

THE
COMPLETE
PLAY,
TRANSLATED
INTO PLAIN
ENGLISH!

Classical
COMICS



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

Original Text

Plain Text

Quick Text



New Title Information

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Title: Macbeth The Graphic Novel
Sub title: Plain Text
Publisher: Classical Comics Ltd
Author: William Shakespeare

ISBN: 978-1-906332-04-4

Contributors: *Script Adaptation:* John McDonald
Linework: Jon Haward *Colouring & Lettering:* Nigel Dobbyn
Inking Assistant: Gary Erskine *Design & Layout:* Jo Wheeler
Additional Information: Karen Wenborn *Editor in Chief:* Clive Bryant

Brief description of the book:

This full colour graphic novel presents Shakespeare's Macbeth in modern English verse-for-verse. If you find the original Shakespearean language rather cryptic then this is for you. Macbeth is probably the most dramatic of Shakespeare's tragedies and this version will give you a brand new and totally fulfilling view of the sheer genius of Shakespeare's story telling. Coupled with stunning artwork, you can now finally understand Shakespeare's words.

Key sales points:

- THE COMPLETE PLAY TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.
- Fully appreciate the work of Shakespeare in modern English. This version is ideal for anyone who may find Shakespeare's original language cryptic.
- Full colour graphic novel format.
- Teachers notes/study guides for KS2/KS3 available.

Publisher information:

Classical Comics is a new UK publisher creating graphic novel adaptations of classical literature. True to the original vision of the author, the book has been further enhanced by using only the finest artists - giving you a truly wonderful reading experience that you'll return to again and again.

Edition: First
Series: 1 of 3 versions available - Original Text, Plain Text & Quick Text
Pub Date: February 25th 2008
Classification: General Fiction, FNS, FNG
Price: £9.99 **Format:** Paperback
Size: 246mm x 168mm **Pages:** 144 pages
Age range: General
Illustrations: 132 pages of full colour graphic novel style illustrations.

Reviews:

"I'm fascinated by your approach to the play and its language. I find them gripping, dramatic and, although for me the original Shakespeare is always my reason for turning to these plays, I think that what you are doing is illuminating and making perhaps more lucid, especially for young people, is clever and meaningful." Patrick Stewart, Actor

"What is particularly good about this series is that there are three different texts available for each of the plays... If I were a literature teacher, I would be finding copies of all of their titles for my students!"

Liz Jones, Children's author
& CYBILS nominee panel member

"I think Classical Comics could be ushering in a new age of British comics. Buy!"

Terry Hooper, www.ComicBitsOnline.com



Act Two
Scene One

After the banquet, Banquo and his son Fleance cannot rest...

WHAT'S THE TIME, BOY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THE MOON'S GONE DOWN.

ABOUT TWELVE, THEN.

I THINK IT'S LATER, SIR.

WAIT, TAKE MY SWORD.

NO STARS TONIGHT, HEAVEN MUST BE SLEEPING. HERE, TAKE THIS TOO.

I'M SO TIRED, BUT I STILL CAN'T SLEEP. MERCIFUL GOD, PLEASE STOP THE TERRIBLE DREAMS I'VE BEEN HAVING!

GIVE ME MY SWORD.

WHO'S THERE?

A FRIEND.

WHAT SIR, NOT YET ASLEEP? THE KING'S COMFORTABLY IN BED. HE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME AND HE'S GIVEN GIFTS TO ALL OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

THIS DIAMOND'S FOR YOUR WIFE. HE SAYS SHE'S A VERY KIND HOSTESS.

WE COULD'VE DONE MUCH BETTER, IF WE'D HAD MORE NOTICE OF HIS VISIT.



YOU DID WELL.

I DREAMT ABOUT THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS LAST NIGHT. THEY'VE SHOWN YOU SOME TRUTH.

