

**TWELFTH NIGHT  
SET 2018**

**THE PLAYERS**

ACTOR #1: Feste, Officer #2, Narration.

ACTOR #2: Sebastian, Aguecheek, Attendant.

ACTOR #3: Malvolio, Orsino, Officer #1.

ACTOR #4: Sir Toby, Valentine, Captain, Attendant, Officer #3.

ACTOR #5: Viola, Maria.

ACTOR #6: Olivia, Antonio.

SET  
PRESENTS

TWELFTH NIGHT 2017

*On stage are our scenic backdrop and six stools. Behind the stools are the various costume pieces and props that each of our six actors will use during the play. After the kids settle into their seats, the actors come around from behind the backdrop and come downstage to address the audience.*

ACTOR #1

Good afternoon! A glorious Shakespearian greeting to you all!

*Bows and curtsies (as demonstrated in the workshops) to each other and to the audience).*

ACTOR #2

Look at all those bright and eager faces.

ACTOR #6

Oh yeah, they look ready.

ACTOR #1

Today, we are going to perform a play from Shakespeare called Twelfth Night.

*Ooo's and Ahh's from the ensemble.*

ACTOR #2

Twelfth Night is one of Shakespeare's most beloved comedies and many highly educated, scholarly and extremely snooty people will not hesitate to tell you...

ACTOR #3

I can say without hesitation, and with complete assurance, and in the snootiest way imaginable... Twelfth Night or What You Will, the only of Shakespeare's plays with an alternate title, is by far Shakespeare's most successful comedy.

ACTOR #6

His Snooty-ness is correct. Twelfth Night is the complete package, my friends.

ACTOR #1

Comedy, love, betrayal...

ACTOR #2

And all the whacky tomfoolery you could ever want from a play.

ACTOR #4

And music! (He RAPS) "It's got more music than his plays before, when you think it's done you still get more..."

ACTOR #1

So, without any further ado...!

ACTOR #5

However, and not to burst anybody's bubble, but, in my humble opinion... The play has way too many letters. Everybody is writing letters. Letters flying around all over the place. It's hard to tell who's saying what to who and what the heck is going on.

ACTOR #2

Really? I love the letters. They're funny.

ACTOR #5

Why can't somebody just pick up a phone and call once in a while?

ACTOR #2

Because, they didn't have phones in those days.

ACTOR #5

Whatever. Too many letters and it just drives me... a little bit... nuts!

*Actor #5 does something 'nuts' to prove her point.*

ACTOR #1

We'll let the audience decide about the letters. How about that? And now, without further ado...!

ACTOR #5

It's not that I don't like the play. I just have a thing about the letters.

ACTOR #4

Maybe, you were traumatized by a piece of mail somewhere in your past. A bad paper cut, perhaps?

ACTOR #6

Can we get on with this, please?

ACTOR #1

Yes, okay...

ACTOR #6

I have soccer practice at 3:30, so...

ACTOR #1

So, once again and hopefully without further ado...

*Kazoos are blown.*

ENSEMBLE

TWELFTH NIGHT! BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE!

*After some confusion about who sits where... they take their seats on the proper stools.*

*The ensemble hums a funeral dirge.*

ACTOR #1 (NARRATION/FESTE)

Poor Olivia. A sad, but beautiful countess. First her father died and then soon after her brother passed as well. She is in mourning... endlessly. Like, for seven years already! All she wants to do is wail and weep and to be left alone and refuses to see anyone outside of her own household.

*Olivia (actor #6) comes forward, veiled and weeping.*

*(Actor #1) Puts on his Feste hat and struts forward. He sees Olivia and tries to sneak away.*

OLIVIA

Feste! Where have you been? And when I needed you the most! You can't just disappear for months at a time like some... vagabond! You should be here to make me laugh and tell me jokes. Are you my court jester or not? I should hang you for this... clown!

*Olivia wails and runs back to her seat.*

FESTE

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

*Ensemble sings "Oh mistress mine." Actor #1 (Feste) announces the scene.*

FESTE

Duke Orsino's Palace...

Kazoo flourish.

FESTE

The love sick Duke of Illyria... That's where we are by the way. In Illyria. Weird place. Anyway, the love sick Duke... mopes around the castle.

