SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

M A C B E T H

20

Act V, scene 1: *Sleepwalking Scene*

Gentlewoman, Doctor, Lady Macbeth

DOCTOR

When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, **yet all this while in a most fast sleep.**

DOCTOR

A great perturbation in nature! in this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her **say?**

GENTLEWOMAN

That, sir, which I will not report after her!

DOCTOR

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

GENTLEWOMAN

NEITHER TO YOU, NOR ANYONE; having no witness to confirm my speech. *[Enter LADY MACBETH, with a candle]* Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR

How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN

She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR

You see! her eyes are open.

[LADY begins rubbing her hands as if washing]

GENTLEWOMAN

AY, BUT THEIR **SENSE** IS SHUT…

DOCTOR

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN

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.

LADY MACBETH

[looking at her hand up in the light] **Yet here's a spot!**

DOCTOR

[pulls out notebook and pen]

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

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! out, I say**!-- Hell is murky!—**

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him….

DOCTOR

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—

WHAT WILL THESE HANDS NE'ER BE CLEAN!

DOCTOR

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not!

GENTLEWOMAN

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known…

LADY MACBETH

[rubbing hands near her face, so she might be able to smell them.] **Here's the smell of the blood still!** all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand…. *[cries, buckling down.]*

DOCTOR

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN

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

DOCTOR

This disease is beyond my practise…

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

DOCTOR

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: *[reaching out to audience]* come, come, come, come, give me your hand. **What's done cannot be undone.—** To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit]

DOCTOR

Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN

Directly…Foul whisperings are abroad.

DOCTOR

Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles:

God forgive us all! So, good night

GENTLEWOMAN

Good night, good doctor. *[Exeunt}*