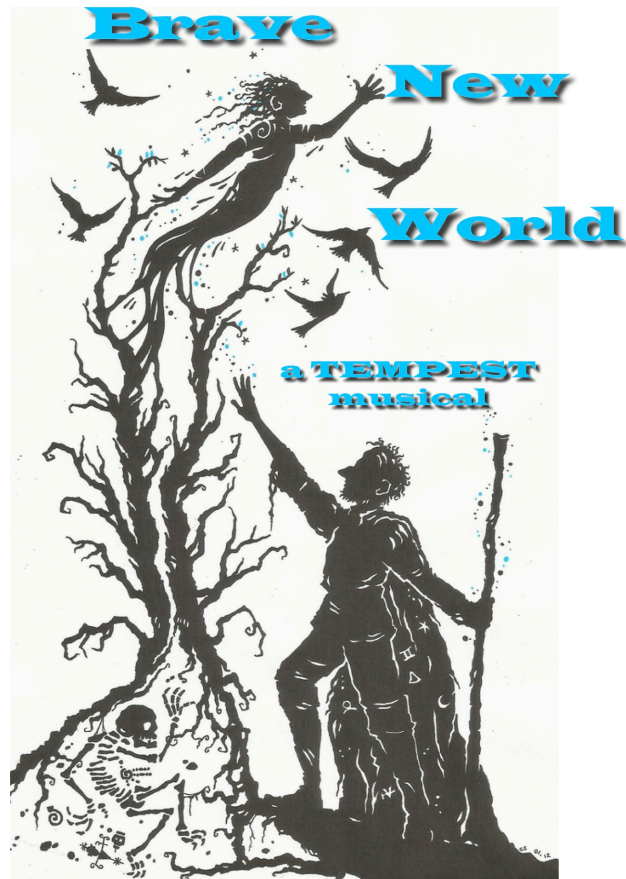


# PERUSAL SCRIPT



**Book by  
NEIL K. NEWELL**

**Music and Lyrics by  
NEIL K. NEWELL and  
C. MICHAEL PERRY**

a musical suggested by  
Shakespeare's "The Tempest"

Book by Neil K. Newell  
Music and Lyrics by C. Michael Perry & Neil K. Newell



Newport, Maine

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## **Such Stuff As Dreams**

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## **SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS**

### **Cast of Characters** (5 or 6 men -- 3 or 4 women)

**Prospero** -- 46 at start, Former Duke of Illyria.

**Miranda** -- 15 at start, Prospero's daughter

**Ariel** -- ageless spirit (male or female)

**Sycorax** -- a powerful witch

**Caliban** -- half devil, half monster, son of Sycorax and an Evil Djinn.

**Valeska** -- Queen of Illyria

**Endre** -- (pronounced ahn-dray) son and heir to the throne of Illyria

**Nikolai** -- Current Duke of ???, deposed his brother Prospero.

**Keshimir** -- Queen Valeska's brother

### **Ensemble of 6-8 persons to play the following:**

**Voice of Balaam**, the evil Djinn, father of Caliban

### **SHADOW CASTS:**

#### **Sycorax Story by Ariel**

PAPA: father of Sycorax

LOVER: Sycorax's intended

TOWNESPEOPLE

OFFICER 1

WOMAN

MAN

KHUUMAL: Caliph of Morocco

#### **Prospero's Story by Prospero**

NICKOLAI

KESHIMIR

PEOPLE OF ILLYRIA

VALESKA (WIFE)

## Synopsis of Scenes and Songs

### **Act One**

#### **Scene One** \_\_\_\_\_ (Sung by) \_\_\_\_\_

#1 -- Don't Just Sip The Water      Prospero  
#2 -- Where Is Africa?              Prospero & Miranda

#### **Scene Two**

#3 -- I Looked At The Moon              Sycorax and Caliban

#### **Scene Three**

#4 -- If I Only Knew Fire!              Prospero

#### **Scene Four**

#5 -- If I Only Knew Fire (reprise)      Prospero

#### **Scene Five**

#6 -- Someday                              Miranda

#### **Scene Six**

#7 -- Once Upon A Moonbeam      Ariel  
#8 -- Why?                                  Caliban  
#8a -- Finally!                              Caliban

#### **Scene Seven**

#9 -- Treason                                Prospero & Company

### **Act Two**

#### **Scene One**

#10 -- Such Stuff As Dreams              Prospero

#### **Scene Two**

#11 -- That's Love!                        Miranda & Endre  
#12 -- Brave New World                  Prospero

#### **Scene Three**

#13 -- Have No Pity -- Rule A City      Nikolai & Keshimir

#### **Scene Four**

#14 -- NEW SONG?????????              Nicolai, Caliban & Keshimir

#### **Scene Five**

#15 --If You Could Only Know Him      Miranda  
#16 -- That's Love (reprise)              Miranda & Endre  
#17 -- Brave New World (reprise)      Nikolai

#### **Scene Six**

#18 -- Finally!                              Sycorax, Nikolai & Keshimir, Caliban, Prospero  
#18a -- Finally!(reprise)                  Sycorax, Nikolai & Keshimir, Caliban, Prospero

#### **Scene Seven**

#### **Scene Eight**

#19 -- Just What Does A Father Say?      Prospero  
#20 -- FINALE:Brave New World          Prospero, Miranda, Endre, Valeska, Keshimir  
#21 -- Curtain Call                        Company  
#22 -- Exit Music

# Such Stuff as Dreams

Book by Neil K. Newell  
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## Act I

**Scene 1** – *A small, undiscovered island in the Aegean Sea. The time is early middle-ages (circa 600 AD). Prospero's cave. It is primitive but functional and shows evidence of Prospero's creativity as well as an indication of his activity during the 13 years he and his daughter have been stranded on a deserted island. The inside wall of the cave has been smoothed to provide a writing surface and arcane symbols, astrological and mathematical diagrams, and maps of heaven and earth decorate the sides of the cavern. At a small table sits PROSPERO (46) dressed in his magical cape and carrying his magician's staff. He is immersed in his studies. A rock magically floats in front of him. Every once in a while, the rock falls and when it does he makes notes in a large book. He looks every inch the medieval scholar. MIRANDA (15), Prospero's daughter, enters carrying a sack. She is as beautiful as she is innocent. They are both wearing what the resources of the island and their ingenuity can devise – mostly furs, feathers, leather, and a rough "fabric" made from the local flora and fauna.*

### MUSICAL # 1 -- DON'T JUST SIP THE WATER

**PROSPERO:**

FLOAT THERE IN AIR.  
WHERE THE CURRENTS HOLD YOU HIGH!  
PLEASE, STAY THERE!  
SOAR NOW, A LITTLE  
MORE NOW.  
JUST LEAVE THE CONFINES OF THE EARTH  
TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU'RE WORTH!

**MIRANDA:** We'll feast tonight, father.

*(Miranda pulls two large fish from the bag).*

**PROSPERO:** Come child, look!

*(He shows her the levitating rock).*

**MIRANDA:** Floating in mid-air!

**PROSPERO:** Yes!

**MIRANDA:** But how?

**PROSPERO:** The most unusual thing. . .

**MIRANDA:** You've been working on this . . .

**PROSPERO:** Three years!

**MIRANDA:** And you finally did it!

**PROSPERO:** It floats!

## PERUSAL SCRIPT -- *Such Stuff As Dreams* by Neil K. Newell and C. Michael Perry

EV'RY LITTLE OBJECT, UNIQUE!  
SLOWLY YOU MUST TEACH IT TO SPEAK!  
LEARN THE LANGUAGE AND YOU'LL GAIN THE POWER.

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND SEE  
EV'RYTHING HAS IT'S HARMONY.  
EV'RY TREE AND FLOWER  
AND RAIN SHOWER,  
EV'RY HOUR HAS THE POWER THAT YOU NEED.