*Actor #3 (Orsino, AKA "The Duke") comes forward.*

ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on. O when mine eyes did see Olivia first, Methought she purged the air of pestilence!

*Valentine (Actor #4) enters.*

ORSINO

How now Valentine, my loyal servant! What news from Olivia?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I was not admitted; but from her handmaid do return this answer.

ACTOR #5

Here we go. Letter #1. Open the flood gates!

*After a little business of trying to get the letter from Valentine. Orsino devours its content.*

FESTE

Olivia, *still* mourning, refuses company with the Duke.

ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame to pay this debt of love but to a brother, how will she love with one self king!

*Orsino ravishes the letter with kisses. Valentine pulls it away from him.*

VALENTINE

Really? I mean... really?

*Orsino and Valentine exit*

FESTE

Meanwhile, after a terrible storm at sea destroys their ship....

*Big ensemble ship wreck. We do the now famous Cy Brown, Sebastian/Viola separation moment. If it's a school show we can involve the kids here as well with Feste directing.*

FESTE

Viola and her identical twin brother Sebastian are tossed and battered in a ferocious Tempest...

*Everything abruptly stops. The Ensemble is confused.*

FESTE

No, no... not that Tempest. That's a whole other story.

*The storm rages again.*

ACTOR#2/SEBASTIAN

Viola! Don't let go!!

ACTOR#5/VIOLA

Sebastian! I'll never let go!!

*They get split apart.*

FESTE

The ship begins to sink. Viola and Sebastian are separated and then pitched into the briny waves.

VIOLA AND SEBASTIAN

Ahhh!!!

*The storm rages, quiets and then concludes with a "CEASE" provided by Feste.*

FESTE

Viola and The Sea Captain, worn and battered, drag themselves from the raging waters and onto the rocky shore.

*Actor #5 (Viola) and Actor #4 (The Sea Captain) stumble forward..*

VIOLA

What country, friend, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria, when my poor identical twin brother, is drowned and lost forever.

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, I was bred and born not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

I prithee, conceal me what I am and I will serve this duke. Thou shalt present me as a boy, for I can sing and speak to him in many sorts of music that will allow me very worth his service.

*She sings a little something to prove the point.*

VIOLA

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.

*They exit. The ensemble begins Weeping and Feste announces the next scene.*

FESTE

Olivia's House!

*Kazoo flourish.*

FESTE

Poor, sweet, mourning Olivia... Enter Sir Toby, Olivia's uncle. A rogue and a roustabout.

*Actor #4 enters as Sir Toby. Weeping continues.*

SIR TOBY

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus?

FESTE

Enter Olivia's maid. The spunky, ravishing and irrepressible Maria.

*Actor #5 (Maria) momentarily swoons from the glowing introduction and then jumps into the scene.*

MARIA

Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'night: Your cousin, my lady Olivia, takes great exceptions to your ill hours; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY

Sir Andrew Aguecheek? Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

Ay, but he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Actor #2 enters as (Sir Andrew Aguecheek).*

AGUECHEEK

Sir Toby Belch, how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY

Sweet Sir Andrew.

AGUECHEEK

Bless you, fair shrew.

SIR TOBY

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

AGUECHEEK

What's that?

SIR TOBY

My niece's chambermaid.

AGUECHEEK

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

AGUECHEEK

Good Mistress Mary Accost...

SIR TOBY

You mistake, knight: “accost” means woo her, assail her.

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY

An thou let part so, Sir Andrew?

AGUECHEEK

An you part so, mistress? Do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by th’hand.

*Maria leaves.*

AGUECHEEK

I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. I’ll ride home tomorrow.

SIR TOBY

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

AGUECHEEK

Pouquoi? I don’t know, but your niece will not beseen; or if she be, it’s four to one she’ll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY

She’ll none o’ th’Duke: she’ll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I’ve heard her swear it. There’s life in’t, man.

AGUECHEEK

I’ll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o’ th’strangest mind in th’world; I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY

What is thy excellence in, knight?

AGUECHEEK

Faith, I can cut a jig as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY

Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?

AGUECHEEK

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else? Let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent!

*They dance off like a couple of loons.*

FESTE

Meanwhile, at the Duke Orsino's Palace...

*Kazoo blast.*

FESTE

Viola has successfully positioned herself into the Duke's court cleverly disguised and now known as Cesario, a bright, talented young lad that the duke has taken considerable favour toward.

