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## The role of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's Macbeth: a production thesis in acting

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THE ROLE OF LADY MACBETH  
IN SHAKESPEARE'S MACBETH:  
A PRODUCTION THESIS IN ACTING

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
Louisiana State University and  
Agricultural and Mechanical College  
In partial fulfillment of the  
Requirements for the degree of  
Master of Fine Arts  
in

The Department of Theatre

by  
Taralyn Adele MacMullen  
B.A., Greensboro College, 2002  
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learned from each of you individually and as a group about acting, human beings, and life will get me through this crazy world with a bit more confidence. I wish you all happiness as we go away. I love you all.

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I am ready for the next step.

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## Abstract

The role of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was selected as a thesis project in the fall semester of 2004. The purpose of this thesis is to provide a written record of the actor's interpretation and creation of the character through the rehearsal process. It contains five parts: an introduction, a character analysis, a daily actor's journal, a physical score, and a conclusion.

## Chapter 1

### Introduction

I have selected my performance of Lady Macbeth in Swine Palace's production of William Shakespeare's *Macbeth* as my thesis topic.

This thesis contains a character analysis, an actor's journal, a physical score, and a conclusion. In chapter two's character analysis, I talk about approaching the role of Lady Macbeth using examples from famous past productions of *Macbeth*, including Sarah Siddons, Ellen Terry, and Dame Judi Dench; as well as critical and historical accounts of Lady Macbeth. The critical information used is from Harold Bloom's *The Invention of the Human*, as well as Jan Kott's *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*. Other resources I utilized were Holinshed's *Chronicles* and information on the historical Macbeth. All references have been listed in the Bibliography of this thesis. I have also discussed my own approach to the role using specific questions about the character herself, as well as my relationship to the character.

The actor's journal is a daily account of the process of creating a character. I have discussed my day-to-day discoveries and questions. I have also mentioned major events that affected my work within the process. These journal entries do not contain cast gossip or my complaints about the process, only information that shaped the final character presented to the audience.

The physical score is a breakdown of my moment to moment physicality as I performed it. I decided to include this element because as I worked on the role of Lady Macbeth it became apparent to me that the more precise I became with my physicality the clearer she became. I choreographed an extremely specific score that lasted the length of



the show. No moment was accidental or changeable. The act of moving around the stage in a very specific path became as important to my Lady Macbeth as the words and actions, to leave the score out would be to ignore half of my work.

The conclusion is my final critique of my own work.

*Macbeth* was produced by Swine Palace in association with LSU Theatre, created and performed with SITI Company at the Reilly Theatre on Louisiana State University's Baton Rouge campus. Directed by Leon Ingulsrud, the show ran October 21 through November 7, 2004.

The cast included members of the SITI Company, Louisiana State University graduate students, undergraduate students, and faculty. Some of the cast were Eric J. Little (Duncan), Christopher Logan Healy (Malcolm), Susan Hightower (Macbeth), Donnie Mather (Banquo), Michael Severance (Macduff), and Aikiko Aizawa, Michelle McCoy, and Alaina Dunn (Three Witches).

The set and lights were designed by Brian Scott, the costumes were designed by Polly Boersig, the sound was designed by Darron L. West, choreography was created by Barney O'Hanlon, and the assistant director was Rachel Chavkin. The stage manager was Karli Henderson. The production manager was James L. Murphy.

## Chapter 2

### Character Analysis

The character of Lady Macbeth is one of the most confusing and intriguing in all of Shakespeare's works. No definitive Lady "M" has been agreed upon. Directors and actors cannot even agree as to whether or not she is a prominent character, as she disappears after the banquet scene not to reappear until the infamous sleepwalking scene. In this analysis of the role of Lady Macbeth, the focus is first on historical and critical views of Lady Macbeth.

Three versions of Lady Macbeth have been considered notable since John Rice originated the role opposite Richard Burbage in 1606. These actresses are Sarah Siddons, Ellen Terry, and Judi Dench. The interpretations and the possible textual basis for the choices follow.

In 1785 Sarah Siddons played Lady M to her brother John Kemble's Macbeth. Siddons was said to have been the only woman who could ever play this role. She was a strikingly beautiful woman, very tall and statuesque. The 18<sup>th</sup> century Shakespeare scholar William Hazlitt said of Siddons, "We can conceive of nothing grander. It seemed almost as if a being of superior order had been dropped from higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated in her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified."

Siddons choice made Lady Macbeth a ruthlessly ambitious woman who dominated her husband. Her brother's Macbeth was said to have been in a constant state of blindly rushing towards and from his ambitions. Siddons countered this by being absolutely firm and even masculine in her desires. She became the strongest of the pair.

Hazlitt said, “She is a great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate.” This fear came from her utter steadiness.

Textual basis for this choice could come from any of the following pieces of text:

Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.  
(1.5. 28—33)

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.  
(1.5.47—50)

Leave all the rest to me.  
(1.6.86)

Infirm of purpose.  
Give me the daggers.  
(2.2.68—69)

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.  
(1.7.53—58)

Are you a man?  
(3.4.70)

Lady Macbeth seems to know that she will need to coax him into performing the murder of Duncan; and she is right. The choice can be made that she has taken the position as leader of the clan. She decides what needs to be done and she “chastise[s] with the valor of her tongue” every fear and doubt Macbeth has about performing that deed. The choices made by Siddons of masculinity and steadiness seem to be found in Lady Macbeth’s famous “unsex me” speech. She demands the forces of evil to neuter her, to free her of gender, and the frailty of womanhood. Lady Macbeth, often, in the script, takes charge of the situation. Siddons read this to mean Lady Macbeth was in

charge at all times. She chose to make Lady Macbeth the dominant figure in the relationship. More evidence for Lady M's dominance may come from her constant questioning of Macbeth's manhood. It is the strike she makes most often to push him into action. Macbeth falls for it every time. Again, it seems as though Siddons chose to believe that it is a constant part of their relationship.

I find the trouble with these choices to be many. If she is in fact the strength, the man, in the relationship, why does she ask spirits for resolve and strength? Why does she not perform the murder herself? And the biggest flaw I find is in the famous sleepwalking scene. She ends Act 3 scene 4 by sending Macbeth to bed. This action is clearly not the problem; she is still domineering, still the stronger partner. She then disappears for almost two full acts. We hear little of her and when she re-enters she has lost her mind. The audience can infer that she has been overcome by guilt or the need for secrecy, or that her relationship with the devil himself has become too much. This strong woman falls too far by Act V scene ii without any explanation. In my mind, Shakespeare would not have left us with a pillar of strength returning once more as a woman unloosed without taking the opportunity to tell us how. It seems as if we would need some show of weakness from the strong Lady for us to believe she could end up here.

The next famous incarnation of Lady Macbeth was performed by Ellen Terry in 1888, opposite Henry Irving. Ms. Terry is considered the first woman to break from the long standing interpretation of Lady Macbeth as set by Sarah Siddons, creating a very new and very controversial Lady M. Twentieth century film historian, Roger Manvell, author of Ellen Terry's biography called her Lady M "humane and penetrating." He said, "Love blinds her to all else but the fulfillment of her wishes and thus she allies herself to

the spirits of evil ‘to prick the sides’ of his intent and help him to happiness.” And Garry Wills in Witches and Jesuits calls Terry a “pre-Raphaelite spectre who dooms [Macbeth] with her beauty.” As a Victorian sex symbol, Ms. Terry inspired John Singer Sargent to paint his version of Lady Macbeth with long plaits of floor length red hair holding a crown high above her head as if she were crowning herself.

Terry sought to understand Lady Macbeth more fully and wrote William Winter, an important American critic and friend, asking for assistance. She said, “Everyone seems to think MrsMcB is a monstrosity—and I can only see that she’s a woman—A mistaken woman-& weak- not a Dove- of course not- but first of all a wife.” (The emphases are Ms. Terry’s.) Not just a wife, but a good wife who struggles with and for her husband. She sees not only her own weaknesses, but she believes to see his as well. In her notes she says, “[Macbeth] can’t face things and *talk* of ‘em. *She* can talk and plan but *shd* (sic) not be able *to do*, so easily.” She wrote to another friend at the beginning of rehearsals saying, “I rather anticipate folk will hate me in it.”

Her new understanding of Lady M was still scheming and ambitious, but very feminine (in her own notes she underlines “very” and “feminine” double and triple times). Terry chose to be a devoted wife who did not know her husband well enough to see the evil that existed inside of him. Quite aware of her own weaknesses, she calls for help in the famous “unsexing” speech.

Terry made the choice that Lady M’s faint in Act II scene iii must be real. She says, “Strung up at first she relaxes when all seems safe and they swallow her husband’s masterly excuse.” Though many scholars believe the faint is to take focus off of Macbeth’s murder of the grooms, Terry’s choice was that Lady M has an emotional

release; and in exhaustion, faints. This faint allowed the audience to believe more freely that Lady M, unlike in Ms. Siddons' performance, has some touch of frailty that could grow into the hysteria seen later.

Some clues from the text which lead to the interpretation of a loving and devoted wife are:

Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it.  
(1.5.18—19)

Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valor  
As thou art in desire?  
(1.7.43—45)

Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things.  
(2.2.58—60)

I pray you, speak not. He grows worse and worse.  
Question enrages him. At once, good night.  
(3.4.144—145)

These references show a Lady Macbeth who cares deeply about her husband and sees not only his strength but some of his weaknesses as well (i.e. “without the illness” and “art thou afeard.”) She is concerned with his well-being (“you do unbend your noble strength”) and with his public personae (“Question enrages him.”) The text Ms. Terry may have focused on could lead to a woman who sees the struggle her husband is about to undertake. I do evidence that she has weaknesses. She says in Act II scene ii lines 11—12, “Had he not resembled my father... I had done't.” I agree that it is a mistake to not make their love very real. My problems are again many.

Ms. Terry was extremely worried about the audience liking her. Because of this she found a new level to Lady M that is often overlooked by actresses, but I think by making her ambition only for her husband she becomes less interesting. How many

people are giving enough to kill a king in their home? And would Shakespeare write a woman so loving that she calls on demons and loses her mind? I believe also that playing so much on her frailty discounts all of the strength she does possess. She challenges his manhood. Is this the act of a loving and devoted wife who wants only for her husband's happiness? Does the promise of bashing the brains out of a child come from a frail woman who is blinded by love of her husband? Terry gives us a side of Lady M that seemed lacking in Siddons' interpretation, but by pushing her too far in the other direction Terry undermines what is clearly written by Shakespeare. He gives us a woman who begs for cruelty and then uses it against the man she loves. She is a woman whose desire for power leads her to plot a murder of a king in her own home. Terry's view, though valid in many ways, erases the complexities of Lady Macbeth that intrigue the audience.

In 1978, Dame Judi Dench played Lady Macbeth opposite Ian McKellen. Her most notable choice was to be Macbeth's equal. She neither dominated him nor submitted to him. And like many Lady M's before she clearly loved Macbeth. Critics have said of her RSC performance, Dench transforms "from cold, malevolent she-devil to sadly broken, guilt-ridden madwoman." While calling upon evil forces to come to her aid she shows a little bit of humanity by getting frightened of what she is asking. Ms. Dench's Lady M has been called a "barometer of guilt." Macbeth's (as well as her own guilt) are played out more in her actions than in those of her husband. She inhabited the choice that they are in this deed together.

Some textual references to this choice are:

Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is to full o' th' milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way.

(1.5.16—18)

But screw your courage to the sticking place  
And we'll not fail.

(1.7.70—71)

A little water clears us of this deed.

(2.2.86)

As his equal she is able to see what he may be unwilling to do, she steadies herself to be his support. Dench may have latched on to Lady M's references to "us" and "we." After the deed is put into motion, she speaks in terms of their togetherness. Lines such as, "These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so it will make *us* mad (2.2.37—38)," and the previously mentioned, "A little water clears *us* of this deed."

My problem with Dame Dench's choice is that she didn't seem to use Lady Macbeth's ambition as fully as it seems to exist in the text. She wants power. She does love her husband very much and is willing to help him, but when he refuses to go any further her desire for the throne wins over her love for her husband. She forces him to go through with the murder. She chides him and calls his manhood into question. She does not say to him, "Honey, I love you, and if you think it is best to back down, I'm with you." She tells him to buck up and give her what he promised her. She certainly wants him there. He is not just a means to an end. But she will not let him break his promise. She wants to be in power. They are equals, I think Dench is right in that choice, but she is adamant about one thing and that is becoming queen.

The next bit of research I obtained is the critical analysis of Lady Macbeth made by several Shakespeare scholars. My main resources were Harold Bloom's Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human and Jan Kott's Shakespeare Our Contemporary. I also pulled from dramaturgical references to Raphael Holinshed from Holinshed's Chronicle and stories of the historical Macbeth. I have pulled certain bits of information that I



found informative in shaping the role of Lady Macbeth for the purposes of this production.

Harold Bloom in The Invention of the Human brings up idea that informed and even translated directly into the creation of my Lady Macbeth. One common idea he presents is that Macbeth is her second husband. He claims that Macbeth is dependent on Lady Macbeth. I do believe that in many ways he is dependent. He comes to her first with the witches' promise. He is lead by her insistence of their steps to power. His dependence on her also allows for a greater sense of loss for Lady M when he starts to exclude her from plans. If, after the murder, he no longer needs her, the steps to her decline seem clear. She has gone from his trusted, needed advisor to a wife who is purposefully being left out. Bloom refers to Lady Macbeth as "pure will." The lack of will that Macbeth seems to have succumbed to is what makes Lady M so necessary to him, particularly early on. She lets her desire to be queen drive her and her husband to regicide in her home. It seems that Macbeth could not have gotten to that point by himself. He says that he had been honored and it wasn't yet time to give up those honors, even though she is suggesting greater honors. The main ideas I took away from my reading included that Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are the happiest couple in all of Shakespeare. He calls them, "...persuasive and valuable personalities, profoundly in love with each other." This statement particularly informed my choices for Lady Macbeth. In this case, the idea that they loved each other seemed more useful than the idea that she was a mother figure for Macbeth, or that she needed him to achieve her political goals, or that it was a lust/sex based relationship. That being said, I do believe there are clear moments when each of these ideas are present. She has to scold him at times for being

afraid and for getting upset. She does send him to bed, like a mother, after the disastrous banquet. Her need for Macbeth as her way into power is obvious in that she cannot gain power as a woman without a man. She needs to be married to man who can get her to the top. I believe she got lucky with a powerful man whom she also deeply loves. The idea of them as a sexual couple will lead me into the next author whose work influenced my choices for Lady Macbeth, Jan Kott.

