

Act 1 Scene 1

Enter **ORSINO**, **CURIO**, and other lords; Musicians playing

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall.
5 Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
10 That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy
15 That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO

What, Curio?

ORSINO, **CURIO**, and other lords enter with musicians playing for them.

ORSINO

If itís true that music makes people more in love, keep playing.
Give me too much of it, so I'll get sick of it and stop loving. Play that part again! It sounded sad. Oh, it sounded like a sweet breeze blowing gently over a bank of violets, taking their scent with it. Thatís enough. Stop. It doesnít sound as sweet as it did before. Oh, love is so restless! It makes you want everything, but it makes you sick of things a minute later, no matter how good they are. Love is so vivid and fantastical that nothing compares to it.

CURIO

Do you want to go hunting, my lord?

ORSINO

Hunting what, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

ORSINO

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
20 That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
25 The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view,
But like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brineóall this to season
30 A brotherís dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

CURIO

The [hart](#).

ORSINO

Thatís what lím doingóonly itís my heart thatís being hunted.
Oh, when I first saw Olivia, it seemed like she made the air
around her sweeter and purer. In that instant I was transformed
into a hart, and my desire for her has hounded me like a pack
of vicious dogs.

VALENTINE enters.

Whatís going on? What have you heard from her?

VALENTINE

lím sorry, but they wouldnít let me in. But I got the following
answer from her handmaid. Oliviaís not going to show her face
for the next seven yearsónot even to the sky itself. Instead,
sheíll go around veiled like a nun, and once a day sheíll water
her room with tears. Sheís doing this out of love for her dead
brother, whom she wants to keep fresh in her memory forever.

ORSINO

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
35 Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her, when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers.
40 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

Oh, if she loves her brother this much, think how she'll love me when I finally win her over and make her forget all her other attachments! Her mind and heart will be ruled by one man aloneóme! Take me to the garden. I need a beautiful place to sit and think about love.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 2

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 drowníd.óWhat think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN

5 It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and sailors enter.

VIOLA

What country is this, friends?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what am I supposed to do in Illyria? My brother is in heaven. Or maybe thereís a chance he didnít drown.óWhat do you think, sailors?

CAPTAIN

It was a total fluke that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam. And, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
10 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea,
Where, like Arion on the dolphinis back,
15 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA

(giving him money)

For saying so, thereis gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
20 The like of him. Knowist thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA**VIOLA**

Oh, my poor brother! But maybe by some fluke he was saved too.

CAPTAIN

Itís possible, ma'am. Donít give up yet. When our ship was wrecked and you and a few other survivors were clinging onto our lifeboat, I saw your brother tie himself to a big mast floating in the sea. He was acting resourcefully and courageously in a dangerous situation. For as long as I could see him, he stayed afloat on the waves like [Arion](#) on the dolphinís back.

VIOLA

(giving him money) Thank you for saying thatóhereis some money to express my gratitude. Since I survived, itís easier for me to imagine he survived too, and what you say gives me a reason to hope for the best. Do you know this area weíre in?

CAPTAIN

Yes, ma'am, I know it well. I was born and raised less than three hours from here.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature

As in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

25 Orsino. I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late.

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then itwas fresh in murmuróas, you know,

30 What great ones do the less will prattle ofó

That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

Whatís she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

Whoís the ruler here?

CAPTAIN

A duke who is noble in name and character.

VIOLA

Whatís his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino. Iíve heard my father mention him. When I first heard about him, he was still a bachelor.

CAPTAIN

Heís still a bachelor, or at least he was a month ago, when I left. But there was a rumoróyou know, people always gossip about royaltyóthat he was in love with the beautiful Olivia.

VIOLA

Whoís she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous young woman, the daughter of a count who died last year. Her brother had custody of her for a while, but then

35 In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

VIOLA

Oh, that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
40 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

CAPTAIN

That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,
45 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee and I'll pay thee bounteously
50 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.

he died too. They say she is totally sworn off men now, in memory of her brother.

VIOLA

I wish I could work for that lady! It'd be a good way to hide from the world until the time was right to identify myself.

CAPTAIN

That would be hard to do. She won't allow anyone in to see her, not even the duke's messengers.

VIOLA

You seem to be a good person, captain, and although people who look beautiful are often corrupt inside, I believe that you have a beautiful mind to go with your good looks and manners. Please and I'll pay you plenty for this to help me conceal my identity, and find me the right disguise so I can look the way I want. I want to be this Duke's servant. You'll introduce me to him as a eunuch. You won't be wasting your time, because I really can sing and talk to him about many different kinds of music, so he'll be happy to have me in his service. Only time

It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
55 And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit.
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN

Be you his eunuch, and your mute lill be.
60 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

Exeunt

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure careis an enemy to life.

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY BELCH

will tell what will happen after thatójust please keep quiet about what lím trying to do.

CAPTAIN

I wonít say a word. You can be a eunuch, but lill be mute. I swear on my life I wonít tell your secret.

VIOLA

Thank you. Show me the way.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 3

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Whatís wrong with my niece? Why is she reacting so strangely to her brotherís death? Grief is bad for peopleís health.

MARIA

For Godís sake, Sir Toby, youíve got to come home earlier at night. My lady Olivia, your niece, disapproves of your late-night partying.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA

That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He is as tall a man as any is in Illyria.

MARIA

What is that to the purpose?

Well, she can get used to it.

MARIA

Yes, but you need to keep yourself within the limits of order and decency.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Keep myself? The only thing I'm keeping myself in is the clothes I'm wearing. They're good enough to drink in, and so are these boots. If they aren't, they can go hang themselves by their own laces!

MARIA

You're going to destroy yourself with all this drinking. Lady Olivia said so yesterday. She also mentioned some stupid knight you brought in one night as a possible husband for her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Yes, that is the one.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He is as [tall](#) as a man in Illyria.

MARIA

What does his height have to do with anything?

SIR TOBY BELCH

20 Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

He hath indeed, almost natural, for besides that he is a fool, he is a great quarreler, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, it is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

30 By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA

They that add, moreover, he is drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He is a

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, he has an income of three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

I bet he'll spend his whole inheritance in a year. He is a fool and a spendthrift.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You shouldn't talk about him like that! He plays the violin and speaks three or four languages word for word without a dictionary. He has all of nature's best gifts.

MARIA

Righto he is a natural-born idiot. Besides being a fool, he is argumentative. If he didn't have the coward's gift for backing down from a fight, they say he'd be dead by now.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Anyone who says that is a lying piece of garbage. Who said that?

MARIA

The same people who say he gets drunk with you every night.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We only drink toasts to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a hole in my throat and booze in Illyria. Anyone who

coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*, for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

40 Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

(to MARIA) Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

45 My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

refuses to drink to my niece until his brain spins around like a merry-go-round is scum. But speak of the devil, here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

SIR ANDREW enters.

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How are you, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

(to MARIA) And hello to you, my little wench.

MARIA

Hello, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Chat her up, Sir Andrew. Chat her up.

SIR ANDREW

What?

SIR TOBY BELCH

This is my niece's maid.

SIR ANDREW

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accostó

SIR TOBY BELCH

You mistake, knight. *iAccostî* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *iaccostî*?

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen. (*she starts to exit*)

SIR TOBY BELCH

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR ANDREW

An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

My dear Miss Chat-her-up, I look forward to getting to know you better.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Miss Mary Chat-her-upó

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, you've got it wrong. When I said *ichat her up*, I wasn't saying her name. I was telling you to go after her, woo her, confront her.

SIR ANDREW

Good heavens, I'd never do that with people watching. Is that really what you meant?

MARIA

Goodbye, gentlemen. (*she starts to exit*)

SIR TOBY BELCH

She's leaving. If you let her go this easily, Sir Andrew, you don't deserve to ever use your sword again.

SIR ANDREW

If you leave like this, my dear, I won't ever use my sword again. I'm not just talking nonsense to you, I mean everything I say. Do you think you've got a couple of fools on your hands here?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

60 *(he offers her his hand)*

MARIA

(taking his hand) Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW

Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA

It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW

65 Why, I think so. I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA

A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Are you full of them?

MARIA

MARIA

I'm not holding your hand, sir.

SIR ANDREW

But you will. Here's my hand. *(he offers her his hand)*

MARIA

(taking his hand) A girl's got a right to her opinions. Take your hand to a bar and put a drink in it.

SIR ANDREW

Why, sweetheart? Is there a hidden meaning in this?

MARIA

You're not holding a glass. Your hand is **dry**, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Well, I hope so. I'm not such an idiot that I can't keep my hands dry. But I don't get it-what's the joke?

MARIA

Just a bit of my dry humor, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Are you always so funny?

MARIA

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

An I thought that, l'd forswear it. l'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

80 *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is *ipourquoï*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Yes, l've got a handful of jokes. But oops, when I let go of your hand, I let go of the biggest joke of all.

MARIA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sir, you need a drink. When has anyone ever put you down like that.

SIR ANDREW

Never. l've only been that far down when l've drunk myself under the table. Sometimes l think l'm no smarter than average. I eat a lot of red meat, and maybe that makes me stupid.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Absolutely.

SIR ANDREW

If l really believed that, l'd give up red meat totally. By the way, l'm going home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my friend?

SIR ANDREW

What does *ipourquoï* mean? Does it mean I will or I won't? Oh, l wish l'd spent as much time learning languages as l spent on

fencing, dancing, and [bear-baiting](#) ! If only líd taken school more seriously!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Youíd have a great hairstyle if you had.

SIR ANDREW

Why, would that have fixed my hair?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Oh, no questionóit wonít style itself.

SIR ANDREW

But my hair looks good anyway, doesnít it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

It looks great. It hangs like an old worn-out mop. Some woman should give you syphilis so you go bald.

SIR ANDREW

Listen, lím going home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece is refusing to see anyone, and even if she saw me, ten to one sheíd want nothing to do with me. That duke who lives nearby is courting her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sheís not interested in the duke. She doesnít want to marry anyone of higher social rank than her, or anyone richer, older,

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW

85 Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW

But it becomes me well enough, does ít not?

SIR ANDREW

Excellent. It hangs like flax on a distaff. And I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW

90 Faith, líll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen. Or if she be, itís four to one sheíll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sheíll none o' the count. Sheíll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear it. Tut, thereís life in ít, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW

100 As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters. And yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW

Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut the mutton to it.

SIR ANDREW

105 And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH

or smarter. I've heard her say that. So cheer up, there's still hope for you, man.

SIR ANDREW

All right, I'll stay another month. Ah, I'm an odd kind of guy. Sometimes all I want to do is see plays and go out dancing.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Are you good at those kinds of things?

SIR ANDREW

Yes, as good as any man in Illyria, except for the ones who are better at it than I am. I'm not as good as someone who's been dancing for years.

SIR TOBY BELCH

How good are you at those fast dances?

SIR ANDREW

Believe me, I can [cut a caper](#).

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I can cut some meat to go with your [capers](#).

SIR ANDREW

And I can do that fancy backward step as well as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wherfore are these things hid? Wherfore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mallis picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW

115 Ay, it is strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That is sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper. (SIR
120 ANDREW dances) Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

Exeunt

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire, as Cesario

Why do you hide these things? Why do you keep these talents behind a curtain? Are they likely to get dusty? Why don't you go off to church dancing one way, and come home dancing another way? If I had your talents, I'd be dancing a jig every time I walked down the street. I wouldn't even pee without dancing a waltz. What are you thinking? Is this the kind of world where we hide our accomplishments? You're a born dancer. Look how shapely your legs are.

SIR ANDREW

That is true. They are strong, and they look pretty good in brown tights. Should we throw a little dance party?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why not? Weren't we both born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That governs the torso and heart, doesn't it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, the legs and thighs. Let me see you dance. (SIR ANDREW dances) Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 4

VALENTINE enters with **VIOLA**, who is dressed as a young man named Cesario.

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter ORSINO, CURIO, and attendants

ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

10 On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO

(to VIOLA and attendants)

Stand you a while aloof. *(to VIOLA)* Cesario,
Thou knowest no less but all. I have unclasped

VALENTINE

If the Duke keeps treating you so well, Cesario, you'll go far. He's only known you for three days, but he's already treating you like a close friend.

VIOLA

When you wonder whether he'll keep treating me well, it makes me think his mood might change or else I'll mess up somehow. Do his feelings toward people change suddenly?

VALENTINE

No, not at all.

VIOLA

Thanks for telling me. Here comes the Duke now.

ORSINO, CURIO, and attendants enter.

ORSINO

Has anyone seen Cesario?

VIOLA

I'm right here, my lord, at your service.

ORSINO

(to VIOLA and attendants) We'll need some privacy for a little while. *(to VIOLA)* Cesario, I want a word with you. You know everything about me. I've told you all the secrets of my soul.

To thee the book even of my secret soul.

15 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
20 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORSINO

Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
25 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nunciois of more grave aspect.

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

So please go to her house; if they donít let you in, plant
yourself outside her door and tell them you wonít leave until
they let you see her.

VIOLA

But my lord, Iím sure that if sheís as depressed as people say,
sheíll never let me in.

ORSINO

Be loud and obnoxious. Do whatever it takes, just get the job
done.

VIOLA

Well, all right, letís say hypothetically that I do get a chance to
speak with her, my lord. What do I do then?

ORSINO

Tell her how passionately I love her. Overwhelm her with
examples of how faithful I am. The best thing would be to act
out my feelings for her. Sheíll pay more attention to a young
guy like you than to an older, more serious man.

VIOLA

I donít think so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it.
30 For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Dianaís lip
Is not more smooth and rubious. Thy small pipe
Is as the maidenís organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a womanís part.
35 I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. (*to CURIO and attendants*)
Some four or five attend him.
All, if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. (*to VIOLA*) Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
40 To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best
To woo your ladyó(*aside*) Yet, a barful strifeó
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

Enter MARIA and the FOOL

MARIA

ORSINO

My boy, itís true. Anyone who says you're a man must not notice how young you are. Your lips are as smooth and red as the goddess Dianaís. Your soft voice is like a young girlís, high and clear, and the rest of you is pretty feminine too. I know you're the right person for this job. (*to CURIO and attendants*) Four or five of you go along with him, or you can all go if you like. I'm most comfortable when I'm alone. (*to VIOLA*) If you succeed at this assignment, I'll reward you well. My whole fortune will be yours.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to make this lady love you.ó(*to herself*) But what a tough task! I have to go matchmaking for the man I want to marry myself!

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 5

MARIA and the **FOOL** enter.

MARIA

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FOOL

Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

MARIA

Make that good.

FOOL

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of il fear no colors.¹

FOOL

¹⁰ Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA

In the wars. And that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

FOOL

Well, God give them wisdom that have it. And those that are fools, let them use their talents.

No. Either tell me where you've been, or I won't make any excuses for you to Lady Olivia. Lady Olivia will have you executed for not showing up.

FOOL

So let her execute me. Anyone who is executed doesn't have to be afraid of anything he sees.

MARIA

How do you know?

FOOL

Well, he'll be dead, so he won't see anything.

MARIA

That's a lame answer. By the way, I know where you get all your brave talk about not being afraid of anything.

FOOL

Where, good Miss Mary?

MARIA

From soldiers. But you'll never see the front lines. It's easy for you to talk about bravery, working as a fool in this palace.

FOOL

Well, we all have our special gifts. Some people are born wise; those of us who were meant to be fools should do what they do best.

MARIA

15 Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent. Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FOOL

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA

You are resolute, then?

FOOL

20 Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA

That if one break, the other will hold. Or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

FOOL

Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady.

MARIA

But still, she's going to kill you for being gone so long. Or at least fire you. And wouldn't that be as bad for you as being killed?

FOOL

Sometimes getting killed is a good way to avoid getting married. And as for being fired, it's summer, so it won't be that bad to be homeless.

MARIA

You've made up your mind, then?

FOOL

No, but I've made up my mind on two points.

MARIA

Ah yes, the two points where your suspenders are attached to your buttons. If one breaks, the other will hold, but if both points break, your pants will fall down.

FOOL

Clever, very clever. Well, go along now. You'd be the funniest person in Illyria if Sir Toby ever stopped drinking.

MARIA

Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit

FOOL

(aside) Wit, an it be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools. And I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? iBetter a witty fool, than a foolish wit.î

Enter **OLIVIA** with **MALVOLIO** with attendants

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FOOL

35 Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA

Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FOOL

Shut up, you troublemaker, no more of that. Here comes my lady. If you know what's good for you, you'll think up some good excuse for being away so long.

MARIA exits.

FOOL

(to himself) Please, let me think of something funny to say now! Smart people who think they're witty often turn out to be fools, but I know I'm not witty, so I might pass for smart. What did that philosopher [Quinapalus](#) say? Ah yes, iA witty fool is better than a foolish wit.î

OLIVIA enters with **MALVOLIO** and attendants.

Greetings to you, madam!

