

The Tempest

By William Shakespeare

Adapted by Aubrey Helene Neumann

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROSPERO

MIRANDA

ARIEL

CALIBAN

FERDINAND

ALONSO

ANTONIO

SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

TRINCULO

STEPHANO

SHIPMASTER

BOATSWAIN ***Pronounced BOW-sn

SPIRITS

Director's Notes

Act I. Scene 1.

“Follow the Waves” by Auf Der Maur transitions into: a tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Shadows on the sail reveal a boat tossing and turning at sea, giving way to human silhouettes. Enter a SHIPMASTER, and a BOATSWAINE.

SHIPMASTER

Boatswain.

***Pronounced BOW-sn

BOATSWAIN

Here Master: What cheer?

SHIPMASTER

Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall
too't, yarely, or we run ourselves a ground,
bestirre, bestirre.

***Pronounced YAR-ly

Exit SHIPMASTER.

BOATSWAIN

Heigh my hearts, cheerily, cheerily my hearts:
yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Captain's
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

***Pronounced YAR

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, and GONZALO.

ALONZO

Good Boatswaine have care: where's the Captain?
Play the men.

BOATSWAIN

I pray now keepe below.

ANTONIO

Where is the Captain, Boson?

***Also pronounced BOW-sn

BOATSWAIN

Do you not hear him? you marre our labour,
Keepe your Cabins: you do assist the storme.

GONZALO

Nay, good be patient.

BOATSWAIN

When the Sea is: hence, what cares these
roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble
us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN

None that I more love then my selfe. You are
a Counselor, if you can command these Elements to silence,
use your authority: If you cannot,
out of our way.

BOATSWAINE crosses away.

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes.

Exit ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, and GONZALO.

BOATSWAIN

Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course.

A cry within.

A plague upon this howling: they are louder than the weather,
or our office:

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO & GONZALO.

Yet againe? What do you here? Shall we
give o'er and drowne, have you a minde to sinke?

SEBASTIAN

A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous
uncharitable Dog.

BOATSWAIN

Worke you then.

ANTONIO

Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noisemaker.

BOATSWAIN

Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off
to Sea againe, lay her off.

*Large cracking sound as the mast breaks. Cries and shouts "Mercy on us," "We've Split,"
"Farewell," as all [including TRINCULO and STEPHANO] are lost to the sea.*

Opening lines of the "Siren" by Overcoats play as *shadows transition from the ocean to
the shore as the tempest calms.*

Act I. Scene II. Part 1.

Lights rise revealing PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRANDA

If by your Art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Roar; allay them:
The sky it seemes would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessel
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to pieces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd.

PROSPERO

No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
There's no harme done.

MIRANDA

O woe, the day.

PROSPERO

No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. Naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater Father.

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: have comfort,
The direful spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee:
I have with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul
No not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel.
Sit downe,

For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stop'd
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

PROSPERO

The hour's now come
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive.

*PROSPERO raises his staff prompting the SPIRITS to enter and begin to act out
PROSPERO's tale.*

Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.

MIRANDA

Certainly Sir, I can.

The SPIRITS stop unsure of how to continue.

PROSPERO

By what?

MIRANDA

'Tis far off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four, or five women once, that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou else?
If thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO raises his staff and the SPIRITS return to acting out the story.

PROSPERO

Twelve year since (*Miranda*) twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan* and
A Prince of power:

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my Father?

The SPIRITS stop exasperated.

PROSPERO

Thy Mother was a piece of virtue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

MIRANDA

O the heavens,
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both my Girl.
By foul-play (as thou sayst) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly help'd hither.

The SPIRITS act out the story. Freezing when PROSPERO checks in with MIRANDA.

My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, (Dost thou attend?)
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
By being so retir'd, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature. He being thus Lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory

To credite his owne lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' Substitution
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

PROSPERO

To have no Screen between this part he played,
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milan*, Me (poore man) my Library
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dry he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him Annual tribute, do him homage
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Milan*)
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA

Oh the heavens:

PROSPERO

Marke his condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA

I should sinne
To thinke but Nobly of my Grandmother,

Good wombs have borne bad sonnes.

