

Audition Piece 1

Sebastian: What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio: It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian: Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Antonio: Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? - No more: -
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Sebastian: Prithee, say on.

Antonio: Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuade,--
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,--the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
And he that sleeps here swims.

Sebastian: I have no hope
That he's undrowned.

Antonio: O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Sebastian: He's gone.

Antonio: Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Sebastian: Claribel.

Antonio: She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that--from whom?
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Sebastian: What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my cousin's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Antonio: A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebastian: Methinks I do.

Antonio: And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Sebastian: I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Antonio: True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Sebastian: But, for your conscience?

Antonio: Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Audition Piece 2

Prospero: Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

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

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

Ariel: To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Prospero: My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel: Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,--then like reeds, not hair,--
Was the first man that leaped; cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'

Prospero: Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel: Close by, my master.

Prospero: But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel: Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero: Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ariel: Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.

Prospero: Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ariel: Past the mid season.

Prospero: At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel: Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Prospero: How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel: My liberty.

Prospero: Before the time be out? no more!

Ariel: I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Prospero: Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel: No.

Prospero: Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

Ariel: I do not, sir.

Prospero: Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel: No, sir.

Audition Piece 3

Another part of the island. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo

- Stephano:** Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.
- Trinculo:** Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.
- Stephano:** Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.
- Trinculo:** Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
- Stephano:** My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.
- Trinculo:** Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
- Stephano:** We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
- Trinculo:** Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.
- Stephano:** Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.
- Caliban:** How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.
- Trinculo:** Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?
- Caliban:** Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
- Trinculo:** 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
- Caliban:** Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
- Stephano:** Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,--the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.
- Caliban:** I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
- Stephano:** Marry, will I kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible

- Caliban:** As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
- Ariel:** Thou liest.
- Caliban:** Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.
- Stephano:** Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
- Trinculo:** Why, I said nothing.
- Stephano:** Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.
- Caliban:** I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. if thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,--for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,--
- Stephano:** That's most certain.
- Caliban:** Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.
- Stephano:** How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?
- Caliban:** Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his bead.
- Ariel:** Thou liest; thou canst not.

Caliban: What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Stephano: Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further,
and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

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

Stephano: Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel: Thou liest.

Stephano: Do I so? take thou that. (*Beats Trinculo*) As you like this, give me the lie another
time.

Trinculo: I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and bearing too? A pox o' your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take
your fingers!

Caliban: Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano: Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Caliban: Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

Audition Piece 4

Prospero: Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.