



Synopsis of *Macbeth Re-Arisen*

Macbeth Re-Arisen is a tragi-comedy, written entirely in Elizabethan pentameter and based on detailed historical and textual research. For example, in one scene King Fleance reads a Law Against Witchcraft which is a verbatim quotation from a real 17th century statute created by James I.

Whilst the play is decidedly zombie-flavoured, evoking the best aspects of 'Evil Dead' and other B-grade schlock classics, it is also a serious piece of literature that references the classic works from the Western canon such as Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil, Ovid, Dante and the Bible. The conscious redeployment of these works lends the play a powerful somatic texture, reminiscent of a Shakespearean tragedy. Intertwining these two threads gives the play an entirely original feel: chainsaws, severed hands and ghouls mix seamlessly with soliloquies, poetic metaphors and epic heroes. It is a work that is both incredibly bleak and thoroughly hilarious. Audiences in Scotland loved it, and we are sure that Melbourne audiences will be similarly pleased.

Act 1

The play takes as its prologue the famed 'double double toil and trouble' scene from Shakespeare's original, which provides the specific context and texture for the play. According to our sequel, it is this spell which gives Macbeth the power over death. When he re-awakens on a foggy crag in the Highlands, Macbeth is unaware of why he lives, or indeed *whether* he lives at all. Meanwhile, the noble lords of Scotland, including the new King Malcolm, remain unaware that Macbeth has re-arisen and continue make arrangements for restoring law and order. Worried that the country is not recovering as planned, Malcolm convenes with his court philosophers, but receives from them no straight answers. He is even more perplexed by the words of a legless court lunatic, Cripple No-Toes. Macduff, refusing all accolades due to his grief at his family's murder, takes to the Highlands to roam alone.

Act 2

Seeking to discover the cause of his reanimation Macbeth seeks out the witches and their Dark Mistress, Hecate. Once acquainted with the full extent of his powers, he makes for the Castle at Forres and in a soliloquy unveils his dastardly plan to conquer Scotland. Whilst the noble lords are distracted by the pleasures of the mead hall, Macbeth strikes and kills King Malcolm.

Act 3

In the highlands, Macduff is confronted by Banquo's Ghost (as yet unavenged!), who tells him of Macbeth's return. Determined to vanquish his foe once and for all, Macduff takes the Ghost's advice and sets out on a quest to retrieve the Necronomicon from the Underworld rather than accepting the (now vacant) throne. Sensing the true danger of the situation, Cripple No-Toes flees to Birnam wood for sanctuary. Meanwhile, the arrogant young Fleance is next in line to occupy the Scottish throne, though he shows his lack of wisdom by exiling trusted allies like Lennox. Macbeth takes this opportunity to raise his ruined Queen from the dead in a touching and romantic scene.

Act 4

Fleance promulgates an Act Against Witchcraft, hoping that it will solve the country's problems, and celebrates with the performance of a zombie-tragedy (a play within a play). This show is interrupted by a shepherd, who comes to warn the court that Macbeth marches upon Forres with an army of skeletal minions. He is presumed mad, charged under the new laws, and locked up. Macduff moves deeper into the Underworld as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth rally their troops and conquer Forres, and with it, the boy-king Fleance.

Act 5

Once again King and Queen over all Scotland, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth receive a visitation from Hecate, warning them of the continuing threat posed by Macduff. However, Macbeth foolishly clings to the old prophecy about Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. In fact, Macduff has just retrieved the Necronomicon from the Underworld, having had a terrible encounter with the shade of his murdered wife. He emerges in Birnam Wood and encounters Cripple No-Toes. The cripple guides Macduff to Macbeth's castle, at the same time as a bumbling zombie called Beezle-Bob brings a piece of Birnam Wood right into Macbeth's court. Horrified, Macbeth chainsaws off his own hand and attaches the chainsaw - which he calls his "chewing sword". At last, Macduff bursts in for the final confrontation with Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. It is a battle which claims all their lives: in unleashing the power of the Necronomicon, Macduff sacrifices himself in order to truly destroy the Macbeths. Only the cripple remains to speak the play's epilogue.

Script Reading Notes

If it is not possible for you to read the script in its entirety, it would be useful to read the following selection of scenes (attached below):

- Act 1 Scene 2 - Macbeth Awakens on the Highland Crag
- Act 3 Scene 2 - Cripple No-Toes Takes his Leave
- Act 3 Scene 3 - The Raising of Lady Macbeth
- Act 4 Scene 1 - Fleance's Court and the Tragedians

Please look at our website (www.whitewhaletheatre.com) to get a sense of our last Macbeth Re-Arisen performance.

