

mShakespeare Twelfth Night, Act 3
(Draft in progress 10/9/2010)

SCENE 1 - OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Open with Feste playing the tabor onstage (A2S5 set - Olivia's garden). Walks down steps towards downstage alley.

Enter Viola (Cesario) from long sunset walkway.

Feste and Viola meet at downstage alley.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
Save thee, friend, and thy music.
Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE
No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
Art thou a churchman?

FESTE
No such matter, sir. I do live by
the church, for I do live at my
house, and my house doth stand by
the church.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
So thou mayst say the king lies by
a beggar if a beggar dwell near
him, or the church stands by thy
tabor if thy tabor stand by the
church.

FESTE
You have said so, sir. To see this
age! A sentence is but a cheverel
glove to a good wit:

Feste takes out his cheverel glove, makes a slapping motion
at Viola, then turns it inside out, while saying:

FESTE
How quickly the wrong side may be
turned outward.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(acquiescing, with good nature
humor)
Nay, that's certain. They that
dally nicely with words may quickly
make them wanton.

(CONTINUED)

FESTE

I would therefore my sister had had
no name, sir.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

Why, man?

FESTE

Why, sir, her name's a word, and to
dally with that word might make my
sister wanton. But indeed words are
very rascals, since bonds disgraced
them.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

Thy reason, man?

FESTE

Troth sir, I can yield you none
without words, and words are grown
so false I am loath to prove reason
with them.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

I warrant thou art a merry fellow,
and car'st for nothing.

FESTE

Not so, sir, I do care for
something; but in my conscience,
sir, I do not care for you. If that
be to care for nothing, sir, I
would it would make you invisible.

Feste turns to leave, towards center door.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's
fool?

FESTE

(slowly turning around)

No indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has
no folly. She will keep no fool,
sir, till she be married, and fools
are as like husbands as pilchards
are to herrings - the husband's the
bigger. I am indeed not her fool,
but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

I saw thee late at the Count
Orsino's.

(CONTINUED)

FESTE

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

Viola approaches Feste, ascends steps.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no
more with thee. Hold, there's
expenses for thee.

(Gives coin)

FESTE

Now jove in his next commodity of
hair send thee a beard.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

By my troth I'll tell thee, I am
almost sick for one, though I would
not have it grow on my chin. Is thy
lady within?

Feste throws coin in air.

FESTE

Would not a pair of these have
bred, sir?

VIOLA (CESARIO)

Yes, being kept together and put to
use.

FESTE

I would play Lord Pandarus of
Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida
to this Troilus.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

I understand you, sir, 'tis well
begged.

(Gives coin)

FESTE

The matter, I hope, is not great,
sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida
was a beggar. My lady is within,
sir. I will conster to them whence
you come. Who are you and what you
would are out of my welkin. I might

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FESTE (cont'd)
say 'element', but the word is
overworn.

Feste exits center door.

Viola descends steps again, downstage alley.

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

Enter Toby and Andrew from "Gates of Tarter"

SIR TOBY
Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW
(Die - ooo voose gar - dey,
mon - sir.)

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(pause - uh...)
Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW
I hope, sir, you are, and I am
yours.

Sir Andrew, curiously, exits center door. We see, however,
peephole eyes brighten up in adjacent cracks.

SIR TOBY
(looking at Viola's legs)
Will you encounter the house? My
niece is *desirous* you should enter
if your trade be to her.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA (CESARIO)
I am bound to your niece, sir - I
mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY
(as if noticing her feminine
legs, but too drunk to realize
the significance)
Taste your legs, sir, put them to
motion.

Toby makes a motion of looking at Viola's legs.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(backs away a bit)
My legs do better understand me,
sir, than I understand what you
mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Toby goes towards Viola.

SIR TOBY
I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Viola escapes Toby.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
I will answer you with gait and
entrance.

Enter Maria and Olivia, center door.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
But we are prevented.
(faces Olivia)
Most excellent accomplished lady,
the heavens rain odours on you.

SIR TOBY
(aside, to crack of glowing
eyes - Andrew peepers)
That youth's a rare courtier; 'rain
odours' well!

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(glances briefly at Maria)
My matter hath no voice, lady, but
to your own most pregnant and
vouchsafed ear.

SIR TOBY
(announces, "on behalf of
Andrew")
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY (cont'd)
'Odours', 'pregnant' and
'vouchsafed' - My sweet Sir Andrew
shalt get 'em all three all ready!

