

Caliban's Island

After the Tempest . . .

dramatis personae

All actors are, first and foremost, spirits of the island, and each one has a clear identity as such.

They then act out the story in the script. Each actor plays as many parts as the director chooses. In the original production, all parts were shared between two or three actors.

Caliban as narrator

Prospero - the rightful Duke of Milan

Miranda - Prospero's daughter

Alonso - King of Naples

Ferdinand - Alonso's son

Sebastian - Alonso's brother

Antonio - Prospero's brother - the usurping Duke of Milan

Gonzalo - wise statesman in service to Alonso

Caliban - Prospero's slave

Ariel - an airy spirit in service to Prospero

Stephano - drunken butler

Trinculo - court jester

Boatswain

Mariners

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1.1

The island is polyphonic, polymorphous, musical. The speech line is echoed by other actors in chorus, perhaps sung, and each actor in turn plays different parts. The narrator is Caliban, but he (since he narrates a Caliban character who acts out what he says) may be played by anyone.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): My name is Caliban.
SPRITS: Caliban ... Caliban ... Caliban
CALIBAN (NARRATOR): I live on an island.
SPRITS: Island ... island ... island (*etc: they keep doing this*)
CALIBAN (NARRATOR): The island is strange, it is full of spirits. And it is full of music. Sounds and sweet airs.
I used to be bad. Oh, I was bad. That was after the strangers came, with their strange ways.
Before that, there was just the music. The island was my mother, and the music was my mother, and I swam and laughed and lived in music, it was so nice.
But now they've gone, and it's just us here, so nice, you know what? We can't forget them. Can we?
SPRITS: No, no, no...
CALIBAN (NARRATOR): They stick in our heads. We are haunted by their ghosts. Sometimes I am Prospero, wise and proud; sometimes I am Trinculo, drunk all the time; sometimes he is Trinculo, and she is Prospero, it's very strange.
SPRITS: Strange, strange...
CALIBAN (NARRATOR): So we're going to tell the story of the strangers. The very strange strangers. All of us, in turn, playing all the parts. Getting them out of our

heads. And maybe, then, maybe, they will go away. And leave us alone.

SPRITS:

Alone, alone.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR):

They came in a boat, the strangers. Him and her, they were. Big and little. In a little crappy boat, falling to bits, it was, and they fell out on to the island, and were a bit sick, and sad, and starving. They were having a very dangerous time.

We sang to them, to make them happy, but it made them frightened, so we stopped.

I brought them some fruit. They liked that, but they didn't like me, not at first, I guess because they thought I was strange. But they were the strangers! I was the one who lived here, I wasn't strange!

So I taught them the island. I taught them how to find good things to eat, where to live, how to be happy. And she, she was happy. He wasn't: he will never be happy. Happy is not in him. I told you they were strange.

He brought his gods with him. They lived in a magic book. He was always kneeling, praying to his magic books, he was a very worshipful man. But not happy. Oh no.

But she was nice, she really was. We played together. I gave her things. She gave me her laughter.

Then it got bad. I touched her hair, it was so beautiful. She didn't like it. She screamed. He prayed to his book, he was really angry, and all this pain came to me. It was awful. He called it cursing, he cursed me, the pains came, and when I woke up I was in chains, I was captured, I was his slave. I was cursed.

So I cursed him back, I was really bad, but it didn't work, because I didn't have the book.

And that's how it was. Until the storm. When the bad men came.

1.2

Storm noises

BOATSWAIN: Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower!
Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. *[A cry within]*
enter Sebastian, Antonio

Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er,
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN: A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN: Work you, then.

ANTONIO: Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent
noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than
thou art.

BOATSWAIN: Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to
sea again; lay her off.

[Enter Mariners, wet]

MARINERS: All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

1.3

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): It was him. Prospero. He did the storm. He made it. His gods made him very powerful, because he prayed to them so much.

We see Prospero controlling the storm, Miranda frightened, looking up at him.

He calms the storm.

MIRANDA: If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
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 knock
Against my very heart!

PROSPERO: Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
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.

MIRANDA: More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO: 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther.
Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, 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 an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down, for thou must now know farther.
Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA:

Certainly, sir, I can.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR):

And he told her a story. He told her he was really the Duke of Milan, and that one of the bad men, his own brother, Antonio, had betrayed him. Took the Dukedom for himself, while Prospero was praying to his book I expect, and put him and his daughter into a leaky boat and cast them adrift. And that's how they came to my island.

