

RSC ASSOCIATE SCHOOLS
PROGRAMME

PLAYMAKING
FESTIVAL

**TWELFTH
NIGHT**
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY ROBIN BELFIELD

IN COLLABORATION WITH REGIONAL THEATRES

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THEATRE

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THE GRAND
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NORTHERN
STAGE



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Theatre

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YOUTH THEATRE

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ROYAL CONCERT
HALL

HALL
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SILHOUETTE YOUTH THEATRE

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THEATRE
ROYAL

The Associate Schools programme is our partnership programme with regional theatres and schools across England. It is built around the principle of schools working in local partnerships to develop communities of practice inspired by Shakespeare's work. Each local partnership consists of a theatre partner (either the RSC or the school's local theatre) and a Lead Associate School who in turn recruits a number of Associate Schools. The programme aims to enrich the teaching, learning and enjoyment of Shakespeare's work across the country.

The Associate Schools programme also supports young people to perform Shakespeare's plays, engaging with his work as actors and theatre makers; exploring character and staging, making interpretive choices and speaking the language with understanding and confidence. This Playmaking pack - an abridged version of William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* - has been created for young people and teachers. It is designed to support performances that will take place across the country through the Associate Schools programme and with our Stratford Schools partnership.

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This Playmaking Pack is an abridged version of *Twelfth Night*. Originally adapted for the *First Encounters: Twelfth Night* production in 2022.

Some characters and their names have been edited in terms of gender and pronouns used. We support you to edit these yourself to fit the company you are working with.

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

Dramatis Personae

VIOLA - shipwrecked, Sebastian's twin sister (later disguised as Cesario).

SAILORS

SEBASTIAN - Viola's twin brother, also shipwrecked

ANTONIO - a sea-captain who befriends Sebastian

ORSINO - Duke of Illyria

VALENTINE - Attendant to Orsino

OLIVIA - A Countess in Illyria

MARIA - Olivia's waiting-woman

SIR TOBY BELCH - Olivia's kinsman

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK - Companion of Sir Toby

MALVOLIO - Olivia's Steward

FESTE - The clown, Olivia's fool

FABIAN - A member of Olivia's household.

PRIEST

Musicians, Lords, Attendants and the wider people of the play

1

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Enter musicians and revellers, it is festival time and there is music and dancing.

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
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Music stops.

ORSINO

(To Valentine) How now, what news comes from Olivia?

VALENTINE

(To Orsino) So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine – all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother.
Away before me, to sweet beds of flowers.
Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

They exit.

A storm. The revellers disperse.

*A ship at sea caught in the storm with VIOLA and SEBASTIAN on-board.
VIOLA and SEBASTIAN are separated.*

2

ACT 1 SCENE 2

*The storm subsides.
Enter VIOLA and SAILORS.*

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

SAILOR

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

SAILOR

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

SAILOR

True, madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself...

SAILOR

After our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, we saw your brother.
Most provident in peril, bind himself –

SAILOR

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice –

SAILOR

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,

SAILOR

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
We saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as we could see.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Gives money.

SAILOR

Ay, madam, well, for we were bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

SAILOR

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

SAILOR

Orsino.

VIOLA

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

SAILOR

And so is now, or was so very late,
For but a month ago we went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur.

SAILOR

– As you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of –

SAILOR

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's Olivia?

SAILOR

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since,

SAILOR

Then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died,

SAILOR

For whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

VIOLA

O, that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

SAILOR

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

VIOLA

There is a fair behaviour in thee, sailors,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee – and I'll pay thee bounteously –
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.
Thou shalt present me as a young man to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

SAILOR

Be you his servant, and your mute we'll be:
When our tongues blab, then let our eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt.

3

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR TOBY

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 a-nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY

Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA

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.