DON'T JUST SIP THE WATER, DRINK IT DEEP!  
DON'T JUST HOP A LONG, GO TAKE A LEAP!  
DON'T STAND IN DEFIANCE,  
MAGIC IS A SCIENCE,  
LET YOUR SELF-RELIANCE  
HOLD YOU TO IT.

EV'RY ELEMENT WILL FOLLOW YOU  
IF YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO FOLLOW THROUGH.  
AND WITH EV'RY SIP YOU SWALLOW, TOO!  
STEP BY STEP IS WHAT YOU DO!  
WAITING PATIENTLY ALWAYS SEEMS TO PAY!  
JUST TALK TO MAGIC AND YOU'LL GET YOUR WAY!

**MIRANDA:** Oh, father, can I dare hope?

**PROSPERO:**

EV'RY POTION CAN BE TROUBLESOME  
IF INGREDIENTS YOU DOUBLE SOME!  
EACH EXPERIMENT YOU  
GIVE WHAT HEAVEN SENT YOU,  
NO TIME TO RELENT YOU TURN THE HEAT UP!

JUST KEEP GOING IT WILL TURN OUT RIGHT.  
EACH EQUATION ADDS ANOTHER LIGHT!  
IF YOU HAVE A MAGIC APPETITE  
JUST STEP UP AND TAKE A BITE!  
EV'RY MORSEL YOU CHEW LEAVES LESS AND LESS.  
SO EV'RY SWALLOW LEADS TO MORE SUCCESS.

**PROSPERO & MIRANDA:**

EV'RY LITTLE OBJECT, UNIQUE!  
SLOWLY YOU MUST TEACH IT TO SPEAK!  
LEARN THE LANGUAGE AND YOU'LL GAIN THE POWER.  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC AND SEE  
EV'RYTHING HAS IT'S HARMONY.  
EV'RY TREE AND FLOWER  
AND RAIN SHOWER,  
EV'RY HOUR HAS THE POWER THAT YOU NEED.

DON'T JUST SIP THE WATER, DRINK IT DEEP!

**PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Such Stuff As Dreams** *by Neil K. Newell and C. Michael Perry*

DON'T JUST HOP A LONG, GO TAKE A LEAP!  
DON'T STAND IN DEFIANCE,  
MAGIC IS A SCIENCE,  
AND YOUR SELF-RELIANCE  
HOLDS YOU TO IT.

EV'RY ELEMENT WILL FOLLOW YOU  
IF YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO FOLLOW THROUGH.  
AND WITH EV'RY SIP YOU SWALLOW, TOO!  
STEP BY STEP IS WHAT YOU DO!  
WAITING PATIENTLY ALWAYS SEEMS TO PAY!  
JUST TALK TO MAGIC AND YOU'LL GET YOUR WAY!

**PROSPERO:** All the while I kept talking to the rock, you see. "Fly!" I commanded, but what I failed to realize was that the rock did not wish to fly!

**MIRANDA:** (*interjecting*) You said when you learned this, we would . . .

**PROSPERO:** Three years I devoted to persuading the rock to fly. I pleaded. I threatened. But all along it wasn't the rock I should have been pleading with, it was the air!

**MIRANDA:** Do you really think it is possible for us to leave the island?

**PROSPERO:** Why did I not think of it sooner? The air wishes the rock to fly! The air wishes all things to fly.

**MIRANDA:** Then we can fly? We can at last leave? Go home?

**PROSPERO:** (*Suddenly mindful of Miranda. The rock clatters to the floor. Serious now.*) A rock, that is one thing, a human being . . . and two of them . . .

**MIRANDA:** But you said that when you learned to levitate matter we could fly away!

**PROSPERO:** You must understand there are limits even to magic.

**MIRANDA:** Then what good is magic?

**PROSPERO:** There are four elements, Miranda. Water!

*(as he waves his staff at a basin filled with water, the water begins to fountain)*

Air!

*(He waves his staff in the air and a swirling wind begins blowing around the cave)*

That one always leaves a bit of a mess. Earth!

*(He makes a mud ball and sets it on the table. He waves his wand and it turns into a stone of identical size and color).*

**MIRANDA:** It still looks like mud.

**PROSPERO:** (He drops the stone and it bounces off the cave floor) The fourth element – fire. That is the one that eludes me, Miranda. I cannot seem to speak its language.

*(He waves his staff at a candle, but nothing happens)*

And as fate would have it, fire is the critical element, the one that gives power to the others.

**MIRANDA:** (Trying to be cheerful) Then you will just have to keep at your studies until you have discovered the secret to fire.

**PROSPERO:** I tell you, today was a breakthrough, Miranda. It reminded me of earlier times . . .

**MIRANDA:** Tell me about them, father.

**PROSPERO:** When the stone first began to vibrate . . .

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**MIRANDA:** (laughs) I mean before here. Before the island? What was the world like?

**PROSPERO:** It is not such an interesting thing.

**MIRANDA:** Why won't you tell me of my mother?

**PROSPERO:** When the time is right.

**MIRANDA:** When will that be?

**PROSPERO:** Miranda, there are certain things -- things that are painful for me to speak of -- things that would be painful for you if I were to tell you -- things I vowed not to speak of until the time is right and you are older. Until that time . . . Plato, you know was right. He said a child should be guarded from every harmful influence.

**MIRANDA:** Plato?

**PROSPERO:** Oh, yes, Plato. He said even stories of the Gods that did not help children to become better should be avoided.

**MIRANDA:** Should Plato be avoided, then?

**PROSPERO:** My goodness no. Not Plato. He believed that any problem, no matter how difficult, could be solved if you merely thought about it long enough. That is the value of education. Plato should be revered. Children should memorize . . .

*(Miranda stares at him blankly)*

. . . I never taught you about Plato. Euclid? Homer? Aristotle?

*(Same response to each -- a blank stare)*

Not even Aristotle?

**MIRANDA:** Not even Aristotle.

**PROSPERO:** Startling.

**MIRANDA:** Was he a friend of yours?

**PROSPERO:** Good heavens, child. What have I been doing?

**MIRANDA:** You've been trying to get us off this island.

**PROSPERO:** How old are you?

**MIRANDA:** Fifteen.

**PROSPERO:** *(in disbelief)* Thirteen years on this island and yet you do not know Aristotle?

**MIRANDA:** You mustn't be hard on yourself, father.

**PROSPERO:** This will not do at all. Answer this, Miranda.

**Musical #2 – "Where Is Africa?"**

**PROSPERO:**

WHERE IS AFRICA?

WHO WAS SENECA?

**MIRANDA:** I've never heard of either.

**PROSPERO:** Neither?

**MIRANDA:** I can boil clams.

**PROSPERO:** No, no, no!

WHAT IS ALGEBRA?



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WHAT ARE VERTEBRAE?  
This won't do at all. It won't do.

**MIRANDA:** You've been busy.

**PROSPERO:** Busy? On a deserted island?

**MIRANDA:** Your studies . . . they're important.

**PROSPERO:** Important? You are important. Tell me truthfully. Have I never spoken of Hammurabi? Herodotus? Hippocrates? What have I done?

HOW COULD I FORGET MY  
DUTY TO MY CHILD?

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER DON'T YOU WORRY,  
THERE'S NO HURRY.

**PROSPERO:**

HOW COULD I HAVE LET  
MYSELF BE SO BEGUILED?

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER DON'T YOU WORRY,  
THERE'S NO HURRY.

**PROSPERO:** I intended, Miranda . . . I had such plans. Have all these years passed and I not taught you anything? Until only a few moments ago I would have sworn that I had. But the proof is right there, isn't it?

**MIRANDA:** What proof do you mean?

**PROSPERO:**

NAME A CARNIVORE?  
DRAW A SYCAMORE?

**MIRANDA:** Don't fret so, father. I'll learn. I promise.

**PROSPERO:** Yes, Miranda, and so you will. I have come to a decision.

**MIRANDA:** What is it?

**PROSPERO:** It is time I founded a school.

**MIRANDA:** Really father? How wonderful. Only, what is a school?

**PROSPERO:** (*Groans*)

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN  
SO CALLOUSED, SO UNKIND?

