

Twelfth Night

Wm. Shakespeare



Audition Script

Dramatis Personae

- **Viola** – a shipwrecked young woman who disguises herself as a page named Cesario
- **Sebastian** – Viola's twin brother
- **Duke Orsino** – Duke of Illyria
- **Olivia** – a wealthy countess
- **Malvolio** – steward in Olivia's household
- **Maria** – Olivia's gentlewoman
- **Sir Toby Belch** – Olivia's uncle
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek** – a friend of Sir Toby
- **Feste** – Olivia's servant, a jester
- **Fabian** – a servant in Olivia's household
- **Antonio** – a sea captain and friend to Sebastian
- **Valentine** – gentleman attending on the Duke
- **A Sea Captain** – a friend to Viola

Act I Scene I

The seacoast.

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

VIOLA. What country, friends, 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 drowned. What think you, Captain?

CAPTAIN. It is by grace that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA. O, my poor brother, and so by grace may he also be.

CAPTAIN. True, madam, assure yourself, after our ship did split, when

you were saved, I saw your brother bind himself to a strong mast.

There I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves as long as I could see.

VIOLA. Know'st thou this country, friend?

CAPTAIN. Ay, madam, I know it 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 the 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 when I left this place there 'twas fresh murmur that he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA. What's she?

CAPTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count that died some twelve months ago, then leaving her in the protection of his only son, her brother, who shortly thereafter also died. Now they say, she hath abjured the company and sight of all men.

VIOLA: O that I might serve that lady and not be delivered to this world.

CAPTAIN. That would be hard to compass. Because she will admit no kind of suit, not even the duke's.

VIOLA. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain. I prithee, I'll pay thee bounteously, I wish to serve this Duke. Conceal what I am, and be my aid. Thou shall present me as a steward to him. Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN. Be you his steward, and your mute I'll be.

VIOLA. I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt

Act I Scene II

Duke Orsino's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO and VALENTINE

DUKE ORSINO. If music be the food of love, play on. Give me excess of it, so that my appetite may sicken, and so die. There, that strain again!

1 Enough. No more. 'Twas not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit
2 of love! How quick and fresh art thou.
3 VALENTINE. Will you go hunt, my lord?
4 DUKE ORSINO. Hunt what, Valentine?
5 VALENTINE. The hart.
6 DUKE ORSINO. Why, so I do. O, when mine eyes did first see Olivia, I
7 thought she purged the air of pestilence! What news from Countess
8 Olivia?
9 VALENTINE. So please my lord, I was not admitted, but from her
10 handmaid I return this answer. The world itself shall not behold her
11 face until seven years have past. All to season a brother's dead love.
12 DUKE ORSINO. O, to pay this debt of love to her dead brother. How will
13 she love me when she hath killed the flock of all affections that live in
14 her? Away!

15 *Exeunt*
16

17 Act I Scene III

18 *Olivia's house.*
19

20 *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

21 SIR TOBY BELCH. What a plague infects my niece, to take the death of
22 her brother thus? I am sure sorrow's an enemy to life.
23 MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier at night. Your
24 cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
25 SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, let her except.
26 MARIA. No, you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
27 SIR TOBY BELCH. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am.
28 These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too.
29 If they be not, then let them hang themselves by their own boot straps.
30 MARIA. Such quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk
31 of it yesterday, and of that foolish knight you brought here to be her
32 wooer.
33 SIR TOBY BELCH. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
34 MARIA. Ay, he.
35 SIR TOBY BELCH. He's as tall a man as any in Illyria.
36 MARIA. What's that to the purpose?
37 SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
38 MARIA. He's a very fool.
39 SIR TOBY BELCH. Fie! He plays the viol-de-gamba, and speaks three or
40 four languages word for word without book.
41 MARIA. He's a fool, and he's a great quarreler. Without the gift of a
42 coward to allay his taste in quarrelling, 'tis thought amongst the
43 prudent that he will quickly have the gift of a grave.
44 SIR TOBY BELCH. By this hand, they are scoundrels that say so of him.
45 Who are they?
46 MARIA. Moreover, they add that he's drunk nightly in your company.
47 SIR TOBY BELCH. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as
48 long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. What,
49 wench, here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

1 *Enter SIR ANDREW*
2 SIR ANDREW. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!
3 SIR TOBY BELCH. Sweet Sir Andrew!
4 SIR ANDREW. Bless you, fair shrew.
5 MARIA. And you too, sir.
6 SIR TOBY BELCH. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
7 SIR ANDREW. What's that?
8 SIR TOBY BELCH. My niece's chambermaid.
9 SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
10 MARIA. My name is Maria, sir.
11 SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Maria Accost,--
12 SIR TOBY BELCH. You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her,
13 woo her, assail her.
14 SIR ANDREW. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.
15 Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
16 MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen.
17 *Exit*
18 SIR TOBY BELCH. Would thou never draw a sword again! O knight thou
19 lackest the courage of a canary. When did I ever see thee so put
20 down?
21 SIR ANDREW. I think sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or
22 an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater of beef and I believe that
23 does harm to my wit.
24 SIR TOBY BELCH. No question.
25 SIR ANDREW. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.
26 SIR TOBY BELCH. Pour quoi, my dear knight?
27 SIR ANDREW. What is 'Pour quoi'? Do or not do? I wish I had bestowed
28 that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-
29 baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!
30 SIR TOBY BELCH. But thou doest have an excellent head of hair.
31 SIR ANDREW. It becomes me well enough, doesn't not?
32 SIR TOBY BELCH. Excellent. It hangs like flax on a wheel, and I hope to
33 see a housewife take thee and spin it off.
34 SIR ANDREW. Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not
35 be seen. Or if she'll be, it's four to one she'll have none of me. The
36 count, hard by tries to woo her.
37 SIR TOBY BELCH. She'll have none of the count. No, she'll not match
38 above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit.
39 SIR ANDREW. Very well, I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow of the
40 world. I delight in masques and revels.
41 SIR TOBY BELCH. Art thou good at these trifles, knight?
42 SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria.
43 SIR TOBY BELCH. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
44 SIR ANDREW. Faith, I can cut a caper. Shall we set about some revels?
45 SIR TOBY BELCH. What else shall we do? Let me see the caper. Ha!
46 Higher. Ha, ha! Excellent!
47 *Exeunt*
48