SIR TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. He has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

Ay, but he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY

By this hand, they are scoundrels and subcontractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA

They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. What, Maria? Castiliano vulgo! For here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch. How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

(To Maria) Bless you, dear one.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Maria sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Maria Accost –

SIR TOBY

You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, woo her.

SIR ANDREW

Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit MARIA.

SIR TOBY

O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is 'Pourquoi'? Do or not do? Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece, Olivia, will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Duke Orsino himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY

She'll none o'th' Duke. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th'strangest mind i'th'world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. Shall we set about more revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus? That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY

No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Sir Andrew dances Ha? Higher, ha, ha! Excellent!

Exeunt.

4

ACT 1 SCENE 4

Enter FESTE and VIOLA [as Cesario] in man's attire.

FESTE

If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but one day, and already you are no stranger.

Enter DUKE ORSINO.

ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO

Stand you awhile aloof.— Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, address thy gait unto Olivia,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Exit FESTE.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes.
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a messenger of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair – for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best
To woo your lady. – Yet, a barful strife! (*Aside*)
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt.

5

ACT 1 SCENE 5

Enter MARIA and FESTE.

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FESTE

Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MARIA

Make that good.

FESTE

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenten answer.

FESTE

Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA

Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit.

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO

FESTE

(Aside) Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit'.— *(To Olivia)* God bless thee, lady.

OLIVIA

(To Malvolio) Take the fool away.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTE

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself. If he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. The lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA

I bade them take away you.

FESTE

Misprision in the highest degree!
Good madam, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexteriously, good madam.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FESTE

Good madam, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madam.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth she not mend?

MALVOLIO

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake her. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

FESTE

God send you, ma'am a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. Look you now, she's out of her guard already, she is gagged.

OLIVIA

O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though she do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet woman, though she do nothing but reprove.

FESTE

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

6

Enter MARIA.

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

From the Duke Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home.

What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO.

Who of my people holds him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, Madam

FESTE

Thou hast spoke for us, madam, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, for – here comes Sir Toby –

OLIVIA

By mine honour, half drunk.– *(To Sir Toby)*

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

FESTE

Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the coroner, for Toby's in the third degree of drink: he's drowned. Go look after him.

FESTE

He is but mad yet, madam, and the fool shall look to the madman.

Exit.

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. He's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

He's been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What manner of man is he?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA

Let him approach

MALVOLIO exits.

(To Maria) Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

OLIVIA is veiled.

Enter VIOLA led in by MALVOLIO who then exits.

7

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

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.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and 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.

OLIVIA

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?

OLIVIA

I am.

VIOLA

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.

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. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity.

Exit MARIA.

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady – Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. (*Unveils*) Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red: item, two grey eyes, with lids to them: item, one neck, one chin and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud.
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

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.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
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,
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,

Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA

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

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:
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Offers a purse.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse.
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit.

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
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man. He left this ring behind him, *(Gives a ring)*
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit.

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit.

8

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

ANTONIO

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

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. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. You must know of me, Antonio, 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, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended. But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN

O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO

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. My bosom is full of kindness, - that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court. Farewell.

Exit.

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
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.

9

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO following.

MALVOLIO

Were not you ev'n now with the Countess Olivia? *(Shows a ring)* 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. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself.

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

Come Sir, you peevishly threw it to her and her will is, it should be so returned. *(Throws it on the ground)* If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye. If not, be it his that finds it.

Exit.

VIOLA

I left no ring with her. What means the countess?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
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;
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,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
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?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

Exit.

10

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes,

SIR ANDREW

Nay, my troth I know not, but I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY

A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY

Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Maria, I say, a stoup of wine!

Enter FESTE.

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i'faith.

FESTE

How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

SIR TOBY

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

SIR ANDREW

By my troth I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has.

SIR TOBY

(Gives a coin to Feste) 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

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

FESTE

(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,

Journey's end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

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.

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

SIR TOBY

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

More music and they all sing and dance. Enter MARIA.

