

Orlando Shakes *Macbeth* Sides  
Directed by Irwin Appel

## **ACTOR 4: PORTER SIDE**

### **Porter**

Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking within*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. (*Knocking within*) Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. (*Knocking within*) 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 you may roast your goose. (*Knocking within*) 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 the everlasting bonfire. (*Knocking within*) Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

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## **ACTOR 4: DUNCAN CALLBACK SIDE**

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*LADY MACBETH appears to DUNCAN*

**DUNCAN**

See, see, our honor'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house.

**DUNCAN**

Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest tonight.

**LADY MACBETH**

Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

**DUNCAN**

Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.