

The background of the title card is a photograph of a three-masted sailing ship, likely the HMS Beagle, navigating through a dark, stormy sea. A bright lightning bolt strikes the sky behind the ship. The text is overlaid on this image in a yellow, stylized font with a drop shadow.

William Shakespeare's

# The Tempest

(on Gilligan's Island)

Adapted by Caroline Good

"Shakespear!" Youth Theatre Workshop

2023

# Characters in *The Tempest*

**Professor Prospero:** *Duke of Milan who was usurped by his brother, Antonio, and cast adrift with his daughter Miranda, with whom he dwells on the island; he also has magic powers*

**Ariel:** *Spirit servant of Prospero*

**Miranda:** *Daughter of Prospero and love interest of Ferdinand*

**Ferdinand, Prince of Naples:** *Son of King Alonso*

**Caliban:** *Prospero's islander servant*

**Stephano:** *Wine steward who is shipwrecked on the island*

**Trinculo:** *King's fool and friend of Stephano*

**King Alonso:** *King of Naples, ally of Antonio who helped Antonio usurp Prospero, and Ferdinand's father*

**Gonzalo:** *Prospero's old adviser*

**Antonio:** *Prospero's treacherous brother who usurped his throne and is now shipwrecked along with the others on the island*

**Sebastian:** *King Alonso's disloyal brother, and friend of Antonio*

**Adrian:** *Lord in King Alonso's court*

**Francisco:** *Lord in King Alonso's court*

**Boatswain:** *Captain's right-hand man who orders Sailors and passengers about during the storm*

**Captain:** *Captain of the presumed ill-fated, tempest-ridden vessel*

**Juno:** *Island goddess*

**Ceres:** *Island goddess*

**Iris:** *Island goddess*

**Sailors**

**Head Hunters**

**Islanders**

# The Tempest

By William Shakespeare  
(Adapted by Caroline Good)

Prologue                    *(Music: "Paradise." Prospero and little Miranda come ashore; Head Hunters peak out from behind bushes. Thunder in the distance as lights fade. Music: "Spirit in the New World.")*

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## Act I, Scene 1      Ship at Sea – "The Tempest"

*(Thunder, wind, and lightning. At rise, Captain and Boatswain.)*

Captain:                    Boatswain!

Boatswain:                Here, master! What cheer?

Captain:                    Good, speak to the mariners. Fall to it, quickly, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir! *(Captain exits.)*  
*(Enter Sailors.)*

Boatswain:                Heigh, my hearts! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind!  
*(Enter King Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others, struggling to keep their balance.)*

Alonso:                    Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master (captain)?

Boatswain:                I pray now, keep below.

Antonio:                    Where's the master, boatswain?

Boatswain:                Do you not hear him? You mar our labor.  
Keep to your cabins; you do assist the storm!

Gonzalo:                    *(To Boatswain.)* Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain:                When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of the King? To your cabin. Silence! Trouble us not!

Gonzalo:                    Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain: None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor; you command these elements to silence. Out of our way, I say.  
(*Exits.*)

Gonzalo: I have great comfort from this fellow. (*All exit with Gonzalo.*)

Boatswain: (*Re-enters.*) Down with the topmast! Lower! Lower!  
(*Some Sailors run off. A cry within.*)  
A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather!  
(*Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo.*)  
Yet again! 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 churlish, insolent noisemaker!  
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Boatswain: (*To the Sailors.*) Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again!  
(*Some Sailors re-enter, wet.*)

Sailors: All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!  
(*Enter Alonso and Ferdinand. They kneel.*)

Gonzalo: The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian: I'm out of patience!

Antonio: We are merely cheated of our lives by incharitable dogs!  
(*A great noise.*)

Sailors: (*Randomly.*) Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

Antonio: Let's all sink with Alonso, our king!

