

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

**THE TEMPEST**

Written by

0607701

Adapted from the play by

William Shakespeare

## 1. PROSPERO'S STUDY, DAY

A wall of books, all are tattered and well read. Charts and blueprints of ocean liners circa 1920 - 1930 line the walls. PROSPERO, his face unseen or out of shot, sits at an expansive desk, back to the camera - dressed casually in an evening suit. He calmly rises from the chair and stands in front of the bookcase, the shelves reaching far taller than he can reach. He reaches out towards the bookshelf and traces his fingers over the volumes. Books of philosophy, politics, literature - all line the shelf. He rests on a particularly large book entitled 'Manipulation of the Elements'. Instead of choosing this particular volume, PROSPERO instead takes a thin object hidden beside the book - a vinyl record.

CUT TO:

An old gramophone. PROSPERO moves a PA microphone to the record player and pushes the button marked 'BROADCAST'. He places the vinyl record on the machine and manually lowers the needle. Low static crackles momentarily before the strains of Italian opera rise.

PROSPERO hesitates for a moment, then, semi-dancing, moves away from the desk into the remainder of the room - revealed to be a grandiose ballroom. The room is deserted but is littered with books, charts and the detritus of celebration. Flowers decorate the walls - evidently a fairly substantial party was held recently. After leisurely dancing/walking over the ballroom floor PROSPERO exits via double doors at the far end of the hall, opposite his desk.

TRACKING SHOT:

We follow PROSPERO through the many deserted rooms of the ocean liner. Glimpses of kitchens, the chapel and other rooms are seen as the camera follows PROSPERO until he reaches the ship's bridge. The ship is totally deserted.

PROSPERO opens the door to the bridge... inside a finely embroidered gown hangs just in front of the ship's wheel. PROSPERO carefully wraps the gown over his shoulders, the fine regalia making a strange contrast with his dinner suit. He takes a commanding pose at the ship's wheel.

PAN AROUND TO:

Rest on PROSPERO'S face. He is a man in his mid-to-late fifties. Pleasantly pleased with the opera still echoing out of the ship's PA system he looks out to sea.

A storm can be seen on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE SHIP

The camera pulls away from PROSPERO at the bridge to reveal a massive ocean liner (a 1920's Majestic-class), beached on a sandbank, its stern still underwater but the bow entrenched in the sand.

Distant thunder from outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BATTLESHIP - DAY

In the midst of the storm, chaos ensues on deck. The size of the battleship does little to stop it from rocking due to the wind and waves. Frequent thunder booms over the frantic shouting of the marines, lightning revealing the sheer amount of debris littering the deck as well as other ships caught up in the storm.

INT. - BATTLESHIP BRIDGE - DAY

The Captain struggles with the wheel of the ship. His crew bravely attempt to maintain order but it is a futile venture.

CAPTAIN  
(shouting into a  
handheld radio)  
Boatswain! Boatswain!

A marine stumbles through the door of the bridge, soaked, rain rushing into the bridge as the door remains open.

MARINE  
Here, master!

CAPTAIN  
Good, speak to th'mariners! Fall  
to't yarely, or we run ourselves  
aground!

The marine acknowledges the order and bolts out of the door, back into the fray.

EXT. - BATTLESHIP - DAY

The marine runs across the deck to deliver the message. ALONSO, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO and SEBASTIAN interrupt his progress. They are dressed in naval and military regalia but seem unaccustomed to such harsh conditions. Grasping hold of anything they signal to the marine.

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care!  
Where's the master?

MARINE

I pray now, keep below!

ALONSO

(determined, frustrated)  
Where is the master, boatswain?

MARINE

(exasperated)  
Do you not hear him? You mar our  
labour.

The marine begins to leave, this interruption is wasting his time...

MARINE (CONT'D)

(shouting back)  
Keep your cabins! You do assist  
the storm!

GONZALO

(annoyed with the  
Marine's lack of  
respect)  
Nay, be patient!

MARINE

When the sea is. Hence! What  
cares these roarers for the name  
of king? To cabin!

ANTONIO, angered at this display of disrespect, begins to reprimand the sailor...

MARINE (CONT'D)

(pleading)  
Silence... Trouble us not.

