

SHAKESPEARE



CLEARLY

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
TWELFTH
NIGHT
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

adapted by
jon jory



TWELFTH NIGHT

ADAPTED BY
JON JORY

BASED ON THE PLAY BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

STAGE PARTNERS
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Cast of Characters

DUKE ORSINO

CURIO

VIOLA

SEBASTIAN

OLIVIA

SEA CAPTAIN

MARIA

SIR TOBY

SIR ANDREW

VALENTINE

FESTE

MALVOLIO

ANTONIO

PRIEST

FIRST OFFICER

SECOND OFFICER

SERVANT(s)

SAILOR(s)

Author Notes

Shakespeare's work *Twelfth Night* has been adapted in a straightforward manner I call "plainspoken," that emphasizes story and character rather than poetry. It seeks to create an early contact with younger audiences and actors that serve as an easily understood introduction to these works that allow easy understanding and involvement. It is clearly an adaptation that hopes to draw the participant to the works themselves.

Casting: In all plainspoken versions there is an attempt to encourage more women in a gender-neutral casting of many roles. Doubling is possible for a smaller cast.

Production Style: *Twelfth Night* is designed to be played on a bare stage with simple furniture brought on and taken off by the actors allowing fluid and forward moving production. Costumes should be a mix of the contemporary and the classical. Fights can be done with sword or simply dagger.

Time: The full-length *Twelfth Night* runs one and a half hours with intermission. The one-act version runs twenty-eight minutes.

Introduction

Why adapt Shakespeare? Seems almost illegal.

There are plenty of reasons we've been producing, performing, and teaching Shakespeare for hundreds of years. The characters are relatable, the circumstances stand the test of time, and everyone loves a good soap opera.

But that old text! That THEE, THOU, THUS stuff tends to turn the Shakespeare newbie off. If you don't understand what you're reading at first glance, it can be difficult to engage and connect to the text. Perhaps, even, you may be turned off from the Bard for good.

Many of us devotees have tricks up our sleeves for engaging young performers and hooking them on Will Shakes. We all remember the performance, actor, teacher, or character that captivated and converted us.

Jon Jory is one of those people. A prolific theatre maker, Jory has given us a new device to engage our young students with the characters of Shakespeare and easily connect with them. He calls it 'Plainspoken' Shakespeare. He adapted the language to fit the modern reader.

I know.

Have the students read the text as it is. I thought the same thing.

And then I read what he wrote. It *is* Jon Jory, afterall.

These 'plainspoken' texts do not talk down to the reader. The language is still theatrical, poetic, and honors the original dialogue.

These easily digestible adaptations of some of The Bard of Avon's most famous plays truly will allow the reader a positive first experience with the play. Most importantly, they're *play-able*. They're meant for the stage.

When you look at the breadth of experience Jon Jory has directing and working on Shakespeare—he directed *Romeo and Juliet* three times alone—it's no wonder he's

able to capture the essence and intention so clearly and succinctly. The one-acts are trimmed with surgeon-like precision and get right to the heart of the tale. The full-lengths are energetic and are evidence of Jory's intimate experience with each play.

We hope young artists and students fall in love with the characters and desire to dive into the original text. If you decide to perform these adaptations, audiences young and old will no doubt connect to Shakespeare in a new, and enjoyable way.

This opportunity to collaborate with Jon Jory, a tremendous innovator of the American theatre, is so very exciting. We hope the adaptations from the *Shakespeare, Clearly* series bring excitement and verve into your class and rehearsal room.

~Maria McConville
Education Director
Stage Partners

P.S. Before diving into the text itself, there's a lesson that can kick-start your students' engagement. [Find it on Stage Partners *Free Resources* site page.] This lesson can be used for introducing a class or a cast to any play, really. I have used these particular exercises when teaching Shakespeare and I think they will be helpful when introducing these *Shakespeare, Clearly* adaptations, also. Before sitting down to read, the student engages with the story in kinesthetic, visual, and auditory ways. Enjoy!

TWELFTH NIGHT
ADAPTED BY JON JORY
FROM THE PLAY BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(A bare stage. DUKE ORSINO sits on a rock surrounded by four men and a woman. Further downstage someone plays a lute or guitar.)

DUKE ORSINO: If music is the food of love, play on; give me excess of it, that my appetite may sicken, and so die. That melody again! O, it was to the ear like the perfume of a bank of violets. Enough, no more: it's not as sweet now as it was before. Ah, spirit of love! So full of shapes is the imagination, that it alone I call fantastical.

CURIO: Shall we hunt, my lord?

ORSINO: Hunt what?

CURIO: The deer.

ORSINO: Olivia is my dear. When I saw her first the world was changed and my desires, like cruel hounds pursue me ever since.

(VALENTINE enters.)

ORSINO: How now, Valentine, what news from Olivia?

VALENTINE: She would not, my Duke, admit me but her maid returned this answer. She will not leave her home for seven years but only weep for her dead brother's love, keeping him fresh in her remembrance.

ORSINO: If she loves her brother so, how will she love when Cupid's arrow strikes? Away, let's seek out beds of flowers, and let thoughts of love pass all our hours.

(They exit. Rock taken off. Sounds of the sea. VIOLA enters with a SEA CAPTAIN and two SAILORS.)

VIOLA: What country is this, friends?

SEA CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA: And what may I do here? My brother's lost at sea. Could he have been saved, sailors?

SEA CAPTAIN: It was good luck that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA: But he might have good luck.

SEA CAPTAIN: True, madam. After our ship was split I saw your brother tie himself to a mast floating in the sea, in and out of waves 'til he was lost to sight.

VIOLA: For saying that, here's gold. Do you know this country?

SEA CAPTAIN: Well, for I was born only three hours travel from this place.

VIOLA: Who governs it?

SEA CAPTAIN: Duke Orsino, noble in nature and in name.

VIOLA: I have heard my father speak of him. He was a bachelor then.

SEA CAPTAIN: And so he is now but seeks the love of the beautiful Olivia.

VIOLA: Who's she?

SEA CAPTAIN: The daughter of a Count who died a year ago leaving her protected by her brother who also died. Now they say she will love no man, not even the Duke.

VIOLA: I trust you Captain and will pay you well to conceal that I am a woman. I'll serve this Duke. You will say I am a eunuch, for I can sing and play many instruments and so be taken into his service.

SEA CAPTAIN: *(Laughs.)* I'll hold my tongue, madam, and serve you.

VIOLA: Thank you. Lead me on.

(All exit. Lights change. SIR TOBY and MARIA sit on a bench.)

SIR TOBY: My niece Olivia makes too much, too long of her brother's death.

MARIA: And you stay out too late and drink too much! Olivia doesn't like it.

SIR TOBY: I am what I am. I'll drink as I please.

MARIA: It will be your undoing. And who's this foolish knight you bring to be her lover?

SIR TOBY: Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA: That's the one.

SIR TOBY: He's made of money.

MARIA: Not at the rate he spends it.

SIR TOBY: He's a musician, speaks three or four languages and is more or less handsome.

MARIA: He's a fool, a quarreler, a coward and he'll end soon in the graveyard.

SIR TOBY: What scoundrel told you this?

MARIA: Plus they say you're both drunk every night.

SIR TOBY: He drinks toasts to my niece, Olivia, as well he should! But silence, for here he comes.

(SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK enters.)

SIR ANDREW: Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY: Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW: How are you, my beauty?

SIR TOBY: Well and better.

SIR ANDREW: *(Seeing MARIA:)* Who's that?

