Rationale

Macbeth’s ending evokes curiosity in my mind. There is little explanation about why being “untimely ripp’d” from his mother womb makes Macduff extraordinary. Also, the origin and purpose of the three witches and Hecate are unclear. Hence, I have challenged myself to re-write the ending of Macbeth (Act 5: Scenes 7&8) in Shakespearean English.

This task is based on Part 4: Literature—critical study, and is written in the form of a play-script. The target audience is Shakespeare’s modern fans and the stage directions in the script assist a modern play cast.

First, I wrote the ending in modern English by varying sentence structures just like Shakespeare. For example- “Possible this is not!” I then changed the script into Shakespearean diction by re-reading Macbeth and using words from the writing to replace words created after Shakespeare’s demise. I employed iambic pentameter using 10 syllables per line, unrhymed blank verses, and emulated literary features from Macbeth.

In my ending, Hecate and the three witches disguise themselves as Macduff (Hecate), Malcolm, Siward and Young Siward, and encounter Macbeth. The audience and Macbeth, unaware of their identity, experience an unhurried and puzzling revelation of their identity as Macbeth is unable to harm the four and they talk about events which the real Macduff, Malcolm, Siward and Young Siward never had witnessed or known. For example- when Siward says, “False men see false daggers…”, he reminds Macbeth of his hallucination of a dagger before killing Duncan, leaving the audience and Macbeth shocked. I emphasized Macbeth’s growing inferiority and distress by increasing short sentences, questions and by employing a rhymed verse in proximity to his death. As Hecate murders Macbeth, the four supernatural creatures reveal their purpose on Earth, after which the real Macduff, Malcolm, Siward and Young Siward arrive only to find Macbeth’s corpse.

WORD COUNT: 300
ACT V: SCENE VII Another part of the field

Enter Macbeth

Macbeth: (aside) The field of death surrounds me but, wherefore doth I smell fear, distress and misery. Mine own name is Macbeth, whose bravery speaks for itself and is about spoken from the mouths of all who is't can speak. Mine own bravery shall never an act so base. I shall be afeard of none, for all who is't art alive, emerge from a mistress's womb, and earn their wit and mind by sucking that wench's resplendent breast.

Enter the witches disguised as Malcolm, Seyward, Young Seyward, and Hecate as Macduff

Macduff: Anon, thine apparel shall drip of mortality. Knaves like thee shall avaunt to hell for eternity!

Malcolm: The contriver of harms you are, Macbeth! Thine colours shalt soon fade, 'long with thy corse.

Seyward: Wot Macbeth! thy death awaits thee! It craves thee!

Young Seyward: Crave you envious, treacherous fool, crave for time!

Macbeth: Thee voice each other with most gentle and wondrous intent. Yet, my bravery, enow on its own, shall make you flee the field. Forsooth, nothing forbears Macbeth, for the egg of mine own life is charm'd with immortality, and does not yield to penetration by
mortal sperms. I gage thee, men of undeserv’d
gentry, to quench thy thirst. Present thy most
wondrous strokes and try pain me!

*Malcolm, Seyward, Young Seyward and Macduff combat Macbeth*

**Macduff:** Hark, my words, false Thane of Glamis, Thane of
Cawdor, King of Scotland! Wit, if’t beest
too much, serves as poison to competence
and worsens a soldier’s mastery to
of a zany beldam.

*Macduff injures Macbeth. They keep fighting.*

**Macbeth:** I abhor thy delation with no balk.

At which hour two egal artful warriors
emboss, the combat becomes a judicious
contest whither wit and wisdom decide
whose corse shall lie in state.

*Macbeth slices through Macduff’s skin, but there are no wounds.*

Possible this is not! Is mine own dagger
falsing to me?

**Siward:** False men see false daggers, false creations, false
wounds and their false visage cannot encave
the secrets in their false hearts.

