

Good repose.  
 Thanks, sir. I'll attend you.  
 Banquo and Fleance exit.  
 MACBETH  
 Go bid thy mistress that she put on her nightgown, for she has put on the day. Her nightgown is ready, she strike upon the bell. Do but knock, and she comes. To bed.  
 Servant exits.  
 We see this soliloquy from the NIGHT VISION camera intercut with the HAND HEADING camera. In the NIGHT VISION camera, we can see the witch for the first time as a person/shadow standing in the wings.

**START** →

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 t'other side,  
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat the 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.

**END**