

Announcement

For the Whim Productions announces open auditions for Shakespeare's tragedy, *MacBeth*. Director Heidi Dugan is seeking a diverse cast of 16 adults. People of all genders, races, abilities are encouraged to audition. Portrayed genders and age ranges are suggested for roles as described below. Some actors will perform multiple roles.

Please come prepared to the auditions; sides are posted here ([link](#)). Please be comfortable with the text for all characters for which you'd like to read. Memorization is neither necessary nor preferred. You may be asked to read for other characters during the audition. See Director's notes for Shakespearean Language and Accents/Characterization.

Masks are required, in the audition venue and at rehearsals.

If you are unable to attend the posted audition dates, contact Production Manager Joe Dugan (williamjosephdugan@gmail.com) prior to March 20 to make alternate arrangements.

Shakespearean Language

Shakespearean language is not read in a metered (dum-de-dum-de-dum) manner. Try to use the modern translations of the text to inform your emotional choices and inflection. Pause where punctuation indicates it, not at the ends of lines.

You may ask for word pronunciation at the audition, if need be, but we strongly encourage googling to find as much as you can prior to auditions.

If you've never "done Shakespeare" before, don't sweat it! We love working with people of all experience levels. We will help and support you through the production process.

Accents/Characterization

We will not be affecting accents for this production. Your own accent is fine. If you choose to use a character voice in your audition, that is terrific – just make sure it's a voice you could maintain throughout an entire week of long rehearsals and performances. Try to show differences between different characters you are asked to portray.

Roles

MacBeth: Male-identifying 40-60

A brave and experienced soldier, married to Lady MacBeth, his ambition begins to run wild after hearing three witches prophesy that he will be made King. Impetuous, passionate, susceptible to dreams of power and glory, he puts aside all morals in order to fulfill his ambitions. Deeply in love and connected to his wife, with whom he plots the murders of all who stand between himself and the crown. This role requires physical intimacy with Lady MacBeth and fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Lady MacBeth: Female-identifying 40-60

Poised, well bred, fiercely intelligent; married to MacBeth. Ultimately a deeply ambitious woman who wants position and power, but later falls victim to guilt and madness over her complicity in plotting the murders of Duncan, Banquo and others. Deeply in love and passionately connected to her husband. This role requires physical intimacy with MacBeth.

Three Witches: All Genders 25-70

Three very powerful, otherworldly and androgynous creatures who prophesy that MacBeth will be king, setting into motion the plot of the play. They can cast spells and influence people and events. They are not completely human, but may take on the specific characteristics of humans. They are neither male nor female, so the actors playing them must be able to sublimate traditional gender in some way or another.

MacDuff: Male-identifying 30-50

A powerful, vital soldier, who mistrusts MacBeth and his rise to the throne, even before MacBeth arranges the murder of Macduff's wife and child. A formidable and worthy opponent, he leads the movement to remove MacBeth from the throne, in order to avenge the death of his family and to put the rightful heir on the throne. Athletic and fierce. In every way the ultimate protagonist. This role requires fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Banquo: All Genders 30-45

Straightforward, clear, uncomplicated, upstanding. They are with MacBeth when the witches make their fateful prophecy that MacBeth will be King and that their (Banquo's) heirs will be kings. Unlike MacBeth, Banquo does not succumb to the temptation to engineer these prophecies. Their character is a stark contrast to MacBeth's; they choose a path in which ambition does not lead to betrayal and murder. After Banquo is murdered, they return as a ghost to rebuke MacBeth for their actions. This role requires fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Duncan: All Genders 50-70

The Liege who is brutally murdered by MacBeth. A strong and just ruler and a figure of indisputable authority. Generous with praise for MacBeth and Banquo, who have fought bravely for the nation. (may double with Mentieth, Messenger)

Malcolm: All Genders 20-35

The eldest child of Duncan and heir to the throne, we need to be able to see them initially as an attractive and somewhat inexperienced young person, with a reserved air about them. Somewhat innocent, but thoroughly noble. Eventually, they will ascend to the throne and should seem like they belong there. A sensitive, young leading person of great potential and star quality.

Lady MacDuff: Female-identifying 25-45

Macduff's wife and mother of their young son. Sweet, poised, lovely, loves her child, with whom she has a great rapport. Our hearts should ache to see her murdered. (may double with Gentlewoman, Messenger, Servant, Seyton) This role requires physical intimacy with Macduff's Child and fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Ross: All Genders 30-40

A noble, serves Duncan and later MacBeth (because they must), but comes to understand MacBeth's moral corruption. In the meantime, serves as a kind of consigliere, often bearing difficult news. Later joins with Macduff and Malcolm to remove MacBeth from the throne.

Lennox: All Genders 25-40

A noble, serves Duncan. Of good breeding with an essential goodness and an innocent, sweet quality. Later joins with Macduff and Malcolm to remove MacBeth from the throne.