Act I Scene IV

1 *Duke Orsino's palace.*
2
3 *Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire*
4 VALENTINE. If the duke continues these favors towards you, Cesario, you
5 are to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and
6 already you are no stranger.
7 VIOLA. I thank you.
8 *DUKE ORSINO off-stage*
9 DUKE ORSINO. Cesario, ho.
10 VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord.
11 *Enter DUKE ORSINO*
12 DUKE ORSINO. Stand you a while aloof, Cesario, thou know'st no less
13 then all. I have unclasped to thee the book of my secret soul.
14 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait to Lady Olivia. Be not denied
15 access, stand at her doors, and tell them, there thy fixed foot shall
16 grow until thou hast had an audience.
17 VIOLA. Surely, my noble lord, if she be so abandoned to her sorrow as it is
18 spoken, she will never admit me.
19 DUKE ORSINO. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds rather than make
20 an unprofited return.
21 VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
22 DUKE ORSINO. O, then unfold the passion of my love. Surprise her with
23 discourse of my dear faith. She will attend it better with thy youth.
24 VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.
25 DUKE ORSINO. Dear lad, believe me, you say you art a man but Diana's
26 lip is not more smooth and rubious. Thy small pipe is as the maiden's
27 organ, shrill and sound, and all is semblative of a woman's part. I
28 know thy constellation is right apt for this affair.
29 *Exit DUKE ORSINO and VALENTINE*
30 VIOLA. I'll do my best to woo your lady. *(Aside)* Yet, O strife! While I
31 woo for him, I, myself would be his wife.
32 *Exit VIOLA*
33

Act I Scene V

Olivia's house.

34
35
36
37 *Enter MARIA and FESTE*
38 MARIA. Nay, tell me where thou hast been. My lady will hang thee for
39 thy absence.
40 FESTE. Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs no
41 fears.
42 MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent, or you'll be
43 turned away. Is not that as good as a hanging to you?
44 FESTE. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.
45 MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more of that. Here comes my lady. Make
46 your excuse wisely.

1 *Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO*
2 *Exit MARIA*
3 FESTE. Wit, put me into good fooling! Better a witty fool than a foolish
4 wit. God bless thee, lady!
5 OLIVIA. Take the fool away.
6 FESTE. Do you not hear, fellow? Take away the lady.
7 OLIVIA. Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you.
8 FESTE. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend.
9 For give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest
10 man mend himself then he is no longer dishonest. The lady bade take
11 away the fool. Therefore, I say again, take her away.
12 OLIVIA. Sir, I bade him take away you.
13 FESTE. Misprisionment in the highest degree! Good Madonna, give me
14 leave to prove you a fool.
15 OLIVIA. Can you do it?
16 FESTE. Dexterously, good Madonna.
17 OLIVIA. Make your proof.
18 FESTE. Good Madonna, why mournest thou?
19 OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death.
20 FESTE. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.
21 OLIVIA. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
22 FESTE. Then you're more the fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's
23 soul being in heaven. Take away the fool.
24 OLIVIA. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?
25 MALVOLIO. I marvel that your ladyship takes delight in such a barren
26 rascal. I saw him put down the other day by an ordinary fool that has
27 no more wit than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard
28 already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.
29 OLIVIA. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a
30 distempered appetite.
31 *Re-enter MARIA*
32 MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman that much desires
33 to speak with you.
34 OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it?
35 MARIA. I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.
36 OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?
37 MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
38 OLIVIA. O, fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks as a madman. Fie on
39 him! (*Exit MARIA*) Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the count,
40 I am sick, or not at home. Tell him what you will, to dismiss him.
41 (*Exit MALVOLIO*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old,
42 and people dislike it.
43 FESTE. Thou hast spoken for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a
44 fool.
45 *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH*
46 OLIVIA. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?
47 SIR TOBY BELCH. A gentleman.
48 OLIVIA. A gentleman! What gentleman?
49 SIR TOBY BELCH. 'Tis a gentle man. How now, sot!
50 FESTE. Good Sir Toby!

1 OLIVIA. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
 2 SIR TOBY BELCH. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
 3 OLIVIA. Ay, marry, what is he?
 4 SIR TOBY BELCH. Let him be the devil, I care not. Give me faith, say I.
 5 *Exit*
 6 OLIVIA. Go thou and look after him.
 7 FESTE. He is but mad yet, Madonna, and the fool shall look to the
 8 madman.
 9 *Exit*
 10 *Re-enter MALVOLIO*
 11 MALVOLIO. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I
 12 told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and
 13 therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He
 14 seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
 15 speak with you. I told him you were washing your hair and yet he
 16 insists he will speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady?
 17 OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.
 18 MALVOLIO. He has been told so and he says, he'll stand at your door like
 19 a sheriff's post, but he will speak with you.
 20 OLIVIA. What kind of man is he?
 21 MALVOLIO. Why, of mankind.
 22 OLIVIA. What manner of man?
 23 MALVOLIO. Of very ill manner, madam.
 24 OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he?
 25 MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy.
 26 He is very well favored and he speaks very shrewishly. One would
 27 think his mother's milk was scarcely out of him.
 28 OLIVIA. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.
 29 MALVOLIO. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.
 30 *Exit*
 31 *Re-enter MARIA*
 32 OLIVIA. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more
 33 hear Orsino's embassy.
 34 *Enter VIOLA*
 35 VIOLA. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?
 36 OLIVIA. Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?
 37 VIOLA. (*Reads*) Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I pray
 38 you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never seen her. I
 39 would be loath to cast away my speech, for it is excellently well
 40 penned. I have taken great pains to coin it.
 41 OLIVIA. Whence came you, sir?
 42 VIOLA. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of
 43 the house, that I may proceed in my speech.
 44 OLIVIA. Are you a comedian?
 45 VIOLA. No, and yet, I swear, I am not what I play. Are you the lady of the
 46 house?
 47 OLIVIA. If I do not usurp myself, I am.
 48 VIOLA. Most certainly, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is
 49 yours to bestow is not yours to reserve.
 50 OLIVIA. Come to what is important.