OLIVIA

Get that fool out of here.

FOOL

Didn't you hear her, guys? Get the lady out of here.

OLIVIA

Oh, go away, you're a boring fool. I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore. Besides, you've gotten unreliable.

FOOL

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself. If he mend, he is no longer dishonest. If he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything thatís mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beautyis a flower. The lady bade take away the fool.

Therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

FOOL

50 Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, Cucullus non facit monachumóthatís as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FOOL

55 Dexterously, good madonna.

Madam, those are two character flaws that a little booze and some common sense can fix. If you hand a drink to a sober fool, he wonít be thirsty anymore. If you tell a bad man to mend his wicked ways, and he does, he wonít be bad anymore. If he cannot, let the tailor mend him. Anything thatís mended is only patched up. A good person who does something wrong is only patched up with sin. And a sinner who does something good is only patched up with goodness. If this logic works, thatís great. If not, what can you do about it? Since the only real betrayed husband in the world is the one deserted by Lady Luckóbecause weíre all married to heróbeauty is a flower. The lady gave orders to take away the fool, so Iím telling you again, take her away.

OLIVIA

I told them to take you away.

FOOL

Oh, what a big mistake! Madam, you canít judge a book by its cover. I mean, I may look like a fool, but my mindís sharp. Please let me prove youíre a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do that?

FOOL

Easily, madam.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FOOL

I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

FOOL

60 Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FOOL

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FOOL

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

OLIVIA

Then go ahead and prove it.

FOOL

I'll have to ask you some questions, madam. Please answer, my good little student.

OLIVIA

I'm listening to you only because I've got nothing better to do.

FOOL

My dear madam, why are you in mourning?

OLIVIA

My dear fool, because my brother died.

FOOL

I think his soul's in hell, my lady.

OLIVIA

I know his soul's in heaven, fool.

FOOL

Then you're a fool for being sad that your brother's soul is in heaven. Take away this fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA

What do you think of this fool, Malvolio? Isn't he getting funnier?

MALVOLIO

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

FOOL

70 God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

75 I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool,

MALVOLIO

Yes, and he'll keep getting funnier till he dies. Old age always makes people act funny—even wise people, but fools more than anybody.

FOOL

I hope you go senile soon, sir, so you can become a more foolish fool! Sir Toby would bet a fortune that I'm not smart, but he wouldn't bet two cents that you're not a fool.

OLIVIA

What do you say to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I'm surprised you enjoy the company of this stupid troublemaker. The other day I saw him defeated in a battle of wits by an ordinary jester with no more brains than a rock. Look at him, he's at a loss for words already. Unless he's got somebody laughing at him, he can't think of anything to say. I swear, anyone smart who laughs at these courts jesters is nothing but a jester's apprentice.

OLIVIA

Malvolio, your vanity is damaging your good taste. If you were generous, innocent, and good-natured, you wouldn't get so upset by what the fool says. You'd think of his wisecracks as harmless little firecrackers, not hurtful bullets. A court jester

though he do nothing but rail. Nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

FOOL

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Enter MARIA

MARIA

90 Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA

I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

95 Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman.

isn't really criticizing people, even if he does nothing but make fun of them all day long. And a wise person doesn't make fun of people, even if all he does is criticize them.

FOOL

You speak so highly of fools! I hope the god of deception rewards you by making you a wonderful liar.

MARIA enters.

MARIA

Madam, there's a young gentleman at the gate who really wants to speak to you.

OLIVIA

Was he sent by Count Orsino?

MARIA

I don't know, madam. He's a good-looking young man, and there are a lot of people with him.

OLIVIA

Who's talking to him now?

MARIA

Sir Toby, madam, your relative.

OLIVIA

Send Toby away, please. He talks nothing but nonsense.

Fie on him!

Exit MARIA

Go you, Malvolio. If it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit MALVOLIO

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

FOOL

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, foró here he comesóone of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA

By mine honor, half-drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

MARIA exits.

Go out and talk to this visitor, Malvolio. If heís got a message from the count, tell him Iím sick, or not home. Tell him anything you want, as long as you make him go away.

MALVOLIO exits.

Now you see how your fooling gets boring, and people donít like it.

FOOL

Madam, youíve spoken so highly of us fools, youíd think your oldest son was going into that line of work. I hope God crams his skull full of brains, because here comes one of your relatives whoís pretty weak in the head.

SIR TOBY BELCH enters.

OLIVIA

I swear, heís half drunk already. Whoís that at the gate, uncle?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Tis a gentleman hereoá plague o' these pickle herring!

110 How now, sot!

FOOL

Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Lechery! I defy lechery. Thereis one at the gate.

OLIVIA

115 Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I.

Well, itís all one.

Exit

OLIVIA

Whatís a drunken man like, fool?

FOOL**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thereis some gentleman out there.*ó(belching)* Damn these pickled herring! They upset my stomach. Howis it going, fool?

FOOL

Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA

Uncle, uncle, how are you already so brain-dead so early in the day?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Brain-dead! Nonsense. I defy brain-death! I told you, someoneis at the gate.

OLIVIA

Yes, but who is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let him be the devil if he wants to, I donít care. God will protect me. What do I care who it is?

SIR TOBY BELCH exits.

OLIVIA

Tell me what a drunk is like, fool.

FOOL

Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz. For heis in the third degree of drink, heis drowned. Go look after him.

FOOL

125 He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman.

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? Heis fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Heis a fool, a madman, and a drowned man. The first drink makes him a fool, the second makes him crazy, and the third drowns him.

OLIVIA

Go find the coroner and tell him to perform an inquest on my uncle, because heis in the third degree of drunkennessóheis drowned. Go take care of him.

FOOL

Heis still only in the crazy phase. The fool will go take care of the madman.

The FOOL exits.

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

Madam, that young man out there says heis got to speak to you. I told him you were sick. He claimed he knew that, and thatis why heis come to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He claimed to know that already too, and said thatis the reason heis come to speak with you. What can I say to him, lady? Heis got an answer for everything.

OLIVIA

Tell him heis not going to speak with me.

MALVOLIO

Has been told so, and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

140 Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy, as a squash is before it is a peascod, or a codling when it is almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

MALVOLIO

I told him that. He says he'll stand at your door like a signpost or a bench until he speaks with you.

OLIVIA

What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO

Just a man, like any other.

OLIVIA

But what is he like?

MALVOLIO

He is very rude. He insists he'll speak with you whether you want him to or not.

OLIVIA

What does he look like? How old is he?

MALVOLIO

Not old enough to be a man, but not young enough to be a boy. He is like a bud before it becomes a pea pod, or like a little green apple before it gets big and ripe. He is somewhere between boy and man. He is very handsome and speaks well, but he is very young. He looks like he just recently stopped breastfeeding.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit

Enter MARIA

OLIVIA

150 Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. (*OLIVIA puts on a veil*) We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, with attendants

VIOLA

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty! pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLIVIA

Show him in. Call in my maid.

MALVOLIO

Maria, our lady wants you.

MALVOLIO exits.

MARIA enters.

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. Come, put it over my face. (*OLIVIA puts on her veil*) We're going to hear Orsino's pleas again.

VIOLA enters, dressed as CESARIO, with attendants.

VIOLA

Which one of you is the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

You can speak to me. I represent her. What do you want?

VIOLA

What stunning, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty! but please, tell me if you're the lady of the house, because I've never seen her. I'd hate to waste my speech on the wrong person, because it's very well written and I spent a lot of time and energy memorizing it. Beautiful ladies, please don't treat

OLIVIA

160 Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question is out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

165 Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

No, my profound heart. And yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA

170 Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message.

me badly. I'm very sensitive, and even the smallest bit of rudeness hurts my feelings.

OLIVIA

Where do you come from, sir?

VIOLA

I'm sorry, but I memorized what I'm supposed to say here today, and that question isn't part of the speech I learned. Please, my lady, just confirm that you're the lady of the house so I can get on with my speech.

OLIVIA

Are you an actor?

VIOLA

No, madam. But I swear I'm not the person I'm playing. Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

I am, unless I somehow stole this role.

VIOLA

If you're the lady of the house, then it's true you're stealing your role, because what's yours to give away is not yours to keep for yourself. But that's not part of what I'm supposed to say. I'll go on with my speech praising you, and then I'll get to the point.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in it. I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

175 Alas, I took great pains to study it, and it is poetical.

OLIVIA

It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA

Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA

No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA

185 Tell me your mind.

VIOLA**OLIVIA**

Get to the point now. I'll let you get away with skipping the praise.

VIOLA

That is too bad, because I spent a long time memorizing it, and it is poetic.

OLIVIA

That means it is more likely to be fake. Please, keep it to yourself. I heard you were rude when you were standing outside my gate, and that is the only reason I let you in. I was curious. But I don't necessarily want to listen to you. If you're just insane, then get out of here. If you're in your right mind, get to the point. I've got no patience for lunacy at the moment, and I don't want to waste my time on ridiculous conversations.

MARIA

Ready to set sail, sir? The door is right here.

VIOLA

No, this boat is docking here a bit longer, little sailor. My lady, would you mind asking your giant here to back off a bit?

OLIVIA

Tell me what you want.

VIOLA

I am a messenger.

OLIVIA

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA

It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA

Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead. To your ears, divinity. To any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity.

Exeunt MARIA and attendants

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

I have a message to deliver.

OLIVIA

It must be a message about something horrible, since you deliver it so rudely. Tell me what it is about.

VIOLA

It is about you. I'm not bringing any declarations of war or demands for cash. I'm coming in peace.

OLIVIA

But you began so rudely. Who are you? What do you want?

VIOLA

If I seemed rude, it is because of how badly I was treated when I got here. Who I am and what I want are a secret. You're the only one I can share the secret with. It is sacred, just for you. It is not for anyone else to hear.

OLIVIA

Everyone, please leave us alone for a moment. I've got a sacred secret to hear.

MARIA and attendants exit.

Now, sir, what is this holy secret you wanted to tell me?

VIOLA

Most sweet ladyó

OLIVIA

200 A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA

In Orsinoís bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA

205 Oh, I have read it. It is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is it not well done?

Most sweet ladyó

OLIVIA

Oh, isweet! It sounds like a nice and gentle kind of faith. Whereis the passage of holy scripture that youíre basing your sermon on?

VIOLA

In Orsinoís heart.

OLIVIA

In his heart? In what chapter and verse of his heart?

VIOLA

The table of contents says itís in the first chapter of his heart.

OLIVIA

Oh, lÍve read that. Thatís not holy, itís heresy. Do you have anything else to say?

VIOLA

Madam, please let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Has your lord given you any orders to negotiate with my face? I donít think so. Youíre overstepping your bounds now. But lÍll open the curtain and let you see the picture. Look, sir, this is a portrait of me as I am at this particular moment. Itís pretty well done, isnít it?

OLIVIA removes her veil

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir. 'Twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

215 Lady, you are the cruelist she alive

If you will lead these graces to the grave

And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud.

225 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you. Oh, such love

OLIVIA takes off her veil.

VIOLA

It was done excellently, if it is all-natural, the way God made it.

OLIVIA

Oh, it is all-natural, sir. Wind and rain can't wash it off.

VIOLA

That is true beauty. Mother Nature herself painted your skin so white and your lips so red. My lady, you'd be the cruelest woman alive if you let your beauty die with you, with no children to inherit your good looks for future generations to enjoy.

OLIVIA

Oh, I'd never be that cruel. I'll definitely do as you say and leave my beauty for the rest of the world to enjoy. I'll write out a detailed inventory of my beauty and label every part. For example: item: two lips, ordinary red. Item: two gray eyes, with lids on them. Item: one neck, one chin, and so on. Anyway, were you sent here just to tell me I'm beautiful?

VIOLA

I see what you're like. You're proud. But you'd still be gorgeous even if you were as proud as the devil. My lord loves you. You

Could be but recompensed though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
230 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth.

In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
235 And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my masterís flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
240 In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

should return a love as deep as his, even if youíre the most beautiful woman in the world.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

He adores you. He cries and groans and sighs.

OLIVIA

Your lord knows what I think. I canít love him. Iím sure heís a very nice man. I know heís noble, rich, young, and with a fine reputation. People say heís generous, well educated, and brave, and heís very attractive.

But I just canít love him. He should have resigned himself to that a long time ago.

VIOLA

If I loved you as passionately as my master does, and suffered like he does, your rejection would make no sense to me. I wouldnít understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house.
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
245 And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out iOlivia! Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
250 But you should pity me.

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no moreó
255 Unless perchance you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

What would you do about it?

VIOLA

I'd build myself a sad little cabin near your house, where my soul is imprisoned. From that cabin I'd call out to my soul. I'd write sad songs about unrequited love and sing them loudly in the middle of the night. I'd shout your name to the hills and make the air echo with your name, iOlivia! Oh, you wouldn't be able to go anywhere without feeling sorry for me.

OLIVIA

Not bad; you might accomplish something. Who are your parents?

VIOLA

I was born to a higher position than I've got now. But I'm still fairly high-ranking. I'm a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Go back to your lord. I can't love him. Tell him not to send any more messengersóunless you feel like coming back to tell me how he took the bad news. Goodbye. Thanks for your trouble. Here's some money for you.

OLIVIA offers **VIOLA** money

VIOLA

I am no feed post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

OLIVIA

What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman. I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA offers **VIOLA** money

VIOLA

I'm not a paid messenger, my lady. Keep your money. It's my master who's not getting the reward he deserves, not me. I hope you fall in love with a man whose heart is hard as a rock and who treats your love like a big joke, just like you've done. Goodbye, you beautiful, cruel woman.

VIOLA exits.

OLIVIA

Who are your parents? I was born to a higher position than I've got now. But I'm still fairly high-ranking. I'm a gentleman. Yes, I'm sure you are. Your way of talking, your face, your body, your behavior, and your sensitive soul all prove you're a gentleman. Ah, no. Calm down, calm down. If only his lord were more like him. How strange I'm feeling! Can someone fall in love this quickly? I can feel this young man's perfection creeping in through my eyes like some kind of disease, slowly and invisibly. Oh, well. Malvolio! Come here!

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

At your service, madam.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,
275 The county's man. He left this ring behind him,

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.

OLIVIA hands him a ring

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
280 If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for it. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit

OLIVIA

I do I know not what and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
285 Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO**OLIVIA**

Run after that obnoxious messenger, the duke's servant. He insisted on leaving this ring with me whether I wanted it or not. Tell him I want nothing to do with it. (*she hands him a ring*) Ask him not to encourage Orsino or to get his hopes up. I'm not for him. If that young man comes here again tomorrow, I'll tell him why. Hurry, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

MALVOLIO exits.

OLIVIA

I don't know what I'm doing. I'm afraid I'm not using my head, and I'm falling for his good looks. Fate, do your work. We human beings don't control our own destinies. What is fated to happen must happen. So let it happen!

OLIVIA exits.

Act 2 Scene 1

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN enter.

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer, nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours. Therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

You wonít stay any longer? And you donít want me to come with you?

SEBASTIAN

No, Iíd rather you stayed here. My luck is pretty bad right now, and it might rub off on you. So just let me say goodbye and face the bad stuff aloneóotherwise I wouldnít be thanking you very well for all youíve done for me.

ANTONIO

At least tell me where youíre going.

SEBASTIAN

Honestly, I canít. Iím just wandering, with no particular destination. But I know youíd never force me to tell you things I donít want to, so I should be polite and tell you what I can. My nameís Sebastian, though Iíve been calling myself Roderigo. My father was Sebastian of Messaline. I know youíve heard of him. Heís dead now. He left behind myself and my twin sister, who was born in the same hour as me. If God had been willing, I wish we had died in the same hour too! But you kept that from happening. An hour before you pulled me out of the breaking waves, my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

How tragic!

SEBASTIAN

20 A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. But though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN

O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

If you will not undo what you have doneóthat is, kill him whom you have recoveredódesire it not. Fare you well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsinois court. Farewell.

SEBASTIAN

Although many people said she looked like me, she was considered beautiful. And though I canít believe everything people said about her beauty, I'll be so bold as to say she had a beautiful mind. Even those who were jealous of her would have to admit that. Sheís been drowned in salty sea water, and now my salty tears are about to drown her memory all over again.

ANTONIO

Iím sorry I wasnít a better host for you, sir.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, Antonio, Iím sorry I caused you so much trouble.

ANTONIO

I care about you a lot. Please let me be your servant so I can be with you. You'll be killing me if you donít.

SEBASTIAN

If you donít want to break my heart, then say goodbye to me right now. I like you very much. Iím really about to cry, just like my mother would do. Iím going to Count Orsinoís court. Goodbye.

Exit

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
40 But, come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO

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

SEBASTIAN exits.

ANTONIO

I wish you all the best. If I didn't have so many enemies in Orsino's court, I'd go join you there. But who cares. I'm so crazy about you that danger doesn't bother me. I'll go anyway.

