

The Beast Upon The Hill

Marco	survivor of a plane crash
Lilith	daughter of Caliban
Caliban	very old deformed human
Pax	son of Caliban
Ariel	a free spirit
Caliban's children	young and deformed

Characters who are only mentioned:

Sycorax	Caliban's mother
Setebos	Caliban and Sycorax's god
Prospero	Caliban's old master
Miranda	Prospero's daughter
Melissa	Marco's wife

There is a large platform of sand that covers the stage; it is half-way up to the ceiling. SR there is a collection of leaves and bushes, signifying the entrance to a forest. The sand SL is damp.

Marco crawls on from SL he is soaked through. Marco is coughing and spurring out water. He wears a shirt, jeans and smart shoes all of which are soaked through. Marco is good-looking and has a modern haircut. However at this moment in time, he looks worse for wear, there are cuts on his body and he crawls through the sand.

Marco Ahhh! (Crawling up the beach) God, ahh.

Marco stops crawling when he realises he's on dry ground; he turns onto his back and looks up at the sky.

(He begins to cry) Melissa. Oh god. Oh god.

He struggles to stand.

(Shouting) Melissa! Melissa!

Marco desperately looks all around him.

Please come, tell me you're all right, please tell me you survived.

Suddenly there is a rustling in the bushes SR. Marco looks.

Melissa? It's Marco, please come out!

The rustling intensifies, until a small women emerges from the bushes, she looks like her whole body has been burnt. She is deformed and beast-like.

No, no, no. Melissa, is that you?

The woman get closer to Marco snarling at him. She gets close enough to sniff him.

Lilith What are you, so pure and so afraid?
That you call out a name of one who's not,
A woman named Melissa I protest.

Marco What, what are you saying?
Lilith A man you are it is clear to mine eye,
 A neglectful degenerate human.
 You are not like me although you think,
 And speak with words so foul and yet so sharp.
 Why doth your tongue break so?

Marco Where is Melissa?
Lilith Do you not hear me man or are you so
 Unwise in your thoughts and inside your heart.
 You seek another name and do not look upon,
 This daring and this succulent temptress.

Marco I'm looking at you, I'm, I'm sorry I can hear you. I can, it's just. My plane, it crashed, I, I've
 wound up here. I don't know where my wife is.

Lilith Your wife you say? This will not do.

Marco Yes my wife, she was with me when the plane crashed. Are you from the wreckage, are you
 okay? You look hurt.

Lilith You care for me when we are but strangers,
 I do not know your name nor you know mine.
 I am Lilith, the daughter of a god.
 And you are man, and son of one the same.

Marco Marco. I am Marco. Now please, tell me where am I, what's happened?

Lilith In good time,
 You look so sweet and smell of so much hope.
 Would you be so willing of me to try
 A taste of your sweet lips upon my own,
 A kiss of new life and of much promise.
 You do not need to fear me for I am
 A humble and a kind hostess of yours,
 This island do I walk upon the shore,
 And wait for man to come into my chest.
 Into my heart, Marco.

Lilith suddenly grabs Marco with her claws; he refuses her and slaps her.

Marco Get off! What are you doing?

Lilith holds her face; her mangled hair covers her expression. She slowly lifts her head up and raises her throat to the sky; she lets out an almighty shriek of alarm. It is deafening, Marco covers his hands with his ears, as Lilith begins to scratch and him and attack him. Once Marco has fallen to the floor, three more women emerge from the bushes; they look much like Lilith, beast-like.

Lilith Take this wretch to the man upon the hill,
 He refused me sisters and so gets judged.
 A man like him does not deserve pity.
 Take him, take him to the top.

All four of the sisters grab Marco and drag him off into the bushes, he tries to scream, but only distorted noises can be heard.

Suddenly the whole sand platform above splits in two, and is removed from the stage. All of the sand on the platform comes crashing down below and seeps into the gaps in the floor. The sand slowly reveals a stone chamber. With three statues surrounding it. To SR is a man, a wizard, he has a staff and a book, beneath his feet lie bones. To SL is a beautiful woman with a snake coiling around her, at her feet lie flowers. And on top of the hut sits a statue of a human brain with arms, teeth and eyes hidden within its folds. In the chamber sits a thin creature, his bones show through his skin, he has a weak stained beard. And his flesh is sore, torn and he looks like a creature from hell. He sits on a throne with candles lighting him. Other beasts sit around the chamber and listen to him, with one at his feet, Pax, who is grovelling.

Pax My lord, I do admit my fault.
 My hunger and my loath for man was first
 My cause, my lust and reasoning.
 I saw two men who washed upon the shore.
 They were asleep and were in pain.
 There I made work, and tore apart their flesh,
 Skin came off so easily and so neat,
 As if their layers needed to be shed.
 I devoured both their bodies with much ease,
 And with much joy.
 Enlightened now I realise this was wrong,
 That I betrayed your trust and your wisdom.
 You, who's taught me words and taught me faith,
 My own father you gave me life as well,
 Throughout my own you were a figure of power
 A man unlike the rest, the first new born,
 Leader of his own kind and son of gods.
 For this I do repent, and pray for forgiveness.

