

CALIBAN CALYPSO

a deviant musical

by

EDWARD LEE

CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

TONY, the MUSICAL DIRECTOR, also playing ARIEL a spirit and servant of Prospero

MIGHTY GNATBITE, an Anglo-Trinidadian calypsonian and entertainer, also playing
CHANTWELL, the village musician

FERDINANDO GATTOPARDI (Ferdinand) , Prince of Naples in the play

PROSPERO, Governor of the island

BOSUN of the wrecked ship

GONZALO, Lord Chamberlain to Ferdinand

STEFANO, an actor playing STEPHANO, a mercenary on the ship

TRINCULO , butler to Ferdinand

MIRANDA, an actress, playing MIRJINDA in the play

SAILORS

VILLAGERS (male), notably

SIMON, a Christian convert

KWAKU, the 'funny man' of the group (renamed MARK)

KUJO, the 'straight man ' to KWAKU (renamed LUKE)

KOSOKO, recently arrived from Africa (a Yoruba)

OBI, known as 'the bad tempered (renamed Matthew)

OVERSEER

CALIBAN, slave to Prospero, a medicine man and tribal priest

OKUATE, a priestess of the tribal religion and a medium

SOLDIER and reader of proclamations

MARY, Miranda's black maid servant

MARTHA , Prospero's black housekeeper

VILLAGERS (female)

notably those who sing in the Wedding Song competition

UKOYE, wife of a husband who loves drink

OJIUGO, wife of a husband with a mistress

AKUEKE, a wife with a very spirited personality

GUARDS (black and white), servants of Prospero.

NOTES

(1) Scene numbers

These are given for convenience in rehearsals. However the action is continuous, unless specifically indicated to the contrary.

(2) Language

One of the aims of the play is to suggest the variety of Caribbean English, and especially the differentiations which occur in time of rapid linguistic change, and their social significance.

GNATBITE uses British Jamaican English, Cockney English and Standard English.

The ISLANDERS variously speak African languages, broad Creole, and Jamaican patois. The more aspirant slaves have modified their dialect (eg using he for 'im').

At moments of high seriousness I have compromised, thinking that it would be too difficult to get a European audience to take dialect forms as being equal in worth and seriousness

with Standard English. I imagine the serious points, such as Gnatbite's story, to be said in an educated register with an Afro-Caribbean accent. The aim is to evoke the formality which would be found in narratives in an African language.

(3) Music

Little indication is given in the text about the nature and length of the music. Notes on the musical items, and the main lines of the scores are given separately. All keys are arbitrary and can be changed to suit the capabilities of the singers.

(4) The set

The stage is divided into the performing area of the 'Empire Theatre' and its wings. Sometimes the audience watch the actors onstage, giving a production set on a tropical island. At other times the audience is able to eavesdrop on the offstage lives of the actors who are giving that production.

ACT ONE

1.1 The Empire Theatre

The house lights go down, leaving on the working lights of the Empire Theatre. The cast are seen to be busy in the wings, making the last preparations for a performance of 'Caliban Calypso'

Enter the MUSICAL DIRECTOR. He goes to the band area and checks that the power supplies and scores are in order.

Suddenly GNATBITE comes in, noisily, at the back of the theatre. He is obviously in a hurry. He carries a guitar in a case and is wearing a raincoat, or other top garment suitable to the season. His entrance should make the audience laugh.

As he nears the front of the acting area, he speaks audibly to a member of the audience.

GNATBITE: 'Scuse me. You are waiting for 'Caliban Calypso'? Thanks.

He hurries on, then turns back to the same person.

GNATBITE: What time do you make it? *(After the answer)* Oh shit !

He reaches the band area.

MD: *(Sharply)* You're late.

GNATBITE: Oh man! What you sayin now? Is me here a-run roun like dog fulla flea. Train late, man, right? Is all dem black on the railway, you know. Dey never workin. Jus a-sit all de time on dey ass and drink tea.

MD: Oh just drop that ethnic Brixton crap, Gnatbite. You're late. Again. Thank God you're a member of Equity –you're certainly not fit to be a member of the Musicians' Union.

GNATBITE: Right then mate ! After all, you are the Musical Director. And now to the fair Miranda. Shall I give little Randy your love as well, Tony ?

He hurries off before MD, who is obviously irritated, can reply.

1.2 The stage of the Empire Theatre: in the background a tropical island.

GNATBITE goes into the wings. He takes off his raincoat, revealing that he is wearing a waistcoat made out of the Union Jack. He puts on a bowler hat and takes up his guitar.

The movement in the wings stops. The cast leave the stage. The band is in its place. The performing area lights up.

Gnatbite goes into the performing area.

GNATBITE: Evenin' everybody. And a big welcome to the Empire Theatre. And how about an extra big welcome for me ?
(He tips his hat and bows. He starts up a guitar rhythm which the band follows).

MUSIC 1

Song

Mighty Gnatbite is the name,
Calypsonian of great fame,
Now they call me Gnatbite 'cos I sing
Words th:at have a little sting.

The music continues while Gnatbite mimes the approach of a wasp. He thinks he's swatted it and then is stung.

GNATBITE: *(over vamp)* Now listen, you all know me don't you? Don't you? Oh. Anyway, the question is, what am I doing here?
Well, I was just finishing my normal act – good songs, good jokes – well jokes – anyway, I'd just come off at the Dog and Duck, Wokingham – "Where's Wokingham?" where indeed.
Well, as I say, I had just finished my act when this fella comes up and says "Gnatbite, that was terrific. He did. "You're just the man we need to present our new show – it's a play".
"A play? – well, I'm not. really sure – it's how much?"

I had the first song written before we'd got through a Vindaloo at the Taj Mahal. Then he told me I had. to act as well ! But that's all later. Right now, here's the first song.

The music moves into the next song.

1.3 The same as before

MUSIC 2

GNATBITE: Song

You are
Such a clever audience .
You are
Oh so cultured and intelligent.
I've a story here for you –
And if I tell it , it must be true –
Though you might be saying when we, re through
Roll over Shakespeare 1

Shakespeare
Wrote a play – one of his best
Starts here
In a storm so they call it 'Tempest'
You will see Miranda fair,
And Prospero her father there
On a tropical island– don't know where –
All that was Shakespeare.

But I
Want to tell a different tale.
See why
I say Shakespeare miss some detail;
Didn't show how Caliban,
Old Prosper's slave, got up and ran–
And that's when the trouble really began.
Rollover Shakespeare (*three times*)

(Spoken) And now, on with the story.

There once was once an Italian nobleman who went on a sea voyage...

1.4 Scene as before

A fanfare is heard.

MUSIC 3

Gnatbite leaves the stage.

Enter FERDINAND, as a man in late middle age. He is dressed in a magnificent costume of the

Italian nobility of the Renaissance. He carries a long ,silver-topped cane which permits him to strike poses – and servants. He is the embodiment of the new forces at work in the world of his time.

He is followed by a black servant in a cape and hat who at first should be as unobtrusive as possible. He acts, at first, in a grave and respectful manner. Later he is seen to be CHANTWELL formerly the slave village musician on Prospero's island.

As the fanfare ends FERDINAND makes an elaborate bow to the audience.

FERDINAND: Permit me to introduce myself. Ferdinande Gattopardi, King of Naples.

(He pronounces the name with almost pedantic accuracy). Your humble servant.

(Music begins .)

MUSIC 4 (Discovery Theme)

The music of Section A is a backdrop to the speeches made by FERDINAND. It should reinforce the almost mystical sentiments which he at times expresses. Section B is a vehicle which CHANTWELL exploits to express his very different perception of the same situations. He darts in and out of the musical texture, moving his body and placing his words to create humour and emphasis.

MUSIC 4 SECTION A

FERDINAND: When our caravelles left Lisbon harbour that July day in 1497, it was a sight to lift the spirit of any man. I remember how the crowds which had gathered round the Tower at Belem cheered, and da Gama saluted them

from the bridge of his ship.

What an adventure it was to be ! I believe that it was the greatest of all the achievements of mankind. And what an honour for me, a boy of only sixteen years – I had been sent to the court of my uncle, the King of Portugal, to learn about navigation.

At first we were a little sad, as the hills of our homeland faded from view. Many thought we would be devoured by monsters or sail over the edge of the world. But such old wives' tales could not dim the courage and determination of men such as we. For our story was one of heroes, of men of Europe who opened the way to the wonders and riches of the East. They were men of no ordinary stature. No, they were men of valour, whose daring advanced the boundaries of Faith and Empire, bringing glory and wealth to their race.

MUSIC 4 SECTION B (4 bar extract)

As the music moves into Section B, the servant opens his cape and reveals himself to be Gnatbite playing Chantwell. He doffs his hat to the audience and winks at them.

FERDINAND: *(Sharply, using his cane)* Chantwell !

His antics often amuse one, but there are times when he needs to feel the whip.

MUSIC 4 SECTION A

FERDINAND: That , of course, was my first voyage, the first of many, whose memory is still fresh after all these years.

Ah, life aboard ship has a quality all its own.

