

# Tempest 2025 Audition Sides

Ithaca Shakespeare Company

Please prepare one excerpt for your audition. You may reference the text – no need to memorize! Just be familiar enough that you feel comfortable. After we hear your speech, you may be asked to read other sides as well.

## TRINCULO

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I  
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond  
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed  
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I  
know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud  
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.

What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or  
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient  
and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.  
A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once  
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday  
fool there but would give a piece of silver. There  
would this monster make a man. Any strange beast  
there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a  
dead Indian. Legged like a man, and his fins like  
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my  
opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an  
islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.  
Alas, the storm is come again. My best  
way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no  
other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man  
with strange bedfellows.

## **FERDINAND**

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labor  
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such  
baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,  
Most busiest when I do it.

## **MIRANDA**

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 th' welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. 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.  
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.

## **FERDINAND & MIRANDA**

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, worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed 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, never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA

I do not know  
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad  
I am skillless of, but by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape  
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda; I do think a king—  
I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service, there resides  
To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief. I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,  
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

## **CALIBAN**

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor 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 'em. But  
For every trifle are they set upon me,  
Sometimes like apes, that mow 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. Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance he will not mind me.

## PROSPERO

PROSPERO

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.  
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk  
To still my beating mind.

## PROSPERO

*[Enter divers spirits in shape of dogs and hounds,  
hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.]*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!  
Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!  
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven off.  
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.  
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.  
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little  
Follow and do me service.

## ARIEL

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 curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

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. On the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors  
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks  
Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and played  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—  
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

**ANTONIO**

ANTONIO

Then tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?  
She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins  
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom  
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this? How say you?  
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,  
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis  
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death  
That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. 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.