ANTONIO exits.

Act 2 Scene 2

VIOLA enters with MALVOLIO following.

MALVOLIO

Excuse me, weren't you with Countess Olivia just now?

VIOLA

Yes, sir. I've only made it this far since I left her place, walking at a moderate pace.

MALVOLIO

She is sending this ring back to you, sir. You should've saved me some trouble and taken it away yourself. She wants you to make it very clear to your lord that she wants nothing to do with him, and that you should never come again on his behalf, unless you want to come back to tell her how he reacted to the bad news. Here, take the ring.

VIOLA

10 She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned. (*he throws down the ring*) If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye. If not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

VIOLA

15 I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

20 She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
I am the man. If it be so, as it is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

25 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

VIOLA

She took that ring from me. I won't take it back.

MALVOLIO

You threw it at her rudely, and she wants you to take it back. (*he throws down the ring*) If it is worth bending over to pick up, there it is on the ground, where you can see it. If not, whoever finds it can have it.

MALVOLIO exits.

VIOLA

I didn't give her any ring. What is she trying to say? I hope she doesn't have a crush on me! It is true she looked at me a lot, in fact, she looked at me so much that she seemed distracted, and couldn't really finish her sentences very well. Oh, I really think she loves me! She sent this rude messenger to tell me to come back, instead of coming herself, which would be indis-

creet. She doesn't want Orsino's ring! Orsino never sent her a ring. I'm the man she wants. If that is true, which it is, she might as well be in love with a dream, the poor lady. Now I understand why it is bad to wear disguises. Disguises help the devil do his work. It is so easy for a good-looking but deceitful man to make women fall in love with him. It is not our fault that women are weak. We can't help what we're made of. Ah, how

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
30 For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,
35 My state is desperate for my masterís love.

As I am woman, now, alas the day,
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Exit

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowist.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, my troth, I know not. But I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

will this all turn out? My lord loves her, and. poor me, I love him just as much. And sheís deluded enough to be in love with me. What can possibly fix this situation? Iím pretending to be a man, so my love for the Duke is hopeless. And since Iím a womanótoo bad Iím a womanóOliviaís love for me is hopeless as well! Oh, only time can sort out this mess. I canít figure it out by myself!

VIOLA exits.

Act 2 Scene 3

SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, Sir Andrew. If weíre still awake after midnight, then weíre up early in the morning. And the doctors say itís healthy to get up earlyó

SIR ANDREW

I donít know what the doctors say. All I know is that staying up late is staying up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thou'rt a scholar. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! A stoup of wine!

Enter FOOL

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FOOL

How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of i>We
15 Three?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Welcome, ass. Now letis have a catch.

SIR ANDREW

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing,

A false conclusion. I hate your logic as much as I hate an empty drinking cup. Staying up after midnight means that you go to bed after midnight, in the wee hours of the morning, which is early. So itis like going to bed early. Isnít everybody made up of the four elementsóearth, water, fire, and air?

SIR ANDREW

Thatís what they say, but I think life consists of food and booze.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're a smart guy. So we should eat and drink. Maria! Bring us some wine!

The FOOL enters.

SIR ANDREW

Look, here comes the fool.

FOOL

Hello, my friends! What a pretty picture, three fools all together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Hello, you idiot. Sing us a song.

SIR ANDREW

I swear, this fool has an excellent singing voice. I'd give forty shillings to have his nice legs and his beautiful voice. *(to the*

as the fool has.^o(*to the FOOL*) In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spakest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

FOOL

I did impeticos thy gratillity, for Malvolioís nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*giving money to the FOOL*)

30 Come on. There is sixpence for you. Letís have a song.

SIR ANDREW

(*giving money to the FOOL*)

Thereís a testril of me too. If one knight give aó

FOOL

Would you have a love song or a song of good life?

FOOL Fool, you were very funny last night talking that [astrological nonsense](#) about Pigrogromitus and the Vapians passing the equinox of Queubus. Very amusing. I sent you some money to spend on your girlfriend. Did you get it?

FOOL

I gave your little present to my girlfriend because you canít get a grip on Malvolioís nose to whip your horse with it. My girlfriend has beautiful white hands, and great warriors arenít [mom-and-pop diners](#), you know.

SIR ANDREW

Ha, ha! I love it when you talk nonsenseóthatís what fools should do. Come on now, sing for us.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*giving the FOOL money*) Yes, come on. Hereís sixpence for you. Letís hear a song.

SIR ANDREW

(*giving the FOOL money*) Hereís something from me too. If one knight givesó

FOOL

Would you rather hear a love song or a song about the good life?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

35 Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

FOOL

(sings)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear! Your true loveís coming,

That can sing both high and low:

40 *Trip no further, pretty sweeting.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise manís son doth know.

SIR ANDREW

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, good.

FOOL

45 (sings)

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter.

Whatís to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty.

50 *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.*

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, yes. lím not interested in being good.

FOOL

(he sings)

Oh my lover, where are you roaming? Stay and listen! Your true loveís coming, the one who can sing both high and low: Donít roam any further, pretty darling. Your journey ends when you meet a lover, as every wise manís son knows.

SIR ANDREW

That was excellent, really excellent.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good, very good.

FOOL

(singing)

What is love? It isnít in the future. When you're having fun now, you're laughing right now. The futureís unsure, and thereís no reason to waste time. Come kiss me while you're twenty. You wonít be young forever.

Youth is a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH

55 To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

An you love me, letis do it. I am dog at a catch.

FOOL

60 By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW

Most certain. Let our catch be iThou Knave.i

FOOL

SIR ANDREW

A beautiful voice, I swear.

SIR TOBY BELCH

His breath stinks.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, it stinks very sweetly.

SIR TOBY BELCH

If we could listen to him with our noses, we would definitely say he stinks very sweetly. So what do you say, should we sing loud enough to shake the heavens? Should we sing a round to wake up the night owl? Should we do that?

SIR ANDREW

Letis go for it. l'm a very good singer, and can sing rounds like a dog .

FOOL

Then you'll be good at catchy tunes. Dogs like to play catch.

SIR ANDREW

Absolutely. Letis dance to iYou Jerk.i

FOOL

'Hold thy peace, thou knave.' knight? I shall be constrained in it to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me
65 i knave.' Begin, Fool. It begins 'Hold thy peace.'

FOOL

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung

Enter MARIA

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

My lady's a Cataian. We are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and (sings) Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally! iLady! (sings) *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

You mean, i Shut up, you jerk? That's the song where the singers call each other jerks, right? So I'll be forced to call you a jerk, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

It won't be the first time someone was forced to call me that. You start, Fool. It starts, i Shut up.'

FOOL

I'll never be able to start if I shut up.

SIR ANDREW

That's true. But come on, start.

They sing.

MARIA enters.

MARIA

You're making a terrible racket out here! Lady Olivia told her servant Malvolio to kick you out of the house. I swear it's true.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Lady Olivia can go to China for all I care. We're very smart guys, and Malvolio is Little Bo Peep. (*he sings*) *We're just having some fun.* Aren't I her relative, after all? Aren't we related?

Fiddle-dee-dee, iLady!î (*singing*) *There lived a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

FOOL

75 Beshrew me, the knightís in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*sings*) *O' the twelfth day of Decemberó*

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

80 My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my ladyís house, that you squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

FOOL

Gosh, the knightís very good at acting like a fool.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, heís good at it when heís in the mood, and so am I. Heís practiced more, but it comes more naturally to me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*he sings*) *On the twelfth day of Decemberó*

MARIA

For Godís sake, shut up!

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

Are you all crazy? Whatís wrong with you? Are you making all this noise at this time of night because you have no manners, or because youíre just stupid? Are you trying to turn my mistressís house into a noisy bar? Is that why youíre squealing out these ridiculous vulgar songs without lowering your voices at all? Donít you have any respect for anything?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We respected the beat of the song, sir. So shut up!

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, sheís nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FOOL

95 (sings) *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

MALVOLIO

Is it even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(sings) *But I will never die.*

FOOL

(sings) *Sir Toby, there you lie.*

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, live got to be frank with you. My lady told me to tell you that while she lets you stay at her house because you're a relative, she doesn't approve of your behavior. If you can shape up, you're welcome to stay in the house. If you can't, and would prefer to leave, she's very willing to say goodbye to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(he sings) *Goodnight, sweetheart, I'm going to leave you now.*

MARIA

No, good Sir Toby.

FOOL

(singing) *You can tell from his eyes that his life is almost over.*

MALVOLIO

Is this how it's going to be?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(singing) *But I will never die.*

FOOL

(singing) *Sir Toby, that's a lie.*

MALVOLIO

This behavior really makes you look great.

SIR TOBY BELCH

100 (*sings*) Shall I bid him go?

FOOL

(*sings*) What an if you do?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*sings*) Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

FOOL

(*sings*) O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out o' tune, sir. You lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

FOOL

Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

110 Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*singing*) Should I tell him to go?

FOOL

(*singing*) What if you do?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*singing*) Should I tell him to go, and be harsh with him?

FOOL

(*singing*) Oh no, no, no, no, donit you dare.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thatís out of tune, sir. You lie. (*to MALVOLIO*) You're nothing more than a servant here. Do you think that just because you're a goody two shoes, no one else can enjoy himself?

FOOL

They certainly will. They'll have double helpings, too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're right. (*to MALVOLIO*) Go polish your steward's chain, sir. Maria, bring us some wine!

MALVOLIO

Miss Mary, if you cared what Lady Olivia thinks about you at all, you wouldn't contribute to this rude behavior. I assure you, she'll find out about this.

Exit

MARIA

Go shake your ears!

SIR ANDREW

'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man is a-hungry, to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do it, knight. I'll write thee a challenge. Or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the countis was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

125 Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW

MALVOLIO exits.

MARIA

Go and wiggle your ears!

SIR ANDREW

There is nothing I'd love more than to make a fool out of that guy somehow. I could challenge him to a duel and then not show up. That would do the trick.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do that. I'll write a letter challenging him to a duel on your behalf. Or I'll deliver your insults to his face.

MARIA

Dear Sir Toby, don't do anything rash tonight. Ever since the Duke's messenger visited Olivia, she is been upset. As for Monsieur Malvolio, let me take care of him. I'll make a big fool out of him, just trust me. I'll make him famous for his stupidity. Everyone will laugh at him. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Tell us something about him. Come on, tell us something.

MARIA

Well, sometimes he acts like a goody two shoes.

SIR ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA

130 The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

Oh, I'll beat him up for that!

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're going to beat him up for being good? And what's your brilliant reason for that, please?

SIR ANDREW

I don't have any brilliant reason for it, but I have a good enough reason.

MARIA

He isn't really that pure and good. He's just a conceited flatterer. He's a pretentious guy who aspires to speak and act like nobility. He's proud, and he thinks he's so stuffed full of wonderful qualities that everyone loves him. That's the weakness I'll use to get revenge on him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What are you going to do?

MARIA

I'll drop some mysterious love letters in his path. He'll think they're addressed to him, because they'll describe the color of his beard, the shape of his legs, the way he walks, and the expression on his face. I can make my handwriting look just like Lady Olivia's: she

I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter
we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

145 I have it in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they
come from my niece, and that sheís in love with him.

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

150 Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW

Oh, itwill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with
him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where

and I canít tell the difference between each otherís
handwriting.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! Sounds like youíve got a good trick in mind.

SIR ANDREW

I like it too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Heíll think these letters are from Olivia and that sheís in love
with him.

MARIA

Yes, thatís the idea.

SIR ANDREW

Heís going to look like a total idiot.

MARIA

Absolutely, you idiot.

SIR ANDREW

This is going to be great!

MARIA

Itís going to be fun, I promise. I know my medicine will work on
him. Iíll have you two hideóand the fool tooóright where heíll

he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW

Before me, sheís a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sheís a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

SIR ANDREW

160 I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Letís to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW

If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me iCut.î

find the letter. Watch his reaction. Meanwhile, letís go to bed and dream about this. Good night.

MARIA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Good night, you amazing woman, you.

SIR ANDREW

Sheís a fine woman, all right.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sheís a good little woman, and she adores me. What about it?

SIR ANDREW

Someone adored me once, too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Letís go to bed, knight. Tomorrow you need to get more money sent to you.

SIR ANDREW

If I canít persuade your niece to marry me, Iím going to be in some serious financial trouble.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Get your hands on some money and everything will be all right. I know you'll win over Olivia in the end.

SIR ANDREW

165 If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight. Come, knight.

Exeunt

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

ORSINO

Give me some music. (*music plays*)
Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night.
5 Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

CURIO

He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

ORSINO

10 Who was it?

SIR ANDREW

I know I will too, if it's the last thing I do.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, I'll go warm up a nice glass of sherry for us. It is too late to go to bed now. Come on, my friend, come on.

They exit.

Act 2 Scene 4

ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others enter.

ORSINO

Play me some music. (*music plays*) Good morning, my friends.
Have them sing me that song again, Cesario, that old-fashioned song someone sang last night. It made me feel better and took my mind off my troubles much better than the silly songs they sing nowadays. Please, have them sing just one verse.

CURIO

Sir, the person who should sing that song isn't here.

ORSINO

Who was it?

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Exit CURIO. Music plays

(to VIOLA) Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
15 In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

20 It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon it, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

CURIO

Feste, the jester, my lord. Olivia's father used to like him. He is somewhere else in the house.

ORSINO

Then go find him. Meanwhile, play the tune.

CURIO exits. Music plays.

(to VIOLA) Come here, boy. If you ever fall in love and feel the bittersweet pain it brings, think of me. Because the way I am now, moody and unable to focus on anything except the face of the woman I love, is exactly how all true lovers are. What do you think of this song?

VIOLA

It really makes you feel what a lover feels.

ORSINO

You're absolutely right. I'd bet my life that, as young as you are, you've fallen in love with someone. Haven't you, boy?

VIOLA

A little bit.

ORSINO

25 What kind of woman is it?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

ORSINO

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

ORSINO

Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself. So wears she to him,
30 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO

35 Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower

ORSINO

What kind of woman is she?

VIOLA

She is a lot like you.

ORSINO

She is not good enough for you, then. How old is she?

VIOLA

About as old as you are, my lord.

ORSINO

That is definitely too old. A woman should always pick an older man. That way she'll adjust herself to what her husband wants, and the husband will be happy and faithful to her. Because however much we like to brag, boy, the truth is that we men change our minds a lot more than women do, and our desires come and go a lot faster than theirs.

VIOLA

I think you're right, sir.

ORSINO

So find someone younger to love, or you won't be able to maintain your feelings. Women are like roses: the moment their beauty is in full bloom, it is about to decay.

Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

VIOLA

And so they are. Alas, that they are so,
40 To die even when they to perfection grow!

Enter CURIO and FOOL

ORSINO

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
45 Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Ay; prithee, sing.

Music

FOOL

(sings)

50 *Come away, come away, death,*

VIOLA

Thatís true. Itís too bad their beauty fades right when it reaches perfection!

CURIO and the FOOL enter.

ORSINO

My friend, sing us the song you sang last night.
Listen to it carefully, Cesario, itís a simple old song. Spinners and knitters used to sing it while they sewed, and maidens used to sing it over their weaving. It tells the simple truth about innocent love, as it was in the good old days.

FOOL

Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO

Yes. Please, sing.

Music plays.

FOOL

(he sings)

Come on, let me die now

And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
55 O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown.
60 Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
65 To weep there!

ORSINO

(giving money) Thereis for thy pains.

FOOL

No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FOOL

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

And put my body in a dark coffin.
I feel my breath leaving me.
I've been killed by a beautiful girl.
Prepare my shroud of white,
Adorned with sprigs of yew-tree.
I'm the most faithful person
Who ever lived or died.
Don't scatter sweet flowers
On my black coffin.
Don't let my friends
See my poor corpse.
I don't want to hear sad sighs,
So bury me where no sad lovers
can find my grave to weep over it!

ORSINO

(giving the FOOL money) Hereis some money for your trouble.

FOOL

No trouble, sir. I like singing.

ORSINO

Then I'll pay you for doing what you like.

FOOL

Well, in that case, all right. We all pay for what we like sooner or later.

ORSINO

70 Give me now leave to leave thee.

FOOL

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere, for thatis it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.

Farewell.

Exit

ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

CURIO and attendants retire

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
80 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But itis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

ORSINO

You may leave.

FOOL

I'll pray for the god of sadness to protect you, sir. And I hope your tailor will make you an outfit out of fabric that changes color, because your mind is like an opal that changes colors constantly. Men as wonderfully changeable as you are should all go drifting on the sea, where they can do whatever comes their way, and go wherever the current takes them. Those are the men whose trips are always successful. Goodbye.

The FOOL exits.

ORSINO

All the rest of you can leave too.

CURIO and attendants retire.

