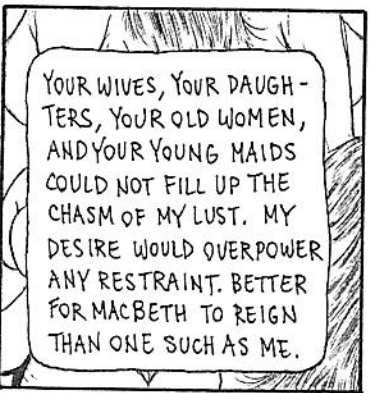


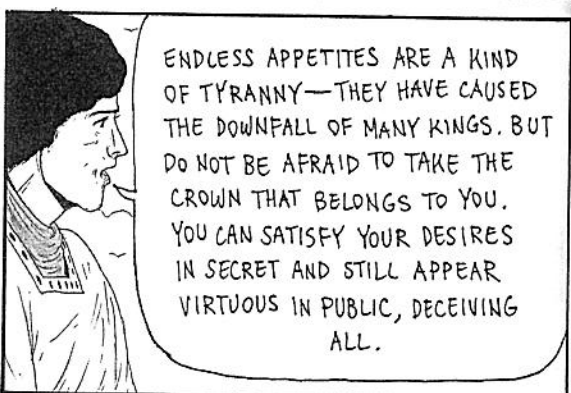
EVEN IN HELL THERE IS NO DEVIL WORSE THAN MACBETH.

I ADMIT THAT HE'S MURDEROUS, LECHEROUS, GREEDY, LYING, DECEITFUL, VIOLENT, MALICIOUS, AND GUILTY OF EVERY SIN THAT HAS A NAME.

BUT THERE IS NO END, NONE, TO MY SEXUAL DESIRES.



YOUR WIVES, YOUR DAUGHTERS, YOUR OLD WOMEN, AND YOUR YOUNG MAIDS COULD NOT FILL UP THE CHASM OF MY LUST. MY DESIRE WOULD OVERPOWER ANY RESTRAINT. BETTER FOR MACBETH TO REIGN THAN ONE SUCH AS ME.

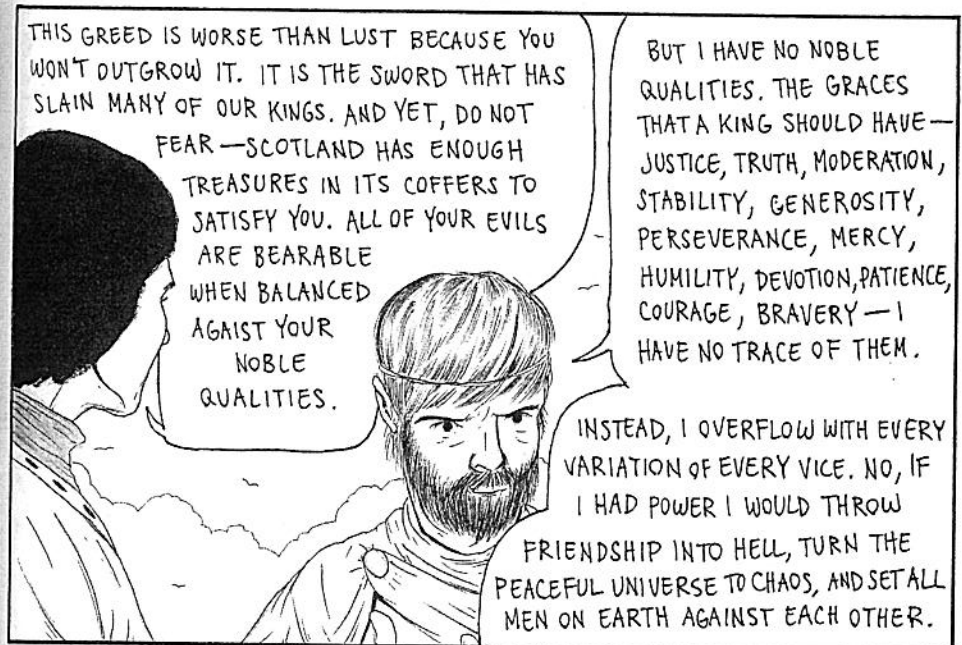


ENDLESS APPETITES ARE A KIND OF TYRANNY—THEY HAVE CAUSED THE DOWNFALL OF MANY KINGS. BUT DO NOT BE AFRAID TO TAKE THE CROWN THAT BELONGS TO YOU. YOU CAN SATISFY YOUR DESIRES IN SECRET AND STILL APPEAR VIRTUOUS IN PUBLIC, DECEIVING ALL.