11

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY

Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we'. Am not I consanguineous? Tillyvally. Lady! *(Sings)* There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

MARIA

For the love o'God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY

We did keep time, in our catches. Sneek up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that if you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY

Out o'tune, madam, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Go, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

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

Exit.

MARIA

Go shake your ears. Let me alone with Malvolio: if I do not gull her into a nayword and make her a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY

Possess us, possess us, tell us something of her.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes she is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat her like a dog!

MARIA

The best persuaded of herself; it is her grounds of faith that all that look on her love her. And on that vice in her will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in her way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of her hair, the shape of her leg, the expressure of her eye, forehead, and complexion, she shall find herself most feelingly personated. I can write very like Olivia your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make her an ass.

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with her. I will plant you where she shall find the letter. Observe her construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit.

SIR TOBY

She's a beagle, and one that adores me.

SIR ANDREW

I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY

Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW

If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY

Send for money, knight. Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight, come, knight.

Exeunt.

12

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA (disguised as Cesario) and FESTE.

ORSINO

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favour.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

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.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO

(To Feste) O, Feste, come, the song we had last night.–
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.

FESTE

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

I prithee sing.

Music.

FESTE

(Sings) Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
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 strewn.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

ORSINO

There's for thy pains. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.

Exit FESTE.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

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

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. But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know –

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

ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th'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?

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.

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?

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel: say
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

Gives a jewel.

Exeunt.

13

ACT 2 SCENE 5

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY

Come thy ways, Sir Andrew. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep-biter Malvolio come by some notable shame?

SIR ANDREW

An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY

Here comes the little villain.–

MARIA

Get us all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. She has been yonder i'the sun practising behavior to her own shadow this half hour. Observe her, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of her.

SIR ANDREW and SIR TOBY hide.

Lie thou there, *(Puts a letter on the ground)* here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

MARIA hides and enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

To be Countess Malvolio!

SIR TOBY

(Aside) Here's an overweening rogue!

MARIA

(Aside) O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of her. Now she's deeply in: look how imagination blows her.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to Olivia, sitting in my state, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping. And then to have the humour of state, to ask for my kinsman Toby –

SIR TOBY

(Aside) Bolts and shackles!

MARIA

(Aside) Peace

MALVOLIO

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my – some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me – I extend my hand to him thus – Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech' –

SIR TOBY

(Aside) What, what?

MALVOLIO

'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY

(Aside) Out, scab!

MARIA

(Aside) Nay, patience.

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here? *(Picks up 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! 'Tis my lady Olivia. *(Reads)* 'Jove knows I love, but who? Lips, do not move. No man must know. 'No man must know.'

SIR TOBY

(Aside) Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

(Continues to read) 'No man must know.' What follows? The numbers altered! If this should be thee, Malvolio? *(Reads)* 'I may command where I adore, but silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.'

SIR TOBY

(Aside) Excellent, 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. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end – what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly: M.O.A.I. –

SIR ANDREW

(Aside) O, ay, make up that. She is now at a cold scent.

MALVOLIO

M. – Malvolio. M. – Why, that begins my name!

MARIA

(Aside) Did not I say she would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO

M. – But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation: 'A' should follow but 'O' does.

MARIA

(Aside) And 'O' shall end, I hope.

SIR ANDREW

(Aside) Oh...

MALVOLIO

M.O.A.I. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for 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. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would exchange places 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, I will be point-devise the very woman. My lady loves me. I will be in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. I thank my stars, I am happy. Here is yet a postscript: *(Reads)* 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit.

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and MARIA come out of hiding laughing.

SIR TOBY

Maria, I could marry you for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

SIR TOBY

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

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark her first approach before my lady: she will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests. And she 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 her into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY

To the gates of Hell, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

Exeunt.

14

ACT 3 SCENE 1

Enter VIOLA and FESTE, with a tabour.

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. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE

No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

FESTE

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.

FESTE

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?

FESTE

My lady is within, sir.