Cesario, go visit that cruel Olivia one more time. Tell her my love is purer than anything else in the whole world, and has nothing to do with her property. The wealth she's inherited isn't what makes me value her. It's her rich, jewel-like beauty that attracts me.

VIOLA

85 But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

I cannot be so answeríd.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

90 You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

ORSINO

There is no womanís sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart. No womanís heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.

95 Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare

100 Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA**VIOLA**

But if she canít love you, sir?

ORSINO

I refuse to accept that.

VIOLA

But you have to. Just imagine some lady might exist who loves you as powerfully and agonizingly as you love Olivia. But you canít love her, and you tell her so. Shouldnít she just accept that?

ORSINO

No woman is strong enough to put up with the kind of intense passion I feel. No womanís heart is big enough to hold all my love. Women donít feel love like thatólove is as shallow as appetite for them. It has nothing to do with their hearts, just their sense of taste. They eat too much and get indigestion and nausea. But my loveís different. Itís as all-consuming and insatiable as the sea, and it can swallow as much as the sea can. Donít compare a womanís love for a man with my love for Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I knowó

ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

105 My father had a daughter loved a man

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

ORSINO

And whatís her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

110 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more, but indeed

115 Our shows are more than will, for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Yes, but I knowó

ORSINO

What do you know?

VIOLA

I know a lot about the love women can feel for men. Actually, their hearts are as sensitive and loyal as ours are. My father had a daughter who loved a man in the same way that I might love you, if I were a woman.

ORSINO

And whatís her story?

VIOLA

There was no story, my lord. She never told him she loved him. She kept her love bottled up inside her until it destroyed her, ruining her beauty. She pined away. She just sat waiting patiently, sadly, smiling despite her sadness. Her complexion turned greenish from depression. Doesnít that sound like true love? We men might talk more and promise more, but in fact we talk more than we really feel. We might be great at making vows, but our love isnít sincere.

ORSINO

But did your sister die of love?

VIOLA

I am all the daughters of my fatherís house,
And all the brothers tooóand yet I know not.
120 Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO

Ay, thatis the theme.
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
(he hands her a jewel)

Exeunt

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay, lill 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 the niggardly rascally
sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN**VIOLA**

I am the only daughter in my fatherís family, and all the
brothers tooóbut lím not completely sure about that. Anyway,
sir, should I go see the lady?

ORSINO

Yes, go quickly and give her this jewel. Tell her my love wonít
go away and wonít be denied. *(he hands her a jewel)*

They exit.

Act 2 Scene 5

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come along with us, Signor Fabian.

FABIAN

lím coming, donít worry. If I miss this, let me be boiled alive.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wonít you be glad to see that rascal dog humiliated?

FABIAN

I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o' 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

10 An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India?

MARIA

Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!

They hide

Lie thou there (throwing down a letter), for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

I'll be thrilled. You know, he got me in trouble with the lady of the house once when I arranged a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll have another bear-baiting just to make him angry, and we'll mock him till he's black and blue. Won't we, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

If we don't, it'll be the biggest disappointment of our lives.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain herself.

MARIA enters.

How are you, my golden girl?

MARIA

Hide behind the boxwood hedge, all three of you. Malvolio's coming down the path. He's been over there practicing how to act for the past half hour. Watch him carefully if you want to have some fun, guys. This letter's going to turn him into a starry-eyed idiot. Now hide, for God's sake!

They all hide.

Now, you lie there on the path. (*MARIA throws down a letter*) Here comes the fish that's going to gobble up our bait.

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

20 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, 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 anyone else that follows her. What should I think on it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

25 (*aside*) Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN

(*aside*) O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

30 To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Ah, rogue!

MARIA exits.

MALVOLIO enters.

MALVOLIO

It's all luck. Everything's luck. Maria once told me Olivia was fond of me. I've almost heard Olivia say that herself. She said if she were interested in someone, it would be someone who looked like me. Besides, she treats me more respectfully than the other servants. What's the obvious conclusion from that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) What an egomaniac!

FABIAN

(*whispering*) Shh! When he's alone with his thoughts, he's even more like a haughty peacock. Watch him strut!

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) I swear, I'd like to beat the jerk so hard!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) Be quiet!

MALVOLIO

Just think, I could be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) Ah, what a jerk!

SIR ANDREW

(aside) Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

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

SIR ANDREW

(aside) Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN

(aside) O, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my stateó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleepingó

SIR ANDREW

(whispering) Shoot him, just shoot him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Shh, shh!

MALVOLIO

After all, it wouldn't be the first time that kind of thing has happened. Lady Strachy married her wardrobe manager.

SIR ANDREW

(whispering) Damn him, the arrogant fool!

FABIAN

(whispering) Shh! We've got him right where we want him. He's on a big ego trip.

MALVOLIO

Just think of me, having been married to her for three months, sitting around majesticallyó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) If only I had a slingshot so I could hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO

Calling my servants together, wearing an embroidered robe, having just come from a couch where live left Olivia sleepingó

SIR TOBY BELCH

45 (aside) Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

(aside) O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

And then to have the humor of state, and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Tobyó

SIR TOBY BELCH

50 (aside) Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN

(aside) O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up watch, or play with myósome rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to meó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN**SIR TOBY BELCH**

(whispering) That does it!

FABIAN

(whispering) Oh, be quiet, be quiet!

MALVOLIO

Then líd put on a lofty and exalted expression. líd look around the room calmly, then tell them that I know my place, and líd like them to know theirs. Then líd tell them to go find my cousin Tobyó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) That really does it!

FABIAN

(whispering) Oh, quiet, quiet! Please, please.

MALVOLIO

líd send seven of my servants to go get him. While I waited, líd frown impatiently, and perhaps wind my watch, or play with myów with some expensive piece of jewelry I happen to be wearing. Toby would approach me. Heíd bow to meó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Are we going to let this guy live?

FABIAN

(aside) Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controló

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO

Saying, iCousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speechóî

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) What, what?

MALVOLIO

65 iYou must amend your drunkenness.î

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Out, scab!

FABIAN

(aside) Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO

iBesides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knightóî

(whispering) Yes, we have to be quiet, even if itís torture.

MALVOLIO

I reach out my hand to him like this, giving him a stern look instead of my usual friendly smileó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) And then doesnít Toby punch you in the mouth?

MALVOLIO

And líd say to him, iCousin Toby, since líve been lucky enough to marry your niece, I have the right to say a few things to youóî

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Oh yeah, like what?

MALVOLIO

iYou must stop being such a drunk.î

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Get out of here, you scab!

FABIAN

(whispering) No, be quiet, or weíll screw up the joke.

MALVOLIO

iAnd youíre wasting your time with that foolish knightóî

SIR ANDREW

70 (*aside*) Thatís me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

iOne Sir Andrewóî

SIR ANDREW

(*aside*) I knew itwas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

(*seeing the letter*) What employment have we here?

FABIAN

(*aside*) Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

75 (*aside*) O, peace! And the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO

(picking up the letter) By my life, this is my ladyís hand these be her very Cís, her Uís and her Tís and thus makes she her great Pís. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW

80 (*aside*) Her Cís, her Uís and her Tís. Why that?

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) Thatís me, I bet.

MALVOLIO

iThat Sir Andrewóî

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) I knew he was talking about me. A lot of people call me foolish.

MALVOLIO

(*seeing the letter*) Whatís this?

FABIAN

(*whispering*) Heís taking the bait.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) Shhh! I hope he reads it out loud, to make it funnier!

MALVOLIO

(picking up the letter) My goodness, this is my ladyís handwriting! These are her Cís, her Uís and her Tís, and thatís how she makes her big Pís. Itís definitely her handwriting, no doubt about it.

SIR ANDREW

(*whispering*) Her Cís, her Uís, and her Tís. Why focus on that?

MALVOLIO

(reads) To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes! Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN

85 (aside) This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

(reads)

iJove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move;
90 No man must know.î

MALVOLIO

iNo man must know.î What follows? The numbers altered. iNo man must know.î If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

95 (reads)

il may command where I adore,

MALVOLIO

(reads) To my dear beloved who doesn't know I love him, I send you this letter with all my heart! That's exactly how she talks! Excuse me, sealing wax. (*he breaks the seal*) Wait! This is the stamp my lady seals her letters with! It has a picture of Lucrece on it. This letter is from Olivia. Who is this written to?

FABIAN

(whispering) This'll get him.

MALVOLIO

(he reads)

God knows I love someone.
But who?
I can't let my lips say his name;
iNo man must know.î

MALVOLIO

iNo man must know.î What comes after that? Look, the meter changes in her poem. iNo man must know.î What if this someone were you, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Go hang yourself, you stinking badger!

MALVOLIO

(reading)

il may order the one I love.

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.î

FABIAN

100 (*aside*) A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO

îM.O.A.I. doth sway my life.î Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

(*aside*) What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

105 (*aside*) And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO

il may command where I adore.î Why, she may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the endówhat should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in meóSoftly! M.O.A.I.ó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*aside*) O, ay, make up that.óHe is now at a cold scent.

But silence, like a knife, cuts open my heart
With strokes that draw no blood.
M.O.A.I. rules my life.î

FABIAN

(*whispering*) What a pretentious riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) That Maria has outdone herself!

MALVOLIO

îM.O.A.I. rules my life.î Hmm, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN

(*whispering*) What a dish of poison sheís mixed for him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) And look how willingly heís taking the bait.

MALVOLIO

il may command the one I love.î Well, she commands me. Iím her servant. Sheís my boss. Why, anyone can see what this means. Thereís no ambiguity here. But the end, what do those letters mean? If only I could somehow relate them to me! Hmm. M.O.A.I.ó

SIR TOBY BELCH

(*whispering*) Oh, bad dog.óHeís losing the scent!

FABIAN

(aside) Sowter will cry upon it for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO

115 iMîóMalvolio. iMîówhy, that begins my name.

FABIAN

(aside) Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO

iM.î But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation iAî should follow but iOî does.

FABIAN

120 (aside) And iOî shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(aside) Ay, or lîll cudgel him and make him cry iO!î

MALVOLIO

And then ilî comes behind.

FABIAN

(aside) Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO**FABIAN**

(whispering) He'll find it again, no matter how much it stinks.

MALVOLIO

iMîóMalvolio. iMîówhy, thatís the first letter in my name.

FABIAN

(whispering) Didnít I tell you heíd figure it out? This dogís excellent at following false leads.

MALVOLIO

iM.î But then the next letter isnít the same. iAî should be next, but instead iOî comes next.

FABIAN

(whispering) And an iOî like a noose will end this, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(whispering) Yeah, or lîll beat him up and make him yell iOh!î

MALVOLIO

And then the ilî comes next.

FABIAN

(whispering) If you had an I in the back of your head, youíd see trouble behind you.

MALVOLIO

125 iM.O.A.I. This simulation is not as the former, and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose.

(reads)

ilf this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants.

Let thy tongue tang arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirist to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortuneis fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate Unhappyⁱ

M.O.A.I. This codeis not as easy to crack as the other one. But if I shake it up a little it'll work, because every one of those letters is in my name. But wait, thereis some prose after her poem.

(he reads)

ilf this letter falls into your hands, think carefully about what it says. By my birth I rank above you, but donit be afraid of my greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Your fate awaits you. Accept it in body and spirit. To get used to the life you'll most likely be leading soon, get rid of your low-class trappings. Show some eagerness for the new upscale lifestyle thatis waiting

for you. Argue with a relative like a nobleman, and be rude to servants. Talk about politics and affairs of state, and act free and independent. The woman who advises you to do this loves you. Remember the woman who complimented you on your yellow stockings, and said she always wanted to see you with crisscrossing laces going up your legsóremember her. Go ahead. A happy new life is there if you want it. If you donit want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant whois not brave enough to grab the happiness there before him. Goodbye. Signed, she who would be your servant,

The Fortunate Unhappy.ⁱ

145 Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point- devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

(reads)

iThou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.î

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit

FABIAN

165 I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

This is as clear as sunlight in an open field. I'll do it. I'll be vain and proud, I'll read up on politics, I'll insult Sir Toby, I'll get rid of my lower-class friends, and I'll be the perfect man for her. I know I'm not fooling myself, or letting myself get carried away by my imagination, because every clue points to the fact that Lady Olivia loves me. She did compliment me on my yellow stockings recently, and she said she liked how the crisscross laces looked on my legs. That's her way of saying she loves me. Oh, I thank my lucky stars, I'm so happy. For her I'll be strange and condescending, and I'll put on my yellow stockings and crisscross laces right away. Thank God and my horoscope! Here's a postscript!

(reads)

iYou must have figured out who I am. If you love me, let me know by smiling at me. You're so attractive when you smile. Please smile whenever you're near me, my dearest darling.î

Dear God, thank you! I'll do everything she wants me to do.

MALVOLIO exits.

FABIAN

I wouldn't have missed this even for a pension of thousands of pounds, to be paid by the shah of Persia.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR ANDREW

170 Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA

FABIAN

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW

Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy
bondslave?

SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry that Maria for thinking this up.

SIR ANDREW

So could I.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And I wouldn't ask for any dowry except for her to play another
trick like this one.

SIR ANDREW

Neither would I.

MARIA enters.

FABIAN

Here she comes, the brilliant fool-catcher.

SIR TOBY BELCH

May I kiss your feet?

SIR ANDREW

And I too?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall I be your slave?

SIR ANDREW

I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA

Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

180 Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

Exeunt

Me too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You've made him so delusional he'll go crazy when he learns the truth.

MARIA

Did it really work?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Like medicine for a sick man.

MARIA

If you want to really have some fun, watch him next time he is near Lady Olivia. He'll show up in yellow stockings—she hates yellow—and with laces crisscrossing up his legs—she hates that style of dress—and he'll smile, which will go completely against her mood, since she is addicted to sadness now. She'll definitely get upset with him. If you want to watch, follow me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'd follow you to the gates of Hell, you sneaky little devil!

SIR ANDREW

I'll come too.

They all exit.

Act 3 Scene 1

Enter **VIOLA**, and the **FOOL** playing with a tabor

VIOLA

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabour?

FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FOOL

5 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

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.

FOOL

10 You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA

VIOLA and the **FOOL**, playing a drum, enter.

VIOLA

God bless you, my friend, and your music too. Do you make your living by playing that drum?

FOOL

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Oh, you're a clergyman?

FOOL

No, I live by the church because I live in a house, and my house is by the church.

VIOLA

You could just as easily say that a king sleeps near a beggar if the beggar lives near him, or that the church is supported by your drum because it stands by your drum.

FOOL

You're right, sir. What a wonderful time to be alive! Sentences can be turned inside out so easily nowadays!

VIOLA

Nay, thatís certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FOOL

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

VIOLA

Why, man?

FOOL

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

VIOLA

20 Thy reason, man?

FOOL

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

VIOLA

I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

FOOL

Thatís true. People who fool around with words too much can make words act like whoresóchanging all the time, and immoral too.

FOOL

Thatís why I wish my sister didnít have a name, sir.

VIOLA

Why, man?

FOOL

Well, her nameís a word, and if you fooled around with it you might make her into a whore. But, you know, words have been rascals ever since people started using written contracts rather than their word of honor.

VIOLA

Why do you say that?

FOOL

Honestly, sir, Iíd need to use words to explain why, and since words are so unreliable and false, Iíd rather avoid using them in a serious discussion.

VIOLA

I bet you're a happy fellow who doesn't care about anything.

FOOL

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.

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FOOL

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 is the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FOOL

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

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

FOOL

You're wrong, sir, I do care about something. But I'll admit I don't care for you. If that means I don't care about anything, you should disappear right now, since you're nothing.

VIOLA

Aren't you Lady Olivia's fool?

FOOL

No, sir. Lady Olivia doesn't want to have anything to do with foolishness. So she won't have a fool until she gets married. Fools are to husbands as anchovies are to sardines—husbands are the bigger ones. I'm not her fool. I just make words into whores for her.

VIOLA

I saw you at Count Orsino's recently.

FOOL

I'm everywhere. Foolishness is all over the world, just like sunshine. I'd be sorry if people thought your master was less familiar with foolishness than my mistress is. I think I saw you there, you wise man.

VIOLA

Oh no, if you're joking around with me, I'm leaving. Wait, here is a coin for you.

FOOL

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA

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

FOOL

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FOOL

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

VIOLA

(giving him money) I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged.

FOOL

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would

Next time God sends out a shipment of hair, I hope he gives you a beard!

VIOLA

Oh, I know. Seriously, I'm dying for one, (*to herself*) I mean, I'm dying for a man who has a beard; I don't want one to grow on my chin. (*to the FOOL*) Is Lady Olivia inside?

FOOL

If I had two of these coins, do you think they'd breed more coins?

VIOLA

Yes, if you kept them together and invested them.

FOOL

I'd like to be like that famous pimp, Lord Pandarus, and get a [Cressida for my Troilus](#).

