



Nasty Carl 2002

Macbeth

by William Shakespeare

Contents

Introduction

This pack is designed to give a detailed insight into the 2002 touring production of Shakespeare's **Macbeth**. Its aim is to introduce people to Northern Broadsides' approach to staging a production of the play and therefore includes contributions from our Artistic Director, Barrie Rutter, the Designer, Jessica Worrall, the Lighting Designer, Kay Packwood and members of the cast, to give a rounded sense of the company.

Each of the contributions is backed up by classroom and workshop ideas, which tutors can use as a resource to explore various approaches to the play.

I have included specific sections of text to exemplify the sessions but they can easily be adapted to other sections of the play.

The sessions fall into two categories – 'Classroom Exercises' and 'Practical Exercises'. Whilst we believe that Practical Exercises are better suited to exploring a performative text, we appreciate that tutors do not always have access to workshop spaces and may also require written evidence of students work. We hope that the resources contained in the pack will allow tutors to work with students in an imaginative and dynamic way both in the classroom and during workshops.

I have included section on the history of the company and a brief biography of Barrie Rutter. These sections aim to give a background to our company and are a useful resource for placing the production within an historical and cultural context.

Jude Wright, Education & Outreach Officer.

Northern Broadsides

A regional company with an international reputation.

“Barrie’s northern accent, fast-action, factory floor Shakespeare is as far from elitism as can be, though it has never dumbed Shakespeare down. What you get is the text, the poetry, the real thing, but with a northern vigour.”

Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott

Northern Broadsides’ repertoire consists mainly of Shakespeare and classical texts. These plays possess a timeless resonance and their universal explorations of the human condition have currency in any day and age, appealing directly to the soul, the emotions and the imagination.

For nearly ten years, they have toured the UK and the world with their highly distinctive performance style, including Brazil, the USA, Greece, Poland, Germany, Austria, India and Denmark.

“This modern-dress production works spectacularly well...engrossing the audience and leaving them gasping.”

The New Haven Register (Antony & Cleopatra)

Language & The Northern Voice

Barrie Rutter’s distinctive approach to theatre is fuelled by his passion for language and his unceasing celebration of the richness and muscularity of the Northern voice.

Northern Broadsides is a company of Northern actors who perform in their natural voices and have an indisputable command of the language and poetry of classic drama. The result is performance that has a directness and immediacy which is liberating and invigorating, breaking the southern stranglehold on classical performance and making the audience hear the words afresh.

“Shakespeare sounds terrific in authentic northern voices”

Daily Telegraph

“The Northern voice, with its short blunt vowels and tactile concrete consonants, makes a sensual meal of language, quite unlike the icky snacking

gone in for by some of the more clipped southern accents.”

The Independent

Language not Psychology

The work of Northern Broadsides has sometimes been berated by critics as lacking in psychological depth, a criticism which Barrie Rutter sweeps aside.

Of the ‘psychological investigation of the characters’, Rutter says: *“All that rubbish has just been a fad for the last 150 years.”*

Northern Broadsides’ work celebrates the language of the poetry, written at a time (whether Classic or Elizabethan) when the notion of character internalisation didn’t exist. The result is theatre that brings the language to life, and because of the brilliance of the poetry, resonates with all the universal appeal inherent within the text.

Barrie Rutter



NORRIS CLARK 2002

Artistic Director

Born in 1946, the son of a Hull fishworker, Rutter grew up in a two-up two-down on the Hessle Road, the fishdock area of Hull, around the corner from Tom Courtney.

At school, an English teacher frogmarched him into the school play because he had “*the gob for it*”, and feeling at home on stage, Rutter chose his future direction. There followed a period at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music & Drama and many years in the National Youth Theatre culminating in *The Apprentices* by Peter Tierson – a role specially written for him, a practice to be repeated later in his career.

Seasons at the RSC in Stratford, London and Europe completed the 1970s. In 1980 he joined the National Theatre, a formative period. He met and worked closely with a poet who was to become his guru, Tony Harrison. Rutter performed in all three of Harrison’s adaptations, all written for the Northern voice: *The Mysteries*, *The Orestia*, and *The Trackers of Oxyrynchus*. In *Trackers*, the part of Silenus was written especially for Rutter. It was this experience of performing in the northern voice that germinated the idea for Northern Broadsides. *Trackers* toured to a wool-combing shed in Salts Mill, three miles north of Bradford. This was to be Rutter’s ‘Damascus’. He was deeply affected by the raw emotion of speaking to a northern audience in a northern voice in a classical play.

Northern Broadsides officially began when two projects in which he was to star - a major TV series and world tour of the Tony Harrison play - bit the dust. His agent suggested Rutter start his own company, and so he did. In 1992, he assembled some of the cast of *Trackers* and created Northern Broadsides, thanks to a grant of £15K from Hull City Council and Yorkshire and Humberside Arts, office space in Halifax at a nominal rate from entrepreneur Sir Ernest Hall, free rehearsal space from fellow entrepreneur Jonathan Silver

at his Salts Mill, and free administrative support from the Bradford Alhambra.