In Shakespeare Our Contemporary, particularly the chapter entitled “*Macbeth*, or Death-Infected,” Jan Kott discusses a Lady Macbeth who is the man in the relationship. He sees her charge to murder as “...a confirmation of manhood, an act of love.” Kott talks about two people who are “sexually obsessed with each other” but who have suffered a “great erotic defeat.” While I do not know what textual evidence he has for this, besides the strong sexual language of their first meeting and the constant attacks on Macbeth’s manhood, I think the idea is a usable one. I put to use the idea that Lady Macbeth finds some kind of sensual gratification in the enacting of this murder. Also, I thought of times where Lady M does step up and become the “man.” She often puts herself in the position of power, telling Macbeth to “leave the all the rest to me,” manipulating him into agreeing to murder when he is clearly against it. On the other hand, I think there are times that she is just as obviously the devoted wife—she is the hostess and the first face for the guests to see, uses her womanhood against him just as easily as she challenges his masculinity, “I have given suck...”

Shakespeare often used source material from Holinshed’s Chronicle. The two stories he pasted together to create Macbeth were the stories of Macbeth’s murder of King Duncan and the story of Donwald, a man who killed a king at the insistence of his

wife. The Chronicle said of the character that would be Lady Macbeth, “[She] lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen,” and also, “Donwald thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow her advice in the execution of so heinous an act.” As mentioned earlier, I believe the ambition that Lady Macbeth has to be queen is very obvious. She will not back down from this task for even a moment once she gets it into her mind; and she belittles and bothers Macbeth until he gives his word that the deed will be completed. The idea of ambition engulfed my Lady Macbeth.

The historical Lady Macbeth is a woman named Gruoch—Scottish women didn’t actually take the name of their husbands. It is known that this woman had a son by a first marriage. Unlike in Shakespeare’s telling, this son lived to adulthood and actually held the throne for a short period of time before being killed. The real “Lady Macbeth” killed her first husband. Gruoch actually had a claim to the throne, or she would have if she were a man. She was the granddaughter of King Kenneth III (a direct descendant of Kenneth MacAlpine the first king of the Scots) which would, if she were a male, have given the same right to the throne as Duncan and Macbeth.

As Bloom states, it is understood that Lady Macbeth was previously married and had a child; I did therefore chose to make these part of my Lady M’s past. I did not choose the idea that I had killed my first husband. Or even that I had commissioned his murder. I chose instead that he had died on the battlefield. The idea for Duncan’s death would be the first time she had ever really considered murder. Susan and I talked briefly of the idea that Macbeth had killed Lady’s first husband, but I think again, it is more powerful if the first non-battle related murder committed by Mac at the behest of Lady is

Duncan's. I have also heard the idea put forth that Lady had killed her own child.

Although I think she is hardcore, the idea of her killing a child, her own, seems ridiculous. There is nothing to be gained by making this choice. Her statement that she would “while it was smiling in my face, /Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums /And dashed the brains out” had she so sworn seems to have less violence if she is in the habit of killing children for no reason. I decided that her child had died naturally at a very young age—only days old.

The remainder of the analysis will be focusing on decisions I have made based on the previous material, textual support, and imagination.

Given circumstances:

Lady M is married to a thane in good standing with the King. He is a war hero. She is very much in love with him. They even think in similar ways. She is very ambitious. Lady Macbeth is a great hostess—she sends her servant to give tending to a messenger, she tells Duncan that all preparations were done three times to be sure they were right. Banquo sends word to Macbeth that Duncan called her “most kind hostess (2.1.16).” She is extremely strong in will. Lady M is fixated on masculinity, finds femininity a flaw. Although she can plan things, she doesn't always plan practically (as in the murder). This lack of practical planning also gives away a lack of experience when it comes to murder. Lady Macbeth sometimes bullies her husband into doing things. She hides her emotions extremely well. Because of her ability to withhold emotion and her utter control, she tends to work well under pressure—e.g. the king showing up unexpectedly, a husband losing his head at a state dinner. Lady M seems to have some reason to doubt the capabilities of her soldier husband. She believes strongly in fate and

“metaphysical aid.” She eventually loses her marbles. She commits suicide after having been involved in committing regicide.

What your character says about herself:

I.v.27: “valor of my tongue”

.41: “unsex me here and fill me from to toe top-full of direst cruelty,”

.56—57 “transported me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the  
future in the instant”

vi.19: “We rest your hermits”

vii.55—60: “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 plucked my nipple  
from his boneless gums and dash the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
have done to this.”

.64—65: “his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince”

.78—80: “Who dares receive it other as we shall make our griefs and clamor  
roar upon his death?”

II.ii.1: “That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold”

.12—13: “Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done’t.”

.59—“If he do bleed, I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal”

.68—69: “My hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white.”

III.iv.8: “my heart speaks they are welcome”

V.i.42: “What, will these hands ne’er be clean?”

.50: “All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.”

What other characters say of your character:

I.v.11: “my dearest partner in greatness” (Macbeth in letter)

.58: “my dearest love” (Mac)

I.vi.10: “See, see, our honored hostess!” (Duncan)

.24: “Fair and noble hostess” (Duncan)

I.vii.74: “thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males” (Mac)

II.i.16: “most kind hostess” (Banquo from Duncan)

.iii.85: “O gentle lady” (Macduff)

III.ii.39: “dear wife” (Mac)

.48: “dearest chuck” (Mac)

.iv.116: “the natural ruby of your cheeks” (Mac)

V.i.3—7: “I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night gown upon her,  
unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon ‘t, read it, afterwards  
seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.”

(Gentlewoman)

.19: “fast asleep” (Gentlewoman)

.21—22: “She has light by her continually. ‘Tis her command.” (Gentlewoman)

.26—27: “It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands.”

(Gentlewoman)

.52: “the heart is sorely charged” (Doctor)

.72—73: “Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets”

(Doctor)

.74: “More needs she the divine than the physician.” (Doctor)

.iii.40: “she is troubled with thick-coming fancies” (Doctor)

.v.17: “she should have died hereafter” (Mac)

.viii.70—72: “his fiendlike queen—who, as ‘tis thought, by self and violent hands took off her life” (Malcolm)

How do you, yourself, resemble the character you play:

Although I did find some similarities between Lady Macbeth and myself, I think it is safe to say that all of these traits are more pronounced in Lady M. The reasons for this are multiple: she is a character in a play, indeed, a Shakespearean character, she has to be larger than life so that her fall is larger than life.

I think I am more like Lady Macbeth than I would like to think. The first similarity that occurred to me is our public personae. It struck me hard because she clings to that image of the perfect hostess even when the world is crashing down around her feet. In the banquet scene there is no way she can believe that the guests will ignore Macbeth’s tirade against an invisible foe and yet she insists they do. The “perfect hostess” is her fail-safe, as the “perfect daughter” is mine. Even though I know very well that no one believes that I am or expects me to be the perfect child to my parents. Yet, in situations where I am uncomfortable I go into perfect child mode. How would my mother expect me to behave in this situation? Now, Lady’s expression of this is very different than mine. She is the leader, the center of attention, and controls the space; whereas, I behave and become submissive to the crowd. But it is the idea of safety in a well-known persona I understand.

Another shared trait involves our hesitation to show emotion. I understand her desire to remain composed, especially in public situations. Again, she likes control and

emotions are difficult to control. Like Lady M, when I feel that the emotion will not come out in the proper way or in front of the proper people I will restrain those emotions or at least the outward display of those emotions—the tears, the laughter, the screams of anger, etc. She takes it a step farther, into an area I don't understand, later in the play. In Act Three she hides her emotions from Mac. I understand that to be hiding emotions from the person she loves and trusts most—a good friend or family member. She has very specific reasons for doing this, but it still makes little sense to me outside of the confines of the play.

Lady M is often thought to be a very tall, statuesque woman, but no mention is made of this in the text. In fact the only reference to her physicality comes from her in the sleepwalking scene. She says, “All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand” (V.i.50). I believe this Lady has a big personality, a big will, and is big in many other ways, but as I am not a tall or statuesque woman, I latched onto the “little hand” line. Like Lady Macbeth, I am energetic, “mouthy,” and other things packed into a tiny frame. I think she is thought of as a woman physically dominant over Macbeth because the readers may feel uncomfortable with Lady M being stronger mentally, emotionally or in will power than Macbeth seems to be. I don't believe that Shakespeare gives us any indication that Mac fears that Lady M will strike him, nor does she make physical threats against him. She only uses words. She is a little lady with a big mouth. I think I often fit that description.

The Lady and I share the wretched characteristic of cracking under pressure. Like the Lady I talk to myself and lose precious sleep when stressed. I sometimes feel like I have lost my mind when I have been in highly stressful situations for a long period of



time. If ever I conspired with my husband to kill a powerful person, and then my husband ignored me and went off on some maniacal killing spree, I believe I am the type of person who would revert into my own world of muttering, hand rubbing, and possibly suicide. I can see that happening to a person with my delicate sensibility.

One last trait we share is willfulness, sometimes called stubbornness to the untrained eye. Once we get something in our head we cannot, or will not shake it.

How do you differ from the character you play:

The differences are vast. Lady Macbeth's mind goes immediately to dark, dark places. She considers no choice before the murder of King Duncan. And she does not pray to God for strength when she needs it; she asks to be filled "from crown to toe" with "direst cruelty (I.v)." She doesn't think of a less painful way (like poison) to kill Duncan—she thinks of a violent and bloody murder. She even tells Mac they could do anything to Duncan's sleeping body. Her mind is much darker. This works its way through the play. She says it would be better to be dead than to be frightened of being found out (III.ii). She becomes caught in this darkness for the sleepwalking scene (V.i). She says, "Hell is murky." Lady Macbeth feels as though she can speak about this with authority.

Speaking with reason and intent is another huge difference between the Lady and me. While I tend to speak whenever something pops into my head and on topics that I probably have no business speaking of, Lady Mac does not speak without reason. As seen in the previous section "What your character says about herself," Lady M doesn't talk much about herself as a person, but rather as a performer of specific acts. She says "I have done" such and such, or "I will" do such and such. She speaks of action. And

unlike other famous characters in Shakespeare who talk of action, she actually does these things. She does conspire to kill. She does smear the grooms with blood. For this reason, I believe that anything she says she will do—i.e. kill a child if she had so sworn, could and would get done if the opportunity presented itself. She does not make empty threats or promises. Her word is truth without compromise.

One huge difference between Lady Macbeth and me is her ability to separate from people. Lady Macbeth treats people however she needs to in order to get the task done. The thanes are well-loved until they say the wrong thing and then we hear, “Get out now!” I don’t believe she knows anything about any of the servants in the house, nor does she care. I don’t consider this an admirable quality, but it is her.

Social (Lady Macbeth):

As I have mentioned, Lady Macbeth is very aware of herself in groups. I believe that she doesn’t ever worry about doing something “wrong.” She would never accidentally pick up the wrong fork, use incorrect grammar, or say anything slightly offensive. And yet she watches herself. She is constantly aware.

Lady Macbeth doesn’t participate in social activities, she leads them. She is a hostess. Twice in this play, she hosts an event in her house—the King’s visit and the banquet. Although both end badly, I get the feeling that things do not usually turn out this way at her parties.

She is the leader of the group, but never quite a part of the group. She is there to guide the group from place to place, but she always seems disconnected. I say this hesitantly for though I feel that she is disconnected, I think that she plays the game so

well that others would not say that. I think they would call her the life of the party, the gracious hostess. But she does not let herself be a part of the fun. She must control it.

Lady Macbeth's feelings toward the servants, messengers, etc. are that they are the help. They are there to serve a purpose and either they are efficient or they are not. I don't think she thinks much of them beyond that point.

#### Marriage (Mrs. Macbeth):

The Macbeths are in love—deeply and physically in love. Macbeth looks to Lady M for help with big decisions. They talk about the future and what they want from it. It is crucial the audience doesn't question their love. The crisis for Lady is that Mac continues making decisions without her. Lady Macbeth is second only to Macbeth in stage time during the first three acts of the play and then she disappears. Mac no longer consults her. She has been dismissed. The last time we see her she has lost her control, her composure. This loss of herself comes from guilt, yes, but I think she would have been able to handle the guilt with the support and love of the man she loves. Instead, he tells her not to worry about things—to continue being a good hostess. I think the shock of his affront is too great for her at a time when she is starting to feel haunted by guilt.

I think the importance of the Macbeths relationship cannot be emphasized enough, especially when talking about Lady M. Macbeth has both Lady Macbeth and Banquo as confidants, but Lady M doesn't have anyone besides Mac. As an actor, that is a wonderful gift. She can only express her emotions to Mac. All other encounters are businesslike and formal. We only hear what she is thinking when she is alone or speaking to Mac. He is all that she has to keep her human and he deserts her, at least in

her mind. He dismisses her and doesn't want her around. He no longer needs her counsel.

Because she only opens up when alone or to Mac, we can trust that what she says in those moments is true. As far as I can see, she never lies when talking to Mac. She certainly hides information or truth when talking to Duncan, the thanes, etc., but not with Mac. She needs him in many ways, including as her confessor.

#### Femininity (the Lady):

Because this production wasn't based in a specific time period, I did not do a lot of actual "period" or "style" research. I did employ views that I believe were at work in Shakespeare's world and therefore are inherent in the text. Most of these are beliefs dealing with a woman's role. The idea that women are not equal to men and do not have the same privileges. Lady M believes just as strongly in these roles. She believes in them so much that she calls out to dark forces in the world to take her femininity from her. She is in a world where a woman has no claim to the throne because she is a woman. I did not dwell on the fact that the historical Lady Macbeth had a claim to the Scottish throne, but it certainly informed my choices. She wants the throne. That is something that informs her decisions, even in her choice of husband. This is not to say she chose Mac because he could get the throne, rather his desire to hold that power was attractive to her.

#### Internal (sleepwalking Queen):

I have touched on some of the reasons I believe that Lady M snaps as she does, but I wanted to explore some of these ideas more fully. She talks mainly of Duncan's murder and Macbeth's fear of committing it. She feels guilty. She will not sleep without

a light by her, she sleepwalks, and spills her mind as she does so. Her guilt is obviously about the murder of Duncan, but there are also hints that she is guilty about making Mac do it. Even as she sleeps, she relives the moments she chided his weakness. She cannot shake the sight or smell of the blood, just as she cannot shake the sight of Macbeth's refusal to murder Duncan and her insistence that he do so. Even in this sleeping state she knows nothing can be done. They have reached the throne and cannot escape the consequences of their actions.