MUSIC 4 SECTION B (4 bar extract)

CHANTWELL: Mi memba, mi memba. *(During the next section, Chantwell mimes to Ferdinand the Discoverer's words, unseen by him)*

FERDINAND: I remember the sails billowing in the wind, the timbers creaking, the spray thrown up by the headlong rush of the ship before a favourable wind, the

rise and fall of the prow over the mighty waves.

(Chantwell mimes becoming very seasick)

We were a fine set of young bucks, I must say. The hours we spent drinking and talking, *(Chantwell mimes a servant bringing wine)* drinking strong Dao wine, *(Chantwell pours a drink for the Discoverer then takes a swig from the bottle)* boasting of our exploits in battle, *(another drink for both)* wondering what adventures were yet to befall us, *(another drink)* toasting our lady loves, *(another drink)* – so many hours of wine, talk and laughter.

MUSIC 4 SECTION B (4 bar extract)

Chantwell staggers drunkenly to the side of the ship.

MUSIC 4 SECTION A

FERDINAND: There was a day– it was the Feast of the Assumption, I recall – one of the sailors caught a magnificent fish and we had a superb dinner...

MUSIC 4 SECTION B

CHANTWELL: Well now, mi memba one time when mi go ina Portugal. Massa say 'Today be Lawd's day,so you go nyam meat, real meat. Well, mi laugh, mi laugh fe die. Den come Bosun, bring big big plate a roast meat. An mi say, ': Bosun, mi kyan eat dis'. An Bosun say 'You eat it right now'. So wi eat it, eat it, every last piece. But mi know im fraish, fraish – mi see im run squeak squeak pan deck jus one hour before.

MUSIC 4 SECTION B

FERDINAND: Of course, life was not perfect. The cabins were very small–not at all like my Royal Palace in Naples.

CHANTWELL: No suh ! Mi memba time I tief from Africa. Was everywhere people people. Was people ina cabin –white people. Was people on deck– like me. Mi servant so mi could sleep pan deck. Mi ax Massa fe mattress but im say 'Hard bed mek straight back, right ?'.

An in de hold was people too. All a–mek trip to de is1and in de sun. Man, was so many people, dey glad fe see when somebody die, mek room fe lie down ! *(He laughs at his own joke).*

FERDINAND: Such wonderful times. In those regions the sky is always clear and the sun hot.

CHANTWELL: Is true. One time mi uncle was down dere. An' mi uncle say "Bo sun, is hot hot down yah. Let wi pan deck.' Well now, Bosun say 'Fine, fine. Mi sorry you so hot. Come on up. An im tek off de chain. Im bring uncle one bucket water fe wash. Im give uncle wan wan bread fe nyam an' wine fe drink. An im say "You happy now "? Den he beat uncle and im die.
(quietly).

(Music changes at once to SECTION A)

FERDINAND: But the strangest voyage of all was my last before I settled down to look after my vines and olives in the mountains behind Naples. That was the occasion of my unexpected visit to Prospero's island. It was there that I bought Chantwell.

Prospero was a gentleman of high birth and great learning, who lived on the island with his daughter Miranda. Some said, too, that he had a familiar spirit, Ariel, who could work magic and control the elements.

Like all the best epics, my story begins in the middle of a storm...

(Music moves at once into Storm Scene)

1.5 *A headland on the island. Darkness with flashes of lightning. The wind is rising. PROSPERO wears a magical cloak and ARIEL is bathed in an eerie light. Snatches of powerful music are heard.*

MUSIC 5

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: Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

ARIEL: No !

PROSPERO: The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop, this damn'd witch Sycorax
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish' d; was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors, with Caliban her son
Whom now I keep in service. Thou, my slave,
Because thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By the 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, Thou best know'st
What a torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine Art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL: I thank thee ,master.

What shall I do ? say what; what shall I do ?

PROSPERO: Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea;
Be subject to
No sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.

A terrible crash of thunder. The storm breaks .

1.6 A galleon and the seashore. Darkness, thunder and lightning

MUSIC 6 (The speeches are heard over the music)

On the ship

*At various times we see the BOSUN, GONZALO,
FERDINAND, STEPHANO, TRINCULO and SAILORS*

BOSUN: Yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

(Desperate rushing by Sailors)

On the headland

PROSPERO and MIRANDA are watching the ship. Enter ARIEL

PROSPERO: Hast thou, spirit,
Performed 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 amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and the boresprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and the 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 !

On the ship

BOSUN: Down with the topmast ! Yare ! lower ! lower ! Bring her to try with main-course.

(Cries and shrieks) .

On the headland

MIRANDA: If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer !

(Prospero remains unmoved)

On the ship

BOSUN: Lay her a–hold, a–hold ! Set her two courses: off to the sea; lay her off.
*(The sailors rush off to carry out his commands. A terrible
crash. Cries of anguish. Blackout. Exeunt omnes)*

1.7 The seabed

An eerie light. The music calms and changes.

MUSIC 7

Enter DANCERS as SEA NYMPHS

ARIEL: Song

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea–change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea–nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding dong *(special effects)*
Hark now I hear them
Ding dong bell *(special effects)*

Exeunt all

1.8 The seashore

The light changes to sunrise. New music begins. Enter GNATBITE

MUSIC 8

GNATBITE: Song

Come unto these yellow sands

Chorus offstage:

Foot it featly here and there

And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kissed

Foot it featly here and there

The wild waves whist:

Foot it featly here and there (*three times*) *[Gnatbite and chorus]*

And sweet sprites bear the burden.

Hark hark !

Bow wow (*special effects*)

The watch dogs bark:

Bow wow (*special effects*)

Hark hark !

I hear

The strain of stutting Chanticleer

Cry-

Cock a diddle dow (*special effects*)

Come unto these yellow sands

Chorus offstage:

Foot it featly here and there

And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kissed

Foot it featly here and there

The wild waves whist:

Foot it featly here and there (*three times*) *[Gnatbite and chorus]*

And sweet sprites bear the burden.

GNATBITE exits singing the last line.

ACT TWO

2.1 A plantation on the island

On one side of the plantation, at the rear of the stage, is a large uprooted tree stump. Front left is a verandah with tables and chairs. Near the verandah is a pile of sacks of corn. Stage right are a chair for the OVERSEER, stocks and a flogging post. The sun has just risen but it is already very hot.

Enter VILLAGERS. They are slaves, going to work in the fields. They move slowly and without energy. They begin to hoe listlessly. A few try to move the tree stump. They

have been in by the OVERSEER.

Enter GNATBITE. He tips his hat to the audience and sets up a rhythm on his guitar. Throughout his singing the villagers continue their work and are quite unaware of him.

MUSIC 9

GNATBITE (song)

Wouldn't it be lots of fun
On an island in the sun,
Si t all day and drink the rum
On an island in the sun.

But- it's not all honey,
Unless you've got the money.
But if you're OK ,
Then come out here and play.

(over vamp)

I show you
What we got here.

(vamp continues quietly)

Enter GONZALO, taking a morning stroll. The vamp fades out.

GONZALO: Aaah, what a beautiful morning ! Truly God moves in a mysterious way. But if we are patient, He shows that He cares for His children. Oh, Gonzalo, you are indeed a fortunate man !

GONZALO: After the storm, the calm. And what a calm ! My native Naples is of course incredibly lovely: the poet rightly claimed that it was the most beautiful bay in the world. But even so, one might well think this island a. new Eden, there is such perfection in the light, in the blue of the sea, and in the rich green of the vegetation.

GNATBITE: (*sings*)

I tell you
What we got here.
We got
Bananas on every tree

And sunshine –completely free !
Got mango, sweet potato –
An' don't forget –mosquito I

GONZALO: (*spoken over the vamp*) Then there is the wonderful variety of living creatures – the brilliantly coloured birds, and the monkeys chattering in the trees.

GNATBITE: (*sings*)
Got scorpions in the dark
Sea water– full of shark.

GONZALO: (*spoken over the vamp*) You know, the Archbishop might think it heresy to hear me say so, but perhaps this was the Garden of Eden. One can just imagine God walking here, as the Scriptures tell us, to take the cool of the garden in the heat of the day.

GNATBITE: (*sings*)
If you like, the mountains are airier –
Can't escape though from malaria.

GONZALO: (*spoken over the vamp*) Of course, I suppose that even in Eden there was the serpent that was such a problem for our first parents.

GNATBITE: (*sings*):
If you're tired, just rest your ass
But watch out for snakes, lying in the grass.

GONZALO: (*spoken over the vamp*) I have to admit that it does rain sometimes. But then it doesn't last long, and afterwards the air is so fresh. The birds start to sing, and the village picanninies come out to play.

He walks off, continuing silently in these pleasant reflections.

GNATBITE: (*sings*):
Blue seas, sandy shores
Storms of hurricane force

The vamp continues. Over it we hear the villagers talk– they've noticed that the Overseer is dozing.

SIMON: Was a bad bad storm last night.

KWAKU: Uh-huh. Was a night fe duppy mek holiday.

KUJO: Kwashi tell me one bakra ship be sink by Saint Peter Head. All be die, everybody –

KWAKU: No, man –

KUJO: Could nobody help.

KOSOKO (*in Yoruba*): Olorun wa !

OBI: He say, God is just.

KWAKU: No, man, I tellin you. Was one man save. Was here just now.

SIMON: Praise the Lord !

