

OEP1 2009 Feb 16 Twelfth Night: Act I

By

William Shakespeare

Adapted by the SL Shakespeare Company

From the First Folio & Moby Shakespeare

Lights

Set

Silent Actors

Props

Animation usage

ACT 1 SCENE 1 - INT. ORSINO'S PALACE - DAY

(Musicians take their seat and play.)

Enter Duke Orsino. Orsino is on the extended balcony, while everyone else is below. Curio and musicians (and perhaps other lords) are below on the main stage floor, separated by a bank of violets. Curio is sitting on a chair, eating some hunt food. Musicians pause suddenly in silence when Orsino pops out to view on the balcony; they resume when Orsino gives the word.

DUKE ORSINO

If music be the food of Love, play
on, give me excess of it:

(gestures to musicians,
then looks down at Curio et
al)

that surfeiting, the appetite may
sicken, and so die...

(pause to listen to music.)

That strain again! It had a dying
fall. O, it came o'er my ear, like
the sweet sound that breathes upon
a bank of Violets; stealing and
giving odour.

(pensive nostalgic, chin on
hands on balcony, peering down
at the bank of violets below.
then suddenly backs away.)

Enough, no more, 'tis not so sweet
now, as it was before.

(Music ends, musicians leave.)

O Spirit of love, how quick and
fresh art thou, that
notwithstanding thy capacity,
receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters
there, of what validity, and pitch
so ere, but falls into abatement,
and low price even in a minute; 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.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE ORSINO

Why, so I do, the Noblest that I
have: O when mine eyes did see
Olivia first, methought she purg'd
the air of pestilence; that instant
was I turn'd into a Hart, and my
desires, like fell and cruel
hounds, ere since pursue me.

Curio, who has finished eating (Curio: click on food pieces
to toggle transparency), hmmph's and leaves. The musicians
follow him, leaving Duke Orsino alone.

Enter Valentine from one of the lower doors.

DUKE ORSINO

How now what news from her?

VALENTINE

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
veilèd 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.

Light beams converge on Orsino, and drift to the empty plate
of hart when Orsino mentions "kill'd the flock."

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 - when liver,
brain, and heart, these sovereign
thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd her sweet perfections with
one self king!

(Approaches balcony
bannister/edge again)

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

Duke Orsino jumps and falls into the bed of violets on the
main floor (stays down till scene change). Valentine exits.

ACT 1 SCENE 2 - EXT. ILLYRIAN COAST - **STORMLIGHT**

Viola and Captain are each sitting beneath a palm tree (each located where Globe stage columns are), staring at the audience.

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, sailor?

CAPTAIN
It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

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, when you and those poor number sav'd with you hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother, most provident in peril, bind himself (courage and hope both teaching him the practice) to a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea; where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves so long as I could see.

VIOLA
For saying so, there's gold.

Viola gets up from her palm tree, and walks over to the Captain's tree. Captain stands to receive **coins**. Viola returns to palm tree. Both stare at the audience again.

VIOLA
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, whereto thy speech serves for authority, the like of him. Know'st thou this country?

storm needs to be
lowered/raised/
activated

(CONTINUED)

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 his 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 - as you know, what great
ones do, the less will prattle of -
that he did seek the love of fair
Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she? (listens intently)

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
abjur'd the company and sight of
men.

VIOLA

(immediately)

O that I serv'd that lady, and
might not be deliver'd 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 the Duke's.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

There is fair behavior in thee,
Captain, and though that nature
with a beauteous wall doth oft
close in pollution, yet of thee I
will believe thou hast a mind that
suits with this thy fair and
outward character.

Viola rises and looks towards the Captain. The captain also
rises and looks towards Viola.

VIOLA

I prithee - and I'll pay thee
bounteously - conceal me what I am,
and be my aid for such disguise as
haply shall become the form of my
intent. I'll serve the duke: thou
shalt present me as an eunuch to
him. It may be worth thy pains, for
I can sing, and speak to him in
many sorts of music that will allow
me very worth his service. What
else may hap, to time I will commit
- only shape thou thy silence to my
wit.

They meet centerstage, in accord.

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt all.

