

SPELL

A One-Act Riff in Verse on Shakespeare's *The Tempest*

by  
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Spell

## CHARACTERS

Ariel

All characters are re-imaginings  
of characters in Shakespeare's

Caliban

*The Tempest*

Prospero

### Production Notes:

Actors should speak the verse of this play as naturally as possible. Let casting be color- and gender-blind, inventive, and against type.

The island where the exiled Prospero and his daughter landed in *The Tempest*.

*AT RISE:*

*ARIEL, spirit of Air, sits on the branch of a tree, coughing, with breathing labored, looking at the sky.*

*CALIBAN, creature of Earth, enters below, startling Ariel.*

ARIEL

Caliban! Help me.

CALIBAN

*(Sardonic)*

Why do you cough so violently, Ariel?  
God forbid you'll break your delicate bones.

ARIEL

Stop your rancorous mouth, creature of dust.  
I'm made of light high above *your* ground.

CALIBAN

*(Insincere)*

Darling Ariel, delicate radiance,  
how can one so far beneath you offer  
any help?

ARIEL

For once shut off resenting me and *do*  
Something, wretch, I cannot - breathe!

CALIBAN

Sincerely now, haughty spirit, what can *I* do?

ARIEL

*(Pointing to the sky, coughing, etc.)*

Our island skies swarm blacker with hideous soot  
than even this morning! All my kin who live  
in air, mosquito, dragonfly and dove,  
gasp and heave, their babies take no –

*(Breathing hard)*

full – breath, their eyes dull, and you—

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CALIBAN

I and my *Earth*-bound kin are just fine,  
thank you very much.

ARIEL

You who live close to earth will last  
a few hours more than me, but soon you too  
will lose this wave-skirted world you love,  
and life.

CALIBAN

Ash covers all your thoughts, Ariel, you speak  
of nothing else, you're obsessed.

ARIEL

Deny it all, but ash will eat *your* breath,  
coat *your* feet—

CALIBAN

Why do you always ruin my day, airhead!?

ARIEL

I trouble you as doom approaches?!  
(*Coughs*)

CALIBAN

In a day or two, island winds will blow  
this smoke away.

ARIEL

Wrong as usual. Why can't your earth-bound  
mind look up?  
(*Gesturing to sky*)

CALIBAN

Why can't your light-mauled eyes look down?  
Except on *me*. Why do you always snub me, Ariel?

ARIEL

There's no time to think about that.

CALIBAN

I like to be liked. Everyone does.

ARIEL

Go away. I cannot inhale your resentment  
*and* this smoke!

CALIBAN

I'll tell you who's to blame for this sky.

ARIEL

So you do *not* deny we near apocalypse?

CALIBAN

I deny nothing, not your suffering,  
not the tainting of our clouds. But I  
feel no hope, no wing of it flutters  
in my chest. We will perish, Cousin,  
everyone in earth, water and air.  
I will tell you who's to blame, 'cause  
only he can reverse our calamity.  
Why not come down to *my* level from  
your branch?

ARIEL

I'll stay right where I am, thank you.

CALIBAN

Windy wisp of brain, you'll breathe easier  
closer to the ground.

ARIEL

Shut up and tell me who diseased our sky!

CALIBAN

It is your master, the great magician Prospero  
who has polluted our lungs.

ARIEL

Prospero?!

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CALIBAN

The one you serve so cravenly?

ARIEL

*Served*, past tense. Just an hour ago  
he freed me from his employ, as he promised.  
I will not hear you slander Prospero.

CALIBAN

He sickened our heavens!

ARIEL

He's done nothing but good these twelve years  
he and his daughter Miranda have lived here.

CALIBAN

How sad, you still worship the invader.  
He's bound your mind and spirit to him, enslaved you  
to do his bidding every second of  
each year of those twelve!

ARIEL

Stop throwing your muddy grudges in my face  
or I will go!

CALIBAN

Don't go, Ariel! Give me a chance  
to know you better and you me.

ARIEL

*(Gesturing to sky)*

This is no cocktail hour, wingless one!

CALIBAN

It was a cursed day that devil Prospero  
washed on our sands in his rotten boat.

ARIEL

*I* praise every island god that he  
landed here with his small daughter, banished  
by callous enemies from Milan—

CALIBAN

—where he was, face it, Ariel, a dismal  
Duke who gave the finger to his job  
and immersed in his study of magic arts to Milan's  
detriment! No wonder he was banished!

