

Macbeth: Audition Scenes

Lady Macbeth

Unsex Me Soliloquy (Act I, sc 5)

Come, 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 th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers.
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!"

Macbeth

Dagger Soliloquy (Act I, sc 6)

Is this a dagger I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feelings as to sight, or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses.
I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives.

*Come, demons, take away my femininity---
Take away my human feelings, and fill me
completely up with cruelty. Stop me from
feeling any compunction (regret) that
might keep me from my true purpose, get
rid of any peace of mind that I might have.
Come to my breasts and drink my milk like
a child, you murdering demons. Come,
night, and clothe me in your darkest hell-
smoke so that when I use my knife
(kill), I will not even notice the wounds I
make, and keep heaven (God) from
stopping me.*

*{Overall, Lady Macbeth wants to have
enough evil in her to influence her husband
to kill the king, so she calls upon the forces
of darkness to help her.}*

*(The dagger is an illusion which reveals
Macbeth's uncertainty about murdering
the king. It also shows the audience that
he has a conscience, unlike his wife.)*

*Do I see the dagger in front of me? Is it
real, or is it my imagination forming in
my confused brain? I see it but when I try
to clutch it, it disappears. Maybe my
other senses are making my eyes see
false things.*

*But I do see its blade covered with blood.
No! There's no such thing! It's this idea
of murder that makes me see the illusion!
I am even afraid to walk; the creaking of
the stones in the floor might give me
away.*

*But, while I just stand here afraid, the
king lives.*

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth (Act I, sc 5)

Lady Macbeth: Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth: My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?

Macbeth: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth: O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.
Look like th' innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch.

Macbeth: We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth: Only look up clear.
To alter favor ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. (*Both exit.*)

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth (Act I, sc 6)

Macbeth: How now! What news?

Lady Macbeth: The king hath almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth: We will proceed no further in this business.

Lady Macbeth: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?

Macbeth: Prithee, peace!

Lady Macbeth: What beast was it, then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

Lady Macbeth: My great Thane (a thane is a lord) of Glamis (glámz) and Cawdor! (káwdor)

Macbeth: Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when will he leave?

Macbeth: (doesn't understand what she's talking about) Tomorrow as he plans.

Lady Macbeth: Oh, he will never see tomorrow! Why do you have such a strange look on your face? You must look innocent but be evil on the inside. (sarcastically) The king must be tended to. Don't worry. I'll take care of any plans for the night.

Macbeth: We'll talk about this later.

Lady Macbeth: Just don't be confused. Confusion leads to fear. Leave everything to me.

Macbeth: What's going on?

Lady Macbeth: The king's almost finished eating. Why did you leave the dining room?

Macbeth: We will not go through with this plan.

Lady Macbeth: Was the hope you had before drunk?! Did it go to sleep?! Are you afraid to be the same in action and courage as you are in desire?

Macbeth: Shut up!

And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man.
Look at me! I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
But, I would, while it were smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth: If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth: We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep---
His two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory shall be a fume. When in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan, what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth: Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males.
Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady Macbeth: Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth: Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
(*Lady Macbeth exits.*)

Lady Macbeth: *What made you break your promise to me? When you gave me that promise, you were a man, and to go through with our plan, you would be an even better man. Look at me! I am a mother, and I know what it's like to love a child, but I would as soon pull it off my breasts while it is nursing and beat its brains out than break a promise to you!*

Macbeth: *But what if we should fail?*

Lady Macbeth: *Get back your courage and we'll not fail! When Duncan is asleep, I will drug his two body guards' wine, and when they are passed out, we will kill Duncan. Then, we'll put the blame on the drunken guards.*

Macbeth: *You should always have male children because of your fearless courage! (getting the idea) Everybody will think the guards have committed the murder because I will use their daggers and then we'll smear them and their daggers with Duncan's blood.*

Lady Macbeth: *Nobody would think otherwise, especially if we cry after finding out he's been killed.*