SIR TOBY: My niece's chambermaid. Go to it!

SIR ANDREW: Good mistress go-to-it, how I wish to know you better.

MARIA: My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW: The beautiful Mary Go-To-It.

SIR TOBY: No, no, no. "Go-to-it" means to woo her, board her, take her.

SIR ANDREW: I don't comprehend?

MARIA: See you later, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY: (*To SIR ANDREW:*) Strike while the iron is hot, man.

SIR ANDREW: (*A light tap on Maria's face.*) I must strike you while I'm hot.

MARIA: (*Slaps him.*) Likewise. See you around, gents.
(*MARIA exits.*)

SIR TOBY: She has disastrously put you down, knight.

SIR ANDREW: I never fall down unless I'm drunk. I do believe eating beef has harmed my brain a bit.

SIR TOBY: No question.

SIR ANDREW: I believe I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY: Pour quoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW: Does that mean go or not go? Ah, sometimes I wish I had studied languages instead of fencing. O, I should have followed the arts! But, I stay to no purpose. Your niece Olivia refuses to be seen, or if she would, it's four to one she'd take Duke Orsino instead of me.

SIR TOBY: The Duke's not in it, sir. He's too old, too much the philosopher. You've a good chance.

SIR ANDREW: I'll stay a month longer. How can I understand myself? Sometimes I'm just a party animal.

SIR TOBY: A good dancer, eh?

SIR ANDREW: Oh, perhaps better than most.

SIR TOBY: So, you can cut a caper?

SIR ANDREW: (*Showing his skills:*) I have the back-trick better than any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY: Amazing! Why do you hide your light? Why keep these rare gifts behind a curtain? Had I your skill, even my walk would be a jig. Is this a world to hide virtues in?

SIR ANDREW: O, I'm good. Very good. You should see me in my red outfit! Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY: We shall show a leg, Sir Andrew. Hop, sir! Twirl about! Higher! I say higher! Excellent!

(They exit. Lights change. VALENTINE enters with VIOLA dressed as a man.)

VALENTINE: The Duke favors you, Cesario. He's known you only three days and he notices you.

VIOLA: Is he inconstant in his favors?

VALENTINE: Not at all. Ah, here he comes.

ORSINO: Cesario! Wait.

VALENTINE: Of course, sir.

ORSINO: (*Slaps VALENTINE on the back.*) Give me a moment, Valentine.

(VALENTINE exits.)

ORSINO: So, Cesario. I've told you how I love Olivia. Go to her. Make her let you in, if she won't, stand at her door 'til you grow roots.

VIOLA: I fear she is so abandoned to her sorrow she'll never let me in.

ORSINO: Insist. Don't be polite. You don't want to come back and tell me you've failed.

VIOLA: But if I speak to her, sir. Then what?

ORSINO: Make her understand the passion of my love. Tell her that I think of nothing but her. She may pay more attention, it coming from you. She's tired of hearing it from me.

VIOLA: I don't know about this, sir.

ORSINO: Do it. You're young and fresh and likeable and open. I am best when least in company. I tell you, Cesario, do this and I will reward you.

VIOLA: I'll do my best.

(ORSINO slaps him on the back and exits.)

VIOLA: What am I doing? Convincing someone else to take him when I want him.

(She exits. Lights change. MARIA enters with FESTE.)

MARIA: Feste, where have you been? No excuses: Olivia's ready to hang you for your absence.

FESTE: Let her hang me, then I'll have nothing to fear.

MARIA: You're a fool.

FESTE: Well, let those of us who are fools make you laugh.

MARIA: Or she'll throw you out, which is worse than hanging.

FESTE: Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage. As for throwing me out? It won't be the first time.

MARIA: You're impossible.

FESTE: So I've been told.

MARIA: Here comes my lady. Watch your tongue.

FESTE: Physiologically impossible.

(MARIA exits. OLIVIA enters with two SERVANTS.)

FESTE: Good morning, lady.

OLIVIA: *(To her SERVANTS:)* Take the fool away.

FESTE: In that case, take away the lady.

OLIVIA: Sir, I told them to take you away.

FESTE: Give me two minutes to prove you're a fool.

OLIVIA: *(Smiling:)* You think you can do it?

FESTE: I know I can do it.

OLIVIA: Make your proof.

FESTE: Why are you in mourning, my lady?

OLIVIA: I mourn my brother's death.

FESTE: I fear his soul is in hell.

OLIVIA: I know his soul is in heaven.

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

OLIVIA: What do you think of this fool, Malvolio? Does he not amuse you?

MALVOLIO: (*Overly serious and dignified:*) He will shake with laughter 'til the pangs of death take him.

FESTE: Sir Toby will swear I'm no fox, but he will not say you're no fool.

OLIVIA: And what do you say to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a stupid rascal. I saw him put down the other day by a third-rate fool who had no more brain than a stone. Look at him now, he has nothing to say. Unless you laugh and praise him he's speechless. The wise who laugh at these fools are the fool's fools.

OLIVIA: Honestly, Malvolio, you are sick with self-love and anger. To be generous and wise is not to take paper bullets for cannonballs. I pay him to make me laugh. There is no slander if I allow it.

FESTE: Bravo! You speak well of fools.

(*MARIA re-enters.*)

MARIA: Madam, there's a young gentleman at the gate who desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA: From the Duke Orsino I suppose.

MARIA: Don't know, he's cute though.

OLIVIA: Go question him, Malvolio, if he's from Orsino say I'm sick or not at home. Dismiss him.

(*MALVOLIO and the other SERVANT exit.*)

OLIVIA: Thank you, Maria.

(MARIA exits.)

OLIVIA: Now you see, Feste, your clowning gets old and people dislike it.

FESTE: I would dispute with you, but a weak brain on two legs arrives.

OLIVIA: *(To FESTE:)* And half drunk.

(SIR TOBY enters.)

OLIVIA: Who's at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY: A gentleman.

OLIVIA: What gentleman?

SIR TOBY: What gentleman is the gentleman? *(Burps.)* A plague on these pickled herrings. *(To FESTE:)* How now, clown? *(To OLIVIA:)* So there's one at the gate.

OLIVIA: I know. Who is he?

SIR TOBY: He could be the devil for all I care. Well, it's all one.
(SIR TOBY exits.)

OLIVIA: What's a drunken man like, fool?

FESTE: Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one drink makes him a fool, two makes him crazy and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA: Well, Sir Toby's drowned, go look after him.

FESTE: He's only crazy so far. Well the fool shall look after the madman.

(FESTE exits. MALVOLIO re-enters.)

MALVOLIO: Madam, the young fellow at the gate swears he will speak to you. I told him you were sick but he says he must speak to you. I told him you were asleep and he says, "Fine" but he'll speak to you. He's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA: Tell him I won't speak to him.

MALVOLIO: I told him but he says he'll stand at the door like an oak tree until you speak to him.

OLIVIA: What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO: Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA: What manner of man?

MALVOLIO: He has very bad manners.

OLIVIA: How old is he?

MALVOLIO: Not old enough for a man or young enough for a boy. He's good looking with a nasty tongue.

OLIVIA: *(Irritated:)* Just send him in. And call in Maria.

MALVOLIO: Maria! My lady calls.

(He bows and exits. MARIA enters.)

OLIVIA: Give me my veil.

(MARIA does.)

OLIVIA: We have to endure more poetry from Orsino.

(VIOLA enters.)

VIOLA: Which is the lady of the house?

OLIVIA: I'll answer for her.

