

Twelfth Night

16 + Characters

Antonio- a sea captain, friend to Sebastian

Captain – a friend to Viola

Curio - a gentleman attending on the Duke

Fabian - a servant to Olivia

Feste - a clown, servant to Olivia

Malvolio - a steward to Olivia

Maria - Olivia's woman

Olivia

Orsino - Duke of Illyria

Priest

Sebastian - brother to Viola

Second Officer

Sir Andrew Aguecheek

Sir Toby Belch - uncle to Olivia

Valentine – a gentleman attending on the Duke

Viola

Officers and Servants

OPENING:

Start with a jazzy, Mardi Gras tune; see the bustle of the city street (perhaps we begin with Feste and clowns "starting the story" in some way). We see Orsino et al, and Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Fabian, most enjoying the festivities.

Olivia enters with her funeral procession (Malvoio, Maria, attendants) holding her brother's picture. Music stops, Maria pays lone clown with sax (or recorded music) to play dirge ("Just a Closer Walk with Thee?") as they process through.

Orsino tries to give Olivia a flower, she rebuffs him and leaves. Orsino sends Valentine after her, holds the sax playing clown back, begins "If music be the food..."

**ACT I, SCENE 1. DUKE ORSINO's palace.
CITY STREET**

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending

DUKE ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet
sound, 5
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no
more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: 10
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. 15

Enter VALENTINE

Enter "Olivia Vaum" (SL)

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

Props:

- Festive umbrellas
- Black umbrellas
- Flower (rose?)
- Saxophone (Clown)
- Picture of Olivia's brother
- Perhaps MG beads
- Flasks, bottles
- Other "street items"--e.g. deck of cards, artist's easel, canvas,

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
Seven years, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round 20
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother, 25
How will she love; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. 30

Exeunt

Exit "Orsino vaum"

Thunderclap; all in street scatter to sound of rain and thunder

Lights down--into shipwreck (create thru flocking/tableaux)

ACT I, SCENE 2. ~~The sea-coast.~~ RIVERFRONT/CITY STREET

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

Enter USR, Sailors carrying trunks, etc

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

Captain

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

5

Captain

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Props:

- Trunks, boxes, crates--salvage from shipwreck
- In one trunk, Cesario's "weeds" that Viola can put on onstage

VIOLA

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Captain

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
I saw your brother, 10
Most provident in peril, bind himself
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see. 15

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold.
Know'st thou this country?

Captain

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here? 20

Captain

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

Captain

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then. 25

Captain

And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

Captain, cont'd

And then 'twas fresh in murmur
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

30

Captain

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company

35

And sight of men.

VIOLA

O that I served that lady!

Captain

That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

VIOLA

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid.
I'll serve this duke: for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.

40

Pulls clothes from trunk,
puts on

Captain

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

45

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

Exeunt

Exit SR Vaum

Maria enters setting up "altar" for Olivia's brother (black draping, flowers, candle, etc)

Plays sad music on phonograph? Sir Toby changes to happy music, dances Maria around. Maria turns happy music off.

ACT I, SCENE 3. OLIVIA'S house. COURTYARD

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Enter house? SL vaum?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

5

- Props:
- Small table
 - Flowers and vase
 - Olivia's brother's picture
 - Black draping
 - candle(s)
 - Phonograph with albums?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

10

MARIA

He's a fool, and he's a great quarreller.

SIR TOBY BELCH

They are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him.

MARIA

He's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With drinking healths to my niece. What, wench! here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

15

Enter SIR ANDREW

Enter from door on

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

20

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost,--

SIR TOBY BELCH

You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, is that the meaning of 'accost'? 25

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit

Exit door on platforms? SL vaum?

SIR TOBY BELCH

O knight: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; the count himself here hard by woos her. 30

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none o' the count. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. 35

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wherefore are these things hid?

Toby puts the music from the phonograph back on and he and AA "cut capers."

Malvolio appears (from the house on the platform? from the loge?) and stares at them. Tob & AA freeze. Mal gestures (whistles?)

SIR ANDREW

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What shall we do else? Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

Exeunt

Exit through house on platforms? SL

ACT I, SCENE 4. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire

Enter SR vaum

Don't need pillows,
etc yet

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

5

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants

Enter SR vaum

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE ORSINO

Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:

10

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

15

DUKE ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it;
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

20

VIOLA

To woo your lady: I'll do my best

25

Aside

yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

Exit SR vaum

Need people to set up courtyard--
chairs, furniture, greenery

Feste and clowns are just coming in
from a parade?