The company's aesthetic, as Rutter explained, was "*Northern voices, doing classical work in non-velvet spaces*". Wherever they performed, this radical new aesthetic excited the critics.

The first production, *Richard III*, took the company to a variety of unusual venues including the Marina Boatshed in Hull, West Yorkshire Transport Museum in Bradford and Middleham Castle, North Yorkshire. Since that first production, Northern Broadsides has continued to tour to unusual spaces across the world, for example - the Rose Garden in Chandigarh, India, a Roman amphitheatre in Austria (where they performed with live bears and lions on stage!), and the Tower of London!

With the company's success has come invitations from theatres and spaces nationwide. Northern Broadsides perform in various spaces, from proscenium and in-the-round to castles, churches, cattle markets, train sheds, post-industrial mills and riding stables across the UK.

The company's home base remains in Halifax. Their performance and rehearsal space is a subterranean viaduct beneath what was Crossley's carpet mill. Renamed Dean Clough, this large old Victorian mill is now a thriving arts and enterprise centre owned by Sir Ernest Hall.

When Rutter first encountered the dark arches and rough hewn floors under Dean Clough, the space sparked his imagination. Where everyone saw a dank, dirty basement fit only for car-parking, Rutter saw a theatre. Christened 'The Viaduct', it has thrilled audiences and critics alike with its post-industrial character and unique atmosphere. All Northern Broadsides productions now open at The Viaduct and London critics make the arduous physical and mental journey north of Watford to review Northern Broadsides productions.

The Company

Cast in order of appearance:

Witch	Rachel Jane Allen
Witch	Una McNulty
Witch/Fleance	Catherine Kinsella
Duncan/Porter/Doctor	Tim Barker
Malcolm	Adam Sunderland
Macduff	Richard Standing
Donalbain/Murderer	Matthew Booth
Sargeant/Murderer	Richard Hollick
Ross	Jason Furnival
Lennox	Tom Silburn
Banquo	Andrew Pollard
Macbeth	Andrew Vincent
Lady Macbeth	Helen Sheals
Servant/Percussionist/Seyton	Dennis Conlon
Lord/Percussionist	Roger Burnett
Servant	Bryony Rose Rutter
Hecate	Barrie Rutter
Director	Barrie Rutter
Designer	Jessica Worrall
Composer	Conrad Nelson
Company Manager	Angela Wellwood
Lighting and Technical Manager	Kay Packwood
Deputy Stage Manager	Nicki Barry
ASM	Roger Burnett
ASM	Bryony Rose Rutter
Costume Maker	Angela Wellwood
Set Construction	Frank Darnley
Press and Marketing	Lisa Baxter Arts Marketing
Production Photographs	Nobby Clark
Education and Outreach	Jude Wright
General Manager	Sue Andrews

MALCOM

Played by Adam Sunderland

WRITE DOWN A FEW THINGS THAT STRIKE YOU ABOUT THE CHARACTER

YOU ARE PLAYING?

Symbolises compassion, goodness.
Uses deceit to reveal the truth.
Revengeful.
Strong character.

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

Strong physical presence – no fidgeting –
direct movement.
Rooted voice.
Clear diction – avoid sloppiness.

HOW ARE YOU AS AN ACTOR APPROACHING THE ROLE?

Walking upstairs on lines to the end of a line.
Diction, e.g. clear T's & D's.
Ignore commas in text
Look out for alliteration – it helps!



DUNCAN

Played by Tim Barker

THE CHARACTER :

A good, generous ruler – he delights in conferring favours and Macbeth says he is so good, there is no motive for killing him. To murder him is to commit 'a worse crime than to kill someone'. There's huge dramatic irony in the exchanges between Duncan (totally heart-on-sleeve) and the smiling but murderous Macbeths.

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

Warm tones, expansive body language, relish of the imagery – I don't know! I just do it!

HOW ARE YOU APPROACHING THE ROLE?

I learn the lines. To do so you have to analyse the meaning so this doubles as a text study. What

I'm learning is the sequence of fresh **ideas** which each phrase/sentence or even sometimes single words represent.

For Shakespeare, I also learn it as verse – initially in quite strict metre based unashamedly on 'di dah di dah di dah di dah di dah'.

MACDUFF

Played by Richard Standing

WRITE DOWN A FEW THINGS THAT STRIKE YOU ABOUT THE CHARACTER YOU ARE PLAYING

In a sense he is a device in the narrative to strike the inevitable revenge upon Macbeth. He is honourable, noble, honest, patriotic and loyal. Macduff represents the antithesis to Macbeth in many ways

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

Trying to achieve clarity and simplicity – the language should do the conveying for you if you approach it in the right way.

