



# Cambridge IGCSE™

**DRAMA**

**0411/11**

Paper 1

**October/November 2025**

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



**Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.**

## INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## EXTRACT 1

Adapted from *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

*Macbeth* is a tragedy by William Shakespeare (1564–1616), who is generally considered to be the most performed playwright in the world. The first public performance was probably in April 1611. The extract consists of Act 1 and Act 2, Scenes 1–3, in a modern version.

The play tells the story of Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, who is told by three witches he encounters that he will become King of Scotland. While the current King, Duncan, is staying at Macbeth's castle, Macbeth is encouraged by his wife, Lady Macbeth, to murder Duncan in his sleep.

## CHARACTERS

1st WITCH

2nd WITCH

3rd WITCH

MACBETH (*Thane of Glamis*)

LADY MACBETH (*his wife*)

DUNCAN (*King of Scotland*)

MALCOLM (*DUNCAN's eldest son*)

DONALBAIN (*DUNCAN's youngest son*)

SERGEANT

LORDS: ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS and MACDUFF

BANQUO (*a Lord, close ally of MACBETH*)

FLEANCE (*his son*)

MESSENGER

SERVANTS and ATTENDANTS

THE PORTER

## ACT ONE SCENE ONE

*[A blasted heath in Scotland on a stormy night. The year is 1040 during the reign of KING DUNCAN. Three WITCHES chant around a steaming cauldron.]*

1st WITCH:	When shall we three meet again	
	In thunder, lightning or in rain?	5
2nd WITCH:	When the hurlyburley's done,	
	When the battle's lost and won.	
3rd WITCH:	Before the setting of the sun.	
1st WITCH:	Where's the place?	
2nd WITCH:	Upon the heath.	10
3rd WITCH:	There to meet Macbeth.	
1st WITCH:	<i>[As if commanded]</i> I'm coming, Cat!	
2nd WITCH:	The toad calls!	
3rd WITCH:	Coming!	
TOGETHER:	Fair is foul, and foul is fair.	15
	Hover through the fog and filthy air.	

*[They vanish.]*

## SCENE TWO

*[A military camp near the town of Forres in Scotland. A battle is raging nearby. Rebels are fighting the King's troops. A trumpet sounds. KING DUNCAN enters with his sons, MALCOLM and DONALBAIN and Lords and Attendants. They meet a SERGEANT, stained with blood.]*

DUNCAN:	Who's that man, bleeding so badly? Judging by his wounds, he can give us the latest news of the rebellion.	
MALCOLM:	It's the sergeant! He saved me from capture. <i>[Helping SERGEANT to stand]</i> Tell the King how the battle was going when you left it.	25
SERGEANT:	It was in the balance. Like two tired swimmers, the armies clung together, dragging each other down. Then that cruel, villainous, arch-rebel Macdonwald got some reinforcements – Irish mercenaries from the Hebrides. Lady Luck favoured him at first. But it wasn't enough. Brave Macbeth – he well deserves that name! – just ignored the odds. With sword streaming blood, he carved his way forward till he faced the wretch. There were no fancy formalities. He ripped the traitor apart from his guts to his gullet and stuck his head upon our battlements!	30
DUNCAN:	Well done, brave cousin!	
SERGEANT:	Following good news, there is often bad. Listen, King of Scotland, listen! Our valiant men, fighting their just cause, had no sooner forced these troops to show how fast they could retreat, than the King of Norway saw his chance. He launched a fresh attack with new supplies and reinforcements.	40
DUNCAN:	Macbeth and Banquo – did they lose heart?	
SERGEANT:	Do sparrows scare eagles or lions fear hares? They were like cannons with a double load of shot. They fought twice as hard! <i>[He staggers]</i> I'm feeling faint. My wounds need treatment.	45

DUNCAN:	You can be proud of them, Sergeant. They do you honour, like your report. [ <i>To an attendant</i> ] Get him to a doctor.	
	[ <i>SERGEANT and attendant exit. ROSS and ANGUS arrive in haste.</i> ]	50
	Who's this?	
MALCOLM:	The worthy Thane of Ross.	
LENNOX:	He looks as though he has startling news.	
ROSS:	God save the King!	
DUNCAN:	Where have you come from, good thane?	55
ROSS:	From Fife, great King, where the Norwegians terrorise our people. Backed by that traitor, Cawdor, the King of Norway launched a massive attack. But he met his match in Macbeth. Macbeth fought hand to hand, sword against sword, till he'd brought him to his knees. In short, we won!	60
DUNCAN:	Great happiness!	
ROSS:	Now King Sweno of Norway is suing for peace. We wouldn't let him bury his dead till he'd paid ten thousand pounds.	
DUNCAN:	That Thane of Cawdor won't deceive us twice [ <i>To attendants</i> ] Go, see he's executed immediately. [ <i>To ROSS</i> ] Cawdor's title shall pass to Macbeth. Greet him with it.	65
ROSS:	I'll see it's done.	
DUNCAN:	Cawdor's loss is noble Macbeth's gain!	
	[ <i>They exit.</i> ]	

## SCENE THREE

	[ <i>The heath again, in a thunderstorm. The WITCHES meet.</i> ]	70
1st WITCH:	Where have you been, sister?	
2nd WITCH:	Killing swine!	
3rd WITCH:	Sister, where have you?	
1st WITCH:	Listen. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap. She munched and munched. 'Give me one,' I said. 'Begone, you witch,' the bloated baggage cried. Her husband's gone to sea aboard the Tiger, but in a sieve I'll follow him and like a rat without a tail, I'll do for him.	75
2nd WITCH:	I'll give you a wind.	
1st WITCH:	You're kind.	
3rd WITCH:	I'll give you another.	80
1st WITCH:	I'm in charge of all the others.	
	I control the ports they blow from – Every compass point we know from Records, maps and charts.	
	I will see he's nothing to drink – Ensure he never sleeps a wink! Cursed he'll be, and live confined!	85
	For weary weeks, yes, nine times nine, He shall dwindle, peak and pine! Though his ship cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.	90
	Look what I have.	
2nd WITCH:	Show me, show me.	
1st WITCH:	Here I have a pilot's thumb Wrecked as he did homeward come.	95

[*A drum sounds.*]

