

## Audition Monologues

**PROSPERO**

Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there; Then was this island--  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with  
A human shape. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in; it was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.