

ACT 2, SCENE 2

NIGHT

MACDUFF CAMERA FAST PIVOT TURN T

Enter Lady

LADY MACBETH

That made them drunk hath made me bold.
What hath made them hath given me

Macduff makes sound of an owl

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Hark! Peace.

It was the owl that gave the fatal bellman,
Which gives the night. He is about it.
The doors are open, the feigned grooms
Do mock their chamberlains. I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do about them
Whether they live or

WE HEAR "SLEEP NO MORE" MURDERS SLEEP FROM THE
NIGHT VISION CAMERA THE

MACBETH

(whispering)

that, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alas, I am afraid they have awaked
The attempt and
sends us.

Macduff makes sound of an owl as knock earlier is
heard

LADY MACBETH (CONT'D)

Hark!--I laid their

did not miss 'em. Had he not
my father as he slept, I had done

Enter Macbeth with daggers. (No blood)

LADY MACBETH (CONT'D)

My husband?

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

Start

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

(long pause)

MACBETH

Hark!--Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.
(Looking on his hands.)

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

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 them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

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

LADY MACBETH

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

MACBETH

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.

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

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."

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthythane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.--

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