



# AUDITIONS

Warren Players' Shakespeare Troupe Production of  
William Shakespeare's

## Macbeth

Directed by Rachel Stowe

Saturday, October 21 @ First Lutheran Church, 2:00 p.m.

Sunday, October 22 @ First Lutheran Church, 6:00 p.m.

Callbacks at director's discretion, if necessary.

**Online Audition Form:** <https://forms.gle/LdJS9YCt1w2JgQJ98>

Cast Announced: Friday, October 27th

[www.warrenplayers.com](http://www.warrenplayers.com)

<https://www.facebook.com/WarrenPlayers/>

Read Through at First Lutheran Church, TBA

NOTE: This show will not be performed until June 14th-16th, 2024. Rehearsals are infrequent (generally once a month until May, at which point rehearsals will increase) but will last over the course of a year. Please keep this in mind before auditioning, and be sure to include all possible conflicts on your audition sheet.

For this production, we will be using the Folgers version of Shakespeare's Macbeth. The full text, along with a synopsis and various notes, is available on their website here: <https://www.folger.edu/explore/shakespeares-works/macbeth/>

Please be prepared to read or recite one of the following monologues for your audition:

**Lady Macbeth Act 1 Scene 7:**

Was the hope drunk 40  
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 afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valor

45  
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?...

What beast was 't,  
Then, 55  
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.

60  
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,

65  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

## Porter Act 2 Scene 3

PORTER

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were  
porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the  
key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'  
th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged

5

himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time!  
Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat  
for 't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'  
other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator  
that could swear in both the scales against either

10

scale, who committed treason enough for God's  
sake yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in,  
equivocator. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's  
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for  
stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor. Here

15

you may roast your goose. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock!  
Never at quiet.—What are you?—But this place is  
too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had  
thought to have let in some of all professions that go  
the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*)

20

Anon, anon!

⌈ *The Porter opens the door to* ⌋ *Macduff and Lennox.*

I pray you, remember the porter.

## Macbeth Act 2 Scene 1

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

45

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

50

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

*He draws his dagger.*

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,

55

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

60

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's off'rings, and withered murder,

65

Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing *He strides,* towards his

design

Moves like a ghost. Thou *sure* and firm-set earth,

70

Hear not my steps, which *He 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.

*A bell rings.*

75

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.

You may also be asked to read one or more of these dialogues during your auditions:

### 1.) Banquo and Macbeth Act 2 Scene 1

BANQUO		5
Hold, take my sword.	<i>He gives his sword to Fleance.</i>	
There's husbandry in heaven;		
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.		
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,		
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,		10
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature		
Gives way to in repose.	<i>Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.</i>	
Give me my sword.—Who's		
There?		
 MACBETH		
A friend.		
 BANQUO		15
What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.		
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and		
Sent forth great largess to your offices.		
This diamond he greets your wife withal,		
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up		20
In measureless content.		
	<i>He gives Macbeth a jewel.</i>	
 MACBETH		
Being unprepared,		
Our will became the servant to defect,		
Which else should free have wrought.		
 BANQUO		
All's well.		25
I dreamt last night of the three Weïrd Sisters.		
To you they have showed some truth.		
 MACBETH		
I think not of		
them.		
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,		30
We would spend it in some words upon that		
business,		
If you would grant the time.		

BANQUO  
At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH  
If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, 35  
It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO  
So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counseled.

MACBETH 40  
Good repose the while.

BANQUO  
Thanks, sir. The like to you.

*Banquo and Fleance exit.*

## 2.) Macbeth and Lady Macbeth Act 2 Scene 1

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

LADY MACBETH 20  
I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

MACBETH  
When?

LADY MACBETH  
Now.

MACBETH  
As I descended?

LADY MACBETH 25  
Ay.

MACBETH  
Hark!—Who lies i' th' second chamber?

LADY MACBETH  
Donalbain.

MACBETH  
This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH  
A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH 30  
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 35  
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" 40  
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 45  
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 sleave of care 50  
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. 55  
"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, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think 60  
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.

MACBETH

I'll go no more. 65  
I am afraid to think what I have done.  
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead 70  
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. *She exits* <sup>⌈</sup> *with the daggers.* <sup>⌋</sup>

### 3.) The Murder of Banquo (3 Murderers and Banquo) Act 3 Scene 3

FIRST MURDERER

But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER

Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER <sup>⌈</sup> *to the First Murderer* <sup>⌋</sup>

He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
Our offices and what we have to do 5  
To the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER

Then stand with us.—  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.  
Now spurs the lated traveler apace  
To gain the timely inn, <sup>⌈</sup> and <sup>⌋</sup> near approaches 10  
The subject of our watch.



THIRD MURDERER

Hark, I hear horses.

BANQUO [*within*]

Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER

Then 'tis he. The rest

That are within the note of expectation

Already are i' th' court.

15

FIRST MURDERER

His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER

Almost a mile; but he does usually

(So all men do) from hence to th' palace gate

Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.*

SECOND MURDERER

A light, a light!

20

THIRD MURDERER

'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER

Stand to 't.

BANQUO, [*to Fleance*]

It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER

Let it come down!

*[The three Murderers attack.]*

BANQUO

O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge—O slave!

25

*[He dies. Fleance exits.]*

THIRD MURDERER

Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER

Was 't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER

There's but one down. The son is  
Fled.

30

SECOND MURDERER

We have lost best half of our  
Affair.

FIRST MURDERER

Well, let's away and say how much is done.

*They exit.*

#### **4.) The Three Witches Reprise (3 Witches and Hecate) Act 4 Scene 1**

FIRST WITCH

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

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 poisoned entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Sweltered venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

5

*⌈ The Witches circle the cauldron. ⌋*

ALL

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

10

SECOND WITCH

Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake.  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

15

ALL 20  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

THIRD WITCH

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravined salt-sea shark, 25  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, 30  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron  
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.

ALL 35  
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.

*Enter Hecate <sup>⌈</sup> to <sup>⌋</sup> the other three Witches.*

HECATE

O, well done! I commend your pains, 40  
And everyone shall share i' th' gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

*⌈ Hecate exits. ⌋*

SECOND WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs, 45  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.