VIOLA: Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty—tell me if you are the lady of the house for I have never seen her. I don't want to waste my speech because it's very well written. Took me hours!

OLIVIA: Who sent you?

VIOLA: I can't answer that, it's not in my speech. Are you the lady of the house or not?

OLIVIA: I might be or I might not.

VIOLA: Whatever. I'll praise you first and then get down to the message.

OLIVIA: Skip the praise, give me the message.

VIOLA: It took me a long time to learn and it's very poetical.

OLIVIA: I hear you were very saucy at the gate.

VIOLA: Could be.

OLIVIA: If you're crazy be gone; if you have reason, be brief. I'm not in the mood to play games.

MARIA: Hoist sail sir, this way out.

VIOLA: Call off your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA: Speak your message!

VIOLA: (*Shaking off MARIA:*) It is for your ears only.

OLIVIA: Who are you and what do you want?

VIOLA: Ah, that's a secret I may only reveal to you.

OLIVIA: (*To MARIA:*) Leave me, Maria.

(MARIA exits.)

OLIVIA: Now sir, your text.

VIOLA: Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA: I know, I know. Your text!

VIOLA: It lies in Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA: Where in his bosom?

VIOLA: In his heart.

OLIVIA: I've read it and I'm not interested.

VIOLA: Let me see your face.

OLIVIA: Did your lord send you to negotiate my face? He did not: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
(Removes the veil.) Is it not well done?

VIOLA: If God did all.

OLIVIA: It's completely natural.

VIOLA: Ah. Beauty truly blended. Lady, you are the cruelest she alive if you will take these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA: I would not be so hard hearted, I'll post an inventory.
Two lips, more or less red, two grey eyes with lids on them,
one neck, one chin and so forth.

VIOLA: You are too proud, but even if you are the devil, you're
fair. My lord and master loves you. A love even greater than
your beauty.

OLIVIA: And how does he love me?

VIOLA: With running tears, groans like thunder and sighs of
fire.

OLIVIA: I have told him I cannot love him. I know he's noble,
owns a great estate, well-spoken, young, learned and val-
iant. Oh, I forgot good-looking, but I cannot love him. He
should have taken this answer long ago.

VIOLA: If I loved you, as my master does, your words would
make no sense.

OLIVIA: And if you were he, what would you do?

VIOLA: Make a cabin of willow branches at your gate, write
you books of love, sing love songs in the dead of night.
Shout your name to the hills to hear the echo and make the
wind cry out, "Olivia!" You should not rest here on the
earth until you pitied me.

OLIVIA: That might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA: I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA: Go to your lord. Tell him I cannot love him. Tell him
to ask no more. You might visit me again to tell me how he

takes it. I thank you for your pains... (*Holds out a small bag of coins.*) Spend this for me.

VIOLA: I am not to be paid like a postman. Keep your purse. My master, not myself, lacks payment. Farewell, fair cruelty.
(*VIOLA exits.*)

OLIVIA: "I am a gentleman." Indeed, you are. Your words, your face, your spirit, your legs...they all reveal it: not too fast, Olivia, not too fast. Amazing! How quickly you can catch the plague. This youth's perfections with an invisible, stealth creep into my eyes. Stop it, Olivia! Malvolio!
(*MALVOLIO enters.*)

MALVOLIO: At your service, madam.

OLIVIA: Run after that annoying messenger, Orsino's man. He left this ring behind him whether I wanted it or not. Tell him to take it back to Orsino. I am not for him. If the youth will call here tomorrow, I'll tell him why. Hurry, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO: I am on it, madam.
(*MALVOLIO exits.*)

OLIVIA: What am I doing?
(*Lights change. OLIVIA exits. ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN enter.*)

ANTONIO: Where are you going? Let me go with you.

SEBASTIAN: No, Antonio. My mood is black as night, shipwrecked on this miserable island. Leave me, it is bad payment for your friendship to be like this.

ANTONIO: At least tell me where you're going.

SEBASTIAN: Know, Antonio, that my name is Sebastian. My father died leaving myself and a sister, both born in the same hour. You saved me from that shipwreck where my sister drowned.

ANTONIO: I'm sorry.

SEBASTIAN: She was my twin but she was beautiful. Her mind, remarkable. She is drowned, sir, in salt water and I cry the same.

ANTONIO: Let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN: I would not be a good master, sir, in this state. Again, I thank you. I am bound for the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

(SEBASTIAN exits.)

ANTONIO: *(Calling:)* God be with you. *(To himself:)* I have many enemies in Orsino's court or else I'd join you there. *(Thinks.)* Bah! Good luck, bad luck, I'll meet you there.

(ANTONIO exits. Lights change. VIOLA and MALVOLIO enter.)

MALVOLIO: *(Winded:)* Wait, sir. Were you not an hour ago with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA: I came from there, yes.

MALVOLIO: She returns this ring to you. You were mindless enough to forget it. She says to tell your master in no uncertain terms she is not for him. One thing more, do not go back there except to tell the Countess how Orsino takes the news. (*Tosses the ring on the ground.*) There. If it is worth groveling for there it is—if not, let it belong to whomever finds it.

(*MALVOLIO exits.*)

VIOLA: I left no ring with her, what does this lady mean? Fortune forbid I have charmed her! She certainly looked me over. So much I thought her tongue was tied. She spoke distractedly and stared. Oh no! She loves me. And what's the ring? I gave her none. I am the man! If I'm right, it would be better to love a dream. Now, see what this disguise has done! How easy to imprint yourself in women's waxen hearts! Women's frailty is the cause not me, for what I am is not what she does see. Now what?! Orsino loves her dearly, and I, poor monster, dotes as much on him—while she mistaken dotes on me! What happens now? Here I am, desperate for my master's love, while poor Olivia sighs for me. This is a Rubic's cube of love! Time must untangle this, not I, it's too hard a knot for me to untie!

(*She exits. Lights change. SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter.*)

SIR TOBY: Where, sir, has the night gone?

SIR ANDREW: I don't know. But I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY: A false conclusion, Sir Andrew. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is to go to bed early.

SIR ANDREW: I say...let's have a drink.

SIR TOBY: Spoken like a scholar. Maria, a bottle of wine!

(FESTE enters.)

FESTE: She's in bed.

SIR TOBY: The wise fool. Let's have a song.

FESTE: A sad song or a love song?

SIR TOBY: A love song, fool.

FESTE: *(Sings:)* O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true loves coming,
That can sing but high and low
Go no further, pretty sweetening
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son does know

SIR TOBY: A mellifluous voice, I say.

SIR ANDREW: You say and I shout!

(MALVOLIO enters.)

MALVOLIO: Are you crazy? Have you neither wit nor manners?
My lady is asleep. Have you no respect?

SIR TOBY: It was a serenade.

SIR ANDREW: We'll sing it once more.

MALVOLIO: For the love of God, be quiet.

(MARIA enters.)

MARIA: What is going on here?

MALVOLIO: My lady, Sir Toby, asked me to say to you, though you may be a relative, every night is a drunken disorder. If you behave yourself, stay, if not she bids you farewell.

SIR TOBY: Do you think because you are virtuous there will be no more cakes and ale? Be gone. Maria, more wine!

MALVOLIO: If you want my lady's favor you would behave!

(SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW give him the raspberry.)

MALVOLIO: She will hear of this, I guarantee you that.

(MALVOLIO exits.)

