



Sample Pages from Twelfth Night, or What You Will

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TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

A PLAY IN ONE ACT ADAPTED BY
John Minigan

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY
William Shakespeare



Twelfth Night, or What You Will

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Printed in the USA

Characters

MALE

ORSINO: Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN: A young man from Messaline. Viola's twin brother.

SIR TOBY BELCH: Olivia's uncle. He loves parties and is often drunk.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK: Sir Toby's friend. A knight. He is not very bright and not as appreciated by Sir Toby as he thinks he is.

MALVOLIO: Olivia's overly stern butler. He is secretly in love with Olivia.

***PRIEST**

FEMALE

VIOLA: A young woman from Messaline. Sebastian's twin sister. Later disguised as Cesario, a boy. Pronounced VY-oh-lah.

OLIVIA: A Countess. As the play begins, she is in mourning for the death of her brother.

MARIA: Olivia's chambermaid, secretly attracted to Sir Toby. Pronounced Ma-RY-ah.

EITHER MALE OR FEMALE

FESTE: An entertainer. The fool.

FABIAN: Servant to Olivia. Friend of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

ANTONIO/ANTONIA: A pirate-like sailor. Friend of Sebastian.

***CAPTAIN:** The Captain of the ship Viola and Sebastian were on.

***VALENTINE/VALENTINA:** Servant to Duke Orsino.

***CURIO/CURIA:** Servant to Duke Orsino.

***OFFICERS, SAILORS, MUSICIANS, ATTENDANTS**

* Much doubling of roles is possible. As few as two actors can play the Officers, Sea Captain, Priest, Attendants and Musicians. It is also possible to combine the roles of Valentine and Curio into one servant. Cast size can therefore range from 13 to 20 speaking parts or more.

Music Notes

There are several songs throughout the script. Feel free to make up your own music to fit the mood and tone of your production. Alternatively, sheet music has been posted at:

<http://songs.theatrefolk.com>

How to Shorten to 45 Minutes

This adaptation offers two lengths: One hour and 45 minutes. If you want to do the hour version, you leave the text as it is. If you want the 45 minute version, the cuts are highlighted by wavy lines under the text. All you have to do is cross out the marked text like so:

Before

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: Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. That drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it; and of a foolish knight that you brought in to be her wooer.

After

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: Sir Toby, ~~you must come in earlier a' nights:~~ your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. ~~That drinking will undo you:~~ I heard my lady talk of it; and of a foolish knight that you brought in to be her wooer.

*Scene 1. Illyria. The DUKE's palace.**Enter DUKE, CURIO, MUSICIANS.*

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 odor! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she **purged** the air of **pestilence!**

Enter VALENTINE.

What news from her?

VALENTINE: I from her handmaid do return this answer:
The **element** itself, **till seven years' heat**,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
All this to season a brother's dead love.

ORSINO: Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when **canopied** with
bowers.

*They exit.**SCENE 2. 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 he is in **Elysium**.
Perchance he is not drowned: what think you?

CAPTAIN: Madam: to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, I saw your brother,
Bind himself to a strong mast.
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

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

CAPTAIN: Ay, madam, well.

Twelfth Night is set in Illyria, a magical sounding place on the Adriatic. The title refers to the last night of the Christmas revels—a night when anything might happen. As the play begins, the Duke is thinking of Olivia, a countess, and wishing they could be together. Shakespeare also, in just the first line, indicates four important motifs in the play: music, food or appetite, love and play.

What is the mood of this opening? Music is playing, but what type of music sets the tone? Is Orsino really in love or just infatuated? How does music "feed" his love?

surfeiting: being over-filled

strain: phrase of music

'Tis: it is

purged: removed impurities

pestilence: disease, plague

Valentine returns from trying to deliver a love poem from Orsino to Olivia. He tells Orsino that Olivia will mourn for her dead brother and hide her face for seven years.

element: air (four elements, air, water, earth and fire, were believed to make up all matter)

till ... heat: until seven years have passed

canopied: roofed in

Viola arrives on shore after her ship has wrecked at sea. She believes her twin brother Sebastian died in the shipwreck. The Captain comforts her.

Elysium: Heaven

Perchance: possibly

hold ... waves: remain floating on the waves

Viola gives the Captain money for suggesting her brother might still be alive. Does she believe his story?

'twas fresh in murmur: it was recently rumored

What is it like for Olivia, in mourning, to know that everyone is talking about Orsino's pursuit of her?

abjured: sworn to avoid

compass: attain

such disguise as haply... intent: a disguise that will help me get me what I want

eunuch: castrated male singer

Although Viola says she will pretend to be a eunuch, a singer, no mention is made of this later; she appears in disguise as a boy, dressed in the manner of her brother Sebastian. She undoubtedly feels she will attract less unwanted attention as a boy in unfamiliar territory than she would as a girl.

Sir Toby and Maria have a complicated relationship. Although she is of a lower social class, she looks out for him and seems to love him. Sir Toby is probably drunk in this scene, though not as drunk as he will be in later scenes.

plague: curse

to your ill hours: to your late nights

Maria sets us up to expect Sir Andrew to be a fool. Why has Sir Toby brought a "foolish knight" to woo Olivia? What does Toby hope to gain?

Aguecheek: an "ague" is a sickness with fever and chills—a hint at Aguecheek's less-than-robust character

Castiliano vulgo: Sir Toby, drunken, invents a nonsense phrase probably meant to signal to Maria to be quiet so that Sir Andrew does not overhear their actual conversation

VIOLA: Who governs here?

CAPTAIN: A noble duke. Orsino.

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

CAPTAIN: And so is now. A month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur
That 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**.

VIOLA: Captain, conceal 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 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.

They exit.

SCENE 3. Olivia's house.

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: Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a' nights: your cousin, my
lady, takes great exceptions **to your ill hours**. That drinking
will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it; and of a foolish knight
that you brought in to be her wooer.

