


# Act I

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WHEN SHALL  
WE THREE MEET AGAIN?  
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING,  
OR IN RAIN?

WHEN THE  
HURLY-BURLY'S  
DONE, WHEN THE  
BATTLE'S LOST  
AND WON.

# KAL-THOUM!

WHERE  
THE PLACE?

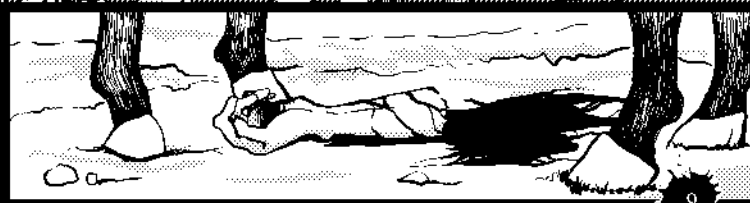
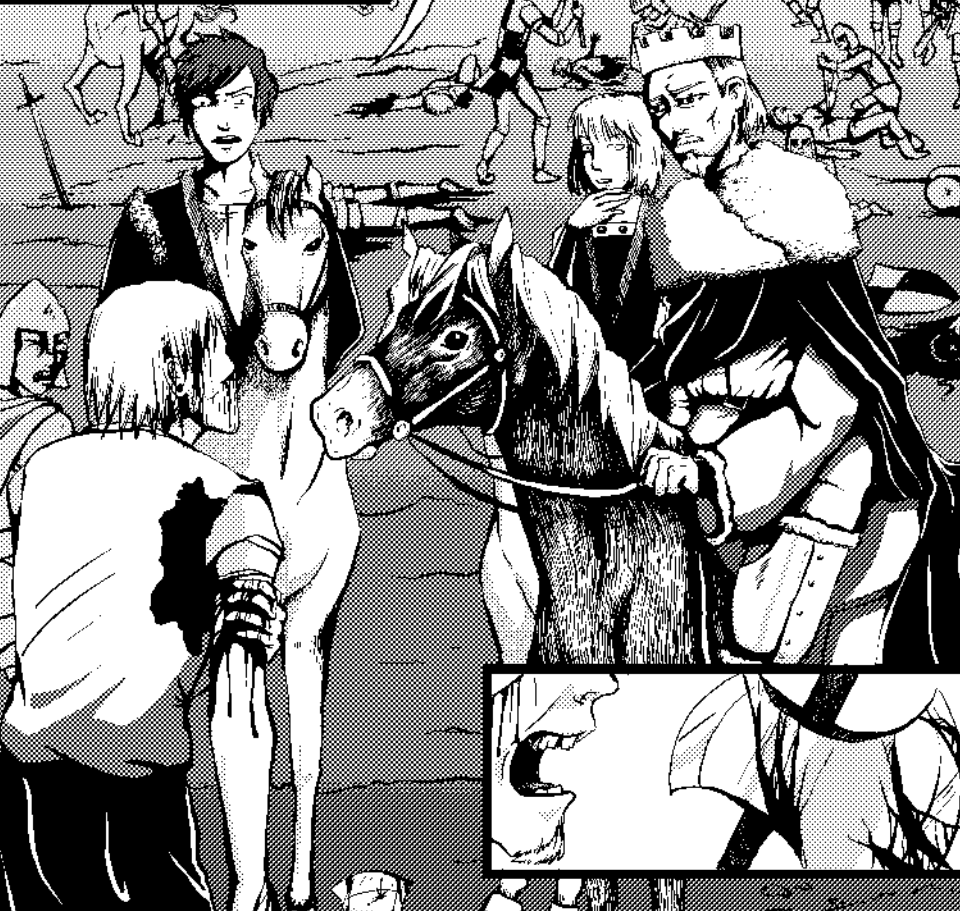
UPON  
THE HEATH.


THERE  
TO MEET WITH...  
MACBETH.

FAIR IS FOUL  
AND FOUL IS FAIR  
HOVER THROUGH  
THE FILTHY AIR!



HAIL, BRAVE FRIEND!  
SAY TO THE KING THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF THE BROIL AS  
THOU DIDST LEAVE IT.





DOUBTFUL  
IT STOOD...


BUT BRAVE  
MACBETH—  
WELL HE DESERVES  
THAT NAME—DISDAINING  
FORTUNE, WITH HIS  
BRANDISHED STEEL  
(LIKE VALOR'S MINION)  
CARVED OUT HIS  
PASSAGE...

TILL HE FACED  
THE MERCILESS  
MACDONWALD.

HE UNSEAMED  
HIM FROM THE NAVE  
TO THE CHOPS...