ACT 1 SCENE 3 - EXT. OUTSIDE OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Enter Toby and Maria, but from different doors: Toby enters
from a tavern, while Maria enters (from within Olivia's
house) and descends the stairs to street level. There's a
Taurus sign above the tavern. They meet somewhat at the
corner.

TOBY

What a plague means my niece to
take the death of her brother thus?
I am sure care's an enemy to life.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier anights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

TOBY

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

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

TOBY

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

MARIA

That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

TOBY

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA

What's that to th'purpose?

TOBY

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.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

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

MARIA

He hath indeed, almost natural: for
besides that he's a fool, he's a
great quarreler, and but that he
hath the gift of a coward to allay
the gust he hath in quarreling,
'tis thought among the prudent he
would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

TOBY

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

MARIA

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

TOBY

With drinking healths to my niece.
I'll drink to her as long as there
is a passage in my throat and drink
in Illyria. He's a coward and a
coistrel that will not drink to my
niece till his brains turn o'th'toe
like a parish top. What, wench?
Castiliano vulgo, for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface!

(turns and takes a few steps
back towards tavern)

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek with a bottle of *Castiliano Vulgo*

ANDREW

(belch a greeting)

Sir Toby Belch? How now, Sir Toby
Belch?

(walks to Maria drunkenly
before waiting for Toby's
response)

TOBY

(belch to reclaim your
namesake!)

Sweet Sir Andrew.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
(faces Toby, but stands next
to Maria; person-confusion!)
Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA
And you too, sir.

TOBY
Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

ANDREW
(walks over to Toby again)
What's that?

TOBY
My niece's chambermaid.

ANDREW
(faces Maria)
Good Mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance.

MARIA
My name is Mary sir.

ANDREW
Good Mistress Mary Accost-

TOBY
You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is
'front her', 'board her', 'woo
her', 'assail her'.

ANDREW
By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the
meaning of 'Accost'?

MARIA
Fare you well, gentlemen.

TOBY
An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou mightst never draw sword
again.

ANDREW
(rushes over to Maria)
An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair
lady, do you think you have fools
in hand?

(CONTINUED)

(He takes her hand.)

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by th'hand.
(She drops his hand.)

ANDREW

Marry, but you shall have, and
here's my hand.
(He gives her his hand again.)

MARIA

Now sir, thought is free. I pray
you, bring your hand to
th'buttery-bar and let it drink.
(She takes his bottle.)

ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your
metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.
(She drops his hand again and
thrusts the bottle on him.)

ANDREW

Why, I think so. I am not such an
ass but I can keep my hand dry. But
what's your jest?
(He gives her his hand yet
again.)

MARIA

A dry jest, sir.
(She drops his hand, yet
again.)

ANDREW

Are you full of them?
(He gives her his hand one
last time.)

MARIA

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers'
ends. Marry, now I let go your hand
I am barren.
(She drops his hand one final
time and exits.)

Andrew sets his bottle of Castiliano down, **sits on a step**,
pulls up his knees and looks dejected. There's a canary in a
cage next to him.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

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

ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless
you see canary put me down.
Methinks sometimes I have no more
wit than a Christian or an ordinary
man has; but I am a great eater of
beef, and I believe that does harm
to my wit.

TOBY

No question.

ANDREW

An I thought that, I'd forswear it.
I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

Toby **sits** down next to Andrew.

TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Andrew takes **distaff** out, spins distaff with hands.

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. O, had I
but followed the arts!

TOBY

Then hadst thou had an excellent
head of hair.

ANDREW

Why, would that have mended my
hair?

TOBY

Past question, for thou seest it
will not curl by nature.

ANDREW

But it becomes me well enough,
does't not?

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Andrew stops spinning distaff.

ANDREW

Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by woos her.

TOBY

She'll none o'th'Count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit - I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

ANDREW

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

TOBY

Art thou good at these kick-shawses, knight?

ANDREW

As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

TOBY

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

TOBY

And I can cut the mutton to't.

ANDREW

And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Wherefore are these things hid?
Wherefore have these gifts a
curtain before 'em?