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

MARIA: He's a very fool. Moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY: With drinking healths to my niece. **Castiliano vulgo!** For here
comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR ANDREW: How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY: Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW: Bless you, fair shrew.

SIR TOBY: Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW: What's that?

SIR TOBY: My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW: Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA: My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW: Good Mistress Mary Accost...

SIR TOBY: You mistake, knight; "accost" is board her, woo her.

SIR ANDREW: Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA: Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit MARIA.

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

SIR ANDREW: I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. Sir Toby, your niece will none of me: the count himself woos her.

SIR TOBY: She'll none o' the count: I have heard her swear it.
There's life in it, man.

SIR ANDREW: I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY: Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW: And I think I have the back-trick as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY: Wherefore are these things hid? Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

They exit.

SCENE 4. The DUKE's palace.

Enter ORSINO, and VIOLA in man's attire.

ORSINO: Cesario?

VIOLA: My lord.

ORSINO: Cesario, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
Till thou have audience.

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

ORSINO: O, then unfold the passion of my love,

shrew: mildly derogatory term for a woman—Sir Andrew oddly pairs it with "fair."

Accost: speak to her. Sir Toby suggests that Sir Andrew flirt with Maria, but Sir Andrew thinks the word is Maria's last name.

Why does Sir Toby want Sir Andrew to flirt with Maria? Sir Toby knows, based on what he says later, that Maria loves him. Does he think Sir Andrew will be successful or does he know it will be funny to see Sir Andrew try and fail?

Does Maria enjoy her "put down" of Sir Andrew? Does she enjoy letting Sir Toby see that she can have the upper hand with Sir Andrew? Does it impress Sir Toby?

put down: defeated

your ... me: Olivia is not interested in me

count: Duke Orsino

o': of

There's life in it: you still have a chance with her

masques and revels: dances and parties

kickshawses: dancing steps

back-trick: another dance step *Sir Andrew here should attempt a "backwards" dance step. Although he claims he is a good dancer, it should be comically clear that he is not.*

Wherefore: why **caper:** dance

When Viola appears now, she is disguised, as she planned, as a "eunuch." She adopts the dress and physical habits of her brother, Sebastian. She has chosen the name Cesario as her "male" identity.

address thy gait unto her: walk to Olivia's

attend it better...grave aspect: pay more attention to it coming from someone young and lively, rather than from an older, more serious messenger—this may be an insult to Valentine, who was unsuccessful in the first scene

belie: prove to be untrue

Diana: the beautiful goddess of chastity

pipe: voice, throat

All is semblative: everything about you resembles

Orsino's language shows he finds Cesario attractive and feminine. Is he beginning to fall in love with Viola?

barful strife: problem full of obstacles (bars)

Viola must now, in a man's disguise, take Orsino's love poem to Olivia, but she herself has fallen in love with him and can't reveal that she's female.

Feste is a fool—an entertainer—associated with Olivia's household, but Orsino also knows him. The fool is often the only character who can get away with telling people unpleasant truths about themselves.

well hanged: dead because of hanging, but also a bawdy joke

fear no colours: fear no foreign flag in war—also a pun on “collars” or nooses

Feste seems to know that Sir Toby, if he sobered up, would realize what a great catch Maria is, but Maria doesn't want to talk about it. Is Feste teasing? Trying to convince Maria?

Olivia, like Viola, is mourning the death of her brother when we first see her. Malvolio, her butler, seems to encourage her solemn mood. What will her first entrance be like? How should her mourning be apparent?

Although Olivia seems to mourn, she also joins in Feste's wordplay quickly. Is she truly solemn?

Misprision: false accusation

Feste jokes harshly to Olivia. Is it a big risk? What might happen to him if he truly offends Olivia? Is he convinced he will be able to get her to improve her mood?

Note that Olivia structures her sentences the same way the fool does, a sign that she enjoys the wordplay.

She will **attend it better in thy youth**
Than in a nuncio's 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,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
Prosper well in this.

VIOLA: I'll do my best
To woo your lady: (*aside*) yet, a **barful strife!**
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

They exit.

SCENE 5. 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: he that is **well hanged** in this world needs to **fear no colours**. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA: Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely.

Exit MARIA. Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

FESTE: God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA: Take the fool away.

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

OLIVIA: Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

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, gentleman.

OLIVIA: What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

MALVOLIO: I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a rascal. Unless you laugh and **minister occasion** to him, he is gagged.

OLIVIA: O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio. **There is no slander in an allowed fool.**

Re-enter MARIA.

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

OLIVIA: From the Count Orsino. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA: Sir Toby.

OLIVIA: Fetch him off. He speaks nothing but madman.

Exit MARIA.

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a **suit** from the count, dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO. Enter SIR TOBY.

OLIVIA: By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY: 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!

OLIVIA: Cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY: **Lechery! I defy lechery.** There's one at the gate.

Exit SIR TOBY.

OLIVIA: Fool, go look after him.

FESTE: The fool shall look to the madman.

Exit FESTE. Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: Madam, yond 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?

OLIVIA: Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO: Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit MALVOLIO. Re-enter MARIA.

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

Enter VIOLA.

VIOLA: The lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA: Speak to me; I shall answer for her.

VIOLA: "Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty..." I pray you, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that

minister occasion: do as he wishes

There is no slander in an allowed fool: Because of his accepted position as fool, any slanderous statements Feste makes can be forgiven.

speaks nothing but madman: speaks like an insane person
If playing the 45 minute version, Maria stays on stage here and therefore will not "re-enter" later.

suit: request

cousin: a general term for any relative

The "pickle-herring" comment is because, true to his name, Sir Toby belches in the middle of the line.

lethargy: usually slowness caused by exhaustion, but, here by Sir Toby's drunkenness

Lechery: Sir Toby is too drunk to hear clearly. Lechery is sexual impropriety.

I defy lechery: I deny the charge of being lecherous.

