

THE TEMPEST, SCENE 1: MIRANDA & PROSPERO

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

PROSPERO No harm, Miranda.

MIRANDA

O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer!
A brave vessel, who had, no doubt,
Some noble creature in her, dashed all to pieces.

PROSPERO

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not one will be lost. It will be fine.

MIRANDA Dad, Dad. I've been on this island all my life, and never even seen any other, man or woman, except images in your books. These men are screaming for their lives! Don't tell me it will be fine. They cling to wreckage and shout while the very deck splits beneath their feet.

PROSPERO

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art. *He charms her. Miranda falls asleep.*
Sleep awhile, dear one, and while you sleep, rest from the questions that lie ahead, questions about your birth and life will trouble you, as they do me. He that steers my course has also used me well, knowing I would beckon the ship upon these rocks. What haps else will play out by an unseen hand.

THE TEMPEST, SCENE 2, ARIEL & PROSPERO

PROSPERO

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

ARIEL

The storm was in your hands, and then to me
Fell the task to loose their grip o're the sinking ship.
I chased them round the deck, and in cabins where they hid,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places at once: the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO

Why, that's my spirit! But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me.

THE TEMPEST, SCENE 3 FERDINAND & MIRANDA

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling.
I mean, should we not question our quick regard?
Could one see past the face into the heart?

FERDINAND

My heart is in my face, and my face true.
There is no trifling. My face were poor to show,
A surface to how deeply you have moved me.
You have not met many men, but I many women,
Who, I fear swear true, to see my crown, before they see my face.

MIRANDA

But what of our faces? Are we not what we do, far more than we appear?
Time would show us if we are indeed what we are, in outward show.

FERDINAND

And your present radiance, like a torch, does light this hallway of my soul
To its darkened end. I know you as I know dark from light.

MIRANDA

Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife if you will marry me.

THE TEMPEST, SCENE 4: ALONSO & GONZALO

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause—
So have we all—of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss
Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

GONZALO

Peace, indeed! Therefore, my lord—

ALONSO,

I prithee, spare, my Fool.

GONZALO

Well, I have done. But yet—
Here is everything advantageous to life.

ALONSO

True, save means to live.
Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

ALONSO

As if I could carry this island home in my
pocket and give it my son for an apple.
You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there, for coming thence
My son is lost. O, thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

THE TEMPEST

SCENE 5: CALIBAN/TRINCULO/STEPHANO

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both.

You taught me language, and my profit on 't
Is I know how to curse. *thunder* His spirit torments me!
I'll take cover under this gaberdine.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; Yond same black cloud, yond
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.
If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head.
Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. [†] *Noticing Caliban.* [‡]
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a fish
—a very ancient and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.
I'll hide me even here.

STEPHANO *Sings.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.*

Four legs and two voices—a most delicate
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of
his friend. His backward voice is to utter foul
speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle
will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. *Caliban drinks.*

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me?

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me,
for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth
How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke.

But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm
overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm.
And art thou living, Stephano?

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

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