

by Dakota Foster

MACBETH



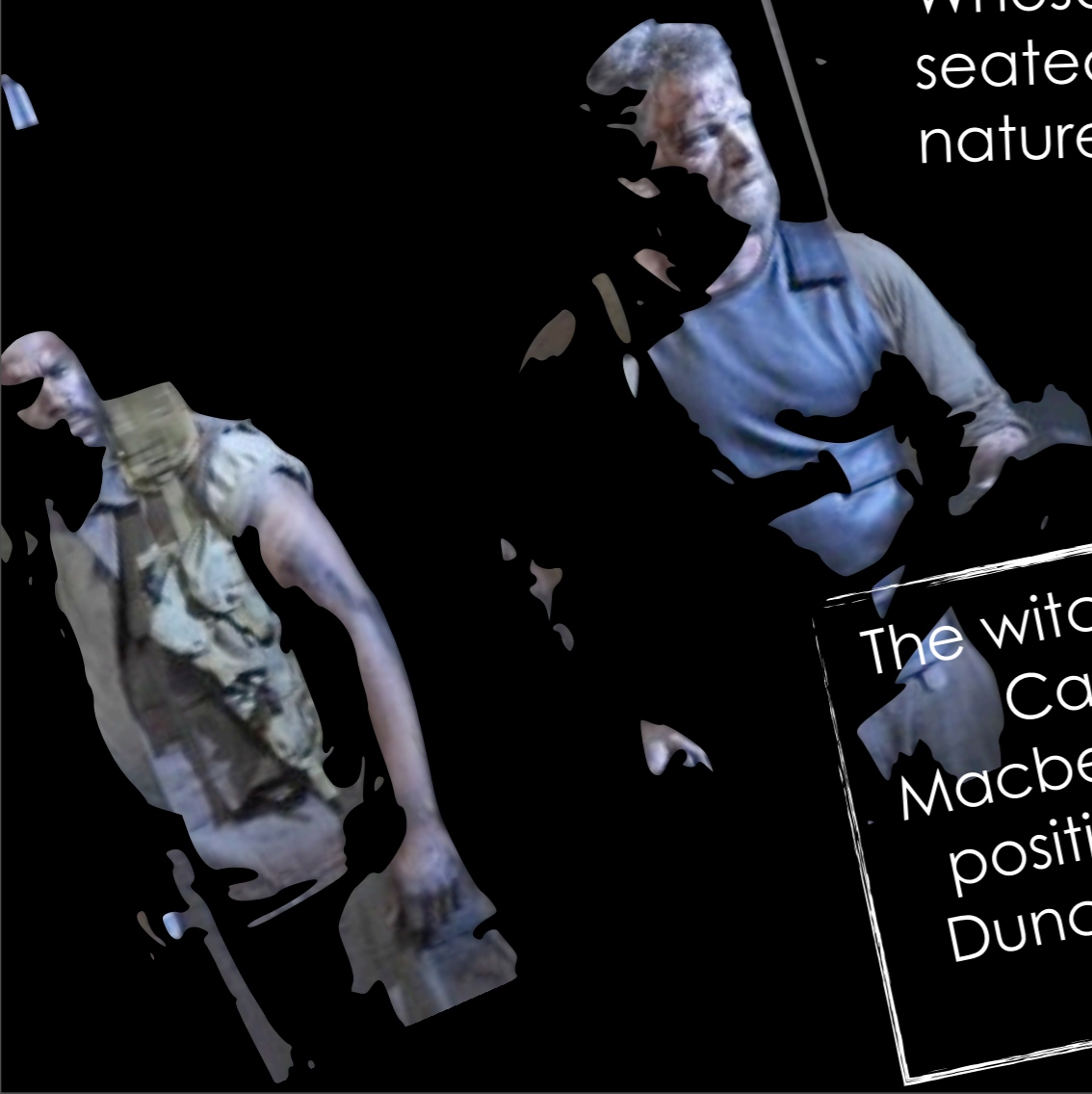
Macbeth was once the glorious man that was loved by everyone. He was honest and loving. Macbeth killed brutally for his Scotland. But, why would he change?

The Prophecy & Confusion



- Macbeth - If good, why do I yield to that suggestion. Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair? And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, against the use of nature?

The witches told you, 'Macbeth will be the Thane of Cawdor and then the King.' Crazy witches. Macbeth, are you weak-minded? Do you need this position? What thoughts are you having? Kill King Duncan? No, Macbeth you are too kind to do such evil deeds. Macbeth, you won't.





The King Loves Him

- King Duncan - Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly and shall continue our graces towards him.

Macbeth, don't you see? King Duncan is practically in love with who you are. He is thanking you for all you doings. He loves what you can do on the battlefield. Leave those crazy thoughts on the battlefield. But does somebody else say no?

She doesn't care. She needs to be queen. You better follow your lady or no more sexy time. But, she knows that you can't do it. Just listen to her. She already thinks you are wussy and talking about your manhood. You just better listen Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth - Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

The Change

Macbeth - I go, and it is done. The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell. That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Oh, you are a man now? You can kill Duncan now? Of course you can, Lady Macbeth told you the plan. Now, you just have to follow through. The bell is calling you, Macbeth. Gets the daggers and get going.



A man with a beard, wearing a white button-down shirt, is seated at a dark wooden table. On the table in front of him sits a golden crown. The background is dark.

Hiding and Planning

- Macbeth - Renown and graceful is dead. The wine of life is drawn, and mere lees is left this vault to brag of.

- Macbeth - Rather than so, come fate into the list. And champion me to th' utterance.

So, you kill Duncan and play it off like nothing happened. Nobody suspects a thing. Macbeth, remember Banquo? Banquo was there when the witches stated the prophecy. Banquo will do anything, he is very wise. Kill him Macbeth, don't hesitate. Set up a plan and kill Banquo.