3rd WITCH:	A drum, a drum, Macbeth does come.	
	<i>[They circle the cauldron, first one way, then the other, chanting.]</i>	
TOGETHER:	The Weird Sisters, hand in hand, Travellers of the sea and land, Thus go roundabout, about, Three times your way, three times mine, Three more again to make up nine. Stop! The charm's prepared!	100     105
	<i>[Enter MACBETH from the battlefield where he has fought with honour, accompanied by BANQUO, a fellow nobleman.]</i>	
MACBETH:	So foul and fair a day I have not seen.	
BANQUO:	How far are we from Forres? <i>[He sees the WITCHES]</i> What are these creatures so wrinkled and wildly dressed? They don't look human. <i>[To the WITCHES]</i> Are you living beings? Or spirits we can question? <i>[WITCHES put fingers to lips]</i> You seem to understand me from the way you put your crooked fingers on your skinny lips. <i>[He stares at their hairy chins]</i> You look like women, but you have beards.	110     115
MACBETH:	Speak, if you can. Who are you?	
1st WITCH:	All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, Thane of Glamis!	
2nd WITCH:	All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, Thane of Cawdor!	
3rd WITCH:	All hail, Macbeth! You'll be king one day!	
BANQUO:	<i>[To MACBETH]</i> Why be so startled. Why fear what sounds so fine? <i>[To the WITCHES]</i> The truth now! Are you supernatural? Or are you as mortal as you look? You greeted my noble companion by his present title. Then you prophesied new honours, with hopes of royalty. Now he's lost in thought. To me you say nothing. If you really can foretell the future, if you know who'll prosper and who won't, speak to me! I don't seek your favours and I don't fear your hate!	120     125
1st WITCH:	Hail!	
2nd WITCH:	Hail!	
3rd WITCH:	Hail!	130
1st WITCH:	Lesser than Macbeth, and greater ...	
2nd WITCH:	Not so happy, yet much happier ...	
3rd WITCH:	You shall father kings, yet not be one yourself. So all hail Macbeth and Banquo!	
1st WITCH:	Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!	135
	<i>[They turn to leave.]</i>	
MACBETH:	<i>[Coming to himself]</i> Stop. You've only told me half the story. Tell me more. I know I'm Thane of Glamis, since my father died. But how can I be Thane of Cawdor? Cawdor is alive, a prosperous gentleman. As for being king, that's beyond belief, as impossible as being Thane of Cawdor. Where did you get this story from? And why stop us on this blasted heath to tell us these prophecies? Answer me!	140
	<i>[The WITCHES vanish.]</i>	

BANQUO:	Water can turn into bubbles and evaporate, so the earth can too. Where have they gone?	145
MACBETH:	Into the air. What seemed solid has melted away like breath into the wind. I wish they had stayed!	
BANQUO:	Were they really here or have we gone mad?	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Brooding</i> ] Your children shall be kings.	150
BANQUO:	You shall be king.	
MACBETH:	And Thane of Cawdor, too. That's what they said?	
BANQUO:	Exactly. Who's here?	
[ <i>Enter ROSS and ANGUS on their mission from KING DUNCAN.</i> ]		
ROSS:	The king was pleased to hear of your success, Macbeth. When he read of your valour against the rebels, wonder silenced him. He was speechless with admiration. Death – and you did some killing – had no fears for you. Thick as hail, reports poured in, praising your part in defending Duncan's kingdom.	155
ANGUS:	We come as escorts with the king's thanks. Not with rewards ...	160
ROSS:	But as a sample of the honour yet to come, he instructed me on his behalf to call you Thane of Cawdor. So, in that name, hail most worthy thane, for it's yours.	
BANQUO:	[ <i>To himself</i> ] What, can the devil speak true?	
MACBETH:	But the Thane of Cawdor isn't dead. Why do you call me by his name?	165
ANGUS:	The man who was the Thane of Cawdor is still alive but under sentence of death which he deserves. Whether he allied himself with the Norwegians or secretly aided the rebels or did both, I don't know. But high treason has been proved and he's confessed.	170
MACBETH:	[ <i>To himself</i> ] Thane of Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! The greatest is yet to come. [ <i>To ROSS and ANGUS</i> ] Thanks for all your trouble. [ <i>To BANQUO</i> ] Don't you hope your children will be kings? Those who gave me the thaneship of Cawdor promised no less to them.	175
BANQUO:	Take that further and you might be king as well as Thane of Cawdor. Strange. But sometimes to tempt us to evil, the devil wins our confidence with trifling bits of truth. Then he betrays us in the big things that really matter. [ <i>To ROSS and ANGUS</i> ] Friends, a word if I may.	180
MACBETH:	[ <i>To himself</i> ] Two predictions have come true. The first steps towards that ultimate goal, the throne! This meddling with the supernatural can be either evil or good. If it's evil why has it given me a foretaste of success beginning with something that's true? I <b>am</b> Thane of Cawdor. If it's good, why am I thinking ghastly thoughts that make my hair stand on end and my heart thump unnaturally? Imagined horrors are worse than real fears. Just thinking about murder is enough to rattle my nerves and paralyse me. Only what's going on in my head seems real.	185
BANQUO:	[ <i>To ROSS and ANGUS</i> ] Look how carried away he is.	190
MACBETH:	[ <i>Still to himself</i> ] If fate says I'll be king, well fate may crown me without my help.	
BANQUO:	[ <i>To ROSS and ANGUS</i> ] New honours are like new clothes. It takes time to get used to them.	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Still to himself</i> ] Whatever happens, even the roughest day comes to an end.	195
BANQUO:	Worthy Macbeth! We are ready when you are.	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Recovering</i> ] Forgive me. My thoughts were elsewhere.	

Gentlemen, thank you, as always for your kindness. Let us go to meet the king. [*To BANQUO*] Think about what has happened and after we've had time to weigh things, let's speak openly to each other. 200

BANQUO: Gladly.

MACBETH: [*To BANQUO*] Enough for now. [*To ROSS and ANGUS*] Come, friends. 205

[*They exit.*]

#### SCENE FOUR

[*The palace at Forres. A fanfare. KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX and attendants enter.*]

DUNCAN: Has Cawdor been executed? Have the officers in charge returned? 210

MALCOLM: Your Majesty, they have not yet come back. But I've spoken to someone who saw Cawdor die. He said he confessed his treasons very frankly, implored Your Highness' pardon and showed sincere repentance. He died far more honourably than he lived and seemed resolved to throw away his dearest possession, his life, as if it had no value. 215

DUNCAN: You can never tell from a man's face what's going on in his mind. I trusted him completely.

