

# Macbeth

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> January

**Writing Outcome:**  
**Write a modern version**  
**of a scene from**  
***Macbeth*, using**  
**techniques by modern**  
**day writers.**

## Compare the original to Leon Garfield's version.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches* 1.1

FIRST WITCH  
When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH  
When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

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, Grey-Malkin.

SECOND WITCH Padock calls!

THIRD WITCH Anon!

ALL  
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*Exeunt* 10

### *Macbeth*

:  
Three old women out in a storm. But what old women, and what a storm! It banged and roared and crashed and rattled. The sky was quick with sudden glares, and the earth with sudden darknesses, darknesses in which wild images of rocks and frightened trees, like scanty beggars in the wind, leaped out upon the inner eye! And the old women! Ancient hags with backs hooped like question marks and their shabby heads nesting together, like brooding vultures . . .  
"When shall we three meet again?" howled one, above the shrieking of the wind. "In thunder, lightning or in rain?"  
"When the hurly-burly's done!" came an answer, lank hair whipping and half muffling the words. "When the battle's lost and won!"  
"Where the place?"  
"Upon the heath."  
"And there to meet with Macbeth!"  
The sky stared, then shut its eye . . . and when it looked again, the old women had gone. Had they been real or had they only been fantastic imaginings made up out of strange configurations of the rocks? Yet their words had been real enough. There was a battle being fought, and there was a man called Macbeth.  
Macbeth! A giant of fury and courage, his sword arm whirling and

Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video.

What elements of the original text have been kept?  
How has Garfield created his narrative and made it effective?

L.O. To 'chunk' the plot and create a plan for a scene from Macbeth; to gather speech and description to use in a modern retelling.

### Chunk 1

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth welcome the lords to the banquet.

Banquo was not at the feast. All the world was there, laughing, smiling, jesting, drinking—but not Banquo. Macbeth, the royal host, walked among his guests in high good humour, found a place at table, sat down . . .

"We'll drink a measure," he proposed; when he saw a man appear in

### Chunk 2

Murderer at back door tells Macbeth Banquo is dead but Fleance has escaped.

the doorway, a grim, muffled-looking man whose eye caught his, and who beckoned. Macbeth left the table and went to the man. He stood close, stared at him.

"There's blood upon thy face," he murmured.

" 'Tis Banquo's then."

"Is he dispatched?"

"His throat is cut."

Macbeth nodded. And Fleance? What of the son? The man shook his head. The son had escaped. Dismay filled Macbeth's heart. Then he recovered himself. The worst, at least, was done. Banquo was dead. He

recovered himself. The worst, at least, was done. Banquo was dead. He

Look at Garfield's version of Act 3 Scene 4, and how the scene has been chunked up.

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### Chunk 3

Macbeth sees  
Banquo's ghost at the  
table.

head. The son had been killed. Macbeth recovered himself. The worst, at least, was done. Banquo was dead. He dismissed the man and returned to the feast. He hesitated. The guests looked up at him.

"May it please your Highness sit?"

Macbeth frowned in puzzlement. "The table's full," he said.

"Here is a place reserved, Sir."

"Where?"

"Here, my good Lord."

He looked. He grew deathly white. He shook and trembled till he could scarcely stand. He tried to speak. His voice was thick with dread.

"Which of you have done this?"

The place offered to him was filled. Banquo was sitting in it! Banquo, his head half off, and all painted with his life's blood! Grimly the ghost of the murdered man glared at his murderer.

"Thou canst not say I did it," groaned Macbeth; "never shake thy gory locks at me!"

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Chunk 4  
Lady Macbeth makes excuses for her husband's odd behaviour.

Amazement seized the table as the guests saw the whitened King shake and stare and mutter at an empty stool. Urgently the Queen tried to calm the company, and still more urgently to calm her frantic husband.

"Why do you make such faces?" she whispered to him. "When all's done, you look but on a stool!"

Chunk 5  
Macbeth continues to be haunted by Banquo's ghost.

Neither she nor anyone else could see what he could see. The ghost had come for him alone. Then it departed and briefly Macbeth recovered himself. But not for long. The gashed and bleeding spectre returned, and its dreadful looks drove the King into a frenzy.

Chunk 6  
Lady Macbeth sends the lords home as her husband is unwell.

The feast broke up in dismay, and the guests rose in confusion. The King was ill. What was wrong?

"I pray you speak not," cried the distressed Queen; "he grows worse and worse. Question enrages him. At once, good night. Stand not upon the order of your going; but go at once!"