Key Ideas:

Ambition: to be queen, to have power, to control those around me

Will: believing it makes it so, action, strength of mind

Control: of body, of emotions, of people around me

Sensuality: smells—the blood; tactile sense—Macbeth's face, Duncan's hand,  
blood; sounds—the bell, knocking, siren (trumpet)

Physical Life:

One element of characterization that I have focused on is physicality. This is partially because of the way in which this show has been put together, but more because of what I believe is the clearest expression of who Lady M is to me.

My physical life includes absolute knowledge of where I am moving and why. Control over tiny details of what is visible to the crowd. The only tic that I cannot control is the rubbing of my left hand when I am in an extreme emotional state, including anger, stress, and uncertainty.

## Chapter 3

### Actor's Journal

**August 28, 2004:** So this is the unofficial beginning of my thesis. I thought maybe I could cheat my brain by getting a habit started before the actual project begins. So this will not be the interesting stuff. I am in the memorization and research phase of the work. Now is the question time. Who is this woman? What can I bring to this role that will make her mine and different? What drives her? You know... the easy questions. We do not officially begin rehearsals for almost three weeks. I am excited enough about this project to work on my journal really early. Daily entries may not come for awhile, but they are coming.

The cast is:

Akiko Aizawa\*-- Witch One  
Stephanie Chavis-- Menteith  
Jeremiah Davis-- Angus  
Preston E. Davis^-- Lennox  
Derrick Denicola-- Fleance  
Natalie Donner-- Attendent to Lady Macbeth  
Alaina Dunn-- Witch Three  
Andy Dupre-- Donalbain  
Nick Erickson\*\*-- Siward  
Shawn Halliday^-- Bloody Captain/The Porter/A Doctor/Old Man  
Brace Harris^-- First Murderer  
Christopher Logan Healy\*-- Malcolm  
Susan Hightower\*-- Macbeth  
David Huber-- Caithness  
Stephen LaVergne-- Seyton  
Eric J. Little^-- King Duncan  
Shantel Marie James-- Hecate  
Sarah Jane Johnson^-- Lady Macduff  
Tara MacMullen^-- Lady Macbeth  
Donnie Mather\*-- Banquo  
Michelle McCoy^-- Witch Two  
Wendy Morrill-- Servant to Lady Macbeth  
Michael Gabriel Sage, Jr.-- Young Siward  
Michael Severance\*-- Macduff  
Chaney Tullos^-- Ross

Claudia Tusa-- Messenger to Lady Macduff  
Allison Usher-- Son of Macduff  
Gordon Walker-- Lord  
Laura Wayth\*\*-- Waiting Gentlewoman  
Blake Williams-- Second Murderer

\*-- SITI Co. member, co-member, or affiliate

\*\*-- LSU Faculty member

^-- LSU MFA III class

All remaining actors are LSU undergraduates.

**August 30, 2004:** Today I found Michelangelo's *Dying Slave*. This image seemed a very good image for the sleep walking scene. I found it while reading Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae*. She says of the sculpture:

“...a wholly masculine cosmos is untenable. It cannot last even when erected by a genius. Consequently, Michelangelo's male figures are exhausted with their effort and helplessly infected by femininity, which shimmies upward from a spiritually opaque gravitational center.”

*Sexual Personae*, 167

This seemed to inform Lady Macbeth. Particularly in that sleep walking scene. She has been fighting her femininity for so long. So that when it finally catches up with her, she becomes everything she refused to be—frightened, fragmented, and unable to control her actions, thoughts, and words. She loses it. She cracks up. She goes through a “...sensually engorged surrender” (Paglia, 167). She sees blood, smells blood, hears noises, and sees things that aren't there.

Paglia also speaks of the way ladies of the period, “confine[d] herself to one persona” (178). How does Lady M do this? How does she avoid it? When specifically?

**September 1, 2004:** "When you make your commitment to working for the system, your humanity becomes secondary." --Joseph Campbell. This quote is applicable to Lady M. How secondary does her humanity become? She is able to advocate murder, but

unable to actually commit it. Upon discovery of the deed, she faints (or does she?), but why? Questions and entries may slow down, as I am entering the serious memorization phase. Leon requires the cast to be off book on day one of rehearsal. Memorization by rote. And I have got some words. Away I go.

**September 21, 2004:** How will I deal with the fact that Macbeth is being played by a woman? This question has often been asked of me. I really hadn't thought of it as a problem—not once. I have never been worried because I have spoken to Leon about his decision—he decided to use the most talented actor who was available for the project and he feels it is Susan Hightower. I am grateful to be working with a woman who someone thinks is capable of playing this role. In my mind, she must be a fucking powerhouse. My job is the same whether Macbeth is played by a man or a woman—to tell this story to an audience. As Lady Macbeth I have to convince my husband (and that is what HE is, my HUSBAND—it's in the text) that murdering the king, our friend, is our way into the life we have always wanted. I have to be a loving and sometimes overpowering wife. I have to love my husband—to look at my husband, to touch my husband. I have to do my job with the actor who is onstage with me. It is the audience's choice to “suspend disbelief” as we so often ask—no one has asked me how I will deal with the fact that we are in Swine Palace and not Scotland, no one has asked me if I am actually going to kill myself, and no one has asked whose head is getting chopped off for the final scene. We are in the theatre, we make things seem real, especially when they aren't. It is our job and that is why it is so much fun. If I, as an actor on the stage, call attention to the fact that Macbeth is being played by a woman, I am assuming that the audience is not only stupid, but blind. I believe our audience will be unable to miss the fact that Susan is a



woman, but if we do our jobs properly they won't dwell on it. I also think that it helps us focus more on some of Shakespeare's themes that maybe aren't as touchy when a man plays Macbeth—masculinity—what it means to be a man, the Macbeth's as a sexual couple, the possibility of Mac's impotence—his inability to create, etc. Any other thoughts I have during this process about this will be addressed, but I feel confident that I understand what I need to do for the good of the show. I need to be a wife to my husband, regardless of who is playing my husband.

It is the first official day of rehearsal. We met everyone, got company business out of the way and started reading the show. I realized moments before I said my first line that I was extremely nervous about this experience. I had been telling myself that it was my job and what I will be doing forever and that it was no big deal. But as I sat there looking at the members of SITI Company and listened to them read I started shaking. My body got tight. My voice got tight. My breathing became shallow and I felt like a real amateur. I did not do terribly, but I felt that I was so nervous that I held back and short-changed myself. I didn't have that great free first read-through. I did make it all of the way through our Act One without my bladder rupturing or my teeth chattering out of my skull. I felt that Susan and I shared a few moments. I do want to sit and talk to her so that I don't think of her as the amazing actress playing Macbeth, but as my fellow actor. Just watching her I really started to feel that she will be fun to work with on this project. She brings a lot to the table. The banquet scene was quite fun. I need to work on those lines a bit more. As I got rattled they got lost. The SITI company members have really wonderful senses of humor. I am very thankful that I have worked with Leon before or

else I would be a total wreck. He is adding what seems like ten “dance” breaks. He wants us to think fast. These words need to move. Good to think on.

Lady Macbeth still feels foreign to me. She is an icon. She seems to exist without me. There are so many ideas about what she should be. I keep trying to think of her as a character/person that needs to be filled, but it is difficult. She needs me to be present in this process. But there are giant expectations to live up to; my own are probably the biggest. And I have a giant of an actor working opposite me. Away we go.

Today was more about feeling out the group. I want to find the best Lady M that I can discover within this process. Undeniable ideas for Lady M: strength, drive, lust, passion, and ambition.

**September 22, 2004:** Act Two reading. I only have my crazy scene (V.i) in this act and so I sat back and watched a lot of the work tonight. When we did get to my scene, Leon talked a bit about "the spot" as it applies to witches, as well as the ritual that Shakespeare was most likely referencing with this scene. The bit that I have read about this has to do with what exactly the “spot” is. The idea is that witches grew an extra nipple to feed their familiar. The ritual Shakespeare was most likely referencing was the ritual of repenting for witchy acts. The ritual included taking a giant taper/candle from the church altar and walking through the streets, naked, as a symbol of shame and repentance. Leon has talked to me about the possibility of me being nude in this scene. I'm not sure about that. Roman Polanski had Lady Macbeth naked in the film version. It's been done and no one would understand the reference to the ritual besides Shakespeare scholars. I am not completely opposed because it does add a vulnerability that is absolutely necessary for that scene, but vulnerability can come in other ways.

We started to build the “dumb show” that fits in after Act I scene i. And boy is it dumb, in a very good way. I think it will be really fun. I got to talk with Susan about a moment. I can’t get intimidated. I think that if I step up I will be able to learn a lot from her. She is bright and quick. I get to run like a crazy person and die. What more could a girl ask for?

**September 23, 2004:** As silly as it is, the dumb show is really kind of a nice way to get some ideas working. Susan and I spent some time today trying to distill the Macbeth’s relationship into one gesture of greeting. We thought maybe a huge dip, but it seemed a bit too swanky. Or maybe a cartoon kiss, kicking one foot up in the back, but that seemed to undermine their relationship. We decided upon a simple, sexy thing, but what it is exactly is yet to be decided. Today we built a skeletal version of the dumb show. My main moments are the suggestion of murder, the murder proper, and my crazy death scene. I know what to focus on in this production. We started to work the top of the show. We didn’t get to my scene. Questions for me: How does Lady M see her relationship to Mac? Why does she feel so entitled to be queen? When does her crack-up start?

**September 24, 2004:** We got to me right at the end of the night. I got to work the sound cue entrance. It is super specific and difficult to get to and we may change the cue anyway!!! Ha-ha. I was so nervous. I have got to shake that feeling. I need to think about the effects of this letter on the Lady. Does her mind go immediately to murder? Why not trying to wait out Duncan’s death? Why does she take so much stock in the words of some witches she didn’t even meet? For a woman who thinks and acts so practically, why witches? We are working with the idea that Mac leaves a letter in the

hand of a witch (whom he doesn't see) and I enter and take the same letter from the same witch. They are working these scenes, guiding them. I think that is very delicate ground we are stepping on. If the witches do too much, Mac and Lady M's actions are no longer their own. We start to tell the story of witches manipulating human actions. I think that absolutely cannot be the story. We will see how all of this fleshes out. Questions: How do you act sexy without "acting" sexy? Maybe it is just a size issue—taking control of the space and dominating it. Strength and confidence. Where is the action in reading a letter? Where is the action in talking to yourself? Things to think about for next rehearsal: The extensiveness of this language—Can it be too big? Keep working those words. Lady M is not small nor unsure or frightened—how does that manifest itself PHYSICALLY?

**September 25, 2004:** Today was our first day off. But some of the cast and team—Susan, Donnie, Michael, Akiko, Barney, Leon, and I—went to the football game as “ambassadors” from Swine Palace. We were asked to stand on the field between the first and second quarter and be announced to a screaming stadium full of (90,000) Tiger fans. Now at any other school in the United States I may have chosen to leave this bit of information out, but because I attend a school that loves football this much, I would be remiss not to mention the amazing energy, focus, and cheers we got at an LSU football game. I felt like a rock star. Thank you LSU football.

**September 26, 2004:** Back to the letter. The goal is to disconnect my body from my speech for this particular part—specifically in what follows the letter. The letter is stationary—do I cover my face or not? Actor instinct says never cover your face, but it feels right for this production to hold that thing right in front of my face. Then the

uncovering happens for “Glamis thou art...” The letter is what it is, it remains uncolored by my facial reactions, and the voice is, if I’m doing my job, active enough to tell that story. Does this add anything? Or is it a gimmicky move? When does she decide on murder? How much have they talked about being king and queen? I am working in the post-letter section to walk to and rip the letter. I think I need to come up with another solution the ripping feels forced and sloppy. I don’t think it fits unless I can find a super-anal way to rip paper. Without leaving any paper on the ground, which is the other problem—how do I get rid of it? Right now it sits there, next to what will be the orb. She is too in control at this point. How does this manifest PHYSICALLY? Control, control, control, so that when she breaks it is terrible and complete and huge. So the letter is in real skeletal form. I am talking to a Mac that isn’t there. Am I saying things that I couldn’t say to him? Am I speaking to air only because he isn’t there? Am I talking to an imaginary Mac to work out his argument and answer them before I hear them? She turns—this woman goes from 0 to 90 to 15 to 65 in no time. She is able to put on a face for whomever she deals with as soon as it is necessary. She has worked up to a froth when the messengers (my “bitches”) come in, and in no time she has moved on to the new information being presented after, of course, punishing them for interrupting her fantasy. She is definitely not gentle with the girls. They are there for her and get treated in whatever way she wishes. I wonder if she even knows their names. No, definitely not. They are drones. Tonight was rough. I stood on-stage practically alone for most of rehearsal. We are already behind. I was alone for hours with 30 people waiting, and it was three of my biggest chunks—the letter, the post-letter, and “unsex me here.” Talk about a case of nerves. “Unsex me” is going to be tricky. I think I actually

have a decent shape—thanks to Barney (O’Hanlon—choreographer) and Rachel (Chavkin—assistant director). I am going to sink down to the ground as I speak the text—getting closer to the source I am drawing on. But the shape, in this particular case, is the least of my concern. Why does she go to supernatural, and even worse, evil sources to get her way? Clearly, she wants the throne desperately; she is willing to kill, but why? A huge question we need to answer is how in-depth have their discussions been about getting the throne? Is this new or have they been waiting for the right moment to get the ball rolling? I think there has to have been some talk—even if it was just things whispered in bed, “When I am king,” “When you are queen,” “Someday we’ll be able to tell them what to do,” etc. Even if they haven’t discussed details, it seems as though there is some understanding and she gets it from the letter. She may leap to murdering Duncan in their home that night all by herself, but she is confident enough that he will go along with it. Why so much confidence?

My first scene with Mac tonight—this will be a problem section. How physical? It’s got to be quick. How freaked out or confident is he? Do I need to coddle or push? So much gets accomplished and yet not a whole lot gets accomplished. I think we have agreed to murder, but he only tells me that “we will speak further.” The shape is not there at all. Susan is still figuring things out and while I have some things to figure out on my own, a lot is going to come from how she is behaving. Not much time spent here. We are meeting to work outside of rehearsal.

