

TEMPEST

by

Martin Burke

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Tempest

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scene I

Prospero

What do you see when you see me?
Do you see a man or a magus?
Am I am shipwrecked thing
Or lord of this island?
Tell me what you see.

What do you see when you see me?
Am I a man like you
Or are we unlike?
Tell me what you see and I
I will tell you what I see.

I see this island
I see the cave in which I live
I see the sea that holds me here.
I am man and magus -that much should be clear to you
But if I am a captive I am also a lord
And the moment of revenge has come.

Revenge -the word chills you
You begin to fear me
But don't be alarmed
You are spectators and will remain so.
I have no score to settle with you.
Others however will feel my power
Feel it and suffer it
And bow down before me.

You will see all this
You will see what they do not
That is your privilege
You are lucky
More lucky than I am
But as yet you do not see that
You see me as a man and a magus
And you suspect there will be treachery-
Well perhaps there will be
Perhaps
But it won't be directed against you
I have a story to tell
And you are my audience
And I need you
So now what do you see?

What will happen will happen
Fate has brought us here tonight
And fate can not be unbent
You will play your part and I will play mine
And the story will unfold as it must

So we are partners
 Co-workers towards a common end
 Which you as yet do not see
 Yet you will see the end
 Just as you will see the beginning
 Which begins with this storm on the island

*Thunder and lightning -noise of wind and sound of waves
 He extends his hands as if commanding the elements*

Sea -hear me
 Wind -obey my voice
 Let water swell and crush that ship
 Which nears this place
 Yet save the sailors from drowning.
 Wind -obey my voice
 Sea -hear me
 Crush and cause havoc
 Bring to these shores
 Those on that ship
 And let them be
 Subject to my will.
 It is I, Prospero who commands this
 I, Prospero the man and the magus

He lowers his hands

So now you have seen
 The beginning of this drama
 Stay then and watch
 What will unfold
 For it will unfold
 And all will be told
 And you will be wiser in the end.

Scene II

Enter Miranda.

Miranda

Father, that storm
 It frightens me

Prospero

There is no need for alarm
 Everything happens as everything must

Miranda

Then you caused it to happen?
 You brought the wind and the sea
 Into one terrible unity?

Prospero

Everything happens as everything must

Miranda

Then if your skill and art
 Caused this thing to happen
 Then cause it to stop.

Prospero

Not yet, my child, not yet.
All the pieces are not yet in play

Miranda

But surely you saw that ship!
You must have seen it flounder on the rocks
Before it sank no doubt with all on board!
I could weep for the drowned.
I could cry out for their tortured souls
Caught in that mess of water and wind.
Cause the storm to stop!
You can do this thing as you have done much else
So do this for me

Prospero

Calm yourself. Tell your heart
To have no more amazement at what's done
For no harm has been done

Miranda

But the storm, the ship!
I saw it sink

Prospero

No, there has been no harm.
Everything that has been done has been done for you
Yet you do not even know who you are
You do not know who I am.
You think I am Prospero master of this cave?
I am more than that and so are you
And everything happens as everything must

Miranda

I never sought to know more
That you would tell me

Prospero

Then it's time I told you everything.
Give me your hand and take my magic cloak from me
And wipe your eyes. Nothing has been done
That should not have been done and not one soul
Has gone down with that ship.
If I wove the storm then I wove the net
That saved the sailors and that one I seek.
Everything happens as everything must
And what has happened it but the beginning
Of the end that started long ago.
You will learn everything-my story and my plan
And don't worry
The end of this will warm us both
So I'll begin

Miranda

You have often started to tell this story
But you have never finished it.
Some hesitation in your voice and soul
Would not let you tell me all but tell me all
For I want to know everything

Prospero

Yes, I have begun and faltered
 But not this time. Not now. Not today.
 So listen to all that I have to say
 Tell me what you remember -not of this island
 But what you remember of that life we lived
 Before we came to this island
 If you remember anything that is
 For you were only three years old when we came here

Miranda

Perhaps I was, I cannot really say.
 And yet there are things I remember

Prospero

But what do you remember?
 A house? A face that seems familiar?
 Some warmth that warms you even as you now remember it?

Miranda

It warms me but I can put no name on it.
 It's more like a dream than some assurance
 Of the real thing, and yet, something speaks to me
 As if I once was cradled by nursing women

Prospero

By four or five of them. Sometimes more.
 I'm surprised this image lodges in your mind
 And not something else. But no matter.
 What you remember from the abyss of time
 Confirms the truth of all memory.
 And do you remember anything else-
 Some small fact? Some gesture or word?
 Anything that has a name?

Miranda

I do not. I'd like to. I'd like to lift the fog
 That clouds my mind in darkness but I cannot.

Prospero

Twelve years Miranda, twelve years
 Since I was the Duke of Milan
 And a prince of power

Miranda

A prince? A Duke?
 Are you not then my father?

Prospero

A man can be many things
 At different times or all at once
 And so I have been a duke, a prince,
 But I always have been and am your father

Miranda

Your words amaze and confuse me
 If you were a prince and I am your child
 Then how did we come her-
 Was it fortune or evil fate
 Which drove us to this island?

Prospero

It was both dear child, it was both.
 And that you are amazed
 Is not to be wondered at.
 It is a foul story
 But foul stories can have good endings
 And if all moves according to my will
 Then the ending of this will please us both.

Miranda

More confusion and amazement!
 That something foul should end in a pleasing manner
 Is beyond my understanding at this moment.
 But if you tell me all
 If you tell me everything
 Then perhaps I will understand and share your confidence.
 So tell me all, tell me everything.
 I am your child and I will listen

Prospero

All complex things have simple beginnings
 And there is no treachery so great
 As that from within your own family
 Yet this is how the story begins.
 Think of two friends -your father and his friend
 For that's what he was and is -Antonio
 Almost a brother which next to yourself
 I loved most in all the world
 And who I made the manager of my affairs
 And lauded him for this
 So that I could devote myself
 To the study of those arts which fascinated me.
 Until gradually, piece by piece and day by day
 I transferred the daily government to his care.
 This was the fault which I committed
 And for this I blame no one but myself.
 Even so, he also played his full part
 And it is that part which I cannot forgive.
 So listen well

Miranda

I'm listening father

Prospero

He quickly learned the arts of politics
 Who to speak to, who to refuse
 Who to grant an audience to
 And who to leaving waiting in the cold corridors.
 Aye, he learned his part to perfection
 And at this I was, at first pleased.
 This granted me ease to study those arts
 I had set my heart upon. It seemed as if
 Two minds became one to rule the state
 But two minds cannot occupy the one crown.
 This is the ancient laws which I forget
 But he did not forget it. O no,
 Not he, not that cunning one
 Who saw in the crown his hearts desire
 And who, I now see, began his plotting from the start.
 Ambition makes a good servant but a bad master
 And I did not see that he was ambitious

But he was, ambition his driving force
 As it burrowed like a worm to the apple's core
 Of his scheming. For by now ambition had become
 His master and he the willing servant.
 I blame myself for my part in this
 But I blame him for his.
 He proved himself false as governor and friend.
 The more I neglected the affairs of state
 The more he neglected justice and all propriety.
 He liked the trappings of power.
 He liked the sovereign rule he was called on to exercise
 And would not let righteousness guide him in this.
 What began as vanity soon turned to evil.
 His ambition grew dark and his mind grew dark.
 Slowly but deliberately he moved
 From covert to outright evil
 And believed himself to be the very office
 He held by my grace.
 All the prerogatives of state
 The wealth and the trappings, the crown and the cowl-
 Yes, he loved them for the power they gave
 Though he was always unequal to it.
 Are you still listening?

Miranda

Yes, I'm listening
 Even though it pains me to do so.

Prospero

My kingdom was my library
 His kingdom was his ambition
 And the two could not rest easy side by side.
 No, he craved more and more and sought to undo
 The one who had given him that position.
 He sided with the King of Naples,
 Offered to give him an annual tribute
 And pay all due homage to his crown.
 To satisfy himself he was prepared
 To see our city drown in slavery.

Miranda

Now I understand your pain

Prospero

Yes, you do -and what do you now think
 Of my friend?

Miranda

What can I think of a deceitful one
 But surprise that he and you should be born
 Of the same human nest. It's as if
 Foulness and beauty both have the same father

Prospero

Well said, well said. But my story must continue.
 There will be time later on to acknowledge
 Your insights and wisdoms. For the moment this story
 Must take priority
 The King of Naples was well pleased with this development.
 He saw a chance to lose an enemy and gain a city
 And so he listened to my friend.

I do not know the exact bargain between them
 Not do I want to know.
 If it enough that one night, one fated night,
 He opened the gates of the city
 And let an enemy army march in.
 And all would have been lost -my life, your life,
 Were it not that friends help us escape the fate
 That had been planned for us. And so we escaped-
 You crying in my arms, I crying in my heart

Miranda

I do not remember crying then
 But I will cry now
 So terrible is the story you are telling me

Prosper

Yet everything happens as everything must.
 The wheel turns, the year delivers her burden.
 All things return to their source and justice,
 Yes, even justice will be appeased.

Miranda

It is a miracle that they did not destroy us
 Why didn't they?

Prospero

Well asked girl, well asked.
 The simple fact of the matter is they dared not
 So great was the love the people bore me.
 They covered their acts with fancy colours
 But what colour but black could have painted our deaths?
 No, they didn't dare and that saved us-
 Just as we were also saved by those few friends left us
 Who put us out to sea on a boat that was so rotten
 Even the rats would not board it.
 However, that's may be as that may be but it saved us.
 Without it who can say what would have become of us.

Miranda

I must have been nothing but trouble for you
 In that condition

Prospero

You were the one thing that saved me!
 You seemed infused with fortitude and hope
 As if Heaven blessed you and your smile.
 That was my one consolation.
 You were my reason for living.
 Nothing you did added to my burdens.

Miranda

Then how did we get to land here?

Prospero

Luck -or heaven's gift -who can say?
 Fortunately we had some water and food
 Which Gonzalo, a noble of our city,
 Had given us. And knowing that I loves my books
 More than my kingdom made sure that they were saved
 And brought to the boat before we departed.
 Gonzalo is a good soul. There should be a reward

For such fidelity and there will be, o yes,
As sure as there will be justice there will also be rewards.

Miranda

I wish I knew that man

Prospero

You will, for we are nearing the end of this sea-sorrow.
We arrived on this island and ever since then
I have nurtured you more than any princess
Was ever nurtured. I have been your school teacher
And you have been my pupil.

Miranda

And I thank you for all that you have thought me
But that does not explain this storm-
What part has this in our sorrow
What power is a work here and to what end?

Prospero

Everything happens as everything must.
Fate allows no loose ends. The year turns
And delivers its burden and fate has turned
Full force on me and brought my enemy
On that ship near to my shore.
I have longed for this
I have waited for this
This is the moment for which I am ready.
All will be shown to you
But for now you must rest.
Sleep nears you and you cannot resist.
Sleep. Sleep. Dreams will take you there

Come; I am ready now,
Approach Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel

Hail master! Great lord!
I come to answer your pleasure
Tell me what that is-
Do you want me to swim or to fly
Just tell me and I'll do your bidding
There is no task I'll not perform for you
Ariel is your servant and all his qualities
Are yours to command

Prospero

Then answer me-
Have you preformed
Exactly as I told you to?

Ariel

To the last detail.
Nothing you commanded me was left undone.
I boarded that ship disguised as fire.
I wasted the masts and the sails
I destroyed every cabin
There was nothing that did not know
The fire that I was.

This is what you wanted. This is what I have done.
 Down to the last detail
 Nothing added and nothing left out.
 Your commands are mine to obey and I obeyed them
 In the way that would make you proud of me.
 Fire and thunder -the sailor's dread.
 Fire and thunder is what I shed.

Prospero

Good, good. That is what I wanted.
 And were there any who were not afraid?

