

STEPHANO (speech 1)

(Note: Stephano is drunk. Someone will read in Caliban's lines for you to react to)

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, 'As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground'; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me! O!

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? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee! 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. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. Come on your ways. Open your mouth – here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth – this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly.

Dialogue with CALIBAN and TRINCULO

TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo – be not afeard – thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO

How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither – I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard – by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO

Here; swear then how thou escaped'st.

TRINCULO

Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, mooncalf! How does thine ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO

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

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

STEPHANO

Come, swear to that: kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor, credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island – and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him –

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

– But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

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, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

I prithee now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN

[Sings drunkenly] Farewell master, farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO

A howling monster; a drunken monster!

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master – get a new man!
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way!