

SCENE 1 The street. The spell is cast. Darkness. Feste walks up out of the audience, humming a tune, and briskly hops up onstage, with a bag slung over his shoulder and a lantern held out in front of him, {PROP: a large bag of instruments and a lantern}, which he lights {PROP: matches}. He has a bauble, a miniature version of his own head on a stick, with him at all times, holstered like a sword (and tied to the scabbard by a long, multicolored cord) when he's not carrying it. Lights up to reveal a bare stage and a few seats in a corner, outside of a high wall. On the other side of the stage is a cluster of risers in black, separated by a gate leading to a trellised garden or gazebo. Feste drops the bag in the center of the cluster of seats and looks out into the audience, singing softly:

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.  
For the rain it raineth every day.

As he sings, the musicians enter from all corners. Some of them carry instruments; many take instruments from Feste's bag o'tricks. They sit down and begin playing. Interlude: This should build from the silence of Feste's last note to become something joyous and tribal. Digeradoos, drums, recorders, and concertinas all jamming in melodious chaos and not quite a cacophony of noise. Feste capers like a fiend as the band's ringleader. As the Duke and Curio enter (the latter carrying {PROP: two bows and a full quiver}), the music stops, except for Feste, who keeps dancing a little too long before noticing the Duke. Once Feste stops, the bauble keeps moving. Singing "99 Bottles Of Beer." In Latin. Feste then shuts up the bauble, embarrassed.

ORSINO *If music be the food of love, play on; give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die.*

You LOVE music of all sorts but you've grown fretfully tired of court music (like the other trappings of ceremony and office, it's completely failing to get you anywhere substantial) and just wish they'd jam more when you're around. But no, they were whipped by your predecessors into believing that an audience with the Duke equals only stuffy and proper, and hence:

Interlude: A quick hand gesture from Feste, ("play it like I taught you, gang") and the tribal sound is at once replaced by orderly chamber music. [Something formal and recognizable (Mozart or Beethoven or Bach, perhaps): Drums and digeradoos swapped with recorders and violins, etc.] Almost accidentally, the sound has become tragic and sad, and the disappointment on the Duke's face at missing the funkier beats turns to sighs of longing.

*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 odour!*

Interlude: As the music proceeds and builds, Feste breaks off from the other musicians, "Mahna Mahna"-style, and begins to caterwaul in a fierce headbanging orbit of his own design. The music should suddenly change to something

recognizable yet not quite liable. Something cloyingly annoying: "Sunshine Of Your Love," "MMM-Bop," "Livin' La Vida Loca," etc.

*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, of what validity and pitch soe'er, but falls into abatement and low price, even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy that it alone is high fantastical.*

Heaving sigh from the musicians: ain't love grand? Double take from Orsino: are they making fun of me or have they been there too?

CURIO (oiling the bowstring: we doing this, or what?)  
*Will you go hunt, my lord?*  
ORSINO *What, Curio?*  
CURIO (drawing the bow, visualizing) *The hart.*  
ORSINO *Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:*

Oy. We see where this is going.

*O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, methought she purged the air of pestilence! That instant was I turn'd into a hart; and my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, e'er since pursue me. [Enter Valentine, who walks like a man who gets to tell the President that the Soviet Premier hung up on him. This is so not going to go over well.] How now! what news from her?*  
VALENTINE *So please my lord, I might not be admitted;*

Possibly a heaving whimper from the musicians, followed by a double-take from Orsino and then they quickly return to playing their instruments. A look shared with Curio: sucks being the bearer of bad news, eh? Curio starts unstringing the bows. So much for hunting; they get to look forward to yet another afternoon of the Self-pity Death Spiral (and cold mutton for dinner).

*but from her handmaid do return this answer: 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 brine: all this to season a brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh and lasting in her sad remembrance.*  
ORSINO *O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame to pay this debt of love but to a brother,*

This is old news to the attendants, who only join Orsino in wistful contemplation when he's looking at you and go back to just being rather bored with it all when he's not. You're not mocking him, per se; you've just heard this so many times now it utterly fails to captivate you.

*how will she love, when the rich golden shaft hath kill'd the flock of all affections else that live in her; when liver, brain and heart, these sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd her sweet perfections with one self king! Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.*

Interlude: the musicians strike up the chamber music, and the Duke and attendants exit. Once the Duke & etc. are off-stage, the music quickly becomes tribal again. Orsino steps back on-stage, peeking, and the music shifts to chamber music. He sighs and walks off, which cues the tribal music to start up again.

**SCENE 2** The same scene, a little later. You got your Messalinians in my Illyria! You got your Illyrians in my Messaline!

Viola and the Captain, still coughing up seawater, push some luggage {PROP: ruined, water-damaged bags, including a trunk labeled "Sebastian" filled with boy clothes} up onto the stage from the floor, crawling roughly up onto the stage, as if up a cliff from the sea. The musicians look them over but do not stop playing. Shipwrecks, apparently, are a dime a dozen in this town. Viola regards the musicians warily: she likes the beat in spite of herself but was raised to distrust the street.

VIOLA *What country, friend, is this?*

CAPTAIN *This is Illyria, lady.*

VIOLA *And what should I do in Illyria? My brother he is in Elysium.*

Opening the trunk, pulling out one of his jackets, hugging it for comfort.

*Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailor?*

CAPTAIN *It is perchance that you yourself were saved.*

VIOLA *O my poor brother!*

She opens a [PROP: hinged locket] locket with their pictures, regarding her brother. As much time as the moment needs for true grief, and then: the Captain reacts to a noise: {SOUND: Soldiers marching and horses} OSL. Seeing Viola as she will be seen by the soldiers (as a woman of low personage {she's only in undergarments, albeit the heavy full-length undergarments of the period} and possibly a trophy of war to be seized and viola-ted), he throws the jacket over her and beckons her to stay silent and out of sight. They quickly gather up their bags and look for a place to hide. The danger, meanwhile, is as much the Captain's (if not moreso) as Viola's: out of all the islands to wash up on, why did it have to be Illyria? They're behind enemy lines.

Feste "pssts!" and beckons the Captain and Viola over to the circle of musicians. The other musicians throw blankets over the two of them, and Feste leans against the Captain's back, as if he was a rock. Interlude: the music begins again.

The Soldiers enter, with the gall and gruff of people who know that their guns have given them dominion over a landscape of lesser beings who despise them. They look down their noses at the musicians as nothing but street people and pick over the remnants of the shipwreck.

One of the soldiers picks up a {PROP: life preserver} life preserver: the *U.S.S. Ophelia*. Mutterings among the soldiers -- an enemy vessel? Were there survivors?

The lead Soldier walks towards the musicians, and the

Captain coughs and begins to stir. Feste coughs louder and pats the Captain's shoulder, roughly: shaddup, shyadnap. He laughs and beckons the musicians to keep playing.

The lead Soldier walks back towards the others and they march OSR: "Come on, let's check over here." {SOUND: Soldiers marching and horses}

Feste peers offstage to watch their exit, and when they've gone, he pulls up the soggy pair. The Captain nods in thanks to Feste, who eyes them knowingly. Viola nudges the Captain back to the trunk, and they continue reconnoitering as Viola inventories the gear she's got to work with. Boy clothes, and that's about it. Hmmm.

VIOLA *Know'st thou this country?*

CAPTAIN *Ay, madam, well.*

VIOLA *Who governs here?*

CAPTAIN *A noble duke, in nature as in name. Orsino.*

VIOLA *Orsino! I have heard my father name him: he was a bachelor then.*

Remarkable recovery time. If only you had some makeup. Or, for that matter, some clothes.

CAPTAIN *And so is now, or was so very late. Hath made a vow no woman shall approach his silent court, for but a month ago '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 company and sight of men.*

Thoughts of Olivia as a competing suitor dissolve at the mention of Olivia's lost brother: they're sharing the same pain.

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.*

Clearly drive these points home: there are only two Houses on the entire island: one's not admitting anyone, and the other is only admitting men. She only has men's clothes to work with, and without their ship they've got no way off the island. They're on an unfriendly shore where the penalties for capture, which looks inevitable, are dire. They're in serious if not hopeless trouble... unless...

VIOLA *There is a fair behavior in thee, captain; 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.*

Oh, thanks.

*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:*

The Captain thinks this is a remarkably stupid idea, until he picks up the life preserver of his now-ex-ship and tries unsuccessfully to think of a Plan B. It's not like they have a surfeit of options.

*thou shall present me as a boy 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 boy, and your mute I'll be: when my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.*

**VIOLA** *I thank thee: lead me on.*

The music reaches a crescendo and then stops as the water-logged pair drags the trunk and luggage OSL. Darkness.

**SCENE 3** OLIVIA'S house. Subplot powers, activate! Lights up on interior.

[The risers are all covered with black cloth, except for the one Sir Toby is snoozing upon (he's rolled it up and is using it as a pillow). Enter Maria, who dusts her way over to Sir Toby and rolls him off of the riser. He awakes, sputtering and hiccuping Maria makes a show of replacing the black cloth and nudging the riser back into place.]

**SIR TOBY** *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. You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.*

Trying, as she always does, to straighten his appearance until he smacks her away.

**SIR TOBY** *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** *Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?*

**MARIA** *Ay, he.*

**SIR TOBY** *He's...*

Really searching here. Euphemism time. Make it good.

*as tall a man as any's in Illyria.*

**MARIA** *What's that to the purpose?*

**SIR TOBY** *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** *Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,*

Pointing at the musicians. You know, one of those stringed things.

*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's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.*

**SIR TOBY** *By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?*

**MARIA** *They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.*

**SIR TOBY** *With drinking healths to my niece.*

Well, obviously. What were we thinking?

*I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo!*

Latin for "ixnay on the umbassday," perhaps.

*for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.*

Sir Andrew enters, awkwardly flirting with the musicians and trying (and failing) to keep a beat with one of the drums until a musician snatches it away.

**SIR ANDREW** *Sir Toby! how now, Sir Toby!*

**SIR TOBY** *Sweet Sir Andrew!*

You gonna greet my woman here or do I hafta thump ya?

**SIR ANDREW** *Bless you, fair shrew.*

A flight attendant dealing with the drunken advances of the Obnoxious First Class Passenger. He doesn't have a prayer.

**MARIA** *And you too, sir.*

**SIR TOBY** *Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.*

Nudge nudge wink wink say no more say no more.

**SIR ANDREW** *What's that?*

**SIR TOBY** *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,--*

**SIR TOBY** *You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.*

Four different gestures, each increasingly vulgar, until Beavis finally gets it.

**SIR ANDREW** *By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.*

To the musicians, and perhaps the audience.

*Is that the meaning of 'accost'?*

**MARIA** *Fare you well, gentlemen.*

**SIR TOBY** *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.*

Double take. Triple take. You can dress them up but you

can't take them out.

*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.*

MARIA *Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttry-bar and let it drink.*

SIR ANDREW *Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?*

MARIA *It's dry, sir.*

Very much like *The Spleen hitting on The Bowler in "Mystery Men"* – there's just not enough beer in the world.

SIR ANDREW *Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry.*

Just DON'T smell his fingers.

*But what's your jest?*

MARIA *A dry jest, sir.*

SIR ANDREW *Are you full of them?*

MARIA *Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.*

Music: *Wamp wamp wamp waaaaaawamp.*

SIR TOBY *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*

Off to musicians/out to audience.

*or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.*

SIR TOBY *No question.*

Anyone? Anyone? Nope, no arguments here.

SIR ANDREW *I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.*

SIR TOBY *Pourquoi, my dear knight?*

SIR ANDREW *What is 'Pourquoi'?*

Uh-oh. We're already at *Aguecheek brainlock*. Out comes the {PROP: phrasebook} ever-present phrasebook.

*do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing and dancing: O, had I but followed the arts!*

SIR TOBY *Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.*

SIR ANDREW *Why, would that have mended my hair?*

SIR TOBY *Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.*

SIR ANDREW *But it becomes me well enough, does't not?*

SIR TOBY *Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.*

A *Beavis and Butthead* moment. He said *between her legs*. Huh-huh-huh.

SIR ANDREW *Faith, I'll home to-morrow, 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 *She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor*

Er, uh...

*wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.*

Processing... Processing...

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

Don't remind us.

*I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.*

SIR TOBY *Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?*

SIR ANDREW *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 *What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?*

SIR ANDREW *Faith, I can cut a caper.*

SIR TOBY *And I can cut the mutton to't.*

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

A quick demonstration shows that a) he sucks at this kind of dancing, and b) he's not lying. Since nobody else would *want* to know how to do these moves, he wins by virtue of having no competition. [Something like being the Polka king at a rave.] Stepping towards the musicians:

SIR TOBY *Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? My very walk should be a jig; is it a world to hide virtues in?*

There's more to Sir Toby than simple self-destructive alcoholism at play here. You've been dealt a couple of hard blows lately and the one thing you're sure you still know how to do is to be the life of the party.

SIR ANDREW *Shall we set about some revels?*

SIR TOBY *What shall we do else? Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Drums and Exit]*

Interlude: the music of the previous scene moves forward into the street percussion we're already familiar with.

**SCENE 4** The street. Your mission, should you choose to accept it...

Valentine and Viola, who's wearing Sebastian's coat and other boy clothes, walk up out of the audience.

