

Macbeth



"Fair is foul and foul is fair"

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Journal

A's all comments on
~~Macbeth's~~ papers

This is a beautiful portfolio -
great work, presented in a way
careful & thoughtful way

Vida Carson
547 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, PA 19119
November 15, 2004

Sir Macbeth
Inverness Castle
Glamis, Scotland

Dear Macbeth,

I'm writing to you on behalf of your plan to kill Duncan. Now, I know that you and your wife are soul mates and that you love her dearly, as she does you, however I think there are a few things you should open your eyes to. First and foremost, I think that your wife has some *serious* issues dealing with her envy and greed. On a personal level, I think that you should seek some counseling for her because murder on the mind is never a good sign.

If I was in Lady Macbeth's position, of course I would simpere at the idea of a chance to be queen yet I would never go as far as to kill a king whom has been so amiable. Duncan has done nothing to you and yours except greet you with gracious positions in society and he has helped laced you in the fancies that you live in. Was it not Duncan who sent messengers to inform you of your new promotion as Thane of Cawdor along with your current position as Thane of Glamis? Why now do you envy his position when before you did not? Do not let the witches' poison seep into your brain and taint your thoughts, for that would end in tragedy. I know that you and Lady speak of everything to the other and are sworn to each other, but I beg you please reconsider this plan. I know that in the back of your mind you do not truly wish to commit this treason.

Before your encounter with those devious witches, your intentions were so good. Why now do you wish such harm for your king?

However dear Macbeth, I indeed understand that you have your ambition to fulfill but was it not you whom was considered to be such an honorable man? Duncan is a respectable king, one that you hold high, as do the rest of the people of Scotland. If any harm was bestowed upon him, the traitor would surely be caught. Death is promised to a traitor, no matter his status. What would become of your lovely wife if a traitor's death did you die? Do you honestly feel that it is more important to fulfill your ambitious dreams that may lead to death than to continue living your lavish lifestyle? Has greed gotten to you that much Sir Macbeth? Have you not learned the consequences of the green-eyed monster? I understand that your wife is very convincing and that her poisons are peddling throughout your ears, but you need to be a man and stand up to her. If you are truly the Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, that everyone respects and honors then you must not commit such an act as treason. Was it not you who unseamed a man for committing such treason? If you kill Duncan, do not hold you high as king but lower your head in shame because you let evil take over you body.



Sincerely,

Vida Carson

Vida Carson 11-1

Macbeth Journal

Mrs. Pincus



January 30, 1035

My dearest; yet *silent* friend,

'Tis done. Our plan was engendered and now 'tis done. I have knifed the life out of my once fair friend and king, Duncan. I prithee, do not think me foolish, but what a sorry sight have I seen. The blood dripping from mine hands symbolizes the treason I have committed. I can never be washed clean of this. To go hand-in-hand with my treason, I have killed the guards without even the slightest hint to my wife of my actions. I feel in some way that though our hearts did once skip the same beat, now they have begun to beat their separate patterns. From the day I broke the enterprise to her, she hath acted as such a green monster. She's an obstinate woman with more green-eyed poison than ever before have I seen. I tried to make her understand that I did not want to do this to Duncan but she was so determined that I had to capitulate to her plan. Thoughts of the dreadful witches flowed in and out of mind as I crept into Duncan's chamber. As the blood seeped through mine white palms, my mind raced for a scent of sanity. Would I ever be able to rinse myself clean of this?

At first I did's't not wish to commit this murderous treason, now that 'tis done, 'tis not as bad as did I expect. No one from our company would think I nor my wife to do such a thing, for I was the one whom led Macduff to Duncan's chambers. Feelings of uncertainty come to me in the night as I replay my actions in my mind. However, Lady

reminds sometimes *too* often of how I will soon reap the benefits of my deceit. I cannot help but thinking that mine own plan is working quite well. Things are falling into place exactly how I wish them to. Donalbain and Malcolm have since parted their separate ways which leaves the crown to I. As things unravel, I can see the crown coming closer and closer to mine head.

Fin King Macbeth

Vida Carson
547 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, PA 19119
(215)-844-3708

November 29, 2004

Dear Macbeth,

I'm writing to you again but this time with warning. Do not be so sure that everything is going your way. I know that you think everything will continue you fall into place like it's been doing lately but please keep your eyes open *because not everything is as it seems*. Please keep your head together Macbeth, thinking clearly because now is the time that things will start to seem weird. You may find yourself doubting reality and things that you know are certain but *please* listen to what you know, Sir Macbeth.

You almost risked blowing your cover with that scene you made at dinner in front of everyone. You almost lost all the marbles and everything you worked so hard to do could have gone right out of the window if it wasn't for Lady Macbeth. By the way, did you thank her at all? It's quite obvious that *she* 's the one who is keeping this plan together. You were seeing things that were unexplainable and although I believe you Sir, next time you start to spirits that you have killed previously, try to do it in private. As the King you represent your people as a whole and you *must* keep it together, get your mind right. You cannot afford to be seen as crazy or unstable, you need all of the support that you can get.

However, besides these outbursts I must say that things are falling into place quite smoothly, but don't let it get to your head Sir Macbeth. Things can change within minutes of your satisfaction. Do not forget why things are as they are, and *who* in fact told you of these things. I highly recommend meeting with the three Weird Sisters once again because you can never be too sure of witches and what they are capable of. I cannot honestly say that I have been in this type of situation before but I do pray that you be careful. I have a horrible feeling and I feel that something may go wrong soon, you can't have your cake and eat it too.

A large, handwritten checkmark or signature mark, likely representing the name Vida Carson, is written in the center of the page.

Sincerely,

Vida Carson

Vida Carson

Macbeth Journal

Mrs. Pincus

6 December 2004

Dearest Diary,

As I let mine pen stab the page I realize that there are signs everywhere. I decided to look to the witches for some guidance in all of this madness. Indeed, a lot of help did it do. Around a caldron the sisters stood as they conjured up a potion that warned me and gave good advice for the future in four apparitions. The first image was an armored head that admonished me to beware of Macduff, although I always knew he would betray me in ways that only the gods could imagine. The second image was a bloody baby, and it was quite a grotesque image if I do say so myself. However this was representing my strength and the spoken word said that no man born of a woman can hurt me. I think by far this is almost the best news that I have heard because is not every man born of a woman? If that is so, then what man could ever hurt *me*? Anyone who I would doubt myself up against is no longer a threat to me. The third image was a crowned child holding a tree which meant that I shall never be vanquished, until the forest walks to the castle that is. The final image was rather disturbing so I try to put it out of my head yet I cannot stop thinking about it. There were eight kings, and they all resembled Banquo. It was as if they were coming to haunt me and tell me that no matter what, I cannot change the fate of Scotland. Although there were no words spoken, I knew what was meant.

However, truth be told, I can change fate and I will. I planned to pay a visit to Macduff's household and everyone present, will have death knocking on their door.

The woman and child of the Macduff household have been taken care of. They are no longer an issue, and this deed sends a message to Macduff, that he cannot try to overthrow me. Although Macduff himself is still alive, once he gets news of what has happened back home he will only be hanging on by a mere thread.

The price to pay for being king is rather large, yet I must say, the beneficial part is only moments away and only a few more deaths will make everything perfect. I do not think with my head now, for that is not how true leaders think. I let my emotions flow from my heart to my hand for the head confuses things. When you go deep into thought, you only create doubt. A true king does not have room for doubt.

King Macbeth

✓

Vida Carson 11¹

English 3

Mrs. Pincus

17 December 2004

Dear Journal,

It is I, Macbeth. It is over for me now, my wife is dead and my crown is about to be sliced off of my undeserving head. While suicidal thoughts fill my head I wonder if I am the man that everyone once thought I was. I am not but to die with pride is an honor that even I wish to obtain. I will not die by mine own sword nor by the sword of any other. If I die, it will be with pride. However I highly doubt that any man will come close to killing me. For I take belief in the witches' premonition, for no man born of a woman can hurt me.

I wonder, however, what else I have to live for? My wife is dead, the one woman who understood mine thoughts more than any other. We once shared a connection so strong that even the sharpest knife could not cut through it. However as my pride reached a higher level I suppose I left her to herself. Everyday is monotonous as I look to myself for a feeling a liveliness but all I can seem to conjure up is emptiness. I am sure that I want to be king that I am the best king that Scotland will ever see yet for some reason I feel that something isn't right. Perhaps I should not have taken it thus far yet who could blame me for such a desire? As I look outside my window I see all of Scotland coming towards my castle to claim my crown but I will not throw down my sword to these enemies. I am the king and this is treason! I will not let the traitors come in mine own

household and try to take this crown from my head. If only I could sleep for a moment, a moment of sanity would do me well. I wish I could think clearly, or maybe if Lady Macbeth was still alive she could help me get these villains away from my castle. Oh by the darkness of evil, I prithee dear journal, remember my thoughts. Keep them locked away and safe away from the brutes who invade mine castle as I stab this page with my pen.

King Macbeth

Character Analysis (by order of appearance)

Pablo: A wealthy drug lord whom many other drug lords look upon when they are having trouble.

Enrique: A common drug dealer.

Laquisha: The only woman drug lord in town who is best friends with another drug lord known around the city as "Stack."

Stack: (referred to in the play, but no dialogue): A very wealthy, handsome drug lord who is married to Lady Stack. He has very close relations with Laquisha.