The MARINE gestures towards his crew members, indicating his need to help.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast  
aboard!

He lifts his waterproof and points at the military insignia on his uniform. The MARINE understands and begins to run on again...

MARINE  
(calling back)  
None that I love more than  
myself.

The MARINE runs on to his crewmates.

GONZALO  
(turning to his  
compatriots)  
I have great comfort from this  
fellow: methinks he has no  
drowning mark upon him.

His compatriots nod to confirm their agreement - the slightest gesture exaggerated to compromise for the chaotic conditions.

Suddenly the sound of creaking, wrenching metal. Shouts of panicked exclamation. The 'courtiers' run to refuge underneath a stairway. Sounds of panic as one of the metallic lookout towers crashes to the deck, splaying the Italian flag - soaked and tattered - across the corpse of an unfortunate crew member. ANTONIO and the others, horrified, gaze at the mast.

Another shudder shakes the battleship.

MARINES (O.S.)  
We split! We split!

Cracks appear along the deck. Rivets pop, welding splits. The cracks move toward the group of courtiers. The fleet begins to disperse.

ANTONIO  
(turning to Sebastian)  
Let's all sink with the king?

They look briefly at the king.

SEBASTIAN  
Let's take leave of him.

The pair make for the nearest flotation device. The King, ALONSO, is too concerned with the panic surrounding him to notice.

Chaos ensues - sailors attempt to save the ship, some are washed overboard, some attempt to salvage trapped crew from the wreckage of the mast. Devastating waves batter the ship constantly.

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand  
furlongs of sea for an acre of  
barren ground: long heath, brown  
furze, anything!

The opera music returns as the ship breaks apart and the courtiers are consumed by the waves.

INT. - THE BRIDGE OF PROSPERO'S LINER

Smiling gleefully, PROSPERO watches the drama unfold on the darkened horizon. The opera music rises to a crescendo as the fleet is crippled. One battleship splits in half and sinks.

The scratch of the needle as the record is stopped just before the climax of the music.

PROSPERO turns around and is confronted with the sight of his daughter, MIRANDA, holding the frayed wire of the PA speaker. The faint strains of opera can be heard echoing from other PA speakers. MIRANDA, dressed in a stylish outfit, smokes a cigarette. She is not looking pleased.

MIRANDA

If by your art, my father, you  
have  
Put the wild waters in this  
roar...

She gestures towards the storm on the horizon.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

...allay them!  
O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a  
brave vessel  
Dashed all to pieces! O the cry  
did knock  
Against my very heart.

MIRANDA slumps down into the hatch doorway.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(as if traumatised)  
Poor souls... they perished.  
Had I been any god of power, I  
would  
Have sunk the sea within the  
earth, or ere  
It should the good ship so have  
swallowed, and  
The fraughting souls within her.  
O, woe the day!

PROSPERO walks over to her, takes the cigarette from her mouth and stubs it out.

PROSPERO

(sternly but gently)

No harm:

I have done nothing but in care  
of thee -

Of thee my dear one, thee, my  
daughter - who

Art ignorant of what thou art:  
nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am  
more better

Than Prospero, master of a full  
poor cell...

PROSPERO gestures to indicate the ship.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

...and thy no greater father.

PROSPERO's mood changes slightly. He is obviously a devoted and sympathetic father.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

'Tis time.

I should inform thee further.

Lend thy hand

And pluck my magic garment from  
me.

MIRANDA relights another cigarette and slowly rises. She takes the gaudy cloak from her father and re-hangs it on the nearby hook.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

So...

He gently touches the cloak.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

Lie there, my art.

He turns to MIRANDA and wipes the tears from her cheeks, gently. Her mascara smudges.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

Wipe thou thine eyes, have  
comfort. The direful spectacle  
of the wreck, which touched  
The very virtue of compassion in  
thee,

I have with such provision in  
mine art

So safely ordered that there is  
no soul -

(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

No not so much perdition as an  
hair  
Betid to any creature in the  
vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which  
thou saw'st sink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - THE ISLAND BEACH, DAY

The last remnants of the storm wash wreckage-strewn waves upon the shore. All the dignitaries except Ferdinand lie in the surf, soaked and unconscious. GONZALO begins to stir. He wakes up, initially unsure of his bearings, then laughs to himself, unbelieving of his survival.