Once alone, the Queen and King stared at one another across the ruins of the feast.

"It will have blood, they say," muttered Macbeth; "blood will have blood."

The Queen was silent.

L.O. to 'chunk' the plot and create a plan for a scene from *Macbeth*; to gather speech and description to use in a modern retelling.

Identify the 6 chunks for Act 3 Scene 4 on your script - draw a line across with your ruler to separate the chunks.

*Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants* III.4  
MACBETH  
You know your own degrees, sit down. At first

Chunk 1  
Macbeth and Lady Macbeth welcome the lords to the banquet.

Chunk 2  
Murderer at back door tells Macbeth Banquo is dead but Fleance has escaped.

And last, the hearty welcome.  
LORDS Thanks to your majesty.  
MACBETH  
Ourself will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.  
*He walks around the tables*  
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time  
We will require her welcome.  
LADY  
Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.  
*Enter First Murderer*  
MACBETH  
See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks;  
10 Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i'the midst.  
Be large in mirth. Anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.  
*He rises and goes to the Murderer*  
There's blood upon thy face!  
FIRST MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then.  
MACBETH  
'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatched?  
FIRST MURDERER My lord, his throat is cut;  
That I did for him.  
MACBETH Thou art the best o'the cut-throats.  
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance.  
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.  
FIRST MURDERER  
Most royal sir - Fleance is scaped.  
MACBETH  
20 Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air;

Can you spot the same chunks in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*?

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?

FIRST MURDERER

Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

MACBETH

Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow 30  
We'll hear ourselves again. *Exit Murderer*

LADY

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH

Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

LENNOX

May't please your highness sit.

*Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place*

MACBETH

Here had we now our country's honour roofed,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present; 40  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance.

ROSS

His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH

The table's full.

LENNOX

Here is a place reserved, sir.

### Chunk 3

Macbeth sees  
Banquo's ghost at the  
table.

### Chunk 4

Lady Macbeth makes  
excuses for her husband's  
odd behaviour.

MACBETH

Where?

LENNOX

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACBETH

Which of you have done this?

LORDS

What, my good lord?

MACBETH

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS

Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

LADY (*descends from her throne*)

Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus;

And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion.

Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

MACBETH

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil.

LADY

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear.

This is the air-drawn dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You look but on a stool.

MACBETH

Prithee, see there!

Behold! Look! Lo! — How say you?

Why, what care I if thou canst nod! Speak, too!

## Chunk 5

Macbeth continues to talk to Banquo's ghost. Haunted.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. *Exit Ghost*

70

LADY What, quite unmanned in folly?

MACBETH

If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY Fie, for shame!

MACBETH

Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear. The times has been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end. But now they rise again  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

80

LADY My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends:  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full!

*Enter Ghost*

I drink to the general joy o'the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.  
Would he were here! To all – and him – we thirst,  
And all to all.

90

LORDS Our duties and the pledge!

MACBETH (*sees the Ghost*)

Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold.  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Lady Macbeth sends the lords home as her husband is unwell.

Attend his majesty!

LADY                A kind good-night to all! *Exeunt Lords*

MACBETH

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

LADY

Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH

I hear it by the way. But I will send.  
There's not a one of them, but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow —  
And betimes I will — to the Weird Sisters.  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know  
By the worst means the worst. For mine own good  
All causes shall give way. I am in blood  
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

130

LADY

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

140

MACBETH

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
We are yet but young in deed. E

### Exeunt

L.O. To 'chunk' the plot and create a plan for a scene from Macbeth; to gather speech and description to use in a modern retelling.

Write the chunks on your planning sheet.

Now highlight two or three lines of speech or phrases to use in your story - write them on your sheet.

Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video, and see the next page.

Do a chunk at a time!

Chunk	Event	Lines/phrases from the original text	What to describe	Similes, Metaphors, effective adjectives and noun phrases
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				

Chunk	Event	Lines/phrases from the original text
1	Macbeth and Lady Macbeth welcome the lords to the banquet.	
2	Murderer at back door tells Macbeth Banquo is dead but Fleance has escaped.	
3	Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost at the table.	
4	Lady Macbeth makes excuses for her husband's odd behaviour.	
5	Macbeth continues to talk to Banquo's ghost; haunted.	
6	Lady Macbeth sends the lords home as her husband is unwell.	

Write the chunks onto your plan, then one or two lines of speech from the original text per chunk.

We will finish the plan over the next few days.