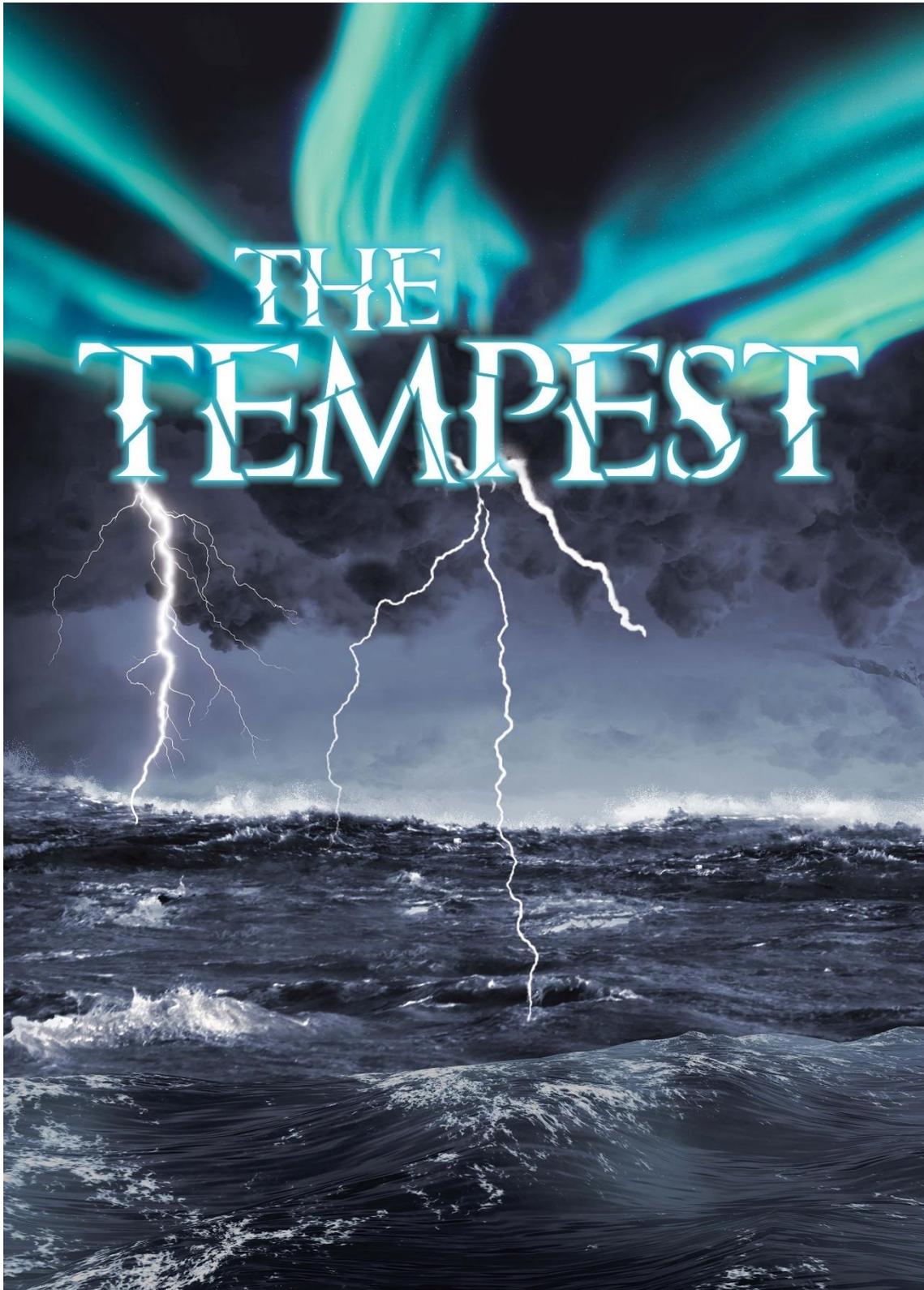


Hillbark Players



Audition Pieces

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Cast = 16 speaking roles + 6 Nymphs and Reapers = 22 in total

