First Encounters with Shakespeare for Younger Audiences

The Tempest
William Shakespeare
Edited by Aileen Gonsalves

Power and Duty
Playmaking Pack
INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare is the one writer whose work remains a compulsory element of the National Curriculum and therefore most of us encounter his work for the first time at school. But many find their first encounter with Shakespeare hard. The plays seem too wordy perhaps, or the language old fashioned, or the stories might feel irrelevant. Through our Education department we are committed to supporting the thousands of teachers in the UK, and across the world, who aim to bring Shakespeare's work vividly to life for their students. At RSC Education our priority is to ensure that these early encounters with Shakespeare’s work secure the richest rewards for students of all ages and backgrounds.

Through the Learning and Performance Network (LPN), we have over the past ten years worked with over 500 schools and reached over 690,000 students in creative partnerships with 11 regional theatres. This year we are also proud to see the LPN take the first step into the next ten years of this vital work as it evolves into the Associate Schools programme. At the heart of both projects is a deep rooted connection to the artistic practice of the RSC. We encourage young people and their teachers to approach these texts as our actors do; something to be explored and understood together and realised through performance. The resources and activities outlined in this Playmaking Pack have been written with that principle in mind and we hope it will prove useful as you discover the magic of these plays through your own rehearsals and performances. The LPN and the Associate Schools programme are great examples of the powerful alchemy that happens when teachers, young people and communities work in partnership with cultural organisations, in this case the RSC and Newcastle Theatre Royal.

This is a special pack tackling two of Shakespeare’s greatest plays – the political thriller Julius Caesar and arguably his most magical play The Tempest. Both plays will feature in our repertoire this year. I am directing The Tempest in a unique partnership with INTEL using today’s most advanced technology to create a bold re-imagining of the play. Aileen Gonsalves will then direct our First Encounters production of The Tempest, touring to many of our partner schools and theatres. Julius Caesar lies at the heart of our 2017 Rome Season – Angus Jackson directs the production, as well as coordinating the whole season of all Shakespeare’s Roman plays. Although very different in their stories and settings, both plays grapple with questions of POWER and DUTY. What is our responsibility to our country, our family and to ourselves? How should we exercise the power we have and how might we tackle others who seem to misuse theirs? All questions which remain pertinent to our lives over 400 years after these plays were first performed.

I am enormously proud of everything our partnership has achieved so far and am excited as we all – teachers, theatre-makers and young people - begin to explore these plays together over the next academic year, creating the sense of a national rehearsal room.

We hope that for all young people involved, these experiences with us will mark the beginning of a lifelong relationship with Shakespeare and we look forward to seeing the resulting performances both in Stratford-upon-Avon and across the country.

GREGORY DORAN, Artistic Director
Dramatis Personae

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
MIRANDA, his daughter

ALONSA, Queen of Naples
SEBASTIENNE his sister
ANTONIO, Prospero's brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
TRINCULA, a jester
STEPHANA, a drunken butler
MASTER of a Ship
BOATSWAIN
MARINERS

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave
ARIEL, an airy spirit

THE SCENE: AN UNINHABITED ISLAND

Note on the text:
This script has been edited and adapted by Aileen Gonsalves for the RSC First Encounters production of The Tempest. Aileen has reversed the gender of several characters and slightly altered their names accordingly (e.g. King Alonso now becomes Queen Alonsa).

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.
PROSPERO
Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA
O, woe the day!

PROSPERO
No harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee —
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter — who
Art ignorant of what thou art: nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than 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 inform thee further. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lays down his magic cloak
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
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 an hair
Betidd to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down:
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA
You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet'.

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

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
So dear the love my people bore me: nor set
A mark so bloody on the business: but
With colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a barque,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th'sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th'winds, whose pity sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO
O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile

MIRANDA
How came we ashore
?

PROSPERO
By Providence divine.
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than 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 mind: your reason
For raising this sea-storm
?

PROSPERO
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune —
Now my dear lady — hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
Miranda sleeps

MIRANDA
Sir, are not you my father?

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 princess, 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 say'st — were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA
Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO
I pray thee, mark me:
in my false brother Awaked an evil nature,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke, hence his ambition growing —
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA
Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi'th'king of Naples
The Queen of Naples, being an enemy
To me invertebrate, hearkens my brother's suit,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th'purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and i'th'dead of darkness
The ministers for th'purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO
Dear, they durst not,

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MIRANDA
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That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO
Dear, they durst not,
**PROSPERO**
Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

**ARIEL**
To every article.
I boarded the king’s ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I’d divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast
The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.

