**Messenger:** The King comes here tonight.

**Lady Macbeth:** *[Moving quickly to him.]* Oh, oh, thou art mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.  
**Messenger:** So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.

**Lady Macbeth:** Give him tending.  
*[Exit* ***Messenger****]*The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. *[She slams the door. Music under She walks dsl & stares into mirror.]*

OhCome, you spirits 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  
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,

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!'

*[DSR door opens and* ***Macbeth*** *enters.]*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! *[Passionate kiss & embrace.]*  
Thy letters have transported me *[pushes him away]* beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.  
**Macbeth:** *[reaching for her. They hold each other & sway.]*

My dearest love,  
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! *[He turns away and stares into the mirror.]*  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time, *[moves close to him]*  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: *[kisses him quickly then pushes him close to the mirror]* look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for *[sharp look at her* ***Macbeth****]*: 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. *[She hugs his head]*

**Macbeth:** We will speak further. *[He looks back at his reflection.]*  
**Lady Macbeth:** Only look up clear;  
To alter favour ever is to fear. *[She kisses the side of his face.]*