1 VIOLA. I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
 2 OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard
 3 you were saucy at my gates. If you be mad, be gone. If you have
 4 reason, be brief.
 5 MARIA. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.
 6 VIOLA. No, good swabber. I am to hull here a little longer.
 7 OLIVIA. Speak your office.
 8 VIOLA. It alone concerns your ear.
 9 OLIVIA. Yet you began so rudely.
 10 VIOLA. I pray thee pardon, the rudeness that hath appeared in me I have
 11 learned from my office.
 12 OLIVIA. Give us the place alone. We will hear this suit. (*Exit MARIA*)
 13 Now, sir, what is your text?
 14 VIOLA. (*Reads*) Most sweet lady,--
 15 OLIVIA. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies
 16 your text?
 17 VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.
 18 OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
 19 VIOLA. To answer by that method, in the first of his heart.
 20 OLIVIA. O, I have read it. It is heresy. Have you no more to say?
 21 VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.
 22 OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my
 23 face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and
 24 show you the picture. Look you, sir, is it not well done?
 25 *Unveiling*
 26 VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.
 27 OLIVIA. 'Tis in grained, sir. 'Twill endure wind and weather.
 28 VIOLA. 'Tis beauty truly blent. Lady, you are the cruelest alive. Will you
 29 lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy?
 30 OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out schedules of
 31 my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil
 32 labeled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red, item, two grey
 33 eyes, with lids to them, item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
 34 VIOLA. I see you what you are, you are too proud. My lord and master
 35 loves you.
 36 OLIVIA. How does he love me?
 37 VIOLA. With adorations, fertile tears, with groans that thunder love, with
 38 sighs of fire.
 39 OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him. Yet I suppose
 40 him to be virtuous, know him to be noble, and in all dimensions, a
 41 gracious person, but yet I cannot love him. He might have taken his
 42 answer long ago.
 43 VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's flame, in your denial I would find
 44 no sense. I would not understand it.
 45 OLIVIA. Why, what would you do then?
 46 VIOLA. I would make me a willow cabin at your gate and call upon my
 47 soul to write loyal cantons of condemned love and sing them loudly
 48 even in the dead of night. I'd call your name to the reverberate hills
 49 and make the babbling gossip of the air cry out 'Olivia!' O, you

1 SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was
2 yet by many accounted as beautiful. But, she is drowned, sir, with salt
3 water, and I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.
4 ANTONIO. Then Pardon me, sir. If you will not murder me for my love,
5 let me be your servant.
6 SEBASTIAN. No, desire it not. Fare ye well. I am bound to the Count
7 Orsino's court. Farewell.

8 *Exit*

9 ANTONIO. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many
10 enemies in Orsino's court. But, come what may, that danger shall
11 seem sport, and I will go with you.

12 *Exit*

13 14 Act II Scene II

15 *A street.*

16
17 *Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following*

18 MALVOLIO. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

19 VIOLA. Yea, even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived
20 hither.

21 MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me
22 my pains to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that
23 you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she'll have none
24 of him. One thing more, that you never come again in his affairs,
25 unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

26 VIOLA. I gave no ring, I'll have none of it.

27 MALVOLIO. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it
28 should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your
29 eye. If not, be it his that finds it.

30 *Exit*

31 VIOLA. I left no ring with her. What means this lady? Fortune forbid my
32 outside has charmed her! She made good view of me. Indeed so
33 much, that sure I thought her eyes had lost her tongue, for she did
34 speak in starts. She loves me for sure. Not my lord's ring! Why, he
35 sent her none. I am the man. Poor lady, she were better to love a
36 dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness. My master loves her
37 dearly. And I dote as much on him. She, mistaken, seems to dote on
38 me. What will become of this? O time! Thou must untangle this, not
39 I. It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

40 *Exit*

41 42 Act II Scene III

43 *Olivia's house.*

44
45 *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW*

46 SIR TOBY BELCH. Approach, Sir Andrew, not to be abed after midnight
47 is to be up early. 'Diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,--

1 SIR ANDREW. Nay, my troth, I know not, but I know, to be up late is to
2 be up late.

3 SIR TOBY BELCH. A false conclusion, I hate it as an unfilled can. To be
4 up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early. So that to go to bed
5 after midnight is to go to bed early. Does not our life consist of the
6 four elements?