*CESARIO (VIOLA) enters anxiously... followed by the jealous Valentine.*

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...

*Enter Orsino (Actor #3)*

ORSINO

Cesario... ah, there you are! Valentine, stand you awhile aloof.

*Valentine, with some resentment, stands aside.*

ORSINO

Good youth, address thy gait unto Olivia, be not denied access, stand at her doors, and tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow till thou have audience.

VIOLA(CESARIO)

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 unprofited return.

ACTOR #2

(from his chair) Than make unprofited return?

FESTE

He means... get er' done.

VIOLA(CESARIO)

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

ORSINO

Then unfold the passion of my love.

*He hands her a letter.*

VIOLA (CESARIO) aside

Letter #2 my friends.

ORSINO

She will attend it better in thy youth than in a messenger of more grave aspect.

*Valentine, insulted, leaves in a huff.*

VIOLA(CESARIO)

I'll do my best to woo your lady.

*Orsino leaves.*

VIOLA(CESARIO)

Yet a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

FESTE

Uh oh... I think Viola... I mean Cesario, has a thing for the Duke.

*Cesario, blushed and then runs out.*

FESTE

Olivia's house!

*Ensemble trumpet flourish.*

FESTE

Feste, that's me, returns to his boss's house, knowing he's in big trouble for staying away too long. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling.

*Enter Lady Olivia (Actor #6) and Malvolio (Actor # 3) with ATTENDANT (Actor #2).*

OLIVIA

Take away the fool.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

Go to, I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTE

Good Madonna why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Ensemble gasps.*

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

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

*The Attendant and Ensemble applaud. Enter another Attendant (Actor #4).*

ATTENDANT (actor #4)

Madam, a gentleman at the gate much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA

From the Duke Orsino, is it?

ATTENDANT

I know not, madam.

OLIVIA

Go, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home.

*Viola (Actor #5) bursts upon the scene. Shocking behavior and every one is aghast.*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

May I speak, if it please you, with the honourable lady of the house?

*Olivia puts on her veil.*

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA(CESARIO)

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty... I pray you, are you the lady of the house, for I never saw her.

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Group laughs and Olivia waves off the servants.*

VIOLA(CESARIO)

I am a messenger and will on with my speech in your praise, but know the heart of this message is in Orsino's bosom. Good madam, may I see your face?

*She unveils*

OLIVIA

Is it not well done?

VIOLA(CESARIO)

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA(CESARIO)

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

OLIVIA

You are a flatterer, sir.

VIOLA(CESARIO)

My lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA(CESARIO)

With adorations, with fertile tears, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him.

VIOLA(CESARIO)

If I did love you in my master's flame, in your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it. I'd write loyal cantons of contemned love and sing them loud; Halloo your name to the reverberate hills and make the babbling gossip of the air cry out, "Olivia!"

OLIVIA

You might do much... Get you to your lord; I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, 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.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Keep your purse. My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Farewell.

*Cesario exits. Olivia sighs.*

FESTE (to audience)

Uh oh... I think Olivia likes Cesario who's really Viola dressed like a man... this is getting a little tricky now.

OLIVIA

(To Feste) Shhh! (calling out) What, ho, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that messenger. He left this ring. Tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to hold his lord 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.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

What is decreed must be: and be this so!

*Olivia and Malvolio exit. Feste comes forward.*

FESTE

Meanwhile... Viola's identical twin brother, Sebastian, was not drowned. He was rescued from the sea and befriended by Antonio, a sea captain from another vessel. Sebastian tells Antonio of his sister who was tragically lost at sea...

VIOLA (from her stool)

Not!

FESTE

... and how he alone is left to wander and grieve. A Street Scene...  
On the street!

*Ensemble trumpet flourish.*

*Feste bows and skips away. Sebastian (Actor #2) and Antonio (Actor #6) enter.*

SEBASTIAN (Actor #2)

My stars shine darkly over me. Therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my troubles alone.

ANTONIO (Actor #6)

I'll be your servant, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

You have done too much, already, Good Antonio. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

*Sebastian leaves.*

ANTONIO

I have many enemies in Orsino's court. But come what may, that danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

*He follows him out.*

FESTE

A meadow by the sea...