**PROSPERO**
My brave spirit!

**ARIEL**
Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played.
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the queen’s son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring — then like reeds, not hair —
Was the first man that leaped; cried “Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.”

**PROSPERO**
But are they, Ariel, safe?

**ARIEL**
Not a hair perished:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad’st me,
In troops I have dispersed them ‘bout the isle.
The queen’s son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

**PROSPERO**
Of the queen’s ship,

**ARIEL**
Safely in harbour

**PROSPERO**
Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed, but there’s more work:

**ARIEL**
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

**PROSPERO**
How now? Moody?
What is’t thou canst demand?
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA
‘Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO
But, as ‘tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ha! Slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! Speak!

CALIBAN
[Within] There’s wood enough within.

PROSPERO
Come forth, I say! There’s other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! When?
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam: come forth!

Enter Caliban

CALIBAN
As wicked dew as e’er my mother brushed
With raven’s feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o’er!

PROSPERO
For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made ‘em.

CALIBAN
I must eat my dinner.
This island’s mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak’st from me. When thou cam’st first,
Thou strak’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 less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o’th’isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax — toads, beetles, bats — light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o’th’island.

4

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
PROSPERO
Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee —
Fifth as thou art — with humane care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN
O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO
Abhorred slave,
Whch any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill. I pitted thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known.

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 quick: thou'rt best
To answer other business. Strug'lst thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN
No, pray thee.—

PROSPERO
So, slave, hence!

Exit Caliban

ARIEL
(Song) Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtseied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden.

SPRITS
Hark, hark! Bow-wow!
The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.

ARIEL
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND
Where should this music be? I'th'air or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god o'th'island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the queen my mother's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it —
Or it hath drawn me rather — but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL (Song) Full fathom five thy mother lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

SPRITS
Within, sing the burden Ding-dong.

ARIEL
Hark! now I hear them: Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND
The ditty does remember my drowned mother.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO
The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA
What is it? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO
No, wench: it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stained  
With grief — that's beauty's canker — thou might'st call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows  
And strays about to find '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.

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

**PROSPERO**  
Soft, sir, one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
Aside  
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 usurp  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

**FERDINAND**  
No, as I am a man.

**MIRANDA**  
O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

**PROSPERO**  
What, I say,  
My foot my tutor  
? — Put thy sword up, traitor:  
To Ariel

**MIRANDA**  
Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw: the first  
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father  
To be inclined my way.

**FERDINAND**  
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And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

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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**  
Follow me.—  
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor — Come:  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Seawater shalt thou drink: thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

**FERDINAND**  
No!  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

**MIRANDA**  
Alack, for mercy!

**FERDINAND**  
Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain 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 speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

**PROSPERO**  
How? The best?  
What went thee if the Queen of Naples heard thee?

**FERDINAND**  
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. Myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The queen my mother wrecked.

**MIRANDA**  
Alack, for mercy!

**FERDINAND**  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.  
He draws, and is charmed from moving.

**MIRANDA**  
O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

**PROSPERO**  
What, I say,  
My foot my tutor?— Put thy sword up, traitor:  
To Ferdinand

**MIRANDA**  
Beseech you, father.

**PROSPERO**  
Hence! Hang not on my garments.
SEBASTIENNE
We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSA
So is the dear'st o'th'loss.
I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.
I find they are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIENNE
Please you, ma'am,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth, it is a comforter.

ANTONIO
We two, my lady, will guard your person
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

ALONSA
Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

MIRANDA
Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO
Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an imposter? Hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen 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 again
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND
So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My mother’s loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man’s threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o’t’earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO
It works. — Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —
Come, follow. — Speak not for him.

SEBASTIENNE
What? Art thou waking?

ANTONIO
Do you not hear me speak?
Noble Sebastienne,
SEBASTIENNE
Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO
I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIENNE
Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a bruit, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO
Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIENNE
He's gone.

ANTONIO
Then, tell me: who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIENNE
Claribel.

ANTONIO
She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life: How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastienne wake. Say this were death
That now hath seized her: why, she were no worse
Than now she is. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIENNE
Methinks I do.

ANTONIO
And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIENNE
I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO
True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows: now they are my men.

SEBASTIENNE
But for your conscience.

