

SIDE #2 MIRANDA AND SEBASTIAN COMBO – MIRANDA BEGS, LAMENTS, THEN CONFRONTS; SEBASTIAN

MIRANDA – (*Witnessing the ship being torn apart by the storm*)

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. (*He does not.*)
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. (*They sink.*) O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.

(*Aghast at her father's actions.*)

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.
O, woe the day!

SEBASTIAN

(*Rubbing salt in the wound, Sebastian cruelly dissects and berates his brother, the King, who is weeping for his daughter he left behind in Africa to marry a foreign prince, as well as his drowned son – Sebastian blames his brother for their dire situation after the terrible storm destroyed their ship leaving them stranded with no food or water on a desert island – if there had been no foreign wedding, there would have been no shipwreck!*)

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to a far-off land,
Where she at least is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost
your son, I fear, forever. (*Goes in for the kill.*)

Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.