**DUBLIN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY**

**The Tempest 2019**

**Audition Piece (a)**

**Act 1 Scene 2**

**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 curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality.

**PROSPERO**

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

**ARIEL**

To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flamed amazemen: sometime I'ld divide,

And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune

Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

**PROSPERO**

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil

Would not infect his reason?

**ARIEL**

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring,--then like reeds, not hair,--

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty

And all the devils are here.'

**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 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;

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

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**

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,

By help of her more potent ministers

And 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

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.