Clowns are fluid--sometimes
characters, sometimes part of the
environment (statues, greenery to hide
behind, etc)

ACT I, SCENE 5. OLIVIA'S house. COURTYARD

Enter MARIA, Feste and Clown Troupe

Enter SL vaum? House platforms?

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Feste

Let her hang me.

MARIA

Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown 1

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage. 5

Clown 2

Apt, in good faith.

Clown 3

Very apt.

MARIA

Peace, you rogues, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit

Exit SL vaum

Feste

Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! 10

Clown 2

Props/sittables/costumes:

- Small table
- Flowers and vase
- Olivia's brother's picture
- Black draping
- candle(s)
- 4 chairs
- Prayer book for Olivia (rosary?)
- 4 black veils
- Ring

For what says Quinapalus?

Clown 4

'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO and Attendants

Enter from Olivia's house (door on platforms)

Olivia's coming to pray for her brother before his picture/altar

Feste

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

Feste

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

15

OLIVIA

Go to; I'll no more of you.

Feste

The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

Feste

Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

20

Feste

We must catechise you for it, madonna.

Clown 1

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown 4

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

25

Clown 3

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.

Feste

Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

What think you of these fools, Malvolio? Do they not mend?

MALVOLIO

Yes: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Feste

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity!

30

OLIVIA

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such barren rascals. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.

OLIVIA

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. There is no slander in an allowed fool. 35

Feste

Thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA

Enter SL vaum

MARIA

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it? Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. 40

Exit MALVOLIO

Exit SL vaum

MARIA

Tis a fair young man, madam, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Enter SL vaum

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me. 45

MALVOLIO

'Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man? 50

MALVOLIO

Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

Let him approach.

Exit Exit SL vaum

OLIVIA

Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Olivia, Maria and attendants
put on veils and sit in chairs in
semi-circle

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants Enter SL vaum

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she? 55

Attendant 1 (*veiled*)

Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

Attendant 2 (*veiled*)

Whence came you, sir?

60

VIOLA

That question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Attendant 2 (*veiled*)

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

65

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

Most certain, I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

70

Attendant 1

It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in.

OLIVIA

I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Tell me your mind:
I am a messenger.

75

Attendant 2

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful.

OLIVIA

Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

80

Attendant 2

Yet you began rudely.

Attendant 1

What are you?

Attendant 2

What would you?

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. 85

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA, Clowns and Attendants

Exit US platforms

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,-- 90

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? We will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir: is't not well done?

Unveiling

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all. 95

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent.

OLIVIA

Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd 100
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago. 105

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;
110

Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
115

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

What is your parentage? You might do much.

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

120

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.

VIOLA

Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

Exit SL vaum

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections.

125

130

What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO and Servant (Attendant 1)

Enter SL vaum

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

135

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exeunt

Olivia exit US house
platforms
Servant exit SL vaum
Mal exit US house platforms
Attendants/clowns clear
Olivia's house items

Olivia exits; Mal gestures
Servant over to him. Hands
the Servant the ring with
disgust, then gestures Servant
to follow Cesario. Mal then
exits

**ACT II, SCENE 1. ~~The sea-coast.~~ RIVERFRONT/CITY
STREET**

Throughout this scene, street
life going on all around.

Enter ANTONIA and SEBASTIAN

Enter SR vaum

ANTONIA

Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Sittables:
• Boxes
• Crates

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate
might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I
may bear my evils alone.

ANTONIA

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

5

SEBASTIAN

My name is Sebastian. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom

I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister--Viola-- both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, maid, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 10

ANTONIA

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

A lady, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 15

ANTONIA

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

Exit

Exit SR vaum

ANTONIA

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

20

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit

Exit UR?

ACT II. SCENE 2. A street.

Enter VIOLA, Servant (Attendant 1) following

Enter SL vaum?

Servant

Sebastian lingers at a street busker/vendor; Servant enters, looking for Viola, sees Sebastian just as he exits and starts to follow him, then sees Viola as she enters. Servant has a confused moment, then approaches Viola in next scene.