Macbeth: *Go! And smile and be happy in front of Duncan. We must wear a mask to disguise what we're really going to do.*

Banquo, Macbeth, and Ross (Act I, sc 3)

(This scene should show the friendship and trust between Macbeth and Banquo. Macbeth and Banquo have just heard the witches' prophecies that Macbeth would be the thane (or lord) of Cawdor, which they really don't believe until Ross enters and tells them that the Thane of Cawdor is going to be executed for treason and that Macbeth will, indeed, be given that position. Ross is a soldier for Scotland. He has extreme loyalty to the king but respects Macbeth and Banquo.)

Banquo: The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth: Into the terrain, and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the ground.

Banquo: Were such things here as we would speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth: Your children shall be kings.

Banquo: You shall be king.

Macbeth: And Thane of Cawdor too. Went it not so?

Banquo: To th' selfsame tune and words. Who's there?

(Enter Ross.)

Ross: The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his.
I am sent
For an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Banquo: What, can the devil speak true?

Banquo: Earth and water
have bubbles and these
witches are of them. Where
did they go?

Macbeth: They seemed to
melt away into the ground.

Banquo: Did we really see
them or have we taken some
kind of drug?

Macbeth: Your children will
be kings.

Banquo: You will be king.

Macbeth: And Thane of
Cawdor, too. Right?

Banquo: You're right. Who's
there?

Ross: *(entering)* The king has
heard of your success with the
enemy, and he praises you
highly. He told me to tell you
that he has named you Thane
of Cawdor.

Banquo: Can the witches'
prophecies really be true?

Macbeth: The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Ross: Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Treason's capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth: (*aside*) Glamis and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. (*to Ross*) Thanks for your pains.
(*aside to Banquo*) Do you not hope
your children shall be
kings, when those that gave the
Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Banquo: (*aside to Macbeth*)
'Tis strange:
And oftentimes,
to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness
tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles,
to betray's
In deepest consequence.
(*to Ross*) Cousin, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth: (*aside*) Two truths
are told. This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me
earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth?
I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield
to that suggestion
Whose horrid image
doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart
knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?
Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Banquo: (*to Ross*) Look

Macbeth: *The Thane of Cawdor lives! Why do you put me in his shoes?*

Ross: *He committed treason and will be executed.*

Macbeth: (*to himself*)
Thane of Glamis (glamz) and Cawdor. Only more can come! (to Ross) Thank you. (to Banquo) Don't you hope your children will be kings when the witches' prophecies for me came true?

Banquo: *It is strange, and sometimes the spirits of darkness harm us by telling us half-truths, getting us to trust them, then they betray us later. (He's saying, basically, that evil cannot be trusted.) (to Ross) Cousin, (cousin meant friend in Shakespeare's time; however, it is possible that the two really are cousins.) Let me talk to you for a second.*

Macbeth: (*to himself*) *The witches told me two truths. It can't be bad. If it's bad, then why do I receive such success? But I'm thinking also about their prophecy of my being the king. This image makes my hair stand on end and pounds on my ribs.*

how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth: (*aside*) If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.

Banquo: (*to Ross*)
New honors come upon him.

Macbeth: (*aside*) Come what come may.
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo: Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth: Give me your favor. My dull brain is wrought
With things forgotten.
Let us toward the king.
(*aside to Banquo*) Think upon what hath chanced, and at
more time, the interim hath weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo: Very gladly.

Macbeth: Till then, enough.
(*to Ross and Banquo*)
Come, friends!
(*All exit.*)

The Witches (Act I, sc 3)

(*This scene reveals the extreme evil of the Witches to influence a mortal of their choice. If they don't get what they want, then they will do whatever they can to bring him harm. They are wicked and cannot be trusted.*)

First Witch: Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch: Killing swine.

Third Witch: Sister, where thou?

First Witch: A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap---

Fourth Witch: And mounched...