VIOLA

(giving the FOOL money) I get what you're driving at, sir. You're a very clever beggar.

FOOL

It shouldn't be too much to ask; I'm only begging for a beggar. They say Cressida became a beggar in her old age. My lady Olivia's inside, sir. I'll tell them where you come from, though I don't know who you are or what you want. I'd say I was out of

are out of my welkin, I might say ielement, but the word is overworn.

Exit

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
55 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 practise
As full of labor as a wise man's art,
60 For folly that he wisely shows is fit.
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA

my element, but that phrase is overused, so I'll say I'm out of my air.

The FOOL exits.

VIOLA

This guy is wise enough to play the fool, and only clever people can do that. He pays attention to the mood and social rank of the person he is joking with, and also to the time of day. And he doesn't let go of his target when a distraction appears. His job requires as much effort and skill as any wise man's occupation could. And he shows he is very smart at playing the fool, while smart people look stupid when they play the fool.

SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Hello, sir.

VIOLA

Hello to you too, sir.

SIR ANDREW

(speaking in French) May God protect you, sir.

VIOLA

65 *Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!*

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA

I am bound to your niece, sir. I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Put them to motion.

VIOLA

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA

75 I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

(speaking in French) And you too, sir. I'm at your service.

SIR ANDREW

(stammering) Oh, good, I am too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

My niece would like you to come in to the house, if your business here has to do with her.

VIOLA

I'm headed for your niece, sir. She's the reason I'm here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Taste your legs, sir. Please go inside.

VIOLA

Taste my legs? My legs stand under me, but I don't understand what it taste your legs means.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I mean please go into the house, sir.

VIOLA

I will. But now we don't have to!

OLIVIA and MARIA enter.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

SIR ANDREW

(aside) That youth is a rare courtier. iRain odors. Well.

VIOLA

80 My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR ANDREW

(aside) iOdors, i pregnant, i and ivouchsafed. I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA

85 Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Oh, beautiful and accomplished lady, may the heavens rain odors upon you!

SIR ANDREW

(to himself) That young man is classy. iRain odors. That is good.

VIOLA

My message is not for anyone else to hear, my lady. It is only for your willing and receptive ear.

SIR ANDREW

(to himself) iOdors, i willing, i and i deserving. I'll have to remember those words so I can use them later myself.

OLIVIA

Close the garden door and leave me alone to hear his message.

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA exit.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

I give you my obedience and my humble service, madam.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servantís name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
90 Since lowly feigning was callid compliment.
Youíre servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servantís servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
95 Would they were blanks, rather than fillid with me.

VIOLA

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him.
But, would you undertake another suit,
100 I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA

Cesario is my nameóyour servantís nameófair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant! The worldís gone downhill since fake humility
started passing for compliments. Youíre not my servant, young
man. Youíre Count Orsinoís servant.

VIOLA

But heís your servant, so everything thatís his must be yours
too. Your servantís servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

As for him, I never think about him. As for his thoughts, I wish
heíd think about nothing at all rather than think about me all
the time.

VIOLA

Madam, líve come here to try to make you like him.

OLIVIA

Oh, please, lím begging you, donít mention him again. But if
you want to tell me that someone else loves me, líd enjoy
hearing that more than líd enjoy listening to angels sing.

VIOLA

Dear ladyó

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
105 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 honor at the stake,
110 And baited it with all the unmuzzled 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

I pity you.

OLIVIA

Thatís a degree to love.

VIOLA

115 No, not a grize. For ítis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

My dear ladyó

OLIVIA

Please let me say something, lím begging you. After you cast
your magic spell on me last time, I sent you a ring. I fear it was
a mistake, since I tricked my servant, myself, and you too. You
probably think poorly of me after I forced that ring on you with
such outrageous trickery. What else could you possibly think
of me?

Havenít you totally dismissed my honor and integrity in your
anger? For someone as intelligent as you the situation must be
clear enough. lím wearing my heart on my sleeve, and I canít
hide my feelings. So let me hear what you have to say.

VIOLA

I feel sorry for you.

OLIVIA

Thatís a step in the direction of love.

VIOLA

No, not at all. Itís a perfectly ordinary experience for us to feel
sorry for our enemies.

OLIVIA

Why then methinks itis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
120 To fall before the lion than the wolf! (*clock strikes*)
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, 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.
125 There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Well, enough of my whining then. Thatís that! I was getting carried away with fantasies I didnít deserve to have. But I should consider myself lucky. Itís much better to be destroyed by a noble enemy than by a cruel and heartless one. (*a clock strikes*) Listen to that, the clock is scolding me for wasting my time loving you. Donít worry, young man, I wonít stalk you. And when you're older and wiser and ready for marriage, your future wife will have a fine husband. There's the way back home for you, due west.

VIOLA

Then west is where I'm headed! I wish you all the best. You do

OLIVIA

Stay, Please, tell me what you think of me.

VIOLA

I think you're denying what you really are.

OLIVIA

If that's true, I think the same thing about you.

VIOLA

You're 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

135 (aside) Oh, 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 is night is noon.
(to VIOLA) Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
140 By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
145 But rather reason thus with reason fetter.
Love sought is good, but given unsought 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
150 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

I wish you were what I wanted you to be!

VIOLA

Would it be better if I were that, instead of what I am? I wish I
were something better, because right now I'm a big fool.

OLIVIA

(*to herself*) Oh, how beautiful he is even when he is angry and
full of contempt! A murderer can hide his guilt longer than
someone in love can hide her love. Love shines brightly and
cannot be hidden. (to VIOLA) Cesario, I swear by the spring roses,
by virginity, honor, truth, and everything, I swear I love you. I
love you so much that I cannot hide my passion for you, as clever
as I am. Don't assume that because I'm pursuing you there is no
reason to pursue me. Put two and two together and realize that
asking for love is good, but getting it without asking is much
better.

VIOLA

And I swear by my youth and innocence that I've only got one
heart and one love to give, and that I've never given them to a
woman and never will. So goodbye, my lady. I won't ever come
to complain about my lord's love for you again.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the Countis
servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw it i' the
orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

OLIVIA

Then come again for another reason. You might still be able to
make yourself fall in love with me, the person he loves, even
though you hate me now.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 2

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN enter.

SIR ANDREW

No, I won't stay a second longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why are you leaving, my angry friend?

FABIAN

Yes, you have to tell us why, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Well, because I saw your niece Olivia treat the countis
messenger better than sheis ever treated me. I saw it in the
orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Did she see you there the whole time, old boy? Tell me that.

SIR ANDREW

Yes, she saw me quite clearly.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

10 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

15 She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, 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 gilt 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 valor or policy.

SIR ANDREW**FABIAN**

Well, that proves she's in love with you.

SIR ANDREW

Are you trying to make fun of me?

FABIAN

No, I'll prove it with airtight evidence and logical argument.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And you can't deny evidence and argumentóThey've been around since Noah's ark.

FABIAN

She flirted with the messenger boy to exasperate you, fire up your passions, and make you angry and jealous. You should have run up to her, unleashed a few excellent quips invented on the spot, and rendered the young man speechless.

That's what she was expecting, and you let her down. You wasted a golden opportunity, and now my lady thinks badly of you. You can only raise her opinion of you with some impressive act of courage or complicated intrigue.

SIR ANDREW

An it be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the countis youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it, and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in manis commendation with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN

35 There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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 ithouî-est 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 of 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.

SIR ANDREW

I'll have to do something courageous then, because I hate intrigue. I'd rather be a heretic than a schemer with fancy plots.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well then, improve your situation with a show of courage. Challenge the countis young servant to a fight. Hurt him in eleven different places. My niece Olivia will notice, and let me tell you, no matchmaker in the world can get you a woman faster than a reputation for courage.

FABIAN

Itís really the only way, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you give him the message that lím challenging him to a duel?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go ahead and write it down. Make your handwriting look like a soldierís. Be pointed and brief. It doesnít need to be witty as long as itís eloquent and imaginative. Taunt him as much as you want, since you're only doing it in writing. Itís fine if you refer to him as ithouî instead of *iyou*. Write down as many lies as you can fit on a sheet of paper. Go ahead, get on with it. You may be using an ordinary pen, but you can fill it with poison ink. Now get busy.

SIR ANDREW

45 Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FABIAN

50 We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes 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 the anatomy.

FABIAN

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

Where will I find you when I've finished it?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We'll come find you in the bedroom. Go on.

SIR ANDREW exits.

FABIAN

This precious little guy is putty in your hands, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He must like me, since he's let me spend two thousand of his ducats.

FABIAN

His letter's going to be hilarious. But you're not going to deliver it, are you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me again if I don't. And by all means see if you can get the young man to answer it. I don't think a team of oxen could get them close enough to fight. If you dissected Andrew and found enough red blood in his *liver* for a flea to eat, then I'd eat the rest of his corpse. He's a coward.

FABIAN

And his opponent, the young messenger, doesn't look like he'd be very aggressive in a fight.

Enter MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

60 If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado. For there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. Heís in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

65 And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the 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 ítis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take it for a great favor.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

MARIA enters.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes my little bird.

MARIA

Listen, if you want a good laughóand I mean a side-splitting oneóthen follow me. That gullible idiot Malvolio must have renounced Christianity, since no Christian could do such outrageous things as heís doing. Heís wearing yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With crisscrossed laces?

MARIA

Oh, he looks like a pathetic Sunday school teacher. I've stalked him like a murderer, and heís done everything the letter told him to. He smiles so much his face has more lines in it than a map of the East Indies. You've never seen anything like it. I can hardly keep myself from throwing things at him. I know that my ladyís going to end up hitting him. And when she does, he'll imagine sheís flirting with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, take us to him.

Exeunt

They all exit.

Act 3 Scene 3

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

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 desire,
5 More sharp than filEd steel, did spur me forth.
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts, which to a stranger,
10 Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
15 And thanks, and ever thanks. And oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter.

SEBASTIAN

I really didn't want to inconvenience you. But since you seem to enjoy helping me, I won't nag you to stop any more.

ANTONIO

I couldn't stay behind after you left. I just felt a sharp desire to follow you. It wasn't just that I wanted to see you, though I very much did want that. I was also worried about what might happen to you while you were traveling, since you're not familiar with this area, and it's rough and unwelcoming to a stranger with no guide. I followed you because I love you and I was worried about you.

SEBASTIAN

My friend Antonio, all I can say is thank you. I know words are cheap. If I had any money I'd back up my gratitude with cash. Anyway, what should we do? Should we go see the sights in the town?

But were my worth as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. Whatís to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

20 Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Would youíd pardon me;
25 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

30 The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.

ANTONIO

We can do that tomorrow, sir. First we should make sure you have somewhere to stay.

SEBASTIAN

Iím not tired, and night is a long time away. Come on, letís go see the sights.

ANTONIO

Iím sorry, but I canít. You see, itís dangerous for me to walk in these streets. Once in a battle at sea I did a lot of damage to Count Orsinoís warships. If they arrested me here, itíd be the end of me.

SEBASTIAN

You probably killed a lot of his men?

ANTONIO

No, I didnít do anything as violent as that, though we wouldíve been justified in shedding a little blood over the matter. The whole quarrel might have been resolved since then when we

It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them, which, for trafficis sake,
35 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, hereis my purse.

(giving him money)

40 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

45 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.

repaid what we stole from themówhich most of our city did, for
the sake of friendly trade relations. I was the only one who
refused to give back what I stole. Thatis why l'll pay dearly if
they find me here.

SEBASTIAN

Then donít make yourself too conspicuous.

ANTONIO

Youíre right. Hang on a minute, hereis some money for you. (*he gives SEBASTIAN money*) The best place to stay around here is
an inn called the Elephant, in the suburbs south of the city. l'll
arrange for our meals while you enjoy yourself and educate
yourself by looking at the town. Youíll find me at the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

Why are you giving me your purse?

ANTONIO

Maybe youíll see some little trinket you want to buy. I doubt
youíve got enough money for little purchases like that.

SEBASTIAN

I'll hold on to your money and leave you for an hour.

ANTONIO

To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exeunt

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

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 borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He is coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLIVIA

Why, what is the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA

ANTONIO

We'll meet at the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I remember.

They exit.

Act 3 Scene 4

OLIVIA and MARIA enter.

OLIVIA

I've sent for him. He says he'll come. What kind of food should I serve him? What presents should I give him? It is easier to buy young people than to beg or borrow them. Oh, I'm talking too loud. Where is Malvolio? He is very serious, which is right for someone in mourning like me. Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He is coming, madam; but he is acting very strangely. He must be possessed by the devil.

OLIVIA

Why, what is the matter with him? Is he talking nonsense?

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 his wits.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

I am as mad as he,
15 If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

Smilest 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, iPlease one, and please all.î

OLIVIA

No, he just smiles. You should have a guard nearby if he comes in here, because he is clearly disturbed.

OLIVIA

Ask him in here.

MARIA exits.

I'm as crazy as he is, if sad craziness and happy craziness are equivalent.

MARIA enters with MALVOLIO.

What's going on, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Hello, sweet lady.

OLIVIA

You're smiling? I sent for you about a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO

Sad, my lady! I could be sad if I wanted to be. These crisscrossing laces do cut off the circulation in my legs a bit, but who cares? As the sonnet says, if you please one special person, you please everyone who matters.î

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? iAy, sweetheart, and l'll come to thee.î

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws!

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

35 iBe not afraid of greatness.î 'Twas well writ.

Why, whatís going on? Whatís the matter with you?

MALVOLIO

My legs may be yellow, but I donít feel blue. It was addressed to him, and orders must be obeyed. I think we know whose fancy handwriting that was.

OLIVIA

Donít you think you should go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed! iYes, sweetheart, l'll come to you.î

OLIVIA

For heavenís sake, why are you smiling like that and kissing your hand so much?

MARIA

How are you feeling, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

You're asking me! Noble people donít answer to peasants!

MARIA

Why are you acting so brazen toward my lady?

MALVOLIO

iDonít be afraid of greatness.î That was well written.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

îSome are born greatóî

OLIVIA

Ha?

MALVOLIO

îSome achieve greatnessóî

OLIVIA

40 What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

îAnd some have greatness thrust upon them.î

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

îRemember who commended thy yellow stockingsóî

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

45 îAnd wished to see thee cross-gartered.î

OLIVIA

What do you mean by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

îSome are born greatóî

OLIVIA

What?

MALVOLIO

îSome achieve greatnessóî

OLIVIA

What are you saying?

MALVOLIO

îAnd some have greatness thrust upon them.î

OLIVIA

Heaven help you!

MALVOLIO

îRemember who liked your yellow stockingsóî

OLIVIA

Your yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO

îAnd wanted to see you with laces crisscrossed over your legs.î

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO

iGo to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be soóî

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

ilf not, let me see thee a servant still.î

OLIVIA

50 Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsinoís is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyshipís pleasure.

OLIVIA

Iíll come to him.

Exit SERVANT

55 Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Whereís my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I

OLIVIA

Crisscrossed?

MALVOLIO

iGo ahead. A happy new life is there if you want itóî

OLIVIA

Am I a new life?

MALVOLIO

ilf you donít want it, just keep acting like a lowly servant.î

OLIVIA

This is completely insane.

SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

Madam, Count Orsinoís young messenger has returned. It was hard to get him to come back, but heís here now, waiting for you.

OLIVIA

Iíll go to him.

SERVANT exits.

Maria, take care of this poor fellow here. Whereís my cousin Toby? Have some of my servants take care of Malvolio. Iíd give

would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

Oh, 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. *iCast thy humble slough,* says she. *iBe 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, *iLet this fellow be looked to.* *iFellow!* Not *iMalvolio,* nor after my degree, but *ifellow.* 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. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

half my dowry to keep anything bad from happening to him.

OLIVIA and MARIA exit.

MALVOLIO

Oh ho! Look at me now! No less a person than Sir Toby, Lady Olivia's own relative, is going to take care of me. This is just what the letter said. She is sending him to me on purpose, so I can be rude to him just like she said in the letter. *iGet rid of your low-class trapping,* she said. *iArgue with a relative of mine like a nobleman, and be rude to servants. Talk about politics and affairs of state, and act free and independent.* And then she explains how to do it: I should have a serious face and dignified demeanor, well-modulated speech, acting like a distinguished gentleman and so on. I've got her now, but I've got God to thank for it! And when she left just now, she said *iTake care of this poor fellow here.* *iFellow!* Not *iMalvolio,* not anything referring to my low station in life, but *ifellow.* Everything is going perfectly. Not the tiniest ounce, not the littlest insignificant amount of trouble or bad luck could ruin it—what can I say? Nothing can come between me and the fulfillment of all my hopes. Well, God is responsible for that, not me, and he deserves thanks.

