

# PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

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## *Twelfth Night*

by  
**Toby Hulse**

From the Play by  
**William Shakespeare**

*Twelfth Night* was originally produced by Bristol Old Vic, UK, in 2012.

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## **DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

**ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria***

**VIOLA, *later disguised as Cesario***

**SEBASTIAN, *her twin brother***

**OLIVIA, *a countess***

**SIR TOBY BELCH, *Olivia's kinsman***

**SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *Sir Toby's companion***

**MALVOLIO, *Olivia's steward***

**FESTE, *a clown***

**PRIEST**

Originally adapted for Bristol Old Vic Theatre School for a cast of six, doubling as follows:

ACTOR 1	Orsino, Malvolio
ACTOR 2	Viola
ACTOR 3	Sebastian, Sir Andrew Aguecheek
ACTOR 4	Olivia
ACTOR 5	Sir Toby Belch, Priest
ACTOR 6	Feste

*The cast on stage.*

**FESTE** *[To us.] Twelfth Night, by William Shakespeare.*

A tale of the stupid things that people do when they are in love. In love with the wrong person, in love with the right person, in love with themselves, in love with their stomachs...

It begins with a storm at sea, and a pair of twins, Sebastian and Viola, a brother and sister who love each other very much.

*A storm at sea.*

*The ship in which **VIOLA** and **SEBASTIAN** are travelling is split in two, and brother and sister are separated, perhaps for ever.*

***SEBASTIAN** disappears beneath the waves: **VIOLA** is washed on to the unfamiliar shores of Illyria.*

**VIOLA** O, my poor brother!  
Perchance he is not drown'd.

**FESTE** It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

**VIOLA** What country is this?

**FESTE** This is Illyria.

**VIOLA** And what should I do in Illyria?

***FESTE** shrugs.*

Who governs here?

**FESTE** A noble duke, Orsino.

*We are treated to a glimpse of **ORSINO**, sick with love...*

**ORSINO** If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it.

**FESTE** He seeks the love of fair Olivia.

**ORSINO** O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.

**VIOLA** Olivia? What's she?

*... and of **OLIVIA**, deep in self pity.*

**FESTE** A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since,  
For whose dear love  
She hath abjur'd the company  
And sight of men.

**OLIVIA** I will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

**VIOLA** O that I serv'd that lady...

***SIR TOBY** lurches drunkenly across the stage.*

Who's this?

**FESTE** Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.

**SIR TOBY** *[Belches.]* A plague o'these pickle-herring!

***VIOLA** swiftly changes her mind.*

**VIOLA** I think I'll serve the duke.

**FESTE** Good choice.

**VIOLA** Conceal me what I am,  
And present me as a pageboy to him.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit.

***VIOLA** exits with **FESTE** to change into Cesario: **SIR TOBY** remains. He tries in vain to raise a smile from **OLIVIA**.*

**SIR TOBY** *[To us.]* What a plague means my niece to take the death of her father thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

**OLIVIA** You must come in earlier o'nights. I take great exception to your ill hours. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. And who is that foolish knight that you brought here to be my wooer?

**SIR TOBY** Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

**OLIVIA** A very fool and a prodigal. And he's drunk nightly in your company.

**SIR TOBY** With drinking healths to you, my niece! Look, here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek!

**OLIVIA** I'll none of him.

***OLIVIA** exits. **SIR ANDREW** enters.*

**SIR AND.** Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

**SIR TOBY** Sweet Sir Andrew!

**SIR AND.** Shall we set about some revels?

**SIR TOBY** What shall we do else? Let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

***SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** dance off somewhat wildly.*

***FESTE** returns with **VIOLA** dressed as Cesario.*

**FESTE** *[To us.]* I hope you're following it so far. Orsino's in love with Olivia, who isn't interested in him as she lost her dad a while back. Sir Toby is Olivia's uncle, and he's brought Sir Andrew in to woo Olivia. She's not interested in him either. Hardly surprising really when you look at him. And poor Viola has lost her twin brother in a shipwreck, been washed up here in Illyria, and decided to dress up as a man and work for Orsino as his pageboy. It's the sort of thing they do in Shakespeare, don't worry. All clear? Okay then, three days later...