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

Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola.

OLIVIA
Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(exaggerated bow, kiss of
hand)
My duty, madam, and must humble
service.

OLIVIA
What is your name?

VIOLA (CESARIO)
Cesario is your servant's name,
fair princess.

OLIVIA
My servant, sir? 'Twas bever merry
world / Since lowly feigning was
called complimenet. / You're
servant to the COunt Orsino, youth.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
And he is yours, and his must needs
be yours. / Your servant's servant
is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA
For him, I think not hon him. For
his thoughts, / Would they were
blanks rather than filled with me.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
Madam, I come to whet your gentle
thoughts / On his behalf.

OLIVIA
(immediately)
O by your leave, I pray you; / I
bade you never speak again of him.
/ But would ou understake another
suit, / I had rather hear you to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
solicit that / Than music from the
spheres.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(immediately)
Dear lady -

OLIVIA
Give me leave, beseech you. I did
send, / After the late enchantment
you did here, / A ring in chase of
you. So did I abuse / Myself, my
servant and, I fear me, you. /
Under your hard construction must I
sit, / To force that on you in a
shameful cunning / Which you knew
none of yours. What might you think?
/ Have you not set mine honour at
the stake / And baited it with all
th'unmuzzeld thoughts / That
tyrannous heart can think? To one
of your receiving / Enough is
shown: a cypress, not a bosom, /
hides my heart. So let me hear you
speak.

VIOLA
(pause)
I pity you.

OLIVIA
(immediately)
That's a degree to love!

VIOLA
No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar
proof / That very oft we pity
enemies.

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

Clock strikes

OLIVIA
The clock upbraids me with the
waste of time. / Be not afraid,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
good youth, I will not have you, /
And yet when wit and youth is come
to harvest, / Your wife is like to
reap a proper man. / There lies
your way, due west.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(immediately)
Then westward ho. / Grace and good
disposition attend your ladyship. /
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord
by me?

OLIVIA
Stay...

OLIVIA
I prithee tell me what thou
think'st of me.

VIOLA
That you do think you are not what
you are.

OLIVIA
If I think so, I think the same of
you.

VIOLA
Then think you right: I am not what
I am.

OLIVIA
I would you were as I would have
you be.

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

OLIVIA
O, what a deal of scorn looks
beautiful / In the contempt and
anger of his lip. / A murderous
guilt shows not itself more soon /
Than love that would seem hid.
Love's night is noon. / -- Cesario,
by the roses of the spring, / By
maidhood, honour, truth and
everything, / I love thee so that
maugre all thy pride / Nor wit nor
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
reason can my passion hide. / Do
not extort thy reasons from this
clause: / For that I woo, thou
therefore hast no cause. / But
rather reason thus with reason
fetter: / Love sought is good, but
given unsought is better.

VIOLA
By innocence I swear, and by my
youth, / I have one heart, one
bosom and one truth, / And that no
woman has, nor never none / Shall
mistress be of it save I alone. /
And so adieu, good madam; never
more / Will I my master's tears to
you deplore.

OLIVIA
Yet come again, for thou perhaps
mayst move / That heart which now
abhors to like his love.

SCENE 2 - 3.5 SET

Andrew, with his baggage, about to go out of Olivia's door.

ANDREW
No, faith, I'll not stay a jot
longer.

TOBY
Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
reason.

FABIAN
You must needs yield your reason,
Sir Andrew.

ANDREW
Marry, I saw your niece do more
favours to the count's servingman
than ever she bestowed upon me. I
saw't i'th' orchard.

Toby goes over and unloads Andrew's baggage.

TOBY
Did she see thee the while, old
boy? Tell me that.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

This was a great argument of love
in her toward you.

ANDREW

(makes a grab for luggage)
'Slight! Will you make an ass o'me?

FABIAN

I will prove it legitimate, sir,
upon the oaths of judgment and
reason.

TOBY

And they have been grand-jurymen
since before Noah was a sailor...

Toby and Fabian begin pushing Andrew downstairs..