Ariel

Not a soul. Not one. Fire and thunder
 And the raging sea -what heart or reason
 Can hold itself against them?
 Not one on that ship could
 And so one by one they abandoned it.
 Sailors and noblemen fighting to escape
 Into the water so as to swim for shore.
 But even then I did not let up.
 The more the sea raged the more fire I brought
 Until they did not know if they would drown
 Or be burnt to cold ash

Prospero

But that was close to the shore -was it not?

Ariel

Yes, it was close to the shore

Prospero

But are they safe?

Ariel

They are safe, all of them,
 Not a single one died in the flood.
 Some of the sailors are scattered about the island-
 But the others, those who you wanted,
 They are safe and on the shore trying to understand
 Just what has happened to them

Prosper

Excellent!

Ariel

Excellent indeed!
 Nothing has prepared them for this.
 They do not know how to act.
 They have no one to command to serve them.
 They are children without their mothers.

Prospero

And the sailors?
 And the rest of the fleet-
 What has happened to them?

Ariel

As for the sailors of the King's ship
 They are asleep in the hold of that boat
 And the boat itself is hid in a deep harbour.

No one will find it. No one will see it.
 It is safe and protected-
 Both from the waves and from all prying eyes.
 As for the rest of the fleet
 They have regrouped and are now
 Heading once more towards Naples
 Yet all believe that the king's ship
 Has gone down and with it the king himself

Prospero

You have done well
 But there is more to do
 What time is it?

Ariel

It is noon

Prospero

Noon and past it I'd say
 So what remains of this days
 Must be profitably spent

Ariel

Is there more work to do?
 Well if there is I'll do it
 But let me remind you of what you
 Promised you

Prospero

Promised? You dare call on me
 To make a promise to you?

Ariel

But you did. You promised me
 My liberty if I was faithful to you-
 Well, I have been faithful
 I have done what you asked,
 I have preformed every task

Prospero

And you will have your freedom-
 But not just yet.
 I need you to do what must be done.

Ariel

And I have done everything you commanded me
 To do. I have been faithful. I have obeyed.
 I have served you as a good servant should
 And you promised me if I would do this
 That you would set me free

Prospero

Have you forgotten the torment
 From which I freed you?

Ariel

No, I have not forgotten

Prospero

But you have -you have forgotten
 And so you think it a harsh fate

To do as I tell you to do-
 To fly through the air
 Or to do business with the sea.
 You have forgotten much but I,
 I can remind you if you wish

Ariel

No, I have not forgotten

Prospero

But you have -or at least
 Find it convenient to do so.
 Have you forgotten the foul witch Sycorax
 And all her arts and how she imprisoned you?
 Well, have you? Do you remember
 What a slave you were to her?

Ariel

No Sir

Prospero

I think you have, so let me refresh
 Your memory.
 Where was she born -tell me.

Ariel

It Algeria -or so it is said

Prospero

You remember that but seem to have forgotten
 So much. Have you forgotten her terrible power
 And infamous art for which she was banished?
 Have you? Have you forgotten
 What she did to you?
 Do I have to tell it to you all again?

Ariel

No, you do not have to tell it

Prospero

But it seems that I do.
 You seem to have forgotten that she
 was banished here for her crimes.
 They you were her servant and had to do
 Every foul thing that she commanded you to.
 And so she punished you for twelve years.
 Twelve years -have you forgotten them already
 As they turn slowly like a mill wheel?
 It seems you have forgotten much
 Or choose to -but I will help you remember
 Your cries of pain and pleas for help.
 And have you also forgotten
 The one that she begot -that foul and loathsome
 Creature of her schemes?

Ariel

Yes: Caliban her child

Prospero

A dull thing to be sure
 And yet I keep this same Caliban in my service

As I do you -which is why it's best for you
 Not to forget the condition I found you in.
 It was my art that freed you-
 My art and my well set against the spells of the witch
 Or have you grown so ungrateful
 That you have forgotten

Ariel

No, I have not forgotten
 And I thank you again and again

Prospero

Good, you would do well to remember
 If not then I'll give you the same punishment
 For another twelve years

Ariel

Your pardon, Master,
 I will be submissive
 And do as you say

Prospero

Do so for two more days
 And then I will discharge you

Ariel.

That's my noble Master:
 What shall I do? What shall I do?

Prospero

Change yourself into a sea spirit
 That no one but I can see

Ariel

Whatever you say, whatever you say,
 My master will have his day

Prospero

Awake Miranda, awake.
 You have slept well but now you must awake

Miranda

I've fallen asleep. It must be
 The strangeness of your story
 Which did it.

Prospero

Then it's time to wake
 As we have much to do.
 Shake off that sleep
 We must visit Caliban
 Who never greets us with kind words

Miranda.

Caliban is loathsome. I do not like him

Prospero

Perhaps, but we cannot miss him.
 He provides many useful services
 He collects wood and lights our fires
 And does so efficiently. As to his ugliness-
 Who is not ugly to someone else?

Caliban (within)
There's wood enough within

Prospero
Come out. I have other business for you.
Come here
To Ariel
Yes, you look good Ariel.
You know what must be done
So go, do it

Ariel
My Lord, it shall be done.

Exit Ariel

Prospero
Caliban, I called you
So come.

Enter Caliban.

Caliban
A curse on you both
And on all things.
Let everything be as loathsome and foul
As I am to you

Prospero
Be quiet -or I'll plague you
With cramps and pains. I can do this.
You know that I can. I have done so in the past
And will do so again if you are not more civil
To me and mine. So be careful Caliban-
You have your uses but you are not to my liking

Caliban
Small thanks is all I get for all that I
Have done for you. You taught me many things
But I taught you many things also.
When you first came to the island you gave me
The names of the greater and the lesser light
And gave me water and berries to eat.
And I -I showed you the secrets of this island:
The fresh springs and the barren places
And all the places the light does not see
But a curse on you. I am the only subject
You have and you abuse me, keeping me here
In this cave, keeping me from the rest of the island

Prospero
Lying slave and liar again.
I have used you with all human care
In spite of the filth that you are and lodged you
Within my cell until that is
You set your greasy eyes upon my child

Caliban
Greasy eyes and greasy hands-yes

If you had not stopped me
I would have peopled this island with Calibans

Miranda

Abhorrent creature! Nothing of good
Resides in you nor could.
And yet I pitied you. I taught you
How to speak when you moaned like a savage.
That was when you didn't even know your own meaning.
You moaned and groaned but no sensible word
Escaped from your mouth until I taught you.
But that wasn't enough for you. You wanted more
That you could entitled to. Which is why
You are still a prisoner -an ungrateful one
But a prisoner none the less
You deserve nothing less.

Caliban

The only profit I got from all you told me
Was the ability to curse you both.
May the red plague rid you and yours
Of all language

Prospero.

Hag-seed, fetch some fuel
And be quick about it
Or I will make you feel
What only I can make you feel.
If you do not do this
Then I will give you such pain
As the keep the world awake
With your wailing

Caliban

No, not that, I will obey you
Because your art has such power
That makes me unable to resist it.
Yes, I will serve you

Prospero

Then go -and come back quickly

Exit Cal.

Scene III

Enter Ferdinand led by Ariel

Ariel's Song.

Come to these yellow sands
And take my hand.
Kiss the wide wave
And spirits will bear
Your burden.
Wave, wave, on these yellow sands;
Come take my hand.

Ferdinand

Where does this music come from-
Does it come from the air or the earth?
Surely even though it has stopped

It waits upon some god of the island
 Sitting at his leisure.
 This music came to me
 And stilled the waters and my passion
 With its melody-
 So have I followed it
 Or has it drawn me?
 Listen -it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

Five fathoms deep
 Your father lies
 With bones of coral
 And pearls for eyes.
 Nothing fades
 But suffers a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange
 Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Ferdinand

The song sings of my father.
 Surely this is something more
 Than human sound. I seem to hear it
 Everywhere about me.

Prospero. *(to Miranda)*

Use your eyes. Open them full
 And tell me what you see

Miranda

It's a spirit. He must be.
 He is beautiful to look at
 But believe me -he's a spirit

Pro.

No, no spirit but a man
 Who eats and sleeps as I do.
 He's from the shipwreck
 And is stained with grief-
 -Which is a cancer on every beauty-
 You call him a spirit
 You might also call him a good person.
 He has lost his companions
 And searches for them

Miranda

I might call him
 A thing divine
 For I have never seen anything so noble

Prospero.

So all thing work towards the end I foresaw.
 This is good. This is very good.
 You have done well Ariel -in two days
 I'll free you for this

Ferdinand. *(seeing Miranda)*

Goddess these songs are sung to
 Help me.
 Am I to remain upon this island?
 Can you, will you help me?

Tell me what to do and think-
 This is my true request
 But are you a goddess or a woman?

Miranda.

No, I am no goddess
 But certainly a woman

Ferdinand

Language, language, language!
 It fails me now even though I
 Speak the best of it where it is spoken

Prospero

The best? You are the best?
 How would you be the best
 If the king of Milan were to hear you?

Ferdinand.

How strange to hear you speak of Milan-
 My home and kingdom
 Now that my father is dead
 And I inherit his lands and name

Miranda.

I feel your grief

Ferdinand.

And not only my father
 But the King of Naples
 And his retinue

Prospero.

So everything happens as everything must.
 The story unfolds. The book is open.
 Well done Ariel, well done. You have
 Brought him to me and I will reward you.
 And you dear sir -listen to me
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong

Miranda

I never heard my father speak so urgently.
 Why is that? Surely it can't be because of this man
 Who is only the third man that I have seen
 But never have I seen one more beautiful than him.
 If only my father will share my thoughts.

Ferdinand

I share your thoughts.
 If you are not promised
 Or if your affections are not already placed
 I'll make you the Queen of Naples.

Prospero (*to himself*)

So, they are both in each other's power.
 This is moving quickly. Almost too quickly.
 Winning too easily makes the victory a simple thing
 So let's confuse matters a little.
 (*then loudly*)
 So, you have come to this island

But you have come on false pretences.
Your shipwreck was no chance.
It is a plot to rob me of my kingdom.

Ferdinand

No, as I am a man

Miranda.

Listen to him. Nothing foul
Could have such a fair appearance.
Evil cannot live with beauty
And he is beautiful.

Prospero

It's no good arguing on his behalf.
I'll bind his hands and feet together.
I'll give him salt water to drink
And husks to eat. That's what he deserves
And what he deserves he'll get.

Ferdinand

How can I resist?
I want to but I can't.
He has a power I am powerless against

Miranda

Be gentle with him dear father.
He is gentle and not at all fearful.

Prospero

Perhaps -yet I see, as I can,
That his conscious is guilty
So come man, put up your sword
And I'll disarm you. You have no power
To resist or subdue me.
You must do as I say.

Miranda

Father, please listen to me

Prospero

Are you hanging on my coat tails?

Miranda

Have pity on him-he is shipwrecked
I'll vouch for his behaviour.

Prospero

So you have become his advocate?
You are blinded by what you see.
You think him beautiful whereas in reality
He is as ugly as Caliban is to all men
And all men are angles to him

Miranda

My feelings have a humble goal.
I have no ambition to see one more beautiful
Than he is.

Prospero

Obey me in this. You feelings
And your nerves are in their infancy
And have no vigour in them.

Ferdinand

Infancy? I don't care if they are
In their infancy -this is what I want!
I don't care for all my losses
Nor for the fact that I am in this man's power.
Her beauty places me in a prison
And yet that prison is large enough for me.
Let him do what he pleases, I don't care.
I only care that she will care for me.

Prospero (*to himself*)

So the plan works as I knew it would.
So come Ariel, follow me.
There is more to be done

Miranda (*to Ferdinand*)

Don't be alarmed. He is kinder than he
Now seems. I don't know what's gotten into him.
This is so unlike him. His nature is better than this.

Prospero

Yes Ariel, you will be free-
But first you must do exactly as I tell you

Ariel

To the very last syllable

Prospero.