[*MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS enter.*]

Oh worthiest cousin! I feel guilty of ingratitude. You have achieved so much so quickly that I cannot keep up with the debt I owe to you. I wish you had deserved less; then my thanks and rewards might have got ahead. I can only say that more is due to you than I can ever repay. 220

MACBETH: [*Bowing*] Service to you as a loyal subject is its own reward. Your Highness must accept that service, which is to be your throne and state, children and servants. We are only doing our duty when we protect your love and honour. 225

DUNCAN: Welcome here. I have begun to favour you and will see you prosper. And noble Banquo, you are no less deserving. Your worth must be recognised. Let me embrace you and hold you to my heart. 230

BANQUO: If I prosper there, the benefits will all be yours.

DUNCAN: Joy overwhelms me to the point of tears. Sons, kinsmen, thanes and members of the court, let it be known that I choose as my successor my eldest son Malcolm, from now on to be called the Prince of Cumberland. His will not be the only honour bestowed. All merit will be nobly rewarded. We'll travel from here to Macbeth's castle at Inverness, to strengthen our friendship. 235

MACBETH: Leave the rest to me. I'll ride ahead and delight my wife with the news of your coming. [*He bows*] I humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN: My worthy Cawdor! 240

MACBETH: [*To himself*] The Prince of Cumberland! That's an obstacle that will trip me up unless I leap over it. It lies in my way. Stars, stop shining. Let darkness hide my wicked ambitions. The work the hand must do is not for the eye to see. But what the eye fears has got to be done! 245

[*He exits.*]



DUNCAN: [To BANQUO, *nodding agreement*] True, worthy Banquo. He's so valiant. His worthiness is meat and drink to me, as good as a banquet. Let's follow him. He went ahead, thinking of our welfare, to prepare a welcome. He is a kinsman without equal. 250

[*Fanfare. They exit.*]

## SCENE FIVE

[MACBETH's castle at Inverness. LADY MACBETH enters reading a letter from her husband.]

LADY MACBETH: 'They met me on the day of victory. I have the strongest evidence that they possess supernatural powers. When I wanted to question them further, they turned into air and vanished. While I stood there in amazement, messengers came from the king, greeting me as Thane of Cawdor, the title with which those Weird Sisters had addressed me before. They foretold the future too, with 'You'll be king one day.' I am sending you this news, my dearest partner in greatness, so that you won't lose a moment's enjoyment through ignorance of the greatness that's in store for you. Keep this to yourself, and farewell.' 255  
260

Thane of Glamis and now of Cawdor. You shall be what you have been promised. Yet I'm worried about your nature. You are too tenderhearted to take shortcuts. You want greatness. You are not without ambition. But you lack the ruthlessness that's needed. You want high office by righteous means. You don't want to cheat, but you'd win unfairly. Great Glamis, you desire what calls for a great deed, yet you are too scared to do it, even though you want it to happen. Come home quickly, so that I can inspire you with my passion. My brave words will overcome the scruples standing between you and the golden circle – the crown that fate and the supernatural seem to have destined for you! [A MESSENGER enters] What's your news? 265  
270  
275

MESSENGER: The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH: You're mad to say so. Isn't your master with him? If so, he would have warned us to get things ready.

MESSENGER: With respect, it's true. Our thane is coming. A fellow messenger ran ahead of him. Almost dead from exhaustion, he'd just enough breath to deliver his message. 280

LADY MACBETH: Look after him. He brings great news.

[MESSENGER exits.]

That messenger of death, the raven is hoarse from croaking the news of Duncan's fatal arrival here. Come, you spirits that serve the thoughts of mortals, rid me of the natural tenderness of my sex and fill me from head to toe with direst cruelty. Thicken my blood. Make me remorseless, so that no urgings of conscience can alter my foul plans, nor stand in the way of what must be done. Come to my woman's breasts and turn my milk sour, you ministers of murder, wherever you lurk invisibly, awaiting evil deeds! Come dark night and shroud yourself in the blackest smoke of Hell, so my sharp knife won't see the wound it makes, 285  
290



nor will Heaven, peeping through the blanket of darkness, cry,  
'hold, hold.' 295

[MACBETH *enters*.]

Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor! Greater even than both, by the  
prophecy on the heath! Your letters have shown me the future so  
clearly that I feel it with us now.  
MACBETH: My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight. 300  
LADY MACBETH: And when does he go?  
MACBETH: Tomorrow. Or so he intends ...  
LADY MACBETH: He'll never see tomorrow's sun! Your face, my thane, is like a  
book. It can reveal strange things to its readers. Avoid suspicion  
by acting normally. Be full of welcome in your eye, your hand, 305  
your tongue. Look like the innocent flower but be the snake that's  
lying under it. Our guest must be taken care of. Tonight's great  
business you must leave to me. It will secure us unchallenged  
power for the rest of our lives.  
MACBETH: We will speak further. 310  
LADY MACBETH: Look frank and innocent. To show your feelings is dangerous.  
Leave everything else to me.

[*They exit*.]

## SCENE SIX

[*Outside MACBETH's castle. Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS  
and attendants.*] 315

DUNCAN: This castle is pleasantly situated. The sweet and clear air appeals  
to me.  
BANQUO: The scent must be attractive. In summertime, the swallows  
usually haunt our churches, but they've chosen to build their 320  
nests here. There's not a projection, buttress or convenient  
corner that's not been used for nesting and hatching by this bird.  
I've noticed that wherever they most live and breed, the air is  
delicate.

