

# ILLYRIA

A New Musical  
adapted from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*  
by Peter Mills & Cara Reichel  
Book, Music, and Lyrics by Peter Mills

## CHARACTERS

Viola ..... twin sister to Sebastian  
Sebastian ..... twin brother to Viola  
Orsino ..... Duke of Illyria  
Olivia ..... a Countess  
Toby ..... uncle to Olivia  
Maria ..... Olivia's maidservant  
Andrew ..... suitor of Olivia  
Feste ..... Olivia's jester  
Malvolio ..... Olivia's steward  
Antonio ..... friend to Sebastian  
Guards, Courtiers, etc.

## PLACE

Illyria

## TIME

The non-specific past.

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

Lights up on FESTE, alone on stage.

FESTE

ILLYRIA, LOVELY ISLE.  
SOME YEARS AGO I ANCHORED THERE A WHILE.  
SOMETHING IN THE AIR THERE MUST HAVE AN ODD EFFECT,  
FOR EV'RY KIND OF IDLE FANCY GROWS UNCHECKED  
IN ILLYRIA...

Home to the greatest fools on earth! Of course, not all of them are professionals such as myself. But if you give audience, I'll unfold you a tale concerning two of our foremost amateurs...

HERE IN ILLYRIA.

(ORSINO appears in tableau.)

ORSINO

That strain again! It had a dying fall...

FESTE

Duke Orsino, the ruler of Illyria.

ORSINO

MY HEART, HUNGRY AS THE SEA,  
IS FED ON ONLY DREAMING,  
FILLED WITH ENDLESS APPETITE FOR LOVE.  
ALL MY THOUGHTS ARE RIVERS TO THAT SEA,  
TURBULENT AND TEEMING,  
AS THEY'LL EVER BE 'TIL SHE IS MINE  
I PINE FOR THERE IS NO OTHER LOVE FOR ME THAN OLIVIA.

FESTE

This was the name of his beloved

ORSINO

OLIVIA...

(OLIVIA appears in tableau. MALVOLIO and MARIA attend her.)

FESTE

The Countess Olivia. For the sake of her dearly departed brother, she had vowed to mourn for seven years.

OLIVIA

Let the doors be shut. I'll receive no one, not even the Duke.

FESTE

She was no less enamored of her melancholy than the Duke. And so she filled her days with lachrymose lament and doleful dirge.

OLIVIA

DEAR BROTHER OF MINE,  
SEE HOW MY ROOM IS YOUR SHRINE.  
LONG IN MY MEMORY THE IMAGE WILL SHINE OF YOU,  
DEAR BROTHER OF MINE.

(OLIVIA exits to her private chamber. MALVOLIO and MARIA slowly close the doors behind her. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, trying to get MARIA's attention.)

TOBY

Psst.

MARIA

Shh.

TOBY

Psst!

MARIA

Shh!

MALVOLIO

Shh!

TOBY

Maria...

MARIA

What is it?!

TOBY

A catastrophe: the ale seems to be locked up.

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, my Ladyship will no longer tolerate your drinking. Apart from a glass of wine with your meals, any drink you desire you must pay for out of your own pocket. I have made strict account of our present stores, so I will know exactly how much you consume. Maria, see to it that he pays.

(Exit MALVOLIO. TOBY and MARIA exchange glances.  
TOBY sighs.)

TOBY  
WHAT SHALL I DO IN ILLYRIA?  
I AM SPENT WITH LAMENT O'ER MY NEPHEW.

MARIA  
IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE ANY BIT OF F-U-N  
COULD BE FOUND 'ROUND HERE.  
I SAY IT'S TIME WE WERE CHEERIER,

TOBY  
AND I'LL BET THAT MY NEPHEW WOULD AGREE.  
COME, LET ME HAVE A CUP,  
SO I CAN OFFER UP A TOAST  
TO MY DEAR EX-HOST.

MARIA  
Neither your purse nor your paunch can afford another cup.

TOBY  
Sir Andrew will be here soon. I'll have the money from him.

MARIA  
I've no doubt you will. But please, Sir Toby, for my sake, won't you be more moderate?  
This drinking will undo you.

TOBY  
Oh, it's already undone me. Last night a button off my britches nearly put out Sir  
Andrew's eye.

(Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.)  
Ah, Sir Andrew—well met!

MARIA  
But why so somber, good sir?

ANDREW  
She will not receive me. How am I to win her if we never meet?

MARIA  
I'm afraid there's no remedy for my lady's sorrow but time.

TOBY  
Your sorrows, however, we may dispatch posthaste. Come sir, let me have sixpence, and  
Maria, fetch the key. Our guest requires a cup of good cheer

(Exit TOBY, MARIA, and ANDREW.)

FESTE

So matters stood and so they might have stayed were it not for a change in the weather. One particular day, dark clouds gathered as a ship passed near the coast. On board were a brother and sister, Sebastian and Viola. Born of a single hour, the two constant companions were traveling abroad for the first time in their young lives. And though Illyria was not their destination, it was their destiny nevertheless.

(The music begins to grow tempestuous.)

FESTE

Quite suddenly, the storm broke upon them. The sky turned to lead, and the sea became savage. Wave upon wave crashed against the hull; sails were torn from the rigging; timbers groaned under the onslaught. At last the ship split apart. The girl could not swim, so her brother bound her to a broken mast. But no sooner had he done this than the sea tore him from her grasp.

(The storm is over. VIOLA appears, alone.)

FESTE

She awoke on the shores of Illyria.

VIOLA

WHERE ARE YOU, SEBASTIAN?

FESTE

Her brother was nowhere to be found.

(VIOLA sees her brother's coat on the shore and picks it up.)

VIOLA

SEBASTIAN...

FESTE

Fearful of what dangers might await a young girl on her own, Viola took refuge in the only protection she knew.

(VIOLA puts on the coat, and slowly exits.)

VIOLA

WHAT COUNTRY IS THIS?

(OTHERS appear as they join in singing.)

FESTE  
 ILLYRIA,  
 LOVELY ISLE.  
 SOME YEARS AGO  
 I ANCHORED THERE  
 A WHILE.  
 SOMETHING IN  
 THE AIR THERE  
 MUST HAVE  
 AN ODD EFFECT,  
 FOR EV'RY KIND  
 OF IDLE FANCY  
 GROWS,  
 AND GROWS  
 AND GROWS

OLIVIA  
 DEAR BROTHER  
 OF MINE  
 SEE HOW MY  
 ROOM IS YOUR  
 SHRINE  
 LONG IN MY  
 MEM'RY THE  
 IMAGE OF YOU  
 WILL LIVE ON, DEAR  
 THOUGH YOU'RE  
 GONE, DEAR  
 +MALVOLIO  
 AND ON AND ON

ORSINO  
 MY LOVE FOR  
 OLIVIA  
 IS AS LOFTY  
 AND LARGE  
 AS THE SKY  
 UP ABOVE  
 BUT WHEN WILL  
 OLIVIA LOVE ME?

TOBY  
 STAY ANOTHER WEEK

ANDREW  
 I WILL!

MARIA  
 WIN HER WITH YOUR CHARM.

ANDREW  
 —AND SKILL!

TOBY  
 SHE MAY SEEM ALOOF,

ANDREW  
 BUT STILL...

MARIA  
 NEVER GIVE UP HOPE

ANDREW  
 UNTIL,

TOBY, MARIA, ANDREW  
 FINALLY THERE COMES A DAY  
 WHEN WE HEAR THE LADY SAY  
 "ANDREW, YOU HAVE CAPTURED MY HEART!"

ALL  
 ILLYRIA, LAND OF FOOLS,  
 WHERE CLARITY'S A RARITY AND MADNESS RULES  
 MANY MEN STEER CLEAR OF THOSE SHORES.  
 AH, BUT ILLYRIA...

(VIOLA re-enters, now dressed as a boy. OTHERS begin  
 to exit until only VIOLA and FESTE remain.)

FESTE  
 I'M STILL YOURS.

(Exit FESTE.)

**Scene 2**

The Duke's palace. VIOLA by herself.

VIOLA

SEBASTIAN, PLEASE UNDERSTAND.  
I WAS ALONE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO.  
I THOUGHT IF SOMEHOW YOU WERE THERE TO SEE ME THROUGH,  
I MIGHT SURVIVE.  
SEBASTIAN, THE DAYS GO BY,  
AND I BEGIN TO SETTLE IN TO SOMETHING NEW.  
AND THOUGH I KNOW I'M NOT SO GOOD AT BEING YOU,  
IT HELPS TO SAY  
THAT IN A WAY,  
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.

ORSINO

(offstage)

Sebastian!

VIOLA

Here, my Lord.

(Enter ORSINO.)

ORSINO

Sebastian, I have written a new ode in praise of Olivia. And you are the only one among all my courtiers that I can confide in, so will you listen and tell me what you think?

VIOLA

I would be honored, my Lord.

ORSINO

Bear in mind, this is only a first effort.

(ORSINO unrolls a parchment.)

ORSINO

MY LOVE FOR OLIVIA  
IS LIKE NOTHING THAT THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.  
MY LOVE IS A MIRACLE—

You don't like it. I can tell.

VIOLA

No, it's beautiful, but...

ORSINO

Out with it. You know how much I value your opinion, Sebastian.

VIOLA

My Lord, in these poems you speak often of your feelings, but perhaps you ought sometimes to speak of her feelings as well as yours.

ORSINO

Her feelings?

VIOLA

You must remember, my Lord, she is in mourning for her brother.

ORSINO

Ah, yes. That.

(ORSINO makes a few abortive attempts at a rewrite, then crumples up the parchment in frustration.)

ORSINO

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT I OUGHT TO SAY?  
HOW I MIGHT BEGIN  
TO WIN MY WAY INTO HER HEART?  
I HAVE TRIED SO LONG,  
BUT EV'RYTHING I DO SEEMS WRONG.  
SO HOW DO THESE THINGS START?

VIOLA

I have no particular skill, my Lord.

ORSINO

YOU COULD TELL ME JUST THE OPENING LINE.  
HELP ME FOR A WHILE,  
AND I'LL BE FINE PLAYING THE PART.  
I'VE THOUGHT ALL ABOUT  
EVERYTHING FROM THERE ON OUT,  
BUT HOW DO THESE THINGS START?

VIOLA

YOU'D SAY HELLO.

ORSINO

HELLO?

VIOLA

HOW ARE YOU?



ORSINO

HOW ARE YOU...

VIOLA

YOU'D SAY I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH.

ORSINO

I KNOW—  
NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE.

VIOLA

SO THEN YOU ASK.

ORSINO

I ASK WHAT?

VIOLA

ABOUT HER FEELINGS.

ORSINO

AH, YES, I REMEMBER NOW—HER FEELINGS!

VIOLA

ALL YOU NEED ARE SIMPLE WORDS AT FIRST,  
IF YOU LET EACH ONE  
BE UNREHEARSED — SPEAK FROM YOUR HEART.  
TRY TO BE HER FRIEND,  
AND WHO KNOWS WHERE IT ALL MAY END.  
BUT THAT'S HOW THESE THINGS START.

ORSINO

I'D SAY HELLO.

VIOLA

HELLO.

ORSINO

HOW ARE YOU?

VIOLA

STILL SAD, MY LORD. AND YOU?

ORSINO

I'M WELL.  
WELL, NO.  
FOR TRUTH TO TELL,

ORSINO (continued)

MY HEART IS WRACKED BY LOVE  
THAT GROWS DEEPER DAY BY DAY  
AND FILLS ME WITH SUCH FEELINGS...  
—BUT I'D RATHER HEAR ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS.

VIOLA

Good.

HOW IT HAPPENS WHO COULD EVER TEACH?

ORSINO

TWO BEGIN A TUNE,

BOTH

AND SOON THEY EACH FIND THEIR OWN PART.  
IMPROVISE IN RHYME,  
MAKING SONG IN PERFECT TIME.

ORSINO

THEN IT STARTS.

VIOLA

THEN IT STARTS.

BOTH

WHO KNOWS HOW?

VIOLA

WHO KNOWS WHY?

ORSINO

WHO KNOWS WHEN?  
BUT IT STARTS.

VIOLA

MAYBE BE NOW...

ORSINO

NOW, I SEE I'VE BEEN UNWISE,  
AND ALL THE WHILE YOUR EYES SAW THROUGH ME,  
THEY SAW RIGHT THROUGH ME  
TO HOW MY FOOLISHNESS WAS FEAR  
OF LETTING YOU COME NEARER TO ME.  
YES, I TRIED MY BEST TO HIDE MY HEART AWAY,  
BUT YOU ALWAYS KNEW ME.

What would she say to that?

VIOLA

Who?

ORSINO

Olivia, of course.

VIOLA

Oh. I'm sure she would receive it well, my Lord.

ORSINO

Don't flatter me, Sebastian. I know I haven't the gift for this kind of talk.

VIOLA

No, you spoke very well.

ORSINO

With your guidance, perhaps. Left to my own devices, I would no doubt fare miserably. But you, you have such a delicacy in your manner, Sebastian. I know she would be pleased by it. You will go to the Lady Olivia and plead my suit to her.