Academic Review of *Macbeth Re-Arisen*

This is from Professor Robin Grove, who was Head of Shakespeare Studies at the University of Melbourne and remains a member of the Melbourne University Theatre Board.

"I was able to report to Theatre Board on Friday how impressive a production it was. The co-ordination of so many technical supplements to the action (music, sound effects, scenery, lighting...) called for recognition quite apart from anything else.

I was reflecting as I drove home after the show that in many respects it resembled what the original playhouse experience might have been like: the same enthusiasm for whole gobfuls of rhetoric; the haste to cram everything into the space & time available; the wildness of gesture & voice in performance; the "horrid laughter"

caused by the mix of burlesque and pain, mockery and tragedy - you even came up with a comic/horrifying cripple. Well, there's enough material here for a whole conference, as somebody says of Basil in Fawlty Towers.”

ACT 1 - SCENE 2.

A bleak day upon a blasted precipice. Macbeth lies bloodied and dead, chained to a stake, his head conveniently bundled up beside his torso. A large raven is picking out one of his eyes.

Enter a Shepherd, driving a flock.

SHEPHERD [*sings*] By dawn I drive'em out o'home,
By dusk I drive'em back to Rome.
The Shepherd he watches over me,
And I in turn watch over thee.

Discerns the body of Macbeth.

Eh? What have we here? A gibbet post 5
Staked this far removed from the nearest hamlet?
Must be some sort of error, or possibly worse,
Some malicious jest or blood crime
Revenged upon the ceaseless feuding o'the clans.
Peace be on thee comrade. The proper burial 10
Ye was denied, I shalt provide. [*begins to dig*]
Yea, though I desire not to begin
Our relationship with words apologetic,
I must declare that time and duty preclude 15
The act o'digging anything else but a shallow.
Still, a shallow's better'n none at all.

MACBETH [*groans*] Oooooooooo.

SHEPHERD Hoi! Did I just hear a noise?
Who's there? Stand and show yourself!
Is it my fancy that plays around my ears 20
Or is it the cry of some dismal beast that makes
Its entrance nigh on the climbing of the moon?

MACBETH Aaaah.

SHEPHERD I see thee not and yet I hear thee still.
No concern, my companion shalt 25
He be whilst I dig this solemn trench. [*digs*]
Didst hear that friend? The night attends
Upon your fate as though it were bereaved. [*reaches down to touch the*
corpse

Perhaps 'twill lend its voice to mine and sing
A joyous requiem. Dost know one, Night? 30
How's about this well known graveyard dirge.
[*sings*] A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet: [*Macbeth provides harmonies*]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. 35

Aye, thou know it well and sings it sweet.

MACBETH [*sitting upright*] Thankye stranger.

SHEPHERD Zounds! The gravebound speak!

MACBETH Pray tell,
Whereabouts in the afterlife is this?
What of all the flames and forks cited 40
Oftentimes by rabid froth-mouth'd priests?

SHEPHERD But...But...The grave. The grave!

MACBETH What of't?

Dost thou sincerely anticipate that I,
A new arrival in this crypt-like State,

Would'st lower my body, already buried once, 45
 Into this clutching, worm-fill'd tract of soil?
 [aside] Mayhap it is a test. If thou art Satan
 Then this may be a preliminary case
 To establish my honest disposition, whilst Hell's 50
 Natural face be hid by this seeming visage.
 [aloud] Yea, of course, I'll enter without pause. [jumps into grave]

SHEPHERD Mine eyes deceive. The corpse doth bury himself.
 I must away! I'm bitten wi'the madness!
Exit Shepherd.

