

ARIEL  
And so we come to another scene.  
Time for a party – you’ll see what I mean!  
Here’s a man who’s glad to survive:  
(*points*) Trinculo the jester, the first to arrive.

*[ARIEL makes a rolling hands gesture that summons up more thunder, then moves upstage.]*

### **Sound Effect - THUNDER RUMBLE ( ☉ Track 9 / 27 )**

TRINCULO  
(*to the sky, open handed*) I may be a jester, but this weather is no joke.  
(*sighs loudly, as thunder ends*) I wish Stephano was here. (*wailing*) But they’re all drowned! (*sighs again, then moves as if looking for something*)

*[TRINCULO sees the sack with feet sticking out of one end and moves closer to examine it.]*

(*wafts hand in front of nose*) Phew! What a stench! (*peers again*)  
What is it? Something washed up in the tempest?

*OPTIONAL Shakespeare lines, originally written for TRINCULO.*

*HOBGOBLINS enter and surround TRINCULO, to speak for him. He freezes in puzzled pose.*

**Hobgoblins L.** What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive?

**Hobgoblins R.** A fish! He smells like a fish; a very ancient and fishlike smell!

**Hobgoblins** 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.

*(HOBGOBLINS move away to edge of performing area or exit.)*

### **Sound Effect - RAIN ( ☉ Track 10 / 28 )**

TRINCULO  
Oh no! It’s raining again! I must take shelter.

*[TRINCULO dives under sacking – opposite way round to CALIBAN.]*

ARIEL  
(*moving downstage to address audience*)  
Stephano the butler has rescued the wine:  
Before the ship sank he grabbed it in time!  
Already drunk – his sorrow’s drowned –  
He’ll soon make his entrance, so stick around!

*[In a short pause, ARIEL peers towards where STEPHANO will enter. STEPHANO can be heard singing drunkenly before he enters, carrying a crate. ARIEL moves to her rock. Fade out rain effect.]*

STEPHANO  
(*singing*) LET’S ALL HAVE A LITTLE DRINK (*hic*)  
JUST ONE MORE LITTLE DRINK...  
There we go...

*[STEPHANO puts the crate down upstage, pulls out a bottle, then turns to see the 'creature' on the ground. He moves round it, counting legs, giving the occasional hiccup.]*

STEPHANO *(swaying on the spot and pointing)* Whazzat? *(moves over to sacking)*  
One... two... *(hic!)* three... four... Four legs?  
*(hic!)* This must be... a devil! Or... an island monster!  
*(looks at his bottle, swaying slightly)* Or am I seeing double?

CALIBAN *(poking out his head, frightened)* Don't hurt me, master!

STEPHANO *(pricking up his ears)* Ooo! His Master, am I! *(hic!)*

CALIBAN *(pleading)* I'll stop complaining! I'll collect twice as much wood.

STEPHANO *(to audience)* Poor creature, he isn't making any sense. I'll give him a drop of this – that'll do the trick. There you go, monster.

*[STEPHANO pours wine into CALIBAN's mouth then hands him the bottle. As STEPHANO returns to the crate to get more drink, TRINCULO speaks. CALIBAN enjoys the wine!]*

TRINCULO *(pokes his head out to address audience, not looking at STEPHANO)*  
I know that voice! It sounds like Stephano... but surely he was drowned...

*[STEPHANO returns, a bottle in each hand, to the sacking.]*

STEPHANO *(drunkenly puzzled)* What? This creature has... two heads as well as... four legs...? *(Hic!)* Well, it'll need a drink at the other end, I suppose...  
*(pulls out bottle)* Good job I've got a crate full! *(Hic!)*

*[STEPHANO staggers backwards as TRINCULO leaps up.]*

TRINCULO Stephano! It's me! Your old friend, Trinculo!

STEPHANO Trinculo!

*[They throw their arms around each other. STEPHANO hands a bottle to TRINCULO.]*

*(to audience)* He likes a little drink, you know!

TRINCULO *(raises the bottle)* Well, my friend, let's celebrate!

STEPH. / TRINC. *(clinking bottles)* Here's to not drowning!

*[STEPHANO & TRINCULO suddenly find everything very funny, repeating 'Not drowning!' ad lib. They laugh so much they don't notice CALIBAN as he sits up at the other end of the sacking.]*

CALIBAN *(to audience)* These be fine creatures! *(hic!)* That one *(points to STEPHANO)* must be a god, to have such heavenly drink! *(raises bottle)*  
*(belches, if possible, gets to his feet to address STEPHANO)*  
Good sir, are you from heaven?