THERE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH WILLING WOMEN IN SCOTLAND. THE LUST INSIDE YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DEVOUR ALL THE WOMEN WHO WILL DEDICATE THEIR BODIES TO YOU ONCE YOU ARE KING.

ALONG WITH MY LUST, I AM ALSO FULL OF GREED. IF I BECAME KING I WOULD STEAL THE NOBLES' LANDS, TAKING JEWELS FROM ONE MAN AND ESTATES FROM ANOTHER. THE MORE I HAD, THE HUNGRIER I WOULD GROW, UNTIL I'D INVENT FALSE QUARRELS WITH MY GOOD AND LOYAL SUBJECTS, DESTROYING THEM TO SEIZE THEIR WEALTH.



THIS GREED IS WORSE THAN LUST BECAUSE YOU WON'T OUTGROW IT. IT IS THE SWORD THAT HAS SLAIN MANY OF OUR KINGS. AND YET, DO NOT FEAR—SCOTLAND HAS ENOUGH TREASURES IN ITS COFFERS TO SATISFY YOU. ALL OF YOUR EVILS ARE BEARABLE WHEN BALANCED AGAINST YOUR NOBLE QUALITIES.

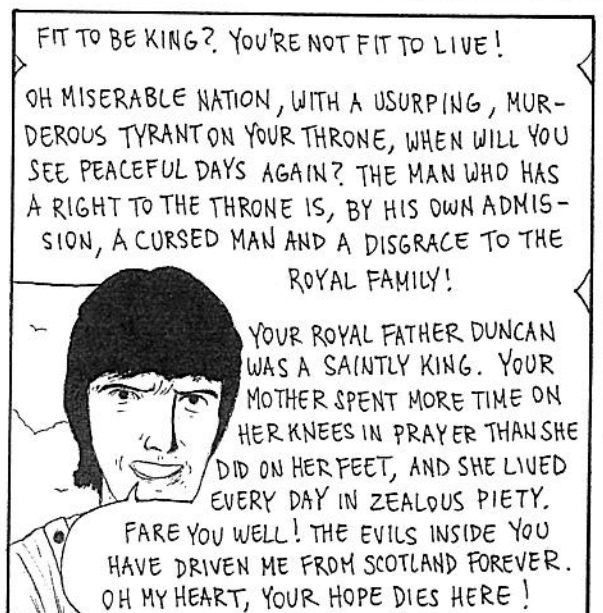
BUT I HAVE NO NOBLE QUALITIES. THE GRACES THAT A KING SHOULD HAVE—JUSTICE, TRUTH, MODERATION, STABILITY, GENEROSITY, PERSEVERANCE, MERCY, HUMILITY, DEVOTION, PATIENCE, COURAGE, BRAVERY—I HAVE NO TRACE OF THEM.

INSTEAD, I OVERFLOW WITH EVERY VARIATION OF EVERY VICE. NO, IF I HAD POWER I WOULD THROW FRIENDSHIP INTO HELL, TURN THE PEACEFUL UNIVERSE TO CHAOS, AND SET ALL MEN ON EARTH AGAINST EACH OTHER.



OH SCOTLAND, SCOTLAND!

IF A MAN LIKE ME IS FIT TO BE KING, THEN TELL ME SO. I AM EXACTLY AS I HAVE SAID I AM.



FIT TO BE KING? YOU'RE NOT FIT TO LIVE!

OH MISERABLE NATION, WITH A USURPING, MURDEROUS TYRANT ON YOUR THRONE, WHEN WILL YOU SEE PEACEFUL DAYS AGAIN? THE MAN WHO HAS A RIGHT TO THE THRONE IS, BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, A CURSED MAN AND A DISGRACE TO THE ROYAL FAMILY!

