

Deep the shadows of
the home, down
winding



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Deep within the land of Scotland a man arrives at the house of Macbeth. Unknowing of the task yet to face him, he begrudgingly approaches the home's corridor, hesitation heavy in his step. Upon the outskirts of the land a hauntingly chill force fills the air, slowly creeping closer to the house. The man pauses, a shiver runs down his spine as he hears a dull chanting from within the house.

He raps upon the front door. Waiting patiently he huffs, Macbeth does not answer the door and the man grows weary of waiting. " Macbeth! Open this door at once!" the man let out a loud roar.

He stood in silence once more, suddenly the entrance creaked open as a drawn out guttural tone cries " Macduff." His breath is lost at the sound of his name being called, he stumbled backwards. As he pulls himself together all that can be heard is a low rumbling of drums, Macduff follows the sound, allowing it to lead him down a long hall towards his fate. Macduff moves into the shadows of the home, down winding steps nearing the opening of a damp basement. He reaches to his hip, drawing a dagger before entering. Within the room Macduff is met complete darkness, he stumbles to find a candle, tripping over a lump upon the ground just as the flame is struck. His mouth hung open, but sound was unable to form, the of his once great king lay before him. Macduff's stomach lurched as he knelt down to to caress the form in front of him, yet it vanished suddenly before him as a loud rumbling cackle grew in the air.

" Who is there? Show yourself!" Macduff called out, panicking, spinning himself in circles searching for sign of anyone near him. The laughing grew

louder and the room began to fill with vapor. Three women appeared before Macduff. “ Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth” they chanted in unison “ He hast slain your noble king!” The smallest of the witches, approaches Macduff with a swift step, “ You must challenge Macbeth, for if you do not face him, Scotland shall be met with great tyranny.” A cauldron appears in the shadows, a flame strikes underneath while the witches leer upon it. Vapor fills the chill air, thick enough to taste, as spirits begin to rise from the witches magickal incantations. Blood quickly coats the floor as Duncan appears before Macduff once again.

A low guttural groan is released from his corpse. Together the witches call, “ Do you wish to meet the same fate?” The body floats closer to Macduff, an arm reaches out to touch Macduff’s shoulder. Afraid, he moves just out of reach, “ How can I make a difference, what’s done is done, I can not change the past.

” Duncan’s mouth hangs open, a voice is released from deep within, “ You may not be able to change the past, but you can change the future.” The body rose further into the air, Duncan’s arms outreaching, “ Avenge my death and seek great reward, stop the evil that is Macbeth before it is too late.” The body began to glow brighter than before, a gust of air swirled around Duncan, propelling the body as it began to ignite. Macduff stumbled backwards as the body slowly disintegrated with the ever growing light. As the ash fell to the ground silence grew. Macduff sat for a moment, completely alone. The witches had gone along with the King’s body.

Fear ran through Macduff's mind, unsure of what to do. " Is it worth the risk? Say I do hunt down Macbeth, He was a man strong enough to kill the king, what would stop him from killing me? But alas, it would be a greater pity to not defend the honor of my country and my king. I must set forth and challenge Macbeth." Macduff decides as he picks himself up off the floor with a hefty might.