GONZALO runs over to his fellow countryman, ALONSO, goes to shake him awake but rethinks this action. Instead, he crouches near his superior and shouts...

GONZALO

(shouting, gleeful)

Beseech you sir, be merry!

ALONSO stirs then wakes up. He sits up and cradles his head. A small stream of blood trickles across his face from a minor head wound.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

You have cause - so have we  
all...

His compatriots all begin to regain consciousness. The storm begins to blow over, allowing the sun to shine briefly.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

Our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our  
hint of woe  
Is common: every day some  
sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and  
the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe.

ALONSO looks up and down the beach, seeing the wreckage of their battleship. He glares at GONZALO - he does not believe their predicament to be fortunate.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

But for the miracle!  
I mean, our preservation! Few in  
millions  
Can speak like this.

POV SHOT:

We see the dignitaries through the POV of someone watching from the treeline.

ALONSO  
(exasperated)  
Prithee, peace!

SEBASTIAN  
(to Antonio)  
The visitor will not give him  
o'er so.

ANGLE ON - THE DIGNITARIES CONVERSING

As they continue talking a sound comes from the jungle. The men turn and look at the place where the sound came from. Rustling and the breaking of twigs is heard as the sound of movement fades deeper into the jungle.

The men look at each other warily.

ADRIAN  
Though this island *seem* to be  
desert-  
Uninhabitable and almost  
inaccessible...

He looks at the others. They all seem disturbed by the sounds.

SEBASTIAN  
(nervously)  
Ha, ha, ha...

ADRIAN  
The air breathes upon us here  
most sweetly.

The others acknowledge their agreement.

SEBASTIAN  
As if it had lungs, and rotten  
ones.

The group begin to walk down the beach continuing their discussion out of earshot. The weather has improved significantly - sun shines and the sea is relatively calm, yet still dotted with wreckage.

GONZALO  
(gesturing at the  
location)  
(MORE)

GONZALO (CONT'D)

Here is everything advantageous  
to life!

SEBASTIAN picks up a water container floating in the surf.  
He opens it. It is empty.

ANTONIO

True: save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

(upturning the empty  
flask, despondently)  
Of that there's none or little.

GONZALO heads towards the edge of the beach, reaching the  
edge of the semi-tropical jungle.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass  
looks. How green!

The others are convinced, but look hesitant to venture near  
the jungle from whence the strange sounds earlier emitted.  
ALONSO goes over to investigate further as GONZALO returns  
to the group.

GONZALO realises his cheerful disposition is not working.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

But the rarity of it is - which  
is indeed almost beyond credit -  
that our garments, being, as they  
were, drenched in the sea, hold  
notwithstanding their freshness  
and glosses, being rather new-  
dyed than stained with salt  
water. Methinks our garments are  
now as fresh as when we put them  
on first in Afric, at the  
marriage of the king's fair  
daughter Claribel to the King of  
Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

Tw'as a sweet marriage, and we  
prosper well in our return.

The group walks on down the beach, conversing.

FADE TO:

INT. - PROSPERO'S BALLROOM STUDY

PROSPERO sits at his desk, open books and blueprints of the ship covering the desktop. He looks up at a photo of MIRANDA as a child, wistfully, then sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. - MIRANDA'S BEDROOM

The bedroom cabin is fairly large - obviously one of the honeymoon suites while the ship was still active. Numerous cushions and swathes of luxurious fabric have created a haven of colour and intimacy.

MIRANDA sits at a small desk opposite a mirror, reapplying her makeup. The last remnants of smudged eyeliner are deftly removed and repaired.

A knock on the door. MIRANDA walks to the door, looks through the door peephole viewer and opens it. PROSPERO stands on the other side.

PROSPERO

The hour's now come,  
The very minute bids thee ope  
thine ear:  
Obey, and be attentive.

MIRANDA nods. PROSPERO turns and begins to walk down the corridor. MIRANDA closes her door and follows.