Pretty bad, right?

Some nice guy, a counsellor called Gonzalo, gave them food and clothes and his precious magic books, so maybe it wasn't that bad after all. Magic is magic after all.

Well it turns out that, just a little while ago, Antonio went to sea with his friend Alonso, the King of Naples, the king's brother Sebastian (another bad man) and the King's son Ferdinand, the Prince of Naples - hey it was a big boat — and Prospero found out about this with his magic, and made a storm, and brought them all to the island, so that he could sort them all out, the way he does. Painfully. And he had special plans for Ferdinand and Miranda: You'll see what they are...

1.4

- CALIBAN (NARRATOR): This is Ferdinand: And this is Ariel, who belongs on the Island, and works for Prospero. Not happily, but then, none of us were happy. And Prospero promised him freedom...
- 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 King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
- ARIEL: Full fathom five thy father 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:
- FERDINAND: The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
- PROSPERO: The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
- MIRANDA: What is't? 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.
- MIRANDA: I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO: *[Aside]* It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.
[To Ferdinand] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.

MIRANDA: Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er 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 Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO: Soft, Sir! one word more.
[Aside] They are both in either's pow'rs; but this
swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. *[To Ferdinand]* 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.

PROSPERO: Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND: No;
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: Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt.

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

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 father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
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.

MIRANDA: Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO: *[To Ariel]* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERO: *[To Ferdinand]* Come, follow. *[To Miranda]*
Speak not for him. *[Exeunt]*

1.5

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): Meanwhile, Sebastian - remember Sebastian? He's the brother of Alonso, the King of Naples - and Antonio - remember Antonio? He's the bad guy and the brother of Prospero who stole the dukedom of Milan from him and put them in the boat. Well, it turns out that Sebastian and Antonio are planning to murder Alonso and his friend Gonzalo while they sleep, so that Sebastian can become King of Naples. I told you they were bad...

ANTONIO: Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN: Methinks I do.

ANTONIO: Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like-that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course.

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
[Re-enter Ariel, invisible, with music and song]

ANTONIO: Then let us both be sudden.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): but that's not part of Prospero's plan, so ...
Ariel wakes them with music

GONZALO
Now, good angels
Preserve the King! [*They wake*]

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

GONZALO
What's the matter?

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?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO
I heard nothing.

GONZALO
Upon mine honour, 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 open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn - 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 son.

1.6

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): And where was I in all this? Here. This is me. I was doing what I normally did, which was curse. I was pretty bad. I was good at the cursing though.

Listen to this:

CALIBAN: All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

[Enter Trinculo]

Lo, now, lo!

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

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): And in comes this drunken oaf, one of the
shipwrecked sailors. So I immediately thought he
was a god. I was pretty stupid, in those days. And,
actually, very frightened.

TRINCULO 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 strange fish! Legg'd like a
man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I

do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by thunderbolt. *[Thunder]* Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): And in comes another drunken sailor. I thought he was a god, too.

[Enter Stephano singing; a bottle in his hand]

STEPHANO: 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,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'
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!

STEPHANO: What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind?
Ha! I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

CALIBAN: The spirit torments me. O!

STEPHANO: 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 it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor.

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

STEPHANO: He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. 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.

STEPHANO: 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, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice; it should be - but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O, defend me! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo - be not afeard-thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO: If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull the by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

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

CALIBAN: *[Aside]* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

TRINCULO O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO: The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

CALIBAN: Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO: 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 show'd me thee.

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

[Caliban drinks]

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

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him-

STEPHANO: Come, kiss.

TRINCULO But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

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.

TRINCULO 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 pig-nuts;
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?

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, bear my

bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN: *[Sings drunkenly]* Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CALIBAN: No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master - Get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom,
high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO: O brave monster! Lead the way. *[Exeunt]*

1.7

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): So, while I was behaving like a complete drunken idiot, Miranda and Ferdinand were falling in love.

MIRANDA: You look wearily.

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

MIRANDA: Miranda.

FERDINAND: Admir'd Miranda!
What's dearest to the world! You, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA: I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

FERDINAND: I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king -
I would not so! Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA: Do you love me?

FERDINAND: O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA:

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

1.8

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): All I ever wanted, you know, was freedom. That's all any of us wanted. Freedom, freedom. So I thought I'd do some plotting too. I wasn't very good at it.