Then follow me
And do not talk on his behalf

They leave

Scene IV

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo

Gonzalo

If you weigh our sorrow
Against our comfort
Then we have much to be thankful for.

Antonio

We have?

Gonzalo

Yes. Why, every day sailors drown
And their wives mourn
Whereas we have survived.

Antonio

Yes, I suppose we have

Gonzalo

Of course we have.
There is that much to be thankful for

Antonio

Perhaps you are right.
And no doubt you are right
And yet...

Gonzalo

And yet.....?

Antonio

This island

Gonzalo

This island which seems to be deserted

Antonio

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible

Gonzalo

And yet.....?

Antonio

There is something about it.
Something I do not like.
I am suspicious of the fate
That brought us here

Gonzalo

Whereas I'm grateful to the fate
That let us escape that wreck
And saved us.

Antonio

Yes, we have escaped one wreck-
But what have we entered into?
Fate is fickle and often malicious.
It saves you from the wave
To preserve you for the rocks.
I know. I've studied its ways.
Fate is double-edged
And what it gives it also takes.

Gonzalo

But look at the island it has given us-
It is green and sweet
And I dare say we could live here
Until we are rescued. Did you not see
The fruits and the plants? Did you not see
The shade that it offered.
All of these are to our advantage
It we will make use of them

Antonio

Everything you say is true-
And it's that which makes me suspicious
Of the intention at work here.

Gonzalo

What intention? Fate is fickle
But has no will. Chance and chance again
Brings us to this place. I say that we
Should make the best of it.

Antonio

Don't you feel it-
 Some subtle will in the air
 That lures us on and on
 Towards the centre of this island?
 Don't you feel it? Or are your senses
 Already deadened by your survival?

Gonzalo

My senses were never more awake
 Than they are now. You only need to see death
 In order to love life all the more.

Antonio

And yet I sense something familiar
 But forgotten. Some disturbance from the past.
 An old malignancy coming to a head
 Like the flood that washed us here.

Gonzalo

I sense nothing but the chance to survive
 Until some ship will rescue us.

Antonio

No, there is something at work here.
 Some hand that shapes our steps and lives
 As if some local god had us in his power.

Gonzalo

The waves have washed your good humour away

Antonio

They have brought with it
 As much as they washed away.

Gonzalo

It has washed away your old self.
 This mood is something new in you
 That I have never seen before.

Antonio

Don't presume to know me in every thought
 And manner. There are many aspects of my life
 That will always be a mystery to you and others.

Gonzalo

I'm making no such presumption.

Antonio

Strange forces guide our lives.
 Hate over-rules the laws of love
 And the heart is a house set against itself.

Gonzalo

This is so unlike you

Antonio

But this is what I am.
 I cannot escape it.
 Ever since that storm washed us here
 I have had to face myself in all the ways

That sensible men avoid.
 This is not of my seeking.
 This is not what I want to face
 And yet, and yet,
 There's no escape from what fate
 Forces you to face and acknowledge
 And I can acknowledge nothing more complex
 Than myself and my history.
 Something familiar yet something forgotten.
 I cannot name nor avoid it.
 Something forgotten, something familiar.
 I do not expect you to feel it as I do
 For whatever god has lured us here
 Has lured us to some purpose only he
 As yet knows. How then can you know it?
 How can you feel the force of hate
 Over-ruling all thoughts of love
 That are common to us all?
 No, there's no escape.
 The play has begun -it began with that storm
 And each act must be played out.
 But to what end? What end? Who can say?
 The play will show us our parts and dialogues.

Gonzalo

You were always wrapped in your secrets.
 No man has ever fully know you or befriended you
 In openness.
 You have your secrets and your ways.
 I do not pretend to understand them.

Antonio

I am as complex and as simple as any man.
 We are each all the parts we make of ourselves
 As the play of our lives directs.

Gonzalo

I have played only one part-
 That of Gonzalo whereas you are Antonio
 In all the ways that you need to be.
 Perhaps that is the difference between us.

Antonio

Perhaps that is due to circumstance?
 Or to destiny? Who can say?
 We are the players that we are
 And perhaps that's the end of it.
 Perhaps its makes no matter which role we play.
 The play is the thing
 And all the rest is make believe.
 Yes, I can believe that -for I have been those things
 Foul and dark to the ways of love.
 And so have you. A different scale perhaps
 But the same story. Familiar and forgotten.
 Old wounds opening again.
 Strange histories coming to life.
 The unresolved meeting the chance to conclude itself
 In ways we cannot foresee.

Enter Ariel (unseen) playing solemn Music

Gonzalo

Perhaps you should rest.
 Perhaps I should rest.
 We are both are very tired.

Antonio

I do not want to sleep-
 I fear what my dreams might bring.

Gonzalo

Perhaps it will bring you some comfort.

Antonio

Or perhaps some horror is lurking there
 To claim me.

Gonzalo

Dreams are only dreams.
 They cannot harm you.

Antonio

How do you know what my dreams contain?
 How do you know what any man's dreams contain?
 There is a darkness in sleep that I fear
 It is total and consuming and I cannot escape it.

Gonzola

I had no idea you were so troubled.

Antonio

Troubled? If only that was the name of my fear
 But I can give it no name. I fear sleep.
 I fear what it will bring. I know what it has brought
 But not what may be waiting for me.
 How then can I sleep.
 How then can I find comfort.
 Old wounds and histories -yes, I fear them
 And what they may be lurking with.

Gonzalo

I do not understand.
 You are king yet you fear the past-
 So what is it that you fear?
 Tell me, I'll root it out into daylight
 And then you can do with it as you like.

Antonio

My past is my cancer.
 I cannot escape it.

Gonzalo

No, tell me what to do and I'll do it.
 I'll rid you of this fear -you'll see.

Antonio

If only you could.

Gonzalo

But I can! You'll see!

Antonio

How simple your world is-
 There is a problem? Then root it out?
 There is a cancer? Then kill it!
 I envy you. You will not believe this
 But I envy you.

Gonzalo

There is nothing and everything to envy.
 You are king and I am the servant-
 This is the way of the world.
 This is the world as I want it.

Antonio

Yes, I envy you. Your simplicity
 Shames me.

Gonzalo

A king should not be ashamed
 And you are king.
 You inherited the kingdom

Antonio

How delicately you put it
 How charmingly innocent history seems
 In your mind.
 The reality however is more complicated than that-
 As you very well know.

Gonzalo

I know what I want to know.
 You are the king and I am the servant
 And that's the way it should be.
 So sleep. I'll guard you.
 No foul thing will challenge you tonight.

Antonio

I fear it and yet I must risk it.

Gonzalo

Sleep, I'll guard you.

Antonio

Do I dare?
 Do I dare risk the darkness again?
 No. I dare not.
 I must not sleep.
 My enemies would know of it
 And take advantage of me.
 I cannot sleep.
 But you Gonzalo, you may-

Ariel plays some music

There! What was that?

Gonzalo

What was what?

Antonio

That music. You must have heard it?

Gonzalo

I heard nothing.

Antonio

But there was music on the wind.

Gonzalo

It was only the wind

Antonio

No, it was music.
Strange and unearthly
But music none the less.

Gonzalo

I heard nothing.

Antonio

But I heard it

Gonzalo

Music?

Antonio

Music -but strangely so.

Gonzalo

But you are so tired-
It was only a deception of the wind

Antonio

No, it wasn't the wind.

Gonzalo

Sleep, you must sleep.
You begin to hear things that aren't there.

Antonio

Then let us move on.
I do not like this place.

Gonzalo

Wherever you go I'll follow

Antonio

But where can we go
That dreams cannot follow-
Tell me that.

Gonzalo

I can only tell you what I know.

Antonio

But I know so much more.

They leave

Scene V

Enter Prospero

Prospero

Now what do you see?
 You see a play and its actors
 And its many parts
 Arriving at a common conclusion.
 What is that conclusion to be?
 Can you see it now?
 Can you suspect the part you will be
 Called on to play?
 That's right.
 You are also part of this play
 And must play your part.
 I am assigning you that role
 And you have no choice.
 Perhaps you are happy
 To be a spectator -but that is not enough.
 You have a part to play
 And play it you will
 As these others also will.
 Watch them as they move
 In the maze I have made.
 Watch them as they dance
 The dance I have outlined.
 We all move to unheard music.
 We are all dancers in the maze.
 Even I who weaves this tale
 Must also move to my given part
 So now what do you see?
 Do you see a man or a Magus?
 Do you see the dancer or the dance?
 Is this music to your liking?
 No matter.
 The dance goes on and all move
 According to the intricate steps
 And I have foreseen all.
 Nothing will occur without my will
 And my will can be ruthless and cunning.
 I have learned much on this island.
 I have waited and watched and am ready.
 The piece move, the music begins,
 And the dance has commenced.
 Then let it be so.
 Let them play their parts
 And let the drams hold you in its claws.
 But do not forget, no, never forget
 That you also are part of the dance.
 You also have a role in my scheme.

Prospero leaves

Scene VI

Enter Caliban

Caliban

A curse on the Magus!
 First the one and then the second
 And then a third and a fourth.
 May he suffer every ill.
 May he know every pain.
 May the sunlight darken for him
 And the moon refuse him light.

No such luck.
 His powers see to that.
 His powers keep me a prisoner
 And so I must serve him,
 Serve him, serve him.
 He is the master
 I am the slave
 That is the way of the world.
 But if he is who he is
 Then I am what I am-
 Caliban of the greasy hands
 Caliban of the greasy thighs
 Caliban of the greasy eyes.

Curse him once and curse him again.
 May he know every ill
 May he know every pain.
 Nothing I do pleases him
 And nothing gains a word of praise.
 Nothing, nothing, brings me ease
 I must work and I must serve.
 Nothing, nothing, brings me peace
 I must work and serve.

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo

And here comes two new spirits of his
 To torment me. I'll lie flat on the ground-
 Perhaps they will not see me.

Antonio

This is a barren place.
 There is neither bush nor tree to shelter in
 From the storm that's gathering.
 It is gathering on the wind.
 Already I hear the first thunder in the distance.
 Soon it will be here.
 Soon we will know its full force.

Gonzalo

Perhaps it won't come.
 Perhaps we'll escape the worst of it.

Antonio

Always the optimist -or are you naive?
 I'm never really sure. The only thing I'm sure of
 Is the wind and the rain;
 All the rest is illusion and supposition.

Gonzola

I can't help it.
 Nature makes me happy in this world
 And shows me the better side of fate.

Antonio

Then yours is a simple fate
 And not for the first time
 I envy you. You see the world in simple terms
 Whereas I see it as plot and counter-plot.

Gonzalo

But you are king.
You see what I cannot.

Antonio

It's what I cannot see
Which disturbs me in this place.
Some force is at work here.
I've felt ever since we arrived on the island-
And even before that
The storm that brought us here-
Who wrought it with a terrible command
And subjected us then and now
To all its expectations?

Gonzalo

I cannot answer you.
You are the king and I am Gonzalo.
That's all I know of the world.

Antonio

Wait -what have we here?
A man or a fish
Or a fish-smelling man
For he smells!

Caliban

Don't hurt me!
Don't hurt me!
Caliban will serve
And Caliban will be good!

Antonio

So he talks as well as smells-
This is a fine condition
To find someone in -but what is he?
A man or a fish or some hybrid
Of the two? We'll ask it and see
What it says.

Gonzalo

Be careful. You do not know
If it has power -that power you fear
On this island

Caliban

Don't hurt me
And I won't hurt you.

Antonio

You see Gonzalo, he is as afraid of us
As we first were of him.

Caliban

Nothing to be afraid of.
Nothing to be afraid.

Antonio

If I were now in England -as I once was,
Then I could make a fortune
From this creature. There they will pay

A large price to see a freak
 But will not give one penny to a beggar.
 But since he speaks, since we are here,
 We must make other plans.
 He is no fish but some islander
 Struck by a thunderbolt! That's it.
 That and no less. Some simpleton who does not know
 The difference between night and day.
 He will amuse us.

