

# The Tempest

Shorter Shakespeare Carel Press

*The Public Theater, New York, Patrick Stewart as Prospero. Photo by Michal Daniel*



|                     |    |
|---------------------|----|
| Character List..... | 2  |
| Introduction .....  | 3  |
| Act 1 .....         | 4  |
| Act 2 .....         | 30 |
| Act 3 .....         | 48 |
| Act 4 .....         | 64 |
| Act 5 .....         | 72 |

Adapted from William Shakespeare  
by Tracy Irish

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## Act 1 Scene 1

*On a ship at sea*

*Louder storm noises*

*The Narrators step back to watch the action. The Shipmaster and Boatswain<sup>1</sup> come on struggling against the storm*

<sup>1</sup> pronounced  
Bosun

**Master:**

Boatswain!

**Boatswain:**

Here, Master. What cheer?

**Master:**

Speak to the mariners. Fall to 't, yarely<sup>2</sup>, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

<sup>2</sup> get to it  
quickly

*The master runs off as other sailors rush on and busy themselves with trying to save the ship*

**Boatswain:**

Hey, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail!

*Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand and Gonzalo stagger on looking worried*

**Alonso:**

Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?

**Boatswain:**

I pray now, keep below.

**Antonio:**

Where is the Master, Boatswain?

*The Master is heard offstage shouting instructions to his crew*

**Boatswain:**

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.<sup>3</sup> Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

<sup>3</sup> you get in  
the way of our  
work

**Gonzalo:**

Nay, good<sup>4</sup>, be patient.

<sup>4</sup> good men

**Boatswain:**

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

Utah Shakespearean Festival Photo by Karl Hugh



**Gonzalo:**

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

**Boatswain:**

None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor,  
if you can command these elements to silence use your  
authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long,

*The Boatswain turns away from the noblemen and yells  
to the sailors*

Cheerly, good hearts!

*The Boatswain rushes off, pushing past the noblemen on  
his way*

Out of our way, I say!

*The noblemen leave. The Boatswain rushes back on*

**Boatswain:**

Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower!

*As the sailors follow his instructions, Sebastian, Antonio,  
and Gonzalo stagger back on*

Yet again! What do you here? Have you a mind to sink?

**Prospero:**

Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore.

*Prospero pauses and waves his hand towards Miranda  
who immediately becomes drowsy*

Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

*Miranda falls asleep*

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel; come!

*Ariel appears*



*The Public Theater New York, Patrick Stewart as Prospero and Carrie Preston as Miranda.  
Photo by Michal Daniel*

**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<sup>1</sup>  
Ariel and all his quality.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> order

<sup>2</sup> other spirits

**Prospero:**

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

**Ariel:**

To every article.<sup>3</sup> 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."

<sup>3</sup> detail

**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 bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Ariel impersonates Ferdinand in his grief at being  
shipwrecked alone*

**Prospero:**

Of the King's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

**Ariel:**

Safely in harbour  
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,  
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.

**Ariel:**

<sup>1</sup> put me to  
some trouble

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,<sup>1</sup>  
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:**

<sup>2</sup> reduce my  
time by a full  
year

I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise  
To bate me a full year.<sup>2</sup>

**Prospero:**

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

**Ariel:**

No.