

ORIGINAL TEXT

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH

I come, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH

0 Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH

Anon.

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

MODERN TEXT

Thunder and lightning. Three WITCHES enter

FIRST WITCH

When should the three of us meet again? Will it be in
thunder, lightning, or rain?

SECOND WITCH

We'll meet when the noise of the battle is over, when one
side has won and the other side has lost.

THIRD WITCH

That will happen before sunset.

FIRST WITCH

Where should we meet?

SECOND WITCH

Let's do it in the open field.

THIRD WITCH

We'll meet Macbeth there.

*The WITCHES hear the calls of their spirit friends or
"familiars," which look like animals—one is a cat and
one is a toad.*

FIRST WITCH

(calling to her cat) I'm coming, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH

My toad, Paddock, calls me.

THIRD WITCH

(to her spirit) I'll be right here!

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Let's fly away through the fog
and filthy air.

They exit.

NO.

Date . . .

Witches agree
to meet
with Macbeth

RHYMING COUPLETS

Exposition: What tone is set for the play when it opens
with 3 supernatural beings?
What can we expect?

Theme: Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Allusion: The three Fates
Clotho (spins thread of life), Lachesis (measures thread)
and Atropos (cuts the thread)

ORIGINAL TEXT

Alarum within. Enter **KING DUNCAN**, **MALCOLM**,
DONALBAIN, **LENNOX**, with attendants, meeting a
bleeding **CAPTAIN**

DUNCAN

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MALCOLM

This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

CAPTAIN

Doubtful it stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling together

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—

10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
15 Showed like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
20 Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN

O valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!

MODERN TEXT

Sounds of a trumpet and soldiers fighting offstage.
KING DUNCAN enters with his sons **MALCOLM** and
DONALBAIN, **LENNOX**, and a number of attendants.
They meet a wounded and bloody **CAPTAIN**.

DUNCAN

Who is this bloody man? Judging from his appearance, I
bet he can tell us the latest news about the revolt.

MALCOLM

This is the brave sergeant who fought to keep me from
being captured. Hail, brave friend! Tell the king what was
happening in the battle when you left it.

CAPTAIN

For a while you couldn't tell who would win. The armies
were like two exhausted swimmers clinging to each
other and struggling in the water, unable to move. The
villainous rebel Macdonwald was supported by foot
soldiers and horsemen from Ireland and the Hebrides,
and Lady Luck was with him, smiling cruelly at his
enemies as if she were his whore. But Luck and
Macdonwald together weren't strong enough. Brave
Macbeth, laughing at Luck, chopped his way through to
Macdonwald, who didn't even have time to say good-
bye or shake hands before Macbeth split him open from
his navel to his jawbone and stuck his head on our
castle walls.

DUNCAN

My brave relative! What a worthy man!

Duncan hears a
report from the
bloody captain

Metaphor: swimmers

Macdonwald
supported by the
Irish + luck

Characterization:

- Macbeth is depicted as brave and merciless
- His violent battle deeds are admired by other Scots

Allusion: Golgotha → the site outside Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

ORIGINAL TEXT

CAPTAIN
 25 As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to
 come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
 30 No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN
 Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and
 Banquo?

CAPTAIN
 35 Yes, as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks,
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 40 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell—
 But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN
 So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
 They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

Exit CAPTAIN with attendants

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

45 Who comes here?

MALCOLM
 The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX
 What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he
 look
 That seems to speak things strange.

MODERN TEXT

CAPTAIN
 But in the same way that violent storms always come
 just as spring appears, our success against
 Macdonwald created new problems for us. Listen to
 this, King: as soon as we sent those Irish soldiers
 running for cover, the Norwegian king saw his chance to
 attack us with fresh troops and shiny weapons.

DUNCAN
 Didn't this frighten our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN
 The new challenge scared them about as much as
 sparrows frighten eagles, or rabbits frighten a lion. To
 tell you the truth, they fought the new enemy with twice
 as much force as before; they were like cannons loaded
 with double ammunition. Maybe they wanted to take a
 bath in their enemies' blood, or make that battlefield as
 infamous as Golgotha, where Christ was crucified, I
 don't know. But I feel weak. My wounds must be tended
 to.

DUNCAN
 Your words, like your wounds, bring you honor. Take him
 to the surgeons.

The CAPTAIN exits, helped by attendants.

ROSS and ANGUS enter.

Who is this?