OBI: Curse him, better. Bakra God mek one more massa fe we.

KWAKU: Is worse ting yet. Massa Prosper ago give bakra was here Caliban fe slave.

There is a shocked silence.

KOSOKO: Olorun ode a wa lotunla.

OBI: (*translating*) 'God the hunter will come the day after tomorrow'.

The Overseer wakes up. Seeing them talking, he cracks his whip and they return to work.

GNATBITE: (*spoken*) But at least they've got full employment !

(sings)

No- it's not all honey
Unless you've got the money
But if you're OK
Then come out here and play.

Exit GNABITE.

2.2. The plantation

Enter the OVERSEER, dragging in and kicking CHNATWELL. At first the situation is funny.

OVERSEER: Come on, come on, you lazy bastard, Chantwell. Get to work on that drum of yours – I want that stump moved 1

He gives a particularly vicious kick and the routine ceases to be funny.

CHANTWELL: Yes, massa.

(He takes up a conga drum near the verandah. The Overseer sits down on his chair, drinks and dozes.)

CHANTWELL: *(chants)* Ya hear me ?

MUSIC 10

KWAKU: *(spoken)* Sing out, Chantwell. We depan haste fe work.

CHANTWELL: *(chants)* Is time fe dig an' hoe.

LABOURERS: *(sung)* Now time.

CHANTWELL: *(chants)* Is time fe say your name.

LABOURERS: *(sung)* Now time.

CHANTWELL: *(spoken)* See you all no be go fishin'. !

LABOURERS: *(sung)* Now time no like before time.

In the next section Chantwell moves into rhythm. The labourers start to work, and to pull the tree stump across the stage.

MUSIC 11

CHANTWELL: *(sings)* Mama done bear me,
Papa done name me,
But Massa baptise me.

So gimme back me name.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Gimme back me name.

CHANTWELL: (*sings*) Sing out Matthew (Mark/Luke/ John)
(*The song is taken up by each in turn as shown in the musical score*)

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Massa baptise im so

LABOURER: (*sings*) But is Obi (Kwaku/Yubi/Kwashi) in de field,
An is Obi dig an hoe.
An Obi blood a run
Cas massa whip im so.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) So gimme back me name (*four times*)
(*To end the song all the labourers sing*)

The tree stump has now been pulled across the stage. Those hoeing continue to do so in a desultory fashion and out of time.

OVERSEER: (*waking*) All right. You can stop now. Drinky drinky. Just little time. No lazy black bastard here, right?

The villagers sit, drink a little water from a gourd, and chat quietly .

2.3 The forest

*Dull green light. The villagers are gathered around the sacred sycamore tree.
Drums beat.*

MUSIC 12

At one side of the stage Chantwell plays his conga drum. The villagers perform a sacred dance during the speaking of the words which follow. Chantwell's speeches are a comment and are carefully woven into a total rhythmic texture.

The PRIEST (who is actually CALIBAN) appears beside the tree. He wears a ritual costume.

CALIBAN: Fathers of our people

VILLAGERS: Hear us.

Caliban. He takes the sacred bones from the obeah bag.

CALIBAN: *(to different people)* You hope for a child: *(shakes bones and scans them)* be fruitful. You long for a cure of the pain in your back. It will depart. *(To all)* You long for freedom: the dream shall become truth.

The dancing begins again.

CALIBAN: Come now
Fathers of our people.

VILLAGERS: Hear us; come.

CHANTWELL: Leave for a while
the rotting grave .

CALIBAN: Fathers of our people
Bless us with your presence

VILLAGERS: Hear us; come.

CHANTWELL: Leave for a while
the unquiet world of the living dead.

ALL: Return now to your home and kin.

Suddenly a Villager rushes in. She is naked, and painted white all over. She throws herself about in a violent frenzy. Several villagers stand close, to support but not to restrain her.

NONYE: *(a female villager)*
Spirit, spirit,
The midwife awaits.

OKWATA: *(a female medium)* I see them. I see them. I see the day of freedom. I see the son and the great-grandfather together, The grandmother at the point of death stretches her arms to welcome the newborn babe. The sun brightens and the stars dance. I see them.

The dancing intensifies. At the height of the dancing men enter bearing torches. They are followed by others wearing the ancestral masks. The villagers receive them with

mixed awe and joy.

Sudden silence and blackout.

2.4 The plantation. Daytime

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLDIER: Do they understand English ?

OVERSEER: When they want to.

SOLDIER: Then I have to read them this proclamation. Not that it will have any effect on those savages.

OVERSEER: What's it about ?

SOLDIER: They're up to their heathen tricks again.

OVERSEER: Magic?

SOLDIER: That's it. You know, they're really disgusting. The sergeant was telling me that they dig up dead babies and eat them when they worship Satan.

OVERSEER: *(shows disgust, then speaks to the slaves)* All right. Stop work. Listen to the proclamation.

SOLDIER: Hear ye. Hear ye.

In order to prevent the many mischiefs that may hereafter arise from the wicked art of Satan, negroes, going under the appellation of obeah men and women, pretending to have communication with the Devil and other evil spirits, whereby the weak and superstitious are deluded with a belief of their having full power to exempt them, whilst under their protection from any evils that might otherwise happen: be it therefore enacted that from this time forward any negro or other slave, who shall pretend to any supernatural power, and be detected in making use of any blood, feathers, parrot's beak, dog's teeth, alligator's teeth, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum, egg shells or any other materials relative to the practice of obeah or witchcraft, in order to delude and impose on the minds of others, shall

upon conviction thereof, before the Governor, suffer death.

(to Overseer) That's it. (Goes off).

OVERSEER: In other words, no more fucking magic, you devil worshipping scum. See?

He raises his whip and the workers return to their tasks.

2.5 The plantation

Enter MIRANDA. She sees CHANTWELL sitting by his drum and approaches him. She is accompanied by her black servant, MARY.

MIRANDA: *(mock serious)* Have you work to do, Chantwell ?

CHANTWELL: Bway, Miz, mi got so much work, me never got a moment to stand still.

MIRANDA: *(mock serious)* Indeed. You seem to be sitting now. *(He stands)*

MARY: No believe him, miss. He jus' lazy. *(to Chantwell)* Good Book say, 'See yah Broda Ant, im run, im run, im work, im work, all day long'. Why do you no be same ?

MIRANDA: *(turning to go)* That's true, Chantwell, so I'd better leave you to your labours. I was only going to ask you to tell me one of your tales of Anansi the spider.

CHANTWELL: But Miss, Good Book say too 'Honour your Father'.

MIRANDA: Which I do most truly.

CHANTWELL: An' fi-mi father say 'Tired tongue better' n tired back'.

MIRANDA: *(laughing and sitting)* Sit, Mary.

She nods to the Overseer, who has been hatching. He goes, and Chantwell sits too.

2.6 The plantation

A few floating chords which hang in the silence. When Chantwell begins to speak, he does so with a new dignity – his manner is more that of a contemporary African or

Caribbean novelist reading his own work. There is plenty of humour and backchat, but at the end we recognise that Chantwell is the village musician, whose function it is to recall genealogy at a birth. to express in song the great moments of the nation, and to pronounce the ritual of praise and mourning over the dead.

A the story continues it becomes more and more of a dramatic event involving the audience as well as the narrator.

CHANTWELL: Long ago, when the world was still young, Brother Jaguar did not live here. No, Miss, he lived in a land far away, with all the other big cats – :Brother Leopard, Brother Tiger and Brother Lion.

But :Brother Jaguar was very very proud and so one day, he had a terrible quarrel with Brother Lion. So he left the land of the cats and walked and walked and walked.

(The villagers start to gather round Chantwell).

At last he arrived here in the forest. He liked this new place very much.

“Ah”, he said, “is good yah. Sun a-shine and dey be tree wid mango, orange and banana. Mi tink mi a-go stay yah.”

(The Villagers clap a short rhythm) MUSIC

CHANTWELL: But after a time Brother Jaguar decided that he did not like having to work, so he decided to find a servant.

(Villagers laugh and comment – "Sure", "Of course" etc)

CHANTWELL: Now one day Brother Nansi was taking a walk before lunch. Suddenly Brother Jaguar jumped out from behind a tree, and said "Mi want you fe come work fe me."

"Well" said Brother Nansi "I always glad to help a body but I be real busy today."

Then Brother Jaguar flicked his tail and put out his claws, and his eyes flashed and he said "You no come work for me, mi nyam you, nyam you right now."

And Brother Nansi's teeth chattered, and his knees knocked together and he said:

VILLAGERS: *(Anansi voice)* "yes, sah. Yes, massa. I a-comin right away".

MIRANDA: Poor Anansi – he's always in trouble.

CHANTWELL: Well, every day Brother Nansi came to Brother Jaguar's house, and cleaned the floor, and fetched the water and cooked the dinner. Soon Brother Jaguar found other servants. Sister Goat had to give milk and Brother Monkey had to climb up and collect coconuts. All the animals had to work for Brother Jaguar.

(Villagers groan and imitate tired workers.)

Now Brother Nansi never did like to work and so he decided he must find a way out of Brother Jaguar's power. So one day he went to Brother Jaguar as he lay sunning himself and said "Massa, now is sun but soon go come de rain. Then you a-go need sintin fe keep you dry. Let I I weave you a coat". Brother Jaguar said yes and Brother Nansi set to work.