Exit.

15

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA. SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter and hide unseen by OLIVIA and VIOLA.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.–
Give me your hand, sir.

Exeunt MARIA.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You're servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

VIOLA

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you.
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

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.

Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Stay. 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.

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

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
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.
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.

Exeunt.

16

ACT 3 SCENE 2

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW (coming out of hiding).

SIR ANDREW

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the duke's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw't.

SIR TOBY

She shows favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW

An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate.

SIR TOBY

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it. And assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

SIR ANDREW

Will you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY

Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. Go, about it.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY

I'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW.

I have been dear to him, some two thousand strong, or so. We shall have a rare letter from him.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA

Sir Toby, If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; She's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously. She does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray her: she does smile her face into more lines than is in a new map. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at her. I know my lady will strike her. If she do, she'll smile and take't for a great favour.

17

ACT 3 SCENE 3

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

ANTONIO

Sebastian

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts, which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

Hold, 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.

Gives purse.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

To th'Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exeunt.

18

ACT 3 SCENE 4

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

(Aside) I have sent after him: he says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—

Enter MARIA.

OLIVIA

Where's Malvolio? She is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? Does she rave?

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Go call her hither. I am as mad as she, if sad and merry madness equal be.

Exit MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO, cross-gartered and in yellow stockings.

OLIVIA

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that?

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, Malvolio? What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to her hands, and commands shall be executed.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft? Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness?

MALVOLIO

'Be not afraid of greatness'. 'Twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great' –

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness' –

OLIVIA

What say'st thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

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' –

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

19

Enter MARIA.

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him. Good Maria, let Malvolio be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of her.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.

MALVOLIO

O, ho! Do you come near me now? 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.

Enter TOBY and MARIA.

MARIA

Here she is, here she is. How is't with you, madam?

MALVOLIO

Go off. I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA

Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of her.

SIR TOBY

Peace, peace. We must deal gently with her. How do you, Malvolio? What, woman, defy the devil!

MARIA

Get her to say her prayers, good Sir Toby, get her to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx?

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

You are idle shallow things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Exit.

SIR TOBY

Is't possible?

MARIA

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY

Her very genius hath taken the infection of the device. Come, we'll have her in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that she's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and her penance. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

MARIA

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

(Shows a paper) Here's the challenge, read it. Warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

MARIA

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

SIR TOBY

Give me. *(Reads)* If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st swear horrible. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit.

SIR TOBY

Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding. This letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpole. But I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like basilisks.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

MARIA

Here the youth comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Exit SIR TOBY and MARIA.

20

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too uncharly on't.
Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.
And, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit.

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with FABIAN.

SIR TOBY

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA

You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TOBY

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

SIR TOBY

Sir, no. Back you shall not to the house, therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA

This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY

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

Exit SIR TOBY.

VIOLA

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

FABIAN

I know this 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 Illyria.

VIOLA

I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Re-enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY

Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a firago. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY

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.

SIR TOBY

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. *(Aside)* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *(To Viola)* There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake.

VIOLA

(To Fabian) Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

SIR TOBY

(Back to Sir Andrew) Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you.

Exit SIR TOBY, with FABIAN.

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw. Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO

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

SIR ANDREW

You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO

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

ANTONIO makes one step towards SIR ANDREW and he shrieks and runs away.

VIOLA

You do mistake me, sir.

ANTONIO

No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,
You stand amazed; But be of comfort.

VIOLA

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something.

Offers money.

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
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.

ANTONIO

O heavens themselves!

VIOLA

Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little.
I snatched you sir out of the jaws of death,
Relieved you with such sanctity of love,
And to your image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But, O, how vile an idol proves this god
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called monstrous but the unkind.

ANTONIO leaves, rejected.

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself, so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass, 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.

Exeunt.

21

ACT 4 SCENE 1

SIR TOBY and SEBASTIAN enter separately.