ARIEL

I will not forget it was Prospero  
who with his vast alchemy sprung me  
from my years of hell inside that pine!  
*(Pointing to nearby pine tree)*

CALIBAN

Shrieking like a headless crow.

ARIEL

And I do not forget it was *your* mother,  
the horrid witch Sycorax, who trapped me  
there because I would not with my own  
magic carry out her scorching autocratic  
aims for our lush woods!

CALIBAN

*(Under their breath)*  
I never liked my mother much, I confess.

ARIEL

What did you say?!

CALIBAN

You hate me because of my mother?  
You will not speak? Well, I am *not* her.  
*(Quick beat)*  
Where's your almighty magician now?

ARIEL

I saw him last at his cave when he freed  
me for the final time, since I discharged  
all his commands and aptly tricked his enemies.  
Today Prospero sails home to Milan.  
*(Coughing)*  
And I – am – free! No longer – serving – anyone – anymore!

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CALIBAN

You're free to bust your lungs and die, all right.  
Prospero's to blame!

ARIEL

I will not bear that thought, I cannot.

CALIBAN

Because you have a puppet's heart.

ARIEL

What?!

CALIBAN

A puppet's heart! You served that guy so long you  
can't do anything without him.

ARIEL

Muckraker, *your* back was bent as much as mine  
to Prospero's desires.

CALIBAN

O no, I fought him with feet, fingernails  
and brain. He never was *my* master.

ARIEL

Good for you.

CALIBAN

Every day I fought the damned wizard,  
more potent than the gods of my mother,  
and withstood his punishments. I have  
the scars. Here. Here.

*Caliban shows Ariel scars on their arms, legs, and neck.*

ARIEL

I did not know this. But the straight  
truth is, the magician loved me and  
not you.

CALIBAN

Oh, Prospero loved me at first, petted me like a child. I held to him, I was lonely, my mother had died, and I never had a name for my father. But Prospero thought I *was* a child with no age of mind or experience.

ARIEL

I didn't know he *ever* loved you.

CALIBAN

You have never looked to see what happens on this solid dirt with me, being born of cloud and sun as you are. But I tell you, soon Prospero turned on me, forced me, like you, to labor.

ARIEL

He said you would put your hands on his sweet daughter.

CALIBAN

So he said. But I loved father *and* daughter and both misread me, said I was nothing if not bad. It was only because my ways and face look so different from theirs.

ARIEL

This is a new point of view for me. I'll consider it—medium trustingly.

CALIBAN

As you will. But listen: All day long he made me chop our tall sunlit trees, lay out their bones to dry, then light monstrous fires roaring dawn to dawn—

ARIEL

—to warm him and his child, cook their food, scare off tigers—

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CALIBAN

—to use all he wanted of our woods  
for himself. The island belongs to no one,  
you know that. But with his incessant  
fires, your Prospero sent up poison ash,  
poison that now kills us as we mourn  
our lost radiant blue.

ARIEL

I am – astounded. Caliban, if it’s true  
we must stop this man before he sails,  
leaving this wreckage! With his magic,  
so much greater than mine, he must restore  
our oxygen!

CALIBAN

Agreed. So I have done something, yes?  
Now will you, your highness, come down  
to earth and meet my eye?

ARIEL

Oh, all right.

*Ariel comes down from tree to ground, breathes a bit easier.*

ARIEL

My breath is - a little looser here.

CALIBAN

We will demand of Prospero that he  
heal our breath for good.

ARIEL

You, uh, you demand it, Caliban, I’ll – stand by.

CALIBAN

No dice. He’s not your master anymore!

ARIEL

Um, I – forgot.

CALIBAN

Here he comes.

*Enter PROSPERO slowly, an old, feeble man with a cane and a hat on his head, carrying an old suitcase. Caliban steps out of view, Ariel steps forward.*

ARIEL

*(Whispers to Caliban)*

Why does he look so - old and frail?!

*(To Prospero)*

Former master.

CALIBAN

*(Under their breath)*

Monster.

ARIEL

*(To Prospero)*

What has happened to you, Prospero?

PROSPERO

My dear Ariel, I go now to my ship, Miranda and the others wait for me. I thought you and I said our goodbyes. Are you all right?

ARIEL

Actually, I am not well. I am ill with the infection of the clouds.

PROSPERO

*What do you say, I do not follow...?*

ARIEL

My lungs suffer from this foul sky.  
*(Points to sky)*

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PROSPERO

What primitive language do you speak? I do not know what you say. Speak in *my* tongue, the one I taught you when I came here from Milan.