[LADY MACBETH *enters*.] 325

DUNCAN: Look, our honoured hostess! Tiresome though our subjects' love  
can sometimes be, we do appreciate it. This explains the present  
inconvenience. It proves our high regard for you.  
LADY MACBETH: If what we did for you could be twice done, then doubled again,  
it would be a trifle compared with the great honours you have 330  
bestowed upon our family. For past favours, and the newest  
honours added to them, our lives are at your service.  
DUNCAN: Where's the Thane of Cawdor? We raced after him, intending to  
get here first. But he rides well and his great love, sharp as his  
spur, has helped him arrive before us. Fair and noble hostess, 335  
we are your guest tonight.  
LADY MACBETH: Ourselves, our servants and all that we possess are yours to  
command.  
DUNCAN: Give me your hand. Take me to our host. We love him greatly

and shall continue to favour him. [*He offers her his hand*] By your leave, hostess. 340

[*They exit.*]

## SCENE SEVEN

[*A room in MACBETH's castle. A butler and several waiters cross carrying dishes of food. MACBETH enters. He is thinking about the proposed murder of KING DUNCAN.*] 345

MACBETH: If we could get away with the deed after it's done, then the quicker it were done, the better. If the murder had no consequences, and his death ensured success ... If, when I strike the blow, that would be the end of it, here, right here, on this side of eternity, we'd willingly chance the life to come. But usually, we get what's coming to us here on earth. We teach the art of bloodshed, then become the victims of our own lessons. This evenhanded justice makes us swallow our own poison. [*Pause*] Duncan is here on double trust, first because I am his kinsman and his subject (both good arguments against the deed). Then, because I'm his host, who should protect him from his murderer, not bear the knife. Besides, this Duncan has used his power so gently, he's been so incorruptible in his great office that his virtues will plead like angels, their tongues trumpeting the damnable horror of his murder. And pity, like a naked newborn babe or Heaven's avenging angels riding the winds, will cry the deed to everyone so that tears will blind the eye. I've nothing to spur me on but high-leaping ambition, which can often bring about one's downfall. 350 355 360

[*LADY MACBETH enters.*]

LADY MACBETH: How now! What news? 365  
 MACBETH: He's almost finished supper. Why have you left the room?  
 LADY MACBETH: Has he asked for me?  
 MACBETH: Don't you know he has?  
 MACBETH: We'll go no further in this business. He has honoured me and I've won great respect from all sorts of people. This is to be enjoyed while it's new, not cast aside so soon. 370  
 LADY MACBETH: [*Scornfully*] Was the hope drunk that made you determined before? Has it been sleeping since? And has it woken up to look queasily upon what it did when tipsy? From now on, I know what your love's worth. Are you afraid to match your acts with your ambitions? Can you want that glittering prize, the crown, yet be a self-confessed coward: 'I'd like to, but I daren't,' like the poor cat in the proverb that wanted fish but wouldn't get its feet wet? 375  
 MACBETH: That's enough of that! I'll dare do anything that's worthy of a man. Who dares do more isn't human. 380  
 LADY MACBETH: What monster was it then that made you share this scheme with me? When you dared to do it, then you were a man. To have ambition is to be so much more the man. Before, neither the time nor the place mattered, yet you were prepared to arrange them both. Now they have arranged themselves and at this perfect opportunity you've lost your nerve. I've suckled babies. I know how tender it is to love the child at my breast. While it was smiling 385

	up at me, I'd have pulled my nipple from its mouth and dashed its brains out if I'd sworn – as you have sworn – to do it.	
MACBETH:	What if we should fail?	390
LADY MACBETH:	We fail? Just screw up your courage to the uttermost and we won't fail. When Duncan is asleep, and he'll sleep soundly after his hard day's journey, I'll ply his two officers with so much drink their memories will be fogged and their brains addled. When they are drunk and sleeping like pigs, what can't we do to the unguarded Duncan? What can't we blame on his sodden officers? They'll get the blame for our great murder.	395
MACBETH:	Be mother to male children only! Your dauntless spirit should create nothing but males! Won't everyone assume, after we've smeared those two sleepy guards with blood, and even used their very daggers, that they have done it?	400
LADY MACBETH:	Who would dare to take it otherwise since we shall grieve and lament his death so loudly?	
MACBETH:	I'm settled on it, then. All my faculties shall be devoted to this terrible deed. Let's go and pass the time as perfect hosts. We must conceal our false hearts behind false faces.	405

[*They exit.*]

## ACT TWO SCENE ONE

[*A few hours later in a courtyard in MACBETH's castle. BANQUO enters with his son FLEANCE, who is carrying a flaming torch.*]

BANQUO:	How goes the night, boy?	410
FLEANCE:	[ <i>Looking at the sky</i> ] The moon's gone down. I haven't heard the clock.	
BANQUO:	The moon goes down at midnight.	
FLEANCE:	I think it's later than that, sir.	
BANQUO:	Here, take my sword. [ <i>He fumbles in the dark</i> ] They must be penny pinching in Heaven. They've snuffed out the stars! [ <i>He undoes his belt and his dagger</i> ] Take these as well. [ <i>He yawns</i> ] My eyes are as heavy as lead, but I'm afraid to sleep. [ <i>He shudders</i> ] Merciful power, take away the evil thoughts that come to me in dreams. [ <i>He hears a noise</i> ] Give me my sword again. Who's there?	415 420

[*MACBETH enters with a servant.*]

MACBETH:	A friend.	
BANQUO:	[ <i>Lowering his weapon</i> ] What, sir? Still up? The King's in bed. He's been in high spirits. He wants to give your wife this diamond for being such a kind hostess. He retired very happy.	425
MACBETH:	We weren't expecting him. We did the best we could.	
BANQUO:	All's well. [ <i>Changing subject</i> ] I dreamed of the three Weird Sisters last night. In your case they've been pretty accurate.	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Lightly</i> ] I haven't given them a thought. But one day when you've got time to spare we must talk about their prophecies.	430
BANQUO:	At your service.	
MACBETH:	Back me when the time comes and you'll do yourself some good.	
BANQUO:	Provided I can remain honourable in doing so, free from evil and loyal to the king, I'm open to your advice.	435
MACBETH:	Sleep well meanwhile!	

BANQUO: Thanks, sir, the like to you!

[BANQUO and FLEANCE exit.]

MACBETH: [To his servant] Tell your mistress to ring the bell when my drink's ready; then you get to bed. 440

[Servant exits. MACBETH sits deep in thought. Then he comes to, startled, but staring into space.]

Is this a dagger I see before me? With its handle toward my hand? [Speaking to it] Come, let me hold you! [He snatches at the empty air] Nothing there. Yet I can still see you. Can't you be felt as well as seen? Or are you just an imaginary dagger? The invention of a sick mind? [He closes his eyes, then looks again] Still there! And [Taking his own dagger from its sheath] looking just as solid as the one I'm drawing now. [Excitedly] It's pointing the way I meant to go, and a dagger was my chosen weapon! [Doubt creeps in] My eyes could be fooling me. [More confidently] More likely, they're worth all my other senses put together. [He blinks hard] Still there! With clots of blood on the blade and handle that weren't there before! [He covers his eyes] It must be all imaginary. I'm so obsessed with murder that I'm seeing things. Half the world's asleep. Wicked dreams invade men's minds. Witches perform their rites. Howling wolves wake murderers, who stalk their victims lustfully and glide upon them like ghosts. [He makes up his mind] My footsteps must be silent on the telltale earth. I mustn't give myself away, just when the time is ripe to do the deed. All this ranting only lengthens his life. Too much talk cools one's courage. 445 450 455 460

[A bell rings.]

