

BC Side 5 DUET Prospero, Ariel "A Fae Negotiation"

This scene is edited down from the original for the sole purpose of callbacks.

ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure. To thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

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. Sometimes I'd divide and burn in many places!

PROSPERO My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul but felt a fever of the mad, and all but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Crying aloud "Hell is empty, And all the devils are here!"

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit! Ariel, thy charge exactly is performed.
But there's more work. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO How now? Moody? What is 't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO Before the time be out? No more.

ARIEL I prithee, Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served without or grudge or grumblings.
Thou did promise to bate me a full year.

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

ARIEL No.

PROSPERO Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep, To do me business in the veins o' th' Earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. I must once in a month recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold from Argier, thou know'st, was banished. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my servant,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her slave,
And thou - refusing her grand hests, she did confine
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And *left thee there*. Is not this true?

ARIEL Yes. If thou so say'st.

PROSPERO Dull thing, I say so; Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape the pine and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL Pardon, master. I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO Do so, and after two days I will discharge thee.

ARIEL That's my noble master.
What shall I do? Say, what? What shall I do?
I answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly, 225
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality!

(Ariel gives Propsero an elaborate obeisance.)