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Props:
• Ring

Servant

She returns this ring to you, sir. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 5

VIOLA

She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Servant

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

Exit SL vaum

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady? 10
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. 15
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; 20
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 25
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Exit

Exit SR vaum

ACT II, SCENE 3. OLIVIA's house. COURTYARD

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

Enter SL vaum?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew: Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Feste and Clowns

Enter SL vaum? house?

Props:

- Wine bottles/flasks
- Instruments: sax? ukelele? "Found" instruments (wine bottles, spoons, etc.)

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Feste

How now, my hearts!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

5

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Feste

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clown ____

[*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

10

15

Live music? Accompanied
by ukelele or sax? Clarinet?
Pre-recorded?

Possible melodies:
• Creole Love Song
• Saratoga Swing
• The Mooche
• Mood Indigo

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

Clown ____

[*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

20

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice. Very sweet, i'faith.

A sweet, melancholy moment.
Then Toby breaks it with revelry

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch? shall we do that?

25

SIR ANDREW

An you love me, let's do't. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Feste

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung

Enter MARIA

Enter US platforms (house)

"Hold thy peace" sung to "Oh, When the Saints Go Marching In"

Possible audience participation?

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

30

SIR TOBY BELCH

Am I not of her blood? Lady!

Sings

Clown 3

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

Enter SR loge, looks down on group

Malvolio in funny pajamas/ nightwear?

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, 35
nor honesty? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though
she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders.
If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome 40
to the house; if not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Find melody of a song of
the time. (Five O'Clock
Whistle?)

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown 1

'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO

Is't even so? 45

SIR TOBY BELCH

'But I will never die.'

Feste

Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Shall I bid him go?'

Clown 2

'What an if you do?'

50

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clowns 3 & 4

'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY BELCH

Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown 1

Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

55

SIR TOBY BELCH

A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit

Exit loge

MARIA

Go shake your ears.

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

60

Maria keeps eyes on Malvolio. Clown hands her a bottle of wine (and glass?). Eyes never leaving Malvolio, Maria walks wine to Toby and gives it to him.

Malvolio reacts, exits

SIR TOBY BELCH

Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. He is so crammed, as he 65
thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on
him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love. I can write very like my lady your
niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 70

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece,
and that she's in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. 75

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event.
Farewell.

80

Exit

Exit US house platforms

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good night.

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR ANDREW

I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come,
knight; come, knight.

85

Exeunt

Exit SL vaum

ACT II, SCENE 4. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter US house

Attendants set up
"bohemian" look inside
palace: pillows,
carpet/cloth on floor, etc

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

DUKE ORSINO

Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

5

CURIO

He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.

DUKE ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much
delight in. He is about the house. 10

DUKE ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

Exit SR vaum

What music here? Should we have a phonograph onstage here, too?

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me.
How dost thou like this tune?

15

VIOLA

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

This exchange on stairs
between platforms

Props/Sittables:

- Pillows
- Carpet or cloth
- Coin(s) and purse

DUKE ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy? 20

VIOLA

A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart. 25
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
Than women's are.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Then let thy love be younger than thyself; 30
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Re-enter CURIO, Feste and Clowns

Enter SR vaum

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. 35

Feste

Are you ready, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

Ay; prithee, sing.

Music. The Song.

Feste sings, Clowns
accompany/harmonize

Perhaps one cello
accompanies?

Song can be older in
style than 1920s

Feste

 Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid; 40

Fly away, fly away breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it! 45

My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
 On my black coffin let there be strown;

Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown: 50

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

DUKE ORSINO

There's for thy pains. 55

Feste

No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Feste

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE ORSINO

Give me now leave to leave thee.

Feste

Farewell.

60

Exeunt Feste and Clowns

Exit SR vaum

DUKE ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

CURIO and Attendants retire

Exit US house platforms, striking pillows, etc.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her, my love, I hold as giddily as fortune.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

65

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

70

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
But mine is all as hungry as the sea.

75

VIOLA

Ay, but I know--

DUKE ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

VIOLA, cont'd

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

80

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

85

We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

90

DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

- Props:
- Foliage branches
 - Green scarves
 - Letter

95

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

Exeunt

Orsino exit US house platforms; Viola exit SR vaum

ACT II, SCENE 5. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN, and Clowns

Enter US house

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascal come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady.

5

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter SL vaum

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA

Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery. Lie thou there,

10

Throws down a letter

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit house?