(Toby takes the bottle of
Castiliano and places it
between the two)

Are they like to take dust, like
Mistress Mall's pictures? Why dost
thou not go to church in a
Galliard, and come home in a
Carranto? My very walk should be a
jig. I would not so much as make
water but in a cinquepace. What
dost thou mean? Is it a world to
hide virtues in? I did think by the
excellent constitution of thy leg,
it was formed under the star of the
galliard.

ANDREW

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does
indifferent well in a
lemon-coloured stock. Shall we set
about some revels?

TOBY

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

ANDREW

Taurus? That's sides and heart.

TOBY

No, sir, it is legs and thighs: let
me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha,
ha, excellent!

Toby exits in a galliard and Andrew in a carranto.

ACT 1 SCENE 4 - INT. ORSINO'S PALACE - DAY

Enter Valentine and Viola in similar pageboy attire (after
slab on top of flowerbed has rezzed). The scene looks like
that of I.i, except the flowerbed has been replaced with
(covered by) a slab. Valentine and Viola walk onto the slab
from opposite ends.

VALENTINE

If the Duke continues these favours
towards you Cesario, you are like
to be much advance'd, he hath known
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VALENTINE (cont'd)
you but three days, and already you
are no stranger.

VIOLA
You either fear his humour, or my
negligence; that you call in
question the continuance of his
love. Is he inconstant sir, in his
favours.

VALENTINE
(immediately)
No, believe me.

Valentine walks down the slab to exit. Viola starts to
follow, but stays when she catches sight of Orsino.

Enter Duke Orsino, Curio in light conversation (balcony).

VIOLA
I thank you: here comes the Count.

DUKE ORSINO
Who saw Cesario ho?

VIOLA
On your attendance, my Lord, here.

DUKE ORSINO
Stand you a-while aloof.
(Duke Orsino nods to Curio,
who leaves.)
Cesario, thou knowst no less, but
all: I have unclasp'd to thee the
book even of my secret soul.
Therefore good youth, address thy
gate unto her, be not deni'd
access, stand at her doors, and
tell them, there thy fixed foot
shall grow till thou have audience.

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'ed return.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

O then, unfold the passion of my
love, surprise her with discourse
of my dear faith; it shall become
thee well to act my woes: she will
attend it better in thy youth, than
in a Nuntio's of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

I think not so, my Lord.

DUKE ORSINO

(immediately)

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
maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
and all is semblative a womans
part. I know thy constellation is
right apt for this affair: some
four or five attend him,

Musician (attendants) come out from lower doors.

and if you will: for I myself am
best when least in company:

Musicians (attendants) leave.

prosper well in this, and thou
shall live as freely as thy Lord,
to call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to woo your Lady...

DUKE ORSINO nods and leaves. Viola stands alone centerstage
on top of where the violet bed once was. She beseeches the
audience:

VIOLA

Yet a barful strife, who e're I
woo, myself would be his wife.

Exit Viola.

ACT 1 SCENE 5 - INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Enter Maria and Clown from main stage level (downstairs).

MARIA

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

CLOWN

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

MARIA

Make that good.

CLOWN

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

CLOWN

Where good mistress Mary?

MARIA

In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolerie.

CLOWN

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

Feste shows off some acrobatic animations, fool's talent (tumblewheel, among other anims).

MARIA

Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

You are resolute then?

CLOWN

Not so neither, but I am resolu'd
on two points.

MARIA

That if one breaks, the other will
hold; or if both breaks, your
gaskins will fall.

CLOWN

Apt, in good faith, very apt: well
go thy way. 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, you were best.

Maria leaves hurriedly. Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio
from balcony (upstairs).

CLOWN

(aside)

Wit, and't be thy will, put me into
good fooling; those wits that think
they have thee, do very oft prove
fools: and I that am sure I lack
thee, may pass for a wise man. For
what says Quinapalus, "Better a
witty fool than a foolish wit."

Feste climbs stairs, and bows fancifully to Olivia.
God bless thee Lady.

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

CLOWN

Do you not hear fellows, take away
the Lady.

OLIVIA

Go to, y'are a dry fool: I'll no
more of you: besides you grow
dishonest.