MALCOLM
 The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX
 His eyes seem frantic! He looks like someone with a
 strange tale to tell.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 2

Norwegians
 attack right
 after

• Simile:
 Macbeth + Banquo
 = eagles / lions
 = cannons

• Enemies =
 sparrows / hares

Thane of Ross
 comes, looking
 wild



Rhyming couplet → signals the end of a scene or act
(practical for actors; they know a change when they hear the rhyme)

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

ORIGINAL TEXT

ROSS

God save the king.

DUNCAN

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS

From Fife, great king,

Where the Norway banners flout the sky

50 And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,

Till that **Bellona's bridegroom**, lapped in proof,

55 Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit; and to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition.

60 Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present

65 death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS

I'll see it done.

DUNCAN

What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

MODERN TEXT

ROSS

God save the king!

DUNCAN

Where have you come from, worthy thane?

ROSS

Great king, I've come from Fife, where the Norwegian

flag flies, mocking our country and frightening our

people. Leading an enormous army and assisted by that

disloyal traitor, the thane of Cawdor, the king of Norway

began a bloody battle. But outfitted in his battle-

weathered armor, Macbeth met the Norwegian attacks

shot for shot, as if he were the goddess of war's

husband. Finally he broke the enemy's spirit, and we

were victorious.

DUNCAN

Great happiness!

ROSS

So now Sweno, the Norwegian king, wants a treaty. We

told him we wouldn't even let him bury his men until he

retreated to Saint Colme's Inch and paid us ten thousand

dollars.

DUNCAN

The thane of Cawdor will never again betray me. Go

announce that he will be executed, and tell Macbeth that

Cawdor's titles will be given to him.

ROSS

I'll get it done right away.

DUNCAN

The thane of Cawdor has lost what the noble Macbeth

has won.

They all exit.

Act 1, Scene 2, Page 3

• Allusion: Bellona -
ancient Roman
goddess of war
→ referring to
Macbeth

Cawdor loses his
title → it is to be
given to Macbeth

ORIGINAL TEXT

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES

FIRST WITCH

Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH

Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH

Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap.

5 And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me,"

quoth I.

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed runnion cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

10 And like a rat without a tail,

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

SECOND WITCH

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH

Thou 'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH

And I another.

FIRST WITCH

I myself have all the other,

15 And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' th' shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

20 Hang upon his penthouse lid.

He shall live a man forbid.

Weary sev'n'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

MODERN TEXT

Thunder. The three WITCHES enter.

FIRST WITCH

Where have you been, sister?

SECOND WITCH

Killing pigs.

THIRD WITCH

And you, sister?

FIRST WITCH

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and munched

away at them. "Give me one," I said. "Get away from me,

witch!" the fat woman cried. Her husband has sailed off

to Aleppo as master of a ship called the *Tiger*. I'll sail

there in a kitchen strainer, turn myself into a tailless rat,

and do things to him—

SECOND WITCH

I'll give you some wind to sail there.

FIRST WITCH

How nice of you!

THIRD WITCH

And I will give you some more.

FIRST WITCH

I already have control of all the other winds, along with

the ports from which they blow and every direction on

the sailor's compass in which they can go. I'll drain the

life out of him. He won't catch a wink of sleep, either at

night or during the day. He will live as a cursed man. For

eighty-one weeks he will waste away in agony.

NO.

Date . . .

Characterization:

- Witches are vengeful and spiteful
- The punishment for the ^{husband} (man) (of the woman who refused to share her nuts) seems to be harder than the man deserved

Foreshadowing:

- in dealing with humans, these women are merciless

Characterization of witches:

- "withered" and "wild"
- "look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth"
- "beards", "choppy finger"

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2

ORIGINAL TEXT

Though his bark cannot be lost,
25 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

Drum within

THIRD WITCH

30 A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

ALL

(dancing together in a circle) The weird sisters,
hand in

hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

35 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.**

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

How far is 't called to Forres?—What are these
40 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 seem to understand
me,

45 By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MODERN TEXT

Although I can't make his ship disappear, I can still make
his journey miserable. Look what I have here.

SECOND WITCH

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH

Here I have the thumb of a pilot who was drowned while
trying to return home.

A drum sounds offstage.

THIRD WITCH

A drum, a drum! Macbeth has come.

ALL

(dancing together in a circle) We weird sisters, hand in
hand, swift travelers over the sea and land, dance
around and around like so. Three times to yours, and
three times to mine, and three times again, to add up to
nine. Enough! The charm is ready.

MACBETH and BANQUO enter.

MACBETH

(to BANQUO) I have never seen a day that was so good
and bad at the same time.