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

Enter SL vaum

MALVOLIO

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me. She uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

15

FABIAN

O, peace!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

Clowns act as places to hide behind in this, holding branches, becoming statues and such?

Malvolio CS, conspirators hiding behind platforms/clowns

To be Count Malvolio! Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown--telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, my kinsman Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,-- 20

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN

Yet peace.

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, saying, 'Cousin Toby--You must amend your drunkenness.' 25

SIR TOBY BELCH

And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

FABIAN

Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO

'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'--

SIR ANDREW

That's me, I warrant you. 30

MALVOLIO

'One Sir Andrew,'--

SIR ANDREW

I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?

Taking up the letter

By my life, this is my lady's hand. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

[*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:!--her very phrases! To whom should this be?' 35

FABIAN

This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

By your leave, wax.

[*Reads*]

Jove knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move; 40
No man must know.

'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

[*Reads*]

MALVOLIO, cont'd

I may command where I adore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FABIAN

A fustian riddle! 45

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO

'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. And the end--what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,--Softly! M, O, A, I,-- 50

M,--Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO

M,--A should follow but O does. And then I comes behind.

FABIAN

Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 55

MALVOLIO

M, O, A, I: every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

Reads

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow

MALVOLIO, cont'd

stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance; for every reason 65 excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love; I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

Reads

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou
entertainest my love, 70
let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well;
therefore in my
presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I
everything

thank thee: I will smile; I will do
that thou wilt have me.

Exit SL vaum? US house platforms?

Exit

FABIAN

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry this wench for this device.

75

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

FABIAN

Here comes my noble

gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

Enter US house

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he
must run mad.

MARIA

Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

80

SIR TOBY BELCH

Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

ACT 2 opens with clowns
drumming, a la Congo Square

Toby and AA are on the
street, listening to the
drumming

Viola comes upon clowns and

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me. 85

Exeunt

Exit SL vaum

All exit with a "huzzah" parade type procession

INTERMISSION

ACT III, SCENE 1. ~~OLIVIA's garden.~~ STREET IN FRONT OF OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter VIOLA, Feste and Clowns with tabours, SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

In street in front of SR vaum

VIOLA

Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?

Feste

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

Feste

No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church. 5

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Feste

No, indeed, sir.

Props:

- Various drums/rhythm instruments
- Coin/coin purse

Clown 1

The Lady Olivia has no folly.

Clown 2

She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married.

Clown 3

And fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's 10
the bigger.

VIOLA

Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown 4

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;

Aside

though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within? 15

Feste

My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my element.

Exeunt Feste and Clowns

Exit US door on house platforms

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

20

VIOLA

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA

But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA and Attendants

Enter US door on house

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

25

SIR ANDREW

That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.

OLIVIA

Leave me to my hearing.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA

Exit US door on house platforms? SL vaum?

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

30

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir!
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

35

OLIVIA

I think not on him. By your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit--

VIOLA

Dear lady,--

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

40

45

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

No.

OLIVIA

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship! 50
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA

Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you. 55

VIOLA

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA

Cesario, 60
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth

VIOLA, cont'd

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone. 65
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. 70

Exeunt

Viola exit SR vaum; Olivia exit SL vaum

ACT III, SCENE 2. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Enter US door on house

SIR ANDREW

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer. I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

FABIAN

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you. You should then have accosted her; and banged the youth into dumbness.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, then, challenge the count's youth to fight with you; hurt him in eleven 5
places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker
in the world can more prevail with woman than report of valour.

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief. Go, about it. 10

Exit SIR ANDREW

Exit US door on house platforms?

FABIAN

We shall have a rare letter from him.

Enter MARIA

Enter SL vaum

SIR TOBY BELCH

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered? 15

MARIA

Most villianously. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour. 20

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

Exit SL vaum

ACT III, SCENE 3. A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIA

Exit USR behind platforms

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have troubled you.

Much street activity in this scene

ANTONIA

I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonia,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

5

ANTONIA

To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

10

ANTONIA

Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;

15

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

20

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIA

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

25

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

ANTONIA

To th'Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exeunt

Seb exit SR vaum; Ant exit UR behind platforms

ACT III, SCENE 4. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA, Clowns and Attendants

Enter US door on house
platforms

OLIVIA

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

5

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MARIA

No. madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

Exit US door on house platforms

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

10

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

Enter US door on house platforms

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Malvolio preens CS on platforms,
Olivia on DS floor

OLIVIA

Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

15

Props/sittables/costumes

- Chairs
- Yellow stockings
- Crossed garters
- Letter
- Swords (2-4)

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one...?