FABIAN

She did show favour to the youth in
your sight only to exasperate you,
to awaken your dormouse valour, to
put fire in your heart and
brimstone in your liver. You should
then have accosted her and, with
some excellent jests, fire-new from
the mint, you should have banged
the youth into dumbness. This was
looked for at your hand and this
was balked. The double guilt of this
opportunity you let time wash off,
and you are now sailed into the
north of my lady's opinion, where
you will hang like an icicle on a
Dutchman's beard, unless you do
redeem it by some laudable attempt
either of valour or policy.

ANDREW

An't be any way, it must be with
valour, for policy I hate. I had as
lief be a Brownist as a politician.

TOBY

Why then, build me thy fortunes
upon the basis of valour. Challenge
me the count's youth to fight with
him. Hurt him in eleven places - my
niece shall take note of it. And

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (cont'd)
assure thyself there is no
love-broker in the world can more
prevail in man's commendation with
woman than report of valour.

FABIAN
There is no way but this, Sir
Andrew.

ANDREW
Will either of you bear me a
challenge to him?

TOBY
Go write it in a martial hand, be
curst and brief. It is no matter
how witty, so it be eloquent and
full of invention. Taunt him with
the license of ink. If thou thou'st
him some thrice, it shall not be
amiss; and as many lies as will lie
in thy sheet of paper, although the
sheet were big enough for the bed
fo Ware in England, set 'em down.
Go, about it. Let there be gall
enough in thy ink - though thou
write with a goose-pen, no matter.
About it.

ANDREW
Where shall I find you?

TOBY
We'll call thee at a cubicuulo. Go.

Exit Andrew through servant's door downstairs.

FABIAN
This is a dear manikin to you, Sir
Toby.

TOBY
I have been dear to him, lad, some
two thousand strong or so.

FABIAN
We shall have a rare letter from
him; but you'll not deliver't?

TOBY

Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'anatomy.

FABIAN

And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria

TOBY

Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yon gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado, for there is no Christian that means to be savedd by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

TOBY

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him; I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Come, bring us, bring us where he
is.

Exeunt.

SCENE 3 - OUTSIDE OLIVIA'S BACK ALLEY

(1.3 set, door closed, with sidestage stairs)

SEBASTIAN

I would not by my will have
troubled you, / But since you make
your pleasure of your pains / I
will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you. My
desaire, / More sharp than filed
steel, did spur me forth, / And not
all love to see you - though so
much / As might have drawn me to a
longer voyage - / But jealousy what
might befall your travel -- / Being
skill-less in these parts, which to
a stranger, / Unguided and
unfriend, often prove / Rough and
unhospitable. My willing love, /
The rather by these arguments of
fear, / Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

(immediately)

My kind Antonio, / I can no other
answer make but thanks, / And
thanks, and ever thanks; and oft
good turns / Are shuffled off with
such uncurrent pay. / But were my
worth as is my conscience firm, /
You should find better dealing.
What's to do? / Shall we go see the
relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir; best first go see
your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to
night. / I pray you, let us satisfy
our eyes / With the memorials and
the things of fame / That do renown
this city.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO

(immediately)

Would you'd pardon me. / I do not
without danger walk these streets.
/ Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the
count his galleys / I did some
service, of such note indeed / That
were I ta'en here it would scarce
be answered.

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his
people?

ANTONIO

the'offence is not of such a bloody
nature, / Albeit the quality of the
time and quarrel / Might well have
given us bloody argument. / It
might have since been answered in
repaying / What we took from them,
which for traffic's sake / Most of
our city did. Only myself stood
out, / For which if I be lapsed in
this place / I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open...

ANTONIO

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir,
here's my purse. / In the south
suburbs, at the Elephant, / Is best
to lodge. I will bespeak our diet /
Whiles you beguile the time and
feed your knowledge / With viewing
of the town. There shall you have
me.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon
some toy / You have desire to
purchase; and your store, / I
think, is not for idle markets,
sir.

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer, and
leave you for an hour.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO
To th'Elephant.

SEBASTIAN
(immediately)
I do remember.

Antonio collapses to rest in the rubble next to Olivia's back lot, while Sebastian goes off side stairs.

SCENE 4A - OLIVIA/MARIA

A rotating set. Half Olivia's House interior anteroom-ish, half the grand entrance in the city.

INT: Olivia walks up steps SR. Maria trails

OLIVIA
I have sent after him; he says
he'll come. / How shall I feast
him? What bestow of him? / For
youth is bought more oft than
begged or borrowed. / (Soft...) I
speak to loud.
(turns to Maria)
Where's Malvolio? He is sad and
civil, / And suits well for a
servant with my fortunes. / Where
is Malvolio?