SIR TOBY

Now, Cessario, have I met you again? Sir Andrew protests he will not hurt you. *(Strikes Sebastian)*
There's for you.

SEBASTIAN

(Beats Sir Toby) Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY

Hold, sir. Come on, sir, hold.

SEBASTIAN

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY

Come, sir, I will not let you go.

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee.

They struggle together. Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby. On thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY

Madam!

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight! –
Be not offended, dear Cesario.–
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Exeunt SIR TOBY.

SEBASTIAN

(Aside) 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'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

She kisses him and puts the pearl ring on his finger and exits.

22

ACT 4 SCENE 2

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FESTE and MARIA with MALVOLIO blind folded.

A game of "Blind Man's Buff" begins. The rest tease and provoke MALVOLIO as their revenge.

MALVOLIO

Who calls there? I am not mad I say to you this house is dark.

FESTE

(disguising his voice) I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO

Light, help me to light!

Exit SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, FESTE and MARIA.

MALVOLIO left alone.

Exeunt.

23

ACT 4 SCENE 3

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN

This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; But here she comes.

Holds up a pearl.

Enter OLIVIA and the PRIEST.

OLIVIA

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

SEBASTIAN

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

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt.

24

ACT 5 SCENE 1

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA and, separately, FESTE.

ORSINO

How dost thee my good fellow?

FESTE

Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

ORSINO

Just the contrary, the better for thy friends.

FESTE

No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

Marry, sir, my friends praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself and by my friends I am abused.

ORSINO

Why this is excellent. There's gold. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, it may awake my bounty further.

FESTE

I go, sir. Let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

Exit.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

SIR ANDREW

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

ORSINO

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

H'as 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.

ORSINO

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

Your gentleman, sir, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your fist upon me without cause,
But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY.

SIR ANDREW

Here's Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more.

ORSINO

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

SIR TOBY

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY

Will you help? An ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Exeunt SIR ANDREW and SIR TOBY.

Enter OLIVIA, FESTE and MARIA.

ORSINO

Here comes the countess. Now heaven walks on earth.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Madam?

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia –

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord –

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.

ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfullest offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Kill what I love? – a savage jealousy.
This your minion, whom I know you love,
But whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly.
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.

Starts to leave.

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

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Priest.

Exit MARIA.

ORSINO

(To Viola.)
Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

25

Enter PRIEST with MARIA.

Welcome, Priest! Unfold what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joining of your hands.

ORSINO

(To Viola) O, thou dissembling cub!
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest –

OLIVIA

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

Enter ANTONIO.

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

Antonio! That face of his I do remember well,

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. For his sake
Did I expose myself – pure for his love –
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset,
Where being apprehended, his false cunning –
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

ORSINO

Fellow, your words are madness.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive I hath offended you.

ORSINO

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

SEBASTIAN

(Sees Antonio.) Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?
How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

(Sees Viola.) Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

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,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!'

VIOLA

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.
(To Olivia) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO

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 overwear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

ORSINO

Give me thy hand.

Enter FESTE.

OLIVIA

Maria, fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor woman, she's much distract.
How does she, sirrah?

Exit MARIA.

FESTE

She has writ a letter to you; I should have given't you today morning, but...

OLIVIA

Open't, and read it.

FESTE

(Reading.) 'By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio.'

OLIVIA

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.
(To Viola) Your master quits you.
And for your service done him,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! You are she.

26

Enter MALVOLIO and MARIA.

ORSINO

Is this the mad woman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.–

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

(Hands her the letter) Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played 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.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; Pray, be content.
This practise hath most shrewdly passed upon thee,
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

MARIA

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 her. I did write
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married me.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.'
But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?' And thus the whirligig
of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

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

Exit.

OLIVIA

She hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO

Pursue her and entreat her to a peace.
When that is known and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come –
For so you shall be, while you are a man.
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt all, except FESTE.

FESTE

(Sings) When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Exit.