

# Waiting Gentlewoman Sides

## Speaking scene: 21

### Scene 21

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Waiting Gentlewoman: Student

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman*

**Doctor**

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

**Gentlewoman**

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, take forth paper, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

**Doctor**

In this slumbry agitation, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

**Gentlewoman**

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

**Doctor**

You may to me.

**Gentlewoman**

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;  
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

**Doctor**

You see, her eyes are open.

**Gentlewoman**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**Doctor**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**Gentlewoman**

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LADY MACBETH**

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

**Doctor**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?-- What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

**Doctor**

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

**Gentlewoman**

**She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.**

**LADY MACBETH**

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

**Doctor**

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

**Gentlewoman**

**I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.**

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

**Doctor**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**Doctor**

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she hath checkmated and amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

**Gentlewoman**

**Good night, good doctor.**

*Exeunt*