TRACKING SHOT

The two walk through the corridors of the ship. Abandoned cabins, doors open, line the halls. The decor is still fine but signs of decay are heavily prominent.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

Canst thou remember  
A time before we can unto this  
cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for  
then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

MIRANDA

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO

By what? By any other house or  
person?  
Of anything the image, tell me,  
that

(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)

Hath kept with thy  
remembrance.

MIRANDA

Tis far off.  
And rather like a dream than an  
assurance  
That my remembrance warrants...

PROSPERO

What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of  
time?  
If thou rememb'rest aught ere  
thou cam'st here,  
how thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA

(dejectedly)  
But that I do not.

FLASHBACK:

INT. - PROSPERO'S OFFICE, MILAN, 1932

PROSPERO sits at a desk, studying his books as usual. The office is fairly large, with Italian flags draped from the walls.

PROSPERO (V.O.)

Twelve year since, Miranda,  
twelve year since.  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan,  
and  
A prince of power.

The camera moves back from PROSPERO'S desk, through the double doors of the room. A room full of various secretaries and other governmental officials comes into view. People rush around, answer phones and continue with their work. The central figure of PROSPERO, silently involved with his books remains the only calm, collected aspect of the shot.

ANGLE ON:

Back in PROSPERO'S office we see MARIA, PROSPERO'S wife enter the room with the 2-year old MIRANDA. PROSPERO gets up from his desk and takes the girl over to a large model ship - the model of the ocean liner from the present.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
Thy mother was a piece of virtue,  
and  
She said thou wast my daughter  
and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan and his only  
heir  
And princess.

CUT TO:

INT. - SHIP ROOMS

PROSPERO and MIRANDA stand in a room on the ocean liner, filled with opened suitcases. MIRANDA sits on a small pile of them.

MIRANDA  
Oh the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we  
came from thence?  
Or blessed wast we did?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. - DOCKYARD, MILAN, 1935 - NIGHT

The young PROSPERO, MARIA and MIRANDA admire the construction of the ocean liner at the dockyard. It is practically complete - a few workers finish adding the last touches. The liner is without name, a white bar where the lettering should be.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
Both, both my girl,  
By foul play - as thou say'st -  
were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly help hither.

INT. - THE PROSPERO HOUSEHOLD - A PALATIAL VILLA - EVENING

The sit at dinner on the balcony of the villa. All seems contented, the last rays of the setting sun bathing the terrace in a warm glow. The terrace overlooks a large part of the city. From the distance a large fire can be seen igniting in the city plaza. PROSPERO rises from the dinner table and heads to the balcony rail, trying to see what the commotion in the city is about. MIRANDA looks through the railings, by her fathers side.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
My brother and thy uncle, called  
Antonio -  
(MORE)

PROSPERO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I pray thee, mark me - that a  
brother should  
Be so perfidious...

CUT TO:

EXT. - MILAN TOWN CENTRE, LATE EVENING

A pile of books, burning, surrounded by a raucous and vitriolic crowd. Books are thrown on to the pile. Banners of the Partito Nazionale Fascista are draped around the town square. Atop a makeshift stage, ANTONIO, dressed in imposing military regalia, stirs the crowd with emphatic speech.

PROSPERO (V.O.)

...he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved, and to  
him put  
The manage of my state, as at  
that time  
Through all the signories it was  
the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke,  
being so reputed  
In dignity and for the liberal  
arts  
Without a parallel: those being  
all my study  
The government I cast upon my  
brother  
And to my state grew stranger.

PROSPERO looks on from the balcony. ANTONIO baits the crowd into a nationalistic frenzy - books are continually thrown as well as placards of Duke PROSPERO.

PROSPERO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... I, thus neglecting worldly  
ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of  
my mind,  
In my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature and my  
trust  
Did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary, as  
great  
As my trust was.

A Pedara Spyder drives into the town square. The King of Naples, ALONSO, exits the car and walks up to the podium/stage. The crowd goes ecstatic. ALONSO shakes hands with ANTONIO in a display of alliance who then walks to the front of the platform.

ANTONIO stands, still, for a few seconds before violently yet precisely issuing the fascist salute to the crowd. The scene erupts into a frenzy of support.

PROSPERO looks on, solemnly, filled with dread.