Banquo: (*to Ross*) Look at how surprised our partner is.

Macbeth: If by chance the prophecy is right, then by chance it will also make me king.

Banquo: It's because of his new position.

Macbeth: Well, I will accept whatever happens.

Banquo: Macbeth, we are still here.

Macbeth: I am sorry. My dull brain is confused with things I have forgotten. Let's go see the king. (*to Banquo*) Think about what happened and we'll talk about it later.

First Witch: Where have you been, sister?

Second Witch: Killing pigs. (*In Shakespeare's time, pigs were considered representatives of the Devil. So, for the Witch to kill one, would not only be brave but would show her extreme evil. She's so bad she'll even go against her leader---the Devil.*)

Third Witch: And where have you been, Sister?

First Witch: A sailor's wife had some chestnuts in her lap---

mounched--munched

Fifth Witch: ...And mounched...

Sixth Witch: ...And mounched....

First Witch: "Give me", quoth I.

Fourth Witch: Aroint!

Fifth Witch: Aroint! (Echo)

Sixth Witch: Aroint!

First Witch: ---thee Witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' *Tiger*
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,

Fourth Witch: I'll do!

Fifth Witch: I'll do!

Sixth Witch: And, I'll do!

Second Witch: I'll give thee a wind.

Third Witch: And I another.

First Witch: I myself have all the other;

All Witches: We'll drain him dry as hay:

Fifth Witch: Sleep shall neither night nor day

Sixth Witch: Hang upon his penthouse lid.

First Witch: He shall live a life forbid.

Second Witch: Weary sev'nights nine times nine

Third Witch: Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine

All Witches: Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet, it shall be tempest-tossed!

First Witch: Look what I have!

(*Aroint---* get way!)

First Witch: ...witch!" the disgusting bitch says...

Her husband has gone to Aleppo (a port city in Northwest Syria); he's the captain of a ship called the Tiger. But I'll sail after him in a strainer (sailing in a strainer or colander, which is full of holes, shows how powerful the Witches' powers are) and like a rat without a tail (a tailless rat would be so angry it would attack the sailor without remorse)

Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Witches: I'll bewitch, bewitch, and bewitch him!

Second Witch: I'll give you wind (to help you sail there faster)

Third Witch: and I'll give you another wind.

First Witch: I have everything else. (to harm the sailor)

All Witches: We'll drain every bit of life (energy) from him (make him ill).

Fifth Witch: He won't be able to sleep.

Sixth Witch: Because he won't be able to close his eye-lids.

First Witch: He will have terrible suffering.

Second Witch: For 567 nights.

Third Witch: He will slowly suffer and get sicker.

All Witches: Show! Show!

First Witch: Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wracked as homeward he did come.

(Drum)

All Witches: A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
Peace!!! *(Hiss)*

First Witch: The charm's wound up.

***First Witch:** I have a ship captain's thumb that I cut off as he sailed for home. (This thumb is an ingredient in the Witches' spell for Macbeth; the fact that it was cut off reveals that the Witches' will stop at nothing to get at Macbeth. Also, the captain of a ship is a leader. So is Macbeth.)*

King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Macbeth and Banquo, (Act I, sc 4)

(This scene is when the king bestows the honor of the Thane of Cawdor's position upon Macbeth. It reveals Duncan's total trust of Macbeth and Banquo. It furthers our knowledge of Macbeth's plan of somehow becoming king.)

Duncan: Is execution done on Cawdor?

Malcolm: My liege, I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance.

Duncan: He was a gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust.
(Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Ross.)
O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me.

Macbeth: The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants.

Duncan: Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hath no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

***Malcolm:** My lord, I spoke to somebody who saw him die, and he said the thane confessed his treason and begged for forgiveness.*

***Duncan:** He was somebody I trusted deeply. Oh, greatest friends (subjects)! I cannot express my gratitude to you enough!*

***Macbeth:** Of course I would be loyal to you. It is my duty to show loyalty to your state, throne, and family.*

***Duncan:** Welcome! I have already begun thinking of promotions for you. And you, Banquo, deserve no less. Let me take you both into my heart.*

Banquo: No matter what I do, it is always for you.

