

THE TEMPEST auditions – suggested monologues

TRINCULO/A

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing. I hear it sing I' th' wind. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yonder same cloud cannot choose to 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 fishlike smell. A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. 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.

Alas, the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

BOATSWAIN

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And- how we know not-all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awakened, straightway at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ANTONIO/A

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 methinks I see it in my face.
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon they head.
Do you not hear me speak? Although this lord
Hath here almost persuaded the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.
Will you grant with me that Ferdinand is drowned?

ALONSO

Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; And since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me. This must crave-
An if this be at all – a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom destiny-
Hath caused to belch up you. And on this island-
Where man doth not inhabit -you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to life- I have made you mad.
And even with suchlike valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

You fools! I am my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, as dimmish
One dowle that in my plume. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted.

But remember-
For that's my business to you- that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shore, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of they son, Alonso,
They have bereft.

SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So she is heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
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 the from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the king shall love thee.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's
Legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed!
Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.
How didst thou' scape? Swear by this bottle how thou came'st hither.
I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle-
Which I made with my own hands, since I was cast ashore.
Here; swear then how thou escapedst. Here, kiss the book.
Though thou canst swim like a duck, that are made like a goose.

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, skill-less of, but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

PROSPERO/A

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir,
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed, -
Bear with my weakness- my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

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.

GONZALO (2)

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
All abundance, to feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

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. For several virtues
Have I liked several women. but you,
But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created of every creature's best!
I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda, I do think a king-
Hear my sould speak.
The very instant that I say 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.

CALIBAN

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which though tak'st from me. When you cam;st first
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't , and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have
Which first was mine own king, and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.