Now I'll go and it's as good as done. The bell invites me. Do not hear it, Duncan! It's a bell that summons you to Heaven – or to Hell! 465

[He exits for DUNCAN's bedroom.]

## SCENE TWO

[LADY MACBETH enters, carrying a goblet.]

LADY MACBETH: The wine that has made them drunk has made me brave. The drink that has put out their fire has lighted mine. [Pause] Listen. Ssh! An owl shrieked; the announcer of death, which says goodnight so sternly. [Thinking of MACBETH] He's doing it now. The bedroom doors are open and the drunken servants are snoring. I've drugged their drinks. They're midway between life and death. 470 475

MACBETH: [Calling from upstairs] Who's there? Hey!

LADY MACBETH: Oh no! They have been wakened and it isn't done. We'll be ruined if we've failed. Ssh! [She pauses, listening] I left the daggers ready. He couldn't miss them. If Duncan hadn't looked like my father in his sleep, I'd have done it myself. 480

[MACBETH *staggers in, carrying two daggers, his hands and arms bathed in blood.*]

MACBETH:	My husband!	
LADY MACBETH:	[ <i>In a low voice</i> ] The deed is done. Didn't you hear a noise?	
	I heard an owl scream and some crickets cry. [ <i>They listen</i> ] Didn't you speak?	485
MACBETH:	When?	
LADY MACBETH:	Now.	
MACBETH:	As I came down?	
LADY MACBETH:	Yes.	490
MACBETH:	Listen! [ <i>They are both silent</i> ] Who's in the second bedroom?	
LADY MACBETH:	Donalbain.	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Looking at his hands</i> ] This is a sorry sight.	
LADY MACBETH:	[ <i>Scornfully</i> ] A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Disregarding her</i> ] One of them laughed in his sleep and one cried 'Murder'! So they woke each other up. I stood and heard them. But they only said their prayers and went back to sleep again.	495
LADY MACBETH:	There are two of them in that room, Malcolm and Donalbain.	
MACBETH:	One cried 'God bless us' and the other said 'Amen' as though they'd seen me with these hangman's hands. Hearing them so scared, I couldn't say 'Amen' when they said 'God bless us.'	500
LADY MACBETH:	Consider it not so deeply.	
MACBETH:	But why couldn't I say 'Amen'? I need the blessing most, but 'Amen' stuck in my throat.	
LADY MACBETH:	We mustn't keep thinking about it like this; it will drive us mad.	505
MACBETH:	I thought I heard a voice crying, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth has murdered sleep!' [ <i>He goes on thoughtfully</i> ] Innocent sleep! Sleep that relieves all our worries. The natural end of every day. The soothing bath for weary workers. The balm for disturbed minds. The rejuvenator of life. The main course in life's feast.	510
LADY MACBETH:	What do you mean?	
MACBETH:	[ <i>Ignoring her</i> ] Still the voice cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house. 'Lord Glamis has murdered sleep and so Lord Cawdor shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!'	
LADY MACBETH:	Who cried like that? Why, my lord, you'll wear yourself out, thinking about things so dementedly. Go and get some water. Wash that filthy evidence off your hands. Why did you bring the daggers with you? They must be left up there. Take them back and smear the sleepy servants with blood.	515
MACBETH:	[ <i>Horrified</i> ] I won't go back! I'm afraid to think of what I've done. I daren't look at it again.	520
LADY MACBETH:	Coward! Give me the daggers! Sleeping and dead people are like pictures of themselves. Only children fear a picture, even of the devil. If he's still bleeding, I'll smear the faces of the servants so it will look as if they did it.	525
	[LADY MACBETH <i>exits. Sounds of knocking.</i> ]	
MACBETH:	Where's that knocking? What's happened to me, that every noise scares me? [ <i>Looking down</i> ] Whose hands are these? They're plucking my eyes out! [ <i>Groaning</i> ] Is there enough water in the oceans to wash my hands of this blood? No! More likely my hands will stain the multitudinous seas red.	530

[LADY MACBETH *returns, her hands red with blood.*]



LADY MACBETH: My hands are the same colour as yours, but I'd be ashamed to have a heart as white as yours! [*There is more knocking*] I can hear someone knocking at the South Gate. Let's return to our bedroom. A little water will wash away all traces of the deed. Then it will be easy. [*Scornfully*] You've lost your nerve! [*Knocking*] Listen – more knocking. Put on your nightgown, in case we're called and seen to be out of bed. And don't get so lost in thought! Better to be lost in thought than face reality. [*The knocking continues. He shudders*] Wake Duncan with your knocking! I wish you could!

MACBETH:

[*They exit together.*]

### SCENE THREE

[*The main gate of MACBETH's castle. The Porter enters. He has heard the knocking. MACBETH enters, with MACDUFF and LENNOX there.*]

MACDUFF: [*To the porter*] Is your master up? [*He sees MACBETH*] Our knocking has awakened him. Here he comes.

LENNOX: Good morning, sir!

MACBETH: Good morning to you both.

MACDUFF: Is the king up, my lord?

MACBETH: Not yet.

MACDUFF: He ordered me to call him early. I'm almost late.

MACBETH: I'll take you to him. [*They walk towards the KING's bedroom*]

MACDUFF: Hosting the king is an agreeable inconvenience to you, I know, but it's an inconvenience none the less.

MACBETH: Tasks we like doing never seem irksome. [*Pointing*] This is the door.

[*MACDUFF goes in.*]

LENNOX: Is the king leaving today?

MACBETH: He is. That was his plan.

LENNOX: It's been a stormy night. Where we stayed our chimneys were blown down. People said they heard wailing, strange screams of death and terrible prophecies of revolution and disorder, all products of these troubled times. An owl screeched all night long. Some say there were earthquakes.

MACBETH: It was a rough night.

LENNOX: I can't recall one like it in my short lifetime.

