

INT. Scotland – In a stairwell of Macbeth's castle – Late Evening, Night time

Scene opens (faded in shot). MACBETH is walking slowly down a flight of stairs. As he walks slowly down the steps his face is blank although his mind, as we know, is running wild with thoughts. His mental state is clearly not stable as seen in the way he carries himself. SCENE CHANGE: Quick shot of LADY MACBETH giving the drink to the guards. Just her handing the cups to them. Back to MACBETH. Once he reaches the landing of the steps, he pauses (bell sound). Camera is on landing looking up at MACBETH as he walks. When he reaches the landing the camera is still in front of him (moves with his steps forward). When he speaks it is a close-up shot but as he ends his line the camera move behind him as he turns to proceed at a faster speed down the steps.

Bell.

MACBETH: Hear it not Duncan, for it is a knell... pauses, begins motion down the stairs... that summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

INT. Scotland – In Duncan's chamber – Late Evening, Night time

A shot of DUNCAN lying in bed. The camera is stationed to the right of the bed, close to the spot where DUNCAN lays his head.

INT. Scotland – In a hall of Macbeth's castle – Late Evening, Night time

The Scene flashes back to MACBETH who is quietly (with an anxious expression) running down a hall in pursuit of the room where DUNCAN lays. He comes across, at the door of DUNCAN's chamber, the two guards. They are passed out (not dead) on the ground, backs up against the wall.

INT. Scotland – In Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's chamber – Late Evening, Night time

LADY MACBETH in her and MACBETH's room. Begins a s a long shot but then becomes a medium-shot. She is sitting on a couch (or something of that nature). Pondering and wondering how the murder is carrying on. Simple actions to show her mind is restless and she has become very nervouse and doubtful about the success of the murder. Black out.

INT. Scotland – Duncan's chamber– Late Evening, Night time

DUNCAN in bed, fast asleep. The camera is stationed to the bed that DUNCAN is in and faces toward a distant door where MACBETH stands. The focus is first on DUNCAN's head and then the shot focuses on MACBETH in the distant doorway. MACBETH makes his way slowly toward DUNCAN. As he does so, the camera follows him so that the shot ends up straight look at MACBETH's back toward the bed. There is a moment of hesitation but as the camera rotates 180° the capture is on a shadow of MACBETH raising the dagger and stabbing DUNCAN. The shot lingers here as we see and hear the dagger fall to the ground. The camera goes back to the DUNCAN head shot and MACBETH is examining his hands and slowly making his way to the door slowly. As he reaches the door way, he stands right by the guards who are on the floor. He picks up their two daggers. He turns and sprints way.

INT. Scotland – In Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's chamber – Late Evening, Night time

Starts on a medium shot of LADY MACBETH. The focus is mostly on her face; profile (on the right of the screen) while there is an open door in the background (on the left of the screen) that is not in focus (blurry).

LADY MACBETH: Alack, I am afraid they have awakened and 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed confounds us. Hark! I laid the daggers ready; he could not miss 'em. Had not he resembles my father as he slept, I had done't.

MACBETH appears slowly and subtly in the door way LADY MACBETH's head turns,, the focus immediately switches to MACBETH. The camera follows LADY MACBETH as she stand up and rushes over to him. As she approaches she follows his blank distraught stair. He drops at the doorway the guards' two daggers. The camera changes to a shot taken on the viewing the characters profile. A medium shot. LADY MACBETH grabs MACBETH's hands in her palms and examines. She looks back up at MACBETH who still has a distant stare (no eye contact.

MACBETH: I did the deed. A moment pause. This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH: Trying to drive MACBETH's guilt away. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH: Still in his own mind. Switches to make eye contact with LADY MACBETH. Speaks as though her words had no affect. Speaks hopelessly, regretfully and anxiously. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!" One said "God bless us!" and the "Amen" the other. Looks back down at his bloody hands in LADY MACBETH's palms.

LADY MACBETH: Puts MACBETH's hand down by his side holding onto his wrists, removing that which he was staring at. She peaks her head down to try to catch his gaze. As she does so she speaks. Consider it not so deeply. Her attempt to get his attention fails. These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH: Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep"- the innocent sleep, makes eye contact, sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH: What do you mean? Let's go of his arms.

MACBETH: Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house: "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more." Puts head down slowly, and notices hands. Brings the back up between him and LADY MACBETH. Lingered examination.

LADY MACBETH: "Interrupts" his thoughts about the whole murder and his bloody hands. Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Looks to see the daggers at the door way. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them, and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH: I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; look on't again I dare not. He looks back up at LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH: Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll glid the faces of the grooms withal for it must seem their guilt. She pushes past him, and bends down to pick up the daggers at the doorway. MACBETH turns to her she proceeds out the door, glances once back at him with a fake courage. Her eyes show her fear. MACBETH steps out of the room turns the opposite direction and walks to the bathroom. The camera is still in the room.

The camera changes to view (from behind) MACBETH walking toward the bathroom; long shot. Shot changes to capture his profile (medium shot) as he turns on the light.

INT. Scotland – Bathroom/outside of Bathroom– Late Evening, Night time

Camera capture MACBETH as he speaks through the mirror and uses his perspective to capture the washing of his hands.

MACBETH: *Looking up at the mirror and down at his hands (camera shots change). He speaks while doing so. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine. Back to mirror shot, making the green one red. Dries hands with towel. Keeps towel in hand as though to get rid of any evidence. Turns around. Back to long shot as LADY MACBETH approaches and then to medium shot to capture their dialogue.*

LADY MACBETH: *My hands are the colour, but I shame to wear a heart so white. Distant knocking. I hear a knocking at the south entry; (Camera shot through the eyes of someone standing right beside MACBETH. LADY MACBETH is now fully seen. The side of MACBETH's head that is seen on the left is unfocused) retire we to our chamber.*

MACBETH walks past LADY MACBETH off in to the distance. Camera shot changes back to the medium shot showing her on the side (profile, medium shot).

LADY MACBETH: *To self. A little water clears us of this deed;..., She walks into the bathroom, turns switch on, ...how easy it is then. Shuts door.*

INT. Scotland – Macbeth and Lady Macbeth's chamber – Late Evening, Night time

MACBETH and LADY MACBETH are sitting on a couch (or something of that nature) in their chamber. MACBETH is loosening/taking off his tie. LADY MACBETH sits in a locked gaze toward the distant ground. Camera shot taken in front of them. Knocking occurs.

LADY MACBETH: *Hark! Stands up. More knocking. Frantically walks over to retrieve MACBETH's nightgown. Changes off shot. Walks back to camera view, hands MACBETH his nightgown. He unbuttons shirt as she continues. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call is and show us to be watchers; be not so poorly in your thought.*

MACBETH put nightgown on quickly over undershirt and pants.

MACBETH: *To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. Knocking. Both are now standing up, facing each other. They make eye contact. Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! MACBETH and LADYMACBETH walk over to closed door. MACBETH puts his hand on the knob. Scene ends.*