***ORSINO** and **VIOLA**.*

**ORSINO** Cesario –

**FESTE** *[To us.]* She's called herself Cesario, by the way. Or should that be he's called himself Cesario? She's called himself Cesario? Anyway...

**ORSINO** Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.  
I love Olivia.  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,  
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

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

**ORSINO** O then unfold the passion of my love.

**VIOLA** I'll do my best  
To woo your lady: *[As she watches him exit.]* yet, a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

**FESTE** What?

**VIOLA** Myself would be his wife.

**FESTE** I thought that was what you said.

**VIOLA exits.**

*[To us.]* She's only known him three days! And she's in love with him already. And she's pretending to be a man! I told you this was a tale about people being stupid. Let's see what happens when she turns up at Olivia's house...

**OLIVIA enters.**

**FESTE** God bless thee, lady!

**OLIVIA** Take the fool away.

**FESTE** Fool?

**OLIVIA** Take the fool away.

**FESTE** Who are you calling a fool?

**OLIVIA** Take the fool away.

**FESTE** Do you not hear? Take away the lady.

**OLIVIA** Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

**OLIVIA** Can you do it?

**FESTE** Dexteriously, good Madonna. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

**OLIVIA** Good fool, for my father'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 father's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool!

**MALVOLIO** *enters.*

*[To us.]* Oh, here we go. Malvolio, Olivia's steward. Sick with self-love, a time-pleaser and affectioned ass.

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

**FESTE** *[To us.]* What did I tell you?

**MALVOLIO** He has no more brain than a stone. Unless you laugh, he is gagged.

**FESTE** God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity.

**OLIVIA** What is't, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO** Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman who swears he will speak with you.

**FESTE** At last. That'll be 'Cesario', with the message of love from Orsino. She took her time getting here.

**OLIVIA** Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

**MALVOLIO** 'Has been told so: and says he'll stand at your door like a post, 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. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man.

**OLIVIA** Let him approach. Give me my veil. We'll hear once more Orsino's embassy.

**MALVOLIO** brings **VIOLA** in front of **OLIVIA**.

**VIOLA** Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty – I pray you tell me if you be the lady of the house. I would be loath to cast away my speech: I have taken great pains to learn it.

**OLIVIA** Are you a comedian?

**VIOLA** No: and yet, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

**OLIVIA** I am.

**VIOLA** I will on. 'Tis poetical...

**MALVOLIO** Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

**VIOLA** No, good swabber.

**OLIVIA** Give us this place alone.

**MALVOLIO** exits.

Now sir, what is your text?

**VIOLA** In Orsino's bosom.

**OLIVIA** I have read it: it is heresy. 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. *[Unveiling.]* Is't not well done?

**VIOLA** Excellently done, if God did all.

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

**VIOLA** 'Tis nature truly blent.  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.  
My lord and master loves you.

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

**OLIVIA** Why, what would you do?

**VIOLA** Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal canons 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.

***VIOLA** exits.*

**OLIVIA** 'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art.  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

**FESTE** [To us.] What!? She's in love with him – I mean, her – I mean, him – her –  
whatever. This is going to get complicated...

**OLIVIA** Malvolio!

***MALVOLIO** enters. **OLIVIA** whispers in his ear, gives him one of her  
rings and points after the rapidly departing **VIOLA**.*

***MALVOLIO** catches up with **VIOLA**.*

**MALVOLIO** Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

**VIOLA** Even now, sir.

**MALVOLIO** She returns this ring to you, sir.

*VIOLA looks at it in utter confusion. With a shrug MALVOLIO drops it on the ground.*

If it be worth stooping for, there it lies: if not, be it his that finds it.

*MALVOLIO exits.*

**VIOLA** I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She loves me, sure.  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
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.  
O time, thou must untangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

*VIOLA picks up the ring and exits shaking her head.*

**FESTE** [To us.] Meanwhile, later that night, back at Olivia's...

*SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter, roaring drunk.*

**SIR TOBY** Approach, Sir Andrew.

**SIR AND.** The fool, i'faith!

**FESTE** How now, my hearts!

**SIR TOBY** Welcome, ass. Now a song. Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch?  
Shall we make the welkin dance indeed?