Banquo: There if I grow, the harvest is your own.

Duncan: My plenteous joys!

We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland!

From hence to your castle of Inverness at Dunsinane.

And bind us further to you.

Macbeth: I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful

The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So, humbly take my leave.

Duncan: My worthy Cawdor!

Macbeth: (*aside*) The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
Of which I must fall down, or else o'erleap.

Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires. (*All exit.*)

Duncan: I am overcome with happiness! I have decided that my son Malcolm will be my heir. From now on, he is the Prince of Cumberland. (*Being named the prince of an area called Cumberland makes Malcolm the successor to the throne.*) Macbeth, let's all go to your castle of Inverness at Dunsinane, and get to know each other better.

Macbeth: I will be the messenger and let my wife know we are coming.

Macbeth: (*to himself*) The Prince of Cumberland! Malcolm being named the Prince is an obstacle in my way (*to becoming king*) or an obstacle I must jump over. Stars, don't let your light reveal my true desires.

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, (Act I, sc 7)

(*This scene shows Lady Macbeth's influence over her husband and her desire to become queen. It also further reveals Macbeth's hesitation and nervousness at having killed the king. We should also see some of Lady Macbeth's concern for her husband and his keeping quiet about what they've both done.*)

Lady Macbeth: That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire. (*a noise*)

Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked.

He is about it.

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their

Possets.

Lady Macbeth: The wine which made the bodyguards drunk has given me more courage. OMG! That noise must've been an owl---he's killing him now---the doors are open and the guards are snoring. (*asleep*) I drugged their drinks.

Macbeth: (*from within*) What?! Who's there?!

Lady Macbeth: Alack, I am afraid they have awaked.

And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't. (*Enter Macbeth.*)

Lady Macbeth: OMG! I'm afraid they woke up! The attempt to kill the king and not the actual murder confuses us. (*or makes us guilty*) I put out the knives; he couldn't miss them. If the king hadn't looked so much like my father. I

My husband!

Macbeth: I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth: I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?

Macbeth: When?

Lady Macbeth: Now.

Macbeth: As I descended?

Lady Macbeth: Ay.

Macbeth: Hark! Who lies I' th' second chamber?

Lady Macbeth: Donalbain.

Macbeth: *(looking at his bloody hands)* This is a sorry sight.

Lady Macbeth: A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth: There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.
One cried "God, bless us!" and "Amen" the other
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands!

Lady Macbeth: Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth: But wherefore could I not pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth: These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth: Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!"

Lady Macbeth: What do you mean?

Macbeth: Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Macbeth: *OMG! Who is sleeping in the second bedroom? The sight (of this blood) is horrible!*

Lady Macbeth: *It's foolish to say it's horrible.*

Macbeth: *Somebody laughed in his sleep and somebody else cried "Murder!" They woke each other up. One said "God, bless us!" and the other said "Amen!" It was as if they had seen these murderous hands!*

Lady Macbeth: *Don't think about it so much.*

Macbeth: *But why couldn't I say "Amen"? I needed to pray, but "Amen" just stuck in my throat.*

Lady Macbeth: *Don't think about it. It will drive us crazy!*

Macbeth: *I thought I heard somebody scream, "Don't sleep! Macbeth murders you in your sleep!"*

Lady Macbeth: Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hands.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?!
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with the blood.

Macbeth: I'll go no more.
I'm afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth: Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers.
The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures.
If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal
For it must seem their guilt. *(Exit. There is a knocking within.)*

Macbeth: Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. *(Re-enter Lady Macbeth.)*

Lady Macbeth: My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. *(Knock)* I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended *(Knock)* More knocking?!
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth: To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. *(Knocking)*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! *(Both exit)*

Macbeth: I wish I didn't know what I'd
done. Whoever's knocking, I wish it
could wake up Duncan!