We continued on to Duncan’s entrance. This scene is totally about subtly kissing Duncan’s butt. We got another skeletal shape for the scene and we somehow ended up in DaVinci’s “Last Supper.” It will be a sudden stop for the 12 of us. The spot where Judas

stands will be empty, for Macbeth. I am to the right of Duncan/Christ in the spot for the fans of “The DaVinci Code,” the spot where the “woman” sits.

We then moved into the next scene. It is the interruption of supper—my next big scene. Lady M really doesn’t have too many unimportant scenes, does she? This is the “Was the hope drunk...,” “I have given suck...,” “...screw your courage to the sticking place...” scene. Besides figuring out where to go and when to go there, I think this scene is pretty straightforward. I can’t get too hot too fast or I will have nowhere to go. She is in charge of making him do the deed in this small scene. I have to find a way to keep the heat on him at a constant increase. It can’t let up or he escapes. But too much pressure too fast and he pushes back. But then again, I do call his manhood into question numerous times. Maybe it is more of a go-for-the-jugular type of scene, but it goes too long to go right for the gold. He doesn’t immediately give in. Okay, it’s tougher than I previously indicated. How does she know that his masculinity is the thing to question? We shall see. She is a bitch. Man, I love her. She is so different from me and so much what I dream of being sometimes.

**September 27, 2004:** Brian Scott, lighting designer extraordinaire, came into town today. And so, we did a run-through for Brian. Wow, it’s a mess. At least, I am a mess. I am all over the place with choices. Although now is the time for big choices and trying things out, it always frustrates me when I don’t know exactly where I am going. Which is why tonight was frustrating at times. We ran all the way through II.ii which we have never actually looked at before. We discussed it last night, but we haven’t looked at it. We also hadn’t resolved much last night—at one point it was like a vaudeville act. I know this scene, as I had performed it in class last semester, but it was a different Mac, a

different “show,” a different me, and therefore a different Lady M. This scene is where she has to really take charge—she has displayed power, but hasn’t gotten her hands dirty (so to speak). All of that changes here. She is in charge, but only after this scene where she is... drunk? Frightened? Beginning to go nuts? She is talking to shadows, bragging about her part, jumping at nothing, and getting really excited about the thought of murder. All in 15 lines... if that. FAST. This scene (“That which has made them drunk...”) and the next (“I have done the deed”) and the next (the “discovery”) are fast. No time to think. But even with no time, Lady can pull it together enough to see the daggers on Mac, know that is a problem, and get the daggers back in Duncan’s room before being discovered. I would say she is cold and heartless, but there is so much evidence to the contrary. Harold Bloom, I think, says she is pure will. Will: the power of making a reasoned choice or *of controlling one’s own actions*. Willful: doing as one pleases. Hm.

**September 28, 2004:** The “discovery.” I am really starting to see Lady M in a very physical way. She seems like the type of person who doesn’t speak or act without specific reason and purpose. Maybe that translates into her not moving without specific reason and purpose. I need to find exactly when and how she moves—I’ll start to score that out. One spot where it will be really necessary is in the banquet. That scene needs to move fast, really fast and it needs to be specific. She is dealing with a situation she has never dealt with before in front of people who should never see such a thing. Right now the fast and furious nature of the discovery scene isn’t there. I just have to get on and get going. How upset does she need to act? Is it “shock”? What is the reaction to Mac killing the guards other than the fainting? I think the faint is real... we are working with



the idea that unless specifically stated the characters do not lie. She doesn't fake the faint. So why? Shock? Fear? Exhaustion? I need to figure out exactly how the faint happens. I stand onstage for a long time, but don't say anything. What is going on with her? Is it working to keep it together or to read everyone else's reactions? How much do I need to see Mac's eyes? How much do I need to avoid eye contact? And why do I need to avoid eye contact so much? They think the same way. Why would they need reassurance from each other? Would looking at each other just give everything away since they are so in tune? I think it is stronger to avoid eyes—maybe for the entire scene. Maybe I can look at him once or twice—when he announces that he has killed the guards. Does it need to be eye contact? Small scene, lots of questions.

**September 29, 2004:** Working II.iii (the “discovery”) again today—finishing it up. Susan and I have decided on no eye contact at all. Everyone will look at Mac when he announces the murder of the guards, but his focus will be elsewhere. I think the girlies and most everyone else are getting cut from the scene. Fleance will carry me out when Macduff says, “Look to the lady.” Where I stand is a question. I will be fainting onto the side step, so I can't get too far in or too far downstage. I think (if the platform legs are where I think they are) I will enter through door #5 and through the legs to the lower platform. The layout of the space is still a bit confusing to me. Trying to navigate two levels on the floor and two tall platforms—one at about 10 feet up—without any of them existing is difficult. So we began to sort out the discovery scene. We then moved on.

My next scene is what I am calling the “coronation” scene (III.i). We will be standing on the tallest above—not quite sure how we get there, but we do. This is my first scene as queen. What does that mean to her? How much has she moved on from the

murder? Perhaps she has completely gotten over it. She is queen and nothing more can be done about it. If an accusation is made (if anyone is stupid enough to accuse the king and queen of anything), we could have the accuser killed. It's treason. Has she just given over to the power? Resolved that the station alone will protect her? Has she even really considered trouble exists? Does she sense Banquo's displeasure? Does she care? What about Mac's discussion of Malcolm and Donalbain? I think the full court will be in the room; does it upset her or even worry about him speaking so openly about that murder? Is she proud that he shows no fear in speaking about it? How upset is she about the dismissal from Mac? Right now I am haulin' ass to get offstage from the upper level before the next scene starts. Man, it's a long way down steep stairs in heels and (more than likely) a skirt. These short scenes leave so much to be asked. One thing I know for sure. At the top of this scene, she is at the top of the world. She is standing in front of 90,000 screaming Tiger fans feeling like a rock star. Good thing I know what that feels like. How fast does that euphoria descend? She certainly isn't happy at the top of the next scene.

**September 30, 2004:** My husband has been crowned king. I have been dismissed from his side. We are hosting the biggest dinner party ever experienced. He is talking about the murder of the previous king and the unverified guilt of that king's sons. And on top of that his best friend is walking out of the room before being dismissed and speaking to him in a way unbecoming a king. I am freaking out because of my husband's strange behavior and I am upset that he is so focused on our lack of safety and security. I think it is better to be dead than to be cautiously optimistic about our position. We have won and he is freaking out. That makes me freak out. Thus starts III.ii. Leon used the term

virtuosic in reference to Lady M in this scene. She behaves one way with “the bitches.” When she is alone for four lines she lets out her fear and then pulls it back in to talk to her husband who worrying. Three Lady M’s in 10 lines. What I need is strong action, strong focus, and physical shifts. The physical shifts exist in the blocking right now— one direction, then a sharp turn to 90° turn showing a different side Lady M, and then a step down into scene with Mac and another different side of Lady M. Why does she feel it necessary to hide what she is thinking with Mac? Well, not hide it. She tells him what she is thinking, but she softens it for him. Is it because he is tightly wound? Susan is playing it pretty tightly wound. For him, it is immediately after the scene where he commissions Banquo’s murder. He is understandably uptight and I am a “nagging wife.” That works. He starts speaking strangely here. It is the first time he openly excludes me from his plans. He tells me not to worry my pretty little head about it. How deeply does this affect her? Has he ever before belittled her in this way? Does she even see it like that? That’s a dumb question... of course she sees it that way, whether he means it like that or not. In this scene, as of now, I am not facing Mac. He is on the upper level platform and I am in the sunken area of downstage. Opposite ends of the stage. I start exactly DS of where he is standing. This is a hard place, especially for this scene. How can I use it to my advantage? How can it be the best place she can be standing? We sat down and talked a bit at the end of the day. Some things we discussed mainly affect Mac, but that affects me as well. One thing we talked about was maybe Mac had never thought about becoming king. Now, this makes Mac fall faster in a shorter time, but it brings up so many questions for me. When does he swear to it, as Lady refers to in I.vii? She calls it an enterprise he has made to her. Also, she turns immediately to thoughts of

murder when she gets the letter. He also turns quickly to thoughts of murder. Are they just that connected? But wouldn't it shock him to hear her reference murder for the first time—their first meeting after the battle? I think I can accept that maybe they haven't really gotten serious about plotting how, when, where, etc., but I think it is pretty clear that they want to be powerful. I have to believe there has been talk, even if just wishing about being king and queen while lying in bed or joking about killing Duncan at breakfast or something. It can't be something that they have never ever thought of. It seems like there is too much contradictory evidence.

**October 1, 2004:** We just brushed the banquet right at the end of rehearsal today. Tomorrow is the big day. I need to go over the banquet lines. They aren't sticking just yet. Although Mac has the furthest way to go in this scene, it is my job to juggle it. Yikes!!! The only thing that I know for sure right now is that I have got to make serious physical choices and make them permanent and clear. She has to be so in control her body shows it. Nothing just happens in this woman's life or in her body. Make it happen. I may start scoring the show physically to solidify this stuff somehow.

**October 2, 2004:** Long day and we worked the banquet for all of it. I had line problems. This scene is really going to have to be precise. The line between humor and horror has to be razor sharp. It is funny. The king is talking to nothing and the queen is trying to cover it up as fast as possible. The dance we are going to create for the banquet is going to be alternating between really sharp violent movements and flowing formal movements. How is this dance a product of the way Mac and I are behaving towards each other right now? There is a tension between them that is kind of showing up in the text. Maybe it is bleeding over from the previous scene. But it bumps up the stakes throughout. If we are

fighting and then the Murderer comes in and then Mac starts freaking out, it escalates. And it starts at a point of tension growing to frenzy. The dance will help with that tension. So, Mac is going to have a gun and the most bad ass thing I get to do in the entire show is because of this gun. When Mac is firing his gun into the crowd and yelling at what appears to be nothing. I get to walk right up to the dangerous end of his gun and look right at him and say, “Are you a man?” BAD ASS!!!! Questions: Is she lying about Mac behaving this way? Does he have seizures?

**October 4, 2004:** More work with the banquet. The shape is clearing up. I think this is the scene that is going to cause the most problems for the longest time. There are many things happening. It is particularly hard for me right now and I am not 100% sure why. I am having line problems and my focus is off. I thought a day off would do me some good, but it didn't. Where does she exist in this scene? It is the last time she is seen until the sleepwalk. Is this the last straw? Does it all happen here? Who is this woman? Just as I feel that I get a grasp on her she gets bigger and deeper and leaves me holding onto the hem of her dress. Is there enough of me to fill her? This scene just makes me see once again how much I'm in over my head. I can't chip away at this character—I need a sledgehammer, but I can't find it. What unlocks her? What is it?

**October 5, 2004:** So we spent a good long time trying to figure out how to get out of the banquet. Nothing yet, but we are moving on. I am used to making more decisions as we go. I am unused to moving as slowly as we are and I am really afraid that I am going to be unprepared. I need rehearsal. I shouldn't depend on it so much, but I do. I am scared of what I am going to look like opposite this powerhouse of an actress and my classmates. I am scared right now. I need to buckle down and stop asking questions and

start answering them. Make a decision. The worst that will happen is that it will be wrong.

**October 6, 2004:** I didn't get onstage at all today. I have made some big choices for the sleepwalking scene—Big physical choices as well. The sleepwalking scene is Lady M reliving moments from the last few months. She has been broken. It's really beautiful that she relives tiny bits of her recent history while sleeping. It isn't even that she has gone crazy—she can make demands during the day and people still obey her—but at night, alone, she can't contain her guilt and fear. She has secrets that are too big for her to hold. I hope I can use some of the physicality I have found. It is much bigger and freer than anything I do throughout the entire rest of the show. I also think that I am going to suggest that I cross in the downstage area. It is public—she could get caught. It is the area that we established early on as Lady and Mac's area. Hopefully we will get there tomorrow.

**October 7, 2004:** Right at the end I got to show Leon what I worked on for the sleepwalking scene. He told me I got the lines right. Yikes! He would like very much for the scene to take place in the upper catwalk. That seems pretty cool. Shawn and I discussed a possible moment where I cross their path or start heading right toward them—adding a moment of everyone almost getting caught. Time and space are going to have to get worked out when we get onto the set. This weird limbo land is confusing!!! Leon told that “Mr. Suzuki” talked about Lady's mind in this scene like a shattered mirror and she keeps grabbing pieces, but cannot get it back together. He asked me to work most specifically in jumps—the differences between one moment and the next. Huge differences. At least we are on the same page here. I can grab onto Lady a bit

more in this scene—because I am better at falling apart than keeping things together. I know that this will be the scene that I will continue trying to perfect throughout the entire process because it is so beautiful to me. I have to work even harder on her for the rest of the show to earn this scene. I have to hit her perfectly every night to be able to start in the right place for this scene.

**October 8, 2004:** In Act V scene v, Macbeth gets the announcement of my death. I am onstage and get to blow out my taper when the noise happens (Mac asks what the noise was) to signify my suicide. When does it change from (for lack of a better term) crazy mode to dead? Do I need a moment? Scenes are going on at the same time and I am in the catwalk, would it matter if I had a moment? After I am dead, I join the Dead (Duncan, Lady Macduff and Macduff's son, Banquo, and myself) and we cross through Mac's path. I think it could be a nice moment. We made it to the end of the show and sketched it out. We, the dead, come back onto the stage and watch Mac's death and Malcolm's crowning. We watch with the rest of the cast as the excitement happens.

**October 9, 2004:** Lots of work on the dances. We are making them cleaner. The opening dance is really going to get me going. It is fun. The banquet dance is also going to prepare me up for that scene. It ends with Mac throwing me onto the ground. It just escalates from tension in the room to tension between us and ends up with me on the ground. It gives a solid concrete reason for the tension that carries through the first part of the scene between Mac and me.

We started back at the top of the show again. The witch is getting cut from that moment—I will come in with the letter. We are also cutting the tearing of the letter—I am glad, it was too imprecise for me. I need to work more on how I speak to the absent

Mac. The language gets harsh and I become insistent, but when Mac comes in I don't say any of those things. Why? Is it because I am overwhelmed being in the room with him again? We have been apart for some time. Is it because I have gotten it all out of my system with my rant to a Mac who isn't there? I have already resolved the situation in my mind. I know how to get him to the same place I am. Maybe it is both. He walks in and sweeps me off my feet, literally, and doesn't ask those questions. We found the dynamic of our first scene together. We tried a variety of first moments—really physical, really fast, really slow, really sexy, but we were happiest with the cleanest one. I think our story is clearly told through the little bit of physicality we have. Darron (L. West—sound designer) just suggested a way that we hold each other after our first hug—it is simple, it is like holding each other during sex. There is nothing overtly sexual and yet it is very sexual. I like it. It is classy and sexual. I think our Macbeth's are both of those things. It is very still after our first big rush of movement. I clearly become the one in control and the story gets told. And I don't leave the stage. I stay there with Mac until I enter into the scene with ol' King Duncan. We've started thinking of ways to overlap scenes—to keep the flow. Leon has asked everyone, me specifically, to speed it up. To pick up the internal pace.