MACBETH Wait awhile! Aren't not pleased? 55
 Surely 'tis not the devil. Such palpable fright.
 Then...what can this mean? Am I not dead!?
 So strange, that here I should stand, my limbs
 Motivated thus by my accord,
 When last I recall Macduff didst skewer me through; 60
 O the tactile truth of that sharp blow,
 My innards came charging out of that unstitched seam
 And fell with glee into my waiting hands.
 Transfixed I sate and like the catatonic
 Lamb I offered up my outstretched throat - 65
 The adder, all blackly hooded, my executioner,
 Didst sorely hack clean from my trunk
 That which physick deems the mind's abode.
 My inward eye doth render stark the scene
 On canvass by memory dyed insoluble, 70
 No fault is served therein : 'twas real.
 Immortal gods! Sphinx-like deities,
 How is it that I do prop upon this crag
 And discourse with the stars whilst from my neck
 This weeping gash emits coagulation crimson? 75
 Dost life so tightly cling to death that through
 The prisoner's wall its fibrous arm canst thrust?
 Be curs'd supernal force! This smacks of thee.
 A punishment derived from murderous acts.
 Thou knowest how to strike the sorest spot - 80
 I have no further want of sight nor sound:
 Let me suck the sacred juice of death
 That every hour the mangled fly, the trodd'n
 Snail, the pierced hare, the hook-rent fish,
 The fallen fruit doth find. Cold obstruction, 85
 Glacial obliteration, for thee I pine.
 No. No. No! I'll from this head
 Unto to the sea-besieged boulders fly.
 Goodnight, from this hollow tale I take my leave.
Exit Macbeth, plunging over the precipice.

ACT 3 - SCENE 2.

Forres, the audience hall.

Enter Cripple No-Toes, dragging his body along by his hands.

CRIPPLE A foolish, vengeful boy is King of Scotland.
 The desperate offer Macduff hath wisely shirked.
 Bah, what's there left to do but wait -
 Mammon owns their souls, Macbeth their bodies.

A cripple ought to hide out in the forest,	5
There's a place that knows the value o'nothing.	
The trees are full of nothing-holes in which	
Nigh every creature makes some form of house.	
Yet, when the wind is draped across these thousand	
Vents, it produces a melancholy music	10
That in complexity dwarfs the human symphony,	
And when it rains these apertures provide	
The tree a thousand throats to slake its thirst.	
Now water will freely flow wherever it wishes,	
Lift up the stone and thereso find it, turn o'er	15
The leaf and regard the scarlet bead, distil	
Thy blood and thou shalt surely find not wine	
But water, it gives and takes away the life:	
There is the God; there is the thing to worship.	
But here's no water seeping through these walls,	20
Man hath learned to shut it from his mind,	
And so I take my leave to follow where	
'Tis moist, some space I'll fill in Birnam Wood	
And be a voice crying from the wilderness.	

Exit Cripple No-Toes.

ACT 3 - SCENE 3.

*A moonlit graveyard, by the tombstone of Lady Macbeth.
Enter Macbeth.*

MACBETH 'Tis hard to fathom that she can lie in such	
A peaceful tract of earth - the willows grow	
In tranquil grace aslant yon glassy stream,	
The hoarfrost shimmers upon the nettled grass,	
E'en the raven restrains his coarse song -	
Her grave a heaven though she be black as sin:	5
She that pricked me on when I did fail	
To meet resolve with foreshadowed intent;	
She that stole the spattered daggers from my	
Shaking hands and with tempestuous calm	
Installed them on his guards; she whose eyes	10
Did blaze with Hell's combustion whilst she meekly	
Washed away the bloody deed, a deed	
The colour of her hair, her heart, and so	
The crimson spots that flecked her final madness.	
All is half-lit without my wicked Eve,	15
For our elements mixed to make destruction perfect:	
I am too much the tiger, burning bright,	
But burning quick, and thus extinguishing	
My inward fire; she hath a colder malice	
That crawls with steady pace, that feigns a smile	20
And recommends the foe a poisoned chalice.	
My dearest love, receive these winged thoughts,	
Where'er thou art beyond the fog of death,	
And know that I have come to raise ye up;	
Our hearts that do not pump beneath our breasts	25
To join in most unholy matrimony.	
The witches' spell hath channelled Mysterious Hecat	
Into my corporal presence: by letting blood	

Onto a patch of soil that holds a corpse
 I reinvest the dead with ghoulish life, 30
 Extending the dominion of my shadowy benefactress
 And creating for Macbeth a legion of zombie minions.
 'Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, [bleeds onto her grave
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.' 35

A hideous groaning. A hand thrusts violently upwards from the soil. Macbeth seizes the hand and helps to pull out the rotten carcass of Lady Macbeth. At first she struggles to gain control of her long-dead body, but soon she is able to speak.

