**Scene 1  Macbeth’s palace at Forres.**
Banquo voices his suspicions of Macbeth but still hopes that the prophecy about his own children will prove true. Macbeth, as king, enters to request Banquo’s presence at a state banquet. Banquo explains that he will be away during the day with his son, Fleance, but that they will return in time for the banquet. Alone, Macbeth expresses his fear of Banquo, because of the witches’ promise that Banquo’s sons will be kings. He persuades two murderers to kill Banquo and his son before the banquet.

[Enter Banquo.]

**Banquo.** Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all As the Weird Women promised, and I fear Thou played’st most foully for ’t. Yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity,

5 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. A

[Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.]

**Macbeth.** Here’s our chief guest.

**Lady Macbeth.** If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast And all-thing unbecoming.

10 **Macbeth.** Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I’ll request your presence.

**Banquo.** Let your Highness Command upon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie Forever knit.

**Macbeth.** Ride you this afternoon?

**Banquo.** Ay, my good lord.

15 **Macbeth.** We should have else desired your good advice (Which still hath been both grave and prosperous) In this day’s council, but we’ll take tomorrow. Is ’t far you ride?
Banquo's murder
Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
25 'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth. Fail not our feast.
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
30 In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Cranking us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,
35 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.
[Banquo exits.]
40 Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone. While then, God be with you.
[ Lords and all but Macbeth and a Servant exit.]
Servant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us.
[Servant exits.]
To be thus is nothing,
45 But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
50 Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
55 My genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If ’t be so,
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.

Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to th’ utterance.—Who’s there?

[Enter Servant and two Murderers.]
[To the Servant] Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[Servant exits.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Murderers. It was, so please your Highness.

Macbeth. Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you

How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say “Thus did Banquo.”

First Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so, and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave

And beggared yours forever?

First Murderer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleft
All by the name of dogs. The valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature

TRAGEDY

In lines 70–71, Macbeth challenges fate to enter the combat arena so that he can fight it to the death. What will be the likely result of Macbeth’s efforts to fight fate?

75–83 Macbeth supposedly proved (passed in probation) Banquo’s role, his deception (how you were borne in hand), his methods, and his allies. Even a half-wit (half a soul) or a crazed person would agree that Banquo caused their trouble.

87–90 He asks whether they are so influenced by the gospel’s message of forgiveness (so gospeled) that they will pray for Banquo and his children despite his harshness, which will leave their own families beggars.

91–100 The true worth of a dog can be measured only by examining the record (valued file) of its special qualities (particular addition).
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike. And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i’ th’ worst rank of manhood, say ’t,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Murderer. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on ’t.

Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Murderers. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near’st of life. And though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer. Though our lives—

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o’ th’ time,
The moment on ’t, for ’t must be done tonight
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart.
I'll come to you anon.

_Murderers._ We are resolved, my lord.

_Macbeth._ I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

[Murderers exit.]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.
[He exits.]

**Scene 2** _Macbeth's palace at Forres._

Lady Macbeth and her husband discuss the troubled thoughts and bad dreams they have had since Duncan's murder. However, they agree to hide their dark emotions at the night's banquet. Lady Macbeth tries to comfort the tormented Macbeth, but her words do no good. Instead, Macbeth hints at some terrible event that will occur that night.

[Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.]

_Lady Macbeth._ Is Banquo gone from court?

_Servant._ Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

_Lady Macbeth._ Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

_Servant._ Madam, I will.

[He exits.]

_Lady Macbeth._ Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

[Enter Macbeth.]

_How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done._

_Macbeth._ We have scorched the snake, not killed it.
She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave.
After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth.    Come on, gentle my lord,
Sleek o’er your rugged looks. Be bright and jovial
Among your guests tonight.

Macbeth.    So shall I, love,
And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence
Both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth.    You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know’st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady Macbeth.    But in them Nature’s copy’s not eterne.

Macbeth.    There’s comfort yet; they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate’s summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night’s yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth.    What’s to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th’ rooky wood.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night’s black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvel’st at my words, but hold thee still.
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

So prithee go with me.

[They exit.]
Scene 3 A park near the palace.
The two murderers, joined by a third, ambush Banquo and Fleance, killing Banquo. Fleance manages to escape in the darkness.

[Enter three Murderers.]

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer. Macbeth.