Caliban

O I know the difference
 Between the large and smaller light.
 I know words. I know this island
 And can show you a lot of things.
 And if you'll be good to me
 Then I'll be good to you.

Gonzalo

He repels me. I neither like
 Nor trust him.

Antonio

We do not have to like
 And we do not have to trust him.
 Yet he is frightened. That much is plain.
 But of what? Of you? Of me?
 Or of something else which we cannot yet name?

Caliban

Do not torment me
 I'll bring my wood home faster.

Antonio

Home?
 Where is home on this island
 And who is it home to?

Caliban

To the Magus that we all serve.

Antonio

But I do not serve.
 Men serve me.
 I am still a king even though my kingdom
 Seems far away now.

Caliban

We must all serve the Magus.

Antonio

And who is this Magus you speak of?
 Who is he and is he master here of you
 And every creature?

Caliban

He is. Every creature and spirit.
 The seen and the unseen.
 The air and the waves
 The land and the sea
 The darkness and light.

I will not speak his name-
It is a foul name and perhaps he will hear me.

Antonio

Yes, I thought so. In fact I told you so Gonzalo.
There is a force at work here.
Strange powers have been let loose and nothing
Is shapeless or without meaning.
A mind guides our fate -but to what end?
This is something familiar and forgotten to me.
I know it yet cannot give it a name.
Some strange destiny awaits us in this place.

Gonzalo

Do you really think we should listen to him-
After all, he does not talk like a wise man talks.
He rants in gibberish about a Magus
But won't mention his name.
Well, I don't believe him.
He does not have the intelligence to know a Magus
From a fool. He is a fool and only knows a fool's
Account of the world. We should not bother with him
But let him go on his way.

Caliban

Let me go
let me go
Let me go in rain and snow

Antonio

But where is he going-
That's the question.

Gonzalo

Where does any fool go
But to his hovel?

Antonio

No, he is busy with a task to perform-
Not for himself
Then for who?

Caliban

You come to torment me.
You are two of the spirits
The Magus conj ours up to hurt me.
Let me go
Let me go
Let me go in rain and snow

Antonio

Its neither raining nor snowing
So where would you go?

Caliban

To the Magus! To the Magus!
As all must go
Even if it does not rain nor snow.

Antonio

Tell me his name.

I must know his name.

Caliban

No name, no name,
He will hear it and come.

Antonio

His name, his name,
Tel me his name.

Caliban

No name, no name,
He will hear it and come.

Gonzalo

He is a fool with a fool's reasoning.
You will get nothing from him.

Antonio

I will get what I need to get.
And if I do not get a name
I will get some measure of this man.

Gonzalo

From this fool?

Antonio

Even a fool has his own special wisdom.

Gonzalo

Then let us hope that his brain is better
Than his appearance
For he is a frightful creature.

Caliban

I am what I am -as all are.

Antonio

There, I told you.
The creature has more sense
Than he pretends.
He will be useful to us.

Caliban

Caliban will serve
Caliban will be good.

Antonio

Yes, you will serve.
I see that just as I also see
That this meeting is more
Than my fate has prepared me for.

Gonzalo

Be careful. Do not trust him.
He may yet lead us into some trap.

Antonio

I do not trust ever fool I use.
This is a rule all kings follow.

Caliban

Then follow me and I'll bring you
To the Magus. Curse him!

Antonio

Nothing moves without purpose here.
Neither the storm that brought us here
Nor the storm that is approaching.
Some guidance is at work.
Some mind shaping the steps we take.
Surely you must feel this also?

Gonzalo

My fate is always to be directed by others.
This is the common fate of every one
Who serves a king. And so I see in this
Nothing that I have not already known
And nothing that I wish to rebel against.
You are the king, you give the lead.
I will, as I always have in the past,
Follow where you tell me to go.

Antonio

I am a king to you
Yet on the island
All that counts for nothing.
Some greater will than my own
Moves us according to its plan-
But what is that plan?
Who can say?
I cannot say. You cannot say.
And even this creature can tell us nothing
That we do not already know.
Yet something familiar, something forgotten,
Stirs in my mind though I can give it no name.
Forgotten yes, but I suspect un-avenged.
Something festering underground in a malignant will.

Gonzalo

Then maybe we should kill this creature
And have done with him?

Caliban

No! no! no!
Caliban will serve
Caliban will be good
Caliban will do everything that he should!

Antonio

No, we will not kill
What we can use.
Death is not always the answer
To every problem.

Gonzalo

And the problem is?

Antonio

To remember. To recall.
To give a name to nameless things
And be the master of this place.

Gonzalo

That is beyond me.
I have no such skill.

Caliban

No, don't kill, don't kill.
Caliban will serve, he will, he will.

Antonio

And how will you serve?
In what way will you be of us to us.

Caliban

I know this place.
Every stone and pool.
Every pathway through the bushes
Every cave that blocs out the moon.
I can take you to him -if you like.
Or I can hide you somewhere else.
You only have to say what you want
And Caliban will serve you.

Antonio

Yes, he may be useful.

Gonzalo

But he serves the Magus-
How do you know this is not some treachery
On his part?

Antonio

It may be, it may well be.
We will kept our wits about us
So don't we don't loose them
And so much more.

Gonzalo

Very well creature.
I won't kill you.
At least not yet I won't.
But one false move.
One false step
And I'll hang you out to dry
Like a ragged piece of cloth.

Caliban

Caliban will serve
Caliban will be good
Caliban will do everything that he should.

Antonio

So we move -but towards what?
The forces of this place
Are on the move and all moves towards
Some far-off resolution.
Why then do I fear it?
I don't know.
There is something here I don't want to know.
Something familiar but something forgotten.
Something out of a the past that's unresolved.

More than that I can't say
 Though there is a lot more that I could say.
 I'm king -but king of what?
 A servant and a freak
 And my kingdom is this island.
 Well the, if I can be king of nothing else
 I'll be king of this.
 The bushes and trees will obey me.
 The wind will be my servant.
 Yes, king, and always was meant to be
 No matter what circumstances shaped themselves
 Around me.
 O yes, I too have played several parts in the play
 And have been many things so that I could be
 This one thing -king, of Naples and wherever
 Of this island if nothing else is left to me
 So let the creature lead us on.
 I do not have to trust him to use him.
 I'll use him and then fate will decide his fate.
 It has done so with me.
 It will do so with him.
 And the devil take the Magus of this place.

Scene VII

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Ferdinand

It's strange, isn't it,
 How something's change with circumstance
 And how something which begins in misery
 Often leads to the best results.
 It's love that does it of course.
 Love and nothing else.
 Take this task -these logs that I must gather
 And pile up. If I had to do this for any one
 Or any other thing other than the one I love
 Then it would be the worst of chores.
 Whereas as, because she has asked me to do this,
 It becomes a pleasure to fall in with her will
 And do what she asks me to do.
 Her father is composed of harshness but she matches this
 With all the gentleness that is hers
 And so this task becomes a pleasant thing to do.
 Yes, I would do it till doomsday
 If she wanted me to and then do it for a day longer.
 Yes, love makes light of heavy matters
 And so I don't mind being called on to do this.
 Anything done for her sake become a blessing to my heart

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Miranda

Enough! You have done more than enough!
 I wish the lightning had burned up these logs
 Rather than see you life them from place to place.
 Rest, take a pause. My father is busy with his thoughts
 And will not notice what you do.

Ferdinand

But I do this for your sake

Miranda

Then for my sake stop it.
Enough has been done.
There is nothing more than needs to be done.

Ferdinand

Everything needs to be done for you.
I'd shift the stars themselves
If that's what you wanted me to do!

Miranda

But I don't want you to.
I want you to rest. Sit down.
I'll move the logs so that you can rest

Ferdinand

You'll shift the logs? Never!
I'd rather break my back at this work
Then to sit idly by while you do the work
That was given me to do.

Miranda

If you can do it then so can I.
I'm your equal in this and don't forget it.
If you must work then I will work
And I won't stop until you will.

Prospero (aside)

Poor worm, you are infected
As he is with the sickness of love

Miranda

You look tired.

Ferdinand

No, I'm not tired, that's the effect you have on me.
You change the night into the day
And the darkness into the light -why then
Should this work be repugnant to me.

Miranda

And you are willing to do this for me?

Ferdinand

This and ever other things that's needed.

Miranda

Then why do I feel
That something else is needed?

Ferdinand

The only think I need is your name.

Miranda

Miranda, Miranda is my name
Even though my father told me
Not to tell you.

Ferdinand

Sweet name, sweet woman.
 From now on there is no other name
 That I want to hear.
 I have listened to too many names in the past.
 I have been busy when I should have been still
 And my stillness served nothing profitable.
 You could call me a rake and not be far off the mark.
 Even so, or maybe just because of it?,
 I'll be a rake no longer.
 I'll be true to you. I'll be faithful to you-
 You, the fairest of all women.

Miranda

The fairest of all women?
 I do not know if I am that
 For I do not remember any woman
 To compare myself with.
 I have nothing but imagination to place myself against
 And I don't know if the result is pleasing or not.
 But you tell me I am beautiful
 And you know so much more than me
 So I suppose you must be right.
 Yet it's strange to think of yourself as beautiful
 If you don't know what beautiful is.

Ferdinand

Yes, you are beautiful, believe me,
 And I? -I am not the worst of men.
 The moment I saw you I stopped breathing-
 Yes, love does that, it strikes you and takes
 Your breath away. And so for better or worse
 You have me as I am.
 All that I am and all I have been are now yours.

Miranda

You mean you love me?

Ferdinand

Let heaven itself listen as I repeat
 I love you, I love you, I love you.
 Any words less than these will not do.
 These words tell you everything
 You need to know.
 Listen to them. Listen with your heart.
 You know they are true.
 I love, prize, and honour you.

Miranda

I would be a fool to listen to anything else
 Or anyone else -no matter what they might say.

Prospero (*aside*)

A good encounter. This is better than I foresaw
 Yet I cannot be displeased with it.

Ferdinand

You listen to me yet are troubled-
 What's the matter?

Miranda

This is all so new and shocking to me.

Feelings I never knew I had
 Have been unloosed
 Even so I want more. -what do you say-
 Am I to be your mistress or your wife?
 I know, I should be demure and wait for you to ask
 But I can wait no longer.
 And why should I be demure?
 What law must I obey that is foreign to my soul?
 So answer me.
 I'll accept what you say but follow you none the less.
 In this, as in all things, I'm yours

Ferdinand

I can give you no better name than wife

Miranda

And you my husband

Ferdinand

Never was I more willing.
 Never was I so sure of what to do.
 Here, take my hand

Miranda

And take mine
 And take with it the heart that loves you
 Without shale or caution.

They kiss

Miranda

I love your name

Ferdinand

That name is not good enough for you.

Miranda

No, that is the name I want
 I want no other.

They leave

Prospero

All this was in my planning
 And so it will also work to the end
 I have set in motion with this storm.
 My enemy draws near
 But he does not know this.
 He does not know what waits for him here.
 I am both familiar and forgotten to him
 But he will remember-
 Epically when he see's what I have waiting for him

Scene VIII

Enter Caliban

Caliban

Caliban this
 Caliban that
 Always the servant
 Never the master.

Caliban, Caliban
 Come out to play
 The master's not at home.

Hurry up masters,
 Hurry up!

He sees the audience and turns to them

So, what do you see
 When you see me?
 Do you see a man
 Or a monster?
 You don't have to answer.
 I can see the answer in your eyes
 And the way you recoil from me.
 That's nothing new.
 I'm used to that.
 After all, I am Caliban
 The witch's son-
 A child of the foul some dark.

Antonio (*off stage*)
 Caliban, caliban
 Where are you?

Caliban
 Here master, here!
 Follow me
 (*then to the audience*)
 Yes, let the fool follow
 I'll lead him where I want him to be.
 So who is the fool
 And who is the master-
 Tell me that.