Background Story – Laquisha is a drug lord and she is secretly in love with her best friend "Stack". Previously in the play she convinced Stack to kill his wife, Lady Stack, because Laquisha was jealous. Stack strangled Lady Stack in their bedroom while Laquisha stood outside of the door hearing all of the awful sounds. After the murder of his wife, Stack cannot sleep and Laquisha has recurring memories of the sounds of Lady Stack being strangled. Her hands always twitch and she is very jittery in public. Laquisha also takes *ecstasy* a lot and often hallucinates about the murder because of it.

Setting – A crowded night club with neon lights and loud music. Drug lords are all over dealing their product. Pablo is standing around watching as the product sells when Enrique runs in rambling on about how Laquisha has lost her mind. He says that lately she's been acting crazy and unlike herself. She's been hallucinating and cursing to herself. Enrique tells Pablo that Laquisha has been taking ecstasy but it has been affecting her differently. Usually she is the under control, always in control type of person. However, for the past few days, she's been losing it.

ACT V

Scene I

Pablo: Whatchu' talkin' 'bout dude? She ain't trippin, when I seen her earlier she looked fine to me. When's the last time she had a trip?

Enrique: Since she found out that Stack got a wifey, it's mad sad. She be talkin' to herself and shizzle, actin' all weird. She swears she be seein' dead people and ish.

Pablo: Yo man, she been takin' that E but iono' why she trippin' now. What else she been doin'?

Enrique: I don't even know.

Pablo: You ain't gotta spill then beans dawg, but you know I'm hungry.

Enrique: Check this dude, you needa peep that ish for yaself cause ion' even know what's up with that chick. Forreal, yo.

(enter Laquisha)

Enrique: Ayo, here she comes dude, watch her.

Pablo: Why she carryin' that lighter?

Enrique: She always carryin' that jawn, like she scared of the dark or somethin'! She got mad problems, I told you.

Pablo: True, but she looks fine to me.

Enrique: Naw, she's all pumped up on E on the outside but on the inside she knocked down in the head.

Pablo: What's she doin' now? Why her hands shakin' like that? They shakin' like it's an earthquake or some shizzle.

Enrique: She always doin' that, lookin' like she wanna hit somebody. Matter fact, she look like she tryna choke somebody.

Laquisha: Ut-oh. That's her throat.

Pablo: Oh snaps, she can speak! Aight, lets peep what else she gon' say.

Laquisha: Oh break neck, break. Bones are crackin'. I can hear them. Dang, we're both goin' to hell. But can't nobody beat me anyways, it's all good. But who knew that his lil' mama was so strong?

Pablo: Ayo, you heard that?

Laquisha: Yo man, where are Stack's boys? They ain't been around for a hot minute. Psh, you messed everything up dude. I wanted you to dump her, not *kill* her. And only her, I ain't tell you to mess wit them.

Pablo: Dang yo, that's salty. This ain't even our business.

Enrique: Damn she got a big mouth. Now crybody gon' know.

Laquisha: Oh man, I can still her screamin'. Not even the dopest beats could make her sounds go away, yo. Shit, Shit, Shit!

Pablo: Damn, you right. She got mad problems.

Enrique: I know yo, I told you. But she got heart, I couldn't even deal wit this bullshit.

Pablo: Right.

Enrique: No doubt. It'll be all right.

Pablo: But on the reals, iono' how to deal with this shit. Mad people get ripped up on E and they be straight in the morning.

Laquisha: Turn up the music, put on ya boots, bounce up outta the scene. She's dead now, ain't nobody comin' back.

Pablo: She still trippin'?

Laquisha: Aight, I need to be out. Pass me a blunt, it's over now. Ain't nutt'n I can do about it. Lemme bounce, bounce, bounce.

(exit Laquisha)

Pablo: She forreal leavin'?

Enrique: Yerp.

Pablo: Yo man, I think she hearin' things. When you mess wit that dark shit, it never leaves you the hell alone dude. But when you get high off some E, the truth always comes out. We can't help her but she definitely needs some serious helps 'cause babygirl got problems. She better hope that the Big Man upstairs will sill look after her and keep her from offin' herself tonight. But peace out yo, this is too much and I ain't got nutt'n else to say.

Enrique: Aight, peace out homeslice. Good lookin' out.

(they exit)

Ghetto Glossary

1. **trippin'** – to act crazy, too sensitive
2. **to trip** – to get high
3. **shizzle** – stuff
4. **"you ain't gotta spill the beans...I'm hungry"** – you don't have to tell me the secret but you know that I want to know
5. **homie** – friend
6. **jawn** – thing
7. **"Oh snaps!"** – Oh shoot!
8. **peep** – to watch
9. **shizzle** – darn
10. **"..lil' mama was a soldier"** – she was so strong (like a soldier)
11. **hot minute** – long time
12. **dopest** – best
13. **inn' / iono'** – I don't/I don't know
14. **straight** – okay
15. **bounce** – leave
16. **Big Man upstairs** – God
17. **homeslice** – close friend