Sebastian: Let's take leave of him.  
(*Exit Antonio and Sebastian.*)

Gonzalo: Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of dry ground. The wills above be done! But I would prefer to die a dry death! (*All cry out as the lights fade. Thunder, lightning, and waves crashing.*) (Scene Change Music: "Ancient Gods/Holiday")



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**Act I, Scene 2    Outside Prospero's Cave – "Wipe Thou Thine Eyes"**

*(At rise Miranda and Prospero.)*

Miranda:        If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
*(Looks out to sea.)*            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. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Prospero:        Be collected. 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.

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

Prospero:        'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,  
*(Miranda helps him take off his cloak and places it on a rock.)*  
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is not a soul —  
No, not so much as any hair on any creature  
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.

Prospero:        Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this place?

Miranda:        Certainly, sir, I can. 'Tis far off,

And rather like a dream than an assurance.

Prospero: If thou remembers how thou cam'st here —

Miranda: But that I do not.

Prospero: Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

Miranda: O, the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from hence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

Prospero: Both, my girl;  
By foul play, as thou say'st were we heaved thence?

Miranda: O, my heart bleeds!

Prospero: My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio —  
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should  
Be so perfidious\*! Dost thou attend me?       \*(treacherous)  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. (*Gestures to magic cloak.*)  
Thou attend'st not?

Miranda: O, good sir, I do!

Prospero: I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind. (*Picks up his book.*)  
My brother, his ambition growing, did believe  
He was indeed the duke. Dost thou hear?

Miranda: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Prospero: Me, poor man, my library, spoke my brother,  
Was dukedom large enough. He now allies  
Himself with mine own enemy, Alonso, King of Naples.

Miranda: O, the heavens!

Prospero: This King of Naples, being an enemy  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open

The gates of Milan, and in the dead of darkness  
The ministers for their purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self. (*Gesturing to Miranda.*)

Miranda: Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prospero: Well demanded, wench! They darest not,  
So dear the love my people bore me.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Sent us some leagues to sea to die, to drown,  
To cry to the sea that roared to us.

Miranda: How came we to this shore?

Prospero: By Providence divine. A noble man, Gonzalo,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prized above my dukedom.

Miranda: Would I might but ever see that man!

Prospero: (*Continuing.*) Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses with tutors not so careful.

Miranda: Heavens thank you for it! 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,  
Hath mine enemies brought to this shore.  
Antonio, my brother and Alonso  
Of Naples in a ship most wracked.  
Here cease more questions. Thou art inclined to sleep.  
(*Prospero snaps his fingers; Miranda falls asleep. Enter Ariel.*)

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Ariel: All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be it to fly,  
To swim, to dive into fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all her quality.

Prospero: Hast thou, spirit,  
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel: To every article. All but the mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire.

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,  
The King's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs.

Prospero: Of the King's ship,  
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest of the fleet?

Ariel: Safely in harbor is the King's ship and the mariners  
Under the hatches stowed.

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 has promised,  
Which is not yet performed me.

Prospero: How now? Moody?  
What is it thou canst demand?

Ariel: My liberty. (*She sits on ground and pouts.*)

Prospero: Before the time be out? No more!

Ariel: I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served  
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: Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax who pinned thee in a tree?

Ariel: No, sir.

Prospero: The blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by the sailors.

Ariel: Yes, with Caliban her son.

Prospero: Dull think I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service.

Ariel: Pardon, master:  
I will be obedient to your commands  
And do my spriting duties 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?

Prospero: Go make thyself a nymph of the sea,  
But subject to  
No sight but thine and mine – invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape.  
*(Ariel exits. Head Hunters enter and approach Miranda.)*

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*(To Miranda.)* Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well;  
Awake! *(Miranda instantaneously awakes. Head Hunters exit.)*

Miranda: The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness upon me.

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

Miranda: 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

Prospero: But, as 'tis, he does make our fire.  
*(To Caliban-in the cave.)* Fetch in our wood!



What, ho! Slave! Caliban!