YOUR ROYAL FATHER DUNCAN WAS A SAINTLY KING. YOUR MOTHER SPENT MORE TIME ON HER KNEES IN PRAYER THAN SHE DID ON HER FEET, AND SHE LIVED EVERY DAY IN ZEALOUS PIETY.

FARE YOU WELL! THE EVILS INSIDE YOU HAVE DRIVEN ME FROM SCOTLAND FOREVER. OH MY HEART, YOUR HOPE DIES HERE!

MACDUFF, THIS PASSIONATE OUTBURST, WHICH PROVES YOUR INTEGRITY, HAS REMOVED MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU. YOU TRULY ARE TRUSTWORTHY AND HONORABLE.

THAT DEVIL MACBETH HAS TRIED MANY TIMES TO TRICK ME AND LURE ME INTO HIS POWER, AND PRUDENCE PREVENTS ME FROM BELIEVING PEOPLE TOO QUICKLY. BUT WITH GOD AS MY WITNESS, I WILL LET MYSELF BE GUIDED BY YOU, AND I TAKE BACK MY CONFESSION.

ALL THOSE SINS I LAID AGAINST MYSELF—THEY'RE ALL LIES. I HAVE NEVER BEEN WITH A WOMAN. I HAVE NEVER LIED, I BARELY CARE ABOUT THE THINGS I ALREADY OWN, LET ALONE COVET WHAT BELONGS TO OTHER MEN. I HAVE NEVER BROKEN A PROMISE AND WOULDN'T BETRAY THE DEVIL HIMSELF. I LOVE TRUTH AS I LOVE LIFE. THE LIES I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY CHARACTER WERE THE FIRST UNTRUTHS I HAVE EVER UTTERED. I STAND HERE AS MY TRUE SELF, READY TO SERVE YOU AND OUR POOR COUNTRY.



INDEED, BEFORE YOU EVEN ARRIVED HERE, OLD SIWARD AND TEN THOUSAND BATTLE-READY SOLDIERS HAD BEGUN MAKING THEIR WAY HERE. NOW WE WILL FIGHT MACBETH TOGETHER, AND MAY THE CHANCES OF OUR SUCCESS BE AS GREAT AS THE JUSTICE OF OUR CAUSE! WHY ARE YOU SILENT?



IT IS HARD TO MAKE SENSE OF TWO SUCH DIFFERENT TALES.

WELL, WE'LL SPEAK MORE SOON.



IS KING EDWARD COMING OUT?



YES, SIR. A CROWD OF SICK WRETCHES IS WAITING FOR HIM TO HEAL THEM. THEIR ILLNESS CONFOUNDS THE MOST ADVANCED TECHNIQUES OF MODERN MEDICINE, BUT WHEN HE TOUCHES THEM, THE POWER GRANTED TO HIM BY HEAVEN HEALS THEM IMMEDIATELY.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE HE SPEAKS OF?

IT IS CALLED THE EVIL.



EDWARD'S HEALING TOUCH IS A MIRACLE THAT I HAVE SEEN HIM PERFORM MANY TIMES DURING MY STAY IN ENGLAND. HOW HE RECEIVES THESE GIFTS FROM HEAVEN, ONLY HE CAN SAY. BUT HE CURES PEOPLE WITH STRANGE CONDITIONS—ALL SWOLLEN, PLAGUED BY ULCERS, AND PITIFUL TO LOOK AT, PATIENTS WHO ARE BEYOND HELP OF SURGERY—BY PLACING A GOLD COIN AROUND THEIR NECKS AND SAYING HOLY PRAYERS OVER THEM. THEY SAY THAT HE BEQUEATHS THIS ABILITY TO HEAL TO HIS ROYAL DESCENDANTS. ALONG WITH THIS STRANGE POWER, HE ALSO HAS THE GIFT OF PROPHECY, AS WELL AS OTHER BLESSINGS THAT MARK HIM AS A MAN GRACED BY GOD.





WHO'S THAT COMING OVER HERE?

BY HIS DRESS I CAN TELL HE'S MY COUNTRYMAN, BUT I DO NOT RECOGNIZE HIM.



MY NOBLE KINSMAN, WELCOME.

