

CHARACTER: MACBETH

AUDITION PIECE 1

(Context - Just met with Ross who has told him he will be Thane of Cawdor - Just as the witches pronounced - who also told him he will be King thereafter....)

MACBETH

I thank you gentlemen

(Aside)

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,

Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day

AUDITION PIECE 2

(Context - He's about to go and kill Duncan, having discussed heavily with Lady Macbeth his reservations.....)

MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-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;

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.

AUDITION PIECE 3

(Context - Just been told that Lady Macbeth has died)

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

CHARACTER: LADY MACBETH

AUDITION PIECE 1

(Context – Reading a letter from Macbeth telling of his encounter with the witches)

LADY MACBETH

"They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. 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 mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

DROP LETTER TO SIDE - PAUSE

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the 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'ldst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
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 valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

AUDITION PIECE 2

(Context – Lady M is summoning the courage via spirits to engage her darkest ambitions.)

LADY MACBETH

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 top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

CHARACTER: MACDUFF

Context – Macduff and Malcolm are in England discussing the state of Scotland under the tyranny of Macbeth (We will read in the Malcolm line.).

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,

With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

Thy royal father

Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,

Often upon her knees than on her feet,

Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,

Thy hope ends here!

CHARACTER: LADY MACDUFF

Context – Lady Macduff is confused as to why her husband has pretty much left the family high and dry. We will read the Ross lines.

LADY MACDUFF

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.

CHARACTER: BANQUO

Context – Banquo is becoming suspicious of Macbeth – this is a monologue to be delivered to the audience.

BANQUO:

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them--
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

CHARACTER: DUNCAN

AUDITION PIECE 1

Context – Duncan has just asked Malcolm if execution has been “done on Cawdor” and has been told that yes, it has....

DUNCAN

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

AUDITION PIECE 2

Context – Duncan is about to bestow the inheritance of his estate upon..... Someone!! Needs to have a pause where stated to increase the expectation and tension in Macbeth.....

DUNCAN

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon

(PAUSE)

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

CHARACTER: MALCOLM

AUDITION PIECE 1

Context – Malcolm and Macduff arguing about their motives for leaving Scotland – Macduff has become heated.

MALCOLM

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

AUDITION PIECE 2

Context – Macbeth is dead. Macduff has just pronounced Malcolm King. This is the closer of the play and requires some thought into the full meaning of how things will be hereafter.....

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.

CHARACTER: ROSS

AUDITION PIECE 1

Context – Ross is pleading the case of Macduff to Lady Macduff –

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,
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

AUDITION PIECE 2

Context – Ross is in England meeting with Malcolm and Macduff – he has just been asked how things are in Scotland

ROSS

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

CHARACTER: THE WITCHES

AUDITION PIECE 1

What I have done here is take Act 4 sc I and merged it in to one piece just for the purposes of audition – I want to see what you can do with animating this as just one person doing the work of three. This is ONLY for the purposes of audition – The real thing is going to be run across three or more witches.

The speech will not be just one person's speech, but for the purposes of individual audition, I've taken this approach to see what you can give me.

WITCHES

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
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 blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
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,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

AUDITION PIECE 2

Like the other piece, what I have done here is take a section from Act 1 Sc iii and merged it into one speech.

WITCHES

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
Drum within
A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.