

Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And Pity, like a naked newborn babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on th'other—

*Enter Lady M eating candy.*

How now! what news?

LADY M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he asked for me?

LADY M.

Know you not he has?

MACBETH. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M.

Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i'th'adage?

MACBETH.

Prithee, peace.

I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH. I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO. So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH. Good repose, the while!

BANQUO. Thanks, Sir: the like to you.

*Banquo and Fleance exit. Macbeth turns to Servant.*

MACBETH. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which 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 feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppresed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

*Witch 1 sends a dagger spinning across the dirt to Macbeth,  
who catches it—*

As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.—  
Mine Eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was ne  
It is the blood  
Thus to mine

*Witch 1 t  
three Solo*

Nature seems  
The curtain'd

*The witch*

Moves like a  
Hear not my  
Thy very stor  
And take the  
Which now s  
Words to the

*"A bell r:  
side of th*

I go and it is  
Two.

Hear it not, I  
That summo

*Three. M  
to kill D*

LADY M. That v  
What hath q  
*Duncan*

Peace.

It was the ov  
Which gives  
He is about

*Duncan*

And the sur  
With snores

n:  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.

*Witch 1 takes a wine bottle from her backpack and pours  
three Solo cups full.*

—Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates

*The witches all drink and then stand.*

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*"A bell rings."—Witch 2 knocks the metal pipe against the  
side of the tub—making a loud clang—three times: One.*

I go and it is done; the bell invites me.

*Two.*

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

*Three. Macbeth chases Duncan and finally catches and begins  
to kill Duncan as Witch 1 gives Lady M wine.*

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

*Duncan lets out a cry—*

Hark!

eth,  
Peace.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night.  
He is about it.

*Duncan dies.*

The doors are open,  
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge  
With snores. I have drugg'd their possets,

The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence  
The life o'th'building!

MACBETH. What is't you say? the life?

LENOX. Mean you his Majesty?

MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:  
See, and then speak yourselves.—

*Exit Macbeth and Lenox.*

Awake! awake!

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell!

*With 1 bangs metal on metal—a clanging alarm sound.  
Enter Lady M.*

LADY M. What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF. O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.

*Enter Banquo.*

O Banquo! Banquo!  
Our royal master's murder'd!

LADY M. Woe, alas!  
What! in our house?

BANQUO. Too cruel, anywhere.  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Reenter Macbeth and Lenox.*

MACBETH. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

MacDuff  
monologue 1  
Choice.

## BANQUO monologue choice

Act 3.)

*The three witches crown Macbeth. Lady M is by her side and is also crowned.*

*Banquo watches at a distance.*

BANQUO. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the Weird Women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst 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 and Lady M. The witches watch.*

MACBETH. Here's our chief guest.

LADY M. If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

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 knit.

MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO. Ay, my good Lord.

MACBETH. We should have else desir'd your good advice  
(Which still hath 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: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

LADY M. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR. Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, Sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

*Banquo appears and watches.*

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly. —end Side 5

DOCTOR. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.—

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Doctor Monologue  
Choice