Malvolio has been unable to get rid of Cesario at Olivia's gate. His report to Olivia seems to get her interested in the visitor.

Olivia has Maria and any other female attendants veil themselves to confuse Viola/Cesario, who has proven difficult to get rid of at the gate.

How does Viola, who has gotten past Malvolio, react to the veiled women?

How "male" does she try to appear in delivering Orsino's message?

Viola begins the love poem Orsino has asked Cesario to deliver, but stops until the "lady of the house" reveals herself.

comedian: actor

Viola is sure enough in her disguise that she can hint that she is something other than the role that she plays.

saucy: rude

entertainment: reception

divinity: holiness **profanation:** sacrilege

Olivia finally lifts her veil. When Viola sees Olivia's face, her speech moves from prose to verse (poetry), indicating that the sight of Olivia's beauty creates a strong emotional reaction. Is she worried by the beauty of her rival for Orsino?

Does she see Olivia's sorrow?

is't: is it

if God did all: if it isn't just make-up

in grain: permanent

you are ... no copy: it would be cruel of you to die without having children as beautiful as you

Olivia now begins speaking in verse. Is she angry at Cesario? Captivated? Playful?

Viola says that, if she loved Olivia the way Orsino does, she would make a cabin of willows (associated with sorrow and lost love) at Olivia's gate and call for "Olivia," her soul.

cantons: songs **contemned:** condemned

Hallow: holler, yell **reverberate:** echoing

parentage: family status

I may proceed in my speech.

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. I heard you were **saucy** at my gates. What are you? What would you?

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

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

MARIA and ATTENDANTS exit.

VIOLA: Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA: Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, **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.
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; my beauty shall be inventoried, and every particle labeled.

VIOLA: I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, my lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA: Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

VIOLA: If I did love you in my master's flame,
In your denial I would find no sense.

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;
Hallow your name to the **reverberate** hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!"

OLIVIA: You might do much.
What is your **parentage**?

VIOLA: 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. Spend this for me.
- VIOLA: I am no **fee'd post**, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks **recompense**.
Farewell, fair cruelty.
Exit VOILA.
- OLIVIA: **Methinks** I feel this youth's perfections
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 messenger. He left this ring behind him. Tell him
I'll none of it. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons **for't**.
- MALVOLIO: Madam, I will.
Exit MALVOLIO.
- OLIVIA: I do I know not what.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not **owe**;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
Exit OLIVIA.
SCENE 6. The sea-coast.
Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.
- ANTONIO: Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?
- SEBASTIAN: No. My stars shine darkly over me: therefore I shall crave your
leave that I may bear my evils alone. You must know of me,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My
father left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour:
but some hour before you took me from 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: If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.
- SEBASTIAN: Desire it not. Fare ye well at once. I am bound to the Duke
Orsino's court: farewell.

Moved by Viola's poetic description, Olivia wants to know more about her "male" visitor.

Olivia gives Cesario money for delivering the letter, but Viola objects. She is loyal to Orsino, not an independent messenger—and she will not take a tip when Olivia returns nothing to Orsino.

fee'd post: messenger who accepts tips on delivery
recompense: payment for what has been delivered

Methinks: I think

What does Olivia's quick transformation tell us about her? Is her "let it be" statement at odds with the impression she has given before?

Olivia sends Malvolio to give a ring "back" to Cesario, though Cesario gave her none. It is a way to make Cesario's return to her more likely.

for't: for it

How does Malvolio feel about this mission?

Olivia's final speech gives control of her life up to the forces of Fate.

owe: own

Antonio rescued Sebastian from the wreck of his ship, but Sebastian feels it is time to leave his friend. Suspicious of Antonio, Sebastian had told him his name was Roderigo. Now, he tells the truth, and tells Antonio that he feels his twin sister has drowned.

Sebastian is dressed like Cesario, and it should be difficult to tell the two apart. The audience should immediately sense the mistaken identity confusion to follow.

Alas: an expression of sorrow

What are Antonio's feelings for Sebastian? He is a brave and possibly dangerous sailor—regarded as a pirate by Orsino's men—yet he has strong affection for and a desire to protect Sebastian. How does Sebastian feel about Antonio, the man who saved his life?

Shakespeare gives several indications of tension between Antonio and Orsino's men, but the director and actors will have to determine the specific background and reasons for the tension.

Viola is quick-witted enough to let Malvolio deliver his message and "return" the ring and then try to figure out what has happened.

In some productions, Malvolio sees Sebastian exit one side of the stage as "Cesario" enters on the other side and is briefly confused by the "doubles." Such a comic moment can foreshadow the plot elements to come.

Is Viola a good liar here? How does she feel about Malvolio?

Malvolio drops or throws the ring to the ground.

Fortune ... charmed her: I hope she didn't fall in love with my appearance

cunning ... messenger: clever Olivia's love for me led her to send Malvolio after me

Viola feels bad both for herself (because her male disguise makes romance with Orsino impossible) and for Olivia (who has fallen in love with Cesario, who isn't real). Viola decides that she is not able to figure this out, so she hopes time will solve the problems.

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew arrive home drunk after a night of carousing. The atmosphere of this scene should be celebratory, even wild at times, until Maria's warnings and Malvolio's entrance.

a-bed: in bed

betimes: early

as an unfilled can: as much as I hate an empty tankard

so that ... betimes: going to bed early in the morning is going to bed early

Exit SEBASTIAN.

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 ANTONIO.

SCENE 7. 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. She adds, moreover, that you never come again, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

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

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

Exit MALVOLIO.

VIOLA: I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
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 to untie!

Exit VIOLA.

SCENE 8. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY: Sir Andrew: not to be **a-bed** after midnight is to be up **betimes**.

SIR ANDREW: Nay, 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**.

Enter FESTE.

SIR ANDREW: Here comes the fool.

FESTE: How now, my hearts!

SIR TOBY: Welcome, ass. Shall we **rouse** the night-owl in a **catch**?