Caliban: *(Within the cave.)* There's wood enough within.

Prospero: Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee;  
Come, thou tortoise! When?  
*(Enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.)*  
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear. *(He whispers into Ariel's ear.)*

Ariel: My lord, it shall be done. *(Exits.)*

Prospero: Thou poisonous slave, come forth!  
*(Enter Caliban.)*

Caliban: As wicked dew  
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.

Caliban: This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother  
Which thou takest from me. When thou cam'st first  
Thou strok'st me, and made much of me,  
And I loved thee.  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

Prospero: Thou most lying slave!

Miranda: Abhorred slave!

Caliban: You taught me language; and my profit on it  
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  
Or I'll rack thee with old cramps!

Caliban: No, pray thee.  
*(Aside.)* I must obey. His Art is of such power.

Prospero: So, slave; hence! *(Exit Caliban.)*

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*(Enter Ariel, singing, with Ferdinand following.)*

Ariel: *The watch dogs bark; Bow-wow.*

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

Ferdinand: Where should this music be? In the air or the earth?  
It sounds no more. But 'tis gone.

Ariel: *Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes...*

Ferdinand: The ditty does remember my drowned father.

Miranda: *(To Prospero.)* 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.

Ferdinand: *(To Miranda.)* Most sure the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!  
May I know if you remain upon this island.  
O you wonder! If you be maid or no?

Miranda: No wonder, sir, but certainly a maid.

Ferdinand: My language! Heavens!

Miranda: What wert thou, the King of Naples?

Ferdinand: Myself *am* Naples, who with mine eyes, beheld  
The King my father wracked.

Miranda: Alack, for mercy!

Ferdinand: Yes, faith, and all his lords. *(They stare into each others' eyes.)*

Prospero: *(Aside.)* At the first sight they have changed eyes.  
*(To Ferdinand, harshly.)* 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 sight for: pity move my father  
To be inclined my way.

Ferdinand: O, if thou a maid,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

Prospero: (*Aside.*) They are both in either's powers.  
(*To Ferdinand.*) Soft, sir! One word. Thou 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: There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

Prospero: Speak not you for him! He's a traitor. Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together...

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

Prospero: What! My brains be in my feet? Put thy sword up, traitor,  
For I can disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop. (*He flicks his magic wand, knocking  
Ferdinand's sword from his spellbound hand.*)

Miranda: Beseech you, father! (*She pulls on him.*)

Prospero: Hence! Hang not on my garments.

Miranda: Sir, have pity!

Prospero: Come on, obey. Follow me to your prison.

Ferdinand: Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid?

Prospero: (*Aside.*) It works! (*To Ferdinand.*) Come on, then!  
(*To Ariel.*) Thou has done well, fine Ariel!

Miranda: (*To Ferdinand.*) Be of comfort.  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech.

Prospero: Come now. Speak not for him! (*All exit.*)  
(*Scene Change Music: "Paradise."*)

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**Act II, Scene 1 Island Shore – "This Island Seems Deserted"**

(*Enter Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, Antonio, Adrian, Francisco.*)

Gonzalo: Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause,  
So have we all, of joy. For our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. But for the miracle...

Alonso: Prithee, peace.  
(*Silence.*)

Sebastian: (*Aside to Antonio.*) He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Antonio: (*Aside to Sebastian.*) The visitor will not give him o'er so.  
(*Silence. Adrian begins looking around. Head Hunters enter and hide behind bushes.*)

Adrian: Though this island seem to be deserted...  
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible...  
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Sebastian: As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Antonio: Or as 'twere perfumed by a dog.

Gonzalo: Here is everything advantageous to life.

Antonio: True, save means to live.

Sebastian: Of that there's none, or little.  
(*Silence. Gonzalo, looking at his clothes, makes a discovery.*)

Gonzalo: But the amazement of it is that our garments, being, as they were,  
drenched in the sea, hold their freshness and glosses being rather  
new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Sebastian: The amazement!