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER, DON'T YOU WORRY,  
THERE'S NO HURRY

**PROSPERO:**

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN

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SO THOUGHTLESS AND SO BLIND?

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER, DON'T YOU WORRY,  
THERE'S NO HURRY.

**PROSPERO:**

LEARNING FILLS YOUR WORLD WITH A LIGHT  
THAT NEVER DIMS  
LEARNING, LIFE AND JOY ARE  
TOGETHER SYNONYMS

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER IF YOU'RE WILLING  
I WOULD LIKE TO LEARN

**PROSPERO:**

THERE'S SO MUCH TO TEACH YOU  
I WILL REACH YOU.

**MIRANDA:**

I WILL MAKE YOU PROUD  
I PROMISE I WILL LEARN

**PROSPERO:**

SOON, YOU WILL WALK TALLER  
LIKE A SCHOLAR  
(slower)  
IN A YEAR OR TWO  
YOU WON'T HEM AND HAW  
WHEN I ASK OF YOU  
WHERE IS AFRICA?

**Scene 2** – *Hill overlooking another part of the island. A small ship has just landed and on it are three strange personages: SYCORAX--a witch, CALIBAN--her half human, half monster son, and Ariel, a spirit of the air. PROSPERO watches, unseen by any but the audience.*

**ARIEL:** Welcome to your new world, Sycorax, the only world you will ever know.

**SYCORAX:** Perfect.

**CALIBAN:** What's perfect, Mother?

**ARIEL:** You will not have a need for this  
(*Ariel causes the boat to drift out to sea.*)

**SYCORAX:** Perfect.

**CALIBAN:** (*Imitating his mother*) Perfect.

**ARIEL:** (*Reads parchment*) The holy and just judgment of Khuumal the Magnificent, Caliph of Morocco, Destroyer of the Infidel, keeper of the seal, and Sultan of the Armies of Allah. Know,

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Sycorax--witch and summoner of demons--along with your child--the unholy offspring of an evil djinn--know that you shall be exiled upon this deserted island for the remainder of your mortal life.

**SYCORAX:** (*Looking up at the sky. Bitterly*) Good one.

**CALIBAN:** (*Imitating his mother*) Good one.

**ARIEL:** I have but one thing more to do. Know, Sycorax that I now cast an enchantment upon this island. Invisible to mortal eye, it shall be. Gentle winds will evermore push straying ships away from shore. For the remainder of your days you will live alone and isolated

**SYCORAX:** (*Looking up at sky*) A little help?

**ARIEL:** As you must abandon hope of mortal rescue, so must you abandon hope of supernatural aid. By the magic art, I protect this island with a glyph of warding that will turn away all evil. You are forever alone, Sycorax. Forever alone.

(*Exits*)

**SYCORAX:** (*Shouting at the sky*) I thought we had a deal, Balaam! Wealth, glory, hundreds of servants to satisfy my every desire!

**CALIBAN:** Did it say "offspring of an evil djinn?"

**SYCORAX:** Anything I wanted! Do you remember, Balaam?

**CALIBAN:** Who are you talking to, mother?

**SYCORAX:** (*To Caliban*) No one of consequence.

(*To the heavens*)

Is this your idea of a joke?

**CALIBAN:** You said, "offspring of an evil djinn."

**SYCORAX:** Because I'm not laughing!

**CALIBAN:** (*In a monstrous roar*) Who are you talking to!

**SYCORAX:** (*surprised*) If you must know . . . your father.

**CALIBAN:** My father?

(*To the heavens*)

Dad?

**SYCORAX:** I wouldn't bother, your father is not a good listener.

**CALIBAN:** Will he get us off this island?

**SYCORAX:** He's probably drowning his sorrows in a bottle.

**CALIBAN:** Why haven't you ever told me about my father?

**SYCORAX:** (*routinely*) He's large and strong, he's a Virgo, prefers clams to oysters, he's a demon of the nether world who delights in human suffering, oh and he likes walking barefoot on the beach.

**CALIBAN:** Demon?

**SYCORAX:** And did I mention he also likes lazy afternoons and autumn sunsets?

**CALIBAN:** Is that why everyone thinks I'm a monster?

**SYCORAX:** You are perfect just the way you are.

(*Baby talk*)

Yes you are. You're my beautiful little Calibali.

**CALIBAN:** (*Beginning to warm to the idea*) My father is an evil djinn!

**SYCORAX:** And when he finds out what Khuumal the Magnificent has done . . . I wouldn't want to be him.

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**CALIBAN:** Why don't you do something, mother?

**SYCORAX:** Me?

**CALIBAN:** You're supposed to be this all powerful witch. Why did you let them capture us? Why did you let them banish us?

**Musical #3 -- I LOOKED AT THE MOON**

**SYCORAX:**

WHEN I WAS YOUNG I LOOKED AT THE MOON AND . . .  
HAVE I EVER TOLD YOU THIS?  
PAPA WAS POOR AND MAMA WAS SICK AND . . .  
SURELY, I HAVE TOLD YOU THIS?  
GET UP AT DAWN AND FEED THE COWS  
CLEAN THE HOUSE, WINNOW THE WHEAT

**PAPA:** (in silhouette)

GET ON YOUR FEET, TIME IS TOO SHORT  
TO WASTE IT DREAMING.

**SYCORAX:**

STILL I WOULD WANDER 'NEATH THE MOON  
SOMETHING WOULD CALL ME FROM THE MOON  
THEN AT SIXTEEN I FELL FOR A MAN AND . . .  
HE WAS TWENTY-SEVEN THEN

**LOVER:** (In Silhouette)

PROVE THAT YOUR LOVE IS STRONG AS YOU PROMISE

**SYCORAX:**

I WAS SUCH A FOOL BACK THEN  
SOMEHOW I THOUGHT THAT LIFE WAS FAIR THAT SOMEWHERE  
IF YOU WERE GOOD, DID WHAT YOU SHOULD  
THAT IN THE END YOU WOULD BE HAPPY.  
STILL I WOULD WANDER 'NEATH THE MOON  
SOMETHING WOULD CALL ME FROM THE MOON

AND THEN, BY SOME CHANCE ON A CALM WINTER'S DAY  
I STUMBLED UPON AN OLD MAN  
HE TOLD ME OF MAGIC AND CAST A FEW SPELLS  
AND THAT'S WHEN MY NEW LIFE BEGAN  
THE MORE I LEARNED THE GREATER MY POWERS  
SOME BEGAN TO FEAR ME THEN  
WHEN A HEN DIED OR WHEN A CHILD SICKENED

**TOWNSPEOPLE:** (In Silhouette)

"IT'S THE WITCH, IT'S HER AGAIN!"

**OFFICIAL 1:** (In Silhouette)

WE MUST ACT NOW FOR IF WE WAIT

**WOMAN:**(In Silhouette)

IT'S TOO LATE! EV'N AS WE SPEAK

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SHE'S COME TO SEEK . . .

**MAN:** (In Silhouette)

WHO WILL BE NEXT? SHE MUST BE PUNISHED!

**SYCORAX:**

STILL I WOULD WANDER 'NEATH THE MOON  
SOMETHING WOULD CALL ME FROM THE MOON  
THIS I DISCOVERED WAS WHAT GAVE ME STRENGTH  
THE MOON WAS WHAT FILLED ME WITH POWER  
THE BRIGHTER THE ORB THE GREATER MY MIGHT  
AND WHEN THE FULL MOON ROSE, MY HOUR  
THEN ON A NIGHT WHEN NO MOON WAS SHINING

**TOWNSPEOPLE:**(In Silhouette)

HERE SHE IS THE CURSED CRONE!

**KHUUMAL:** (In Silhouette)

BRING HER BEFORE ME I WILL DECIDE THIS

**OFFICIAL:** (In Silhouette)

FOR HER SINS SHE MUST ATONE!