VIOLA

Oh, no my Lord, I don't think that would work. It's your heart that must plead—

ORSINO

You know it better than I do myself. This afternoon you will go to her and play this same scene that we have rehearsed.

VIOLA

But, my Lord—

ORSINO

Go to it, then.

VIOLA

I'll do my best to win your lady.

(Exit ORSINO.)

VIOLA

SOMETHING HAPPENS QUICKER THAN A WINK,  
SUDDEN, BUT SUBLIME.  
NO TIME TO THINK WHETHER IT'S SMART,  
NO WAY FOR YOU TO TELL  
IF IT ALL WILL TURN OUT WELL.  
BUT THAT'S HOW THESE THINGS START.

**Scene 3**

Olivia's house

(Enter ANDREW, followed by TOBY and MARIA.)

ANDREW

That does it. I'm leaving.

TOBY

Wait, Sir Andrew! You mustn't run off like this. Come, we'll have a drink, and you'll tell us what's the matter...

ANDREW

WHAT SHALL I DO IN ILLYRIA?  
WILL YOUR NIECE NEVER CEASE IN HER GRIEVING?  
SHALL I STAY, WHEN THE LADY'S NOT RECEIVING ME,  
AND EVEN THE DUKE IS MET WITH REBUKE?

TOBY

My niece will warm to you. I'm certain of it.

ANDREW

But how can I be, as you say, the most illegible bachelor in Illyria, when the Duke himself is a suitor?

TOBY

Ha! The Duke is hardly a rival for a man of your distinction. Isn't that right, Maria?

MARIA

Never was a knight so truly benighted as you, Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

I know. But sometimes I have my doubts.

MARIA

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DANCE A GAVOTTE?

ANDREW

I DO.

TOBY

AND YOU ARE RATHER TALL, ARE YOU NOT?

ANDREW

THAT'S TRUE...

MARIA  
AND YOU KNOW HOW TO SPEAK  
BOTH IN LATIN...

TOBY  
...AND GREEK

ANDREW  
AND IN FRENCH!  
'UN PEU.' *[he pronounces it 'poo']*

TOBY  
THEN TELL ME,  
HOW COULD A KNIGHT SO SUPERIOR  
EVER DOUBT THAT HE'D FAIL TO SUCCEED?  
WHAT'S A REBUFF OR TWO?  
SOONER OR LATER YOU  
WILL GAIN WHAT YOU SEEK.

ANDREW  
WELL, PERHAPS ONE MORE WEEK.

TOBY  
Excellent! Then let us drink to your imminent engagement. Maria, pour us another round. Sir Andrew will pay!

(Exit TOBY and ANDREW. . FESTE sneaks up and surprises MARIA.)

MARIA  
Where have you been? You should be hanged for being away so long.

FESTE  
I welcome it. Let me be the most well-hanged bachelor in Illyria.

MARIA  
Speaking of which, there's been a batch of bachelors and ill-suited suitors hanging about the house while you were gone.

FESTE  
Including your own?

MARIA  
What do you mean? You know I have no suitors, fool.

FESTE

Oh, don't be coy, Mistress Mary. If Sir Toby would ever leave off drinking long enough, I have no doubt you'd make as witty a wife as any in Illyria.

MARIA

Peace! I hold no hope for that. Sir Toby would never marry beneath his rank.

OLIVIA

(offstage)

DEAR BROTHER OF MINE...

FESTE

Is the Lady Olivia still in mourning?

OLIVIA

MORNING AND EVENING I PINE

MARIA

As ever, good fool.

FESTE

This has gone on far too long. I must put a stop to it.

MARIA

It's no use. She is completely abandoned to her melancholy.

(Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO in attendance.)

OLIVIA

DEAR BROTHER OF MINE,

FESTE

DEAR BROTHER OF HERS,

OLIVIA

FATED BY FORTUNE MALIGN,

FESTE

FATED BY FORTUNE,  
HER EYES HOW THEY WATER,  
HER LIPS HOW THEY WHINE...

OLIVIA

Take away the fool, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

With pleasure.

FESTE

You heard her, sir. Take away the lady.

OLIVIA

Sir, I asked him to take away you.

FESTE

No, no. For mere motley does not a fool make. My lady, let me prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

With pleasure.

HERE WE SEE A SISTER'S GRIEF  
FOR THE BROTHER SHE LOVED SO WELL.  
BROUGHT ABOUT BY HER BELIEF  
THAT HER BROTHER HAS GONE TO HELL.  
BUT IF SUCH WERE THE CASE, THEN IT MUST IMPLY  
THAT TO MOURN WOULD BE HOLY TREASON.  
FOR THE LADY SHOULD TRUST THAT THE LORD ON HIGH  
HAD HIM DAMNED FOR A DAMN GOOD REASON.  
SILLY LITTLE SYLLOGISMS OF THIS SCHOOL  
GENERALLY GENERATE A USEFUL RULE  
TO SEPARATE THE SOBERHEADED FROM THE FOOL—

OLIVIA

FOOL!  
YOUR REASONING IS FLAWED, I FEAR.  
YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT  
THAT DEAR BROTHER OF MINE  
WAS BLESSED WITH A SPIRIT SO FINE.  
IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE A SOUL MORE DIVINE  
THAN THAT DEAR BROTHER OF MINE.

FESTE

Forgive me, my lady. I see now I began from false premises. Please, let me try again.

WITNESS HERE A SISTER WEEP  
FOR A BROTHER GONE HOME TO GOD.  
THUS IT'S CLEAR SHE WISHED TO KEEP  
HIM BESIDE HER ON EARTHLY SOD.

FESTE (continued)

BUT IF THIS SHOULD BE SO, THEN WHAT WOULD DRIVE  
ANY SISTER TO BE SO SPITEFUL  
AS TO WISH HIM BELOW AND THUS DEPRIVE  
HIM OF COMPANY SO DELIGHTFUL?

SILLY LITTLE SYLLOGISMS OF THIS ILK  
FOLLOW ON A FILAMENT AS FINE AS SILK  
TO A PREDICATE AS PRECIOUS AS A MOTHER'S MILK.

FOR IF 'A' IS ALIVE,  
AND 'B' IS DEAD,  
AND 'C' IS A FOOL,  
OR SO IT'S SAID,  
THEN 'A' SHOULD BE GAY  
AND NOT LIKE 'B,'  
FOR INDEED TO BE DEAD,  
ANY 'C' CAN SEE,  
IS A B-A-D IDEA TO BE.

SILLY LITTLE SYLLOGISMS OF THIS SORT  
BATTER AT THE BATTLEMENTS OF REASON'S FORT,  
INHIBITING INHABITANTS FROM ALL RESORT  
TO EXUBERANT EXHIBIT OF A SMART RETORT.

(FESTE dances a triumphant jig.)

OLIVIA

What do you think of this fool, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

I marvel that your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren wit. If you wish it, I could find you a much better fool.

FESTE

And you wouldn't have to look far, sir.

OLIVIA

Oh, Malvolio, you are out of your depth.

MALVOLIO

Only inasmuch as a great whale is out of his depth in shallow waters.

FESTE

But look, here's another great whale who's washed up on our shore.



(Enter TOBY.)

OLIVIA  
My Lord—half drunk.

TOBY  
There's a gentleman at the gate.  
(a belch)  
A plague on these pickled herring!

MALVOLIO  
My lady is not receiving visitors.

TOBY  
I told him as much, and he says he'll stand at your gate until you see him.

MALVOLIO  
Madam, I will see to this. The young man need only be dismissed with some measure of sobriety and authority.

OLIVIA  
No—we'll receive him. Maria, my veil. Malvolio, bring the gentleman round and then give us the place alone. And Feste, look to my uncle, if you would.

(A flurry of activity. FESTE exits, escorting TOBY.  
MALVOLIO exits to fetch VIOLA. MARIA enters with a  
veil for OLIVIA then departs. MALVOLIO presents  
VIOLA and leaves the two alone.)

**Scene 4**

The same. OLIVIA receives VIOLA.

OLIVIA

Now, sir, I am told that you made a nuisance of yourself at my gate and could not be turned away. Surely you've come on some fearfully urgent matter.

VIOLA

I have a commission from the Duke to speak with you.

OLIVIA

Ah, the Duke. Shall I once more hear my beauty catalogued in tortured quatrains?

VIOLA

No, my lady. He asked only that I do my best to convey the sincerity and depth of his feelings. But I myself would not venture to praise your beauty so long as you keep it hidden from me. Madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Is that necessary? You've come here to speak of his sentiments, not my qualities. Perhaps the young man is merely curious.

VIOLA

I'll admit—I am. He speaks of you so often, and so highly.

OLIVIA

Very well, then. We shall draw the curtains and show you the portrait.

(OLIVIA lifts her veil.)

OLIVIA

HERE YOU SEE OLIVIA,  
PAINTED AS SHE WAS JUST NOW.  
IS NOT THE WORK BEAUTIFUL,  
FROM THE ALABASTER CHIN TO THE IVORY BROW?

VIOLA

You are beautiful, madam. And yet your beauty lives neither in your chin nor your brow, but in a certain sadness that haunts your eyes, an inconsolable grief for a brother lost.

OLIVIA

You see a great deal. You seem to have a better understanding than I would expect of a man—especially at your tender age.

VIOLA

No, in truth I can hardly understand you at all.

IF I WERE LOVED THE WAY MY MASTER LOVES YOU,  
I'D ASK NO OTHER JOY IN LIFE.  
INSTEAD OF DRIVING HIM AWAY AS YOU DO,  
I'D GLADLY GO TO BE HIS WIFE.  
BUT IF I CARED FOR YOU AS DEEPLY AS HE,  
AND FOUND MY OVERTURES DECLINED,  
I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT I COULD FIND  
THE MEANS TO CHANGE YOUR MIND.

OLIVIA

What would you do?

VIOLA

I'D BUILD MYSELF A CABIN THERE AT YOUR GATE, OLIVIA.  
AND LIKE A LONELY SENTINEL I WOULD WAIT, OLIVIA.  
AND FROM YOUR ROOM YOU'D HEAR ME CRYING "OLIVIA,  
OLIVIA, BE MY LOVE."

A THOUSAND SONGS OF WOEFUL LOVE I WOULD WRITE, OLIVIA.  
AND SING THEM LOUD THE DARKEST HOUR OF THE NIGHT, OLIVIA.  
AND TEACH THE BABBLING BROOK TO CRY OUT "OLIVIA,  
OLIVIA BE MY LOVE."

THE HILLS AND HOLLOWES ALL AROUND  
WOULD ECHO WITH "OLIVIA! OLIVIA!"  
AND ALL THE EARTH WOULD SOON RESOUND  
WITH "OLIVIA! OLIVIA!"

FINALLY YOU'D COME DOWN  
FROM YOUR HIDEAWAY HIGH ABOVE,  
AND YOU'D PITY ME, OLIVIA,  
YOU WOULD BE MY LOVE.

OLIVIA

You would do much.

VIOLA

No more than any true lover ought.

OLIVIA

Yet more than the Duke has done.

VIOLA

My lady, I can bear witness to his passion—the sighs, the groans, the tears. Such love should be requited—

OLIVIA

And yet I cannot love him. Let him send no more—only, perhaps you might come again to tell me how he takes it.

(offering a coin)

Here, for your pains...

VIOLA

Keep your money. It is my master, not myself, who lacks recompense. Farewell, cruel Olivia.

(Exit VIOLA.)

OLIVIA

THE HILLS AND HOLLOWES ALL AROUND  
WOULD ECHO WITH “OLIVIA! OLIVIA!”  
AND ALL THE EARTH WOULD SOON RESOUND  
WITH “OLIVIA!”

AND FINALLY I’D COME DOWN  
FROM MY HIDEAWAY HIGH ABOVE...

(She looks at a ring on her finger. Then, with a sudden impulse, she slips off the ring and runs to the door.)

Malvolio! Malvolio!

(Exit OLIVIA.)

**Scene 5**

Near the coast of Illyria. Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN

VIOLA,  
YOU STAY IN MY MIND.  
MANY USED TO SAY THAT WE TRULY WERE TWO OF A KIND.  
BUT THEY WERE BLIND...  
VIOLA,  
SO YOUNG AND SO FAIR,  
NOTHING OF MY PERSON  
WITHIN OR WITHOUT COULD COMPARE TO YOU.  
HOW CAN I DO WITHOUT YOU?  
YOU WERE DROWNED IN THE SALT WATER THEN,  
BUT I SEEM TO DROWN YOU AGAIN  
EACH DAY WITH OCEANS OF TEARS.

(Enter ANTONIO.)

ANTONIO

Sebastian, I cannot in good conscience leave you here. This land is dangerous for the lone traveler.

SEBASTIAN

Kind Antonio, I cannot trouble you further. You saved my life, and now you've brought me here to Illyria. You've done enough.

ANTONIO

At least tell me where you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

To the court of Duke Orsino. I'll offer myself to him as a servant.

ANTONIO

Orsino! The man's a sworn enemy of mine. I would hate to see you involve yourself with him.

SEBASTIAN

On what grounds is he your enemy?