SHLICK



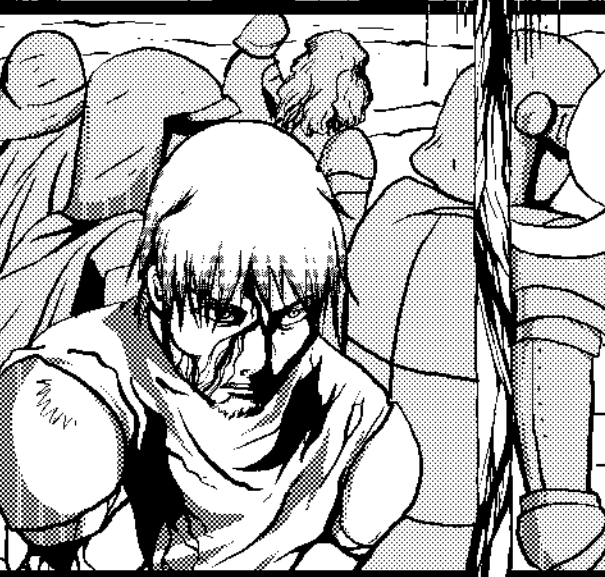


...AND FIXED  
HIS HEAD UPON OUR  
BATTLEMENTS.

O VALIANT  
COUSIN! WORTHY  
GENTLEMAN!

- BUT THE  
NORWEYAN LORD,  
SURVEYING VANTAGE,  
BEGAN A FRESH  
ASSAULT.

DISMAYED NOT  
THIS OUR CAPTAINS,  
MACBETH AND  
BANQUO?



AS SPARROWS EAGLES,  
OR THE HARE THE LION, SO  
THEY DOUBLY REDOUBLED  
STROKES UPON THE FOE...  
THEY MEANT TO **BATHE** IN  
REEKING WOUNDS.

- BUT I AM FAINT.  
MY GASHES CRY  
FOR HELP.

GO GET HIM  
SURGEONS!



WHO  
COMES  
HERE?



THE WORTHY  
THANE OF ROSS.

WHENCE COM'ST  
THOU, WORTHY THANE?



FROM FIFE, GREAT KING.  
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.

GREAT HAPPINESS!  
NO MORE THAT THANE OF  
CAWDOR SHALL DECEIVE  
OUR BOSOM INTEREST - GO  
PRONOUNCE HIS PRESENT  
DEATH, AND WITH HIS FORMER  
TITLE GREET MACBETH.  
WHAT HE HATH LOST, NOBLE  
MACBETH HATH WON.



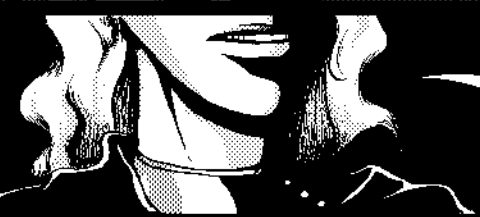


A DRUM! A DRUM!  
MACBETH DO TH COME.

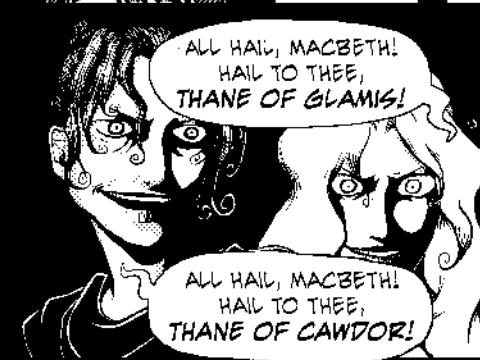
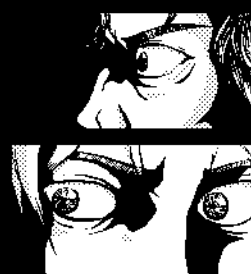
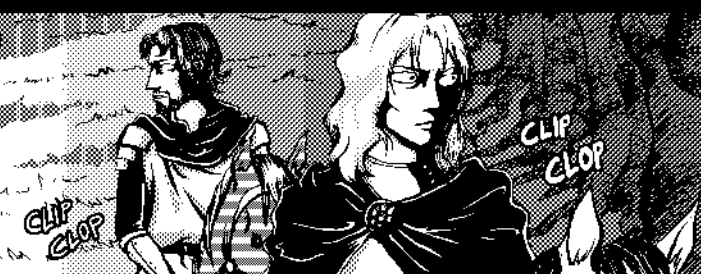


THE WEIRD SISTERS,  
HAND IN HAND, POSTERS  
OF THE SEA AND LAND,  
THUS DO GO ABOUT,  
ABOUT,

THRICE TO THINE  
AND THRICE TO MINE  
AND THRICE AGAIN, TO  
MAKE UP NINE. PEACE!  
THE CHARM'S WOUND  
UP...



SO FOUL AND FAIR A DAY  
I HAVE NOT SEEN.



ALL HAIL, MACBETH!  
HAIL TO THEE,  
THANE OF GLAMIS!

ALL HAIL, MACBETH!  
HAIL TO THEE,  
THANE OF CAWDOR!