- Lennox - May soon return to this our suffering country under a hand accursed.

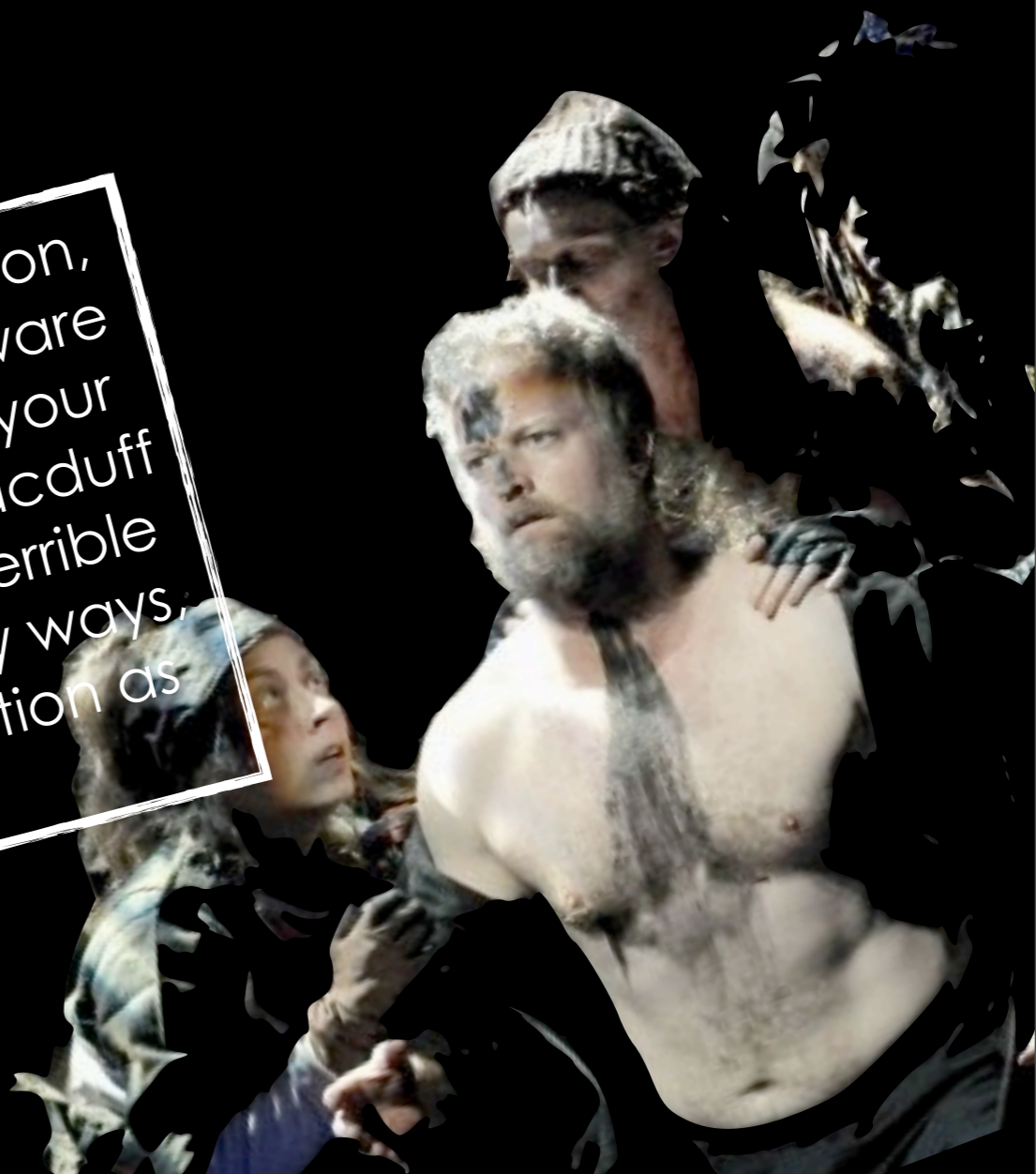
People are getting suspicious, Macbeth. Have you noticed that one of the Lords are discovering your plans? Some agree that you killed Duncan and Banquo. Did you know that Lennox wants Malcolm to come back and take the kingdom out of hand?



Beware Macduff

- Macbeth - The castle of Macduff I will surprise, seize upon Fife, give to th' edge o' th' sword his wife, his babies, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line.

A new prophecy has come out of the witches cauldron, but this time they were apparitions. One says to 'Beware Macduff' and you make a plan right off the top of your head. Macbeth decides to kill Macduff's family. Macduff trusted you, Macbeth, why would you do such a terrible thing that praises you? He loves you in his brotherly ways, but you're only thinking about keeping your position as King.



- Malcolm - This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest; you have loved him well; he hath not touched you yet.

Malcolm is Back

Macbeth, Malcolm wants his crown. He knows that you killed his father. Malcolm wants other people to believe like Macduff, but it seems like to Macduff that you haven't done anything horrible to him...yet.

Malcolm thought you were a honest man, but he was dead wrong cause now you are doing reckless things.



You have become King Macbeth! Congrats! Sadly, you fail at your job. You have turned into an evil monster. Nobody believes and nobody is on your side. Your wife killed herself from the guilt. Now, Birnam Wood comes; the forest moves, it moves towards you. Macduff was a C-section and he is ready to kill. Malcolm is ready for his rightful crown and your journey is over. Bye, Macbeth.

- Macbeth - I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been my sense would have cooled. To hear a night-shriek, and my fell hair would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir, as life were isn't. I have supped full with horrors. Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, cannot once start me.

The True Macbeth

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