

CB SIDE 2 QUARTET, GONZALO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, ALONZO "RUBBING SALT IN THE WOUND" ACT I, SC 2

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

Stranded on the beach after a shipwreck, King Alonso is mute with despair, fearing his son drowned at sea. While Gonzalo tries to coax him out of his dark thoughts, Duke Antonio and Duke Sebastian – the King's brother - engage in 'side talk' to torment Gonzalo, then turn on the King, blaming him for their dire predicament.

GONZALO The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO True, save means to live.

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green! But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit —

SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO – that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN What impossible matter will he make easy next?

GONZALO, *to Alonso* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort —

ANTONIO That "sort" was well fished for.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* – when I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

ALONSO 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?

GONZALO Sir, he may live
I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to a far off land,
Where she at least is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSO So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GONZALO My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIO And most surgeonly.

GONZALO, *to Alonso*
It is foul weather in us all, good sir, when you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN Foul weather?

ANTONIO Very foul.

GONZALO And do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.