**KHUUMAL:** (In Silhouette)

I FIND THIS WOMAN HAS INDEED, FOLLOWED LEAD  
OF EVIL'S WAYS, THEREFORE SHE PAYS  
FROM THIS DAY FORTH, SHE WILL BE BANISHED!

**SYCORAX:**

SO WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THE MOON  
WATCH AS I RISE BEFORE THE MOON  
LISTEN, TONIGHT IT IS THE MOON  
JUST WAIT UNTIL WE SEE THE MOON.

**ARIEL:** My work is completed.

**SYCORAX:** Is it?

**CALIBAN:** (*Imitating*) Is it?

**ARIEL:** I leave you now to enjoy the fruits of your labors.

**SYCORAX:** What do you know of the fruits of my labors?

**ARIEL:** As the fruit, so the tree.

**SYCORAX:** Do you realize, Ariel that you have inspired me. I cannot kill you any more than you can harm me. Therefore, we shall see what kind of fruit this olive tree will bear with you imprisoned inside it for a thousand years. Don't you just love irony?

**ARIEL:** You know you are no match for me.

**SYCORAX:** The trouble with you, Ariel, is that you suppose you can predict the future based upon observations of the past.

**ARIEL:** Enough. I leave you now, Sycorax, to yourself and to your rage.

**SYCORAX:** I do not think you will go just yet.

*Sycorax conjures a spell that begins pulling a surprised Ariel into a nearby olive tree.*

**PROSPERO:** (*He runs down to help*) It's the full moon! Fly! Fly!

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*(Ariel tries to resist the spell, but she continues to be pulled into the tree. She tries a counter spell, but Sycorax merely laughs as they both begin to understand the strength of her power. Both are startled by Prospero as he hurtles down the mountain.)*

Fire! Fire! Fire!

*(He points a finger at Sycorax and, with the same intensity as a cigarette lighter, it sputters into flame. Prospero stops momentarily, more surprised than anyone that his spell has mustered at least a candle's worth of power.)*

**PROSPERO:** Fire?

**ARIEL:** Run! You cannot save me. Save yourself!

**PROSPERO:** Wind! Hear me, wind!

*(With a wave of his staff, a gale appears that temporarily distracts Sycorax. She turns her attention to Prospero and with a sweep of her hand, a fireball knocks him off his feet.)*

**SYCORAX:** *(She points at Prospero)* Caliban, kill!

*(Caliban starts after Prospero)*

**PROSPERO:** *(realizing he is in over his head now, he begins to regret his hasty decision)* Water! Come Water!

*(A jet of water erupts from Prospero's hand, causing Caliban to slip and tumble down to the bottom of the hill. As soon as Prospero sees that Sycorax has been imprisoned Ariel inside the olive tree, the realization that he is outclassed is complete and he exits running. Sycorax, exhausted from her ordeal, cannot stand.)*

**CALIBAN:** He's getting away!

**SYCORAX:** Where will he run?

**CALIBAN:** But he's a magician.

**SYCORAX:** A few moments of rest and then we'll find him.

**Scene 3** – Prospero's Cave. Prospero enters in a panic. MIRANDA follows helplessly.

**Musical #4: If I Only Knew Fire!**

**PROSPERO:**

I KNEW THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN SOMETHING GLUM  
WOULD THREATEN ALL I'D WORKED FOR AS A MAN  
FOR FOURTEEN YEARS I KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME  
YOU'D THINK BY NOW I'D HAVE A BETTER PLAN.  
I STUDIED SPELLS OF WATER, AIR, AND EARTH  
THEY CAME TO ME LIKE MUSIC TO A CHOIR.

BUT NOW I KNOW THE SPELLS I SHOULD HAVE BIRTHED,  
WERE THOSE THAT DEALT PRIMARILY WITH FIRE.  
THE OTHER SPELLS ARE ONES I QUICKLY GOT  
WITH GRATITUDE I LOVED THEM AS A FRIEND.  
HOW COULD I KNOW AVOIDING MAGIC "HOT"  
WOULD BE THE THING THAT BURNED ME IN THE END?

**PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Such Stuff As Dreams** *by Neil K. Newell and C. Michael Perry*

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE FOCUSED MORE ON FLAME,  
AS FIRE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN DEW,  
I NEVER THOUGHT MY LIFE WOULD END WITH SHAME  
A MORSEL IN A SORCERESSES' STEW.

I KNEW THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN I WOULD FACE A TIME OF DANGER.  
I KNEW IT BUT DID LITTLE TO PREPARE.  
AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE ARE THREATENED BY A STRANGER,  
AND NOW OUR LIVES ARE HANGING BY A HAIR.

SOMEHOW I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE'D BE MORE TIME  
FOR CONJURING THE ELEMENT OF FIRE  
AND NOW THAT DANGER'S HERE I'M PAST MY PRIME  
MUST THIS MISTAKE BECOME MY FUN'RAL PYRE?

I NEVER THOUGHT MY END WOULD COME LIKE THIS  
AT VERY LEAST I FIGURED I'D BE RICH.  
BUT NOW WHEN PEOPLE SPEAK OF ME THEY'LL HISS,  
'T WAS HE WHO WAS IMPOV'RISHED BY A WITCH.

THINK, PROSPERO, THINK, THINK! IS THERE NO SPELL?  
THAT TURNS A WICKED LAUGH INTO A GROAN?  
IS THERE NOT ONE THAT'S CALLED, "THE OGRE'S CELL?"  
THE PRIME INGREDIENT, I THINK, IS STONE.

*(To MIRANDA)*

GATHER UP THE STONES WHILE I ENCHANT  
THE WORDS THAT GIVE THEM POW'R TO PARALYZE  
QUICKLY, NOW, THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE  
TO GIVE THAT WITCH A SERIOUS SURPRISE.

I KNEW THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN I WOULD FACE A TIME OF DANGER  
I KNEW IT BUT DID LITTLE TO PREPARE.  
AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE ARE THREATENED BY A STRANGER,  
AND NOW OUR LIVES ARE HANGING BY A HAIR.

**CALIBAN:** Here, mother, he's here!

**PROSPERO:** Keep away!

**CALIBAN:** A girl!

**PROSPERO:** I tell you, keep away!

**CALIBAN:** A pretty girl!

*(He approaches Miranda menacingly)*

**PROSPERO:** I tell you, be gone!

*(Waves his staff)*

Ropes of binding!

*Caliban struggles as though chained and weighed down.*

**CALIBAN:** Mother!

*(Sycorax enters)*

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**SYCORAX:** Release him!

**PROSPERO:** Not until you promise to leave us unharmed.

*(Sycorax casts the same spell as before, a fireball that knocks Prospero off his feet. Caliban is free of his unseen chains.)*

**CALIBAN:** He tried to hurt me.

**SYCORAX:** You are an annoying little man.

**PROSPERO:** We have nothing you could possibly want. You have no reason to harm us.

**SYCORAX:** An annoying little man who dabbles in magic. I hate hobbyists.

**PROSPERO:** Then stay and teach me what you know. We can work together to find an escape from this island.

**CALIBAN:** He sprayed me with water and, and then he chained me!

**SYCORAX:** And for that he shall not be forgiven.

**PROSPERO:** I have lived on this island thirteen years. I know how to survive, what berries can be eaten, where the succulent roots are, how fish can be caught. I will share this knowledge with you. I will share all with you.

**SYCORAX:** That would be lovely but, unfortunately, I'm going to have to kill you and your . . . I want to say daughter . . .

**PROSPERO:** This is Miranda. My daughter.

**SYCORAX:** You see, I have this little argument to settle with the Caliph of Morocco. We have a disagreement, he and I. He believes I am banished here for life. I, on the other hand believe I shall be off the island within a fortnight. Now, since my plan for revenge entails surprise, I can't have an annoying little man live to tell about my escape.

