



The Tempest 2.1 - cut

GONZALO: Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss.

ALONSO: Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN: He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ADRIAN: The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

GONZALO: Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO: True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN: Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO: How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ALONSO: You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. My son is lost.

FRANCISCO: Sir, he may live.

ALONSO: No, No, he's gone.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music causing
All to sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*

ALONSO: What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.

ANTONIO: We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO: Thank you.

ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL

SEBASTIAN: What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO: My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN: He's gone.

ANTONIO: Who's the next heir of Naples?

What a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN: Methinks I do. I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO: True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever.

SEBASTIAN: Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword.

ANTONIO: Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
Then let us both be sudden.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible

ARIEL: (Sings in GONZALO's ear) Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake! *Gonzalo awakes*

GONZALO: Now, good angels Preserve the king. *All awake*

ALONSO: Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO: What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN: Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?

ALONSO: I heard nothing.

ANTONIO: O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake!

ALONSO: Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO: Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

ALONSO: Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

ARIEL: Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt