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This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.
Sixty-Minute Shakespeare

The Tempest
by Cass Foster

A romantic comedy (written 1611) considered to be the last play Shakespeare wrote alone.

from The Tempest
by William Shakespeare

Five Star Publications
Chandler, Arizona
Dedicated

TO

Kat Scarbo

Our most beautiful and valiant daughter.
Who along with your loving husband, Michael,
Brought the remarkable Addie and Finn into our world.
You struggle so fearlessly and heroically against your “tempest.”
Nellie and I love you more than we could possibly put into words.

“When we fall asleep at the end of the day
Imagine we are a leaf gently floating onto the lap of G-d.”

☆
WELCOME TO
THE SIXTY-MINUTE SHAKESPEARE

No playwright, past or present, approaches the brilliance and magnitude of William Shakespeare. What other works are read more often than the Bible – and worldwide?

As one of the wealthiest people of his time, Shakespeare earned his living as a playwright, theatre manager, actor, and shareholder in the Globe Theatre. He rebelled against the contemporary theatrical standards (the neo-classical principles that limited dramatic structure throughout France and Italy), took plots from other published works (making them uniquely his own), and created a spectacle (without the use of elaborate scenery) to captivate audiences of all social levels.

Imagine the challenge in quieting a crowd of three thousand in a theatre where vendors sell wine, beer, ale, nuts, and playing cards; where there is no intermission; where birds fly overhead; and where audience members stand near performers. Such was the setting in Shakespeare’s day.

The purpose behind this series is to reduce (not contemporize) the language. The unabridged Shakespeare simply isn’t practical in all situations. Not all educators or directors have the luxury of time or finances to explore the entire text. This is not intended to be a substitute for a thorough study of Shakespeare. It is merely a stepping-stone.

We hope you are pleased with our series and may each of you be blessed with an abundance of prosperity, good health, and happiness.

May the Verse Be With You!

\[Signature\]
STAGING CONSIDERATIONS

SCENERY
Shakespeare staging typically contains an “upper above” (balcony) and an “inner below” (stage floor). They permit the use of different levels and locations for actors to enter and exit. If this isn’t an option, consider a few small-sized classroom-acting boxes to add levels for standing and sitting. In *The Tempest*, for example, they would be helpful for Ariel, unseen by everyone but Prospero, to be in the midst of or behind the action. Adding levels will provide numerous options for blocking.

As for actual scenery, there are two excellent reasons theatres rarely use much when staging Shakespeare. The first is related to the number of changes required. If the audience has to wait every five minutes to watch scenery struck and set up, the audience ends up watching a play about moving lumber. The second is because the audience will lose sight of what the play is about. Audiences need a minute to adjust to the scenic look of a dazzling waterfall or lush forest. By the time they take it all in and start paying attention to the dialogue, it’s time to set up the next scene and the audience will be lost.

Location is typically established through dialogue and the use of a few simple props: a throne-like chair for the king’s court, a long table with benches for an inn, a bed for the queen’s bed chamber, etc. The key is to keep it simple.

PACING
Keep things moving! That doesn’t mean actors should talk and move quickly; it simply means one scene should flow smoothly to the next without delay or interruption.

As Scene 1 ends, the actors pick up their props and walk off stage right. Actors for Scene 2 enter from stage left with their props and begin dialogue as they enter the acting area, putting their props in place as they
speak. You may have a view of the actors exiting from the first scene as actors enter in the second scene, but audiences will gladly accept this convention if it means taking fifteen minutes off performance time.

Line delivery: Let’s say one page in your script has ten different cues. If actors take three seconds before coming in with their line, they will add thirty seconds per page. Ninety pages means, yep, forty-five minutes where nothing is being said. Actors will often say, “But I need time to listen and formulate my response.” Yes, in real life, but not in the theatre where we are typically “lifelike.” Poor pacing will result in a bored and restless audience.

Unless indicated otherwise, actors should take less than a second to come in with their lines. Work on pacing after they are solidly off book and remind them this is about picking up cues, not about speeding their delivery. Trust me, audience members will praise the pace.
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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Henry VI, Part 1, 2 & 3
Richard III
Titus Andronicus
The Comedy of Errors
The Taming of the Shrew
The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Love's Labour's Lost
King John
Richard II
A Midsummer Night's Dream
Romeo and Juliet
The Merchant of Venice
The Merry Wives of Windsor
Henry IV, Parts 1 & 2
Much Ado About Nothing
Henry V
Julius Caesar
As You Like It
Hamlet
Twelfth Night
Troilus and Cressida
All's Well That Ends Well
Measure for Measure
Othello
The Tragedy of King Lear
Macbeth
Antony and Cleopatra
Timon of Athens
Pericles, Prince of Tyre
Coriolanus
Cymbeline
The Winter's Tale
The Tempest
Henry VIII (Possibly co-authored)
Two Noble Kinsmen (Authorship in question)
A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

“A remarkable thing about Shakespeare is that he is really very good in spite of all the people who say he is very good.”