HOW ARE YOU APPROACHING THE ROLE?

Listening and responding. I tend to approach my work in a more instinctive emotional way, in a sense more 'naturalistic'. On this production, it is much more about how the language wants things to be as apposed to my own sense of who the character is.



Lenox

Played by Tom Silburn

THE CHARACTER:

No consistency for Lenox. Serves to provide information during the play and to represent Scottish nobility.

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

Speaking clearly during reporting scenes to tell the story and help to move it along.

HOW ARE YOU AS AN ACTOR APPROACHING THE ROLE?

I try to find the body language to show the state of mind. I also go through the text and work out how the line would be said in modern English. Does this help find the right tone for the line? How do I enter a scene- e.g. why am I there, where has the character just come from.



Witch

Played by Rachael Allen

WRITE DOWN A FEW THINGS THAT STRIKE YOU ABOUT THE CHARACTER YOU ARE PLAYING?

The witches are very much a single unit. They operate together. They are catalysts to the action – they spur Macbeth and his wife on to committing the murder. The witches have to be charismatic otherwise why would Macbeth listen to them?

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

We are incorporating movement into the scenes to give the impression of operating as one. Clog dancing creates dynamics.

HOW ARE YOU AS AN ACTOR APPROACHING THE ROLE?

The witches are difficult because it is easy to fall into the trap of 'being witchy' which is naff. We are trying to make the witches earthy, and sinister without being cheesy.



Captain

Played by Richard Hollick

WRITE DOWN A FEW THINGS THAT STRIKE YOU ABOUT THE CHARACTER YOU ARE PLAYING?

One of the first characters in the play to give clues in speech of the action to come i.e. about Macbeth 'So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come, discomfort swells.' He is bloody and knackered but still rants on more than he needs to about the war.

WHAT TECHNIQUES ARE YOU USING TO CONVEY THESE IDEAS?

Militaristic movement and tone for the captain.

HOW ARE YOU AS AN ACTOR APPROACHING THE ROLE?

Learning lines early is important. Feeling secure about positions and movement during the scenes. Being able to try anything in rehearsals.



Practical Exercise:

- Divide the group into 3 smaller groups.
- Give each group one of the three extracts that follow.
- Ask them to choose the reader(s) and read through the piece, thinking about the idea of witchcraft and the summoning of spirits.
- Ask the group to improvise a group piece, based on the sections.

Points to remember:

A performance of the extract *must* be an integral part of the piece, so there are a few things which the groups should consider before embarking on the task:

- Is the reader going to be part of the action, a bystander, or a disjointed narrator?
- The pieces can be as abstract or natural as the groups want.
- Ask them to think about movement and how it will look for a whole group to move together, or separately. Trying different approaches is an integral part of the task.

Act I, scene v, 38-53

Lady Macbeth:

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. **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 the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! 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!"**

Act III, scene ii, 19ff

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable.
**Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.**

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. **Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.**

Act II, scene i

Macb. 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-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
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 not so before. - There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. - **Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's off'rings, and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
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.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Practical Exercise:

Give one of these parts out each to the group.

Ask them to consider their line(s) and decide on the feeling behind them based only on the lines they have in front of them.

Ask the group to read their lines out in order, making sure that they present them with the feeling they decided on.

Hopefully, you should be presented with a piece that has a variety of emotions and thoughts behind it.

Discuss the success of the task – do the group see the shifts in the piece? Do they feel it loses its continuity?

- 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,
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- I go, and it is done;
- the bell invites me.
- Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Classroom Exercise:

- Split the group into pairs.
- Give them each a character sheet.
- Ask them to find supporting evidence in the text of why the actors have made the comments they have about the characters.

Discussion Points.

Remembering that there are a million different ways of interpreting the play:

Do the pairs agree with each other?

Do they agree with what the actor has said?

Can they find evidence in the text to prove the actors *wrong*?

Practical Exercise:

- From the exercise across, the pairs will perform a section of no less than 5 lines from the play which they have chosen to demonstrate the character. These can either be from the character itself, or from other characters commenting on them.
- The challenge is to perform them in such a way that the rest of the group will be able to identify the characteristics they are trying to demonstrate e.g. loyalty, malice, honour etc.
- Ask them to think about the delivery of the lines – if someone is honourable, how would they speak?
- Ask the rest of the group who watch the delivery to write down what they think the characteristics are and compare notes at the end of the session.

If this goes well, try adding this exercise. The students may need a few minutes to think up some opposites, but this can tie in very well with any work you have done on juxtaposition:

- In the pair, one will be performing the characteristics they have researched whereas the other will perform

the opposite characteristics – e.g. loyal / treacherous, open-hearted / secretive etc.

Discussion Points.