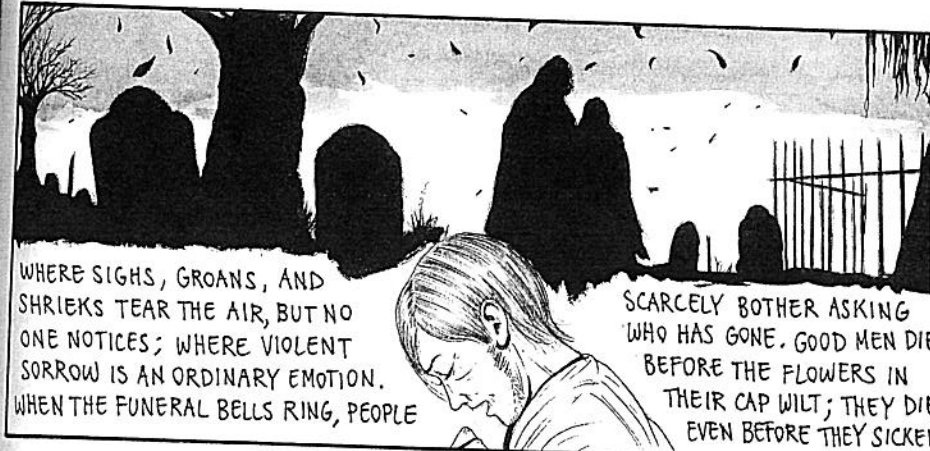
I KNOW HIM NOW, LORD ROSS, MAY GOD ALTER THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT KEEP US APART!

HELLO, SIR.



IS SCOTLAND THE SAME AS WHEN I LEFT IT?

ALAS, POOR COUNTRY! IT'S ALMOST TOO FRIGHTENED TO LOOK AT ITSELF. IT IS NO LONGER THE LAND WE ARE BORN IN—IT IS THE LAND WHERE WE WILL DIE; WHERE NO ONE BUT IDIOTS MAY SMILE.



WHERE SIGHS, GROANS, AND SHRIEKS TEAR THE AIR, BUT NO ONE NOTICES; WHERE VIOLENT SORROW IS AN ORDINARY EMOTION. WHEN THE FUNERAL BELLS RING, PEOPLE

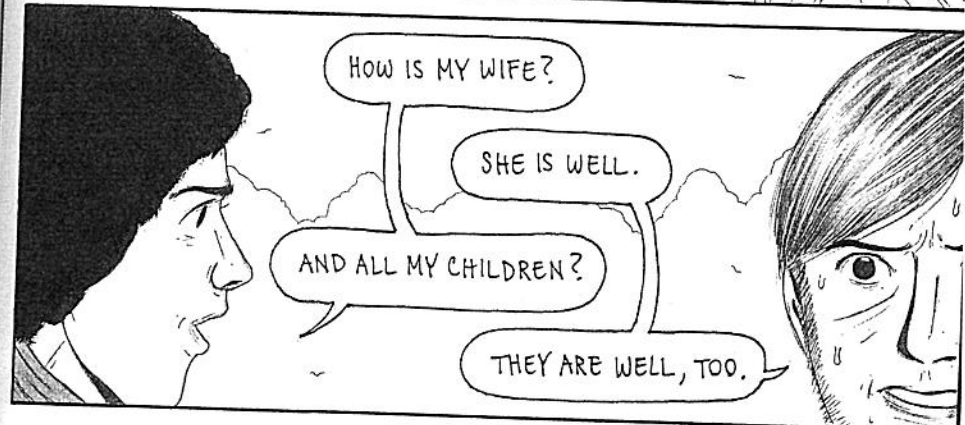
SCARCELY BOTHER ASKING WHO HAS GONE. GOOD MEN DIE BEFORE THE FLOWERS IN THEIR CAP WILT; THEY DIE EVEN BEFORE THEY SICKEN!



OH, THIS REPORT SEEMS TOO POETIC, AND YET TOO TRUE!

WHAT IS THE MOST RECENT NEWS?

EVEN NEWS AN HOUR OLD IS OLD NEWS. EVERY MINUTE ANOTHER AWFUL THING HAPPENS.