WHAT ARE...  
THESE?

SPEAK, IF YOU CAN.  
WHAT ARE YOU?



ALL HAIL,  
MACBETH, THAT  
SHALT BE KING  
HEREAFTER!

MY NOBLE  
PARTNER YOU GREET  
WITH 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.

HAIL!

HAIL!

HAIL!

LESSER  
THAN MACBETH—  
AND GREATER.

THOU SHALT  
GET KINGS, THOUGH  
THOU BE NONE.

NOT  
SO HAPPY—  
YET MUCH  
HAPPIER

SO ALL HAIL,  
MACBETH AND  
BANQUO!

BANQUO  
AND MACBETH,  
ALL HAIL!

TELL ME MORE.  
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!




WHITHER ARE  
THEY VANISHED?

INTO THE AIR.  
AND WHAT SEEMED  
CORPORAL MELTED, AS  
BREATH INTO THE WIND.  
WOULD THEY HAD  
STAYED...




WERE SUCH  
THINGS HERE AS WE DO  
SPEAK ABOUT? OR HAVE WE  
EATEN ON THE INSANE ROOT  
THAT TAKES REASON  
PRISONER?



YOUR CHILDREN  
SHALL BE KINGS.

YOU  
SHALL BE  
KING!

AND  
THANE OF CAWDOR,  
TOO— WENT IT NOT  
SO?



CLIP CLOP  
CLIP CLOP  
CLIP CLOP

THE KING HATH  
HAPPILY RECEIVED,  
MACBETH, THE NEWS OF  
THY SUCCESS.

A GREATER HONOR:  
HE BADE ME,  
FROM HIM, CALL THEE...  
THANE OF CAWDOR.

WHAT?  
CAN THE DEVIL  
SPEAK TRUE?

THE THANE OF  
CAWDOR LIVES. WHY  
DO YOU DRESS ME  
IN BORROWED  
ROBES?

WHO WAS  
THE THANE LIVES YET...  
BUT UNDER HEAVY JUDGMENT  
BEARS THAT LIFE WHICH HE  
DESERVES TO LOSE. TREASONS-  
CAPITAL, CONFESSED, AND  
PROVED - HAVE OVER-  
THROWN HIM.

GLAMIS,  
AND THANE  
OF CAWDOR!  
THE GREATEST  
IS BEHIND...

DO YOU  
NOT HOPE YOUR  
CHILDREN SHALL  
BE KINGS, WHEN  
THOSE THAT GAVE  
THE THANE OF  
CAWDOR TO ME  
PROMISED  
NO LESS TO  
THEM?

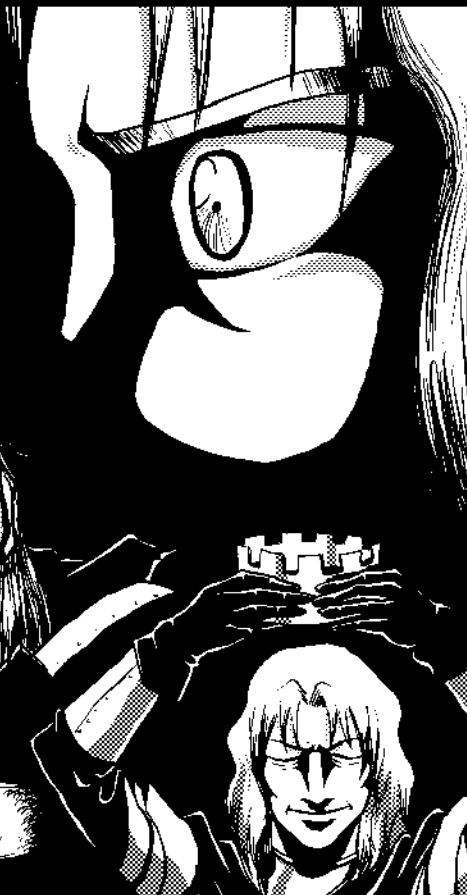
THANKS  
FOR YOUR  
PAINS.



OFTENTIMES,  
TO WIN US  
TO OUR HARM,  
THE INSTRUMENTS  
OF DARKNESS  
TELL US TRUTHS—  
WIN US WITH  
HONEST TRIFLES,  
TO BETRAY  
IN DEEPEST  
CONSEQUENCE.

TWO TRUTHS ARE TOLD — AS  
HAPPY PROLOGUES TO THE SWELLING  
ACT OF THE IMPERIAL THEME...  
THIS SUPERNATURAL SOLICITING CANNOT  
BE ILL, CANNOT BE GOOD.

IF ILL, WHY HATH IT GIVEN ME  
SUCCESS, COMMENCING IN A TRUTHE  
I AM THANE OF CAWDOR. IF GOOD,  
WHY DO I YIELD TO THAT SUGGESTION  
WHOSE HORRID IMAGE DOTTH MY SEATED  
HEART KNOCK AT MY RIBBS?