[*MACDUFF returns, wild-eyed.*]

MACDUFF: Oh horror, horror, horror! There are no words that can tell it – no mind able to conceive it.

MACBETH and LENNOX: What's the matter?

MACDUFF: The greatest possible tragedy has taken place! God's anointed king has been murdered. Robbed of his sacred life!

MACBETH: What's that you say? His life?

LENNOX: You mean His Majesty.

MACDUFF: Come to the bedroom. What you'll see will blind you and turn you to stone. Don't ask me to speak. See, then speak yourselves.

[MACBETH and LENNOX run off.]

Wake up! Wake up! Ring the alarm bell. Murder and treason! 580  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm wake up! Shake off your  
comforting sleep, death's imitator, and see death itself. Up, up  
and see an image of Judgement Day. Malcolm! Banquo! Rise as  
if from your graves. Walk like ghosts to face this scene of horror.  
Ring the bell! 585

[An alarm bell clangs. LADY MACBETH enters, all innocence.]

LADY MACBETH: What's the matter, that such a fearful alarm should summon our  
guests from sleep? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF: Oh, gentle lady, my words are not for your ears. No woman could  
survive the telling. 590

[BANQUO enters.]

LADY MACBETH: Oh, Banquo, Banquo, the king has been murdered!  
Oh no! What? In our house?  
BANQUO: It is too cruel, anywhere. Dear Duff, I beg you. Contradict yourself.  
Say it isn't true! 595

[MACBETH and LENNOX return.]

MACBETH: If I had died an hour before this happened, I'd have lived a  
blessed life span. From now on, there's nothing left worth living  
for. Everything is a sham. Honour and dignity are dead. The wine  
of life has gone. Only the dregs remain. 600

[MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, the KING's sons, enter.]

DONALBAIN: What is amiss?  
MACBETH: You are, but you don't know it. The spring, the source, the  
fountainhead of your family has been stopped up.

MACDUFF: Your royal father has been murdered. 605

MALCOLM: Oh no. Who did it?  
LENNOX: By the looks of things, his servants. Their hands and faces were  
all smeared with blood. So were their daggers. We found them  
on their pillows, still unwiped. They stared around and looked  
dazed. No man's life was safe with them. 610

MACBETH: Oh, how I wish now I hadn't lost my self-control and killed them!

MACDUFF: Why did you, then?

MACBETH: Who can be wise and astounded, calm and furious, loyal and  
neutral all at the same time? Nobody. My passion overwhelmed  
my reason. Here lay Duncan, his white skin streaked with his  
precious blood and his stab wounds obviously fatal. There were  
the murderers, steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
dripping with blood. Who could hold back, that had a loving heart  
and the courage to show it? 615

LADY MACBETH: [Pretending to faint] Help me, please. 620

MACDUFF: Look after the lady.

MALCOLM: [To DONALBAIN] Why are we silent, when it's our business more  
than anyone else's?

DONALBAIN: What should we say here, where our own lives are in danger?  
Let's go. Our tears are not yet ready. 625



MALCOLM:	Nor is our deep sorrow fully felt.	
BANQUO:	[ <i>To servants</i> ] Take care of the lady. [ <i>To the others</i> ] We're catching cold. Let's get dressed, then meet to discuss this terrible murder and the motives behind it. Doubts and fears disturb us. I align myself with God. From that position I'm ready to fight against any secret plot or wicked treason!	630
MACDUFF:	And so am I.	
ALL:	And all of us.	
MACBETH:	Let's quickly dress for action and meet in the hall.	
ALL:	Agreed.	635
	[ <i>All exit except MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.</i> ]	
MALCOLM:	What will you do? Let's not mix with them. It's easy for a hypocrite to show sorrow he doesn't feel. I'll go to England.	
DONALBAIN:	Ireland for me. We'll be safer if we go our separate ways. Here, smilers have knives beneath their cloaks. Our closest relatives have most reason to murder us.	640
MALCOLM:	This murder is only the start. We should get out of danger. Let's ride off and not be too polite about leave-taking. Just slip away. Where there's no mercy, there's no shame in stealing off.	
	[ <i>They exit.</i> ]	645

**TURN OVER FOR EXTRACT 2.**

## EXTRACT 2

Adapted from *Second Chance* by Elyse Nass

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

*Second Chance* is a play by Elyse Nass (1947–2019), a native New Yorker who championed gender equality and the rights of the elderly in society. This one-act play was first performed in New York in 1978 and was subsequently published in a collection of pieces about elderly people. The extract is from the start of the play.

*Second Chance* is a two-hander between Rita, who has taken up amateur dramatics late in life, and her friend and neighbour Evelyn, who is shocked by what her friend wants to do and believes it will cause a scandal.

## CHARACTERS

RITA (*late 60s, lively, the play is set in her apartment*)

EVELYN (*mid-sixties, is tired and afraid of new things and change*)

[SCENE: The nicely furnished living room of RITA's home, a small apartment in New York City. RITA is pacing around in a full-length caftan. Finally EVELYN knocks on door.]

RITA:	[In British accent.] Hurry up and enter!	
	[EVELYN walks in. She is wearing a plain housedress.]	5
EVELYN:	I never thought you'd get here.	
RITA:	Why? I live right next door. What's the matter?	
EVELYN:	Please sit down.	
RITA:	Why?	
RITA:	You're all out of breath, so take a seat quickly. [She pushes her down on couch.]	10
EVELYN:	I am not out of breath. What's going on?	
RITA:	Now just relax. [She begins massaging EVELYN's temples.]	
EVELYN:	Just what are you doing to my head?	
RITA:	Just massaging your temples to give you a sense of calmness.	15
EVELYN:	I am calm. What's happening?	
RITA:	Breathe deeply –	
EVELYN:	Look, Rita. You better tell me what this is all about.	
RITA:	A calcium tablet is good for the nerves. Let me get –	
EVELYN:	No, I'm not taking anything. I want an explanation. Right now!	20
RITA:	I only wanted to prepare you for the surprise.	
EVELYN:	Surprise?	
RITA:	Yes, the big surprise ... the revelation ... but you won't sit still for a minute ... So here we go ... But first close your eyes ...	
	[EVELYN does so reluctantly. Now RITA takes off caftan and drapes it over the corner of the couch. She is wearing an outrageous costume.]	25
	Now open them slowly – very slowly.	
	[EVELYN does so.]	
	Ta-ta!	30
EVELYN:	[Rises, doing a double-take.] Oh! What are you wearing?	
RITA:	It's my costume for the play.	
EVELYN:	That's your costume?	
RITA:	Yes, this is what I wear.	
EVELYN:	Oh, let me sit down. [She does.] I can't believe it. So that was the surprise?	35
RITA:	I didn't realise you'd be so shocked.	
EVELYN:	Well, you told me about the play. I didn't expect you to look like that. You said you were a strange British grandmother who sits around blowing bubbles and eating Barricini chocolates.	40
RITA:	Yes, and my whole family is all around me. My grandson believes he's a frog. My daughter goes back and forth to Mars.	
EVELYN:	And the people around you – how are they dressed?	
RITA:	In various ways.	
EVELYN:	I don't want to hear anymore. I'm living next door to a weirdo for twenty-five years and didn't know it till now.	45
RITA:	This is a different generation we're living in. It's the "now" generation.	