PROSPERO

Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brother's suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o' th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Milan*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of *Milan*, and I' th' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO

Well demanded, wench:
My Tale provokes that question: Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colors fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us a-board a Barke,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd

A rotten carcasce of a Boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: There they hoist us
To cry to th' Sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pity sighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

PROSPERO

O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserve me.

MIRANDA

How came we a shore?

PROSPERO

By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since have steaded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lov'd my bookes, he furnish'd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.

MIRANDA

Would I might
But ever see that man.

PROSPERO

Now I arise,

PROSPERO raises his staff causing the SPIRITS to slowly disperse.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow:
Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy Schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours; and Tutors, not so careful.

MIRANDA

Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raising this Sea-storme?

PROSPERO

Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful *Fortune*
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will ever after droope:

***Pronounced ZEE-nith

MIRANDA makes to speak prompting PROSPERO to cast a spell.

Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclined to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose:
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

MIRANDA sleeps.

Act I. Scene II. Part 2.

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL

All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire: to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Quality.

PROSPERO

Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

ARIEL

To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the Beake,

Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement.

PROSPERO

My brave Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL

Not a soul
But felt a Fever of the madde, and played
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel;
Then all a fire with me,

PROSPERO

Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL

Close by, my Master.

PROSPERO

But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
The King's sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Air with sighs,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His arms in this sad knot.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke.

ARIEL

Is there more toil? Since you dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO

How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My Liberty

.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? no more.

ARIEL

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise

To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL

No.

PROSPERO raises his staff causing ARIEL visible pain.

PROSPERO

Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax* - this damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
Thou know'st was banish'd hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Sailors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thy selfe, was then her servant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
Into a cloven Pine, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
A dozen yeares: within which space she died,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheels strike: Then was this Island
(Save for the Son, that she did litter here,
A freckled whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

***Pronounced SIC-or-ACS

ARIEL

Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thanke thee Master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting, gently.

PROSPERO

Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL

That's my noble Master:
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

MIRANDA begins to stir.

PROSPERO

Hark in thy ear.

PROSPERO whispers to ARIEL.

ARIEL

My lord, it shall be done.

ARIEL exits.

Act I. Scene II. Part 3.

PROSPERO

Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yields us kinde answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villaine Sir,
I do not love to looke on.

PROSPERO

But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
That profit us: What ho: slave: *Caliban*.

CALIBAN (*within*)

There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO

Come forth I say, there's other business for thee:

CALIBAN groans within.

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter CALIBAN.

CALIBAN

As wicked dew, as ere my mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
Drop on you both.

PROSPERO

For this be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up.

PROSPERO raises his staff threateningly.

CALIBAN

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou strok'st me, and made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertile,
Curs-ed be I that did so.

***Pronounced SIC-or-ACS

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

CALIBAN

Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

MIRANDA

Abhorred Slave,
I pitied thee, took pains to make thee speak.
But thy wild race had that in't,
Which good natures could not abide to be with.

CALIBAN

You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch us in Fuel, and be quicke, thou'rt best
To answer other businesse:

PROSEPERO raises staff causing CALIBAN pain.

Shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roare,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would control my Dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

***Pronounced SET-eh-BUS

***Pronounced VA-sl

PROSPERO

So slave, hence.

Exit CALIBAN as opening of "The Seed" by AURORA floats on.

Act I. Scene II. Part 4.

Enter ARIEL, and SPIRITS singing followed by FERDINAND in wonder. PROSPERO looks on shielding MIRANDA's eyes.

FERDINAND

Where should this Musick be? I' th' air, or th' earth?

PROSPERO

The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

MIRANDA

What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Believe me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO

No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have such. This Gallant which thou sees't
Was in the wracke: and but he's something stain'd
With griefe (that's beauties canker) you might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so Noble.

PROSPERO

It goes on I see
As my soul prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Song fades as SPIRITS exit. ARIEL remains to watch. FERDINAND spies MIRANDA.

FERDINAND

Most sure the Goddess
On whom these aires attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Maid, or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Maid.

FERDINAND

My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO

How? the best?
What were't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he does heare me,
And that he does, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrack'd.

MIRANDA

Alacke, for mercy.

