

Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian

No Fear Shakespeare – Tempest (by SparkNotes)

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START ↓

Original Text

Modern Text

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,

85 My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her.—O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO Gonzalo

Sir, he may live.

90 I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water, ^{cut}
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head
Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
95 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

You keep cramming words into my ears that I
don't want to hear. I wish that wedding had never
happened, since I lost my son because of it, and I
lost my daughter too in a way, since she's moved
so far from Milan that I'll never see her again.—
Oh, dear son of mine and heir of Naples and
Milan, what strange fish has made a meal of you?

FRANCISCO

Sir, he may still be alive. I saw him swimming
strongly, almost as if he was riding the waves. He
treaded water and kept his head well above the
wild waters coming at him, swimming with his
strong arms toward the shore, which almost
seemed eager to welcome him. I have no doubt
he got ashore alive.

Act 2, Scene 1, Page 7

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

100 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an African,
Where she at least is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise

105 By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear forever. Milan and Naples have

110 More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them. ^{cut}

The fault's your own.

ALONSO

So is the dearest o' th' loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore

115 When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO ^{wk}

STOP ↓

ALONSO

No, no, he's dead.

SEBASTIAN

Sir, you can thank yourself for this great loss,
because you wouldn't bless Europe with your
daughter, but instead pimped her out to an
African. At least you can be thankful that she
won't be around to remind you of your loss.

ALONSO

Please be quiet.

SEBASTIAN

We all begged you not to go ahead with those
marriage plans, and your lovely daughter
struggled between disgust at marrying an African
and the desire to obey you. Now I'm afraid we've
lost your son forever. Our shipwreck has made
more women widows in Milan and Naples than
there are survivors to comfort them. And it's all
your fault.

ALONSO

And the greatest sorrow is mine too.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian, even though what you say is
true, your way of saying it is tactless and comes
at the wrong time. You're rubbing salt in his
wounds when you should be applying bandages.

SEBASTIAN

All right, I'll stop.

ANTONIO