

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

THE TEMPEST

Act II, scene 2: Caliban, Trinculo, Stephano

CALIBAN

[Enter TRINCULO] Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his to torment me for bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat; Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's another storm brewing; What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; A strange fish! Legged like a man and his fins like arms! this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. *[Thunder]*
Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

[Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand]

STEPHANO

I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die ashore--
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks]*

[Sings]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. *[Drinks]*

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here?

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language?

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now...He shall taste of my bottle, come on your ways; open your mouth.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice: it should be--but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!
Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him!

TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, speak to me: for I am Trinculo--be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth...

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN

[Aside] These be fine things, that's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.
I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!
A very weak monster! The man i'the moon!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every inch o' th' island; I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous men.

STEPHANO & TRINCULO

O brave monster! Lead the way.