

MACBETH

Updated Script

V.3 a.o. 2/22/25

⑤ Fly to the court of England, and unfold
The blessed message that he quickly return,
To this our suffering country
And free us from Macbeth's accursed hand!

LORD: I would send my prayers with him.

(Exit.)

Lx 269
SND 80.2
P565

ACT IV, SCENE 1

Outside the palace grounds, perhaps in a cave.

From the shadows we hear the Three WITCHES singing like something out of Tim Burton's "Corpse Bride":

Lx 271 (Set)
SND 80.4

ALL: ⑤ Who prays to whom on purple heath

WITCH 1: When moon is full we see Macbeth.

Lx 272
P570

WITCH 2: He carries secrets in his veins

WITCH 3: (Like a punk-rock song) Let's pierce his skin and stroke his pains

Lx 273
SND 80.5
P575
Lx 275
SND 80.6
P580

In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder: *Enter the three WITCHES.*

Lx 277 (Set)
SND 80.8
P585 (H+E Pose)

WITCH 1: Thrice the mottled cat hath mewed.

WITCH 2: Twice and once the hedgehog whined.

(WITCH 3's familiar, a "Harpier," makes the sound of a magpie cawing.)

MACBETH

Updated Script

V.3 a.o. 2/22/25

Root of hemlock, dug i'th'dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled Moor
Ditch-deliver'd by a whore
Make the gruel thick with gore,
Add thereto a tiger's organ
For th'ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL:

⑤

Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

WITCH 2:

Cool it with a baboon's blood: _____

Lx 283

Then the charm is firm and good _____

Lx 293 (Drop)

SND 82.6

P615

(Enter HECATE.)

ALL WITCHES: O, well done! I commend your pains,

And every one shall share i'th'gains.

⑤

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in _____

Lx 295 (beat)

SND 82.9

P620

(Music, like from a 60s Girl Group, plays and the WITCHES sing.

Modeled after "Foolish Little Girl" & "Sha-la-la" by the Shirelles.)

MACBETH

Updated Script

V.3 a.o. 2/22/25

WITCH 1: (*spoken intro*) Sisters, gather 'round a spell.

Hecate wants us now to tell,

⑤ A story of witchy glory—

Spun by fate and oh so gory.

WITCH 2 & 3: Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la-la-la

Lx 297
P625

Sha-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la

Woah, woah, woah, woah.

WITCH 1:

⑤ Macbeth comes for counsel late tonight,

We'll give him a Crown fitted tight.

WITCH 1, 2, & 3: Knock him down with his own ambitions,

Lx 299

⑤ Squeeze Blood from his nocturnal emissions.

He'll pour into our potion—

Make it thick with emotion.

④ Lx 301
P630

WITCH 2: Oh, tug and pull till he screams—

③ Lx 305
P640

② Lx 803 (Sha)
P635

Men have such short-haired seams.

WITCH 3:

⑤ Oh cream and steam till he wails,

Blowing up our pussy tails.

Lx 307

WITCH 2 & 3: Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la-la-la

Lx 309
P645

Sha-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la

Woah, woah, woah, woah. × 2 ⑤

WITCH 1,2,3: That's how we'll roll that guy—

Lx 311
P650

The one with wanting eyes...

MACBETH

Updated Script

V.3 a.o. 2/22/25

WITCH 2: ^⑤ Weave a spell of brains and sighs...

Lx 313 (stools)

WITCH 3: Make stew of his bones and thighs.

WITCH 1,2,&3: Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la-la-la

Lx 314
P655

Sha-la-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la

①

Lx 315 (stool lands)

(spoken) Men sin when Weird Sisters spin.

SND 84.2
P660

②

Lx 317

(HECATE stops the song with her words.)

ALL WITCHES: HARK! A black spirit hovers near.

Lx 319
SND 84.3
P665

Show him all and he'll soon fall

Lx 321
P670

(Exit HECATE.)

WITCH 2: By the pricking of my thumbs,

WITCH 3: Something wicked this way comes.

WITCH 1: Open locks, whoever knocks

Lx 323
SND 84.7

(The WITCHES laugh & meow. Enter MACBETH.)

MACBETH: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

ALL:

A deed without a name.