(The villagers start to clap behind the story and to mime the weaving)

As he spun a web round Brother Jaguar, Brother Nansi said to himself "Soon im be tie up and den mi be free".

And Brother Jaguar dozed and Brother Nansi wove and Brother Nansi wove and Brother Jaguar dozed.

At last Brother Nansi wove the last thread. He was just going to run off when Brother Jaguar yawned and stretched –

(Villagers fall silent and expectant)

and completely snapped Brother Nansi's beautiful web.

(Villagers clatter their hoes and chains and howl)

CHANTWELL: Well, Brother Nansi was not one to give up easily. So the next day when Brother Jaguar called him he said:

VILLAGERS: *(Anansi voice)* "yes, sah. Yes, massa. I a-comin right away".

CHANTWELL: And then he said "Massa, is time fe dig mo ground, cos garden full full already". Now my friend Brother Peccari, the wild hog, im got big nose an he love to dig wid it. If you want, mi kyari im come yah fe dig."

(Villagers begin to clap and beat the ground with hoes)

CHANTWELL: Now when Brother Peccari came, Brother Nansi said to him "When you see Massa, you butt him wid you nose. Then we drive im off and live in he house."

Well, as everybody knows, Brother Peccari loves nothing better than to spend the day rooting in the forest for tasty plants to eat. So when he saw Brother Jaguar's garden with all the new plants growing, he went wild. He began to dig up all Brother Jaguar's yams and potatoes, grunting with joy all the time.

Then Brother Jaguar saw what was happening and came rushing out of his house roaring and baring his cruel claws. Brother Peccari never ran so fast in his whole life.

(The noise of the villagers dissolves into laughter)

Well Brother Nansi is not one to give up. So the next day when Brother Jaguar called him, he said:

VILLAGERS: *(Anansi voice)* “yes, sah. Yes, massa. I a-comin right away”.

CHANTWELL: And then he said to Brother Jaguar “Massa, everybody yah want fe come and sing fe say welcome to this country”. And Brother Jaguar said “Ah, mi like that. An mi sing miself, after mi dinner. Mi got a good voice”. *(purrs)*.

So Brother Nansi fetched all the animals of the forest, and told them his plan.

(Villagers begin to clap and beat the ground with hoes)

CHANTWELL: They all gathered round the door, and they all began to sing in their own way.

(Villagers begin to imitate the sounds)

CHANTWELL: Brother Kissander went ‘miaow’ and Sister Goat went 'baah' and Brother Dog barked and Brother Monkey chattered and Brother Wasp buzzed.

You never heard such a noise in your life.

So Brother Jaguar rushed out, shouting, “Stop, stop, no more”. But then every animal attacked him in his own way. Brother Kissander the Cat scratched, and Sister Goat butted, and Brother Dog bit, and Brother Monkey threw coconuts and Brother Wasp stung and stung and stung. And he was the smallest and yet he was the worst. _And even Brother Jaguar who was so big could not beat off all the animals in their attack, and so he ran off into the forest howling.

(Villagers cheer)

CHANTWELL: And that's why he stays there to this day, living alone, and coming out at night, and lying in wait for late travellers.

MIRANDA: And it was no less than he deserved.

(Everyone laughs, and there is a lot of good humour)

2.7 The plantation

Enter a black woman servant.

MARTHA: Here you are Miz M'randa. I shoulda know you be with that lazy Chantwell. Your father say come to him now. Now, Miz M'randa,

MIRANDA: (*getting up*) Very well, Martha. Tell my father that I shall be with him immediately. Come along, Mary.

The villagers return to work. Chantwell beats time for their work on the drum.

2.8 The plantation.

Enter OVERSEER. He is followed by a cart which halts at the edge of the stage.

OVERSEER: Come on, come on. Load these sacks of corn onto here.

The labourers form two chains between the pile of sacks and the cart. One chain begins to transfer a sack. But as soon as the OVERSEER is settled and begins to doze, the end man on the first chain passes his sack to his opposite number in the second chain, so that for most of the time the sack is moving out along one line and back along the other. Gradually the audience should realise that the pile is not getting much smaller and why. As they work the labourers sing, and listen to the conversation between Kwaku and Kujo.

MUSIC 14

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to see you
Guinea corn, I long to plant you.

KWAKU: You hear story jus come :from Trinidad ?

KUJO: No man, whey dat ?

KWAKU: You no go believe it, but is true.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to mould you,

Guinea corn, I long to weed you.

KWAKU: New people tief outa Africa. Come ina Trinidad. Got bad bad massa. Im beat dem, beat dem all de time. One day twenty nine man run away.

KUJO: All scape free ?

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to hoe you.

KWAKU: Lord no. Soldier go out, dey catch dem, catch dem all. An Guv'nor say all mus' be hang.

KUJO: Is hard life fe we.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to top you
Guinea corn, I long to cut you
Guinea corn, I long to dry you.

KWAKU: Bakra Gov'nor im sorry see so many slave go die, so you know whey im do ?

KUJO: Im sorry ?

KWAKU: Yes, yes, im very sorry. You see soon.

KOJO: You say it, me believe it. Whey im do ?

L LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to beat you
Guinea corn, I long to trash you.

KUJO: Im mek soldier beat dem ?

KWAKU: No man. Im say must be punish, mek example. So im hang one slave. All de bakra people cheerin see men hang. Soldier -tek down body, bring nex man.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to parch you.

KUJO: Is sad, sad, twenty nine men.

KWAKU: Story no done yet ! Twenty-nine men hand but only one die.

KUJO: (*amazed*) Eh ?

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to grind you.

KWAKU: Is like dis. Fus man be hang. Dey carry im away fe be bury. But dey come back, carry im like dis (*upright gesture*). Hang im again.

KUJO: Same man ? Dead man ?

KWAKU: Twenty-nine time.

(*Kujo looks puzzled*)

KWAKU: "Dey all look same to me".

KUJO: (*laughing*) Bway !

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to turn you

KWAKU: Other man, come night, dey send dem ina Barbados, sell dem again in de market.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long -

(*The Overseer stirs*)

KWAKU: An you know whey Govn'r say ?

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long -

KUJO: Sure. "Justice mus' be do".

KWAKU: Wrong! Waste not, want not" !

The Overseer wakes. The labourers up the tempo, change the song, and load the sacks quickly onto the cart.

LABOURERS: (*sung*) Guinea corn, I long to eat you. (*several times*)

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us good warrant of.
He tosses a sweetmeat to Caliban, who finally eats it after a little persuasion from PROSPERO's cane.

GONZALO: Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king on't, what would I do ?
I' th' commonwealth I would by contrarieties
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;

MUSIC 15

[A beautiful and mvsterious chord is heard]

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.

[The islanders echo this line, spiritual style]

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

PROSPERO: Faith, good my lord Gonzalo, you would not say so had you passed as many years as I in these lands. Our race is nobler: it must therefore command. And these poor savages are like children.

[Gonzalo tosses Caliban another sweetmeat]

Ay, they like sweetmeats well enough. But at the end, they understand best the whip and the noose, for they are thieves and rogues, every one of them.

[Enter servant with a drink for Prospero]

GONZALO: Surely, my lord, you think it not right nor justice that the loss of money should cause the loss of a man's life. For mine opinion is that all the goods in the world are not able to countervail a man's life. For God commandeth us that we shall not kill.

PROSPERO: The same scriptures also counsel us to take an eye for an eye, and also command us to obey our superiors.

GONZALO: Ay–indeed– but–

PROSPERO: Nay, truly, sir, you will say next that we should not take these savages for slaves

GONZALO: No, my lord, there you are mistaken. For I have already told you how greatly I approve the custom of the island of Utopia, where commonly the most heinous faults are punished with the incommodity of bondage. For there cometh more profit of their labour than of their death. And it will certainly profit both you and your slaves that it be so. For you shall profit now, and they, through their labour and the religious teaching which you give them, shall win favour in the eyes of God and so atone for their former heathen practices. Ay, marry, was it not the German philosopher who wrote 'Arbeit macht frei' – that is to say 'Through labour shall come freedom' ?

PROSPERO: Indeed, it is so. But look. Here's the runaway slave.

He gestures for and is given another drink. The Labourers fall silent and stop working. A procession enters with soldiers and a VILLAGER in chains. Prospero makes the sign of the cross on him. The man is tied to the flogging post, and his foot is chopped off.

2. IO The stage of the Empire Theatre

Enter GNATBITE. He has taken off his bowler and waistcoat.

GNATBITE: (song)

MUSIC 16

Two princes, two colours,
Two men, two names,
Both were young, both were handsome –
Pity their fate was not the same.

One was shipwrecked, one was kidnapped,
One was white, one was black.
Both want the same, get different,
Far from home, want to go back.

Two princes, two colours,
One found love, the other found hate.
You just saw one, so now see the other –
Pity they found a different fate.

Exit GNATBITE.

2.11 The wings and band area of the Empire Theatre

The music dies down to silence. All the musicians remain still. They need a moment of silence after the intensity of what they have just created.