*Kazoo flourish.*

FESTE

... By an old Chestnut tree.

*Feste becomes a Chestnut tree. Viola (Cesario – Actor #5) enters walking briskly followed by Malvolio (Actor #3) who tries to catch up.*

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA(CESARIO)

Even now, sir.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir. 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(CESARIO)

She took no ring of me. I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

*Malvolio leaves.*

VIOLA

I left no ring with her; what means this lady? Fortune forbid, have I charm'd her? She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion invites me in this churlish messenger. I am the man; if it be so, as 'tis, poor lady, she were better love a dream. How will this play? My master loves her dearly; and I, poor monster, fond as much on him; and she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. O Time, thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t'untie!

*Feste announces.*

FESTE

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the pad, the digs...you know, *OLIVIA'S HOUSE*.

*Kazoo flourish. Sir Toby (Actor # 4) and Aguecheek (Actor # 2) sneak in.*

SIR TOBY

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere', thou know'st.

AGUECHEEK

Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Feste enters.*

SIR TOBY

Welcome, fool! Let's have a song

*Feste starts the song "Hold thy Peace" done in a round and not done very well.*

FESTE, TOBY, AGUECHEEK

"Hold thy peace and I prithee hold thy peace, thou knave..."

*Enter Maria (Actor #5)*

MARIA

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out...

*They grab her and force her into the dance.*

*Uh, oh... Malvolio enters (Actor #3) in a nightgown.*

MARIA

For the love o' God peace!

MALVOLIO

Are you mad? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TOBY

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

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, my lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, if you can not separate yourself from your disorders she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*The dance continues.*

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule.

*Malvolio leaves in a huff. Toby makes a move to go after him but Maria pulls Toby and Aguecheek downstage.*

MARIA

Sweet Toby, be patient... let me alone with Malvolio. He thinks himself so crammed with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*The three hunker down as Maria reveals her plan.*

FESTE

So, Maria reveals her plan of revenge. Being able to write much like her mistress Olivia, she devises a way to drop in Malvolio's path, some obscure epistles of love...

AGUECHEEK

Some what?

FESTE

A letter!

ACTOR #5/MARIA

A letter! What a shock!

FESTE

A letter that Malvolio shall think is from Olivia and that she is madly in love with him.

SIR TOBY

Excellent! I smell a device.

AGUECHEEK

I have't in my nose too.

MARIA

For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

*They leave.*

FESTE

The Duke Orsino's Palace.

Ensemble trumpet flourish. Enter Orsino (Actor #3) and Valentine (Actor #4). Orsino paces. When he stops, Valentine wipes his bosses brow with a handkerchief.

ORSINO

Give me some music! That old and antique song we heard last night.  
Methought it did relieve my passion much.

VALENTINE

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

ORSINO

Who was it?

VALENTINE

Feste, the jester, my lord; he is about the house.

ORSINO

Come hither, boy, Cesario!

*CESARIO (VIOLA) enters. Orsino puts his arm over her shoulder.*

ORSINO

Young though thou art, thine eye hath stay'd upon some favour that it  
loves, hath it not, boy?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

A little, by your favour.

ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Of your complexion.

ORSINO

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

CESARIO (VIOLA)

About your years, my lord.

ORSINO

Too old, by heaven. Once more, Cesario, get thee back to Olivia: Tell her my love is noble, a miracle, she is the queen of gems and what nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd. Go.

*Cesario exits. Enter Valentine and Feste.*

VALENTINE

Sing.

FESTE.

“Come away, come away... DEATH!!”

ORSINO

Cease! Too depressing. Here's for your pains.

FESTE

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

*Orsino and Valentine exit. Feste shrugs and then announces...*

FESTE

Olivia's garden.

*Kazoo flourish. Sir Toby (Actor #4) and Sir Andrew (Actor #2) sneak onto the stage, looking around expectantly. .*

FESTE

Gentles... my latest impersonation... Malvolio practicing behaviour to his own shadow.

*Feste starts to imitate Malvolio, Toby and Aquecheek join in until Maria (Actor #5) rushes in.*

MARIA

Get ye hid: Malvolio's coming down the walk. Observe him, for the love of mockery: this letter will make an idiot of him... (aside) Letter #3 if you're still keeping score.