Rachel suggested some kind of constant gesture or attention to my hands. Maybe a nervous twitch or something.

**October 11, 2004:** The scene with Duncan is going well. Rachel reminded me to butter him up even more. I am getting so caught up in what I am figuring out that I am forgetting to play an action. I feel really amateur everytime I have to be reminded that I should be doing something—so I think I will start doing things. What a novel idea. We



got into the “Last Supper.” That hold is still not quite easy for me. I gave myself a tough physicality, but I think with more practice, I will master it. I wish that we were moving faster so that I could work it more often, but such is this process. We got to the supper interruption. We tried a few things, but I think we are still missing something physically. I am finding my actions and intentions. The thoughts are getting clearer and cleaner and I feel confident with my strength in opposition to Mac, but physically it is either dead or too much. We haven’t found the right shape for it. I think it will end up being something so simple.

Got to my drunk scene. I fought through my immense frustration with myself to come to a really good place. Darron helped a great deal with this scene. I think she is drunk, but it goes away quickly when Mac comes in. I found a comic beat with the vodka bottle and the metal platform leg. Who am I talking to? Not the audience. Myself? The heavens? The spirits I have called on? Maybe that. I have called to these spirits for strength and now I am bragging to them that I have done something that required strength. The tension needs to be maintained in the following scene with Mac. We are having line problems that break the tension, but that will be fixed. The daggers are scary, but we have found a way to deal with them—costumes will change this. I have found some great shifts between relief and tension, as well as waiting for a cue and making demands. It really is all in the text with Shakespeare—you just have to trust it and yourself. Everyone is on edge. I know I am. It feels as though we are behind, but I think we will come out on the other side with a good show. My work is starting to be mine.

**October 12, 2004:** Act II scene iii.—The “discovery.” We are working with Darron and therefore with the sound. We as a group are still working to push against the sound, to use it rather than letting it drown us out. The sound is awesome, it is kind of like a nuclear melt-down siren. I’m still (my mouth anyway) is rebelling against using the language. I’ve become paranoid about being too slow-- even though I now have room to play. Instead of using the language to make things happen I am rushing over it. I need to stop rushing. I have made some more decisions. I think there is something to the idea of Lady fainting because she is so overwhelmed. She is faking shock—obviously. She is checking in with everyone making sure they aren’t suspicious. Donnie (Banquo) has been giving me the line, “Too cruel anywhere,” with some venom which has really been helping me find my paranoia—what does he suspect? What does he know? Can he sense something? Is he suspicious because he knows about the witches? This is a tad overwhelming because I do only have a moment to try to figure it all out before Mac reenters. Then we are swept up into the next moment with Malcolm and Donalbain coming in—the announcement of a father’s death to his sons. This moment gives me more time to check out the situation—are Donalbain and Malcolm also suspicious? They have been showing shock and confusion more than anything else, but there is the chance that they have heard something. Watch them. And then when Mac makes the announcement that he has killed the guards—look to him. What was he thinking? Was he thinking? What does this mean? The plan wasn’t to murder the guards? Does this throw suspicion onto us? Thoughts and fears start rushing in before they can be cast off. I think she gets overwhelmed and she is still trying to hold it together. As much as I hate to use this image—it is like the moment in *The Matrix* when Neo has heard what

everything is and he freaks out, gets “unplugged,” and one of the other guys says, “He’s gonna pop.” Lady M is gonna pop. But unlike in *The Matrix*, she has to hold it together so that they won’t get caught. I try to shake off that feeling and finally I pop in the only way I can, “Help me hence, ho.” Get me out of here before I pop in front of all of these people. We are trying to set apart the moment of Malcolm and Donalbain’s talk—so it has become a stop-time thing. Everyone around them freezes/pauses and they have their aside. To help show this I get to do a mid-air faint freeze. I will pause in mid-air on my way down. It will take a bit of work to time it so that I am in a clear fainting position that I can hold in mid-air. It is a nice little physical challenge I get to work on. After I have fainted poor little Derrick (Fleance) has to pick me up. I think maybe we are the exact same weight. Poor guy.

Now that we are on the set we are getting to work things out, like the entrance to III.i. And may I just say that this particular entrance is rock star!!! It is just so perfect for this scene and it really gets me pumped up for the coronation bit. It is everything that Lady Mac and I could ask for as the queen. We have 32 seconds to get from DS of the center doors (#3) to all the way up to C on the upper most catwalk. It is a bad-ass entrance. When we get to the top we pause. Pause, not freeze, like a CD... there is still something happening (I have to thank Donnie Mather for this reference—it really works for me in a number of places in this show). This scene is big for me—it’s another of those scenes where I don’t say much but a lot happens. I think there is a similar thing happening as in the last scene. I am letting Mac do the talking while I inspect the crowd. It starts as an extremely triumphant scene for me and for us as a couple. Banquo is acting strangely, but Mac seems unaffected and I am ready to start life anew from this point,

ignoring everything that happened in the past. Then Mac brings up Duncan's sons and the murder. I still say nothing, but this is a bit disturbing—there is no need to flaunt what we have done. I check in with the thanes who look happy to be here more than anything else. Mac finishes with Banquo. I turn to him expecting we will have a moment together before playing perfect hosts, but he dismisses me along with the rest of the crowd. I think this has to be the first time that he does this to me. We were trying to get me off as fast as possible for the murderer's scene, but Rachel suggested that I make my exit even longer—so long that I make it downstairs just at the moment my scene starts with Mac. I really like this movement. It will help me get to the place I need to be emotionally. I found a lot in working this cross—the disbelief of being rejected by Mac for the first time, the sadness of being unnecessary to him for the first time, the anger at not being allowed at his side, and finally a need to act. By the time I get to the ground I have decided to have a word with him about his behavior. Inner monologue isn't something I usually work with, but this really lends itself to an inner monologue—I have lots of time on stage and I need to be at a new place emotionally. I will work that monologue out the next time we work this—see how I feel about it.

Next is III.ii.--SR tower entrance—the big question is—what have I worked myself up to??? I know it is something. Something important that cannot wait. I say it would be better to be dead than to be afraid of what could happen to us next. It could be an attempt to once and for all get him to stop thinking about Duncan—Mac, unfortunately, isn't on the same wavelength. Of course, I don't know that he has just planned for his best friend to be killed. He begins to scare me in this scene. He is ranting and high strung. I feel that I have to hide my emotions from Mac, because he doesn't

appear to me to be able to handle emotion now—especially the intense emotions that I am feeling. I am facing audience and not him. I am showing the audience how to react-- how should they react? Anger? Shock? Fear? There is a fine line in this scene of letting things out and keeping them in. I can let a bit more out than she usually does, because I am facing away from him. I am thinking suspend and release or explode and bury for her emotional life in this scene. I am not sure how this translates, except that things do start to peek out and then she catches them and puts them back where they came from. This scene holds another first of their relationship as I wrote about the last time we worked this scene—it is the first time he has not wanted or needed her to be a part of his plan. His lack of need for her is surely another little attack on her pride and on her emotions. The scene ends with Jeremiah (Angus) chasing me off-stage with a flashlight. It's intense.

**October 13, 2004:** The banquet is still the sticking point. It is coming together but there are a lot of wheels turning at once and they haven't lined up precisely. We spent a lot of time on the group aspect of this scene today which didn't include me much. I got some time to think about things—this is a tight scene and a lot happens. We start tech in two days and there are still some big choices which I need to make, not specifically in this scene, but in general. The big biggies are getting set—I have a clear idea of her physicality, the relationship with Mac is clear and we have made some good choices about how this relationship manifests itself, overall wants are in place, even most scenes have a good strong action. I need to feel confident in my choices more than anything else. I know that if I were ruining Leon's show, he, or someone else, would point that out to me. My confidence is really shaken right now and I know that it is affecting my work.

I sometimes feel overwhelmed by the scope of this character I am playing and the people with whom I am working. I must get it all in my body and we haven't been going fast enough for that to happen. I know that a fault I have as an actor is a need for comfort with the form and shape before I can be confident. I should be confident enough with my work to not need so much repetition, but alas, I am not. I wish that I could say that I am improving on that aspect of my artistic personality as I work on this show, but no, not one bit. I freak myself out. I know that I am doing good work, but the minute I walk back through the doors into the Reilly all of that confidence disappears. This is my problem. Only I can change that feeling. CONFIDENCE—if nothing else, Lady M is confident—don't let her down.

**October 14, 2004:** We really worked on the banquet today. I feel much better about it. We completely finished the dance—top to bottom—how we get onstage to how we get to our positions for the scene. This dance tells our story (the Mac's) within the scene very well. The strain and the formality are so well articulated within the dance that it rocket launches me into the scene. My choices feel even more right with the dance in place. Susan and I are still working on how the fight happens, but the shape is there for the rest of it. Rachel pointed to the fact that the drama of the scene is in Lady M's dealing with the madness. I have to get myself to a point where I am stuck and can't do anything. This kind of thing does not happen in her world and she has no idea how to deal with it. This is completely unknown territory for her. The audience looks to her for instructions, as do the thanes and the servants, but she doesn't know what to do. It is truly the beginning of the end for her as the Lady M we have known. In the last bit of the scene she watches Mac continue to froth and fume with no one there. Who has he become?

What is he doing? Maybe this is the moment she realizes that she is useless to him. That knowledge may drive her crazier than the guilt of the murder. Perhaps she realizes that she has planted the seed for this separation. In trying to bind them together forever in their dream roles she has driven them apart. This is it for her. I really need to score the looks to Mac and the court. I need to think of specificity of action-- when, where, and quality of each look. How are they different? Why do I look at Angus this time and Ross the next? In the dance, think of violence vs. control and awareness of entire situation vs. battle with Mac. Where do these things drive me?

**October 15, 2004:** We are starting back at the top for tech. I have started my usual bad habit of becoming brain dead in tech. Most all of my work today was in setting physical action of the show. I am trying to answer questions about those concerns. This is only the third time we will go through this. Haha and Oh no.

**October 16, 2004:** Tech is moving pretty quickly as Brian and Darron have been around for weeks. I did get to help pick my first scene dress. Polly designed an amazing robe that I was only going to get to wear in one scene, but since it is easier to move in than the other choice of a business suit, she and Leon have agreed to let me wear it at the top of the show. I will change into the suit for the coronation. It is very Hillary Clinton, I wish more Jackie O., but Lady M is definitely more Hillary. We are setting many moments to sound and light cues. Things are really starting to, not only feel more set, but feel more sharp and more placed and planned. But it still feels like we should not be opening as yet.

**October 17, 2004:** More tech. More setting. Tomorrow will be a nice day off.

**October 19, 2004:** I was semi-rested and ready for this, our first and final run. It was still kind of a stop and start, as things were getting solidified with technical aspects. Rachel reminded me to play more with the language-- really push the ugly, hot, etc. To really use what is written. It is nice to be reminded of things that you know, especially when you get caught up in hitting cues and changing costumes. Also, I apparently wasn't doing something that may be considered good by many people. BREATHE!!!! So, I will work really hard to breathe tomorrow. I need to work III.ii with Susan (we had a couple of line flubs). I need to work "Last Supper" move with Eric (Duncan). We are missing the turn in I think—or it is at different speeds—it should be an easy fix. I think, each cross in sleepwalk could get faster. I fell down coming down the side stairs as dead Lady M. It probably doesn't tell the right story if a ghost falls on her ass on the steps. Leon reminded me to focus on text after letter. I am becoming fast and unclear again. Barney wants more sounds in banquet dance. I have chosen a very nice maniacal laugh. It is wonderful. Also a small change for tech purposes—a sound happens earlier, but I will not blow out my candle until "the queen my lord is dead." Tomorrow morning we have a school matinee and it will be our first official run. WOW.

**October 20, 2004:** Well, the kids were a good first audience—mainly because they let us know when they got bored. Mostly all of act two—we really need to get it moving. Actually I have very little to do with the pace of act two. The pressure is off. In Act One, Susan is starting the letter sooner, so I need to pick up the pace a bit getting into the red area of the stage.. Easy fix—I do need to think about more about that pace—I haven't gotten it down to a science as yet. I need to look at Mac at the top of the banquet dance. That makes perfect sense—it increases the tension immediately. The banquet



will work very soon. It is at that place where it just needs a bit more tweaking, but it will start hitting all of the time. Leon would like me to try extending my hand out to the dead folks on the sleepwalking sighs. I can do that.

Pay What You Can performance—as always lots of students. I felt nervous, like I might miss something for lack of practice. We are still perfecting the quick change into the “coronation” scene. We will probably be working that for a while. I fell down again when I was dead. I am going to have to really work going down without looking or start looking down. I really have no desire to look down. I will work it before tomorrow’s show. Leon asked us to really work for tomorrow on—life within form and relationship specificity. I know I really need to find more life within the form. By “form” I am referring specifically to the shape I have created for my body, as well as the shape the company has created for the show as a whole. I felt myself being overly concerned with the form and forgetting to live. This is a symptom of lack of repetition, I can fix that. The space is open during the day. I am here for *Illusion* rehearsals—fix the problem of not having it in my body. That is no one’s responsibility but mine.

As far as specificity of relationships—I feel good about Mac and me and the “bitches.” I deal very little with other people, but I should just review what those relationships are. Banquo—I respect him as my husband’s best friend, but because he does have knowledge of the witches’ promises I find him suspicious. I am unsure of how to read his actions and usually I think he is behaving disrespectfully. Macduff—He is one of my husband’s co-workers. I never worry about him. His intentions are upfront. I don’t value his intelligence. He is a fighter not a thinker. Duncan—I think I do love him, but he must die. He is fatherly and silly, but those are the same reasons I think we will be

better rulers. Ross is in my employ. Lennox—I feel pretty much the same way until after the banquet, then I wish him dead. Until I see Angus on the way to commit a murder for my husband he is in that same group. After that, I feel he has his eye on me and something to hold over our heads. Therefore, I do not like him anymore. The various other thanes do not even register on my screen. Donalbain and Malcolm are the enemy from the minute they walk into my home. They are the only things that could get in our way. That feeling remains until I can no longer function in the real world. Fleance is a cute kid who has had a crush on me since as long as I can remember (Derrick's choice, not mine)—he is harmless. It is always good to recap.