CALIBAN: Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

STEPHANO: Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I will be King and Queen - save our Graces! - and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO
Excellent.

STEPHANO: Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

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

STEPHANO: Ay, on mine honour.

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): But Ariel was listening.

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?

STEPHANO: At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, 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]

STEPHANO: What is this same?

TRINCULO: This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture
 of Nobody.

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

TRINCULO: O, forgive me my sins!

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.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
 I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO: This will prove a brave kingdom 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.

TRINCULO: The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after
 do our work.

STEPHANO: Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this
 taborer; he lays it on.

TRINCULO: Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. *[Exeunt]*

1.9

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): But now Prospero was starting to shape his own plot.

SEBASTIAN: *[Aside to Antonio]* The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO: *[Aside to Sebastian]* 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.

SEBASTIAN: *[Aside to Antonio]* I say, to-night; no more.
[Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, and dance about with gentle actions of salutations]

ALONSO
GONZALO
ALONSO
SEBASTIAN: What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Marvellous sweet music!
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO: I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true; travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO
If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
For certes these are people of the island,
Who though they are of monstrous shape yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO: *[Aside]* Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

*[Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes]*

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit - you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[Alonso, Sebastian etc., draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember-
For that's my business to you - that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures,
Against your peace.

1.10

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): And then he decided to relax a bit towards
Ferdinand. He got off pretty lightly, if you ask me -
but then, he's a Prince, isn't he?

PROSPERO: If I have too austerely punish'd 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.

*Prospero summons Ariel who conjures up music
and spirits to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda.
Suddenly his mood changes, he claps his hands
and the show vanishes.*

1.11

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): But something strange was happening to Prospero...

FERDINAND: This is strange; your father's in some passion That works him strongly.

PROSPERO: You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

1.12

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): But hey - look what was happening to me and my new masters. That Ariel had dumped us in a muddy pool. A very smelly muddy pool. But we weren't going to be put off. Oh no.

CALIBAN: Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO: Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

TRINCULO: Monster, I do smell all horse-piss 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 -

TRINCULO: Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN: Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO: Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANO: There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

CALIBAN: Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO: Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO: O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN: Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRINCULO O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

STEPHANO: Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN: The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone, And do the murder first. If he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN: I will have none on't. We shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO: Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO: Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on]

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.

1.13

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): Prospero didn't seem any happier - even though everything was working out the way he wanted it to.

PROSPERO. 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 which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
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.
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 be-dimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd 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-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar. 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-which even now I do -
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

*Prospero calls up Ariel, who brings on Alonso,
Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, who are all in a
trance.*

1.14

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): So, he said goodbye to the magic gods in his book,
and to the island, and to me. He forgave everyone.
Prospero wakes up the enchanted men

PROSPERO: Behold, Sir King,
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.

ALONSO: Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave-
An if this be at all - a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

PROSPERO: Welcome, my friends all!
[Aside to Sebastian and Antonio]
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN. *[Aside]* The devil speaks 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 dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSO: If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation;
 How thou hast met us here, whom three hours
 since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost -
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is -
 My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO: I am woe for't, sir.

ALONSO: Irreparable is the loss; and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO: 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.

*[Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,
 playing at chess]*

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

SEBASTIAN: A most high miracle!

ALONSO. *[To Ferdinand and Miranda]* Give me your hands.
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
 That doth not wish you joy.

GONZALO: Be it so. Amen!

*[Re-enter ARIEL, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
 Trinculo, in their stolen apparel]*

ALONSO: Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN: He is drunk now; where had he wine?

ALONSO: And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO: I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
 last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I
 shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN: Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO: O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO: You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO: I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO. *[Pointing to Caliban]* This is as strange a thing as
e'er I look'd on.

PROSPERO: He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. 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!

ALONSO: Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found
it.

SEBASTIAN: Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo]

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

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

PROSPERO: I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. *[Aside to Ariel]* My Ariel,
chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!

1.15

CALIBAN (NARRATOR): And then, suddenly, they were all gone. All of them. All the noise, and the anger, and the hatred, and the bad guys, and the murderousness; all the emotion, the swords, the greed, the alcohol. And the beauty, of course, the poetry, the wonderful words. And the madness. It all went away, they sailed off in a big boat, and we were free again. And the island was really really quiet. Apart, that is, from the music...

music -- dance