

**The Tempest (Caliban/Trinculo/Stephano), 2.2 | Comedy**

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard*

**CALIBAN** All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease. His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse.

*Enter TRINCULO*

Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.

**TRINCULO** Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm  
brewing: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would  
shed his liquor.  
What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? 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! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: 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 gabardine. Misery  
acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand*

**STEPHANO** This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

**Drinks**

**CALIBAN** Do not torment me: O!

**STEPHANO** What's the matter? Have we devils here? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard  
now of your four legs.

**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.

**CALIBAN** Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

**STEPHANO** He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to  
remove his fit.

**CALIBAN** Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon.

**STEPHANO** Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you,  
cat. Open your mouth. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

**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!

His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul  
speeches and to detract. 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.

**TRINCULO** Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo - be  
not afeard - thy good friend Trinculo.

**STEPHANO** I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very  
Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent  
Trinculos?

**TRINCULO** I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano?  
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.

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

**STEPHANO** Here: swear then how thou escape'dst.

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

**STEPHANO** Here, kiss the book.

**TRINCULO** O Stephano. Hast any more of this?

**STEPHANO** The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock th'sea-side where my wine is hid. How  
now, moon-calf!

**CALIBAN** Hast thou by not dropped from heaven?

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

**CALIBAN** I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.

**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!

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

**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.

**STEPHANO** I prithee, now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the queen and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.

**CALIBAN** [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

**TRINCULO** A howling monster: a drunken monster!

**CALIBAN** 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
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!

*Exeunt*