ANTONIO

I have on occasion quarreled with the Duke's navy, and these disputes have cost him several ships. Now he brands me a pirate and would happily see me hanged. It is very dangerous for me even to have brought you here. But come with me—we can leave this land together.

SEBASTIAN

No, Antonio. Whatever fate is left me, I feel it must unfold in Illyria. My sister lost her life in these waters, so I will live out mine on these shores.

ANTONIO

Then let me accompany you at least until you find lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I see you won't be persuaded otherwise. So lead me on.

(SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO exit as VIOLA enters.)

SEBASTIAN

VIOLA...

VIOLA

SEBASTIAN,  
I CAN'T SAY WHY...  
SOMETIMES I FIND HE'S ON MY MIND INSTEAD OF YOU.  
CAN SOMEONE BE IN LOVE AND BE IN MOURNING TOO?  
IT MAKES NO SENSE.

(Enter MALVOLIO)

MALVOLIO

You there! Are you the Duke's messenger, who was just now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

I am he.

MALVOLIO

Well you might have saved me my pains by taking your unwanted gift home with you.

VIOLA

What's that?

(MALVOLIO takes a ring from his pocket.)

MALVOLIO

This ring you left. She says you may assure your master that she wants none of him. She adds, moreover, that you ought never to come again on his behalf, except to report his taking of this.

VIOLA

I left no ring with her.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir. You peevishly pressed it upon her. Now take it.

VIOLA

No. It's neither mine nor the Duke's.

MALVOLIO

So be it. I therefore let it fall upon the ground.

(He drops the ring.)

Let it be his who finds it.

(Exit MALVOLIO. VIOLA picks up the ring.)

VIOLA

I LEFT NO RING.  
THIS ALL IS FOLLY—UNLESS...  
IT COULDN'T BE!  
AND YET SHE SEEMED  
TO MARK MY MANNER AND DRESS...  
IT COULDN'T BE!  
ALAS THE DAY  
IF SHE BE SMITTEN WITH—  
SEBASTIAN.  
IT CAN'T BE TRUE!  
ARE WOMEN'S HEARTS  
SUCH FICKLE PARTS TO FALTER SO?  
CAN SOMEONE FALL IN LOVE  
YET MOURN A BROTHER—OH!  
BUT GOD FORBID  
FOR IF SHE DID,  
WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

(She pockets the ring. Exit VIOLA.)

**Scene 6**

Olivia's house, late at night. Enter TOBY,  
ANDREW and FESTE.

ANDREW

Still, it worries me, Sir Toby. For I have always heard that it is wicked not to be abed after midnight.

TOBY

Fool, speak sense to the man.

(During FESTE's ditty, TOBY slyly extracts a coin from  
ANDREW's purse.)

FESTE

SURELY, SIR, YOU'VE HEARD IT SAID  
BY THE PROVIDENT AND THE WISE:  
EARLY, SIR, TO GO TO BED  
AND BE EARLIER STILL TO RISE.  
SO A MAN WHO'S AWAKE  
WHEN THE HOUR IS LATE  
SHOULD REMEMBER TO HEED THAT WARNING  
AND SHOULD NOT GO TO BED  
BUT INSTEAD SHOULD WAIT  
'TIL IT'S EARLY IN THE MORNING.

TOBY

(giving him the coin)

Excellently spoken, fool. And worth a sixpence.

ANDREW

Yes. This is the best kind of fooling. You'll have sixpence from me too. Only I wonder what your niece will think of our keeping such ill hours.

TOBY

She won't think of it at all. She's asleep.

SOME GO EARLY TO BED,  
LIKE MY SISTER'S DAUGHTER.  
SOME ARE HAPPILY FED  
JUST ON BREAD AND WATER.  
I HAVE FIGURED A WAY  
LIFE CAN BE MUCH RICHER—  
THE SECRET OF WHICH I WILL CONVEY  
IF YOU GET THE PITCHER.



ANDREW

I do indeed get the picture, Sir Toby.

TOBY

Of ale.

ANDREW

Oh.

(ANDREW passes the pitcher and TOBY pours himself a glass.)

TOBY

FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE,  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE—BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.  
BUT NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY...

SO FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE,  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE—BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.

CAKES AND ALE!  
LET THE MORALLY-MINDED RANT AND RAIL.  
ALL THEIR HOLLERING IS TO NO AVAIL,  
FOR I FOR ONE WON'T FAIL  
TO GET MY CAKES AND ALE!

TOBY

(echoed by ANDREW and FESTE)

FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE—BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.

ANDREW

But now my mouth is dry!

TOBY

Right!

(TOBY and FESTE demonstrate the cycle on ANDREW as they sing the following round.)

TOBY & FESTE  
SO FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE,  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE—BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.  
BUT NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY

(This round becomes increasingly hectic and abbreviated.)

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE  
CAKES AND ALE!  
WHY GO WANDERING OVER HILL AND DALE  
ON A MISSION TO FIND THE HOLY GRAIL,  
WHEN THERE'S A WELL-WORN TRAIL  
THAT LEADS TO CAKES AND ALE?

(Enter MARIA.)

MARIA  
What in God's name is going on down here?

TOBY  
Hush, woman. We are conducting very important research here.

MARIA  
Well your research has awakened the whole house, and I have no doubt Master Malvolio is on his way even now to throw you all out.

TOBY  
But listen, Maria. We have made a discovery.

MARIA  
What is that?

TOBY  
Observe.

FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE,  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE...

ANDREW  
BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.

FESTE  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.

TOBY

You know how it goes, boys!

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE

CAKES AND ALE!  
WHEN YOU'RE HAVING 'EM BY THE POUND OR PAIL...

ANDREW

WHEN A KNIGHT CAN BECOME A NIGHTINGALE...

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE

THE THING THAT MAKES YOU MALE  
IS HAVING CAKES AND—

(Enter MALVOLIO)

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad?! Have you no respect for persons, place, or time?

TOBY

We did keep time, sir—in our music.

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. Though my lady harbors you as a kinsman, she has little patience for your habits. And if you do not amend yourself, I will very happily throw you and your drunken rabble out of the house.

TOBY

Are you anything more than a servant? Do you think because you are virtuous that there will be no more cakes and ale? Go! Rub your chain with crumbs.

MALVOLIO

Mistress Mary, if you had any consideration for Lady Olivia, you would put a stop to this drunken riot rather than encouraging it.

MARIA

I came down here for that very purpose, Master Malvolio. I have been scolding them, pleading with them, threatening them. The truth of it is, I have spoke so many words trying to maintain order in this house that now... my mouth is dry!

TOBY

Might I make a suggestion?

MARIA

By all means, Sir Toby.

TOBY  
FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE,

MARIA  
Don't mind if I do.

TOBY & ANDREW  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE. BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.

MARIA  
Yes, it is rather.

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE.  
BUT NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE, MARIA  
FIRST YOU TAKE A TINY SWIG OF ALE

MALVOLIO  
So that's how it is, then?

TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE, MARIA  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE.  
BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.

MALVOLIO  
All four of you, united in your depravity.

MARIA, TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE  
SO NOW, TO MAKE  
IT BETTER, HAVE SOME CAKE.

(A cake in the face for MALVOLIO.)

MALVOLIO  
My Lady shall hear of this!

MARIA, TOBY, ANDREW, FESTE  
AND BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE!

(They wave goodbye to MALVOLIO as he exits.)

TOBY  
My mouth is dry!

**Scene 7**

The Duke's palace. VIOLA and ORSINO are also up late, drinking wine.

ORSINO

It's long past time we went to bed, Sebastian! I've poured out my soul to you, drowned you in words, and yet I feel as though there are volumes still unspoken.

VIOLA

I would listen so long as it pleases you to speak.

ORSINO

I can hardly say whether it's the wine or the lateness of the hour that has made me so lightheaded. But in all my days, I've never felt such a strange intoxication.

VIOLA

They say that for a man in love there's nothing more intoxicating than time spent with his beloved.

ORSINO

Would that she were here.

VIOLA

(toasting)  
To fair Olivia.

ORSINO

To Olivia. For one so young, you seem very wise in the ways of the heart. Could it be that you are in love yourself?

VIOLA

I must admit—you have me there.

ORSINO

Ha—splendid! What kind of woman is she?

VIOLA

Your kind, I would say.

ORSINO

Beautiful?

VIOLA

I'm sure you would think so.

ORSINO

How old?

VIOLA

About your age.

ORSINO

Too old! A man's love should be younger than himself. For, to be honest, boy, we men are shallow creatures. One must take care lest the woman's beauty fades before the man's appetite for it does.

VIOLA

I will remember that.

ORSINO

I leave you now, but not without a bit of good counsel. Let your love be younger. Women are like roses, and the bloom of their youth, once displayed, begins to fall that very hour.

VIOLA

And they die even as they grow to perfection.

ORSINO

Good night, Sebastian.

(Exit ORSINO)

VIOLA

SO SHALL I JOIN THE POTTED PLANTS  
AND PERCH UPON YOUR SHELF FOR YEARS?  
IMPRISONED NOT IN POT, BUT PANTS,  
AND WATERING MYSELF WITH TEARS, WITH BRINE?  
WITHERED BY THE SALT,  
KNOWING THAT THE FAULT IS MINE.

PATIENCE...

A CHANGE WILL COME.

PATIENCE...

I MUST DEPEND UPON THE PENDULUM,  
AND PRAY

A CHANGE WILL COME

SOMEDAY,

SOMEHOW.

YOU'D THINK THAT DRESSED THE WAY I AM,  
I'D PLAY THE PART PLEAD MY SUIT.

VIOLA (continued)

BUT SINCE THIS SUIT OF MINE'S A SHAM,  
DISCRETION SAYS I NEED BE MUTE.  
AND OH... I COULDN'T BEAR TO BREACH YOUR TRUST.  
WHILE I'M IN BREECHES THEN IT MUST BE SO.

PATIENCE...  
IT'S ONLY TIME.  
PATIENCE...  
I'LL LET MY PASSIONS PLAY IN PANTOMIME.  
ABIDE,  
AND SPEAK MY LOVE  
AS AN ASIDE.

DAY AFTER DAY, I HEAR YOU SPEAK  
OF DREAMS THAT DON'T INCLUDE ME.  
WILL THEY EVER INCLUDE ME?  
EVEN AT NIGHT, IN MY OWN DREAMS,  
I REACH FOR YOU AND YOU ELUDE ME.  
ELUDE ME...  
STILL YOU ELUDE ME.

PATIENCE...  
I'LL HOLD YOU YET.  
PATIENCE...  
I'LL STAY AS STILL AS ANY SILHOUETTE  
AND WAIT  
AND LEAVE THE REST  
TO FATE.  
PATIENCE...  
PATIENCE.  
PATIENCE.

(Lights fade.)

**Scene 8**

Olivia's. Later the same evening. TOBY,  
ANDREW, FESTE and MARIA.

ANDREW

The man's an insufferable prig. I have a notion to challenge him to a duel. And then not show up, to make a fool of him.

TOBY

Do it, Knight. Write him a challenge, and I'll deliver it.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. My Lady was unsettled after the visit from the Duke's boy, and she needs her sleep. As for Monsieur Malvolio, leave him to me.

TOBY

Why? What do you have in mind?

MARIA

LET ME TELL YOU ALL A LITTLE OF HIM,  
FOR I'VE OBSERVED AN INTERESTING QUIRK:  
HE THINKS THAT ALL WHO LOOK AT HIM MUST LOVE HIM,  
AND THIS WHERE MY METHOD GOES TO WORK.

I KNOW HIS TYPE.  
THE MAN IS VAIN.  
THE MAN'S A RIPE TOMATO  
HANGING ON THE VINE.  
A LITTLE LUCK,  
A LITTLE PLUCK,  
WILL MAKE IT PLAIN—  
THE MAN IS MINE.

TOBY

What will you do?

MARIA

I can write very much like my lady. In fact, the untrained eye can hardly make distinction between our hands.

TOBY

I smell a plot.

ANDREW

I have it in my nose too!



MARIA

I WILL SET SOME PRETTY WORDS BEFORE HIM,  
AND HE WILL SEIZE UPON 'EM LIKE A CLUE.  
ASSUMING AS HE DOES THAT ALL ADORE HIM,  
HIS ONLY THOUGHT WILL BE TO FIND OUT WHO.

AND JUST LIKE THAT  
THE MAN'S A MEAL.  
THE MAN'S A FAT DELICIOUS  
MACK'REL ON THE LINE.  
A LITTLE BAIT,  
A LITTLE BITE,  
AND THEN I REEL HIM IN.  
THE MAN IS MINE.

TOBY

He will think, from a letter you write, that my niece is in love with him!

MARIA

My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

ANDREW

And your horse will make him an ass!

MARIA

Ass, I doubt not.

HE'LL BE A FOOL BY BEING WHAT HE WANTS TO BE.  
HE IS A FOOL—I ONLY NEED TO SET HIM FREE  
TO BE A FOOL FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE.  
HE'LL BE A FOOL FOR ME.

THE MAN'S A GOOSE,  
AND SHE'S A SWAN.

FESTE

NO, SHE'S THE PEARL  
YOU HAVE TO HURL BEFORE THE SWINE.