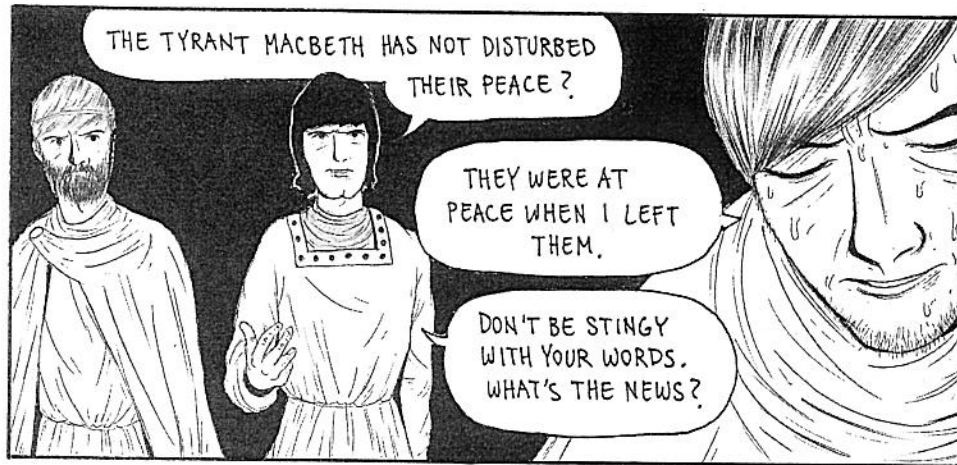


HOW IS MY WIFE?

SHE IS WELL.

AND ALL MY CHILDREN?

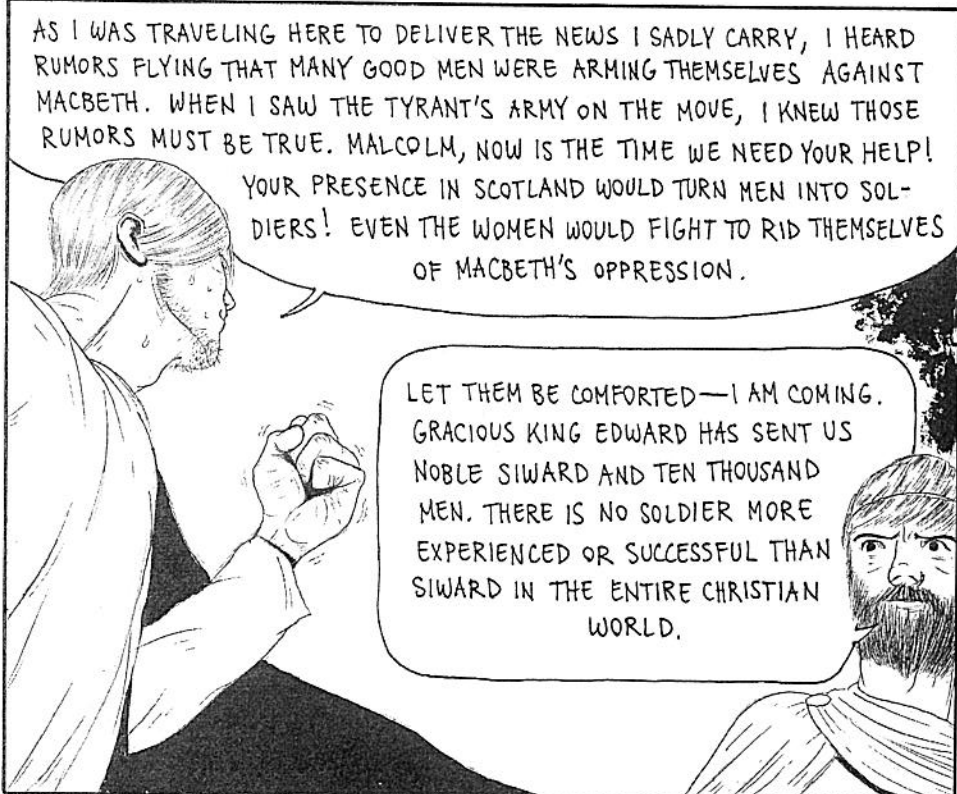
THEY ARE WELL, TOO.



THE TYRANT MACBETH HAS NOT DISTURBED THEIR PEACE?

THEY WERE AT PEACE WHEN I LEFT THEM.

DON'T BE STINGY WITH YOUR WORDS. WHAT'S THE NEWS?