Into the silence, too soon, comes the voice of Gnatbite, who, we suddenly realize, has made his way unobtrusively to the band area.

GNATBITE: 'Scuse me, Tony. Have you got an E string ?– this one's just gone.

MD: Your gift for timing is quite exceptional. There are some in the band room – you'll see them on the table.

Enter MIRANDA, in the wings.

As Gnatbite is about to pass her, she speaks to him. The back of her dress is undone.

MIRANDA: Do me up, will you, Natty love ?
[She hums a snatch of 'Two Princes']
It's a beautiful song.
[The MD is obviously put out]

GNATBITE: Naturally – I wrote it.
[Gnatbite finishes the task and goes]

MIRANDA: Don't look like that, Tony. You had your turn the other day.

MD: Be serious, Miranda.

MIRANDA: No, Tony. I've told you before. No more ties or heavy relationships, right ?

Exit Miranda. The MD goes back to the band area. The house lights go up. Exit band.

INTERVAL
ACT THREE

3.1 The stage of the Empire Theatre

Enter GNATBITE, strumming his guitar, and humming his theme tune.

GNATBITE: And hello again. A1 right? You too? But isn't that bar crowded?

Well, on with this tale of adventure, mystery and love.
[Strums dramatically on the guitar].

Several people were saved from the shipwreck.

[Enter Stephano in the wings, carrying cans of beer]

One was Gonzalo, Lord Chamberlain to the King of Naples – you've already seen him.

[Stefano gestures 'have a drink' from just offstage. Gnatbite nods to him]

And now– enter love interest !

Also saved from the wreck was Ferdinand, then Prince of Naples.

[Stefano gestures 'hurry up', and opens a can]

After the storm, he found himself, at daybreak, on a remote beach.

He strums a couple of dramatic chords and hurries off. He and Stefano sit in the wings and drink beer through the next scene.

A short strain of Miranda's Theme is heard.

MUSIC 17

3.2 The seashore

Snatches of 'Full Fathom Five' are heard. Enter FERDINAND, as a young man.

FERDINAND: Where should this music be ? i' th' air or th' earth ?

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence have I follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No it begins again.

[He follows the music]

3.3. The communal place near the village

Enter MIRANDA alone. Following her, at a distance come PROSPERO, GONZALO and CALIBAN. When he sees Miranda, Caliban growls. Prospero raps him with the cane. Miranda does not see them. Enter FERDINAND. Sudden chords dart into the air.

MIRANDA: What is't ? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about !
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Music plays. 'Miranda's Theme' is hinted at. MUSIC 19

MIRANDA: I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

(Miranda advances towards Ferdinand. The others stay at the side of the stage).

FERDINAND: Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! *(Music ends)* Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce is, O you wonder !.
If you be maid or no ?

MIRANDA: No wonder, sir;

But certainly a maid.

GNATBITE: Not since she was fourteen !

MIRANDA: You look wearily.

FERDINAND: No, noble mistress: 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you –,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,–
What is your name ?

MIRANDA: Miranda. -O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND: Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration !

GNATBITE: Now that would make a great pop number:
(sings: 'Admir' d Miranda, Indeed the top of admiration'.)

FERDINAND: worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
Have I eye'd

GNATBITE: I'll bet !

STEFANO: Too right, Nat. D'you know what we called him during the Edinburgh run ?
Ferdy the Poke ! Went through everything from the leading lady to the
usherette.

FERDINAND: with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear.
For several virtues

Have I liked several women;

GNATBITE: Yes, every one of 'em has got something – might be the eyes, or the arms,
or the breasts , or –

FERDINAND: For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any

MIRANDA: Hence bashful cunning !
And prompt me plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND: My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever. (*kneels*)

MIRANDA: My husband then ?

FERDINAND: Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e' er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA: And mine, with my heart in't.
(*Music moves to final chord and then dies away*).

PROSPERO: (*stepping forward*)
Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but

GNATBITE: (*to audience*) Wait for it !

PROSPERO: If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minster' d
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

STEFANO: Spoilsport !

GNATBITE: Did I ever tell you about the time this girl's father caught us on the job ? Well
-

FERDINAND: As I hope for quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the stron'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foundered
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO: Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.

Gnatbite and Stefano toast each other. Prospero starts to go off. Ferdinand goes to Miranda, takes her in his arms and is about to kiss her, when Prospero suddenly turns round.

PROSPERO: Look thou be true;
(Gnatbite and Stefano collapse with merriment)
do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

GNATBITE: Bet that wasn't his line when he was trying to get into a leg-over situation with Miranda's mother ! Well, I'm on now. See you.

Exeunt Gnatbite and Stefano. Music plays theme in full, rhythmically.

3.4 The same

*We hear the sound of drumming and singing, offstage, approaching slowly.
Enter GONZALO, PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*

GONZALO: What sounds are these, my lord ?

PROSPERO: It is the slaves. Today is the wedding of two of their number. It is an event which we cannot but applaud, since it will soon yield a small tribe of 'pickney' to till the fields. And it is an occasion not without charm, though strange and uncouth it to us.

FERDINAND: They seem to be much taken with the sound of the drums.

PROSPERO: Indeed they are, sir. They love them greatly, though we of more refined taste find them deafening. I believe that though a negro were languishing on his deathbed, the sound of the drums would induce him to get up and dance till he killed himself.

GONZALO: (*chuckling to himself*) In that case, my lord, if I might be permitted a moment of levity, it seems that one would then be truly said to have observed – the Dance of Death !

PROSPERO: (*drily*) I see that you are a man of sharp wit.

3.5 The same

Enter a VILLAGER, slightly ahead of the procession.

VILLAGER: A blessing, Massa. Bless de young peoples.
(*GONZALO and PROSPERO mime a blessing, watch for while, then leave*)

Enter VILLAGERS, singing.

MUSIC 21

VILLAGERS: (*sung*)

Will you come to the wedding ?
Will you come?
Bring your blessing.
Come rejoicing.

The music stops. Chantwell addresses Ferdinand and Miranda

CHANTWELL: Massa, miz Mranda. Today Kwashi and Nonyeka be marry. We ax you fe bless dem.
(*Ferdinand and Miranda give a blessing*)

CHANTWELL: Now you see we dance fe dem.

MUSIC 22 (*Section A is played. Music stops*)

CHANTWELL: Miz Mranda. You know our way. Today everybody, old people, young people, all sing an dance. And fus among us, fus sing.

(He gestures her to take the centre of the circle which the Villagers have formed.)

FERDINAND: Is this wise ?

MIRANDA: Wise ?

FERDINAND: Is it seemly then ?

MIRANDA: These are our servants. I have often been present when they have been making holiday.

FERDINAND: Really ? I do not feel that you should disport yourself before a crowd of blackamoors. It does not befit a person of your race and rank.

MIRANDA: It is true that they are my servants, common people and negroes. It therefore shows the more merit in us to grace their humble celebrations.

(She gestures to Chantwell to begin accompanying her song on his guitar)

MIRANDA: *(sings)*

Still a maid I must be,
Lonely I'll sing,
Till in his eyes I see
Love that is true and free,
And then he gives to me
My wedding ring.

The music moves into tempo, and she dances briefly, simply and gracefully. The Villagers applaud. Section A is played again, and they dance.

MUSIC 24

Chantwell gestures Ferdinand to take the centre of the circle.)

CHANTWELL: Massa ?

FERDINAND: *(sings)*

Oh the fun of the dance
When you're young and in love,

Come let us dance,
Make it merry and bright,
Go to work with a will,
Or be gentle and light,
Let your legs do the work
And your arms hold him tight –

Oh the fun of the dance
When you're young and in love.

The theme is played on an instrument, and Ferdinand dances a jig.

*In the next verse Ferdinand starts to bring out the innuendo more strongly.
At first Miranda is fascinated but does not otherwise react.*

There was a young man,
He was handsome and bold;
He swore that he'd live
Before he grew old.
And he'd always have maidens
To kiss and to hold–

Oh the fun of the dance
When you're young and in love.

FERDINAND: Come let us dance,
Make it merry and bright,
Go to work with a will
Or be gentle and light;
Let your legs do the work
And your arms hold him tight –

*He attempts to put his arm round Miranda and she suddenly realises the
second meaning of the song.*

MIRANDA: Oh –

She pulls away, shocked.

The villagers go at once into a performance of Section A.

MUSIC 26

AKUEKE: Listen Massa, we tell you how it ago be.

(female villager)

The Villagers go into the singing contest. Several villagers sing a verse, as though improvising. They try to outdo each other. After each verse, the singer dances a little. The remaining villagers join in the choruses and respond as indicated.

MUSIC 27

SIMON: *(sings)*

I tell you never take a wife.
You be in trouble all your life.
First she mek you clean the pan,
Sweep the floor and then you can
Feed the pickney, then woman
Tell you you are not a man.

There is mockery and laughter from the villagers. He dances, alone.

OBI: *(sings)*

(male)

His trouble really not in she;
I tell you how it ought to be.
First you drag her 'long the track,
Get home, shout, and then you smack
Take a stick, give her a crack–
Then you lay her on her back *(lewd gesture)*

Some village men show agreement, some of the women abuse him, and others mock. Some of the men dance.

