

SIDE #7 – ALONZO KING OF NAPLES + TRINCULO THE KING'S JESTER

J.U.N.O.

ALONSO *(At fault for commanding the voyage in the first place, King Alonzo defies being “cheered up” by Gonzalo, grieving his daughter left behind in Africa and his son drowned in the shipwreck.)*

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there, for coming thence
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her.—O, thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe did bass my trespass.
Therefor my son in th' ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than ever plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. *(Noticing Caliban covered with a tarp)*
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 kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.
A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday
fool there but would give a piece of silver. There
would this monster make a man. Any strange beast
there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
dead Lawyer. Legged like a man, and his fins like
arms! Warm, o' my troth! 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 gaberdine. There is no
other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man
with strange bedfellows.