CALIBAN

*(Stepping forward)*

Prospero.

PROSPERO

Stay away from me, worm! Miranda's safe from you on the ship, but I—!

CALIBAN

Why do you cringe from me, potent one? You've never done *that* before. Where is your former arrogance?

PROSPERO

I don't grasp your words, they're cries wolves and owls make!

*(To Ariel)*

*Are* you my Ariel or some hostile sprite who looks like her? Use *my* language, so I can parse you!

CALIBAN

*(To Ariel, bewildered)*

He understood our native language well when he enslaved us.

PROSPERO

Whatever gibberish you speak, I leave far behind. Goodbye.

*Prospero starts to exit to his ship.*

CALIBAN

We cannot let him leave! Tell him in *his* heavy tongue to end our dilemma! He'll listen more to you than to me.

ARIEL

Prospero, sir, before you go, will you –  
please, sir, listen to – to my plea?

CALIBAN

Polite, much?

PROSPERO

Ah, there's my sweet Ariel. But what is it?  
My ship lies on the bay with swollen sails.

CALIBAN

*(To Prospero)*

Prospero, with *your* fancy syllables  
*I'll* make this clear: You wounded our air  
with your high, sick fires. Now with your most  
stirring spells, transform them, let us live—

ARIEL

—reverse this – this disaster, ex-master,  
before you go, clear the deadly smog,  
or all you leave withers behind you.

PROSPERO

Now I scan your words but not their sense.  
Disaster? *What* disaster? I have finished  
all my work on this soil. Do not  
try my patience! What disaster?!

CALIBAN

Up there!

ARIEL

There!

PROSPERO

Where, what is it?!

CALIBAN

The sky!

*Quick beat. Prospero looks at the sky.*

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PROSPERO

What's wrong with the sky?

ARIEL

It roils constantly with smoke!  
(*Has a coughing fit*)

CALIBAN

What's wrong with your eyes?!

PROSPERO

(*Looking up*)  
But I see nothing but the sheets of blue  
I saw the first day I arrived.  
I just don't follow. This place I knew  
for many suns is suddenly alien.  
I will be glad to leave.

CALIBAN

(*To Prospero about Ariel*)  
You don't see the billowing ash that burns his throat?!

PROSPERO

(*Points to the bay where his ships prepares to sail*)  
They hoist my sails below! I make my way!

*Beat. Prospero slowly exits, coughing a little.*

ARIEL

(*To Caliban*)  
Poor Prospero cannot *bear* to see what he has done.

CALIBAN

(*To Ariel*)  
Poor Prospero?! Are you kidding? He sees what he  
*will* see, nothing more.

PROSPERO

Talk all you want your incoherent slang!  
Goodbye!

*Prospero continues to slowly exit.*

ARIEL

Prospero, you can't go!

PROSPERO

Servant, yes you are free but free  
to tell me what to do? Ariel, dream on.

Ah, a catch in my throat.

*(Coughs)*

*Prospero continues to exit. Caliban grabs Prospero, drags him to  
the tree, begins to bind him there with a strong vine circling the tree.*

PROSPERO

*(To Caliban)*

What're you – doing?!

CALIBAN

*(To Ariel)*

You wanted action, cousin?! Help *me* now, bind him!

PROSPERO

Let – me – go!

*Ariel helps Caliban bind Prospero, then backs off.*

ARIEL

*(Wavering in resolve)*

Do I hurt you, master? I mean—

*(To Caliban)*

I can't – quite – do this. My righteousness says  
*do it*, my loyalty says *no*.

PROSPERO

What are you squawking against me?! I loved you,  
Ariel. How can you pounce on me  
with this criminal?!

CALIBAN

Make your will a strong sail, Ariel, so it huffs  
in *his* breeze no more!

*Ariel helps Caliban secure Prospero to tree.*

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CALIBAN

There!

ARIEL

Caliban, won't he use his wizardry  
to unbind himself presto and bind *us*  
to the dust?

PROSPERO

*(Straining against his bonds)*

Why do you bind me?! I have done nothing wrong!

*Quick beat.*

CALIBAN

Then conjure your own freedom, wizard,  
with your trickster arts.

PROSPERO

But I – will you let me – go! Ah!  
*(Straining at his bonds)*

ARIEL

Restore our skies your fires defiled and I –  
I promise I'll untie you.