PROSPERO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This King of Naples, being an  
enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my  
brother's suit.  
Which was that he, in lieu  
o'th'premises  
Of homage, should presently  
extirpate me and mine out of the  
dukedom.

INT. - PROSPERO FAMILY HOME, HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

PROSPERO, MARIA and the young MIRANDA, bags packed, are hastily shown to a car waiting at the rear of the villa. The car drives through the town. Signs of the fascist marches are visible throughout the city - placards, burnt cars, damaged shops. The car swiftly moves through the city until arriving at the dockyard.

PROSPERO (V.O.)

One midnight  
Fated to th'purpose did Antonio  
open  
The gates of Milan and i'th'dead  
of darkness  
The ministers for th'purpose  
hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CORRIDORS OF THE OCEAN LINER

PROSPERO and MIRANDA walk further through the bowels of the ship. PROSPERO strides on ahead, MIRANDA follows, compelled by the story.

MIRANDA

Wherefore did they not that hour  
destroy us?

PROSPERO halts and turns to MIRANDA...

PROSPERO

Dear, they durst not.  
So dear the "love" my people bore  
me: nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business:  
but

(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)  
With colours fairer painted their  
foul ends.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. - THE DOCKYARD, DAY

Crowds of people swarm to celebrate the leaving of the ocean liner. The last items of luggage are being loaded aboard. PROSPERO, aboard the liner with MIRANDA, looks over to see a number of large crates being transferred aboard.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
They hurried us aboard a barque,  
Not rigged, nor tackle, sail, nor  
mast: the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it.

With great cheer the ship departs, bound for America. The crowds wave, both on board and on the harbour side. PROSPERO and MIRANDA remain solemn... MARIA is on the harbour pier waving goodbye. She waves, visibly distressed. A man in a suit mumbles something in her ear, she tearfully nods acknowledgement before giving PROSPERO a final wave then getting in a nearby sedan.

PROSPERO, angry and visibly upset, watches this happen. Once she is gone he takes MIRANDA in his arms, walks through the jubilant crowd into the inner part of the ship.

INT. - THE SHIP'S HOLD

PROSPERO and MIRANDA walk among luggage and crates of supplies. They arrive next to a group of large crates, opened at the side. PROSPERO pulls open one of the crates. Books spill out.

PROSPERO  
(picking up a book and  
turning to MIRANDA)  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, did give us  
rich garments, linens, stuffs and  
necessaries.  
Knowing I loved my books, he  
furnished me  
From mine own library with  
volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

PROSPERO selects three or four of the books, hands some to MIRANDA, then exits the hold. MIRANDA follows.

MIRANDA

Alack, what trouble was I then to  
you!

PROSPERO

(sympathetically)

O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me.  
Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from  
heaven,  
When I have decked the sea with  
drops full salt  
Under the burden groaned, which  
raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

By providence divine...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. - THE BALLROOM OF THE LINER, NIGHT

A terrible storm assails the ship. Passengers, nervously  
cling to each other and the furnishings. Signs of  
celebration disguise the chaos - chandeliers swing  
precariously, anything not pinned down falls to the floor.  
PROSPERO and MIRANDA sit amidst the chaos, frightened...

[END OF FIRST EXTRACT]

[EXTRACT 2 - THE FINALE]

INT. - THE STERN OF THE SHIP, DAY

The sun shines from the sunset far to the west. The sunset bathes the stern in orange light. The remnants of the Italian Navy can be seen coming into view from the east.

PROSPERO looks weary but pleased. MIRANDA and FERDINAND stand behind him, the courtiers sitting on deck architecture. CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO are seen wandering around the bow area, dressed in abandoned crew uniforms.

ARIEL (OVER PA)  
Was't well done?

PROSPERO  
(quietly, turning to  
speaker)  
Bravely my diligence. Thou shalt  
be free.

The sound of wrenching metal. A strong vibration runs through the ship, as if it is beginning to move.

ALONSO  
This is as strange a maze as e'er  
men trod  
And there is in this business  
more than nature  
Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO reassuringly pats ALONSO on the back.

