

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

SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him

BANQUO

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!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch

← 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.

MACBETH

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

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!"

THEME OF DECEIT AND APPEARANCE VS. REALITY.

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

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?

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

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

Hesitant

← → At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

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

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.

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

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.

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

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 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.

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