7 SIR ANDREW. Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating
8 and drinking.

9 SIR TOBY BELCH. Thou art a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink.
10 Maria, I say! A stoup of wine!

11 *Enter FESTE*

12 SIR ANDREW. In faith, here comes the fool.

13 FESTE. How now, my hearts!

14 SIR TOBY BELCH. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch. Come on.
15 There is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

16 SIR ANDREW. There's a testril of me too.

17 FESTE. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

18 SIR TOBY BELCH. A love-song, a love-song.

19 SIR ANDREW. Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

20 FESTE. *(Sings)*

21 SIR ANDREW. Excellent good, in faith.

22 SIR TOBY BELCH. Good, good.

23 FESTE. *(Sings)*

24 SIR ANDREW. A mellifluous voice, as I am true, knight.

25 SIR TOBY BELCH. Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw
26 three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

27 SIR ANDREW. Let's do it. I am dog at a catch.

28 FESTE. By our lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

29 SIR ANDREW. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Catch.'

30 *All three sing the Catch*

31 *Enter MARIA*

32 MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep here? If my lady has not called
33 up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust
34 me.

35 SIR TOBY BELCH. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a
36 Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' *Catch is sung.*

37 MARIA. For the love o' God, peace!

38 *Enter MALVOLIO*

39 MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad? Have ye no wit, manners, nor
40 honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make
41 an alehouse of my lady's home? Is there no respect of place, persons,
42 nor time in you?

43 SIR TOBY BELCH. Time? We did keep time, sir, in our catches!

44 MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell
45 you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied
46 to your disorders. If you can separate yourself from your
47 misdemeanors, you are welcome in the house. If not, she is very
48 willing to bid you farewell.

49 SIR TOBY BELCH. 'Catch.'

50 MARIA. Nay, good Sir Toby.

1 FESTE. *'Catch.'*
 2 MALVOLIO. Is it even so?
 3 SIR TOBY BELCH. *'Catch.'*
 4 MALVOLIO. This is much credit to you.
 5 SIR TOBY BELCH. *'Catch..'*
 6 SIR ANDREW. *'Catch*
 7 SIR TOBY BELCH. *'Catch.'*
 8 FESTE. *'Catch.'*
 9 SIR TOBY BELCH. Out of tune, sir. Art thou more than a steward? Dost
 10 thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and
 11 ale? Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. Maria, a stoup of wine!
 12 MALVOLIO. Mistress Maria, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing
 13 more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule.
 14 She shall know of it, by this hand.
 15 *Exit MALVOLIO*
 16 MARIA. Go shake your ears.
 17 SIR ANDREW. In faith, I should challenge him to the field and then to
 18 break promise with him. That would make a fool of him.
 19 SIR TOBY BELCH. Do it, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver
 20 thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
 21 MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the
 22 count's was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet. As for
 23 Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not make him a
 24 common recreation, I do not have wit enough to lie straight in my bed.
 25 SIR TOBY BELCH. Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.
 26 MARIA. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
 27 SIR ANDREW. O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!
 28 SIR TOBY BELCH. What, for being a puritan? Thy reason, dear knight?
 29 SIR ANDREW. I have no reason for it, but I have good reason enough.
 30 SIR TOBY BELCH. What wilt thou do?
 31 MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love,
 32 complimenting the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, or the
 33 manner of his gait. He shall find himself most lovingly represented. I
 34 can write very like my lady. On some forgotten matter, we can hardly
 35 make distinction of our hands.
 36 SIR TOBY BELCH. Excellent! I smell a device.
 37 SIR ANDREW. I have it in my nose too.
 38 SIR TOBY BELCH. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that
 39 they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.
 40 MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.
 41 SIR TOBY BELCH. And your horse now would make him an ass.
 42 MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.
 43 SIR ANDREW. O, 'twill be admirable!
 44 MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my medicine will work on
 45 him. I will plant you two where he shall find the letter. Observe his
 46 construction of it. For this night, to bed and dream on the event.
 47 Farewell.
 48 *Exit MARIA*
 49 SIR TOBY BELCH. Good night, fair Maria.
 50 SIR ANDREW. Before me, she's a good wench.

1 SIR TOBY BELCH. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.
 2 What of that?
 3 SIR ANDREW. I was adored once too.
 4 SIR TOBY BELCH. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more
 5 money.
 6 SIR ANDREW. But, if I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
 7 SIR TOBY BELCH. Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not in the
 8 end, call me cut.
 9 SIR ANDREW. If I do not, never trust me. Take it how you will.
 10 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, come, I'll go warm some sherry. 'Tis too late
 11 to go to bed now. Come, knight, come.
 12 *Exeunt*
 13

Act II Scene IV

Duke Orsino's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA and VALENTINE

18 DUKE ORSINO. Come hither, Cesario, tell me, didst thou ever love?
 19 VIOLA. A little, by your favor.
 20 DUKE ORSINO. What kind of woman was she?
 21 VIOLA. Of your complexion.
 22 DUKE ORSINO. She is not worth thee, then. In faith, what years?
 23 VIOLA. About your years, my lord.
 24 DUKE ORSINO. Too old, by far. Let thy love be younger than thyself, or
 25 thy affection cannot hold the bent. Women are as roses, whose fair
 26 flower being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.
 27 VIOLA. And so they are. Alas, that they are so. To die, even when they to
 28 perfection grow!
 29 DUKE ORSINO. Once more, Cesario, get thee to my love.
 30 VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?
 31 DUKE ORSINO. I cannot be so answered.
 32 VIOLA. But you must. Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, has a love
 33 for you as you have for Olivia. You cannot love her. You tell her so.
 34 Must she not then accept your answer?
 35 DUKE ORSINO. There is no woman that can bide the beating of so strong
 36 a passion as love doth give my heart. No woman's heart can hold so
 37 much. They lack retention. Alas, their love may be called appetite.
 38 But mine, mine is all as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much.
 39 Make no comparison between that love a woman can bear me and that
 40 I owe Olivia.
 41 VIOLA. Ay, but I know —
 42 DUKE ORSINO. What dost thou know?
 43 VIOLA. I know too well what love women to men may owe. In faith, they
 44 are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter loved a man.
 45 DUKE ORSINO. And what's her history?
 46 VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, but let concealment,
 47 like a worm in the bud, feed on her rosy cheek. She pined in thought,
 48 and with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like patience on a
 49 monument, smiling in her grief. But was not this love indeed? We

men may say more, swear more, but indeed our shows are more than our will. For we prove much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE ORSINO. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers too, and yet I know not. Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE ORSINO. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say, my love can give no place, accept no denial.

