

SHAKESPEARE 4 KIDZ THE TEMPEST

by

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THE TEMPEST is set on an island in the Mediterranean somewhere between Naples in Italy and Tunisia. Prospero, the former Duke of Milan, was overthrown by his wicked brother and together with his young daughter Miranda, were cast adrift in a boat and left to die. They washed ashore on a mystical enchanted island, and for 12 long years Prospero planned his revenge. He continued to study his magic art until one day the time was right to conjure up a huge tempest. The storm shipwrecked a boat travelling from Tunis back to Italy. On board were all those involved with Prospero's eviction all those years before. Now – using all his magical powers – and with help from the spirit Ariel, Prospero seeks his revenge.

It is the story of revenge and forgiveness, the relationship of a father with his daughter (like Shakespeare himself maybe) and nature and civilisation. It explores the themes of social order, the supernatural and the relationship between humans and their so-called civilised world of art and learning, and the natural world, personified by the philosopher Prospero and the savage Caliban.

The part of Prospero is likely to have been played by Shakespeare himself, some say it may even be a theatrical self-portrait, and his moving final speech is often viewed as the Bard's own "farewell to the stage".

There is smoke onstage as the lights move and change - the Company has assembled behind and are revealed as the light bleeds through. We are on the deck of a ship caught in a storm somewhere in the Mediterranean. On board are ALONSO the King of Naples returning from Tunis where he has attended the wedding of his daughter, Claribel, to King of Tunis. Also on board are his brother SEBASTIAN, his son FERDINAND, his jester TRINCULO, his butler STEPHANO and his trusted advisor GONAZALO; along with ANTONIO, Prospero's Brother who he usurped as the Duke of Milan. The BOATSWAIN barks urgent instructions to the members of the crew. It appears that the ship will be lost.

(Act 1, Scene 1) - A SHIP AT SEA**Song: INTO THE STORM (Full Company)**

BOATSWAIN: All hands on deck! All hands on deck!
Take in the topsail! Tend to the Captain's whistle!
(addressing the storm itself)
Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

CREW: See the waves grow,
Feel the wind blow,
This storm is throwing us, pulling us apart!
We are caught here
We are brought here
To a place that's never shown, on a chart

CHORUS: **And the storm will pull us under,
And we won't survive,
We have lost, everything, nothing more to do,
This we know, as we go,
Into the storm!
The storm!**

ANTONIO: Where is the captain, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN: Can't you hear him. Get out of the way. You're helping the storm do its work!

BOATSWAIN: **Captain's orders:
Find your quarters!
Get below! Let her blow, blow herself out!
Find your cabin
Lock yourself in
Get away! Go and pray! Turn this ship about!**

CHORUS: **And the storm will pull us under,
And we won't survive,
We have lost, everything, nothing more to do,
This we know, as we go,
Into the storm!
The storm!**

GONZALO: Good fellow, be patient.

BOATSWAIN: Not until the sea is. Move! What care these roarers for the name of the King? Get to your cabin!

GONZALO: Good man, remember who you have on board.

BOATSWAIN: No one that I love more than myself! You're the King's counsellor aren't you? Well use your good authority to command these elements to silence. If you can't ... then thank God for a good long life, and get ready to meet him. Come on out of the way!

CHORUS: **And the storm will pull us under,
And we won't survive,
We have lost, everything, nothing more to do,
This we know, as we go,
Into the storm!
The storm!**

Music changes, we look across to the headland where we see PROSPERO and MIRANDA looking out to sea. Prospero appears to be in his late forties, dressed in a long gown and holding a staff in his right hand. He appears calm and in command as if he has total control of the raging elements. His beautiful daughter, Miranda, is

about fifteen. She is dressed in a long plain shift. She looks out in horror at the sight of the ship caught in the tempest, those on board clearly struggling for their lives.

MIRANDA: **Oh father look at that boat on the ocean**
See there are people trapped inside
And now this storm you have made will destroy them
They'll all be lost, they won't survive

PROSPERO: **No harm will fall**
To anyone who's out there
I hold their fate,
Here in my hand, and
I've every soul,
In my control
I've brought them here, for you my dear

You see these people I've brought to our island,
I know them all from long ago
They did me harm but the story's not over
They'll feel my power as they go,
Into my storm !

Crew unfreeze and return to the action...

CREW : **See the waves grow,**
Feel the wind blow,
This storm is throwing us, pulling us apart
We are caught here
We are brought here
To a place that's never shown, on a chart

See the waves grow,
Feel the wind blow,
This storm is throwing us, pulling us apart
We are caught here
We are brought here
To a place that's never shown, on a chart

PROSPERO: **My storm!**
My storm!
My storm!

At the end of the song the two masts and the gauze are struck by the crew. All exit save for PROSPERO and MIRANDA who remain on the platform gazing out to sea.

(Act I, Scene 2) - THE ISLAND

MIRANDA: Oh, woe the day.

PROSPERO: No harm has been done. I promise. But it's time you were told more about who you really are, where we came from and that your father Prospero is more than just a master of a poor cave.

MIRANDA: More to know? I never dreamed there was more to know.

PROSPERO: Lend me a hand and pluck my magic garment from me.

MIRANDA helps Prospero off with his cloak and hands it to him.

PROSPERO: Lie there, my Art. Now wipe your eyes. Rest assured that through my magic - through mine Art - no soul has been lost aboard that seemingly terrible spectacle of a shipwreck. All on board are safe.

MIRANDA: How do you know?

PROSPERO: Sit down: for you must now know more.

