

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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## *The Tempest*

Story by  
**William Shakespeare**

Edit by  
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*The Tempest* was first presented by Seattle Children's Theatre for the Summer Season.  
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## The Tempest

Cast: SCT did the play with 14 actors. Doubling could easily take it down to 12; doing it with fewer actors might require some revision. The only character written as a female part is Miranda, though Ariel is ambiguous. SCT also included a dumbshow flashback with Sycorax the Witch (Caliban's mother) and other dumbshow characters, which occurs during Prospero's expository monologue near the beginning of the play. SCT had Ariel played by a chorus of actors, which should make it possible to use as large a cast as desired. I split up Ariel's lines to suggest how they might be divided.

### PEOPLE OF THE PLAY:

PROSPERO - (A magician, once and future Duke of Milan)  
FERDINAND - (prince of Naples, son to Alonso)  
CALIBAN - (a monster)  
ALONSO - (King of Naples)  
SEBASTIAN - (Alonso's evil brother)  
ANTONIO - (Prospero's evil brother, Duke of Milan)  
STEFANO - (a sailor)  
MASTER/ARIEL - (a sailor)  
GONZALO - (wise counselor)  
ARIEL - (an airy spirit, played by several actors)  
TRINCULO - (a sailor)  
BOSUN/ARIEL - (a sailor)  
MIRANDA - (daughter to Prospero)

Setting: The play takes place in one day on a magic island. The island in some ways has a life of its own and is almost a character in the play. The time seems to be a mixture of Shakespeare's and a timeless fairy-tale world.

Note: The words are all Shakespeare's, but the order of speeches are rearranged and the plot is altered. The goal was to make it more overtly clear and dramatic, and to make the threats and challenges Prospero faces more externally daunting. In the original, Prospero seems to be stage managing the play, and the real drama seems to lie in his internal conflicts. To that end, Caliban is an enemy of Prospero, rather than his slave. Ferdinand and Miranda fall in love in defiance of Prospero's wishes, rather than in accordance with them. Ariel has more initiative, and there are a few other changes as well.

Run Time: Under one hour

*On a ship at sea. The sailors, including BOSUN and MASTER, are sailing along under blue skies and gentle breezes. MIRANDA is sleeping on the shore. CALIBAN rests on his mountain rock. PROSPERO enters above, opens a book and begins to read.*

PROSPERO

I shall bedim  
The noontide sun,  
call forth the mutinous winds,  
And betwixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war:  
to the dread rattling thunder  
Will I give fire and rift Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt;  
the strong-based promontory  
Shall I made shake  
and by the spurs pluck up  
The pine and cedar.

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL*

ARIEL

All hail, great master!

ARIEL

grave sir, hail!

ARIEL

I come  
To answer thy best pleasure;

ARIEL

Whether to fly,

ARIEL

To swim,

ARIEL

to dive into the fire,

ARIEL

to ride  
On the curl'd clouds,

ARIEL  
to thy strong bidding task

ARIEL  
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO  
Perform the tempest!

*The storm rages. Ariel leaps aboard the ship.*

ARIEL  
I board the king's ship;

ARIEL  
now on the beak,

ARIEL  
Now in the waist,

ARIEL  
the deck,

ARIEL  
in every cabin,

ARIEL  
I flame amazement:

ARIEL  
sometimes I divide,

ARIEL  
And burn in many places;

ARIEL  
on the topmast

ARIEL  
The yards

ARIEL  
and bowsprit,

ARIEL  
there I flame distinctly

ARIEL

Then meet and join.

ARIEL

Jove's lightnings,

ARIEL

the precursors  
Of the dreadful thunder-claps,

ARIEL

more momentary  
And sight-outrunning are not.

*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning.*

MASTER

Bosun!

BOSUN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to it, yarely, or we run  
ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

BOSUN

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take  
in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou  
burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, and others, spilling  
up from their cabins below in a panic.*

ALONSO

Good Bosun, have care. Where's the master?

BOSUN

Keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, Bosun?

BOSUN

Do you not hear him? Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Be patient.

BOSUN

When the sea is. Hence! To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Alonso and Ferdinand enter, begin to pray together.*

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers!

*The bosun knocks Alonso and Ferdinand down in his haste.*

Remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOSUN

None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.

PROSPERO

My brave spirit! Infect their reason!

*ARIEL whispers in the ears of FERDINAND and others.*

ARIEL

Feel the fever of madness.

ARIEL

Plunge in the foaming brine!

FERDINAND

Hell is empty and all the devils are here!

*FERDINAND leaps overboard. ALONSO and the others cry out. MIRANDA awakes. GONZALO restrains ALONSO from going after FERDINAND.*

BOSUN

A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather.  
What do you here? Shall we give up and drown? Have you a mind to  
sink?

SEBASTIAN

A pox on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable  
dog!

*The BOSUN throws him a rope*

BOSUN

Work, then.

*ANTONIO throws it back*

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less  
afraid to be drowned than thou art.