MARIA: Go shake your ears. *(Turns to SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.)* Do be quiet, sirs. There was a youth today, turned her quite upside down. As for Malvolio, leave him to me. I'll make the man a joke. The fool is so full of himself that he thinks everyone who sees him, loves him. On that vice, I'll turn the tables.

SIR TOBY: What will you do?

MARIA: I'll drop in his way a love letter that says that the shape of his leg, the way he walks, his beautiful complexion and great wit are all the writer can think of. I can write very like my niece Olivia. Do you catch my drift?

SIR TOBY: Excellent! I smell a plot.

SIR ANDREW: I have it in my nose too!

SIR TOBY: He shall think Olivia in love with him.

MARIA: My purpose is a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW: And that horse shall make him an ass.

MARIA: Exactly.

SIR ANDREW: An admirable device.

MARIA: I will hide you two and the fool where you can see him find this letter and watch him melt. Farewell.

SIR TOBY: Goodnight, dear genius.

(MARIA exits.)

SIR ANDREW: What a woman!

SIR TOBY: A beagle, true bred. And she adores me.

SIR ANDREW: *(Bittersweet:)* I was adored once.

SIR TOBY: To bed, knight. And you must send for more money.

SIR ANDREW: So much is spent that if I do not marry your niece, I'll dance in the poorhouse.

SIR TOBY: If you don't, never trust me again. To bed now. Come along, knight. Come!

(They exit. Lights change. ORSINO, VIOLA and CURIO and a MUSICIAN enter. It is dawn.)

ORSINO: Give me some music. Something like the old folk song we heard last night. It had twice the passion of the new music. Can you play it?

CURIO: The singer is not here, my lord.

ORSINO: Who was it?

CURIO: Feste the jester, my lord. The paid fool Olivia's father took such delight in.

ORSINO: Seek him out. At least, Curio, play the tune.

(CURIO exits. We hear the music. ORSINO speaks to VIOLA.)

ORSINO: Sit with me, boy. If you ever fall in love, remember me; like all lovers, I think only of her. *(Listens.)* How do you like the song?

VIOLA: It is the very echo of love.

ORSINO: Well spoken. Young as you are, you must have loved.

VIOLA: A little.

ORSINO: What sort of woman?

VIOLA: Of your complexion.

ORSINO: How old?

VIOLA: About your years, my lord.

ORSINO: Too old, but it's not unwise to take an older man. Men grow wise late.

VIOLA: I think so.

ORSINO: To young men, women are roses whose flower once displayed, dies that very hour.

VIOLA: Alas, that they are so, to lose love before perfection grows.

(CURIO and FESTE enter.)

ORSINO: Ah, Feste, sing the song you played last night. Listen carefully, Cesario. It is old and plain. Made in the days when we believed in the innocence of love.

FESTE: *(Plays and sings:)* And in the earth let me be laid
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid

(ORSINO holds up a hand to stop him.)

ORSINO: Enough. True, but enough. Here. *(Tosses him a purse.)*

FESTE: No need, sir. I take pleasure in singing.

ORSINO: I'll pay your pleasure then.

FESTE: Truly, pleasure must be paid for, now or later.

ORSINO: *(Rising:)* I must leave you, my friends.

FESTE: May the God of melancholy protect you. Like the opal you are changeable in different light. Farewell.

(The stage is left to ORSINO and VIOLA.)

ORSINO: Cesario, go once more to Mistress Cruelty. Tell her I do not love her lands or money but that I love her soul.

VIOLA: But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO: I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA: Perhaps she loves another as you love her.

ORSINO: Other's love is easily satisfied, but mine is hungry as the sea that takes the sand and asks for more. Do not compare a woman's love to mine.

VIOLA: But I know—

ORSINO: What do you know?

VIOLA: The love women to men do owe. They are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter loved a man forever, as perhaps, were I a woman, I should love you.

ORSINO: How did the story end?

VIOLA: A blank, my lord. She never told her love, but let it eat at her. She pined away and smiled at grief. Was this not love, my lord? We men say more, swear more, and are rich in vows but poor in love.

ORSINO: Did she die of love, Cesario?

VIOLA: I am the only daughter in my father's house, but I don't know. *(Rises)* Shall I go to the lady?

ORSINO: Go in haste. Give her this jewel. Tell her my love cannot be denied.

(She exits on way, he the other. Lights change. SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter with MARIA.)

SIR TOBY: What now?

MARIA: Hide behind the bushes, Malvolio is coming down the walk. He's been over there practicing his behavior with his shadow. Believe me, this letter will make an idiot of him.

Hurry! Here he comes like a trout that must be caught with tickling.

(They hide. MALVOLIO enters.)

MALVOLIO: Fortune will decide, all is fortune. Maria once told me Lady Olivia might love me, at least she told Maria it would be someone who looked like me. She treats me with more respect than anyone else who serves her. I'm not sure what to think.

SIR TOBY: A man who thinks much of himself!

SIR ANDREW: A rare turkey-cock.

SIR TOBY: Shhhh.

SIR ANDREW: I could hit him such a blow!

SIR TOBY: Quiet.

MALVOLIO: Other servants have married their mistresses.

SIR TOBY: In his imagination.

MALVOLIO: There I would be, three months married, sitting in my great chair—

SIR TOBY: Just to hit him in the eye with a rock!

MALVOLIO: In my velvet suit, calling the servants, having just come from bed where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TOBY: Fire and brimstone!

MARIA: Peace, Sir Toby.

MALVOLIO: Looking them over, telling them to know their place. Sending for my kinsman, Toby.

SIR TOBY: Sending for me?!

MARIA: Get down!

MALVOLIO: Seven of the servants rush off to tell him. I frown and wind up my gold watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches and kneels to me.

SIR TOBY: Shall this fellow live?

MALVOLIO: I extend my hand to him thus, replacing my familiar smile with one of cool control—

SIR TOBY: And then Sir Toby smacks you in the nose.

MALVOLIO: And say, Sir Toby as the husband of your niece I must speak seriously to you—

SIR TOBY: And then I smack you in the nose.

MALVOLIO: You must amend your drunkenness.

SIR TOBY: After I smack you in the nose.

MALVOLIO: And stop wasting the treasure of your time on that Sir Andrew...

SIR ANDREW: Dares he speak of me?

MALVOLIO: A public fool.

SIR ANDREW: I knew it was me for many do call me "fool."

(MALVOLIO sees the letter on the ground.)

MALVOLIO: What have we here? *(Picks it up.)*

MARIA: Now is the weasel near the trap.

MALVOLIO: Good heavens, this is my lady's writing. These are her c's, her u's, her t's and these are her great p's. This absolutely her writing.

SIR TOBY: It's surprising he knows the alphabet.

MALVOLIO: To the unknown beloved. Look here, her signature. Oh, it's absolutely her! But to whom is it written?

SIR ANDREW: The hook is in his mouth.

MALVOLIO: A poem.

(He reads:)

Zeus know I love,

But who?

Lips will not move

No man must know.

(Thinks:) But what if this is you, Malvolio?

(Reads:) I may command where I adore

(Thinks:) I am her servant thus she commands

(Reads:) M, O, A, I, will be my life

SIR TOBY: What a dish of poison she sets before him.

SIR ANDREW: And he laps it up.

MALVOLIO: "I may command where I adore." No mystery there. But the letters at the end. M, O, A, I? A code perhaps.

MARIA: He's lost the scent.