AS I WAS TRAVELING HERE TO DELIVER THE NEWS I SADLY CARRY, I HEARD RUMORS FLYING THAT MANY GOOD MEN WERE ARMING THEMSELVES AGAINST MACBETH. WHEN I SAW THE TYRANT'S ARMY ON THE MOVE, I KNEW THOSE RUMORS MUST BE TRUE. MALCOLM, NOW IS THE TIME WE NEED YOUR HELP! YOUR PRESENCE IN SCOTLAND WOULD TURN MEN INTO SOLDIERS! EVEN THE WOMEN WOULD FIGHT TO RID THEMSELVES OF MACBETH'S OPPRESSION.

LET THEM BE COMFORTED—I AM COMING. GRACIOUS KING EDWARD HAS SENT US NOBLE SIWARD AND TEN THOUSAND MEN. THERE IS NO SOLDIER MORE EXPERIENCED OR SUCCESSFUL THAN SIWARD IN THE ENTIRE CHRISTIAN WORLD.



I WISH I COULD REPAY THIS HAPPY NEWS WITH GOOD NEWS OF MY OWN. BUT THE WORDS I BEAR SHOULD BE HOWLED OUT IN THE DESERT AIR, WHERE NONE COULD HEAR IT.

WHOM DOES YOUR NEWS CONCERN? DOES IT AFFECT ALL OF US, OR ONE MAN IN PARTICULAR?

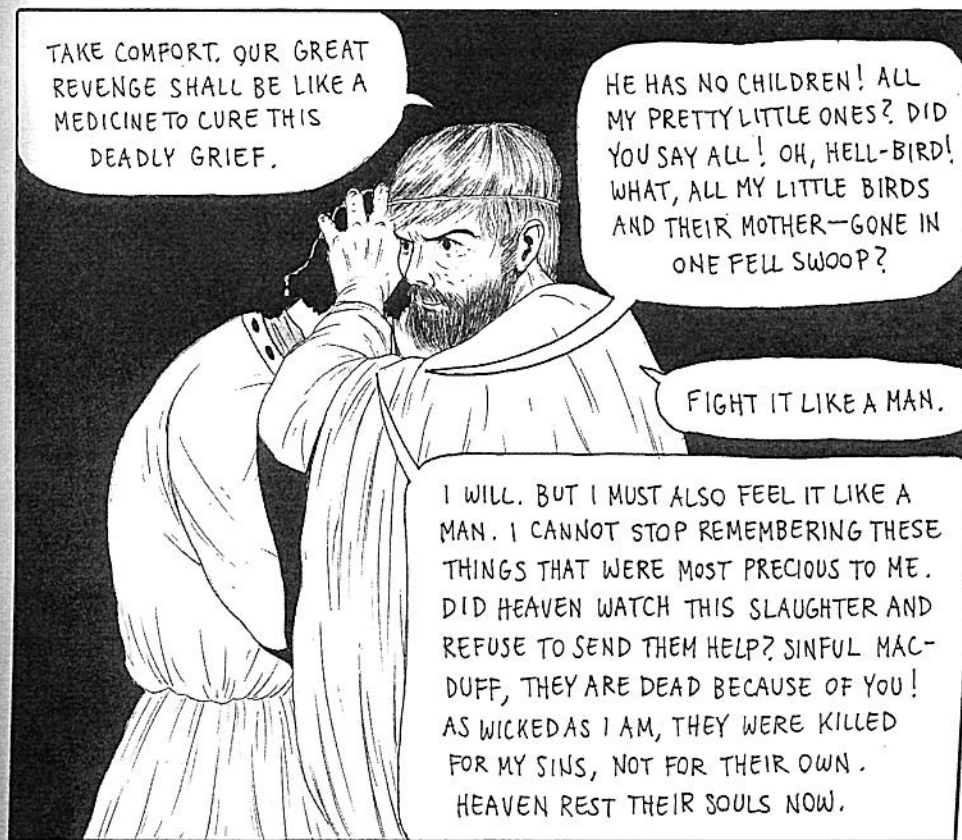
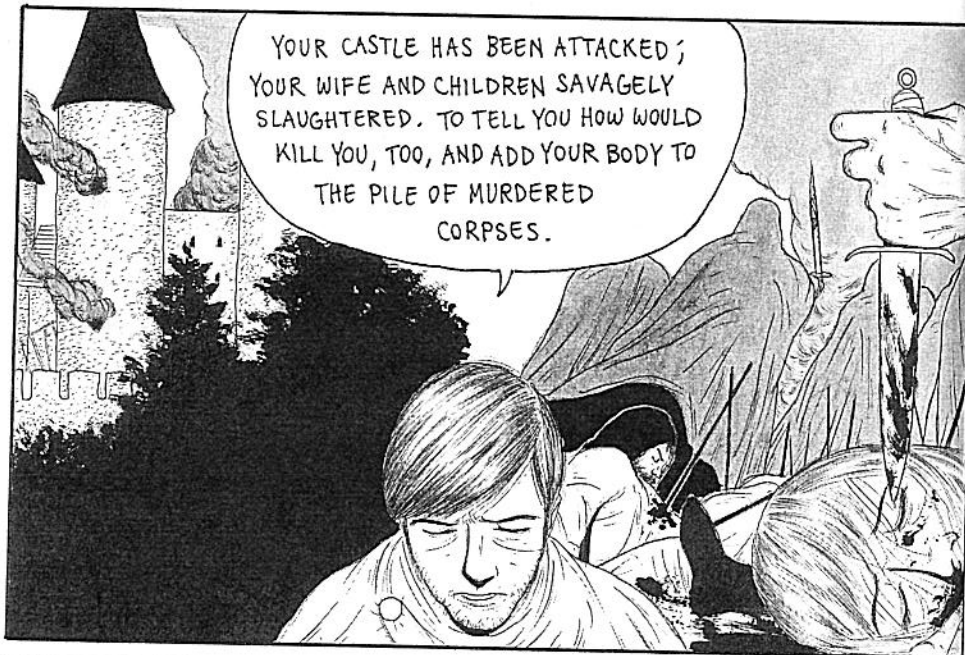
NO DECENT MAN CAN KEEP FROM SHARING IN THE SORROW, BUT MY NEWS AFFECTS YOU ALONE.