<u>Character</u>	<u>Alonso's Court</u>	<u>Page</u>
Alonso (m) - King of Naples (m) <i>(Playing age 40 – 60)</i>		3 - 9
Sebastian(e) - Brother/sister to the King of Naples (m/f) <i>(Playing age – 20 -30)</i>		3 - 9
Antonio(a) - brother / sister to Prospero – usurping Duke of Milan (m/f) <i>(Playing age – 20 -30)</i>		3 - 9
Ferdinand - young son of the King of Naples (m) <i>(Playing age – 20 -30)</i>		3 - 9
Gonzalo – counsellor to the King (m) <i>(playing age 50 – 70)</i>		3 - 9
Adrian(a) – Lord / lady of the King's court / Master of the Ship (m/f) <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		3 - 9
Francisco(a) – Lord / lady of the King's court / Boatswain (m/f) <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		3 - 9
<u>The Plotting Servants</u>		
Caliban – a savage and deformed slave (m/f) <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		10 - 14
Trinculo – jester in the King's court (m/f) <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		10 - 14
Stephano(nia) – a drunken butler/servant in the King's court (m/f) <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		10 - 14
<u>Prospero's Cell</u>		
Prospero (m) A Magician; the Rightful Duke of Milan <i>(Playing age 40 – 60)</i>		15 - 27
Miranda (f) Daughter of Prospero <i>(Playing age – 18 -30)</i>		15 - 27
Ariel (m/f) – an airy Spirit <i>(Playing age – 20 -40)</i>		15 - 27
<u>The Spirit World</u>		
Iris (f) Messenger of the Gods and Goddess of the Rainbow <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		28 - 29
Ceres (f) Goddess of Agriculture and plenty <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		28 - 29
Juno (f) Goddess of love, youth and marriage <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		28 - 29
<u>The Mariners</u>		
Adrian(a) / Master of the Ship (m/f) - <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		30 - 32
Francisco(a) /Boatswain (m/f) - <i>(Playing age 20 – 60)</i>		30 - 32

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Alonso's Court

Alonso (m) - King of Naples (m) (Playing age 40 – 60)

Noble and dignified but devastated by the perceived loss of his son. This makes him by turns withdrawn and yet irascible when spoken to. His nobility returns at the end of the play.

Sebastian(e) - Brother/sister to the King of Naples (m/f) (Playing age – 20 -30)

S/he is a youthful vigorous, impulsive and ambitious courtier. With a streak of meanness born of status s/he and Antonio tease and disparage Gonzalo. Ambition leads her towards regicide and usurpation of the throne of Naples. Something of a nasty streak in this character but with cowardly fearfulness of the power of Prospero at the end of the play.

Antonio(a) - brother / sister to Prospero – usurping Duke of Milan (m/f) (Playing age – 20 -30)

S/he, like Sebastian(e) is young, vigorous headstrong and ambitious for power. Perhaps slightly more cautious than Sebastian(e), she is as cowardly especially when Ariel becomes a harpy.

Ferdinand - young son of the King of Naples (m) (Playing age – 20 -30)

Young, courageous, principled perhaps rather naïve and impulsive which may make him the butt of some humour. A good-looking suitor for Miranda.

Gonzalo – counsellor to the King (m) (playing age 50 – 70)

Described as 'honest' he is an older statesman who enabled Prospero to escape years before. He is given to pomposity. Always loyal, positive and supportive of the King. Ignores or simply does not grasp that he is the target of others cruel humour.

Adrian(a) – Lord / lady of the King's court (m/f) (Playing age 20 – 60)

A courtier to the King of Naples. Obedient, loyal. Perhaps just a bit thick.

Francisco(a) – Lord / lady of the King's court (m/f) (Playing age 20 – 60)

A courtier to the King of Naples. Obedient, loyal. Contrasts Adrian(a) by being more vigorous and enthusiastic.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Act 2 SCENE i. Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

GONZALO

Sir,--

SEBASTIAN

Ding dong!