MARIA

A LITTLE HOT BENEATH THE POT  
AND THEN THE GOOSE IS COOKED.

TOBY

THE PIG IS POKED.

FESTE

THE FISH IS HOOKED.

ANDREW

THE CHICKEN'S CHOKED.

TOBY

THE TOMATO'S PLUCKED.

FESTE

THE PEARL IS HURLED.

ANDREW

THE OYSTER'S SHUCKED.

MARIA

AND ALL THE WORLD IS FINE.

THE MAN IS MINE.

(THEY exit.)

**Scene 9**

The Duke's palace. ORSINO and VIOLA, both melancholy.

ORSINO

Look at me, Sebastian. In me you see all the symptoms of love: the pallor of my cheek, the furrowed brow. Mark it well, for someday you may suffer as I do.

VIOLA

I do suffer. It pains me to see you like this and to know that there's nothing I can do to comfort you.

ORSINO

The only remedy lies with Olivia, and she is utterly indifferent. Oh, Sebastian, may you never find yourself in such a wretched state. To be full of so much music and passion and poetry and to find no outlet for it. To love so deeply, and yet remain unloved.

(VIOLA gives ORSINO the ring.)

ORSINO

What's this?

VIOLA

A token, my Lord. I know a servant's love is no substitute for Olivia's, but you should know that you are loved.

ORSINO

This is Olivia's ring. I recognize the design. How did you come by this?

VIOLA

She asked me to give you the ring—

ORSINO

Why didn't you deliver it?

VIOLA

But she also said that she cannot love you. And so rather than torment you with false hope—

ORSINO

You were wrong to keep it from me, Sebastian. It doesn't matter what she says. The truth is in this ring. You see now how my overwhelming passion begins to win her.

VIOLA

But sometimes even true love must go unrequited.

ORSINO

Impossible.

VIOLA

SUPPOSE SOME LADY, AS PERHAPS THERE MAY BE,  
HAS CHANCED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU.  
YOUR HEART IS GIVEN SO IT'S EASY TO SEE  
THAT HERS MUST BREAK, HOWEVER TRUE.

ORSINO

THIS LADY'S CASE BEARS NO RELATION TO MINE.  
AND THOUGH IT'S SAD HER HEART MUST BREAK,  
THERE'S NO COMPARISON TO MAKE  
TO MY UNDYING ACHE.

WE MEN HAVE FEELINGS SO INTENSE.  
OUR LOVE IS LOFTY AND IMMENSE.  
BUT WOMAN, FRAIL VESSEL,  
A MORTAR LACKING PESTLE,  
COULD HARDLY HOPE TO WRESTLE WITH LOVE LIKE OUR OWN.  
WE MEN ARE FASHIONED ON A FRAME  
DESIGNED TO HOLD WITHIN IT PASSION'S HOTTEST FLAME  
NO WOMAN COULD SUFFER  
LIKE WE WHOSE HEARTS ARE TOUGHER—

VIOLA

WE MEN ARE OFTENTIMES TOO PROUD,  
WE LOVE TO CRY OUR LOVE ALOUD.  
WHILE WOMEN'S, UNSPOKEN,  
LEAVES ONLY TEARS IN TOKEN  
OF HOW THE HEART IS BROKEN—

ORSINO

WE MEN ARE BOLDER IN APPROACH.  
OUR LOVE'S A MATTER THAT WE'RE UNAFRAID TO BROACH.  
WE SET LOVE IN MOTION  
WITH SHOWS OF DEVOTION.

VIOLA

WE MEN MAY PROMISE ALL THE EARTH,  
AND PROVE HOW LITTLE ALL OUR PRETTY WORDS ARE WORTH.  
OUR TURMOILS AND TORMENTS  
ARE MOSTLY PERFORMANCE.

ORSINO  
NO WOMAN COULD CAPTURE  
THE WRACK AND THE RAPTURE.  
THE RUCKUS AND RUMPUS  
WE MEN CAN ENCOMPASS  
IS SOMETHING NO WOMAN  
COULD KNOW.

VIOLA  
WE MEN HAVE NO NOTION  
OF HONEST EMOTION  
OR HEARTFELT DEVOTION.

VIOLA  
BUT I KNOW!

ORSINO  
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

VIOLA  
I KNOW TOO WELL WHAT LOVE A WOMAN CAN FEEL.  
I KNOW THEIR PASSIONS LIKE MY OWN.  
AND I ASSURE YOU THAT THEIR LOVE IS AS REAL  
AS ANY YOU OR I HAVE KNOWN.  
MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER FELL IN LOVE WITH A MAN.  
IN HER DEVOTION SHE WAS TRUE.  
SHE FELT WHAT I MIGHT FEEL FOR YOU...  
WERE I A WOMAN TOO.

ORSINO  
But what happened to your sister?

VIOLA  
SHE LET THE LONGING GROW INSIDE,  
BUT KNEW THAT IT WAS UNRETURNED.  
AND SO TO SPARE HER FOOLISH PRIDE,  
SHE NEVER TOLD THE ONE SHE YEARNED TO TELL  
AND SO THIS LOVE OF HERS WAS DOOMED  
AND SO THE FLOWER OF IT BLOOMED AND FELL.

ORSINO  
What, did she die of this love?

VIOLA  
I am all that's left of my father's children.

ORSINO  
Sebastian, this story of yours has inflamed my passion. To think that my Olivia might suffer the same fate. That she, like your sister, might be unable to speak her love.

VIOLA

Oh, my Lord, I don't think that's the case with Lady Olivia.

ORSINO

No, Sebastian, you must go to her again. Tell her that if she has secretly pined for me, that she need no longer hide her heart away. Quickly, Sebastian—fly to her. She must not be allowed to suffer any longer.

VIOLA

(resignedly)

I go, my Lord.

(Exit VIOLA.)

ORSINO

Musicians, give me more of that music.

(Music swells to a resounding finale. Exit ORSINO, rapturously.)

**Scene 10**

A garden at Olivia's house. Enter TOBY,  
ANDREW, and MARIA.

MARIA

He's coming down the path. Quick—behind the trees.

TOBY

But the letter—

MARIA

I have it here. Go!

(TOBY and ANDREW hide.)

And you, my lovely scrap of flypaper, lie there. I hear the victim buzzing this way.

(MARIA hides with the others. Enter MALVOLIO.)

MALVOLIO

Oh, if only fortune had arranged it otherwise. If I had rule over the house...

TOBY

Listen to the rogue! Putting on airs as usual.

MALVOLIO

I'd call him before me and say: Sir Toby, I will no longer tolerate your vices. You must amend your drunkenness.

TOBY

At which point Sir Toby gives you a blow to the lips—

MARIA

Quiet, or you'll spoil the game!

MALVOLIO

You waste your time in the company of a foolish knight.

ANDREW

That's me, I bet!

MALVOLIO

... one Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

I knew it, for many call me a fool!

(MALVOLIO comes across the letter.)

MALVOLIO

What have we here?

(picking up the letter, and reading the outside)

“To the unknown beloved.” To whom could this be?

(He slips off the ribbon, and unrolls it.)

There’s no seal, so I don’t think I do wrong to open it.

TOBY

Oh, please, let him read it aloud!

MALVOLIO

It looks to be... a poem.

(reading)

“I LONG TO TELL THE WORLD HOW WELL I LOVE YOU,  
AND OF MY LOVE THE WORLD MAY KNOW IN TIME.  
IN FORTUNE, I AM SOMEONE HIGH ABOVE YOU,  
AND SO ’TIL NOW I’VE TOLD NOT HOW I PINE.”

(looking up)

HOW I PINE...

‘PINE’ AND ‘TIME’ DO NOT RHYME.

BUT I DO LIKE THE LINE.

(OLIVIA appears in tableau as MALVOLIO imagines her.)

OLIVIA

“BEFORE TODAY I’VE SEEN YOU PLAY THE SERVANT,”

MALVOLIO

THE WRITING RESEMBLES MY LADY’S HAND.

OLIVIA

“BUT SOME WERE MEANT TO CIRCUMVENT THEIR FATE.”

MALVOLIO

I HAVEN’T A DOUBT IT’S MY LADY’S HAND,  
AND I AM A SERVANT IN HER COMMAND...

OLIVIA

“SO IF, FOR ME, YOUR LOVE WOULD BE AS FERVENT.  
I’LL SEE THAT YOU RISE EQUAL TO MY STATE.  
UNTIL YOU COME TO SAVE ME BY AND BY.  
I PINE FOR YOU, MY DEAREST A-M-I.”

(Lights down on OLIVIA.)



## MALVOLIO

A-M-I... A-M-I...  
 THAT COULD BE  
 THE FRENCH 'AMI,'  
 BUT IT WOULD SEEM BY THE PLAN  
     OF THE SCHEME OF THE SCAN  
     THERE'S A NEED TO READ  
     EACH SYLLABLE SEPERATELY.

A-M-I...  
 WITH THE FIRST TWO REVERSED...  
 M-A-I...  
 IF THE 'I' WERE AN 'L'  
 IT WOULD START TO SPELL  
 M-A-L.  
 SO THAT'S HER GAME!  
 NOT QUITE THE SAME...  
 BUT HOW CAN I DOUBT THAT IT'S ME IT'S ABOUT  
 WHEN A-M-I ARE ALL IN MY OWN NAME!

IT SEEMS THIS FOLIO  
 MALVOLIO HAS FOUND  
 IS MADAM'S POETRY,  
 BELOW A TREE DISCARDED ON THE GROUND.  
 AND HER PENTAMETER,  
 THOUGH AMATEUR, IS EAGER TO RECORD  
 IN EV'RY IAMB  
 HOW I AM ADORED.

'NEATH MY SERVILITY  
 VIRILITY SHE SMELT.  
 SHE GAVE THAT BRAT A GEM,  
 A STRATAGEM, TO SHOW ME HOW SHE FELT.  
 AND NOW THE DUTIFUL,  
 AND BEAUTIFUL AND PROPER THING TO DO  
 IS TO TELL MY LOVE  
 THAT I LOVE HER TOO.

AND I WILL BE PROUD.  
 I WILL BE COUNT.  
 I WILL AMEND LIFE AROUND HERE  
 NO SMALL AMOUNT.  
 THAT UNCLE OF HERS,  
 NO MORE SHALL HE CAROUSE.  
 FOR I WILL SEE THE SOUSE  
 IS TOSSED FROM OUT MY—

MALVOLIO (continued)

Hold on—what’s this? A section in prose!

(reading)

“Remember who praised your yellow stockings when you wore them cross-gartered. Then cast off your menial trappings and let me see you as I would have you be.”

(looking up)

This is proof positive! She did praise my yellow stockings; she did comment especially on my wearing them cross-gartered! Well, well, well...

IF IN SUCH TRIVIA  
OLIVIA DELIGHTS,  
IF FROM MY LIVERY  
SHE’S SHIVERY  
AND TIPSY FROM MY TIGHTS,  
WELL, THEN IN DEFERENCE  
TO PREFERENCE  
TOMORROW SHE WILL SEE  
HOW VERY YELLOW  
HER FELLOW CAN BE!

Good heavens, there is a postscript!

(reading)

“IF WE SHALL BE TOGETHER IN A WHILE,  
THEN LET ME FIND MY ANSWER IN YOUR SMILE.”

(looking up)

OH, I WILL DO ALL  
JUST AS SHE ASKS.  
FOR MY LADY’S SAKE  
I’D UNDERTAKE  
NO END OF TASKS.  
I’LL SHRUG OFF ALL SIGNS  
OF STATUS BASE AND VILE,  
ADOPT A FINER STYLE  
AND OH, HOW I WILL SMILE!  
AND I WILL BE STOUT!  
I WILL BE STRANGE!  
YOU CAN BE SURE  
EV’RYONE ELSE  
WILL SEE THE CHANGE!  
YES, I WILL DO ALL  
I POSSIBLY CAN.  
TO ENSURE THAT SOON,  
VERY SOON,  
I WILL BE THE MAN!

(MALVOLIO runs off clutching the letter to his heart.  
TOBY, ANDREW, and MARIA emerge from hiding.)

TOBY

Maria, I could marry you for this!

ANDREW

So could I!

TOBY

And I'd ask for no other dowry but such another jest!

ANDREW

Nor would I!

MARIA

Let's go after him and see what ensues.

TOBY

I would follow you to the gates of hell, my most excellent devil of wit.

(Exit TOBY and MARIA.)

ANDREW

I'll come too.

(Exit ANDREW.)

**Scene 11**

Olivia's house. Some music under as OLIVIA enters with VIOLA.

OLIVIA

(to persons offstage)

Shut the doors, and let no one disturb us.

(to VIOLA)

Sir, I am very pleased that you've come back.

VIOLA

Your humble servant, my lady.

OLIVIA

No, not mine. You are the Duke's servant.

VIOLA

And he is yours. And what's his must be yours.

OLIVIA

I had hoped that perhaps you returned for your own sake rather than his. I'll hear no more of the Duke's suit. But if you have come to undertake another suit... that, I would very willingly hear.

