

CB Side 4 Trio: Caliban, Prospero, Miranda Act I Sc 2 "The Uprising"

This scene is edited down from the original for the sole purpose of callbacks.

MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put heaviness in me.

PROSPERO Shake it off. Come. We'll visit Caliban, my bitter charge,
Who never Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA, *rising* 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO But, as 'tis, we cannot loose him. He does make our fire, fetch in our wood,
and serves in offices that profit us.—What ho, Caliban! Thou earth, thou, speak!

CALIBAN, *within* There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise. When? (**CALIBAN makes a rude sound of refusal**)
Thou poisonous monster, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

CALIBAN (*Enter Caliban attempting a magical curse.*)
As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on you
And blister you all o'er! (*Prospero blocks the curse and, with magic,
forces Caliban to his knees.*)

PROSPERO For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. (*To MIRANDA*) When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, (*To PROSPERO*) and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' 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,
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying wretch,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used thee,
Wild as thou art, with humane care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

CALIBAN O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA Abhorred Fiend,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! 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 endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But vile demon,
Though thou didst learn, thou hast a heart which
Goodness cannot pierce. Therefore, wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

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 Hagseed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN No, pray thee.
(*Aside*). I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control the very Devil
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO So, slave, hence.
Caliban exits.