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

OLIVIA
Why, what's the matter? Does he
rave?

MARIA
No, madam, he does nothing but
smile. Your ladyship were best to
have some guard about you if he
come, for sure the man is tainted
in's wits.

OLIVIA
Go call him hither -

SCENE 4B - OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, MARIA

Exit Maria, who "runs into" Malvolio, entering from EXT.

OLIVIA
(immediately - beseeching
audience)
I am as mad as he, / If sad and
merry madness equal be.
(turns around, facing
Malvolio)
How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
Sweet lady, ho, ho!
(blows a kiss)

OLIVIA
Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon
a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO
Sad, lady? I could be sad. This
does make some obstruction in the
blood, this cross-gartering, but
what of that? If it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very
true sonnet is: 'Please one, and
please all.'
(blows a kiss)

OLIVIA
Why, how dost thou, man? What is
the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO
Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs. It did come to his
hands, and commands shall be
executed. I think we do know the
sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA
Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll
come to thee.
(blows a kiss)

OLIVIA
God comfort thee. Why dost thou
smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

(CONTINUED)

MARIA
(finally caught up in her wits
- Malvolio appeared all too
suddenly)
How do you, Malvoio?

MALVOLIO
(disdain, clearly a master to
a servant:)
At your request? Yes, nightingales
answer daws.

MARIA
(indignantly, but with a
twinkle of knowing goading)
Why appear you with this ridiculous
boldness before my lady?

Malvolio begins his advances towards Olivia - forcing her
into stage right, eventually having to descend down stairs
to lower levels of house.

MALVOLIO
'Be not afraid of greatness' -
'twas well writ.

OLIVIA
What mean'st thou by that,
Malvolio?

MALVOLIO
'Some are born great' -

OLIVIA
Ha?

MALVOLIO
'Some achieve greatness' -

OLIVIA
Why sayst thou?

Malvolio now at INT balcony, with Olivia below, looking up.

MALVOLIO
(thrust of hands)
'And some have greatness thrust
upon them.'

OLIVIA
(flabberghasted)
Heaven restore thee!

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings' -

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

'And wished to see thee
cross-gartered.'
(raises feet)

OLIVIA

(outraged! She hates 'em)
Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

'Go to, thou art made if thou
desir'st to be so.'

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant
still.'

Malvolio beams. Limelight of sunrays literally on him.

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer
madness.

Enter Servant, INT downstairs door

SERVANT

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit Servant, same door.

OLIVIA

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

(CONTINUED)

Olivia follows servant out. Maria wanders about INT, avoiding Malvolio's direct gaze, but snickering - eavesdropping on Malvolio, who believes he's alone.

Malvolio makes his way down the stairs, while ruminating with his ego bare naked. INT downstairs by end. Maria INT upstairs by end.

MALVOLIO

O ho, do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she, 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity', and consequently sets down the manner how, as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to.' 'Fellow', not 'Malvolio', nor after my degree, but 'fellow'! Why, everything adheres together that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance - what can be said? - nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Welll, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Malvolio collapses on a fainting couch, the picturesque faux aristocrat.

SCENE 4C - TOBY, FABIAN, MARIA, MALVOLIO

Enter Toby, Fabian from upstairs INT door. Maria leads them downstairs to Malvolio.

SIR TOBY

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY (cont'd)
be drawn in little, and Legion
himself possessed him, yet I'll
speak to him.

FABIAN
(gathering above Malvolio's
fainting couch)
Here he is, here he is. How is't
with you, sir? ... How is't with
you, man?

MALVOLIO
Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy
my private-- go off!

MARIA
(feigning, big time - she
never told Toby this of her
lady, but all three of them
are in on the dupe from the
start)
Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks
within him. Did not I tell you? Sir
Toby, my lady prays you to have a
care of him.

MALVOLIO
Aha! Does she so?

SIR TOBY
(pushes Maria away)
Go to, go to. Peace, peace, we must
deal gently with him.

SIR TOBY
Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio?
How is't with you? What man, defy
the devil! Consider he's an enemy
to mankind.

MALVOLIO
Do you know what you say?

MARIA
(bustles back)
La you, an you speak ill of the
devil, how he takes it at heart.
Pray God he not be bewitched.