SIR ANDREW: Begin, fool: it begins "**Hold thy peace.**"

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

SIR ANDREW: Good, i' faith. Come, begin.
They sing a round. Enter MARIA.

MARIA: What a **caterwauling**! If my lady have not called Malvolio, never trust me.

SIR TOBY: Am not I **consanguineous**? Am I not of her blood? **Tillyvally**. Lady!
SIR TOBY sings.
"There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

FESTE: The knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW: Ay, he does well enough, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY: *(singing)* "On the twelfth day of December..."

MARIA: For the love o' God, peace!
Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY: We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, my lady bade me tell you, if you can separate yourself and your **misdemeanours**, you are welcome to the house; if not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY: *(singing)* "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MARIA: Nay, good Sir Toby.

FESTE: *(joining SIR TOBY's song)* "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

SIR TOBY: "But I will never die."

FESTE: Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO: *(to MARIA)* This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY: *(to MALVOLIO)* Art any more than a **steward**? Go, sir, rub your **chain** with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO: Mistress Mary, if you **prized my lady's favour**, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it.
Exit MALVOLIO.

rouse: awaken, excite **catch**: a type of song

Hold thy peace: keep quiet

Feste jokes on the meaning of the phrase.

i': in

Here is a chance for the performers to create a "round" beginning with "Hold thy peace," as Shakespeare has not provided full lyrics.

caterwauling: howling noise

consanguineous: related by blood

Tillyvally: nonsense

o': of

Malvolio's stern presence is a chance for humor. And, since it is the middle of the night, his costume—nightgown? robe?—might also be a source of amusement.

Malvolio refers to the "time" of night, but Sir Toby puns on "keep time" meaning stay in rhythm, musically.

misdemeanours: minor crimes

Sir Toby should enjoy taunting the humorless Malvolio. How do the others react?

Maria begins here by cautioning Sir Toby to be careful, since Malvolio, if he reports to Olivia, could get Sir Toby in trouble, but Sir Toby continues to taunt Malvolio.

This ... you: Malvolio speaks sarcastically, giving Maria credit for the bad behavior of the men

steward: butler (and therefore below Sir Toby's class)

chain: a sign of the steward's position

if you ... favour: if you appreciated Olivia's kind treatment of you

Up to this warning from Malvolio, Maria has been protecting Sir Toby, but now, she turns against Malvolio. Is she insulted? Is it her love of Sir Toby?

Go ... ears: insult. As if Malvolio were an ass with long ears.

let me alone with him: let me take care of him

common recreation: laughingstock **wit:** brains

Possess us: explain what you mean

obscure epistles: vague notes or letters

'twill: it will

This is the first indication that Sir Toby knows how Maria feels. How does he feel about her? Has the trick she plans to set up had an effect on his feelings?

burn some sack: heat up some wine—it was common to heat wine and add sugar for drinking

Viola knows that Olivia loves her (as Cesario) and will never love the Duke. What is it like for her to watch the Duke listening to such sad music when she herself feels little hope of having his love, since she is disguised?

antique: in the manner of ancient times

masterly: like one who knows about love

stayed: looked for a while **favour:** face

MARIA: *(to MALVOLIO)* **Go shake your ears.** Sweet Sir Toby, be patient. For Monsieur Malvolio, **let me alone with him:** if I do not make him a **common recreation**, do not think I have **wit** enough to lie straight in my bed.

SIR TOBY: **Possess us.**

MARIA: It is his faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find cause to work.

SIR TOBY: What wilt thou do?

MARIA: I will drop in his way some **obscure epistles** of love. I can write very like my lady your niece.

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.

SIR ANDREW: O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA: For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit MARIA.

SIR ANDREW: Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY: She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.

SIR ANDREW: I was adored once too.

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

They exit.

SCENE 9. The DUKE's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and ATTENDANTS.

ORSINO: Give me some music. Now, that piece of song,
That old and **antique** song we heard last night.

CURIO: He is not here that should sing it.

ORSINO: Who was it?

CURIO: Feste, the jester, my lord.

ORSINO: Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays.

How dost thou like this tune?

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

ORSINO: Thou dost speak **masterly**: thine eye
Hath **stayed** upon some **favour** that it loves:
Hath it not, boy? 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: let the woman take
An elder than herself: so **wears she to him**,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our **fancies** are more **giddy** and unfirm,
Than women's are.

Re-enter CURIO with FESTE.

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

Mark it, Cesario.

FESTE: Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO: Ay; prithee, sing.

Music.

FESTE: (singing) 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.

ORSINO: There's for thy pains.

FESTE: No pains; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Now, the melancholy god protect thee. Farewell.

Exit FESTE.

ORSINO: Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same **sovereign cruelty**.

VIOLA: But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO: I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA: Say that some lady,
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; they lack **retention**.

VIOLA: Ay, but I know
Too well what love women to men may owe:
My father had a daughter loved a man,

Viola is pretty direct about her love for Orsino. Does he have any idea by the end of the scene? He has already praised Cesario's "womanly" appearance and voice.

wears she to him: she comes to fit him (like clothing)

fancies: desires **giddy:** unsteady

Mark it: pay attention to it

Feste sings the song of a man who died of unrequited love.

cypress: wood used in coffins

yew: a type of tree common in graveyards

There's for thy pains: here is money for your efforts

melancholy: sad, depressed

sovereign cruelty: the cruel Countess Olivia (but also meaning "The Queen of Cruelty")

bide: stand

retention: thee ability to hold or keep (their passion, in this case)

Again, Viola hints repeatedly, describing her feelings for Orsino, declaring that her “woman’s” love is as true and powerful as his.

I am ... too: a riddle in which Viola claims she is a woman, but also a hint of her sorrow that Sebastian is believed dead

I know not: she doesn’t know how bad the result of her unrequited love will be

theme: idea, point

give no place: give up no ground

bide no deny: stand no denial

How much of “Cesario’s” hinting does Orsino understand? This scene can have great tension, as both characters fall deep into torment and confusion about their love.