Caliban *(With a deep hoarse voice)* Pax.
 My isle you do plague with your vile words
 Your cowardice and your fear I do scorn.
 You remind me of a man that I once knew,
 Shrivelled, scared and weary of their master.
 He tried to scheme and tried to make ado,
 He plotted with some friends who gave him hope.
 A man who served under a tyrant and a fraud.
 A fraud who casts unforgiving hexes,
 A liar named Prospero.
 You wish to live and breathe a dirty rat,
 Under my reign? You wish to act as though
 I were the same as Prospero,
 Then fie upon you cowardly worm,
 I have no need for you here in my world.
 Sons and daughters make amends,
 And tear the flesh from one who ends.

Pax No, father please, please forgive me!
 Caliban No.

The other beasts in the chamber seize upon Pax, tearing him apart. Caliban rises from his chair and walks over to the corpse, he rips off Pax's head, smacks open the skull like a coconut and eats the brains inside.

All For Setebos my only lord.
 For Setebos, our one true god, who shows us the fair light.
 For Caliban, our father and protector from our plight.

Lilith and her sisters arrive from SR they drag Marco to the entrance of the chamber.

Lilith Father, a man.

They throw him down and step back. Caliban beckons his children to move away. He walks up to Marco.

Caliban A man, a real live man. No scars, no boils, your skin is soft and fair. Who are you, man?
 Marco *(In pain)* My, name is Marco.
 Caliban You sound as though a dagger had been placed in your throat, were you hurt?
 Marco *(Marco thinks, he refrains from blaming Lilith for his pain)* Before I arrived, yes.
 Caliban A bad storm?

Marco A plane crash, our plane was struck by lightning and it went down.
 Caliban Forgive me for such ignorance, a plane?
 Marco Yes our plane.
 Caliban Lilith, how did you find this man, was he well?
 Lilith Struggling to breath, father.
 Caliban But his head?
 Lilith All well. He called for another name.
 Caliban Who might that have been?
 Marco Melissa, my wife.
 Caliban A wife. You were lucky to have a wife, man. I had one for a time, she arrived on this island like you, and she taught me some modern tongue. It appears whilst I have lived and thrived, the world around us hath changed. She died so soon, she gave birth to my daughters here, all four at the same time. So weak and so feeble was she, that my daughters burrowed out of her. She was a stranger to this island, a visitor like you. I adopted her and made her my own.
 Marco Did she consent to this life? Or was she taken and hurt like me?
 Caliban This isle has a history of pain, she was not the first. But my daughters were the first of my children.
 Marco Did she consent?
 Caliban She consented to provide my children with strength, a womb for them to grow. How she came to be, was my doing, and mine alone. It is a sad thing when I have this beautiful land, but no one to share it with.
 Marco So you raped her.
 Caliban I loved her. Do not imply my forcing upon her as an ugly thing, it was with love. A love I have not felt since Prospero's daughter, the first love, taken from me. But we do not speak of the defilers.
 Marco What are you going to do to me?
 Caliban How very rare it is for a man to come to my island. My children are not hungry, they have just fed. We will keep you for now. Lilith will watch you, lay with her tonight, and you may be spared.
 Marco You don't understand, I have a wife. There is no chance in hell I will sleep with your vile children.

Caliban smiles.

Caliban So be it.

Caliban and his children retire the stage, all apart from Lilith who throws Marco into the chamber, a gate slides across it, locking him in. Time passes, and it is now night, the moon shines brightly in the distance.

Lilith It is the time of Setebos, Marco,
 The hour on which you shall be judged.
 Marco What do you mean?
 Lilith You yourself refused to lie with me,
 And so Setebos has been refused a child.
 My father will prepare the ritual,
 And you Marco shall be its primary guest.

Marco begins to weep.

Cry now and my siblings will be quite mad,
 Save those salt tears for the ceremony.

Drums are heard in the distance, all of a sudden the chamber falls away and splits in two, Marco remains in the centre, as the chamber comes apart the backdrop of the stage is revealed. The Setebos brain statue is larger and is in the centre, it glows in the moonlight. A statue of the same woman before is beneath it. To SR is a large pine tree, with its branches twisted. Caliban kneels in front of the statue of the woman, and his children do the

same. Lilith and her sisters grab Marco as he tries to fight them off, they take him to the pine tree they hold him up in the branches and tie rope to keep him there. He looks like a sacrifice.