MALVOLIO: Let me see. "M"—Malvolio—why that begins my name! O, A, I, O, A, I—"A" should follow "M" but next is "O"—what can it mean? Wait. Wait! Every one of those

letters are in my name. There's more. (*Reads:*) I am above you. (*He looks up, then reads...*) "But do not be afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. The fates, open their book, embrace it. Cast your humility away. Be sarcastic with your kinsman, surly with servants, let your tongue tang with arguments of state. Single yourself out! Wear shorts and Hawaiian shirts. I wish to see you in a feathered hat. Rise up if you desire me; if not stay a butler still, not worthy of fortune's fingers. Farewell. She who only thinks of you— (*Looking up in ecstasy:*) signed—the fortunate unhappy. I get it! I will be proud. I'll baffle Sir Toby. Rid myself of Sir Andrew for every sign and signal points out that my lady loves me! Hawaiian shirts it is. I—am—happy! I will be odd, unusual—perhaps I'll wear purple shorts! Wait! There's a postscript, "I know you know who I am. If you love me let it appear in your smile, I love your smile, smile always." (*A grotesque smile.*) I will smile and smile! I will do everything you command me!

(*He exits. The watchers come out of hiding.*)

SIR TOBY: (*Embracing MARIA:*) I could marry this wench for her device. You have caught the rat in such a trap that he'll go mad.

SIR ANDREW: Just what I was going to say.

MARIA: The best is yet to come. We will see his approach to my lady. Can you imagine? He'll come wearing shorts

which she can't stand, in a Hawaiian shirt which she dislikes and a feathered hat which she will think ridiculous.

(SIR ANDREW delightedly applauds.)

MARIA: He will smile and smile upon her, when she is still in mourning for her brother which will irritate her melancholy and inspire her contempt. Now, if you wish to see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY: You are a devil of wit. Lead on!

SIR ANDREW: *(Left behind:)* And me too!

(They exit. Lights change. VIOLA enters with FESTE who carries a guitar.)

VIOLA: So do you live by the guitar?

FESTE: No, I live by the church.

VIOLA: So you're a preacher?

FESTE: I live by the church because I live at my house, and my house is next door to the church.

VIOLA: I know where I've seen you. You're Lady Olivia's fool.

FESTE: Lady Olivia will keep no fool until she is married. I am not her fool but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA: *(Giving him a coin:)* Here's payment for your skills.

FESTE: I must have little skill for such a little coin.

VIOLA: *(Handing him a bill:)* Then this will grow your skills.

FESTE: As corn grows pigs.

VIOLA: Is your lady at home?

FESTE: She is. I will tell her where you came from, what you are and what you may become.

(He gives her an extremely fancy bow and exits.)

VIOLA: Well, he's certainly wise enough to be a fool. Comedy is a demanding act. You have to know who you're playing to, adjust for their mood and how smart they are and check everything about them like a dog groomer. Foolishness, I think, is harder than its opposite.

(SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter.)

SIR TOBY: A good morning to you.

VIOLA: And to you, sir.

SIR ANDREW: Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA: Et vous aussi, votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW: Whatever that is, I'm on it!

SIR TOBY: My niece will see you.

VIOLA: And I will see her.

SIR TOBY: Then taste your legs, sir.

VIOLA: What do you mean, "taste my legs"?

SIR TOBY: I mean your forward motion, sir, to mot ate as one might say, to enter.

VIOLA: I will, sir, leg by leg in order.

(OLIVIA and MARIA enter.)

VIOLA: Ah, we are prevented. Most honored and excellent lady, you part the air deliciously.

SIR ANDREW: "Part the air deliciously," I'll write that down.

OLIVIA: Leave me alone with this person.

SIR ANDREW: I'll write that down.

OLIVIA: Go.

(SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW exit.)

OLIVIA: What is your name?

VIOLA: Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA: You're not my servant and never thought you were. It is sir, a false compliment. You are Count Orsino's servant.

VIOLA: And he is yours, so, your servant's servant is your servant, my lady.

OLIVIA: I never think of him, except to wish his thoughts were blank rather than filled with me.

VIOLA: And I come only to make you think of him.

OLIVIA: I order you never to speak of him again. But you may speak of someone else that would be music to my ears.

VIOLA: Dear lady—

OLIVIA: Shhhh. When you last enchanted me, I sent a ring to you. Now you may punish me because to force that on you is shameful cunning. But you filled my mind with every surprising thought a heart can think. Tell me what you're thinking?

VIOLA: I pity you.

OLIVIA: That could be a degree of love.

VIOLA: We often pity our enemies.

OLIVIA: Well, it's better to be killed by a lion than a wolf.

(A clock strikes.)

The clock tells me I am wasting time. Don't be afraid, pretty youth, I won't carry you off, but when you've grown your wife will reap an excellent man. Go, there's your way, due west.

VIOLA: Then westward-ho! Is there nothing you have to say to my master?

(OLIVIA shakes her head. VIOLA starts to go.)

OLIVIA: Stay! Tell me what you think of me.

VIOLA: That you don't know who you are.

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

VIOLA: Then you're right: I am not what I am.

OLIVIA: I wish you were who I wish you were.

VIOLA: Would it be better than what I am?

OLIVIA: Cesario, by the roses of the spring, honor, truth, really everything, I love you so that not even your pride and scornful wit, or my reason, can my passion hide. Love asked for is good, but unasked for is better.

VIOLA: I have one heart, and that no woman has, or ever will have. Goodbye, my lady, my master's tears are your only payment.

OLIVIA: Come again, who knows but you might change my mind.

(VIOLA exits. Lights change. SIR ANDREW is packing. SIR TOBY enters.)

SIR TOBY: What are you doing?

SIR ANDREW: I won't stay a moment longer.

SIR TOBY: But why?

SIR ANDREW: Your niece flirts more with Orsino's servant than she ever does with me. I saw them.

SIR TOBY: She only did it to make you jealous, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver! You should have gone right up to her and said you loved her. That's what she was waiting for. Now your affection has gone north where it will hang like an icicle in an Eskimo's beard unless you storm her fortress.

SIR ANDREW: What? Must I climb the walls?

SIR TOBY: Challenge Orsino's servant to a duel and shoot him in eleven places. That will drive her mad with desire.

SIR ANDREW: I'll do it!

SIR TOBY: You are a veritable tiger, sir!

SIR ANDREW: Will you deliver my challenge to this pipsqueak?

SIR TOBY: Excellent! Taunt him with ink! Write a thousand pages! I will deliver it.

SIR ANDREW: Yes!

SIR TOBY: Yes!!

SIR ANDREW: (*Exiting:*) Yes!

SIR TOBY: (*When he's gone:*) Well, that will never happen.
(*MARIA enters.*)

MARIA: You won't believe it! You will fall down laughing. Malvolio looks like an idiot with a pheasant on his head.

SIR TOBY: Wearing shorts?

MARIA: He has legs like a flamingo and smiles like a madman. My lady will slap him and he'll think it's love.

SIR TOBY: I have got to see this.

MARIA: Follow me.

(*They exit. SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO enter.*)

SEBASTIAN: I didn't want to trouble you but you seem to insist on coming so it's not worth an argument.

ANTONIO: I couldn't help worrying about what might happen to you. You are a stranger in a rough and dangerous place. What can I tell you, I feel responsible.

SEBASTIAN: I don't know what to say except thank you. Thank you, Antonio, really. What should we do? Take a look at the town perhaps?

ANTONIO: Lodging first, town tomorrow.

SEBASTIAN: I'm not tired. There must be something interesting in town?

ANTONIO: I do not without danger walk those streets. Once in a sea-fight against Orsino, I boarded his ship and wounded several. They know my face and were I taken it would be bad luck indeed.

