



Set Scene 2 (taken from Macbeth)

After hearing about the witches' prophecy that Macbeth will become King, Lady Macbeth has resolved to urge her husband to do whatever that is required to get the crown, even murder. Macbeth at first declares that he no longer intends to kill Duncan after some thoughts, but then agrees to proceed with the murder after his wife's persuasion.

Macbeth Act 1 Scene 5 & Scene 7

Original Version	Modern Version
Enter LADY MACBETH, alone, with a letter	LADY MACBETH enters, reading a letter.
<p>LADY MACBETH (reading) "They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles 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 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 promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."</p>	<p>LADY MACBETH "The witches met me on the day of my victory in battle, and I have since learned that they have supernatural knowledge. When I tried desperately to question them further, they vanished into thin air. While I stood spellbound, messengers from the king arrived and greeted me as the thane of Cawdor, which is precisely how the weird sisters had saluted me before calling me 'the future king!' I thought I should tell you this news, my dearest partner in greatness, so that you could rejoice along with me about the greatness that is promised to us. Keep it secret, and farewell."</p>
<p>Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised. 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'ld'st 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,</p>	<p>(she looks up from the letter) You are thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and you're going to be king, just like you were promised. But I worry about whether or not you have what it takes to seize the crown. You are too full of the milk of human kindness to strike aggressively at your first opportunity. You want to be powerful, and you don't lack ambition, but you don't have the mean streak that these things call for. The things you want to do, you want to do like a good man. You don't want to cheat, yet you want what doesn't belong to you. There's something you want, but you're afraid to do what you need to do to get it. You want it to be done for you. Hurry home so I can persuade you and talk you out of whatever's keeping you from going after the crown. After all, fate and</p>



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, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crowned withal.	witchcraft both seem to want you to be king.
Enter SERVANT	A SERVANT enters.
What is your tidings?	What news do you bring?
SERVANT The king comes here tonight.	SERVANT The king is coming here tonight.
LADY MACBETH Thou 'rt mad to say it. Is not thy master with him, who, were 't so, Would have informed for preparation?	LADY MACBETH You must be crazy to say that! Isn't Macbeth with the king, and wouldn't Macbeth have told me in advance so I could prepare, if the king were really coming?
SERVANT So please you, it is true: our thane is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.	SERVANT I'm sorry, but it's the truth. Macbeth is coming. He sent a messenger ahead of him who arrived here so out of breath that he could barely speak his message.
LADY MACBETH Give him tending. He brings great news.	LADY MACBETH Take good care of him. He brings great news.
Exit SERVANT 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 compunctious 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 murd'ring ministers,	The SERVANT exits. So the messenger is short of breath, like a hoarse raven, as he announces Duncan's entrance into my fortress, where he will die. Come, you spirits that assist murderous thoughts, make me less like a woman and more like a man, and fill me from head to toe with deadly cruelty! Thicken my blood and clog up my veins so I won't feel remorse, so that no human compassion can stop my evil plan or prevent me from accomplishing it! Come to my female breast and turn my mother's milk into poisonous acid, you murdering demons, wherever you hide, invisible and waiting to do evil! Come, thick night, and cover the world in the darkest smoke of hell, so that my sharp knife can't see the wound it cuts open, and so heaven can't peep through the darkness and cry, "No! Stop!"



<p>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!"</p>	
<p>Enter MACBETH</p>	<p>MACBETH enters.</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>Great thane of Glamis! Worthy thane of Cawdor! You'll soon be greater than both those titles, once you become king! Your letter has transported me from the present moment, when who knows what will happen, and has made me feel like the future is already here.</p>
<p>MACBETH My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.</p>	<p>MACBETH My dearest love, Duncan is coming here tonight.</p>
<p>LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?</p>	<p>LADY MACBETH And when is he leaving?</p>
<p>MACBETH Tomorrow, as he purposes.</p>	<p>MACBETH He plans to leave tomorrow.</p>
<p>LADY MACBETH 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 th' 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.</p>	<p>LADY MACBETH That day will never come. Your face betrays strange feelings, my lord, and people will be able to read it like a book. In order to deceive them, you must appear the way they expect you to look. Greet the king with a welcoming expression in your eyes, your hands, and your words. You should look like an innocent flower, but be like the snake that hides underneath the flower. The king is coming, and he's got to be taken care of. Let me handle tonight's preparations, because tonight will change every night and day for the rest of our lives.</p>
<p>MACBETH We will speak further.</p>	<p>MACBETH We will speak about this further.</p>



LADY MACBETH Only look up clear. To alter favor ever is to fear. Leave all the rest to me.	LADY MACBETH You should project a peaceful mood, because if you look troubled, you will arouse suspicion. Leave all the rest to me.
Exeunt	They exit.
Enter LADY MACBETH	LADY MACBETH enters.
How now! What news?	What news do you have?
LADY MACBETH He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?	LADY MACBETH He has almost finished dinner. Why did you leave the dining room?
MACBETH Hath he asked for me?	MACBETH Has he asked for me?
LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?	LADY MACBETH Don't you know he has?
MACBETH We will proceed no further in this business. He hath honored me of late, and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.	MACBETH We can't go on with this plan. The king has just honored me, and I have earned the good opinion of all sorts of people. I want to enjoy these honors while the feeling is fresh and not throw them away so soon.
LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valor As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," Like the poor cat i' th' adage?	LADY MACBETH Were you drunk when you seemed so hopeful before? Have you gone to sleep and woken up green and pale in fear of this idea? From now on this is what I'll think of your love. Are you afraid to act the way you desire? Will you take the crown you want so badly, or will you live as a coward, always saying "I can't" after you say "I want to"? You're like the poor cat in the old story.



MACBETH

Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. 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.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon

MACBETH

Please, stop! I dare to do only what is proper for a man to do. He who dares to do more is not a man at all.

LADY MACBETH

If you weren't a man, then what kind of animal were you when you first told me you wanted to do this? When you dared to do it, that's when you were a man. And if you go one step further by doing what you dared to do before, you'll be that much more the man. The time and place weren't right before, but you would have gone ahead with the murder anyhow. Now the time and place are just right, but they're almost too good for you. I have suckled a baby, and I know how sweet it is to love the baby at my breast. But even as the baby was smiling up at me, I would have plucked my nipple out of its mouth and smashed its brains out against a wall if I had sworn to do that the same way you have sworn to do this.

MACBETH

But if we fail—

LADY MACBETH

We, fail? If you get your courage up, we can't fail. When Duncan is asleep—the day's hard journey has definitely made him tired—I'll get his two servants so drunk that their memory will go up in smoke through the chimneys of their brains. When they lie asleep like pigs, so drunk they'll be dead to the world, what won't you and I be able to do to the unguarded Duncan? And whatever we do, we can lay all the blame on the drunken servants.



<p>His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?</p>	
<p>MACBETH Bring forth men-children only, For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received, When we have marked with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done 't?</p>	<p>MACBETH May you only give birth to male children, because your fearless spirit should create nothing that isn't masculine. Once we have covered the two servants with blood, and used their daggers to kill, won't people believe that they were the culprits?</p>
<p>LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar Upon his death?</p>	<p>LADY MACBETH Who could think it happened any other way? We'll be grieving loudly when we hear that Duncan has died.</p>
<p>MACBETH 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.</p>	<p>MACBETH Now I'm decided, and I will exert every muscle in my body to commit this crime. Go now, and pretend to be a friendly hostess. Hide with a false pleasant face what you know in your false, evil heart.</p>
<p>Exeunt</p>	<p>They exit.</p>