– Robert Graves 1895–1985

“It’s what Shakespeare’s mission was – to illuminate our thoughts and struggles and bring about the possibility of getting the most we can out of a day as opposed to least in this brief moment we’re here.”

– Mandy Patinkin, 1952–present

“Thank G-d* we don’t know a lot about Shakespeare or Moses or Homer or Lautreamont. These are the best guys we got, and their art is powerful because they’re mysterious.”

– Cass McCombs, 1977–present

“The records – what little we know about Shakespeare, including the records of the plays in his playhouse – were often the story of how quickly they came off if they didn’t work. They had to move on. They were absolutely led by box office.”

– Kenneth Branagh, 1960–present

“Brush Up Your Shakespeare.”

– Cole Porter, 1891–1964

“Shakespeare – the nearest thing in incarnation to the eye of G-d.”

– Laurence Olivier, 1907–1989

“If Shakespeare required a word and had not met it in civilized discourse, he unhesitatingly made it up.”

– Anthony Burgess, 1917–1993

“But my G-d, how beautiful Shakespeare is, who else is as mysterious as he is; his language and method are like a brush trembling with excitement and ecstasy. But one must learn to read, just as one must learn to see and learn to live.”

– Vincent van Gogh, 1853–1890

*G-d: According to Professor Foster’s religious beliefs, to fully write out the name of the Supreme Being turns the text into a sacred document. And that requires all copies to be handled and treated as such. So out of respect for his beliefs, we will hyphenate all usage.
23 April 1564–23 April 1616

“If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators.”

– William Hazlitt (1778–1830) English Essayist
COMMON QUOTES FROM THE BARD

Romeo and Juliet
“Parting is such sweet sorrow.”
“A plague o’ both your houses.”
“O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?”

A Midsummer Night’s Dream
“Lord, what fools these mortals be.”
“The course of true love never did run smooth.”
“To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays.”

As You Like It
“All the world’s a stage”
“And all the men and women merely players.”
“Forever and a day.”

Twelfth Night
“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.”
“Out of the jaws of death.”
“O, had I but followed the arts!”
“Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.”

Henry IV, Part 1
“The better part of valor is discretion.”
“He will give the devil his due.”

Henry VI, Part 2
“Let’s kill all the lawyers.”
“He hath eaten me out of house and home.”

The Merry Wives of Windsor
“Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.”
The Merchant of Venice
  "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."
  "All that glisters is not gold."
  "Love is blind."

Macbeth
  "Out, damned spot. Out, I say!"
  "Screw your courage to the sticking place."

Hamlet
  "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."
  "To be or not to be. That is the question."
  "The lady doth protest too much, methinks."
  "Good night, sweet prince, And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Pericles
  "Few love to hear the sins they love to act."

Richard III
  "Now is the winter of our discontent."
  "Off with his head!"
  "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Julius Caesar
  "Beware the ides of March."
  "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."
  "It was Greek to me."

Much Ado About Nothing
  "The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."

Measure for Measure
  "The miserable have no other medicine. But only hope."
The Tempest

Troilus and Cressida
“To fear the worst oft cures the worse.”

The Comedy of Errors
“Unquiet meals make ill digestions.”

The Tempest
“Good wombs have borne bad sons.”
“A pox o’ your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!”

Casablanca
“This could be the start of a beautiful friendship.”
CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROSPERO – Rightful Duke of Milan in exile
MIRANDA – His only daughter
ANTONIO – His younger brother
GONZALO – His old counselor
ARIEL – Airy Spirit – source of Prospero’s magical powers
CALIBAN – Prospero’s savage and deformed slave
ALONSO – King of Naples
SEBASTIAN – His brother
FERDINAND – His son
TRINCULO – His jester
STEPHANO – His drunken butler
ADRIAN – lord
FRANCISCO – lord

MASTER OF THE SHIP
BOATSWAIN – In charge of the deck crew
MARINER(s)
IRIS – spirits who may help with costume/scene changes
JUNO – spirits who may help with costume/scene changes
CERES – a spirit played by Ariel

ADDITIONAL SPIRITS or NYMPHS – if possible to add to spectacle

If you have a limited number of actors, just make
necessary text changes by eliminating Adrian,
Francisco, Master and/or Mariner(s).

DOUBLE CASTING OPTIONS
Master of the Ship / Adrian
Boatswain / Francisco
Mariner / Stephano
BLOCKING / STAGE DIRECTIONS

Some directors follow stage directions religiously, yet not all playwrights use many, if any, stage directions. Shakespeare is an example of a playwright who relies solely on the text. Edward Albee’s *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is an example of where you will find stage directions on practically every page of the script.

Stage directions are often a depiction of how the play was staged when it was turned over to the publisher (to be used for printing). They are rarely intended for future directors to follow. There are numerous reasons playwrights provide or don’t provide stage directions but let’s save that for another day.

I have not blocked the entire script, but provided movement patterns in certain scenes. Some of you are experienced directors in need of little if any help with blocking and some are novices who would appreciate some suggestions. And that’s all these are: suggestions – not how the show should be staged. It was my custom to provide my directing students with five different film versions of the Hamlet/Laertes fight scene to demonstrate there is no correct way to stage a fight – or a play.

Ignore the blocking or use what works. What is provided is intended to assist, not confuse or offend. This may extend beyond the sixty minutes depending on how much business or movement you incorporate.
ACT I, SCENE 1
A SHIP AT SEA.

Sounds of rain, thunder and lightning as the MASTER enters (as with ALL who enter) struggling to keep his footing on the windswept ship.

MASTER  Boatswain!

Enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN  Here, master. What cheer?

MASTER  Good, speak to th' mariners! Fall to 't yarely,* or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir.

Exit MASTER.

BOATSWAIN  Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare! Yare! Take in the topsail! Blow till thou* burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO (wearing the crown he'll wear throughout), SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND and GONZALO.

ALONSO  Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play* the men.

BOATSWAIN  I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO  Where is the master, bos'n?

BOATSWAIN  Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

GONZALO  Nay, good, be patient. Remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN  None that I more love than myself. Give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself

*yarely: briskly blow  till thou: addressing the storm  play: urge*
ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour,
if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts!
Out of our way, I say.

GONZALO  (Losing his balance.) I' have great comfort from this fellow.
Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! Make the rope
of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.
If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

ALL but BOATSWAIN exit.

BOATSWAIN  (Speaking to the crew off stage.)
Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower,
lower! Bring her to try with main course.
(A cry off stage.) A plague upon this howling! They are
louder than the weather* or our office.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO.

BOATSWAIN  Yet again? What do you hear? Shall we give o'er*
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN  A pox* o' your throat, you bawling, blas-
phemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN  Work you, then.

ANTONIO  Hang, cur! Hang you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO  I'll warrant him* for drowning, though the
ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky
as an unstanchered* wench.

---

louder than the weather: making more noise then the tempest  give o'er: give up  pox: plague  warrant him: guarantee him  unstanchened: wide open
boatswain  Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two
courses! Off to sea again! Lay her off!*  

Enter mariner, soaking wet.

Mariner  All lost! To prayers, to prayers. All lost!

Exit mariner.

Gonzalo  The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs.

Sebastian  I am out of patience.

Antonio  We are merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards.

Gonzalo  He'll be hanged yet,
though every drop of water swear against it
and gape at wid'st to glut him.

Frightening cries from off stage: “Mercy on us”… “We split. We
split.” … “Farwell my wife and children.” … “Farewell brother.”… “We
split. We split.”

Exit boatswain as the others continue swaying from the tempest.

Antonio  Let's all sink wi' th' 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 barren ground – long heath,*
brown furze, anything. The wills above be done,
But I would fain* die a dry death.

Exit gonzalo.

lay her off: also set a course back to sea  merely: completely  heath: heather
grows in barren soil  fain: gladly

3
ACT I, SCENE 2
IN FRONT OF PROSPERO'S CELL.

Enter PROSPERO (with his magical staff he carries throughout) and MIRANDA.

MIRANDA O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave* vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.

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, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, and thy no greater father.

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.

She removes his cloak as he indicates where to place it.

PROSPERO So.
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

brave: fine  amazement: terror  meddle: mingle
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."

He moves a box and sits next to her.

(See staging considerations provided earlier in the script.)

PROSPERO The hour's now come;
    The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
    Obey, and be attentive. (She sits or kneels next to him.)
    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.

PROSPERO Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
    Thy father was Duke of Milan* and
    A prince of power.

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 (She rises.) O the heavens!
    What foul play had we came from thence?
    Or blessèd was't we did?

out: barely  Milan: pronounced Millen  piece: masterpiece  no worse issued:
no 'less noble in birth
PROSPERO  Both, both, my girl!
    By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
    But blessedly holp* hither.

MIRANDA  O, my heart bleeds
    To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to.*
    Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
    farther.

PROSPERO  My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio –
    I pray thee mark me (She sīs.) – that a brother should
    Be so perfidious! – 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  Being once perfected* how to grant suits,
    How to deny them, who t'advance and who
    To trash for overtopping,* new created
    The creatures that were mine, I say, – or changed 'em,
    Or else new-formed 'em – having both the key
    Of officer and office,* set all hearts i' th' state
    To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was
    The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
    And sucked my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA  O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO  (He rises.) I pray thee, mark me.

*holp: helped  turned you to: caused you to remember  state: domain  perfected: expert in overtopping: restrain from becoming too powerful  officer and office: the key to power and (as in playing music) a tuning key
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness* and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprizèd* all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent,* did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Hence his ambition growing –
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA  Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO  To have no screen between this part he played.
           And him he played it for, he needs will be
           Absolute Milan.* Me (poor man) my library
           Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
           He thinks me now incapable; confederates
           (So dry* he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples
           To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
           Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
           The dukedom, yet unbowed (alas, poor Milan!)
           To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA  (She rises.) O the heavens!

PROSPERO  Mark his condition,* and th' event;* then tell me
           If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA  I should sin

*to closeness: seclusion  o'erprizèd: greater worth than any evaluation  good
*parent: proverbial concept of a good parent bringing a bad child into the world
sans: without  Absolute Milan: the true Duke of Milan  dry: thirsty
*his condition: terms of my pact with Naples  event: outcome
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO  Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was that he, in lieu o' th' premises*
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate* me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother.

MIRANDA  Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint*
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROSPERO  Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.*

MIRANDA  Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO  (He sits.) My tale provokes that question.
In few,* they hurried us aboard a bark;
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 had quit it. There they hoist us
To cry to th' sea that roared to us; to sigh

**premises: guarantees  presently extirpate: immediately remove  a hint: an occasion  impertinent: irrelevant  in few: in few words  butt: tub**
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,
       Infused with a fortitude from heaven.

MIRANDA  How came we ashore?

PROSPERO  By providence divine.
       Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
       A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
       Out of his charity, who being then appointed
       Master of this design, did give us.
       Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
       From mine own library with volumes that
       I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA  Would I might
       But ever see that man!

PROSPERO  (Rises and puts on his cloak) Now I arise.
       Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.
       Here in this island we arrived; and here
       Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
       Than other princess' 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  Know thus far forth:

cherubin: celestial being
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; And by my prescience
I find my zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit,* my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness
And give it way.

PROSPERO weaves a spell over MIRANDA and she falls asleep.

PROSPERO Come away,* servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel! Come!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds. To they strong bidding, task
Ariel and all his quality.*

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.* O' th' dreadful thunderclaps.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!

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* zenith: height of fortune  omit: neglect  come away: come from where you are
close to   quality: cohorts  to point: to every detail  beak: prow  waist: middle of the ship
deck: roof of the stern  amazement: struck terror by appearing as St. Elmo's fire
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil*
Would not infect his reason?

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 King's son, Ferdinand,
     With hair up-staring* (then like reeds, not hair),
     Was the first man that leapt; cried "Hell is empty
     And all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO  Why, that's my spirit!
     But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL  Close by, my master.

PROSPERO  But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL  Not a hair perished.
     On their sustaining* garments not a blemish,
     But fresher than before; and as thou bad'st me,
     In troops I have disbursed them 'bout the isle.
     The King'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. (He illustrates.)

PROSPERO  (He sits.) Of the King's ship,
     The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
     And all the rest o' th' fleet.

ARIEL  (Sits on the ground) Safely in harbor
     Is the King's ship; in the deep nook where once
     Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

coil: uproar  up-staring: standing on end  sustaining: supporting
From the still-vexed Bermoothes,* there she's hid;
And are upon the Mediterranean float*
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
    Exactly is performed; But there's more work.

ARIEL (Rises) 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?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO Before the time be out? No more!

ARIEL (Sits) I prithee,
    Remember I have done thee worthy service,
    Told thee no lies, made me 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 I do not, sir.

PROSPERO (Rises) Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
    The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy*
    Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

Bermoothes: Bermuda float: sea pains: duties remember: remind bate:
reduce my term of service envy: malice