

*The Tempest*

This is one of the funniest scenes in Shakespeare. Two friends— Trinculo and Stephano—were separated in a shipwreck and have landed on a strange island. Neither one knows whether the other one survived. They meet up with Caliban, a creature who lives on the island and who is a slave to the magician Prospero.

**Characters:**

Caliban, servant to Prospero  
Trinculo, servant to Alonso  
Stephano, Alonso's butler

**Act 2, scene 2, (cut)**

**CALIBAN:** *[Enters carrying a load of wood. Thunder]*

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall and make him  
By inchmeal a disease! *[Trinculo enters]*

Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*[He lies down and hides himself under his cloak]*

**TRINCULO:**

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off  
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I  
hear it sing in the wind. If it should thunder as it did before, I  
know not where to hide my head.

*[Noticing Caliban under the cloak]*

What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or alive?

*[He lifts up a corner of the cloak]*

A fish, he smells like a fish--a very ancient  
and fishlike smell. A strange fish. Legged like a man, and his fins like  
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my  
opinion: this is no fish, but an  
islander who has suffered a thunderbolt.

*[Thunder]*

Alas the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gabardine. There is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

*[He crawls under Caliban's cloak so that both character's legs are poking out from underneath]*

*[Enter Stephano, singing]*

**STEPHANO:**

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

**CALIBAN:** *[From under the cloak]*

Do not torment me! O!

**STEPHANO:**

What's the matter? Have we devils here?  
Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afraid now  
of your four legs.

**CALIBAN:**

The spirit torments me. O!

**STEPHANO:**

This is some monster of the isle with four  
legs. Where the devil should he learn our language?

**CALIBAN:**

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

**STEPHANO:**

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after  
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. Open your mouth.  
Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking. *[Caliban drinks]*

**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!  
*[Caliban drinks again]*

**TRINCULO:**

Stephano!

**STEPHANO:**

Does thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy,  
this is a devil and no monster! I will leave him.

**TRINCULO:**

Stephano! Speak to me, for I am Trinculo--be not  
afear'd--thy good friend Trinculo.

**STEPHANO:**

If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull  
thee by the lesser legs. *[He pulls him out from under Caliban's cloak]*  
Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How  
cams't thou to be the siege of this mooncalf?

**TRINCULO:**

I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke.  
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I  
hope thou art not drowned. Is the storm  
overblown? And art thou living,  
Stephano? *[He dances Stephano around in a circle]*

**STEPHANO:**

Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach  
is not constant.

**CALIBAN:** *[Aside]*

These be fine things, if they be not  
sprites. That's a brave god who bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him. *[He crawls out from under the cloak]*

**STEPHANO:** *[To Trinculo]*

How didst thou scape? How  
cams't thou hither?

**CALIBAN:**

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?  
I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th'island,  
and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.  
I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

**STEPHANO:**

Come on, then. Down and swear. *[Caliban kneels]*

**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 man.

**TRINCULO:**

A most ridiculous monster.

**CALIBAN:** *[sings]*

Farewell, master, farewell, farewell  
No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish  
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban  
Has a new master. Get a new man.

**STEPHANO:**

O brave monster! Lead the way. *[They exit]*