

Extract from Macbeth. Act 1, Scene 3

[Enter **MACBETH** and **BANQUO**]

MACBETH

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO

5 How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
10 me,

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

15 **MACBETH**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch

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

Second Witch

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

Third Witch

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

25 Things that do sound so fair? 'Tis the 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,
30 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 favours nor your hate.

35 **First Witch**

Hail!

Second Witch

Hail!

Third Witch

40 Hail!

First Witch

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch

Not so happy, yet much happier.

45 **Third Witch**

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

First Witch

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

50 **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

55 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

60 you.

[**Witches** vanish]

Macbeth Retold (BBC, 2006)

(Having almost been hit by a reversing dust cart, Joe and Billy confront the three bin men who are about to empty the waste trolley at the back of Duncan's restaurant.)

Joe: Billy, Billy? You're right, Bill?

Billy: Yeah.

Joe (confronting the bin men): Ho. Hold it. What are you doing ..? .. killed us?

First bin man: You're Joe Macbeth.

Joe: How do you know my name?

First bin man: We know everything.

Third bin man: We're bin-men.

First bin man: Nothing we don't know.

Second bin man: Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what yours are... three of them, Joe... three Michelin stars coming your way.

First bin man: And that's not all.

Third bin man: Oh, no!

Second bin man: The restaurant...

Third bin man: The whole caboodle...

Second bin man: ... it's gonna be yours, Joe.

Billy: Oh, yeah... what about me?

Third bin man: Less happy than him!

First bin man: And yet more happy.

Billy: What does that mean? What does that mean?

Second bin man: Joe gets everything and you don't... but your son does ...and his son ...

First bin man: And his son.

Third bin man: And his son.

(As the dustcart drives off, all three keep repeating "And his son" to the tune of *Stars and Stripes*.)