Tell me what you see
 And I'll tell you what I see.
 I see chaos and destruction.
 I see revenge and hate.
 Yes, I know Prospero's plan.
 I can read into his mind
 And see what he is planning.
 He doesn't know this.
 He thinks me a simple fool-
 Well, that's the part I play
 And what part do you play?
 Are you the fool or the master
 And which of us is master here?
 Answer me that if you can
 If you are still sitting comfortably
 In your seats that is.

But your not.
 Your turning and squeamish
 At the sight of me-
 I disgust you, I know that,
 But consider this-
 Which one of you, Prospero included,
 Does not carry a part of Caliban
 In his heart?

That's right -
 I am you and you are me
 And there is no escaping the fact.
 So squirm for all your worth-
 I don't care.
 I am what I am and so are you
 And we are so very alike.

I also plot
 I also scheme
 I have no power but I have my wits
 And these two witless fools
 Will serve the end I want.
 So think of me as you like.
 Call me the darkness itself
 And I won't care.
 Call me ugly and I won't care.
 Despise and disown me
 For all you are worth
 But I am what I am what I am.

Antonio

Caliban, Caliban,
 Where are you?
 Show yourself

Caliban

Here my good master-
 Here

Let him moan and roar-
 What do I care?
 I have my plans
 And he will play his part.
 O, I'll play mine to the full
 You can be sure of that
 But the fool will follow
 The footsteps I lay out for him.
 Him and his fool-
 So who is the fool?
 The one who plays the king
 Or the one who plays the fool?
 What do you think?
 What do you see when you see me?
 Tell me your story
 And I'll tell you mine
 And mine is the better story.

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo, breathless

Antonio

Who were you talking to just now?
 I heard you as we approached.

Caliban

To myself good master
 Who else but to myself.

Gonzalo

A fool has only himself

To talk to.

Caliban

Talk to myself
Talk to myself
What do I do
But talk to myself.

Antonio

And perhaps too much talk.
What were you saying -
To yourself that is?

Caliban

I cursed the Magus
Who I must serve
When I would rather serve you.

Antonio

So you are a servant
Who would change masters
As quickly as I might change a shirt.

Caliban

I'll serve you well
I'll serve you good
Caliban will do everything he should.

Gonzalo

Leave him be.
He makes no sense.

Antonio

O he makes sense all right.
Between the babbling and the rhyme
Lies his true intention.

Gonzalo

And his true intention is?

Caliban

To serve you
To serve you.

Antonio

Such willingness!

Caliban

For you. For you.

Antonio

You hear that Gonzalo.
I am less than a day on this island
And already I have found a willing servant.

Gonzalo

He repels me.
There is something more foul
Than his appearance in his heart.
It is a black heart.
He has black intentions.

You should not trust him.

Antonio

Who ever said I trusted him?
The creature is repulsive-
I'll grant you that
But even so, he may be useful to us.

Gonzalo

In what way?

Antonio

He can tell us a lot about this island.
He can tell us of the Magus who rules here.
Such facts are always useful when you travel
In a strange country.

Caliban

Yes I can
Yes I can
I will do what only I can

Antonio

And this is a strange country.
This island is full of comfortless noises
And something stirs in the undergrowth.
A mind is at work here.
That mind has brought us here -and for a purpose.
I need to know what that purpose is.
I need to arm myself against it.

Gonzalo

If only I hadn't lost my sword!

Antonio

It doesn't matter.
Weapons will be useless here.
Only the weapon of a sharp mind will guide
Us to the core of this maze.

Gonzalo

And we must trust this creature?

Antonio

Trust him? Never.
We will however use him
In any way that suits us
And for the moment it suits me
To listen to him.

Caliban

Be a good master
And I'll be your servant.

Antonio

You see how willing he is?
You see how he goads us on and on
Towards the magician's cave.
We each have our purpose
And he has his so I don't trust him.
Even so, he is, as I say, useful.

Gonzalo

And what is his purpose?
What does he want?

Caliban

Be a good master
And I'll be your servant.

Antonio

That's the question Gonzalo,
That's the question.
O, he won't answer that.
Not by a long shot he won't
But there are other ways to come
To the heart of the matter.
Listen and learn
Listen and learn
And don't make hasty decisions.
Between his babbling and his rhyme
Lies his true intention.
It is this that I need to know.

Caliban

Caliban will tell all.
Caliban will tell what he knows.
Only don't drive him out
In the rain and the snow.

Antonio

So, you will tell all will you?
Then tell me -where can we find
The Magus you talk about.

Caliban

He is near, he is near.
Not far now, not far.

Antonio

Near and not far-
You have been saying that
Since we met you
So say it again
Only this time be more specific.

Caliban

Over the hill, over the hill
There the Magus works his will.

Antonio

And who is he-
What's his name?

Caliban

Mustn't say, mustn't say.

Antonio

So you won't say his name.

Caliban

Can't say, won't say.

Can't say, won't say.

Gonzalo

Can't and won't are bad answers.
We want more than that.

Caliban

Kill the Magus, yes, kill him.
Take what he has and be him.

Antonio

I told you Gonzalo-
Listen and learn
And this is what he wants us to do.
To kill the Magus and become the master
Of this island. And who knows,
Take on his powers as well.

Caliban

Be him! Be him! Kill and kill!
Then Caliban will do your will!

Antonio

How eager he is.

Caliban

Then I'll serve you in all things
Caliban will obey your will.

Gonzalo

Don't listen to him-
It's the babblings of a fool.

Antonio

Yet even a fool can say a wise thing
At the right moment.

Gonzalo

And this is such a moment?

Antonio

It may very well be.
It may very well be.
Some clock is ticking towards an hour
That cannot be avoided.
Matters take their own course
Like the stream we passed an hour ago.
Perhaps I was meant for this.
Perhaps this is the start of some fateful destiny.
After all -I am a king
And if I cannot be in Milan
Then I will be king of the waves and the wind.

Caliban

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Antonio

Fate brought us here.
You surely don't think
That the storm was accidental
And nothing but pure chance do you?
Nothing of the sort.

Even the tide conspired to bring me here
 So why should I reject it?
 No, this is the moment
 I have always been growing towards.
 This is the fate that I cannot escape.
 And so I will grasp it and use whatever I can
 To reach the foretold end.
 For somewhere this end has been foretold.
 Some book has my name on its pages.
 This is a fate that cannot be escaped
 And I do not want to escape it.

Caliban

Yes, good master! Yes!

Antonio

I was always destined to be king.
 I allowed nothing to stand in my way before
 And I will not allow it now.
 A Magus and his spirits are nothing new to me.
 I have met them before
 And will meet them again.
 I have nothing to fear -not even the fear of failing
 For I will not fail.
 No, I am king and was meant to be
 But in the past and the present.

Gonzalo

No man was more so

Caliban

King! King! You will be king!

Antonio

So tell me, who is this Magus

Caliban

I told you. I am subject to a tyrant
 Who by his cunning
 Robbed me of my island.

Antonio

And his name?

Caliban

Mustn't say, mustn't say.
 All good things will blow away

Antonio

Names do not matter.
 He could be called a thousand things
 And I wouldn't care.
 I can change my name as often as I change
 My cloths. So can any man.
 Names? They mean nothing.
 It's the reality behind them that counts
 And I know my own reality
 And will soon know that of my enemy.
 For he is my enemy. That much is certain.
 We have not met yet we are enemies.
 That is the way of things in this world.

Caliban

Excellent master!
You have said a wise thing.

Antonio

Your flattery is becoming tiresome.

Caliban

Caliban only tries to please.
Caliban only tries to please.

Antonio

Then you can please me
By bringing me face to face with him.

Caliban

This I'll do and then you
Can drive a nail through his head.

Antonio

That's my intention

Caliban

Then you will be king
And I will serve
And all things will do your will.

Antonio

Then do my will now
And bring me to him.

Caliban

I'll bring you to him when he is asleep
Then you can do what must be done.

Antonio

I'll do as I see fit.
Am I not king?
Do I not have a king's prerogative?
Don't tell me what to do.
I'll decide my own fate.

Caliban

Only to help, only to help
Caliban only wants to help

Antonio

Then tell me what I need to know

Caliban

I'll bring you to him
When he is asleep. This is best.
Then you can take his books and burn them.
Remember to do this. This is important.
Without those books he is nothing but
A hollow man on a hollow shore.
Then nail him, crush him, kill him.
Do this and the island is yours-
As all things will be, as I will be,
As his beautiful daughter will be

Antonio

He has a daughter?

Caliban

Beautiful one, beautiful one,
Her beauty it outdoes the sun.

Antonio

So, there is a girl involved in this business.

Caliban

And she will be yours

Antonio

This gets even better.
To make all the things of my enemy
My own. Yes, I like that.
It has, how shall I say,
A pleasing symmetry.

Caliban

Don't be afraid
I'll guide you there
And guide your hand if you want me to.
I'm your servant. The best you could have.
Caliban does what Caliban says.

Antonio

Then what do you think Gonzalo?
Will we go on?
Will we do this thing and take this island
For myself?

Gonzalo

Whatever you say I'll do.
You are the king
I am Gonzalo.
Such is the way of the world.

Antonio

Very well then Caliban.
Bring me to the wizard
So that I can do what must be done.

Caliban

Then follow, follow, follow me.
Caliban does what Caliban says
And Caliban will lead the way.

They leave

Scene IX

Enter Miranda

Miranda

Is it foolishness to believe
That love can be so wonderful?
This is all so new for me
That I have nothing to compare it with
So what will I compare it to?
I don't know. Even the word 'love'

Is strange to me yet I feel it deeply
 For Ferdinand. Ferdinand, Ferdinand,
 Yes, the name please me and I have every reason
 To be pleased.
 Even so -is it foolishness
 Or is foolishness inherent in every lover?
 Perhaps. I don't know.
 I have never known love so how can I say
 What is natural or strange?
 I can't and that annoys me.
 Why shouldn't I know exactly what I feel
 And know its role in the world.
 Love must have some role that is more
 Than the lovers involved in its foolishness.
 Perhaps somewhere it is a forbidden thing?
 Perhaps this love compensates the world
 For those places where no love exists?
 Perhaps there are those denied all love?
 Who can say?
 I know so little of the world and my world
 Is now Ferdinand.
 So I don't care if it's foolishness or not.
 Why should I care? Why should I not be foolish?
 This love is splendid and lights the heaviness
 Of my life.
 Yes, loneliness is a heavy thing-
 And I was lonely.
 My father is not lonely.
 He has his books and his plans and I know
 So little about that.
 I love him but not as I love Ferdinand.
 Ferdinand gives to me what no father can.
 My father is my father and I'm pleased with that
 But I'm more pleased with Ferdinand
 So who cares what foolishness
 Is ringing in my heart.
 Ferdinand, Ferdinand, Ferdinand-
 All the world is Ferdinand
 And Ferdinand is my world.

Enter Prospero and Ferdinand

Prospero

It seems I may have wronged you.
 I gave you hard work to do
 Believing that you would not do it
 But you have done it to perfection.
 It seems that you are a better man
 Than I first took you for.
 Miranda was the better judge
 And she has judged wisely.
 Yes, I tested you to see if love
 Was more than just a passing flame
 Of lust and desire and you -
 You have passed every test.
 And why did I test you?
 You must understand that it is not easy for me
 To part with my beloved daughter.
 She is more than half my life.
 I gave her life and so wish for her
 The best that life has to offer.

And you are the best. I see that now.
 So do not think it strange
 Or merely a father's passing whim
 That I should praise her.
 She is worth every praise that I might make.
 So take her. Cherish her.
 Let love guide your actions and your thoughts
 And may you always be
 What she desires you to be.

Ferdinand

My desire is the same as your own.
 And as for the tasks you gave me to perform-
 I understand just why you did so.
 What father would not test the one
 Who says he loves her?
 I expected no less from you
 And was glad to do what I have done

Prospero

Your words, as well as your actions,
 Show me the type of man you are.
 I am pleased with you and think that you
 Will make a good husband for her.
 And so I wish you both long life
 And that is no small thing to wish for.
 Long life -yes, but a long life blessed
 By happiness. I will do what I can to help you
 But the burden for this falls on your shoulders
 And you must bear it well.