LADY MACBETH Bestow a kiss upon my undead lips! [They kiss
 MACBETH Thou hast the marble beauty of Persephone.

LADY MACBETH I have the taste of worms and maggots,
 It seems they have been feasting on my tongue. [taking a worm from her
mouth

MACBETH In death thou hast somehow a radiant health. 40

LADY MACBETH I feel bad, yet I feel good.
 How is it that I stand and speak, Macbeth?
 My flesh is dead, that is my humble grave,
 Be this for good or ill, a curse or boon?

MACBETH 'Tis love, my queen, and its immortal power. 45

LADY MACBETH Come, my lord, am I a simpleton?
 The sentiment is touching, but let's to the truth:
 'Twas necromancy that roused me from my sleep,
 For you are not Pygmalion, nor I a statue,
 And Cupid's as far from here as his baby's wings 50
 Will take'im. Nay, though your love be real -
 And so too I pledge is mine - I see the part
 That love hath played is second to ghoulish design.
 This ulterior ministrations, from whence
 Hath it derived? Wait, don't speak! 55
 Just tell me we're going to conquer the world.

MACBETH Yes, my love! We'll crush it under our heels
 Like the frail carapace of an Egyptian beetle. [they embrace

LADY MACBETH O great happiness is mine:
 That I can rest mine eyes upon these scars 60
 That streak thy face, like veins through finest granite;
 That I can run my fingers across thy neck
 And feel the gaping wound that split thy throat;
 That I can place my head against thy breast,
 With holes so puckered from spears that one 65
 Could mistake it for a musical instrument;
 All these pains that thou hast bodily suffered
 I greedily drink, as I wouldst share in soul
 The every moment that we have been apart
 And inflict again each lance upon my self. 70
 Nevermore let us be apart, hand in hand
 We'll walk the endless fields of waste and ruin,
 Each night we'll warm our bones besides an open
 Fire - a towering inferno of human corpses -
 And when our undead children inquire of us, 75
 'Why is the sky red?' we'll say to them,
 'Because your mummy and daddy made it so.'

MACBETH Thou speakest my most subterranean desires.
 My love, say that thou wilt marry me. [kneeling

LADY MACBETH But my lord, we are already married. 80

MACBETH Nay, consider the vow, 'Till death do us part.'
 It no longer binds, for we *are* dead, thus parted.

LADY MACBETH Yes. We need to take a new vow, [with thought]
 One that shall complement our meantime purpose.

MACBETH I have it. Our blood shall join us. For though our hearts 85
 Be quiet in our chests, our blood still flows,
 That is the power of the witches' spell.
 I raised you up with a drop of that magic
 Infused fluid, so let it be the blood
 That 'neath our rotting skin doth take its course, 90
 That shirks the icy grip of death and laughs
 To hear the solemn vanities of God;
 Take my hand and tell me now thou art
 My wife once more.

LADY MACBETH I am, I will, I do! 95

MACBETH So it is, and so our reign begins.
Exeunt both.

ACT 4 - SCENE 1.

Forres, the audience hall.

Enter Fleance, Ross, attendants and noble gentlemen.

FLEANCE Upon the eve of this our festive night,
 Lend me your ears and know that I, your King,
 With all the learned judges of this land
 Have held a weighty conference and agreed
 To promulgate a single common law, 5
 That shall unite our ruptured highland clans
 Beneath the reasoned brow of peerless Justice.
This is the cure for that which ails our state, [holding up a scroll
 And now from smallest fife to largest town
 Post our first and most important edict:
 'The Forbidden Acts of Daemonologie'. 10
 My lord Ross, would you be so kind
 And read the statute in a herald's voice.

ROSS Of course. [clearing throat ceremoniously
 'An Act against conjuration, witchcraft
 And dealing with evil and wicked spirits:
 Those who use, practice or exercise 15
 Any invocation or conjuration of
 Any evil and/or wicked spirit
 Or shall consult with, covenant with,
 Entertain, employ, feed or reward
 Any evil and/or wicked spirit 20
 To or for any intent or purpose;
 Or take up any dead man, woman
 Or child out of his, her, or their grave,
 Or any other place where the dead body resteth,
 Or the skin, bones or any other part 25
 Of any dead person, to be employed
 Or used in any manner of witchcraft,
 Enchantment, charm or sorcery
 Whereby any person shall be killed,
 Destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed 30
 In his or her body, or any part thereof,

Is guilty of high treason against the Crown,
 Whether by act or by imagination
 They have been shown to have committed the deeds
 Described above, and shall accordingly 35
 Be punished by being publicly displayed
 And burnt alive at the King's pleasure and discretion.'

