

● 44 CALIBRE SHAKESPEARE

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MACBETH : ACT V.V 'TOMORROW AND TOMORROW...'

In the midst of a siege, Macbeth battles furiously to defend his stolen destiny. Then, a terrifying scream is heard echoing about the castle, prompting Macbeth to ask one of his soldiers what the noise was...

MACBETH

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON

The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Find the full script and all the others at: <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/>