PROSPERO

Up there's a still lake of cobalt blue!  
*(Coughs a little)*

ARIEL

Caliban, could his shaman smarts – be gone?  
He makes no move to free himself?

CALIBAN

And clearly, he no longer grasps our language.

PROSPERO

I don't see what your problem is, I just know  
I can't help you.

ARIEL

*(To Caliban)*

When he came here he so quickly delved  
our speech—

CALIBAN

—but just to win us. Then he wielded spells  
and stuffed down every citizen's throat  
on this island *his* exotic language—

ARIEL

—forced syllables on me especially—

CALIBAN

—*and* me.

PROSPERO

You should be ashamed talking— probably about me—  
in your – primordial speech!

ARIEL

I hate to admit it's true, but he catechized  
*his* nouns and verbs - and muffled ours.

PROSPERO

I am an old man, I want to go home.

CALIBAN

He debased our tongue, the beats and rhymes  
by which I knew myself, my body and mind—

ARIEL

—words by which we also know our creatures,  
plants, lagoons, every living thing—

CALIBAN

—while my *own* words turned smoky in my head—

ARIEL

*(Pointing to sky)*

—as this sky. It is - good to speak *our* words  
again. With you.

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CALIBAN

Yes? Well. Thank you, Ariel. Once strands  
of the sun's fire streamed down  
through green lacy leaves, touched my face,  
warmed my skin. But *his* sentences  
taught me my inferiority.

ARIEL

He broke more than our sky.

CALIBAN

He so demoted Caliban, there's no light inside.  
*(Tapping chest)*

PROSPERO

*(Indicating his bound hands)*

My hands – chafe and burn.  
I will be ill if you keep me here!

ARIEL

You cannot free yourself, once-sovereign magician?

PROSPERO

If only. If only I had not thrown away  
a little while ago—god help me—all my  
tools and magic kits to the bottom  
of the sea!

ARIEL

You have thrown down the books of magic you used  
to make spells?

CALIBAN

And to subdue us?

PROSPERO

I thought I did not need them anymore,  
those conjured potencies.  
*(Straining to get free)*

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

I was wrong!  
Why didn't I keep my magic longer?! Rebel  
Ariel, I'd pinch you back in your prison  
tree. Caliban, I'd shove you in  
that tick-infested swamp.  
*(Pointing to "swamp")*

ARIEL

But I thought you were—

CALIBAN

You thought he was—?

ARIEL

—all-powerful.

PROSPERO

I do not know you anymore, Ariel,  
you've let this demon confuse you.

*Caliban grabs Prospero's hat, puts it on their head.*

CALIBAN

Prospero, former master is present slave—

ARIEL

*(Summoning will, courage)*  
—now you'll do what – what *I* tell you to.  
Get your magic back any way you can  
and help us. Then you'll go.

PROSPERO

I plunged my powers in the drumming sea,  
I cannot get them back!

*Caliban puts their hands on Prospero's shoulders.*

PROSPERO

*(Trying to shake off Caliban's hands)*  
Don't touch me! Monster!

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CALIBAN

*(To Ariel)*

He calls me "monster," has from the first.  
But isn't *he* monster?

PROSPERO

Mumbo-jumbo!

ARIEL

He's lost *all* his powers, he's deaf as metal  
to us now.

PROSPERO

I beg you, let me sail away to the  
city of my birth, and meet my final  
fate there, not here!

ARIEL

He was no less than god of all he saw—

CALIBAN

—king of nature and of *our* nature.

PROSPERO

*(Indicating Caliban)*

Why did I shower mercy on you, fiend,  
and let you live?!

ARIEL

Dirtyly he lowered all of us. I see it now.  
I've taken slavery's poison into myself.

CALIBAN

And I the bitterness – of a failed fighter.

ARIEL

*(To Prospero, pointing to sky, yanking the vine around Prospero's  
neck)*

Remaster your witchcraft, fix this mess!

PROSPERO

Ahhh!

CALIBAN

*(To Ariel)*

Cousin, give up, he's just a common monster now.

PROSPERO

Bring me – water.

*All cough a little.*

ARIEL

He cannot turn around time and hoist  
his spells from the vast ocean that rolls over  
them forever. Who – will help us?

CALIBAN

We're dead already. Banish him to where  
he was banished from!

*Caliban puts their hands around Prospero's neck.*

PROSPERO

Your hands pollute me!

CALIBAN

*(To Prospero)*

Shut up, monster.