**CALIBAN:** Mother . . .

**PROSPERO:** I assure you, we would never speak . . .

**SYCORAX:** The difference between me and everyone else is that I understand the human race is, by nature, deceitful.

**PROSPERO:** You must believe me.

**CALIBAN:** Mother . . .

**SYCORAX:** Why should I?

**PROSPERO:** I give you my word.

**SYCORAX:** I have been given many words and have yet to find one that is more solid than the breath it takes to pronounce the word itself.

**CALIBAN:** Mother . . .

**SYCORAX:** Calibali, can't you see mommy is working?

**CALIBAN:** I want her.

**MIRANDA:** What?

**CALIBAN:** *(Cowering, as though his mother is about to strike him)* Can I? Can I have her?

**SYCORAX:** The girl?

**PROSPERO:** No!

**CALIBAN:** Can I?

**SYCORAX:** But Calibali, you don't know where she has been—who she has been with.

**CALIBAN:** But I really want her.

**MIRANDA:** Father!



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**SYCORAX:** She's a little thin.

**CALIBAN:** Her, or no one else.

**SYCORAX:** I don't know what to say, it's all so sudden.

**CALIBAN:** (To Miranda) My father is an evil djinn!

**PROSPERO:** I wonder if you would be interested in a transaction?

**SYCORAX:** What do you mean?

**PROSPERO:** I have something you may want. I will trade it to you for our lives and freedom.

**SYCORAX:** What could you possibly have that would interest me?

**CALIBAN:** Say I can have her. Say I can have her.

**PROSPERO:** A book.

**SYCORAX:** A book?

**CALIBAN:** Pretty girl.

**MIRANDA:** Father?

**PROSPERO:** You have heard, have you not, of Saladin, the magician of Bagdad?

**SYCORAX:** Every school child knows the name Saladin. He is the wizard who enlisted Aladdin to fetch the lamp.

**CALIBAN:** (To Miranda) My father is an evil djinn.

**PROSPERO:** Who created a castle out of thin air. He could enchant carpets and make them fly.

**SYCORAX:** A child's tale. Saladin isn't real. He never existed.

**CALIBAN:** I know how to dance

*(He begins to dance and get closer and closer to Miranda).*

**PROSPERO:** If he never existed, how did he write a book – a book of magic – a secret book of hidden knowledge?

**MIRANDA:** (*pleading*) Get away.

**SYCORAX:** If you had such a book, you would know the source of his magic and would be more than a match for anyone including me.

**PROSPERO:** But I cannot read the book. It is written in a magical language that I cannot decipher. But perhaps you, with your knowledge . . .

**CALIBAN:** My father . . .

**MIRANDA:** Don't. Please.

**SYCORAX:** Show it to me.

**PROSPERO:** Come. Come and I'll show you. Come . . .

*(He slowly backs away leading Sycorax into his magic circle. Once she is in the center, he places the final stone to complete the circle, waves his staff and shouts)*

Flesh to bone! Soft to stone!

*(Sycorax laughs at first, but as her limbs begin to stiffen, she begins to realize the danger of her position.)*

**SYCORAX:** A trap!

**PROSPERO:** From breath to cold.

**SYCORAX:** Let me go.

**CALIBAN:** Mother!

**PROSPERO:** Now bind and hold!

*(Sycorax tries to cast her fireball spell, but her arm becomes rigid.)*

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**SYCORAX:** Caliban, remove the stones!

*(Caliban tries but they will not move.)*

**PROSPERO:** The stones can be removed only by human hands. And since Caliban's father was not mortal . . .

**CALIBAN:** *(In a nervous frenzy)* My father is an evil djinn.

**SYCORAX:** I was only bluffing. I never intended to harm you or your daughter.

**PROSPERO:** Your words are as solid as the breath it takes to make them. You will remain stone forever!

**CALIBAN:** Mother!

**SYCORAX:** Run, Caliban!

*(Caliban picks up Miranda and begins to run.)*

**MIRANDA:** **Father!**

**PROSPERO:** *(Waving staff)* Ropes of binding!

*(And once again, Caliban is weighted under invisible chains. He drops to the ground, releasing Miranda. Miranda runs to her father.)*

**SYCORAX:** *(Becoming more rigid)* Balaam! Hear me, Balaam!

**CALIBAN:** *(Broken and in a panic)* My father is an evil djinn.

**MIRANDA:** *(To Prospero)* Are you all right?

**SYCORAX:** You aren't going to release me, are you? I do not condemn you. Still, I plead with you to listen to a mother's last request.

**PROSPERO:** I will hear you.

**SYCORAX:** Care for Caliban.

**MIRANDA:** He's a monster.

**SYCORAX:** Treat him as your own.

**PROSPERO:** He deserves . . .

**SYCORAX:** Can you not listen to the pleadings of a mother? Put aside his appearance. Inside, he's only a child . . . Care for him, I beg you.

**CALIBAN:** Mother!

**SYCORAX:** I . . . love . . . you . . . Cali . . . bali

**CALIBAN:** *(Weeping)* Mother. Mother. Mother.

*(At last, the transformation is complete and Sycorax is turned to stone as Caliban puts his arms around her leg and weeps. Prospero embraces Miranda as both of them look at Caliban. Lights fade.)*

**Scene 4** – *Two Years later, Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban are at the Olive tree where Ariel has been imprisoned. Miranda and Caliban have slates and are writing on them. Prospero's attention is divided between his students and the tree.*

**PROSPERO:** Let us see what two years of schooling has done for you. Caliban, Lycurgus. Was he a ruler, a Thracian mathematician, or a captain of the Sumerian army?

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**CALIBAN:** The last one.

**PROSPERO:** Not quite. Miranda?

**MIRANDA:** Lycurgus, ruler of Sparta. Plutarch, in his biographies writes of Lycurgus' civil reforms. He also explains that he eliminated classes so that none were considered rich or poor, and how he ensured a strong warrior class. This military power would eventually cause the downfall of Athens in the Peloponnesian war.

**PROSPERO:** Very good, Miranda. Now, Caliban, Alexander the Great. A poet, an undertaker, or a great general?

**CALIBAN:** Undertaker.

**PROSPERO:** Miranda.

**MIRANDA:** He was the son of the Macedonian Phillip, tutored by Aristotle, and a great general. He conquered Persia avenging the Persian invasion of Greece a century earlier.

**PROSPERO:** You are learning well, child.

**CALIBAN:** (*frustrated*) My father is . . .

**PROSPERO:** Caliban, you know better.

**CALIBAN:** I don't see what use this is.

**PROSPERO:** What use? Those without education are ruled by those with it.

**CALIBAN:** My mother never went to school . . .

**PROSPERO:** Had your mother spent more time learning of Aristotle and Homer, she might have had the wisdom not to use her magic hurting others.

**CALIBAN:** She won't stay a statue forever. And when she becomes real again, I wouldn't want to be you.

**PROSPERO:** Education will always triumph over hatred, Caliban.

**CALIBAN:** Someday my father will come back. When that happens, we'll see how powerful your education is.

**MIRANDA:** Father, it's getting late. Should I begin dinner?

**PROSPERO:** Of course, child. You're doing well in your studies, Miranda. You are a born scholar. Caliban, you must strive harder.

**CALIBAN:** Someday.

**MIRANDA:** You've worked hard all day, father. Won't you come home and rest?

**PROSPERO:** Soon. I want to keep trying. There must be a way to free this spirit from the tree. Caliban, Go with Miranda and help prepare dinner. I won't be long.

*They exit*

**PROSPERO:** Two years and I don't think he's listened to a word I've said. Why can't I get through to him? Why won't he progress? Sometimes I think I am the one who is unable to progress. Two years and still I can't free this spirit from this tree. Surely, it's simply a matter of the right spell. What am I missing?