Second Murderer. [To the First Murderer]
He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
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, and near approaches
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.

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!

Third Murderer. 'Tis he.

First Murderer. Stand to 't.

Banquo. 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!

[He dies. Fleance exits.]

Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer. Was 't not the way?

Second Murderer. There’s but one down. The son is fled.

First Murderer. We have lost best half of our affair.

First Murderer. Well, let’s away and say how much is done.

[They exit.]
Scene 4  The hall in the palace.
As the banquet begins, one of the murderers reports on Banquo's death and Fleance's escape. Macbeth is disturbed by the news and even more shaken when he returns to the banquet table and sees the bloody ghost of Banquo. Only Macbeth sees the ghost, and his terrified reaction startles the guests. Lady Macbeth explains her husband's strange behavior as an illness from childhood that will soon pass. Once the ghost disappears, Macbeth calls for a toast to Banquo, whose ghost immediately reappears. Because Macbeth begins to rant and rave, Lady Macbeth dismisses the guests, fearful that her husband will reveal too much. Macbeth, alone with his wife, tells of his suspicions of Macduff, absent from the banquet. He also says he will visit the witches again and hints at bloody deeds yet to happen.

[Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.]

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit down. At first And last, the hearty welcome.

[They sit.]

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society And play the humble host.

5 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time We will require her welcome.

1 your own degrees: where your rank entitles you to sit.

5 keeps her state: sits on her throne rather than at the banquet table.
Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
[Enter First Murderer to the door.]
Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ thanks.
Both sides are even. Here I’ll sit i’ th’ midst.
Be large in mirth. Anon we’ll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the Murderer] There’s blood upon thy face.
Murderer. ’Tis Banquo’s then.
Macbeth. ’Tis better thee without than he within.
15 Is he dispatched?
Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.
Macbeth. Thou art the best o’ th’ cutthroats,
Yet he’s good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.
Murderer. Most royal sir, Fleance is ’scaped.
Macbeth. [Aside] Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo’s safe? 
Murderer. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.
Macbeth. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies. The worm that’s fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th’ present. Get thee gone. Tomorrow
We’ll hear ourselves again.
[Murderer exits.]
Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while ’tis a-making,
’Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
[Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth’s place.]
Macbeth. [To Lady Macbeth] Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both!
Lennox. May’t please your Highness sit.
Macbeth. Here had we now our country’s honor roofed, were the graced person of our Banquo present, who may I rather challenge for unkindness than pity for mishance.

Ross. His absence, sir, lays blame upon his promise. Please ’t your Highness to grace us with your royal company?

Macbeth. The table’s full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is ’t that moves your Highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. [To the Ghost] Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise. His Highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus and hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought he will again be well. If much you note him you shall offend him and extend his passion. Feed and regard him not. [Drawing Macbeth aside] Are you a man? Are you a man?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appall the devil.

Lady Macbeth. O, proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear. This is the air-drawn dagger which you said led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, impostors to true fear, would well become a woman’s story at a winter’s fire, authorized by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all’s done, you look but on a stool.

Macbeth. Prithee see there. Behold, look! [To the Ghost] Lo, how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—If charnel houses and our graves must send those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the maws of kites.

[Ghost exits.]

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i’ th’ olden time, Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been performed Too terrible for the ear. The time has been That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end. But now they rise again With twenty mortal murders on their crowns And push us from our stools. This is more strange Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth. I do forget.— Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends. I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all. Then I’ll sit down.—Give me some wine. Fill full.

[Enter Ghost.]

I drink to the general joy o’ th’ whole table And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. Would he were here! To all and him we thirst, And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[They raise their drinking cups.]

Macbeth. [To the Ghost] Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee. Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom. ’Tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. [To the Ghost] What man dare, I dare. Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The armed rhinoceros, or th’ Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble. Or be alive again And dare me to the desert with thy sword.

If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mock’ry, hence!
[Ghost exits.]

Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

Lady Macbeth. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you speak not. He grows worse and worse.
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lennox. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady Macbeth. A kind good night to all.

[Lords and all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth exit.]

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot pies and coughs and rooks brought forth
The secret man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth. How say’st thou that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There’s not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee’d. I will tomorrow
(And betimes I will) to the Weird Sisters.
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know
By the worst means the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go’er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.
Promotion

Flyers and posters are among the materials used for promotion, in order to attract an audience for a play. What ideas do each of these posters for Macbeth communicate about the play? Which poster grabs your attention most, and why?
Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.
We are yet but young in deed.
[They exit.]