**October 21, 2004:** Another preview. Notes from Darron—Really take “oh never shall sun that morrow see.” Yeah that isn't really one to skip over. That is an easy fix. I think that note applies to more than just that moment. I think I am still letting myself get too worried about speed—as if I alone could trim 15 minutes off of the show. I'm sure I could, but I would have to skip an entire speech. I really need to take the time to live inside of the form of the language. Not just the physical form. I have such juicy lines—use them. I need to butter up Duncan even more. I also think that I need to find a bit more pleasure in my nerve. I am welcoming a king into my home so that I can kill him and take his throne. That is right up Lady M's alley. She really feeds on things like that. Maybe I can really enjoy touching his soon to be dead flesh. Darron suggested Mac and I find some places to look at each other after the murder. Susan and I talked about adding one long look. We are going to try to feel it out tomorrow—see where it works. My big note from Leon was (and I quote), “More in the “unsex me here” speech.” I asked him if he could be more specific—he said no. So what does that mean—more tension, more

need, more “crazy bitch?” I’ll try something tomorrow. I also fell down AGAIN tonight. No more—there really is no excuse for falling down the stairs at the exact same moment every night.

**October 22, 2004:** The last show before we open. Kids again. I really spent today trying to make sure I have all of my flight paths and entrances and exits clear. I wanted to be ready for tonight. I am excited. I am glad we have gotten all of these shows under our belts before we open.

OPENING!!!! The adrenaline was flowing. There are things to keep solidifying—sleepwalking moments need to get more and more clear, the scene (III.ii) with Mac is still settling into exactly what I want—it was too angry tonight, so the banquet’s energy was kind of repetitive, the banquet was almost there again. Once it gets there it is going to be so much fun. Overall, tonight felt good. It is starting to feel like the work is really coming together. I think we have built something to be proud of. I look forward to the rest of the run. We have tomorrow off because of a football game—that’s weird, right as we get going we get a day off. A show Sunday and then another day off.

**October 24, 2004:** A decent audience—pretty big. The cast was tired—me included. And we had to get back into it. Since it still wasn’t entirely solid we had to get a running start into it again. Weird, but fine show. Nothing big happened. We did have to adjust some things because David Huber hurt his ankle—he will be off of it for awhile. Poor guy. So rearrangements—the only place it really affects me is in the banquet dance—Sarah Jane will be taking over for him, in the dance only. Easy switch for me—other members of the cast have a harder time.

**October 26, 2004:** Two good shows. The matinee got us back into the swing of things for the night show. Today was about gearing up. I am still working individual chunks of the sleepwalking scene. Just small things—I am trying to keep making each chunk different. I am also trying to replicate it exactly the same way on each cross, but faster. The struggle right now is in the standing—I haven't gotten to the best place to stand or to hold the stand. I also need to take longer getting to my starting spot, I stand forever right now. I realized today that after the dispersal of the "corpses" in act two—Chaney, Brace, and I have this moment of simultaneous movement that we never discussed, no one sees it but me, but it makes me so happy. Leon will let me take my shoes off for act two if Karli agrees—I think she will, if I beg. Those character shoes make me really uncomfortable crossing that slowly on the catwalk—they are too uneven for the movement I am doing. I am still shaping exactly when I get to each place along the path. This will be the section of constant work. I am happy with it but I want to keep nailing tiny bits down—I want it to be specific.

**October 27, 2004:** My step-into-the-red-area with Mac isn't timing out right. I think we will be able to fix it. I noticed that I am so concerned with some moments that I am letting others slide by. Nothing is any less important unless I make it less important. I really feel better about my work everyday. That makes me happy, but I still have room to grow in every scene. That also makes me happy.

**October 28, 2004:** The show went just fine. Note from Leon—I need to trim down the number of times I look back at the thanes in the banquet scene. It gets fuzzy as to why I am not talking to them. That makes sense—I still really haven't nailed those takes down specifically enough. The banquet is almost there—we are getting little laughs, but I

really want some laughs and then silence. It works when I turn my back to the audience when the golf ball hits the stage. Tiny explanation: there is a doctor in the script—it could be two (one in England, one in Scotland). Leon decided that Shawn would play both as one doctor who is leaving England to play golf in Scotland. Doctor, golf, Scotland—it's all very funny. If I am doing the turn right no one will notice it, only that I turned at some point.

**October 29, 2004:** This morning we performed for a couple of schools one of which was an all-girls Catholic school. It felt good to be doing this show in front of young girls. We have a woman playing Macbeth, a young, small woman (me) playing such a wonderfully strong female (even if she is rotten), women playing thanes, and the awesome witches—enough strong women for any girl to latch onto one of them. I felt strong. It was a great boost before the evening show. It was a wonderfully supportive audience packed with friends and family and strangers, but strangers have no chance to sit back when you have that many amazing audience members around. The energy was huge. The entire show felt perfect—it wasn't, of course, but the audience was right there for us the whole way. Lady M was a giant tonight, especially in the banquet—the best it has ever been. By the end of the scene, I was crying. It launched me into the sleepwalking scene like nothing else could have. Great show. No show tomorrow because of the football game. Damn.

**October 31, 2004:** Susan and I need to go over the solo section in the banquet dance again—we have had a few problems here and there, but tonight my hand slipped and so I had to throw myself onto the ground, which flubbed up the energy for all of the banquet. It was weird Sunday energy anyway, but man, it stunk.

**November 2, 2004:** Two days off and boy did it show. It was a rocky, rocky show. I forgot lines. I tripped over my words. I played to remember quite nicely, but really nothing else. I need to look over lines again before tomorrow.

**November 3, 2004:** I think tonight was our best night to date. Even better than last Friday. The sleepwalking scene is starting to feel particularly good these days. I haven't fallen down in weeks. There was a good energy all around. We are starting, as a cast, to get into the groove of it and playing within what we have. We are trusting ourselves more as well. It's a nice feeling.

**November 4, 2004:** The kids were restless this fine morning show. We in return got restless for the PM show. My focus was off and on. I felt good walking out, but somewhere in the letter I checked out. I got back in for the next speech and I felt really good about the "unsex me" speech. I heard someone whispering as I got into it and that really fueled the top of the speech—"fill me...top-full /Of direst cruelty" and all. The first scene with Mac went well. We continue to miss our mark for the stop with that spin, but we got there with the step out. I felt that I took Leon's note and launched us into the "hip-hop" Duncan entrance cue. That was an easy adjustment of vocal energy and rising inflection. The scene with Duncan went alright. I tripped on some words. I let Eric's new choice of grabbing Angus throw me. I was not listening for just long enough to knock myself out of the scene. I was thinking about how to get my dress unstuck from my shoe strap. UGH! Then I got mad at myself leading into the Last Supper hold. I am still figuring out exactly how that move out of the hold works. The speed of the walk isn't set yet because I have yet to hit that mark at exactly the right time. Maybe it needs to be more of a here by this phrase, there by the next, etc. That makes sense. Why didn't

I think of that before? So then the scene with Mac went really well. I was listening. I smacked the crap out of Susan, but it sure fueled that scene. Right now this scene feels really strong. Isn't it strange how scenes that were problems become the most exciting? I feel confident in this scene every night. That Shakespeare, boy, he knows how to write 'em. This is the main scene in which I feel that I control those tempo shifts that Leon asked us to be aware of tonight. Then the drunk scene, I missed the pole and therefore had nothing to react to. It was a focus issue. The post-murder scene with Mac went fine. I think it needs to be faster—more driven. Lately the tension hasn't seemed quite taut enough. I'm not exactly sure how to monitor that particular aspect. The discovery scene was fine. I am still dealing with the faint/freeze moment. I have a thought about starting a crumple as opposed to the fall. I'll look at it tomorrow night. I noticed my enunciation in the coronation scene. The phrase "If he had been forgotten, /It had been as a gap in our great feast" is particularly tricky to say for some reason. Do a better warm up with t's and d's. I'm feeling better and better about the balcony conversation. It still always feels like it needs more detail and I am scared to do too much face acting. I am also concerned about the idea that I am hiding my feelings from Mac... so the reactions can't be on the surface. There is something in pressing up against that inability to react, but I don't know how it plays. I should ask Leon to look at that scene. The banquet... oh no, I really checked out and forgot the dance. Preston, of course, loved that mistake. I got it back together and the banquet scene actually took a step forward. It has also turned into one of my favorite scenes despite the early trouble. I keep finding moments where the pull on Lady M is even greater.

**November 5, 2004:** Susan got punched in the face during the dumb show tonight. That really set things off. In my first scene with her all that I could do was watch her eye swell and the blood on her eyeball. I was trying to get some signal from her that she was okay, but she was being a complete professional and going on as usual. When we got to the slap, I chickened out because I was afraid to hurt her and it was weak. She was perfect about it though and reacted to what I gave her. She is a trooper. After the first few scenes, I got focused again. I felt like I needed to amp it up so Susan didn't have to worry about the focus so much. It ended up being a good show for me. I hooked in with my emotions early (fear in particular) and they stuck with me. The tension sure was bumped up in the "was the hope drunk" scene, because of the punch and my reaction to it. Overall, once we all settled into the crazy energy of the show it went really well. There was also annoying static on the sound system all night.

**November 6, 2004:** Tomorrow is the last show. I am still trying to manage some things, but the run has been great. I do wish that I had a few more weeks to really get things solid and good, but such is the theatre. Tonight was smooth—almost to a fault. The end of the banquet is getting harder to keep the emotion from getting too much—if I burst, Lady's credibility is shot and we are not surprised by her breakdown. It is a nice obstacle fight. The sleepwalking scene feels beautiful—I have found a way to give so much to it. It is exhausting, in a great way. I wish it weren't about to be over.

**November 7, 2004:** We were missing some cast members today—and I didn't account for when and where it would affect me. The only place I was affected was in the dumb show, but I realized that I had relied so much on Jeremiah and Allison in the dumb show that I had no idea when to go without them. Performance isn't the time to figure that out.



So the dumb show was funky to say the least. No one died (thank goodness), but it fell apart. It was a really emotional show for me. It made the whole show really raw in a way that I wish I knew how to find without it being the last performance. Everything became extra important because it was the last time. And the audience just wasn't the one I wanted to see that. They weren't very supportive and that's not their fault—I shouldn't expect it. The entire first scene was really crisp and clear. The scene with Duncan was magical, because Eric let it go. My final scene with Susan was violent and tense in just the right way. The drunk speech was fine and these scene with Mac went great. The discovery was fast and furious. Coronation was spectacular. Mac broke my heart three times in two scenes and we fought like lovers at the banquet. And then I saw my husband go to a point where he could never come back. The sleepwalking scene broke me. I was sobbing by the end and thankful that I was up in the catwalk where I couldn't be seen. I think I cried gently through the curtain call and my exit. I was brilliant, or at least as brilliant as it could be in that place and time. I said goodbye to Lady Macbeth, a woman I had grown to love and admire and hopefully embody to some credible degree. I walk away from the experience confident that I worked as hard as I could and that I brought something to her that no one else could have—myself. I think we worked very well together.

Chapter 4  
Physical Score

TEXT

Act I scene i

First Witch:

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch:

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch:

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch:

Where the place?

Second Witch:

Upon the heath.

Third Witch:

There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch:

I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch:

Paddock calls.

Third Witch:

Anon.

ALL:

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

PHYSICAL SCORE

Music began. Visual cue: Witch #2 enters from stairs. As she passes the door, I exit and cross to spot in front of USR door (#2). Stop and turn to face 45° to the left. As music gets to cue, we melt to the floor as a group. I lie down on ground—feet inside door way, head toward audience, face down (“dead pose”). Stay in position until...

The witches “summon” the music. Dance break and dumb show.  
Battle. Clapping for victory. Mac passed over for succession of throne. I suggest (with a throat cut gesture) the killing of the king. We are agreed (two big head nods). Murder of Duncan by crown removal. Mac’s killing spree. My madness and suicide. Another battle. And everyone exits. I exit, running, through door #2.

Act I scene iv.60

Duncan:

True, worthy Banquo. He is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed:  
It is a banquet to me:-- Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.  
It is a peerless kinsman.

Act I scene v.

Mac: *“They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge.*

Mac and Lady: *When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.*

**Lady Macbeth:** *Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with ‘Hail, king that shalt be!’ This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.  
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries “Thus thou must do” if thou have it;

I enter through USL door (#4) as the previous scene finishes up. I cross, slowly and continuously, toward Macbeth with letter in hand. The letter starts at waist level and gradually and continuously rises.

As I get near the step down into DS area Macbeth starts the letter. I continue to cross toward him reading the letter, it is at chest level by this point.

As I step into the DS area we share the line as I continue to cross. The letter is at shoulder level. As I start the solo text...

I have stepped into the exact spot where Mac was standing and the letter covers my face from the view of the audience. I am at DSR—midway between the two corners of the DS shape. I stand here, face covered until the end of the letter. This is about getting every ounce of the information from the letter. Exactly as written.

I pull the letter away from my face exposing it to the audience. I begin folding the letter. Cementing/slamming the facts into permanence. “Glamis thou art,” fold/slam, “and Cawdor,” fold/slam. I put the letter into the top left hand side of my robe, making it signed, sealed, and delivered as I speak, “and shalt be what thou art promised.” Freeze. This isn't done. “Yet do I fear thy nature.” Sharp turn to the left and cross to DSC point. I have the next bit of text to make it to center. I stop at center with my body still facing left, I turn my head and pan over the audience to say, “What thou wouldst highly,/That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,/And yet wouldst wrongly win.”

I continue to cross left, stopping, only long enough to turn, at the spot exactly opposite the letter reading location.

And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

What is your tidings?

Messenger:

The king comes here tonight.

**Lady Macbeth:** Thou'rt mad to say it!  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

Messenger:

So please you, it is true. Our Thane is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

**Lady Macbeth:** Give him tending;  
He brings great news.

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 topful  
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 murd'ring ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,

I make that turn and start the cross back immediately before, "Hie thee hither..." and say the length of the text until...

I turn to face back to the spot Mac left from on "All that impedes thee..."

Still facing forward, shift focus back to messengers under the lower platform by door #4.

When the door shuts... cross to the DSL intersection point while speaking. As saying "under my battlements" turn DS facing out.

Look out left, look out right. Reach arms out and down, grab air to sides as if it is craggy rock with places for my fingers to fit. Slowly start to sink down. Use the entire length of the text until...

