

Out, damned spot

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a shirt and a bar of soap. She rubs the shirt.

A Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman observe her from a distance.

- Gentlewoman** Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.
- Doctor** How came she by that soap?
- Gentlewoman** Why, it stood by her: she has soap by her continually; 'tis her command.
- 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 the shirt.
- Gentlewoman** It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing the shirt: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
- Lady Macbeth** Yet here's a spot.
- Doctor** Hark! she speaks.
- Lady Macbeth** Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. -- Hell is murky!
King Duncan had a pleasant shirt, the cuff
Nimbly and sweetly recommended itself
Unto his senses. And I did swear
To take it in with all the other wash
With which I toil, to earn a groat or two.
This castle, you must know, comes not so cheap!
But that which made me drunk soil'd this chemise.
- Doctor** Do you mark that?
- Lady Macbeth** Fie, my lord, fie! Red wine: the best from Burgundy. The flagon had a cork: where is it now? Who would have thought the bottle to have had so much wine in it? What, will this smock ne'er be clean?
- Doctor** Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
- Lady Macbeth** Here's the stain of the wine still: all the 'Vanish' of Waitrose will not soften this dark hue. 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.
- Doctor** This lavation is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.
- Lady Macbeth** Dry your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, the sleeve is ruddy; it cannot come out blanced.

Doctor Even so?

Lady Macbeth To bed, to bed! What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!
(Exit)

Doctor Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman Directly.

Doctor Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural stains: uncorkèd flasks
To virgin linen will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her means of inebriation,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt