*Side 1 of 1 – read Malcolm opposite a reader for Macduff. Responses are important for this scene. Malcolm is afraid that Macduff has been sent by Macbeth to lure him back to England to kill him. He pretends to first doubt Macduff’s honesty, and then tries to convince Macduff that he is more evil than Macbeth.

**Macduff does not have to be directly on mic, just audible:

Act IV, Sc. iii. *England. Before the King’s palace.* Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

MALCOLM  Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF  Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall’n Birthdom: each new Morn
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face,

MALCOLM  It may be so;
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once Thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch’d you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; ’tis wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent Lamb
To appease an angry God.

MACDUFF  I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM  But Macbeth is.

Your good and virtuous Nature may recoil
When in a Tyrant’s reach.

MACDUFF  I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM  Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you Wife and Child,
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my doubts in you be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor Scotland!
Great Tyranny! lay thy foundations there,
For goodness dare not cheque thee:
Prince is Malcolm afear'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the Villain that thou think'st.

MALCOLM

Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new Day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

What should he be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow.

MACDUFF

Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM

I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my Voluptuousness: your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust.