

– BACKGROUND –

Thanks to his scheming brother, Prospero has been banished as the Duke of Milan. For the past 12 years, he has lived on a deserted island with his daughter Miranda, now 15. Prospero's deep interest in study, the cause of his downfall in Milan, has ironically helped him to control the island through magic. Caliban, the deformed son of the dead witch Sycorax, is Prospero's unwilling servant. Ariel, a fairy who had been imprisoned in a pine tree by Sycorax, also serves Prospero. As the play opens, Prospero has caused a tempest at sea leading to the wrecking of a ship carrying his old enemies.

– CAST OF CHARACTERS –

ALONSO The King of Naples

SEBASTIAN Alonso's brother

PROSPERO The rightful Duke of Milan

ANTONIO Prospero's brother, who has taken the position of the Duke of Milan

FERDINAND The son of the King of Naples

GONZALO An honest old counselor

ADRIAN and **FRANCISCO** Lords

CALIBAN A deformed slave

TRINCULO A jester

STEPHANO A drunken butler

CAPTAIN OF A SHIP

BOATSWAIN The officer in charge of the deck's crew and equipment

SAILORS

MIRANDA Prospero's daughter

ARIEL An airy spirit

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS, REAPERS Spirits

ACT 1

| Scene 1 |

*A ship tosses and rocks during a storm. The **captain** and the **boatswain** come out on deck.*

CAPTAIN: Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN: Here, Captain. How goes it?

CAPTAIN: Good fellow, speak to the sailors.
Hurry, or we will soon run ourselves
aground. Hurry!

*(**Captain** exits, blowing his whistle. **Sailors** run by and start pulling at the sails.)*

BOATSWAIN: Heave ho, my hearties!

Work harder! Quickly! Take in the
topsail. Obey the captain's whistle.
(Defiantly, to the storm): Blow until you burst
your lungs, as long as we can sail on.

*(**Alonso** enters, along with **Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.**)*

ALONSO: Boatswain, where's the captain?

BOATSWAIN: Don't you hear him? You're
in the way! Stay below. You're helping the
storm.

GONZALO: No, good fellow, be patient.

BOATSWAIN: When the sea is! (*Pointing to the huge waves*) What do these care about kings? To your cabins! Silence! Get out of our way!

GONZALO: Good sir, remember who is on board.

BOATSWAIN: None that I love more than myself. You are a counselor. If you can command this storm to silence, do so. If not, give thanks that you have lived so long, and go to your cabin. Prepare for trouble, if it comes along.

(*To the passengers*): Get out of our way, I say!

(*Boatswain exits, shouting orders.*)

GONZALO: This fellow gives me great comfort. He wasn't born to be drowned—but hanged instead. Fate, stick to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny our anchor, for our own is not helping us. If he has not been born to be hanged, we're in trouble.

(*Alonso and others exit. Boatswain enters again.*)

BOATSWAIN (*to sailors*): Down with the topmast! Quick! Lower, lower!

(*Shouts are heard from the passengers below decks.*)

Blast all this howling! They are louder than the weather.

(Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo enter again.)

You again? What are you doing here?
Shall we give up and drown? Do you
want to sink?

SEBASTIAN: May you choke, you bawling dog!

BOATSWAIN: Do some work, then.

ANTONIO: Hang, you dog! Hang, you
loudmouth! We are less afraid of
drowning than you are.

GONZALO: I guarantee he won't drown, even if
the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

BOATSWAIN (to the sailors): Heave ho!
Raise the mainsail! Out to sea again.
Turn her around!

(Sailors enter, soaking wet and frightened.)

SAILORS: All is lost. Say your prayers! It's
hopeless. **(Sailors exit.)**

GONZALO: The king and the prince are at
prayers. Let's join them. It seems to be
our only hope.

*(A confused noise is heard. "Mercy on us! Farewell, my
wife and children. Farewell, brother! Oh, no! The ship
is splitting up, splitting up!")*

ANTONIO: Let's all go down with the king.

SEBASTIAN: We must say farewell to him.

(Antonio and Sebastian exit.)

GONZALO: Now I would give a hundred
miles of sea for an acre of barren ground!
God's will be done! But I would much
rather die a dry death.

(Gonzalo exits.)

| Scene 2 |

An island. A cleared place before Prospero's cave.

Prospero and Miranda enter.

MIRANDA: My dearest father, if by your magic
You have raised this storm, stop it now.
The sky seems to be pouring down
flaming tar,
And the sea rises up to dash out the fire.
Oh, I have suffered with those I saw suffer!
A brave ship, which no doubt had some
Noble people on board, was dashed to
pieces.
The cries broke my heart! Poor souls,
they must surely have died!
If I'd been a god with any power, I would
Have sunk the sea into the earth. I would
never
Have let it swallow the good ship and
The cargo of souls within her!

PROSPERO: Calm down. Don't be so upset.
Tell your tender heart there's no harm done.