*Maria throws down the letter. They hide amongst the kids in the audience. Malvolio appears, very grand, sweeping gestures, with bows and smiles.*

FESTE

He is deeply in it: look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left my love Olivia sleeping.

*He finds the letter.*

MALVOLIO

What have we here? By my life, this is my lady's hand. "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" Her very phrases! – To whom should this be?

*He opens the letter.*

MALVOLIO

(he reads) "Jove knows I love: But who? Lips, do not move; No man must know." ... "No man must know" – Could it be me, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY

Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

(reads) "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Let me see... M, O, A, I... to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name! M,O,A,I...mmmmalvolio! Soft! Here follows prose. (he reads) "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to

MALVOLIO (CONT)

see thee ever cross-garter'd: Farewell. The Fortunate – Unhappy.” I will be proud, I will wash off gross acquaintance. My lady loves me! I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd. Here is yet a postscript. (he reads) “If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence smile still, dear my sweet, I prithee.” I will smile and do everything that thou wilt have me!

*Malvolio prances from the stage. Toby, Aguecheek, Feste and Maria run back on.*

SIR TOBY

I could marry you wench for this device.

AGUECHEEK

So could I too.

SIR TOBY

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

*They laugh uproariously and run off. Feste comes forward with his tabor.*

FESTE

So, the trap is set. Malvolio will come to Olivia in yellow stockings, a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests. He will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.

ACTOR #2

A who?

FESTE

A jerk! It's going to make Malvolio look like an idiot!

*Everyone laughs until Cesario enters.*

*Feste plays the tabor. .*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by the tabor?

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE

No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia will keep no fool till she be married.  
I will tell her that you've come.

*He leaves. Enter Sir Toby and Aguecheek.*

SIR TOBY

Save you, gentleman!

CESARIO (VIOLA)

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY

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

CESARIO (VIOLA)

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

*Olivia enters.*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

AGUECHEEK

"Rain odours:?"

FESTE

She's lookin' good.

AGUECHEEK

Oh.

OLIVIA

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

*Exit Toby and Aguecheek. They hide and peek, to watch what follows.*

OLIVIA

What is your name?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

My servant, sir! Y'are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

And he is yours; your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA

I think not on him.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

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

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him.

CESARIO (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... There lies your way.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

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

OLIVIA

Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing, I love thee so, that, despite all thy pride, nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

I have one heart, one truth, and that no woman shall be mistress of.  
So, adieu, madam: never more will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again...

*They exit. Toby and Aguecheek come forward.*

AGUECHEEK

I'll not stay a jot longer. Your neice does more favours to the Duke's  
serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me. Rain odours...

SIR TOBY

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to awaken your  
dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver.  
You should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This opportunity  
you wasted... but perhaps there is still a way...

FESTE

Sir Toby convinces his dim friend that the only way to win back the  
Lady Olivia's favour is to challenge the count's youth to a duel. He  
inspires Sir Andrew to write a letter of challenge.

ACTOR #5

Of course he does.

AGUECHEEK

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY

I'll call thee at thy bedroom: go.

*Aguecheek runs off.*

FESTE

So, considering Sir Andrew's complete lack of valour...

SIR TOBY

You'd find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea.

FESTE

... and his opposite, Cesario, bears in his visage no great passion for cruelty... it seems an excellent device where no one should be harmed and Sir Andrew can be kept around awhile.

SIR TOBY

For around a thousand dollars.

*Maria enters.*

MARIA

If you will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Malvolio is turn'd heathen! He's in yellow stockings and cross-garter'd.

*They exit laughing, uproariously. Feste announces...*

FESTE

A street scene... out on the street.

*Kazoo flourish. Sebastian (Actor #2) and Antonio (Actor #6) enter.*

SEBASTIAN

You should not have come. I wish to cause you no more trouble.

ANTONIO

Being skillless in these parts;- which to a stranger, unguided and unfriended, often prove rough and inhospitable.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks. So, what's to do? What's to do?

*Antonio suddenly gets very jumpy and pulls out his sword.*

ANTONIO

What was that?!!

SEBASTIAN

What?!!

ANTONIO

Sorry, I was once in a sea fight against the Duke and if I were ta'en here, I should pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

Ahh...

ANTONIO

Here's my purse. In the suburbs, at the Elephant Inn, is best to lodge.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy you have desire to purchase.

