

Prologue

PORTER

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Bloody Shakespeare!
I am the Porter and this Caliban.

CALIBAN

Thou speak'st aright.
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

PORTER

We are your humble servants,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in our days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

CALIBAN

Could take awhile.

PORTER

You're not kiddin'.

[Porter here gives instructions about safety, touching, following flashlights, etc.]

Porter then leads audience into first hallway.

Throughout: various impromptu text to keep audience moving.

Door rattles.

DESDEMONA

Falsely... Falsely murdered.

PORTER

Freshmen.

Porter leads audience to doors.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres:
List, list, O, list!

*The porter knocks on the door
There is a HUGE knock back*

CALIBAN

Here's a knocking indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should grow
old turning the key.
Knock, knock, knock!

PORTER

Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?

CALIBAN

Faith, here's a law student, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale!

PORTER

O, come in, lawyer; here you may make your motion!

*Hopefully gets student to knock
Knocking back*

Knock, knock, knock!

CALIBAN

Who's there?

PORTER

Faith, here's a
music student come hither, for drinking out of
a spit valve:

CALIBAN

come in, musician; here you may
toot your horn.

*Hopefully gets student to knock
Knocking back*

Knock, knock;

PORTER

Who's there, in the other devil's name?

CALIBAN

Faith, here's an art students, sent hither for wasting paint!

PORTER

O, come in, artist, here you may stroke your brush!

*Student knocks – there is NO response
Caliban opens door and begins letting in audience*

CALIBAN

But this place is too cold for hell.

I'll devil-porter it no further:

I had thought to have let in
some of all students that go the primrose
way to the everlasting bonfire.

Scene 1
The Weird Sisters

PORTER guides audience to stand in First Space
First and Third Witches lurk around the space
Sound effects, Second witch enters

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,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:-- 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
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,
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Though his bark cannot be lost,

Second and Third Witch Together

Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

First Witch

Look what I have.

Second Witch

Show me, show me.

First Witch

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

Drum within

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

First Witch

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.

Lady Macbeth Enters

LADY MACBETH

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!

Light thickens;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

Lady Macbeth leads audience into next chamber.

Scene 2
Titus Andronicus Part 1

Enter TAMORA in sexy garb

TAMORA

Boys, come forth! My sons, where are you?

Enter TITUS and LAVINIA

TITUS

Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her?

TAMORA

Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAVINIA

Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And tis believed that sure your sons and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.

TITUS

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

TAMORA

Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON also in sexy garb

DEMETRIUS

How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAMORA

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
And straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMETRIUS

This is a witness that I am thy son.

Pins TITUS down, cuts off his hand

CHIRON

And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

Strikes Titus' head leaving him unconscious

TAMORA

Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMETRIUS

Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHIRON

An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

TAMORA

But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Then rip her tongue from out her pretty mouth
Lest it should survive to tell her tale.

CHIRON

I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAVINIA

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,--

TAMORA

I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAVINIA

O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAMORA

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

CHIRON

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.

He and his brother tear out her tongue then exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, dragging off LAVINIA

TAMORA

Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Exit Tamora, Titus stirs, sits up and starts laughing

PORTER

Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For now this tongue doth seem to speak to me,

And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.

*Titus exits, Porter picks up hand
We hear Caliban singing in the next area
Porter leads audience into next area*

Scene 3
The Graveyard

The audience stands
Caliban is in a grave digging and singing

PORTER

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making? I will speak to him. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

CALIBAN

Mine, sir.

Goes back to singing

PORTER

What man dost thou dig it for?

CALIBAN

For no man, sir.

PORTER

What woman, then?

CALIBAN

For none, neither.

PORTER

Who is to be buried in't?

CALIBAN

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

PORTER

Cute.

CALIBAN

Thanks. Oh, oh, oh!

What is he that builds stronger than either the

mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

PORTER

'What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?'

The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

CALIBAN

I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but no. To't again, come.

PORTER

'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

CALIBAN

Ay, tell me that!

PORTER

We cannot tell.

CALIBAN

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker: 'the houses that he makes last till doomsday.

PORTER

How absolute the knave is!

Oh! How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

CALIBAN

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

PORTER

Why he more than another?

CALIBAN

Why, sir, his hide is so tanned that
he will keep out water a great while; and your water
is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.
Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth
three and twenty years.

PORTER

Whose was it?

CALIBAN

A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

PORTER

Nay, I know not.

CALIBAN

This same skull,
sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

PORTER

This?

CALIBAN

E'en that.

PORTER

Let me see.

Takes the skull

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Caliban: a fellow
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath
borne me on his back a thousand times;
Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know
not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your

gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment,
that were wont to set the table on a roar?
To what base uses we may return, Caliban!

CALIBAN

Tis so sir.
Can I have my skull back?

*Crazy knocking sound
Caliban and Porter get out of the way
Enter Lady Macduff w/ son
During this scene, the witches creep on*

LADY MACDUFF

Whence is that knocking?

LADY MACBETH

Tis naught. There's one at the gate.

LADY MACDUFF

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

LADY MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.
Will you go now to bed?

LADY MACDUFF

No, cousin, we must return to Fife.

LADY MACBETH

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Goes Fleance with you?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Exit Lady Macduff w/ son

LADY MACBETH

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 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!'

Elaborate Music/ Lights and crazy witch exit

CALIBAN

My goodly lords, we now must move with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards, damned spirits all.