FLEANCE Well spoke. And so smiteth the Law
 With its vengeful fist the delegates of Mulciber,
 In their myriad forms. Of all the sciences 40
 Law is deemed most worthy and valiant.
 Why? Because Law equates man to God:
 For just as God created and ordered the world
 So too did He bestow on man His reason.
 Man alone was shaped in Heaven's reflection 45
 And given the right to trade his station upon
 The Ladder of Upwards Sublimity, as angel
 Or as ground-dwelling mineral.
 Thus it is the Law which serves as tool
 To eradicate the wayward and their musings 50
 And restore the primacy of a rational mind.
 So I banish superstition to th' realm
 Of Art, that it may live as parody.
 Let us now indulge in celebrations:
 Call in the players that they may perform their piece. 55

Exit an attendant. Re-enter with Four Tragedians, bowing.
 I would have something to suit these credulous times.
 Dost know the 'Tragedie of the Living Dead?'

TRAG 1 We know it word for word.

FLEANCE If you will?

TRAG 1 Without delay, your Majesty.

The tragedians erect a curtain in the middle of the chamber that will serve them as a backstage. They enact a mock Elizabethan drama in the most overblown, emblematic style of acting. A trumpet sounds the beginning of the play. A pair of lovers are sneaking off to the graveyard to kiss. Their canoodling is interrupted by a zombie, who attacks and kills the boy, whilst the young girl escapes. She runs and recounts the event for the King and Queen, who in their stately magnificence refuse to believe her tale. Then, as she goes to leave, her boyfriend enters (now a zombie) with the original zombie. She tries to reach her boyfriend with the power of love, but is unsuccessful and so killed. The other zombie is moving menacingly towards the King and Queen when the silent drama is interrupted by Fleance.

FLEANCE What is the meaning of this, that has deeds
 And mimicry but lacks the intent of speech? 60

TRAG 1 Your Highness, this brief display encapsulates
 The argument of the play, so that the viewer
 May know the plot before the words begin.

FLEANCE I see. But everybody knows the stories
 Of these common zombie tragedies. 65
 They're all the same; we've all seen them.

TRAG 1 Of course, my lord, 'tis but a kindly practice
 To assist those unfamiliar with the literature.

FLEANCE Well, there's nobody here that's not familiar,
 Is there? 70

TRAG 1 Indeed so, my lord, on with the show.

Players retire behind the curtain once more. The two young lovers enter as before.

TRAG 1 Quick, my Juliet. Quick, quick! This way.
 We must make use o'the dark and shun the day.

TRAG 2 O but I am afeared! The yard is strange,
Can we not some other place exchange? 75

TRAG 1 You know our love in town can never grow,
We must to clandestine places, and secretly so.
'Tis perfectly quiet amongst these barren graves,
No peeping eyes to tell our parents – the knaves!

TRAG 2 Are you sure its safe in here at night? [*sitting down to kiss*] 80
I cannot be calm, I am so prone to fright.

TRAG 1 Relax, rest your head here on my arm, [*enter zombie player from behind*]
Romeo will protect his love from harm.

TRAG 2 O Romeo, Romeo! What measure can mark my happiness.

TRAG 3 Brains! Brains!

TRAG 1 What's that hurdy-gurdy? 85

TRAG 3 Brains! Brains! [*girl screams*]

TRAG 1 Away, thou fiend, thou servant of Baal!

TRAG 3 Brains! Brains!

TRAG 1 Escape Juliet! Run you fool...
Zombie player strikes him down. Juliet escapes. Zombie Player drags Romeo's corpse off of the mock-stage. The Player King and Queen enter.

TRAG 4 A celestial fire adorns thy rosy cheeks,
As if thou hadst been lent these past few weeks
The fire of Phoebus for thy personal health 90
And 'twas not the salacious efforts of my humble self! [*laughs uproariously*]

TRAG 5 Yes, my lecherous sire, thy lustful touch
Hath riven my melancholy shawl, worn so much
Since the death o' my husband, killed by your iron-clad fist.