VALENTINE *If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.*

As Valentine speaks, Viola shadows him, a pace behind, deliberately matching his gait and footsteps. She's learning, for the first time, how to walk like a man.

VIOLA *You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?*  
VALENTINE *No, believe me.*

And if you really want to volunteer to be the shoulder he cries on, be our freakin' guest.

VIOLA *I thank you.*

Viola sees the Count's approach, and speaks over her shoulder at the musicians.

*Here comes the count.*

The music, once again, turns from chant to chamber just as Orsino and Curio enter. Increasingly sure that he's just never going to get to hear the really cool beats, the duke sighs in defeat. Curio has bows and quiver once again in hand, increasingly eager to hunt. Come on, guys, let's stop talking about Mistress Cruelty and *go kill some varmints!*

ORSINO *Who saw Cesario, ho?*

You're shadowing Valentine so well you've disappeared behind him.

VIOLA *On your attendance, my lord; here.*

A knowing look from Valentine to Viola as Curio hands Orsino his bow. Let's keep our priorities straight. Hunting. We're going hunting now, right?

ORSINO *Stand you a while aloof,*

Handing the bow back to Curio. Oh gods, not again. Somebody get this guy laid so we can eat some real food. Orsino takes Cesario by the shoulder and gives him the mission of his life (actually, it's just the mission of everyone's life in this place, and it's simply Cesario's turn because everyone else keeps failing at it).

*Cesario, thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd 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 fixed foot shall grow till thou have audience.*

Jeez, guy. Restraining order much?

VIOLA *Sure, my noble lord, if she be so abandon'd to her sorrow as it is spoke, she never will admit me.*  
ORSINO *Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds rather than make unprofit'd return.*  
VIOLA *Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?*  
ORSINO *O, then unfold the passion of my love, surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:*

Viola is the agent behind enemy lines. She's discovering that there's a world of difference between receiving an emissary that proclaims the passion of a distant suitor (as

Viola herself has seen from time to time) and having the suitor hold her by the shoulders and look her in the eyes while he's waxing poetic. Whoa. *This* is locker room talk?

*it shall become thee well to act my woes; she will attend it better in thy youth than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.*

Meaning Valentine, who isn't that much older, for crying out loud. Yeah, or it could just be that you're a creep.

VIOLA *I think not so, my lord.*  
ORSINO *Dear lad, believe it; for they shall yet belie thy happy years, that say thou art a man: Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,*

You touched my waddle.

*and all is semblative a woman's part.*

Clearing her throat huskily, possibly crossing her arms and angling away from profile before he can reach over and tweak her nipple. Nope, you're totally mistaken, nothing but boys here, sir.

*I know thy constellation is right apt for this affair.*

Grabbing the bow from Curio. Rejoice! Venison for dinner!

*Prosper well in this, and thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, to call his fortunes thine.*  
[Orsino & the hunting party exits stage right]  
VIOLA *I'll do my best to woo your lady:*

Once again, from courtly music, as they leave, to tribal music. Viola walks out into the audience to deliver the aside...

*yet, a barful strife! whose'er I woo, myself would be his wife.*

**SCENE 5 OLIVIA'S house.** Cupid, you pestulant twerp.

Maria comes out and pulls Feste from the music circle, dragging him inside the gate.

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.*  
FESTE *Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.*  
MARIA *Make that good.*  
FESTE *He shall see none to fear.*

Uk uk uk uk uk. Nothing like a disgruntled clown.

MARIA *A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'*  
FESTE *Where, good Mistress Mary?*  
MARIA *In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.*  
FESTE *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?*

Genuinely concerned here, possibly close to tears. You could be fired and then I [did I say I? I meant we] would never see you again.

FESTE *Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.*  
MARIA *You are resolute, then?*  
FESTE *Not so, neither;*

Throw the poor dog a bone, would you? She'll be so happy if you just play with her a little bit.

*but I am resolved on two points.*

He's been playing these improv word games with you as long as you've known him, and you love him for it, because it's his way of teaching you how to be as clever as him. The rules are simple: take what the master gives you and tweak it into something worthy of a professional Fool. The category is Two Points, for eight hundred. Go.

MARIA *That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.*

Good answer, grasshopper. The master is pleased.

FESTE *Apt, in good faith; very apt.*

But the implicit longing in the jest is a road to an oubliette your friendship has been bogged down in too many times before. She's witty as hell, and will make a good fool someday, but why does every single pun have to have a come-on or a double-entendre attached?

*Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.*

Beat. You don't want to hurt her, but the feelings just aren't there, and it really sucks for both of you.

MARIA *Peace, you rogue, no more o' that.*

The uncomfortable silence of a woman who has been in love with Feste for a really long time, who wants to say something other than what doesn't need to be said and can't think of anything. Then...

*Here comes my lady:*

No more time for any more words, then. This could very well be it. The next time you see him he could be packing his bags to leave you, er, that is, leave your Lady, forever. Urgent reminder, near tears once again.

*make your excuse wisely, you were best.*

She ducks out, a nervous wreck.

FESTE *Wit, an't 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?*

To the bauble.

*'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'*

Olivia enters, with attendants, all wearing black. The women all wear black veils. Malvolio walks respectfully beside her, head bowed, although he does keep sneaking peeks at his pocket-watch.

*God bless thee, lady!*  
OLIVIA *Take the fool away.*

Two attendants move in to seize Feste, who leapfrogs and somersaults his way through their obstruction.

FESTE *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.*

The following should be utter slapstick -- with the two attendants in varying degrees of success in attempting to apprehend Feste. Into the musicians, then out to the audience, then back again: this pursuit can spread over the entire arena.

FESTE *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. Any thing that's 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 beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.*  
OLIVIA *Sir, I bade them take away you.*  
FESTE *Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum;*

The **bauble** is the one that speaks Latin. This always scares the hell out of Feste; he doesn't know where the voice comes from.

*that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain.*

Captured now, one on each leg and arm; calling backwards as he is led away.

*Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.*  
OLIVIA *Can you do it?*  
FESTE *Dexterously, good madonna.*  
OLIVIA *Make your proof.*

The attendants attempt to drop him on his head, which he parlays into a somersault and a leap forward into Olivia's lap.

FESTE *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.*

FESTE *Good madonna, why mournest thou?*

OLIVIA *Good fool, for my brother's death.*

FESTE *I think his soul is in hell, madonna.*

Give this moment several beats to grow. Shock, then grief, then fury. Feste's the last man in your life you feel you can trust, you've been sick with worry over his absence, and now that he's back he just spit in your face. Standing up, Feste is spilled out of your lap.

OLIVIA *I know his soul is in heaven, fool.*

Storming out, into the audience. The attendants are too shocked to move, and don't want to grab Feste again just in case lightning is about to strike him.

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

We see it in her face. Goal. It was a pretty damn feeble jest, but it worked.

OLIVIA *What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?*

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

FESTE *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.*

Well, YO mamma's so fat...

OLIVIA *How say you to that, Malvolio?*

MALVOLIO *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.*

And "It's-my-ball-I'm-going-home" is a pretty crummy way to win.

*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.*

Good God but you've missed him. Wherever Feste went, it was for too damn long. You haven't smiled, not once, since he left. Neither, for that matter, has anyone else.

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

And you have no idea how much it hurts to need a lifeline.

Maria enters, Feste her first concern in spite of her duty, and positively grinning in relief to see Olivia holding Feste's hands instead of seeing the clown in chains, about to be dragged off. The son of a bitch did it. Again. Whew. Oh, yeah, and there's actual business to attend to as well.

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!*

Yeah, I know, I told him, and I told him, and I told him... Maria and the attendants exit.

*Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.*

Here I am, brain the size of a planet, and they ask me... Malvolio exits, out towards the audience. Alone with Feste, Olivia takes off her veil and we see that she had been crying with grief and is now crying in equal parts grief and relief.

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

Well, I made you smile, and you made Mssr. Malcontent go away. I guess we're even.

FESTE *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 has a most weak pia mater.*

Enter Sir Toby, more than half drunk and just verbally bitch-slapped by Maria. Trying really, really hard to stand straight rather than sway.

OLIVIA *By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?*

SIR TOBY *A gentleman.*

Thanks for the bulletin. Lucky for you I grade on a curve.

OLIVIA *A gentleman! what gentleman?*

SIR TOBY *'Tis a gentle man here—*

For a moment, he lives up to his name...

*a plague o' these pickle-herring!*

And finally, he notices the Fool.

*How now, sot!*

FESTE *Good Sir Toby!*

Okay, that's enough, put me down, Stoli-breath.

OLIVIA *Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early*

by this lethargy?  
SIR TOBY *Lechery! I defy lechery.*

And, uh, oh yeah.

*There's one at the gate.*  
OLIVIA *Ay, marry, what is he?*  
SIR TOBY *Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.*

Enjoy the buffet and please tip your servers. Toby exits.

OLIVIA *What's a drunken man like, fool?*  
FESTE *Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: 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 he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.*  
FESTE *He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.*

As Feste leaves and Malvolio enters, there's an if-looks-could-kill moment between them. If either of them were different people, one might throw a punch. As it is, a glare will have to do.

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? 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 peeks through the gates at this, and has just enough of a view of Cesario to see that he's not uncute.

OLIVIA *What kind o' man is he?*  
MALVOLIO *Why, of mankind.*

Brilliant response. Remind me again: why do I pay you people?

OLIVIA *What manner of man?*  
MALVOLIO *Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.*

Like everyone else in Olivia's household, Feste has rubbed off on Malvolio: in spite of himself, he can't give a straight line when a pun will serve. But Malvolio simply doesn't have the knack, or the timing, or the delivery, and part of why he distrusts the Fool is because every one of Malvolio's very witty jests always seem to fall flat. It must be a popularity contest, then, and not anything intrinsically valuable in this "humor" claptrap after all. Just as he always suspected. Hmph.

OLIVIA *Of what personage and years is he?*  
MALVOLIO *Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; 'tis with him in standing water,*

*between boy and man.*

These kids today.

*He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.*

Boy, I sure hope the interesting person at the front gate will hurry up and leave so I can get on with spending the afternoon with Malvolio's charming personality. Wait a minute. Second thought, you know what...

OLIVIA *Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.*  
MALVOLIO *Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit]*

We may hear just enough into the hallway to grok that Maria, in no uncertain terms, has only begun to give Sir Toby the what-for.

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

The risers, Olivia, Maria, and the attendants are all veiled. It's like a miniature Stonehenge in black paisley.

VIOLA *The honourable lady of the house, which is she?*  
OLIVIA *Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?*

Um... Great, only I'm not sure which big black lampshade just said that.

VIOLA *Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,*

To Maria, or whichever lampshade is closest. She should probably direct some of this to various inanimate objects in the room, just in case one of them is sentient.

*--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; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.*  
OLIVIA *Whence came you, sir?*

Like George W. Bush asked to name the president of Uruguay.

VIOLA *I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's 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 *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.*

But enough about my problems. Can I get a straight answer here? From anyone?

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.*

Oh no you don't. Do you know how much WORK—

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

You and me both, lady. Er, I mean, really? Wow. I'm really sorry to hear that.

MARIA *Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.*

Echoing Feste's misadventure with the attendants, Viola slips out of Maria's grasp just before she can strongarm her out the door.

VIOLA *No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.*

Maria tries to pick Viola up by her jacket, which she slips out of back into her seat.

*Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: 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.*

You know, Herr Tall-Dark-and-Snarly at the gate and Little-Miss-Can't-Be-Wrong in here. By the way, did you pick the household staff yourself or did really spiteful relatives bequeath them?

*What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.*

A long beat here, as you take in this youth before you. His sense of personal space is all whacked out, he's standing as close to you as one woman might stand to another... but that gives you the chance to look into his eyes. Yow.

OLIVIA *Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.*

Maria and Attendants leave. Viola is quite startled to discover that the divan she was sitting on was actually an attendant. Oops.

*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?*

Now *this* is what a Lady who's had years with an in-house Fool to sharpen her wordplay sounds like.

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?*

Don't bail out on me now, goddamnit. My Fool's been on sabbatical and this is the first interesting conversation I've had in weeks.

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't not well done?*

VIOLA *Excellently done,*

Ahem.

*...if God did all.*

By the way, can I borrow some lipstick? Oh no, darn, wait. Never mind.

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 cruell'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 labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and*

dot dot dot

*so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?*

VIOLA *I see what you are, you are too proud;*

Lady, I don't write 'em, I just recite 'em.

*But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you:*

goddamnit

*o, such love could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd the nonpareil of beauty!*

OLIVIA *How does he love me?*

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

and, you know, yadda yadda yadda...

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, learn'd and valiant; and in dimension and the shape of nature a gracious person:*

and, you know, yadda yadda yadda...

*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,*

Hypothetically speaking, of course.

*with such a suffering, such a deadly life, in your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.*

Not used to having people question her word, ever.

OLIVIA *Why, what would you?*

This speech should build to a literal climax; it's the most passionate thing Olivia's ever heard another person say, and it's about her. Whoa.

VIOLA *Make me a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house; write loyal cantons of contemned 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!'*

Pause: the musicians are staring at them, jaws dropped. She composes herself a bit.

*O, you should not rest between the elements of air and earth, but you should pity me!*

OLIVIA *You might do much.*

Do you have a cigarette?

