

ACT 2, SCENE 1

INT. PAC - STAGE -

DUNCAN TAKES CAMERA

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch/FLASHLIGHT before him.

BANQUO  
How goes the night, Banquo?

FLEANCE  
The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO  
And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE

...r, sir.

(CUT)

start

BANQUO  
Who's there?

MACBETH  
A friend.

BANQUO  
What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed.  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

He gives Macbeth a jewel.

(CUT)

BANQUO (CONT'D)  
All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.  
To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH  
I think not of them.  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO  
At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH  
If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honor for you.

BANQUO  
So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counseled.

MACBETH  
Good repose the while.

BANQUO  
Thanks, sir. The like to you.

**END**

Banquo and Fleance exit.

MACBETH  
Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Servant exits.

We see this soliloquy from the NIGHT VISION camera intercut with the HAND HELD camera. In the NIGHT VISION camera, we can see the witch for the first time. There is a person/shadow standing in the wings.

MACBETH (CONT'D)  
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.  
(he draws his dagger)  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses  
Or else worth all the rest.

Intercut to the NIGHT VISION camera. Now we see a dagger. Perhaps the witch is holding it in front of Macbeth. Perhaps it is added in post. There is blood on the dagger. This image glitches in and out during the following

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 off'rings, and withered murder,  
Alarum'd 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. It is the same alarm we heard in the zoom call. The Girls can make it go off on their phones.

Witch and dagger vanish.