Macbeth does the washing up

[Macbeth is slumped tipsily over a bowl, piled with washing up.
A dishmop is visible on top. He can sip from a glass of red wine during this soliloquy.]

Is this a dishmop which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
[picks it up, but drops it into the bowl]
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? *[pokes the water]* or art thou but
A dishmop of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from this foaming water here?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. *[He picks it out of the water again]*
Thou remindest me the task I was assigned;
And such an instrument I was to use.
My wife says I'm in charge of all appliances;
But faithless dishwasher went up in smoke.
"So that's your job," she says. *[peering into water]* I see a knife,
[picking it up]
And on thy blade and dudgeon globs of food,
Which was not so before this meal from hell.
It was the bloody wife invited them
Thus to impress all those her colleagues new.
To them I'm dead, in kitchen dark abused.
I'd rather sleep, instead of consort be,
But Hector's trumpetings and bloated schemes
Established him Director of Finance.
Yet more – if I do rightly read his plans.
And Tarquin's ravishing tongue shows he takes Lead
In all things 'image', 'marketing' and 'brand'.
I'm as a ghost to them. I know my place. *[takes a sip of wine]*
My wife? What glitt'ring title does she bear?
I surely knew before this evening's meal
But now 'tis gone! And too late to enquire.
I can but say she knows my whereabouts.
I have my task: the horror of this time.
But while I prattle still the task's not done.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[The doorbell rings. He calls off to his wife.]
I'll go! *[back to soliloquy, looking at washing up]*
        Still 'tis not done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, darling; for it is a knell
That summons me away from wash'ng-up hell. *[exit]*