MARIA enters with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

80 Here he is, here he is. How is it with you, sir? How is it with you, man?

MALVOLIO

Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) 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 BELCH

(to FABIAN and MARIA) Go to, go to! Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is it with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he is an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

Where is he, for God's sake? I don't care if all the devils in hell crammed together to possess him, I still want to speak to him.

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How are you, sir?

MALVOLIO

Go away. I don't want to see your face. Let me enjoy my privacy. Go away.

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Ooh, listen to the scary devil speaking from inside him! Didn't I tell you? Sir Toby, Lady Olivia wants you to take care of him.

MALVOLIO

Ah-ha! Does she?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to FABIAN and MARIA) Come on, come on! Calm down, calm down. We need to treat him gently. Let me take care of this. How are you, Malvolio? How are things? Come on, man, just say no to the devil! Think about it, he is the enemy of mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN

Carry his water to the wisewoman.

MARIA

95 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 BELCH

(to MARIA) 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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Do you even know what you're talking about?

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Look at that, he acts insulted if you say bad things about the devil! I hope to God he is not bewitched!

FABIAN

Get a urine sample and take it to a witch doctor to find out.

MARIA

Sure thing, we'll do it tomorrow morning. My lady would never want to lose him.

MALVOLIO

What are you saying, mistress?

MARIA

Oh, Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to MARIA) Please, keep quiet. This is not the way to act. Don't you see you're upsetting him? Leave me alone with him.

FABIAN

Gentleness is the only way to go gently, gently. The devil inside him is rough, but we can't treat it roughly.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to MALVOLIO) Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

105 Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ay, Biddy, come with me.óWhat, man! 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

110 My prayers, minx?

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) 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

(*to the imaginary devil inside MALVOLIO*) So how are you, my pretty little bird? How are you doing in there, sweet little chicken?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Yes, dear little chick, come along with me.óShut up, man! You're serious enough to know not to play games with Satan. Damn that dirty black coalminer of a devil!

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, you hussy?

MARIA

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) No, I'm telling you, he refuses to hear anything about religion.

MALVOLIO

Go hang yourselves, all of you! You're all lazy and shallow. I'm not like you. I have a higher future waiting for me. You'll know more about it later.

MALVOLIO exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

115 Is it possible?

FABIAN

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

FABIAN

120 Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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. But see, but see!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is it possible?

FABIAN

If this were a play, I'd complain it was unrealistic.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's really taken this prank to heart. He's playing the role perfectly.

MARIA

No, follow him now, before he divulges the prank and ruins everything.

FABIAN

Wow, we're really going to drive him crazy.

MARIA

The house will be so much quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, let's put him in a dark room and tie him up. My niece already thinks he's insane. We can go on like this, punishing him and having some fun, until we're tired of it. Then we can take mercy on him and let him out, and talk about how well the joke went. We'll also worship you for setting up this trick. Let's do it, let's do it!

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

(presenting a paper) Hereis the challenge, read it. Warrant thereis vinegar and pepper in it.

FABIAN

Is it so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, is it, I warrant him. Do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me. (reads) iYouth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.i

FABIAN

135 Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reads) iWonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for it.i

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW enters.

FABIAN

Hereis more insanity for us.

SIR ANDREW

(presenting them a piece of paper) Hereis the challenge, read it. Itis bursting with fighting words.

FABIAN

Is it that aggressive?

SIR ANDREW

Yes, it is, I think. Just read it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give it to me. (he reads) iYoung man, whatever you are, you're a real scum bucket.i

FABIAN

Nice. Very courageous.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reading) iDon't even ask why I call you that, because I won't give you any explanation.i

FABIAN

Thatis a good thing to put inoit keeps you from getting in trouble with the law.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reads) iThou comest 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 senseóless.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reads) il will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill meóî

FABIAN

145 Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reads) iThou killst me like a rogue and a villain.

FABIAN

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reads) iFare 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,

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reading) iYou come to see the lady Olivia, and sheís kind to you. But youíre a complete liar. Thatís not why lím challenging you to a duel.

FABIAN

Nice and short and full of good senseóor should I say nonsense?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reading) ilíll ambush you on your way home, and if youíre lucky enough to kill meóî

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reading) iYouíll be killing me like a common criminal, a mugger.

FABIAN

You still havenít said anything incriminating. Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(reading) iGood luck, and may God have mercy on one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine. But I have a better chance of surviving, so watch out. Signed, your friend, if you treat him right, and your sworn enemy,

Andrew Aguecheekî

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give it him.

MARIA

You may have very fit occasion for it. He is now in some commerce with my lady and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

155 Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou drawest, 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!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior 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

Andrew Aguecheekî

If this letter doesn't make him fight, I don't know what will. I'll give it to him.

MARIA

You might have a great opportunity to give it to him right now. He is conducting some business with my lady, and sooner or later he'll leave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew. Look out for him in the corner of the orchard as if you were a sheriff's deputy. As soon as you see him, draw your sword, and as you draw it, start swearing horribly. Sometimes a terrible swear word, like a well-shot arrow, makes you look more brave and manly than getting in a fight would. Now go!

SIR ANDREW

Don't worry about me not swearing enough.

SIR ANDREW exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I won't deliver this letter. The young gentleman's behavior shows that he is sensible and has good manners. The fact that he serves as a go-between for his lord and my niece Olivia confirms this. So this letter, which is so incredibly stupid and

ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honor too uncharly on it.
Thereis something in me that reproves my fault,
180 But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

ignorant, isnít going to scare him at all. Heíll just think an idiot wrote it. But líll deliver Sir Andrewís challenge by word of mouth, describing Sir Andrew as courageous in battle and convincing the young gentleman that Sir Andrew is furious, impetuous, and a skilled fighter (heíll believe me because heís young). This will make them both so afraid that theyíll kill each other just by looking at each other.

OLIVIA enters with VIOLA.

FABIAN

Here comes the messenger with your niece. Leave them alone until he sets off home, and then follow him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Meanwhile, líll think of some horrible way to phrase the challenge.

SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA exit.

OLIVIA

I have said too much to someone with a heart of stone. I've foolishly jeopardized my honor and reputation. I hate myself for behaving that way, but I just had to, and no criticism could have stopped me.

VIOLA

With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this jewel for me. 'Tis my picture.
185 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 honor, saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

190 How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

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

Exit

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

My lord acts just as crazy with love as you do.

OLIVIA

Here, take this piece of jewelry. There is a picture of me inside.
Don't refuse it. It won't annoy you like me, because it doesn't
have a voice. And I beg you, please come here again
tomorrow. What could you possibly ask of me that I wouldn't
give you, as long as it didn't damage my honor and self-
respect?

VIOLA

Nothing, except your true love for my lord.

OLIVIA

How could I honorably give him what I've already given you?

VIOLA

I'll give it back to you.

OLIVIA

Just come again tomorrow. Good-bye. A devil like you could
lead me to hell.

OLIVIA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

195 Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

That defense thou hast, betake thee to it. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceper, 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, skillful and deadly.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

205 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

I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Hello, sir.

VIOLA

Hello to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You'd better think up a way to defend yourself. I don't know what you've done to upset him, but someone has challenged you to a duel. He's riled up and bloodthirsty, and he's waiting for you at the back of the orchard. Draw your sword and get on your toes, because your assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

VIOLA

There must be some mistake, sir. I'm sure nobody would have any reason to fight with me. I can't remember anything I've ever done to offend anyone.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You're wrong about that, I assure you. So if you value your life at all, be on your guard. Your opponent has enough youth, strength, skill, and anger to outfight anyone.

VIOLA

But who is this person, sir?

SIR TOBY BELCH

210 He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced 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. *iGive it or take it.*

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 that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY BELCH

220 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, thatís certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA

This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to

Heís a knight. He was made a knight because of his court connections, but when heís fighting a civilian heís a real monster. Heís killed three people, and heís so furious right now that the only thing that will satisfy him is seeing you die. *iFight to the death* is his motto.

VIOLA

I'll go back inside and ask the lady for some kind of escort. I'm not a fighter. I've heard of men who pick fights with other people on purpose, just to see how brave they are. This man is probably like that.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir. Heís furious because you insulted him, and he has a right to satisfaction. So go out there and give him what he wants. You can't go back into the house unless you want to fight with me and if you're willing to do that, you might as well just go and fight with him. So go to the orchard, or take out your sword right now. You're going to have to fight one way or another, there's no doubt about that, or else you'll have to stop wearing a sword and claiming to be a gentleman.

VIOLA

This is as rude as it is strange. Please, do me this one favor: find out what I've done to offend this knight. It must be something I did accidentally.

him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit

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 his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

SIR TOBY BELCH

I will do so. Mr. Fabian, stay with this gentleman until I come back.

SIR TOBY exits.

VIOLA

Excuse me, sir, do you know anything about this?

FABIAN

I know the knight is furious with you, so much that he is willing to fight you to the death, but I don't know anything else about it.

VIOLA

What kind of man is he?

FABIAN

He is not much to look at, but he is very brave in battle. He really is the most skillful, bloodthirsty, and dangerous opponent you can find in Illyria. Do you want to go see him? I'll try to calm him down for you if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for it. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Exeunt

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, heís 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 with 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 it! I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

255 Plague on it, 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, gray Capilet.

I'd be very grateful to you if you did. I'm much more of a religious type than a fighter, and I don't care who knows it.

They exit.

SIR TOBY BELCH enters with SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wow, heís a real devil. I've never seen such a monster. I had a round with him, and his sword thrust is so deadly that you can't even duck out of the way. And when he strikes back at you, he'll hit you as sure as you're standing there. They say he used to fence for the shah of Persia.

SIR ANDREW

That's it! I won't mess with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Yes, but now there is no way to calm him down. Fabian can hardly control him over there.

SIR ANDREW

Darn it, if I'd guessed he was so brave and such a good swordsman, I never would have challenged him. I'll give him my gray horse Capilet if he forgets the whole thing.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on it.
This shall end without the perdition of souls. (*aside*) Marry,
I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA

(to FABIAN) I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have
persuaded him the youthis a devil.

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to VIOLA) Thereis no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for is
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

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

FABIAN

Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll give it a try. Stay right here and try to look good. This may
end without anyone getting killed. (*to himself*) I'll ride your
horse just like I ride you.

FABIAN and VIOLA enter.

(to FABIAN) Heis given me his horse to try to avoid the
fightolive persuaded him that the young man is a fighting
machine.

FABIAN

Heis just as terrified of Sir Andrew. Heis pale and
hyperventilating, as if a bear were chasing him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to VIOLA) Thereis nothing you can do about it, sir. He insists on
fighting with you because he swore he would. But heis thought
over his reason for challenging you to fight, and he realizes itis
so insignificant that itis not worth thinking about. So draw your
sword so he can carry out his vow. He promises not to hurt you.

VIOLA

(*to herself*) God help me! If anything happens I'm going to have
to tell them exactly how unmanly I am.

FABIAN

Back off if he seems really furious.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew, thereís no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honorís 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 it.

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

280 I do assure you, itis against my will.

They draw swords Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO

Put up your 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 BELCH

You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, Sir Andrew, thereís nothing you can do about it. The gentleman insists on fighting a round with you, for the sake of his honor. The rules of dueling say he has to. But as a gentleman and a soldier heís promised me he wonít hurt you. Come on, get ready.

SIR ANDREW

I hope to God he keeps his promise!

VIOLA

I swear to you, I donít want to be doing this.

They draw their swords. ANTONIO enters.

ANTONIO

Put your sword away. If this young gentleman has offended you, lill take the blame for it. If youíve offended him, lill fight you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, sir? Who are you?

ANTONIO

Iím just a good friend of his. In fact, líd do even more to him than what youíve heard him promise to do.

SIR TOBY BELCH

If youíre someone who gets into fights, lill fight with you.

They draw swords Enter **OFFICERS**

FABIAN

O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to ANTONIO) I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

290 (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 bear you easily and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man. Do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

295 You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

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

They draw their swords. **OFFICERS** enter.

FABIAN

Oh, Sir Toby, stop! The police are here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to ANTONIO) I'll be back for you soon.

VIOLA

(to ANDREW) Please, sir, put away your sword. Please.

SIR ANDREW

I certainly will, sir. And as for what I promised to you, I'm as good as my word. You can ride him easily, and he responds well when you pull the reins.

FIRST OFFICER

This is the man. Do your job.

SECOND OFFICER

Antonio, you're under arrest on the orders of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

You must be mistaking me for someone else, sir.

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir, not at all. I recognize your face perfectly, even without a sailor's cap on your head.óTake him away. He knows I

Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

I must obey. (*to VIOLA*) This comes with seeking you:

300 But thereis 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,

305 But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

(*to VIOLA*) I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
310 Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, thereis half my coffer. (*offering him money*)

recognize him.

ANTONIO

I have to obey. (*to VIOLA*) This has happened because I came looking for you, but thereis nothing I can do about it now. I'll take whatis coming to me. But whatll you do now that I have to ask you for my purse back?

I'm more upset about not being able to help you than I am about whatis going to happen to me. You look so confused. Donit worry about me.

SECOND OFFICER

Come on, sir, letis go.

ANTONIO

(*to VIOLA*) Really, I must ask you for some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir? I feel sorry for you in this situation, and I want to thank you for the kindness you've shown me here, so I'll lend you some of my money, though I donit have much. I'll give you half of everything I have right now. Take this. It's half of all my money. (*she offers him money*)

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?
Is it possible that my deserts to you
315 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

I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
320 I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail bloodó

ANTONIO

O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

325 Let me speak a little. This 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

ANTONIO

Are you really going to pretend you donít know me now? After everything Iíve done for you, youíre refusing to help me? Donít make me more miserable than I am. I might do something really weak and unmanly, like listing the kind things Iíve done for you.

VIOLA

I donít know any kind things youíve done for me, and I donít recognize your voice or your face. I hate an ungrateful man more than I hate lying, vanity, babbling, drunkenness, or any other vice that we feeble human beings are susceptible to.ó

ANTONIO

Oh, my God!

SECOND OFFICER

Come on, sir, please. Letís go.

ANTONIO

No, Iíve got something to say. I saved this young manís life when he was half-dead, and nursed him back to health lovingly and tenderly. I devoted myself to him, since he looked noble and good.

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER

330 Whatis that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO

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

FIRST OFFICER

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

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

*Exit with **OFFICERS***

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

FIRST OFFICER

Why should we care? Timeís passing. Letís go!

ANTONIO

But oh, what a deceiver he turned out to be! You donít live up to your good looks, Sebastian. You look good but youíre bad on the inside, where it counts, since the only real flaws in nature are in a personís mind and soul. Only really cruel people can be called deformed. Virtue is beauty, but someone beautiful and wicked is like an empty box decorated by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER

The manís going crazy. Take him away. Come on, sir. Come on.

ANTONIO

Take me.

*He exits with the **OFFICERS**.*

VIOLA

He was so angry I feel he must really believe what he was saying. I donít believe it. Yet I wish I could. Oh, please be true, please let it be that this man has mistaken me for you, my dear brother!

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

345 He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate. Oh, if it prove,
350 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

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.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

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

Come here, Sir Andrew. You too, Fabian. We've got some words of wisdom to mull over.

VIOLA

He called me Sebastian. I know my brother's still alive in a sense, since I see him whenever I look in the mirror. My brother looked like me, and he dressed the same way that I'm dressed now—in the same colors,

with the same accessories. Oh, if it turns out to be true that he survived, then that storm was kind, and the ocean was full of love!

VIOLA exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

He's a very dishonest, puny boy, and more cowardly than a rabbit. He abandoned his friend here in an emergency, and even pretended he didn't know him. That shows he's dishonest. As for his cowardliness, ask Fabian.

FABIAN

He's a coward, a total coward. He's religiously devoted to his cowardice.

SIR ANDREW

By God, I'll go after him again and beat him up.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

An I do notó

FABIAN

Come, letís see the event.

SIR TOBY BELCH

360 I dare lay any money ítwill be nothing yet.

Exeunt

Enter SEBASTIAN and FOOL

FOOL

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

FOOL

Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Please do. Beat him up well, but donít draw your sword.

SIR ANDREW

I swear I willó

FABIAN

Come on, letís go see what happens.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll bet anything you like that nothing will happen, once again.

They all exit.

Act 4 Scene 1

SEBASTIAN and the **FOOL** enter.

FOOL

Are you trying to tell me that I wasnít sent to get you?

SEBASTIAN

Oh, who cares, you're acting like a fool. Leave me alone.

FOOL

Good for you, holding out on me like this! No, I donít know you, and my lady didnít send me to get you, and I'm not supposed to tell you to come speak with her, and your name is not Master Cesario, and this is not my nose, either. Nothing is what it is.

SEBASTIAN

I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou knowist not me.

FOOL

10 Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN

15 I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. Thereis money for thee. (*giving money*) If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

FOOL

By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good reportóafter fourteen years' purchase.