UGUYE: *(sings)*

(female)

These men are truly all the same,
On women they put all the blame,
Go out drinkin' in the town,

Come back home, and then he frown,
Fall asleep – don't mek a soun' !
Oh they really get you down.

Sympathy from the women. The women dance.

OJIUGO: *(sings)*
(female) Yes mistress, what you say is right
So often he go out at night.
When is mornin' come to we
Say im had a frien' to see.
He go with another she –
An' they's nothin' left for me !

Villagers laugh. She dances alone.

AKUEKE: *(sings)* .
(female) I tell you women what to do.
When husband do that thing to you:
When he come back home to bed ,
'Cos of her, him nearly dead;
So get up close and stroke his – head *(gestures the man's limpness)*
Then he wish he never wed !

Everyone laughs. The music changes. The villagers dance. Chantwell gestures to Ferdinand and Miranda to join in. Miranda looks to him, for his agreement.

MUSIC 28

FERDINAND: No, Miranda. This wildness is not fitting sport for a prince.

Miranda obeys reluctantly. But as the dance gains in excitement, she begins to sway to the music. She seems about to join in, when she looks to him. He remains stern. She moves across to him and takes his hand. The dance comes to an end,

3.6 The same

As the dancing ends, we realise that night has now fallen and there is the flicker of a fire. The music declines into a gentle background, which becomes the introduction to the next song. Chantwell steps forward into the centre of the circle, and sings. The listeners

join in softly.

MUSIC 29

CHANTWELL: *(sings)*

Take hands, take hands
For the Blessing Song. *(twice)*
Though in your love
It may all go wrong,
Now in your love
It is still a song,
And we sing it with you –
So take hands, take hands
For the Blessing Song.
Take hands, take hands
For the Blessing Song.
Things may go wrong,
But there was a moment
When love was a song;
So remember the Blessing Song
The love of the Blessing Song,
The love of our Blessing Song
For you.

The villagers go round, shaking hands, embracing each other and wishing each other good night. Some approach Ferdinand and Miranda, who acknowledge them formally. The villagers disperse and leave the stage. Miranda and Ferdinand bid each other farewell, and go off in opposite directions. Just before going off, Miranda calls to him:

MIRANDA: Good night, sweet prince –
(As she speaks two men carrying machetes enter from the forest, quietly and unseen. They look grimly upon the scene)
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

As the couple exit, one man makes as if to follow Ferdinand with raised machete. The other detains him lightly. The music ends

MAN 2: Soon.

They go off. The firelight flickers a little on the empty stage.' Blackout.

3.7 The wings of the Empire Theatre

Enter GNATBITE, passing the band area.

GNATBITE: Lovely bit of corn you've written there, Tony. Sends them off in a good mood for the interval. All you need now is a white tuxedo. *(to the audience)* See you in fifteen minutes.

He starts to go , turning away from MD.

MD: *(quietly)* Shut up. *(Suddenly, shouting)* SHUT UP !

Gnatbite turns, a little surprised, Then blows a kiss and runs off.

MD: *(to band)* All right. What are you waiting for ? It's the interval.

He and the band exit. The house lights go up.

INTERVAL

ACT FOUR

4.1 The island, near Prospero's residence. Night.

Drums are heard beating in the distance. Enter FERDINAND.

FERDINAND: *(to the audience)* At night this island is a fearful place. You can sense everywhere the struggle between Dark and Light, Good and Evil.

Enter GONZALO, hurriedly.

GONZALO: Milord, what are these drums ?

FERDINAND: It is the slaves. On many islands they are forbidden even to possess drums. For the same drums which by day urge them to greater labour, serve at night to urge them to rebellion. Worse, at night they assemble in the forest, and to the sound of their barbarous instruments consort with devils.

GONZALO: Oh horrors ! Was it for that reason that the proclamation was given out.

FERDINAND: It was indeed. Signor Prospero is a wise governor. But he has greater weapons yet than the scourge and the noose. You may have noticed how much he prefers the solitude of his simple hermit's cell to the greater ease of the Governor's Residence ?

GONZALO: Indeed, I have done so.

FERDINAND: There he follows his holy studies. Over long years they have given him powers which can withstand the worst efforts of the evil spirits which the islanders worship. He fears no demon which they may call up. And if he cannot win his subjects' hearts by such encounters, he will at least stir their terrors.

GONZALO: Let us join him at once, then. There will be safety under his protection.
Exeunt.

4.2 An open space on the island

It is dark. We are not certain whether the scene is taking place in a clearing surrounded by tall trees or in a darkened cathedral. On one side of the stage are tympani, which will

be played by Ariel. On the other side are two African drums, to be played by Chantwell. Organ music is heard.

MUSIC 30

Enter the Villagers, with obvious reluctance, accompanied by The Overseer and a soldier. Enter Chantwell at the ear of the group. He takes up his place at the African drums. From now on he plays as indicated, until the drum battle between him and Ariel is resolved.

The altar, on which stand a cross and a Bible is suddenly illuminated by a spot light. The organ music sounds again.

MUSIC 31

Enter ARIEL who begins to play on the timpani.

MUSIC 32

Enter PROSPERO at the head of a procession, which comes onto the stage chanting over the organ music. Enter GONZALO, DISCOVERER and FERDINAND. They wear white cloaks adorned with a gold cross. As they assemble and kneel, CALIBAN is brought on last, in chains. He is tied securely to a post, so that he can only observe what follows helplessly. He is unable to cry out because when he first attempts to do so, a soldier puts a knife to his throat, and keeps it there throughout the scene.

Prospero is carrying his rod. He points it towards the sky. Lightning flashes.

The drumming stops. Mysterious music is heard, over which Prospero speaks.

MUSIC 33

PROSPERO: `Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make the midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid –
Weak masters though ye be – I have bedimm'd the
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made: shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art:

He points his rod at the Villagers, who retreat in fear.

But this rough magic
I here abjure; *(he turns to the cross and genuflects)*
and, when I have required some

Some heavenly music – which even now I do –
(The music changes in nature)

To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff
(He lays aside the staff, slowly)
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

He lays aside his book of magic, takes up the Bible, kisses it, goes to the cross, and blesses the congregation.

The music ends. The drum battle begins again, punctuating and underlining the speeches.

MUSIC 35

PROSPERO: Live in fear of the Lord: open yourselves unto His love.

CONGREGATION: Lord, we fear and worship thee.

PROSPERO: Holy Scripture saith: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?'

CONGREGATION: Lord, help us to win thy grace.

PROSPERO: Lord, keep us from sin.

CONGREGATION: Lord, keep us from sin.

(A climactic point in the drumming – they are evenly matched so far,)

PROSPERO: Lord, keep us from sin, and from everlasting fire which awaiteth all sinners. Save us from the fire which burneth but which doth not consume, which burneth and is not extinguished, which burneth as a punishment to the unrighteousness eternally. Save us from that fire, and from the infinity of torments visited upon the damned, whose screams of agony echo through eternity. Yes, compared to their bitter cries, the howling of wolves is sweeter than the singing of angels.

(Another climax in the drumming. Ariel has a slight advantage. Some villagers move away from the edge of the meeting and join the main congregation.)

CONGREGATION: Lord have mercy upon us.

PROSPERO: Lord, be unto us like a father, who chastiseth his child, not in anger, but in love.

CONGREGATION: Lord have mercy upon us.

PROSPERO: Lord, we thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son, who wept for the sinner.

CONGREGATION: Lord have mercy upon us.

PROSPERO: Hear the voices of the damned as they awake in torment.

He lifts his rod. The drums stop. Out of nowhere is heard a collage of the following speeches:

UNSEEN VOICES:

We were dead of sleep,
And – how we know not –
all clapp'd under hatches

Upon mine honour, sir,
I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too,
which did awake me

SIN

O, it is monstrous,
monstrous !

Where, but even now,
with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling,
jingling chains,
and mo diversity of sounds,
all horrible,
we were awak'd

SIN

Methought the billows spoke
and told me of it

I shak'd you sir,
and cried: as mine eyes
open'd, I saw their
weapons drawn.

SIN

the winds did sing it to me

Tis best we stand upon
our guard

SIN

and the thunder
that deep and dreadful organ pipe,
pronounced the name of

SIN

-did bass my trespass

A climax of howling. A brief silence. The drums begin again.

MUSIC 37

PROSPERO: Confess ! confess ! Seek the mercy of the Lord.

A soldier is led forward by two others. His shirt is removed. He is lashed after each confession.

SOLDIER: Forgive me Lord, for I have sinned. *(lash)*
I have taken Thy name in vain *(lash)*
I have befouled myself in drunkenness *(lash)*
I have stolen from my friend *(lash)*
I have disobeyed my officer *(lash)*
I have fornicated with a slave woman *(lash)*

*As he is lashed again, he collapses and is dragged away.
More villagers leave the original group.
The drums beat again.*

PROSPERO: The Lord forgiveth sin, but He demandeth that you sacrifice for him, as He did for you through His only begotten Son. Remember that Abraham so loved and feared the Lord God that he offered his son, Isaac, as a sacrifice. Think above all, on the infinite love of the Lord, and of His son, Jesus Christ, who gave His own Life that He might redeem all sinners even unto the end of the world. If God did this, who should do less ?

