

mShakespeare Twelfth Night, Act 3  
(Draft in progress 10/6/2010)

SCENE 1

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.

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 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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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' -

(CONTINUED)

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!

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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 betwen 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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)



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  
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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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."

(CONTINUED)

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."

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FABIAN (cont'd)  
 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  
 uncharly 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 'it. 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY (cont'd)  
 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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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  
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.

(CONTINUED)



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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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 you.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLA  
What money, sir?

VIOLA  
(pauses)  
For the fair kindness you have  
showed me here, / And part being  
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.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER 1

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

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIR TOBY (cont'd)  
dishonesty appears in leaving his  
friend here in necessity and  
denying him; and, for his  
cowardship, ask Fabian.

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.