Enter **SIR ANDREW**, **SIR TOBY BELCH**, and **FABIAN**

SIR ANDREW

(to SEBASTIAN) Now, sir, have I met you again? Thereis for you.

SIR ANDREW strikes **SEBASTIAN**

SEBASTIAN

Oh please, go somewhere else to blab your nonsense. You donít know me.

FOOL

Blab my nonsense? He mustive heard that phrase describing some great man and now heis using it on a jester. Blab my nonsense! What an idiotic place this world is. Now please stop being so strange and tell me what exactly I should blab to my lady. Should I blab to her that you're coming?

SEBASTIAN

Please, fool, go away. Hereis money for you. (*giving him money*) If you stay any longer, l'll give you something worse.

FOOL

Well, well. You're a generous man. Wise men who give fools money might get a good reputationóif they keep up regular payments for fourteen years.

SIR ANDREW, **SIR TOBY BELCH**, and **FABIAN** enter.

SIR ANDREW

Well, sir, we meet again? Take that.

SIR ANDREW hits **SEBASTIAN**.

SEBASTIAN

(returning the blow) Why, thereis for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY BELCH

25 Hold, sir, or lill throw your dagger o'er the house.

FOOL

(aside) This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

(seizing SEBASTIAN) Come on, sir, hold!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let him alone. lill go another way to work with him. lill have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet itis no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SEBASTIAN**SEBASTIAN**

(returning the blow) Well, then, take that, and that, and that. Is everyone here insane?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Stop right now or lill throw your dagger over the roof.

FOOL

(to himself) l'm going to tell my lady about this right away. I wouldnit be in any of your shoes if you paid me.

FOOL exits.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(grabbing SEBASTIAN) Come on, sir, stop!

SIR ANDREW

No, leave him alone. lill get back at him another way. lill sue him for assault and battery, if thereis any justice in Illyria. It doesnit matter that I hit him first.

SEBASTIAN

(to SIR TOBY BELCH) Let me go.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No, sir, I wonít let you go. Come on, put your sword away, my little soldier. You're awfully eager to fight. Come on.

SEBASTIAN

35 I will be free from thee.

SEBASTIAN pulls free and draws his sword

What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further,
draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this
malapert blood from you.

SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword *Enter OLIVIA*

OLIVIA

40 Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preachid! Out of my sight!
45 Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend,

I'll get free of you.

SEBASTIAN pulls free and draws his sword.

What are you going to do now? If you insist on trying my
patience any further, then take out your sword right now.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What? No. Because then I'd have to shed an ounce or two of
your impudent blood.

SIR TOBY BELCH draws his sword. *OLIVIA* enters.

OLIVIA

Stop, Sir Toby! I order you to stop!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Are you always going to be like this? You're an ungrateful slob
who's only fit to live in the mountains, in caves far from civilized
people where you won't ever need good manners! Get out of
my sight! Dear Cesario, please don't be offended. Get out of
here, you barbarian!

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN exit.

Oh, my dear friend, please don't get too upset by these rude

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
50 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN

55 (aside) What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

60 Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

Oh, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

people who bothered you. Come with me to my house. I'll tell you about all the pointless, clumsy pranks this thug uncle of mine has come up with, so that you can laugh at this one. You have to come with me. Please don't say no. Damn that Toby! He made my heart leap for you.

SEBASTIAN

(to himself) What does this mean? Where is this all going?
Either I'm insane or this is a dream. I hope these

delusions continue. If this is a dream, let me keep on sleeping!

OLIVIA

Come with me, please. I wish you'd do what I ask!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

Oh, say it, and mean it!

They exit.

Act 4 Scene 2

Enter MARIA and FOOL

MARIA

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit

FOOL

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in it, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

FOOL puts on gown and beard

I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

10 Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FOOL

Bonos dies, Sir Toby. For, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King

MARIA and the FOOL enter.

MARIA

No, I'm telling you, put on this robe and beard. Make him think you're Sir Topas the priest. Be quick. Meanwhile, I'll get Sir Toby.

MARIA exits.

FOOL

Well, I'll put it on and disguise myself. I wish I were the first person who ever told lies in a priest's robe.

The FOOL puts on the robe and beard.

I'm not tall enough to make a believable priest, or skinny enough to look like a good student. But if you're an honest man and a good host, that's almost as good as being moral and studious. Here come the conspirators.

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA enter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

God bless you, Mr. Priest.

FOOL

Bonos dies, Sir Toby. As the old hermit of Prague, who couldn't read or write, said very wittily to a niece of King Gorboduc,

Gorboduc, iThat that is is.î So I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson. For, what is ithatî but ithat,î and iisî but iisî?

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

FOOL

(disguising his voice) What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

MALVOLIO

(from within) Who calls there?

FOOL

20 Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my ladyó

FOOL

Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

25 (aside) Well said, Master Parson.

iWhatever is, is.î So since lím Mr. Priest, lím Mr. Priest. Because isnít ithatî ithat,î and isnít iisî iisî?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to him, Sir Topas.

FOOL

(disguising his voice) Quiet down in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The foolís a good actor. A good fool.

MALVOLIO

(offstage) Whoís shouting?

FOOL

lím Sir Topas the priest. líve come to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, please go find my lady Oliviaó

FOOL

Get out, demon! Why are you bothering this poor man! Canít you talk about anything besides ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

(to himself) Well said, Mr. Priest.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

FOOL

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony. And yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO

I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this house is dark.

FOOL

Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO**MALVOLIO**

Sir Topas, nobodyís ever been as badly treated as líme been. Good Sir Topas, donít believe lím insane, Theyíve shut me up here in horrible darkness.

FOOL

You should be ashamed of yourself, Satan, you liar! lím being gentle with you, because lím one of those good-hearted people who are polite to the devil himself. You call this house dark?

MALVOLIO

Dark as hell, Sir Topas.

FOOL

But it has bay windows that are as transparent as stone walls, and the upper windows facing south-north are as clear as coal. But you're still complaining of darkness and a bad view?

MALVOLIO

lím not insane, Sir Topas. lím telling you, this house is dark.

FOOL

You're wrong, you madman. There's no darkness except ignorance, and you're more ignorant than the Egyptians during the plague of fog.

MALVOLIO

40 I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

FOOL

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

MALVOLIO

45 That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

FOOL

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FOOL

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

I tell you, this house is as dark as ignorance. And I tell you, no man has ever been treated worse than me. I'm no more insane than you are, and I'll prove it. Ask me any commonsense question.

FOOL

What was the philosopher Pythagoras' belief about wild birds?

MALVOLIO

That our grandmother's soul could end up inhabiting a bird.

FOOL

What do you think of his belief?

MALVOLIO

I respect the soul very much, so I disagree with his belief.

FOOL

Well then, goodbye. Stay in the dark. I'll only admit that you're sane when you agree with Pythagoras and hesitate to kill a bird because it might contain your grandmother's soul. Goodbye.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The brilliant Sir Topas!

FOOL

Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA

55 Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown.
He sees thee not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FOOL

(sings in his own voice)

65 Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
 Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

(sings) My lady is unkind, perdy.

FOOL

I can do anything!

MARIA

You couldive done this without your beard and gown. He couldnít see you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now talk to him in your own voice, and tell me how he is. I wish this trick would be over. If we can find a convenient way to let him go, I want to do it. Iím in so much trouble with my niece that it wouldnít be safe to let this prank go to its conclusion. Come to my room later on.

SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA exit.

FOOL

(he sings in his own voice)

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how your lady is.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

(singing) My ladyís mean, and thatís a fact.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

(sings) *Alas, why is she so?*

MALVOLIO

70 Fool, I say!

FOOL

(sings) *She loves anotheróWho calls, ha?*

MALVOLIO

Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for it.

FOOL

75 Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FOOL

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FOOL

(singing) *Oh, I'm sorry, why is she mean?*

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

FOOL

(singing) *She loves someone elseóWho is shouting?*

MALVOLIO

Good fool, good jester, I'll make it worth your while if you get me a candle, and a pen, ink and paper. You have my word as a gentleman that I'll always be grateful to you.

FOOL

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Yes, good fool.

FOOL

Poor man, how did you go insane?

MALVOLIO

Fool, no one has ever been as mistreated as I am. I'm completely sane, Fool. I'm as sane as you are.

FOOL

80 But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to meóasses!óand do all they can to face me out of my wits.

FOOL

85 Advise you what you say. The minister is here. (*in the voice of Sir Topas*) Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble-babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FOOL

90 (*as Sir Topas*) Maintain no words with him, good fellow. (*in his own voice*) Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. (*as Sir Topas*) Marry, amen. (*in his own voice*) I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FOOL

95 Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

FOOL

As sane as me? Then you really are insane, if youíre no saner than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They treat me like garbage here. They keep me in darkness, and send idiotic priests to talk to meóthose asses!óand do everything they can to insist lím insane.

FOOL

Be careful what you sayóthe priest is here. (*in the voice of Sir Topas*) Malvolio, Malvolio, may heaven make you sane again! Try to sleep, and stop your pointless babbling.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FOOL

(*as Sir Topas*) Donít talk to him, my friend. (*in his own voice*) Who, me, sir? Not me, sir. God be with you, Sir Topas, goodbye. (*as Sir Topas*) Well then, amen. (*in his own voice*) Goodbye, sir.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, hey, fool!

FOOL

Please, sir, be quiet. What do you want to say, sir? I've just been scolded for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO

Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee,
I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

Well-a-day that you were, sir.

MALVOLIO

100 By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and
convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage
thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FOOL

I will help you to it. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed?
Or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO

105 Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FOOL

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch
you light, and paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

FOOL

(sings)

110

I am gone, sir,

MALVOLIO

Be a nice fool and help me find a candle and some paper. I tell
you, I'm as sane as any man in Illyria.

FOOL

If only you were, sir.

MALVOLIO

I swear I am. Get me some ink, paper, and a candle. I'll write a
letter and you'll take it to my lady. You'll get a bigger reward
than you ever got delivering a letter before.

FOOL

I'll help you. But tell me honestly, are you sure you're not
insane? Or are you just pretending?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I'm not. I'm telling the truth.

FOOL

I'll never believe a madman until I can see his brains. But I'll get
you a candle and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll repay you for this favor. Please, hurry.

FOOL

(he sings)

I'm going now, sir, but soon

And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
115 Your need to sustain,
Who, with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries *iAha!* to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
120 *iPare thy nails, dad,*
Adieu, goodman devil.

Exit

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air, that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel it and see it,
And though it is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet it is not madness. Where is Antonio, then?
5 I could not find him at the Elephant.
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service.
For though my soul disputes well with my sense

I'll be with you again,
To help you resist the devil,
Like the sidekick in the old plays
Who shakes a wooden dagger,
Fumes in rage and wrath,
And shouts *iWhoa!* to the devil.
He yells, *iTrim your nails, old man.*
And goodbye, Satan, you peasant.

FOOL exits.

Act 4 Scene 3

SEBASTIAN enters.

SEBASTIAN

This is the air, that is the glorious sun. I can feel and see this pearl she gave me. I may be dazed and confused, but I'm not insane. Where is Antonio, then? I didn't find him at the Elephant. But he'd been there before me, and they told me he'd gone out looking for me. I could really use his advice right now. I feel sure this situation is due to some mistake, and I don't think I'm crazy. But this sudden flood of good luck is so unbelievable that I'm ready to distrust my own eyes and my own rational mind when they tell me I'm not insane—maybe the lady is

10 That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
15 To any other trust but that I am madó
Or else the ladyís mad. Yet if ít were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
20 As I perceive she does. Thereíis something in it
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA

(to SEBASTIAN)

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
25 Into the chantry by. There, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
30 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

insane. But if that were the case, she wouldnít be able to run her house, command her servants, listen to reports, make decisions, and take care of business as smoothly as she does. Thereíis something going on thatís not what it seems. But here she comes.

OLIVIA and a PRIEST enter.

OLIVIA

(to SEBASTIAN) Donít be angry with me for acting so quickly. If your intentions toward me are honorable, come with me and this holy man into the chapel over there, where you can soothe all my worries by making your marriage vows to me. The priest will keep it secret until youíre ready to make the news public and we can throw a full marriage celebration that befits my social standing. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

35 Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

Exeunt

Enter FOOL and FABIAN

FABIAN

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FOOL

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Anything.

FOOL

Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN

5 This is, to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

SEBASTIAN

I'll follow the priest and go with you; and after I've sworn to be faithful, I'll be faithful forever.

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, father. I want the skies bright and shining to show its approval of our wedding.

They all exit.

Act 5 Scene 1

The FOOL and FABIAN enter.

FABIAN

If you're my friend, you'll let me see his letter.

FOOL

Dear Mr. Fabian, do me another favor first.

FABIAN

Anything.

FOOL

Don't ask to see this letter.

FABIAN

That's like giving someone a dog as a present, and then asking for the dog back in return.

Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords

ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FOOL

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO

I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FOOL

10 Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

ORSINO

Just the contrary. The better for thy friends.

FOOL

No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FOOL

15 Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me, now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass. So that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused.

ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and lords enter.

ORSINO

My friends, are you all Lady Olivia's servants?

FOOL

Yes, sir, we're part of her entourage.

ORSINO

I know you. How are you, my friend?

FOOL

I'm better off because of my enemies, and worse off because of my friends.

ORSINO

You mean it the other way around. You're better off because of your friends.

FOOL

No, sir, worse off.

ORSINO

How can that be?

FOOL

Well, my friends praise me and make me look like an idiot, while my enemies tell me straightforwardly that I am an idiot. My enemies help me understand myself better, which is an

So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

FOOL

By my troth, sir, noóthough it please you to be one of my friends.

ORSINO

(*giving a coin*)

25 Thou shalt not be the worse for me: thereís gold.

FOOL

But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

ORSINO

O, you give me ill counsel.

FOOL

Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

ORSINO

Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer.

advantage, and my friends help me lie about myself, which is a disadvantage. So if four negatives make two affirmatives, lím worse off because of my friends and better off because of my foes.

ORSINO

Thatís excellent.

FOOL

Donít say thatóunless you want to be one of my friends.

ORSINO

(*he gives him a coin*) You wonít be worse off because of me: hereís some money.

FOOL

Thatís a nice hand you dealt me. But if itís not double-dealing, sir, I wish youíd deal me another.

ORSINO

Oh, youíre a naughty one, encouraging double-dealing.

FOOL

Ignore your virtue and nobility just this once, sir, go ahead.

ORSINO

Thereís another. (*giving a coin*)

FOOL

Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mindóone, two, three.

ORSINO

You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

FOOL

40 Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

Exit

VIOLA

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

ORSINO

Well, I'll commit the sin of double-dealing, and deal you a second coin. Here it is. (*he gives him another coin*)

FOOL

And maybe a third? You know, thereís a game called ithird timeís the charm, which is fun to play, and they always say that threeís a magic number. The three-beat rhythm is a good for dancing, and the church bells chimeóone, two, three.

ORSINO

You canít get any more money out of me right now. If you tell your lady Iím here to speak with her, and bring her out with you when you come back, you might make me more generous.

FOOL

Well then, sing a lullaby to your generosity: itíll nap until I come back. But donít think Iím doing this because Iím greedy. I'll be back soon to wake up your generosity.

The FOOL exits.

VIOLA

Here comes the man who rescued me, sir.

ANTONIO and OFFICERS enter.

ORSINO

45 That face of his I do remember well.

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared

As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

A baubling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,

50 With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy and the tongue of loss

Cried fame and honor on him.óWhatís the matter?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is that Antonio

55 That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy,

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

60 He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

I know not what itwas but distraction.

ORSINO

Notable pirate! Thou saltwater thief,

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

65 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,

I remember his face well. Though the last time I saw him it was black from the smoke of war. He was the captain of a flimsy boat that was practically worthless because it was so small. But with that tiny boat he fought such a fierce battle against the largest warship in our fleet that we had to admire his courage and skill even though he caused us a lot of damage.óWhatís going on?

FIRST OFFICER

Orsino, this is the same Antonio who took the *Phoenix* and her cargo from Crete and captured our ship the *Tiger* during the battle where your young nephew Titus lost his leg. We arrested him here for fighting in the streets. Itís as if he didnít care we were on the lookout for him here.

VIOLA

He was kind to me and took my side in the fight. But then he said strange things to me. He might be insane. I donít know what else it could be.

ORSINO

But youíre a famous pirate! A master thief of the seas! What made you stupid and careless enough to come visit the people you robbed and slaughtered?

Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
70 Orsino is enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude seas enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him and did thereto add
75 My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset,
80 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
85 Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

ANTONIO

Orsino, sir, please donít call me those names. I was never a thief or a pirate, though I admit I was your enemy for good reasons. I came here because someone put a spell on me. I rescued that ungrateful boy next to you from drowning. He was a wreck, almost past hope. I saved his life and gave him my love, without reservation. I dedicated myself to him. For his sake I ran the risk of revisiting this unfriendly town, and I drew my sword to defend him when he was in trouble. But when the police caught us, he was clever and treacherous enough to pretend heíd never met me before. He acted like someone who barely knew me. He refused to give me my own wallet, which I had lent him only half an hour before.