Exeunt

Act II Scene V

Olivia's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, FABIAN and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come this way, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Wouldst thou not be glad to have that rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out of favor with my lady about a bear baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH. To anger him we'll have the bear again and we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. If we do not, it is the pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Here comes the little villain. (*Enter MARIA*) How now, my metal of India!

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder in the sun practicing behaviors to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery. I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! (*Throws down a letter*) Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught.

Exit MARIA

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me I did affect her, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on it?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW. I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for it. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

1 SIR ANDREW. Fie on him!
 2 FABIAN. O, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows
 3 him.
 4 MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state.
 5 SIR TOBY BELCH. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
 6 MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown.
 7 Having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.
 8 SIR TOBY BELCH. Fire and brimstone!
 9 MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for my
 10 kinsman Toby. I frown the while, and perchance wind my watch, or
 11 play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches. Bows there to me.
 12 SIR TOBY BELCH. Shall this fellow live?
 13 MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile
 14 with an austere regard of control,-- Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes
 15 having cast me on your niece, gives me this prerogative of speech.
 16 SIR TOBY BELCH. What, what?
 17 MALVOLIO. You must amend your drunkenness.
 18 SIR TOBY BELCH. What?
 19 MALVOLIO. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with that foolish
 20 knight.
 21 SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.
 22 MALVOLIO. One, Sir Andrew.
 23 SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I. For many do call me fool.
 24 MALVOLIO. What employment have we here? (*Taking up the letter*)
 25 FABIAN. Now is the woodcock near the gin.
 26 MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's.
 27 Her U's and her T's and thus she makes her great P's. It is, in
 28 contempt of question, her hand. (*Reads*) "To the unknown beloved,
 29 this, and my good wishes." Her very phrases! 'Tis my lady. To
 30 whom should this be?
 31 FABIAN. This wins him, liver and all.
 32 MALVOLIO. (*Reads*) "Jove knows I love. But who? Lips, do not move.
 33 No man must know." 'No man must know.' What follows? If this
 34 should be thee, Malvolio?
 35 SIR TOBY BELCH. Marry, hang thee, brock!
 36 MALVOLIO. (*Reads*) "I command whom I adore. M, O, A, I, doth sway
 37 my life."
 38 FABIAN. A fustian riddle!
 39 SIR TOBY BELCH. Excellent wench, I say.
 40 MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Let me see, let me see, let
 41 me see.
 42 FABIAN. What dish of poison has she dressed him?
 43 MALVOLIO. 'I may command whom I adore.' Why, she doth command
 44 me. I serve her. She is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal
 45 capacity, but what should that alphabetical position portend? If I
 46 could make that resemble something in me,-- M, O, A, I.
 47 SIR TOBY BELCH. O, ay, make up that. He is now on the scent.
 48 MALVOLIO. M,--Malvolio. M,--why, that begins my name.
 49 FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at
 50 faults.

1 MALVOLIO. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequence. A
2 should follow, but O does. And then I comes behind.
3 FABIAN. Ay, and if you had any eye behind you, you might see more
4 detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.
5 MALVOLIO. M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as it should be, and yet, it
6 does bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!
7 Here follows prose. (*Reads*) “If this should fall into thy hand,
8 revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.
9 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have
10 greatness thrust upon them. Let the fates open their hands to thyself
11 to be what thou art meant to be. Be opposite with my kinsman, surly
12 with servants. She that commands thee sighs for thee. Remember
13 who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever
14 cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go then, thou art made, if thou
15 desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of
16 servants. Farewell, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.” My lady loves
17 me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late. She did praise
18 my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to be my
19 love. I thank my stars I am happy. Jove and my stars be praised!
20 Here is yet a postscript. (*Reads*) “Thou canst not choose but know
21 who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling.
22 Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence, smile, my
23 sweet, I prithee.” Jove, I thank thee. I will smile. I will do
24 everything that thou wilt have me.

25 *Exit*

26 SIR TOBY BELCH. I could marry this wench for this device.

27 SIR ANDREW. So could I too.

28 SIR TOBY BELCH. And ask no other dowry with her but another such
29 jest.

30 SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

31 *Re-enter MARIA*

32 MARIA. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach
33 before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a
34 color she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests. He will
35 smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition,
36 being addicted to a melancholy as she is, it cannot but turn him into a
37 notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