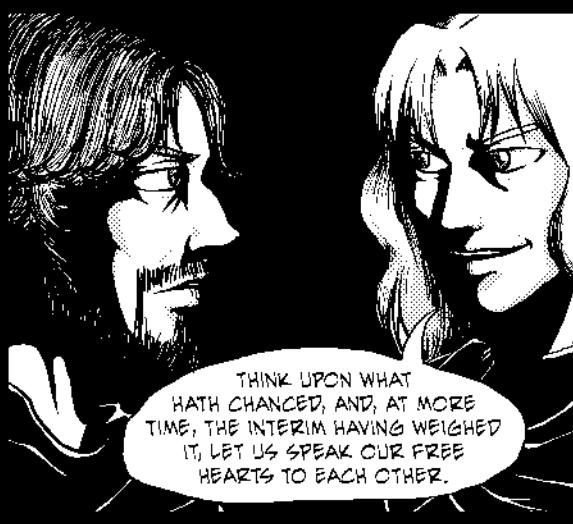




MURDER  
FANTASTICAL...



WORTHY MACBETH,  
WE STAY UPON YOUR  
LEISURE.



THINK UPON WHAT  
HATH CHANCED, AND, AT MORE  
TIME, THE INTERIM HAVING  
WEIGHED IT, LET US SPEAK  
OUR FREE HEARTS TO EACH  
OTHER.



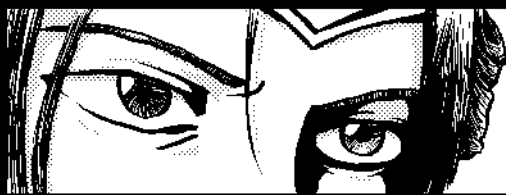
LET US  
TOWARD THE  
KING.



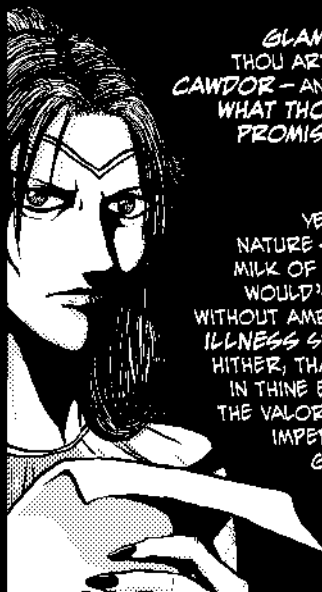


*While I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
came missives from the king, who all-hailed me  
"Thane of Cawdor"; by which title, before, these  
weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming  
on of time with "Hail, king that shalt be!"*


*This I have 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 promised thee...*




**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. THOU  
WOULD'ST BE GREAT, ART NOT  
WITHOUT AMBITION - BUT WITHOUT THE...  
ILLNESS SHOULD ATTEND IT. HIE THEE  
HITHER, THAT I MAY POUR MY SPIRITS  
IN THINE EAR, AND CHASTISE WITH  
THE VALOR OF MY TONGUE ALL THAT  
IMPEDES THEE FROM THE  
GOLDEN ROUND!**




THE SIN OF MY INGRATITUDE EVEN NOW WAS HEAVY ON ME. MORE IS THY DUE THAN MORE THAN ALL CAN PAY.



THE SERVICE AND THE LOYALTY I OWE, IN DOING IT PAYS ITSELF.




WELCOME HITHER, I HAVE BEGUN TO PLANT THEE, AND WILL LABOR TO MAKE THEE FULL OF GROWING.



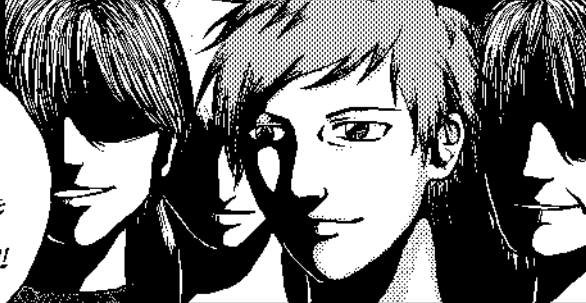
NOBLE BANGUO, THAT HAST NO LESS DESERVED, LET ME INFOLD THEE AND HOLD THEE TO MY HEART.



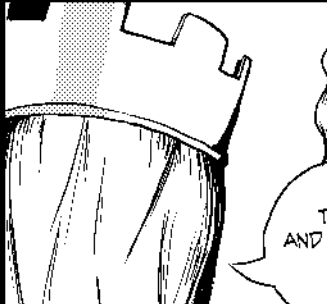
THERE, IF I GROW, THE HARVEST IS YOUR OWN.