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."

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 tonight.

**LM:** And when goes hence?

Mac: Tomorrow, as he purposes.

**LM:** 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 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,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Mac: We will speak further.

**LM:** Only look up clear.  
To alter favor ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me.

I reach my final position-- crouching, body straight up and down, legs spread, butt inches from the ground, arms still outstretched—stopping at second "Hold."  
Only to leap up immediately, turn US, and say "Great Glamis.." Stand until...

Mac and I run at each other, he picks me up swings me around, putting me back down with a kiss and embrace on SR. Embrace continues until...

Mac pulls away from embrace.  
I pull him toward me and he sinks down to the ground holding my body. I speak the text during this ending at...

"...masterdom." Final pose—Mac on ground by my feet, my hands on his shoulders, focus out past DSL corner.

Look down to Mac. Pick up his chin with index finger of right hand.

Tap chin with same index finger and refocus out.

Act I scene vi

King Duncan:

This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo:

This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
The air is delicate.

King Duncan:

See, see, our honored hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains  
And thank us for your trouble.

**LM:**

All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

King Duncan:

Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest tonight.

Hold pose through entrance of Duncan and party. Hold until...

Definite shift of focus to Mac. Breathe.

Grin to Mac.

Extract myself from place with Mac with a turn out and away. Continue the curved trajectory toward Duncan. Crossing slowly through entire length of Banquo's text.

Fix (refold to proper position) cuffs on my robe—left, then right.

Visual contact with Duncan. Grin and nod.

Reach position on upper level.

Kneel and bow. Left knee up and right knee back.

Grin to myself.

**LM:** Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in count,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

King Duncan: Give me your hand.  
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

Act I scene vii

Mac:  
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere done well  
It were done quickly. If th' assassination  
Could trammel up the consequences, and catch  
With his surcease success, that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all-here,  
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being naught, return  
To plague th' inventor. This even handed justice  
Commends th' ingredience of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murder 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 cherubin horsed

Lift head to Duncan.

Another slight bow of the head.

Head up. Stand and step toward Duncan with right foot while reaching out with right hand.  
We grab hands, music starts, and Duncan continues his text. On hand touch, really feel his  
flesh—caress it.

I lead Duncan around curved trajectory to DaVinci's "The Last Supper" pose. We stop  
simultaneously with the other 10 people on a cue in the music. I am next to Duncan in the  
"female" position—right leg forward, slightly bent, bending from the waist at  
approximately 45°, arms down by sides. Paused in this position until...

"...this Duncan..." when I turn my head to face Duncan. Remain here until...



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-

How now? What news?

**LM:**  
He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Mac:  
Hath he asked for me?

**LM:** Know you not he has?

Mac:  
We will proceed no further in this business.  
He hath honored 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.

**LM:** Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed 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 afeared  
To be the same in thine own act and valor  
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' th' adage?

Mac: Prithce peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;

Release the hold on "o'erleaps" by standing up straight and stepping out of the hold. I continue in the trajectory I started before pause with "The Last Supper" and curve around into the DS playing area. I step down at the same time as a music cue which leads into "How now?"

I continue toward Mac, reaching him and turning him around (I am on SL side) for "Why have you left the chamber?" My hands are on his shoulders.

I lift my hands from his shoulders and they slowly float out away from his body.  
They stop just outside the line of his body.

SLAP!!! I slap Mac with my left hand. When done properly, it sounds like it hurts.  
I start to lean away from him while speaking text.

Turn away from him and cross to SL, turn back to him on "desire."

Standing opposite him on the stage, facing him, wide stance (right leg front), paying special attention to the tension between us. There is no movement, but even from this distance it is a press in on him. A tangible challenge. My focus doesn't leave him.  
No movement until...

Who dares do more is none.

**LM:** 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 plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

Mac: If we should fail?

**LM:** 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  
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

Mac: 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

“They have made themselves.” Right arm extends quickly toward Duncan.  
On “I have given suck...” I make the pressure physical. I begin stalking him, crossing back to center—my arm slowly moves back down to my side. Focus never leaves him.  
Stop at center. Same shape, wide stance, arms at sides, right leg forward.  
With left hand, hold a baby's head...  
Throw it down at the ground.

Shake it off.  
Back on him. Point to him.  
Let focus move out and body goes with it. Focus grazes out over audience's heads as I see the actions take place in space out front.

Focus back on him, body faces him. The challenge is on him. The plan is laid out in front of him.

Mac crosses in to me and turns me back around (I face SL).

Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

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

Mac: 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.

Act II scene i.41

Macbeth:  
Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.  
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' the 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 halfworld  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Shake head at him. Focus and body lean up and back. Apex of this motion is on "roar."

On "Away" I turn back to Duncan, cross US and catch Duncan's hand as he turns US and I step up, we continue together through the center double doors. Duncan stops center in the light, I continue offstage right.

As Seyton exits through door #4, I enter door #5. Robe is open—nightgown exposed. I slowly, slowly pace in a counterclockwise circle in the alcove under the USL lower platform. I hold a bottle of vodka. My right hand is wrapped around the neck of the bottle the left hand alternately strokes the length of the bottle and twists the cork. "Mile makers" for my flight pattern are as follows.

Cross toward Mac.

Cross DS.

Cross toward offstage stairs.

Cross toward Mac.

Cross DS.

Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
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 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.  
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.

Act II scene ii

**LM:**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;  
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace.  
It was the owl that shrieked, 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 drugged their  
possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them  
Whether they live or die.

Mac:

Who's there? What, ho?

**LM:**

Alack, I am afraid they have awakened,  
And 'tis not done. Th' 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!

Cross toward offstage stairs.

Start final descent into area between legs of platform. The bell rings and I react by looking up in the direction of the sound.

Land between platform legs. Take a pull from the vodka bottle.

Step through legs. Lean on SL leg.

Step toward SR leg. Open arms and hit left leg with bottle. React in different direction "Hark."

Lean back onto SR leg.

Turn to face door where Duncan (#4) is sleeping.

"I have drugged..." turn back DS between platform legs.

Turn to Duncan door.

On th line "Th' attempt..." turn to SR leg.

"Confounds us" Hit the SR leg with right hand. "Hark" to #4. back to DS for "I laid..."

(Sound cue)

Step DS between legs toward Mac. "My husband."

Mac:

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

**LM:**

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

Mac: When?

**LM:** Now.

Mac: As I descended?

**LM:** Ay.

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

**LM:** Donalbain.

Mac: This is a sorry sight.

**LM:** A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Mac:

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 addressed the  
Again to sleep.

**LM:** There are two lodged together.

Mac:

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

"I have done the deed." Exhale and loosen body. Turn SR and start walking slowly toward offstage.

"Did not you speak?" Tighten back to form—hands on bottle, right on neck, left on actual bottle; bottle at waist height; elbows slightly away from the body. Position holds as I continue walking toward SR US of Mac.

**LM:** Consider it not so deeply.

Mac:

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

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

Mac:

Methought I heard a voice cry “Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep”-the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,  
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

**LM:** What do you mean?

Mac:

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.”

**LM:**

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.

Mac:

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

Turn back toward Mac, continue crossing SL.

See daggers. Break pose and run to SL side of Mac still on US step on “Why did you bring...”

**LM:** 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.

Mac: 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.

**LM:** My hands are of your color, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.  
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.

Mac:  
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking—I would thou couldst.

Act II scene iii. 78

**LM:** What's the business,

Cross to Mac after "Infirm of purpose!" and put hands on daggers, right hand reaches behind Mac, my head is left side of Mac's body near his ear.

"I'll gild..." take the daggers from his hands and back away.  
Finish line and turn directly US, exit through center doors—open door on SL and step into door SR.

Come out of the door.  
Shut it on "red."  
(Slam sound cue)  
Turn, looking at my hands – highest point of fingers is at eye level.

(knocking sound cue). Look out, dropping hands to nose level.

Change focus to Mac for "retire we..." Step toward Mac who is on the step.

(Knocking sound cue: after "unattended"). Look out over audience.

Focus back to Mac. Start stepping to SL side keeping body turned to Mac.

Finish line and run out door #5.

(Meltdown siren)  
Enter through door #5 touching the door frame with both hands. Robe removed—in nightgown only. Cross DS while speaking through platform legs. Focus up on origin of noise.

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Macduff: O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to her what I speak;  
The reputation in a woman's ear  
Would murder as it fell.  
O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murdered!

**LM:** Woe, alas-  
What, in our house?

Banquo: Too cruel anywhere.  
Dear Duff, I Prithee contradict thyself  
And say it is not so.

Macbeth:  
Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead,  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Donalbain: What is amiss?

Mac: You are, and do not know't.  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped, the very source of it is stopped.

Macduff: Your royal father's murdered.

Malcolm: O, by whom?

Lennox:  
Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.

Land SL DS of SR platform leg. Focus changes to Macduff for "Speak, speak."

Focus to Banquo.

Focus to Macduff.

Focus to Banquo.

Focus to re-entering Macbeth and Lennox.

Focus to Donalbain.

Focus to Malcolm.



Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows. They stared and were distracted.  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Mac:

O, yet I do repent me of my fury  
That I did kill them.

Macduff:           Wherefore did you so?

Mac:

Who can be wise, amazed, temp'rate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make's love known?

**LM:**                    Help me hence, ho!

Macduff:

Look to the lady.

Malcolm:

Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain:

What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid in auger hole,  
May rush and seize us? Let's away:  
Our tears are not yet brewed.

Laser beam focus to Macbeth. Stick with him, but focus dims.

Start staggering back toward SL concrete steps.

Shaking my head slightly. Touching my upper chest.

Back of legs touch concrete.

After line, start to faint—contraction starts at waist.

Immediately after "Look to the Lady," pause the fall in mid-air.

Malcolm: Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo: Look to the lady.

Act III scene i

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.

Mac:  
Here's our chief guest.

**LM:** If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

Mac:  
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  
Forever knit.

Immediately upon completion of line, finish the fall. Land sitting, but leaning toward the right (US) with right arm supporting some weight. Fleance comes and carries me offstage through door #5. (Say "Thank you" to Derrick as he sets me down backstage)

Center doors (#3) open—Music cue. Slow walk onto stage arm in arm with Mac. Mac breaks formality with a laugh and a butt smack—mad dash up SR stairs onto SR platform up SR ship's ladder to upper catwalk, acknowledge audience, arrive SR of center turn toward audience with hands side-by-side on rail, turn head to Mac and then out (in 32 seconds starting from break of formality).

Look to Mac.

Turn back out to audience.

Mac: Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo:  
Ay, my good lord.

Mac:  
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  
'Twi't this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

Mac:  
Fail not our feast.

Banquo:  
My lord, I will not.

Mac:  
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.

Mac:  
I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;

Move fingers of right hand onto wedding ring. Look quickly at thanes standing on SR concrete.

Look over balcony rail to see Banquo exit.

And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.  
Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!  
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

Seyton:

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Mac:

Bring them before us.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.

Refocus to out front center.

Look at Mac.

Begin cross to Mac.

Get to Mac's side just as he says "...alone." Sharp turn away from Mac and start crossing in the opposite direction. Slow tempo drastically after turning. Cross becomes very slow.

Witch #2 passes me—physicalize a chill up my spine.

Turn to audience and go down ship's ladder.

Stop on lower platform behind the witches.

Continue on down the stairs.

And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!  
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer:

It was, so please your highness.

Mac: Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer:

You made it known to us.

Mac:

I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer:

We are men, my liege.

Mac:

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept

Get to bottom of the stairs by "...utterance." On "Who's there?" turn back to face the stairs.  
Both hands on the US railing, right on left, facing up into the upper catwalk. Hold until...

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition. from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer: I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

First Murderer: And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my lie on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mac: Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers:  
True, my lord.

Mac:  
So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,

Keep holding until...

For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer:           We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer:            Though our lives-

Mac:  
Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him  
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers:            We are resolved, my lord.

Mac:  
I'll call upon you straight: abide within.  
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Act III scene ii

**LM:**    Is Banquo gone from court?

Step back on right foot and step toward cement stairs with left foot. Start slowly down stairs—  
pattern: right on first step, left then right on second, left on third, right then left on fourth, etc.  
Make it to bottom step by...

Here. Stop one step up from floor level—adjust jacket (pull down bottom hem) and smooth skirt.

Step onto ground level and cross toward center on a direct path.

Servant to LM:

Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

**LM:**

Say to the king I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

Attendant to LM:

Madam, I will.

**LM:**

Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content.  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.  
How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard. What's done is done.

Mac:

We have scorched the snake, not killed 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.

Cross between "bitches."

90° turn DS and continue crossing DS on center line.

Get to edge of step down by "...doubtful joy." Step down into light.  
Speak. Focus slightly up and out over audience. Body upright and held. Hands tightly clasped in front of body—right holding left.



**LM:** Come on.  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Mac:  
So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave  
Our honors in these flattering streams  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

**LM:** You must leave this.

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

**LM:**  
But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.

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

**LM:** What's to be done?

Mac:  
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

Slight head tilt to right to indicate guests.

Body tenses.  
Head begins slowly lowering—focus remaining up.

Head reaches final position—chin slightly tucked and focus still up-- to speak.

Left chin up and shake head 'no.'

Back to start pose.

Follow Mac's cross in front of me above the audience—turn head first to the right...

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood,  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night' black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So Prithee go with me.

Act III scene iv

Mac:

You know your own degrees-sit down:  
At first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords:

Thanks to your majesty.

Mac:

Ourselves will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

**LM:**

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Mac:

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
Both sides are even. Here I'll sit I' th' midst.  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.

*Enter First Murderer.*

There's blood upon thy face.

and then to the left...

and back to center.

Flashlight in my face. Hold and then turn and run offstage.

---

Banquet dance—ending with me on the floor SR adjusting my hair and jewelry.

Start to stand, pause with one foot on floor and other still folded under me when Mac says, "Our hostess..."

Finish standing, as I say "Pronounce it for me..." Turn to thanes on SL cement steps for, "...my heart speaks..." and continue walking to them.

Be sitting my spot—all the way US on bottom cement step—with metal martini glass by "...The table round." Pause both feet on the ground, left hand on left leg, right hand holding martini glass—primarily the thumb and first finger but the rest of the fingers as back up, slowly twisting the glass back and forth between fingers, staring into the glass. Only the glass moves—nothing else.

First Murderer: 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mac:  
'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatched?

First M: My lord, his throat is cut:  
That I did for him.

Mac: Thou art the best o' th' cutthroats.  
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:  
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

First M:  
Most royal, sir, Fleance scaped.