Lady Macbeth: Worthy
Thane, you think too much!
You will weaken yourself if
you continue. Get some water
and wash the blood off your
hands. Why did you bring the
daggers?! They must stay
there! Go and take them back
and smear the sleeping
bodyguards with blood

Macbeth: No, I won't go
back!

Lady Macbeth: Sickness
of your purpose! *(Have
you forgotten your
purpose?)* Give me the
daggers. Whether
someone is sleeping or
dead, it's no difference
to me. They're like
pictures. I'll smear the
blood on the
bodyguards. They must
appear guilty.

Macbeth: Where's that
knocking coming from?
Why is it that every
noise I hear scares the
hell out of me? Oh,
God! My hands! They
should poke out my
eyes! Will the god of the
sea clean them? No,
because these hands
would turn the entire
ocean red.

Lady Macbeth: Look!
My hands are the same
as yours, but my soul
appears white!
Somebody is knocking.
Let's go to bed. Washing
will clear away our
guilt. Stop thinking
about it!

The Porter & Macduff (Act I, sc 7)

(The porter is a servant in Macbeth's castle. As with all Shakespearean tragedy, there is a comic relief character, or a character that lightens up the intensity after a heavy scene. ((Duncan's murder)) The porter is the comic relief character in Macbeth. He does not have to be funny, but he must provide the audience with a "down" moment. A porter is, technically, a keeper of the door. Our porter is probably drunk.)

Porter: Knock! Knock! Knock! If a man were porter of hell Gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock! Knock! Knock! Who's there, I' th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time! Have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for it. Knock! Knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator! Knock! Knock! Knock! Here's a knocking indeed! Who's there?

Faith, here's an English tailor come thither for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, Tailor. Here you may roast your goose. Knock! Knock! Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way To th' everlasting bonfire. Anon, anon! *(opening the door)* I pray you, remember the porter. *(Enter Macduff)*

Macduff: Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Porter: Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and Drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macduff: What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter: Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to. In conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him The lie, leaves him.

Macduff: I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

If a man is the porter of hell's door, he can become old just turning the key! Who's there in the name of Beelzebub. (the Devil) (talking to himself about who could be knocking at the door). Over here is a farmer that hanged himself because he didn't get his expected crop. Everything comes with patience! I need napkins to wipe this sweat. (He

wants to wipe away the sweat of the alcohol he has consumed.) Over here's somebody who speaks vaguely. (or who doesn't make sense) He spoke vaguely for God, so he couldn't get into heaven! Here is an English suit-maker who stole fashionable stockings from the French. Come on in, Tailor, and you may roast your goose. (Come on into hell for your crime) This place is as cold as hell! I don't want to be a porter in hell any longer. I guess I could have let in all kinds of professions to this hell-hole. (His reference is that Macbeth's castle is

Porter: That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me.

That is why he is saying that sinners and criminals are the ones who are knocking.)

Macduff: *Did you go to bed so late?*

Porter: *To tell you the truth, sir, we were drinking and partying until the second rooster crowed (till dawn) and drink, sir, causes three problems.*

Macduff: *And what three problems does drinking cause?*

Porter: *Nose-painting (a red nose), sleep, and pee. Sex, sir, it causes and "uncauses". It makes you want to have sex, but then you can't perform it. Therefore, too much drink plays around with sex. It makes a man and it ruins a man. It persuades him (to have sex) and then lets him down. It makes him stand up (to want sex) and not stand up. (In other words, too much alcohol makes a man horny, but it prevents him from becoming erect.) And, finally, it just puts him to sleep.*

Macduff: *I think this happened to you last night.*

Porter: *Yes, it did. (Probably with the Gentlewoman or another female servant.)*

Banquo and Macbeth (Act II, sc 2)

(This scene shows Macbeth's desire to get rid of Banquo and Banquo's son Fleance because they stand in his way. Banquo is still trusting of his long-time friend, but he doubts that the witches' prophecies will come true without dire consequences. He is also becoming suspicious of Macbeth.)