The tricking of Malvolio, with Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and their friend Fabian hiding and watching gives lots of opportunity for physical and visual comedy.

sheep-biter: a sneak (he is referring to Malvolio)

exult: celebrate

metal of India: gold, hence precious—a sign of Sir Toby’s affection for Maria

contemplative: thoughtful, but also practicing contemplation as a spiritual exercise—a joke about Malvolio’s supposed religious morality

Although Malvolio cannot, the audience must be able to see and hear Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian as they eavesdrop on Malvolio. Where are they hiding on stage? Are they always visible or do they pop into view when they speak?

fortune: chance; luck

she ... me: Olivia had affection for me

overweening: arrogant

Malvolio is already fantasizing that Olivia loves him, and he will therefore be a Count, much to the anger of his three observers.

Malvolio cites an example of a “lady” marrying a “yeoman,” beneath her class.

Jezebel: cruel wife of King Ahab in the bible (Sir Andrew’s use of the term is nonsense)

employment: business

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.
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this 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, that’s the **theme.**
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can **give no place, bide no deny.**

They exit.

SCENE 10. OLIVIA’S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY: Come thy ways, Signior Fabian. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally **sheep-biter** come by some notable shame?

FABIAN: I would **exult**, man.

SIR TOBY: We will fool him black and blue. Here comes the little villain.
Enter MARIA.

How now, my **metal of India!**

MARIA: Malvolio’s coming down this walk: observe him, for I know this letter will make a **contemplative** idiot of him. Lie thou there.

MARIA puts down the letter and exits. SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN hide. Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO: ‘Tis but **fortune**; all is fortune. Maria once told me **she did affect me.**

SIR TOBY: Here’s an **overweening** rogue!

MALVOLIO: To be Count Malvolio!

SIR ANDREW: Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY: Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO: There is example for’t; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW: Fie on him, **Jezebel!**

MALVOLIO: What **employment** have we here?

MALVOLIO picks up the letter.

By my life, this is my lady's **hand**.

He reads.

"To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:"
To whom should this be?

FABIAN: This wins him, **liver** and all.

MALVOLIO: (*reading*) "Jove knows I love: But who?
No man must know."
If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY: **Marry**, hang thee!

MALVOLIO: (*reading*) "I may command where I adore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

FABIAN: A **fustian** riddle!

MALVOLIO: Nay, but let me see. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: there is no obstruction in this: and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? "M, O, A, I..." M—Malvolio; why, that begins my name.

FABIAN: Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO: M, O, A, I; 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.

"In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. **Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants**; she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy **yellow stockings**, and wished to see thee ever **cross-gartered**: I say, remember. Thou art **made**, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still. Farewell. She that would **alter services** with thee. THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

This is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will be point-devise the very man. For my lady loves me. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Here is yet a postscript.

Continuing to read.

"Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence smile." Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

Exit MALVOLIO.

hand: handwriting (as Maria said, she can forge Olivia's handwriting)

liver: it was believed that love resided in the liver

Marry: a mild oath or curse (from "By Mary")

Maria's "M, O, A, I" hints at the name Malvolio, but is not conclusive.

fustian: extremely complex

crush: manipulate (the letters of the riddle), although, in some productions, Malvolio folds the letter to try to move the letters to spell something closer to his name

Be opposite ... servants: Maria's letter tells Malvolio to behave oddly with people like Sir Toby and Maria, no doubt for their amusement

yellow stockings: a color not at all fitting for Malvolio's somber attitude

cross-gartered: with stocking-garters crossed—inappropriate, again

made: successful, accepted (with a pun on "mad")

alter services: switch roles

open: clear **baffle**: insult

point-devise: correct on every point

In some productions, Malvolio does not smile until this moment, and his tortured attempts to turn his expression into a smile can be quite hilarious.

this wench: Maria **device:** joke (of her devising)

dowry: money or other gifts given to a groom by a bride's family

gull-catcher: tricker of gullible people

aqua-vitae: liquor (used by midwives to assist birth, literally "life water")

abhors: hates

it ... **but:** it can't do anything but

notable contempt: widely known but ridiculed person

Tartar: Hell

I'll ... **too:** I'll come along, too

Viola has dutifully returned, but Sir Andrew grows jealous of Cesario's success with Olivia.

tabor: drum

Feste jokes—to "live by" is to "live near" as well as "make a living by"

construe: interpret

encounter: overly formal for "enter"

bound to: headed for

If Sir Andrew spies on this scene, his reactions in the next scene will make more sense to the audience.

receiving: understanding

SIR TOBY: I could marry **this wench** for this **device**.

SIR ANDREW: So could I too.

SIR TOBY: And ask no other **dowry** with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW: Nor I neither.

FABIAN: Here comes my noble **gull-catcher**.

Re-enter MARIA.

MARIA: Say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY: Like **aqua-vitae** with a midwife.

MARIA: He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she **abhors**, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition that **it cannot but** turn him into a **notable contempt**. Follow me.

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

SIR ANDREW: **I'll make one too.**

They exit.

SCENE 11. OLIVIA's house.

Enter VIOLA, and FESTE with a drum.

VIOLA: Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy **tabor**?

FESTE: No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA: Art thou a churchman?

FESTE: No: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church. My lady is within, sir. I will **construe** to them whence you come.

Exit FESTE. Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY: Will you **encounter** the house? My niece is desirous you should enter.

VIOLA: I am **bound to** your niece, sir. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

OLIVIA: Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA exit.

Sir, what is your name?

VIOLA: Cesario.

OLIVIA: I did send a ring in chase of you
Which you knew none of yours.
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: No, very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA: Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA: Then westward-ho!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA: Tell me what thou think'st 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: 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.

They exit.

SCENE 12. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

SIR ANDREW: I'll not stay a jot longer.
I saw your niece do more favours to the count's servingman
than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY: Did she see thee, old boy?

