

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*
adapted by Barbara Cobb

1.1 DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO

DUKE ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

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

CURIO

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

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 kill'd 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

1.2 The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain

VIOLA

What country, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

It is only by chance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold: [*gives Captain coins*]
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

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late;
For but 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
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

I prithee, Captain, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
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.

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

Exeunt

1.3 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. You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 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

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA

He's a fool and a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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 BELCH

You mistake, knight; 'accost' means assail her.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, I would not undertake it in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit

SIR ANDREW

I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Sir Toby: your niece will have none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it.

SIR ANDREW

In that case, I'll stay. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir; it is legs and thighs.

Exeunt

1.4 DUKE ORSINO'S palace.

Enter VIOLA as CESARIO and DUKE ORSINO

DUKE ORSINO

Cesario, I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto Olivia;

Be not denied access.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofit 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.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it;

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair. 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!

For him I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

1.5 OLIVIA'S house.

Enter FESTE, OLIVIA, MALVOLIO

FESTE

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

Dexteriously, 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 do well?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. [*knocking*]

Exit MALVOLIO

FESTE [*to OLIVIA*]

Now Mercury endue thee with blessings, for thou speakest well of fools!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

Exit MALVOLIO, quickly, and re-enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

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 [*bluntly*]

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

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 shrewdly.

OLIVIA

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

Enter VIOLA, as Cesario

VIOLA

The honorable 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

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? Come to what is important in't.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned: I heard you were saucy at my gates, and I 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.

VIOLA

I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsino's heart.

OLIVIA

In his heart! In what chapter of his heart?

VIOLA

In the first chapter of his heart.

OLIVIA

O, 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 it not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest 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 diverse
schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every
particle and utensil labeled 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, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
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 condemned 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 gentle . . . man.

OLIVIA

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

Gives Cesario a coin

VIOLA *refusing the coin*

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentle . . . man.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: 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.
Oh, 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 it.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exeunt

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2.1 The sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer? nor will you tell me who you are, good sir?

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

If you must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian. My father was the late Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: you, sir, took me from the breach of the sea where my sister was drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

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

Good sir, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

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

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 respect thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go with thee.

Exeunt

2.2 A street.

Enter VIOLA as Cesario, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

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

VIOLA [*confused, and refusing the ring*]

I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: [*tosses ring on ground*] if it be worth stooping for, there it lies; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit Malvolio

VIOLA [*picking up the ring*]

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside has not charm'd her!
If it be so, poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the present enemy does much.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this?
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Exit

2.3 OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH [*to Feste*]

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

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH [*enthusiastically*]

A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

FESTE [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

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

Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.'
Tillyvally, Lady!

[*Sings*]

'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!' [*or replace with a line from a popular song*]

FESTE

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our ditties. Hush up!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

[*to Malvolio*] Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, we shall have no more cakes and songs?

MALVOLIO *[to Maria]*

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor 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 *[insulting Malvolio as he leaves]*

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 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

The puritan that he is, the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistle of love; wherein he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! 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 color.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him a fool.

MARIA

A complete fool, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

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

2.4 OLIVIA's garden.

Enter TOBY, ANDREW, and FESTE

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FESTE

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?

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little trickster.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA

Malvolio's coming: he has been yonder in the sun practicing arrogant behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him, *[throws down a letter]* for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[they hide themselves from Malvolio's view]

Enter MALVOLIO, who believes that he is alone

MALVOLIO

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me that Olivia did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN *[aside]*

O, peace! Contemplation makes a total turkey of him: how he struts under his plumes!

SIR ANDREW *[aside]*

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW *[aside]*

Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

FABIAN *[aside]*

O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

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 *[aside]*

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN *[aside]*

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should theirs, as for my kinsman Toby,--

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Bolts and shackles! *[Andrew and Feste hold Toby back]*

FABIAN *[aside]*

O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MALVOLIO

Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,--

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Shall this fellow live?

FESTE *[aside]*

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, --

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

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

MALVOLIO

Saying, 'Cousin Toby' --

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

What, what?

MALVOLIO

'You must amend your behavior.'

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Out, scab!

FESTE *[aside]*

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

MALVOLIO

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

SIR ANDREW *[aside]*

That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

'One Sir Andrew,'--

SIR ANDREW *[aside]*

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

MALVOLIO *[noticing the letter]*

What employment have we here?

[picking up the letter]

FESTE *[aside]*

Now is the woodcock near the springe.

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

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! To whom should this be addressed?

FESTE *[aside]*

This wins him, liver and all.

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Marry, hang thee, fool!