VIOLA

Madam, are you feeling well? Your manner seems strange.

OLIVIA

I HAVE OF LATE  
DESCENDED TO A STATE OF PURE DISTRACTION.  
I SPEND MY DAYS  
ENVELOPED IN A HAZE OF STUPEFACTION.  
I KNOW THE CAUSE,  
BUT STILL IT GIVES ME PAUSE  
EACH TIME I TRY TO NAME  
THE REASON WHY I CAME...

UNDONE.

UNDONE.

A GRADUAL UNRAVELING'S BEGUN.  
I HAVE NO DOUBT YOU'LL FIGURE OUT THE ONE  
WHO LAID ME LOW  
AND MADE ME SO  
UNCALM, UNCOOL,  
UNABLE TO BE OTHER THAN A FOOL.

OLIVIA (continued)

UNSTABLE AS A TABLE OR A STOOL  
THAT'S ONE LEG SHY AM I.  
ONCE I WAS PALE AND UNASSAILABLE,  
UNDER A VEIL AND UNAVAILABLE,  
THEN CAME A MALE  
WHO WENT BEYOND THE PALE  
AND BROUGHT ME OUT INTO THE SUN, UNDONE...

Come, give me your hand, sir, and tell me—what is your name?

VIOLA

Sebastian, my lady.

OLIVIA

Sebastian, the last time you came here I sent a ring after you, which you knew was neither yours nor the Duke's. I wonder what you must think of me.

VIOLA

I'm beginning to fear the worst.

OLIVIA

THE WAY YOU SPOKE,  
YOUR HONESTY AWOKE A FLAME WITHIN ME.

VIOLA

I CAN'T RECALL QUITE WHAT I SAID.  
I THINK YOU MAY HAVE BEEN MISLED.

OLIVIA

YOUR BRAZEN WAYS  
AND PENETRATING GAZE BEGAN TO WIN ME.

VIOLA

I NEVER MEANT TO WIN YOU, MA'AM.  
I AM NOT WHAT YOU THINK I AM.

OLIVIA

YOU SEEMED TO SEE  
THE VERY DEPTHS OF ME I WAS AFRAID TO PLUMB.  
THAT'S HOW YOU MADE...

VIOLA

MY LADY, THIS IS YOUR MISTAKE.  
I CAME HERE FOR MY MASTER'S SAKE.  
I SWEAR I NEVER MEANT MAKE YOU COME UNDONE.

OLIVIA

...ME COME  
UNDONE, UNDONE,  
NO MORE TO WEAR MY HAIR UP LIKE A NUN.  
AND YOU'RE THE PUP WHO LOOSENED UP MY BUN.  
YOU SET ME FREE  
AND LET ME BE  
UNCHAINED,

VIOLA

YOU WOMEN...

OLIVIA

UNCHASTE.

VIOLA

YOU FALL IN LOVE TOO FAST.

OLIVIA

NO MORE TO LET MY CHANCES GO TO WASTE.

VIOLA

WHAT MAN WOULD THINK SUCH LOVE COULD LAST.

OLIVIA

THIS LADY WHO WAS ALWAYS TOO STRAIT-LACED  
IS ALL ASKEW...

VIOLA

SO FLIGHTY, SO FLITTY,

OLIVIA

FOR YOU.

VIOLA

WHAT CAN I FEEL BUT PITY FOR YOU?

OLIVIA

IT'S TIME THE POSE OF MODESTY SLIPPED.  
IT'S TIME TO LET THE BODICE BE RIPPED.  
IT'S TIME TO LET THE GODDESS BE STRIPPED OF HER WINGS,  
AND OTHER THINGS.

VIOLA

Lady, I have only one heart. And it will never belong to any woman, only myself.  
If you cannot love my master, then I have no more business here.

OLIVIA

But stay, Sebastian. Teach me to love more wisely.

VIOLA

Goodbye, my lady. I won't come again.

(VIOLA struggles to escape.)

OLIVIA

TO BE OFF WOULD BE WRONG.  
HERE WITH ME WOULD BE WHERE YOU BELONG.  
DON'T BE MAD ANYMORE.  
WE'LL GO BACK AND WE'LL BE AS BEFORE.  
I'LL BE HOST, YOU'LL BE GUEST.  
YOU'LL STAY HERE. I'LL STAY DRESSED.  
I'LL BEHAVE AS BEFITS  
SOMEONE WELL IN HER WITS.  
I'M ALREADY BEREFT,  
SO DON'T LET ME BE LEFT  
(Exit VIOLA.)  
UNDONE.

(Lights fade on OLIVIA. Lights up on TOBY, MARIA,  
and ANDREW.)

ANDREW

That's does it. I'll stay here no longer.

TOBY

What's the matter, Sir Andrew?

ANDREW

Your niece still refuses to see me, and yet she has again received that boy of the Duke's.

TOBY

Oh, you mustn't read anything into that, Sir Andrew.

MARIA

Sir Andrew, this is a sure sign that she loves you.

ANDREW

What? Will you make an ass of me?

MARIA

No, listen—by showing favor to the Duke's boy, she was trying to awaken your jealousy and drive you to some bold proof of your love.

ANDREW

She was?

TOBY

Of course. She no doubt expected you fly into a rage, bang the youth into submission and carry her off like a pirate. This was looked for...

MARIA

But this was not found. No, you have now fallen so low in her estimation that your only hope is to redeem yourself with some great act of valor.

ANDREW

What should I do?

TOBY

Challenge the youth to a duel. There is nothing that can prevail on a woman's heart so well as a duel fought for her sake.

MARIA

There is no other way, Sir Andrew.

ANDREW

Will you take my challenge to him, Sir Toby?

TOBY

Go. Write it with a martial hand.

(Exit ANDREW, MARIA and TOBY. Lights up on FESTE, drawing lines in the dirt. Enter VIOLA.)

VIOLA

Excuse me, sir. May I pass?

FESTE

That depends. Are you trying to pass for a man or a woman?

VIOLA

For the Duke my master's sake. He sent me to court the Lady Olivia on his behalf. And now I must return him an answer on her behalf.



FESTE

But alas: two behalves won't help you be whole.

VIOLA

You speak nonsense, sir. Let me by—

FESTE

Careful where you tread! I've been working out a very difficult geometric problem here.

VIOLA

What is that?

FESTE

The task set before me was this: given three points—A, B, and C  
(he drops three beanbags)  
—connect them with straight lines to form a square.

VIOLA

It can't be done. You can only make a triangle.

FESTE

Yet I have solved it. And for sixpence I'll share my solution.

VIOLA

(giving him a coin)

Show me.

(FESTE drops a fourth beanbag and draws a square.)

VIOLA

But what's that you've added?

FESTE

That is called 'D.'

VIOLA

That's cheating.

FESTE

There's no other way to make it work out.

VIOLA

I'll be going now.

FESTE

But wait—first let me earn an honest coin from you. I'll juggle.

VIOLA

That's no great trick. Any knave can learn.

FESTE

Not like I do it. For observe: first A goes to join B; but alas, B has already left in pursuit of C; and C, wouldn't you know, wants to be with A. And so around they go—

VIOLA

Yes, I've seen that many times.

FESTE

Then we add D, following where A went. Meanwhile, E and F are rivals for C's attention. E and F are goaded on by G and H. Who knows—I might even get involved.

VIOLA

You can juggle nine of those? What's the catch?

FESTE

No catch, just honest entertainment. But I'll need some encouragement.

(VIOLA gives him a coin. FESTE throws all the bags in the air and lets them fall to the ground.)

FESTE

I told you there was no catch. But stay and help me for just one moment more. I have here this piece of rope. The task was simply to untangle it, but as you can see it's become quite knotted.

VIOLA

You can fool no more money out of me. And as for your rope, you must untangle it. It's too hard a knot for me to untie.

FESTE

Then farewell, my friend. May you find your way safely to the Duke, and may the Duke find his way safely to you.

(Exit FESTE. Leaving VIOLA alone and pensive.)

VIOLA

YOU ARE AS I'D HAVE YOU BE  
IN EV'RY RESPECT SAVE ONE.  
YOU HAVE EV'RY QUALITY  
I ASK IN A MATE SAVE ONE.

VIOLA (continued)

YOUR ONLY FLAW THAT I CAN SEE  
IS YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH ME.  
BUT YOU ARE AS I'D HAVE YOU BE,  
EXACTLY AS I'D HAVE YOU BE,  
IN EV'RY RESPECT SAVE ONE.

(Lights up on OLIVIA, in her own space.)

OLIVIA

I HAVE FELT NO PANG OF LOVE  
FOR ANY I'VE MET, SAVE ONE.  
MY IDEAL WAS HIGH ABOVE  
THE WHOLE OF THE WORLD SAVE ONE.  
I HARDLY THOUGHT I'D EVER FIND  
THE PARAGON I HAD IN MIND  
BUT YOU ARE AS I DREAMED YOU'D BE  
EXACTLY AS I DREAMED YOU'D BE  
IN EV'RY RESPECT, SAVE ONE.

VIOLA & OLIVIA

ALL MY LIFE,  
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE WISE ONE  
COOL AND CALM,  
WHILE OTHERS PLAYED THE FOOL.  
NOW, IN YOU,  
I'VE FOUND THE ONE EXCEPTION TO MY RULE.

(Lights up on ORSINO, in his own space.)

ORSINO & VIOLA

YOU ARE AS I'D HAVE YOU BE  
IN EV'RY RESPECT SAVE ONE.

ORSINO

YOU HAVE EV'RY QUALITY  
I ASK IN A MATE SAVE ONE.  
YOUR ONLY FLAW THAT I CAN SEE:  
IS YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH ME.

ORSINO, VIOLA, OLIVIA

BUT YOU ARE AS I'D HAVE YOU BE,  
EXACTLY AS I'D HAVE YOU BE,  
IN EV'RY RESPECT SAVE ONE.  
ALL MY LIFE,  
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE WISE ONE

ORSINO, VIOLA, OLIVIA (continued)

COOL AND CALM,  
WHILE OTHERS PLAYED THE FOOL.  
NOW, IN YOU,  
I'VE FOUND THE ONE EXCEPTION TO MY RULE.  
AND THERE MAY COME A WEDDING DAY  
WHEN SOMEONE ELSE WILL HEAR YOU SAY  
THE HAPPIEST PHRASE, BAR NONE,  
AND ALL WILL REJOICE SAVE ONE.

(Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.)

SEBASTIAN

No, I'm resolved, Antonio. I must present myself to the Duke. I'll be servant to him if he'll have me.

ANTONIO

But go afterwards to the Countess Olivia's, and I'll call upon you there. I'd like to know that you are safely established before I return home.

SEBASTIAN

I will.

ANTONIO

And please, take this gold of mine. You may need it.

SEBASTIAN

Antonio, what more can I say but thank you, and thank you again?

ANTONIO

Farewell, Sebastian. May God protect you.

(Exit ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN, going their separate ways. FESTE emerges, having seen all this.)

FESTE

AND ONE MORE TWIST MAY YET PROVIDE  
A WAY THAT ALL THE KNOTS WE'VE TIED  
CAN FINALLY COME UNDONE.  
THOUGH NOBODY KNOWS, SAVE ONE.

(Lights fade on ALL. End of Act I.)

**ACT 2**

**Scene 12**

Olivia's house. MARIA is dressing OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

I have sent for Sebastian, and he should be here soon. How do I look? Oh, never mind. I know that no quantity of beads and bows and bracelets will win him, and yet I must see him again. Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, and well-suited to my melancholy.

MARIA

He is coming, madam. But in a very strange manner.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter with him?

MARIA

I don't know. I think perhaps he's tainted in his wits. But you can judge for yourself.

(Enter MALVOLIO, cross-gartered in yellow stockings.)

MALVOLIO

MY LADY CALLS... ?

OLIVIA

Malvolio?! Is that you?

MALVOLIO

DOES MY LADY BLUSH  
TO SEE ME YELLOW IN MY LEG,  
AFTER SHE WAS PURPLE IN HER PROSE?  
DOES THE BLOOD NOT RUSH  
TO BRING A CRIMSON TO HER CHEEK?  
DOES SHE FEEL A TINGLE IN HER TOES,  
AS I MIGHT  
WERE THE STRAPS NOT SO TIGHT?  
WHAT STRANGE NEW COLORS ARE THESE  
THAT PASSION DARES TO PAINT?  
ARE YOU FEELING FAINT?  
WELL, NEVER FEAR...

FOR HERE I AM,  
READY TO BE COMMANDED,  
PRIVY TO CERTAIN PREF'RENCES  
YOU CUNNINGLY CONVEYED.

MALVOLIO (continued)

CLEARLY, MA'AM,  
ALL IS TO BE COMMENDED.  
AS YOU CAN SEE,  
ORDERS WILL BE OBEYED.

OLIVIA

What's gotten into you, Malvolio?

MARIA

Why do you behave with this ridiculous boldness?

MALVOLIO

“BE NOT AFRAID,”  
THAT'S WHAT SOMEONE ONCE TOLD ME.  
I'M NOT AFRAID,  
BUT I STILL MAY NEED SOMEONE TO HOLD ME.