**SIR AND.** Let our catch be 'Thou knave.' It begins 'Hold thy peace.'

**FESTE** 'Hold thy peace'?

**SIR AND.** 'Hold thy peace.' Begin.

*FESTE does not begin.*

What? Begin, fool; it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*FESTE does not begin.*

Begin, fool; it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

*FESTE does not begin.*

What? Fool, begin; it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

**FESTE** I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Silence. The penny drops.*

**SIR AND.** Good, i'faith! Thou shalt never begin if thou hold'st thy peace. Good, excellent good.

*They sing.*

**FESTE** What a caterwauling do we keep here!

*MALVOLIO enters.*

**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?

**SIR TOBY** Sneck up!

**MALVOLIO** Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

**SIR TOBY** Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

**MALVOLIO** She shall know of it, by this hand.

*MALVOLIO exits.*

**SIR TOBY** Go shake your ears!

**FESTE** Go rub your chain with crumbs!

**SIR AND.** Go... go... go... just go.

**FESTE** He's gone.

**SIR TOBY** Niggardly rascally sheep-biter!

*The three sit and seethe.*

**FESTE** He needs to be taught a lesson. We'll trick him. If I cannot trick him, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

**SIR TOBY** What wilt thou do?

**FESTE** I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love.

**SIR AND.** Epistles?

**FESTE** Letters. I can write very like Olivia, your niece...

**SIR TOBY** Excellent, I smell a device.

**SIR AND.** I have it in my nose too.

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

**FESTE** My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

**SIR TOBY** Good night.

***SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** begin to exit.*

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

**SIR AND.** If I cannot marry your niece, I am a foul way out.

**SIR TOBY** Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'th'end, call me cut. Come, knight, come, knight.

*They exit.*

**FESTE** [*To us.*] Oh, there's nothing I like better than a good plot... We'll teach that stuck-up Malvolio a thing or two. Now, I wonder how Viola's getting on?

***ORSINO** and **VIOLA**.*

**ORSINO** Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.  
Tell her my love.

**VIOLA** But if she cannot love you, sir?

**ORSINO** I cannot be so answer'd.

**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...

**ORSINO** 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 cannot answer.*

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd 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** Of my complexion?  
She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

**VIOLA** About your years, my lord.

**ORSINO** Too old, by heaven!

**VIOLA** No!

**ORSINO** What say'st thou?

*VIOLA collects herself.*

**VIOLA** My father had a daughter lov'd 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 pin'd in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was this not love indeed?

**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.

***VIOLA** exits towards **OLIVIA**'s, **ORSINO** staring after her, puzzling over her last statement.*

***SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** enter to **FESTE**.*

**SIR TOBY** We will fool Malvolio black and blue – shall we not, Sir Andrew?

**SIR AND.** And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

**SIR TOBY** [*To **FESTE**.*] How now?

**FESTE** I have the letter here. Malvolio's coming down this walk. Get ye both into the box tree. [*As **SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** hide, **FESTE** prepares the letter.*] Lie thou there: for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

***FESTE** suddenly sees that the actor playing **ORSINO**, who doubles as **MALVOLIO**, is still on stage, staring after **VIOLA**. He gestures frantically at him.*

**ACTOR 1** What?

**FESTE** Malvolio's coming down this walk.

**ACTOR 1** Oh. Okay.

**FESTE** *Malvolio's coming down this walk.*

**ACTOR 1** Right.

*A sudden realisation.*

Oh, blimey. Hang on a second.

**ACTOR 1** *races off to change.*

**FESTE** Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

**FESTE** *hides as MALVOLIO enters.*

**MALVOLIO** 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Olivia uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her, and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion.

