

The Tempest

Episode 3

NARRATOR

In the morning sun the island with no name is a beautiful, sweet-smelling, music-filled place. But the miserable survivors don't notice that as they crawl onto the beach. Ariel has done his job well, landing them all very deliberately on different parts of the island.

Prospero slips on his invisibility cloak - yes, really! - and joins Ariel in a morning inspection of his catch. First up - the courtiers. They've only been on dry land five minutes and already they're bickering about who's in charge. Top of the heap - King Alonso of Naples. He's the villain who lent his army to Antonio so he could steal Prospero's kingdom. Does he regret it? Not a bit. So why's he looking miserable? Because his only son Ferdinand - a bit of a wimp, it has to be said - seems to be dead, drowned in the shipwreck.

Just behind King Alonso is his brother, Sebastian. Now *he's* miserable because he always wanted to be King of Naples. Next to Sebastian is his mate, Antonio. And we all know about Antonio, don't we? Prospero's brother: the one who stole his dukedom. A cooler, nastier, more ruthless man in tights could not be imagined.

Just behind him there's old, white-haired, Gonzalo. He's nice enough - remember he gave Prospero his books all those years ago? - but, really, he does love the sound of his own voice.

Prospero inspects them carefully, coldly. 'Who else did we catch?'

'Take a look,' says Ariel. And off they go to another beach.

There on the sand, snoring, is an ugly young man in jester's outfit. 'That's Trinculo,' says Ariel.

'And what's that?' asks Prospero, pointing to another snoring figure, wrapped around a beer barrel which goes floating past on the tide.

'That's his mate, Stephano,' says Ariel.

'Never heard of them,' says Prospero. 'They'll have to look after themselves. Where's Ferdinand?'



'This way,' says Ariel. And they whizz themselves to the far side of the isle. There...sitting under a tree, snuffling...is the young prince of Naples: Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I really can't stand snuffling. What's wrong with him?

ARIEL

He thinks his father's dead. Fully five fathoms under the sea.

PROSPERO

Hmmph. I didn't notice much snuffling when they sent *me* off in a boat all those years ago.

ARIEL

I don't think you can blame Ferdinand. He was only three at the time.

PROSPERO

I'll blame who I like. Now you get down there and put him through the wringer a bit.

ARIEL

The wringer?

PROSPERO

That's right. I want to see him really cry.

ARIEL

I thought you were a good wizard.

PROSPERO

Hmm. Wizard is as wizard does. Now, do your stuff, then take him up to the cave. I have a little plan to work on...

