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MACHOMER SCENE STUDY

BY JOSH WEISS

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- ✓ **PRE- OR POST-VIEWING LESSON/ACTIVITY**
- ✓ **TYPE: CREATIVE ASSIGNMENT / PROJECT**
- ✓ **SUITABILITY: GRADE 9-12**

Part I:

Scenes from Macbeth. Shakespearean plays have been set in a multitude of places and times. Perhaps this speaks to how timeless the themes of the plays are, and how creative a director and production team can be with setting the play in different genres.

Macbeth has been set in as many different locales and genres as one could imagine. In film, the seeding underworld of the mafia Macbeth (2006), 1970's burger shops Scotland P.A (2001), and more recently in Stalinist Russia, Macbeth (2010), Macbeth has been adapted in many creative, sometimes farcical, and versatile ways.

Designate groups of students to develop the following scenes in groups of 2-4 depending on the amount of character in the scenes. Instructors may choose to have students prepare the scene for class with memorization, or to complete a staged reading of it. Keys to each of these scenes for the students are to create action to move the story along. All characters may be played by male or female students.

Part II:

Give the students the scenes from act one. Their task is to translate the scenes from Shakespearean English into common, current 2011 English.

Part III:

Give the students the scenes from act I and have them translate/ adapt them to a genre of their choice, much like how Rick Miller sets Macbeth in the world of The Simpsons.

Examples of possible genres/suggestions for adaption:

Grocery Store	MTVs Punked	Awards Ceremony	Kung Fu Film
Hospital	Jersey Shore	Sports Team	Superhero
Soap Opera	Children's Show	Musical	Sci-Fi

Macbeth: Dramatis Personae

Duncan, *King of Scotland*

Malcolm, Donalbain, *his sons*

Macbeth, Banquo, *generals of the King's army*

Macduff, Lennox, Ross, Menteth, Angus, Cathness, *noblemen of Scotland*

Fleance, *son to Banquo*

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, *general of the English forces*

Young Siward, *his son*

Seyton, *an officer attending on Macbeth*

Boy, *son to Macduff*

An English Doctor

A Scotch Doctor

A Captain

A Porter

An Old Man

Lady Macbeth

Lady Macduff

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth

Hecate

Three Witches

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers; the Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions

ACT I SCENE I A desert place. Thunder and lightning.

3 Characters

Enter three Witches.

First Witch When shall we three meet again

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch When the hurlyburly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

5

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!

10

Second Witch Paddock calls.

Third Witch Anon!

ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Witches Vanish

5 Characters

ACT I SCENE III A heath near Forres.

(Part 1) *Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

First Witch Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch Killing swine.

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

Third Witch

A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

ALL

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. 40

BANQUO

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 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.

MACBETH

Speak, if you can: what are you? 50

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, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO

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

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth, 55

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. 60
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.

First Witch Hail! 65

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: 70

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch 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, 75

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

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 80

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

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, 130

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

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. 135

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH

Aside.

Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme. -- I thank you, gentlemen.

Aside.

This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success, 140

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

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears 145

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not. 150

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,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use. 155

MACBETH *Aside.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn 160
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly. 165

MACBETH Till then, enough. Come, friends.
Exeunt

3 Characters

ACT I SCENE V *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter (Why the letter is in prose...)

LADY MACBETH '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, 5
 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 10
 shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver
 thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
 mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
 ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it
 to thy heart, and farewell.' 15
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without 20
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do 25
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, 35
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger 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. 40

LADY MACBETH Give him tending;
 He brings great news.
Exit Messenger.
 The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 45
 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 50
 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, 55
 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!'
Enter MACBETH.
 Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! 60
 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.

MACBETH My dearest love, 65
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?
 MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes.
 LADY MACBETH O, never
 Shall sun that morrow see! 70
 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 the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming 75
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.

MACBETH We will speak further. 80

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

2 Characters

ACT I SCENE VII *The same. A room in Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow 5

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases

We still have judgment here;

that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor:

this even-handed justice

Commends the ingredience of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust;

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, 15
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against 20
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, 25
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th'other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news? 30

LADY
MACBETH He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY
MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought 35
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY Was the hope drunk

MACBETH

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? 40
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 valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that 45
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' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace: 50
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; 55
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 60
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

	Have done to this.	65
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 drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?	70 75 80
MACBETH	Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done't?	85
LADY MACBETH	Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?	
MACBETH	I am settled, and bend up	90

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.

Exeunt.

Please note:

Part 1: Story, Background, Creators, Characters and Glossary is available for downloading at
VANCOUVERPLAYHOUSE.COM

Send us feedback and questions regarding our Play Guides

Request a copy of a script (for educational purposes)

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