*What is your parentage?*

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

Beat. Beat. And, oh, what the hell, another beat. Say something to him, for God's sake.

OLIVIA *Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more;*

You have GOT to be kidding me. Focus, girlfriend, focus!

*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.*

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. [Viola exits into audience.]*

OLIVIA *'What is your parentage?'*

Smacking forehead – I finally got to meet Ricky Martin and the best thing I could come up with was 'What is your parentage?'

*'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art; thy*

Moment of reverie.

*tongue, thy face, thy*

Another moment.

*limbs, actions and spirit, do give thee five-fold blazon:*

Cold shower time. Savor it.

*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,*

Most actualized moment in Olivia's entire sexual history.

*let it be. What ho, Malvolio!*

Putting on veil again, and then throwing it off. You're done with mourning, as of now. Trying to feign sternness, then abandoning all pretenses. Hell with it.

MALVOLIO *Here, madam, at your service.*

As Malvolio enters, Olivia all but pulls, drags, and then pushes him down the middle into the audience, and Malvolio moves from sputtering belligerently to enjoying the feel of his Lady's hands on his shoulders. She's never actually touched him before, and the precocious little girl he got to watch grow up is now a vibrant (and, as circumstances would have it, currently flushed and glowing) young woman. Hmmm...

OLIVIA *Run after that same peevish messenger, the county's man: he left*

Er...uh...

*this ring*

which only coincidentally looks just like the ring I've worn since I was twelve and don't seem to have on right now.

*behind him, would I or not: tell him I'll none of it. 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 to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee,*

Shakespearean for "sic 'em"

*Malvolio.*

All boredom with your menial tasks gone: she's wound up in a considerably sexy way, and she needs you. Hmmm...

MALVOLIO *Madam, I will. [Exit into audience.]*  
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 OSL.]*

**SCENE 6** The street. The thought plickens.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian. Sebastian is dressed in the same sort of attire Viola seized from the trunk with his name on it. Since Viola has the trunk with his clothes, he should be (1) barefoot and (2) in the same garments for the next few scenes.]

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 *You must know of me then, Antonio,*

Emphasis on "of." You'd kind of been enjoying the camaraderie of someone being nice to you because you were a person, and not because you were rich and famous. The mantle of anonymity gets to go away now, and it kind of sucks.

*my name is Sebastian. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of.*

I'm a Kennedy. Yes, *those* Kennedys.

*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!*  
SEBASTIAN *A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:*

Yeah, I know. Not bloody likely. Bear with me, here. [Pulling out his {PROP: hinged locket} locket with their pictures to show Antonio.]

*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.*

Take this slow; it's easy to overdo this kind of grief, but it should still be able to resonate for the audience. She's gone, and you don't ever get to hear her laugh again. Dear God.

*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.*

An embrace here: nothing especially homoerotic, just two people sharing a moment of deep grief.

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 done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye 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 Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit into audience.]*  
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. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, that danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit into audience.]*

**SCENE 7** The street. Houston, we have a problem.

Sebastian crosses off stage as Viola enters from the other side. They miss each other, and Antonio doesn't notice Viola, but Malvolio catches just a glimpse of the doppelganger: enough to rub his eyes and think for a moment that he's seeing double. The beginning of Malvolio's bewilderment.

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.*  
VIOLA *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:*

Tossing the ring to the ground.

*if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.*

Malvolio exits. Revelation: Viola has never, ever, been spoken to in such a manner before. No steward in Messaline would dare to dream of such contemptuous familiarity. Is this how normal people talk to each other?

VIOLA *I left no ring with her: what means this lady?*

Picking up the ring and musing amusedly: hey, wouldn't it be funny if...

*Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!*

Dawning horror. Oh no.

*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.*

Double take. No no no...

*She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion invites me in this churlish messenger.*

Triple take. No no no no...

*None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man:*

At first this is only all kinds of amusing. Then it's amusing and a little dreadful. Then it turns pitiful.

*if it be so, as 'tis, poor lady, she were better love a dream. 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! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be.*

Straight up, now. You're going to single-handedly break this woman's heart, and it occurs to you that there's nothing good about it. You are already on exactly the same road she is about to travel, (thanks to you), and you wouldn't wish that kind of pain on your sworn blood enemy.

*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, my state is desperate for my master's love; as I am woman,--now alas the day!-- what thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!*

Wheels turning... gears grinding... smoke rising...

*O time! thou must untangle this, not I; it is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit into audience.]*

**SCENE 8** OLIVIA's house. The night wrote a check the morning couldn't cash. Light change to suggest night.

[Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, midnight snacking.]

SIR TOBY *Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,--*

Out comes the phrasebook, which is promptly smacked away by Sir Toby. I know it's hard, but try to think on your feet once in a while, goddamnit.

SIR ANDREW *Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.*  
SIR TOBY *A false conclusion: I hate it*

Scraping the last out of the tin of peaches you're eating, and emphasizing with the now empty can.

*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 *Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!*

[Feste, woken up by this, rolls out from the musicians' nest and joins them.]

SIR ANDREW *Here comes the fool, i' faith.*

FESTE *How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?*

Moving Sir Andrew's hands over his eyes and Sir Toby's hands over his mouth, Feste puts his hands over his ears to complete the picture. As in, do you mind?, we're trying to get some sleep over here.

SIR TOBY *Welcome, ass. Now let's 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, as the fool has.*

(This should be a fun line if Feste is played by a woman.)

*In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?*

At this, the bauble comes out, again, Cornholio style, echoing him on the big fancy words. Feste, again, trying to suppress the bauble's rantings.

FESTE *I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's 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.*

At this Sir Toby should surreptitiously pick a coin out of Sir Andrew's purse.

SIR TOBY *Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.*

SIR ANDREW *There's a*

Wait, wasn't there more money in here?

*testril of me too: if one knight give a--*

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

SIR TOBY *A love-song, a love-song.*

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

FESTE *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*

*O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,*

*That can sing both high and low:*

*That can sing both high and low:*

*Trip no further, pretty sweeting;*

*Journeys end in lovers meeting,*

*Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Every wise man's son doth know.*

SIR ANDREW *Excellent good, i' faith.*

SIR TOBY *Good, good.*

FESTE *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

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

SIR TOBY *A contagious breath.*

SIR ANDREW *Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.*

SIR TOBY *To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.*

For a moment, Sir Toby is off his element, and the Master of the Revels is spinning his wheels. Then he recovers.

*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, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.*

FESTE *By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.*  
SIR ANDREW *Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'*

"Freebird!" "Stairway To Heaven!"

FESTE *'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.*  
SIR ANDREW *'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave.*

You don't say.

*Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'*  
FESTE *I shall never begin if I hold my peace.*

Huh-huh-huh. He said 'hold my piece.'

SIR ANDREW *Good, i' faith. Come, begin.*

[Catch sung; this should be a loud sea shanty-like round, possibly with audience participation. The musicians are awakened and invited, conga-line style, inside the gates.]

*Hold thy peace, thou knave, (&etc.)*

[Enter Maria, horrified, in an evening gown, candlestick in hand.]

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 *My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.'*

Grabbing her and spinning her off her feet in a dance.

*Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?  
Tillyvally. Lady! 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,  
lady!'*

FESTE *Beshrew me, the knight's 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 *'O, the twelfth day of December,'--*  
MARIA *For the love o' God, peace!*

Enter Malvolio, possibly with a thunderbolt sound effect. Everything stops. The musicians freeze, then wilt, and slink back outside the gates, where they belong. Sir Andrew misses the cue to stop, and keeps jamming until he thinks to look back and see Malvolio staring at him.

MALVOLIO *My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye 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 *We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!*

The gauntlet is thrown. Sir Toby has had enough.

MALVOLIO *Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's 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 is thrown hardly at all. He walks out towards the musicians and grabs a drum.

SIR TOBY *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'*  
MARIA *Nay, good Sir Toby.*

Ixnay, ixnay...

FESTE *'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'*  
MALVOLIO *Is't even so?*  
SIR TOBY *'But I will never die.'*  
FESTE *Sir Toby, there you lie.*  
MALVOLIO *This is much credit to you.*  
SIR TOBY *'Shall I bid him go?'*  
FESTE *'What an if you do?'*  
SIR TOBY *'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'*  
FESTE *'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'*  
SIR TOBY *Out o' tune, sir: ye lie.*

If they had revolvers, Malvolio would already be dead. Not because it would be justified, but because Sir Toby's that kind of drunk.

*Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*

A formal challenge from a knight? Well, more like a shove from a drunk, but the danger is no less real. Time to defuse.

FESTE *Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'*

*the mouth too.*

SIR TOBY *Thou'rt i' the right.*

Right, right, right. I promised my niece: no disintegrations.

*Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!*

Considerable tension, here. He's asking Maria to stand with him instead of obeying the boss's orders.

MALVOLIO *Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Malvolio exits, but not too soon to miss the next line:]*

MARIA *Go shake your ears.*

At this, Sir Toby may hug her and swing her around – she's just represented on the home team's side, and you love her for it. She discovers she has a taste for being naughty. Feste, meanwhile, goes back to the musician's circle, pulls a blanket over his head, and goes back to trying to get some sleep.

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

SIR TOBY *Do't, 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 count's 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:*

Here and elsewhere, we see Maria starting to act on the suggestion of Feste's, initiating an awkward flirtation with Sir Toby. She's getting old, and she's alone, and she's more than a little scared. He first misses it because he's drunk, then misses it because he's uncomfortable with this sort of attention from a "buddy," then willfully misses it because he really doesn't want to admit that he's getting old, and alone, and scared too. They have a genuine love for each other, but it's filtered through a sad desperation, which must be dealt with first.

*I know I can do it.*

SIR TOBY *Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.*

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

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

Double take. Trying to instruct the boy: you actually need to have a point. Not just occasionally, but all the time.

SIR TOBY *What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?*

SIR ANDREW *I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.*

MARIA *The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing 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 *What wilt thou do?*

MARIA *I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.*

SIR TOBY *Excellent! I smell a device.*

SIR ANDREW *I have't in my nose too.*

SIR TOBY *He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.*

MARIA *My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.*

SIR ANDREW *And your horse now...*

Oh, wait, I've got it, Andrew make funny, wait, wait...

*would make him...*

Wait for it, oh, you're gonna LOVE this one

*an ass.*

Huh-huh-huh. Get it? Well, do you get it? I said ass. Feste wakes up and walks away from the music circle, leaving OSR with a glare to the noisy bunch as he goes to find someplace quieter to sleep.

MARIA *Ass, I doubt not.*

Shushing them, eyes nothing but apologetic, watching Feste leave.

SIR ANDREW *O, 'twill 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 he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed,*

With a wistful look OSR towards where Feste has gone. If she could only follow...

*and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit OSL.]*

SIR TOBY *Good night, Penthesilea.*

SIR ANDREW *Before me, she's a good wench.*

SIR TOBY *She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me:*

Life of Riley. Some guys got it, some guys don't.

*what o' that?*

SIR ANDREW *I was adored once too.*

Sir Andrew has exactly one line with which to redeem his character, and this is it. In this moment are all of the regrets of a lifetime of chances untaken and also of opportunities simply unavailable. For one brief, brief moment, we actually feel sorry for the poor son of a bitch.

SIR TOBY *Thou hadst need send for more money.*  
SIR ANDREW *If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.*  
SIR TOBY *Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.*  
SIR ANDREW *If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.*  
SIR TOBY *Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now:*

Dionysian revels usually don't stop until people have died from exhaustive partying.

*come, knight; come, knight. [They exit, OSL.]*

**SCENE 9** The street, the next day. Viola's mission reasserted. Light change to suggest midmorning. The musicians have crashed out. Their corner of the stage resembles a beach house or a con hotel room: limbs and pillows and blankets everywhere.

Enter Duke Orsino, Viola, Curio, and others, walking up to the music circle and greeting the musicians. The town has but one jukebox. As the Duke approaches, the musicians wake up, stretch, creak, and take their places.

DUKE ORSINO *Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends. Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, that old and antique song we heard last night: 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.*

Viola tries her best with one of the instruments from the circle (and possibly some of the verse), before Curio bails her out.

CURIO *He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.*  
ORSINO *Who was it?*  
CURIO *Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in.*

One of the musicians looks up and gestures OSR. Hm? What? The clown? Oh, he went thataway.

*He is about the house.*  
DUKE ORSINO *Seek him out, and play the tune the while.*

Exit Curio, OSR. Musicians play: an instrumental, tragic piece..

*Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, 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 *It gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throned.*  
DUKE ORSINO *Thou dost speak masterly: my life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves: hath it not, boy?*

Gentle, here. Her heart is being peeled like a piece of fruit.

VIOLA *A little, by your favour.*  
DUKE ORSINO *What kind of woman is't?*  
VIOLA *Of your complexion.*  
DUKE ORSINO *She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?*  
VIOLA *About your years, my lord.*  
DUKE ORSINO *Too old by heaven: let still the woman take an elder than herself: so wears she to him, 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.*

No argument here.

VIOLA *I think it well, my lord.*  
DUKE ORSINO *Then let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy affection cannot hold the bent; for women are as roses, whose fair flower being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.*

Winceful. So close, and yet so not.