Antonio: New dyed!

Gonzalo: Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on  
first in Africa, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter.  
(*To Alonso.*) Sir, our garments seem now as fresh as when we  
were at the marriage of your daughter!

*(No answer from the King.)*

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort?

Alonso: You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,  
My son is lost! O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made their meal on thee?

Francisco: Sir, he may live:  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside. His bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared  
Himself to the shore. I not doubt  
He came alive to land.  
*(Head Hunters exit at the prospect of finding another victim.)*

Alonso: No, no, he's gone!

Sebastian: We have lost your son, I fear, forever.

Gonzalo: My lord Sebastian  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness.  
*(To Alonso.)* And, do you mark me, sir?

Alonso: Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me!  
*(Enter Ariel, invisible, playing music. Music: "Narnia Lullaby.")*

Gonzalo: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?  
*(All fall asleep except Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian.)*

Alonso: What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.

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

Alonso: Thank you. Wondrous heavy. *(He sleeps.)*



Sebastian: What a strange drowsiness possesses them! Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink?

Antonio: They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might...  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might...No more...  
And yet methinks I see thy brother's crown  
Dropping upon they head.

Sebastian: What, art thou waking?

Antonio: Do you not hear me speak?

Sebastian: I do, and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

Antonio: Noble Sebastian! Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Sebastian: He's gone.

Antonio: Then tell me who's the next heir of Naples? (*Sebastian looks  
puzzled.*)  
O, that you bore the mind that I do!  
Do you understand me?

Sebastian: Methinks... I... do. Did you not supplant your brother Prospero?

Antonio: True.

Sebastian: But for your conscience?

Antonio: Ay, sir, where lies that? Here lies *your* brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon – that's dead.

Sebastian: 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 stands drawn above Gonzalo, Antonio above Alonso.  
Sebastian hesitates and pulls Antonio aside.*)  
(*Enter Ariel; whispers in Gonzalo's ear.*)

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 keep them living.  
*(Antonio and Sebastian return to their victims and draw again.)*  
Shake off your slumber, and beware!  
Awake! Awake!

Gonzalo: *(Waking.)* Now good angels, preserve the King!  
*(The others awake. Sebastian and Antonio quickly make like they are protecting the sleepers.)*

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 it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

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!

Alonso: Hear you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo: Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming.  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
'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.

Gonzalo: Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, on the island.

Alonso: Lead away.

Ariel: Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.  
*(All exit.)*

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**Act II, Scene 2   Elsewhere on the Island – Misery Makes Strange Bedfellows”**

*(Enter Caliban, with a load of wood. Thunder is heard in the distance.)*

Caliban: All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll or pinch,  
Fright me unless he bid 'em.

*(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. *(He hides under tarp.)*

Trinculo: Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and  
another storm brewing. I hear it sing in the wind. If it should  
thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head! *(Sees  
Caliban.)* What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive?  
*(He sniffs.)* A fish. He smells like a fish, a very ancient strange  
fish! *(He inspects more closely.)* Legged like a man! And his fins  
like arms! This is no fish, but an islander, that hath suffered a  
thunderbolt. *(Thunder.)* Alas, the storm is come again! *(He crawls  
under the tarp with Caliban.)* Misery makes strange bedfellows!  
*(Enter Stephano, singing and drinking from a bottle.)*

Stephano: *I shall no more to sea, to sea, (He hiccups.)  
Here shall I die ashore.*

Caliban: Do not torment me! Oh!

Stephano: What's the matter? *(He inspects the bundle on the ground, from which  
two sets of legs protrude.)* Have we devils here? I have not  
escaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs.

Caliban: The spirit torments me! Oh!

Stephano: This is some monster of the isle with four legs. Where the devil  
hath he learned our language. I will give him some medicine.  
*(He tries to give Caliban a drink.)*

Caliban: Do not torment me, prithee! I'll bring my wood home faster!