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

To meet at th'Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

Yes, yes, the Elephant... and take it easy on the coffee, try the decaf.

*They exit.*

FESTE

Olivia's garden...

*Kazoo flourish.*

FESTE

Olivia wonders how best to win young Cesario's favor...

*Malvolio enters, prancing and smiling.*

FESTE

Malvolio practices, according to the letter, the ways to his lady Olivia's heart.

*Maria (Actor #5) and OLIVIA (Actor #6) enter. Malvolio leaps in front of them.*

MALVOLIO

Sweet Lady, ho, ho! (Smiles fantastically).

MARIA

Be wary madam, he is sure possessed.

*Maria tries to lead her away, Malvolio jumps in front of them again.*

MALVOLIO

Cross-gartering... (he prances about)

OLIVIA

What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

Yellow in my legs!

*He kisses HIS hand.*

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

“Be not afraid of greatness.” – ‘twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What mean’st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness...”

OLIVIA

What say’st thou?

MALVOLIO

“And some have greatness thrust upon them.”

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

FESTE

Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orisino’s is return’d.

OLIVIA

I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him.

*Olivia and Maria exit.*

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him.

*Enter Maria with Toby.*

MARIA

How is it with you, man?

SIR TOBY

He is sure possessed! Out foul Devils!

MALVOLIO

Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things.

*Malvolio exits dramatically. Enter Aguecheek.*

AGUECHEEK

Here's the challenge: I warrant there's liver and brimstones in't.

*Toby takes the letter and reads.*

ACTOR #5/MARIA (ASIDE)

Not that I'm counting but, letter #4 my friends.

SIR TOBY

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

MARIA

Good and valiant.

SIR TOBY

"I will waylay thee going home, if be thy chance to kill me-thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain. Thy friend and thy sworn enemy, 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.

*Maria exits for another quick change.*

SIR TOBY

Go, Sir Andrew; look for him at the orchard and as soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible! Away!

*Aguecheek charges off.*

SIR TOBY

Now will I not deliver his letter: for the gentleman is of good capacity and breeding, therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole.

FESTE

Toby decides, for better effect, to deliver Sir Andrew's challenge by word of mouth to frighten them both, that they will kill one another with looks rather than blades.

*Toby acts out the frightening looks and then exits. Enter Olivia and CESARIO (VIOLA).*

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

With the same 'haviour that your passion bears, goes on my master's grief's.

OLIVIA

Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture. And come again tomorrow; fare thee well.

*Olivia departs. Toby enters with swords.*

SIR TOBY

Gentleman, God save thee!

CESARIO (VIOLA)

And you, sir...

SIR TOBY

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. Be yar in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly!

CESARIO (VIOLA)

You mistake, sir; I hath no quarrel with any man.

SIR TOBY

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

I pray you sir, I am no fighter.

SIR TOBY

Wait here, I'll see what I can do.

*Viola, frets and moves downstage as Andrew enters and is ushered away by Toby.*

SIR TOBY

Why, man, he's a very devil; I had a pass with him and he gave me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that death is inevitable.

AGUECHEEK

Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY

But, he will not now be pacified.

AGUECHEEK

I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

SIR TOBY

I'll make the motion and perhaps this shall end without the perdition of souls.

AGUECHEEK

The what of what?

SIR TOBY

You know... (he makes the cut throat gesture with a cut throat sound).  
(aside) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*He returns to CESARIO (VIOLA)*

SIR TOBY

There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath-sake:  
therefore draw, he protests he will not hurt you.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Pray God defend me!

*Sir Toby returns to Aguecheek.*

SIR TOBY

There's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have  
one bout with you, but he has promised me, he will not hurt you.

AGUECHEEK

Pray God, he keep his oath! (He draws)

*Sir Toby brings Aguecheek to Viola.*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

I do assure you, 'tis against my will. (She draws)

*A bit of wackiness here until... Antonio (Actor #6) enters.*

ANTONIO

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take  
the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY

You sir? Why, what are you? (He draws)

*Enter Officer #1 (Actor #3) and Officer #2 (Actor #1)*

OFFICER #1 (Actor #1)

Hold!

OFFICER #2 (Actor #3)

Antonio, I arrest thee in the name of Count Orisino.