VIOLA *And so they are: alas, that they are so; to die, even when they to perfection grow!*

[Re-enter Curio and Feste.]

DUKE 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 do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age.*

The problem with singing for this court is that you're never sure when Monsieur Love is done waxing poetic.

FESTE *Are you ready, sir?*  
DUKE ORSINO *Ay; prithee, sing.*

This song should be the saddest moment in the play; it winds up Orsino for all of the passion that follows.

FESTE *Come away, come away, death,  
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,  
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;  
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,  
To weep there!*

Orsino on the brink of tears; Viola barely holding on (if she starts crying, she won't stop, and the disguise will be ruined). Orsino has one chief objective in courting Olivia: he's terrified that this song's exact scenario will happen. He

doesn't want to die alone. For Viola, the sword is double-edged. Her brother didn't get a coffin (and, for the near future, has yet to receive a ceremony, burial or memorial) and her family name could very well die in infamy if she doesn't make it home, which is by no means certain. On top of that, her beloved is in agony but cannot receive the salve she would otherwise offer to him. She knows exactly how he feels, but there's nothing she can do about it.

DUKE ORSINO *There's for thy pains.*  
FESTE *No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.*  
DUKE ORSINO *I'll pay thy pleasure then.*  
FESTE *Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,*

Glancing at Viola, who's looking away: please don't blow my cover.

*one time or another.*  
DUKE ORSINO *Give me now leave to leave thee.*  
FESTE *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 every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.*

[Musicians take five and withdraw]

DUKE ORSINO *Let all the rest give place.*

[Curio and Attendants exit]

This scene is the heart of the play. It should build to a fever's pitch; Feste's song has them both on the brink of emotional collapse.

*Once more, Cesario, get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: tell her, my love, more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands; the parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; but 'tis that miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks her in attracts my soul.*  
VIOLA *But if she cannot love you, sir?*

The passion of a heart in tatters.

DUKE ORSINO *I cannot be so answer'd.*

Make that two hearts.

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; you tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?*  
DUKE ORSINO *There is no woman's sides can bide the beating of so strong a passion as love doth give my heart; no woman's heart so big, to hold so much; they lack retention.*

Beat of Viola's: Jerk.

*Alas, their love may be call'd 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 between that*

*love a woman can bear me and that I owe Olivia.*  
VIOLA *Ay, but I know—*

Rage. This is the breaking point. Can't Cesario see how much pain you're in? And how could a youth possibly understand this kind of grief?

DUKE ORSINO *What dost thou know?*

Barely flinching. You think you know pain, dearheart?

VIOLA *Too well what love women to men may owe: in faith, they are as true of heart as we.*

Fully tempted to reveal everything, but no. Pulling back a bit, reasserting the disguise.

*My father had a daughter loved a man,*

Starting to withdraw now. Hi, Doctor, I have this 'friend,' who has this rash...

*as it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.*  
DUKE ORSINO *And what's her history?*

Trying really hard to meet his eyes. Almost making it.

VIOLA *A blank, my lord. She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud 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 our shows are more than will; for still we prove much in our vows, but little in our love.*  
DUKE ORSINO *But died thy sister of her love, my boy?*

Carefully, a one-two punch:

VIOLA *I am all the daughters of my father's house,*

Glib. That was clever. But you outsmarted yourself: there's only one way to finish this sentence, and you can't do it without crying. Finally truly internalizing that you are completely alone, that your brother is dead. And Orsino's looking you in the eyes while you do it. Goddamnit. GodDAMNIt.

*and all the brothers too.*

Turning away, holding the locket around your neck as if it's burning your hand but you don't dare let it go or take it off.

*And yet I know not. Sir, shall I to this lady?*

Stunned. All of the fire gone, because poor Cesario seems to have borne the brunt of it, and you never meant to hurt him. Gently, possibly a shoulder hug while steering him towards Olivia's court...

DUKE ORSINO *Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, my love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exit in different directions]*

SCENE 10 OLIVIA's garden. The gulling of Malvolio.

[Sir Toby and Fabian walk up out of the audience.]

SIR TOBY *Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.*  
FABIAN *Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.*  
SIR TOBY *Wouldst thou not be glad to have the rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?*  
FABIAN *I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.*  
SIR TOBY *To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?*

Calling out: where the hell has the sprat gone now?  
Revealed: Sir Andrew is already hidden behind a bush.

SIR ANDREW *An we do not, it is pity of our lives.*  
SIR TOBY *Here comes the little villain. [Enter Maria.] How now, my metal of India!*  
MARIA *Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour:*

Malvolio is indeed walking up the center aisle, slowly, talking and gesturing to himself in a very self-important way.

*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! Lie thou there, [Throws down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit OSR]*  
[Enter Malvolio, out of the audience.] MALVOLIO *'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 any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?*  
SIR TOBY *Here's an overweening rogue!*  
FABIAN *O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!*  
SIR ANDREW *'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!*

Standing up, then pulled down and shushed by Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY *Peace, I say.*  
MALVOLIO *To be Count Malvolio!*  
SIR TOBY *Ah, rogue!*  
SIR ANDREW *Pistol him, pistol him.*

Again, choking at Sir Toby's bit, who holds him back.

SIR TOBY *Peace, peace!*  
MALVOLIO *There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.*  
SIR ANDREW *Fie on him, Jezebel!*  
FABIAN *O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.*  
MALVOLIO *Having been three months married to her,*

*sitting in my state,--*

Now it gets personal. Sir Andrew was just getting pissy at the thought of being outranked by Malvolio; once his niece's honor comes into it, Sir Toby goes from being the restrainer to being the one who needs restraints.

SIR TOBY *O, 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 day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,--*

The very thought captivates you. A moment of reverie.

SIR TOBY *Fire and brimstone!*

Almost standing up, then pulled down and hushed by Fabian.

FABIAN *O, peace, peace!*  
MALVOLIO *And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to for my kinsman Toby,--*  
SIR TOBY *Bolts and shackles!*

Again, barely shushed by Fabian.

FABIAN *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 my--some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,--*  
SIR TOBY *Shall this fellow live?*  
FABIAN *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 control,--*  
SIR TOBY *And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?*  
MALVOLIO *Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'--*  
SIR TOBY *What, what?*  
MALVOLIO *'You must amend your drunkenness.'*  
SIR TOBY *Out, scab!*  
FABIAN *Nay, patience,*

It takes both he and Sir Andrew at each arm to barely hold him back. Sir Toby should successfully drag the two of them out a few feet, before relenting and getting dragged back away.

*or we break the sinews of our plot.*  
MALVOLIO *'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'--*

Fabian is pulling and Sir Andrew is pushing, and they just get Sir Toby back when Sir Andrew hears this. He pokes his head back out. Sir Toby, suddenly unrestrained from the front, nearly topples him.

SIR ANDREW *That's me, I warrant you.*  
MALVOLIO *'One Sir Andrew,'--*  
SIR ANDREW *I knew 'twas I; for many do call me*

fool.

MALVOLIO *What employment have we here?*

[Taking up the letter]

FABIAN *Now is the woodcock near the gin.*

SIR TOBY *O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!*

MALVOLIO *By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.*

SIR ANDREW *Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?*

Sir Toby swings on Sir Andrew, grabbing him by the back of the neck. Whatever magical shut-up button Sir Toby has, he uses it now. Sir Andrew doesn't speak again in this scene without implicitly following behind Sir Toby. His tail has been chopped by the alpha male.

MALVOLIO *'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes: '--her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?'*

FABIAN *This wins him, liver and all.*

MALVOLIO *'Jove knows I love: But who? Lips, do not move; No man must know'. 'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?'*

SIR TOBY *Marry, hang thee, brock!*

MALVOLIO *'I may command where I adore; But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: M, O, A, I, doth sway my life'.*

FABIAN *A fustian riddle!*

SIR TOBY *Excellent wench, say I.*

MALVOLIO *'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.*

FABIAN *What dish o' poison has she dressed him!*

SIR TOBY *And with what wing the staniel cheques at it!*

MALVOLIO *'I may command where I adore.' 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 end,--what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,--Softly! M, O, A, I,--*

SIR TOBY *O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.*

FABIAN *Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.*

MALVOLIO *M,--Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.*

FABIAN *Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.*

MALVOLIO *M,--but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation A should follow but O does.*

FABIAN *And O shall end, I hope.*

SIR TOBY *Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!*

MALVOLIO *And then I comes behind.*

FABIAN *Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.*

MALVOLIO *M, O, A, I;*

Moh-ay? Mu-ah? Mwah?

*this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little,*

Double pun: crushing grapes into wine and crumpling the paper as if to rearrange the letters there into something else.

*it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!*

Looking left, then looking right, then holding your breath as you break the seal on the envelope and take out the letter itself.

*here follows prose. 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve.*

Take it literally and look behind you. Nope, nothing here but us topiary animals.

*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 desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still,*

Exuberance, here. This is the magic bullet.

*the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.' Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open.*

Epiphany. Each one of these moments gives you a thrill you didn't think you would experience in your adult life.

*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.*

Another epiphany. It's Christmas Day! I didn't miss it!

*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.*

Another epiphany. The spirits did it all in one night!

*I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!*

Starting another epiphany, and then...

*Here is yet a postscript.*

*'Thou 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.'*

*Jove, I thank thee: I will smile;*

Wednesday Addams moment. He's never actually smiled before, and he doesn't know how to do it. Creepy.

*I will do everything that thou wilt have me.* [Exit out into the audience, practically skipping.]

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian emerge, laughing to the point of tears.

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

SIR TOBY *I could marry this wench for this device.*

SIR ANDREW *So could I too.*

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

SIR ANDREW *Nor I neither.*

FABIAN *Here comes my noble gull-catcher.*

[Re-enter Maria.]

SIR TOBY *Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?*

SIR ANDREW *Or o' mine either?*

SIR TOBY *Shall I play my freedom at traytrip, and become thy bond-slave?*

SIR ANDREW *I' faith, or I either?*

SIR TOBY *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 *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 'tis a colour 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 *To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!*

SIR ANDREW *I'll make one too.* [Exit]

### Intermission

SCENE 11 OLIVIA's garden. Cupid, you pestulant twerp, part II. Viola returns, under duress, to Olivia's household.

Interlude: More jamming of the musicians. Viola walks up out of the audience and tosses a coin in Feste's bag.

VIOLA *Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?*

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

VIOLA *Art thou a churchman?*

Pull the other one, it plays "Hey Nonny Nonny."

FESTE *No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.*

Music: rim-shot.

VIOLA *So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.*

To the musicians: Well? What? Don't I get a rim-shot too?

FESTE *You have said, sir.*

Amateurs.

*To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!*

Your fly is open. Made you look. [Actually, Viola quite nervous at this: what? Am I missing something? Is this not how you wear these breeches? What? Help me out here.]

VIOLA *Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.*

FESTE *I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.*

VIOLA *Why, man?*

FESTE *Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.*

VIOLA *Thy reason, man?*

Look, only the first pun's free. I gotta make a living here.

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

The cab light says "Off Duty" for a reason. Beat it.

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

FESTE *Not so, sir, I do care for something;*

Feste's every "sir" is a sarcastic slap. Yeah, you're such a guy. Boy, what a guy you are. Whoa. What utter guy-ness.

*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.*

At this, a very matador-like gesture to the musicians. You know, invisible. Like if I were to cover a woman with a cloak to hide her from the soldiers. Hypothetically speaking. And all that.

VIOLA *Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?*

FESTE *No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her*

fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA *I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.*

Look, I'm running short on allies and I really don't need any more enemies. I could really use a friend right about now. How about it?

FESTE *Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. 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's expenses for thee.*

It's about damn time. That's more like it. Okay, NOW I'm on duty. Let's see, what do we have to work with here... Whoa. *That's* the best disguise you could come up with?

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

Pulling her close, holding her by the chin, looking her over. The teasing is going a little too far: okay, you know, and I know you know, and you know I know you know ... but it's not like I have much of a choice here.

VIOLA *By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin.*

Look, mate. You have your disguises, and I have mine. Can we just leave it at that?

*Is thy lady within?*

FESTE *Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?*

VIOLA *Yes, being kept together and put to use.*

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

VIOLA *I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.*

Okay, fine. Here, I'll give you *two* Canadian pennies.

FESTE *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 are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [Exit]*

VIOLA *This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; and to do that well craves a kind of wit: he must observe their mood on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time, and, like the haggard, cheque at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practise as full of labour as a wise man's art for folly that he wisely shows is fit; but wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.*

Sir Toby and Sir Andrew enter from OS. No wonder almost every suit from Orsino has been unsuccessful: the entire household apparently spends their afternoons playing gatekeeper.

SIR TOBY *Save you, gentleman.*

VIOLA *And you, sir.*

SIR ANDREW *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Mu-ha-ha. Top that, Mr. would-be suitor-man.

VIOLA *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Oh crap. Double take, and back to the phrasebook. He's one

of them bi-linguists.

SIR ANDREW *I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.*

I know you are but what am I?

SIR TOBY *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 *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.*

I am so homesick I want to scream. Messaline may be dull, but at least I know what all the words mean over there.

SIR TOBY *I mean, to go, sir, to enter.*

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

Olivia and Maria enter, the latter carrying a tea set. Olivia is transformed: makeup, colorful clothing, the whole nine yards. The effect is a little scary, that of a little girl playing with her mom's makeup for the first time; she's not really experienced with the whole being-sexy thing and she's desperate to get it right.

*Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!*

SIR ANDREW *That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.*

VIOLA *My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.*

I'm having a *really* bad morning. Can we dump your fan club?

SIR ANDREW *'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em all three all ready.*

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

Sir Toby curtsies and leaves; Sir Andrew lollygags a little longer, hoping to be invited to sit as well. Maria pours the tea, and then leaves as well, coming back to yank Sir Andrew by the collar and out the door.

*Give me your hand, sir.*

VIOLA *My duty, madam, and most humble service.*

OLIVIA *What is your name?*

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

OLIVIA *My servant, sir!*

Don't tease.

*'Twas never merry world since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: you're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.*

VIOLA *And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servant's servant is your servant, madam.*

OLIVIA *For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!*

VIOLA *Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts*

Really? You mean it?

on his behalf.

Utterly deflated. Oh. For him, and not for you. Damn.

OLIVIA *O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him: but, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that than music from the spheres.*

Oy-vey. Could you make this any harder?

VIOLA *Dear lady,--*

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 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?*

Selling, and selling hard. Don't make me beg. I mean, I'm prepared to do that too, but it's just so unladylike.

*Have you not set mine honour at the stake 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, hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.*

Gentle, but firm. Lie to her you cannot.

VIOLA *I pity you.*

Not quite what I was hoping for, but I'll take it.

OLIVIA *That's a degree to love.*

VIOLA *No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof, that very oft we pity enemies.*

Handing back the ring. Quite the blow, all things considered. She was raised to think she was God's gift to men, and the Count has adored her for some time now. Wait, what's this "no" nonsense?

OLIVIA *Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.*

This is the cruelty of your fate: you don't really think you know what love is, but you know you don't feel it for Orsino. You think you might know what it is, if it's what you feel for Cesario. But he doesn't love you. Maybe being a nun wouldn't be as bad as you'd originally thought.

*O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better to fall before the lion than the wolf! [SOUND: Clock strikes] The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.*

Suddenly aware of the implications of the wide gulf of physical distance Cesario's kept between you. Gods, he thinks I'm hideous and he's afraid I'm going to touch him.

*Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: and yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, your wife is alike to reap a proper man:*

Looking into his eyes, you realize that looking into his eyes

again was a terrible mistake.

*there lies your way, due west.*  
VIOLA *Then westward-ho!*

It's been fun, but I gotta go. You know. Obligations elsewhere, and all that. Oh yeah, and thanks and stuff.

*Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!*

Ready to bolt, then hesitantly turning back for one more salvo. This is probably a mistake, but I made a promise...

*You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?*

Staying a moment facing her back out of duty to Orsino, then beating feet the hell out of there. That was bad, but it could have been worse. Almost out of the spider's lair...

OLIVIA *Stay:*

Almost.

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

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

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

Lady, you have no idea.

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

OLIVIA *I would you were as I would have you be!*

VIOLA *Would it be better, madam, than I am?*

*I wish it might, for now I am your fool.*

Suddenly, she is Pepe Le Peu and you are the cat with the misfortune to wind up with a white streak of paint on your ba

OLIVIA *O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honour, truth and every thing, I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.*

Grabbing onto his leg, to be dragged along as he attempts to walk away.

*Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, for that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause, but rather reason thus with reason fetter, love sought is good, but given unsought better.*

Possibly kissing him, or reaching up to grab his head and thrust it into your cleavage. As he pulls away, throw your head against his chest. Whoa, what pecs.

VIOLA *By innocence I swear, and by my youth I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,*

Grabbing both her hands, pulling her up and looking her in the eyes.

*and that no woman has; nor never none shall mistress be of it, save I alone. And so adieu, good madam:*

Up and out. Yes, she looks pathetic left there alone, but just

get out and do not look back. Down into the audience...

*never more will I my master's tears to you deplore.*  
OLIVIA *Yet come again;*

Damnit. What the hell do I have to do to get fired from this job?

*for thou perhaps mayst move that heart, which now  
abhors, to like his love.*

Viola finishes crossing out into the audience, Olivia back into the house OSL. Neither is in a good way at the moment.

**SCENE 12** OLIVIA's house. Sir Andrew gets talked back into sticking around.

Sir Andrew enters, with bags haphazardly packed full of every dilettante's most treasured items: a cricket bat, a few croquet mallets, a pool cue, a set of golf clubs, (we may, for the sake of easy props acquisition, go ahead and use some anachronisms traded for authenticity: yo-yos, frisbees, etc.). The bags are leaking all of the trappings of colonial affluence. Pursued by Sir Toby and Fabian, who pick up the droppings as Andrew attempts to storm out into the audience.

SIR ANDREW *No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.*  
SIR TOBY *Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.*  
FABIAN *You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.*

As Sir Andrew continues to drop things, Sir Toby and Fabian pick them up and pile them on top of Sir Andrew's arms, which only causes him to drop even more things.

SIR ANDREW *Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.*  
SIR TOBY *Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.*  
SIR ANDREW *As plain as I see you now.*

The stuff, at this point, should be piled over his face so he in fact *can't* see them.

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

An arm on his shoulder, since he can't see where he's going, guiding him gently in a circle... back the way he came. Finally, the armloads of stuff collapse, and Sir Andrew realizes he's been going the wrong way.

SIR ANDREW *'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?*  
FABIAN *I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.*  
SIR TOBY *And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.*

This next bit as Andrew, on the ground, stacks and piles the gear and repacks his bags to storm off once more.

FABIAN *She did show favour to the youth in your*

*sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, 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.*

Sir Toby, meanwhile, is biting his lip to keep from laughing. He's good at coming up with the jests, but doesn't have Fabian's gift at prolonged shoveling.

*This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt 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 valour or policy.*

SIR ANDREW *An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.*

A shared oy-vey moment between Sir Toby and Fabian. Tag me out, would you? I'm getting worn out here.

SIR TOBY *Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's 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 man's commendation with woman than report of valour.*

FABIAN *There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.*

SIR ANDREW *Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?*

As he stands, picking up his gear and piling it on once more, (which seems to go much easier this time, almost as if Sir Toby and Fabian had been intentionally piling the gear to fall before), this time pushing him back into the house.

SIR TOBY *Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and fun of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thou'st 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 *Where shall I find you?*

SIR TOBY *We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go. [Sir Andrew retreats into the house.]*

FABIAN *This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.*

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

FABIAN *We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?*

SIR TOBY *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.*

SIR TOBY *Look, where the youngest wren of nine*

comes.

Enter Maria, hyperventilating, with tears in her eyes, holding her sides: she's been laughing full-tilt for several minutes straight.

MARIA *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.*

Taking a breath, finally: this next is singsong, victorious.

*He's in yellow stockings.*

SIR TOBY *And cross-gartered?*

MARIA *Most villanously; 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 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.*

SIR TOBY *Come, bring us, bring us where he is.*

[Exit into the house.]

**SCENE 13** The street. Antonio crosses behind the lines for Sebastian's sake, and they part company. For an hour. What could possibly go wrong?

[Enter Sebastian, followed by 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, 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 skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, 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, and thanks;*

A bit awkward, because he's not used to having no purse to requite favors with. Is this really how normal people express gratitude? How does anything get done without bribes?

*and ever oft good turns are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: but, were my worth as is my conscience firm, you should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?*

ANTONIO *To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.*

SEBASTIAN *I am not weary, and 'tis long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown this city.*

There won't be a multiplex built in these parts for more than a century. Poor bastards.

ANTONIO *Would you'd pardon me; 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 answer'd.*

SEBASTIAN *Belike you slew great number of his people.*

ANTONIO *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, here's my purse. 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 *Haply your eye shall light upon some toy you have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.*

Point to his feet, still bare, and possibly his threadbare clothing. Go by some shoes, would you? [The plot point of Antonio's purse is a seriously contrived moment; Sebastian's bare feet give us a reasonable purpose for it.]

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

ANTONIO *To the Elephant.*

SEBASTIAN *I do remember. [Exit]*

**SCENE 14a** OLIVIA's garden. Malvolio's affliction revealed.

[Olivia trying to fix her hair and makeup, looking in a {PROP: mirror} mirror Maria holds, in a frenzy of junior prom proportions.]

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 begg'd 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's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.*

Genuine concern here. If you were in a city, an infection could be easily treated: in the wilderness it can kill. Possession is nothing to sneeze at, given that there's neither mission nor hospital out here in the boonies. He's one of the only male authorities you have left, so you really can't afford to lose him, as difficult as he is sometimes.

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

MARIA *No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.*

OLIVIA *Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.]*

*I am as mad as he, if sad and merry madness equal be.*

[Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.]

*How now, Malvolio!*

MALVOLIO *Sweet lady, ho, ho.*

The grin of, quite literally, a predator. Eek.

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*

From underneath the robe comes, indeed, the cross-garters.

*cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'*

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.*

Pun: roamin' hand. Nowhere too ingracious, but quite out of character (perhaps simply down her arm as he kisses her hand).

OLIVIA *Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?*

Roger Rabbit time. Jaw to the ground, Tongue to the floor. If it's this easy, what the hell has he been waiting for?

MALVOLIO *To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.*

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

MARIA *How do you, Malvolio?*

You've been staying out of it and biting your lip to keep from laughing, but now things are getting a little too frisky. Best to step in and nudge things along.

MALVOLIO *At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws*

MARIA *Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?*

MALVOLIO *'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.*

And will you please dismiss your attendant so we can get busy?

OLIVIA *What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?*

MALVOLIO *'Some are born great,'--*

OLIVIA *Ha!*

MALVOLIO *'Some achieve greatness,'--*

OLIVIA *What sayest thou?*

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

Wink wink nudge nudge say no more say no more.

OLIVIA *Heaven restore thee!*

MALVOLIO *'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--*

OLIVIA *Thy yellow stockings!*

MALVOLIO *'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'*

OLIVIA *Cross-gartered!*

MALVOLIO *'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'*--

OLIVIA *Am I made?*

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

OLIVIA *Why, this is very midsummer madness.*

[Enter Feste.]

FESTE *Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.*

OLIVIA *I'll come to him. [Feste exits.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.*

[Exit Olivia and Maria.]

MALVOLIO *O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.*

Pulling out the now well-worn, dog-eared letter.

*'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;*

Eww.

*but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow!*

Utterly triumphant. Fellow! Whoa!

*not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance--What can be said?*

"I know not what," perhaps. Literally blithering, now, and running out of metaphors.

*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.*

**SCENE 14b** Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria confront Malvolio and Sir Andrew presents his challenge for Cesario.

[Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian. None of them are able to keep a straight face longer than each of their lines, and most of the longer ones require biting their lips at least once.]

SIR TOBY *Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.*

FABIAN *Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?*

MALVOLIO *Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my*

*private: go off.*

MARIA *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 *Ah, ha! does she so?*

SIR TOBY *Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil!*

**SOUND:** churchbell, as Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria all hold up crosses.

*consider, he's an enemy to mankind.*

MALVOLIO *Do you know what you say?*

MARIA *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 wise woman.*

**Eww.** You carry it, I'm not gonna carry it. Let's get Mikey!

MARIA *Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.*

MALVOLIO *How now, mistress!*

MARIA *O Lord!*

**Losing it, and ducking behind Sir Toby in "fear."**

SIR TOBY *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 *Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?*

MALVOLIO *Sir!*

SIR TOBY *Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!*

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

MALVOLIO *My prayers, minx!*

MARIA *No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.*

MALVOLIO *Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit]*

**They've been holding it in a good while, and now they have a chance to let it out. The trio collapses with laughter.**

SIR TOBY *Is't possible?*

FABIAN *If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.*

**Beat:** naah.

SIR TOBY *His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.*

MARIA *Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.*

FABIAN *Why, we shall make him mad indeed.*

MARIA *The house will be the quieter.*

SIR TOBY *Come,*

**Contemplating the cross...**

*we'll have him in a dark room and bound.*

Fabian and Maria double-take. Whoa. We were just having fun with him. You're talking about assault and kidnapping. [Actually, for missionaries in a colonial province, this would be standard operating procedure for a possession; it's the gag with the crosses that gave Toby the idea.] Toby presses on. If his honor is going to be questioned by a steward, he's bloody well going to have his revenge.

*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.*

Maria's suddenly not sure she wants the honor. Oh good, you mean when they ask you who did this to him you'll be pointing at me?

*But see, but see.*

[Enter Sir Andrew out of the audience, filled with braggadocio.]

FABIAN *More matter for a May morning.*

SIR ANDREW *Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.*

FABIAN *Is't so saucy?*

SIR ANDREW *Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.*

You are George W's press secretary, and you've got to grammar-check his latest speech. You lucky bastard.

SIR TOBY *Give me. 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'*

FABIAN *Good, and valiant.*

At each of these turns, Sir Toby is agog with fatigue at his apprentice's bad argument, syntax, spelling and grammar, but it's Fabian who presses on with the jest.

SIR TOBY *'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'*

FABIAN *A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.*

SIR TOBY *'Thou 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 sense*

**Not.**

*--less.*

SIR TOBY

*'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'--*

FABIAN *Good.*

**Yeah, do us all a favor.**

SIR TOBY *'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'*

FABIAN *Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.*

SIR TOBY *'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

Read this as though even the spelling of his name is wrong.