Stephano: He's in his fit now. He shall taste of my bottle.

Caliban: Now Prospero works upon thee!

Stephano: Open your mouth. This will shake off your shaking, I can tell you.

Trinculo: I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned!

Stephano: Stephano!

Stephano: Trinculo? If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Trinculo, come forth! (*Trinculo emerges from the tarp.*)

Trinculo: But art thou not drowned, Stephano? And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, we two escaped! (*They hug.*)

Caliban: (*Aside.*) They be fine things, if they be not sprites.

Stephano: How didst thou escape? How cam'st thou hither?

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

Stephano: Here, kiss the book. (*He offers Trinculo his bottle.*) Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. (*Sees Caliban.*) How now moon-calf?

Caliban: (*Aside.*) That's a brave god, and bears celestial spirits. I will kneel to him! (*He kneels at Stephano's feet.*) Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano: Out of the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in the moon.

Trinculo: By this good light, this is a very weak monster! I afeard of *him*? The man in the moon!

Caliban: I'll show thee every fertile inch of the island. And, I will kiss thy foot. (*He does.*) I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo: By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! (*Aside.*) When god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Stephano: Come on, then. Down, and swear! (*Caliban drops to his knees.*)

Trinculo: I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster!

Stephano: Come, kiss.

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 I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee  
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo: Poor drunkard.

Caliban: Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano: I prithee now, lead the way. Trinculo, the King and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit this isle! Here, bear  
my bottle. *(He hands the bottle to Trinculo.)*

Caliban: *(To the air, for Prospero to hear.)* Farewell, master, farewell,  
farewell!

Trinculo: A howling monster!

Caliban: *(Singing.)* 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
*Has a new master – get a new man!*  
*Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom!*

Stephano: O brave monster, lead the way. *(They exit, dancing out.)*  
*(Scene Change Music: "Romanian Wind" or "Holiday.")*

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### Act III, Scene 1 Before Prospero's Cave - "My Heart Did Fly to Your Service"

*(Enter Ferdinand, carrying a log.)*

Ferdinand: The mistress which I serve does make my labors  
Pleasure. *(He piles the logs and sighs.)*  
O, she is ten times more gentle than her father.  
Some thousands of these logs I must remove.  
*(Enter Miranda. Prospero, at a distance, sees the lovers, then exits.*  
*Head Hunters enter distracted by Miranda.)*

Miranda: *(Sits on chest.)* 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 —  
 Miranda: If you'll sit down  
               I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that. *(Takes log.)*  
 Ferdinand: No, precious creature. *(He takes it from her.)*  
 Miranda: You look wearily.  
 Ferdinand: No, noble mistress. 'Tis fresh morning with me  
               When you are by at night. What is your name?  
 Miranda: Miranda. O, my father,  
               I have broke your hest to say so!  
 Ferdinand: Admired Miranda!  
               Indeed the top of admiration. Hear my soul speak.  
               The very instant that I saw you, did  
               My heart fly to your service.  
 Miranda: Do you love me?  
 Ferdinand: O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound.  
               I do love thee, prize, and honour thee. *(Head Hunters weep.)*  
 Miranda: I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad of.  
 Ferdinand: Wherefore weep you?  
 Miranda: At mine unworthiness. Hence, bashful cunning!  
               I am your wife if you will marry me;  
               If not, I'll die your maid.  
 Ferdinand: My dearest wife.  
 Miranda: My husband, then?  
 Ferdinand: Ay, with a heart so willing. Here's my hand.  
 Miranda: And mine, with my heart in it.  
               *(They exit, going separate ways. Head Hunters follow Miranda.)*  
               *(Scene Change Music: "Somebody I Used to Know.")*

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**Act III, Scene 2 Another Part of the Island – "Thou Liest!"**

*(Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.)*

Trinculo: Servant-monster! The folly of this island!  
 Caliban: I say, by sorcery he got this isle.

