

**Third Witch:** I have been bewitching sailors.

*A drum is heard offstage.*

**First Witch:** A drum, a drum! Macbeth has come!

*The witches hold hands and dance in a circle.*

**All:** Three weird sisters, hand in hand  
Dance around the sea and land.  
Three times thine, and three time mine,  
And three again to make up nine.  
Peace! Our charm is very fine.

*Macbeth and Banquo enter stage right.*

**Macbeth:** Friend Banquo, I have never seen a day so foul and so fair at the same time.

**Banquo:** We should be in Forres soon...what are these withered and wild creatures?  
*(to witches)* Are you three hags alive? You seem kind of like women, but your beards make me unsure.

**Macbeth:** Speak, if you can: what are you?

**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! That shall be king hereafter!

**Banquo:** Why do you look so nervous, Macbeth? They are saying nice things about you. But tell me, hags, are you real or not. And what do you see in my future?

**First Witch:** Hail! You are lesser than Macbeth and greater.

**Second Witch:** Hail! You are not so happy, but happier.

**Third Witch:** You won't be king, but your descendants will be. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**Macbeth:** Explain what you are saying to me. I am the thane of Glamis. I inherited the title from my father, but the powerful thane of Cawdor lives. And it is impossible for me to become king. How did you learn of these prophecies? Speak, I charge you!

*The witches vanish!*

**Banquo:** Why, they have vanished!

**Macbeth:** Into thin air! I wish they had stayed longer to explain themselves.

**Banquo:** Were they telling the truth, or have we been drugged?

**Macbeth:** Your children shall be kings.

**Banquo:** And you will be king.

**Macbeth:** And thane of Cawdor, isn't that what they said.

**Banquo:** That is exactly what they said...Someone approaches.

*Ross and Angus enter.*

**Ross:** The king is very pleased with your success, Macbeth. Everyone is telling him of your brave exploits in battle.

**Angus:** The king sends his thanks and wants you to go to him for your reward.

**Ross:** And he told us to call you the thane of Cawdor. The title now belongs to you.

Hail, thane of Cawdor!

**Banquo:** *(to Macbeth)* Did those witches speak the truth?

**Macbeth:** But the thane of Cawdor is alive. Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

**Angus:** The old thane has been sentenced to death as a traitor. He has confessed and will die for it!

**Macbeth:** *(aside)* Thane of Glamis and Cawdor? The witches were right...I wonder if the

rest of their prophecy will come true.

*(to Ross and Angus)* Thanks for your pains. We shall leave for the King's castle immediately.

*(to Banquo)* Do you not hope your children shall be kings? That's what the witches promised.

**Banquo:** I'm not sure what to believe. The instruments of darkness often tell us half-truths to win us over and then betray us when it will have the greatest consequences.