EVELYN:	Maybe for you, Rita. <i>[Pause.]</i> I don't think we'll be at the play. I mean George and I. He might have a heart attack seeing ...	50
RITA:	<i>[Pause.]</i> Is that what you made me rush in here for?	
EVELYN:	I had no idea you'd be so shocked. I thought you were more up on the times. Evelyn, you better sit down for the second part.	
EVELYN:	Oh, no! Don't tell me you have to take that off?	
RITA:	No, it's nothing like that. <i>[Pause. She sits beside EVELYN.]</i> It's serious business, Evelyn. <i>[Pause.]</i> They're coming.	55
EVELYN:	Who?	
RITA:	My children.	
EVELYN:	Your children?	
RITA:	Yes, they're coming to see me.	60
EVELYN:	To see you?	
RITA:	Yes.	
EVELYN:	In the play?	
RITA:	No, not exactly. They're coming to spend the weekend with me. A year ago, Charlie died. So they don't want me to be alone. Now here I am opening in this play in the Village. My first part in a play – my acting debut!	65
EVELYN:	And what a debut! You can't let them see you. Why, it's a sin that you're doing this. Now, I always thought you shouldn't be acting. But no, you insisted. So I thought, all right, you'll keep busy. Maybe it's for the best. But look what you're going to be in. You could be arrested wearing that ... and on this, of all weekends!	70
RITA:	No, I won't be arrested. There's nothing wrong with how I look or with what I'm doing. It's a perfectly good avant-garde play.	
EVELYN:	But it's outrageous! To do it, on the first anniversary of your husband's death.	75
RITA:	Let's not keep going over that, Evelyn. I've made up my mind to go through with this. And we've got to think of what to do.	
EVELYN:	What did you tell your children?	
RITA:	I told them they didn't have to come here. I said I would have company, I wouldn't be alone. But they insisted. What could I say?	80
EVELYN:	Nothing. And you'll have to stay home with them, right here where you belong.	
RITA:	Evelyn!	
EVELYN:	That's right.	85
RITA:	But I'm going to be busy – with run-throughs during the day. I won't have much time to spend with them.	
EVELYN:	This is a solemn time, Rita. How can you think of that play? The play doesn't matter. Lots of times, those things never go on.	
RITA:	Oh, but this will. The show must go on even if it's in a loft.	90
EVELYN:	But what about Charlie's memory?	
RITA:	I've mourned him long enough. The days I spent crying – the endless nights – empty. It's a year.	
EVELYN:	That's too soon, Rita.	
RITA:	Only I can decide that, Evelyn. <i>[Pause.]</i> You're old-fashioned.	95
EVELYN:	Maybe, but you're crazy to be doing this at all ... After Charlie died, you went wacko ... Took up acting ... You're nearly seventy!	
RITA:	I only do it as a hobby. I don't want to be a star. What's wrong with doing it for enjoyment?	
EVELYN:	It's crazy!	100
RITA:	I always wanted to be an actress. <i>[Pause.]</i> In high school I played in all the shows ... Oh, you should have seen me ... Then what did I do afterwards? Get married. Isn't that what everybody did then? Take care of a husband, raise children, take care of a	

	house ... be a caretaker ... My dream died ... slowly ... Now my children are grown – my husband is dead ... But I'm alive ... My dream is coming back.	105
EVELYN:	But so are your children this weekend. Don't you think you have a responsibility towards them?	
RITA:	To them?	110
EVELYN:	Yes, they want to be with you on the anniversary of your husband's death ... And you're going to be prancing around on a stage in <i>that</i> .	
RITA:	I have my own life to lead now.	
EVELYN:	But they're coming to see you, be with you.	115
RITA:	Yes, but I don't want them to. I don't need them now. I have my own life and they have theirs.	
EVELYN:	You act like you're disowned or something. They send you things, cheese, baskets of fruits, from time to time. And look at the interest they're showing.	120
RITA:	Yes, now.	
EVELYN:	In a way, it's more than my children. I don't know why they moved so far away – to Iceland. It's like another planet. If I hear from them twice a year I'm lucky. Sometimes I think my children are senile.	
RITA:	That may very well be, Evelyn. But it's more than that. Our grown children have gone their own ways.	125
EVELYN:	But your children –	
RITA:	All I'm saying is that I feel separate from my children now.	
EVELYN:	What a selfish woman you've become.	
RITA:	Maybe. But my problem all my life has been that I've been too giving – to everyone – my children, my husband. Now I want time for myself.	130
EVELYN:	But not this weekend. Call up the theater, I mean the loft. Have somebody else do your part.	
RITA:	I don't know if I can tell them that.	135
EVELYN:	If you're not taking my advice, Rita, how can I help you?	
RITA:	You can help me by calling my children.	
EVELYN:	What?	
RITA:	Yes, calling them and telling them that you and George will be with me this weekend. If they hear it from you, maybe they'll change their minds.	140
EVELYN:	No, no! I'm not going to lie, especially on the first anniversary of your husband's death.	
RITA:	Don't be so moralistic, Evelyn. Surely you can do me this favour.	
EVELYN:	I can't.	145
RITA:	For me, for our friendship of twenty-five years.	
EVELYN:	I just don't want to be involved in this. You'll have to invite them to see the play when they're here.	
RITA:	But I can't let them see the play. Not that there's anything vulgar about it – there isn't. It's just the idea, Evelyn ... I'm sure they'll be hurt and won't understand.	150
EVELYN:	I don't blame them. They have a right to be. <i>[Pause.]</i> No, I won't do it.	
RITA:	<i>[Rises, whirling around; British accent.]</i> I am sixty-eight years young. I eat Barricini chocolates. <i>[Picks up bubble liquid from table and begins blowing bubbles from the wand in jar.]</i>	155
EVELYN:	I can't bear it! <i>[Pause.]</i>	
RITA:	What I can't bear is your attitude. After all these years, I find out that I have no friends. <i>[Pause.]</i> Not one who comes through when you really need her. <i>[Pause.]</i>	160