ANTONIO
Ay, sir: where lies that? I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your sister,
No better than the earth she lies upon,
If she were that which now she's like — that's dead —
Whom I with this obedient steel — three inches of it —
Can lay to bed forever:

SEBASTIENNE
Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples.

ANTONIO
Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

ANTONIO and Sebastienne draw their swords

ARIEL
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ALONSO
Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

SEBASTIENNE
While 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?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSA
I heard nothing.

ANTONIO
O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Enter Stephana, singing (with a bottle in her hand)

STEPHANA
I shall no more to sea, to sea:
Here shall I die ashore—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man’s funeral: well, here’s my comfort.

Drinks

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, ‘Go hang!’
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here’s my comfort.

Drinks

CALIBAN
Do not torment me: O!

STEPHANA
What’s the matter? Have we devils here?
CALIBAN
The spirit torments me: O!

STEPHANA
This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language?
I will give him some relief If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he’s a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat’s leather.

CALIBAN
Do not torment me, prithee: I’ll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANA
He’s in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

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

STEPHANA
Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking,
CALIBAN
Spits it out

TRINCULA
I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

CALIBAN
Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULA
Stephana!
STEPHANA
Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him.

TRINCULA
Stephana! If thou beest Stephana, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trincula — be not afeard — thy good friend Trincula.

STEPHANA
If thou beest Trincula, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. [Pulls him out] If any be Trincula's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trincula indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-call? Can he vent Trinculas?

TRINCULA
I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drowned, Stephana? I hope now thou art not drowned: is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-call’s gaberdine for fear of the storm: and art thou living, Stephana? O Stephana, two Neapolitans escaped! Trincula and Stephana embrace or dance

STEPHANA
Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN
These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That’s a brave god and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to her.

STEPHANA
How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither.

CALIBAN
I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANA
Here: swear then how thou escap'est.

TRINCULA
Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANA
Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANA
Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Gives Trincula the bottle

TRINCULA
O Stephana, hast any more of this?

STEPHANA
The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th’seaside, where my wine is hid.— How now, moon-call? How does thine ague?

CALIBAN
Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANA
Out o’th’moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i’th’moon when time was.

CALIBAN
I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANA
Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Gives Caliban the bottle

CALIBAN
By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! [Aside] Afeard of him? A very weak monster! The man i’th’moon? A most poor, credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

TRINCULA
I'll show thee every fertile inch o’th’island: and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

CALIBAN
By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!

TRINCULA
I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANA
Come on then: down, and swear.

Caliban kneels

CALIBAN
I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

TRINCULA
A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow: and I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts: show thee a jay’s nest and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee to clust’ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANA
How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither?

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STEPHANA
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FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what’s dead
And makes my labours pleasures. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

MIRANDA

Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns
’Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study: pray now, rest yourself,
He’s safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you’ll sit down,
I’ll bear your logs the while: pray give me that,
I’ll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour 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

Poor worm, though art infected.
This visitation shows it.
If not, I'Il die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'Il be your servant
Whether you will or no.

**FERDINAND**
My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

**MIRANDA**
My husband, then?

**FERDINAND**
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

**MIRANDA**
And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

**FERDINAND**
A thousand thousand!  

**PROSPERO**
So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

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**ACT 3. SCENE 2**
Enter Caliban, Stephana and Trincula

**STEPHANA**
Tell not me: when the butt is out we will drink water: not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em.
Servant-monster, drink to me.

**TRINCULA**
Servant-monster? The folly of this island! Aside? They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them: if th'o'ther two be brained like us, the state totters.

**STEPHANA**
My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

**TRINCULA**
Your lieutenant, if you list: he's no standard.

**STEPHANA**
Trincula, keep a good tongue in your head: The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

**CALIBAN**
I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
STEPHANA
Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN
Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANA
Ay, 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 troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANA
At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trincula, let us sing.

Sings
Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

CALIBAN
That's not the tune.

ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe

STEPHANA
What is this same?

TRINCULA
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANA
If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULA
O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANA
He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN
Art thou afeard?

STEPHANA
No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN
Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That if I then had waked after long sleep, Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
THE TEMPEST 18

ACT 4. SCENE 1
Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda

19

ACT 4. SCENE 1
Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda

The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANA
This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN
When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANA
That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULA
The sound is going away: let’s follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANA
Lead, monster: we’ll follow.

TRINCULA
Wilt come? I’ll follow Stephana.