The drums reach a climax. and then drop into a slow intense rhythm from Ariel only.

Enter soldiers, bearing MIRANDA on a bier, apparently dead. She is dressed in a shroud and covered with flowers. The villagers are terrified, Prospero is unmoved. Ferdinand is alarmed, and starts to move forward. Prospero looks sternly upon him and Gonzalo touches his arm.

GONZALO: Trust, sir, in the wisdom of Divine Providence.

Ferdinand stands motionless.

The soldiers lay Miranda upon the altar. Prospero has moved to behind the altar, suddenly he takes up a knife, holds it on high, pauses, and then plunges into Miranda. There is a brilliant flash, and at the same time the drum climaxes into loud chord played by the band, followed immediately by a total blackout.

The stage lightens slowly. The noblemen pray, Ferdinand stands with his hand on his sword, the villagers are in consternation calling "Help us Lord".

Prospero is again unmoved. He slowly scans the congregation, and quells them by force of personality into silence. He takes up his rod, and breaks it. He bows low to the cross. Then he stretches out his hand, and takes that of Miranda. She rises in a trance-like state from the altar. They exit slowly followed by the congregation, while Ariel beats a slow rhythm. The other villagers hurry forward and follow, chanting in a whisper "Help us, Lord, Hear our prayers".

Chantwell looks steadily at Ariel for a moment and then goes off in the opposite direction. Ariel puts down his sticks and follows the procession.

Caliban is left onstage, still tied to the post, expressing fury in the few movements he can make. The lights go down slowly.

4.3 The wings of the Empire Theatre

Enter GNATBITE and MIRANDA.

GNATBITE: You know, I don't like him much, but I have to hand it to old Pro. I mean, that scene is no more than a few corny stage effects, and yet they were on the edge of their seats.

MIRANDA: Well, I'm always glad when that sacrifice bit is over. What if he slipped– I'd be scarred for life!

GNATBITE: He might do just that if you ever push him as hard as you do Tony.

MIRANDA: *(laughing)* Well– you k now – Tony's nice enough – but he's too

serious. I just don't want to get that involved.

GNATBITE: (*pensively*) They love it, don't they. (*Enter MD*) They really want to believe it. You could make a fortune out of it: Imagine: "Mighty Gnatbite presents the lovely Miranda, rising from the dead twice nightly".

MD: That's not funny, Gnatbite.

GNATBITE: Well, I could tell you the one about the elephant and the custard pie–

MD: Don't bother.

MIRANDA: No, he's right, Natty. You have no respect for anything. I haven't forgiven you yet for making fun of me when I cast your horoscope.

Enter STEFANO.

STEFANO: Time, Gnatbite.

GNATBITE: (*going*) "We'll continue this later, my good, woman".

MIRANDA: Oh piss off !
(*to MD*)

You see what I mean, don't you Tony ? You can't make a joke of absolutely everything. There are forces we don't understand.

MD: I certainly agree that there's more to life than pubs and womanising. That's why I'm composing my string quarter for–

VOICE (*off*): Quiet please !

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Enter GNATBITE and MIRANDA.

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(*to MD*)

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MD: I certainly agree that there's more to life than pubs and womanising. That's why I'm composing my string quartet for–

VOICE (*off*): Quiet please !

ACT FIVE

5.1 The island

Enter FERDINAND , as a middle aged man.

FERDINAND: My tale draws to its climax. The evil influence of Caliban was not without its power. Some slaves, foolish and forgetful of their rightful obedience, fell under his spell. He, proud creature, rose in revolt against his master, Prospero.

Exit

5.2 The stage of the Empire Theatre. The island in the background.

Enter GNATBITE. He is now wearing a tee shirt with a slogan such as "Support Anti-Racism struggle". He also wears a silk cravat in Rastafarian colours. There is something distinctly smooth and flashy about him.

MUSIC 41

GNATBITE: (*sings*)

When a people suffer
Like this people do,
Then they look for justice,
But justice is for few.

When there is no justice,
Then there is no right,
So the one solution
Is take up arms and fight

CHORUS
Freedom –
That's all the people ask ,
So that life
Can be for living.
Freedom –
Means struggle is our task–
We must take
What they're not giving.

5.3 The wings of the Empire Theatre

MIRANDA is standing watching the show. She is singing the chorus of the "Freedom Song" softly to herself. GNATBITE comes off stage. He hands his guitar casually to the

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, but turns his attention at once to Miranda.

GNATBITE: You must admit, I make a fine revolutionary – a true Lord Byron–

He strikes a pose.

MIRANDA: If I thought you meant that –

GNATBITE: –and like the noble lord, I have a fine weapon !

He slips his arm round her, and kisses her cheek. She laughs and they go off laughing.

5.4 Outside Prospero's cell

It is daylight. Prospero is reading in his book. His back is to Caliban. A hand pushes a key towards Caliban, who quietly undoes the locks to his chains. He rises, throws off the chains and fetters and then the belt with tail and penis. He seems to grow bigger.

In the speeches that follow, the high points are emphasised by free percussion effects, such as cymbal clashes, rasps from a scraper and so on.

MUSIC 42

CALIBAN: *(to the audience)*

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch–meal a disease ! his spirits hear me,
And yet I must needs curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin–shows, pitch me i'th'mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mEw and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

(to Prospero)

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drip on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Prospero seizes a shepherd's crook with which he tries to capture Caliban. They circle, like a pair of wrestlers. From time to time, Prospero lunges but without success.

PROSPERO: For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, such a pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN: 1 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me, and made much of me; would'st 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 lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Curs'd be I that did so ! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !

PROSPERO: Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN: O ho, O ho ! I would't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you

For learning me your language !

He runs off, pursued by Prospero.

5.4 A clearing in the forest

Enter CALIBAN.

MUSIC 43

CALIBAN: *(running in, shouting)*

Freedom, high-day, freedom, high-day, freedom !
Freedom, high-day, freedom !

(sings)

Freedom, high-day, high day, freedom !
Ban, Ban, Caliban
Shall have a new master, be a new man.

Enter CHANTWELL. He joins in.

BOTH: Freedom, high-day, high-day, freedom !
Ban, ban, Caliban
Shall have a new master, be a new man.

They greet each other joyfully and embrace.

We hear the prerecorded voice of GNATBITE. Caliban and Chantwell perform a mime-dance to it.

GNATBITE: *(sings)*

Men who all were born free
Are everywhere in chains.
We must lose so they can win;
Our losses are their gains.

BOTH: But

Ban, ban Caliban

Shall have a new master, be a new man (*twice*)

GNATBITE: If you want to be free
Two things then are true:
I need you and you need me,
You need me, I need you

CALIBAN: I need you

CHANTWELL: and you need me

BOTH: You need me, ,I need you
So it's
Not just Caliban
Must have a new master, be a new man (*twice*)

BOTH: Freedom, high-day, high-day, freedom !

GNATBITE: Prospero needs riches
To have his leisure so
He must need us – but who needs him?
So he'll never let us go.

BOTH: So
Run, run, Caliban.
Go be your own master, be a new man (*twice*)

They go off together, while the recorded music continues.

GNATBITE: Freedom –
That's all the people ask,
So that life
Can be for living.

Freedom

Means struggle is our task,
For we must take
What they're not giving.

5.5. The seashore. Late morning

Enter STEPHANO, singing. He is carrying several bottles of wine, of which he puts down all but one.

STEPHANO: *(sings)*

MUSIC 44

'I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore'–

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort.
(drinks)

(sings again)

MUSIC 45

“The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I
The gunner and his mate,
Screwed Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us got through Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang !'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch
Though her parts had the flavour of two–day old fish –“

This is a scurvy tune, too: but here's my comfort. *(drinks)*

Enter CAIBAN chanting 'Ban ban Caliban'. Exhausted, he collapses.

STEPHANO: This is some monster of the isle. He's in his fit now, and does not take after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. Come on your way ! Open your mouth ! Here is that which will give language to you.

Enter TRINCULO.

TRINCULO: I should know that voice; it should be – but he is drowned. Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo ,– be not afeard– thy good friend, Trinculo.

STEPHANO: How didst thou scape ? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd overboard, by this bottle ! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN: (*waking*) I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Trinculo takes up a bottle and drinks.

TRINCULO: O Stephano, hast anymore of this ?

STEPHANO: The whole butt man: my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side where my wine is hid.

STEPHANO gestures Trinculo to see Caliban. He gives Caliban a drink. After a very long draught, Caliban speaks. He affects servility.

CALIBAN: Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

STEPHANO: Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' th' moon when time was.

CALIBAN: I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague on the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

STEPHANO: Tell not me. (*drinks*) When the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before.

Caliban and Stephano subside into drunken talk. Meanwhile Trinculo takes the bottle and staggers to the side of the stage. There is a slapstick routine in which he nearly drops the bottle. He turns to the audience, sways drunkenly and bows. He begins to undo his flies. At the crucial moment he turns and pisses onto a nearby bush. There is a sudden yell. Chantwell, who has been sleeping behind the hedge, jumps up dripping. Trinculo surveys him drunkenly, then perceives that he has a drum and guitar with him. He gestures to pick them up. Obviously proud of his find he leads Chantwell by the ear to the others.