FABIAN
Carry his water to th'wise woman.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

Marry, and it shall be done
tomorrow morning, if I live. My
lady would not lose him for more
than I'll say.

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress?

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY

(pushes Maria away)

Prithee hold thy peace, this is not
the way. Do you not see you move
him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN

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

On impulse, Toby pushes Fabian away downstage, at edge of
invis wall. Toby bustles over Malvolio, turns burlesque.

SIR TOBY

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

MALVOLIO

Sir!

SIR TOBY

Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man,
'tis not for gravity to play at
cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him,
foul collier!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx?

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

Go hang yourselves, all. You are
idle shallow things; I am not of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALVOLIO (cont'd)
your element. You shall know more
hereafter.

Exit Malvolio, INT servant's door.

SCENE 4D - TOBY, FABIAN, MARIA, ANDREW

SIR TOBY
Is't possible?

FABIAN
(turns towards audience,
conveniently the one farthest
downstage)
If this were played upon a stage
now, I could condemn it as an
improbable fiction.

Fabian then proceeds to sit down to the small banquet table
set for one.

SIR TOBY
His very genius hath taken the
infection of the device, man.

MARIA
Nay, pursue him now, lest hte
device take air and taint.

FABIAN
(waving a fork in the air)
Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA
The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY
Come, we'll have him in a dark room
and bound. My niece is already in
the belief that he's mad. We may
carry it thus for our pleasure and
his penance till our very pastime,
tired out of breath, prompt us to
have mercy on him; at which time we
will bring the device to the bar
and crown thee for a finder of
madmen.

Enter Sir Andrew from servant's door - with a letter.

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY
But see, but see...

FABIAN
More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW
Here's the challenge, read it.

Sir Andrew hands it to Fabian.

SIR ANDREW
I warrant there's vinegar and
pepper in't.

Fabian ignores the letter.

FABIAN
(fumbling with Tabasco sauce
on his eggs)
Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW
Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but
read.

SIR TOBY
(snatches letter)
Give me... "Youth, whatsoever thou
art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

FABIAN
(wipes napkin around mouth)
Good and valiant.

SIR TOBY
"Wonder not nor admire not in thy
mind why I do call thee so, for I
will show thee no reason for't."

FABIAN
A good note, that keeps you from
the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY
"Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia,
and in my sight she uses thee
kindly. But thou liest in thy
throat; that is not the matter I
challenge thee for."

(CONTINUED)

FABIAN

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-

(aside)

less

SIR TOBY

"I will waylay thee going home,
where if it be thy chance to kill
me -

FABIAN

Good!

SIR TOBY

"Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a
villain."

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY

"Fare thee well, and God have mercy
upon one of our souls. He may have
mercy upon mine, but my hope is
better, and so look to thyself. Thy
friend as thou usest him, and thy
sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek" If
this letter move him not, his legs
cannot. I'll give't him.

MARIA

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

Toby pushes Andrew upstairs, then out of INT main door.
Fabian and Maria follow.

SIR TOBY

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at
the corner of the orchard like a
bumbaily. So soon as ever thou
seest him, draw and, as thou
draw'st, swear horrible, for it
comes to pass oft that a terrible
oath, with a swaggering accent
sharply twanged off, gives manhood
more approbation than ever proof
itself would have earned him. Away!

Scene rotates to EXT.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Andrew walks off.

SIR TOBY

Now will not I deliver his letter,
for the behaviour of the young
gentleman gives him out to be of
good capacity and breeding. His
employment between his lord and my
niece confirms no less. Therefore
this letter, being so excellently
ignorant, will breed no terror in
the youth. He will find it comes
from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will
deliver his challenge by word of
mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable
report of valour and drive the
gentleman - as I know his youth
will aptly receive it - into a most
hideous opinion of rage, skill,
fury, and impetuosity. This will
so fright them both that they will
kill one another by the look,
like...

A chameleon jumps onto the mythical lion statues guarding
entrance of Olivia's house.

SIR TOBY

Cockatrices!

Olivia and Viola enter through another door on another level
INT.

FABIAN

(from within)

Here comes your niece. Give them
way till he takes leave, and
presently after him.

SIR TOBY

I will meditate the while upon some
horrid message for a challenge.

The trio head off the other way from Andrew.

SCENE 4E - OLIVIA/VIOLA

Olivia and Viola appear at doorway.