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

OFFICER #1

No, sir, I do not; I know your favour well. Take him away.

ANTONIO

(To Cesario/ Viola) My necessity makes me to ask you for my purse?

OFFICER #2

Come sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

What money, sir?

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now? After all I have done for you?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

I know you not sir by voice or any feature...

ANTONIO

This youth that you see here I snatch'd out of the jaws of death and to his image I did promise most venerable devotion.

OFFICER #1

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

ANTONIO

Thou hast, Sebastian, done me harm.

*He exits with the Officers.*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

He named Sebastian. Oh, dear brother, if it prove true, Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!

*She exits.*

SIR TOBY

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare.

AGUECHEEK

I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Aguecheek runs off behind the curtain.*

SIR TOBY

(Calling after him) Cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Toby follows him out behind the curtain.*

FESTE

So, Toby follows him back to... Olivia's house!

*Kazoo flourish.*

FESTE

And happens upon Sebastian who he thinks to be Cesario and is about to receive much more of a brawl than he had bargained for.

SIR TOBY

Ah, ha! Now, sir, we meet again!

*Enter Sebastian and Toby.*

SEBASTIAN

Go to, go to, fool: Let me be clear of thee. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me. Let go of my hand!

*Sebastian smacks him.*

SIR TOBY

Ow!

*Sir Toby and Sebastian struggle.*

SIR TOBY

Come, sir, I will not let you go...

SEBASTIAN

I will be free from thee. If thou darest tempt me further (he breaks away) draw thy sword. (He draws).

SIR TOBY

What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this saucy blood from you. (He draws)

*Enter Olivia.*

OLIVIA

Hold, Toby! On thy life, I charge thee, hold! 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! – Be not offended, dear Cesario.- Be gone, cousin!

*Exit Toby. Actor #5 interrupts the action.*

ACTOR #5

Excuse me... just a second. Something is really bugging me, here.

ACTOR #6

But, we're right in the middle of my big scene!

ACTOR #5

I know, but, if I didn't say something I would just go nuts...

*She is about to go into another crazy dance, but Actor #2 stops her.*

ACTOR #2

Just, spit it out. Don't go nuts. Nobody wants to see that again.

ACTOR #5

Okay, it's this whole business with Malvolio. Does the guy really deserve what Toby and his crew are doing to him?

ACTOR #4

Well, he's kind of a jerk, isn't he? Always yelling at people and criticizing them. He's a stuck up party pooper, is what he is.

ACTOR #5

Yeah, but it's so mean!

ACTOR #4

So...?

ACTOR #5

So... Is Malvolio supposed to be the bad guy in this story? I don't think so. I say that it's Toby!

ACTOR #4

What?!

ACTOR #5

That's right! No matter how much of a jerk Malvolio is, nobody deserves what Toby and his crew wind up doing to him.

ACTOR #3

I whole-heartedly agree.

ACTOR #6

Do you know what Malvolio actually means?

ACTOR #5

No, what?

ACTOR #6

Ill will. Malvolio, in Italian means ill will. So, I think in Shakespeare's day... Malvolio *was* meant to be the bad guy and to be made fun of.

ACTOR #5

Or, Shakespeare might have meant... that Malvolio *was treated with ill will*. Ill will was forced upon him. I just don't think he deserves what they do to him, that's all.

ACTOR #4

And I think he's a stuck up know it all who gets just what he deserves.

ACTOR #1

Shakespeare looked at things from different angles. Plenty of room for both points of view.

ACTOR #6

Yeah, but ... The important part of the story is about love. How love is blind and how love can solve all kinds of problems. I just love that about love. Did I mention that I have soccer practice right after this?

ACTOR #1

Right! So, without further ado...!

ACTOR #6

Where were we again?

ACTOR #1

You just threw Toby out and now you're alone with Sebastian who you think is Cesario and who you're madly in love with.

ACTOR #6/OLIVIA

Right. Give me some acting room, here. This might get a little messy and I don't want to get it on anybody....

ACTOR #1

Action!

OLIVIA

I prithee, gentle friend, let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway in this uncivil and 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.

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this? Is this is a dream?

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me?

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be! If you mean well, go with me to the Priest:  
There, underneath that consecrated roof, plight me the full assurance  
of your faith; That my jealous and too doubtful soul may live at peace.