**Musical #5 – "IF I ONLY KNEW FIRE (Reprise)"**

*Lyrics: Where Prospero explains his theory of magic. How the elements are intelligent and, if you can only learn to speak their language, they will listen and obey. He also sings to Ariel, apologizing for his inability to*

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*free her and his determination to figure it out. In the course of the song, he has a breakthrough and casts a spell that frees Ariel.*

**PROSPERO:** It worked!

**ARIEL:** Where am I?

**PROSPERO:** I can't believe it!

**ARIEL:** You were running down the hill!

**PROSPERO:** Yes, yes.

**ARIEL:** Sycorax, where is she?

**PROSPERO:** She will not harm anyone ever again.

**ARIEL:** But she cannot be killed, that was part of the agreement she made with Balaam.

**PROSPERO:** Trust me. I will show you soon how little you need to fear on that account.

**ARIEL:** You must be a powerful sorcerer indeed . . .

**PROSPERO:** It was really a matter of luck, nothing more. And you, are you any worse the wear?

**ARIEL:** None, I thank you. That was a most miserable experience being trapped in that tree an entire night.

**PROSPERO:** Not exactly a night.

**ARIEL:** How long?

**PROSPERO:** I've spent the better part of two years trying to separate you from that tree.

**ARIEL:** Two years! And Sycorax, you are absolutely certain . . .

**PROSPERO:** Absolutely.

**ARIEL:** I could have stayed imprisoned in that tree a thousand years.

**PROSPERO:** It was a bit of a puzzler. What she did was brilliant, really. You see, it only looked as though she imprisoned you in the tree.

**ARIEL:** I owe you my life!

**PROSPERO:** What she did, was create a prison of air – a prison of air for a spirit of air . . . you are a spirit of air, are you not?

**ARIEL:** An eternity I could have been in that tree . . .

**PROSPERO:** I, of all people, should know to question all assumptions.

**ARIEL:** How can I repay you?

**PROSPERO:** You have repaid me already. As someone well-versed in magic, you can appreciate breakthroughs, can you not? Listen, there is someone I want you to meet. If you will accompany me back to camp, I will tell you how I solved the mystery of the trap in the tree!

**Scene 5** – *Home. Miranda is making dinner. Caliban is carrying wood for the fire.*

**CALIBAN:** My father . . .

**MIRANDA:** *(She is the adult in this relationship and her demeanor shows it)* Caliban, you know father does not want you to keep saying that.

**CALIBAN:** My father is an evil . . .

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**MIRANDA:** Caliban!

**CALIBAN:** Someday . . .

**MIRANDA:** Why do you hate my father so much? He's treated you like a son. He has taught you everything he has taught me. He has refused you nothing. Why do you hate him?

**CALIBAN:** Because he took away my mother.

**MIRANDA:** Your mother tried to kill us.

**CALIBAN:** Someday, she'll come back.

**MIRANDA:** Father's magic power is growing, haven't you noticed? Even if your mother did come back, father would simply outsmart her again.

**CALIBAN:** You think your father is that perfect?

**MIRANDA:** I see no fault in him.

**CALIBAN:** Caliban sees no fault in you.

**MIRANDA:** Caliban. . .

**CALIBAN:** Caliban has waited to tell you for two years . . . There's no one else on the island . . . we're trapped here without hope of ever getting off . . .

**MIRANDA:** Enough, Caliban. I don't want to hear it.

**CALIBAN:** Caliban thinks of us being together all the time!

**MIRANDA:** Caliban . . .

**CALIBAN:** Caliban will make you happy.

**MIRANDA:** It's impossible.

**CALIBAN:** Why? Why impossible?

**MIRANDA:** Because you're a . . .

**CALIBAN:** (*uncomfortable pause*) A what?

**MIRANDA:** It is useless to continue. Don't speak to me this way again, or . . .

**CALIBAN:** (*Angry*) Or you'll tell Prospero? Who is your Prospero? No one! Nothing! My father is a demigod!

**MIRANDA:** I will not debate you on the merits of our fathers. I will not debate you about anything. The sooner you face reality, the happier you will be.

**CALIBAN:** Can Caliban not have dreams? How else can Caliban survive?

**MIRANDA:** Father always says that any "today" could be endured if your "someday" was bright enough.

**CALIBAN:** That is right. Someday. Caliban have a someday.

**Musical #6 – Someday**

**Miranda:**

MY FATHER'S TAUGHT US MANY THRILLING THINGS!  
BUT EACH IDEA MAKES ME WISH FOR WINGS!  
I LONG TO LEAVE THIS PLACE;  
TO STRIKE OUT ON MY OWN!  
I'D TRADE IT ALL FOR THE UNKNOWN.

JUST TO SEE MY FATHER HAPPY  
IS A BLESSING IN ITSELF.

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NOT TO LIVE THE KIND OF LIFE  
THAT'S LIVED FROM BOOKS UPON A SHELF.  
THERE'S A PLACE BEYOND THIS SANDY ISLAND,  
FAR ACROSS THE SEA,  
WHERE MY MOTHER SANG HER SONGS TO ME.  
THERE'S A SOMEWHERE SOMEONE'S WAITING  
JUST TO CALL ME BY MY NAME.  
WILL HE BE SO FASCINATING  
THAT I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME?  
WILL HE FOLD ME INTO ARMS SO STRONG AND SAFE?  
HOW CAN I KNOW?  
WILL OUR CHILDREN LOVE, AND LEARN, AND GROW?

SOMEDAY! I WAIT FOR IT TO FIND ME.  
SOMEDAY! I HOPE FOR IT TOO MUCH!  
SOMEDAY I'LL PUT THIS WORLD BEHIND ME  
AND I'LL KNOW A LOVER'S TOUCH.

AND MY FATHER WILL BE HAPPY,  
AND MY HUSBAND WILL BE PROUD.  
IN THIS PLACE I CALL MY SOMEDAY  
WICKED THOUGHTS ARE NOT ALLOWED.  
AND MY CHILDREN WILL RECALL THE LIFE WE  
BUILT FOR THEM WITH PRIDE  
AS THIS SOMEDAY SPRINGS UP FROM INSIDE!

SOMEDAY! I WAIT FOR IT TO FIND ME.  
SOMEDAY! I LONG TO KNOW THE WAY!  
SOMEDAY WILL BE THERE TO REMIND ME  
THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE  
SOMEWHERE! SOMEDAY!

**CALIBAN:** (*Filled with a dark passion*) You think the world outside this island is so perfect?

**MIRANDA:** Father tells me stories . . . about beautiful maidens and dashing princes.

**CALIBAN:** And you would recognize a dashing prince if you saw one?

**MIRANDA:** Father is the only man I've ever known, but I suppose . . .

**CALIBAN:** What did you say?

**MIRANDA:** I've only known father, but if a dashing . . .

**CALIBAN:** If your father is the only man you've ever known, what would that make Caliban? An animal? A freak? A monster?

**MIRANDA:** That's not what I meant.

**CALIBAN:** Then what did you mean?

**MIRANDA:** Nothing, just that you're . . . you. You're Caliban.

**CALIBAN:** (*He approaches her menacingly*) Caliban, yes. Caliban, the ugly. Caliban, the deformed. Caliban, the fool.

**MIRANDA:** What are you doing?

**CALIBAN:** I'm going to show you Caliban, the man.

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**MIRANDA:** Get away!

**CALIBAN:** What does Caliban have to lose?

**MIRANDA:** Father, if only father were here.

**CALIBAN:** Your fool of a father will be all night talking to that tree.

**MIRANDA:** He will punish you.

**CALIBAN:** Do you suppose Caliban can be the son of a demigod and not inherit some of his power?

It is your father who should fear me!

**MIRANDA:** What did father say? If you have a brain, you can solve any problem.

**CALIBAN:** I want you, pretty Miranda.

**MIRANDA:** Think, Miranda. Think.

**CALIBAN:** No need to think, pretty Miranda. Only love!

*Caliban takes Miranda in his arms. She tries to fight, but he is too strong. He kisses her.*

**MIRANDA:** Stop! Father!

**CALIBAN:** Let the old man come. It is time he discovered who is king and who is servant on this island.

**MIRANDA:** No!

*(Prospero enters. He sees the scene before him and, in a rage, yells as he waves his staff.)*

**PROSPERO:** Snake that you are, on your belly!

*(Caliban attempts to resist the spell, but it is too powerful – the more he resists the more painful it becomes. At last, Caliban drops to his knees and finally, to the ground writhing in pain.*

*Miranda rushes to her father's side.)*

Are you all right?