Ferdinand

I will. I ask for nothing
 More nor less than this.
 I love her. You know I do.
 This is no passing fancy of mine
 But love that will abide whatever tempests
 The rule of life will throw at us.
 You have much wisdom, I see that,
 And so I will listen to whatever
 You have to say.

Prospero

Well said. Sit then and talk with her.
 She is yours and I could no greater gift
 Than here.

Ferdinand and Miranda move away a little to talk

Ariel, come to me
 I have need of you

Enter Ariel

Ariel

And what is it that you
 Want me to do for you?

Prospero

Your service is nearing its end
 And yet I want you to perform
 One more thing for me.

Ariel

Tell me, tell me
And it will be done.

Prospero

Go quickly and make sure
That Caliban nears this place.
Lead him on.
Do not let him falter.
He must bring my enemy to me
For I have waited long enough

Ariel

I will go at once

Prospero

Go -and return just as quickly

Ariel

Before you can say come and go
Or breath three time and say 'so'
I will have done all you ask of me
No matter what wind may blow

Prospero

Then do not delay.
Matters are approaching
The crucial moment.
Nothing must be delayed.
All is set in motion
And the dance must begin.

Ariel leaves

Prospero

Motion and dance-
Footsteps near this cave
Nothing will outlast the day
Except what I save.

Motion and dance-
I turn the wheel;
Let the dance begin
Let the dance begin

Soft music begins to play off stage

Prospero

Come my spirits -please me.
Dance and I will dance with you
Sing and I will sing also.

He extends his hands as if performing a spell

Dance! Dance! Dance!
All will be well-
Justice at last enters my life

He see's the spirits dancing and begins to choreograph their steps

Yes, dance child, dance.
 All turns as the wheel turns
 Love is the flame that burns in Ferdinand's heart
 Hate and revenge burn in mine.

He turns and turns as if joining in the dance

(to the audience)
 so, what do you see?
 Do you see a man dancing
 As if the dance was everything
 Though you cannot see the dance as it turns.
 So what do you see?
 Do you see empty air
 Where I see the spirits dancing
 And do you see useless steps
 Where I see intricate motion?
 Tell me what you see and I'll tell you
 What I see.

He sways to the left and the right

Join with me -if you dare.
 If you also see the spirits
 Then join with me in this dance
 For everything happens as everything must
 And everything happens before you eyes.
 So, can you see the spirits?
 Can you see my servants and companions?
 Or are you like Antonio
 Who does not see the familiar
 But forgotten the fate he must now face?
 Tell me what you see
 And I'll tell you what I see.

He turns and extends his arms as if clasping unseen hands and begins to dance

So what do you see-
 A foolish man dancing
 With unseen spirits
 Or a Magus at the art of making?
 Everything depends on what you see
 So what do you see when you see me?
 What am I to you-
 A foolish figure or a figure of fear?
 Tell me, tell me,
 And I'll tell you what I see.

I see the spirits dancing to my command.
 The blessed one of music and air do as I please
 And this dance pleases me
 So see them-
 They are before your eyes
 You only needs eyes to see them

The music begins to fade

Ferdinand

What has gotten into your father-
 He is behaving so strangely

Miranda

I can't say.
 Something has taken hold of him
 And won't let go

Prospero

Nothing is strange and everything is strange
 So don't be dismayed-
 All will be shown at the proper time.
 For this actors are no more than spirits
 And at this command they disappear into the air
(he claps his hands: the music stops)
 you see -it was only a dream
 for we are the stuff of dreams
 and after that a long sleep takes all into
 the dark night.
 All ends, the pageant fades, the music stops.
 So bear with me.
 Matters are nearing their end.
 The dance has stopped and motion has ceased
 And all is ready for what must be done.
 Think of it as the whim of an old man
 If you need to think of it at all.
 Think of it as a play nearing its conclusion
 Though all the actors are not yet on stage.

Miranda

Father, you trouble me.

Prospero

Don't be troubled.
 Everything happens as everything must.

Ferdinand

I wish you peace and rest.

Prospero

Then leave me to my thoughts.
 My mind is moving over murky waters
 But soon clarity will come
(then quietly)
 Come Ariel, come to me
 And answer my command.

Enter Ariel

Ariel

You called me Master?

Prospero

Yes. We must prepare to meet
 With Caliban and his friends.

Ariel

And they are near.
 Very near.

Prospero

And you have prepared them?

Ariel

Just as you commanded.

Prospero

Good. Good.

Ariel

Yes, they are near.
 I led them by the worst of ways-
 Through every thorn bush
 And every filthy pool that there is to find
 On this island.
 They are none the better for their walk
 And only the worst has been given them.

Prospero

They deserve nothing less

Ariel

And they have gotten much more.
 I placed every difficulty I could
 In their path.
 I blocked off all the easy ways
 And led them in a dance by the worst route.
 They are near -o yes, they are near
 But they do not know that
 No more than they know what awaits them.

Prospero

You have done well
 Which is what I have come to expect
 Of you.
 You will have your reward.

Ariel

Good master.
 Kind master.

Prospero

However you are to remain invisible
 To all except me.
 I may have need of you yet
 For I can hear their voices
 Through the under-growth.
 Everything happens as everything must
 And I have waited long enough for this moment

Scene X

Enter Caliban

Caliban

(aloud)
 Hurry up -mustn't wait
 Caliban is at the gate.
(then to himself)
 The fools!
 They don't see him
 But I see him-
 Ariel, the magician's spirit.
 I see how he leads us on
 By the worst of routes
 To the cave.

I don't care.
 I never have before
 And I won't start now.

Antonio (*off stage*)
 Caliban, O Caliban

Caliban
 Just listen to him-
 A fool who does not know
 What waits for him
 But I know.
 I know the magician's strength,
 I know the magician's ways
 And this is the moment I have been waiting for.
 O yes, long planning and long thought-
 I've given both to it
 And these fools suit my purpose.
 They think I'm the fool of this trio
 But I'll be master here.
 Yes, I will.
 Master and not the servant.
 I can also plot.
 I can also scheme.

So now what do you see?
 You see a monster and a Magus
 And some lesser characters of this play.
 O yes, I'm one of the main actors
 In spite of what you might think.
 I'm not the simple fool I appear to be.
 I am the one who will set the end in motion.

So see this as it is
 Not as this seems to be.
 I am Caliban but I can be who I want to be.
 I also can be the king and the twenty four nobles
 Of France if I so choose to be.
 I am what I am
 And can be what I want.
 And so, a little more plotting
 A little more skill
 And this island will be mine.
 I'll be the king and they my servants.
 So who is the fool here -they or I,
 Don't answer.
 I don't care what your answer will be.
 I have my plans
 I have my schemes
 And I will be the winner here.

Antonio(*off stage*)
 Caliban, caliban?

Caliban
 Here master, here.
 Hurry up -mustn't wait
 Caliban is at the gate.

Yes, I'm at the gate

And the waiting is over.
 There is only the last act
 And that is about to begin
 So pay attention.
 You also will be caught in my snare.
 You also will serve me.
 And there is nothing you can do about it.
 I've plotted and schemed,
 I've waited and waited
 And waiting is now at an end.
 So watch me now perform the act
 That will expose me as the king-
 The one you must all obey.
 Caliban, king of this island
 And the Magus my prisoner at last.

He leaves

Scene XI

Enter Prospero (in his Magic robes) and Ariel

Prospero

My project gathers to its head.
 Everything is ready.
 All has been prepared.
 All spirits obey me
 And time is at my command.

Ariel

As I am good master.

Prospero

Yes, you are faithful
 And will have the freedom
 I promised you-
 But be patient.
 Just a little while yet
 And all will be resolved.
 So tell me-
 Where is Caliban and his conspirators now?

Ariel

Exactly where you want them to be-
 In the mud and the mire, confined together,
 And nearing your Cell.
 They don't know it but they are prisoners
 Of your will -as I am, but more kindly so
 Than they can ever know.
 And why should they know it?
 They do not wish you well.
 They do not come with good intentions.
 No, their minds are set on other thought
 And yet, and yet, to see them in the mud,
 To see them in their confusion
 Almost makes me sorrowful -as it would you
 If you saw them.

Prospero

I see them
 But am not sorrowful.

Ariel

I can't help it.
 I feel sorrow for them
 In the face of my own freedom.
 And if you saw them Master
 You would take pity on them.

Prospero

Pity? You talk of pity?
 I have bound up my heart
 So as not to feel pity for anything
 That does not share my state and sad condition.
 Where was the pity when I was ousted?
 Where was the pity when I was exiled?
 No, let there be no talk or sorrow or pity-
 I have a thing to accomplish
 And I will accomplish it.

Ariel

Every living thing knows sorrow and grief-
 It is the way of the world.

Prospero

I have, long ago, renounced all those ways.
 Knowledge is a lonely profession
 Yet hate has kept me company.
 What do I care for the sorrows of the world
 Or the afflictions of men?
 Men are nothing to me.
 Their sorrows mean even less.
 Who sorrowed with me in my condition?
 Who extended a helping hand?
 No one.
 No one wept, no one helped.
 That is the way of the world
 And that is the way I will follow.
 So lead them on my Ariel, lead them on.
 Play that music they must obey
 And bring them to me
 For I can wait no longer.

*Ariel begins to play on the flute
 enter Gonzalo and Antonio and Caliban*

Caliban

Devil's music but I can't resist it.
 Prospero is working his magic again.
 Well, if I can't resist it neither can they
 And that's the point of this business.

Prospero

Yes my good Ariel, lead them on,
 Lead them on.
 Your music charms their steps
 But that charm is their prison.
 Now they are entering it.
 Now they are held in that spell
 Which through you I have woven.

Caliban

Curse the devil and his music

Curse all music and delight.
 Curse the sun that shines at noon
 And curse the moon that shines at night.

Prospero

That's right Ariel, lead them on.
 They are caught in a dance they can't resist
 And that is the way that I want them.

Antonio

Something strange is at work here.
 That music -what is it and who plays it?
 It is something familiar and something forgotten.

Gonzalo

Careful. There is a power in this place
 That I do not trust. Be careful Caliban
 Or I will deal with you.

Caliban

Caliban does what Caliban says
 And leads you in the best of ways.

Prospero

Just look at them-
 Caught in a net a music.
 This pleases me.
 Let the dance begin.

Caliban

We are near now, very near.
 You must be cautious here
 For the Magus has many powers
 That even I know nothing of.

Antonio

Perhaps, perhaps.
 And yet to be king of this island
 If I can be king of nowhere else
 Then I will be master of this miserable place.
 I will accept nothing less.

Prospero

Draw them on good Ariel
 Draw them on.
 They are almost within the circle
 Of my design.

Gonzalo

Careful my king, careful.
 I seem to hear a voice
 In the distance
 And I do not trust it.

Antonio

I hear it also
 Yet I will risk everything.
 To be king is no small matter
 Even if only of this island.

Caliban

It is the Magus that you hear-
I told you, we are near.

Prospero

Come my spiders, come,
For I weave the net of your undoing.
You cannot resist even if you wanted to
But Antonio, I know you, you do not want to.
To be king is everything for you.
You risked everything for it before
And you will risk it again.
Yes, I can read your heart.
I don't need my powers to see your greed
And longing for a crown.
You were always like that.
You are Antonio and Antonio is,
Shall we say, greedy.

Gonzalo

I'm fearful for you Antonio.
Something is at work here
Which I do not trust.

Antonio

But I am not fearful.
That is the difference between us.
That is the difference between
A king and his servant.

Gonzalo

This difference between us
Is more than you know.
I know you are king-
But do you know who Gonzalo is?

Antonio

This is no time for riddles.
Keep your wits about you.
The Magus is near.

Prospero (*in a commanding voice*)

Yes, I am near.
Look! And see me!

Antonio

You! Old enemy!