**Macbeth:** I understand not what thou art talking about.

**Malcolm:** Duncan and Banquo, Macbeth! Duncan and
Banquo! Nay soul in eternity shall
ev’r heareth of a story so charged
with deviousness, disloyalty and deception
as yours. Fie!

**Macbeth:** Who is't hath said that I hath killed those folk?
There's few or none will entertain it. If thine
livery art of soldiers, thy blades shall provide,
and thy accusations hath kept aside.
Adieu, young spark!

*Macbeth stabs Young Siward, but sees no blood on his sword*

**Young Siward:** Perchance, a dagger thee see before thine
eyes of which handle you have clutchted fine.

**Macbeth:** Fatal vision and senses don't wither,
bid me the existence of this dagger.

**Macduff:** Quoth the vile knave that slaughtered a mistress
and that lady son viciously and forcibly
whence lied they in their unprotected state.
But none perpend sorrow of a lifeless
lady than thee. Peradventure, Lady
Macbeth would hath stood before thee if thine
sword had gashed not through mine own wife's body.

**Macbeth:** *(aside)* How art thine the all-knowing, the all-wise?
O'er-rauhot Macbeth! O'er-rauhot the impossible!

**Macduff:** Hither thou cometh and all concern of
thine shall be resolved.

**Macbeth:** *(aside)* He knoweth mine own thoughts!
*(To Macduff)*
Well! Anon bid me Macduff!

**Macduff**: Them who art encompasseth by death art
the only ones that capture my true self.

*Macduff stabs Macbeth*

**Macbeth**: Wherefore does this hurt? Oh, nay. This pain!
Just like the bird don't bark, the dog don't fly,
Lamp rise not from the west, the sooth don't lie,
the flote alone be not, the daw white be not,
the sea may dry, but great Macbeth can't die.
Haply, the bearded dames did play a game,
Forswear, perjury and oath, it has name.

*Macduff turns into Hecate. Malcolm, Siward and Young Siward turn into the Wayward sisters.*

**First Witch**: Too deep addiction thee has't in this game,

**Second Witch**: But, we shall fulfil thy fancy of fame.

**ALL**: Thou shall be remembered, and forgotten not!

**Hecate**: Remembered? I must concur! Regrettably,
Not as a loyal thane who served the king,
But as one conspirer utmost wrathful
who slayed him in his fusty calendar;
Not as a king who fortified his kingdom,
But as one who did gash the vein of peace
and fortune from the soul of Scotland;
Not as a bread-earner of thine own flesh,
But as one who assassinated the
issue and jointress of another sir;
Not as a cousin of wondrous loyalty,
But one so zany for the throne for which
disloyal deeds done to maketh extinct
a cousin’s progeny. Thou art not to
be forgotten, Macbeth! Nor forgiven!

**Macbeth:** Who art thou? Wherefore didst thee allure me into mine own demise?

**First Witch:** Sinners, we are!

**Second Witch:** Just like thee!

**Third Witch:** Of era bygone!

**Hecate:** Belike, thee shall become like us. Someone
yet with nay slot in heaven nor hell. Thee
shall march the earth, serveth this land until
thy parole! The more sinners thee shatter,
the more tokens thee earn and the sooner
thee can egress this land to one finer.

**Second Witch:** A chant there is, thou must remember!

**ALL:** Where the offender not to be seen,
Behold where the mortal’s heart hath been,
Be it spotless, dare not touch it and flee,
Be it filthy, time for conspiracy!

*Macbeth dies*

**Third Witch:** Rattle, rattle! The reals are hither!
Siward: Who hath killed Macbeth?

Malcolm: False deeds made him breathe his last!

Macduff: Ring the bells! Macbeth’s power shall succumb.

Young Siward: Hail Malcolm, King of Scotland!

Macduff: Hail, King of Scotland!

Siward: Hail, worthy King of Scotland!

Flourish. Exeunt

WORD COUNT: 960

Bibliography