**MIRANDA:** *(Frantic)* If you hadn't come . . .

**PROSPERO:** Are you all right?

**MIRANDA:** I couldn't get away. I tried but he was too strong.

**PROSPERO:** *(To Caliban)* Worm!

*(He waves his staff and Caliban writhes in pain)*

Despicable worm!

**CALIBAN:** May you be covered with blisters.

**PROSPERO:** From this day forth, you will writhe with cramps. Never a day will pass without a remembrance of this day. At night you will be unable to sleep for the stings you will feel all through the night. From this day forward trouble will you know as judgment to make you repent of your evil thoughts.

**CALIBAN:** Repent? Caliban repents nothing! If I ever have the chance, I will people this island with Calibans.

**PROSPERO:** Silence, fiend! You will never even look at Miranda again! From this day forward you cease to be a pupil and you become a servant. You will begin by gather wood. You will work without stopping until the woodpile is over your head. If I find you resting or shirking your work, I will sting you as you have never been stung before. Be off!

*(Caliban exits. Prospero sits and holds Miranda who hangs tightly to her father, terribly shaken by her recent experience.)*

**PROSPERO:** Miranda, I have someone I want you to meet.

**MIRANDA:** Is this the spirit . . .

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**PROSPERO:** Ariel is her name.

**ARIEL:** Your father freed me from my prison.

**MIRANDA:** I knew he could do it. He can do anything.

**PROSPERO:** Sweet child, you must be exhausted.

**MIRANDA:** I was so frightened.

**PROSPERO:** Come here, Child. Sleep soundly now. You know you can't refuse.

*(Miranda falls sleeps instantly )*

**PROSPERO:** Everything changes now.

**ARIEL:** You love your daughter very much.

**PROSPERO:** Two years old when she lost her mother, her home, her life. I've wanted her to be happy, to be a child. It wasn't until this moment that I've ever supposed this island was not an idyllic place for that.

**ARIEL:** You are wise to be wary of Caliban.

**PROSPERO:** I have tried every day for two years to tutor him and show him a better way.

**ARIEL:** He is as his mother. There are those who will never change. They were meant for evil, they delight in evil, and evil they will always be.

**PROSPERO:** Sycorax seemed filled with bitterness. Do you know why?

**ARIEL:** Through sorceries dark and dim she traveled into ancient paths that led her deep into the bowels of the dead and forgotten.

**MUSICAL #7-- ONCE UPON A MOONBEAM**

**Ariel:**

ONCE UPON A MOONBEAM,  
TRAVELING A DARK DREAM  
TERROR IN THE SKIES;  
PANIC IN HER EYES;  
SYCORAX WAS HUNGRY!

HUNGRY FOR THE MINUTE  
AND ALL THE PAIN THAT'S IN IT:  
FIND AN EVIL DJINN AND  
SHE'D BE ABLE TO BEGIN A LIFE OF CONQUEST.

SHE FOUND THAT EVIL SPIRIT,  
ANCIENT WERE HIS DAYS.  
SOLOMON THE WISE HAD PLACED HIM  
IN A CASK OF GOLD!

SHE BID HIM TO APPEAR.  
IT TOOK A MAGIC PHRASE.  
SYCORAX, IN TRIUMPH, FACED HIM  
FRIGHTENING TO BEHOLD!

HE GRANTED HER THREE WISHES,  
EVIL AND MALICIOUS:



## PERUSAL SCRIPT -- *Such Stuff As Dreams* by Neil K. Newell and C. Michael Perry

ONE WAS FOR A SON,  
TWO THE WEALTH OF KINGS,  
THREE SHE ASKED TO LIVE FOREVER MORE!  
*(Music continues under)*

**PROSPERO:** Sycorax will live forever?

**ARIEL:** No one hates the world like Sycorax. She had hoped Balaam would join with her in a tyranny over the kingdoms of the world. The djinn asked her if anything had ever satisfied her. "Never," she replied. "And nothing ever would"

**PROSPERO:** Such rage. Such burning.

**ARIEL:**

A DEAL WAS STRUCK AND BALAAM  
GAVE HER IMMORTALITY.  
ON ONE CONDITION:  
THAT SHE NEVER, EVER,  
WOULD KNOW A MOMENT  
WHERE SHE FELT COMPLETELY HAPPY.

SO, ONCE UPON A MOONBEAM,  
WRAPPED UP IN A DARK DREAM,  
SYCORAX AGREED,  
BALAAM GUARANTEED,  
EVIL WOULD SUCCEED!

AND HATRED TOOK HER SOUL AND  
SET HER TOWARD HER GOAL AND  
ALL HUMANITY  
NEVER WOULD BE FREE!  
SYCORAX WOULD SEE  
TO THEIR DESTRUCTION!

BUT SHE WAS CAUGHT AND THEN  
IMPRISONED ON THIS ISLE!  
I WAS CHARGED TO BE HER KEEPER;  
THIS ISLAND TO BEGUILLE!

AND THEN SHE GREW TOO STRONG  
AND TRAPPED ME IN A TREE!  
YOU DECEIVED HER!  
SHE BELIEVED HER POWER COULD NOT FAIL!

BUT WITHOUT THE AID OF MOONBEAMS  
HER POWER AND HER DARK DREAMS  
TURNED AS HARD AS STONE!  
NOW FOREVER SHE'S ALONE  
NO MOONBEAMS TO ENCHANT

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**PROSPERO:** You said before you would be willing to help us?

**ARIEL:** If I could do anything to repay you . . .

**PROSPERO:** Before Sycorax imprisoned you, I thought I overheard you saying you had put a spell over this island so that it could not be found.

**ARIEL:** This rock was supposed to be her prison.

**PROSPERO:** It suited me to stay here until now, there is much to learn before I am ready to confront my brother. But today, for the first time, I realize this place is no longer safe for Miranda.

**ARIEL:** Tell me how I can be of service.

**PROSPERO:** I have two requests for you. First, remove the enchantment and second, fly to my home, Strugha. Fifteen years ago, I was someone of consequence, well-known and well-loved. In the capital city of Hastiban you will find a man by the name of Melkior, the son of Jaelrith. All I ask is that you tell him I and my daughter are here. He will come for us.

**ARIEL:** I will do more than that, I will accompany the ship and ensure fair winds.

**PROSPERO:** You would have my eternal gratitude.

**ARIEL:** Then I shall fly and return.

**PROSPERO:** Thank you, Ariel. We will be waiting.

**Scene 6 – Sycorax’ Statue** -- *Several months have passed since the incident with Miranda and Prospero and, true to his word, Prospero has treated Caliban as little more than an animal. Caliban sneaks away when he can to be with his mother who is still a stone statue. He puts a flower at her feet, there are many dead flowers there already, testament to Caliban’s faithfulness in visiting his mother.*

**CALIBAN:** It’s me, Caliban. So, today was the same. Caliban gathered sticks for the fire. But “he” told me Caliban was lazy. “He” always yells at Caliban. He caught me looking at Miranda once and  
(shudders)

. . . if Caliban can ever get that staff and cloak away from him . . . Caliban is smart. Caliban knows his magic is in his cloak and staff. If Caliban could steal them . . . It’s just so hard, mom.

**Musical #8 – WHY?**

**CALIBAN:**

LIFE IS NEVER FAIR.  
FAIRNESS IS FOR FOOLS!  
THE ONLY THING I CARE TO KNOW IS:  
HOW TO MAKE THE RULES!  
BUT THERE IS SOMETHING MORE;  
DEEP WHERE I CAN FEEL.  
AND I CAN'T IGNORE  
A THOUGHT SO REAL, SO RIGHT, SO...FAIR!

