

Stephano, Trinculo, Caliban

No Fear Shakespeare – Tempest (by SparkNotes)

-55-

Original Text

Modern Text

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 9

~~ARIEL~~

~~I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
165 For kissing of their feet—yet always bending~~

~~Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smell music. So I charmed their ears~~

~~170 That, catlike, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and
thorns,
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
175 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.~~

~~PROSPERO~~

~~This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.~~

~~ARIEL~~

~~I go, I go.~~

~~Exit ARIEL~~

~~PROSPERO~~

~~A devil, a born devil on whose nature
180 Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost.
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.~~

~~Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.~~

~~185 Come, hang them on this line.~~

~~ARIEL~~

~~I told you, sir, they were totally drunk, so puffed
up with courage that they were getting angry at
the air for blowing in their faces, and beating the
ground for touching their feet—yet even when
drunk, they kept their plan firmly in mind. Then I
beat my drum, at which point they pricked up
their ears and opened their eyes, looking around
for the source of my music. I enchanted them so
thoroughly that they followed me through thorn
bushes and prickly shrubs that tore up their
shins. In the end I left them standing in the
smelly pond behind your room, with the stinking
water covering them up to their chins.~~

~~PROSPERO~~

~~Good job, my little one. Stay invisible. Bring the
fancy clothes out of my house, to use as bait to
catch these thieves.~~

~~ARIEL~~

~~I'm going, I'm going.~~

~~ARIEL exits.~~

~~PROSPERO~~

~~He's a devil, a born devil, who can never be
trained. All my attempts to help him, undertaken
with the best intentions, have been wasted. As
his body grows uglier with age, his mind rots
away as well. I'll torment them all till they roar
with pain.~~

~~ARIEL enters, loaded with sparkling clothes.~~

~~Here, hang them on this clothesline.~~

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 10

~~Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
wet~~

~~CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO enter
all wet.~~

~~CALIBAN~~

~~Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
hear a foot fall. We now are near his cell.~~

~~STEPHANO~~

~~Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the jack with
us.~~

~~TRINCULO~~

~~190 Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which my nose
is in great indignation.~~

~~STEPHANO~~

~~So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take
a displeasure against you, look you—~~

~~CALIBAN~~

~~Please walk softly, so not even a mole hears us
approach. We're near his room now.~~

~~STEPHANO~~

~~Hey monster, the spirit you've been talking
about, the one you call harmless, has been
playing tricks on us.~~

~~TRINCULO~~

~~Monster, I smell like horse piss, which is making
my nose pretty upset.~~

~~STEPHANO~~

~~Mine too.—Are you listening, monster? If I
decide to get angry at you, just watch out—~~

START
→

Original Text

TRINCULO

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN

195 Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak
softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

STEPHANO

200 There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 11

CALIBAN

205 Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO

210 Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

TRINCULO

(seeing the apparel)

O King Stephano! O peer, O worthy Stephano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN

Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

TRINCULO

215 Oh, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a
frillery.—
(puts on a gown) O King Stephano!

STEPHANO

Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN

220 The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,

Modern Text

TRINCULO

You'd be done for then, monster.

CALIBAN

My good lord, I still need you to like me. Be patient, because the prize I'm leading you to will make you forget how smelly you are now. So be quiet. It's as silent as a graveyard here.

TRINCULO

All right, but I can't get over how we lost our wine bottles in the pond—

STEPHANO

Yes, monster, it's worse than the disgrace of getting drenched and smelly. We lost more than our honor when we lost our wine.

TRINCULO

That upsets me much more than getting wet. And you called the fairy creature harmless, monster.

STEPHANO

I'll get my bottle back if it's the last thing I do.

CALIBAN

Please, my king, be quiet. Look here, this is the entrance to his room. Be silent and go in. Do the deed that will make this island yours forever, and will make me, Caliban, your worshipful foot-licker.

STEPHANO

Give me your hand. I'm starting to feel murderous urges.

TRINCULO

(seeing the clothes) Oh, King Stephano! Worthy Stephano, look at the fabulous wardrobe waiting for you here!

CALIBAN

Leave it alone, you fool. It's worthless.

TRINCULO

Oh, monster, we know secondhand clothes when we see them.—*(he puts on one of the gowns)* Oh, King Stephano!

STEPHANO

Take off that gown, Trinculo. I swear that gown's for me.

TRINCULO

You can have it then, your highness.

CALIBAN

To hell with this idiot! Why are you going crazy over these trashy clothes? Leave them alone,

Original Text

Modern Text

And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

and do the murder first. If he wakes up before we
kill him, he'll never stop punishing us.

STEPHANO

225 Be you quiet monster.—Mistress line, is not this my
jerkin? ~~Now is the jerkin under the line. Now, jerkin,
you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.~~

STEPHANO

Shut up, monster.—Madame tree, is this jacket
for me? Thank you kindly. The tree's lost its
jacket. *(he takes a jacket hanging on the tree)*—
Now the jacket might lose its fur trim and
become a bald jacket.

STOP

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 12

TRINCULO

Do, do. We steal by line and level, an 't like your
grace.

TRINCULO

Go ahead, take it. We're stealing things the right way
here.

STEPHANO

I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment for 't.
Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of
this country. "Steal by line and level" is an
excellent pass of pate. There's another garment
for 't.

STEPHANO

Thank you for that joke. Here, I'll give you some
clothes to show my gratitude. As king of this country I
like to reward wit when I hear 't. "Stealing things the
right way" is a great line. Here's another jacket to say
thanks.

TRINCULO

Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

TRINCULO

Come here, monster, put some glue on your fingers,
and carry away the rest of these clothes for us.

CALIBAN

235 I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

CALIBAN

I won't have any of this. We're wasting our time. We'll
miss our chance and be turned into geese or apes
with low foreheads.

STEPHANO

Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

STEPHANO

Monster, use your fingers. Help us carry these
clothes to where my barrel of wine is hidden, or I'll
kick you out of my kingdom. Go on, take them.

TRINCULO

And this.

TRINCULO

Take these too.

STEPHANO

Ay, and this.

STEPHANO

Yes, and these.

*A noise of hunters heard Enter divers spirits, in
shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them
about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

*A noise of hunters is heard. Various spirits enter
disguised as dogs and hounds,
chasing STEPHANO, TRINCULO,
and CALIBAN around. PROSPERO and ARIEL follow
them, urging the dogs on.*

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL

Silver. There it goes, Silver!

ARIEL

Silver. There they go, Silver!

Act 4, Scene 1, Page 13

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury!—There, Tyrant, there. Hark, hark!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury!—Get over there, Tyrant, there.
Listen, listen!

Spirits drive out CALIBAN, STEPHANO,

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are