YESTERDAY, THE TRUSTED SERVANT,  
UNDER YOUR CONTROL,  
WORTHY NOT TO TOUCH MY LADY'S GLOVE.  
ALL AT ONCE I'M THRUST  
INTO A MORE EXALTED ROLE,  
LIFTED UP TO SERVE YOU FROM ABOVE,  
OR BESIDE,  
OR PERHAPS FROM ASTRIDE.  
WHAT STRANGE NEW POSES ARE THESE  
THAT SOON WE TWO MAY STRIKE?  
USE ME AS YOU LIKE.  
I'M STILL YOUR SLAVE.  
AND IF I SHOULD MISBEHAVE...

OLIVIA

I think perhaps you ought to go to bed, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

To bed... ? Ay, madam!

HERE I AM,  
READY TO DO YOUR BIDDING,  
HAPPY TO HAVE YOUR PILLOWS FLUFFED,  
YOUR LINENS FRESHLY LAID.  
DEAR, MY LAMB,  
I WILL ARRANGE YOUR BEDDING.  
CALL UPON ME—  
ORDERS WILL BE OBEYED.

OLIVIA

Maria, go fetch Sir Toby and have him look to this fellow. The man requires some special kind of attention. He is very important to this house and I would not risk losing him.

(Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.)

MALVOLIO

“Have Sir Toby look to this fellow,” she said. Not “this man” or “this steward,” but “fellow”...

YESTERDAY THE LOWLY STEWARD AT THEIR BECK AND CALL,  
SCAMP’RING OFF TO FETCH SIR TOBY’S TEA.  
LITTLE DOES SIR TOBY KNOW HE’S RIDING FOR A FALL  
AND FROM NOW ON HE WILL TEND TO ME.

(Enter TOBY and MARIA.)

TOBY

Malvolio, my niece has asked that I take special care of you.

MALVOLIO

I am aware. And I trust some new accommodations have been prepared for me.

TOBY

It’s been arranged.

MALVOLIO

Then you may conduct me thither.

FATE TO SOME  
DELIVERS THE LIFE THEY COVET  
ALL IT DEMANDS IS FEARLESSNESS  
TO SEE YOUR FORTUNE MADE.  
FEET GROW NUMB  
BRAVELY, I THINK NOT OF IT  
WHEN I RETIRE,  
MY TOES MAY REQUIRE SOME AID.  
BUT LUCKY FOR ME,  
ORDERS WILL BE OBEYED.

(TOBY and MARIA lead MALVOLIO off.)

**Scene 13**

The Duke's palace. Music as ORSINO paces restlessly as music plays.

ORSINO

Enough music! I can't take it anymore.

(music cuts off abruptly)

I wish Sebastian were here. He has been gone only a short while but it feels like an eternity. I should never have sent him to Lady Olivia. My case is hopeless. And even if I win her, I can't imagine that she will listen to me as patiently as Sebastian does. Nor can I hope that she will understand my heart as Sebastian does. Nor are her lips as smooth and rubious as Sebastian's... But what is this? What are these thoughts? I am a Duke. No, more to the point, I am a man—as is Sebastian. Oh, I think I am losing my mind. I don't know what to say or do anymore—only I wish Sebastian would return.

(Enter SEBASTIAN.)

SEBASTIAN

Forgive this intrusion, my Lord, but at the gates they told me I should come to you.

ORSINO

THERE YOU ARE,  
THE ONE THAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.  
FORGIVE ME IF I NEVER LET YOU GO AGAIN.  
STAY WITH ME.  
THERE'S SO MUCH WE CAN TALK ABOUT...  
JUST WE MEN

YOU,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
YOU ARE A MYSTERY.  
WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE TO ME?  
SOME LUCKY STAR?  
AND WHY DO I FIND  
I CAN SPEAK MY MIND TO YOU  
AND ONLY YOU,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE?

SEBASTIAN

I beg your pardon. I am Sebastian, my Lord.

ORSINO

And I am Orsino—and so you shall call me from now on. For, though my title gives me dominion over this land and its people, as kindred spirits you and I stand as equals.



SEBASTIAN

You misunderstand. I came here to be your servant.

ORSINO

So it was when you came. But you are so much more than that, Sebastian.

LOOK AT YOU—  
YOU'RE NOTHING LIKE I THOUGHT YOU'D BE.  
YOU'RE NOT SOME FAIRY PRINCESS FROM A TALE OR SONG.  
COULD IT BE  
THE ONE THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR  
ALL ALONG

IS YOU,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE?  
IT ISN'T HARD TO TELL.  
WE GET ALONG SO WELL,  
AT LEAST SO FAR.  
I'M WILLING TO BET  
THAT THE BEST IS YET TO BE  
FOR YOU AND ME,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE.

YOU WALKED IN THAT DOOR,  
FOUND ME ALL ALONE,  
BUT YOU BROUGHT A CHARM INTO MY LIFE.  
I'M ASKING FOR MORE.  
I NEED YOU FOR MY OWN.  
SEBASTIAN, BE MY WIFE—  
OR WHATEVER YOU'D BE.  
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I NEED YOU?

(ORSINO seizes SEBASTIAN by the hand and presses  
Olivia's ring into it.)

ORSINO

Take this ring—no, please. You don't have to wear it. But for all you've given me, let me give this one small thing back to you. A token—

SEBASTIAN

I must go. I am expected at the Countess Olivia's.

ORSINO

I don't want you to go to her. Stay with me. I order you.

SEBASTIAN

I am not your servant. Nor do I want to be anymore.

ORSINO

Alas—it's true. How can I have rule over someone to whom I have given my heart? But when will you come back, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Never.

ORSINO

Sebastian!

(Exit SEBASTIAN.)

ORSINO

THERE YOU GO,  
NEVER TO RETURN TO ME.  
I HADN'T THOUGHT THAT  
YOU WOULD BE LIKE HER.  
BUT THERE YOU GO,  
WHOEVER YOU WERE.

**Scene 14**

Olivia's house. MARIA and TOBY.

(Enter ANDREW.)

ANDREW

Here's the challenge. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it!

MARIA

Saucy, is it?

ANDREW

You'll see.

(he flourishes the paper, then reads)

“YOUTH,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE,  
BUT TAKE IT FROM ME—I KNOW YOU ARE A ROGUE!”

TOBY

Good!

ANDREW

“WHAT,  
YOU MAY ASK, IS MY REASON?  
DO NOT ASK—I WILL GIVE YOU NO REASON.  
THIS MORNING YOU CAME TO THE LADY OLIVIA  
AND WERE PREFERRED OVER ME  
BUT THAT IS NOT THE REASON.”

MARIA

Cleverly worded.

ANDREW

“SO,  
WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH.  
POSSIBLY MINE, THOUGH I HOPE IT IS YOURS.  
BUT IF IT IS MINE THAT IS ONLY ADDITIONAL  
PROOF THAT YOU ARE, AS I'VE CALLED YOU, A ROGUE.  
YOUR FRIEND,  
AND SWORN ENEMY,  
ANDREW AGUECHEEK.”

What do think?

TOBY

I think that when the gentleman reads this he'll know exactly the kind of adversary he's dealing with...

ANDREW

Go then, give it to him.

MARIA

I think, Sir Toby, it might be better if you delivered the challenge by word of mouth.

TOBY

Ah! Yes, of course.

(Enter VIOLA.)

MARIA

Here he comes now.

TOBY

Sir Andrew, wait here while Maria and I deliver the challenge. If you see him look your way, swear a horrible oath to further frighten him.

ANDREW

No problem there. I'm a devil at swearing.

TOBY

Excellent. Wait here.

(TOBY and MARIA cross to intercept VIOLA.)

TOBY

DRAW YOUR BLADE, SIR,  
FOR AN ENEMY AWAITS YOU.  
HE'S THERE ACROSS THE YARD.  
YOU'D BEST BE ON YOUR GUARD.

(THEY all look to ANDREW.)

ANDREW

God... balls... you!

TOBY

DRAW YOUR BLADE, SIR,  
FOR THE ENEMY BERATES YOU.

VIOLA  
YOUR FRIEND MUST BE CONFUSED.  
THERE'S NO ONE I'VE ABUSED.

TOBY  
I'M AFRAID, SIR,  
AS AN ENEMY HE HATES YOU.  
WHATEVER YOU'VE DONE,  
HE'S READY TO RUN YOU THROUGH.

VIOLA  
I BEG YOU, SIR, TALK SENSE TO HIM.  
I NEVER MEANT OFFENSE TO HIM, I SWEAR.

TOBY  
WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

Maria, stay here with the young gentleman. I will try to broker a peace.

(TOBY crosses to ANDREW.)

VIOLA  
This is very strange. I swear, I don't even know the man.

MARIA  
That's hard to believe, sir. Everyone knows him.

VIOLA  
Who is he?

MARIA  
HE'S A KNIGHT UNMATCHED BY ANY IN ILLYRIA.  
IN A FIGHT, HE'S FEARSOME AS CAN BE.  
IN TEMP'RAMENT SO FURIOUS,  
IN METHOD SO INJURIOUS,  
I MUST ADMIT I'M CURIOUS TO SEE  
WHAT HE'LL DO TO YOU.

ANDREW  
Well? Does he pant and look pale?

TOBY  
HE'LL ENGAGE, SIR KNIGHT,  
BUT THE ENEMY IS SKILLED,  
AS TALENTED WITH BLADE  
AS A PALADIN BY TRADE.

ANDREW  
BY THE LOOK OF THE LAD YOU WOULD THINK  
HE WAS ONLY A CHILD.

TOBY  
IN HIS RAGE, SIR KNIGHT,  
WITH SUCH VENOM HE IS FILLED.  
SO KEEN FOR THE ATTACK,  
THAT I SCARCE COULD HOLD HIM BACK.

ANDREW  
I WOULD NEVER HAVE MEDDLED IF SOMEONE  
HAD TOLD ME THE BOY WAS SO WILD!

TOBY  
THOUGH HIS AGE IS SLIGHT,  
HE'S LIKE TEN O' ME COMBINED.  
YOU'D BE HORRIFIED TO FIND  
HOW MANY MEN HE'S KILLED.

ANDREW  
THIS ALTERCATION HAS TO STOP  
BEFORE THE USE OF FORCE.  
SO LET HIM LET THE MATTER DROP,  
I'LL LET HIM HAVE MY HORSE.

TOBY  
Right! Maria!

(MARIA crosses; TOBY speaks to her aside.)

TOBY  
I have his horse into the bargain.

MARIA  
And I have persuaded the youth that he is matched against the devil himself.

(TOBY goes to VIOLA. MARIA stays with ANDREW.)

MARIA  
HE'S AS FIERCE A FOE AS ANY ILLYRIA.  
HE CAN PIERCE THE THICKEST ARMOR THROUGH.  
THE KIND OF MAN I'D CLASSIFY  
IMPOSSIBLE TO PACIFY.  
SIR KNIGHT, I'D WATCH MY ASS IF I WERE YOU.

TOBY  
NOTHING TO BE DONE, YOUNG MAN.  
HE SAYS HE'S SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE.

(TOBY crosses back to ANDREW.)

VIOLA  
GOD HELP ME!  
I NEVER FOUGHT IN MY LIFE.

TOBY  
NOTHING TO BE DONE, SIR KNIGHT.  
HE SAYS HE'LL FIGHT FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

ANDREW  
GOD HELP ME!  
WHY DID I EVER WANT A WIFE?

TOBY  
NOTHING TO BE DONE, MY FRIENDS,  
EXCEPT TO TURN AND WALK TOWARDS.  
GENTLEMEN, DRAW YOUR SWORDS!

(VIOLA and ANDREW draw. Music under as they circle  
each other fearfully. ANTONIO rushes on.)

ANTONIO  
I ASK YOU, SIR, TO DROP YOUR SWORD,  
OR I WILL GLADLY CHOP YOUR SWORD IN TWO!

(VIOLA and ANDREW both throw down their swords.)

TOBY  
AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

ANDREW  
I know the man—he's a pirate. He'll murder us all!

ANTONIO  
I'M A FIEND AND FOE TO MANY IN ILLYRIA  
BUT A FRIEND TO HIM IN TROUBLED TIMES.  
WHAT HE'S DONE OR SAID  
I'LL ANSWER IN HIS STEAD,  
FOR I'VE COMMITTED FAR WORSE CRIMES.

(GUARDS rush on)

GUARD 1

There he is!

GUARD 2

Drop your weapons!

(The GUARDS seize ANTONIO.)

GUARD 1

Antonio, I arrest you in the name of Duke Orsino.

ANTONIO

(to VIOLA)

This comes of looking out for you. Well if I can't win my freedom with steel, it may yet be had for gold. Let me have my purse.

VIOLA

What purse?

GUARD 1

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

This is no time to joke, boy.

VIOLA

I'm in earnest. I have no purse of yours. We've never met.

ANTONIO

Would you deny me? I saved your life!

VIOLA

And I'm grateful to you, but I swear I have no money to give you.

GUARD 2

Enough—let's go.

ANTONIO

Oh, you treacherous boy! How I misjudged, to think that you were worthy of the risks I took on your behalf. Keep the gold then, if you value it more than our friendship.

