

Twelfth Night: Act I

By

William Shakespeare
Adapted by the SL Shakespeare Company

From the First Folio & Moby Shakespeare

ACT 1 SCENE 1

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 start out playing but pause suddenly in silence when Orsino pops out to view on the balcony; they resume when Orsino gives the word.

DUKE ORSINO

(paces on floor when rambling,
freezes dramatically when
making a point)

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... That strained
again, it had a dying fall: O, it
came o'er my ear, like the sweet
sound that breathèd 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. 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...

Musicians continue playing until the song ends.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my Lord?

DUKE ORSINO

(immediately)

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, hmmmph'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.

DUKE ORSINO

(very dreamily)

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. Blackout.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

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?

(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 sight and company 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 this eunuch, and your mute
I'll be: when my tongue blabs, then
let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Enter Toby and Maria, but from different doors. There's a Taurus sign above the large center door.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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!

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek with a bottle of Castiliano Vulgo

ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch? How now, Sir Toby Belch?

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

TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

(faces Toby, but stands next to Maria)
Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?
(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.)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.
(She drops his hand again.)

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 the floor, pulls up his knees and looks dejected. There's a canary in a cage next to him.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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?

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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 stand on the slab.

VALENTINE

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

Enter Duke Orsino, Curio in light conversation.

VIOLA

I thank you: here comes the Count.

Valentine leaves, nods to Duke Orsino.

(CONTINUED)

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 unprofitted return.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

O then, unfold the passion of my love, surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; it shall become thee well to act my woes: she will attend it better in thy youth, 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUKE ORSINO (cont'd)
right apt for this affair: some
four or five attend him, and if you
will: for I myself am best when
least in company: 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, my self would be his wife.

ACT 1 SCENE 5

Enter Maria and Clown

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

Feste hangs himself.

CLOWN

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

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

CLOWN

(aside)

Wit, and't be thy will, put me into
good fooling; those wits that think

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN (cont'd)

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 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.

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 is simple Sillogism will
serve, so: if it will not, what
remedy? As there is no true Cuckold
but calamity, so beauties a flower;
The Lady bad take away the foole,
therefore I say againe, take her
away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bid them take away you.

CLOWN

Misprision is 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

OLIVIA

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

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: Infirmity that
decays the wise, doth ever make the
better fool.

CLOWN

God send you sir, a speedy
Infirmity, 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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, is 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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 at suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit Malvolio.

OLIVIA

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

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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
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. 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
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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO (cont'd)

Sherif post, and be the supporter
to a bench, but he'll speak with
you.

OLIVIA

What kind of man is he?

MALV

Why of man kind

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: 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.

Enter Maria.

OLIVIA

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

Enter Viola.

VIOLA

The honorable Lady of the house,
which is she?

(CONTINUED)

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. Good beauties, let
me sustain no scorn; I am very
compatible, 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 phangs 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 allowd
your approach rather to wonder at
you, than to hear you. If you be
not mad, be gone: if you have
reason to be brief: 'tis not that
time of Moon with me, to make one
in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail sir, here lies
your way.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Tell me your mind.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure you have some hiddeous 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.

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

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

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

(CONTINUED)

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 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

Olivia hurriedly puts on red lipstick. (Lipstick prop, and
change skin to red-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 non-parallel 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.

(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
condemned 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.

(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 Count's man: he left this ring 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.

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.