Scene 5 A heath.
The goddess of witchcraft, Hecate, scolds the three witches for dealing independently with Macbeth. She outlines their next meeting with him, planning to cause his downfall by making him overconfident.
(Experts believe this scene was not written by Shakespeare but rather was added later.)
[Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.]
Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold, how did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death,
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part
Or show the glory of our art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i’ th’ morning. Thither he Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for th’ air. This night I’ll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap’rous drop profound.
I’ll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

2  beldams: hags.

BLANK VERSE
Read aloud a few lines from Hecate’s speech (lines 2–33). Note that they are not written in blank verse. Why might the rhyme and rhythm of these lines be appropriate for a witch?

13  loves . . . you: cares only about his own goals, not about you.
15  Acheron: a river in hell, according to Greek mythology. Hecate plans to hold their meeting in a hellish place.
20–21  This . . . end: Tonight I’m working for a disastrous (dismal) and fatal end for Macbeth.
23–29  Hecate will obtain a magical drop from the moon, treat it with secret art, and so create spirits (artificial sprites) that will lead Macbeth to his destruction (confusion).
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song]
Hark! I am called. My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

[Hecate exits.]

[Sing within “Come away, come away,” etc.]
First Witch. Come, let's make haste. She'll soon be back again.
[They exit.]

Scene 6 The palace at Forres.
Lennox and another Scottish lord review the events surrounding the murders of Duncan and Banquo, indirectly suggesting that Macbeth is both a murderer and a tyrant. It is reported that Macduff has gone to England, where Duncan's son Malcolm is staying with King Edward and raising an army to regain the Scottish throne. Macbeth, angered by Macduff's refusal to see him, is also preparing for war.

[Enter Lennox and another Lord.]

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpreter farther. Only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead.

And the right valiant Banquo walked too late,
Whom you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too,
For 'twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that I say
He has borne all things well. And I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not) they should find

What 'twere to kill a father. So should Fleance.
But peace. For from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
The son of Duncan (From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth) Lives in the English court and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward That, by the help of these (with Him above To ratify the work), we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage, and receive free honors, All which we pine for now. And this report Hath so exasperate the King that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did, and with an absolute “Sir, not I,” The cloudy messenger turns me his back And hums, as who should say, “You’ll rue the time That clogs me with this answer.”

Lennox. And that well might Advise him to a caution t’ hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accursed.

Lord. I’ll send my prayers with him.

[They exit.]
**After Reading**

**Comprehension**
1. **Recall** Whom does Macbeth command the two murderers to kill?
2. **Clarify** Why does Macbeth behave so strangely at the banquet?
3. **Summarize** In Scene 6, what does Lennox suggest about Macbeth?

**Text Analysis**
4. **Examine Shakespearean Drama** Review the notes you recorded on Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in Act Three. What do their actions reveal about how their relationship has changed since the death of Duncan? Be specific.
5. **Interpret Character Motives** Reread Scene 1, lines 47–56. Why does Macbeth fear Banquo and feel threatened by his “being”? Support your answer.
6. **Compare Actions** Compare and contrast Duncan’s murder in Act Two with that of Banquo in Act Three. What does Banquo’s murder suggest about how Macbeth has been affected by his first crime?
7. **Analyze Shakespearean Tragedy** Skim Act Three for remarks that create dramatic irony. In a chart like the one shown, explain why the remarks are ironic by jotting down what characters think or say and what the audience knows. How does the dramatic irony enhance your enjoyment of the play?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene, Lines</th>
<th>What Characters Think or Say</th>
<th>What Audience Knows</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

8. **Analyze Theme** In which moments of Act Three is manhood equated with a lack of fear? How valid is this view of manhood?

**Text Criticism**
9. **Critical Interpretations** In Scene 1, Macbeth meets with two murderers, but three murderers take part in Banquo’s murder in Scene 3. Some people have speculated that the third murderer may be Macbeth himself. Is this plausible? Would that help explain his behavior at the banquet? Support your answer.

*Can you ever be too AMBITIOUS?*
Many characters pose a threat to Macbeth. Which characters in the play do you believe pose the greatest threat to him? Why?