SEBASTIAN: Did you kill?

ANTONIO: They lived but blood was drawn. They'd make me pay.

SEBASTIAN: I understand.

ANTONIO: Here, take my purse. In the south suburbs there's an inn called The Elephant with rooms to rent, no questions asked. See the town, Sebastian, and then meet me there.

SEBASTIAN: But why the money?

ANTONIO: A man must have money in his pockets.

SEBASTIAN: All right, I'll see you in an hour.

ANTONIO: To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN: Be careful.

(They exit. OLIVIA and MARIA enter.)

OLIVIA: I sent for this Cesario; he says he'll come. I'm nervous, Maria. What should I say to him? Should I have lunch prepared? What? Never mind. Where's Malvolio, he's melancholy even boring. He'll calm me down. Where is he?

MARIA: He's coming, madam but...really madam he's gone mad...possessed sort of.

OLIVIA: Malvolio? Really? Does he rave?

MARIA: No madam, he does nothing but smile...and his clothes...insane.

OLIVIA: You exaggerate. Go, tell him I want him.

(MARIA exits.)

OLIVIA: Heaven knows, I'm as crazy as he is. Calm yourself, Olivia. What's the matter with you?

(MARIA and MALVOLIO enter. He has tights shorts, a Hawaiian shirt and a wild feathered hat.)

OLIVIA: Malvolio, what on earth?

MALVOLIO: Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA: We're in mourning, Malvolio, we're sad...that outfit?

MALVOLIO: I can be sad. On the other hand, what do you think of the hat? My chapeau?

OLIVIA: Malvolio, what is the matter with you?

MALVOLIO: Sad in my mind, though Hawaiian in my shirt. But, if it pleases you, how could I not be pleased? The letter commands me.

OLIVIA: I think you need to go to bed, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO: To bed? Ho, ho. Make no mistake, I'll come to you.

OLIVIA: Why are you kissing my hand?!

MARIA: Back off.

MALVOLIO: Whatever you say. A nightingale sometimes answers a crow.

MARIA: How dare you come dressed like that to see my lady?

MALVOLIO: "Be not afraid of greatness," very well written.

OLIVIA: What are you talking about?

MALVOLIO: "Some are born great..."

OLIVIA: What?

MALVOLIO: "Some achieve greatness..."

MARIA: Completely bonkers.

MALVOLIO: "And some have greatness... (*A bump and grind.*) Thrust upon 'em."

OLIVIA: That's disgusting.

MALVOLIO: You wanted shorts, you got shorts.

OLIVIA: Maria!

MALVOLIO: And feathers!

OLIVIA: Are you on drugs, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: "You will rise if you wish to rise. Otherwise let me see you a servant still."

SERVANT: (*Entering:*) Madam, the young gentleman from Count Orsino has returned. He's waiting.

OLIVIA: I'm coming.

MALVOLIO: Ho, ho, ho.

OLIVIA: Maria, get a doctor to come look at him. Have Sir Toby take care of him. He seriously needs help.

(MARIA and OLIVIA and the SERVANT exit.)

MALVOLIO: Yes! Sir Toby is sent to be my servant. Everything is as the letter says. She sends Toby to see me stand up to him. It's a test. Oh, I've figured it out. Nothing shall stand between me and my hopes. Every frog shall have his day? —Or is it, dog? No, it's frog.

(SIR TOBY and MARIA enter.)

SIR TOBY: If he be the devil in hell, I'll speak to him! So, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO: Leave me. I dismiss you. I must have privacy.

MARIA: Don't worry Malvolio, Sir Toby will get you to the asylum.

MALVOLIO: The asylum?

MARIA: My lady demands you be cared for.

MALVOLIO: Of course she does, and I care for her.

SIR TOBY: Good morning, Malvolio. I'll see you get everything you need. *(Pats him.)*

MALVOLIO: Don't touch me.

MARIA: I'll touch you all right. I'll rip you limb from limb.

SIR TOBY: Easy, easy. Don't excite him. All will be well. Come along now, good fellow. You shall have a little rest.

MALVOLIO: I don't want a little rest.

MARIA: Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO: Go hang yourselves! You are idle, shallow, good-for-nothings. You are beneath me. (*Stalks off.*) You shall hear more of me hereafter!

(*Exits. SIR TOBY and MARIA look at each other.*)

MARIA: Crazier than a cuckoo clock.

SIR TOBY: If I saw that in a play, I'd say it was improbable fiction.

MARIA: Mad as a hatter.

SIR TOBY: We'll tie him up and put him in a dark room. This is wonderful! You're a genius! Now Olivia thinks he's crazy. We'll play along. I haven't had so much fun in years!

(*SIR ANDREW enters.*)

MARIA: Here's more matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW: Ha, ha! Here it is. The challenge. Oh, there's vinegar and pepper in it.

MARIA: Saucy, is it?

SIR ANDREW: Tart and saucy. Oh, it will give him a rash, this will. Read it!

SIR TOBY: Let me peruse it, sir. (*Takes the letter:*) "Youth, whoever you are, you're a mudpie, a dung beetle—"

MARIA: Oh, very well written.

SIR TOBY: "You trespass on what is mine, but I do not challenge you—"

MARIA: Aha, that keeps you on the safe side of the law.

SIR ANDREW: I'll sneak up on you as you go home and if, by any chance you kill me...I'll have you arrested.

SIR TOBY: A very nice touch.

(SIR ANDREW takes the letter and reads the end.)

SIR ANDREW: Whoever dies, God have mercy on his soul. Your dear friend and mortal enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. That'll put a spider down his pants.

MARIA: Perfect, Sir Andrew. He just left here. Find him and give him the letter.

SIR TOBY: As soon as you see him, draw your sword and swear like a sailor.

SIR ANDREW: I don't like swearing, it's impolite. We'll just kill each other. Adieu!

(SIR ANDREW storms off.)

SIR TOBY: He took the letter but he's gone in the wrong direction. I'll go to Malvolio and deliver the challenge by word of mouth. I'll tell Malvolio of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. They'll both be so scared they'll do nothing but look at each other and cry.

(OLIVIA enters with MARIA.)

MARIA: Here comes the Count's servant with your niece.

SIR TOBY: Leave them. We'll deliver the challenge.

(They exit.)

OLIVIA: Why don't you say something? I've told you what I feel and now you're silent.

VIOLA: You've spoken your passion and I speak my master's grief.

OLIVIA: Here, wear this ring, it has no tongue to vex you. Please, at least come again tomorrow. What can you ask of me that I'll deny?

VIOLA: Your true love for my master.

OLIVIA: How can I with honor give him what I have given you?

VIOLA: I acquit you. *(Starts to leave.)*

OLIVIA: Wait, come again tomorrow. Fare you well.

(He gives a slight bow.)

A fiend like you could carry my soul to hell.

(She exits. SIR TOBY enters.)

SIR TOBY: Good day, sir.

VIOLA: And to you, sir.

SIR TOBY: I do not know what wrongs you have done Sir Andrew, but you must prepare to defend yourself. He will meet you on a matter of honor in the orchard. Prepare yourself for he is quick, skillful and deadly.

VIOLA: There is some mistake. He has no quarrel with me. I have done him no offense.

SIR TOBY: You'll find it otherwise. He is skilled with the rapier and a devil in a private brawl. He has killed three men and will, sir, make you the fourth.

VIOLA: I am no fighter. I will ask Lady Olivia for safe conduct home.