Prospero

Yes, your enemy before
And your enemy now.
I am the forgotten and the familiar
And everything happens as everything must.

Antonio

You are, perhaps, familiar to yourself
But you are forgotten by everyone else.

Prospero

But you have not forgotten me.

Antonio

You were the easiest thing to forget.
Even your name has become strange to me.

Prospero

Strange -and yet you are in my power
Not I in yours.

Antonio

Still up to your magic tricks?
That was always your passion.

Prospero

A passion that I am putting to good use.

Antonio

Use over what?
A invisible flute player
And a deformed servant.

Prospero

Yet this is what you lust
In coming here.
Yes Antonio, I can still read your heart
And I don't need magic to do so.

Antonio

I took away your kingdom once
I can do so again.

Prospero

You can take nothing-
Not even another step
Without my permission

Antonio

Why you-
(*he attempts to move forward but cannot*)

Prospero

Who now has the power
And the authority of a king-
You who wear the crown
Or I who wield the power.

Gonzalo

Let me-
(*attempts to move but cannot*)

Prospero

So, you are still the servant
Of a master who does not know
What you are worth?

Gonzalo

Do not hurt the king-
I implore you.

Prospero (to Antonio)

If only you knew what I know.

If only you knew this servants worth
 But you do not know that.
 You know nothing but greed and the lust for power.
 It blinds you to all reality.
 It blinds you to even the most obvious facts.

Antonio

Trickery! Trickery!
 That was always your favourite pastime.
 Children's games, that's what they are.
 Pastimes for children
 Who do not know the ways of the world.

Prospero

And yet you are in my world-
 Not I in yours.

Gonzalo

Do not harm the king
 I implore you.
 Take me instead.
 Wreck whatever revenge you planned
 On me but leave the king unharmed.

Prospero

If only you knew what I know.
 If only you saw what was under your nose.

Antonio

You expect me to be concerned
 With the fate of a servant.

Gonzalo

A servant who would be mistress.

Antonio

What? Do I believe what I hear?

Prospero

You hear it but do not understand.

Antonio

This is more of your trickery.
 You put those words into the mouth of Gonzalo.

Prospero

The trickery is not mine.
 You are deceived by what you see
 And by what you do not.

Antonio

I see a fool playing the king

Prospero

And I see a king playing the fool.

Gonzalo

Torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Lives here. If only some heavenly power
 Would guide us out of this fearful Country.

Prospero

Too late, too late.
 You are mine just as I knew you would be
 Though for you who calls himself Gonzalo
 Perhaps a different fate awaits you.

Gonzalo

I will share the fate of the king.
 This is my wish, this is my wish.
 I want no other fate.

Prospero

Then you shall have it.
 I'll grant you that.
 My hate is powerful and growing
 And my knowledge increases because of it.
 Even so, I am not without compassion
 And so I release you.
 Move as you please.
 Go where you please.
 You are not the object of this game.

Caliban

Kill him! Kill him!
 You have the chance
 And you have the means.
 Kill him! Kill him!

Prospero

And did you think that I had forgotten you
 You piece of foul spawn?
 Nothing has been forgotten and all has been included
 And you will meet the fate
 That is to be yours.

Gonzalo

Good sir, do not harm the king.
 You know who I am and why I ask this.

prospero

if only your master knew
 what I know.
 If only he knew just how true to him you are.

Antonio

It does not matter
 That he does not know.

Antonio

What's this? A conspiracy
 Between my enemy and my friend?

prospero

no conspiracy. That kind of thing
 I leave to you and yours.
 But again I say -you do not see
 What is there for all to see.

Antonio

I see my enemy but I will not yield.

Prospero

You have no other choice.
 You are in my power.
 And doubly so. For my revenge upon you
 Now takes a double turn.

Antonio

Let it take as many turns as you like.
 I will never bow down to you.
 And even though I am in your power
 I'll never accept you as king.

Prospero

O the sweetness of this moment
 For which I have waited
 All these years.
 I could almost postpone the delicious climax
 So beautiful is it to me.

Antonio

Postpone nothing.
 Do what you will do
 And be done with it.

Prospero

For once our thoughts agree.
 For once we are in total accord.

Antonio

If we are then may you choke on it
 As you would on a fish-bone.

Prospero

It's been the lucky fish for me
 For you have, have you not, a son?

Antonio

What do you know about my son?

Prospero

Your emotions betray you.
 He is your weakness. He always has been.
 You think I don't know these things
 But I do.

Antonio (*pleadingly*)

My son, my son,
 What do you know of my son?

Prospero

That he lives. That he is not dead
 As you suspect. That he has also
 Entered the web of my planning
 And makes my revenge all the more potent.

Antonio

You lie!
 He was drowned with the ship.

Prospero

He was not drowned
 But is in my cave

As you will see.

Antonio

Show him to me!
Show him to me!

Prospero

How lovingly you call out-
Spoken like a true father.
And I should know for I am also a father.

Antonio

What is that to me?

Prospero

Everything. As you shall see.
We have more in common that you suspect.
(he extends his hands as if performing a spell)
Let light and dark conspire and claim
Two lovers from the raging flame.

Miranda and Ferdinand enter

He is saved from the water
But caught in the flame-
So now what do you see?
You see him as he truly is-
A flame captive in a flame
A man in love with your enemy's daughter,
A simple soul caught in the net which I have wove
And am still weaving.

Antonio

Ferdinand! Ferdinand!

Prospero

He does not hear you
He does not see you.
I have woven this magic well
And he is in my power-
Or rather in that power which needs no magic of mine
To cancel out all else.
He is in love.
It's a simple as that.
It's a condition you can do nothing against.

Antonio

Ferdinand! Ferdinand!

Prospero

I told you-
He is under a spell
He can do nothing of his own will.

Antonio

Release him-I beg of you.
Take what revenge you will upon me
But release him.
He must not pay for my crime.
He is not responsible for what I did.

He is an innocent man.

Prospero

What do I care for innocence
Or guilt.
I care only for revenge
And he is your son.
That is enough for me.
I strike at you through him.
This wounds you.
You have no defence against it.
You are both in my power.

Antonio*(attempting to move but cannot)*

Have you no pity?
Have you nothing of a father's love for his child.
If you are also a father then you will know of what I speak
And surely you will be moved to answer
What I ask of you.

Prospero

Love? Pity?
The one could cancel the other in a just world
But this world is not just
You have shown this to me.
You did not love. You had no pity.
Why then should I extend to you
What you denied to me?

Antonio

For the sake of a father,
For the sake of a child,
For the sake of that love
Which unites both.

Prospero

O this pleases me-
To see you in pain
To have you in my power
To know that you cannot move against me
But must watch helpless as I weave
The final strands of the net.

Gonzalo

Magus, you are powerful
But you are not just.
Do as he asks and release him.
Take your revenge on me.

Prospero

And who is to say that I won't?
Who is to say that this is the full extent
Of my will?
I can be many things at the one time-
Father and Magus and executioner of my fertile will.

Antonio*(pleadingly)*

Not this. Not him.
Release him or at least let me speak to him.
Let me take a final embrace of him

If that is to be my fate.

Prospero

Fate?

You this this is the full extent of your fate?

I have you both.

You are in my power.

Why should I relent when I have had all these years

To plot and plan and bring you to my island.

Antonio

A word -no more than that,

That is all I ask.

Prospero

You ask for so much

For so very much

And perhaps I will grant it

If it can extend your pain.

Yes, that's its.

I'll extend your pain

So that it will equal mine.

You will know what I suffered here.

You will feel what I felt

And suffer a miserable life

And all that time

You will see your son

But he will not see you.

You will call out but he will not answer.

He will be both living and dead to you

As I have been on this island.

Caliban

Kill him! Kill him!

Turn and twist.

Put the knife in

To the hilt!

Prospero

And as for you

You piece of filth

A special torture awaits you.

You will serve and suffer

You will know pain.

And the pain of it will be unending.

Antonio

It is my pain which is unending

I lost my son only to see that he

Is not lost but is lost to me and this world.

Prospero

It is an old story.

A man and a woman.

The arrow of love.

The poets know all about it.

Antonio

Now you are mocking all that is good

In the world.

You have no love you have only your schemes.

Nothing moves your cold heart-
 No, not even your daughter.
 Is she also a pawn in your plot?
 Must she carry out what you can not?
 You have used her before
 And you are using her now.
 You have power but no confidence.
 If you had you would not need her to achieve
 What you have set your heart upon.

Prospero

So, the years have turned you into a philosopher?

Antonio

I speak from my heart.
 It is a condition that you do not know.

Prospero

But I know so much.
 I know the means to inflict pain
 In a way that you cannot escape.
 I know the means of inflicting pain
 To which there will be no end.
 I am master here
 And you will be the servant
 And yet that will be nothing.
 But your son -to see him
 But to be denied all contact with him-
 Yes, this will pain your heart
 And that is what I want.

Gonzalo

You already have what you want

Prospero

But this is only the beginning-
 Or rather the beginning of that end
 Which he begun.
 This revenge of mine you set in motion.
 You were the one who changed my fate.
 You are the cause of your sorrow.
 If you had not acted
 Then would not come to be.
 You are here because of what you did.
 If you had not done it
 Then none of this would be happening.

Antonio

And yet I can hear
 The joy in your voice as you condemn me.
 You cannot disguise your delight.
 This turn of affairs delights you.

Prospero

But of course it delights me!
 This is better than I planned.
 This is more than I hoped to achieve.
 Yes, you hear the joy in my voice
 And that chills you.
 You fear the power of my joy
 And you are right to do so.

Twelve years, twelve years in which
 To weave my plot and strike when the moment
 Presented itself.
 Only, it presented itself better than I
 Could have hoped for.
 Why should there not be joy in my voice?
 Why should I disguise my contentment
 At this situation?

Antonio

If you will show no pity
 Then I am a broken man.
 If you will not grant a word between
 A father and his child
 Then I have lost everything.
 Do what you want to do.
 The outcome no longer matters to me.

Prospero

How simple my victory has been!
 How very simple!
 O this is good. This pleases me.
 And yet, and yet, so delicious is this
 That I could prolong the outcome
 So as to savor it all the more.

Antonio

Savor what you will.
 You have won and I am a broken man.

Prospero

You do not know what the word means
 But you will learn.
 You will serve me in every detail.
 You will obey my will.
 I will use you like another man might use
 A pack horse. Or a donkey.
 A king who must serve.
 A fool's crown upon your head
 And your head lost in despondency.

Antonio

It is already lost.
 To take back a kingdom is nothing
 But to rob me of my son-
 This is more than I can bear.

Prospero (*delightedly*)

The joy of it! The joy!
 Already I have won
 By the simplest of means.
 You will become a second Caliban-
 Deformed not in your body
 But in your mind.
 Your mind will be twisted
 By pain and hate
 But you will be able to do
 Nothing about it.
 Yes, you are in my power
 And that is the way you will stay.

Antonio

But my son-
 Release my son!
 I will serve. I will obey.
 But he has no part in this crime.

Prospero

The son inherits the father's woe-
 It is the way of the world.

Antonio

The ways of the world?
 I know the ways of the world.
 It is deception and falsity.
 It is one false heart
 Confronting a heart
 That is falser than it.
 It is hate and revenge.
 It is crime and destruction.
 That is the way of the world.

The way of the world
 Is grief and pain.
 It is a father's pain.
 It is his child's grief.
 Don't talk to me about
 The ways of the world.
 I have seen it all
 And tasted every bitter fruit.
 Nothing is pleasing.
 Nothing is sweet.
 It is pain after pain and after that
 The cold earth for a grave.

Yes, I have seen and tasted it all.
 Every fruit is rotten
 Every rose is corrupt.
 Death takes all.
 Death denies all.
 Death is the final judge
 Of the lives we have led
 And what does it matter
 What lives we lead?
 Good or bad -these are just words
 That we use.
 They have no deeper meaning.
 They have no power to save us.
 Don't talk to me of the ways of the world
 For I have seen all the ways
 It has to offer.

