



# The Tempest

## Episode 6

NARRATOR

The island with no name. Prospero up on his mountain top, magicing his socks off. Ariel scooting round, casting spells. Caliban and his two new friends plotting revolution. The courtiers wandering lost in the jungle not knowing they've got a couple of murderers in their midst. And Ferdinand, dear sweet Ferdinand...

Remember Ariel led him up to the cave? Well, there he met beautiful Miranda. And what was the first thing he did? He fell in love, poor thing. First sight. Bowled over. Quivering wreck. Legs of jelly. And Miranda? She fell in love with him too. Same symptoms - though maybe not the jelly, which isn't very ladylike.

Perhaps it's because Ferdinand is quite a handsome young lad. Perhaps it's because she's never seen a man in her life before, apart from her dad of course. Probably it's because Prospero sprinkled love powder over the two of them. You see, Prospero like all magicians, just can't help meddling. He wants the two of them to get together. All part of his cunning plan. But not too quickly, mind - first of all he wants Ferdinand to pass a few tests...

So, he binds up Ferdinand in chains and gives him Caliban's job of chopping wood. As it happens, Ferdinand loves chopping wood, especially with Miranda sitting on a rock watching him being all manly...

FERDINAND

This wood's very nice.

MIRANDA

I know.

FERDINAND

Very...um...choppable.

MIRANDA

You're chopping it wonderfully. Fantastically.

FERDINAND

Do you think so?

MIRANDA

Best I've ever seen.

FERDINAND

Really? You're not just saying that?

MIRANDA

Gosh, no! I mean – just look at that bit! It's amazing.



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- FERDINAND It is rather good, isn't it?
- MIRANDA It's beautiful.
- FERDINAND Not as beautiful as you.
- MIRANDA Gosh.
- FERDINAND You're so beautiful I could sing a song about you.
- MIRANDA Wow.
- FERDINAND I mean...a bit of wood's just a bit of wood, isn't it? Even a good bit's never going to amount to much more in life than being a chair or a table. Or a cricket bat maybe on a good day. But wood never makes me want to sing. Whereas you...
- MIRANDA Yes..?
- FERDINAND You make me want to sing, Miranda.
- MIRANDA Well, go on, then. This rock's beginning to hurt my bottom.

