**DUBLIN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY**

**The Tempest 2019**

**Audition Piece (c)**

**Act 2 Scene 1**

**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 swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As stooping to relieve 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;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

**ALONSO**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIAN**

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam should bow. 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.

**ALONSO**

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

**GONZALO**

My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

**SEBASTIAN**

Very well.

**ANTONIO**

And most chirurgeonly.

**GONZALO**

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

**SEBASTIAN**

Foul weather?

**ANTONIO**

Very foul.

**GONZALO**

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,--

**ANTONIO**

He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.

**SEBASTIAN**

Or docks, or mallows.

**GONZALO**

And were the king on't, what would I do?

**SEBASTIAN**

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

**GONZALO**

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty;--

**SEBASTIAN**

Yet he would be king on't.

**ANTONIO**

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the

beginning.

**GONZALO**

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,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

**SEBASTIAN**

No marrying 'mong his subjects?

**ANTONIO**

None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.

**GONZALO**

I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

**SEBASTIAN**

God save his majesty!

**ANTONIO**

Long live Gonzalo!

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