

Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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Twelfth Night

Story by
William Shakespeare

Edit by
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Twelfth Night was first presented by Seattle Children's Theatre for the Summer Season.

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Twelfth Night

Cast: SCT originally performed the play with 14 actors.

There are eighteen speaking parts, three female and fifteen male.

Olivia, a gentlewoman
Viola, a castaway
Maria, servant to Olivia

Orsino, Duke of Illyria
Sebastian, brother to Viola
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian
Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian
Valentine, a gentleman attending Duke Orsino
Curio, a gentleman attending Duke Orsino
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia
Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor to Olivia
Malvolio, steward to Olivia
Fabian, servant to Olivia
Feste, a clown

Priest
First Officer
Second Officer
Servant

It can be done pretty easily with 11 actors - here is one doubling scheme:

Olivia
Viola
Maria/Servant

Orsino/Officer
Sebastian/Sea-Captain
Valentine/Servant/Fabian
Curio/Officer
Feste
Malvolio
Sir Andrew
Sir Toby

Setting: Illyria

ACT I, SCENE I. Duke Orsino 's palace.

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.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
Ever since pursue me.

Enter Valentine

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
like a cloistress, she will veiled walk 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,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria? My brother, Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN

After our ship did split,
I saw your brother bind himself,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold:
Knowest 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?

CAPTAIN

The Duke Orsino.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

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

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

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For in disguise I'll serve this duke:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her
brother thus?

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights:
your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill
hours. 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 BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

He's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fie, that you'll say so! He hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA

Besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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, wench! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think;. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than an ordinary man has: I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none of the count: I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world;

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Duke Orsino's palace.

Enter Valentine and Viola in man's attire

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.

Enter Duke Orsino

DUKE ORSINO

Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

DUKE 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

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE 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. 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:

Aside

yet, a barful strife!
Whoever I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

*SCENE V. Olivia's house.
Enter Maria and Feste*

MARIA

Tell me where thou hast been, my lady will hang thee for
thy absence.

FESTE

Let her hang me: Many a good hanging prevents a bad
marriage

MARIA

Peace, you rogue, no more of that. Here comes my lady: make
your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit

FESTE

Wit, if it be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Enter Olivia with Malvolio

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FESTE

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

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, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: 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.

Re-enter Maria

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Let him approach.
Give me my veil: come, throw it over my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants

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

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 it: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA

What are you? what would you?

VIOLA

What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt Maria and Attendants

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

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? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is it not well done?

Unveiling

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.
My lord and master loves you:

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:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
A gracious person: but yet 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 suffering, 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 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

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,

VIOLA

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;
soft, soft! 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!

Re-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,

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit

ACT II

SCENE I. The sea-coast.
Enter Antonio and Sebastian

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer? Will I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: I
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: 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 bore a mind that envy
could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with
salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again
with more.

ANTONIO

Let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

Desire it not. Fare ye well at once: I am bound to the
Count Orsino's court: farewell.

Exit

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit

SCENE II. A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir

Exit

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
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;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Exit

SCENE III. Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew

Enter Feste

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool

FESTE

How now, my hearts!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

A song!

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.

FESTE

[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.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, in faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

An you love me, let's do it: Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

FESTE

'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in it to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

FESTE

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, in faith. Come, begin.

Enter Maria

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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

MARIA

For the love of God, peace!

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye 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 BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak 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. she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Shall I bid him go?'

FESTE

'What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out of tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 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

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 gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA

It is grounds of faith in him 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; wherein, by the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye and forehead, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have it 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.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass. O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO'S palace.

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,

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.

DUKE ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit Curio. Music plays

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

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is it?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven, let still the woman take
An elder than herself.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA

And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Feste

DUKE ORSINO

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Music

SONG.

FESTE

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!

DUKE ORSINO

There's for thy pains.

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.

Exit

DUKE ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.
Curio and Attendants retire
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

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 answered?

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; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

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

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

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

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?

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

SCENE V. Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew, and Fabian

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 BELCH

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria

MARIA

Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. Lie thou there,

Throws down a letter

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

Exit

Enter Malvolio

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN

O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him:
how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

FABIAN

O, peace!

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my
state,--

SIR TOBY BELCH

O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown;
having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia
sleeping,--

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?
Taking up the letter

FABIAN

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

O, peace!

MALVOLIO

By my life, this is my lady's hand. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'—her very phrases! 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN

This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

Reads

Jove knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Marry, hang 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.

FABIAN

A fustian riddle!

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.

FABIAN

What dish of poison has she dressed him!

MALVOLIO

'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. what should that alphabetical

position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,--Softly! M, O, A, I,--M,--Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

Did not I say he would work it out?

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. cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow 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, I will be point-devise the very man. My lady loves me. I will be in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. 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, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

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.

FABIAN

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wilt thou set thy foot on my neck?

SIR ANDREW

Or on mine either?

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

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.

Enter Olivia and Viola

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Give me your hand, sir.

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! 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.

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: To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

Very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward-ho! 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.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
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
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.

Exit Olivia and Viola

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's
serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;

FABIAN

She did show 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. This was looked
for at your hand, you must redeem yourself by some
laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW

If it be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I
hate:

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour.
Challenge the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in
eleven places: my niece shall
take note of it.

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;

Exit Sir Andrew

FABIAN

We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together.

FABIAN

His opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria

MARIA

Follow me. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villanously; He does smile; you have not seen such a thing.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have troubled you;

But I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever thanks. oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
What's to do?

ANTONIO

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.

ANTONIO

Pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, against the count's galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I taken here it would scarce be answered.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: there shall you find me.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase;

SEBASTIAN

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

To the Elephant.

ANTONIO

I do remember.

SEBASTIAN

Exeunt