

OEP1 2009 Feb 16 Twelfth Night: Act I

By

William Shakespeare  
Adapted by the SL Shakespeare Company

From the First Folio & Moby Shakespeare

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), 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.

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?

(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.

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.

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