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN

Two faults Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the Butcher mend him: anything that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses, is but patcht with sin, and sin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that this simple Syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower; The Lady bade take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN

Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I were not motley in my brain: good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

CLOWN

Dexterously, good Madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

CLOWN

I must catechize you for it
Madonna, Good my Mouse of virtue
answer me.

(takes out mouse of virtue.)

OLIVIA

(Ignoring the mouse.)

Well, sir, for want of other
idleness, I'll bide your proof.

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN

Good Madonna, why mournst thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death

CLOWN

I think his soul is in hell,
Madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN

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, does he not mend?

MALVOLIO

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

CLOWN

God send you sir, a speedy
Infirmary, for the better
increasing your folly: Sir Toby
will be sworn that I am no Fox, but
he will not pass his word for two
pence that you are no Fool.

OLIVIA

How say you to that Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your Ladyship takes
delight in such a barren rascal: I
saw him put down the other day,
with an ordinary fool, that has no
more brain than a stone. Look you
now, he's out of his guard already;
unless you laugh and minister
occasion to him, he is gag'd. I
protest I take these Wisemen, that
crow so at these set kind of fools,
no better than the fools' Zanies.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Oh you are sick of self-love
Malvolio, and taste with a
distemper'd appetite. To be
generous, guiltless, and of free
disposition, is to take these
things for Bird-bolts that you deem
Cannon bullets: there is no slander
in an allow'd fool, though he do
nothing but rayle; nor no railing,
in a known discreet man, though he
do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN

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

Enter Maria from upstairs.

MARIA

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

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair
young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, Madame, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off I pray you; he speaks
nothing but madman: fie on him. 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 with Maria (upstairs).

OLIVIA

Now you see sir how your fooling
grows old, and people dislike it.

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN

Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as
if thy eldest son should be a fool:
whose skull Jove cram with brains,
for - here he comes!

Enter Toby from downstairs.

CLOWN

One of thy kin has a most weak
Pia-mater.

OLIVIA

By mine honor half drunk. {[What
is he at the gate Cousin?

TOBY

A Gentleman.

OLIVIA

A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

TOBY

'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague
o'these pickle herring: how now,
sot?

CLOWN

Good Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

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

TOBY

Letcherie, I defy Letchery: there's
one at the gate.

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, what is he?

TOBY

Let him be the devil and he will, I
care not: give me faith say I.
Well, it's all one.]}

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN

Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a
mad man: one draught about heat,
makes him a fool, the second

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN (cont'd)
maddens him, and a third drowns
him.

OLIVIA
Go thou and seek the coroner, and
let him sit o'my coz: for he's in
the third degree of drink: he's
drown'd: go look after him.

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

Exit Clown downstairs with Toby. Enter Malvolio upstairs.

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
fore knowledge of that too, and
therefore comes to speak with you.
What is to be said to him, Lady,
he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA
Tell him, he shall not speak with
me.

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

OLIVIA
What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO
Why of man kind.

OLIVIA
What manner of man?

MALVOLIO
Of very ill manner: he'll speak
with you, will you, or no.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor
young enough for a boy: as a squash
before 'tis a peascod, or a Codling
when 'tis almost an Apple: 'Tis
with him in standing water, between
boy and man. He is very
well-favour'd and he speaks very
shrewishly: One would think his
mother's milk were scarce out of
him.

OLIVIA

Let him approach: Call in my
Gentlewoman

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my Lady calls.

Exit Malvolio upstairs after calling out to Maria. Enter
Maria downstairs.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil: come throw it o'er
my face,
(she dons veil)
we'll once more hear Orsino's
embassy.

Enter Viola, clearly from downstairs.

VIOLA

The honorable Lady of the house,
which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me, I shall answer for
her: your will?

(Maria: feel free to openly portray your opinion of this
young boy from the Duke - snicker condescendingly.)

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA (cont'd)
pains to con it. Good beauties, let
me sustain no scorn; I am very
comptible, even to the least
sinister usage.

OLIVIA
Where came you, sir?

VIOLA
I can say little more than I have
studied, and that question's out of
my part. Good gentle one, give me
modest assurance, if you be the
Lady of the house, that I may
proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA
Are you a comedian?

VIOLA
No, my profound heart: and yet (by
the very fangs of malice, I swear)
I am not that I play. Are you the
Lady of the house?