Discuss with the group how the two deliveries of the same set of lines differ and what they think about the characters after observing them both.

Classroom Exercise:

Read the following piece with the group.

Act II, scene ii, 34-38

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "**Sleep no more!**
Macbeth
does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

- Ask the group each to produce a piece of creative writing about the benefits of sleep *in the form of a list* i.e. mimicking the style of Shakespeare.
- Ask them to think about their use of adjectives and similes and what metaphors they can create from the subject matter.
- When they have done this, read the following piece with them.

Act III, scene ii, 13-26

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

- Ask them to think about the effects of sleep deprivation, and discuss the possible impact this may have on Macbeth & his 'visions'.

Ask them to produce a piece of creative writing that describes one of either Macbeth's or Lady Macbeth's nightmares.

The more that they can use from what they know of the plot and the characters in the story, the better e.g. the murder of Duncan, the meetings with the witches, their relationship with Banquo, the wars that occur in the text etc.

Guardian

Monday October 22, 2001

'See you in a fortnight's time,' I told my tutorial student. 'Perhaps you won't,' he replied dourly. 'Why not?' I inquired (thinking, girlfriend? Drugs? Overdraft? - the familiar woes of undergraduate life). 'I could be in Afghanistan,' he said.

Geoff, I recalled, is a territorial soldier in a paratroop regiment. He has his wings, and has done his two annual drops. The call went out last week for "volunteers". It wasn't really an invitation - for a member of an elite unit not to step forward when the bugle blows would be tantamount to desertion. You might as well have "skiver" tattooed on your forearm. And, anyway, it was what he had trained for. He just hoped it would be front line rather than dreary patrol duty round Westminster when some nutter posts the PM a letter spiked with anthrax.

I knew about his "hobby" (as I patronisingly thought it, six weeks ago) and had asked him to write an essay on how

someone with a soldier's mindset might look at Macbeth. His response (the khaki critique) was illuminating.

It was all Duncan's fault, he argued. How come? Well, look at the opening scene. Enter Duncan, King of Scotland, with his sons. They see a "bleeding sergeant" who hasn't yet had medical treatment for his wounds, but can tell them "of the revolt the newest state". That means they're near the ongoing action. Why, then, isn't Duncan up at the front, or at least in armour? He can't be that old - not older than Captain Mainwaring, surely, and that old codger does his bit. And if Duncan is past it, why isn't his son Malcolm representing the blood royal in the broil? One assumes the royal family of Scotland are wankers and draft dodgers. No wonder civil war is tearing the country apart.

Geoff went on to examine what precisely the bloody sergeant says about the hero of the hour. "Brave Macbeth," we learn, "unseamed" the rebel commander "from the navel to the chops,/And fix'd his head upon our battlements."

Macdonwald is ripped open, from belly to chin. Guttled. Disembowelled, like a stag. And the clear implication is that it is with an upward stroke (advisable in battle, otherwise the weapon can ricochet and slice into your own thigh). Macbeth has a short sword in his right hand, and a targe (wrist-held shield) and dirk in his left. He's probably left-handed - he would need immense strength to cut through his opponent from the abdomen up through the breastplate.

And why put the head on the battlements? (To sever it, Macbeth would need his right-hand sword.) The display serves, of course, to demoralise (gut) the enemy. Moral: if you

go into Afghanistan, make sure you get Bin Laden - and show the world he's dead. Sticking the bastard's head on the spire of Big Ben might be a gesture too far.

In other circumstances, the discussion would have been "academic". But for once it was a tutorial in which I was doing the learning. And Geoff's advice for his commander-in-chief? He'll find it in act one, scene seven: "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

Get in there, Tony. And who knows, history may remember you as the Lion of Afghanistan. Geoff and his mates will take care of all the nasty unseaming business.

Scene II LADY MACBETH'S PART

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores.
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH

Macb. Who's there? What, ho!

Lady M Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,

**And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!**

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

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

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb.Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. ...When they did say, "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. ...Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. ...Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. ...Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. 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 hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. ...Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. ... Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. (Knocking.) 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. Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. ...Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! *Exeunt*

Scene II **MACBETH'S PART**

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me
bold; ...

... Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH

Lady M. ... My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My
husband!

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

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

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen" the
other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

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

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth
does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve 3 of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. ... The sleepy grooms with blood.

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

Lady M. ... For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't 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 my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.**

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. ... Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
Knocking

**Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst!**

Exeunt

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at
home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lord. May 't please your Highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Enter Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S place

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.

Lord. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your
Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Lord. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his Highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not. [*Aside to MACBETH.*]
Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. [*Aside to MACBETH.*] O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. [*Aside to MACBETH.*] What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. [*Aside to MACBETH.*] Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.

Re-enter Ghost

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]
Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Lord. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lord. Good-night; and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady M. A kind good-night to all! *Exeunt Lords.*