PROSPERO  
Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with  
beating on  
The strangeness of this business;

The ship's propeller begins to turn, fuelled by the power of Prospero's books. Everyone but PROSPERO looks astonished that such power could move the ship. It begins to wrench itself free of the sandbank.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)  
...at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single  
I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probable,  
of every  
These happen'd accidents;  
(MORE)

PROSPERO (CONT'D)  
till when, be cheerful  
And think of each thing well.

PROSPERO looks in a cabin window. ALONSO waits, looking at the island.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)  
Come hither spirit:  
Set Caliban and his companions  
free;  
Untie the spell.

ARIEL, inside the cabin, nods and disappears once again.

PROSPERO returns to ALONSO and joins him looking at the island.

PROSPERO (CONT'D)  
How fares my gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your  
company  
Some few odd lads that you  
remember not?

He points up the deck where CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO can be seen stumbling forth. They hold broken bottles in an attempt to threaten PROSPERO.

STEPHANO  
(drunkenly, waving his  
broken bottle about)  
Every man shift for all the rest,  
and let not man take care for  
himself; for all is but fortune!  
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

The three rush forward towards PROSPERO, their bottles outstretched. As they run for him, ALONSO steps out from behind PROSPERO. Upon seeing him the drunkards stop in their tracks.

TRINCULO  
(petrified)  
If these be true spies which I  
wear in my head, here's a goodly  
sight!

They drop the bottles which shatter simultaneously on the deck.

CALIBAN immediately stands upright again, spits on the floor and runs back up the ship, away from PROSPERO.

CALIBAN  
(to himself as he runs)  
O S'ebis'! These be brave spirits  
indeed!  
(MORE)

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

How fine my master is! I am  
afraid he will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN and the others join PROSPERO, ALONSO, STEPHANO  
and TRINCULO, watching CALIBAN slowly run away.

ALONSO

This is a strange thing as e'er I  
look'd on.

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men,  
my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This  
misshapen knave,  
(he points at the  
fleeing Caliban)  
His mother was a witch, and one  
so strong  
That could control the moon, make  
flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without  
her power.

ANTONIO

One of them is a plain fish, and,  
no doubt marketable.

ANTONIO locks eyes with PROSPERO and ALONSO, takes up his  
pistol and runs after CALIBAN.

PROSPERO

These three have robb'd me; and  
this demi-devil -  
For he's a bastard one - had  
plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these  
fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of  
darkness...

PROSPERO sighs, exasperated. His sentence trails out.

ALONSO, seeing PROSPERO'S failing energy, interjects.

ALONSO

Is this not Stephano, my drunken  
butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now: where had he  
wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculo is reeling ripe:  
where should they  
(MORE)

ALONSO (CONT'D)

Find this grand liquor that hath  
gilded them?  
How camest thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO

I have been in such a pickle  
since I saw you last that, I fear  
me, will never out of my bones: I  
shall not fear fly-blowing.

The signs of a hangover are prominent on STEPHANO'S face.  
He begins to retch and clutch his stomach.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO

O, touch me not; I am not  
Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO looks disdainfully at STEPHANO. He taps him with  
his foot.

PROSPERO

You'd be king o' the isle,  
sirrah?

STEPHANO

(cradling his head)  
I should have been a sore one  
then.

CUT TO:

INT. - A CABIN IN THE SHIP

ANTONIO finds CALIBAN burning the Communist paraphernalia  
decorating his cabin.

CALIBAN

(muttering to himself)  
I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-  
double ass  
Was I, to take that drunkard for  
a god  
And worship that dull fool.

CALIBAN turns to see ANTONIO at the door of the cabin,  
pistol drawn. ANTONIO reholsters the pistol and offers his  
hand to CALIBAN. They shake hands, the door to the cabin  
closes as they enter conversation.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DECK OF THE SHIP, EVENING

PROSPERO  
(turning to ALONSO)  
Sir, I invite your highness and  
your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall  
take your rest.

ALONSO shakes his head and takes PROSPERO'S hand. He looks out to sea where an outboard boat from the Navy rides over the waves to meet the ship.

ALONSO  
(shaking hands, kindly)  
I long  
To hear the story of your life,  
which must  
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO graciously nods.

