**Macbeth:**Sirrah! *[****Attendant*** *turns.]* Attend those men our pleasure?

**Attendant:** They are my lord without.

**Macbeth:** Bring them before us.

*[He sits on throne.* ***Attendant*** *moves to Gate to open it.* ***Two murderers*** *enter.]*

**Macbeth:** Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. *[****Attendant*** *exits.]* Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**Murderer 1:** It was, *[****Macbeth*** *looks at him, sharply]* so please your highness.

**Macbeth:** Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches?

**Murderer 1:** uh…

**Macbeth:** Know you that it was Banquo in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self.

**Murderer 2:** You made it known to us. *[A look from* ***Murderer 1****]*
**Macbeth:** *[Moving sharply]* Anddo you find your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? *[Comes very close to him, face to face.]*

**Murderer 1:** We are men, my liege.
**Macbeth:** Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mastiffs, terriers, spaniels, mongrels, curs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dog.

And so of men. *[Balance gesture.]*
Now, *[turning away.* ***Murderers*** *aren’t sure what he’s saying & look at each other awkwardly]* I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
And grapples you to the heart and love of us.
**Murderer 1:** I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
**Murderer 2:** And I another
**Macbeth:** Both of you
Know Banquo is your enemy.
**Both Murderers:** True, my lord.
**Macbeth:** So is he mine; *[drum beat]*

And though I could with barefaced power

Sweep him from my sight
Yet I must not, for certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, *[****Murderers*** *exchange a knowing look]*

And thence it is, that I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
**Murderer 2:** We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
**Macbeth:** Your spirits shine. *[drum beats]*

It must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; *[‘not a problem’ from Murderers]*

and with him… Fleance *[shocked reaction from the murderers]* his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me *[more looks – smiling too as they realise this probably means more reward]* Than is his father's.

**Murderer 1:** We are resolved, my lord. *[Bell chimes. They bow & rattle the Gate.* ***Attendant*** *opens it for them & closes it as they exit.*