Mac:  
Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casting air.  
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

First M:  
Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

Mac: Thanks for that.  
There the gown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow  
We'll hear ourselves again.

**LM:** My royal lord,  
You do not give cheer. The feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,

Look up at Mac on "...the worm..."

Stand—raising a (sarcastic) toast to Mac.

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:  
Meeting were bare without it.

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

Lennox: May't please your highness sit.

Mac:  
Here had we now our country's honor roofed  
Were the graced person of Banquo's present-  
*Enter Banquo's ghost*  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance.

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

Mac:  
The table's full.

Lennox:  
Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mac:  
Where?

Lennox:  
Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Mac:  
Which of you have done this?

Lords: What, my good lord?

Raise the toast a bit higher after final words.

Sit back down—same pose, not spinning glass or staring into it, rather looking at Mac.

Nod.

Focus to Ross.

Focus to empty place beside me, then back to Mac.

Look to empty seat.

Mac fires three shots into empty seat. I move only slightly toward US away from the shots. Focus on Mac.

Mac:

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross:

Gentlemen, rise. His highness is not well.

**LM:**

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.-Are you a man?

Mac:

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

**LM:**

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,  
Imposters to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

Mac:

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.

**LM:**

What, quite unmanned in folly?

Jump up—land in front of Mac between Mac and thanes—hands out (still holding martini glass).  
Slowly back up during entire speech.

Focus to Nick E. and Lennox.

Shrug shoulders forward. Then sharp turn to Mac—right in the barrel of the gun—to say “Are you a man?”

Lean in to Mac—continue staying between the barrel of the gun and the thanes.

As I say “When all's done...” cross US and behind Mac. Change martini glass to left hand.  
Point to empty seat with left hand /martini glass.  
Hold ground.

Mac:

If I stand here, I saw him.

**LM:**

Fie, for shame!

Mac:

Blood hath been shed ere now, I' th' olden time,  
Ere humane statue purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end. But now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

**LM:**

My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

Mac:

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.  
I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.  
Would he were here!

*Enter ghost.*

To all, and him we thirst,  
And all to all.

Lords:

Our duties, and the pledge.

Mac:

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

Standing center, raise glass to Mac standing SL.

Turn to thanes who are now SR.

Raise glass to thanes.

Mac steals my cup. Close hand into fist and then lower hand to side.

Which thou dost glare with.

**LM:** Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other.  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mac:

What man dare, I dare.  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The armed rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword.  
If trembling, I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mock'ry, hence!

Why, so; being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

**LM:**

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting  
With most admired disorder.

Mac:

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 blanched with fear.

Ross:

What sights, my lord?

**LM:**

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,

Run to SR—speak to thanes.

Turn focus and body back to Mac.

Check in with Angus.

Check in with Michael Sage.

Focus on Mac—body tense and hands clasped.

Turn quickly toward Ross and run toward him.

Stop, loosen posture. Look at the thanes—dismiss them.

But go at once.

Lennox:

Good night and better health  
Attend his majesty.

**LM:** A kind good night to all.

Mac:

It will have blood, they say: blood will have blood.  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By maggotpies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

**LM:**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac:

How sayst thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

**LM:** Did you send to him, sir?

Mac:

I hear it by the way; but I will send.  
There's not a one of them but in this house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know  
By the worst means the worst. For mine own good  
All causes shall give way. I am in blood  
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Turn back to Mac. Start toward him in DS red area.

Turn back to the thanes.

Chase Lennox out of the room.

Quick turn back to Mac.

Backing slowly away from him toward onstage SR platform leg.

Physical start—up and back.

Speak.

Get back against platform leg—SR onstage leg. Turned diagonally toward Mac.

Start slowly sinking down and back against the leg.

Reach the lowest point—knees not quite 90°, almost sitting on air—by “Strange things...”



**LM:**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Mac:

Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
We are yet but young in deed.

Top of our Act Two  
Act V scene i

First Witch:

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch:

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch:

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch:

Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL:

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch:

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Rise up halfway to say...  
"You lack..."

Rise up to standing.  
Watch Mac start to leave.  
Follow Mac's exit with eyes.  
Turn to exit between platform legs and out door #1.

Enter with music to opening of show location. On music cue drop to "dead" pose from top of show. Stay there.

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL:

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch:

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL:

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch:

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Hecate:

O well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains;  
And now about the cauldron sing,

Still lying there—very dead.

Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

Second Witch:

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks, Whoever knocks!

Mac:

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

ALL:

A deed without a name.

Mac:

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
To what I ask you.

First Witch: Speak.

Second Witch: Demand.

Third Witch: We'll answer.

Twitch and writhe while witches chant.

First Witch:

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

Mac: Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch:

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

ALL: Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

Mac:

Tell me, thou unknown power,-

First Witch: He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition:

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Mac:

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,-

First Witch:

He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More potent than the first.

Second Apparition:

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Mac:

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Put tension into forearms and start to push up—only inches off the ground while speaking this text. Drop back face down on ground after “Enough.”

Stand quickly—arms limp at sides, upper body pushed back, feet slightly apart, blank stare toward Mac.

Second Apparition:

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

Mac:

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

ALL:

Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition:

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

Mac:

That will never be

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

Drop back down to "dead" pose.

Lift upper body up with arms, leaving head hanging and lower body on ground while speaking text.

Drop.

ALL: Seek to know no more.

Mac:  
I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

First Witch: Show!

Second Witch: Show!

Third Witch: Show!

ALL:  
Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

Mac:  
Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.  
What, is this so?

First Witch:  
Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Still lying there—totally “dead.” Lie dead through entirety of next scene. Lie dead until...

Our Act IV scene iii

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

Still dead until...

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.

Lady Macduff: Sirrah, your father's dead;  
And what will you do now? 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'ldst never fear the net nor lime,  
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son:  
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?

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

Son throws stone, it hits the ground, I run SR to cement steps begin slow cross.

Turn to Ds and then to SL to the stairs to the platform. Start up the stairs.

Get to upper platform. Walk around the entire edge of the platform with right hand resting on the railing. SR edge.



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:  
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son:

Was my father a traitor, mother?

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:

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

Son:

And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff: Every one.

Son: Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff:

Why, the honest men.

Son:

Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars

DS edge of platform.

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!

Messenger:

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer.

Lady Macduff:

Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm?  
What are these faces?

First Murderer:

Where is your husband?

SL edge of platform.

Start up the ship's stairs—use entire text of messenger speech to get to top.

Reach upper catwalk.

Turn to SL and begin cross along catwalk, right hand is still resting on railing. This cross is slow and steady. Body is relaxed but still tall and long—not completely released but not held as Lady M usually is.

Lady Macduff:

I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer: He's a traitor.

Son:

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer:

What, you egg!  
Young fry of treachery!

Son:

He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

Lady Macduff:

Murder! Murder! Murderer!

Our Act IV scene iv

Malcolm:

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff:

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm:

What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,

When Murderer 1 breaks Son's neck: A chill runs up my spine.

Murderer 2 grabs Lady Macduff, throws her to the ground, she crawls away, he kicks her over, and then slashes her throat—on the throat slash, I stop my cross at center and hold until Blake does his hopscotch steps. Then I continue to cross SL.

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;but something  
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

Macduff:

I am not treacherous.

Malcolm:

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff:

I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm:

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff:

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not cheque thee: wear thou thy wrongs;  
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp...

Arrive at the opening of the ships' stairs SL, continue walking and leave hand in position as if still holding the rail, reconnect with rail on opposite side.

Reach my spot SL, almost all the way to the edge of the catwalk and freeze, as if in mid-step. Right leg in front and left leg back—till holding the railing. Hold this way through the rest of the scene until...

IV.iv. 140

Macduff:

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Doctor: FORE!!

Malcolm: Well; more anon.--  
Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doctor:

Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but at his touch-  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand-  
They presently amend.

Malcolm: I thank you, doctor.

IV.iv.216

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. Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Turn to face US—standing the same way as I had been walking—tall, relaxed, not held. Standing evenly on both feet.

Hold here through scene until...

With back turned to audience, get candle from Aikiko. Continue facing upstage with candle.

Malcolm:

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

Malcolm:

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:  
The night is long that never finds the day.

Act V scene i

Doctor: I have two nights watched with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last  
walked?

Gentlewoman: Since his majesty went into the field I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her,  
unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read  
it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this  
while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor: A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once  
the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this  
slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual  
performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Step backwards still facing upstage.

Gentle: That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc: You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentle: Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc: How came she by that light?

Gentle: Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. 'Tis her command.

Doc: You see her eyes are open.

Gentle: Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doc: What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands

Gentle: It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

**LM:** Yet here's a spot.

Doc: Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LM:** Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One-two-why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afeared? What need we fear who knows it, when none can all our power to accompt? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Turn to my left with candle in both hands as Gentlewoman says "Lo you..." begin my cross toward SR. SLOWLY.

Focus is straight ahead. Rub hands—candle is solidly in my left hand, the right hand rubs over the top of the left hand and under the candle with constant contact. The rubbing continues until...

Focus shift to left bottom thumb knuckle, as I speak.

Rub left hand bottom thumb knuckle with three fingers of right hand furiously for two lines. Focus shift up and out for next line. Shift focus over edge of catwalk for next. Contraction of stomach and focus to SR platform for next. Focus forward, body elongates up and head arches backup to "...power to accompt?" Contraction to bring body back in tight, slightly hunching back, focus forward for "Yet who would..."

Doc: Do you mark that?

**LM:** 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.

Doc: Go to, go to! You have known what you should not.

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

**LM:** Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doc: What sigh is there. The heart is sorely charged.

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

Doc: Well, well, well.

Gentle: Pray God it be, sir.

Doc: This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

**LM:** Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried. He cannot come out on's grave.

Doc: Even so?

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

Still crossing, change to tiny bouncing steps for “The Thane of Fife...” Focus is right in front of my eyes. On “What, will these hands...” push candle away from body and focus on hands. “No more o' that...” focus ahead and posture straightens.

Focus right at my hand, body leaning into candle. Change focus after “Arabia” to DS center where all of the dead stand-- I reach center for “Oh, oh, oh!” My body turns toward DS and my right hand extends out over the rail toward the dead. Hold the final reach until...

Whip around to SR and continue cross—focus forward, body hunched. “I tell you again,” stand up straight change focus DS to SR platform and saunter.

Focus shift out over stage for “To bed...” On “Come, come...” turn focus back to forward and really hunch over stretching candle out in front. Drop all physicality and emotion for “What's done...” and continue all the way SR with tall, relaxed, not held body and candle off to the left side.



Doc: Will she go now to bed?

Gentle: Directly.

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 amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentle: Good night, good doctor.

V.iii.31

Mac:

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

Seyton: 'Tis not needed yet.

Mac:

I'll put it on.  
Send out more horses; skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor:

Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

Mac:

Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Turn DS to face out. Hold candle with left hand and right hand under it. Focus is out and up into the lighting instruments. Hold this through next scene until...

Turn to SL (switching candle to right hand during the turn) and start cross returning to SL position—repeating the first cross exactly except in the opposite direction and faster.

Hand rubbing.

Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor:                                    Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

Mac:  
Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.-Pull't off, I say.-  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor:  
Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

Mac:                                    Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doctor:  
[Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Act V scene iv

Malcolm:  
Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

Bouncy walk.

Extend hand over rail.

Whip around.

Hunch over.

Get to SR position. Turn out. Focus up and out.

Turn SL (changing candle to left hand) and start cross back—repeat the same cross. Exactly. Speed it up again.

That chambers will be safe.

Menteith: We doubt it nothing.

Siward: What wood is this before us?

Menteith: The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm:

Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

Soldiers: It shall be done.

Siward:

We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

Malcolm:

'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff:

Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

Siward:

The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war.

Make it back to SR ship's stair at "advance the war."  
Start down steps immediately after that.

Act V scene v

Mac:

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.  
What is that noise?

Seyton:

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mac:

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night- shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.  
Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton: The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac:

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

Get to platform right in front of steps by the railing holding the candle in my right hand out to my side by "famine and the ague." Stand facing out.

Blow out my candle after "The queen, my lord, is dead."

Cross to steps and down them.

Cross down cement steps.

Cross straight across the stage falling in line with the other dead and out door #5.

And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Act V scene viii.20

Mac:

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff:

Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macbeth:

I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Malcolm:

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siward:

Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Off by "...signifying nothing."

Begin entrance from offstage SR from the cement stairs—slowly with "the dead."

Get to position on cement steps behind Lady and son Macduff. Focus stays on Macbeth through end of show. Body is relaxed, tall, but not held.

Mac dies center stage—focus still on Mac.

Malcolm:

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross:

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

Siward:

Then he is dead?

Ross:

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

Siward:

Had he his hurts before?

Ross:

Ay, on the front.

Siward:

Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Malcolm:

He's worth more sorrow, And that I'll spend for him.

Siward:

He's worth no more

They say he parted well, and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Macduff:

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,

Yound Siward joins the dead on the SR cement steps.

That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

Malcolm:  
We shall not spend a large expense of time  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

After "...crowned at Scone," music cue for "The dead" to turn US and walk off into the darkness.  
Lights up and come onstage for curtain call.

## Chapter 5

### Conclusion

After closing this show and stepping back from the experience, I have some final words about creating and performing the role of Lady Macbeth. I will close with a general overview of my performance and other closing comments.

Overall, I felt that I created a good character. Lady Macbeth was enough like me so that she didn't feel foreign, but so much different from me that I really felt that I created something. I do believe that I created a role grounded in textual analysis but expanded with imagination and work. I think the Lady Macbeth that I created was unique to me and the process through which she was created—that process included everyone who worked on the show in any way, shape, or form.

A sign for me that I have done good work is that I continue to adjust throughout the run and I am not ready to give up the show. The closing performance of *Macbeth* was disappointing because by the end of the show I had five things that I wanted to try the next night. Part of that desire could never go away because of the nature of this woman that Shakespeare wrote—an enigma of strength and fragility. I am grateful that I was given the opportunity to step up to this monster of a woman. I hope someday to be able to step up to her again with a bit more age and wisdom and give her hell again.



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## Vita

Taralyn Adele MacMullen was born April 29, 1980, in East Ridge, Tennessee. She received her primary education from various schools in Texas and from Robert F. Kennedy Middle School in Charlotte, North Carolina. She completed her secondary education at Olympic Senior High School, also in Charlotte, North Carolina. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree in Theatre with a performance emphasis from Greensboro College, in Greensboro, North Carolina in May, 2002.