PROSPERO  
And so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the  
nuptial  
Of these our dear beloved  
solemnized  
(he acknowledges MIRANDA  
and FERDINAND)  
And thence return me to my Milan,  
where  
Every third thought shall be my  
grave.  
I'll deliver all;  
(he indicates the rest  
of the group)  
And promise you calm seas,  
auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious that  
shall catch your royal fleet far  
off.

CUT TO:

The outboard craft, carrying all the characters except PROSPERO and ARIEL arrives at the battleship. The group disembark and stand on deck.

EXT. - THE STERN OF THE OCEAN LINER

PROSPERO stands looking at the Italian Navy. He looks nostalgically at the deck, gently caressing the railings of the stern.

PROSPERO  
(stroking the railing)  
My Ariel,  
Then to the elements... Be free!

With a heaving sound the ship begins to move, the propeller receiving supernatural power. Creaking, groaning, the ship travels full astern away from the sandbank. PROSPERO begins to walk down the ship, toward the bow. As the ship frees itself PROSPERO walks inside.

CUT TO:

UPPER ANGLE SHOT OF THE FLEET IN RELATION TO THE LINER

The liner is seen heading off in parallel with the battleship. ALONSO, ANTONIO and the other COURTIERS are seen on the starboard side of the battleship looking out towards the liner.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON THE STERN OF THE LINER

As the liner pulls away we see its name - ARIEL.

CUT TO:

INT. - PROSPERO'S BALLROOM STUDY

PROSPERO reaches his study, walks to the record player and places the needle back on the record. It begins to play. PROSPERO walks to his leather chair, sits in it and lets out a contented sigh. The record is a passacaglia. It begins slowly.

PROSPERO  
(as if to someone  
nearby, or himself)  
Fare thou well, my Ariel.

CUT TO:

INT. - ARIEL'S SWIMMING POOL ROOM

The passacaglia broadcasts through the nearest speaker. The crewmember incarnation of ARIEL stands atop the water in the middle of the swimming pool. On hearing PROSPERO he closes his eyes in relief and slowly sinks back into the pool.

CUT TO:

INT. - PROSPERO'S BALLROOM STUDY

PROSPERO closes his eyes in happiness, relieved that his plan was successful.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
Now my charms are all o'erthrown  
And what strength I have's mine  
own...

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE BATTLESHIP DECK

While the group look out at the liner, proud and happy, ANTONIO turns to the CAPTAIN of the ship. He whispers something incomprehensible in his ear. The CAPTAIN looks bemused for a moment, questions ANTONIO with a look whereupon ANTONIO solemnly nods. The CAPTAIN walks away and begins to issue orders.

INT. - THE GUN BATTERY ROOM

Orders are relayed from man to man as the sailors begin preparing a round for firing. CALIBAN is seen among the crew, now wearing the uniform of the Italian Navy. As he helps load the rounds into the firing positions the swastikas on his new uniform become visible.

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
...which is most faint: now 'tis  
true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples.

EXT. THE BATTLESHIP

The starboard guns fire as the group watches on. Everyone but ANTONIO flinches violently at the shock of the guns. ANTONIO smiles malevolently, everyone else has a look of panic on their faces.

CUT TO:

INT. BATTLESHIP CABIN

PROSPERO (V.O.)  
Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to  
enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer...

MIRANDA and FERDINAND stand at the window, a chessboard in the room arranged as if they are midway through a game. The room lurches as the guns fire. The couple look shocked. This turns to fear on MIRANDA'S face and anger on FERDINAND'S features. He bolts out of the room.

SLOW MOTION SHOT OF CHESSBOARD

The king piece on the chessboard slowly topples due to the force of the guns. FERDINAND hastily exits the room, bound for the deck.

CUT TO:

INT. - PROSPERO'S BALLROOM STUDY

The passacaglia rises to a crescendo as the sound of incoming rounds can be heard approaching the liner.

PROSPERO

Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all  
faults.

(he turns in his chair  
and looks directly into  
camera)

As you from crimes would pardon'd  
be,  
Let your indulgence see me...

CUT TO BLACK

The passacaglia hits the crescendo and abruptly stops.

PROSPERO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Free.

The scratching static of the record is heard alongside the breathing of Prospero, repeating five times.

Silence.

Credits.