SONS!  
KINSMEN! THANES!  
WE WILL ESTABLISH  
OUR ESTATE UPON OUR  
ELDEST, MALCOLM, WHOM WE  
NAME HEREAFTER...  
PRINCE OF CUMBERLAND!




TO INVERNESS—  
AND BIND US FURTHER  
TO YOU.



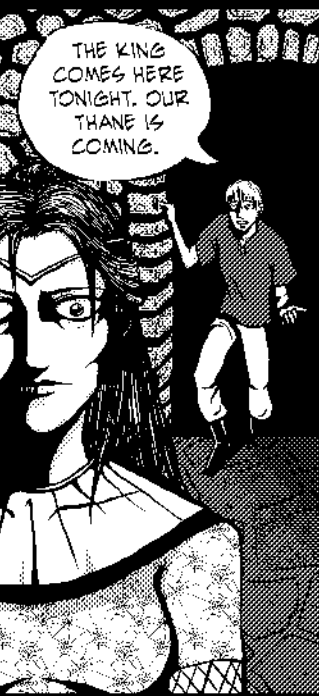
THE PRINCE  
OF CUMBERLAND!  
THAT IS A STEP ON  
WHICH I MUST FALL  
DOWN, OR ELSE  
O'ERLEAP—FOR IN  
MY WAY IT LIES.



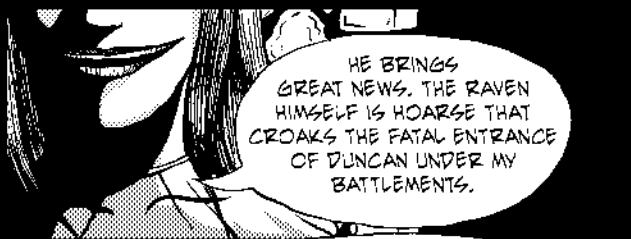
STARS, HIDE  
YOUR FIRES!  
LET NOT LIGHT  
SEE MY BLACK  
AND DEEP  
DESIRES...



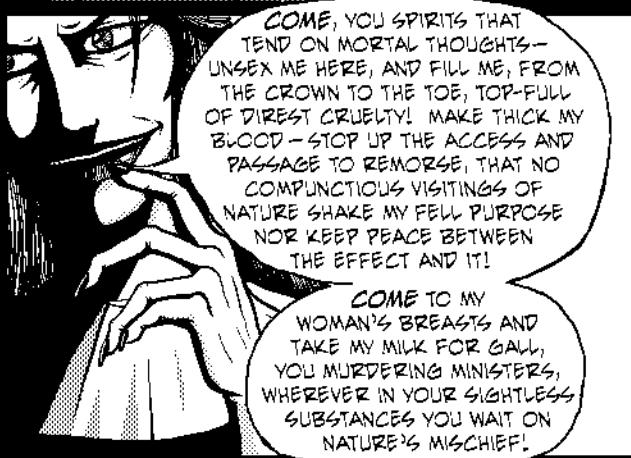
I'LL  
MAKE JOYFUL  
THE HEARING OF  
MY WIFE WITH YOUR  
APPROACH.



THE KING  
COMES HERE  
TONIGHT. OUR  
THANE IS  
COMING.



HE BRINGS  
GREAT NEWS. THE RAVEN  
HIMSELF IS HOARSE THAT  
CROAKS THE FATAL ENTRANCE  
OF DUNCAN UNDER MY  
BATTLEMENTS.

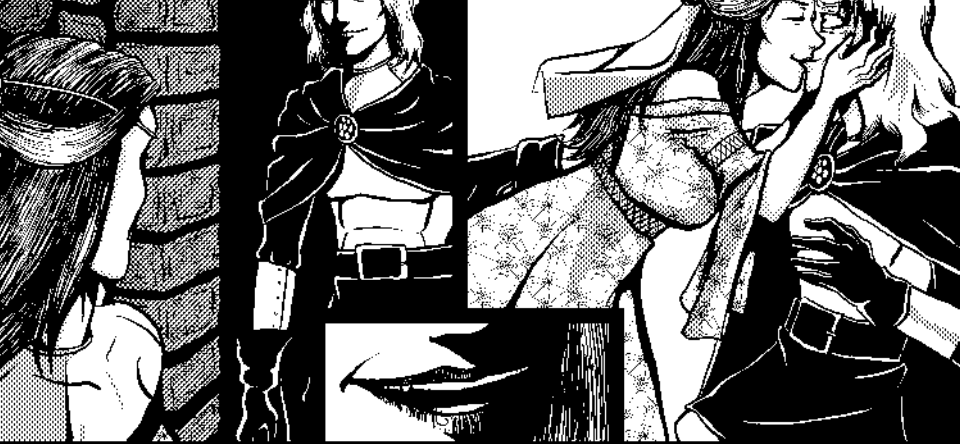


COME, YOU SPIRITS THAT  
TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS—  
UNSEX ME HERE, AND FILL ME, FROM  
THE CROWN TO THE TOE, TOP-FULL  
OF DIREST CRUELTY! MAKE THICK MY  
BLOOD—STOP UP THE ACCESS AND  
PASSAGE TO REMORSE, THAT NO  
COMPUNCTIONS VISITINGS OF  
NATURE SHAKE MY FELL PURPOSE  
NOR KEEP PEACE BETWEEN  
THE EFFECT AND IT!