MIRANDA sits on the edge of the platform.

PROSPERO: Can you remember a time before we came to this cell? I doubt it, for you weren't even three years old.

MIRANDA: Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO: You can? Tell me anything you recall. A house? A person?

MIRANDA: It's far off and more like a dream than something I definitely remember. Didn't I have four or five women who helped look after me?

PROSPERO: That and more, Miranda. But what else from that dark and distant time can you remember, I wonder. If you can remember these things, maybe you can remember how we came here.

MIRANDA: But I don't.

PROSPERO: Twelve years ago, Miranda, twelve years ago, your father was the Duke of Milan, and a prince of power.

MIRANDA: Sir, are you not my father?

PROSPERO: Well, your mother was a fine woman, and she definitely said you were my daughter ...

They both laugh

PROSPERO: ... and your father was the Duke of Milan; and his only heir was a beautiful princess, no less noble than he.

MIRANDA: Oh heavens! What foul play brought us here? Or was it a blessing that we left?

PROSPERO: Both, both, my girl. Let me explain.

SONG: THE DUKE OF MILAN (Prospero, Miranda)

As PROSPERO actively narrates the history of their exile, ANTONIO (SL), ALONSO (SC) and GONZALO (SR) appear as "Ghosts from the past".

**PROSPERO: Listen well / and attend my every word
And I'll tell / a story of the past
How we came here / to this island ...**

**(Chorus) I was once / a Prince of Power
I was once / the Duke of all Milan
Now's the time / this is the hour
This is how / our story here began**

**MIRANDA: Dear Father / I remember
It's like a dream from long ago
I had servants / to attend me
They would see to my every need**

**PROSPERO: I have a brother / he is your uncle
(Antonio bit) An evil man / Antonio was his name
While I studied / I let him govern
While I trusted / he played another game**

**(Chorus) He believed / he was in power
He thought he / was the Duke of all Milan
He received / help from another
And led a blood- / -less coup against your dad.**

PROSPERO: Do you hear what I'm saying, Miranda?

MIRANDA: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

**PROSPERO: He agreed with / the King of Naples
(Alonso bit) With Alonso / a long time enemy
In return for / paying money
He would raise / an army after me**

**(Chorus) So in the dark / one night at midnight
The soldiers came / and took us both away
And while you cried / and held my hand tight
We disappeared / were never seen again**

MIRANDA: Hearing all this makes me want to cry again

PROSPERO: Hear just a little more - then you'll understand what is happening, here and now on our island.

MIRANDA: Why didn't they kill us?

PROSPERO: A good question, my girl. But, you see, the people of Milan loved us dearly. Antonio dare not shed a drop of our blood. Instead we were cast out to sea in a tiny little boat.

MIRANDA: How did we come ashore here?

PROSPERO:
(Gonzalo bit)
Good Gonzalo / I remember
A noble man / he helped us get away
He took charge of / our departure
He looked after / our getting under weigh

He made sure / we'd all we needed
But most of all / along with our supplies
My precious books / he secreted
Apart from you / the things that I most prize

Now's the time / this is my hour
Now's the time / to see my master plan.
I was once a / Prince of Power
I was once / the Duke of all Milan

MIRANDA: So, why did you raise this sea-storm?

PROSPERO: Well, this much I'll tell you. By some strange coincidence, bountiful Lady Fortune has brought my enemies to this very shore. And now I must grasp the opportunity before me. But no more questions ...

He waves his hand across Miranda's eyes and, as if hypnotised, she falls into a deep sleep.

PROSPERO: You are feeling sleepy. A deep, pleasant sleep.

Satisfied that his daughter is asleep, PROSPERO calls out.

PROSPERO: Come here, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

The spirit, ARIEL, enters. As his name implies he is a spirit of the air. A swift, delicate, ethereal and mischievously Puck-ish. Shakespeare probably chose the name as it occurs occasionally in occult texts to mean a messenger between earth and the

spirit world. Ariel is obedient to Prospero and although he longs for his freedom, he takes great pleasure in his work.

ARIEL: All hail, great master! Be it to fly, to swim, to dive into fire, or to ride on the curled clouds - Ariel and all his spirits are at your service.

PROSPERO: Spirit, have you stirred up the tempest exactly as I ordered?

ARIEL: In every detail! I boarded the king's ship. First at the prow, then amidships, on the deck, and in every cabin. Like a ball of flame I appeared on the topmast, the yardarm, the bowsprit. Sometimes I'd split apart and burn in many places. Jove's lightning - before those deafening thunderclaps - were never more numerous.

PROSPERO: My brave spirit!

ARIEL: It was enough to shake the trident of the mighty Neptune himself.

PROSPERO: Was anyone strong enough to withstand this uproar?

ARIEL: Not a soul. Everyone apart from the sailors abandoned ship and plunged into the sea. The first one in was the King's son, Ferdinand, with his hair stuck up like this ... he was crying "Hell is empty and all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO: Why that's my spirit! But wasn't this near the shore?

ARIEL: Close by, my master.

PROSPERO: But Ariel, are they safe?

ARIEL: Not a hair perished. There's not a spot on them. Their clothes are fresher than before. And - just as you told me - I've split them up and spread them about the island. Ferdinand, the King's son, is on his own. Sulking. Like this.

PROSPERO: What about the King's ship, the sailors, and the rest of the fleet?

ARIEL: The King's ship is hidden safely in harbour. The sailors are all asleep in their hammocks - exhausted; and the rest of the fleet is scattered around the Mediterranean bound sadly home for Naples.