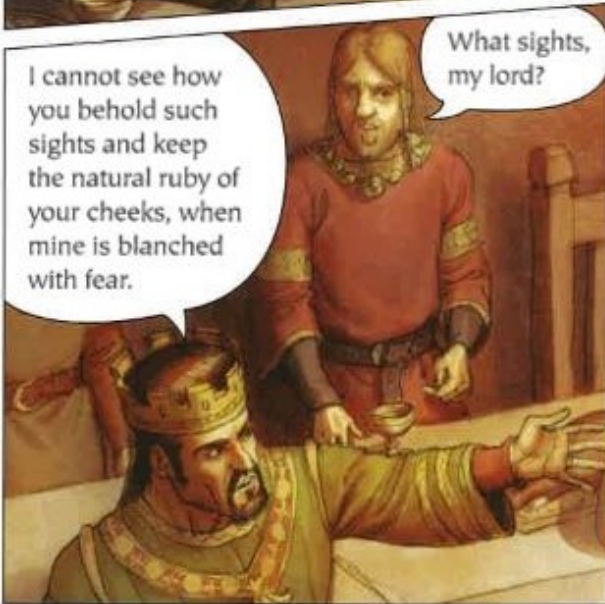
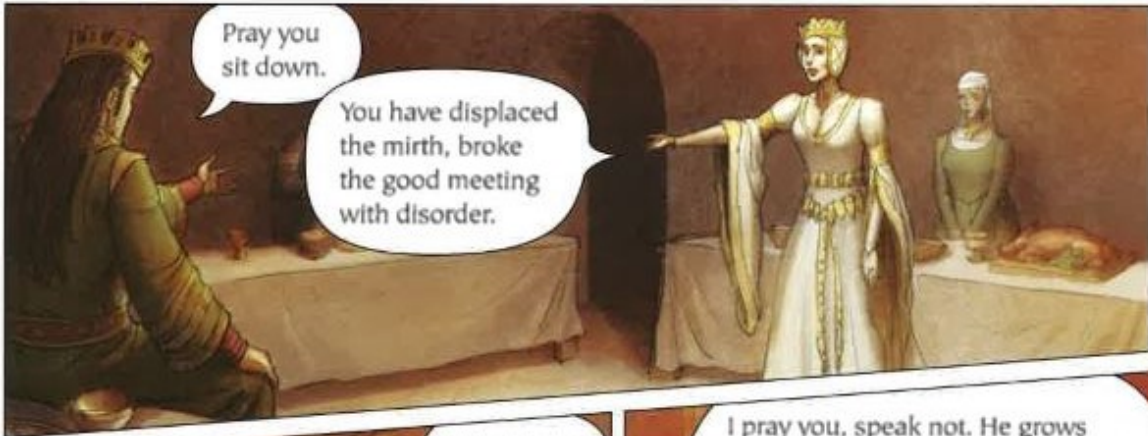
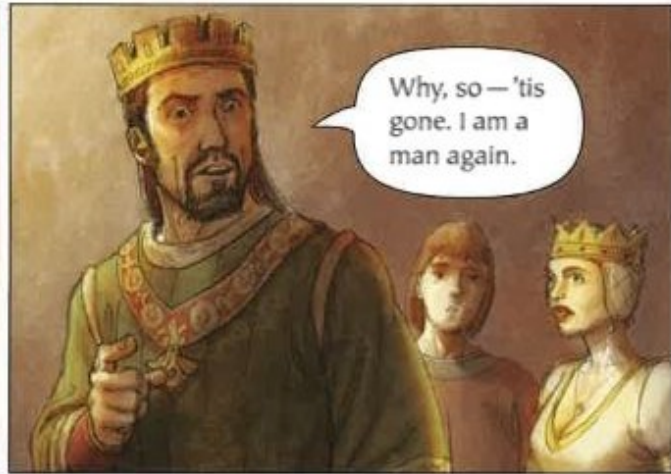


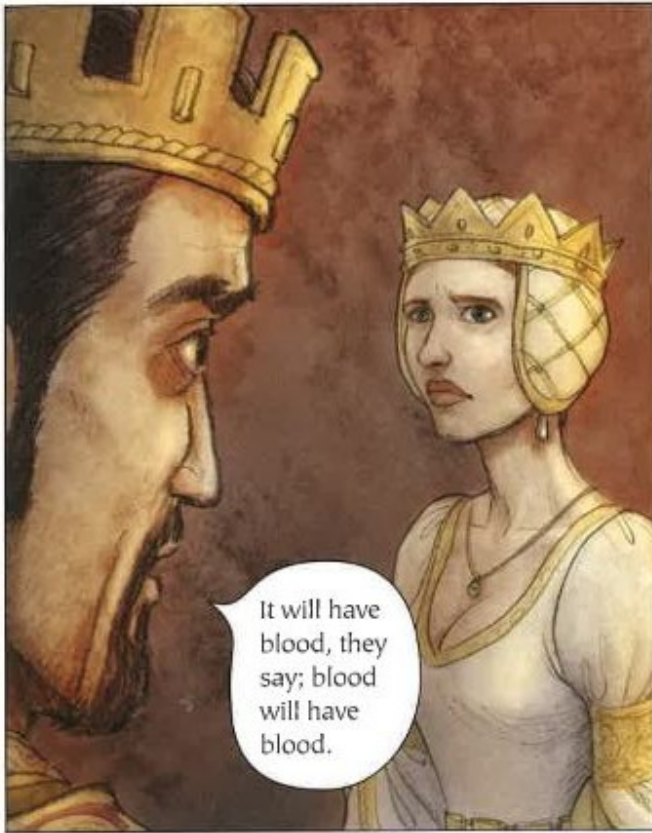




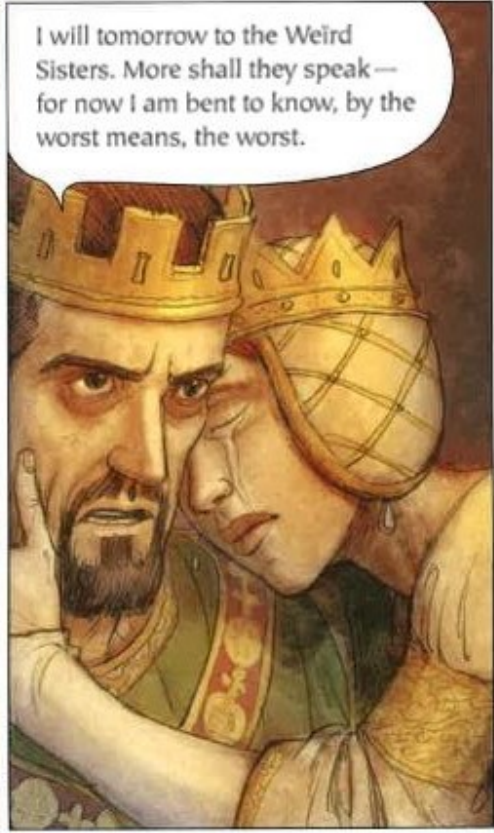
Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold; thou hast no vision in those eyes which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!





It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.



I will tomorrow to the Weird Sisters. More shall they speak—for now I am bent to know, by the worst means, the worst.



I am in blood stepped in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go on.