WHY IS EV'RY JOY JUST OUT OF REACH?  
WHY IS THERE SORROW?

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WHY IS HAPPINESS NOT THERE FOR EACH;  
A BRIGHT TOMORROW?

AND WHY AM I ALONE WITHOUT A FRIEND?  
NO ONE THERE TO DEFEND!  
WHY MUST THE HIDEOUS BE LONELY?  
WHY ARE THE BEAUTIFUL THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW  
HOW IT FEELS TO BE LOVED; HOW IT IS TO JUST BE HAPPY!  
HOW IT FEELS TO BE LOVED; HOW IT IS TO JUST...

He hurts me. And he looks at me . . . like I'm an animal. I am not an animal!

### SEGUE TO

#### Musical #8a – FINALLY

SOMEDAY, THE SLAVE IS MASTER!  
SOMEDAY, I WILL BE KING!  
SOMEDAY IS COMING FASTER  
BECAUSE SOMEDAY I'LL WEAR THE RING!  
SOMEDAY, THE THINGS DENIED ME  
SOMEDAY, THEY'RE MINE BY RIGHT  
SOMEDAY, THE PROUD AND QUEENLY  
MIRANDA WILL BE WITH ME AT NIGHT!

**Scene 7** – *Mountaintop, six months later. Prospero and Miranda look out over a troubled sea. Prospero has a telescope. There is a storm brewing and he is anxiously looking out over the horizon.*

**MIRANDA:** What is it, father?

**PROSPERO:** It is a ship, the flags appear to be Illyrian.

**MIRANDA:** An Illyrian ship? Can this be the ship come to rescue us?

**PROSPERO:** I don't think so. It appears as though it's coming from Morocco, the wrong direction.

**MIRANDA:** The storm is getting stronger.

**PROSPERO:** (*hands telescope to Miranda*) Can you see a name?

**MIRANDA:** I can just see it, Persephone, I think.

**PROSPERO:** Persephone!

**MIRANDA:** Do you recognize the name?

**PROSPERO:** It's the royal barge of Illyria, only used for the king and his court.

**MIRANDA:** Do you know the king of Illyria?

**PROSPERO:** Yes. Well. He and I have had occasion to quarrel.

**MIRANDA:** The storm is growing. They'll be dashed to pieces!

**PROSPERO:** They won't be harmed.

**MIRANDA:** Father, do something!

**PROSPERO:** They'll be all right, I promise you.

**MIRANDA:** But how can you promise that?

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**PROSPERO:** Because I saw them coming and by use of my magical arts, I caused the storm.

**MIRANDA:** But the ship is taking water! It's sinking!

**PROSPERO:** The time has come, Miranda, for me to explain to you the things you have always wanted to know.

**Musical #9: TREASON**

**MIRANDA:** Father, help them.

**PROSPERO:** They will not be harmed, I give you my word. Listen intently, Miranda. We do not have much time.

**MIRANDA:** I am ready, father.

**PROSPERO:** First know, Miranda.

ONCE, LONG AGO, I WAS ANOINTED A KING.  
RULING A COUNTRY WITH YOUR MOTHER, THE QUEEN  
PEOPLE WERE HAPPY, WE LIVED IN SIMPLE PEACE  
DURING THESE YEARS I STARTED SPENDING MY TIME  
RESEARCHING HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE MATTERS SUBLIME  
HOUR AFTER HOUR I BURIED MYSELF IN THESE.

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER, YOU MUST HAVE RULED YOUR KINGDOM WITH CARE!  
I WISH I KNEW. I DON'T REMEMBER IT... THERE.

**PROSPERO:**

MEANWHILE MY BROTHER VOLUNTEERED FOR THE WORK  
OF OVERSEEING WHAT I'D BEGUN TO SHIRK  
TOO LATE, I LEARNED HE'D TAKEN MY PLACE AS KING

**NIKOLAI:**

PEOPLE, YOU KNOW HOW I HAVE WORKED FOR YOUR GOOD.  
SACRIFICED ALL - IF I COULD GIVE MORE, I WOULD

**PEOPLE:**

HAIL NIKOLAI! LONG MAY YOU WEAR THE RING!

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER, NO MORE! I DON'T REMEMBER AT ALL!  
IT CAN'T BE TRUE! I DO NOT WANT TO RECALL!

**PROSPERO:**

THEN IN THE NIGHT  
SOLDIERS SUP-  
POSEDLY  
LOYAL TO  
ME. PUT ME IN  
CHAINS STRIPPED ME  
OF MY CROWN  
THREW ME DOWN.  
THEN IN THE NIGHT  
SOLDIERS SUP-  
POSEDLY  
LOYAL TO  
ME, PUT ME IN  
CHAINS, STRIPPED ME

**NIKOLAI:**

DON'T LET THEM  
FLEE, IF  
THEY TRY  
THEN  
YOU WILL DIS-  
POSE OF  
THEM  
TONIGHT!  
IF, SOMEHOW  
THEY DO  
ES-  
CAPE THEN  
IT WON'T END  
WELL FOR

**MIRANDA:**

NO!  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
NO!

**VALESKA:**

LEAVER HER ALONE  
SHE' S JUST A  
CHILD, SHE IS  
INNOCENT!  
LEAVE HER ALONE!  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
SHE IS A-  
FRAID!  
LEAVE HER ALONE!

**KESHIMIR:**

LEAVE HER ALONE!  
SHE'S JUST A  
CHILD, SHE IS  
INNOCENT!

**PEOPLE:**

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OF MY CROWN, THREW ME DOWN. THEN IN THE NIGHT SOLDIERS, SUP- POSEDLY LOYAL TO ME, PUT ME IN CHAINS, STRIPPED ME OF MY CROWN, THREW ME DOWN.	YOU, I SWEAR! YOU'LL TAKE THEIR PLACE, WHERE YOU WILL ROT! BETTER YET I SHALL SEE YOU DEAD!	NO! NO! I RE- MEM- BER! MO- THER SAC- RI- FICED HER SELF FOR ME!	SHE'S JUST A CHILD, SHE IS INNOCENT! LEAVE HER ALONE! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE IS A- FRAID! LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S JUST A CHILD, SHE IS INNOCENT! INNOCENT!	YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE DEALING WITH! FILTHY WRETCH! LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S JUST A CHILD, SHE IS INNOCENT! YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE DEALING WITH! FILTHY WRETCH!  INNOCENT!	HAIL, NIKO- LAI!  LONG MAY YOU WEAR THE RING! WEAR THE RING!
THEN IN THE NIGHT SOLDIERS, SUP- POSEDLY LOYAL TO ME, PUT ME IN CHAINS, STRIPPED ME OF MY CROWN, THREW ME DOWN!	IF, SOMEHOW THEY DO ES- CAPE THEN IT WON'T END WELL FOR YOU, I SWEAR!		INNOCENT!	FILTHY WRETCH!	WEAR THE RING!

**PROSPERO:**

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER IS A HORRIFIC SCENE.  
HE TOOK FROM ME MY WIFE, YOUR MOTHER, THE QUEEN.  
FROM THAT DAY ON MY SOUL HAS BEEN FILLED WITH BILE.  
HE THREW US IN A RAFT AND PUSHED US TO SEA.  
THINKING WE'D DROWN OR STARVE OR DIE HORRIBLY.  
BUT THE GODS WILLED US ONTO THIS HIDDEN ISLE.

**MIRANDA:**

FATHER, IT'S FOR THE BEST THAT WE'RE ON THIS ISLE!

**PROSPERO:**

FOURTEEN LONG YEARS WE'VE WAITED UPON THIS ISLE.  
NOW AFTER ALL THESE YEARS MY BROTHER IS ON THIS ISLE!

**MIRANDA:**

EV'RYTHING HAPPENS ON THIS ISLE!

-- End Act I --

**28 PAGES IN ACT TWO**