38 SIR TOBY BELCH. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of
39 wit!

40 SIR ANDREW. I'll make one too. (*Call Remoove*)

41 *Exeunt*

43 Act III Scene I

44 *Olivia's garden.*

45 *Enter VIOLA, and FESTE with a whistle*

47 VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy whistle?

48 FESTE. No, sir, I live by the church.

49 VIOLA. Art thou a churchman then?

1 FESTE. No such matter, sir. I do live by the church. For I do live at my
 2 house, and my house doth stand by the church.
 3 VIOLA. So thou may say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near
 4 him, or the church stands by thy whistle, if thy whistle stands by the
 5 church.
 6 FESTE. You have said it, sir.
 7 VIOLA. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.
 8 FESTE. Not so, sir, I do care for some things, but in my conscience, sir, I
 9 do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would make
 10 you invisible.
 11 VIOLA. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
 12 FESTE. No, indeed, sir. The Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no
 13 fool, sir, till she is married. For husbands are but fools. I am not her
 14 fool, but her corrupter of words.
 15 VIOLA. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's court.
 16 FESTE. Foolery, sir, no. I think I saw your honor there.
 17 VIOLA. I'll hold no more with thee. Here's expenses for thee.
 18 FESTE. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
 19 VIOLA. By my troth, I tell thee, I am almost sick for one. (*Aside*) Though
 20 I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
 21 FESTE. My lady is within, sir.
 22 *Exit*
 23 VIOLA. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool.
 24 *Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW*
 25 SIR TOBY BELCH. Save you, gentleman.
 26 VIOLA. And you, sir.
 27 SIR ANDREW. God keeps you, Monsieur.
 28 VIOLA. Et vous aussi, votre serviteur.
 29 SIR ANDREW. *Pig Latin.*
 30 SIR TOBY BELCH. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous
 31 you should enter, if your trade be to her.
 32 VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir.
 33 SIR TOBY BELCH. Go to, Sir. Go to.
 34 *Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*
 35 VIOLA. Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!
 36 SIR ANDREW. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odors;'.
 37 VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant and
 38 vouchsafed ear.
 39 SIR ANDREW. 'Odors,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed.' I'll get them all three,
 40 all ready.
 41 OLIVIA. Leave me to my hearing. (*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR*
 42 *ANDREW, and MARIA*) Give me your hand, sir.
 43 VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
 44 OLIVIA. What is your name?
 45 VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
 46 OLIVIA. My servant, sir! You're servant to the Count Orsino.
 47 VIOLA. And he is yours, and his thoughts are yours. Your servant's
 48 servant is your servant, madam.
 49 OLIVIA. Would his thoughts were filled with blanks, rather than me?
 50 VIOLA. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts on his behalf.

1 OLIVIA. O, by your leave, I pray you, I bid you never speak of him again.

2 VIOLA. Dear lady,--

3 OLIVIA. Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send, after the last
4 enchantment you did here, a ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
5 myself, my servant and, I fear me, you. What might you think of me?

6 VIOLA. I pity you.

7 OLIVIA. That's a degree to love.

8 VIOLA. No, not a prize, for 'tis a vulgar proof. We often pity our enemies.

9 OLIVIA. (*Clock strikes*) The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

10 Be not afraid, I will not have you. And yet, when wit and youth is
11 come to harvest, you were alike to reap a proper man. There lies your
12 way, due west.

13 VIOLA. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition attend your
14 ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

15 OLIVIA. Stay, I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

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

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

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

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

20 VIOLA. It would be better, madam, than what I am. For now I am your
21 fool.

22 OLIVIA. Cesario, by the roses of the spring, I love thee so. No wit nor
23 reason can hide my passion.

24 VIOLA. By my innocence and by my youth I swear, I have one heart, one
25 bosom and one truth, and that no woman has, nor never shall. And so
26 adieu, good madam. Never more will I deplore my master's tears to
27 you.

28 OLIVIA. Yet come again, for thou perhaps may move that heart, which
29 now abhors, to be his love.

30 *Exeunt*

Act III Scene II

Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

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

37 SIR TOBY BELCH. Thy reason, dear knight, give thy reason.

38 SIR ANDREW. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's
39 serving-man than she ever bestowed upon me. I saw it in the orchard.

40 SIR TOBY BELCH. Ah, but did she see thee there, old boy? Tell me that.

41 SIR ANDREW. As plain as I see you now.

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

43 SIR ANDREW. Will you make an ass of me?

44 FABIAN. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate
45 you, to awake your door-mouse valor, to put fire in your heart and
46 brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with
47 some excellent jests, you should have banged the youth into
48 dumbness. You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion.

1 SEBASTIAN. Then I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

2 ANTONIO. To the Elephant.

3 SEBASTIAN. I do remember.

4 *Exeunt*

6 Act III Scene IV

7 *Olivia's garden.*

8
9 *Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

10 OLIVIA. I have sent after him. He says he'll come. How shall I entertain
11 him? What to bestow on him? I speak too loud. Where is Malvolio?
12 He is sad and civil, and suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

13 Where is Malvolio?

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

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

17 MARIA. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best
18 to have some guard about you. For, sure, the man is tainted in his
19 wits.

20 OLIVIA. Go call him hither. (*Exit MARIA*) I am as mad as he, if sad and
21 merry madness be equal. (*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*)

22 How now, Malvolio?

23 MALVOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

24 OLIVIA. Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

25 MALVOLIO. Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some obstruction
26 in the blood, this cross gartering, but what of that? If it please the eye
27 of one, 'Please one, and please all.'