SIR TOBY: You shall not go back to the house unless you choose to fight me. Draw your sword.

VIOLA: Ask the man what I have done to him, for I surely never meant offense.

SIR TOBY: I will speak to him and make peace if I can.

VIOLA: I am much bound to you.

(They exit in different directions. Lights change. SIR TOBY enters with SIR ANDREW.)

SIR TOBY: I tell you, Sir Andrew, this Cesario is the very devil. As angry as a lion. We crossed swords and he stuck me in seconds. He'll do you in as surely as your feet hit the ground.

SIR ANDREW: A pox on it. I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY: I tell you he's enraged. He's just over there and it takes three men to hold him.

SIR ANDREW: A plague on it. If I'd known he was such a swordsman, I'd never have challenged him. Tell him he can have my grey horse if he'll forget about it.

SIR TOBY: I'll give it a try. Stand over there and look fierce. *(To himself as he exits:)* I'll ride you and he can have the horse.

(Offstage:) Come this way, sir. Over here. All is in readiness.

(SIR TOBY returns with VIOLA.)

SIR TOBY: There's no remedy, sir. He will fight. I think he'll be satisfied with just wounding you.

VIOLA: God defend me, I'm not that kind of man.

SIR TOBY: Your only safety is to defend and give ground. *(To SIR ANDREW:)* Come, Sir Andrew, the gentleman will try you for his honor's sake but has agreed not to wound you mortally.

(He pulls them together.)

Go to it!

(Nothing happens.)

For your honor, gentlemen.

(They fight badly.)

ANTONIO: *(Entering:)* Put up your swords! If this young gentleman has given offense, I take the fault on me. If you offend him, I will be delighted to kill you.

SIR TOBY: Who on earth are you?

ANTONIO: Once, who for love and friendship, draws his sword.

SIR TOBY: I don't care if you're an undertaker. I am for you.

(He draws. They fight. Two OFFICERS enter.)

SIR ANDREW: Thank God, the police.

(The OFFICERS step between the fighters.)

FIRST OFFICER: Antonio, I do arrest you at the direction of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO: You mistake me, sir.

SECOND OFFICER: We know you well. Take him away.

ANTONIO: *(To VIOLA:)* This comes of seeking you. I must ask you for my purse to make my bail. You look amazed.

FIRST OFFICER: Let's go pal.

VIOLA: Your purse?

ANTONIO: My money.

VIOLA: For the kindness you've shown me here, I could lend you half of the small amount I have.

ANTONIO: You have my purse!

VIOLA: I do not have your purse nor do I recognize you. Believe me, I hate ingratitude and offer the little I have.

ANTONIO: You know me well, give me my purse.

SECOND OFFICER: You must go with us.

ANTONIO: *(Shaking him off:)* Let me speak. This youth, I saved from death, and we declared our friendship.

FIRST OFFICER: We're wasting time. Away!

ANTONIO: You should be ashamed, Sebastian. This is unkind.
(ANTONIO tries to break away from the OFFICER. The two subdue him.)

FIRST OFFICER: You will come with us, sir!

(They take him off.)

VIOLA: He believes himself but I do not. But the man calls me Sebastian. If I am taken for him, he must live. I beg that this proves true. If so, the sea is kind and salt waves show their love.

(VIOLA exits.)

SIR TOBY: A coward to desert his friend, when friendship is most needed.

SIR ANDREW: A very coward. By heavens, I'll go after the scoundrel and beat him.

SIR TOBY: Excellent, Sir Andrew, once more to the attack!

(SIR ANDREW exits.)

SIR TOBY: He'll probably hide in the bushes 'til I'm gone.

(SIR TOBY exits the other way. FESTE enters with SEBASTIAN.)

FESTE: Wait, sir, I say wait! Are you trying to make me believe I wasn't sent for you?

SEBASTIAN: You are mistaken. Let go of my arm.

FESTE: Really? I don't know you? I'm not sent by Olivia to speak to you. You're not Cesario and my nose is not my nose. Nothing that is so, is so.

SEBASTIAN: You do not know me. This is folly!

FESTE: My folly? Shall I tell “my folly” to Olivia. Shall I tell her it’s folly that you’re coming?

SEBASTIAN: Here, take some money and leave me alone.

FESTE: You don’t solve a fool’s problem by giving a fool money.
(*SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW enter.*)

SIR ANDREW: Aha! Have I met you again. (*Pushes SEBASTIAN:*) That’s for you.

SEBASTIAN: (*Pushing back:*) And that’s for you, and that and that! Are these people crazy?

SIR TOBY: Hold, sir!

SIR ANDREW: Let him do his worst. I’ll have the police arrest him for battery.

(*SIR TOBY grabs SEBASTIAN’s arm.*)

SEBASTIAN: Take your hands off me!

SIR TOBY: Move away, sir.

SEBASTIAN: If you touch me again, I’ll draw my sword.

SIR TOBY: What, sir? I must have an ounce of your blood.
(*OLIVIA enters.*)

OLIVIA: Stop this immediately!

SIR TOBY: My lady.

OLIVIA: Is this the way it will always be? Are you fit only for the forest or the cave? Out of my sight! (*To SEBASTIAN:*)

Don't be offended, dear Cesario. (*To SIR TOBY:*) Be gone you primitive!

(*SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW exit.*)

OLIVIA: Please forgive them, Cesario. Doubtless they've been drinking. Come to my house and I'll explain these barbarians so we may laugh. Please. I beg of you.

(*She kisses him on the cheek.*)

SEBASTIAN: Have I gone crazy or is this a dream?

OLIVIA: My champion, come. Be ruled by me.

SEBASTIAN: Ummm. All right.

OLIVIA: Wonderful. (*Takes his hand and pulls him off:*) You shall have dates and plums and all you wish.

(*They exit. Lights change. SEBASTIAN re-enters. He has lipstick kisses on his forehead and cheeks.*)

SEBASTIAN: Have I gone mad? What's happened to me? (*Breathes in.*) This is the air. There I see the sun. This is the ring she gave me. (*Tests it by biting it.*) I feel it and see it. All right, it's wonder that I feel not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant. Yet there he was. He left a note that said he searched the town for me. I desperately need his advice. I mean, this all might be a mistake, but this flood of good fortune is so remarkable, that I distrust my eyes and question my sanity. On the other hand, maybe the lady is crazy, but if that were true how does she manage her great estate, handle her business and

workmen in a manner both so smooth and practical? There's something wrong here. I don't know what to think. Oh-oh, here she comes.

OLIVIA: There you are! *(She hugs him.)* You look shell-shocked. I know, I know, it's all happened so fast but we mustn't blame our hearts for they are wise. If you mean well go with me to the church.

SEBASTIAN: The church?

OLIVIA: And there, beneath that consecrated roof, you'll marry me so my jealous and doubtful soul will find its peace. What do you say? Tell me the truth?

SEBASTIAN: The truth is...I'll go with you. And having sworn to tell the truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA: *(Kisses him.)* Come on. The reverend's waiting.
(Pulls him offstage. FESTE and SIR TOBY enter.)

FESTE: I beg of you to see this letter written to Malvolio.

SIR TOBY: Maria has it, you must ask of her.

(DUKE ORSINO enters with VIOLA and CURIO.)

ORSINO: Are you of Lady Olivia's household, friends?

FESTE: Ay, sir, we are some of her furniture.

ORSINO: I know you, sir. Let your lady know I am here to speak with her. Here's gold for you.

(ANTONIO enters with the OFFICERS.)