GONZALO

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer--

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO

Therefore, my lord,--

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

Well, I have done: but yet,--

SEBASTIAN

He will be talking.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

GONZALO

Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now
as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage
of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO

O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I
wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO

That sort was well fished for.

GONZALO

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO

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 and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoll'n that met him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, now we have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

For Alonso and Prospero, see also P. 24

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

ANTONIO

I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

O, if you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee.

ANTONIO

Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,
hath here almost persuade,
the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO

O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

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 Naples
Can have no note, - till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that--from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

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 brother'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? Hmm? 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;

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

The Plotting Servants

Caliban – a savage and deformed slave (m/f) (Playing age 20 – 60)

A deformed (therefore contorted body postures) child of the witch Sycorax inhabiting the island until captured and subjugated by Prospero. He smells terrible and hates his own image in mirrors. He is angry, vengeful and wants to 'own' the island again. He is completely under the control and fearful of Prospero's magical powers therefore is fainthearted.

Caliban should be seen as the 'id' or instinctive desires of Prospero. It would be easy to overplay this character, but the audience must be brought to sympathise with him at the end of the play when he goes off with Prospero as his master, therefore he needs to be played with some sensitivity.

Trinculo – jester in the King's court (m/f) (Playing age 20 – 60)

A curious and very off-beat character. He will be dressed as a clown and together with Stephano will drive most of the comedy which will be largely physical. The joke will always rebound on this failed court jester, who may well be continually trying magic tricks and sleight of hand which unlike Prospero's real magic always fails. The audience should be sympathetic towards him from the outset.

Stephano(nia) – a drunken butler/servant in the King's court (m/f) (Playing age 20 – 60)

The character of Stephano is driven by his desire to rise above his station of servant. S/he snobbishly thinks himself better than all the other 'Plotting Servants' but his drinking makes her look like what she is, a dissolute retainer who has been at the master's wine cellar. Think a drunken, scruffy version of James Stevens the butler in 'Remains of the Day' or Kenneth More as 'The Admirable Crichton' He looks down his nose at those he sees as being beneath him, especially Caliban, but is submissive to those who he sees as above him in the social hierarchy. Together with Trinculo he is a driver for much of the comedy in the play.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Act 2 SCENE ii. Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Falls to floor covering himself with blanket

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind: 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. What have we
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
of silver: there would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man:
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt.

Thunder

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.
Gets under blanket with Caliban.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Act 4 Sc i (Formerly Act 3 SC ii) 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.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'est 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. 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

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

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 (*As Trinculo*)

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 dar'st,
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 (*As Trinculo*)

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.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL (*As Trinculo*)

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? take thou that.

Beats TRINCULO

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Prospero's Cell

Prospero (m) A Magician; the Rightful Duke of Milan (*Playing age 40 – 60*)

A complex character. Very loving of his daughter but severe at times with her (does he regret letting her go to Ferdinand?). Vengeful and easily angered. Uses Ariel unmercifully and appears deceitful and cunning in some of his dealings but is there a deeper layer of love by Prospero for Ariel? At the end of the play we may have Prospero retaining his book of spells rather than destroying them. Prospero is a tortured soul but he is very manipulative. I am not yet sure how likeable he is.

Miranda (f) Daughter of Prospero (*Playing age – 18 -30*)

Not just a pretty face. She has spent at least 17 years on the island. She is tough, strong and used to an outdoor life. She is capable and ready for love but has fiercely angry feelings towards Caliban. Naively infatuated with Ferdinand.

