

THE
COMPLETE
PLAY,
TRANSLATED
INTO PLAIN
ENGLISH!

Classical
COMICS



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

Original Text

Plain Text

Quick Text

Act Two
Scene Two

A while later...

THE WINE THAT MADE THEM *DRUNK* HAS MADE *ME BRAVE*. IT'S PLUT OUT THEIR FLAME, BUT FILLED *ME* WITH *FIRE!*

QUIET!

IT WAS AN *OWL* SHRIEK -- A FATAL *BELLMAN* SAYING A FINAL *GOODNIGHT*. *MACBETH'S DOING* IT. THE DOORS ARE OPEN AND THE *DRUNKEN ATTENDANTS* ARE *SNORING*. I'VE DRUGGED THEIR DRINKS SO MUCH THAT THEY DON'T CARE WHETHER THEY'RE *ALIVE OR DEAD*.

WHO'S THERE?
WHO IS IT?

OH NO! THEY MUST HAVE *WOKEN* AND IT *HASN'T BEEN DONE*. WE'VE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT -- *LISTEN!* -- I LEFT THE *DAGGERS* READY FOR HIM... HE COULDN'T *MISS* THEM. IF *DUNCAN* HADN'T LOOKED LIKE *MY FATHER* IN HIS SLEEP, I'D HAVE DONE IT *MYSELF*.

MY HUSBAND!

I'VE *DONE* IT. DID YOU HEAR A *NOISE?*

I HEARD AN *OWL* SCREAM AND THE *CRICKETS* CRY. DID YOU NOT *SPEAK?*



WHEN?
AS I CAME
DOWN?
NOW.
YES.



LISTEN!
WHO'S
SLEEPING IN THE
ROOM NEXT
TO HIS?
DONALBAIN.



THIS IS
A SORRY
SIGHT.

HOW
FOOLISH TO SAY
THAT!

SMAASSHH!!!



ONE
LAUGHED IN HIS
SLEEP AND ANOTHER
SHOUTED "MURDER!" THEY
WOKE EACH OTHER. I STOOD
LISTENING, BUT THEY SAID
THEIR PRAYERS AND WENT
BACK TO SLEEP.

TWO OF THEM
ARE SHARING
THE ROOM.

ONE SHOUTED "GOD BLESS US!" AND THE OTHER ANSWERED "AMEN"... AS IF THEY'D SEEN ME WITH THESE MURDERER'S HANDS. I COULD HEAR THEIR FEAR, BUT I COULDN'T SAY "AMEN" WHEN THEY SAID "GOD BLESS US".

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

BUT WHY COULDN'T I SAY "AMEN"? I NEEDED A BLESSING AND "AMEN" STUCK IN MY THROAT.

IF WE KEEP DWELLING ON IT, IT'LL DRIVE US MAD.




I THOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE SHOUT OUT "SLEEP NO MORE! MACBETH IS MURDERING SLEEP".

INNOCENT SLEEP... SLEEP, THAT TAKES AWAY ALL OUR WORRIES, THE END OF EACH DAY'S TROUBLE, HARD WORK'S RELIEF, SOOTHER OF DAMAGED MINDS, NATURE'S SECOND CHANCE, CHIEF NOURISHER IN LIFE'S FEAST...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?




IT KEPT SHOUTING "SLEEP NO MORE!", ALL OVER THE CASTLE. "GLAMIS HAS MURDERED SLEEP, SO CAWDOR WILL SLEEP NO MORE; MACBETH WILL SLEEP NO MORE!"



WHO SHOUTED? YOU'RE A **THANE**, BUT YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE A **GIBBERING WOMAN**. GO AND GET SOME **WATER** TO WASH THIS **FILTHY BLOOD** OFF YOUR HANDS.

WHY DID YOU BRING THESE **DAGGERS**? THEY HAVE TO **STAY BEHIND**. TAKE THEM **BACK** AND **SMEAR** THE **ATTENDANTS** WITH **BLOOD**.

SCLAAAP!!!



I'M **NOT GOING BACK THERE!** I'M AFRAID TO **THINK** ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE, LET ALONE **LOOK** AT IT.