IF THE NEWS IS MINE, DO NOT KEEP IT FROM ME. QUICKLY LET ME HAVE IT.

I PRAY THAT YOUR EARS WILL NOT DESPISE MY TONGUE, WHICH IS ABOUT TO SPEAK THE MOST DREADFUL WORDS THEY HAVE EVER HEARD.

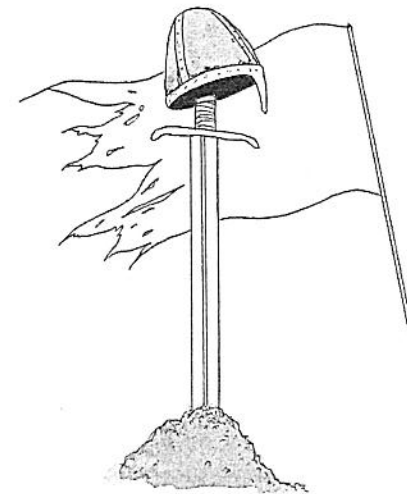
I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU WILL SAY.



SHARPEN YOUR SWORD AGAINST  
THIS PAIN. TURN GRIEF INTO ANGER.  
DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR HEART —  
UNLEASH ITS RAGE.

OH, I COULD WEEP LIKE A  
WOMAN AND BRAG ON ABOUT  
HOW I WILL AVENGE THEM!  
BUT GENTLE HEAVENS,  
DON'T KEEP ME WAITING.  
BRING ME FACE TO FACE  
WITH MACBETH, THAT  
DEVIL OF SCOTLAND. PUT  
HIM WITHIN REACH OF  
MY SWORD, AND IF HE  
ESCAPES, MAY HEAVEN  
FORGIVE HIM AS WELL!

## ACT V



NOW YOU SOUND LIKE A MAN.  
COME, LET'S GO TO SEE  
KING EDWARD. OUR ARMY  
IS READY; ALL WE NEED  
TO DO NOW IS SAY OUR  
FAREWELLS.

MACBETH IS RIPE FOR  
THE PICKING, AND THE  
HEAVENS HAVE CHOSEN  
US AS THEIR AGENTS.  
TAKE WHAT CHEER YOU  
CAN — A NEW DAY IS  
COMING AT LAST.