VIOLA: Here comes the man who rescued me.

ORSINO: I remember that face well; I saw it last in the smoke of war when as a captain of an enemy ship he boarded ours and sent it to the bottom of the sea.

FIRST OFFICER: Orsino, this man is the Antonio, who took your ship and in that battle your nephew Titus lost his leg. We found him in the street and there arrested him.

VIOLA: He did me a kindness, sir. He drew his sword on my side but spoke so strangely I did doubt his sanity.

ORSINO: Well pirate, you salt water thief. What brought you to our streets among your enemies?

ANTONIO: Orsino, noble enemy, I am neither thief nor pirate though in the past we fought. That most ungrateful boy standing by your side I saved from our sinking ship and forged a friendship. For him I ventured into his dangerous town, drew my sword to defend him when he was attacked and then he pretended not to know me and denied me my own purse which I had lent him not half an hour before.

VIOLA: This cannot be.

ORSINO: When did you come to the town?

ANTONIO: Today, my lord, and for three months before this lad and I had been inseparable.

(OLIVIA enters.)

ORSINO: Countess Olivia—now heaven walks on earth. *(Turns back to ANTONIO:)* But as for you, Antonio, your words

are madness. For three months has this young man has worked for me.

OLIVIA: Cesario, you do not keep your promises to me.

VIOLA: I do not understand.

ORSINO: Gracious Olivia—

OLIVIA: Speak Cesario.

VIOLA: My lord will speak.

OLIVIA: If it be the same old tune, Duke Orsino, I hear it only as howling.

ORSINO: Still so cruel?

OLIVIA: Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO: To your perverseness. You rude, uncivil lady, who laughs at my devotion, what should I do?

OLIVIA: Why should I care?

ORSINO: If I had the heart to do it, why should I not kill what I love in savage jealousy? (*Points at VIOLA.*) But this, my servant, whom I know you love, I will tear out of your cruel eye. (*To VIOLA:*) Come Cesario—I'll sacrifice this lamb that I do love, to spite the raven's heart within the dove. (*Starts to leave.*)

OLIVIA: Where are you going, Cesario?

VIOLA: After the man I love.

OLIVIA: You do me wrong.

VIOLA: How, wrong?

OLIVIA: Can you have forgotten? Cesario, husband, stay!

ORSINO: Husband?

OLIVIA: Ask if he denies it.

ORSINO: (*To VIOLA:*) You are her husband?

VIOLA: I am not, my lord.

OLIVIA: Don't be afraid, Cesario. Accept good fortune. Don't be afraid to be what you know you are.

(*The PRIEST enters.*)

OLIVIA: Welcome, father. I must ask you to tell what we asked you to keep secret about this youth and me.

PRIEST: Well, I must call it a contract of eternal love, strengthened by an exchange of rings. In other words I married you two hours ago.

ORSINO: I can't believe this! Married? Married?? Well then, take her and farewell. We will never meet again.

VIOLA: My lord, I swear...

OLIVIA: Do not swear against what you know is true.

(*SIR ANDREW enters.*)

SIR ANDREW: A doctor! I beg you, send a doctor. And lend one to Sir Toby, too.

OLIVIA: What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW: He has broken my head and bloodied Toby's too.

OLIVIA: Who did this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW: The Count's servant, one Cesario.

ORSINO: My servant, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW: And here he is! You broke my head for nothing, sir. And even if you had a reason, I was set on to it by Sir Toby.

VIOLA: Why do you look at me? I never hurt you.

SIR ANDREW: If sixteen stitches are a hurt, you hurt me.

(SIR TOBY enters with FESTE.)

SIR ANDREW: Here comes Sir Toby, you'll hear it from him.

ORSINO: Gentlemen, explain yourselves?

SIR TOBY: That fellow there, has bashed my head and tickled my ribs with his sword.

SIR ANDREW: And mine, I have a dozen wounds at the least.

OLIVIA: Get them to bed and see their wounds are dressed.

(FESTE takes SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW off. SEBASTIAN enters.)

SEBASTIAN: I am sorry, lady, I have hurt your kinsman. They attacked me and in defending have caused them some slight injuries. You look at me oddly, lady, perhaps I have offended you on this, our wedding day.

ORSINO: One face, one voice, the same clothes but two persons!

SEBASTIAN: Antonio! I've been so worried since I lost you.

ANTONIO: Are you Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN: Who else would I be?

ANTONIO: How have you cut yourself in half? One here, one there. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA: Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN: Do I stand there? I never had a brother. I had a sister whom the sea devoured. Who, what, where?

VIOLA: From Messaline. Sebastian was my father and Sebastian was my brother, but he was drowned.

SEBASTIAN: And you the drowned Viola.

VIOLA: My father had a mole on his forehead.

SEBASTIAN: And so had mine.

VIOLA: He died when I was thirteen years old.

SEBASTIAN: Thirteen. That's right.

VIOLA: If you don't know me because of what I wear, I can explain. I'll have our sea captain tell you where I left my other clothes and how I was preserved to serve this noble count, and was the go-between to this fine lady, sent by this fine lord.

SEBASTIAN: (*To OLIVIA:*) You are betrothed to both a maid and a man.

ORSINO: Be not amazed. If this is true, as it seems to be, it is a happy shipwreck. (*To VIOLA:*) Give me your hand, boy, and let me see you in your woman's clothes.

VIOLA: The captain there has those you speak of, but Malvolio has had him arrested.

ORSINO: (*To FESTE:*) Bring Malvolio here.

(*FESTE exits.*)

OLIVIA: Orsino, you must think me now a sister, not a wife.

ORSINO: Indeed I will. (*To VIOLA:*) Cesario, my excellent servant, your master fires you, but here's my hand and from this time you shall be your master's wife.

OLIVIA: (*Embraces VIOLA:*) And my sister too.

(*FESTE enters with MALVOLIO.*)

OLIVIA: How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: Madam, you have done me wrong.

OLIVIA: Have I, I think not.

MALVOLIO: Lady, you have. Look at this letter. You cannot deny it is your writing. Why have you given me clear signs of your favor? Told me to dress as I did and to quarrel with Sir Toby? And thus made me a notorious fool, laughed at by everyone. Why?

OLIVIA: This is not my writing, though very like it. It is, without question, Maria's hand. It is a prank, Malvolio.

MARIA: My lady, freely I confess we planned against Malvolio. I wrote the letter and Sir Toby was so delighted he married me. I hope that what was done was more for laughter than revenge.

OLIVIA: Alas, poor fellow, you have been taken in.

FESTE: And I, madam, have plotted with the plotters. But you will remember this Malvolio called me a “barren rascal” who was “good for nothing but a joke.” We see now how the whirligig of time brings its revenges.

MALVOLIO: I will be revenged on the whole pack of you.

(MALVOLIO exits.)

OLIVIA: Poor man, he has been greatly abused.

ORSINO: Go after him and seek to make a peace.

(FESTE exits.)

ORSINO: But now, all troubles have solutions and I invite you to a joyful marriage. Cesario, for so I’ll call you while you are a man, come with me, in your wedding clothes you will be Orsino’s wife and his fancies queen.

(All exit. FESTE returns with his guitar.)

FESTE: *(To the audience:)* All’s well that ends well.

(He sings:)

When I was a little tiny boy
With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain
A foolish thing was but a toy
For the rain it raineth every day
A great while ago the world began
With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain
But that’s all one, our play is done

(Lights fade.)

And we'll strive to please you every day

(Lights out.)

End of Play.