

Dramatis Personae

7 SCHOOLGIRLS:

MACBETH

BANQUO

also

SEYTON

LADY MACBETH

MACDUFF

WITCH 1

also

ROSS, DONALBAIN, PORTER, MURDERER 1, DOCTOR

WITCH 2

also

ANGUS, MALCOLM, OLD MAN, MURDERER 2

WITCH 3

also

DUNCAN, FLEANCE, LENOX, GENTLEWOMAN

The witches also play servants and messengers and attendants throughout.

Stage directions that appear within “ ” are from Shakespeare’s *Macbeth* and included to indicate intended place.

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MacBeth Monologue Choice #1

MACBETH. (*Aside.*)

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
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.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. (*Aside.*)

If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH. (*Aside.*)

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

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—

(*To Banquo.*)

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

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;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Duncan and Banquo embrace.

BANQUO. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
From hence to your great house,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labour, which is not used for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

All but Macbeth exit.

MACBETH. (*Aside.*) 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 exits.

Lady M Monologue #1 Enter the sixth schoolgirl, Lady M, on her phone. She is reading as if from an email or text message:

LADY M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder

of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referr'd 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 might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'th'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,

Messenger (Witch 2) begins to run faster and faster in large circles around Lady M.

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.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. (*Out of breath.*)
The King comes here tonight.

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

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
Messenger exits.

LADY M. He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

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Lady M
Monologue
Choice #2

Under my battlements. Come you Spirits

The witches rise and move slowly behind her, towards her, getting closer and closer.

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 th'access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring 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. The witches retreat.

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.

MACBETH. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY M. 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 to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH. We will speak further.

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

*Lady M exits to meet Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, and
Banquo. Macbeth watches.*

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant air.

BANQUO. The great heaven's breath smells wooingly here.

DONALBAIN. The air is delicate.

DUNCAN. See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.

LADY M. Your Majesty.

DUNCAN. Fair and noble hostess
We are your guests tonight.

LADY M. Your servants ever.

*She bows low, offers snacks/candy and they turn to speak in
private conference. Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Banquo
stand together eating and whispering with Lady M as:*

MACBETH. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if th'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 th'inventor: this even-handed Justice
Commends th'ingredience 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,

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