SIR ANDREW: As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN: This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW: Will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN: She did show favour to the youth only to exasperate you. You
should have banged the youth into **dumbness**.

SIR TOBY: Challenge the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in

'tis time to smile: it is time to give up the pain of love and try to be happy

Once again, Viola hints that she is in disguise. Notice, though, how the two women quickly pick up each other's speech patterns—their connection, and even Viola's sympathy for Olivia should come through on stage.

maugre: despite

Nor ... hide: neither intelligence nor logic can hide my love

Just as the characters move from prose to verse when emotion is heightened, they move to rhymed verse when it grows even more intense. Note also Viola's continued hints—her need to confess her identity.

adieu: good-bye

deplore: describe, also express regret for

The action can be continuous from the previous scene, as Sir Andrew is reacting to the scene between Olivia and Cesario. He, Sir Toby and Fabian may, in fact, be in the background of the previous scene

saw't i': saw it in

dumbness: silence

prevail: succeed, win

martial: fierce

cubiculo: Sir Andrew's small room, cubicle

dear manakin: beloved puppet

dear: costly

Sir Toby admits that he is using Sir Andrew for his money.

rare: unusual, strange **deliver't:** deliver it

then: if I don't deliver it

heathen: as opposed to his previous stern and moral outlook

forbear: avoid

take't: take it

Antonio is clear that his affection for Sebastian is more powerful than his fear of violence if he, Antonio, is found by Orsino's men.

That ... city: for which this city is famous

Would you'd: I ask you to

'gainst ... galleys: against Orsino's ships

of ... answered: my fighting was so noteworthy that merely to be arrested would not satisfy Orsino

Belike: It is likely that

purse: money-bag

eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; there is no love-broker in the world can more **prevail** 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.

SIR ANDREW: Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY: We'll call thee at the **cubiculo**: go.

Exit SIR ANDREW.

FABIAN: This is a **dear manakin** to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY: I have been **dear** to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

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

SIR TOBY: Never trust me, **then**; and stir on the youth to an answer.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA: If you will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Malvolio is turned **heathen**. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY: And cross-gartered?

MARIA: Most villainously; you have not seen such a thing. I can hardly **forbear** hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and **take't** for a great favour.

SIR TOBY: Come, bring us where he is.

They exit.

SCENE 13. A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

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. What's to do?
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:
Once, in a sea-fight, **'gainst the count his galleys**
I did some service; **of such note indeed,**
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

SEBASTIAN: **Belike** you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO: The offence is not of such a bloody nature.
Hold, sir, here's my **purse**.

In the south suburbs, at the **Elephant**,
Is best to lodge.

SEBASTIAN: Why I your purse?

ANTONIO: **Haply** your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and **your store**,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

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

ANTONIO: To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN: I do remember.

They exit.

SCENE 14. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

OLIVIA: I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
I speak too loud. Where's Malvolio?

MARIA: He's coming, madam; but he does nothing but smile. Sure, the
man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA: Go call him **hither**.

Exit MARIA.

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

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO: Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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

MALVOLIO: I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood,
this cross-gartering. It did come to his hands, and commands
shall be executed.

OLIVIA: Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: To bed! Ay, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee.

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

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

OLIVIA: What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: "Some are born great..."

OLIVIA: Ha!

Elephant: the name of a lodging house

Haply: maybe, but also with a sense of "to make you happy."
your ... markets: your money should not be spent on trifles

How does Olivia appear to have changed by this point in the play? She was in mourning the first time she appeared, and spoke in long elaborate sentences. Note that, in this scene, her phrases are very short. What does that say about her state of mind?

tainted: afflicted, ill **in's:** in his

hither: here

Malvolio's appearance here, in bright yellow stockings, with garters crisscrossed, should be spectacular and funny. This is a great scene for a comic actor to cut loose.

sad: serious

Malvolio refers to the poor circulation caused by his new, crossed garters.

It ... hands: I received the letter you sent

Olivia wants Malvolio to get some rest, but he, of course, misinterprets.

kiss thy hand: open to interpretation, but Malvolio may blow her kisses throughout

How does Malvolio behave around Olivia now that he "knows" she loves him? The more the actor can contrast the physically restrained style of Malvolio's earlier scenes with this behavior, the funnier it will be.

MALVOLIO: "Some achieve greatness..."

OLIVIA: What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO: "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA: Heaven restore thee!

Enter ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT: Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned.

OLIVIA: I'll come to him.

Exit ATTENDANT.

Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him.

OLIVIA and MARIA exit.

MALVOLIO: O, ho! Sir Toby. She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Be opposite with a kinsman." And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to." Fellow! Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.

Re-enter MARIA, SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY: Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?
I'll speak to him.

FABIAN: Here he is. How is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO: Go off; I discard you.

MARIA: Lo, how hollow **the fiend** speaks within him!

SIR TOBY: How do you, Malvolio? What, man, defy the devil.

MALVOLIO: Do you know what you say?

MARIA: **An** you speak **ill** of the devil, how he takes it at heart!

MALVOLIO: How now, mistress!

MARIA: O Lord!

SIR TOBY: Prithee, hold thy peace; do you not see you **move** him?

MARIA Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby.

MALVOLIO: My prayers, minx!

MARIA: No, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO: Go, hang yourselves all!

Exit MALVOLIO.

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

incites: provokes

fellow: person, but Malvolio thinks it implies social equality

degree: social rank

every thing ... together: it all matches what the letter hinted

Maria, Sir Toby and Fabian play the scene as if Malvolio is possessed by demons and needs an exorcism.

the fiend: the devil

An: if **ill:** negatively

move: anger

Maria, Sir Toby and Fabian must appear serious and concerned for Malvolio while he is with them, but the humour of the scene can be enhanced if they are barely able to contain their amusement. When Malvolio leaves, they have no more restraint and can celebrate the success of their trick.