I have stolen and lied.
 I have cheated and played fair
 And what was the difference between them?
 There was none.
 They are only words
 And words will not save the drowning heart
 As it sinks in confusion
 In a tortured world.
 So why should I care?
 Why should I not take
 What was rightfully mine to take

Because I had the strength to take it.
 A strong will knows no pity
 And I knew no pity
 For any living thing -except my son.
 He was the one brightness in my life.
 He was pure in a defiled world.
 I loved him without caution.
 I loved every act of his,
 Every word, every fine gesture.
 But love it seems is not strong enough
 To save him now.
 You have shown me that.
 That is what your power is capable of.
 The victory is yours-
 I freely admit it
 But it is not the victory you think it to be.
 You can have me as a prisoner,
 I no longer care,
 But to make a father despair
 Of his love for a child,
 This is the worst of fates.
 Do what you want to do.
 I no longer care.

Miranda (*moving away from Ferdinand*)
 O father do you not hear
 The pain in his heart?

Prospero
 Pain? He can know no pain
 That I have not known.

Miranda
 But surely you listened?
 Surely you heard the plea
 He spoke with a broken heart?

Prospero
 I heard an enemy in defeat.
 That is all.

Miranda
 But there was so much more
 To it than that.
 Surely you will relent and undo
 The ill you have done?
 Surely you will restore goodness
 To the world?

Prospero
 Child, what do you know
 Of these things?
 How can you know
 What my knowledge encompasses?
 You are a child
 You have a child's ways and thoughts
 Whereas I am a man of knowledge.

Miranda
 You have knowledge father
 But I have love

And love is the better wisdom.

Prospero

You do not understand.

Miranda

But I do, I do.

Love teaches me what knowledge
Cannot equal. Surely you know this also?

Prospero

Has love though you that much?
Is wisdom the gift it has brought to you?

Miranda

Yes father, it has.
It has given me wings.
It has given me a song to sing
And that song is Ferdinand.
If only you would listen also.
If only you would open your heart
To the voice that speaks there!
If only you would give that love to others
Which you have given to me.

Prospero

It seems I have given you
More than I knew.

Miranda

You have given me everything.
You have given me hope and love
And brought Ferdinand to this island.
Will you not now, for my sake,
Extend that love to those he loves?
Will you not forgive a bitter past
And put history to sleep?

Prospero

What strange words to hear from you!
Where did you learn this understanding?
Who thought you such concepts?

Miranda

Ferdinand did -or rather that love
Which he calls forth from me
Instructs me in its ways.
You have knowledge but I have love
And love is the better wisdom.

Ferdinand

Listen to her-
Not for my sake nor even for my father's
But listen to what she has to say.
Not everything is lost.
Hope is not lost.
Love is not lost.
There are chances to be taken
And possibilities offered
To undo all the wrongs of the past.
Listen to her. Listen to her.

She also say's what is in my heart.

Prospero

Hate, not love, rules my heart.

Miranda

Not so, not so.
I know you father.
You can love.
You have love in your heart.
Will you not let that love
Forgive a past that can be amended?

Prospero

My daughter pleads for my enemy-
What a world.

Miranda

I plead for all that is good in the world.
I plead for every wholesome thing.
Wrongs can be undone.
The past can be corrected.
Will you not listen to me?

Ferdinand

Listen to her.
She is innocent of every crime.
She speaks from her heart.
It is a good heart.

Antonio

It seems your daughter
Has more wisdom than you have power.

Gonzalo

I also ask you to listen to her.
What she has to say touches my heart
And only to hear her voice brings hope
Back into the world.

Caliban

No! kill! Kill!
All must do my will!

Prospero

The pleas of fools and prisoners.

Ferdinand

No, listen to her.
Listen to Miranda.

Miranda

Father, listen to your heart
As you thought me to listen to mine.

Caliban

No! kill! Kill!
All must do my will!

Gonzalo

Will you not listen?

Antonio

Listen. Listen. Listen.

All together (*slowly moving in a circle towards prospero*)

Listen! Listen! Listen!

Prospero (*commandingly and extending his hands as if performing a spell*)

Stop!

(*the actors are frozen in their positions. Thunder and lightning. Darkness and the lights go down on the stage while a spotlight shines on Prospero*)

It seems I have not foreseen everything.

Even the wise do not see every outcome.

Even the one who plans the ending

Cannot be sure what that ending will be.

Matters change. Love enters the frame

And alters everything-

But should I listen to the voice of love?

Has Miranda touch my heart in a way

That I no longer thought it could be moved to pity?

Hard to say.

I can say so much and yet can say so little.

Her voice penetrates my mind

And I cannot rid myself of that voice.

But what am I to do?

I have waited for this moment.

I have planned for this moment.

I have bent every thought to its perfection.

Why then do I hesitate when my revenge

Is nearly complete.

I have only to dismiss her words

And put my plan into action.

Antonio will serve me.

He will know pain.

He will know grief.

This is what I have always wanted-

And yet, a daughter's voice

Spoken in love and compassion

Makes me doubt my resolve.

So what am I to do.

(*the lights come up on the audience*)

You will help me decide.

Yes, you. Sitting there, watching this play,

Must enter in and determine its outcome.

I told you that you would be called upon

Well now is that moment.

You will decide the fate of everyone here.

Raise your hands -raise your hands

If you think that love should triumph over hate

And that I should forgive my enemies.

Raise your hands now

And I will count them

And count out the fate of those who await your verdict.

First ending

You have chosen well.

My plan will be put into effect

And nothing will be forgiven.

Am I not Prospero -master of this island

And a Magus of power and authority?
 Of course I am.
 This is what you recognise.
 You have well understood the pain and joy of hate
 And in casting your vote
 Have sided with me.
 You were right to do so and now I see
 That each one of you is also capable of hate.
 Yes, you have admitted that much.
 To yourself and to me and Miranda's words
 Mean nothing to you.
 Now they will serve my will.
 Now they will do what I want them to do.
 And you have also served my will.
 Yes, that's right, you are also in my power.
 Your hatred and lust for revenge serves my will
 And each of you is the servant of Prospero.

This is not what you expected.
 You expected some gratitude on my part
 For your verdidct
 But you will get no gratitude from me.
 Antonio was right. The world is an evil place
 And all men are darkness itself.
 I feel nothing for each one of you.
 You have served my will and will continue
 To do so.

So leave this place.
 The story is ended
 The plot is achieved
 And there is nothing more to add.
 Go to your homes.
 Go quietly and in silence
 But go with the knowledge
 That you have condemned men to a fate
 They could have escaped.
 Yes, you are the jury and must bear the guilt
 For the sentence that is to be passed.
 All will do my will.
 Each of you will serve Prospero from this day forward
 So do not forget.
 O you will try to. You will say that this
 Is only a play and the outcome does not matter.
 But it does.
 You know it does.
 You will go about your lives and try to forget me
 But you will not be able to.
 I have burrowed into your minds
 I am lodged in your souls
 And in the dark moments of the night
 You will not be able to deny me.

So leave this place.
 Your task is done and mine is beginning.
 Serve me well and I will treat you well.
 But fail in your duty towards me
 And I will punish each one of you.
 Go to your homes.
 Take whatever comfort you can from your lives-
 I will not begrudge you that

After all, whatever you do or don't do
You are forever mine.

So let the light fade.
Let the darkness take us all.
No light will shine in the world any more.

Black out

Second Ending

You have chosen well
And shown me that love is indeed
The better wisdom.
I thank you-
For in saving these others you have
Also saved me.
Miranda was right.
Her words have touched your hearts
As they have touched mine.
Hate has not twisted your minds.
Revenge has not deformed your souls
And in freeing them from the fate I planned
You have also freed me from the hate I nurtured
All these years.
You believe that love forgives all things-
And it does.
It shapes our thoughts and moulds out hearts
Into a common purpose.
That purpose can undo history,
Can undo the wrongs which they years have accumulated
And make new beginnings possible.
This is perhaps a simple lesson
But the simplest of things
Can be the most difficult things to learn.
But yes, by your verdict, you have freed me
Therefore I will free these others
And give to them
The hope you have given to me.
(again he extends his hand)
That all the bonds be broken
And every ill undone.
That hate be relegated
Because love has won.

Miranda*(rushing to embrace Prospero)*
Father! Best of fathers!

Ferdinand*(seeing Antonio)*
What trickery is this?

Prospero
No trickery. It is your father.
Go to him.

Antonio
Now you have given me everything.

Prospero
Not yet. Everything will be given
Because everything must.

And you will see what you failed to see
All these years.

Gonzalo(to Prospero)

You know?

Prospero

Of course I know.

I do not need my art to see

What is there for any and all to see.

Antonio

What do you mean?

Prospero(to Gonzalo)

Show him. Do not be afraid.

Love has spoken the forgiving word

So all must be made known.

(Gonzalo take off his cap -and Antonion sees that Gonzalo is a woman)

Antonio

But-you-what- a woman?

Why the deception?

Why the role playing.

Gonzalo

Love takes many forms and guises.

I feared that you would reject my love

If I spoke of it openly

And so I dressed and behaved as a man.

In this way I could be near you.

In this way I could protect you.

It is a woman's way to achieve her aim

But Prospero has always know this.

He kept my secret.

I kept my secret.

But the time of secrets is past.

Love must tell what only love can tell

And I tell you I love you.

Antonio

No service was ever given me

To equal yours.

And you have shown me, both as man and woman,

That your love is a true love.

From now on however

Put away the disguise. Let love express

What is in both our hearts

And may all hearts present

Know the know that grows here.

Ferdinand(to Prospero)

You have done a great thing today.

You have restored a father to his son

And brought love where emptiness was.

This is no small thing to have done.

You have proved yourself to be

A better man than you are a Magus.

Prospero

Then I will put aside all magic arts.

It was Miranda who shows me the wisdom
 That hate had blinded my eyes to.
 It was Miranda who showed a father
 Where true love resides.
 It is a lesson I shall not forget.

Antonio

None of us shall forget it
 And these two will be the proof
 That love can reunite
 What history and hate separated.

Prospero

And love forgive all that has passed
 Between us. We were more than brothers.
 We can be so again. These two shall unite
 What history separated.

Caliban

Wrong! Wrong! All is undone!
 Once again the Magus has won!

Prospero

So, not even love can redeem you.
 You must be made from some inhuman thing
 To be so cold. Will nothing,
 Even at this late stage, change your heart?
 Do you have a heart or merely a beating instrument
 That measures out your miserable time?

Caliban

Curse you all and curse the light!
 Let darkness reign -that's what I say.

Miranda

I have pity in my heart for you.
 I have pity for every creature
 That does not know love.

Caliban

Curse your pity!
 Curse you and all that know you.
 Love is for fools.
 I am no fool.
 I'd rather have my hate than any love
 You could speak of.

Prospero

Darkness covers everything you say and feel.
 You are lost in your own hate.

Caliban

Rather lost in my hate
 Then found in your love.

Prospero

Lost and you will stay lost
 And even words are useless on you.

Caliban

Words? What do I care for words

If they do not wound your heart.

Prospero

I will waste no more words on you.

Antonio

You have wasted too much already.

Caliban

All is lost, all is lost,
You have won and I have lost.

Prospero

No, I have not won-love has won
And we are each the better for it.
(he addresses the audience)
and so our play is ended
in the manner that you have wished for.
History has been amended,
Love has set all matters right
And we -we take our leave of you.

Ariel

And me master -what of me?

Prospero

No, I have not forgotten you nor my promise.
You are free I release you.
Go play with the wind
For you are also wind and air.

Ariel

Free! Free! Free!

Prospero*(addressing the audience again)*

And you are also free.
Go to your homes and we will go to ours-
That is if you will allow.
One thing remains and that is your applause
So if you feel that we are worth it
Applaud us now
This will set us free for like Ariel
We are also air and wind and
Will trouble you no more.
And so, good-night, our tale is ended;
Love is lord and all is mended.