Scene 4

Othello

Audience Sits

Emilia and Desdemona on stage hidden behind curtain

There is a large bed, melancholy music

PORTER

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;

CALIBAN

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.

PORTER

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

CALIBAN

Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:

Desdemona begins humming behind curtain.

PORTER

I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Porter opens curtain revealing Desdemona and Emilia, Desdemona is humming Willow
Othello Enters*

OTHELLO

Desdemona.

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned
forthwith.

DESDEMONA

I will, my lord.

Exit OTHELLO

EMILIA

How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DESDEMONA

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMILIA

Dismiss me!

DESDEMONA

We must not now displease him.

EMILIA

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DESDEMONA

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

EMILIA

Come, come you talk.

DESDEMONA

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
And she died singing it: that song to-night

Will not go from my mind;

[Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;

Nay, that's not next.--Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMILIA

It's the wind.

DESDEMONA

[Singing] I call'd my love false love; but what
said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMILIA

'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,--tell me, Emilia,--
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA

There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA

No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA

Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

DESDEMONA

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.
For a small vice.

DESDEMONA

I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA

Yes, a dozen.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

Exit Emilia

Desdemona goes to sleep

Enter Othello with candle

OTHELLO

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,--
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!--
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:

DESDEMONA

Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO

Ay. Desdemona.

DESDEMONA

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO

Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA

Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Solicit for it straight.

DESDEMONA

Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

OTHELLO

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.

DESDEMONA

Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO

Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA

Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.

DESDEMONA

No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTHELLO

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

DESDEMONA

Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO

Yes, presently:
Thou art to die.

DESDEMONA

Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTHELLO

I say, amen.

DESDEMONA

And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio:
Never gave him token.

OTHELLO

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
I saw the handkerchief.

DESDEMONA

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO

Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA

Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

OTHELLO

Nay, if you strive--

DESDEMONA

But half an hour!

OTHELLO

Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA

But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO

It is too late.

He stifles her, She takes a long time to die

During this sequence we hear Emilia calling from offstage "My lord? What noise, my lord?"

Emilia enters and rushes to Desdemona

EMILIA

--Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Emilia breaks down into tears
Othello speaks to the audience
During his speech, Emilia finds a cord or belt.

OTHELLO

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one whose hand threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malig---

Emilia has risen up behind him and garrotes him from behind
When he is dead, she sits on the bed between them weeping
PORTER Steps forward

PORTER

Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
The object poisons sight; let it be hid.

PORTER pulls curtain around bed

CALIBAN

Come couch me awhile!

Caliban leads audience into next scene

Scene 5
Titus Andronicus Part 2
The audience enters a kitchen

As soon as Caliban enters, we see three witches with bottle of booze acting variously sexy.

CALIBAN

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

WITCHES

A deed without a name.

Witches begin seducing Caliban, giving him liquor and leading him away.

PORTER

Caliban... Be careful.

Caliban and witches exit

Titus enters and begins chopping vegetables

PORTER

My lords, I've heard it said that unquiet meals
make ill digestions. Nay, I know not that.
But this is sure: tis an ill cook that cannot lick her own fingers.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised

TAMORA

Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To dine with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Titus! Titus!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Who doth disturb my contemplation?

TAMORA

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?

TAMORA

If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge: sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA

I am; and these, are my ministers.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAMORA

Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

TAMORA

What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMETRIUS

Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

CHIRON

Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

TAMORA

Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself.
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.

TAMORA

Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay to cook with me.

TAMORA

[Aside to her sons] What say you, boys? will you
bide with him,
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

[Aside] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

DEMETRIUS

Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

TAMORA

Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Exit TAMORA

CHIRON

Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither!

Enter PUBLIUS and others

PUBLIUS

What is your will?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Know you these two?

PUBLIUS

The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.

PUBLIUS, & c. lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS

CHIRON

Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

PUBLIUS

And therefore do we what we are commanded.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad?
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a bread dough I will rear
And make two pastries of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood.

He cuts their throats

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

Exeunt

PORTER

Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
So, come with me.

Porter leads audience to next chamber

Scene 6
Macduff Family Murder

Audience Stands

Lady Macduff is pacing with baby in her arms

Her son (or daughter) plays

There is a baby carriage and small furniture

LADY MACDUFF

Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son

As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF

What, with worms and flies?

Son

With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF

Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF

Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son

Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF

Ay, that he was.

Son

What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, one that swears and lies.

Son

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son

Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF

Why, the honest men.

Son

Then the liars and swearers are fools,
for there are liars and swearers enough to beat
the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

Enter Lady MACBETH and WITCHES

What are these faces?

Witches grab and hold Lady Macduff

LADY MACBETH

Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF

I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

LADY MACBETH

He's a traitor.

Son

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

LADY MACBETH

What, you egg!
Young fry of treachery!

LADY MACBETH kills Son

Son

He has kill'd me, mother!

Dies

Baby begins to cry

One of the witches picks up baby and smashes its head

Lady Macbeth draws her dagger and kills Lady Macduff

Exeunt

Knocking Begins and grows louder and louder and louder then silence and blackout.

Lights up on Caliban crucified

CALIBAN

Be not afeard; this pit is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

PORTER

I lose more tour guides that way...

Epilogue

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--What need we
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to
account?--Yet who would have thought the woman
to have had so much blood.

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

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

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so
pale.

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:
come, come, come, come, What's
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

PORTER

Well, they can't all be *Twelfth Night*.