WEAKLING! GIVE ME THE **DAGGERS**. THE **SLEEPING** AND THE **DEAD** LOOK THE **SAME**. ONLY **CHILDREN** ARE AFRAID OF **IMAGINARY DEVILS**. I'LL **SMEAR** HIS **BLOOD** ON THE **FACES** OF HIS **ATTENDANTS**. IT HAS TO LOOK LIKE **THEY** DID IT.



WHERE'S THAT **KNOCKING** COMING FROM?

WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH ME?... **EVERY NOISE** FRIGHTENS ME! WHOSE **HANDS** ARE THESE? THEY'RE **BLINDING** ME WITH THEIR **GUILT**. CAN **ALL THE WATERS OF THE OCEANS** WASH AWAY THIS **BLOOD**?

NO, THESE **HANDS** WOULD TURN **ALL THE SEAS** RED.

BANG!
BANG!



MY HANDS ARE THE SAME COLOUR AS YOURS, BUT I'D BE ASHAMED TO HAVE A HEART AS WHITE.



**BANG!
BANG!**

THERE'S SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE SOUTH ENTRY.

LET'S GET TO OUR ROOM. A LITTLE WATER WILL WASH AWAY THIS CRIME. IT'S EASY. IT'S YOUR LOYALTY THAT'S MAKING YOU VULNERABLE.

**BANG!
BANG!**



LISTEN! MORE KNOCKING. PUT ON YOUR NIGHTGOWN, IN CASE WE'RE CALLED UPON AND WE'RE SEEN TO BE WATCHING. AND DON'T BE SO DISTRACTED BY YOUR CONSCIENCE.

IT'D BE BETTER NOT TO KNOW MYSELF, THAN TO KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE.



**BANG!
BANG!**

WAKE DUNCAN WITH YOUR KNOCKING... I WISH YOU COULD!

Act Three
Scene Five

A Scottish heath...




HECATE!
YOU LOOK SO
ANGRY.

HAVE I
NOT REASON, CHAOS
THAT YOU ARE,
IMPERTINENT AND RASH?
HOW DID YOU DARE
TO TRADE AND TRAFFIC WITH
MACBETH,
IN RIDDLES, AND AFFAIRS
OF DEATH;

WHIMPER!

WHINE!



AND I, THE
MISTRESS OF YOUR CHARMS,
THE TRUE INSTRUMENT OF ALL HARMS,
WAS NEVER CALLED TO PLAY MY PART,
OR SHOW THE GLORY OF
OUR ART?

AND, WHICH IS
WORSE, ALL YOU HAVE DONE
WAS ONLY FOR A WAYWARD SON,
SPITEFUL, AND HATEFUL;
WHO, AS OTHERS DO,
WANTS ALL HE CAN GET AND
NOUGHT FOR YOU.

BUT MAKE
AMENDS NOW: GET YOU GONE,
AND AT THE CAVE OF ACHERON
MEET ME IN THE MORNING:
THERE WILL HE
COME TO KNOW HIS
DESTINY.

YOUR CAULDRONS
AND YOUR SPELLS PROVIDE,
YOUR CHARMS AND EVERYTHING BESIDE.
I'M FOR THE AIR; THIS NIGHT I'LL SPEND
UNTO A DISMAL AND A
FATAL END:

GREAT BUSINESS
MUST BE DONE BY NOON.
UPON THE CORNER OF THE MOON
THERE HANGS A STEAMY
DROP PROFOUND;
I'LL CATCH IT BEFORE IT
HITS THE GROUND:

AND THAT,
DISTILLED BY MAGIC SPELLS,
WILL CONJURE UP FICTITIOUS ELVES,
WHO, BY THE STRENGTH OF
THEIR ILLUSION,
WILL LURE HIM INTO MUCH
CONFUSION.

HE'LL IGNORE FATE,
SCORN DEATH AND BEAR
HIS HOPES ABOVE WISDOM,
GRACE, AND FEAR;
AND YOU ALL KNOW THAT PROPHECY
IS MORTALS' GREATEST
ENEMY.

♪ COME AWAY, COME AWAY,
HECATE, HECATE, COME AWAY! ♪

LISTEN!
I'M CALLED; MY
LITTLE SPIRIT, SEE,
SITS IN A FOGGY CLOUD,
AND WAITS FOR
ME.

COME, LET'S
BE QUICK.
SHE'LL SOON
BE BACK
AGAIN.