OLIVIA
If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA
Most certain, if you are she, you
do usurp yourself: for what is
yours to bestow, is, not yours to
reserve. But this is from my
Commission: I will on with my
speech in your praise, and then
shrew you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA
Come to what is important in't: I
forgive you the praise.

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

OLIVIA
It is the most like to be feigned,
I pray you keep it in. I heard you
were saucy at my gates, and allow'd
your approach rather to wonder at
you, than to hear you. If you be
not mad, be gone:

(CONTINUED)

Maria starts descending stairs to hoist Cesario away. (No pause from Olivia.)

If you have reason to be brief:
'tis not that time of Moon with me,
to make one in so skipping a
dialogue.

MARIA

(she arrives by door to push
Cesario out)

Will you hoist sail sir, here lies
your way.

[Maria, who started descending the stairs at "be gone",
pushes Viola towards the door at "Here lies your way."]

VIOLA

No, good swabber, I am to hull here
a little longer. Some mollification
for your Giant, sweet Lady.

OLIVIA

Tell me your mind.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure you have some hideous matter
to deliver, when the courtesy of it
is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear: I bring
no overture of war, no taxation of
homage; I hold the Olive in my
hand: my words are as full of
peace, as matter.

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. 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 as secret as
maidenhead; to your ears, divinity,
to any other's, profanation.

(CONTINUED)

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

Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola

OLIVIA
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 bosom.

OLIVIA
In his bosom! In what chapter of
his bosom?

VIOLA
To answer by the method, in the
first 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.

Olivia lifts her veil. (Case I: Olivia descends stairs to
Viola's level, and pace at will; Case II: Viola ascends to
balcony.)

Look you sir, such a one I was this
present: Is't not well done?

VIOLA
Excellently done, if God did all.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure
winde and weather.

VIOLA

Tis beauty truly blent, whose red
and white, natures own sweet, and
cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are
the cruel'st she alive, if you will
lead these graces to the grave, and
leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O sir, I will not be so
hard-hearted: I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It
shall be Inventoried and every
particle and utensil label'd 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 what you are; you are too
proud: but if you were the devil,
you are fair. My Lord, and master
loves you: O such love could not be
recompenc'd, though you were
crown'd the nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
with groans that thunder love, with
sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your Lord does know my mind, I
cannot love him. Yet, I suppose him
virtuous, know him noble, of great
estate, of fresh and stainless
youth; in voices well divulg'd,
free, and valiant, and in
dimension, and the shape of nature,
a gracious person; but yet I cannot
love him: he might have took his
answer long ago.

(Case I: Olivia ascends stairs, Viola follows.)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's
flame, with such a suff'ring, such
a deadly life: in your denial, I
would find no sense, I would not
understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your
gate, and call upon my soul within
the house, write loyal cantons of
condemnèd love, and sing them loud
even in the dead of night: hallow
your name to the reverberate hills,
and make the babbling gossip of the
air, cry out Olivia: O you should
not rest between the element of
air, and earth, but you should pity
me.

OLIVIA

You might do much: what is your
parentage?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Get you to your Lord: I cannot love
him: let him send no more, unless
perchance you come to me again, to
tell me how he takes it: fare you
well: I thank you for your pains:
spend this for me. (Gives Viola
Coin)

VIOLA

I am no feed post, Lady; keep your
purse, my master not my self, lacks
recompence. Love make his heart of
flint, that you shall love, and let
your fervour, like my master's, be,
plac'd in contempt: farewell fair
cruelty.

Exit Viola, descending down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

"What is your Parentage?" "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well; I am a Gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art, thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft, unless the Master were the man. How now? Even so quickly may one catch the plague? Methinks I feel this youth's perfections with an invisible, and subtle stealth to creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What ho, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO

Here, Madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish Messenger the County's man: he left this ring (gives coin) behind him would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him. If that the youth will come this way tomorrow, I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Malvolio exits swiftly from balcony. Olivia descends stairs to main stage level:

OLIVIA

I know not what, and fear to find mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind: fate, show thy force, our selves we do not owe, what is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Exit Olivia.

END OF ACT 1