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!

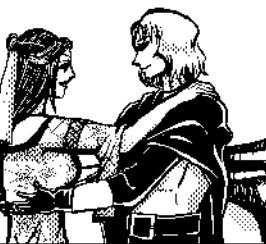


COME, THICK NIGHT,  
AND PALL THEE IN THE DUNNEST  
SMOKE OF HELL, THAT MY KEEN KNIFE  
SEE NOT THE WOUND IT MAKES, NOR  
HEAVEN PEEP THROUGH THE BLANKET  
OF THE DARK TO CRY  
"HOLD, HOLD!"



GREAT GLAMIS, WORTHY CAWDOR,  
BY THE ALL-HAIL HEREAFTER! THY  
LETTERS HAVE TRANSPORTED ME BEYOND  
THIS IGNORANT PRESENT, AND I FEEL  
NOW THE FUTURE IN THE INSTANT.

MY DEAREST  
LOVE, DUNCAN COMES  
HERE TONIGHT.



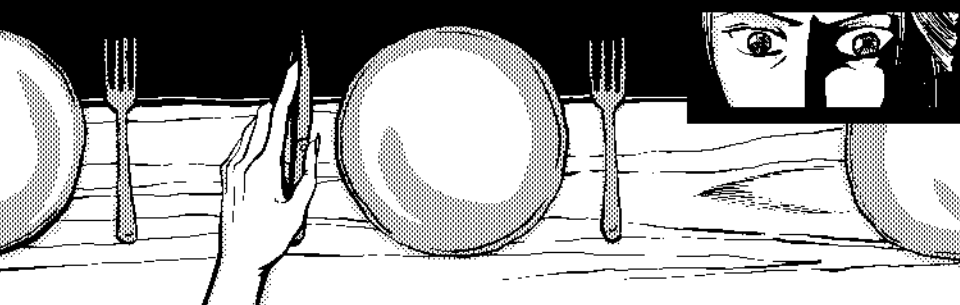
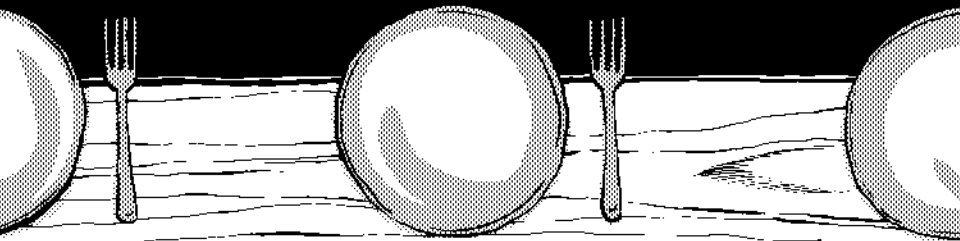
AND  
WHEN GOES  
HENCE?

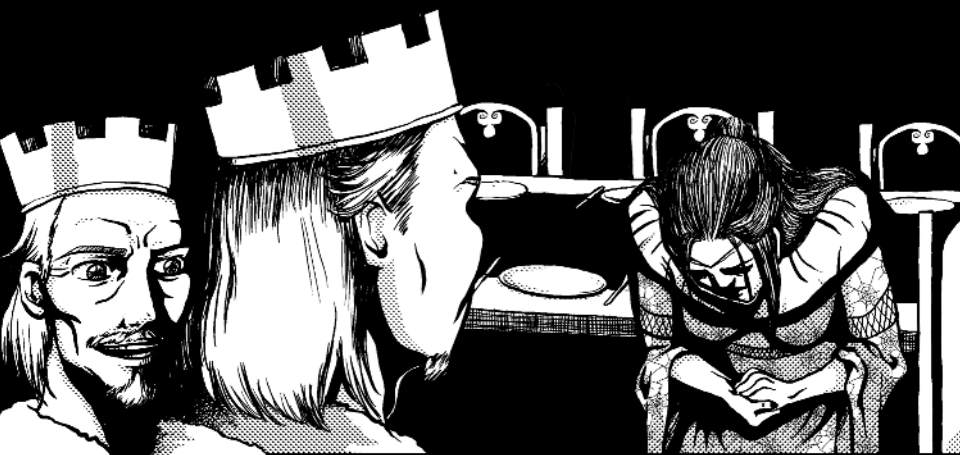
O NEVER SHALL SUN  
THAT MORROW SEE! YOUR  
FACE, MY THANE: LOOK LIKE  
THE INNOCENT FLOWER... BUT  
BE THE SERPENT UNDER'T.  
HE THAT'S COMING MUST  
BE PROVIDED FOR -- AND YOU  
SHALL PUT THIS NIGHT'S GREAT  
BUSINESS INTO MY DISPATCH.  
LEAVE ALL THE REST  
TO ME...



