THE COMPLETE PLAY, TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH!
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 COULDN'T HAVE 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.

DONG! DONG!
ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

A while later...

THE WINE THAT MADE THEM DRUNK HAS MADE ME BRAVE. IT’S PUT 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?
ONE LAUGHS 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. "SLAMIS 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.

SAAP!!

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

BANG! BANG!

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.
My hands are the same colour as yours, but I'd be ashamed to have a heart as white.

Bang! Bang!

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!
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;

WHINN!

WHIME!
AND I, THE MISTRESS OF YOUR CHARMS, 
THE TRUE INSTRUMENT OF ALL HARS, 
WAS NEVER CALLED TO PLAY MY PART, 
OR SHOO 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 FICTIONAL ELVES, 
WHO, BY THE STRENGTH OF 
THEIR ILLUSION, 
WILL LURK 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, LET’S
BE QUICK,
SHE’LL SOON
BE BACK
AGAIN.

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

COME AWAY, COME AWAY,
HECATE, HECATE, COME AWAY!
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 DUNSIANE. 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.”

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

WHAT, GEESE?

THERE’S TEN THOUSAND —

SOLDIERS, SIR.
WHY DON'T YOU SLASH YOUR FACE AND COVER UP YOUR PALINESS 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.
WHAT'S THE LATEST NEWS?

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

THUD!!

YOU DON'T NEED IT YET.

ALL THE REPORTS HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED, MY LORD.

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

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

GIVE ME MY ARMOUR!

HOW'S YOUR PATIENT, DOCTOR?

GIVE ME MY ARMOUR.

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