

Twelfth Night: Act I
"The Popular Culture Analogues Edition 2008"
Draft 1

By

William Shakespeare
Adapted by the SL Shakespeare Company for Unofficial Parody
Purposes ONLY

From the First Folio & Moby Shakespeare,
Star Wars: Episode 1 / Wall-E / Popular Politics 2008, viz.,
Hillary, Barack, and G.W.B / Twilight / Greenies

for Unofficial Parody Purposes

in FREE-as-in-beer
productions.

<http://TwelfthNight.SLshakespeare.com/blog/parody>

ACT 1 SCENE 1 - INT. JAR JAR DUKE'S PALACE - DAY

(Musicians take their seat and play.)

Enter Jar Jar Duke. Jar Jar Duke is on the extended balcony, while everyone else is below. Curio Amidala and R2D2 musicians (and perhaps other lords) are below on the main stage floor, separated by a bank of violets. Amidala Curio is standing awkwardly on stage right with spotlight on her, facing the audience. R2D2 Musicians pause suddenly in silence when Jar Jar Duke pops out to view on the balcony; they resume when Jar Jar Duke gives the word.

JAR JAR DUKE

If music be the food of Love, play
on, / give mesa more... give me
s'mores, give me s'amour!

(begin dancing the macarena)

Musicians, feel free to play on Thom's lovely little
space-ized version of our usual Orsino's Court song!
Enough, mesa wants no more. No more
for mesa!

CURIO AMIDALA

(without turning away from
audience)

Will you go hunt, my Lord?

JAR JAR DUKE

What *Curio*?

CURIO AMIDALA

The Hutt.

JAR JAR DUKE ORSINO

Mesa no want Jabba. Go away from
mesa!

CURIO Amidala hmph's and leaves. The R2D2 musicians follow her, leaving Jar Jar Duke Orsino alone.

Enter Darth Maul-Valentine from one of the lower doors.

JAR JAR DUKE

How now, Darth, what news from her
for mesa?

DARTH MAUL-VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be
admitted, / but from her handmaid
do return this answer: / the
element itself till seven years'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DARTH MAUL-VALENTINE (cont'd)
 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.

JAR JAR DUKE
 If you Darth treaten her witda
 respects / Yusa shown Ja Ja, then,
 methinks, yup dat / Meybe okeyday
 ta tink you go in.

Spotlights converge on Jar Jar Duke

JAR JAR DUKE
 The sun doin' murder to mesa skin.
 (Approaches balcony
 bannister/edge again)
 Mesa gonna die, mesa gonna die,
 mesa gonna die!

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

ACT 1 SCENE 2 - EXT. ILLYRIAN COAST - STORMLIGHT

Eve Viola and Wall-E Captain (curious mood) are each sitting
 beneath a palm tree (each located where Globe stage columns
 are), staring at the audience. (Make sure to move invisible
 floor up!)

EVE VIOLA
 What planet, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN WALL-E
 Illyria--

Wall-E Captain rolls over to Eve with a rose. Eve takes it.

CAPTAIN WALL-E
 Ta da! Eeee-va.

EVE VIOLA
 Directive... Directive...
 Directive.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN WALL-E
Dirrr - eccct - tiiive ?

EVE VIOLA
Classified.

CAPTAIN WALL-E
Oh.

EVE VIOLA
Directive.

Eve Viola zooms around on stage, as if still searching, although she's taken Wall-E's rose already.

EVE VIOLA
What else can I do here, Wall-E?

Wall-E wheels around following Eve Viola's frantic floating. Unhappy mood.

EVE VIOLA
Who governs here?

CAPTAIN WALL-E
BnL.

Wall-E neutral mood.

EVE VIOLA
What is his name?

CAPTAIN WALL-E
Orsino.

EVE VIOLA
Orsino? I have heard my maker name
him... He was a bachelor then.

Wall-E winks eyes and ejects trash. Eve Viola goes towards Wall-E's trash. Reads trash!

EVE VIOLA
And so is now, or was so very late,
/ But, he did seek the love of fair
Olivia. / 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.

Eve Viola flies/floats around in consternation.

EVE VIOLA
(immediately)
O that I serv'd that lady...

Eve Viola attach directive-off body. (No more green glow plant thing on ther chest.)

CAPTAIN WALL-E
Dirr - eeect - ive?

VIOLA
There is fair behavior in thee,
Wall-E, / and though that nature
with a beauteous wall / doth oft
close in pollution, yet of thee--

Wall-E spits out another chunk of garbage. Angry mood.

