

HENRY VI / TWELFTH NIGHT / MACBETH – FEMALE – OVER 30-ish

LADY MACBETH (learning about the witches' prophecy for Macbeth)

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

LADY MACBETH (learning that Duncan is coming to visit their castle)

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts; unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

LADY MACBETH (sleepwalking and reliving the murder of Duncan)

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?
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. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of
Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Wash your hands, put on your
nightgown. Look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he
cannot come out of his grave. 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.

MARIA (planning a trick on Malvolio)

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into
a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit
enough to lie straight in my bed. He is an affectioned ass, that cons state
without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of
himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his
grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in
him will my revenge find notable cause to work. I will drop in his way
some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the
shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye,
forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly
personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten
matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

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HECATE

(the goddess of the witches, berating them for dealing with Macbeth)

Why, how now, 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' the morning.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear.
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
I am for the air; this night we'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.

FESTE

(pretending to be Sir Topas to trick Malvolio, who is locked up)

[Singing]
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
'My lady is unkind, perdee.'

Hears Malvolio call

Master Malvolio? Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? Advise you what you say; the minister is here. [as Sir Topas] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [as himself] Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God be with you, good Sir Topas. [as Sir Topas] Marry, amen. [as himself] I will, sir, I will. [to Malvolio] Alas, sir, be patient. I am shent for speaking to you. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?