From me he got it.

*(Enter Ariel.)*

Ariel: Thou liest! *(All look at Trinculo, thinking it was he that spoke.)*

Caliban: If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him, thou shalt be lord of it  
And I will serve thee.

Stephano: How now shall this be compassed?

Caliban: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ariel: Thou liest!

Caliban: *(To Trinculo.)* What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!

Stephano: Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further, and I by this hand...

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

Stephano: Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel: Thou liest!

Stephano: *(Slow burn.)* Do I so? Take thou that! *(He beats Trinculo.)* Call'st me a liar once more!

Trinculo: I didst not! Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox on your bottle and the devil take your fingers!

Caliban: Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano: Now, forward with your tale. Trinculo, stand further off.  
*(Trinculo obeys, reluctantly.)*

Caliban: Beat him enough. After a time, I'll beat him too.

Stephano: Stand farther. *(Trinculo moves further away.)*  
*(To Caliban.)* Come, proceed.

Caliban: 'Tis a custom with him  
In the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized 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. And, do consider

The beauty of his daughter, for she surpasseth...

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 livest, 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.

Ariel: This will I tell my master.  
*(As Ariel exits, she orders drums to play. Music: "Different Drum.")*

Caliban: *(To Stephano, hearing the "noise.")* 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.  
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 drummer; he lays it on. Wilt come? *(Drums crescendo.)*

Trinculo: I'll follow, Stephano! *(They exit, following Caliban. Drums fade.)*

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### Act III, Scene 3 Elsewhere on the Island – "Welcome to Paradise"

*(Enter Gonzalo, Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian, and Lords.)*

Gonzalo: I can go no further, sir; my old bones ache.

Alonso: Old lord, I cannot blame thee. Sit down, and rest.

Sebastian: *(Aside to Antonio.)* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

Antonio: *(Aside to Sebastian.)* Let it be tonight.

Sebastian: *(Aside to Antonio.)* Aye, tonight. Say no more.  
*(Music: "Bora, Bora.") Prospero, invisible, and Islanders enter, bring in banquet, dance, inviting others to partake, and exit.)*

Alonso: What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gonzalo: Marvelous sweet music!

Alonso: Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Sebastian: A living drollery (puppet show). Now, I will believe  
That there *are* unicorns.

Gonzalo: If in Naples, I should report this now,  
Would they believe me?

Francisco: They vanished strangely.

Sebastian: No matter, since they left their foods behind.  
For we have stomachs. Will it please to taste of what is there?

Alonso: Not I. (*Music: "Spirit in the New World." Thunder and lightning.  
Ariel enters above in as an Island goddess.*)

Ariel: Three men of sin, 'twas I have made you mad.  
You three from Milan did supplant Prospero,  
Exposed unto the sea him and his innocent child.  
For which foul deed the powers have incensed  
The seas and shores, yea, all the creatures  
Against your peace.  
(*Thunder. She exits. Then, music again underscores the Islanders  
return to dance before the stunned me; they exit and remove banquet.*)

Prospero: (*All freeze, but Prospero.*) My high charms work  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions. They now are in my power. (*He exits.*)

Gonzalo: In the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

Alonso: O, it is monstrous, monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it.  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounced  
The name of Prospero. (*He exits.*)

Sebastian: (*In a daze.*) But one fiend at a time, I'll fight their legions!

Antonio: I'll be thy second. (*Sebastian and Antonio exit.*)

Gonzalo: All three of them are desperate. Their great guilt

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
How begins to bite their spirits.

Adrian: Follow them, quick, I pray you. (*All exit.*)  
(*CHASE. MUSIC: "Welcome to Paradise."*)

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**Act IV, Scene 1 Before Prospero's Cave – "Let Me Live Here Ever in Paradise"**

(*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*)

Prospero: If I have too austere punished you,  
Your compensation makes amends.  
Now, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.  
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.  
(*Ferdinand and Miranda move aside and sit. Prospero calls to Ariel.*)  
Now, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!  
(*Ariel enters.*)

Ariel: What would my potent master? Here I am.