BOSUN

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again;  
lay her off.

*A huge crack as the ship breaks up*

ALL

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOSUN

What, must our mouths be cold?

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:  
This wide-chapp'd rascal--would thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides!

ALONSO

Mercy on us!

BOSUN

We split, we split!

MASTER

Farewell, my wife and children!

ALL

We split, we split, we split!

ALONSO (to SEBASTIAN)

Farewell, brother!

SEBASTIAN

Let's all sink with the king.

*ANTONIO grabs SEBASTIAN away from ALONSO*

ANTONIO

Let's take leave of him.

*SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO leap overboard*

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. The wills above be done! But I would fain die a dry death.

*The ship sinks. The actors lie scattered about the stage as though dead.*

*MIRANDA, awakened earlier by the storm, enters to PROSPERO.*

MIRANDA

If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So.

*Lays down his mantle on one of the bodies. The storm subsides.*

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
Sit down;

Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this isle?

MIRANDA

'Tis far off  
And rather like a dream. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.  
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan.

*The bodies re-animate to act out PROSPERO's story. The one with his garment plays PROSPERO. The others play themselves.*

MIRANDA

O the heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--  
I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved--  
Thy false uncle-my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature;  
He needs will be Duke of Milan.  
Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough:  
He confederates with the King of Naples  
To give him tribute, do him homage,  
The King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me, hearkens my brother's suit;  
One midnight did Antonio open the gates of Milan, and, in the  
dead of darkness, hurried thence me and thy crying

PROSPERO (CONTINUED)

self. They hurried us aboard a rotten carcass of a boat, without  
sail or mast. The very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.

MIRANDA

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Knowing I loved my book, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with a volume  
I prize above my dukedom.  
By its aid came we to this isle

MIRANDA

And now, I pray you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO  
Fortune hath brought mine enemies to this shore.

*ARIEL enters.*

PROSPERO  
Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

ARIEL  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,

ARIEL  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO  
What is it thou canst demand?

ARIEL  
My liberty.

PROSPERO  
No more! Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL  
No.

PROSPERO  
Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins of the earth  
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL  
I do not, sir.

PROSPERO  
Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Prospero once more re-animates the bodies to act out his story in dumbshow. Ariel is forced to re-live his torment.*

ARIEL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
This blue-eyed hag here was left by sailors.  
Thou, my slave, wast then her servant;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
she did confine thee,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died

ARIEL

And left me there;

ARIEL

Then was I alone

*CALIBAN begins to wake*

PROSPERO

Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*CALIBAN begins roaring. ARIEL trembles in fear.*

ARIEL

Yes, Caliban

ARIEL

her son.

PROSPERO

Caliban. it was mine art,  
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

*PROSPERO releases ARIEL*

ARIEL

I thank thee,

ARIEL

master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails.

ARIEL

Pardon, master;

ARIEL

What shall I do?

ARIEL

say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO

Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*CALIBAN'S roars grow louder.*

MIRANDA

Caliban?

PROSPERO

Caliban.  
Hear his roar. The beasts do tremble at his din.

MIRANDA

It is a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

What, ho! Caliban! Thou earth, thou!  
Thou poisonous thing, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN. He struggles with PROSPERO, curse against  
curse, magic against magic. He carries a staff like unto  
PROSPERO's, but gnarled and twisted. Each curse is  
immediately put into effect against the recipient.*

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as ever my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all over!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, thou shalt have cramps,

ARIEL

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up

ARIEL

thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb,

ARIEL

each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me  
Water with berries in it, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee

CALIBAN (CONTINUED)

And show'd thee all the qualities of the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

PROSPERO

Thou most lying malice,  
I used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*CALIBAN attacks MIRANDA*

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! Now it shall be done!  
Thou shalt not prevent me; I shall people  
This isle with Calibans.

*PROSPERO throws CALIBAN back*

MIRANDA

I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known.

CALIBAN

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO

Hag-seed, hence!

*PROSPERO destroys CALIBAN'S magic staff*

I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches,

*To ARIEL*

PROSPERO (CONTINUED)

like apes mow and chatter at him  
And after bite him, like hedgehogs  
Lie tumbling in his barefoot way and mount  
Your pricks at his footfall; become  
Poisonous adders and with cloven tongues  
Hiss him into madness.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

PROSPERO

Hence!

*Exit CALIBAN, roaring, pursued by ARIEL*

*PROSPERO collapses, exhausted. MIRANDA sings to him wordlessly, with hidden voices accompanying her.*

*SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO come to life. MIRANDA's singing continues, but she does not see them, nor they her. They react gladly to being alive, laughing and embracing. All save ALONSO.*

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant and the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

GONZALO

Though this island seem to be desert,  
Yet the air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True; save means to live.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense.  
My son is lost. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

GONZALO

Sir, he may live:  
I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs: I doubt not  
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.

GONZALO

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

ALONSO

Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

*The music changes. ALL sleep except ALONSO.*

ALONSO

What, so soon asleep! What a strange drowsiness possesses them.  
I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclined to do so. Wondrous heavy.