BANQUO

How far is it supposed to be to Forres? *(he sees the
WITCHES)* What are these creatures? They're so
withered-looking and crazily dressed. They don't look
like they belong on this planet, but I see them standing
here on Earth. *(to the WITCHES)* Are you alive? Can you
answer questions? You seem to understand me,
because each of you has put a gruesome finger to her
skinny lips. You look like women, but your beards keep
me from believing that you really are.

Witchcraft: relate
to King James's
distaste of
witches and
witchcraft

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 2

ORIGINAL TEXT

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

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? (to the WITCHES) 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 favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH

Hail!

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

Lesser than Macbeth and greater.

SECOND WITCH

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

MODERN TEXT

MACBETH

Speak, if you can. What kind of creatures are you?

FIRST WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH

All hail, Macbeth, the future king!

BANQUO

My dear Macbeth, why do you look so startled and afraid
of these nice things they're saying? (to the WITCHES)
Tell me honestly, are you illusions, or are you really what
you seem to be? You've greeted my noble friend with
honors and talk of a future so glorious that you've made
him speechless. But you don't say anything to me. If you
can see the future and say how things will turn out, tell
me. I don't want your favors and I'm not afraid of your
hatred.

FIRST WITCH

Hail!

SECOND WITCH

Hail!

THIRD WITCH

Hail!

FIRST WITCH

You are lesser than Macbeth but also greater.

SECOND WITCH

You are not as happy as Macbeth, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH

Your descendants will be kings, even though you will not
be one. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

NO.

Date . . .

Metaphor:
"seeds of time"

Paradoxes:
• lesser and greater
• not so happy,
 much happier
• shalt get kings,
 thou be none



Theme: fair = foul
foul = fair

ORIGINAL TEXT

FIRST WITCH

70 Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By **Sinel'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

75 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.

WITCHES vanish

BANQUO

80 The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

MACBETH

Into the air, and what seemed corporal

Melted, as breath into the wind. Would they had stayed.

BANQUO

Were such things here as we do speak about?

85 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 the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

MODERN TEXT

FIRST WITCH

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH

Wait! You only told me part of what I want to know. Stay

and tell me more. I already know I am the thane of Glamis

because I inherited the position when my father, Sinel,

died. But how can you call me the thane of Cawdor? The

thane of Cawdor is alive, and he's a rich and powerful

man. And for me to be the king is completely impossible,

just as it's impossible for me to be thane of Cawdor. Tell

me where you learned these strange things, and why

you stop us at this desolate place with this prophetic

greeting? Speak, I command you.

The WITCHES vanish.

BANQUO

The earth has bubbles, just like the water, and these

creatures must have come from a bubble in the earth.

Where did they disappear to?

MACBETH

Into thin air. Their bodies melted like breath in the wind. I

wish they had stayed!

BANQUO

Were these things we're talking about really here? Or are

we both on drugs?

MACBETH

Your children will be kings.

BANQUO

You will be the king.

MACBETH

And thane of Cawdor too. Isn't that what they said?

BANQUO

That's exactly what they said. Who's this?

ROSS and ANGUS enter.

Sinel = Macbeth's father

insane root = hallucinogens

Macbeth + Banquo doubt their senses - did they see these witches?

ORIGINAL TEXT

ROSS

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success, and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norway ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Can post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.

ANGUS

We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

ROSS

And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

BANQUO

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH

The thane of Cawdor lives. **Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?**

ANGUS

Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MODERN TEXT

ROSS

The king was happy to hear of your success, Macbeth.
Whenever he hears the story of your exploits in the fight
against the rebels, he becomes so amazed it makes him
speechless. He was also shocked to learn that on the
same day you fought the rebels you also fought against
the army of Norway, and that you weren't the least bit
afraid of death, even as you killed everyone around you.
Messenger after messenger delivered news of your
bravery to the king with praise for how you defended his
country.

ANGUS

The king sent us to give you his thanks and to bring you
to him. Your real reward won't come from us.

ROSS

And to give you a taste of what's in store for you, he told
me to call you the thane of Cawdor. So hail, thane of
Cawdor! That title belongs to you now.

BANQUO

(shocked) Can the devil tell the truth?

MACBETH

The thane of Cawdor is still alive. Why are you giving me
his title?

ANGUS

The man who was the thane of Cawdor is still alive, but
he's been sentenced to death, and he deserves to die. I
don't know whether he fought on Norway's side, or if he
secretly aided the rebels, or if he fought with both of our
enemies. But his treason, which has been proven, and
to which he's confessed, means he's finished.