(Exit GUARDS escorting ANTONIO.)



VIOLA

Sir Knight, I don't know what wrong I may have done you, but I hope after everything that has transpired we might let the matter drop.

ANDREW

Gladly. And I'll be as good as my word: he's a fine mount and rides easily.

VIOLA

(confused)

Excuse me?

MARIA

(hastening to intervene)

Come, Master Sebastian. The Countess expects you. But let me first take you to freshen yourself. You seem a bit the worse for your exertions.

VIOLA

Thank you, madam.

(Exit MARIA and VIOLA.)

ANDREW

Well, that was a fortunate turn of events.

TOBY

Fortunate for the boy, perhaps.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

TOBY

He escaped grievous injury at your hands.

ANDREW

Oh, I hardly think so.

TOBY

HE'S A KNAVE, MY FRIEND,  
AND HIS COWARDICE IS CLEAR.  
YOU SAW HOW HE BETRAYED  
THE FRIEND WHO GAVE HIM AID.

ANDREW

That was rather un-gallant of him, but still, I wouldn't try him again.

TOBY

HE IS BRAVE, MY FRIEND  
WHEN HIS RAPIER IS NEAR.  
YOU'D FIND HIM FAR LESS TOUGH  
IN MANLY FISTICUFF.

ANDREW

Well, I am a devil at boxing. But I never really had a quarrel with the boy in the first place—

TOBY

NEVER CAVE, MY FRIEND.  
THAT'S INDICATIVE OF FEAR.  
IF YOU'VE HONOR AT ALL, YOU'LL MAKE IT A SOLEMN VOW.

ANDREW

I PROMISE I'LL GET BACK AT HIM.  
JUST GIVE ME ONE MORE CRACK AT HIM SOMEHOW.

TOBY

WHAT LUCK!  
I SEE HIM COMING NOW.

(Enter SEBASTIAN.)

SEBASTIAN

Excuse me, gentlemen. I'm looking for a friend of mine who may have come this way.

ANDREW

SO, WE MEET AGAIN, YOU ROGUE.  
BUT THIS TIME THE LAUGH WILL BE ON US.  
—ON YOU.  
NOW, WE'LL FIGHT LIKE MEN, YOU ROGUE.  
AND I WILL BOLDLY STRIKE YOU THUS.

(ANDREW hits SEBASTIAN.)

SEBASTIAN

(hitting back)  
AND I'LL REQUITE IT THUS,  
AND THUS,  
AND THUS,  
AND THUS,  
AND THUS!

(TOBY seizes SEBASTIAN. They struggle.)

TOBY

I've got him, Sir Andrew. Come, have at him!

ANDREW

No, I'll go another way with him. I'll have him arrested for assault and battery if there's any law in Illyria!

TOBY

Never mind, I'll deal with him myself. But Dear God, the boy is wiry!

(Enter OLIVIA.)

OLIVIA

HOLD!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO POOR SEBASTIAN?

—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MY DARLING?

GO!

OUT OF MY SIGHT BARBARIC WRETCHES!

—YOU MUSTN'T FIGHT, MY DARLING?

—I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE TO PROTECT YOU FROM NOW ON  
GET YOU GONE!

(Exit ANDREW and TOBY.)

SEBASTIAN

You called me Sebastian.

OLIVIA

I know it's wrong of me to be so familiar, but in the short time we've spent together, you've become very dear to me.

COME WITH ME, SEBASTIAN,

I'LL BIND YOUR WOUNDS.

WE CAN PRETEND THAT I CAN MEND THEM WITH A KISS.

AND I WILL TRY MY BEST TO COMFORT YOU—LIKE THIS,

IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME...

SEBASTIAN

SWEET LADY, I WILL.

(Exit OLIVIA and SEBASTIAN.)

**Scene 15**

Olivia's house. Outside a cell in which  
MALVOLIO has been imprisoned.

(Enter FESTE, passing by the cell.)

FESTE  
SILLY LITTLE SYLLOGISMS OF THIS SCHOOL  
GENERALLY GENERATE A USEFUL RULE  
TO SEPARATE THE SOBERHEADED FROM THE FOOL...

MALVOLIO  
(simultaneously, from within)  
FOOL!

FESTE  
TO SEPARATE THE SOBERHEADED FROM THE FOOL...

MALVOLIO  
(as before)  
FOOL!  
FOOL, I SAY!

Who calls?  
FESTE

It is I, Malvolio.  
MALVOLIO

Master Malvolio? What are you doing in there?  
FESTE

Sir Toby and his pack of hooligans have imprisoned me like some sort of lunatic.  
MALVOLIO

Poor Master Malvolio! How did you happen to lose your mind?  
FESTE

I am as well in my wits as you, fool.  
MALVOLIO

Only that well? I am sorry to hear it, sir.  
FESTE

MALVOLIO

I am no madman. Never has a man been more wronged than I. Once I am free of this cell, I will make sure that my tormentors are punished—and my friends rewarded.

FESTE

It's an admirable plan, sir. And if I understand you correctly, it all depends on me.

MALVOLIO

That's right.

FESTE

OH, OH, MALVOLIO,  
MALVOLIO,  
WHAT A BEWILDERING IMBROGLIO MALVOLIO IS IN.  
ONE CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHETHER  
THE MAN HAS TRULY SLIPPED HIS TETHER.  
THE SCENARIO  
IS TICKLISH.  
GETTING TO SEE HIM IN THIS PICKLE ISH RIDIKILISH, AND YET,  
ONE CAN'T HELP BUT FEELING SORRY TOO,  
OOH—FOR POOR MALVOLIO-LIO.  
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH YOU?

MALVOLIO

Fool, you know I've always held you in very high esteem.

FESTE

Truly? It often seemed to me that you would have gladly had me out of the house.

MALVOLIO

Oh, never you, good fool. My quarrel was with that damnable Sir Toby.

FESTE

Shh! Careful what you say. The Holy Father is coming!

(FESTE plays the PRIEST.)

PRIEST

MALVOLIO,  
DOMINUS DIXIT.  
KYRIE, KYRIE.  
ALMA MATER.

MALVOLIO

Father, I'm so glad you're here. I must be allowed to see my lady.

PRIEST

Silence!

MALVOLIO,  
WE HAVE BEEN TOLD  
YOUR MANIFOLD SINS  
REGARDING THE LADY  
MALVOLIO,  
YOU MUST PURGE THIS  
WICKEDNESS FROM YOUR SOUL.

FESTE

MALVOLIO,  
MALVOLIO,

PRIEST

MALVOLIO,  
MALVOLIO,  
WHAT YOU HAVE DONE IS MOST  
UNHOLY, OH!  
MALVOLIO, REPENT!

FESTE

IF I MIGHT ADVISE YOU, FATHER,  
THE MAN IS MAD—YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER.

PRIEST

Mad, you say?

MALVOLIO

No, Father. It's not true.

PRIEST

Madness is caused by demonic possession. We must perform an exorcism at once.

PRIEST

BEELZEBUB AND LUCIFER!  
I GIVE YOU WARNING, AS A CRUCIFER,  
THAT WHO'S EVER INSIDE  
HAD BETTER GET OUT OF THERE AND QUICK.  
BEGONE FROM MY MALVOLIO-LIO-LIO.  
THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK.

MALVOLIO

Father, I am neither mad, nor possessed, nor anything but terribly wronged—

(FESTE plays the JUDGE.)

JUDGE

Where is Malvolio?

FESTE

He is here, sir.

PRIEST

Who are you that interrupts my exorcism?

JUDGE

I am the High Magistrate, sent to make determination on this man's case. He has been charged with lewdness and gaudiness.

FESTE

But, your Honor, he can't be tried as a criminal. He's crazy!

MALVOLIO

I'm not crazy! I'm not crazy! A man with your powers of judgment and reason will very easily see that my own are unimpaired.

JUDGE

Well, we shall very soon determine if that is so.

FESTE

How?

JUDGE

WITH A CLEVER LITTLE CATECHISM I'VE DEvised  
BY MEANS OF WHICH A SUBJECT MAY BE ANALYZED  
TO DETERMINE IF HIS REASON HAS BEEN COMPROMISED.

MALVOLIO

Ask me anything. I will answer you with complete sanity.

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE SKY?

MALVOLIO

Blue.

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE SUM OF ONE AND ONE?

MALVOLIO

Two.

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE SOUND THAT A COW MAKES?

Moo.

MALVOLIO

JUDGE

Remarkable—he got them all wrong.

FESTE

MALVOLIO...

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF A DOG?

Woof.

MALVOLIO

PRIEST

MALVOLIO, AVE MARIA.

FESTE

ONE CAN'T HELP BUT—

PRIEST

DEUS EX MACHINA.

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF AN ANGRY DOG?

Ruff! Ruff!

MALVOLIO

FESTE

MALVOLIO...

JUDGE

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF A DOG WHEN HE HOWLS AT THE MOON?

Owoooo! Ow-ow-owooo!

MALVOLIO

JUDGE

Well, gentlemen—I'm afraid the man's a barking lunatic.

(FESTE, PRIEST and JUDGE all laugh at the joke—one at a time, naturally.)



FESTE  
OH, MY POOR MALVOLIO,

PRIEST  
MALVOLIO,

FESTE  
MALVOLIO,

JUDGE  
MALVOLIO,

FESTE  
MALVOLIO,

PRIEST  
MALVOLIO,

FESTE  
MALVOLIO,

JUDGE  
MALVOLIO,

FESTE  
MALVOLIO,  
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH YOU?

I am good!

(Exit FESTE. MALVOLIO howls.)

**Scene 16**

The garden at Olivia's house. SEBASTIAN and OLIVIA kiss passionately. Exit OLIVIA, leaving a somewhat dazed SEBASTIAN alone onstage.

SEBASTIAN

IS THAT THE GLORIOUS SUN,  
SHINING HIGH ABOVE ME?  
IS THAT THE RADIANT SKY?  
DOES THE LADY TRULY LOVE ME?  
ALL AROUND,  
IS THIS THE BLESSED AIR?  
AND THERE BENEATH MY FEET,  
SO SOLID AND SO SWEET,  
IS THAT THE HONEST GROUND?  
OH, THE LADY MUST BE MAD.

ALL THE SAME,  
HOW IS IT SHE CALLED ME BY NAME?  
SHE KNEW MY FACE...  
IF WE'D MET,  
I DON'T THINK I'D EASILY FORGET  
A CREATURE OF SUCH GRACE.  
AND IF SHE'S MAD,  
WHY CAN I NOT SEE  
ANY OF OTHER SIGN  
BUT HER LOVE FOR ME?

IS THIS A BEAUTIFUL DREAM?  
AM I HOME IN BED NOW?  
HAVE I GONE OUT OF MY MIND,  
IS IT ALL INSIDE MY HEAD NOW?  
WELL IF SO,  
WHY NOT A PURPLE SKY?  
AND WHY NOT HAVE THE MOON  
AND STARS COME OUT AT NOON,  
SOMETHING SO I'D KNOW.  
NO—THE LADY MUST BE MAD.

HAVE I DIED?  
TRAVELLED OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE?  
COULD IT BE  
AN ANGEL CAME AND PULLED ME FROM THE SEA?  
IF I'M DEAD,

SEBASTIAN (continued)

LIVING WAS A BORE!  
THIS IS MORE ALIVE  
THAN I'VE BEEN BEFORE.

THAT IS THE GLORIOUS SUN  
SHINING HIGH ABOVE ME.  
THAT IS THE RADIANT SKY.  
AND THE LADY SEEMS TO LOVE ME.  
SO IF THIS IS ERROR,  
LET HER STAY MISTAKEN.  
IF I'M DREAMING,  
LET ME NEVER WAKEN  
FROM THE SWEETEST DREAM I'VE HAD.  
AND WHETHER OR NOT I'M LIVING OR DEAD,  
WHETHER I'M IN OR OUT OF MY HEAD,  
ALL THAT I KNOW IS NONE OF IT SEEMS SO BAD.  
WHO CARES  
IF THE LADY MAY BE MAD?

**Scene 17**

In front of Olivia's house. VIOLA and MARIA.

MARIA

I'm sorry. She has given strict orders that she not be disturbed.

VIOLA

Every other time I've come here she's begged me to stay, yet now she refuses even to see me? It makes no sense.

MARIA

I heard it whispered about the house that she is trysting with a young gentleman.

VIOLA

But just the other day she swore that she loved me!

MARIA

Oh, poor Sebastian...

TO FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE OF THE HIGH CLASS  
IS VERY NEAR THE WORST THING YOU COULD DO.  
FOR THOUGH THEIR SORT WILL SOMETIMES SPORT  
WITH OUR CLASS,  
THEY'RE SURE TO BREAK YOUR HEART BEFORE IT'S THROUGH.  
I KNOW THE TYPE...

(Enter ORSINO.)

ORSINO

THERE YOU ARE—  
YOU MUST LET ME EXPLAIN MYSELF.

VIOLA

Explain what, my Lord?

ORSINO

JUST HEAR ME OUT AND I WILL MAKE AMENDS.

VIOLA

I'm listening.

