Macbeth

The Graphic Novel

William Shakespeare
Act Two
Scene One

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

WHAT'S THE TIME, SON?

THE MOON'S GONE DOWN.

ABOUT TWELVE, THEN.

I THINK IT'S LATER, FATHER.

TAKE MY SWORD.

I'M TIRED, BUT I CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE OF ALL THESE TERRIBLE DREAMS.

WHO'S THERE?

A FRIEND.

NOT IN BED YET? THE KING IS ASLEEP ALREADY, AFTER THAT WONDERFUL BANQUET.

HE'S GIVEN THIS DIAMOND TO YOUR WIFE, TO THANK HER.

WE'D LIKE TO HAVE DONE MORE.
I DREAMT ABOUT THE THREE WITCHES LAST NIGHT.

I DON'T THINK ABOUT THEM. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THEM SOME OTHER TIME.

WHEN IT SUITS YOU.

ANOTHER DAY.

YES...

SLEEP WELL.

YOU TOO.
TELL MY WIFE TO RING THE BELL WHEN MY DRINK'S READY. THEN GET TO BED!

IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME? COME HERE!

I CAN'T HOLD YOU! -- ARE YOU JUST A DAGGER OF THE MIND?

I SEE YOU, AS PLAIN AS THIS REAL DAGGER. AND NOW YOUR BLADE IS SPLASHED WITH BLOOD.
There's no such thing! It's a nightmare, with witches and wolves, howling and murder...

SOLID EARTH, quieten my steps as I walk towards my destiny.

Enough talk. Words stop us from action.

Duncan, don't hear that bell -- it's calling you to heaven... or to hell.
Act Two
Scene Two

A while later...

THE WINE THAT MADE THEM DRUNK HAS MADE ME BRAVE. AND MACBETH’S DOING THE MURDER RIGHT NOW.

WHO’S THERE?

OH NO! WE’VE BEEN DISCOVERED! I LEFT THE DAGGERS READY FOR HIM - HE COULDN’T HAVE MISSED THEM.

My husband!

It’s done.
DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING?

NO.

WHO'S IN THE ROOM NEXT TO THE KING?

DONALBAIN.

LOOK AT MY HANDS...

DON'T BE STUPID.

SMASH!

ONE SHOUTED "MURDER!" IN HIS SLEEP. THEY WOKE EACH OTHER, SAID THEIR PRAYERS AND WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

THERE ARE TWO OF THEM IN THAT ROOM.
They shouted out “God bless us!” and “Amen!”, as though they’d seen me.

Don’t worry about it.

I couldn’t say “Amen”.

We’ll go mad if we keep thinking about it.

I thought I heard a voice shout “Sleep no more! Macbeth is murdering sleep!”

What are you talking about?

It kept shouting “Sleep no more! Macbeth will sleep no more!”
STOP BEHAVING LIKE A FOOL AND WASH THAT BLOOD OFF YOUR HANDS.

TAKE THOSE DAGGERS BACK AND SMEAR THE GUARDS WITH HIS BLOOD.

SAAAAAP!!

I’M NOT GOING BACK THERE!

WEAKLING! I’LL DO IT!

EVERY LITTLE NOISE FRIGHTENS ME --

AND ALL THE WATERS OF THE OCEANS WON’T WASH THE BLOOD OFF THESE HANDS.

BANG! BANG!
MY HANDS ARE JUST AS RED, BUT MY HEART’S NOT AS COWARDLY!

BANG! BANG! SOMEONE’S KNOCKING.

LET’S GET TO OUR ROOM. A LITTLE WATER WILL WASH AWAY THIS CRIME.

BANG! BANG!

LET’S NOT BE SEEN OUT HERE. AND STOP WORRYING!

I WANT TO FORGET WHAT I’VE DONE, BUT I CAN’T.

I WISH YOU COULD WAKE DUNCAN WITH YOUR KNOCKING!
Act Three
Scene Five

A Scottish heath...

I am! You dared to meddle with Macbeth in riddles and affairs of death!

HECATE... YOU LOOK ANGRY.

WHIMP! WHINE!
YOU DID IT WITHOUT ME! AND NOW I CLEARLY SEE,

THAT ALL YOU’VE MANAGED TO DO IS USE HIM AS HE HAS USED YOU.

WE’LL MEET MACBETH INSIDE OUR CAVE HE’LL COME TO SEE WHAT HE CAN SAVE.

BRING THE THINGS THAT YOU MUST USE TO MIX A POTION TO CONFUSE.

I’LL MIX IT WITH MY MAGIC BREWS TO CONJURE UP SOME GHOSTLY CLUES,

THAT TELL MACBETH WHAT HE MUST HEAR, TO BRING HIS DOWNFALL VERY NEAR.
I’m being called - my spirit - see, sits in a cloud and calls for me.

Let’s go, before she comes back again.
Act Five
Scene Three

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

NO MORE REPORTS! LET EVERYONE DESERT ME! NOTHING WILL BOTHER ME 'TIL BIRNAM WOOD COMES TO DUNSIANE. AND I DON'T CARE ABOUT MALCOLM BECAUSE HE WAS BORN OF A WOMAN.

THE WITCHES TOLD ME, "NO MAN OF WOMAN BORN WILL HARM MACBETH!"

DESSERT ME AND JOIN THE ENGLISH IF YOU LIKE! I DON'T CARE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU GOOSE-LIKE IDIOT?

THERE'S TEN THOUSAND --

GEESH?

SOLDIERS, SIR.
WHAT SOLDIERS, COWARD? YOUR WHITE CHEEKS SMELL OF FEAR!

THE ENGLISH FORCE...

GET OUT OF HERE! SEYTON!

IT MAKES ME SICK...

SEYTON!

MY TIME HAS COME. WHO CARES? I’VE LIVED LONG ENOUGH AND NOTHING MATTERS ANYMORE. I HAVE NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
SEYTON!

YES, YOUR GRACE?

I’LL FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

GET ME MY ARMOUR.

THUD!!

YOU DON’T NEED IT YET.

ANY NEWS?

THE REPORTS ARE CORRECT.

SEND OUT MORE HORSEMEN AND HANG ALL DESERTERS.

GET ME MY ARMOUR!

HOW’S YOUR PATIENT, DOCTOR?

VERY TROUBLED, MY LORD.
CURE HER! CAN’T YOU MEND A SICK MIND?

ONLY SHE CAN DO THAT FOR HERSELF.

TO HELL WITH YOUR MEDICINE, THEN!

PUT ON MY ARMOUR!

SEYTON, SEND OUT THE HORSEMEN!

THE THANES ARE DESERTING ME.

SEND THEM OUT!
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT’S WRONG WITH SCOTLAND, DOCTOR? CAN YOU CURE MY COUNTRY OF HER ENGLISH DISEASE?

YOU’LL DO THAT, MY LORD.

I WON’T BE AFRAID, UNTIL BIRNAM WOOD COMES TO DUNSIQNE.

IF I WAS GONE FROM DUNSIQNE, NOTHING WOULD BRING ME BACK HERE.