Banquo: Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them---
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine---
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more!
(enter Macbeth)

Banquo: *(to himself, referring to Macbeth)* You have it all now---King, Thane of Cawdor and Glamis, just as the witches promised. But I am afraid you've done something foul to get it. But they also said that I would be the father of many kings. If they speak the truth about me, like they did to you, then should I also have hope about my prophecy?

Macbeth: Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo: Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knot.

Macbeth: Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo: Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth: We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still have been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banquo: As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper.

Macbeth: Fail not our feast.

Banquo: My lord, I will not.

Macbeth: We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Macbeth: *Tonight we will have a dinner, and I would like for you to be there.*

Banquo: *I would do whatever your highness wants me to do; it is my duty. I am tied to you like a knot.*

Macbeth: *Are you going riding this afternoon?*

Banquo: *Yes.*

Macbeth: *I could've used your advice in today's council meeting, but we'll talk about it tomorrow.--- Are you riding far?*

Banquo: *As far as the time it takes me to get back to your dinner.*

Macbeth: *Don't be absent.*

Macbeth: *I hear our friends (Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's sons) have gone to England and Ireland to escape their blame for killing their father. (The sons left because they were afraid they would be blamed for Duncan's murder.)*

Their cruel patricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention...
Hie you to horse.
Adieu, till you return at night.
Goes Fleance, your son, with you?

Banquo: Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth: I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. (*Banquo exits.*)
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.
God be with you.

Well, goodbye, until I see you tonight.---Is your son Fleance going with you?

Macbeth: *I hope your horses are fast and careful. (Have a good and safe trip.) Goodbye. I'll see you at seven. May God be with you. (He knows he his going to be killed; he has hired murderers for the job.)*

Lady Macduff & Her Son and Ross (Act III, sc 2)

(In this scene, Lady Macduff is talking to her son about his father's going away to England. She's a little pissed, but she is joking when she says that her husband is bad because he left them. We should see her kindness and love, as well as her humorous side, toward her son. Ross is informing her of Macduff's departure.)

Lady Macduff: What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross: You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff: He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross: You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff: Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles?
He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love.

Lady Macduff: *What did he do to make him leave so unexpectedly?*

Ross: *Be patient with him. (He knows what he's doing.)*

Lady Macduff: *He wasn't patient for me. His departure was crazy! Even though his actions show bravery, his fear (of staying here) makes him a traitor.*

Ross: *You don't know if it was his wisdom or his fear.*

Lady Macduff: *To leave his wife and children? His home and his position? He doesn't love us. Even the smallest bird would stay and fight (and protect) his wife and family. (She probably thinks that Macduff left because he was afraid of Macbeth.)*

Ross: Your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves.
I take my leave of you.
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst shall cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. *(To Macduff's Son)*
My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff: Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I take my leave at once. *(Exit.)*

Lady Macduff: Sirrah, your father's dead:
How will you live?

Son: As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff: What, with worms and flies?

Son: With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff: Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net nor
Lime
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son: Why should I, mother?
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff: Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a
Father?

Son: Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff: Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son: Then, you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff: Thou speak'st with all thy wit.

Son: Was my father a traitor, mother?