Exit Ariel, playing music

17

ACT 3. SCENE 3
Enter Alonso, Sebastienne, Antonio

ALONSA
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO
I am right glad that she’s so out of hope.
Do not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolved it effect.

SEBASTIENNE
The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

ANTONIO
Let it be tonight.

SEBASTIENNE
I say tonight: no more.

ALONSA
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Do you love me, master? No?

PROSPERO
Dear, my delicate Ariel: do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL
Well: I conceive.

PROSPERO
Look thou be true: do not give dalliance To Ferdinand Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw To th'fire i'th'blood: be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow.

FERDINAND
I warrant you, sir, The white cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO
Well. No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

FERDINAND
This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits?

PROSPERO
Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines called to enact My present fancies.

FERDINAND
Let me live here ever: So rare a wondered father, and a wise, Makes this place paradise.

PROSPERO
If I have too austerely punished you, Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live: who once again 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 Worthy purchased, take my daughter: but If thou dost break her virgin-knot before All sanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy rite be ministered, No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow;

FERDINAND
As I hope For quiet days, fair issue and long life, With such love as 'tis now, the munkiest den, The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust, to take away The edge of that day's celebration

PROSPERO
Fairly spoke. Sit then and talk with her: she is thine own.

FERDINAND and Miranda sit and talk

What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!

ARIEL
What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO
Thou your last service Did worthily perform, and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:

ARIEL
Presently?

PROSPERO
Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL
Before you can say 'come' and 'go', And breathe twice and cry 'so, so', Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow.

PROSPERO
I had forgot that foul conspiracy Aside Of the beast Caliban and his confederates Against my life: the minute of their plot Is almost come.— Well done. Avoid: no more!

PROSPERO starts suddenly and speaks: after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I'th'filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO
This was well done, my bird.

ARIEL
I go, I go.  
Exit

PROSPERO
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all last, quite lost.

Enter Caliban, Stephana and Trincula, all wet

PROSPERO
Come with a thought: I thank thee, Ariel: come!

ARIEL
Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO
Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL
Ay, my commander:

PROSPERO
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour that they smote the air
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,
Thine own forever, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy footlicker.

**STEPHANA**
Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

**PROSPERO**
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

**ARIEL**
Hark, they roar.

**PROSPERO**
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

**Solemn music. Here enters Ariel before:**

**PROSPERO**
Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back: you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites: and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid —
Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
Prospero traces circle with his staff

**Prospero** traces acircle with his staff

**26**

**ACT 5. SCENE 1**
Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel

**PROSPERO**
Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

**ARIEL**
Your charm so strangely works ‘em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

**PROSPERO**
Dost thou think 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 myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel:
My charms I’ll break, their senses I’ll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

**ARIEL**
I’ll fetch them, sir.

**Prospero traces circle with his staff**
PROSPERO
In this last tempest.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

PROSPERO
Why, that’s my dainty Ariel. I shall miss
Thee: but yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
Behold, queen,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSA
Whether thou be’st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me —
As late I have been — I not know
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO
You do yet taste
Some subtilties o’th’isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome,
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck her highness’ frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time,
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIENNE
The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO
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 dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSA
How sharp the point of this remembrance is —
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO
I am woe for’t, sir. for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSA
A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MIRANDA
Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

MIRANDA
Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALONSA
If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIENNE
A most high miracle.

FERDINAND
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

ALONSA
Now all the blessings
Of a glad mother compass thee about.
Arise, and say how thou cam’st here.

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.

ALONSA
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND
Mal am, she is mortal.
But by immortal providence, she’s mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my mother
For her advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Received a second life: and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSA
I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

PROSPERO
There sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that’s gone.

ALONSA
Give me your hands:           To Ferdinand and Miranda

ARIEL
Was’t well done?               Aside to Prospero

PROSPERO
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Come hither, spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell.—

CALIBAN
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

PROSPERO
This thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

ALONSA
This is a strange thing as e’er I looked on.

CALIBAN
I shall be pinched to death.

PROSPERO
Go, sirrah, to my cell:
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN
Ay, that I will: and I’ll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO
Go to, away!

PROSPERO
I’ll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSA
I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO
I’ll deliver all,
My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.— Please you, draw near.

ARIEL
Was’t well done?
Aside to Prospero

PROSPERO
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Aside to Ariel

PROSPERO
I’ll deliver all,
My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.— Please you, draw near.

Exeunt all but Ariel - Ariel is free

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