FERDINAND

At the first sight they have chang'd eyes: A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

MIRANDA

Why speakes my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way.

FERDINAND

O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queene of *Naples*.

PROSPERO

Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eithers pow'rs: But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou dost here usurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple.

PROSPERO

Speake not you for him: he's a Traitor: come,
I'll manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be

The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND

No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draws his sword and is charmed from moving.

MIRANDA

O deare Father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROSPERO

What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt.

MIRANDA

Beseech you Father.

PROSPERO

Hence: hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir have pity,

I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban*) Foolish wench,
To th' most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

MIRANDA

My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO

Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND

So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Maid: all corners else o' th' Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

It workes: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO

Come; speake not for him.

Exit ALL as ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONY, and GONZALO enter in a huff.

Act II. Scene I. Part 1.

GONZALO

Beseech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse.

ALONSO

Prithee peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

GONZALO

Therefore my Lord –

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

ALONSO

I prithee spare –

GONZALO

Well, I have done: But yet –

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.
Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Africa, at the marriage
of the king's faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

***Pronounced TOO-nis

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears, against
the stomache of my sense: would I had never
Married my daughter there: For coming thence
My sonne is lost: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

GONZALO

It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN

Fowle weather?

ANTONIO

Very foule.

ALONSO

Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me.

GONZALO

I do well believe your Highnesse, and did it

to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they always use
to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GONZALO

Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Enter ARIEL and SPIRITS playing "It Happened Quiet" by AURORA. [OR "Siren"]

ANTONIO

Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

No I warrant you, I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I
am very heavy.

ANTONIO

Go sleepe, and heare us.

ALONSO

What, so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldome visits sorrow, when it doth,
It is a Comforter.

ANTONIO

We two my Lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thanke you: Wondrous heavy.

Act II. Scene I. Part 2.

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' th' Climate.

SEBASTIAN

Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What? art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not heare me speake?

SEBASTIAN

I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet so fast asleepe.

ANTONIO

Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO

Thus Sir: Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life.

***Pronounced TOO-nis

SEBASTIAN

There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Me thinkes I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

ANTONIO

True:
And looke how well my Garments sit upon me.

SEBASTIAN

But for your conscience.

ANTONIO

Ay Sir: where lies that? I feel not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Milan*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear Friend
Shall be my precedent: As thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN step aside to conspire.

Act II. Scene I. Part 3.

ARIEL

My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

In GONZALO's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN break away from their conspiring prepared to strike.

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good Angels preserve the King.

ALONSO

Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lions, did't not wake you?

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole heard of Lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

GONZOLO

Upon mine honor, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cried: as mine eyes ope'd,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noise,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

Lead off this ground and let's make further search
For my poor sonne.

GONZALO

Heavens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i' th' Island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

Exit GONZALO, ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO followed by SPIRITS.

ARIEL

Prospero my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So (King) go safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exit ARIEL. Enter CALIBAN with a burden of Wood (a noise of Thunder heard).

Act II. Scene II.

CALIBAN

All the infections that the Sunne suckes up
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease: his Spirits hear me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, unlesse he bid 'em. Lo!

***Pronounced MY-er

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

CALIBAN hides under spare net.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush, nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I hear it
sing I'th' winde: What have we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, he smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the
newest poor-John: a strange fish:
Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o' my troth; this is no fish, but an Islander,

that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt:

Thunder and rain overhead.

Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe
under his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: ***Pronounced GAB-ar-DEEN
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows:
I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

*TRINCULO hides under the same net. Enter STEPHANO singing "We Didn't Start the Fire"
by Billy Joel.*

STEPHANO

"It was always burning, since the world's been turning
We didn't' start the fire
No, we didn't light it, but we tried to fight it."
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
Funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks. Begins humming slowly and gaining energy with the lyrics.

"Uh-oh, overflow, population, common food
But it'll do, save yourself, serve yourself
World serves its own needs, listen to your heart bleed
Dummy with the rapture and the revered in the right, right
You vitriolic, patriotic, slam fight, bright light
Feeling pretty psyched
It's the end of the world as we know it
It's the end of the world as we know it

It's the end of the world as we know it
And I feel fine."
This is a scurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort.

Drinks.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: oh.

STEPHANO

What's the matter?
Have we devils here?
Ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your four legges.

CALIBAN

The Spirit torments me: oh.

STEPHANO

Where the devil should he learne our language?

CALIBAN

Do not torment me 'prithee: I'll bring my
wood home faster.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now; and does not talke after the
wisest; he shall taste of my Bottle: if he have never

drunke wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit:

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes
upon thee.

STEPHANO

Come on your ways: open your mouth:
this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice:
It should be,
But he is drown'd; and these are devils;
O defend me.

STEPHANO

Four legges and two voices; a most delicate
Monster: Come: Amen, I will
pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO

Stephano.

STEPHANO

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy:
This is a devil, and no Monster!

TRINCULO

Stephano: if thou be'st *Stephano*, touch me, and
speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy
good friend *Trinculo*.

STEPHANO

If thou be'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull
thee by the lesser legges: thou art very *Trinculo* indeede.
How cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe?
Can he vent *Trinculo*'s?

TRINCULO

I tooke him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke; but
art thou not drown'd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art
not drown'd: O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

STEPHANO

'Prithee do not turne me about, my stomache
is not constant.

CALIBAN

These be fine things, and if they be not sprights:
that's a brave God, and bears Celestial liquor: I will
kneel to him.

STEPHANO

I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Sailors heaved o'erboard.
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither.

CALIBAN

I'll sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject,
for the liquor is not earthly.

TRINCULO

Swum ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke i'll be sworne.

STEPHANO

Here, kisse the Booke.

TRINCULO

O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
by th' seaside, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how does thine Ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropt from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' th' Moone I do assure thee. I was the
Man I' th' Moone, when time was.

CALIBAN

I have seene thee in her: and I do adore thee.

STEPHANO

Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will
furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster:
I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The Man ith' Moone? A most poor credulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertil inch o' th' Island: and
I will kisse thy foote: I prithee be my god.

STEPHANO

Come on then: downe and sweare.

TRINCULO

I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppy-headed Monster.

CALIBAN

A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve;
I'll beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou
wondrous man.

STEPHANO

I prithee now lead the way without any more
talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else

being drown'd, we will inherit here: Here; beare my
Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

CALIBAN (*mimicking STEPHANO*)

"Farewell Master; farewell, farewell."

TRINCULO

A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

STEPHANO

O brave Monster; lead the way.

Exit CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO as FERDINAND enters bearing a log.

Act III. Scene I.

FERDINAND

There be some Sports are painful; and their labor
Delight in them set off: this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabb'd;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse.

Enter MIRANDA with PROSPERO following unseen.

MIRANDA

Now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoin'd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most deare Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit downe
I'll bear your Logges the while: pray give me that,

I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinews, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO

Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You looke wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Mainly, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda: O my Father,

I have broke your hest to say so.

FERDINAND

Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of every Creatures best.

MIRANDA

How features are abroad
I'm skillesse of; but by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Father's precepts
I therein do forget. Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven; O earth, bear witness to this sound: I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA

I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO

Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

FERDINAND

Wherefore weepe you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND

My Mistress (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband then?

FERDINAND

I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't;

Startled by a noise from PROSPERO

And now farewell,
Till halfe an houre hence.

FERDINAND

A thousand, thousand.

Exit MIRANDA and FERDINAND.

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more: I'll to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit PROSPERO as CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter.

Act III. Scene II.

STEPHANO

When the But is out we will drinke water,

not a drop before; therefore bear up, & board
'em. Servant Monster, drinke to me.

TRINCULO

Servant Monster? the folly of this land, they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

STEPHANO

Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee.

CALIBAN

I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

STEPHANO

Marry, will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter ARIEL invisible.

CALIBAN

As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tyrant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island.

ARIEL (*in TRINCULO's voice*)

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

Thou liest, thou jesting fool thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lie.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO

Mum then, and no more: proceed.

CALIBAN

I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st).

STEPHANO

That's most certaine.

CALIBAN

Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO

How now shall this be compass'd?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

Yea, yea my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleepe,
Where thou mayst knocke a naile into his head.

ARIEL (in TRINCULO's voice)

Thou liest, thou canst not.