I DON'T THINK ABOUT THEM. MAYBE, WHEN WE'VE AN HOUR TO SPARE, WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THAT BUSINESS... IF YOU WANT TO.



WHATEVER SUITS YOU.

IF YOU CAN WAIT 'TIL I'M READY... I'D APPRECIATE IT.



AS LONG AS I LOSE NO OTHER RESPECT AND AS LONG AS MY CONSCIENCE STAYS CLEAR, I'LL LISTEN TO YOU.



IN THE MEANTIME, SLEEP WELL!

THANKS SIR, THE SAME TO YOU!



GO
TELL YOUR
MISTRESS TO *RING*
THE BELL WHEN MY
DRINK IS READY.
THEN GET
TO BED!



IS THIS A
DAGGER WHICH I
SEE BEFORE ME, THE
HANDLE TOWARD MY
HAND? *COME...*
LET ME *GRIP*
YOU.

I CAN'T *CATCH*
YOU, BUT I CAN STILL
SEE YOU. AREN'T YOU AS
RESPONSIVE TO *TOUCH* AS
YOU ARE TO *SIGHT*? OR ARE
YOU JUST A DAGGER OF THE
MIND... A MIRAGE,
COMING FROM AN
OVERHEATED
BRAIN?

I CAN
STILL SEE YOU, AS
PLAIN AS THIS *REAL*
DAGGER. YOU POINT IN THE
DIRECTION I AM TO GO... AND
YOU ARE THE *WEAPON* I
AM TO *USE.*

EITHER MY *EYES*
ARE PLAYING *TRICKS*
ON ME, OR THE *REST*
OF MY *BODY* IS. I
STILL SEE YOU.

AND YOUR
BLADE'S NOW
SPLASHED WITH
BLOOD WHICH
WASN'T *THERE*
BEFORE.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING! THIS DIRTY BUSINESS IS MANIFESTING ITSELF BEFORE MY EYES.

RIGHT NOW, HALF THE WORLD SEEMS DEAD AND SLEEP IS FILLED WITH NIGHTMARES. THE THREE-HEADED GODDESS OF WITCHCRAFT'S CELEBRATING, WOLVES ARE HOWLING, AND PUTRID MURDER'S MOVING LIKE A GHOST TOWARDS ITS VICTIM.



SOLID EARTH... DON'T HEAR THE DIRECTION OF MY FOOTSTEPS, IN CASE THE VERY STONES SCREAM OUT MY WHEREABOUTS AND STOP ME FROM DOING WHAT I HAVE TO DO RIGHT NOW.

WHILE I'M TALKING, HE'S LIVING. TALKING TOO MUCH CAN STOP US FROM DOING THE DEED.



I'LL GO AND GET IT OVER WITH. THERE'S MY SIGNAL. DON'T HEAR IT DUNCAN, BECAUSE IT'S A BELL THAT CALLS YOU TO HEAVEN... OR TO HELL.

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.

Act Five
Scene Three

At Dunsinane, Macbeth receives news about the advance of Malcolm's army...

DON'T BRING ME ANY MORE REPORTS! I DON'T CARE IF EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM DESERTS ME. NOTHING WILL BOTHER ME UNTIL BIRNAM WOOD COMES TO DUNSINANE. WHAT DANGER IS THAT BOY, MALCOLM? WASN'T HE BORN OF A WOMAN?

THE SPIRITS WHO KNOW THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD TOLD ME THIS, "DON'T BE AFRAID, MACBETH: NO MAN THAT'S BORN OF A WOMAN WILL EVER DEFEAT YOU!"

THEN DESERT ME, TREACHEROUS THANES! JOIN THE ENGLISH DEGENERATES! MY STRENGTH OF MIND AND MY COURAGE WILL NEVER WEAKEN WITH DOUBT, NOR SHAKE WITH FEAR!

THE DEVIL DAMN YOU TO BURN, YOU CREAM-FACED GOOSE! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT STUPID LOOK?

