

BUSC PRESENTS: THE TEMPEST – IN SPACE!

Quite some time ago, in a galaxy reasonably far away ...

For this year's winter production, the BUSC transports Shakespeare's *The Tempest* into the endless expanses of space. Expect power, love, intrigue and aliens in a retro sci-fi adventure setting!

A spaceship is wrecked in a powerful storm. The storm is a magical creation, carried out by the spirit Ariel and caused by the magic of Prospero, the former Duke of Milan, whose dukedom was usurped and taken from him by his brother Antonio (aided by Alonso, the King of Naples). That was twelve years ago, when he and his daughter, Miranda, had to flee their home and eventually stranded on a deserted planet, the setting of our play.

Among those on board the spaceship that crashed in Prospero's storm are Antonio, Alonso, Alonso's son Ferdinand, Alonso's brother Sebastian, and others. Prospero plots to reverse what was done to him twelve years ago and regain his dukedom. He vows to free Ariel and abandon his magic once he achieves his goals.

In the subplot, Trinculo, Alonso's jester, and Stephano, the drunken butler, meet Caliban, a monstrous, alien figure who had been living on the island before Prospero arrived, and whom Prospero adopted and enslaved. These three attempt an unsuccessful coup against Prospero.

The auditions will be held as individual meetings with the directors. Please use the following form to book an audition slot (15 min, only one per person) and choose up to 2 monologues from below that you would like to perform. You do not have to know them by heart, but please prepare them. Registration: calendly.com/busc/auditions-the-tempest-in-space

Please fill out the form available at busc.de/castings and send it to regie@busc.de.

NB: For this casting process, we are using the pronouns and descriptions from the original text, however, casting will be completely gender-blind. Please audition for the role(s) you like best :)

The Roles

PROSPERO	<p>Prospero is a sympathetic character in that he was wronged by his usurping brother, but he appears puffed up and self-important, and his overwrought speeches make him difficult to like.</p> <p>He is bitter and tyrannical at first and demands absolute control over the other characters in the play, even toys with them.</p>
MIRANDA	<p>Prospero's young daughter. She feels trapped in her life on the island and longs to meet and interact with someone other than her father or Caliban.</p>
ARIEL	<p>He has served his master willingly and happily ever since Prospero freed him from his imprisonment, yet Prospero often takes advantage of him.</p> <p>Ariel possesses immense power and is the character most responsible for convincing Prospero to forgive the people who wronged him (by describing in detail the terror that Prospero's punishments have inflicted on his victims).</p>
CALIBAN	<p>Caliban is Prospero's slave, yet he refuses to submit fully to Prospero's will. Caliban plots to have Prospero killed, as Caliban lived there long before Prospero and feels that he is the rightful ruler.</p> <p>Caliban is a complex character, both a trickster and an idiot, a savage and sensitive.</p>
FERDINAND	<p>Ferdinand is Alonso's son, and for most of the play, Alonso believes Ferdinand died during the tempest. Ferdinand is shown to be strong and gallant, and he undertakes grueling physical labor in order to win Miranda's affection and Prospero's approval.</p>
ANTONIO	<p>Prospero's brother; power-hungry and opportunistic, he is the one behind Prospero's exile, as well as the instigator of the conspiracy against Alonso.</p>

SEBASTIAN	Alonso's brother, whom Antonio persuades to plot against Alonso while they are marooned.
ALONSO	King of Naples and father of Ferdinand. Alonso aided Antonio in unseating Prospero as Duke of Milan twelve years before. As he appears in the play, however, he is acutely aware of the consequences of all his actions.
STEPHANO & TRINCULO	The King's drunken butler and his jester. They provide comic relief and, with the help of Caliban, launch an incompetent plot to kill Prospero and take the island for themselves.

Monologue 1

Prospero remembers the plot against his life and ends the magic show he summoned for Ferdinand and Miranda. Often read as Shakespeare's farewell piece to the theatre, Prospero prepares himself to give up his art and to return to the "real world". He expresses melancholy, anticipation, relief, weariness and sadness

Also relevant for: Antonio, Alonso, Sebastian

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.
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 disturb'd 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.

Monologue 2

Caliban, the only native inhabitant of the isle, is rather unhappy with the way Prospero has treated him. Using the words that Prospero himself once taught him, he expresses his anger and frustration at being kept like a slave and being barred from his "inheritance". Physical acting is encouraged.

Also relevant for: Ariel, Sebastian, Stephano, Trinculo

CALIBAN

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax – toads, beetles, bats – light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Monologue 3

Ferdinand has been "captured" by Prospero and is forced to do hard manual labor. But he doesn't really mind it too much, as long as Miranda is around...

Also relevant for: Miranda

FERDINAND

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
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 labours 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 labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Monologue 4

Miranda is unhappy with her father and that he sentenced the only handsome man on the isle to labour for him. She's not having it.

Also relevant for: Ferdinand

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile. [...] It would become me
As well as it does you. And I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against. [...] You look wearily.

Monologue 5

[Originally Gonzalo's lines] Sebastian tells us how his fully automated luxury space communism would look like. Is he joking, dead serious or drunk? You decide.

Also relevant for: Stephano, Trunculo

SEBASTIAN

In th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate,
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service – none. Contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard – none.
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil.
No occupation, all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure.
No sovereignty – all things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

Monologue 6

Ariel, an airy spirit and Prospero's most valuable servant, describes to Prospero how he did his bidding and crashed Alonso's ship on the isle. His excitement stems in part from the fact that he wants to brag, but he also hopes that Prospero finally keeps his promise to free him for his valiant service.

Also relevant for: Caliban

ARIEL

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places. 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 leapt; cried, "Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."

[...]

And, as thou bade'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Monologue 7

Antonio tells Sebastian that he is very happy how his coup against Prospero turned out and that he regrets nothing. He advises him to do the same and kill the sleeping Alonso to usurp his crown.

Also relevant for: Alonso, Sebastian, Stephano, Prospero

ANTONIO

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?]

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 for ever. 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.