CALIBAN

What a pied Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quicke Freshes are.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
hand, I'll turne my mercy out o' doors, and make a
Stockfish of thee.

TRINCULO

Why, what did I? I did nothing:
I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL (*in TRINCULO's voice*)

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie: Out o' your wittes, and
hearing too?
A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking do:
A murren on your Monster, and the devil take your
fingers.

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha.

STEPHANO

Now forward with your Tale: prithee stand
further off. Stand farther: Come proceede.

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I' th' afternoone to sleepe: there thou mayst braine him,
Or with a logge batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them
He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him.

And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, save our Graces: and
Trinculo and thy selfe shall be Vice-roys:
Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:
But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO

Aye, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my Master.

CALIBAN

Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let us be jocund. Will you trolle the Catch

You taught me but whilere?

STEPHANO

At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

*Persuading Trinculo to join him in a duet of "Islands in the Stream" by Dolly Parton and
Kenny Rodgers.*

"[Humming the last line of the verse] Ah ha
Islands in the stream
That is what we are
No one in between
How can we be wrong."

TRINCULO

"Sail away me
To another world"

STEPHANO & TRINCULO

"And we rely on each other, ah ha
From one [brother] to another, ah ha."

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

ARIEL enters a distorted instrumental version of "Islands in the Stream" in her wake.

STEPHANO

What is this same?

TRINCULO

This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

STEPHANO

If thou be'st a man, show thy selfe in thy likeness:

If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO

O forgive me my sinnes.

STEPHANO

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee;

Mercy upon us.

CALIBAN

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO

No Monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard, the Isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

STEPHANO

This will prove a brave kingdome to me,

Where I shall have my Music for nothing.

CALIBAN

When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

STEPHANO

That shall be by and by:

I remember the story.

ARIEL fades away.

TRINCULO

The sound is going away,

Let's follow it, and after do our worke.

STEPHANO

Leade Monster,

We'll follow.

*Exit CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO as ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and
GONZALO stumble on.*

Act III. Scene III.

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,

***Pronounced LAH-kin

My old bones aches.

ALONSO

Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am myselfe attach'd with wearinesse

To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him go.

ANTONIO

I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

SEBASTIAN

The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

ANTONIO

Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Music: and PROSPERO on the top (invisible:) In the
shadows SPIRITS, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions
of salutations, and inviting the King, etc. to eat, they depart.*

SEBASTIAN

I say tonight: no more.

ALONSO

What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

GONZALO

Marvelous sweet Music.

ALONSO

Heavens: what were these?

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our human generation.

PROSPERO

Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse than devils. Praise in departing.

SPIRITS exit.

GONZALO [orig. Francisco]

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN

No matter, since

They have left their Viands behinde; for we have stomachs.

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO

I will,
Although my last, no matter, since I feel
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL (like a Harpy) claps her wings, and with a quaint device the Banquet vanishes.

ARIEL

You fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemock'd-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massive for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foul deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition worse than any death.

She vanishes in a clap of Thunder. The music quiets as thunder rumbles under PROSPERO's speech.

PROSPERO

Bravely the figure of this *Harpy*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariel*) they now are in my power;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Exit PROSPERO.

GONZALO

I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke the name of *Prosper*:
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'll seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

Exit ALONSO.

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their Legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy Second.

Exit SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt

(Like poison given to worke a great time after)

Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

GONZALO follows off as PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA enter.

Act IV. Scene I. Part 1.

PROSPERO

If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt behinde her.

FERDINAND

I do believe it.

PROSPERO

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne.
We are such stuffe as Dreams are made on; and
Our little life is rounded with a sleepe.

FERDINAND (*to MIRANDA*)

This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works on him strongly.

PROSPERO

Sir, I am vexed.

Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, I'll walke
To still my beating minde.

FERDINAND & MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

Exit FERDINAND & MIRANDA.

Act IV. Scene I. Part 2.

PROSPERO

Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariel*: come.

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?

ARIEL

I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foule Lake
Ore-stunk their feet.

PROSPERO

This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retaineth thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL

I go, I go.

Exit ARIEL to retrieve the finery.

PROSPERO

A Devil, a borne-Devil; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

*Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

TRINCULO

Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO

So is mine. Do you hear Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Look you.