28 OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee? Wilt
29 thou go to bed, Malvolio?

30 MALVOLIO. To bed! Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

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

33 MARIA. How do you, Malvolio? Why appear you with this ridiculous
34 boldness before my lady?

35 MALVOLIO. 'Be not afraid of greatness,' 'twas well writ.

36 OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

37 MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'—

38 OLIVIA. Ha!

39 MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

40 OLIVIA. What sayest thou?

41 MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

42 OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee!

43 MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.'

44 OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings!

45 MALVOLIO. 'And wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.'

46 OLIVIA. Cross-gartered!

47 MALVOLIO. 'Go then thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.'

48 OLIVIA. Am I made?

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

1 OLIVIA. Why, this is very midsummer madness.
2 *Enter AM*
3 AM. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I
4 could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.
5 OLIVIA. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.
6 Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care
7 of him.
8 *Exeunt OLIVIA, MARIA and AM*
9 MALVOLIO. O, ho! Who comes near me now? No worse man than Sir
10 Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends
11 him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him. For she incites
12 me to that in the letter. She says: (*Reads*) "Be opposite with my
13 kinsman, surly with servants." This is Jove's doing, and Jove make
14 me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be
15 looked to' fellow! Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.
16 Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no
17 scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe
18 circumstance--What can be said? Nothing that can be can come
19 between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is
20 the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.
21 *Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*
22 SIR TOBY BELCH. Which way is he? If all the devils of hell may be
23 drawn in little, and Legion himself possesses him, yet I'll speak to
24 him.
25 FABIAN. How is it with you, man?
26 MALVOLIO. Go off. I discard you. Let me enjoy my privacy. Go off.
27 MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did I not tell you?
28 Sir Toby, my lady prays you take a care of him.
29 MALVOLIO. Ah, ha! Does she so?
30 SIR TOBY BELCH. Go to, go to, peace, peace. We must deal gently with
31 him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is it with you?
32 What, man? Defy the devil. He's an enemy to mankind.
33 MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?
34 MARIA. Pray God, he be not bewitched!
35 FABIAN. Carry his water to the wise woman.
36 MARIA. Marry, it shall be done tomorrow morning.
37 MALVOLIO. How now, mistress?
38 MARIA. O Lord!
39 SIR TOBY BELCH. Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Let me
40 alone with him.
41 FABIAN. No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and
42 will not be roughly used.
43 SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, how now, my fine fellow!
44 MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things. I am
45 not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.
46 *Exit*
47 SIR TOBY BELCH. Is it possible?
48 FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an
49 improbable fiction.
50 SIR TOBY BELCH. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device.

1 MARIA. Pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
2 FABIAN. We shall make him mad indeed.
3 MARIA. The house will be the quieter.
4 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My
5 niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for
6 our pleasure and his penance,
7 *Enter SIR ANDREW*
8 FABIAN. More matter for a May morning.
9 SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and
10 pepper in it.
11 FABIAN. Is it so saucy?
12 SIR ANDREW. Ay, is it.
13 SIR TOBY BELCH. Give me. *(Reads)* "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou
14 art but a scurvy fellow."
15 FABIAN. Good and valiant.
16 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(Reads)* "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,
17 why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for it."
18 FABIAN. A good note. That keeps you from the blow of the law.
19 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(Reads)* "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my
20 sight she uses thee kindly. Thou liest in thy throat, though that is not
21 the matter I challenge thee for."
22 FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good senseless.
23 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(Reads)* "I will waylay thee going home, where if it
24 be thy chance to kill me."
25 FABIAN. Good.
26 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(Reads)* "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."
27 FABIAN. Still you keep on the windy side of the law. Good.
28 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(Reads)* "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon
29 one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is
30 better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend and thy sworn enemy, Sir
31 Andrew Aguecheek." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll
32 give it him.
33 MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for it. He is now in some
34 commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
35 SIR TOBY BELCH. Go, Sir Andrew. Scout for him at the corner of the
36 orchard. So soon as thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear
37 horribly. For it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a
38 swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more
39 approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!
40 SIR ANDREW. Yes, let me alone for my swearing.
41 *Exit*
42 SIR TOBY BELCH. Now I will not deliver his letter. For the behavior of
43 the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and
44 breeding. His employment between his lord and my niece confirms
45 no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed
46 no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clod pole. But,
47 sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth. I will set upon
48 Aguecheek such a notable report of valor and drive the gentleman into
49 a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This
50 will so frighten them both that they will kill one another by the look.

1 *Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA*
2 MARIA. Here he comes with my lady. Give them way until he takes his
3 leave, and then presently after him.
4 SIR TOBY BELCH. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message
5 for a challenge.
6 *Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA*
7 OLIVIA. I have said too much unto a heart of stone and laid mine honor
8 out too. There's something in me that reproves my fault, but such a
9 headstrong potent fault it is, that it but mocks reproof.
10 VIOLA. With the same behavior that your passion bears goes on my
11 master's grief.
12 OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture. Refuse it not. It
13 hath no tongue to vex you, and I beseech you come again to-morrow.
14 What shall you ask of me that I could deny?
15 VIOLA. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.
16 OLIVIA. How with mine honor may I give him that which I have given to
17 you?
18 VIOLA. I will acquit you.
19 OLIVIA. Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well. A fiend like thee
20 might bear my soul to hell.
21 *Exit OLIVIA*
22 *Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN*
23 SIR TOBY BELCH. Gentleman, God save thee.
24 VIOLA. And you, sir.
25 SIR TOBY BELCH. What defense thou hast, take thee to it. Of what
26 nature the wrongs are that thou hast done him, I know not, but thy
27 interceptor, attends thee at the orchard-end. Thy assailant is quick,
28 skillful and deadly.
29 VIOLA. You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My
30 remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to
31 any man.
32 SIR TOBY BELCH. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore, if
33 you hold your life at any price, take you to your guard.
34 VIOLA. I pray you, sir, what is he?
35 SIR TOBY BELCH. He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, but he
36 is a devil in private brawl. He has three times divorced souls from
37 their bodies, and his anger at this moment is so implacable, that
38 satisfaction can only be by the pangs of death.
39 VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the
40 lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put
41 quarrels purposely on others, just to taste their valor.
42 SIR TOBY BELCH. Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of injury.
43 Therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Strip your sword stark
44 naked.
45 VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous
46 office. As you know the knight, what is my offence to him? Surely, it
47 is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
48 SIR TOBY BELCH. I will do so. Master Fabian, stay you by this
49 gentleman till my return.
50 VIOLA. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

