

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.

Sides

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MAC BETH

The present. Fall. By the side of a road, just outside a city: an urban wasteland. A couch turned on its back, garbage, an old abandoned bathtub collecting rainwater, weeds, dirt. A tire sits in the dirt. A large puddle of muddy water reflects the sky. Sticks and metal pipes lie discarded on the ground. It's a gray day, late afternoon. The sound of traffic in the distance, the sound of dogs barking.

Witch 3 enters, texting as she walks; she carries a camping cook pot. She sets it down and sits on an old tire. Witch 1 enters; her cell phone rings. She silences it. Witch 2 enters sucking on a Ring Pop.

Side # 1

(Act 1.)

WITCH 1. Where hast thou been, Sister?

WITCH 2. Killing swine.

All three laugh hard.

WITCH 3. Sister, where thou?

WITCH 1. An old man had a play in his lap.

"Give me," quoth I:—

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

They laugh.

WITCH 2. I'll give thee a hand.

WITCH 1. Th'art kind.

WITCH 3. And I another.

WITCH 1. I myself have all the other.

WITCH 2. Where the place?

WITCH 1. Here. Upon this "heath."

WITCH 3. Here to meet with Macbeth.

ALL WITCHES. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

The witches drum the ground, they scream and yell and wail.

WITCH 3. A drum! A drum! Macbeth doth come.

The howling reaches a peak as:

WITCH 2. Peace! The charm's wound up.

Macbeth and Banquo, two more schoolgirls in uniform, carrying backpacks, enter. Banquo also carries a color guard flag.

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

BANQUO. What are these? So withered and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'earth,

And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question? You should be women?

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

WITCH 1. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

WITCH 2. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

WITCH 3. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

BANQUO. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I'th'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.

WITCH 1. Hail!

WITCH 2. Hail!

WITCH 3. Hail!

WITCH 1. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

WITCH 2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

WITCH 3. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

WITCH 1. Banquo

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MACBETH. Stay

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MACBETH. Gen

BANQUO. Gentl

ROSS. The King

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ANGUS.

To give thee

WITCH 1. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

The witches begin to run about wildly.

MACBETH. Stay you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Father'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.

The "witches vanish"—they hide behind the couch and the tub—breathless.

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

MACBETH. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

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

MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO. You shall be King.

MACBETH. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO. To th' selfsame tune, and words. Who's here? *End Side 1*

Enter Ross (Witch 1) and Angus (Witch 2).

~~MACBETH. Gentle Ross and our good cousin Angus!~~

~~BANQUO. Gentle Angus and our good cousin Ross!~~

~~ROSS. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,~~

~~The news of thy success; silenc'd with that,
Strange images of death. 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.~~

~~ANGUS. We are sent~~

~~To give thee from our royal master thanks;~~

Side #2

~~That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.~~ Start

MACBETH. (*Within.*)

Who's there?—what, ho!

LADY M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—th'attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.
My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

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

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

MACBETH. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY M. Ay.
MACBETH. Hark! Who lies i'th'second chamber?

LADY M. Malcolm.
MACBETH. This is a sorry sight.

LADY M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACBETH. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most r
Stuck in my

LADY M. After these v

MACBETH. Me
*Each tin
say it wi*

Macbeth do
Sleep, that k
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LADY M.
MACBETH. Stil
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LADY M. Who
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Lady M

Why did you
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MACBETH.
I am afraid t
Look on't ag

LADY M.
Give me the
Are but as p
That fears a
I'll gild the f
For it must s

*Knockin
runs on;*

Start - Side #3
MacBeth!

For Banquo have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common Enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th'utterance!—Who's there?—

Enter Witch 1 and Witch 2 as Murderers.

MURDERER 1. We are men, My Liege.

MACBETH. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.
Not i'th'worst rank of manhood, say't.

MURDERER 2. I am one, My Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

MURDERER 1. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACBETH. Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERER 1. It was, so please Your Highness.

MACBETH. Both of you know, Banquo is your enemy.

MURDERER 2. True, my Lord.

MACBETH. So is he mine; and though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye.

MURDERER 2. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

MURDERER 1. Though our lives—

MACBETH. Within this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
For it must be done tonight.
His son's—absence—is no less to me
He must embrace the fate of that dark hour
MURDERERS 1 and 2. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

They exit.

MACBETH. It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out tonight.

