

CB Side 6 Duet Sebastian, Antonio - The four shipwrecked Nobles fall prey to Ariel's spell: the King and Gonzalo lay in enchanted sleep, helpless at the feet of the treacherous Antonio and the King's envious sibling, Sebastian.

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

SEBASTIAN. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO. They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.
And yet methinks I see it in thy face
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN (*angrily resisting the implication*) I do, and surely it is a sleepy language.

ANTONIO Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly.
Yet, (*reluctantly enticed*) there's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trembles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on. The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir: (*Referring to the sleeping Gonzalo*) Although this lord of weak
remembrance hath here almost persuaded the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

ANTONIO O, that you bore
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN Methinks I do.

ANTONIO And how does your content tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN I remember you did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO True, And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon.
If he were that which now he's like—that's dead—
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO Draw together, and when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo. *(They draw their swords and advance upon the helpless sleepers.)*