EVELYN:	I suppose a good friend would do it for another good friend. After all, we've been friends for ages.	
RITA:	Oh, thank you. I knew you'd come through. Good old Evelyn. I knew I could count on you. <i>[Pause, then puts wand back in bubble jar and replaces on table.]</i>	165
EVELYN:	<i>[Sniffing.]</i> I never thought you'd come to this, Rita. <i>[Pause.]</i> Because I am your real and best friend, I'm going to save you the embarrassment, the shame ... Give me Carolyn's number.	
RITA:	<i>[Hands address book to her with page open.]</i> Here.	
EVELYN:	<i>[Reads number, dials, then replaces book on table.]</i> Your daughter first ... All right ...	170
	<i>[Pause. RITA hovers over her during the conversation.]</i>	
	Hello ... Carolyn ... This is Mrs. Kane ... Evelyn Kane ... Yes, your mother's next-door neighbour ... Yes, I'm fine ... Everything is all right ... Listen, Carolyn ... Your mother doesn't know I'm calling you – but she mentioned you were thinking of coming this weekend ... I mean planning ... yes ... Well, George and I were going to be with her ... You see, we had it all planned. A visit to the cemetery ... A quiet weekend ... I'm just saying that she won't be alone ... Oh, I see ... Everything is packed? ... It's not necessary, really ... I understand ... The memory of your father is sacred ... And you should all be together at home quietly. <i>[Begins to sniff.]</i> Just a cold, Carolyn ... All right. Don't mention my call, please. I hope I see you ... Good-bye. <i>[She hangs up.]</i> Such a wonderful daughter – you should count your blessings, Rita ...	175
RITA:	A beautiful try, Evelyn, but it failed.	180
EVELYN:	You really should be ashamed of yourself.	
RITA:	<i>[Picks up address book, opens it.]</i> Please try Mark's number now ... Maybe if you could convince him not to come, he can call Carolyn ...	185
EVELYN:	The whole thing is confusing.	190
RITA:	No, please, Evelyn. Finish the job. Here's his number. <i>[Hands address book to her again.]</i>	
EVELYN:	<i>[Dials the number; long pause.]</i> No answer ... <i>[Waits.]</i>	
RITA:	Oh, hang up, already. You can try later.	195
EVELYN:	<i>[Puts phone back on hook.]</i> No, it's all settled. They're coming. And you're going to be with them.	
	<i>[Hands address book back to RITA, who replaces it on table.]</i>	
RITA:	<i>[Sits.]</i> Who are you to tell me what to do?	
EVELYN:	How dare you speak to me that way? After doing you that big favour ... By phoning I told a terrible lie.	200
RITA:	Thanks for the favour. Don't worry, you'll still go to heaven even after that terrible lie.	
EVELYN:	I don't know what's wrong with you. Why don't you stop all this nonsense? First it was the part-time job, when your husband left you so well provided for. But it turned out that even that job wasn't enough.	205
RITA:	It keeps me busy, but it's so unfulfilling. For it's only a job. I want to do something that matters. Why can't a woman do that? How many years do we have left to do what we want? Why dream of what we once wanted? Let's just do it!	210



EVELYN:	Instead of taking up acting, you should take life easy, like George and I. We're happy.	
RITA:	Sitting like zombies in front of the television set?	
EVELYN:	We enjoy it.	215
RITA:	When I come to your house and ask him what's happening in the news, he looks at me like I'm crazy. He doesn't know.	
EVELYN:	The paper and TV make him sleepy.	
RITA:	It's not a very productive kind of life.	
EVELYN:	He worked hard all his life. Doesn't he have the right to relax the way he wants to?	220
RITA:	Yes, I suppose he does.	
EVELYN:	We take vacations – a week or two in the country, take in the sunshine – fresh air – what else is there? When you're old? After a lifetime of working, just breathe the clean air – enjoy the pleasures of retirement.	225
RITA:	It makes me sad to think of the way Charlie killed himself to make a living – working, working, working, no enjoyment ... Always planning for the day when he'd retire. Oh, he had great dreams ... A farm house with a horse or two ... ducks, geese, sheep, chickens ... and we'd sit on the porch ... in the clear air ... But then he died before he had a chance to make it happen ... Irony, isn't it? But that wasn't my dream ... <i>[Pause.]</i> Now it's time for myself. I want to fulfill myself – my own being. <i>[Pause.]</i> You can't help it if your life is so ungratifying.	230
EVELYN:	Ungratifying? I go with George for walks. He loves the parks. Even though they're all filthy now and covered with dog-you-know-what. And then he loves to listen to night-time radio talk shows so I stay up and hear him call in and talk. They give him fifteen minutes. George loves to reminisce about the good old days. Then we go to Roseland because we met there and our names are on those plaques on the wall. George loves to see it.	240
RITA:	Why live through him? Everything for him. Do you stop to think of what makes <i>you</i> happy? What <i>you</i> want to do?	
EVELYN:	I want to make him happy, so I'll be happy.	245
RITA:	But surely you have interests?	
EVELYN:	Interests?	
RITA:	Interests. Things you enjoy doing. Hobbies, pastimes.	
EVELYN:	Oh, one time I wanted to be an artist. Go to Paris, live a bohemian life. But didn't every woman want to be something at one time?	250
RITA:	Who says you can't paint now?	
EVELYN:	Now? Paint? Are you crazy?	
RITA:	You have the time. Just buy the paints.	
EVELYN:	George is allergic to paints. He sneezes.	
RITA:	Come and paint in my house.	255
EVELYN:	I can't. My hands are arthritic ... I'm happy with my life, Rita. I'm taking it easy ... What are you trying to stir up?	
RITA:	I'm just trying to make you realise that you're not fulfilled. You're not doing anything.	
EVELYN:	There's nothing I want to do.	260
RITA:	So you're going to sit around till you die?	

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