



CUT TO...

Overview

- In this lesson students will gain an understanding of character development by synthesizing the text and getting the essence of its meaning.

Grade Level	Subject Area	Curriculum Expectations and Learning Outcome			Time Needed	Space	Materials
7-12	English, Language, Drama	Analyse the text, focusing on ways it communicates information and emotions and influences the listener's/viewer's response.	Make and explain inferences about the text and what it indirectly or implicitly reveals about the character.	Explain how dramatic exploration helps develop awareness of a character's emotional state.	1 class Period	Desks in groups, then open spaces for exploring the text	Attached handouts of Activities

ACTIVITY

- Divide the students into groups of three or four.
- Have groups read through the speech for understanding.
- Next, have the students cut the speech down to what they feel are its **five** most important lines, while still preserving its essential meaning.
- Choose one person from each group to read and explain to the rest of the class why they made the choices they did.
- Have each group now reduce their five lines to three, while still trying to maintain the principal thought.
- Now have each group cut from three lines to five words, still trying to maintain the principal thought.
- Now cut from five words to three words, still trying to maintain the principal thought.
- Finally, cut to a single word that the group feels best represents the speech.
- Each group shares with the class their cuts from five lines onwards.

VARIATION #1

- Once the activity is complete, rather than presenting to the rest of the class, have each group make a copy of their five-line version and pass that version to another group to complete the next step (cut to three lines).
- Pass the paper again to a new group to complete the next step (cut to five words).
- Pass once more to another group to complete the next two steps (cut to three words and then to one word).
- The paper then makes its way back to its original group.

VARIATION #2

- Using the same four groups, have groups one and two work together, and groups three and four work together.
- Each group represents a character (Macbeth or Lady Macbeth in Act I, scene 7). Take their scenes together and cut each character's lines, in each exchange, down to a single word.
- Have a pair of volunteers from each scene read their version aloud to the rest of the class, then switch groups. How are the versions different or similar?

EXAMPLE

JULIET

1. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
2. Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
3. Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
4. And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
5. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
6. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
7. What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
8. Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
9. Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
10. What's in a name? that which we call a rose
11. By any other name would smell as sweet;
12. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
13. Retain that dear perfection which he owes
14. Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
15. And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Cut to five lines:

1. Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
2. Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
3. And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
4. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
5. And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Cut to three lines:

1. Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
2. And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
3. And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Cut to five words:

Deny father name take myself

Cut to three words:

Deny take myself

Cut to one word:

Myself

NOW TRY THESE

MACBETH (Act I, scene 7)

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

LADY MACBETH (Act I, scene 5)

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' 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: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." 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 crown'd withal.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. 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 the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! 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 dunnest 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!"

MACBETH (Act II, scene 1)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH (Act I, scene 7)

Enter LADY MACBETH

MACBETH

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep –
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him – his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Exeunt