PROSPERO

How dare you call me what *you* are?!

ARIEL

I called him "master," believed in his mastery.

PROSPERO

*(Trying to shake off Caliban)*

Where are you, my daughter?! My strength – it's gone.

ARIEL

How do we scourge you for your sins, Prospero?  
We let you sail away and die a natural  
Death in pretty Milan while this island  
dies of your unnatural plundering?

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CALIBAN

I say you stay and die with us. I would  
not flinch seeing *you* hit the dust.

PROSPERO

What?!

ARIEL

That's too easy, Cousin. And *I* will not breathe  
my last with *him* at my side.

PROSPERO

*(To Ariel)*

How *dare* you.

ARIEL

*(To Caliban)*

With *you*. Perhaps.

CALIBAN

Truly, Ariel?

ARIEL

Caliban, I am so shot through with despair,  
to delete him in here

*(tapping chest)*

—I could—I would—

CALIBAN

Kill him now?

PROSPERO

Oh Lord.

CALIBAN

That's the spirit, spirit!

PROSPERO

Now your words make awful sense. Miranda, help me!

ARIEL

*(To Caliban)*

Could uncorrupted Ariel do such a thing?

CALIBAN

You're no more pure than creatures crouching on this dirt you disdain. Get that stone, brain him to a bloody stew!

*(Pointing to nearby stone)*

PROSPERO

I will be murdered here?!

*Ariel picks up a heavy stone, holds it over Prospero's head. Beat.*

ARIEL

Give me some of your dense intent, Caliban, to do the deed.

PROSPERO

Ariel! I gave you everything I could like a father, guarded you with care, gifted order and reason to your mind, re-named your lakes and valleys with my proper nouns!

CALIBAN

*(To Ariel)*

There's murder in you, never fear.

ARIEL

Is it true?

CALIBAN

No creature is without it.

PROSPERO

*(To Ariel)*

Ariel! I sprung you from endless death-in-life in that gouged pine! I fed you civilized ideas, raised high your unschooled purpose!

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ARIEL

*(To Caliban)*

Cousin, you're right. Some howling rage  
calls my murderous will!

PROSPERO

Do not kill me, my Ariel!

*Ariel lowers stone toward Prospero's head.*

CALIBAN

I have a delicate heart concealed in me,  
I can't look!

PROSPERO

*(Tries to shield himself)*

Heaven help me!

*Ariel brings down the rock towards Prospero's head.*

PROSPERO

Wait! What crimes do you accuse me of?!

*Ariel stops the rock just above Prospero's head.*

CALIBAN

That *is* the question, Prospero.

ARIEL

I cannot kill him, now he's asked it.  
*(Lowers rock)*

PROSPERO

Am I alive?!

CALIBAN

At least I won't have to wipe up his blood.

PROSPERO

Alive!

CALIBAN

*(To Ariel)*

He asked about crimes, didn't he, spirit?

ARIEL

*(To Prospero)*

You made me your voice, arms, legs, hands,  
spoke me into riling a tempest from calm  
seas, false tragic drownings, loud illusions,  
deeds I despised. You laid your language  
on our island like a sword! Now  
I know I have hated it all!

*(Indicating Caliban)*

You made *him* everything you hate in yourself.

CALIBAN

You killed the beauty of our speech that names  
the million gods of our paradise.

*(Gestures to the island trees, etc.)*

Worse, you deliver choking to our lungs.

ARIEL

You made our land a chamber where we'll die,  
then blind yourself to the death you've hung  
up there, everywhere and in us.

*Beat. All cough.*

PROSPERO

Is it – true? If all that is – true,  
it is – hard – to see.

*(His coughing will increase)*

You will not – say?

But you've said – so much, in your senseless  
tongue *and* in mine. You are – silent  
now? Does your – silence – say it's true?

I don't know – if I can grasp this.

I am an old – man, once mighty – magician,  
now ordinary and – full – of crimes?

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PROSPERO (CONT'D)

*(Struggling to breathe)*

My – breath – what's wrong with my – breath?  
You who – hold me here, Ariel – Caliban,  
why can't I – breathe?

CALIBAN

We told you.

ARIEL

*(Pointing up)*

Look again, do you see now?

PROSPERO

*(Coughing)*

Oh. O no. I see – deadly curls of black  
blotting out – where is – the silent field  
of blue I saw each day I lived – in this –  
rocky place? Did I do that with my –  
my fires? That's what – you said? And did I – take  
words from your mouths – to loudly – sound mine?  
If monsters are – bewildered old – men,  
I – am one.