20 TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

SIR TOBY: Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.
Enter SIR ANDREW.

FABIAN: More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW: Here's the challenge: do but read.

SIR TOBY: Give me. (*reading*) "Youth, **whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.**"

FABIAN: Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY: "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: **but thou liest in thy throat**; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FABIAN: Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TOBY: "I will **waylay** thee going home; where **if it be thy chance to kill me**, thou kill'st me like a villain."

FABIAN: Good.

SIR TOBY: "Fare thee well; and **God have mercy upon one of our souls! Thy friend and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK**" I'll **give't** him. Go, Sir Andrew: scout for him: so soon as thou seest him, **draw**; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible. Away!

SIR ANDREW: Nay, let me alone for swearing.
Exit SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY: Now will not I deliver his letter. The young gentleman will find it comes from a **clotpoll**. But I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, and drive the youth into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like **cockatrices**.
Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

FABIAN: Here he comes with your niece.
Exit SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.

OLIVIA: I have said too much unto a heart of stone.
 What shall you ask of me that I'll deny?

VIOLA: Your true love for my master.

OLIVIA: How may I give him that
 Which I have given to you? Well, fare thee well:
 A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
Exit OLIVIA. Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY: That defense thou hast, betake thee **to't**: thy interceptor, bloody as the hunter, **attends** thee at the orchard-end.

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

Sir Toby intends to continue the joke, next imprisoning Malvolio.

Sir Andrew returns with a very ineffective letter challenging Cesario.

whatsoever ... fellow: whatever you are, you are a bad person

Fabian's comments are meant to encourage Sir Andrew, but Fabian thinks the letter is nonsense.

but ... throat: the letter reads as if Cesario had already accused Sir Andrew of challenging him out of jealousy

waylay: ambush, attack by surprise (though Sir Andrew foolishly declares his intent in the letter)
 if ... **me**: Sir Andrew's inept challenge should be a threat to kill Cesario, not a threat that Cesario may kill him

God ... souls: again, this is not an effective threat
Thy ... enemy: Sir Andrew, in trying to be both polite and threatening, makes no sense

give't: give it to
draw: draw your sword

clotpoll: idiot

cockatrices: basilisks, who kill with a look

to't: to it
attends: waits for

Betake ... guard: Prepare yourself for the duel
souls ... three: he has killed three people

unless ... him: unless you're prepared to fight me instead of him

beseech: beg of

How does Viola's terror at the prospect of fighting a duel show? There is a comic potential in her physical and vocal response.

for't: for it

meddle: interfere; fight

In this scene, Viola and Sir Andrew are on opposite sides of the stage. Sir Toby and Fabian cross between them several times, getting the "competitors" increasingly terrified about the upcoming duel. There is comic potential in playing the "pantomimed scenes" happening opposite the dialogue. For example, while Sir Toby tells Sir Andrew "Fabian can scarce hold him yonder," we might see Fabian scarcely able to hold Viola on stage, rather than hold her back.

Plague on't: a mild oath **let ... slip:** let him forget about it
aside: Andrew does not hear

Marry ... you: because Viola will not need Sir Andrew's horse to persuade her not to fight, Sir Toby plans to keep the horse himself

He: referring to Cesario

Sir Toby tells the duelists that they are not in danger—that each has sworn not to hurt the other—Sir Toby and Fabian merely want the entertainment of seeing a duel between the terrified.

for's: for his **a little thing:** "thing" was often sexual slang—Viola lacks the "thing" that would make her male

There is no need for any actual fight between Sir Andrew and Viola. Instead, you might explore the comic potential and tension of, after a few attempts at retreating, slowly bringing the swords of Sir Andrew and Viola to touch gently, just at the moment of Antonio's dramatic entrance. From that moment, the action moves swiftly, with Antonio's challenge, Sir Toby's aggression and the arrest of Antonio. How do Viola and Sir Andrew react?

SIR TOBY: **Betake you to your guard;** for your opposite is a devil: **souls and bodies hath he divorced three.**

VIOLA: I will return again into the house.

SIR TOBY: Back you shall not to the house, **unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him.**

SIR TOBY draws his sword.

VIOLA: Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is.

SIR TOBY: I will do so.

Exit SIR TOBY.

VIOLA: I **beseech** you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN: He is the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found. Will you walk towards him? **I will make your peace with him if I can.**

VIOLA: I shall be much bound to you **for't.**

They exit. Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY: **Why, man, he's a very devil.**

SIR ANDREW: I'll not **meddle** with him.

SIR TOBY: He will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR ANDREW: **Plague on't.** Let him **let the matter slip**, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY: I'll make the motion. (*aside*) **Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.**

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

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

FABIAN: **He pants and looks pale**, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY: (*to VIOLA*) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you **for's** oath sake; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA: (*aside*) God defend me! **A little thing** would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

SIR TOBY: (*to SIR ANDREW*) The gentleman **will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you;** but he has promised me, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*VIOLA and SIR ANDREW prepare to fight.
Enter ANTONIO.*

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

SIR TOBY: 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.

SIR TOBY: Nay, if you be an **undertaker**, I am **for you.**
SIR TOBY and ANTONIO draw swords.
Enter OFFICERS.

FIRST OFFICER: This is the man; do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER: Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO: You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER: I know your favour well. Take him away.

ANTONIO: I must obey. (*to VIOLA*) This comes with seeking you:
Now my necessity makes me to ask you for my purse.

SECOND OFFICER: Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO: I must **entreat of you** some of that money.

VIOLA: What money, sir?

ANTONIO: Will you deny me now?
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.

SECOND OFFICER: Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO: This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death.
But O how vile an idol proves this god.
Thou hast, Sebastian, **done good feature shame.**

FIRST OFFICER: The man grows mad: away with him!

ANTONIO: Lead me on.
Exit ANTONIO with OFFICERS.