MALVOLIO

[Reads] "I may command where I adore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

FESTE *[aside]*

An inscrutable riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH *[aside]*

Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO *[still reading]*

"M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see. "M, O, A, I"; every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows more. *[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 off thy humble exterior and appear fresh. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir

Toby, She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered. Here is yet a postscript. *[Reads]* "If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling."

I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit

FESTE *[stepping forward]*

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

SIR TOBY BELCH *[with Fabian]*

I could marry this wench for this device.

FESTE

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

MARIA

Does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Like love-in-idleness drops on the eyes.

MARIA

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color 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 fool. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt

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3.1 OLIVIA's garden. *Enter VIOLA as Cesario, and FESTE with a tabour (tambourine)*

VIOLA
Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

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

VIOLA
I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

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

VIOLA
Nay, do not gaze upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*gives Feste a coin*]

FESTE
Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA
Yes [*giving Feste a second coin*], being kept together and put to use. Where is the lady Olivia, sir?

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

VIOLA
This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the hawk, cheque at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practise
As full of labour as a wise man's art
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH
Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA
And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW [*in a very bad fake French accent*]
Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA [*in very good French*]
Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW [*surprised, both that Cesario has understood him and that he has understood Cesario – in other words, very impressed with himself*]
I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Enter OLIVIA

VIOLA
Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

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

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW

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! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
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
For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

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

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

VIOLA
Dear lady,--

OLIVIA
I did send, after the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you.

VIOLA
I pity you.

OLIVIA
That's a degree to love.

VIOLA
No, not a bit; for 'tis a simple proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA
[Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!]

Clock strikes

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
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
I would you were as I would have you be!

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

OLIVIA
O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
[Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,]

VIOLA

[By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one true love, 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 deplete.
Exeunt

3.2 OLIVIA's house.

Enter TOBY, ANDREW, and FABIAN

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 favors to the count's serving-
man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

FABIAN

She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to
exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in
your heart. You should then have accosted her and beaten the
youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Challenge the count's youth to a fight; hurt him in eleven
places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there
is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's
commendation with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear my challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter
how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee when you're needed: go.

Exit SIR ANDREW; Enter MARIA

MARIA

If you will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull
Malvolio's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

3.3 A street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

SEBASTIAN

Let us satisfy our eyes, Antonio,
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANTONIO

Would you pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, against the Count's own galleys
I did service; of such note indeed,
That were I taken here I would be at great risk.

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew a great number of his people?

ANTONIO

The offence is not of such a bloody nature; only myself stood
out; but if I be found in this place, I shall pay dear.

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: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you find me.

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.

Exeunt

3.4 OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

Call him hither.

Exit MARIA

Enter MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO [*smiling*]

Sweet lady --

OLIVIA

Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

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

Re-enter MARIA

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

“Be not afraid of greatness:” that was well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

“Some are born great,”--

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

“Some achieve greatness,”--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

“And some have greatness thrust upon them.”

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

“Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,”--

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

“And wished to see thee cross-gartered.”

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

“If not, let me see thee a servant still.”

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN

FABIAN

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit FABIAN

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

Exit OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

Do you come to me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! “Let this fellow be looked to:” fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, and nothing can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. *Re-enter MARIA, TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*

MALVOLIO

Go off; I discard you: go off.

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

[to Toby] You speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart!

Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN

Carry him off to the asylum.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

My prayers, why?!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is't possible?

FABIAN

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

MARIA

Pursue him now.

FABIAN

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

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

FABIAN

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, it is, I warrant: do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me. *[Reads]*

“Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.”

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] “I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,”

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] “Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.”

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] “Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! Thy friend, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.”

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew: scout for him at the corner the orchard: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now will **not** I deliver his letter: for this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like basilisks.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA as Cesario

FABIAN

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

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

3.5 OLIVIA's Garden (running scene)

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil. They say he has been fencer to the Prince of Persia.

SIR ANDREW *[trying to get away]*

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

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

Enter VIOLA as Cesario

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to it.

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw and attempt to fight

Enter ANTONIO, with sword drawn

ANTONIO

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me.

VIOLA *[to Andrew]*

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

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word.

Enter Officer

OFFICER

This is the man.

Antonio, I arrest thee on the order of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

OFFICER

No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

I must obey. *[To VIOLA]*

This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy;

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present wealth with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer. *[hands Antonio coins]*

ANTONIO *[furious]*

Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those services

That I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

ANTONIO *[still furious]*

O heavens themselves!

OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I commit myself in service.