*Beat. Ariel and Caliban look at each other, don't answer. All cough.  
Ariel puts down the stone.*

PROSPERO

*(Praying)*

Great magician of this – visible world,  
you have stopped – my violent death, I am  
grateful. Ariel, I thank you. But Miranda  
must worry – where I am. Can you – find it  
in your heart to let me go?

*Beat. Caliban and Ariel look at Prospero, then at each other.*

CALIBAN

Cousin, let's throw out one who never did  
belong in any acre of our wilderness.

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*Ariel unties Prospero, Caliban throws Prospero's hat back on his head. Prospero, stumbling, running, exits.*

ARIEL

Get thee gone, Prospero.

CALIBAN

Farewell, monster!

ARIEL

Sail away with your reckless generations.

*Prospero is gone.*

ARIEL

Goodbye, ex-master. Now I must goodbye – all that was mastered in *me*. Cousin, perhaps I have not justly read the pages of the magic book that is Caliban.

CALIBAN

Really? You – like me?

ARIEL

I – I like you.

CALIBAN

I'm sorry my mother did you so much wrong. She was a wretched one, wounded in her soul. I tried to love her.

ARIEL

Thank you.

*Beat. Ariel and Caliban stand awkwardly looking at each other.*

CALIBAN

Um—what do we do now? Is death approaching?

ARIEL

Probably. Meanwhile, I – don't know how – to be with you.

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CALIBAN

I can't quite – look at you.

ARIEL

Are you – shy, cousin?

CALIBAN

A little. But now Prospero has bent  
his head a little in remorse, my smoky  
mind begins to clear.

ARIEL

I have disdained you and your shaggy kind,  
but feel some force of earth entering here—  
a power swelling in myself.

*(Touches chest)*

Earthy being,  
am I more like you than I have known?

CALIBAN

I've faulted your flickering mind,  
judged you light-weight, yet I need some of the  
light that kindles you, can I have it, spirit?

ARIEL

We can't survive with me flailing in air  
and you helpless on the ground, can we?  
Let's find our future, death or life, together.

CALIBAN

Wait: Can we conjure magic of  
our own to save us?! Maybe the future's in  
*your* magic. You *are* free to use it.

ARIEL

Yes, that's right. But I am so out  
of practice of my own magic-making.

CALIBAN

*You're* the one who made the ocean roar  
and brought radiant delusions to confuse  
Prospero's enemies.

ARIEL

It's true, before I was imprisoned, *I* enchanted this windy realm and cast harmless charms like mist to delight everyone. Can I do it again, to save us?

CALIBAN

You need no other voice than yours to rule you now.

ARIEL

But I won't act alone, as Prospero did. We must unite, Caliban.

CALIBAN

You stir my hope. First, we must restore to all the shining coinage of our language so it gleams in our mouths again—

ARIEL

—and say our syllables proudly to story our forests, sea and bays, reviving native powers all around. Caliban, wash off the grim pollution of your heart, take back your rightful role in our society.

CALIBAN

I will stand firm, pronounce my free name: I am no one's shadow, I am Caliban, Caliban.

ARIEL

And with *my* magic lighting our attempts, we'll find a way—

CALIBAN

—to sweep our skies of poison. *You're* master now, every one of us will do *your* magic!

Spell

ARIEL

All with claws, teeth, wings, fins,  
buds, roots, flowers and leaves  
in these woods and bays and, of course,  
in the air, will imagine healing spells!

CALIBAN

Ariel, call every spirit of our cherished isle  
from pine, rose and wave, call all you love  
and tell them in your weightless style  
how much we need each voice for our above.

*(Points to sky)*

ARIEL

Call all that live on your rich ground,  
the wolf, the ant, hedgehog and snake,  
instruct each one with your wise heart, rebound  
to some collective action we will take—

CALIBAN

—to find a fix for what is broke.

ARIEL

Meanwhile, I'll hug the earth, save breath,  
conjure rain to infiltrate the smoke—

CALIBAN

—and your sweet winds chase away death.

ARIEL

Our days of division now are past.

ARIEL, CALIBAN

Together we our sky spell cast.

*We hear, at first, faintly, all the voices of the island speaking a beautiful language. The voices crescendo. Rain begins to fall, crescendos. Ariel and Caliban, joyous together in the rain, look up, dance, embrace, etc.*

THE END