SEBASTIAN

I'll go with you; and, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA

And heavens so shine, that they may fairly note this act of mine!

FESTE

The Duke's Palace.

*Ensemble flourish. Enter Orsinio and CESARIO (VIOLA).*

ORSINO

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 a fool of me. Now, my foes tell me plainly I am a fool; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused, therefore, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

ORSINO

Why, this is excellent.

*Feste puts out his hat for a tip. Officer # 3 (Actor #4) enters pushing Antonio before him.*

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Here's the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well.

OFFICER #3

Orsino, this is Antonio, that took our ship, The Phoenix, when your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets in private brawl did we apprehend him.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side.

ORSINO

Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir, I shake off these names you give me. I never was thief or pirate and tell you plain, a witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy at your side, from the rude sea did I redeem. For his sake did I expose myself into the danger of this town and for my trouble he then denied me mine own purse, which I had recommended to his use not half an hour before.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

How can this be?

ORSINO

Thy words are madness. Take him away.

*The Officer takes Antonio away.*

FESTE

Sir, the good countess Olivia has come to see you.

*Feste puts out his hat for another tip. Orsino drops in a coin.*

FESTE

But that it be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

ORSINO

Be gone.

FESTE

Till I come again, I go, sir.

ORSINO

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

*Olivia (Actor #6) enters.*

OLIVIA

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

CESARIO (VIOLA)

Madam?

ORSINO

Gracious Olivia...

OLIVIA

What do you say, Cesario?

CESARIO (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

Uncivil lady... had I the heart to do it, to kill what I love. But I know the instrument that keeps me from my true place in your favour. This boy, whom I know you love, and whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, by him will I tear out your cruel eye – Come, boy, with me;

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

After him I love.

*A human tug of war.*

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

ORSINO

Come away!

OLIVIA

Cesario, husband, stay!

ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

No, my lord, not I.

*Aguecheek (Actor #2) enters.*

AGUECHEEK

For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

AGUECHEEK

He has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb.

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Aguecheek sees Viola screams and runs away.*

ORSINO

Cesario?

CESARIO (VIOLA)

I never hurt him. He drew sword upon me without cause.

*Sir Toby enters stumbling. Feste takes him away.. Sebastian (Actor #2) enters.*

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.

ORSINO

One face, one voice and two persons.

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

*Sebastian sees Viola*

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 sent he suited to his watery tomb.

SEBASTIAN

Where you a woman, as the rests goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say, "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

*She takes off her disguise and they rush together.*

VIOLA

I was preserved to serve this noble Duke.

SEBASTIAN

(To Olivia) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: You would have been contracted to a maid.

ORSINO

I shall have my share in this. (To Viola) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those saying will I over-swear; and keep true in my soul.

ORSINO

Give me thy hand.

*And they come together too*

OLIVIA

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, to think me as well a sister as a wife,

ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer. (To Viola) Your master quits you; and, for your service done him, and since you call'd me master for so long, here is my hand: you shall from this time be your master's mistress.

*They embrace. They turn to go*

ORSINO

(to Sebastian)

Your friend Antonio, he shall be released and join us in celebration.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you, a thousand times.

OLIVIA

A sister... a brother... wonderful, so wonderful.

*Sebastian and Olivia embrace. Malvolio (if Actor #3 can make the change) enters.*

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO

Pray you, peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand.

*Sir Toby (Actor #4), Maria (Actor #5) enter.*

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing. 'Tis Maria's hand.

MARIA

Good madam, hear me speak: And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come taint the condition of this present hour. Most freely I confess, myself and Toby set this device against Malvolio here. I wrote the letter.

SIR TOBY

But she did it for me and in recompense whereof, I did marry her.

MARIA

It was a sportful malice to rather pluck on laughter than revenge.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

*Malvolio exits.*

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace and a solemn combination shall be made of our dear souls.

ENSEMBLE SINGS.

“A great while ago the world begun, with a 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.”

*They bow and congratulate each other Hazzahs and farewells.*

THE END.

OPTIONAL:

ACTOR #1

We have just a few minutes, so if there’s any questions... Speak up now, or forever hold your peace.

ACTOR #4

“Hold your piece, I prithee hold your piece...”

ACTOR #3

Not now knave.

*As time permits, the ensemble takes a few questions form the audience.*