Exit Macbeth. Enter Lady M and Witch 3 as Gentlewoman.

LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court?

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, Madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

GENTLEWOMAN. Madam, I will.

The gentlewoman exits.

LADY M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH. We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd 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,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and 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 on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

*Gentlewoman
piece of her*

After life's fitful
Treason has done
Malice domestic
Can touch him

LADY M.

Gentle my Lord
Be bright and joy

MACBETH. So shall
Let your remembrance
Present him emblem
Unsafe the while
Our honours in
And make our
Disguising what

LADY M.

MACBETH. O! full
Thou know'st that

LADY M. But in that

MACBETH. There
Then be thou joy
A deed of dream

LADY M.

MACBETH. Be in
Till thou applaud
Scarf up the tears
And, with thy hand
Cancel and tears
Which keeps n
And the crow
Good things o
Whiles Night's
Thou marvellous
Things bad be
So, pr'ythee, go

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

Thunder. Lightning. Rain begins to pour down. For a minute all the girls revel in it—gasp and cry and dance. Witch 1 moves quickly to Macbeth's backpack and removes her hair brush and steals some hair from it. No one sees her.

WITCH 1. Let's go.

All the girls save the witches exit.

(Act 4.)

*"A house in Forres. In the middle, a boiling cauldron."
The witches come forward to the tire with their backpacks. They dig in the dirt—fingernails in the earth—scraping and clawing. They make a hole inside the tire, they put sticks in the hole, light the sticks on fire and set the camping pot on top. Witch 1 puts Macbeth's hair in the pot. They remove all the named ingredients from their backpacks. When they name each item, they drop it into the pot. This should be very matter-of-fact and real—these girls found these objects and are making a potion. Really. There is nothing phony/acted/mystical/spooky about the playing of it.*

WITCH 1. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

WITCH 2. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

WITCH 3. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

WITCH 1. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th'charmed pot.

ALL WITCHES. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

WITCH 2. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL WITCHES. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

WITCH 3. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th'dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:

Witch 3 holds up a glass slide with a fetus pressed in it.

WITCH 1. Where did you get that?

WITCH 3. The science lab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For th'ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL WITCHES. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

WITCH 2. Cool it with a baboon's blood:
Then the charm is firm and good.

WITCH 1. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes—

WITCH 3. Open, lock
Whoever knocks.

MACBETH. How now
What is't you do?

ALL WITCHES. A de

MACBETH. I conjure
Howe'er you com
Even till destructi
To what I ask you

WITCH 1.

WITCH 2.

WITCH 3.

*Thunder. The
Macduff, Lau
running wild
hidden. Mac
covered in bl
of sticks and
possessed—h
"First Appar*

MACBETH. Tell me,
WITCH 1.

Hear his speech,

WITCH 3. *(As Appa
Macbeth! Macb*

ALL BUT MACBETH

WITCH 3. *(As Appa
Beware the Thai
Macduff sep*

*Macduff re
cauldron ag*

MACBETH. What

WITCH 2. He will

WITCH 3. Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

ALL WITCHES. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How'er you come to know it, answer me:
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

WITCH 1. Speak.

WITCH 2. Demand.

WITCH 3. We'll answer.

Thunder. The witches scream and run around the cauldron. Macduff, Lady M, and Banquo enter and join the witches running wildly around the cauldron. They each have baby dolls hidden. Macduff's doll has a removable head, Lady M's doll is covered in blood, and Banquo's doll is carrying a small bundle of sticks and is wearing a crown. Macduff comes forward as if possessed—holding her doll out toward Macbeth.

"First Apparition an armed head."

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

WITCH 1. He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

WITCH 3. (*As Apparition 1.*)

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

ALL BUT MACBETH. beware Macduff;

WITCH 3. (*As Apparition 1.*)

Beware the Thane of Fife.

Macduff separates the baby doll from its head.

Dismiss me. Enough.

Macduff rejoins the other girls and they run around the cauldron again.

MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.

WITCH 2. He will not be commanded. Here's another.

Thunder. "Second Apparition, a bloody child." Lady M holds her arms out as if she is on a cross.

(As Apparition 2.)

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

MACBETH. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

WITCH 2. (As Apparition 2.)

Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for

ALL BUT MACBETH. none of woman born

Witch 2 rips a bloody baby doll from the stomach of Lady M's dress and tosses it in the air. Lady M catches it and cradles it.

