

Sound Design Challenge Prompt
William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*

Act I/Scene 1/Lines 41-78

In this excerpt from the opening scene of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, a group of sailors find themselves at sea in the middle of a violent storm. Create a soundscape for the storm, the sea, and the ship. Include atmospheric sounds that would reasonably exist on a ship out to sea in distress. Include underscoring as intro and outro for the scene.

On a ship at sea, a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

[Re-enter Boatswain]

Boatswain. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

[Enter Mariners wet]

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*[A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and
children!'— 'Farewell, brother!'—]*

Transition to:

Act III/scene iii/Lines 70-101

In Act III of *The Tempest*, the sailors find themselves on a beach. Prospero, the exiled Duke of Milan, gets some small revenge and directs the spirit Ariel to appear to the group of shipwrecked sailors as a harpy. Ariel proceeds to threaten and accuse the men, who are frozen with fear. Create a voiceover for Ariel's monologue. Ariel should sound otherworldly/supernatural. Include both underscoring and atmospheric sounds that bring the audience into this sense of terror and intimidation experienced by the sailors.

[Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps her wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes]

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea

Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

[She vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music]