*ALONSO sleeps.*

*FERDINAND struggles ashore. ALONSO rises as MIRANDA  
sings, as a vision, his face covered with a death  
mask.*

MIRANDA (SINGS)

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES;  
OF HIS BONES ARE CORAL MADE;  
THOSE ARE PEARLS THAT WERE HIS EYES:  
NOTHING OF HIM THAT DOTHT FADE  
BUT DOTHT SUFFER A SEA-CHANGE  
INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE.  
SEA-NYMPHS HOURLY RING HIS KNELL

FERDINAND

This is no mortal business.

*A bell sounds. The death-mask vision fades.*

MIRANDA

HARK! NOW I HEAR THEM,--

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? In the air or the earth?

MIRANDA

DING-DONG, BELL.

FERDINAND

It sounds no more.

MIRANDA (SINGS)

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS,  
AND THEN TAKE HANDS:  
COURTSIED WHEN YOU HAVE AND KISSED  
THE WILD WAVES WHIST . . .

*FERDINAND and MIRANDA see each other*

MIRANDA

What is it? a spirit?  
I might call him  
A thing divine.

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend! O you wonder!  
Be you maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

Then I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*FERDINAND and MIRANDA make as to kiss. PROSPERO awakes.*

PROSPERO

No! He's a traitor. Come;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

wither'd roots and husks

FERDINAND

No

*Draws, and is charmed from moving*

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

What? I say,  
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity;

PROSPERO

Silence!  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban  
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

FERDINAND

Might I but through a window once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else of the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*MIRANDA tries to speak*

PROSPERO

Speak not for him.

*PROSPERO chains up FERDINAND. Exeunt. CALIBAN enters, roaring, fighting a losign battle with ARIEL*

ARIEL

like apes mow and chatter at him

ARIEL

And after bite him

ARIEL

Like hedgehogs lie tumbling in his barefoot way

ARIEL

And mount your pricks at his footfall;

ARIEL

Become Poisonous adders

ARIEL

And with cloven tongues

ARIEL

Hiss him into madness.

*CALIBAN exits, pursued by ARIEL. There is a splash off as ARIEL drives CALIBAN into a pool. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO wake.*

ANTONIO

I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

SEBASTIAN

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

ANTONIO

They fell together, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:--  
And yet my strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do.

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather  
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on:

ANTONIO

Although this lord here hath almost persuaded  
the king his son's alive,  
'Tis impossible that he's undrown'd

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO

He's gone.  
Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?  
Say this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There is one that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo. Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

I do. I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True.

SEBASTIAN

But for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that? I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever.

SEBASTIAN

As thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*CALIBAN roars again, splashing, with ARIEL mocking him,  
waking GONZALO*

GONZALO

Now, good angels  
Preserve the king.

ALONSO

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO  
Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO  
There was a noise.

*CALIBAN roars again*

ALONSO  
Lead off this ground; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GONZALO  
Heavens keep him from these beasts!

ALONSO  
Lead away.

*Exeunt.*

*There is a noise like the roaring of a whole herd of  
lions. Enter CALIBAN, wet, storm slowly building up.*

CALIBAN  
All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease!

*ARIEL cries a hunting call offstage*

His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse.

*TRINCULO enters*

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his to torment me  
I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: I know not where to hide my head. 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. 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, lately struck dead 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. I will here shroud till the storm be past.

*STEPHANO awakes, 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*

STEPHANO (CONTINUED)

*Sings*

THE MASTER, THE SWABBER, THE BOSUN AND I,  
THE GUNNER AND HIS MATE  
LOVED MALL, MEG AND MARIAN AND MARGERY,  
BUT NONE OF US CARED FOR KATE;  
FOR SHE HAD A TONGUE WITH A TANG,  
WOULD CRY TO A SAILOR, GO HANG!  
SHE LOVED NOT THE SAVOUR OF TAR NOR OF PITCH,  
YET A TAILOR MIGHT SCRATCH HER WHERE'ER SHE DID ITCH:  
THEN TO SEA, BOYS, AND LET HER GO . . .

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

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; Oh!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now. He shall taste of my bottle.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

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 Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil.

TRINCULO

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

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escaped!

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 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.

TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out of the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Come, swear to that; kiss the book. Swear.

CALIBAN

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

TRINCULO

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking.

CALIBAN

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

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear. Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

the 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.

A plague upon the tyrant Prospero!  
I'll follow thee, thou wondrous man.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we  
will inherit here: here; bear my bottle

CALIBAN

[Sings drunkenly]  
HAIL, MASTER. HAIL, HAIL.

TRINCULO

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man.  
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,  
hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

*Exeunt. MIRANDA sneaks in to where FERDINAND is chained  
up.*

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you--  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--  
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda.

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my father: but would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,

FERDINAND

I am a prince, Miranda; I do think, a king!  
But the very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

Beyond all limit of what else in the world  
I do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage ever of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in it