Prospero: Thou didst worthily perform your last service.  
Go and bring the spirits 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.  
Do you love me, master? No?

Prospero: Dearly, my delicate Ariel! Now go! (*Ariel exits.*)

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(*Music: "Paradise." Enter Ariel with Ceres, Juno, and Iris, dancing around Ferdinand and Miranda.*)

Ceres: Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Juno: Hourly joys be still upon you!



Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ferdinand: This is a most majestic vision! Let me  
Live here ever.

Iris: Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late! *(Enter some Islanders.)*  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,  
You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary!  
*(Enter remaining Islanders; they join the others in dance.)*

Prospero: *(Aside. With a start.)* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life! The minute of their plot  
Is almost come. *(To the Islanders.)* Well done! Begone, no more!  
*(They exit.)*

---

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

Miranda: Never till this day  
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

Prospero: Be cheerful, sir. Our revels now are ended.  
We are such stuff as dreams are made on.  
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.  
Sir, I am vexed. A turn or two I'll walk,  
To stir my beating mind.

Miranda: We wish your peace. *(They exit. Enter Ariel.)*

Prospero: Spirit, where didst thou leave the varlets?

Ariel: I left them in the filthy mantled pool  
Beyond your cell there, dancing up to their chins.

Prospero: Go now bring some trumpery from my house  
For bait to catch these thieves.

Ariel: I go, I go! *(She exits.)*

Prospero: I will plague them all, even to roaring!  
*(Enter Ariel with glittering clothes and fancy accessories.)*  
Come, go hang them on that line. *(They exit.)*

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(*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo enter.*)

Caliban: Tread softly; we are now near his cell.

Trinculo: Monster, I do smell of horse-piss at which my nose is in great indignation.

Stephano: So is mine. Do you hear, monster?

Caliban: Prithee, my King, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth of the cell.

Stephano: Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.  
(*MUSIC: "Vogue." Ariel enters and makes clothesline appear. Stephano and Trinculo start putting on the clothes and speak the following lines after "Whatta ya lookin' at?"; Ariel leads Islanders/ Spirits in the distraction.*)

Trinculo: (*Seeing the fancy clothes.*) O King Stephano! O worthy Stephano!  
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Caliban: Let it alone, thou fool! It is but trash! (*Grabs it from Trinculo.*)

Trinculo: O, ho, monster! We know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano! (*Grabs it back.*)

Stephano: Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have that gown!  
(*Grabs it from Trinculo.*)

Trinculo: (*Sarcastic.*) Thy grace shall have it!

Caliban: (*After song.*) What do you mean to dote thus on such luggage?  
Let 't be alone and do the murder first!  
(*Stephano and Trinculo ignore Caliban and continue to admire their new garments.*)  
If he awake, from toe to crown he'll fill  
Our skins with pinches.

Stephano: Be you quiet, monster. (*Strutting about.*) Is not this my jerkin?

Trinculo: An 't like your grace.

Stephano: Here's a garment for you. You shall not go unrewarded while I am  
King of this country.

Trinculo: (*Grabbing loads from the line.*) Monster, come, put some lime upon  
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Stephano: Monster! Go to, carry this!  
Trinculo: And this.  
Stephano: Ay, and this.  
*(Music: "Drums." A noise of hunters is heard. Enter Head Hunters, chasing them about. All exit, except for Ariel and Prospero.)*  
Ariel: Hark, they roar!  
Prospero: Let them be hunted soundly. Shortly shall  
My labors end, and thou shalt have thy freedom. *(Continue.)*

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**Act V, Scene 1 Before Prospero's Cave – "We Are Such Stuff as Dreams"**