OFFICER

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

ANTONIO

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

OFFICER

The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

Exit with Officer

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

Exeunt

Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*
adapted by Barbara Cobb

4.1 Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

FESTE

Why will you not believe me when I tell you that I am sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee [*gives him a coin*]: if you tarry longer, [*threatens to slap him*] I shall give worse payment.

Enter ANDREW, TOBY, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*hits Sebastian*]

SEBASTIAN [*draws sword*]

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. [*hits Andrew with the hilt of the sword at least three times*] Are all these people mad?

SIR TOBY BELCH [*intervening*]

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

FESTE

This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH [*still holding Sebastian back*]

Come on, sir; hold.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN [*to Toby*]

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: [*noticing Sebastian's muscles*] you are well fleshed; come on.

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH [*drawing his sword*]

What, what? Nay, then 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 BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

[*to Toby*] Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt TOBY, ANDREW, and FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend,

Go with me to my house.

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

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

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

4.2 OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and FESTE and TOBY

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, "Sir Topas."

FESTE as SIR TOPAS [*calling offstage*]

Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH [*aside to Maria*]

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO

[*offstage*] Who calls there?

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

Fie, thou dishonest devil! Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As Hades, Sir Topas.

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

Why it hath bay windows transparent as can be, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction of light?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

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

MALVOLIO

I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO

That the soul of our grandmother might haply inhabit a bird.

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE as SIR TOPAS

Fare thee well. 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 grandmother. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas! *[no answer]* Fool!

FESTE as FESTE

Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO

As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

As well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool. The minister is here. *[in SIR TOPAS voice]* Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FESTE

[in SIR TOPAS voice] Maintain no words with him, good fellow. *[in FESTE voice]* Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be with you, good Sir Topas. *[in SIR TOPAS voice]* Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FESTE

Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am scolded for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO

Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: and convey what I will set down to my lady.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Exeunt

4.3 OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This the pearl she gave me, I do feel it and see it;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness.
That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house and command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy priest
Into the chapel here: there
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

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

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt

5.1 Before OLIVIA's house.

Enter Viola, Orsino

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
Enter ANTONIO and Officer

DUKE ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
in the smoke of war. What's the matter?

OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her freight;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in your streets did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But put strange speech upon me:
I know not what it was but distraction.

DUKE ORSINO

Leave him to me.

Exit OFFICER

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A promise drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My service, without retention or restraint; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
Denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord; and for three months before,
did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

DUKE ORSINO

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me.

OLIVIA

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam!

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,--

OLIVIA [*ignoring Orsino*]

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

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA [*insulting Orsino*]

My lord, your voice is to mine ear

As howling after music.

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA [*going to Orsino*]

And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love.

OLIVIA

Ay me! how am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy priest.

DUKE ORSINO [*to Cesario*]

Come, away!

OLIVIA [*to Cesario*]

Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

VIOLA [*to Orsino*]

No, my lord, not I.

My lord, I do protest--

5.2 [*running scene*]

Enter SIR ANDREW, OLIVIA, ORSINO,

VIOLA AS CESARIO

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help!

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

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

DUKE ORSINO [*pointing at Cesario*]

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing;

I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

Exit SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN [*on one knee, to Olivia*]

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman: [*pauses*]

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you:

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE ORSINO [*looking at Sebastian and Cesario*]

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

OLIVIA [*noticing the two Sebastians*]

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:

SEBASTIAN

Were you a woman,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I *[takes off hat]* am Viola.

DUKE ORSINO *[to VIOLA]*

Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

5.3 *[running scene]*

Enter OLIVIA, ORSINO, VIOLA, SEBASTIAN

OLIVIA

Fetch Malvolio hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter FESTE with a letter, and FABIAN

How does he, sirrah?

FESTE

Truly, madam, he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA

Open it, and read it.

FESTE

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. *[reads in a mocking Malvolio voice]*

'By the Lord, madam,'--

OLIVIA *[to Feste]*

How now! art thou mad?

FESTE

No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow. Vox.

OLIVIA

Prithee, read in thy right wits.

FESTE

So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA *[takes letter from Feste and gives it to FABIAN]*

Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN

[Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, yet have I the benefit of my senses. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FESTE

Ay, madam.

DUKE ORSINO

This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN

DUKE ORSINO *[to VIOLA]*

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

Here is my hand: you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! you are she.

Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

DUKE ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same. How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse this letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak. Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;

In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides pass'd.

OLIVIA *[to Malvolio]*

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." *[to Malvolio]* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. *[in mocking Malvolio voice]* "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad."

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

Cesario, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

FESTE [*Sings*]

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

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

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, & c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, & c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, & c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, & c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, & c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Exit.