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart
of stone / And laid mine honour too
unchary on't. / There's something
in me that reproves my fault, / But
such a headstrong potent fault it
is / That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

With the same haviour that your
passion bears / Goes on my master's
griefs.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this jewel for me: 'tis
my picture. / Refuse it not, it
hath no tongue to vex you; / And I
beseech you come again tomorrow. /
What shall you ask of me that I'll
deny / That honour saved may upon
asking give?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love
for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honour may I give him
that / Which I have given to you?

VIOLA

(immediately)

I will acquit you.

Viola walks off street, SL, not totally off audience view.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow. Fare
thee well. / A fiend like thee
might bear my soul to hell.

Olivia disappears INT.

SCENE 4F - TOBY, FABIAN, VIOLA

Toby and Fabian enters SL, intersects Viola

SIR TOBY
Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
And you, sir.

SIR TOBY
That defence thou hast, betake thee
to't. Of what nature the wrongs
are thou hast done him, I know not,
but thy interceptor, full of
despite, bloody as the hunter,
attends thee at the orchard end.
Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy
preparation, for thy assailant is
quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
You mistake, sir. I am sure no man
hath any quarrel to me. My
remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to
any man.

SIR TOBY
You'll find it otherwise, I assure
you. Therefore, if you hold your
life at any price, betake you to
your guard, for your opposite hath
in him what youth, strength, skill
and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY
He is knight, dubbed with unhatched
rapier and on carpet consideration,
but he is a devil in private brawl.
Souls and bodies hath he divorce
three, and his incensement at this
moment is so implacable that
satisfaction can be none but by
pangs of death and sepulchre.
'Hob-nob' is his word: give't or
take't

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA

I will return again into the house
and desire some conduct of the
lady. I am no fighter. I have
heard of some kind of men taht put
quarrels purposely on others to
taste their valour. Belike this is
a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY

Sir, no. His indignation derives
itself out of a very competent
injury, therefore get you on and
give him his desire. Back you shall
not to the house, unless you
undertake that with me which with
as much safety you might answer
him. Therefore on, or strip your
sword stark naked, for meddle you
must, that's certain, or forswear
to wear iron about you.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

This is as uncivil as strange. I
beseech you do me this courteous
office as to know of the knight
what my offence to him is. Is it
something of my negligence, nothing
of my purpose.

SIR TOBY

I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay
you by this gentleman till my
return.

VIOLA

Pray you, sir, do you know of this
matter?

FABIAN

I know the knight is incensed
against you even to a mortal
arbitrament, but nothing of the
circumstance more.

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man
is he?

FABIAN

Nothing of that wonderful promise
to read him by his form as you are
like to find him in the proof of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FABIAN (cont'd)
his valour. He is indeed, sir, the
most skilful, bloody, and fatal
opposite that you could possibly
have found in any part of Illyrtia.
Will you walk towards him, I will
make your peace with him - if I
can.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
I shall be much bound to you for't.
I am one that had rather go with
Sir Priest than Sir Knight. I care
not who knows so much of my mettle.

Viola walks off. Fabian traies after. Toby enters house INT
Set rotates.

SCENE 4G - TOBY/ANDREW

INT, Toby and Andrew thru servant's door

SIR TOBY
Why, man, he's a very devil. I have
not seen such a firago. I had a
pass with him, rapier, scabbard and
all, and he gives me the stuck in
withc such a mortal motion that it
is inevitable; and on the answer,
he pays you as surely as your feet
hit the ground they step on. They
say he has been fencer to the
Sophy.

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

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

SIR ANDREW
Plague on't, an I thought he had
been valiant, and so cunning in
fence, I'd have seen him damned ere
I'd have challenged him. Let him
let the matter slip and I'll give
him my horse, grey Capulet

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY

I'll make the motion. Stand here,
make a good show on't. This shall
end without the perdition of souls.

SIR TOBY

(aside)

Marry, I'll ride your horse as well
as I ride you.

SCENE 4H - TOBY, FABIAN, ANDREW, VIOLA

Enter Fabian and Viola

SIR TOBY

(to Fabian)

I have his horse to take up the
quarrel. I have persuaded him the
youth's a devil.