Ross delivers the
news that
Macbeth is
Thane of Cawdor

Metaphor?/symbol:
the "robes" are the
position

Banquo is shocked -
he never trusted
the witches

Cawdor's betrayal
isn't clear, but
it's clear he
betrayed.

Macbeth's aside : internal conflict

- He weighs the truth told to him by the witches
- He begins to eye the prize of becoming king
- Fair = foul, foul = fair (cannot be ill, cannot be good)
- Starts thinking of murder ("horrible imaginings")
- He is torn because he still has some sense of duty to his king

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 6

ORIGINAL TEXT

MACBETH

(aside) Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. (to ROSS and ANGUS)

120 Thanks for your pains.

(aside to BANQUO) Do you not hope your children
shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO

That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange.

125 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.

(to ROSS and ANGUS) Cousins, a word, I pray you.

BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS move to one side

MACBETH

130 (aside) Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. (to ROSS and ANGUS) I
thank you, gentlemen.

(aside) This supernatural soliciting

135 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

140 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

MODERN TEXT

MACBETH

(to himself) It's just like they said—now I'm the thane of
Glamis and the thane of Cawdor. And the best part of
what they predicted is still to come. (to ROSS and
ANGUS) Thank you for the news. (speaking so that only
BANQUO can hear) Aren't you beginning to hope your
children will be kings? After all, the witches who said I
was thane of Cawdor promised them nothing less.

BANQUO

If you trust what they say, you might be on your way to
becoming king, as well as thane of Cawdor. But this
whole thing is strange. The agents of evil often tell us
part of the truth in order to lead us to our destruction.
They earn our trust by telling us the truth about little
things, but then they betray us when it will damage us
the most. (to ROSS and ANGUS) Gentlemen, I'd like to
have a word with you, please.

ROSS, ANGUS, and BANQUO move to one side.

MACBETH

(to himself) So far the witches have told me two things
that came true, so it seems like this will culminate in my
becoming king. (to ROSS and ANGUS) Thank you,
gentlemen. (to himself) This supernatural temptation
doesn't seem like it can be a bad thing, but it can't be
good either. If it's a bad thing, why was I promised a
promotion that turned out to be true? Now I'm the thane
of Cawdor, just like they said I would be. But if this is a
good thing, why do I find myself thinking about
murdering King Duncan, a thought so horrifying that it
makes my hair stand on end and my heart pound inside
my chest? The dangers that actually threaten me here
and now frighten me less than the horrible things I'm
imagining.

Act 1, Scene 3, Page 6

Macbeth tempts
Banquo to be
glad about the
witches'
prophecies

Banquo wisely
warns Macbeth
against fully
trusting the witches

ORIGINAL TEXT

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man
That function is smothered in surmise,
145 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 honors come upon him,
150 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
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

155 Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

(*aside to BANQUO*) Think upon what hath
160 chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO

Very gladly.

MACBETH

Till then, enough. (*to ROSS and ANGUS*) Come,
friends.

Exeunt

MODERN TEXT

Even though it's just a fantasy so far, the mere thought of committing murder shakes me up so much that I hardly know who I am anymore. My ability to act is stifled by my thoughts and speculations, and the only things that matter to me are things that don't really exist.

BANQUO

Look at Macbeth—he's in a daze.

MACBETH

(*to himself*) If fate wants me to be king, perhaps fate will just make it happen and I won't have to do anything.

BANQUO

(*to ROSS and ANGUS*) Macbeth is not used to his new titles. They're like new clothes: they don't fit until you break them in over time.

MACBETH

(*to himself*) One way or another, what's going to happen is going to happen.

BANQUO

Good Macbeth, we're ready when you are.

MACBETH

I beg your pardon; I was distracted. Kind gentlemen, I won't forget the trouble you've taken for me whenever I think of this day. Let's go to the king. (*speaking so that only BANQUO can hear*) Think about what happened today, and when we've both had time to consider things, let's talk.

BANQUO

Absolutely.

MACBETH

Until then, we've said enough. (*to ROSS and ANGUS*) Let's go, my friends.

They all exit.

Macbeth becomes slightly obsessed— is this what the witches wanted all along?

Aside:

• Macbeth hopes he can get what he wants without murder

Macbeth and Banquo (character foils)

• Foils to each other; Banquo is level-headed, cautious and rational, whereas Macbeth is prone to flights of imagination, daring and ambition

Macbeth trusts Banquo like a brother— their bond is battle-hardened.