Caliban Dear mother who hath blessed us with this gift
 Of life and of the wisdom of the lord,
 Grant me the power of incubus.
 Teach me how to travel into the minds,
 Through dream and through the grand unconscious thought
 Of women all across this modern world.
 You fought for me to have this island mine,
 But saw it taken by a man and his daughter,
 One who I loved, but tricks were played upon,
 And love taken onto another soul.
 In the moonshine and Setebos' light,
 I offer you this man in place of me.
 A sacrifice to bless me with a life,
 Of power and of fearsome scorn for love.
 Take him upon this night,
 And feast upon his lustful desires,
 As you once did before you passed away.

Caliban rises

All For Sycorax, our wise and grand mother who gives us sight
 For Setebos, our one true god, who shows us the fair light.
 For Caliban, our father and protector from our plight.
 This sacrifice is offered founders in this cold dark night.

Caliban Lilith.
Lilith Father.
Caliban You found this man, you brought him to us. For this gift, I will let you kill him.
Lilith Father, your kindness is beyond words.
Caliban Then stay silent; and prove your pleasure by plunging the dagger into his chest.

Caliban slowly walks over to the tree, and reaches inside a small crevice, and reveals a dagger. Its metal is twisted and looks as old as the tree itself.

Here.

Caliban gives Lilith the dagger. He then stands back to watch the sacrifice with all of his children.

The blood from this man will ignite the fire,
For the world to burn and it shall know the name,
Of Caliban, the scorned, the mocked and the betrayed.

Lilith reaches up to Marco.

Marco Please, please don't do this. I did nothing to your people.
Lilith You are man, man has wronged us. You are just the start.

Lilith thrusts the dagger into Marco's chest, he screams and it is blood-curdling. Blood begins to seep from his chest and Lilith begins to smile, as does Caliban. Marco continues to cry, up into the clouds. The moonlight suddenly grows brighter on the statues, and the ground begins to shake.

Caliban See this with your own eyes, the sacrifice has worked!

The statues begin to split in half, and a strong light glows from inside, they suddenly shatter and a bright spirit emerges from them. Lilith jumps down from the tree and approaches it.

Lilith Father, it is her, it is the grand mother, Sycorax has returned.

Caliban approaches the bright figure, he shields his eyes. He looks uncertain.

Caliban That is not my mother, Lilith.
What are you birght spirit, who doth reveal
Herself from the portrait of my mother?
Are you not her spirit or her souls part?
Or are you something wicked and so wrong?

The spirit looks at Caliban, it slowly raises it's left hand, and waves it at his children. The light intensifies on them and they are drained of life, they all shriek out in pain.

Caliban Why do you drain the life from my children,
What are you spirit, speak to me now!

The spirit turns to Lilith and Caliban's other children, it raises it's right hand and drains their energy. However Lilith remains strong, the spirit looks surprised. The spirit raises both hands and aims them at Lilith, with all Lilith's might she pushes forward to get to the spirit to kill it, she is slowly disintegrated by the power of its force. And she burns away into nothing. All that is left is Caliban.

Ariel You wicked monstrous spirit,
You deceiver, you conjuror of tricks!
Why must this world flog me at every age?
Kill me next spirit, and end my miserable life,
End this torment, of woe and loneliness.
You have taken my children, my own form,
What do I have left but the torn skin on my back?
Reveal yourself and your prime name,
And my mind shall be at peace.
You know me by the name of Ariel,
Nypmh of the light, and spirit of the air.
A free being who knows your face quite well,
You plague women with your black seed and spread,
A monstrous self-image of your own kind,
Upon this once beautiful island.
You mother kept me caged for years inside,
This old pine tree. And now have I
Returned to take revenge - for years of torture
And of your black infectious reign.
Caliban My old masters spirit why do you still,
Complete the bidding of a man,
Who kept you as slave until you worked
A spell of lies and machinations?
You made men flee; you twisted their free will,
What makes you so pure wight, purer than Caliban?
Are you not free to be amongst the pure?
Ariel This is of my own free will Caliban,
How it does pain me to say thy own name.
A dark and painful voice I heard tonight,
That chilled me to the core and had me think,
Of cries that I would make on this fair isle.
You do the same to him as was performed on me.
Enough from you corrupted Caliban.

Ariel shines a light on Caliban and it is such a strong intensifying light that he collapses to the ground.

I wipe you of your power to reform,
To spread more beasts in your own image.
The seed I shall take will be as a gift,
To any living thing that you shall see,
That seeing more shall render itself blind.
I do not wipe your mind poor Caliban,
For you must live eternity alone,
And suffer in your thoughts and foul memories.
I take this man and bring him to his home,
Never shall you see other souls again.
A part from me from time to time,
Who will 'til death will never let you mend.

*Ariel goes over to the tree and places it's hand upon Marco, Ariel and Marco then disappear in a flash of light.
Caliban, alone, let's out a singular solemn cry.*

-End-