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. 20

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great,'-- 25

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

30

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO

'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'--

35

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

Enter SL vaum

Servant

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit Servant

Exit SL
vaum

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 40

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

Maria exit US door on house platforms
Olivia exit SL vaum
Malvolio moves to DC

MALVOLIO

No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. I have limed her! Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 45

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Enter US door on house

SIR TOBY BELCH

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO

Go off; I discard you: go off. 50

MARIA

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him.

FABIAN

No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used. 55

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx!

MARIA

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. 60

Exit

Exit SL vaum

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is't possible?

FABIAN

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter. 65

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Enter SR vaum

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. 70

SIR TOBY BELCH

Reads

'Youth, I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls!
Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. 75
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.'

MARIA

He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing. 80

Exit

Exit SR vaum

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now will not I deliver his letter: for the young gentleman will find it comes from a clodpole. I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

Enter SL

FABIAN

Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 85

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

Maria Exit US door on house platforms
Toby/Fabian exit SR vaum

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone.
I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny?

VIOLA

Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honour may I give him that 90
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.

Exit

Exit US door on house platforms

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

Enter SR

SIR TOBY BELCH

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou 95
hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor attends thee at the orchard-
end: thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA

You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you.

VIOLA

I pray you, sir, what is he?

100

SIR TOBY BELCH

He is knight, a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three.

VIOLA

I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no
fighter. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what
my offence to him is.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

105

Exit

Exit SR vaum

VIOLA

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN

I know the knight is incensed against you.

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN

He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him?

110

I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Exeunt

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

Enter SR vaum with clowns and swords

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.

SIR ANDREW

Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

115

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR ANDREW

Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse.

During this exchange, all stay onstage, with Fabian/Viola on one side and Toby/AA on the other. There will be no exiting and reentering.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show
on't. 120

Clowns give them swords
(Bit where they give them
ridculous objects first? Rubber
chicken, baquette? etc)

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

To FABIAN

I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN

He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*To VIOLA*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake.

VIOLA

[*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how
much I lack of a man. 125

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake,
have one bout with you. Come on; to't.

They draw

Enter ANTONIA

Exit UR behind
platforms

ANTONIA

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me: 130
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, wench! why, what are you?

ANTONIA

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

135

SIR TOBY BELCH

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

They draw

Enter Officers

Enter UR behind platforms

FABIAN

O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he
will bear you easily and reins well.

140

First Officer

This is the maid; do thy office.

Officers in suits and
fedoras? Like G-Men?

Second Officer

Antonia, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIA

You do mistake me, sir.

First Officer

No, lass, no jot; I know your favour well, 145
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take her away: she knows I know her well.

ANTONIA

I must obey.

To VIOLA

This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity 150
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself.

Second Officer

Come, wench, away.

ANTONIA

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, maid? 155
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
I'll lend you something: my having is not much:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANTONIA

Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you 160
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a maid
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature. 165

ANTONIA

O heavens themselves!

Second Officer

Come, wench, I pray you, go.

ANTONIA

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death.

First Officer

What's that to us? The time goes by: away! 170

ANTONIA

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

First Officer

Away with her! Come, come, wench.

ANTONIA

Lead me on.

Exit with Officers

Exit DR vaum? or UR behind platforms?

VIOLA

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 175
She named Sebastian; even such and so

In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
180

Exit DR vaum

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

A very dishonest paltry boy, and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN

A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW

'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

FABIAN

Come, let's see the event.

185

SIR TOBY BELCH

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt

Exit DR vaum

ACT IV, SCENE 1. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Feste

Enter UR behind platforms?

Feste

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Feste

Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so. 5

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Feste

Vent my folly! tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

Depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 10

Feste

By my troth, thou hast an open hand.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

Enter DR vaum

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

SEBASTIAN

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 15

Feste

This will I tell my lady
some of your coats for two
Exit

Exit DL vaum

straight: I would not be in
pence.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, sir; hold.

SEBASTIAN

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron:
you are well fleshed; come on.

20

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further,
draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

Enter DL vaum

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

25

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Exit DR vaum? Walk of
shame into house?