TOMORROW,  
AS HE PURPOSES.







OUR HONORED  
HOSTESS.

WHERE'S THE  
THANE OF CAWDOR?  
GIVE ME YOUR HAND - CONDUCT  
ME TO MINE HOST.



WE  
LOVE  
HIM HIGHLY -  
AND SHALL  
CONTINUE  
OUR GRACES  
TOWARD  
HIM.



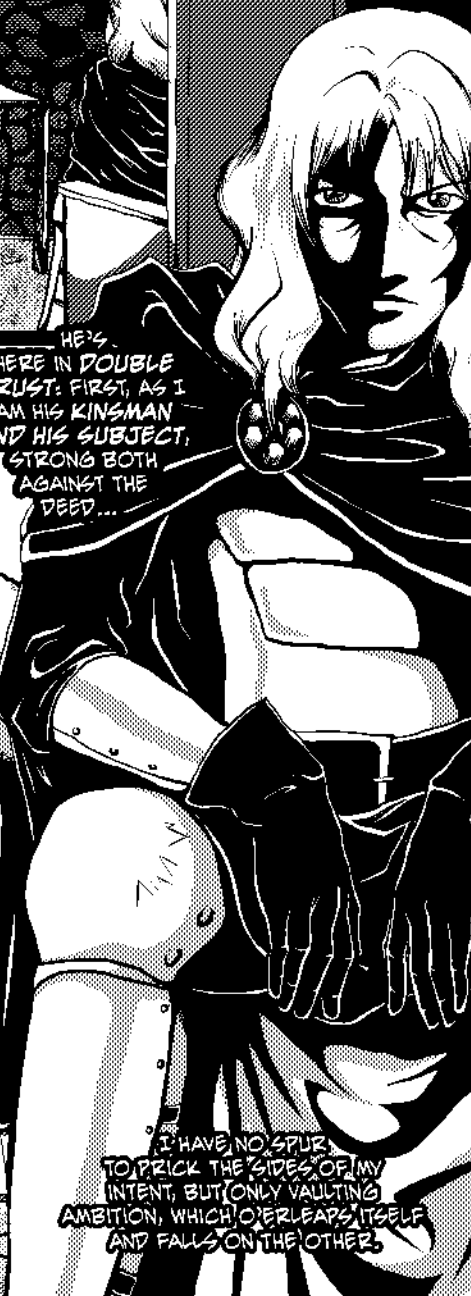


IF, IT, WERE  
DONE WHEN 'TIS DONE,  
THEN 'TWERE WELL IT  
WERE DONE QUICKLY.



HE'S  
HERE IN DOUBLE  
TRUST: FIRST, AS I  
AM HIS KINSMAN  
AND HIS SUBJECT,  
STRONG BOTH  
AGAINST THE  
DEED...

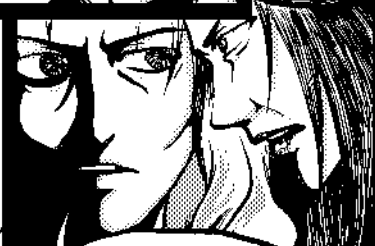
... THEN, AS HIS  
HOST, WHO  
SHOULD AGAINST  
HIS MURDERER  
SHUT THE DOOR -  
NOT BEAR THE  
KNIFE MYSELF!



I HAVE NO SPUR  
TO PRICK THE SIDES OF MY  
INTENT, BUT ONLY VAULTING  
AMBITION, WHICH OVERLEAPS ITSELF  
AND FALLS ON THE OTHER.



HOW NOW?  
WHAT NEWS?



WE WILL  
PROCEED NO FURTHER  
IN THIS BUSINESS. HE HATH  
HONORED ME OF LATE —

WAS THE HOPE DRUNK  
WHEREIN YOU DRESSED YOUR —  
SELF? HATH IT SLEPT SINCE?  
AND WAKES IT NOW, TO LOOK  
SO GREEN AND PALE?

