

JUNIOR WORKSHOP

Based on THE TEMPEST by William Shakespeare

THEME: GOOD AND BAD BOUNDARY

SCENE 1

‘Good’

Enter FERDINAND, busy collecting wood. He is a bit of a Casanova, making exaggerated motions with his muscles as he works.

FERDINAND: Hey. How’s it going? I tell you, this is tough work. My muscles are really aching. I haven’t had a proper work out in ages. Speaking of which, someone told me there was a gym around here. *(to a girl in the front row)* Do you know if the gym is that way *(he flexes his muscles and points to the left)* or that way? *(flexes and points the other way)* Seriously, this would usually be tough work. But today, I have someone on my mind. A woman. I work for her father. He is quite a tough guy to get along with. But I love her. I want to be her hero . . .

His macho image seems to fade as ‘Hero’ by Mariah Carey begins to play. He starts singing, using a piece of wood as a microphone, and gets louder and louder.

There’s a hero, if you look inside your heart
You don’t have to be afraid of what you are
There’s an answer, if you reach within your soul
And the sorrow that you know will melt away
AND THEN A HERO COMES ALONG...!

As he hits the chorus, MIRANDA has entered, and FERDINAND is embarrassed. He talks the next line of the song while turning his microphone into a dumb-bell.

FERDINAND: ...with the strength to carry on. Oh, there’s nothing like a bit of music to motivate the muscles.

MIRANDA: Wow, you are working so hard. Let me help you.

FERDINAND: No, please madam! I could never do such a thing. This is a heavy-duty job, requiring some heavy-duty muscle!

He speaks as he works, but contrary to his macho persona, he seems to be having great difficulty lifting any wood at all.

Anyhow, I work for your father. He would not be very happy if I had you doing my job!

MIRANDA: Don't you worry about that. My father is busy. He won't be here for hours.

FERDINAND: (*beginning to sweat*) Oh no! Honestly, I must press on with the work. It will be getting dark soon and I won't be able to see my way.

MIRANDA: Please, you sit down. Let me help you.

She goes to help him. He begins to grow increasingly tired.

FERDINAND: No! Please! You mustn't! I would rather break my back working than to see you do the lifting!

MIRANDA: Nonsense! It's easy!

FERDINAND: (*suddenly resigning*) Go on then.

He is rather embarrassed as he notices how easily she lifts the wood.

Please, madam. Tell me. What is your name? I have worked for your father a while now and I still do not know your name.

MIRANDA: It's Miranda.

FERDINAND: What a beautiful name. I do admire you so. A handsome man as myself always has ladies falling at their feet for me. But, none have ever been beautiful enough for me...until now! You are the most precious rose I have ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on.

MIRANDA: Well, I must confess. (*she walks right up to him*) I haven't been able to take my eyes off you since I first saw you.

She drops the wood on his feet, but doesn't notice as she is lost in his eyes.

FERDINAND: AAAAAAARGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

He starts hopping around.

MIRANDA: What? What? Is there something wrong?

FERDINAND: My foot!

MIRANDA: I told you, you work too hard! You are getting cramp.

She goes to pick up the wood as FERDINAND moves in and as she picks it up, nails him directly in the groin with it.

FERDINAND: OOOOOOFFFFFF! (*He grabs his stomach in agony*)

MIRANDA: You really should take a lunch break as well!

Unaware, she swings the wood around and cracks him round the head with it. He is knocked out flat.

FERDINAND: AAAAAAARGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

*She moves the wood and then turns and sees **FERDINAND** out cold. She runs over to him and takes him in her arms. She brings him slowly back to consciousness.*

MIRANDA: Hey! I told you, you shouldn't work so hard! Look! You have exhausted yourself! You fainted! Come, let's get you to a hospital.

FERDINAND *musters up some strength and puts on his macho persona again.*

FERDINAND: Oh, no! Hospitals are for wimps, not big strong men like me! Listen, Miranda, there is something I must tell you.

MIRANDA: Yes?

FERDINAND: I love you, more than anything. You . . . knock me out with your beauty.

MIRANDA: Do you really mean it?

FERDINAND: Yes. And I wanted to ask you . . .

MIRANDA: Yes?

FERDINAND: *(he is getting drowsy from the pain)* I wanted to ask you . . .

MIRANDA: Yes? What?

FERDINAND: Will you, Miranda . . . will you marry me?

MIRANDA: Yes! YES! YES!

FERDINAND: Well that's just . . . that's just . . . brilliant!

He faints.

MIRANDA: Ferdinand? Ferdinand!

She drags him off by the legs.

You really shouldn't work so hard!