1 FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed against you, but nothing of the
2 circumstance.
3 VIOLA. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
4 FABIAN. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody and fatal opposite
5 that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you
6 walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.
7 VIOLA. I shall be much bound to you for it. I am one that had rather go
8 with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my
9 mettle.
10 SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, man, he's a very devil. I had a pass with him,
11 rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the thought that such a
12 mortal motion is inevitable.
13 SIR ANDREW. Pox on it, I'll not meddle with him.
14 SIR TOBY BELCH. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can
15 scarce hold him yonder.
16 SIR ANDREW. Plague on it, I'll see him damned 'ere I ever challenge him.
17 Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse.
18 SIR TOBY BELCH. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show
19 on it. This shall end without the perdition of souls. *(Aside)* Marry,
20 I'll ride his horse as well as I ride him. *(To FABIAN)* I have
21 persuaded him the youth's a devil.
22 FABIAN. He is as horribly conceited of him and pants and looks pale, as if
23 a bear were at his heels.
24 SIR TOBY BELCH. *(To VIOLA)* There's no remedy, sir. He will fight
25 with you for his oath sake. Therefore draw, for the support of his
26 vow. He swears he will not hurt you.
27 VIOLA. *(Aside)* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell
28 them how much I lack of a man.
29 FABIAN. Give ground, if you see him furious.
30 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The
31 gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you. He
32 cannot avoid it, but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a
33 soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on. To it.
34 SIR ANDREW. Pray God, he keep his oath!
35 VIOLA. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
36 *Tableaus*
37 *They draw Enter ANTONIO*
38 ANTONIO. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done
39 offence, I take the fault on me. If you offend him, I, for him, defy
40 you.
41 SIR TOBY BELCH. You, sir! Why, what are you?
42 ANTONIO. One, sir, that dares to do more than you have heard him brag to
43 you he will.
44 SIR TOBY BELCH. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
45 *They draw - Enter Officer and AM*
46 FABIAN. O good, Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.
47 SIR TOBY BELCH. I'll be with you anon.
48 VIOLA. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
49 SIR ANDREW. Marry, will I, sir and, for that I promised you, I'll be as
50 good as my word.

1 OFFICER. This is the man. Do thy office.
 2 AM. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
 3 ANTONIO. You do mistake me, sir.
 4 OFFICER. No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well, though now you have
 5 no sea-cap on your head. Take him away. He knows I know him
 6 well.
 7 ANTONIO. I must obey. (*To VIOLA*) This comes with seeking you, but
 8 there's no remedy. Now my necessity makes me ask you for my
 9 purse? It grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you than
 10 what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort.
 11 OFFICER. Come, sir, away.
 12 ANTONIO. I must entreat of you some of that money.
 13 VIOLA. What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
 14 I'll lend you something. My having is not much. I'll make division of
 15 my present with you. There's half my coffer.
 16 ANTONIO. Will you deny me now? Do not tempt my misery. What of
 17 those kindnesses that I have done for you?
 18 VIOLA. I know of none, nor do I know you by voice or any other feature.
 19 ANTONIO. O heavens themselves!
 20 AM. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
 21 ANTONIO. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here I snatched
 22 out of the jaws of death.
 23 OFFICER. What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!
 24 ANTONIO. Sebastian, how vile an idol proves this god thou hast. In
 25 nature there's no blemish but the mind. None can be called deformed
 26 but the unkind.
 27 OFFICER. The man grows mad. Away with him! Come, come, sir.
 28 ANTONIO. Lead me on.
 29 *Exit with Officers*
 30 VIOLA. He named me Sebastian, my brother now living only in my glass.
 31 O, if it proves so, tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
 32 *Exit*
 33 SIR TOBY BELCH. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than
 34 a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend in necessity and
 35 denying him.
 36 FABIAN. A coward, a most devout coward.
 37 SIR ANDREW. I'll after him again and beat him.
 38 SIR TOBY BELCH. Do. Cuff him soundly. (*Call Remoove*)
 39

Act IV Scene I

Before Olivia's house.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

40
 41
 42
 43
 44 FESTE. Would you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
 45 SEBASTIAN. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of
 46 thee.
 47 FESTE. Well held out, in faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent
 48 to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is

1 not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so
2 is so.

3 SEBASTIAN. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st me
4 not.

5 FESTE. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and
6 now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly!

7 SEBASTIAN. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's money for
8 thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

9 FESTE. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give
10 fools money, get themselves a good report.

11 *Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH*

12 SIR ANDREW. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

13 SEBASTIAN. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the
14 people mad?

15 SIR TOBY BELCH. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger over the house.

16 FESTE. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in your coats for
17 two pence.

18 *Exit*

19 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come on, sir. Hold.

20 SIR ANDREW. Let him alone. I'll have an action of battery against him, if
21 there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter
22 for that.

23 SEBASTIAN. Let go thy hand.

24 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young
25 soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on.

26 SEBASTIAN. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou
27 darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

28 SIR TOBY BELCH. What, what? Then I must have an ounce or two of
29 this malapert blood from you.

30 *Enter OLIVIA*

31 OLIVIA. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

32 SIR TOBY BELCH. Madam!

33 OLIVIA. Be not offended, dear Cesario. Be gone! (*Exeunt SIR TOBY*
34 *BELCH, SIR ANDREW*) I prithee, gentle friend, go with me to my
35 house, and there hear how many fruitless pranks this ruffian hath
36 botched up, that thou thereby mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not
37 choose but go. Do not deny me.

38 SEBASTIAN. Am I mad? Or else is this a dream? If it be thus to dream,
39 still let me sleep!

40 OLIVIA. Come, I prithee. Would thou'ldst be ruled by me?

41 SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

42 OLIVIA. O, say so, and so be!

43 *Exeunt*

44

45