Shall harm Macbeth.

Lady M rejoins the other girls and they run in a circle around the cook pot again.

MACBETH. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear thee?

Thunder. "Third Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his hand." Banquo reveals the third baby doll walking along the ground.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL WITCHES. Listen, but speak not to't.

WITCH 1. (As Apparition 3.)

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great

ALL BUT MACBETH. Birnam wood

WITCH 1. (As Apparition 3.)

to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him.

Banquo moves back to the other girls. They all breathe heavily.

MACBETH. That will never be:

————— End Side #4

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MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it like a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM. This tune goes manly.
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments.
We shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on our sword.
Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exit Malcolm, Macduff, and Ross.

(Act 5.)

*The witches hum a lullaby as Lady M takes off her uniform.
She is in underclothes and holding a candle; she washes her
hands in the tub or in the puddle. Witch 1 as the doctor and
Witch 3 as the gentlewoman.*

"Dunsinane. A room in the castle."

Side # 5

→ **Start**
DOCTOR. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no
truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

GENTLEWOMAN. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen

her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR. What, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

"Enter Lady M, with a taper."

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Doctor begins to tape Lady M with her phone.

LADY M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One;

Witch 1 steps forward.

two.

Witch 2 steps forward. The three witches look at each other.

Why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky.—Fie, my Lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?—What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

LADY M. T
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DOCTOR.

GENTLEW
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LADY M. H
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DOCTOR.

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GENTLEW

DOCTOR.

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beds.

LADY M. V
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DOCTOR.

LADY M. T
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DOCTOR.

GENTLEW

DOCTOR.

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I think,

LADY M. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR. Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, Sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Banquo appears and watches.

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly. — end Side 5

DOCTOR. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

~~Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.~~

*Doctor Monologue
Choice*

MACBETH. Well, say, Sir.

MESSENGER. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACBETH. Liar, and slave!

MESSENGER. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

*Messenger exits. All the girls hold sticks and begin to stomp
the ground in an ominous, marching approach.*

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th'equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be awearry of the sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undone.—

*The girls make noise: They bang the pipe against the tub,
they scream, they holler, they run, they fight each other—
throwing themselves fully into wrestling matches and hair
pulling—they scream and bite and laugh. Macbeth "kills"
several foes. It's scary in its recklessness but also fun and
wild. This is play-fighting, no stage blood, as soon as they fall
they rise again. Finally, Macbeth is surrounded.*

They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course,—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

MACDUFF. Turn, Hell-hound, turn!

The girls cheer and watch Macbeth and Macduff face off.

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd

ing scream.

Sidette #6

→ start

With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

*Macbeth and Macduff fight. Macbeth gets away. The three
witches circle Macbeth and Macduff—stalking the perimeter
of the space in looping wide, wild circles.*

MACBETH. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm;
And let the Angel, whom thou hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

*The three witches go to their backpacks and pull out real
large kitchen knives. The audience sees the knives. The other
girls do not.*

MACBETH. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:

(To the witches.)

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'th'time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou
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MACDUFF. I

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And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last; before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damnd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

Stop

Macbeth and Macduff begin to fight—rolling on the ground—play-fighting as previous. It is charged and purposeful/skillful. Macduff manages to grab the crown, and she stands and holds it up:

MACDUFF. Behold where stands the usurper's cursed head!

WITCH 1. One.

WITCH 2. Two.

WITCH 3. Three.

WITCH 1. Why then 'tis time to do it.

The witches jump on Macbeth and begin to stab her with the kitchen knives. This is "real" and should be truly horrifying. Use stage blood. Lots of it. Banquo, Macduff, and Lady M are alternately horrified, terrified, physically sick, shocked until they run away. Macbeth stops fighting/loses consciousness. The witches look at her.

Out, out brief candle.

WITCH 3. Then is he dead?

WITCH 2. Aye.

WITCH 3. He parted well.

WITCH 2. And so his knell is knolled.

They use the knives to behead Macbeth. It takes a full minute of hacking and sawing to remove the head. They hold up the head.

WITCH 1. Behold where stands the usurper's cursed head!!!

They pose for selfies with the head. They laugh. A dog barks. A car drives by. Then, as if by silent agreement, they begin to clean up. They drop the head and wash hands, collect their belongings, run about cleaning up any evidence that they were there. When the blood is off their hands and everything is clean:

When shall we three meet again?