**SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.**

This scene tells us a lot about the characters through DIRECT & INDIRECT characterization.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him*

**BANQUO**

Dark outside (nighttime). There is no moon or stars. This is an indication that the supernatural world (dark/evil) is taking over the human world.

Contrast this line with Macbeth asking, “Stars, hide your fires/Let not light see my black and deep desires!” THETME OF DECEIT AND APPEARANCE VS. REALITY.

How goes the night, boy?

**FLEANCE**

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

**BANQUO**

And she goes down at twelve.

**FLEANCE**

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

**BANQUO**

Hold, take my sword. 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,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

Requesting merciful powers instead of evil spirits (like Macbeth). Example of FOIL.

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch*

Banquo is obviously startled when he hears a noise & automatically asks for his sword. Banquo is at a “friend’s” house and is worried/nervous. What does this tell us about Banquo? Is Banquo catching on Macbeth’s inner thoughts and desires?

What does this pause indicate to the reader? What can we infer about Banquo?

Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

**MACBETH**

A friend.

**BANQUO**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
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  
In measureless content.

Lady Macbeth is actually the opposite of how she is being described here. Duncan has no idea what is going on.

**MACBETH**

Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

**BANQUO**

All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

Banquo is obviously struggling with the witches and what they said. Another example of how opposite he is from Macbeth (FOIL).

**MACBETH**

I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

Hiding behind his words again b/c really it’s all he thinks about.

**BANQUO**

Hesistant

At your kind'st leisure.

**MACBETH**

Foreshadowing? Trying to get Banquo on his side. Macbeth may need Banquo in the future to help him/benefit him in some way. There is always intent behind Macbeth’s words/actions. Macbeth is still plotting.

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

**BANQUO**

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

Banquo says yes, but under 2 conditions: 1.) I don’t lose honor and 2.)I don’t betray the king.

Ironic?

**MACBETH**

Good repose the while!

**BANQUO**

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*

**MACBETH**

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

*Exit Servant*

Shakespeare is showing us Macbeth’s declining mental state. Starting to hallucinate. Macbeth sees a dagger before him.

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  
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 whereabout,  
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.

You lead me the way that I was already going. Macbeth decided that he was going to kill Duncan.

*A bell rings*

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.

*Exit*