Prospero: Say, my spirit, how fares the King and his followers?  
Ariel: Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,  
In the lime-grove which protects your cell;  
They cannot budge till your release.  
Prospero: Go release them, Ariel.  
Ariel: I'll fetch them, sir. *(MUSIC: "From Western Woods." Prospero draws his magic circle.)*

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*(Ariel exits and re-enters with Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio, crazed and aided by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter Prospero's magic circle, spellbound and dazed during Prospero's lines.)*

Prospero: O good Gonzalo, my true preserver, and loyal sir.  
Most cruelly didst thou, Alonso, use me.  
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,  
I do forgive thee.  
Ariel, fetch me the hat and rapier from my cell;  
I will discase me and myself present  
As I was once was before Milan. Quickly, spirit!  
Thou shalt ere long be free.  
*(Ariel helps Prospero remove his magic garment and put on his hat and rapier.)*  
Ariel: *(Sings.) Where the bee sucks, there suck I,  
In a cowslip's bell I'll lie,*

*There I'll couch when owls do cry.*

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now.*

*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Prospero: Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,  
But you shall have your freedom. (*Ariel exits.*)

Gonzalo: (*Seeing Prospero.*) All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement  
Inhabits here.

*(The others begin to break from the spell.)*

Prospero: (*To Alonso.*) Behold, Sir King,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

Alonso: (*Kneeling before Prospero.*) Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.

Prospero: Welcome, my friends, all!  
*(Aside to Antonio and Sebastian.)* But you, my brace of lords,  
Were I so minded, I here could pluck his highness'  
Frown upon you and justify you traitors.

Sebastian: The devil speak in him.

Prospero: No. (*To Antonio.*) For you, most wicked sir, whom I call  
Brother, do forgive thy rankest fault.

Come, this cell's my court. Pray you look in.

*(They look in upon Miranda and Ferdinand playing chess.)*

Miranda: Sweet lord, you play me false.

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

Alonso: Dear son!

Sebastian: A most high miracle!

Ferdinand: (*Seeing Alonso.*) Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;  
I have cursed them without cause.

Alonso: Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Miranda: O, wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in it!

Alonso: What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?  
Is she the goddess that hath brought us thus together?

Ferdinand: Sir, she is mortal,  
But by immortal Providence she's mine.  
*(Enter Ariel leading the Captain and Boatswain, along with Sailors.)*

Gonzalo: O, look, sir, look, sir! Here are more of us!  
What is the news?

Boatswain: The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our King, and company; the next, our ship  
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged, as when  
We first put out to sea. *(All cheer.)*

Ariel: *(Aside to Prospero.)* Was 't well done?

Prospero: *(Aside to Ariel.)* My tricksy spirit!

Alonso: This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod.

Prospero: There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

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*(Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, still in their stolen clothes, accompanied by the Head Hunters also wearing garments.)*

Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own. This thing of darkness  
I acknowledge mine.

Caliban: I shall be pinched to death.

Alonso: Is this not Stephano, my drunken butler?  
And Trinculo is reeling ripe!  
*(Pointing to Caliban.)* This is a strange thing as e'er I look on.

Prospero: He is as disproportioned in his manners  
As in his shape. *(To Caliban.)* Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
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 drunken for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

*(Exit Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.)*

Alonso: I long to hear the story of your life,  
Which I must take the ear strangely.

Prospero: I'll deliver all and promise you calm seas.  
*(To Ariel.)* My Ariel, chick, that is thy charge.  
Give us no tempests, nor more thunderous seas,  
Then to the elements be free, and fare thou well!

*(Ariel exits. All end in tableaux: Miranda and Ferdinand; Alonso and Gonzalo; Antonio and Sebastian; Adrian and Francisco; Caliban, Stephano, Trinculo, and Head Hunters; Boatswain and Captain; Sailors and Islanders and goddesses; and Prospero.)*

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**Epilogue** *(Music: "Caribbean Blue.")*

Prospero: Now my charms are all o'er thrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you.  
But, release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

*The End*