STEPHANO: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

He gestures Chantwell to play.

They sing, clap and do simple footwork.

MUSIC 46

ALL: *(sung)* Flout 'em and cout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

In the first one bar break they stop clapping, but the drum machine carries on, to their surprise.

CALIBAN: *(taking another drink)* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

STEPHANO: Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

CALIBAN: As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,– for I know thou dar'st –
Buf this thing dare not,–

STEPHANO: That's most certain.

CALIBAN: Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO: How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

CALIBAN: Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield thee to him to thee asleep.
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

STEPHANO: Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,– save our graces !–and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.

*Chantwell slings his guitar over his back and begins to play on his drum.
They do a simple step dance, chanting 'Flout 'em'.
While they are lost in their drunken song, Ariel enters, stage right, and*

begins to join in the rhythm on a drum which he is carrying.

STEPHANO: Lead, monster, we'll follow.

Chantwell goes off stage left. The others continue their song a little. Ariel goes off stage right. When only his drum can be heard, the revelers turn in his direction. As soon as Ariel exits, Stephano speaks.

STEPHANO: I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

They hesitate, confused for a second, then follow Ariel.

CALIBAN: *(taking another drink)* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

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They hesitate, confused for a second, then follow Ariel.

5.6 Outside Prospero's cell. Late afternoon.

Enter PROSPERO and ARIEL.

PROSPERO: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

ARIEL: I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears.
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er stunk their feet.

PROSPERO: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all
Even to roaring.

He and Ariel hide. Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trincolo.

CALIBAN: Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we are now near his cell.

TRINCULO: Monster, I do smell all horse piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

CALIBAN: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

TRINCULO: Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Stephano suddenly sees bottles of wine, which Prospero has left as a bait.

STEPHANO: I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN: Let it alone thou fool; it is but trash.

Seeing Stephano drink from the bottle without misfortune, Trinculo hurries to drink too.

CALIBAN: The dropsy drown this fool ! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
.And do the murther first.

STEPHANO: Be you quiet, monster.

TRINCULO: Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN: I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

A noise of barking and yelling. Enter PROSPERO and ARIEL with GUARDS and dogs. If the dogs start to bark and play, it will add to the humour for the audience. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo run for it, followed by the Guards.

PROSPERO: *(to dogs)* Fury, Fury, there ! Tyrant, there ! hark, hark !

ARIEL: Hark how they roar !

PROSPERO: Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies ·

Exeunt Prospero, Ferdinand and Ariel.
The recorded voice of Gnatbite is heard:

GNATBITE: Man alone is fat too weak
To ever win this fight.
But many weak are many strong,
If once they can unite.
So run now, Caliban
To the camp in the forest
Where other slaves ran.

CALIBAN: *(taking another drink)* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken
once again to the suit I made to thee ?

STEPHANO: Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

CALIBAN: As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning
hath cheated me of the island.
If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,– for I know thou dar'st –
But this thing dare not,–

STEPHANO: That's most certain.

CALIBAN: Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO: How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

CALIBAN: Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield thee to him to thee asleep.
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

STEPHANO: Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,– save
our graces !–and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.

*Chantwell slings his guitar over his back and begins to play on his drum.
They do a simple step dance, chanting 'Flout 'em'.*

While they are lost in their drunken song, Ariel enters, stage right, and begins to join in the rhythm on a drum which he is carrying.

STEPHANO: Lead, monster, we'll follow.

Chantwell goes off stage left. The others continue their song a little. Ariel goes off stage right. When only his drum can be heard, the revelers turn in his direction. As soon as Ariel exits, Stephano speaks.

STEPHANO: I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

They hesitate, confused for a second, then follow Ariel.

5.6 Outside Prospero's cell. Late afternoon.

Enter PROSPERO and ARIEL.

PROSPERO: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

ARIEL: I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears.
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er stunk their feet.

PROSPERO: A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all

Even to roaring.

He and Ariel hide. Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

CALIBAN: Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we are now near his cell.

TRINCULO: Monster, I do smell all horse piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

CALIBAN: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.

TRINCULO: Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Stephano suddenly sees bottles of wine, which Prospero has left as a bait.

STEPHANO: I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN: Let it alone thou fool; it is but trash.

Seeing Stephano drink from the bottle without misfortune, Trinculo hurries to drink too.

CALIBAN: The dropsy drown this fool ! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
.And do the murder first.

STEPHANO: Be you quiet, monster.

TRINCULO: Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN: I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

A noise of barking and yelling. Enter PROSPERO and ARIEL with GUARDS and dogs. If the dogs start to bark and play, it will add to the humour for the audience. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo run for it, followed by the Guards.

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To ever win this fight.
But many weak are many strong,
If once they can unite.
So run now, Caliban
To the camp in the forest
Where other slaves ran.

5.7 The verandah. Night.

Drums are heard in the distance. Enter Miranda and Mary, her maid.

MIRANDA: No Mary, I dare not go. My father would be exceedingly
angry.

MARY: But, Miss, some of they peoples in the forest, they very sick. Thomas, he
very bad now, Miss. Please help him, Miss. You always helping sick peoples.
And that Caliban he lead them to bad ting.

MIRANDA: But hear the drums. It is dangerous to be out now. The soldiers have been
called out. And Caliban hates me. He will kill me.

MARY: No, Miss, he no dare. The others no let him. They lovin you, Miss, though
they doing wrong now. *(Miranda hesitates)*. Miss. Miss.

Suddenly Miranda decides and they go.

5.8 A clearing in the forest. Nearly midnight.

*The scene is the camp of the escaped slaves, who are lying around and resting. Some are
very sick. CALIBAN, CHANTWELL, STEPHANO and TRINCULO are sitting talking and*

drinking.

Enter MIRANDA and MARY.

SENTRY: Whey dat ?

(He stops them with a spear).

MARY: Simon, stop that, is Miz Miranda.

VILLAGER: *(approaching)* What she want? She got no place yah.

Miranda is obviously frightened and the situation is tense. Caliban approaches.

As Miranda looks around anxiously, her eyes fall upon a slave who is obviously in pain.

MIRANDA: Oh Thomas ! Poor Thomas !

Without hesitation she steps past the spear to Thomas and begins to tend him. Mary joins her.

MARY: If they was Christian people, they be know how to act decent.

She mutters to herself, and helps Miranda. The villagers turn to Caliban for guidance. He thinks for a minute.

CALIBAN: She alone? Let she be.

VILLAGER: You tink Broda Jaguar chile no got claws ?

CALIBAN: 'Do good, heart good'. Let she be.

He signals to Chantwell to begin playing.

MUSIC 48

CALIBAN: One time, when the world was young, all people live happy and in peace. Soon, new time a-comin. We tell you how it a-gonna be.

Music sounds. Peace descends. Everyone listens to the vision of the time to

come.

CALIBAN: *(over music)* the isle is full of noises
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop on me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

CALIBAN and CHANTWELL: Freedom, high-day ,high -day, freedom !
Ban, ban, Caliban.
Shall be his own master, be a new man.

*The voice of Gonzalo is heard coming out of the air. The words
fade over the distant sound of waves.*

GONZALO: If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders...
their manners are more gentle, kind, than...

CHANTWELL: Freedom, high-day, high-day , freedom !

GONZALO: all things in common Nature should produce
without sweat or endeavour...

CALIBAN:*(over music, to different members of the group)*
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scammels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?
(He turns to Miranda)

She steps forward into the circle, and sings.

MUSIC 49

MIRANDA: Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

ALL: (*chorus*) Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO take the circle.

MUSIC 50

TRIO: Flout 'em and cout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.

*They dance. After a while Miranda joins them.
Caliban and Chantwell step forward to the front of the stage and address
the audience.*

CHANTWELL: This is a song for you too. Why don't you join us ?
You sing with Caliban, and you sing with me. Let's try it.
(As they get the audience to join in, the rest of the cast join in too. '(l.>-

CAST: (*dividing the lyric in various ways*)
Flout 'em and cout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.

MUSIC 51

*As the music builds, a slow counterrhythm on the snare drums begins. At first it is
unnoticed, but it becomes increasingly noticeable and military.*

*At the climax of the piece the snare drum builds rapidly, dominates, and ends in a violent
crash and a sudden total stop in the music.*

*Prospero appears in a very strong stage position, lit from the rear. He wears a ceremonial
gown, decorated with symbols. He brandishes a whip.*

With him are various other people. Immediately behind him are FERDINAND and GONZALO with drawn swords.

Next come GUARDS, some white and some black, bearing guns.

At the rear comes ARIEL beating a snare drum and wearing a pistol.

For a moment Caliban , Chantwell and the islanders advance. The guards fire over their heads and the islanders slowly kneel.

Caliban rushes forward carrying a machete but is quickly overpowered and chained. Chantwell hesitates. Miranda looks to him for guidance. Prospero cracks his whip, and she bows her head and goes to him. He strikes her with the whip. The islanders cry out in anger and the Guards loose another round.

As they do so Ariel fires his pistol at Chantwell, who falls.

Miranda screams and runs to him. The cast are horrified, except for Ariel (the Musical Director). The shot was obviously real and fatal.

Blackout.

A slow and tragic version of Miranda's Theme is heard.

MUSIC 52

END