ANDREW AGUECHEEK. *'If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.*

MARIA *You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.*

SIR TOBY *Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard like a bum-bail: 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.*

Punching him in the arm, which causes Sir Andrew to wince. Sir Toby rolls his eyes: this last bit as much in genuine disgust as feigned enthusiasm.

*Away!*

SIR ANDREW *Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit back into the audience, rubbing his sore arm, preening like a rooster.]*

SIR TOBY *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 ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole.*

Tearing up the letter, pondering for a moment, and then back to the sly jester we've come to know.

*But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.*

[Re-enter Viola, with Olivia close behind.]

FABIAN *Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.*

SIR TOBY *I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.*

[Maria takes up her position as Olivia's attendant, as Fabian and Sir Toby set themselves down by the musicians.]

**SCENE 14c** The duel between Cesario and Andrew; the duel between Andrew and Antonio; the arrest of Antonio. Regarding the honor at question and the combat in this and the following scenes: essentially, knights have certain obligations regarding how they are

to draw upon others, and public brawling is forbidden by edict. Fabian and Sir Toby are able to put swords into the hands of Sir Andrew and Cesario and push them together into a fight without calling honor into question, because they aren't going to really fight and they didn't actually challenge each other. When Antonio takes Viola's sword and speaks a challenge to Sir Andrew and when Sebastian draws upon Sir Andrew in 15, it's a far different matter: Sir Toby *must* step in and fight for Andrew.

OLIVIA *I have said too much unto a heart of stone and laid mine honour too unchary out: there's something in me that reproves my fault; but such a headstrong potent fault it is, that it but mocks reproof.*  
VIOLA *With the same 'havior that your passion bears goes on my master's grief.*

Trying really, really hard to find a way out of this. If you could just deflect the passion she has for you towards him, you would... well, you would really mess up your own heart. Talk about a lose-lose scenario.

OLIVIA *Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;*

She puts another [PROP: locket] picture on a necklace over Viola's head, then takes a moment to contemplate the second locket around her neck. Who, damnit? Who else claims your heart? Viola turns away, again, to leave into the audience.

*and I beseech you come again to-morrow.*

Viola turning back to Olivia out of sheer frustration, her eyes frantic and searching, looking everywhere but at her.

*What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, that honour saved may upon asking give?*

VIOLA *Nothing but this; your true love for my master.*

OLIVIA *How with mine honour may I give him that which I have given to you?*

VIOLA *I will acquit you.*

OLIVIA *Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well: a fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit, in tears, with Maria.]*

[Viola starts to finally cross into the audience, holding her head like a stunned monkey (*why, God, why?*) when she's intercepted by Sir Toby and Fabian, coming out of the music circle.]

SIR TOBY *Gentleman, God save thee.*

What? Oh. Yeah. Right. Me. The gentleman. What a great idea that was. What the hell was I thinking?

VIOLA *And you, sir.*

Music: military cadence on the drum(s), as ominous as possible. A heartbeat that gets ever faster as Fabian and Sir Toby turn up the tension; each cross of theirs between the "combatants" should be that much faster than the one before.

SIR TOBY *That defence thou hast, betake thee to't:*

For this next bit, Sir Toby and Fabian keep trying to dress Viola in a fencing jacket and mask and gloves, and she keeps fighting them and taking the garb off: if she doesn't put on the armor they can't really ask her to fight. Once the fight starts to sound truly inevitable, she reverses, and spends her energy putting on the jacket and gear and making sure every seam is sealed properly.

*of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end:*

At this, Sir Andrew steps up onto the furthest riser in the middle of the audience, and, as he was instructed by Sir Toby, draws and swears horribly. Actually, he swears, ["DAMNIT!"], tries to draw, gets his sword stuck in his scabbard, and then ends up swearing even more horribly as he tries to extricate himself. ["Damn it damn it DAMNIT damn it DAMNIT!"] Fabian goes out to help Sir Andrew free himself.

*dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful 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 offence done to any man.*

SIR TOBY *You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.*

VIOLA *I pray you, sir, what is he?*

SIR TOBY *He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he 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; give't or take't.*

VIOLA *I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.*

SIR TOBY *Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.*

Her fencing jacket has been put on over her scabbard, and now she can't get her sword out. Sir Toby tries to help, but gets poked by the scabbard in the process, a moment alluded to in his next line.

VIOLA *This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*

SIR TOBY *I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.*

Sir Toby exits into the audience, passing Fabian on the way back. Their movements are slow and formal and ritualistic, until they get near each other, at which point the façade drops for a moment until they reassert their straight faces.

VIOLA *Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?*

FABIAN *I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; 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 valour.*

Albeit he doesn't look frightening as much as he's just plain scary, in a street preacher sort of way.

*He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, 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 *I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.*

Again, Sir Toby and Fabian swap places, perhaps with a stifled laugh as they pass, then formally clearing their throats and proceeding to the other position.

SIR TOBY *Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in 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't, I'll not meddle with him.*

SIR TOBY *Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.*

Actually, Fabian can scarce keep her from running away. A grab by both arms, swinging her around and forward onto the duel line. Stark, raving terror on Viola's face, perhaps the catatonia of shock as well.

SIR ANDREW *Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.*

SIR TOBY *I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.*

Again, they switch places, slowly and formally.

*I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.*

FABIAN *He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.*

As Fabian reaches Andrew, it's Andrew who attempts to run away, and Fabian must grab him and turn him about as well.

SIR TOBY *There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with*

*you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw,*

Actually, (and this is a technicality which makes all the difference), it's Sir Toby that draws the sword, puts it in her hand, and points her towards Sir Andrew.

*for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.*

VIOLA *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 *Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it:*

Again, Sir Toby is the one to draw the sword, put it in his hand, and point him towards Cesario. He can swear before a judge later, if he has to, that this wasn't actually a duel. Technically, it wasn't.

*but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.*

SIR ANDREW *Pray God, he keep his oath!*

VIOLA *I do assure you, 'tis against my will.*

[Sir Toby starts the fight by crossing their swords and also serves as referee. A comic battle ensues in which no blow lands where it is meant but many which are accidental find their marks. Neither combatant is punctured or sliced in the process.]

[Enter Antonio, calling out of the audience.]

ANTONIO *Put up your sword.*

Taking Viola's sword and stepping between her and Sir Andrew. I was afraid this might happen. At least I'm not too late to save Sebastian from being stabbed.

*If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me: if you offend him, I for him defy you.*

SIR TOBY *You, sir!*

Stepping in front of Sir Andrew just as Antonio stands in front of Cesario.

*why, what are you?*

ANTONIO *One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more than you have heard him brag to you he will.*

SIR TOBY *Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.*

Sir Toby takes Sir Andrew's sword, and starts a rather rash fight with Antonio. This fight is different because they actually have a chance of hurting one another.

[Enter Officers]

FABIAN *O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.*

SIR TOBY *I'll be with you anon.*

Sir Toby and Antonio drop the swords on the ground. [Unless the soldiers and Antonio all happen to be played by

combatants, in which case Antonio might just go ahead and try to fight his way to freedom with Viola's sword until being subdued.] Sword fight? What sword fight?

VIOLA *Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.*

SIR ANDREW *Marry, will I, sir;*

They pick up the swords, realize they have the wrong ones, trade them, and sheath them.

*and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.*

Double take. He who? What rains well? Huh?

First Officer *This is the man; do thy office.*

Second Officer *Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.*

ANTONIO *You do mistake me, sir.*

First Officer *No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, though now you have no sea-cap on your head.*

Antonio is shackled.

*Take him away: he knows I know him well.*

ANTONIO *I must obey. This comes with seeking you:*

Checking behind her. Me? Who are you?

*but there's no remedy; I shall answer it.*

Hint, thud, hint. This is the part where you speak up and help me? Hello?

*What will you do?*

Hint, hint, thud, hint, thud thud thud. Okay, fine, make me come out and say it.

*Now my necessity makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; but be of comfort.*

Second Officer *Come, sir, away.*

ANTONIO *I must entreat of you some of that money.*

VIOLA *What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, and, part, being prompted by your present trouble, out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you:*

Spilling some coins into her hand.

*hold, there's half my coffer.*

ANTONIO *Will you deny me now?*

Knocking her hand away, spilling the coins.

*Is't possible that my deserts to you can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, lest that it make me so unsound a man as to upbraid you with those kindnesses that I have done for you.*

VIOLA *I know of none; nor know I you by voice or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, or any taint of vice*

*whose strong corruption inhabits our frail blood.*

ANTONIO *O heavens themselves!*

Second Officer *Come, sir, I pray you, go.*

ANTONIO *Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, relieved him with such sanctity of love, and to his image, which methought did promise most venerable worth, did I devotion.*

First Officer *What's that to us? The time goes by: away!*

ANTONIO *But O how vile an idol proves this god thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be call'd deform'd but the unkind: virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.*

First Officer *The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.*

Finally crushed: the fight has left you.

ANTONIO *Lead me on. [Exit with Officers into the audience.]*

VIOLA *Methinks his words do from such passion fly, that he believes himself: so do not I. Prove true, imagination, o, prove true, that I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!*

SIR TOBY *Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.*

They withdraw into a huddle.

VIOLA *He named Sebastian: I my brother know yet living in my glass; even such and so in favour was my brother, and he went still in this fashion, colour, ornament, for him I imitate: O, if it prove, tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit into audience.]*

SIR TOBY *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 *A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.*

SIR ANDREW *'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.*

SIR TOBY *Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.*

Andrew may be a fool, but he's still a knight, and a challenge is a challenge. If Sir Toby and Fabian put swords in their hands and push them into an arena, it's a game and they get to laugh about it and then go out for drinks afterwards. If one of them actually draws on the other, it's a formal challenge and someone has to die.

SIR ANDREW *An I do not,--*

FABIAN *Come, let's see the event.*

SIR TOBY *I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [They follow them into the audience.]*

**SCENE 15** Before OLIVIA's house. Hijinx ensue.

Sebastian enters, pursued by Feste.

FESTE *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.*

FESTE *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.*

Nice going, kid, you almost have me believing that you're a guy this time. You're getting the hang of this.

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

FESTE *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*

A missed jest, since it's not Viola: you know, take off that disguise I saw you decide to wear.

*and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?*

SEBASTIAN *I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.*

FESTE *By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report--after fourteen years' purchase.*

Sir Andrew quicksteps up to them out of the audience, possibly with an 'Oh-HO!,' with Sir Toby and Fabian following close behind.

SIR ANDREW *Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.*

An effeminate backhand which is more a flick than a smack.

SEBASTIAN *Why, there's for thee,*

You're outnumbered and they've got the home team advantage, so the moves are non-lethal but quick and painful and disabling. First principles of street combat: eliminate the threat in a way that shows his friends you mean business, and take away the assailant's will to fight.

*and there, and there. Are all the people mad?*

Stepping in to hold Cesario's wrist at the hilt of his sword before he can draw. A nod to Fabian: get in front of Andrew and help me keep the two of them apart. Okay, stop that's enough, the game's over. The youth's in no mood to play anymore, fine, we expected this eventually – so it's time to step in and buy the first round of drinks and defuse the situation as soon as possible.

SIR TOBY *Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.*

FESTE *This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.*

Exit, and quickly: in spite of all of your teasing you like the youth, and since you were first responsible for bringing her

out of danger, you're honor-bound to see her safely delivered from this latest mishap. Even if she doesn't seem to be in the mood to play with you right now, and even if she does seem to be holding her own in this brawl, two knights against one woman is hardly a fair fight.

SIR TOBY *Come on, sir; hold.*

SIR ANDREW *Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.*

SEBASTIAN *Let go thy hand.*

SIR TOBY *Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron:*

Realizing the youth seems to have grown an extra foot and somehow seems to have put on some muscle in the last ten minutes.

*you are well fleshed; come on.*

SEBASTIAN *I will be free from thee.*

Pulling free from Sir Toby, in a surprising show of strength considering how frail the youth seemed earlier. Drawing, with none of the nervousness they saw before.

*What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.*

Damn. You *really* didn't want this to turn into an actual duel, because the stakes are now much, much higher. Drawing, considerably less sure of yourself than before.

SIR TOBY *What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.*

This isn't how the game was supposed to play out. The youth's supposed to be scared of them. What the hell? A few phrases of fight, enough for Sir Toby to begin to lose, and lose badly.

OLIVIA *Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!*

Possibly smacking the sword out of his hand and then smacking him across the face, a blow the knight could requite from anyone other than a female family member. [Still, it does end the fight honorably for the Lady of the house to take his sword and halt the proceedings, a *deus ex machina* card Sir Toby is unbelievably lucky to have been dealt.]

SIR TOBY *Madam!*

OLIVIA *Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!*

Sir Toby, deflated, turns and walks out. Definitely out of sorts but also quite relieved: you were losing the fight and if Olivia hadn't intervened, you were probably going to be killed. Over a joke. And with the relief, there is considerable shame: there was a time when you wouldn't have needed a woman's help to survive a fight. Soul-searching time. What the hell have you done to yourself and why the hell have you done it? God, you want a drink. But you've got a sneaking suspicion you very definitely

shouldn't have one.

*Be not offended, dear Cesario.*

Sebastian is perplexed. He's used to babes throwing themselves at him, but never quite so literally. Who's Cesario? Mmm, she smells nice.

*Rudesby, be gone!*

To Sir Andrew, who's lollygaging in a "see, didn't I tell you she favored the youth?" kind of way.

*I prithee, gentle friend, let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway in this uncivil and thou unjust extent against thy peace. Go with me to my house, and hear thou there how many fruitless pranks this ruffian hath botch'd 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 *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'ldst be ruled by me!*

SEBASTIAN *Madam, I will*

OLIVIA *O, say so, and so be!*

[They exit together. Lights out, and the garden set is switched for a prison set (the garden tresses are reversed, and are now prison bars). As the daughter of a colonial power, Olivia's property would very likely contain some sort of locked dungeon like this, and probably a guillotine or public stocks. Olivia's temperament suggests that she would have done away with the more gruesome accoutrements, but the room remains, now serving double duty as a coal cellar.]

**SCENE 16** OLIVIA's house. Visiting Malvolio the lunatic.

Maria enters, with a costume bundle in her hands, and walks over to Feste, who again emerges from the musician's circle, and hands him the garb.

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. [She exits.]*

Setting the bauble down by sticking it inside the bag of tricks...

FESTE *Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.*

Putting on the gown and the beard and the hat (a Father Guido Sarducci costume, essentially), you pick the bauble back up out of the bag, [actually a *second* bauble, as described below] and double-take with a bit of fear. The bauble is now also dressed in a gown and a beard and a hat. Which is a little spooky as far as you're concerned, considering that *you didn't put them on the bauble*. It's one of those mystical clown powers you've learned not to

question: your bauble always looks like whatever you look like. Creepy as hell, but it's in the job description.

*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.*

Maria brings in Sir Toby. He is an entirely different man from the gruff drunk we met in Act One. Not only is his continued membership in his niece's household uncertain, but he's becoming aware of a certain degree of self-sabotage. He's put himself in considerable danger: he almost got himself and Sir Andrew killed dishonorably in a game of combat that went way too far, he's close to being thrown out on his ear, and now he's just trying to land safely. The writing is on the wall.

SIR TOBY *Jove bless thee, master Parson.*  
FESTE *Bonos dies, Sir Toby:*

Again, interplay with the bauble with the Spanish and the name of King Gorboduc. Maria thinks the parson-dressed bauble is the cutest thing she's ever seen. You're glad she's amused, but man oh man is it giving you the creeps.

*for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is; 'so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?*

It's not exactly hostility per se, but Feste is throwing a lot of tension at Sir Toby in this scene. The two knights ganging up on poor Cesario was simply uncool. Not only that, with this latest game, Toby broke the rules of good foolmanship, and now Feste has to bail him out. He's not helping Sir Toby out of this without making sure he knows that he screwed up big time. Toby, meanwhile, is nothing but conciliatory.

SIR TOBY *To him, Sir Topas.*

Televangelical: it's tent revival time. Hard to overdo this.

FESTE *What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!*  
SIR TOBY *The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.*  
MALVOLIO *Who calls there?*  
FESTE *Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.*  
MALVOLIO *Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.*  
FESTE *Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?*  
SIR TOBY *Well said, Master Parson.*  
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.*  
FESTE *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.*  
FESTE *Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores 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.*

FESTE *Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.*

MALVOLIO *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.*

FESTE *What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?*

MALVOLIO *That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.*

FESTE *What thinkest thou of his opinion?*

MALVOLIO *I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.*

FESTE *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 *My most exquisite Sir Topas!*

You're not going to let Toby off easily on this one: the apprentice has made far too many brooms, and now you're the one who has to mop up the basement.

FESTE *Nay, I am for all waters.*

Okay, kids. You've successfully destroyed the poor guy. Happy?

MARIA *Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.*

The joke has gone much too far, and the implications are devastating. Your sense of humor is as important to you as a hunter's sense of sight, and losing a quarry to blurred vision which refused to clear would not frighten you more. If you've lost your touch, the thing that makes you what you are could very well be gone for good.

SIR TOBY *To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him.*

This is an intimate confidence to Feste and Maria that suggests vulnerability in Sir Toby they've never seen before. For Feste, it is a devastating concession: he's handing you his sword and declaring himself vanquished. For Maria, it is heartbreaking: the guy who always seemed to know everything is admitting that his confidence is shot and that he needs her.

*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 offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.*

This might have been a saucy command before, but now it's a pitiable plea. The difference is not lost on Maria.

*Come by and by to my chamber.*

An embrace, and Sir Toby exits. An uncertain beat of Maria's to Feste: "Are you going to be hurt if I do this?" "No, my dear, I'm going to be hurt if you don't." She exits.

FESTE *'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.'*  
MALVOLIO *Fool!*  
FESTE *'My lady is unkind, perdy.'*  
MALVOLIO *Fool!*  
FESTE *'Alas, why is she so?'*  
MALVOLIO *Fool, I say!*  
FESTE *'She loves another'—Who 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't.*  
FESTE *Master Malvolio?*  
MALVOLIO *Ay, good fool.*  
FESTE *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.*  
FESTE *But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you  
be no better in your wits than a fool.*  
MALVOLIO *They have here propertyed me; keep me in  
darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they  
can to face me out of my wits.*  
FESTE *Advise you what you say; the minister is here.*

Voice of the bauble, still dressed as a minister, speaking as Sir Topas.

*Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!  
endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble  
babble.*  
MALVOLIO *Sir Topas!*  
FESTE *Maintain no words with him, good fellow.  
Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir  
Topas. Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.*

The bauble, once again singing "99 Bottles Of Beer" in Latin, doppler sings off into the distance.

MALVOLIO *Fool, fool, fool, I say!*  
FESTE *Alas, sir, be patient.*

The bauble, singing softer, marching off further still.

*What say you sir? I am shent 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.*  
FESTE *Well-a-day that you were, sir*  
MALVOLIO *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.*  
FESTE *I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you  
not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?*  
MALVOLIO *Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.*  
FESTE *Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his  
brains.*

Slamming the door, met by sobbing by Malvolio. Feste

turns to walk away, and then relents. He dislikes what's being done to Malvolio even more than he dislikes Malvolio, which is saying a lot.

*I will fetch you light and paper and ink.*  
MALVOLIO *Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:  
I prithee, be gone.*  
FESTE *I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;  
Adieu, good man devil.*

[Feste exits. Lights out: the prison set is undone and the garden is restored.]

SCENE 17 OLIVIA's garden. Sebastian takes Cesario's place at Olivia's side.

[Enter Sebastian, in the awe-induced jaw-dropped wonder of a Spielberg movie looking at a killer off-screen special effect.]

SEBASTIAN *This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
this pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't; and though  
'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, yet 'tis not madness.  
Where's Antonio, then? 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.*

Clearly demonstrate: you want to thank him for the new shoes and jacket you bought with his very generous loan.

*His counsel now might do me golden service; for  
though my soul disputes well with my sense, 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 to any other trust but that I am mad.*

Of course, all things are negotiable...

*Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere 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 as I perceive she does:  
there's something in't that is deceiveable.*

Olivia, in a wedding gown & bouquet enters with a Priest. Sebastian turns at an embrace from behind to see the ultimate shotgun wedding setup before him.

OLIVIA *Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean  
well, now go with me and with this holy man 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 whiles you are willing it shall come to note, what time we will our celebration keep according to my birth. What do you say?*

Several beats to think it over. She is equal parts rich and beautiful, and crazy or no, she's crazy about you. It's either this, or camping in the woods alone again tonight. Oh, what the hell.

SEBASTIAN *I'll follow this good man, and go with you; and, having sworn truth, ever will be true.*

Rapture. You'd just about completely and totally given up all hope, but now your dream is indeed coming true.

OLIVIA *Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, that they may fairly note this act of mine!*  
[They exit, both pulled OSL into the house by Olivia.]

**SCENE 18** Before OLIVIA's house. *Dénouement.*

[Enter Feste, with Fabian close behind.]

FABIAN *Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*  
FESTE *Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.*  
FABIAN *Any thing.*  
FESTE *Do not desire to see this letter.*

Feste is done helping the household with their sport. Perhaps for good.

[Enter Orsino, Viola, Curio, and Valentine out of the audience.]

ORSINO *Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?*  
FESTE *Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.*  
ORSINO *I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?*  
FESTE *Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.*  
ORSINO *Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*  
FESTE *No, sir, the worse.*  
ORSINO *How can that be?*  
FESTE *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: 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.*

The envy of a boy who wishes his parents had bought *him* a Fool for his birthday.

FESTE *By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.*  
ORSINO *Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.*

Feste's heart isn't in this any more, but old habits are hard to break: if the Duke is handing out gold, he won't argue...

FESTE *But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I*

*would you could make it another.*  
ORSINO *O, you give me ill counsel.*  
FESTE *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: there's another.*

FESTE *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 mind; one, 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.*

FESTE *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, also out of the audience from a different direction.]

ORSINO *That face of his I do remember well; yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd as black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: a bawbling vessel was he captain of, for shallow draught and bulk unprizable; 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 honour on him. What's the matter?*

First Officer *Orsino, this is that Antonio 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 *He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; but in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 'twas but distraction.*

ORSINO *Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, hast made thine enemies?*

Choosing your words with care: you don't believe a word of the praise you give the Duke, but you're not keen on torture either. Your words are measured and fatigued despair: you're quite sure you're about to be killed, but if the Duke can hear what it was you were trying to do you'll at least have a shot at an honorable death.

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, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: that most ingrateful boy there by your side, from the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: his life I gave him and did thereto add 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: 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, which I had recommended to his use not half an hour before.*

VIOLA *How can this be?*

ORSINO *When came he to this town?*

ANTONIO *To-day, my lord; and for three months before, no interim, not a minute's vacancy, both day and night did we keep company.*

Wrong answer, mate. But then, all other concerns vanish, as Olivia enters.

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; but more of that anon. 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!*

Whirling between Olivia and Cesario, you finally understand why Olivia will not have you. An ancient fury towards Cesario, a bottomless grief towards Olivia.

ORSINO *Gracious Olivia,—*

OLIVIA *What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—*

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 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 my soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out that e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?*

OLIVIA *Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.*

ORSINO *[drawing, senseless in grief; Cesario getting between Orsino's sword and Olivia] Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, kill what I love?—a savage jealousy that sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this: since you to non-regardance cast my faith, and that I partly know the instrument that screws me from my true place in your favour, live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;*

Grabbing Cesario and holding the sword at his throat.

*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 master's spite.*

Pushing him before you, your sword still at his throat, circling around him, the shock of what you're about to do hitting you in waves.

*Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, to spite a raven's*

*heart within a dove.*

Will you die for the one you love? Apparently, yes, you very much will. Terrified, shattered, but nobly resolute: even as your voice breaks your gaze does not waver as you look him in the eye.

VIOLA *And I, most jocund, apt and willingly, to do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Turning to leave with Orsino's men...]*

OLIVIA *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.*

Beat towards Orsino. If Cesario has really betrayed you, he's willing to damn himself by lying about it on his way to death rather than admitting it. Is he a fool, or are you being too hasty?

*If I do feign, you witnesses above punish my life for tainting of my love!*

OLIVIA *Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!*

Losing it. You've been wrongly accused once too often today, and while you'll embrace death if you have to, this woman will **not** dishonor you on your way to the grave.

VIOLA *Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?*

OLIVIA *Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? Call forth the holy father.*

ORSINO *Come, away!*

Orsino, Curio, Valentine, Soldiers, Antonio, & Cesario column down the stairs and out the door.

OLIVIA *Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.*

Slowly I turned, inch by inch... (all eyes turning on Viola)

ORSINO *[Newly furious; and to think you'd almost been talked out of killing Cesario] Husband!*

OLIVIA *Ay, husband: can he that deny?*

ORSINO *Her husband, sirrah!*

You'll be lucky to get a marked grave at this point. What did you do to deserve such heaping quantities of dishonor?

VIOLA *No, my lord, not I.*

OLIVIA *Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear that makes thee strangle thy propriety: fear not, Cesario;*

Stepping in front of Orsino and embracing Cesario, who still looks to Orsino pleading innocence.

*take thy fortunes up; be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art as great as that thou fear'st. [As Priest enters, run over to him, pulling Cesario with you.] O, welcome, father! Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, here to unfold what thou dost know hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.*

As the priest speaks, mortal terror on Viola's face: if the priest is bearing false witness against you you're in very

real danger of hell. Facing death was okay back when you knew you'd done nothing wrong and would be dying with honor, no matter how confused the locals were, but this...

*PRIEST A contract of eternal bond of love, confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, attested by the holy close of lips, strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; and all the ceremony of this compact seal'd in my function, by my testimony: since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave I have travell'd but two hours.*

The betrayal is devastating, transmuting homicidal rage into near-suicidal grief. And now honor is at stake: as a servant, Cesario was yours to dispose of, but if he is now Olivia's husband, you're both of equal rank. The dishonor will be yours if you raise a hand against him. Best to get out of here before you do your name permanent harm.

*ORSINO O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be when time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, that thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet where thou and I henceforth may never meet.*

*VIOLA My lord, I do protest--*

*OLIVIA O, do not swear! Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.*

Enter Sir Andrew from OSR, not seeing Cesario.