ORSINO

I'M IN LOVE,  
BUT MAYBE WE COULD GET ALONG  
JUST AS FRIENDS.

VIOLA

I'm relieved to hear you say that. A friendship would be wiser, I think, since Olivia has already provided for the other kind of love.

ORSINO

What do you mean?

VIOLA

It breaks my heart to tell you, but just now she was in the arms of a certain young gallant.

ORSINO

Who?

(Enter OLIVIA)

OLIVIA

COME WITH ME, SEBASTIAN,  
MY ARMS GROW COLD.

Oh—Duke Orsino... this is unexpected.

ORSINO

You, Sebastian?!

VIOLA

MY LORD, THIS IS PURE FANTASY.  
I SWEAR SHE'S NEVER BEEN WITH ME.

OLIVIA

YOU NEEDN'T BOW TO HIM,  
FOR NOW YOU'RE MINE INSTEAD.  
AND LOVING ME  
WILL SET YOU FREE  
WHEN WE ARE WED.

ORSINO

You're marrying this boy?

VIOLA

I never said I'd marry you!

OLIVIA

What? Will you rob me of my virtue?

VIOLA

No, you're both mistaken. I am not who you think I am—

ORSINO

YOUTH,  
WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
I DON'T KNOW WHO I THOUGHT YOU WERE,  
BUT NOW I CAN SEE YOU TRULY ARE A KNAVE.  
WHAT YOU'VE COMMITTED IS TREASON—  
OF THE HEART—  
EVEN SO, IT IS TREASON.  
I SENT YOU IN SUIT TO THE LADY OLIVIA,  
WHOM YOU SEDUCED AND DISGRACED,  
AND THAT I MUST CALL TREASON.  
SO,  
THOUGH IT TEARS AT MY HEART,  
TO UPHOLD THE LAW, I MUST PUNISH YOUR CRIME.  
AND WHAT OTHER CHOICE  
HAVE I NOW BUT TO SEND YOU AWAY  
OR TO SEND YOU AT ONCE TO YOUR GRAVE?

VIOLA

Then let it be the grave. I cannot live if you despise me.

ORSINO

I CHOOSE BANISHMENT.

You will be on the first ship leaving port tomorrow. After that, never show your face in my land again.

(Enter ANTONIO, escorted by GUARDS.)

GUARD 1

HAPPY DAY, SIR—  
TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WE FOUND.

GUARD 2

THAT PIRATE OF ILL-FAME,  
ANTONIO BY NAME.

ORSINO

I remember his face, though I last saw it through the smoke of cannons. We lost a great many of our ships that day. Where did you capture him?

GUARD 2

HE WAS HERE, SIR,  
ON ILLYRIA'S OWN GROUND.

GUARD 1  
WE PULLED HIM FROM A FRAY,  
NOT HALF A LEAGUE AWAY.

ORSINO  
Remarkable! To find the this salt-water thief on dry land!

ANTONIO  
I am neither thief nor pirate. We are enemies—and that is all I will allow.

ORSINO  
WON'T YOU SAY, SIR,  
BY WHAT POWER WERE YOU BROUGHT  
TO PURSUE A COURSE SO FRAUGHT  
WITH THE THREAT OF BEING CAUGHT?

ANTONIO  
I CAME HERE TO PROTECT THAT LAD—  
AND SEE HOW I'M REPAID!  
I GAVE HIM ALL THE GOLD I HAD,  
AND HE REFUSED ME AID.

ORSINO  
AH... ANOTHER HE'S BETRAYED.

(Exit GUARDS. Enter ANDREW.)

ANDREW  
OH!—SOMEBODY RUN AND FETCH A DOCTOR!

OLIVIA  
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR ANDREW?

ANDREW  
NO!—NOT IN THE LEAST, NOR IS SIR TOBY.

OLIVIA  
WAS THERE A FIGHT, SIR ANDREW?

ANDREW  
I HAD ONLY DEALT THE BOY A GENTLE BLOW OR TWO,  
AND FOR THAT HE GAVE ME THIS,

OTHERS  
WHO?

AND THIS, ANDREW

WHO? OTHERS

AND THIS, ANDREW

WHO? OTHERS

AND THIS ANDREW  
AND—

WHO??! OTHERS

The Duke's boy, Sebastian. ANDREW

You mean him, sir? ORSINO

Dear God—there he is! ANDREW

I never touched you. VIOLA

ANDREW  
I suppose a broken head and a bloody nose are nothing to you? Here comes Sir Toby. If he hadn't been drunk, he would have tickled you otherwise.

(Enter TOBY.)

ORSINO  
How now, sir? Are you hurt badly?

TOBY  
I'll know tomorrow morning. Where's the doctor?

MARIA  
It's nothing so bad, Sir Toby. This, and Sir Andrew's wounds, I can tend to as well as any doctor. But as for the boy, he couldn't have hurt you. He's been here with me.



OLIVIA

Then who has done this to them?

(Enter SEBASTIAN.)

SEBASTIAN

IT WAS I!

Madam, I have hurt your uncle and his friend. But they set upon me, and I was forced to defend myself. You look at me strangely...

ORSINO

One face, one voice, and two persons.

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

(SEBASTIAN turns to see VIOLA.)

SEBASTIAN

VIOLA...

COULD IT BE?  
IS IT REALLY YOU OR IS IT ME?  
NO, I WAS FOUND  
BY THAT GENTLEMAN THERE.  
HOW?  
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE,  
HE SAVED ME!  
OH, I SEE—  
BUT WHO SAVED YOU?

DRESSED LIKE ME?  
VERY QUEER.  
BUT THAT EXPLAINS A LOT.  
AND NOTHING'S WRONG  
AS LONG AS WE'RE

VIOLA

SEBASTIAN...

IT'S YOU!  
CAN THIS BE TRUE?  
I THOUGHT YOU DROWNED.

OH, I KNOW HIM.  
HE SAVED ME TOO.

NO, NOT AT SEA.

I DON'T KNOW.  
I'VE BEEN HERE IN ILLYRIA.  
IN YOUR CLOTHES.  
I SUPPOSE.  
AND NOW THERE'S NOT  
A THING I LACK  
BECAUSE WE'RE BACK

BOTH

TOGETHER!

(THEY embrace.)

ORSINO

VIOLA... ?

OLIVIA

SEBASTIAN... ?

SEBASTIAN

So it seems, my lady, you were mistaken. In vain, you courted a woman. But now she has come back to you as a man.

(He offers the ring to OLIVIA.)

I hope it fits.

OLIVIA

I'm sure it will.

VIOLA

How did you get that ring, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Sister, there's something you ought to know. Before coming here, I called upon the Duke, who spoke to me in a manner that, while very unsettling to my ears, might have been sweet music to yours—since you were, I believe, his intended audience.

ORSINO

YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE,  
THOUGH WE BEGAN AS FRIENDS  
NOW AS OUR STORY ENDS  
WILL YOU BE MINE?

VIOLA

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOURS.

ORSINO

AS LONG AS I HAVE VIOLA...

OLIVIA

AND I HAVE SEBASTIAN...

ALL FOUR

THEN EV'RYTHING TURNS OUT—

(Enter FESTE with MALVOLIO)

MALVOLIO

WRONG!  
YOU'VE DONE WRONG TO ME, MADAM.

FESTE

I beg your pardon, madam. The madman begged for a chance to plead his case in person, and I, fool that I am, took pity on him.

OLIVIA

Is he still in his distracted state?

MALVOLIO

IN MY HAND I HOLD THE VERY LETTER THAT YOU WROTE,  
URGING ME TO EACH ABNORMAL DEED.  
WILL YOU NOW PRETEND TO ME THAT THIS IS NOT YOUR NOTE,  
WHEN THE PROOF IS HERE FOR ALL TO READ?

OLIVIA

GIVE IT HERE.

MALVOLIO

YES, AND GLADLY, MY DEAR.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing.

MALVOLIO

Oh, come. Whose else could it be?

MARIA

My Lady, I must confess, the handwriting is mine.

MALVOLIO

What?

MARIA

Though the words are Sir Toby's.

TOBY

What?

MALVOLIO

NOW I SEE!  
THE TWO HAVE CONSPIRED AGAINST ME.  
HOPING TO MAKE AN ASS OF ME,  
THEY PLAYED THEIR LITTLE PRANK.

OLIVIA

Toby, if this true, then you have gone too far. If this was a cruel trick on Malvolio, my faithful steward, I'll have no choice but to throw you out!

MARIA

My Lady, he's done no wrong. It was simply a love letter that he wrote—to me. And when I had worn the original parchment thin with reading it over to myself, I re-copied the letter in my own hand.

MALVOLIO

LIES, MORE LIES!  
ALL YOU NEED DO IS READ IT.  
AS YOU WILL SEE,  
THE AUTHORS HAD ME IN MIND!

OLIVIA

(reading)  
“I LONG TO TELL THE WORLD HOW WELL I LOVE YOU,”

MALVOLIO

THE RELEVANT MATTER IS UP AHEAD.  
YOU'LL SEE HOW THEY MEANT ME TO BE MISLED.

OLIVIA

“AND OF MY LOVE THE WORLD MAY KNOW IN TIME.”

MALVOLIO

THEY WROTE IT TO SEEM LIKE IT CAME FROM YOU.  
YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN IN A LINE OR TWO.

OLIVIA

“IN FORTUNE, I AM SOMEONE HIGH ABOVE YOU,”

MALVOLIO

HIGH ABOVE YOU...

OLIVIA

“AND SO 'TIL NOW I'VE TOLD NOT HOW I PINE.”

MALVOLIO

SOMEONE HIGH.  
SOMEONE LOW.  
YOU AND I.  
THERE YOU GO!  
NOW YOU SEE,  
IT WAS ME  
THAT THEY MEANT—  
(a sudden, awful realization)  
OH NO!

TOBY

“BEFORE TODAY I’VE SEEN YOU PLAY THE SERVANT,”

MALVOLIO

But A, M, I are all in... your name.

TOBY

“BUT SOME WERE MEANT TO CIRCUMVENT THEIR FATE.”

MALVOLIO

But the cross-gartered yellow stockings...

(MARIA reveals that she’s wearing cross-gartered yellow stockings under her skirt.)

TOBY

“SO IF FOR ME YOUR LOVE WOULD BE AS FERVENT,  
(on bended knee)  
I’LL SEE THAT YOU RISE EQUAL TO MY STATE.”

MARIA

AND JUST LIKE THAT,  
THE MAN IS MINE.

ORSINO

Another couple joins us at the already overcrowded altar. It seems that some of this thrice-magnified good fortune ought to spill over onto those around us. Antonio, I am told that you came to the rescue of both brother and sister. For this valiant service, I grant you your freedom.

OLIVIA

But poor Malvolio! He has suffered so terribly. How can we make it up to him?

MALVOLIO

It’s no use. I shall never recover.

TOBY

Cheer up, man. If you’ve lost some dignity—well, the better for you. Meanwhile, what you’ve lost, I’ve somehow gained, so pity me—I may die a respectable man!

MALVOLIO

I’ll keep my pity to myself, thank you. The pirate is pardoned; you and everyone else will be married. What comfort’s there for me?

TOBY

Might I make a suggestion?

(TOBY produces these items from somewhere.)

FIRST YOU TAKE  
A TINY SWIG OF ALE  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE,  
BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER,  
HAVE SOME CAKE  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE...

(MALVOLIO has a bite.)

MALVOLIO

But now my mouth is dry.

+MARIA

SO FIRST YOU TAKE  
A TINY SWIG OF ALE

+ANDREW

YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE,  
BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE

+VIOLA & OLIVIA

SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER,  
HAVE SOME CAKE

+ORSINO & SEBASTIAN

BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE,

ALL

BUT NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY.  
SO FIRST YOU TAKE  
A TINY SWIG OF ALE,  
YOUR THIRST TO SLAKE,  
BUT THEN THE TASTE IS STALE.  
SO NOW TO MAKE IT BETTER,  
HAVE SOME CAKE.  
BID THE BITTERNESS GOODBYE,

GROUP 1

BUT NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY.

GROUP 2

NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY.

GROUP 3

NOW YOUR MOUTH IS DRY.

ALL

CAKES AND ALE!  
LET THE MERRIMENT AND THE MIRTH PREVAIL.  
AND A WONDERFUL WAY TO TIP THE SCALE  
WOULD BE TO TOP OUR TALE  
BY HAVING CAKES AND ALE!

(Freeze ALL but FESTE.)

FESTE

ILLYRIA,  
LOVELY ISLE.  
SOME YEARS AGO I ANCHORED THERE A WHILE.  
SOMETHING IN THE AIR THERE MUST HAVE AN ODD EFFECT,  
FOR EV'RY KIND OF IDLE FANCY GROWS UNCHECKED...

(Unfreeze. OTHERS waltz.)

FESTE

IN ILLYRIA,  
LAND OF FOOLS,  
WHERE CLARITY'S A RARITY AND MADNESS RULES.  
MANY MEN STEER CLEAR OF THOSE SHORES.

ALL

AH, BUT ILLYRIA.  
I'M STILL YOURS.

(End of show.)