MacDuff's Child: All Genders 18-25 (to play mid-late teens)

Child to the Macduffs, a bright, articulate youth, clever, sweet, innocent. (may double with Fleance, Sergeant, Donalbain, Servant, Messenger, Young Caithness) This role requires physical intimacy with Lady MacDuff and fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Angus: All Genders 20-30

A noble, serves Duncan. Seen with Ross and Lennox. (may double with Donalbain)

Caithness: All Genders 25-35

A noble, serves Duncan. Seen with Ross and Lennox (may double with 1st Murderer) This role requires fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Porter: Male-identifying 50-70

A drinker, he's a caretaker at MacBeth's castle who must answer the door in the middle of the night. Must have strong comedy skills. (may double with Old Man, 2nd Murderer, Doctor) This role requires fight choreography. Stage combat experience is beneficial, but not necessary.

Audition Sides

Lady MacBeth

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 murdering 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!'

*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.

MacBeth

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
As this which now I draw.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the 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. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
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:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

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.

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.

MacBeth and Lady MacBeth

- LADY MACBETH** Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
- MACBETH** My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
- LADY MACBETH** And when goes hence?
- MACBETH** To-morrow, 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. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the 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;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
- MACBETH** We will speak further.
- LADY MACBETH** Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

Lady MacBeth: My great Thane (a thane is a lord) of Glamis (glomz) and Cawdor! (kaw-door)

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 and Lady MacBeth

- MACBETH** How now! what news?
- LADY MACBETH** He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
- MACBETH** Hath he ask'd for me?
- LADY MACBETH** 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 MACBETH** 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 afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst 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' the adage?
- MACBETH** Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
- LADY MACBETH** What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd 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--
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The 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 mark'd 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 clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

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!

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.

MacBeth, Banquo, and Ross

BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO Were such things here as we do 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 the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

ROSS The king hath happily received, MacBeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

ROSS And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
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?

MACBETH The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.

To *ROSS and ANGUS* Thanks for your pains.

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 That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But '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.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.
I thank you, gentlemen.

Aside

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:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

BANQUO Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH [Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO New horrors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

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 favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH Till then, enough. Come, friends.

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 (kaw-door), 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 put me in his shoes?

Ross: He committed treason and will be executed.

*MacBeth: (to himself) Thane of Glamis (glomz) and Cawdor (kaw-door). 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.*

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.*

The Witches

- 1st WITCH** Where hast thou been, sister?
- 2nd WITCH** Killing swine.
- 3rd WITCH** Sister, where thou?
- 1st WITCH** A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:-- 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
- 2nd WITCH** I'll give thee a wind.
- 1st WITCH** Thou'rt kind.
- 3rd WITCH** And I another.
- 1st WITCH** I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
- 3rd WITCH** I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
- 2nd WITCH** Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
- 2nd WITCH** Show me, show me.
- 1st WITCH** Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
- 3rd WITCH** A drum, a drum!
MacBeth doth come.
- 1st WITCH** Peace! the charm's wound up.

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---munched

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)

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)

Third Witch: We'll drain every bit of life (energy) from him (make him ill). He won't be able to sleep. Because he won't be able to close his eye-lids. He will have terrible suffering.

Second Witch: For 567 nights. He will slowly suffer and get sicker.

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.)

Duncan, Malcolm, MacBeth

- DUNCAN** Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
- MALCOLM** My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
- DUNCAN** There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.
- Enter MACBETH* 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
Is to 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 labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
- 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 Inverness,
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
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

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.

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.

The Porter and MacDuff

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. *(Knocking within)* Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. *(Knocking within)* Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. *(Knocking within)* Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. *(Knocking within)* 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 the everlasting bonfire. *(Knocking within)* Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

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 2nd 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.

PORTER That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me

(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: 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 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

BANQUO Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, 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.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants

MACBETH Here's our chief guest.

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

MACBETH To-night 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 desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
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.

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

(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: (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 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.) 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, Young MacDuff, Ross

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 in a place
From whence himself does fly? 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;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSS My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak
much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once.

Exit

LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

YOUNG MACDUFF As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF What, with worms and flies?

YOUNG MACDUFF With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

YOUNG MACDUFF Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

YOUNG MACDUFF Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

YOUNG MACDUFF Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

YOUNG MACDUFF Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

YOUNG MACDUFF What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.

YOUNG MACDUFF And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

YOUNG MACDUFF And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF Every one.

YOUNG MACDUFF Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.

YOUNG MACDUFF 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?

YOUNG MACDUFF 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!

(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 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 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.

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, Ross

- MACDUFF** Stands Scotland where it did?
- ROSS** Alas, 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?
- 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.)

Macduff: Is Scotland the same as it was?

Ross: Oh, God, the poor country! 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)

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.