

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Macbeth

Macbeth and Macduff

MACDUFF

Tyrant, show thy face! If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still. *(Exit Macduff as Macbeth Enters)*

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes do better upon them! *(Re-enter Macduff)*

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back; my soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words: My voice is in my sword. *(They fight, Macduff gets cut)*

MACBETH

Thou lovest labour: I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm; Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so! I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward. We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, painted on a pole, and underwrit, 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet. I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' *(Macduff kills Macbeth)*

MACDUFF

THE TIME IS FREE!