VIOLA

How is that possible?

ORSINO

(to ANTONIO) When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord, and for three months before,
90 No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and attendants

ORSINO

Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow. Fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
95 But more of that anon. *(to an officer)* Take him aside.

OLIVIA

What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA

Madam?

ORSINO

100 Gracious Olivia!

OLIVIA**ORSINO**

(to ANTONIO) When did he come to town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord. And for three months before that, we spent
every day and night together.

OLIVIA and attendants enter.

ORSINO

Ah, the countess is coming! An angel is walking on earth. But
as for you, mister, what you're saying is insane. This young man
has worked for me for three months; but more about that later.
(to an officer) Take him away.

OLIVIA

What can I give you that you want, my lord, except the one
thing you can't have? Cesario, you missed your appointment
with me.

VIOLA

Madam?

ORSINO

Dearest Olivia!

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?óGood my lordó

VIOLA

My lord would speak. My duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

105 As howling after music.

ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

110 My soul the faithfullist off'rings have breathed out

That e'er devotion tenderedówhat shall I do?

OLIVIA

Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

What do you have to say for yourself, Cesario?óMy lord, pleaseó

VIOLA

My lord wants to speak. It is my duty to be quiet.

OLIVIA

If what you have to say is anything like what you used to say, it'll be as repulsive to my ears as wild screams after beautiful music.

ORSINO

Are you still so cruel?

OLIVIA

I am still so faithful, my lord.

ORSINO

What, faithful to being mean and nasty? You're not polite! I breathed from my soul the most faithful offerings to your ungrateful altars that any devoted person has ever offeredówhat more am I supposed to do?

OLIVIA

You can do whatever you want as long as it is socially appropriate.

ORSINO

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

115 Kill what I love?óA savage jealousy

That sometimes savors nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favor,

120 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye

Where he sits crowned in his masterís spite.

125 Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love

To spite a ravenís heart within a dove.

VIOLA

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

130 Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above,

Maybe I should act like the Egyptian thief who kills the woman he loves before he dies? That kind of savage jealousy sometimes seems noble. But listen to me. Since you keep denying the love I feel for you, and since I know whoís stealing my place in your heart, you can go on being cold-hearted, but Iím going to take this boy from you. He knows his master loves you. Iím doing this, even though heís dear to me, because I know you love him. Come with me, boy. Iím ready to do something extreme. I'll sacrifice this boy I care for, just to spite a beautiful woman with a heart of stone.

VIOLA

And I would die a thousand deaths cheerfully, if it made your life easier.

OLIVIA

Whereís Cesario going?

VIOLA

Following the one I love more than my eyes or my life. More than I will ever love a wife. Thatís the truth. The angels in heaven are my witnesses, and can see how pure my love is.

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA

135 Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Exit an attendant

ORSINO

(to VIOLA)

Come, away!

OLIVIA

140 Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah?

OLIVIA

Ah, how awful, I feel so used! live been tricked!

VIOLA

Who tricked you? Who treated you badly?

OLIVIA

Have you completely forgotten? Has it been so long? Call the priest.

An attendant exits.

ORSINO

(to VIOLA) Come on, let's go!

OLIVIA

Go where, my lord? Cesario, my husband, stay here.

ORSINO

Husband?

OLIVIA

Yes, husband. Can he deny it?

ORSINO

Are you her husband, boy?

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
145 Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou knowest thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fearist.

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
150 To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before it is ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
155 Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony,
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

VIOLA

No, my lord, not me.

OLIVIA

You're afraid, so you hide your identity. But don't be afraid, Cesario. Accept the good luck that is come your way. Be the person you know you are, and you'll be as powerful as this person you fear.

The PRIEST enters.

Oh, hello, father! Father, could I please ask you to tell these people what happened between me and this young man? (I know we wanted to hide it, but now the situation demands that we reveal everything.)

PRIEST

They were joined in an eternal bond of love and matrimony, and it was confirmed by a holy kiss and an exchange of rings. I witnessed it all as priest. It took place just two hours ago.

160 I have traveled but two hours.

ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

165 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protestó

OLIVIA

O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir
170 Toby.

OLIVIA

Whatís the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a
bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had

ORSINO

(to VIOLA) Oh, you little liar! How much worse will you be when
youíre older? Maybe youíll get so good at deceit that your
tricks will destroy you. Goodbye, and take her. Just never set
foot in any place where you and I might happen to meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I swear to youó

OLIVIA

Oh, donít swear! Keep a little bit of honesty, even if youíre
afraid.

SIR ANDREW enters.

SIR ANDREW

For the love of God, call a doctor! Sir Toby needs help right
away.

OLIVIA

Whatís the matter?

SIR ANDREW

He cut my head and gave Sir Toby a bloody head, too. For the
love of God, help us! Iíd give forty pounds to be safe at home

rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA

175 Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The Countís gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but heís the very devil incardinate.

ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

'Odís lifelings, here he is! óYou broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do it by Sir Toby.

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespoke you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FOOL

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates

right now.

OLIVIA

Who did this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The countís messenger, Cesario. We thought he was a coward, but he fights like a devil.

ORSINO

My Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

Oh, no, there he is! óYou cut my head for no reason. Anything I did to you, I did it because Sir Toby made me.

VIOLA

Why are you talking like this? I never hurt you. You waved your sword at me for no reason, but I was nice to you. I didnít hurt you.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody head counts as a hurt, then you hurt me. Apparently you think thereís nothing unusual about a bloody head.

SIR TOBY BELCH and the FOOL enter.

Here comes Sir Toby, limping. He'll tell you more of the story. If he hadnít been drunk, he would've really roughed you up.

than he did.

ORSINO

How now, gentleman? How is it with you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

190 Thatís all one: has hurt me, and thereís the end on it. (*to*

FOOL) Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FOOL

Oh, heís drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone. His eyes were set at
eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then heis a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a
drunken rogue.

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help?óAn ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a
thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA

200 Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

ORSINO

Hello, sir! How are you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

It doesńt matter how I am: he hurt me, and thatís that. (*to*

FOOL) Fool, have you seen Dick the surgeon?

FOOL

Oh, heís drunk, Sir Toby, for a whole hour now. His eyes started
glazing over around eight in the morning.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then heis no good. I hate no-good drunks.

OLIVIA

Take him away! Who did this to him?

SIR ANDREW

I'll help you, Sir Toby. They'll treat our wounds together.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help me?óWhat an ass and a fool, a gullible no-good
idiot!

OLIVIA

Get him to bed and make sure his wounds are treated.

Exeunt FOOL, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
205 I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN

210 Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fearist thou that, Antonio?

The FOOL, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW exit.

SEBASTIAN enters.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry, madam. I wounded your relative. But I would've been forced to do the same thing to my brother, since my safety was at stake. You're looking at me strangely, so I guess you're offended. But please forgive me, darling, for the sake of the vows we made to each other so recently.

ORSINO

One face, one voice, one way of dressing, but two people! It's like an optical illusion. It is and isn't the same person!

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, oh my dear Antonio! I've been so tortured since I lost track of you!

ANTONIO

Are you Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Do you have any doubts, Antonio?

ANTONIO

215 How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

(looking at VIOLA) Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
220 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA

225 Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN

A spirit I am indeed,
230 But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

ANTONIO

How did you divide yourself in two? These two people are as identical as two halves of an apple. Which one is Sebastian?

OLIVIA

How unbelievable!

SEBASTIAN

(looking at VIOLA) Is that me standing over there? I never had a brother, and I'm certainly not a god who can be in two places at once. I had a sister who drowned. Please tell me, how am I related to you? Are you from my country? What's your name? Who are your parents?

VIOLA

I'm from Messaline. Sebastian was my father's name, and my brother was named Sebastian too. He was dressed just like you are when he drowned. If ghosts can take on someone's body and clothes, you must be a spirit who's come to frighten us.

SEBASTIAN

I am a spirit, yes, since I have a soul. But my spirit has a body attached to it, one that I've carried since I was in the womb. If you were a woman, I'd hug you now and cry, and say "Welcome back, drowned Viola!"

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say iThrice-welcome, drownEd Viola!

VIOLA

235 My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN

And so had mine.

VIOLA

And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
240 He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
245 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola. Which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
250 All the occurrence of my fortune since

VIOLA

My father had a mole on his forehead.

SEBASTIAN

Mine did too.

VIOLA

He died on Viola's thirteenth birthday.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, I remember that very clearly! It's true, he died on the day
my sister turned thirteen.

VIOLA

If the only thing keeping us from rejoicing is the fact that I'm
wearing men's clothes, then don't hug me till I can prove
beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm Viola. I'll take you to a
sea captain here in town who's got my women's clothing in
storage. He saved my life so I could serve this noble count.
Everything that's happened to me since then has involved my
relationship with this lady and this lord.

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN

(to OLIVIA) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
255 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO

(to OLIVIA) Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
260 (to VIOLA) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear;
And those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb^{Ed} continent the fire
265 That severs day from night.

ORSINO

Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore

SEBASTIAN

(to OLIVIA) So you got it wrong, my lady. But nature fixed everything, turning your love for my sister into a love for me. If you hadn't, you would've married a maiden. But that's not completely wrong. I'm still a virgin, so in a sense I'm a maiden too.

ORSINO

(to OLIVIA) Don't be shocked. His blood is noble. If this is all as true as it seems to be, then I'm going to have a share in that lucky shipwreck. (to VIOLA) Boy, you told me a thousand times you'd never love a woman as much as you love me.

VIOLA

Everything I said before I'll say again. I swear I meant every word.

ORSINO

Give me your hand and let me see you dressed in woman's clothing.

VIOLA

Hath my maidís garments. He, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolioís suit,
270 A gentleman and follower of my ladyís.

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him.

Enter FOOL with a letter, and FABIAN

Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, heís much distract.
275 A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
(to FOOL) How does he, sirrah?

FOOL

Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the staves' end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should have given it you today morning, but as a madmanís epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA

Open it, and read it.

FOOL

The captain who brought me to shore has my womenís clothes. For some reason heís in prison now on some legal technicality, on Malvolioís orders. Malvolio is a gentleman in my ladyís entourage.

OLIVIA

Heíll release him.

FABIAN and the FOOL with a letter enter.

Go and get MalvolioóBut, oh no! Now I remember, they say the poor man is mentally ill. I was so crazy myself that I forgot all about him. (to the FOOL) How is Malvolio doing, do you know?

FOOL

Well, he keeps the devil away as well as a man can in his situation. Heís written you a letter. I wouldíve given it to you this morning, but a madmanís letters arenít Gospel, so it doesnít matter much if lím a bit late.

OLIVIA

Open it and read it.

FOOL

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. (*reads*) iBy the Lord, madam,îó

OLIVIA

How now? Art thou mad?

FOOL

No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLIVIA

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FOOL

290 So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to read thus. Therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA

(*giving the letter to FABIAN*) Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN

(*reads*)

iBy the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I

Thereis a lot to learn when a fool recites the words of a madman. (*he reads*) il swear to God, madam,îó

OLIVIA

Why are you talking like that? Are you insane?

FOOL

No, madam, l'm just reading an insane letter. If you want things done in the right way, you'll have to let me read a crazy letter in a crazy voice.

OLIVIA

No, please, read it like a sane person.

FOOL

I will, my lady, but a sane person reading this would make it sound crazy. So listen up, princess.

OLIVIA

(*giving the letter to FABIAN*) Oh, you read it, sir.

FABIAN

(*he reads*)

il swear to God, madam, you've wronged me, and l'll tell the whole world. You've shut me up in a dark room and given your drunken cousin authority over me, but l'm as sane as you are. I've got a letter from you encouraging me to act the way I did. If I didn't have it, I couldn't prove that l'm right and you're

doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame.
Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought
of and speak out of my injury. The madly used Malvolio.î

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FOOL

Ay, madam.

ORSINO

305 This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

Exit FABIAN

My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on it, so please you,
310 Here at my house and at my proper cost.

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

(to VIOLA)

Your master quits you, and for your service done him,

wrong. I donít care what you think of me. Iím going to forget my duties to you a little bit and complain about the injuries youíve caused me. Signed.

The poorly treated Malvolio.î

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FOOL

Yes, madam.

ORSINO

It doesnít sound like an insane personís letter.

OLIVIA

Set him free. Fabian, bring him here.

FABIAN exits.

My lord, I hope that after you think things over a bit youíll come to like the idea of having me as a sister-in-law instead of a wife. We can have the weddings tomorrow if you want, here at my own house. I'll pay for everything.

ORSINO

I accept that offer happily, madam. (to VIOLA) So you're free now. I'm offering you my hand in marriage because of your loyal service to me, which was far from what any woman

So much against the mettle of your sex,
315 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me imasterî for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your masterís mistress.

OLIVIA

(to VIOLA) A sister! You are she.

Enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

ORSINO

320 Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

(handing a paper)

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
325 You must not now deny it is your hand.

should be expected to do, especially a noble woman. Youíve called me imasterî for so long. And now you'll be your masterís mistress.

OLIVIA

(to VIOLA) You'll be my sister-in-law!

FABIAN enters with MALVOLIO

ORSINO

Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Yes, my lord. How are you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you've treated me badly, very badly.

OLIVIA

I did, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

(he hands OLIVIA a paper) You did. Please have a look at this letter. You canít deny that itís your handwriting. Go ahead and try to write differently, and try to pretend thatís not your seal

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say it is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,

330 Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
335 Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
340 Though, I confess, much like the character.
But out of question, it is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad, then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
345 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

with your design on it. You can't. So just admit it. And tell me honestly, why did you show me such fondness and asked me to smile at you, wear yellow stockings and crisscrossed laces for you, and be rude to Sir Toby and the servants?

And then tell me why you imprisoned me in a dark house after I followed your instructions perfectly. You made me look like the biggest fool that anybody ever tricked. Tell me why you did it.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry, Malvolio, but this isn't my writing, though I admit it looks like mine. It is definitely Maria's handwriting. Now that I think about it, Maria was the one who first told me you were insane. That is when you came in smiling at me, dressed up like the letter said, and acting just like it told you to act. Someone has played a very mean trick on you, but when we find out who is responsible, you won't just be the victim, but the judge who sentences the culprit. I promise.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,
350 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonderid at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
355 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed,
360 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA

(to MALVOLIO) Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FOOL

Why, isome are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this
interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but thatis all one. (*imitates*
MALVOLIO) By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.óBut do you
remember? iMadam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal;

FABIAN

Madam, let me say something. Please donít let squabbles ruin
this beautiful and miraculous moment. I confess that Toby and
I were the ones who tricked Malvolio because we hated his
strict and heavy-handed ways. Sir Toby had Maria wrote that
letter, and he married her as a reward. We should just laugh
about the whole thing rather than get upset about it, especially
if we consider that each of the two parties offended the other
equally.

OLIVIA

(to MALVOLIO) Oh, poor fool, they've really humiliated you!

FOOL

Well, you know, isome are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them. Anyway, I was
part of the trick, sir. I pretended to be a priest named Sir Topas.
But what does it matter? (*he imitates MALVOLIO*) I swear, fool,
I'm not crazy.óBut do you remember what he said about me
before? Iím surprised you enjoy the company of this stupid

an you smile not, heís gagged?î and thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.

Some exit

He hath not told us of the captain yet.

375 When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.óMeantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man.
380 But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsinois mistress and his fancyís queen.

Exeunt all, except FOOL

FOOL

troublemakeróunless heís got somebody laughing at him, he
canít think of anything to say.î What goes around comes
around.

MALVOLIO

I'll get my revenge on every last one of you.

MALVOLIO exits.

OLIVIA

He really was tricked horribly.

ORSINO

Go after him and try to calm him down a little.

Some exit.

He still hasnít told us about the captain. When thatís been
taken care of and the time is right, weíll all get married. Until
then, weíll stay here, my dear sister-in-law. Cesario, come here.
I'll keep calling you Cesario while you're still a man, but when
we see you in womenís clothes you'll be the queen of my
dreams, Orsinoís true love.

Everyone exits except the FOOL

FOOL

(sings)

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
385 A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to manis estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
390 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

395 But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
400 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But thatís all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Exit

(he sings)

When I was a tiny little boy,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing didnit matter much,
Because the rain it rains every day.

But when I became a man,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
People stopped talking to bad guys and thieves.
Because the rain it rains every day.

But when I got married, ah, too bad!
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
It did me no good to boast and show off,
Because the rain, it rains every day.

But when I had to go to bed
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With idiots drunk out of their minds,
Because the rain it rains every day.

The world began a long time ago,
With, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that doesnit matter, our play is done,
And we'll try to please you every day.

The **FOOL** exits.