CALIBAN

Good my Lord, give me thy favor still,
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee too

Shall hoodwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,

TRINCULO

I, but to lose our bottles in the Poole.

STEPHANO

There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

CALIBAN

Prithee (my King) be quiet. See'st thou here
This is the mouth o' th' Cell: no noise, and enter.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand.

TRINCULO

O King *Stephano*, O Peer: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe here is for thee.

CALIBAN

Let it alone thou fool, it is but trash.

TRINCULO

Oh, ho, Monster: we know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

STEPHANO

Put off that gowne *Trinculo*.

By this hand I'll have that gowne.

CALIBAN

The dropsie drowne this foole, what do you (meane
To dote thus on such luggage? let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From to to crowne he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe.

STEPHANO

Be you quiet (Monster) Helpe to bear this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turne you
out of my kingdome: go to, carry this.

TRINCULO

And this.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diverse SPIRITS in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting
them about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

PROSPERO

There, Tyrant, there!

ARIEL

Harke, they roar.

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly.

Exit STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and CALIBAN chased by SPIRITS.

Act V. Scene I. Part 1.

PROSPERO

Now does my Project gather to a head:
My charms cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

ARIEL

On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

ARIEL

Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove*: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

ARIEL

Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but air) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer Action is
In virtue, then in vengeance: Go, release them *Ariel*,
My Charmes I'll breake, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL

I'll fetch them, Sir.

Exit ARIEL.

PROSPERO

Ye Elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes & groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Do chase the ebbing-*Neptune*; by whose aide
(Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magic

I here abjure: and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Music, I'll breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fathoms in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummet sound
I'll drowne my booke.

*SPIRITS to solemne Music. Here enters ARIEL before: Then ALONSO with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner. They all stand
charm'd which Prospero observing, speakes.*

A solemne Air – the charme dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night
(Melting the darknesse) so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

GONZALO

Wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful Country.

PROSPERO

Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Where thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: an if this be at all,
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

PROSPERO

First, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

GONZALO

Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I here could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
And justify you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

The Devil speakes in him:

PROSPERO

No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou be'st *Prospero*
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deare sonne *Ferdinand*.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, Sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

PROSPERO

I rather thinke
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her sovereigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

ALONSO

You the like losse?

PROSPERO

As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deare losse, have I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?

Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last Tempest. No more yet of this,
For 'tis not befitting this first meeting:
Welcome, this Cell's my Court – pray you looke in.
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA, playing at Chess.

MIRANDA

Sweet Lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

ALONSO

If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deare Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle.

FERDINAND

Though the Seas threaten they are merciful,
I have curs'd them without cause.

ALONSO

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

MIRANDA

O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?

How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world
That has such people in 't.

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

I am hers.
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiveness?

PROSPERO

There Sir stop,
Let us not burden our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO

I have inly wept,
Was *Milan* thrust from *Mila*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice!

ALONSO

Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

GONZALO

Be it so, Amen.

Act V. Scene I. Part 2.

Enter ARIEL, with the BOATSWAIN amazedly following.

GONZALO (*cont.*)

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: What is the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is, that we have safely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare; and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

ALONSO

This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod.

PROSPERO

Do not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangeness of this businesse, at pick'd leisure
I will resolve you; [so] till [t]hen, be cheerful
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Untie the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Company
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter ARIEL, during in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO in their stolen Apparel.

STEPHANO

Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coraggio* Bully-Monster *Coraggio*.

***Pronounced cor-AHH-jo

TRINCULO

If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord [Prospero]?

PROSPERO

These three have robb'd me, and this demi-devil;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these Fellows, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunke now; where had he wine?

ANTONIO

And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe.

ALONSO

This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

PROSPERO

He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Go Sirrah, to my Cell,

***Pronounced SEAR-ah

Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

I that I will: and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull fool?

PROSPERO

Go to, away.

ALONSO

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN

Or stole it rather.

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poor Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, and in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our deare-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO

I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete far off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well:

PROSPERO breaks his staff.

Please you draw neare.

Exit all but ARIEL and SPIRITS who cautiously look around before breaking out in raucous
celebration and music.

End.