TRAG 4 The hawk that's circling up above the mist 95
Soon takes the prize that's left by the funeral pyres.
Call in the minstrels and have them bring their lyres;
I would some music to celebrate my newfound State,
And then, my Queen, we shall retire, and procreate! [*laughs again*]

Enter Juliet.

TRAG 2 Zombies! Zombies! Everywhere! 100
They'll eat your brains cooked or rare!
Flee, Sires, our land is overrun,
They'll fry our brains and eat them well-done.

TRAG 4 Youthful wench, how dare you spring these tales,
There are no zombies in these hills and vales. 105

TRAG 5 Naughty, wicked girl! Have her whipped!
We could, my love, also have her stripped?

TRAG 2 Believe me: you must act now. The time is short.
The zombies march upon this guarded fort.

TRAG 4 Have away, before you ruin my leisure, 110
Or I'll have you burnt at the King's discretion and pleasure.

Enter Zombie-Romeo and Zombie-player.

TRAG 1 & 3 Brains! Brains!

TRAG 2 Oh no! Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?

TRAG 1 Brains! Brains!

TRAG 2 I wont believe it. I know you're in there Romeo.
You can defeat it with the power of love.

TRAG 1 Brains! Brains!
Zombie-Romeo begins to feast on her brains whilst the Zombie-player moves menacingly towards the Player-King and Player-Queen, who cower in terror, clutching each other hopelessly.

Enter Shepherd

SHEPHERD O Scotland, whichever God is yours, 115

Pray for a death that is quick and painless!

ROSS How durst thou interrupt the Royal Tragedie?

SHEPHERD Your Majesty, an army approaches that will destroy
Every soul in this forsaken land.

FLEANCE What mean you by this?

SHEPHERD Macbeth is come to Forres. 120

FLEANCE Do you take me for fool!

SHEPHERD Your Majesty, if I may explain myself.

I was driving my flock by a solitary crag

Some months ago when I came across a gibbet,

To which was staked the remains o'the fallen Macbeth - 125

Though at that time I knew not 'twas Macbeth -

And being a shepherd, I'll confess to it now,

I took pity on that exposed corpse

And decided I would dig a grave and bury'im.

FLEANCE Bury'im?

SHEPHERD Yes my lord, bury'im. 130

FLEANCE Thou base eater of broken meats! That fiend

Did not deserve a Christian rite. He slew

My father - his oldest friend - with the blade of betrayal

And wouldst have had my head as well, had I

Not flown to Birnham Wood and there found shelter 135

With a crippled lunatic called No-Toes.

SHEPHERD Well my lord, if I may be so bold,

I did not end up burying that corpse - I couldn't!

Right up it sprung and askt of me where

'Twas amongst the many circles of Hell; 140

And then he gladly jumped into his grave,

The vacant lot that I had but freshly dug.

I ran from thence, thinking 'twas the devil,

But lately returned, my coward's heart grown bold

Once more. And armed with prayers and crosses and holy 145

Water, and stakes and garlic and silver meltings,

And charms of every type for every fiend

That's unwritten in the common book of lore,

I rushed upon that withered and misty cliff

And saw 'twas not my dreaming mind but fact - 150

The body was gone, the grave remained unfilled.

FLEANCE I know not whether thou art by madness possessed,

Or merely a fool that's had some glint of vision -

Mayhap ye have eaten on the insane root? -

It matters not to the blind scales of Justice. 155

If any be found soliciting superstition,

They shall be arraigned and punished accordingly:

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

A lifeless shape that fears the birds that perch

Mockingly upon its outstretched wooden arms. 160

Noble Ross, please read this man the charges.

ROSS At once, my liege. I charge thee under

An Act against conjuration, witchcraft

And dealing with evil and wicked spirits.

'Those who use, practice or exercise

Any invocation or conjuration of

Any evil and/or wicked spirit

[opens scroll and reads

165

Or shall consult with, covenant with,
Entertain, employ, feed or reward
Any evil and/or...'

FLEANCE That's enough! Thankyou Ross.

Haul him away. Let him stretch on the rack,
The loosening o'th'joints assists the repenting process. 170

SHEPHERD No! Pry open your ears, Macbeth is come again.

He marches on Forres with an army of skeletal minions. [*Ross drags him out*
They'll kill you all!

Exeunt Ross and Shepherd, screaming.

FLEANCE Yes. Of course they will. [*with sarcasm*

Except that we are not puppets striding across
The plebeian scaffold of some zombie tragedy. 175

Exeunt all.