END.

SCENE 2

'Bad'

Enter CALIBAN, dressed in a 'Guns'n'Roses leather jacket and various punk accessories. He is meant to be working, but, being the lazy person he is, has 'Paradise City' blasting at full volume, and is passionately strumming his air-guitar.

CALIBAN: *(singing)* Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)
Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)

He is fully immersed in the moment, going wild, head banging etc etc. He doesn't notice PROSPERO and MIRANDA enter. The music comes to an abrupt halt and CALIBAN, most likely in the process of harassing a few students, freezes.

PROSPERO: Caliban! What on God's green Earth is going on in here?! You are supposed to be working! I don't pay you to dance around and listen to music all day!

CALIBAN: Oh, stop moaning you old goat! I have done enough work for one day! IT'S TIME TO PARTY!!! Take me down to the paradise city, where the grass is green and the girls are pretty!

PROSPERO has approached CALIBAN and drags him by his ear onto the stage.

CALIBAN: Aaaaarrghhhh! But I want to go to the paradise city!

PROSPERO: What is this 'paradise city' you talk about?

CALIBAN: Milano! Club Hollywood! *(he does a little dance)* Better than this stink-hole that I am living in, with you and your ugly daughter!

MIRANDA: UGLY?!? How dare you! There is only one ugly person in here and that is YOU! You look like Shrek!

CALIBAN: Oh yeah? Well you look like DONKEY!

Handbags at dawn as the two start slapping each other in a mild, and quite frankly, pathetic fashion. PROSPERO steps in and pulls CALIBAN off of her.

PROSPERO: Get off her!

PROSPERO guards **MIRANDA** as **CALIBAN** starts hopping up and down with one hand held behind his back. He talks in a comic voice one might find attributed to an Eddy Murphy comedy character.

CALIBAN: Come on! Come on! I got one hand on ya'! (*snapping his fingers in a 'talk-to-the-face' gesture*) I GOT ONE HAND ON YA'! That's right, sugar! I GOT ONE HAND...

Suddenly he is stopped short as **PROSPERO** with alarming strength grips his fist and pulls it behind his back.

Aaaarrrrghhhhhhhh!!!

CALIBAN: A curse on you! I hope you catch the plague! You and Donkey!

PROSPERO: You are crazy. You don't appreciate what I have done for you. You had no home on this island and I brought you in.

CALIBAN: My mother owned this island! When she died, I should have become ruler! You brought me in, claiming to care for me. But now you have me working as a slave! I'm a slave! I'M A SLAVE!!!

Suddenly a random burst of Britney Spears 'Slave 4 U'; **CALIBAN** sings.

CALIBAN: I'm a slave for you...ooooohhhhhhhhh...I'm a slave for you!

PROSPERO and **MIRANDA** seem in a trance as they begin to dance along. Then the music abruptly stops.

PROSPERO: You lie! I took you in and looked after you well, until you went crazy for my daughter!

CALIBAN: I wanted her but she didn't want me! Oh, it would have been a wonderful marriage. I would have had hundreds of little baby Calibans to run the island! A whole army of Calibans! Just like me! I would have been all powerful! I could have taken over the world!

MIRANDA: I would not have had your babies if you were the last man on this earth! You disgust me!

CALIBAN: I'll show you!

He lunges at **MIRANDA**, *but before he reaches her* **PROSPERO** holds out his hands and **CALIBAN** seems to freeze under his power. **PROSPERO** takes out what appears to be a voodoo doll and holds it up. **CALIBAN**, still frozen, seems very scared. In a short sequence, **PROSPERO** moves parts of the doll's body to which **CALIBAN** reacts accordingly. He makes a series of silly movements before culminating in a comedy dance, for example the can-can.

PROSPERO: Just a reminder of my power, Caliban. Now get back to work and fetch us some wood for the fire, before it gets too dark outside!

CALIBAN: No!

PROSPERO: (*holding out the doll*) If you refuse, or are not quick about your work, I will make have you doing the river dance until six 'o' clock tomorrow morning! Do I make myself clear?

CALIBAN (*scared*) Yes! Yes, sir.

PROSPERO and MIRANDA *exit.*

I have to do as he says, he has too much power. One day, though. One day I will have my revenge on him. And that Donkey! I hope lightning from the sky will burn this place down! I hope Prospero and Miranda get the plague! I don't deserve to be here, it drives me mad! Well, I had better go and fetch some wood for Prospero and Donkey. But first...!

Suddenly 'Paradise City' blares on one more time.

(*singing*) Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)
Take me down to the paradise city. . .

He exits, as the music fades.

END.