VIOLA-EVE
I will believe thou hast a mind
that suits / with this thy fair and
outward character.

Wall-E goes berserk in joy and rolls around everywhere. (The next few lines should be verbalized rapidly for pentameter.)

VIOLA-EVE
I prithee - Wall-E!

Viola-Eve tries following the berserk Wall-E around.

VIOLA-EVE
Wall-E, ugh, Wall-E -

Wall-E finally stops roving. Eve continues:

VIOLA-EVE
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.

WALL-E CAPTAIN
(a very panicked)
Aaaagggh!

Wall-E rolls away, saddened eyes. Eve follows trying to convince him.

VIOLA-EVE

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.

Wall-E finally turns to look at her, with 1) Solar Level
low, 2) arms in hug, 3) Tired eyes with sad mood

CAPTAIN WALL-E

(very sadly)

Eeeee - va.

Wall-E ejects his final piece of trash.

VIOLA-EVE

I thank thee. Lead me on.

Wall-E leads the roll off, and Viola follows.

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

Enter George W. Toby and Hillary "Maria" Clinton, 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 is drunk off his
rockers.

GEORGE W. TOBY

What a plague means my people to
hate the war in the middle east? I
am sure care's an enemy to life.

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

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

GEORGE W. TOBY

Why, let her except, before
excepted.

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

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

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE W. 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, you can hang me on my own straps!

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

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.

GEORGE W. TOBY

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

Ay, he.

GEORGE W. TOBY

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

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

What's that to th'purpose?

GEORGE W. TOBY

Why, he plans to spend more than three ba-trillion dollars a year.

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

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

GEORGE W. TOBY

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

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

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.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE W. TOBY

Whatever. I care not who succeeds
after me.

HILLARY "MARIA" CLINTON

All right, then.

GEORGE W. TOBY

With drinking healths to my
country. I'll drink to her as long
as there is a passage in my throat
and drink in America. He's a
cow-coward that will not drink to
my Liberty till his brains turn
o'th'toe like a topsy top top.
What, wench, thy Iraqi insurgents
attacking US forces? *My answer is:
bring them on!* for here comes Sir
Andrew Agueface!

(turns and takes a few steps
back towards tavern)

Enter Obama Aguecheek

OBAMA AGUECHEEK

(belch a greeting)

Sir Toby Belch? How now, Sir Toby
Belch?

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

GEORGE W. TOBY

(belch to reclaim your
namesake!)

Sweet Sir Andrew.

OBAMA AGUECHEEK

(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?

(CONTINUED)

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?
(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.

(CONTINUED)

(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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

TOBY

Excellent: it hangs not like flax
on a distaff, but I still 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 country will not be
seen, or if she be, it's four to
one she'll none of me. That other
GOP himself here hard by woos her.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

She'll none o'th'GOP. 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 America, 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 disco dance, and come home in a macarena? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a cray pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (cont'd)

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-Maul and Bella Swan (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. Darth Valentine-Maul and Viola walk onto the slab from opposite ends.

DARTH MAUL-VALENTINE

If Edward continues these favours towards you Bella Swan, you are like to be much advance'd, he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

BELLA SWAN

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.

DARTH MAUL-VALENTINE

(immediately)
No, believe me.

(CONTINUED)

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

Enter Edward Cullen, Curio-Amidala in light conversation (balcony).

BELLA SWAN

I thank you: here comes Edward...

EDWARD CULLEN

Who saw dear Bella, ho?

BELLA SWAN

On your attendance, my Lord, here.

EDWARD CULLEN

Stand you a-while aloof.

(Duke Orsino nods to Curio,
who leaves.)

Dear Bella, 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.

BELLA SWAN

Sure my Noble Lord, if she be so
abandon'd to her sorrow as it is
spoke, she never will admit me.

EDWARD CULLEN

Be clamorous, and leap all civil
bounds, rather than make
unprofit'ed return.

BELLA SWAN

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

EDWARD CULLEN

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.

BELLA SWAN

I think not so, my Lord.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CULLEN

(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, 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.

BELLA SWAN

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:

BELLA SWAN

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

This is the fun SL Pop Culture Greenies scene. (Unedited so far!)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN (cont'd)
 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.

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;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLOWN (cont'd)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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,
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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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
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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO (cont'd)
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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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
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?

(CONTINUED)

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.)

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 condemn'd 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
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