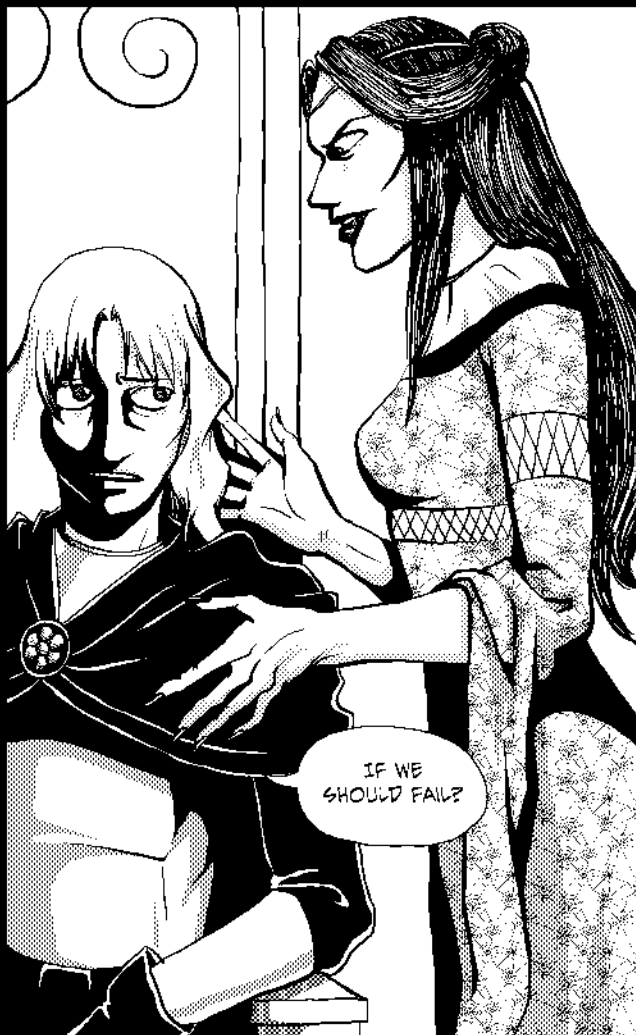
I DARE DO ALL THAT  
MAY BECOME A MAN —  
WHO DARES DO MORE  
IS NONE.



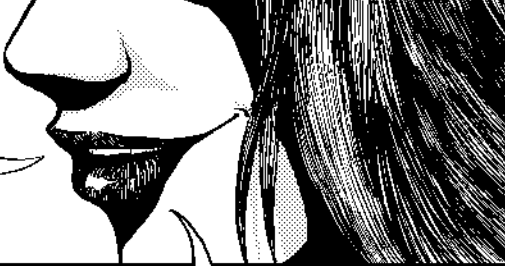
WHAT **BEAST**  
WAS'T, THEN, THAT  
MADE YOU BREAK THIS  
ENTERPRISE TO ME?  
WHEN YOU DURST  
DO IT — THEN YOU  
WERE A MAN!




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 PLUCKED MY NIPPLE FROM HIS BONELESS GUMS AND DASHED THE BRAINS OUT, HAD I SO SWORN AS YOU HAVE DONE TO THIS!



IF WE SHOULD FAIL?




WE? FAIL??  
BUT SCREW YOUR  
COURAGE TO THE STICKING-  
PLACE, AND WE'LL  
NOT FAIL.

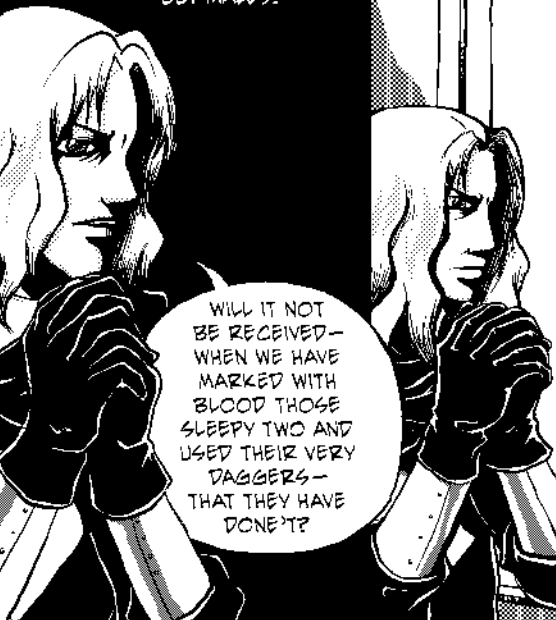


WHEN DUNCAN IS ASLEEP,  
HIS CHAMBERLAINS WILL I WITH  
WINE CONVINCED. WHAT CAN NOT  
YOU AND I PERFORM UPON THE  
UNGUARDED DUNCAN? - WHAT NOT  
PUT UPON HIS SPONGY OFFICERS,  
WHO SHALL BEAR THE GUILT  
OF OUR GREAT QUELL?


BRING FORTH  
MEN-CHILDREN ONLY,  
FOR THY UNDAUNTED  
METTLE SHOULD  
COMPOSE NOTHING  
BUT MALES.



WHO DARES  
RECEIVE IT OTHER?



WILL IT NOT  
BE RECEIVED -  
WHEN WE HAVE  
MARKED WITH  
BLOOD THOSE  
SLEEPY TWO AND  
USED THEIR VERY  
DAGGERS -  
THAT THEY HAVE  
DONE IT?



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.