

TWELFTH NIGHT
By William Shakespeare
Adapted by Dale Ahlquist

Cast of Characters

5 Females; 11 Males; 2 Either

<u>ORISINO:</u>	Duke of Milan.
<u>SEBASTIAN:</u>	Brother to Viola.
<u>ANTONIO:</u>	A Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.
<u>VALENTINA:</u>	Attendant to the Duke.
<u>CURIE:</u>	Attendant to the Duke.
<u>SIR TOBY BELCH:</u>	Uncle to Olivia.
<u>SIR ANDREW:</u>	Sir Andrew Auguecheek, friend of Sir Toby.
<u>MALVOLIO:</u>	Steward to Olivia.
<u>FABIAN:</u>	Servant to Olivia.
<u>CLOWN:*</u>	Feste the Clown, servant to Olivia.
<u>OLIVIA:</u>	A rich countess.
<u>VIOLA:</u>	Sister to Sebastian.
<u>MARIA:</u>	Handmaid to Olivia.
<u>SEA CAPTAIN:</u>	A sea captain.
<u>SERVANT:*</u>	A servant to Olivia.
<u>FIRST OFFICER:</u>	An officer.
<u>SECOND OFFICER:</u>	An officer.
<u>PRIEST:</u>	A priest.

* denotes character that may be played by either male or female – minor editing is permitted for this purpose only

ACT I

Scene 1 – Duke Orsino’s Palace

Scene 2 – The Sea Coast

Scene 3 – Olivia’s Kitchen

Scene 4 – Duke Orsino’s Palace

Scene 5 – Olivia’s Parlor

ACT II

Scene 1 – Sea Coast

Scene 2 – Street Scene

Scene 3 – Olivia’s Kitchen

Scene 4 – Duke Orsino’s Palace

Scene 5 – Olivia’s Garden

ACT III

Scene 1 – Olivia’s Garden

Scene 2 – Olivia’s Garden

Scene 3 – A Street

Scene 4 – Olivia’s Garden

ACT IV

Scene 1 – Street in front of Olivia’s House

Scene 2 – A Make-shift Jail

Scene 3 – Olivia’s Garden

ACT V

Scene I – Finale

Approximate Length

120 Minutes

Time

Any time

Place

Illyria

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting: Duke Orsino's palace.

At Rise: Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIE, and other LORDS. Musicians attending.

DUKE 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.
O, 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,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there...
So full of shapes is fancy.

CURIE

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curie?

CURIE

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

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

(Enter VALENTINA)

How now, what news from her?

VALENTINA

So please my lord, I might not be admitted.
Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine—all this to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when 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!
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

(They exit)

Scene 2

Setting: The sea coast.

At Rise: Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS.

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned.—What think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance 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
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea.
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold.
Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is his name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

VIOLA

O, that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world
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,
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—
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 a eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
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 I'll be.
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee. Lead me on.

(They exit)

Scene 3

Setting: Olivia's House.

At Rise: 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 care's 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

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. If 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

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's 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's a fool, he's a great quarreller, and he's 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. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo* ("Use discreet language"), for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

(Enter SIR ANDREW)

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost—

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

(She begins to exit)

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

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

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.
(He offers his hand)

MARIA

Now, sir, 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

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. Now I let go your hand, I am barren.
(Exit MARIA)

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. I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is "*pourquoi*"? Do or not do? Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none o' the Count. she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ha, ha! Excellent!

(They exit)

Scene 4

Setting: Duke Orsino's palace.

At Rise: Enter VALENTINA and VIOLA in man's attire.

VALENTINA

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 in his favors?

VALENTINA

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

(Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIE, and ATTENDANTS)

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord, here.

DUKE ORSINO

Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.
Be not denied access. Stand at her doors
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to woo your lady.

(Aside)

Yet a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

(They exit)

Scene 5

Setting: Olivia's house.

At Rise: Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

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.

CLOWN

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

MARIA

A good Lenten answer, fool.

CLOWN

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

MARIA

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?

CLOWN

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

MARIA

Peace, you fool, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.
(Exit MARIA)

CLOWN

Wit, if 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 "Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit."

(Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO)

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the Fool away.

CLOWN

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.

OLIVIA

Go to, you're a dry Fool. I bade them take away you.

CLOWN

Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

CLOWN

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

CLOWN

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.

CLOWN

Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, Fool.

CLOWN

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?

MALVOLIO

I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal, an ordinary Fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, unless you laugh, 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

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

CLOWN

Thou speakest well of Fools!

(Enter MARIA)

MARIA

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

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. 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, Fool, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a Fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin.

(Enter SIR TOBY BELCH)

OLIVIA

By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let him be the devil if he will, I care not.

(Exit SIR TOBY BELCH)

OLIVIA

What's a drunken man like, Fool?

CLOWN

Like a drowned man.

OLIVIA

Go thou and seek the crowner, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drowned. Go, look after him.

CLOWN

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

(Exit CLOWN)

(Enter MALVOLIO)

MALVOLIO

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA

Tell him he shall not 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

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—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.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

(Exit MALVOLIO)

(Enter MARIA)

OLIVIA

Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

(Enter VIOLA, and 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—I 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.

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA

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

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.

OLIVIA

Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA

I heard you were saucy at my gates. If you be not mad, begone; 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.—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.

(Exit MARIA and ATTENDANTS)

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,—

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, 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.

(Unveiling)

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?

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.
Lady, you are the cruel'st 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 gray 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.
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompensed though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
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,
 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 master's flame,
 With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
 In your denial I would find no sense.
 I would not 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 contemnèd love
 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 "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth
 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 more—
 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.
 (She offers money)

VIOLA

I am no fee'd 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 VIOLA)

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 five-fold 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

Run after that same peevish messenger.
He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
(She hands him a ring)
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

(Exit MALVOLIO)

OLIVIA

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

(Exit OLIVIA)