I prithee, gentle friend,
Go with me to my house, 30
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
OLIVIA, cont'd

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee. 35

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me! 40

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

Exit US platforms into house

ACT IV, SCENE 2. OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA, Feste and Clowns

Enter US house platforms?

MARIA

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe
thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the
whilst.

Exit

Props:

- Gown and beard--
gown needs to be too
long for Clown 3

Exit

Clown 3

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't.

Clown 2

I would you were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Clown 4

You are not tall enough to become the function well.

5

Feste

The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Enter

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clown 3

Bone jewer, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

Clown 3

What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

10

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO

[*Within*] Who calls there?

Inside trap. Can we see him at all?

Clown 3 has a Cajun/French dialect as Sir Topas.

"Bone jewer" = "bonjour"

Prison is created by using trap, also possibly Clowns as environment

Malvolio making noise throughout the exchange

Clown 3

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown 3

Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 15

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Torpas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown 3

Fie! Sayest thou that house is dark? 20

MALVOLIO

I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown 3

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance. I am no more mad than you are.

Clown 3

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

25

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

MARIA

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. For I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. 30

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Exit DL vaum

Feste

[*Singing*]

'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

Feste

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool. 35

Feste

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Feste

But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, 40
and do all they can to face me out of my wits. I tell thee, I am as well in my
wits as any man in Illyria.

Feste

Tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Feste

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. 45

[*Singing*]

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again.
Adieu, good man devil.

Exeunt

Exit DL vaum, Mal down trap

ACT IV, SCENE 3. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN

Enter US house platforms

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes.

5

But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest and Attendants

Enter DL vaum

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
What do you say?

10

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

15

Exeunt

Exit UR around platforms

ACT V, SCENE 1. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter Feste, Clowns and FABIAN;

Enter DR vaum

DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants

Enter DL vaum

DUKE ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clown 2

Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO

If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Feste

Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir. 5

Exit

VIOLA

Here comes the maid, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIA and Officers

DUKE ORSINO

That face of hers I do remember well.

First Officer

Orsino, this is that Antonia:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend her. 10

VIOLA

She did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

DUKE ORSINO

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

ANTONIA

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me: 15

Antonia never yet was thief or pirate:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
Drew to defend him when he was beset: 20

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use 25

Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIA

To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

30

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

DUKE ORSINO

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, maiden; maid, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take her aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

35

VIOLA

Madam!

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,--

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,--

40

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

45

DUKE ORSINO

What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

50

VIOLA

And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

55

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

60

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah!

65

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.

Enter Priest

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me. 70

Priest

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips, 75
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours. 80

DUKE ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest-- 85

OLIVIA

O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too:

for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. 90

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

DUKE ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did,
95
I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing
by a bloody coxcomb. 100

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Feste

DUKE ORSINO

How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't.

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because well be dressed together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help? 105

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Exeunt Feste, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows 110
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN

Antonia, O my dear Antonia!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, 115
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIA

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fear'st thou that, Antonia?

ANTONIA

How have you made division of yourself?

Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

120

SEBASTIAN

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

125

VIOLA

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb.

SEBASTIAN

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

SEBASTIAN, cont'd

And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

130

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth--

SEBASTIAN

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA

I am that Viola: which to confirm, 135
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.

SEBASTIAN

[*To OLIVIA*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

DUKE ORSINO

Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. 140
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

To VIOLA

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear. 145

DUKE ORSINO

Give me thy hand.

OLIVIA

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost. 150

DUKE ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

To VIOLA

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long, 155
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

OLIVIA

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong. 160

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:

MALVOLIO, cont'd

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, 165

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 170
And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand. 175
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad. Prithee, be content:
This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge 180
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak.
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ 185
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd 190
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown 1

Why, 'some are born great--

Clown 2

Some achieve greatness--

Clown 4

And some have greatness thrown upon them.' 195

Clown 3

I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged.'

Feste

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. 200

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:
Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man; 205
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt all, except Feste and Clowns

Feste and Clowns

[*Sing*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy, 210
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, & c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, & c. 215

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, & c.

By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain, & c.	
But when I came unto my beds, With hey, ho, & c.	220
With toss-pots still had drunken heads, For the rain, & c.	
A great while ago the world begun, With hey, ho, & c.	225
But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day.	

Exit