**SIR TOBY** Here's an overweening rogue!

**FESTE** Peace, I say!

**MALVOLIO** To be Count Malvolio!

**SIR AND.** Pistol him, pistol him!

**FESTE** Peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO** Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, to ask for my kinsman Toby –

**SIR TOBY** Bolts and shackles!

**FESTE** O peace, peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO** Toby approaches; curtsies there to me –

**SIR TOBY** Shall this fellow live?

**FESTE** Yet peace!

**MALVOLIO** 'Cousin Toby, you must amend your drunkenness' –

**SIR TOBY** Out, scab!

**MALVOLIO** 'Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight' –

**SIR AND.** That's me, I warrant you.

**MALVOLIO** 'One Sir Andrew.'

**SIR AND.** I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

**FESTE** Peace. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*MALVOLIO sees the letter.*

**MALVOLIO** What employment have we here?

*He picks up the letter.*

By my life, this is my lady's hand!

*He reads the envelope.*

'To the unknown beloved.'

To whom should this be?

*He opens the letter and reads.*

'Jove knows I love,  
But who?  
Lips, do not move,  
No man must know.  
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.'

M.O.A.I... 'M' – Malvolio! Why, that begins my name! M.O.A.I. – every one of these letters are in my name.

*He reads again.*

'If this should 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. Thy fates open their hands. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so. If not let me see thee a steward still.'

This is open. My lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered. I thank my stars, I am happy.

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well.'

Jove, I thank thee, I will smile, I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

**MALVOLIO** *exits.*

*The others burst out of their hiding place, roaring with laughter.*

**SIR TOBY** Thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

**FESTE** If you will see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach to our lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests, and he will smile upon her, which is so unsuitable to her melancholy. Follow me!

**SIR TOBY** To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

**SIR AND.** I'll make one too.

*They go to exit, still laughing.*

**OLIVIA** and **VIOLA** *enter.*

**FESTE** *[To us.]* Poor Viola – still desperately trying to woo Olivia on Orsino's behalf, however much she's in love with him herself. I wonder what Sir Andrew is going to make of this. He thinks he's going to marry Olivia, after all.

**FESTE**, **SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW** *watch the following from a distance.*

**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?  
Y'are servant to Count Orsino, youth.

**VIOLA** And he is yours, and –

**OLIVIA** I bade you never speak again of him;  
But would rather you undertake another suit...

***OLIVIA** comes uncomfortably close to **VIOLA**.*

**VIOLA** Dear lady –

**OLIVIA** Give me leave, I beseech you.

**VIOLA** You'll nothing, madam, to my lord, by me?

**OLIVIA** Stay!  
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and everything,  
I love thee so!

**VIOLA** Adieu, good madam; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

***VIOLA** makes good her escape.*

**OLIVIA** Yet come again!

*But she is gone. **OLIVIA** exits, distressed.*

**SIR AND.** I'll not stay a jot longer. I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me!

**SIR TOBY** Why then, challenge the Count's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it.

**SIR AND.** Why, yes! There is no way but this!

*They exit plotting.*

**FESTE** [To us.] So, Sir Andrew is going to challenge Cesario to a duel over the fair Olivia. I think they're both in for a bit of a shock. Cesario's hardly the man he makes himself out to be, and as for Sir Andrew, if you open him up and find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'anatomy.

**SEBASTIAN** enters.

Hello, who's this?

**SEBASTIAN** My name is Sebastian.  
O, my poor sister!  
Perchance she is not drown'd.

**FESTE** Hang on a second...

**SEBASTIAN** What country is this?

**FESTE** This is Illyria.

**SEBASTIAN** And what should I do in Illyria?

**FESTE** Well...

**SEBASTIAN** Who governs here?

**FESTE** A noble duke, Orsino. Look, I think we've been through some of this before. Did anyone tell you that you look a bit like...

**SEBASTIAN** My sister Viola: we were both born in an hour, and it was said she much resembled me.

**FESTE** Eh?

**SEBASTIAN** We are twins.

**FESTE** Really?

**SEBASTIAN** Identical twins

**FESTE** Of course. The resemblance is astonishing.

**SEBASTIAN** We've got the same costume.

**FESTE** Yes, you have.

**SEBASTIAN** Well then... Alas the day! she is drowned.

**FESTE** There's something that I think you ought to know –

**SEBASTIAN** Forgive me your trouble. I am bound to the Count Orsino's: farewell.

*And with that he is off.*

**FESTE**     *[To us.]* I think things are about to get a whole lot more complicated...