FABIAN

(to Toby)

He is as horribly conceited of him,
and pants and looks pale as if a
bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY

(to Viola)

There's no remedy, sir, he will
fight with you for's oath' sake.
Marry, he hath better bethought him
of his quarrel and he finds that
now scarce to be worth talking of.
Therefore draw for the supportance
of his vow. He protests he will not
hurt you.

VIOLA (CESARIO)

(turns away - to audience)

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

FABIAN

(aside to Andrew)

Give ground if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no
remedy. The gentleman will for his
honour's sake have one bout with
you; he cannot by the duello avoid

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY (cont'd)
it. But he has promised me, as he
is a gentleman and a soldier, he
will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

SIR ANDREW
(aside)
Pray God he keep his oath!

SCENE 4I - TOBY, FABIAN, ANDREW, VIOLA, ANTONIO

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(to Andrew)
I do assure you 'tis against my
will.

They both draw swords.

ANTONIO
(draws sword)
If this young gentleman / Have done
offence, I take the fault on me. /
If you offend him, I for him defy
youy.

SIR TOBY
You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO
One, sir, that for his love dares
yet do more. / Than you have heard
him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY
(draws sword)
Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am
for you.

Enter Officers

FABIAN
O good Sir Toby, hold. here come
the officers.

SIR TOBY
(to Antonio)
I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA (CESARIO)
(to Andrew)
Pray, sir, put your sword up, if
you please.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised you I'll be as good as my word. He will beat you easily, and reins well.

OFFICER 1

(points sword at Antonio)

This is the man; do thy office.

OFFICER 2

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
/ Of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

(immediately)

You mistake me, sir.

OFFICER 1

No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well, / Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

(to Officer 2)

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

(to Viola)

I must obey. This comes with seeking you. / But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. / What will you do now my necessity / Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me / Much more for what I cannot do for you / Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed, / But be of comfort.

OFFICER 2

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

(to Viola)

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

VIOLA

(pauses)

For the fair kindness you have showed me here, / And part being

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA (cont'd)
prompted by your present trouble, /
Out of my lean and low ability /
I'll lend you something. My having
is not much. / I'll make diversion
of my present with you.

VIOLA
(offering money)
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANTONIO
(immediately)
Will you deny me now? / Is't
possible that my deserts to you /
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt
my misery, / Lest that it make me
so unsound a man / As to upbraid
you with those kindnesses / That I
have done for you.

VIOLA
(immediately)
I know of none, / Nor know I you by
voice or any feature. / I hate
ingratitude more than in a man /
Than lying vainness, babbling
drunkenness / Or any taint of vice
whose strong corruption / Inhabits
our frail blood.

ANTONIO
(immediately)
O heavens themselves!

OFFICER 2
Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO
Let me speak a little. The youth
that you see here / I snatched one
half out of the jaws of death, /
Relieved him with such sanctity of
love, / And to his image, which
methought did promise / Most
venerable worth, did I devotion.

OFFICER 1
What's that to us? Time time goes
by. Away!

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO

But O, how vile an idol proves this
god! / Thou hast, Sebastian, done
good feature shame. / In nature
there's no blemish but the mind: /
None can be called deformed but the
unkind. / Virtue is beauty, but the
beauteous evil / Are empty trunks
o'erflourished by the devil.

OFFICER 1

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

ANTONIO

(offering his hands)

Lead me on.

VIOLA

(aside)

Methinks his words do from such
passion fly/ That he believes
himself. So do not I. / Prove true,
imagination, O prove true! / That
I, dear brother, be now ta'en for
you!

SIR TOBY

Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian. We'll whisper o'er a
couplet or two of most sage saws.

Fabian, Andrew gather around Toby

VIOLA

He named Sebastian. I my brother
know / Yet living in my glass. Even
such and so / In favour was my
brother, and he went / Still in
this fashion, colour, ornament, /
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
/ Tempests are kind, and salt waves
fresh in love!

Exit SL

SIR TOBY

A very dishonest, paltry boy, and
more a coward than a hare. His
dishonesty appears in leaving his
friend here in necessity and
denying him; and, for his
cowardship, ask Fabian.

(CONTINUED)

FABIAN

A coward, a most devout coward,
religious in it.

SIR ANDREW

'Slid, I'll after him again
and beat him.

SIR TOBY

Do, cuff him soundly, but never
draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW

An I do not -

Exit SL, pursuing Viola.

FABIAN

Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY

I dare lay any money 'twill be
nothing yet.

Exit SL, duo pursuing the duo.