SIR TOBY: Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper **o'er** a
couplet or two of **most sage saws.**

VIOLA: He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Put up: put away

I ... you: I'll fight you on his behalf

undertaker: one who undertakes another's quarrels
for you: your opponent

Viola is probably quite confused at her defense by a stranger who seems to know her. How does Antonio feel? He believes he has saved Sebastian, but the person he saved now denies him.

entreat of you: ask you for

Antonio needs his purse back from the man he thinks is Sebastian, probably to pay bail or a fee for his release

Lest that it: or it will

upbraid: scold **with:** for

This is the first time Viola hears someone in Illyria name Sebastian. What effect does it have on her?

done ... shame: embarrassed beautiful looks by acting so poorly

Antonio has been fierce in protecting the person he thinks is Sebastian, but now he leaves willingly.

o'er: over

a couplet or two: a few lines

most sage saws: very wise words or sayings

glass: mirror

Viola feels some joy in being mistaken for Sebastian—and maybe some hope that he is still alive

Cuff: hit

An: if

lay any money: bet **'twill:** it will

Now Feste is frustrated by confusing Sebastian for Cesario, whom he has been sent to find.

Vent: release (but it was also slang for defecate, which may be part of Feste's surprise to hear the word used here)

tarry: stay

Thou ... hand: you are generous

Sir Andrew enters, and thinking he sees cowardly Cesario, hits Sebastian on the word "there." Sebastian, no coward, returns the blow three times. Sir Andrew is no doubt very surprised that Sebastian, whom he believes to be Cesario, is suddenly more than willing to fight. How does he react? Does he cower? Does he stare? Hide behind Sir Toby or Fabian?

Sir Toby jumps in and restrains Sebastian

I ... twopence: I wouldn't trade places with you people even if you paid me

action of battery: I'll charge him with assault

Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

Exit VIOLA.

SIR TOBY: A coward: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; ask Fabian.

FABIAN: A most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW: I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY: Cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW: An I do not...

Exit SIR ANDREW.

FABIAN: Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY: I dare **lay any money 'twill** be nothing yet.

They exit.

SCENE 15. Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE.

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

SEBASTIAN: Let me be clear of thee.

FESTE: No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady; nor your name is not Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.

SEBASTIAN: Vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

FESTE: Vent my folly; he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! Tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN: Depart from me: There's money: if you **tarry** longer, I shall give worse payment.

FESTE: **Thou hast an open hand.**

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

SIR ANDREW: Now, have I met you again? there's for you.

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

SIR TOBY: Hold, sir.

FESTE: This will I tell my lady straight: **I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.**

Exit FESTE.

SIR ANDREW: I'll have an **action of battery** against him: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN: I will be free from thee. If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY: What? I must have an ounce or two of this **malapert** blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

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

SIR TOBY: Madam!

OLIVIA: Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN exit.

I prithee, gentle friend, go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many **fruitless pranks**
This ruffian hath **botched up**, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go.

SEBASTIAN: *(aside)* **What relish is in this?** How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA: Nay, come, I prithee; **would thou'ldst be** ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN: Madam, I will.

OLIVIA: O, say so, and so be!

They exit.

SCENE 16. A prison.

Enter MARIA and FESTE.

MARIA: Put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the **curate**. I'll call Sir Toby.

Exit MARIA.

FESTE: Well, I will **dissemble** myself **in't**; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

SIR TOBY: Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FESTE: **Bonos dies**, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY: To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE: What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY: The knave **counterfeits** well.

MALVOLIO: *(within)* Who calls there?

Sebastian frees himself and he and Sir Toby prepare to fight. It is not necessary for the fight to begin, but Olivia must understand as soon as she enters that a fight is imminent. Later, Sebastian fights Sir Toby and Sir Andrew offstage and injures both of them before their entrance in the play's final scene.

malapert: rude

Rudesby: rude person

fruitless pranks: foolish antics

botched up: thrown together

What ... this: What is the significance of this?

Or ... dream: I'm either crazy or dreaming

would thou'ldst be: I wish you would be

Sebastian is suddenly defended by a beautiful, gracious Countess, and invited into her house. How does he respond? Is this moment scary or comic?

The taunting of Malvolio reaches its peak as Feste imitates a priest to visit Malvolio in prison. If your staging allows it, we might see only Malvolio's head through a prison window. Be sure we know that Malvolio can't hear the conversations between Maria, Sir Toby and Feste.

curate: a priest who assists in a parish

dissemble: pretend to be what I am not **in't:** in it

Bonos dies: "Good day" (It may be merely Feste's inaccurate Latin or a hint that "Sir Topas" has an accent)

counterfeits: acts his role

Pythagoras: Greek philosopher and mathematician who believed in reincarnation—that we can return from death as animals

grandam: grandmother **happily:** haply, by chance

ere ... wits: before I declare you sane

woodcock: a notoriously stupid bird

delivered: freed

I ... **upshot:** I can't continue the joke to its conclusion

This is a key moment for Sir Toby. He finally realizes how greatly his rowdy behaviour has offended his niece Olivia and begins to reform. We will learn in the final scene that his reformation includes marrying Maria, who, from their first interaction, advised Sir Toby to change his ways.

Sebastian enters after his visit with Olivia. She has given him gifts and affection, but he can't understand why, or what has happened.

feel't: feel it **see't:** see it

wrangle: argue

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

MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any question.

FESTE: What is the opinion of **Pythagoras** concerning wild-fowl?

MALVOLIO: That the soul of our **grandam** might **happily** inhabit a bird.

FESTE: What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO: I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FESTE: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY: To him in thine own voice: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.

SIR TOBY and MARIA exit.

FESTE: *(singing)* "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

MALVOLIO: Fool!

FESTE: "My lady is unkind, perdy."
Who calls?

MALVOLIO: Good fool, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper.

FESTE: Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady.

FESTE: I will help you to't.

They exit.

SCENE 17. OLIVIA's garden.

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?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
That I am mad.



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