Ross: *Your husband is noble, smart, and just, and knows what he is doing. I don't want to talk about this further. No one can be trusted. I'll be going, but I'll see you again soon. Things are bad, but they might get worse. (to Son) Bless you, pretty boy!*

Lady Macduff: *He has a father, yet he doesn't have a father. (sarcastically) Honey, your father is dead. How will you live?*

Son: *Like birds do.*

Lady Macduff: *(joking) With worms and flies?*

Son: *With whatever happens. (He means he will accept whatever must be---he isn't too concerned because he knows she's joking.)*

Lady Macduff: *Poor bird! You aren't afraid of anything---obstacles ---or even death.*

Son: *Why should I be? I know my father's not dead, even if you say so.*

Lady Macduff: *Yes, he is. What will you do without a father?*

Son: *What will you do without a husband?*

Lady Macduff: *I can buy me twenty at the store.*

Son: *You'll probably buy them, then sell them again.*

Lady Macduff: *You have a smart mouth.*

Son: *Was my father really a traitor?*

Lady Macduff: *Yes, he was.*

Lady Macduff: Ay, that he was.

Son: What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff: Why, one that swears and lies.

Son: And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff: Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son: Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff: Why, the honest men!

Son: Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff: Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son: If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you would not, It were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff: Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

***Son:** And are all traitors like that?*

***Lady Macduff:** Yes, everyone who is a traitor, and he must be hanged.*

***Son:** Then, liars and swearers are fools because there are more liars and traitors than honest men. (He is saying that, from what he has seen, there are certainly more people who lie and swear than there are honest men, so who can hang the traitors?)*

***Son:** If he were really dead, you'd be crying for him, and if you were not, I would think that you'd have another man who would become your husband.*

***Lady Macduff:** You big-mouth; you talk too much!*

Macduff, Malcolm, and Ross (Act III, sc 3; in England)

(In this scene Ross is informing Macduff of the bad situation in Scotland and, finally, of the vicious murder of his wife and son.)

Macduff: Stands Scotland where it did?

***Macduff:** Is Scotland the same as it was?*

Ross: Alas, poor country!

***Ross:** Oh, God, the poor country!*

It cannot
Be called our mother but our grave.
And good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff: How does my wife?

Ross: Why, well.

Macduff: And all my children?

Ross: Well, too.

Malcolm: We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men.

Ross: Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled at in the desert air.

Macduff: What concern they?
The general cause or is it a fee-grief?

Ross: No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macduff: If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross: Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff: Go on.

Ross: Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered.

Macduff: Merciful heaven! My children, too?

Ross: Wife, children, servants,
All that could be found.

Macduff: My wife killed too?

*It can't be called our mother but our
grave. Good men either die or get sick
everyday.*

*(Ross is lying because he doesn't want to
be the bearer of such bad news.)*

Macduff: *I'm coming back soon with the
help of the English army led by Siward and
10,000 men.*

Ross: *I wish this comforted me, but I have
something horrible to tell.*

Macduff: *What about? The general
situation of Scotland or something
personal?*

Ross: *Yes, I do share some of the sadness,
but it really pertains mostly to you.*

Macduff: *Then, if it's mine, let me hear it
quickly. (Get it over with.)*

Ross: *Please don't hate me for what I'm
about to say...*

*Your wife and children have been brutally
murdered! (by Macbeth)*

Ross: I have said.

Malcolm: Be comforted.
Let's make medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff: He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm: Dispute it like a man.

Macduff: I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.
Heaven rest them now!

Malcolm: Be this the whetstone of your sword.
Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff: Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Malcolm: Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready;
Macbeth is ripe for shaking.
Receive what cheer you may.
The night is long that never finds the day. (*All exit.*)

Malcolm: *I am sorry. But let's use this
to fuel our revenge upon Macbeth.*

Macduff: *(to Ross, meaning Malcolm)
He doesn't have children. (So he
couldn't possibly understand what I am
feeling right now.) Everybody killed?!
All my babies and their mama at one
time?!*

Malcolm: *Take it like a man.*

Macduff: *I am, but I am also feeling it
like a man. I can't help remembering
the things that were so precious to me.*

Malcolm: *Let this be your
motivation.*

Macduff: *I will kill Macbeth with
my sword! Heaven help him if he
escapes me!*

Malcolm: *Let's go; the army is
ready, and Macbeth is ready to be
killed. Try to be comforted, even
though it will be a long night.*