*SIR ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.*

*OLIVIA What's 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 rather than forty pound I were at home.*

*OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?*

*SIR ANDREW The count's gentleman, one Cesario:*

All eyes again on Cesario, who looks to heaven. Why, oh why, are they doing this to her?

*we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.*

*ORSINO My gentleman, Cesario?*

At this, Andrew turns and notices Cesario for the first time, recoiling as one would from a snake.

*SIR ANDREW 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't 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.*

Sir Toby enters, bleeding, with Feste at his arm. Sir Toby is stone-cold sober for the first time in the entire play, and oh man is he feeling it now.

*Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more.*  
*ORSINO How now, gentleman! how is't with you?*

Very real danger here: if you, as a knight, plead your case in front of the Duke, you *have* to settle it through combat, and now that you've seen Sebastian in action you're well aware that it's a fight you *cannot* win. If you want to live, you have to brush it off.

*SIR TOBY That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?*

*FESTE O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.*

*SIR TOBY Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pany:*

To Orsino, hoping his reputation hasn't preceded him. Hey, by the way, does your household need any responsible, sober knights? I may need a place to crash soon.

*I hate a drunken rogue.*

*OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?*

While this is happening, Viola tries to get Orsino to look at her, so she can plead her case. As she approaches, he looks her in the eyes only once, raises a finger to bid her to silence, and will not look at her again. She is crushed, and turns away, shriveling. That's it, it's over; he's closed the door. At that moment, her heart finally breaks. We see it in her eyes, which are (thereby rather conveniently) not looking towards the stage for Sebastian's entrance.

*SIR ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.*

What we don't get to see is how this third wave of brawling began. Sir Toby was more than content to let things alone, and *really* didn't want to mix it up with Cesario any more. But Sir Andrew, who's apparently too much of a damned fool to know when to quit, ran up and struck the boy, again, and Sir Toby had to defend him, again, and was lucky to walk away from it, again. Putting up with Sir Andrew's antics has cost you too much, regardless of how much money you've been able to get out of him, and you know full well Olivia will have nothing to do with him. Now that you're letting Maria make a respectable man out of you, you can't afford his friendship any longer.

*SIR TOBY Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!*

Sir Toby walks off, alone, with nothing but his dignity (and Maria, waiting for him on the other side of the house, with their bags packed). It is enough.

*OLIVIA Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.*

Sir Andrew pauses for a moment to bow to Olivia. He'll check on the knight because it is the Lady's wish, but he already knows he'll not be putting Sir Toby to bed, and he'll not be staying here any longer than he has to either.

Sebastian enters, out of breath, OSL.

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 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 *Antonio, O my dear Antonio!*

Embracing him; only noticing the shackles after you notice he doesn't hug you back. Shifting into bail bond mode: this isn't the first friend you've had to talk out of trouble before. Okay, who put my man i' the stocks, and how much is this one going to cost me to release?

*How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, since I have lost thee!*  
ANTONIO *Sebastian are you?*

You literally don't believe your eyes. One of them must be a spirit. Either that, or you've finally lost it.

SEBASTIAN *Fear'st thou that, Antonio?*  
ANTONIO *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*

The gods are kind. There's more than one of him. And one of them did just say, "I do." At this point, you really couldn't care which one it was, frankly.

*wonderful!*

Viola is roused out of her reverie by Olivia's cry, and looks up just as Sebastian looks over at her. Their eyes meet at once. The cascade of emotions that hits Viola is tremendous. Terrified (it could be a devil; with the sheer number of things you're being wrongly accused of, you identify strongly with Job and wonder if you're not being set up by supernatural forces), shocked (for that matter, it could be the ghost of your brother), and overwhelmed with hope (it might... just might... actually **be** your brother).

SEBASTIAN *Do I stand there? I never had a brother; I had a sister, whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. Of charity, what kin are you to me? What countryman? what name? what parentage?*  
VIOLA *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; but am in that dimension grossly clad which from the womb I did partipate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, and say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'*

Everyone else can see him too, and she can touch him. He's real. But yet, she needs to make sure, to give her heart free rein to explode.

VIOLA *My father had a mole upon his brow.*  
SEBASTIAN *And so had mine.*

VIOLA *And died that day when Viola from her birth had number'd thirteen years.*

Opening her locket, with their pictures.

SEBASTIAN *O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished indeed his mortal act that day that made my sister thirteen years.*

Opening his locket, with their pictures.

VIOLA *If nothing lets to make us happy both but this my masculine usurp'd attire, do not embrace me till each circumstance of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump that I am Viola:*

Taking down hair, and a running tackle-embrace.

*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. All the occurrence of my fortune since hath been between this lady and this lord.*

Double-take to Olivia. Oh dear. Well, that explains Miss Hot-and-randy. And you just married her. "Oops" doesn't even begin to cover it.

SEBASTIAN *So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:*

Weak smile from Olivia. Tee-hee. Giggle. Yeah, that is just so funny, I can't even begin to tell you.

*but nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid; nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, you are betroth'd both to a maid and man.*

ORSINO *Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,*

The relief of a man in a very homophobic society learning that all of his very mixed up, very passionate feelings about what had appeared to be a very upsettingly homoerotic relationship have suddenly turned "legitimate." Crisis over.

*I shall have share in this most happy wreck.*

Very awkward moment here. Ten minutes ago you were preparing to kill her, and now you're asking for her hand.

*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'd continent the fire that severs day from night.*

ORSINO *Give me thy hand; and let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.*

Cesario's a woman. Look, I know it looks really bad for your commander to be getting frisky with a soldier, but I'm not hugging a guy, she's a woman, okay? Don't get the wrong idea here.

VIOLA *The captain that did bring me first on shore*

*hath my maid's garments: he upon some action is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, a gentleman, and follower of my lady's.*

OLIVIA *He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither: [To Fabian, who bows, looks at Feste warily, (this is really not going to go over well) and exits.] and yet, alas, now I remember me, they say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. A most extracting frenzy of mine own from my remembrance clearly banish'd his. How does he, sirrah?*

FESTE *Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.*

OLIVIA *Open't, and read it.*

FESTE *Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.*

[Reading, in slurred foolspeak]

*'By the Lord, madam,'--*

OLIVIA *How now! art thou mad?*

FESTE *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.*

FESTE *So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.*

[Repeating, in the exact same slurred foolspeak]

*'By the Lord, madam,'--*

OLIVIA *Read it you, sirrah. [Grabbing it out of Feste's hands and handing it to Fabian]*

FABIAN *'By 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.*

We're dead.

*I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame.*

We are so dead.

*Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'*

OLIVIA *Did he write this?*

FESTE *Ay, madam.*

ORSINO *This savours not much of distraction.*

Being discovered mistreating a servant, and in front of the Duke's company, no less. Oy, how embarrassing.

OLIVIA *See him deliver'd, 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't, so please you, here at my house and at my proper cost.*

They're letting you off easy, considering how ungracious you've been to both women of late. Smile and nod.

ORSINO *Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.*

Walking up to the twins, taking Sebastian's face in his hands.

*Your master quits you...*

Sebastian emphatically points at his sister. The other one, mate. You want the other one – that's the girl, over there. Orsino double-takes, then takes the face of the right one.

*Your master quits you; and for your service done him, so much against the mettle of your sex, so far beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you call'd me master for so long, here is my hand: you shall from this time be your master's mistress.*

Olivia goes up to take Sebastian's side, and Viola sheepishly looks over at Olivia. Oh yeah. Um... er... uh... boy this is embarrassing. Yeah, sorry I didn't tell you I was a woman all those times you were hitting on me.

OLIVIA *A sister! you are she.*

An embrace, followed by another embrace of Sebastian. Yeah, okay, I was *wondering* why you'd suddenly gotten taller. Not exactly the model I'd seen on the showroom floor, but you know what? I'll take it.

[Malvolio enters, in humiliated fury, with Fabian nervously following behind him.]

ORSINO *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 *Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.*

Handing the letter to Fabian, who hands the now-soot-stained letter to Olivia like it was his own death warrant.

*you must not now deny it is your hand: write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: you can say none of this: well, grant it then and tell me, in the modesty of honour, why you have given me such clear lights of favour, bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, to put on yellow stockings and to frown upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; and, acting this in an obedient hope, why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,*

Beat of the Priest's: Huh?

*and made the most notorious geck and gull that e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.*

OLIVIA *Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, though, I confess, much like the character but out of question 'tis 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 upon thee in the letter.*

It all comes crashing down on Malvolio at once. All of the conversations you've had with the image of Olivia you've been carrying in your mind's eye (and, to no small degree, in your heart's eye as well) is no match for the raw untempered reality of the genuine article standing before you. Yes, she's beautiful. And no, she doesn't love you. She didn't even directly wrong you. No satisfaction on either score, then. Neither your heart nor your honor gets a happy ending.

*Prithee, be content: this practise hath most shrewdly pass'd 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.*

FABIAN *Good madam, hear me speak,*

Gulp.

*and let no quarrel nor no brawl to come taint the condition of this present hour, which I have wonder'd at. in hope it shall not. Most freely I confess, myself and Toby set this device against Malvolio here, 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.*

Ripple effect. If it ends in a marriage, it must be a comedy. As it is, they couldn't have picked a better time to get out of town.

*How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, may rather pluck on laughter than revenge; if that the injuries be justly weigh'd that have on both sides pass'd.*

Not bloody likely, but you might at least keep Malvolio from having you all killed. Maybe if you just sneaked off the grounds quietly after dark...

OLIVIA *Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!*

To Malvolio, of course, but Feste steps up to the plate. That's my job description, naga-nooch.

FESTE *Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.'*

Heavy sigh. It seemed like a good idea at the time. But at the moment, I'll be damned if I can remember why.

*I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'*

You could present this line in the sniveling, shattered voice that Malvolio used when he said it, but you don't. You just don't have it in you to mock any more. For you, too, it's

time to move on.

*But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:'*

Here, however, you do recall Malvolio's former voice. The proud, belligerent, master-of-all-he-surveys voice. The voice that Malvolio will never have at his disposal to use again.

*and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.*

No, I'm not proud of it. At all. This exploit gets left off of the resume.

MALVOLIO *I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.*

You take your lady's hand one last time and curtsy, stiffly and formally bowing to kiss her hand much as Sir Andrew did when he took his broken heart and left. A moment in her eyes to linger, to savor, and to take with you as you leave. Then you drop her hand and drop your gaze. Being looked at by her, being touched by her, no longer brings you anything but pain. You just want to go home, but this is your home, and it's been unmade. How can you stay? It's time to get the hell out of Dodge and start over somewhere else. Ironically, you leave in much the same manner as Sir Toby. You've lost everything but your dignity. It is enough.

OLIVIA *He hath been most notoriously abused.*  
ORSINO *Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:*

To Fabian, who exits after Malvolio.

*he hath not told us of the captain yet: when that is known and golden time convents, a solemn combination shall be made of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, we will not part from hence. Cesario, come; for so you shall be, while you are a man; but when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.*

As Feste sings and the music begins, Olivia, Sebastian, Orsino, and Viola dance a courtly 4-square dance. The music starts out pure court. As the music progresses and evolves, the dance continues but gets a little less formal and a little more joyful at each turn.

FESTE

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

An instrumental bridge, with a lighting change, and another progression of the dance. Sir Andrew and Malvolio enter from the house, each with luggage in tow, and exit in different directions, a beat behind one another. They each regard the clown rather uncomfortably, and walk with their heads down, trying not to match the beat as they walk. The beat gets a little more tribal and a little less courtly, and the dance gets a little less polished.

*But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

An instrumental bridge, with a lighting change, and another progression of the dance. Sir Toby and Maria enter from the house, hands together, each with a suitcase in their other hands. They have the exuberance of newlyweds but still walk with much more baggage than we can see. Maria gives the clown the hug of a woman saying farewell to her dearest friend, Sir Toby a warm handshake and a coin. They walk out into the audience, heads up, a remarkable spring in their step for a burdened couple with fallen arches. The music and the dance both move that much further from court to street.

*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.*

An instrumental bridge, with a lighting change, and another progression of the dance. Antonio and Fabian enter from the house, each with a bag over their shoulders but nothing more, and exit in different directions, a beat behind one another. They each give the clown a pat on the shoulder and a coin as they go, heads up, walking with the beat. The music and the dance both move that much further from court to street.

*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.*

An instrumental bridge, with a lighting change, and the attendants, Curio, Valentine, priest, and dancers exit OSL & OSR. Final lyric: lights down everywhere except on Feste, singing alone, a capella, just him and the lantern.

*A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

The lantern is extinguished. Blackout.

At applause, lights and music back up at full. Reverse curtain call with the attendants, Curio, Valentine, priest, & Captain coming back onstage from OSR & OSL, bowing and then grabbing instruments to join in with the music. Then Antonio & Fabian & Sir Andrew & Sir Toby & Maria & Malvolio from out of the audience, joining Feste (who rejoins the musicians), bowing and also grabbing instruments to join in with the music. Then Sebastian & Olivia & Orsino & Viola from OSR & OSL, bowing and also grabbing instruments to join in with the music. Full cast bow, then musicians fete, then pickup impromptu jam session for sixteen bars or so, just enough to send the audience home with a bang. Blackout.