

ACT 3, SCENE 1

INT. DUNGEON STAGE. NIGHT

Banquo is about to delete the Macbeth embedding. She
 applies the patch to his text.

BANQUO
 O, king, Cawdor, Glamis,
 promised, and I fear
 foully for 't. Yet 't was said
 in thy posterity
 shall be the root of the
 come truth from them
 (And their swords shall shine)
 Why, then, 'tis fate that
 May I see thee more, God,
 And see thee sooner than expect.

Banquo is about to delete the

Police leave.

Banquo deletes text.

Ross still has came

BANQUO

ROSS
 Did that was close!

MACBETH
 my God that was awesome!

LADY MACBETH
 You know what is more awesome is.

Banquo puts the Macbeth embedding back into the castle.

Some cheer.

START → MACBETH
 Here's our chief guest.

~~LADY MACBETH
 If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast
 And all thing unbecoming.~~

MACBETH
 Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO
 Let your Highness
 Command upon me, to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 Forever knit.

MACBETH
Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO
Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH
We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council, but we'll take tomorrow.
Is 't far you ride?

BANQUO
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH
Fail not our feast.

BANQUO
My lord, I will not.

Pause.

MACBETH
We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO
Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH
I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

END

Banquo exits. (pause)

MACBETH (CONT'D)
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone. While then, God be with you.

Lords and all but Macbeth exits.

MACBETH (CONT'D)
(to unseen servant)
Attend those men
Our pleasure?

SERVANT
They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH
Bring them before us.

Servant exits.