Ariel (m/f) – an airy Spirit (*Playing age – 20 -40*)

A Spirit subject to the will of Prospero but retaining his/her own independence of mind. S/he is Prospero's alternate ego state to Caliban so is the embodiment of Prospero's critical and moral mind. Ariel may or may not reciprocate deeper feelings of love that Prospero evinces. The character of Ariel is a very physical role but s/he also needs to convey a metaphysical and spiritual nature to the audience. It may well be that Ariel is deemed never to be seen by any other member of the cast but Prospero save by magic.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO

'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

Lays down his mantle

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
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 so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA

'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA

But that I do not.

PROSPERO

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

MIRANDA

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA

O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL

Not a hair perish'd;
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-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
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 wreck'd
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: 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 perform'd me.

PROSPERO

How now? Moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL

My liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL

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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.

PROSPERO

Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARIEL

Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO

O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
In her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island--
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

ACT 4 Sc ii (Formerly Act 4 Sc i) Before PROSPERO'S cell.

PROSPERO

Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

ARIEL

What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL

Presently?

PROSPERO

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL

Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

PROSPERO

Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL

Well, I conceive.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

ACT III Sc i. Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; enter PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO

Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you--
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda. - O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!--and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log--man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

ACT 5 Sc i. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors! At this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN (*Aside*)

The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No! No!
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost -
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, sir.

ALONSO

Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO

I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

ALONSO

You the like loss!

PROSPERO

As great to me as late; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. - I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir.
This cell's my court: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

The Spirit World

Iris (f) Messenger of the Gods and Goddess of the Rainbow (*Playing age 20 – 60*)

The first Goddess to arrive at the celebration feast. Summons the other spirits. Needs to look impressively God like and be able to sing.

Ceres (f) Goddess of Agriculture and plenty (*Playing age 20 – 60*)

A Goddess who turns up as a spirit at the celebration feast. Needs to look impressively God like and be able to sing.

Juno (f) Goddess of love, youth and marriage (*Playing age 20 – 60*)

The senior of the 3 Goddesses, she also turns up as a spirit at the celebration feast. Needs to look impressively God like and be able to sing.

CERES

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS

A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CERES

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

IRIS

Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

CERES

High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

JUNO

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue.

They sing

JUNO

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.

Spirits - Nymphs x 3 (m/f) & Reapers x 3 (m/f) Playing age 20 – 60

Non-speaking roles. At least one nymph and reaper will be assigned to each Goddess. Ability to dance lightly, trippingly and convincingly is important.

All spirits will double as Mariners during the storm in Act 1. Some will reappear as Mariners at Act 5. Mariners must be able to get wet and haul ropes. All the Spirits will assist Ariel in the Banquet scene. Therefore they will need to be fit and light on their feet.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

The Mariners

Master of the Ship (m/f) - (Playing age 20 – 60)

A powerful, commanding figure who conducts him/herself in a seamanlike way during the course of the Tempest.

Boatswain (m/f) - (Playing age 20 – 60)

A busy and competent sailor who conducts him/herself in a seamanlike and authoritative way during the course of the Tempest. Not fearful of King or Nobles during the storm.

Mariners (m/f) - (Playing age 20 – 40)

Non-speaking roles. But very physical during the storm. Will also double as Reapers during the Feast so must be able to dance as well as haul ropes in a storm (see below).

Act 1 SCENE i On a ship at sea:

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Master and a Boatswain and Mariners

Master

Boatswain!

Boatswain

Here, master: what cheer?

Master

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit

Boatswain

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men.

Boatswain

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin.

Boatswain

Silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

Boatswain

None that I more love than myself. Make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of
the hour if it so hap.
Cheerly, good hearts!
Out of our way, I say.

Exit

GONZALO

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him;
Re-enter Boatswain

Exeunt

Boatswain

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring
her to try with main-course.
A cry within
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than
the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
incharitable dog!

Boatswain

Work you then.

ANTONIO

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

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were
no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an
unstanched wench.

Boatswain

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to
sea again; lay her off.
Enter Mariners wet

Mariners

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

The Tempest – Audition Pieces

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'; 'We split, we split!'; 'Farewell, my wife and children!';
'Farewell, brother!'; 'We split, we split, we split!'*

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.