THERE'S TEN THOUSAND --

WHAT, GEESE?

SOLDIERS, SIR.



WHY DON'T YOU **SLASH YOUR FACE** AND COVER UP YOUR **PALENESS** WITH **BLOOD**, YOU **LILY-LIVERED BOY**. **WHAT SOLDIERS**, CLOWN? **DAMN YOU**, YOUR **WHITE CHEEKS** SMELL OF **FEAR**. **WHAT SOLDIERS**, **PALE-FACE?**

THE **ENGLISH FORCE...** IF YOU PLEASE.



GET YOUR **FACE** OUT OF **HERE!**
SEYTON!



IT **MAKES ME SICK** TO SEE...

SEYTON!



THIS **INVASION** WILL SETTLE MATTERS **ONE WAY** OR THE **OTHER**. I'VE **LIVED** LONG ENOUGH. MY **AMBITION** HAS TURNED INTO A **DRY, WITHERED LEAF**.

ALL THE THINGS THAT SHOULD BE ENJOYED IN OLD AGE... **HONOUR, LOVE, RESPECT** AND **FRIENDS**, I WON'T HAVE **ANY** OF THEM. INSTEAD, PEOPLE WILL **CURSE** ME... MAYBE NOT **OUT LOUD**, BUT FROM **DEEP INSIDE THEIR HEARTS**.



SEYTON!

WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOUR
GRACE?



WHAT'S
THE LATEST
NEWS?

ALL
THE REPORTS HAVE
BEEN CONFIRMED,
MY LORD.

I'LL
FIGHT 'TIL THE
FLESH HAS BEEN
HACKED FROM MY
BONES!

GIVE ME MY
ARMOUR.

THUD!!

YOU
DON'T NEED
IT YET.



I'LL
PUT IT ON!
SEND OUT MORE
HORSEMEN, SEARCH
THE COUNTRYSIDE AND
HANG ANYONE WHO'S
SPREADING PANIC.

GIVE ME MY
ARMOUR.

HOW'S YOUR
PATIENT,
DOCTOR?

NOT AS
MUCH SICK, MY
LORD, AS TROUBLED BY
RECURRENT FANTASIES
THAT PREVENT HER
FROM SLEEPING.



CURE HER!

CAN'T YOU TREAT A SICK MIND? CAN'T YOU GET RID OF BAD MEMORIES? CAN'T YOU COOL THE BRAIN? CAN'T YOU USE SOME REMEDY TO CLEAN AWAY ALL THE TROUBLE FROM INSIDE HER HEART?

ONLY THE PATIENT CAN DO THAT FOR HERSELF.



THEN THROW YOUR MEDICINE TO THE DOGS! I WANT NONE OF IT.



COME, PUT ON MY ARMOUR. GIVE ME MY STAFF OF OFFICE!



SEYTON, SEND OUT THE HORSEMEN!



DOCTOR, THE THANES DESERT ME.



COME SIR, SEND THEM OUT!



I WISH YOU COULD TEST THE *WATER OF SCOTLAND*, DOCTOR. I WISH YOU COULD *DISCOVER HER DISEASE* AND BRING HER BACK TO *PERFECT HEALTH*. I'D *APPLAUD* YOU 'TIL THE ECHO OF THAT *APPLAUSE* REPEATED ITSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN. COULD YOU *DO THAT*? WHAT *RHUBARB* OR *SENNA* OR *LAXATIVE* WOULD PURGE THESE *ENGLISH*? HAVE YOU HEARD OF ANY?

YOUR PREPARATIONS SHOULD DO THE TRICK.



BRING IT *AFTER* ME. I WON'T BE AFRAID OF DEATH OR DESTRUCTION... UNTIL *BIRNAM FOREST* COMES TO DUNSINANE.

IF I WAS GONE FROM DUNSINANE, NO AMOUNT OF MONEY WOULD BRING ME BACK HERE.