



The Tempest 3.3 – cut

GONZALO: I can go no further, sir;

My old bones ache: By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO: Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope:
He is drown'd.

ANTONIO: [Aside to SEBASTIAN] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN: [Aside to ANTONIO] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO: [Aside to SEBASTIAN] Let it be to-night.

SEBASTIAN: [Aside to ANTONIO] I say, to-night: no more.
Solemn and strange music

ALONSO: What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO: Marvelous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO invisible with several strange Shapes with a banquet

ALONSO: Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN: Now I will believe that there are unicorns.

GONZALO: If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
Though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find.

PROSPERO: [Aside] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

The Shapes disappear.

FRANCISCO: They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN: Will't please you taste of what is here?

They begin to eat the banquet

Thunder. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy (terrifying bird); the banquet vanishes

ARIEL: [To ALONSO, ANTONIO & SEBASTIAN] You are three men of sin.

You fools! --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 shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from--
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

ARIEL vanishes.

PROSPERO: Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them.

Exit PROSPERO

GONZALO: I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO: O, it is monstrous, monstrous:

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit ALONSO*

SEBASTIAN: But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO: I'll be thy second. *Exeunt SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*

GONZALO: All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. Follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN: Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt